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Manuscripts should be sent to Edward L. Kamarck, Editor, ARTS IN SOCIETY, The University of Wisconsin, Extension Building, Madison, Wisconsin 53706. Books for review should be directed to Arthur Krival, at the same address.

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OF ART LOVE AND MONEY:

AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS

It has been written that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and yet that the love of money is the root of all evil. Can the love of art, considered as it is in itself, a social service, produce the lasting works of art our aesthetic impulses have always cherished and sometimes institutionalized, even if within the museum or in repertories of national theaters or civic orchestras? While professional and amateur artists were going about their business and play of making pictures, music, poems, stories and the rest, and while audiences were going about theirs of viewing, listening, reading, responding and judging, others, looking on, have found a problem inherent in the activities of those who work or play especially hard at art. Is art work or play? And how do such goings on affect contemporary American art and its institutions?

The problem seems to be felt most acutely in the richer charitable foundations and in the universities—leaner and less charitable, if not less philanthropic than the former. By no means on the fringes of the debate are directors of arts centers who need the support of amateurs, those who work in the arts for love, and who are faced with the necessity of meeting the standards of professionalism in order to fulfill the demands of their patrons. Educational institutions must take their students where they find them: imbued with the amateur's zeal, sometimes with little or no talent, but always aspiring to become artists in the fullest sense of the word. The amateur is born, the professional must be made; and in a very real sense he will be made when the general society has decided that the laborer is indeed worthy of his hire—whether he loves his work or not. Certainly if the love of money ever succeeds in replacing the love of excellence that motivates every true artist, most administrators could not but choose the amateur over the professional.

Because the lines between professional and amateur in art are obscure, as of course they have always been and perhaps must needs be, some energy and print are being expended in the attempt to make the distinction firm and clear. For, what would be the consequences of failing to make any kind of distinction between amateurism and professionalism in art? What differences would there be in the patterns of social behavior if we refuse to face the problem? Are degrees of talent relevant? To what degree can aesthetic aims be colored by the general adoption of non-aesthetic motivation in the production of art? Are the artistic personality and temperament conditioned favorably or adversely by an artist's working in an atmosphere of financial ease? Will too strenuous an insistence upon "professional" quality by foundations and art schools tend to cut off the artist and the schools from the large under base of amateur support and sympathy needed if they are to enjoy any kind of audience? Will too much relaxation in standards encourage sloppiness,

lack of discipline and sentimentality among even the talented aspirants to craftsmanship? Or, as some argue, is the appeal to aesthetic standards inapplicable in making the distinction between amateur and professional? If not, others argue, there can be no distinction made, since as a body of practicing social servants artists are not now capable of supporting themselves by means of their craft. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the Ford Foundation has decided it has had enough of amateurs and amateurism and will henceforth render its eleemosynary service only to bone fide professionals. Standards, then, are important—at least on paper—to the Foundation of Ford. Will the result be a bifurcation of aesthetic interest into doers and appreciators, two camps unrealistically opposed to each other? Does the tension presently existing between the two camps represent a happy and healthy state in the training of the best?

Whatever the answers to some of these perplexing problems, education is one of the means open to the democratic society for a deeper probing into their significance. We need thinkers capable of understanding that art and society may be synthesized, that art is an institution like many others making a claim on the responses of individuals, and that any society which does not allow for the development of human impulse into meaningful expression is tyrannical at worst and useless at the very best. The first level of educational training, then, is what might be called the socio-aesthetic; administrators of our public institutions need the insights such a study could provide.

The second level, more closely in contact with the creation of works of art, is in the studios and classrooms where individual teachers face the sometimes awesome task of making future artists. The late Alfred Sessler, the outstanding Wisconsin printmaker and Professor of Art and Art Education, resided largely in that grey area in which the categories of amateur and professional are dimly separated in our culture. He was professional by virtue of talent, skill and dedication, yet he labored and could labor only intermittently at his art, teaching being his passion and perhaps his most fruitful activity. In his approach to raw, undeveloped talent Sessler was clearly on the side of the amateur; for he believed wholeheartedly in the importance of educating every man in the arts—whether to the highest possible professional standards or simply to allow each of his students to express what was most personal in himself. And, to him, the difference was unimportant, provided that the artist communicate to the common core of humanity.

The same care Sessler lavished on his students is readily seen in the extreme perfectionism with which he dedicated himself to his art. In both he succeeded in projecting the warmth of deep human sympathy stemming from an intimate knowledge of personal anguish. For him, the artist's work was to help make life liveable, a means for man's redemption here and now. The love of the amateur he never lost.

SYMPOSIUM: AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL IN THE ARTS

statement

The theoretical difficulties involved in differentiating clearly between the "amateur" and the "professional" in the arts are enormous, since talent, competence, and dedication are likely to be found in works and institutions currently described by both these epithets. A set of criteria for establishing this difference will probably include these four significant characteristics:

(a) a level of qualitative performance consistent with traditional estimates of excellence;

(b) the degree to which the artist needs to or attempts to make his living through his art;

(c) the amount of time and effort devoted to the pursuit of an art;

(d) membership in professional "guilds" or trade union groups such as Actor's Equity or the Musicians' Union.

And there may be others.

The paradox of the current "cultural boom" is that while more art of all kinds is being created and in some sense consumed, the professional artists have not appreciably benefited from the increased interest in art products, except in a tangential way. Has the conventional distinction between the amateur and the professional, then, disappeared from the critical (and commercial) evaluations of the consuming public?

The following are some of the facts:

1. Many of our best professional musicians, sculptors, painters, and writers now teach in universities; in consequence, the practice of their art is relegated to a part-time effort, engaged in after hours and on weekends.

2. The Musicians' Union has aggressively moved into the most provincial communities of America, and has signed up thousands of part-time musicians whose actual occupations lie outside of music. Yet these members are officially considered professionals.

3. The directors and staffs of community theaters are often paid employees, and in that sense are considered professionals; but since the actors in the theaters are volunteers, the organizations themselves are regarded as amateur. There results the semantic and cultural anomaly of professionals serving as employees of amateur art groups.

Each of these facts—and there may be many more—illustrates the changes now being wrought in the cultural patterns of American society. They reflect the manner in which cultural values are influenced by our social habits. One thing is certain: the increasing con-

sumption of art products and the great increase of part-time or "amateur" participation in the arts have not been an unmixed blessing.

Many full-time artists and their supporters have come to feel that the growing activity and influence of the amateur in our culture represents a serious threat, both to the professional status of the artist and to the standards of art creation and performance. They point to the decline of the independent professional art school at a time when universities are being swamped with students demanding instruction in the craft. Are we merely training more part-time practitioners, or larger audiences (albeit at a higher level of professional expectation)? Proponents of these views are disturbed by a proliferation across the country of jerry-built amateur institutions at a time when there is a paucity of solidly established professional institutions; and they cite statistical evidence to indicate the continuing if not worsening plight of the full-time artist, particularly in the performing arts.

It comes as no surprise, then, that we are witnessing a concerted effort on behalf of what might be called the "professional viewpoint" in the arts, and at the same time some attempt to determine the criteria by which the professional may be identified.

The most influential force in this effort may be the Ford Foundation, in its role as the largest single patron of the arts in America. The Foundation's decision to subsidize only the most professionally-oriented organizations, institutions, and schools was greeted with a reaction approaching trauma across the country, for outside of New York City the bulk of the American art experience must be classified as "amateur" or "semi-amateur." W. McNeil Lowry, Director of the Foundation's Humanities and Art Division, rationalized this decision as follows:

. . . "I can tell you that all the sums the Ford Foundation may expend in the arts will not enable us to attack even the most urgent problems we have identified with the help of the artists themselves. I say this lest you think I am not the appropriate person to speak of the artist in his Spartan aspects. Our investments in the arts are not so much subsidies as they are levers. We are content not to change history if we can help to shorten it, even infinitesimally, in the career of the artist and his most rudimentary institutions. There are ways, I feel sure, to weaken artistic drive through subsidy, but if this happens one is either subsidizing the wrong thing or mistaking for an artist a person who has only a talent for visibility. . . .

"As the scale of the Ford Foundation's activities increases, important actions we shall take will appear to serve . . . five philanthropic motives . . . —status, social, educational, economic, and professional—as did, for example, the six million dollars in grants to strengthen the resident theatre concept . . . Every important philanthropic ac-

tion has both an organic and a nuclear relationship to its society, and it is always an action taken in concert. But only the professional motive can justify what we do, our acceptance of the artist and the arts on their own terms. This is the key to channeling new interests and new financial resources in the arts into effective development for the future. Other motives are important, but they are finally irrelevant."[1]

As might be expected, the "amateur-versus-professional" debate has now become much more than an academic discussion. Recently, for example, TULANE DRAMA REVIEW, one of America's foremost quarterlies of theatre, abruptly turned its back on the current university theatre effort (it should be noted that the journal is sponsored by a university theatre department), and in a slashing editorial earnestly dedicated itself to advancing a professional regional theatre for America.

The debate will surely spread, and as it spreads it will become necessary to remind ourselves from time to time that the most relevant concern is the health and well-being of American art. In that light perhaps our partisanship must not be too easily pledged, nor, at least, without some qualification. It seems important at this time to examine carefully the issues that this conflict brings to the fore.

questions

1. Is there a danger that the disparity between various degrees of amateurism and professionalism may be overstated? If not, is this disparity more apparent in the performing arts than in the creative ones? How do the attitudes of the amateur and professional artists themselves tend to affect the patterns of cultural behavior?

2. If the decision of the Ford Foundation to subsidize genuinely professional groups were to be followed by all philanthropic organizations and agencies, what would be the effect on the status of the arts throughout America?

3. Is there justification for the educational institutions of America to similarly orient themselves professionally? What should be the prime educational focus in the arts on the part of the secondary schools? On the part of universities? On the part of adult education agencies?

4. Can we justify the education and encouragement of the amateur artist on the grounds that we are building audiences for the arts? Can we justify such efforts on any other grounds?

5. Is fruitful collaboration possible between the amateur and the professional in the development and operation of significant art institutions? If so, how?

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[1] THE ARTS AND PHILANTHROPY. The Poses Lectures in the Fine Arts 1962, Brandeis University, Waltham, Massachusetts, 1963.

comment by Van Meter Ames, philosopher

Anyone interested in the arts must be gratified by the increased support for them in this country, but uneasy in seeing that the tendency to adapt them to mass entertainment threatens to reduce them to what has "box-office appeal" as safe investment for the "culture industry." It disturbs me that the questions posed for this symposium reflect this trend in speaking of "art products" which are "consumed" by the "consuming public." In this context, to be professional comes to mean primarily "making a living" through art, being saleable and employable in the market, and belonging to trade union groups.

If the "level of qualitative performance," to be professional, must be "consistent with traditional estimates of excellence," then, unless "traditional" is taken in a longer and wider sense than usual, the stress is likely to fall upon conformity rather than upon creativity, which is the heart of art in the honorific sense. Then amateurs, devoting themselves freely and imaginatively to artistic work, may be much more entitled to be called artists than professionals for hire who are obliged to be hacks to earn their keep. So, in our culture, it may be the activity and the influence, not of the amateur, but of the professional that "represents a serious threat."

If, however, being professional is judged by "the amount of time and effort devoted to the pursuit of an art," and by the "level of qualitative performance," this puts being professional in a much more favorable light; but also closes the gap between the professional and the serious amateur, when the professional is defined as one who so loves his art that he gives himself to it as wholeheartedly as he can.

The symposium questions seem concerned with performing rather than with creating art. There should be as tight a bond between creating and performing as between practicing an art professionally and working at it with the love of a genuine amateur, even though performing is more readily recognized and supported than creating. Here is where the university comes in. It is a very good thing that more and more artists of all kinds are in a university: in sparing them

the shameful neglect and poverty that Schubert was condemned to; and also in saving them from lowering their sights, if not from the downright corruption that pleasing the public often means. The demands of teaching may be onerous, but are preferable to starving or catering. Perhaps it is most likely in a university that the artist can be both amateur and professional, in the best sense of each. There, in contact with students and colleagues, in what in many ways is becoming the center of American life, is the strategic opportunity to develop better audiences for better art. The campus atmosphere provides the possibility of relating the arts to anthropology, archaeology, and other aspects of culture, with the particular advantage of access to courses in aesthetics or the philosophy of art. Here there can be the relationship available between learning the history and the techniques of art in art departments, and getting the stimulus and sophistication to be derived from theories about the creative process, appreciation, and criticism, past and current, along with awareness of the relation of the arts to other human interests and activities, which departments of philosophy increasingly provide.

But universities are institutions. They are getting bigger and more institutional, which does not automatically make them better. On the campus, release from outside pressures may be outweighed by inside demands and the tightening of routine. Too heavy a teaching schedule, too little free time, too little time off for concert tours, or too many requests to perform locally, may make it very difficult for a composer to get the leisure or the stimulus to compose, or for a quartet to find the hours upon hours to master the performance of truly new and difficult scores. Poets, painters, and other artists in residence face analogous difficulties. The hope is that more creative people on the campus may come to have the freedom to work on their own and the stimulus of travel and meeting with their kind accorded without question to the fellow artists known as research scientists, who more obviously attract fine students and bring prestige.

Insidious is the continuing though discredited notion that a university is merely or mostly a place to "teach" and pass on what is already established, rather than rightly and possibly a community of older and younger colleagues working together to discover and explore what has been overlooked or ignored. The research a university should promote, in every field, calls for the creative work that is necessary to art. It is unfortunate that a university may emphasize teaching students to become teachers of art rather than helping them to become artists, (professional or amateur); that it prepare them for degrees and certificates rather than for a future of doing what has not been done, whether it is likely to result in "products" to be "consumed" by the public or not.

statement by Harold Taylor,* educator, philosopher, and lecturer

There is great advantage and some danger in establishing the creative arts within the university. The danger is that art itself may become another kind of technical exercise, in which the central aim of the student and of the teacher is to develop professionals who will make good, go to New York, become famous, and search for a new kind of status. We are all familiar with this problem. It results too often in a confusion between two meanings of the word 'professional'. In the practice of the arts we must insist, as we do in the practice of science, upon standards which are based upon the achievements of professionals in the field. We want musicians to play beautifully, not instrumentalists who plow their way through the notes. We want productions of plays which do justice to the play, which move to the inner meanings of the writer and the script.

But at the same time we must remember that the purpose of teaching the

*Adapted from Mr. Taylor's keynote address to the AETA Convention in Minneapolis on August 26, 1963.

art of acting, writing, painting, composing, playing music, and dancing in our colleges is not to produce a stream of professionals who can then become employed, but to enrich the lives of the young people in college by their experience in the arts. It is for this reason that the spirit of competition for productions and performances among colleges and universities must not descend to the level of competition now practiced in that other great American enterprise, intercollegiate sports, where low-paid professionals work at their trade in the universities preparing themselves to become high-paid professionals in football, basketball and other sports after they graduate.

Schools for the dramatic arts, the training of professional actors, directors, scene designers, and even writers, are a significant part of the country's educational system. But the difference between the work of the theatre in the colleges and the work in theatre at professional schools is that the college is the cradle of all talent, the place where the young may find enrichment for their lives whether or not their talent is of such an order that they may take it into professional enterprises.

I can think of nothing better as an example than of the students who came to classes in philosophy of the arts at the University of Wisconsin, classes whose only requirement was that a student be practicing one of the arts. These were not what we could call great performers. There were painters, who had become abstract expressionists before they had learned to draw, there were poets who wrote things which they could not understand, and had no real concern about having anyone else understand. There were novelists who wrote out of their personal experiences, indicating that their personal experiences were not entirely worth sharing. There were dancers who were clumsy. But what knit them all together was a common concern for the practice of the arts. Without this experience in their lives they would have been unenriched by the possibility of education. They were taken to new areas of experience where they found things for themselves which could not be found in any other way.

I have before me a brief statement by a protagonist in a short story by Nancy Hale—a young girl who said, "I felt myself unprepared, unassisted, helpless and suffering. I had been to good schools, I had learned what my mother had tried to teach me, but I did not know anything that I needed. My need seemed as infinite as the sea."

I think the young people now in our colleges are in just this state. Their needs are as infinite as the sea, and they do not know anything they really need to know in the field of arts, in the field of philosophy, in the field of sculpture, in science, in knowing what their own destiny could be if they could discover what their own talents were. I belong to that small minority of educators who believe that almost everyone has ninety percent more talent than anyone knows. This I believe to be true on the basis of my experience with students, and it is particularly true in the arts. If we in America, with the extraordinary opportunity we have within our colleges and schools, fail to realize that our role as teachers is that of raising to a level of awareness the latent talent and sensitivity in all children, we will destroy the major chance we have for saving the country's educational system and the country at the same time.

Let me expand this a moment. I have found students wishing to go to college in order to justify their own place in life, having been quickened into some kind of intellectual excitement by what they have found in high school. After they arrive at the colleges and universities they find an absence of vitality, a lack of the very things which made them wish to go to college in the first place. Some of these young people from the small towns and the big cities have established a concept of themselves which moves them towards theatre, towards dance, towards music. So often when they come to universities and colleges they find that even

this particular segment of the curriculum has been academicized. I am not speaking of those underground movements which occur in speech departments or in physical education departments where little theatres and experimental dance groups form themselves against great odds, working in basements, working in gymnasiums, working in every corner of the campus where they can find room to work.

I am referring, rather, to some of the larger educational enterprises which now too seem to be in danger of stifling the very spirit of these youngsters who have just discovered there is something more in life than doing what they are told. They find their own particular disappointment within the bureaucracies of the big university. I believe that all the colleges and universities should quicken the awareness of all students to those areas in the arts where their lives can be changed, where their consciousness can be expanded, and where their imagination can be recreated. This is our role. Whatever else we can do in the development of new talent to give to the professional theatre is purely a consequence of this certain central aim which we all must share.

There is a universality about the discipline of the arts which, when it is a part of the lives of the young, can move from a disciplined awareness of the demands the arts make on the student into a new conception of what discipline means in every field—what it means to be an intellectual, what it means to be a scholar, what it means to be a student. Often we find in our American colleges the half-educated student who is drawn towards the arts by something he wishes there, and whose half-education is not made whole by what he finds. We need to think of the disciplines of the arts as ways in which the consciousness of the student can not only be made more sensitive to the meanings of life but that his ability to conduct disciplined intellectual enterprises can also be enhanced by his work. I would therefore suggest that we not separate the materials of literature, poetry, or courses in the contemporary novel, from direct work with theatre students. This is the way in which, if he is not taught carefully, the student continues to be half-educated. He separates the aesthetic and intellectual delight of serious scholarship in the field of literature and philosophy from the actual practices of the theatre.

If we are to have great art in America, we must rely upon the resources of the past, the resources of the present, and the resources of those serious intellectuals who are concerned not merely with the arts, but with the social, political, aesthetic and moral questions which agitate mankind.

comment by Max Kaplan, sociologist of the arts

It used to be the fashion to define the professional musician simply as a full-time performer who obtained his livelihood thereby and assume that all the rest were amateurs. These distinctions hardly suffice now, if they ever did. The "full-time" criterion is false, because when we take the U. S. Census reports on the number of Americans who report themselves to be musicians and put it alongside their self-reported annual income, there emerges a large proportion of "professionals" with very little income, persons who support themselves largely by other activities. One of the difficulties is the epithet we care (or the persons themselves care) to apply to the bulk of those who teach music in the schools: are they professional teachers and musicians incidentally, or musicians who happen to be teaching?

We turn to the criterion of ability, and again there is confusion. Every community—not excluding New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago—has individuals who could well qualify for seats in major symphony orchestras (or could certainly hold their own on free-lance jobs) but who earn their living in other ways.

As to enthusiasm there can be no doubt: the boredom of many professionals

is in sharp contrast to the avidity of those who voluntarily make music during their precious leisure hours.

The more important criteria of professionalism are the long systematic preparation, the single-minded concentration in one's chosen field, and an identification with related social circles (orchestras, managers, audiences, etc.) by the musician himself and in the eyes of the public.

A positive concept of the amateur and a planning for his welfare and his contribution is needed now because 1) more frequently than before he is now playing together with professionals in organized groups; 2) the expansion of leisure-time in the future will create more skilled amateurs; 3) the welfare of community art has increasingly interested the schools, so that a focus on the amateur-performer is a consistent philosophy and provides a specific focus.

Even when productive work was easier to identify than now, the artist was an anomaly: what is his work "worth," or his hour of effort? Why pay him for something he likes to do anyway? The artist's explicit rejection of material evaluations has helped this kind of thinking. Further, there is a long historical tradition in which the artist is the deviant; he is in the society, but not of it, he is touched by impulses and talents that excuse or remove him from the rest of us. All of this has now resolved itself into a peculiar paradox.

On the one hand, the growth of unions in the arts (especially the A. F. of M. and Equity) and the exodus from the free-lance art community into the universities has helped to structure the artist's economy, putting hours and money-worth into a negotiable framework. At the same time, for more of the rest of us, the structure of work has become less recognizable. With the increasing surge of automation, to mention only one factor, leisure will increase during our middle years and retirement will take more of our older years.

In this situation, the economic and "full-time" aspect of the distinction between amateur and professional is likely to become less crucial, even within a context where it has already been questionable. A more basic and positive distinction around the term *commitment* is perhaps the direction of future thought. Among the elements of commitment can be noted the following: historical awareness; theoretical and technical knowledge; performance or creative skills in demonstrable form; ability to participate at any time rather than "when I'm in shape;" ownership of first-rate instruments; availability for time-allotments needed for rehearsals or performances; and an attitude of serious intent, with a primary focus on the art rather than on sociability or other motivations.

There is, however, a fundamental commitment that provides the basic cleavage between professional and amateur. The professional, theoretically, starts with an aesthetic mission; he relates to social psychological-economic-biological functions and conditions of art only as accidents, by-products, and facilitating conditions. His mode of life, again theoretically, is attuned to minimize the non-aesthetic, and his ethic must therefore be to abjure it. The amateur, on the contrary, starts with a modality of practical conditions—his first commitment is to his work, from which spring his free hours, his residence, companions, etc.—and he "escapes" therefrom to the free aesthetic. This distinction becomes the crucial one if we take a pragmatic, social-science, Ford-Foundation approach to the arts, for then we are saying, we cannot guarantee quality under any event, but we can remove as far as possible the non-aesthetic barriers, and let the aesthetic motive manifest itself (as Berdayev stated it), in a freedom "from the world." Directly applied to issues raised by the symposium paper, these conclusions arise.

1. The performing arts, rather than the creative ones, are more affected by non-aesthetic factors, largely because the latter are individual, isolated, and therefore less intermeshed with other aspects of the going society.

2. The decision of the Ford Foundation to subsidize only the "genuinely" professional groups would be an unfortunate one for all philanthropies or governmental agencies to follow, because the major barrier to aesthetic commitment—time—is being rapidly neutralized by the new leisure; thus the next decades will see an infiltration of "amateurs" into formerly all-"professional" groups. This sneak play, one long-range increment of automation, suggests that we prepare the automation-victims who fiddle or act by providing a high-level pre-professional encounter with the arts. Further, the purely amateur organization, unadulterated by the bored perfectionism of the professional, can close the gap between the various social motivations and a more ineffable aesthetic experience.

3. Educational institutions, especially universities dominated in their arts by methods courses devised for future teachers, badly need more professional orientation in the sense of raising creative and performance standards. Their creative focus should constantly move toward the preparation of performing musicians and composers equipped to serve in professional or in community circles (amateur and professional). In this regard, the secondary school art should focus primarily on the discovery, encouragement and nurturing of creative students, and to facilitate further training.

4. The purpose in educating and encouraging amateurs is *not* to build audiences; it is to further a legitimate creative segment.

comment by Harry B. Peters, oboist and professor of music

I have several specific comments relative to the symposium statement:

If you assume that a professional is one that makes his living at his art, then the only genuinely "professional" performers in music today are the players in the few major symphonies, the members of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, and the free-lance musicians who work the Broadway musicals. Virtually all others, no matter what level of skill, must be considered part-time musicians. It is true, however, that the performing musicians on the faculties of universities are now being alloted more time for practice and performance. Composers on university staffs do not fare as well; by and large their composition is still a week-end activity.

The increasing influence of the amateur in the arts is causing considerable changes in both music and the music profession.

The predominately conservative demands of the new American consumers of serious music are reflected in the programs performed by major symphonies and opera companies. The programs are comprised mostly of music of the eigthteenth and nineteenth century, and only occasionally feature contemporary works or avant-garde music. Although it is debatable whether the consumer should have the power to dictate standards to musical artists, professional musicians dependent upon his support must satisfy his tastes. The rapid development of the media of mass communication, radio, television, and especially recordings, have greatly affected the consumer's tastes and, in turn, have caused a readjustment in the nature and structure of the music profession.

Even in the early days, the radio broadcast performances of the Metropolitan Opera; and its presentations of the New York Philharmonic exposed millions who lived beyond the limits of major cities to good music. Today, television, potentially, can fulfill the concert music needs of all the viewers in the country by employing only one magnificent orchestra. Aside from this, the contribution which has wrought the most change in the professional music field is the phonograph record. Widespread use of records (sales are estimated at five million a year) has elevated public taste and increased the number of listeners. But this elevation in taste is a mixed blessing.

The wide distribution of recordings of good serious music, by raising the level of taste, has concomitantly set higher performance standards for listeners, who can no longer be satisfied by lesser symphony orchestras. There are people of my acquaintance, including colleagues in the music field, who have little desire to attend concerts presented by less than first rate groups or solo artists. Indeed, these record listeners, in their preference for a canned rather than a live performance, feel quite justified in purchasing a record instead of a concert ticket. And so they might. Considering the effort it takes to arrange for a baby sitter, dress, battle traffic, purchase high-priced tickets, and then endure an occasionally restless audience, I have come to accept the attitude of the record listeners with a bit more grace. When it is understood that all these distressing elements can be eliminated for the cost of a phonograph record, which can be played and replayed at will, and which assures the listener of a satisfying evening, then preference for listening to records is not a mysterious choice.

But contrary to what might have been expected in the face of the increased purchase of recorded music, most of the 1,100 plus orchestras of minor stature, although often unable to pay more than a token fee to their members, are attracting larger and more enthusiastic audiences. In fact, according to a survey by Broadcast Music, Inc., more than forty million persons in the country are interested in concert music of one form or another. Conclusions drawn from such statistics indicate that the symphony orchestra may be the keystone to musical development in the United States. Because of increasing audiences, the major symphonies can now offer better salaries and longer working seasons. The terms of the new three-year contract signed for the members of the Philadelphia Orchestra include a fifty-two week session with paid vacations, three weeks in summer and one in winter. Eugene Ormandy, conductor, says of the contract, "The new arrangement brings to realization a lifelong dream for me. It places the musicians of the orchestra on a professional plane comparable with that of senior professors and other faculty members in leading universities. It gives them a dignity and security which, in some degree, they have heretofore lacked."

In most of the lesser orchestras the personnel consists of a large number of amateurs, often with considerable musical skill, who earn their living in another field and play for fun. The costs of maintaining a symphony orchestra are so great that were it not for these amateurs, many of the community groups would not exist. Not only amateur symphonies, but the professional ones too, have an ever-increasing number of women members. This, along with the very high and still rising percentage of girl-over-boy instrumentalists at the high school level of musical instruction, indicates that future symphonies will contain more and more competent women performers.

Opera, like the symphony orchestra, is another field of music that has prospered in recent times. In 1931 there were only about 100 opera groups in the United States, but Broadcast Music, Inc. reports that the number of opera-producing groups grew to 754 by 1961. Here, again, the majority are non-professional; a large number are college opera workshops, but their standards are generally high. The costs of opera, which include singers, orchestra, dancers, sets and stage crews are even higher than those of concert music, but the interest shown by both audience and performers bodes well for the growth of more professional opera in America. Composers recognize the increased interest in the field and, paying heed to the necessity of lowering the production costs, are currently writing a large number of excellent small scale or "chamber" operas. Although the present repertory has a strong hold on enthusiasts, both the performers and audiences are looking forward to a newer, broader range of operatic offerings. It is possible, likewise, that opera conceived in America will make some degree of alliance with the Broadway musical. The precedent has already been

set by the appearance of *The Consul, The Medium,* and *The Saint of Bleeker Street.*

In the area of artist attractions, other changes are to be noted. Both agents and bookers are concerned with the fact that the demand has risen sharply for chamber groups and fallen for single artist attractions. Even if the balance of employment should shift to ensembles, the result would make no appreciable difference in this facet of the economics of music. The increase in popularity of the ensemble over the soloist, however, should work to change the present imbalance in artist fees. At present, soloists receive from $1000-3000 for a performance while the best string quartets are paid only $750-1000 per recital. It is likely that preference for the more complex music of the ensemble can also be attributed to the phonograph record. Most significant, perhaps, is that this preference may indicate a greater interest in the music itself, rather than in the personality of the performer.

On the other side of the ledger, it is necessary to note those areas in which professional music is declining. The following fields have seriously diminished or disappeared in the past generation:

1. The theater orchestra, once a vital adjunct to nearly all large motion picture theaters, became obsolete when it was unable to compete with music recorded for films. Film producers, at the insistence of the Musicians Union, have been paying large amounts of money for union sponsored special events concerts ever since the film replaced live performance. In effect, musicians all over the United States are receiving part of the money earned by the few musicians in Hollywood who now record the music for films.

2. Professional bands have been replaced by a multitude of high school and college bands which satisfy the entire available audience. The only remaining professional bands, those connected with the military services, are government supported. Choral music has been similarly dominated by high school, college, church and civic groups, and it is doubtful whether this field will ever again be open to professionals.

3. Large touring virtuoso dance bands, which catered to both listener and dancer, declined in popularity a few years after the end of World War II. Perhaps the economics of transportation made smaller groups more practical. The advent of disc jockeys as "taste makers" played no small part in the destruction of the large band dynasty. The present younger generation has never heard of the Dorsey brothers, and cannot understand a reference to the giant influence of an organization like that of the late Glenn Miller. Today's smaller bands and "combos" appear to have elected to supply music either for dancing or for listening, but not for both.

Overall, bands for dancing are noticeably fewer. Some possible reasons for this decline are the use of records for dancing, and the growth of some six to seven thousand high school stage or show bands. Mrs. Fannie Taylor, who has booked all types of attractions for the University of Wisconsin Union Theater for many years, feels that interest in dancing has steadily declined at this University of 24,000 students until it is now a minor activity. She believes the loss is due to the automobile and to a change in the mores of Americans. Future anthropologists will no doubt conclude that since social dancing is a form of sublimation of sexual expression, young Americans have a definite disike for too much sublimation in matters sexual. This decline in social dancing is also substantiated by the statistics of the Musicians' Union. Today in Madison, Wisconsin, a town of 140,000 people plus 24,000 college students, not one man is making a living solely by playing dance music, whereas over twenty-five per cent of the union membership made its living this way less than twenty years ago.

Entertainment music holds a dubious future for the professional musician.

Theater orchestras and bands have already been lost to professionals, but since a large segment of people will always enjoy listening to popular music, there will be work for the personalities who can keep abreast of current fads. Dance music is obviously dependent on the future of dance itself. It is hard to believe that this once popular pastime will entirely disappear, but it is equally hard to predict its future place in American culture.

comment by John St. John, painter

Economic thongs are binding the physical and creative mobility of the professionally-oriented painter and sculptor in the United States today. The low market value of their work is stifling these artists during their most productive years. A challenging program is needed which would provide an alternative to the commercial temptations which lure many professional artists from their proper creative work.

The vast majority of "working" painters and sculptors today are crowded into large metropolitan areas, resorts, and the "centers" created by educational institutions. Here they are faced with the problem of preserving their artistic integrity while fighting to "keep a stall in the market place." And while these areas are overcrowded, hundreds of smaller cities and communities equally interested in the arts and possibly even better able to support the artist are bereft of his influence.

A program reversing the present migration of creative spirits into the major cities of the country seems necessary; a plan whereby a dedicated, professional painter or sculptor beset with financial problems could be invited to a small city or community, provided with economic support for one year of steady creative work, and designated as that community's "artist-in-residence."

As a result of the cultural explosion amateurs everywhere are taking up painting on their own or through correspondence courses and are forming the art associations which are now burgeoning throughout the country. At an early point in the organizational development of these groups—at the stage when there is a great deal of enthusiasm and interest—the injection of a dedicated professional painter or sculptor into the community as an artist-in-residence would have great impact.

For a community organizing such a program the rewards would be manifold. An enriching awareness of all the arts might be realized by many within the community through the presence of the artist-in-residence. The community's participation could also help project the image of cultural enlightenment which is now increasingly valued as a lure to new industry and tourists.

Other cultural and educational benefits would accrue to the community long after the one year period was concluded. For instance, the city might establish a permanent exhibit of the artist's work of this period. (Rights of ownership should, of course, remain with the painter or sculptor.) These could be included in a public collection, or, in the absence of a gallery or museum, they could be placed in the public library, school or other community buildings.

While guilds and amateur art associations might provide the initial spark in some places to develop the economic support required for such a program, in others it might more effectively be carried out by the Chamber of Commerce, or *any* group vitally concerned with the long range development of the community.

The community's major responsibility, aside from providing economic support for the artist and his family, would be the maintenance of a climate conducive to the creative work of the individual artist. This climate should be absolutely free and flexible, for few artists would be interested if the community imposed aesthetic or professional restrictions, or made heavy demands on his time. It should be borne in mind, for example, that the function of an artist-in-residence is quite

different from that of a professional art teacher.

Who should be chosen? Clearly this is a program for the tried and proven professional painter or sculptor; one who has demonstrated through the years a dedication to painting and sculpture as a way of life. Logically, the mature spirit deserves to be the first considered, for the productive years may be drawing to a close for those who have barely survived two world wars and recurring depressions.

I feel the following should be excluded: (a) the commercial artist, or portrait painter who wishes to try his hand at fine art, (probably once again) on a sabbatical from his field of specialization; (b) the talented student or amateur who wishes to advance to "professional" status; (c) the professional art teacher.

It should *not* be primarily a program to honor a very successful painter or to provide a great spirit for the community, although both might be justified as secondary aims.

The creative dedication as well as the professional status of the individual should be without question; and there should be clearcut evidence that economic circumstances are limiting his artistic growth and production.

Selection committees could avoid the pitfalls of ignorance, cultural provincialism, and local politics by soliciting the recommendations of the best professionals or by appealing for advice to foundation groups experienced in handling similar competitions.

The opportunity of a year of unhampered contemplation, work, and experimentation could mean a great deal in the career of any artist.

statement by Abbott Kaplan, director university extension southern area university of california

I do not believe that the crucial problem is the danger of overstating the disparity between various degrees of amateurism and professionalism. What is crucial is that the differences in their nature and function be clarified, that the criteria for professionalism in the arts be more clearly defined and understood, and that they be met by those claiming or aspiring to be professional artists. The "four significant characteristics" suggested by the editor, as likely to be included in any set of criteria attempting to differentiate between the amateur and the professional, would probably be acceptable to many or even most of us. However, they are not all of equal weight. The decisive difference in my view between the amateur and the professional is the level and degree of artistic excellence.

Needing or attempting to make one's living through one's art or holding membership in a professional guild or trade union organization, in and of themselves are not sufficient to characterize one as a "professional." The editor has pointed out, for example, that the Musicians' Union has taken in many part time musicians whose actual occupations lie outside music. It is equally certain that the competence and performance of many of these musicians are not of the highest order. Certainly the term "professional" ought to encompass some high degree of competence and artistic ability. In the case of membership in the Musicians' Union this is neither tested nor required. The mere fact of playing an instrument for pay is sufficient for membership. This, then, is not membership in a professional organization but in a trade union organization, one that is primarily devoted to the economic interests of its members. I have no quarrel with trade unions or with their efforts to improve the economic status of their members but it has little relevance to art or to artistic performance or to professionalism. The same may well be said of Actor's Equity. Membership in Actor's Equity bears no relevance to acting ability. The function of Actor's Equity is to safeguard the economic standards of actors who work for a living. A perfectly praiseworthy objective, but the requirements of professionalism go beyond the economic interests

of its members. About a hundred and fifty years ago William Hazlitt wrote, "Men of genius do not excel in any profession because they labour in it, but they labour in it because they excel." Until standards of excellence are established among professional artists the distinction between the professional and the amateur, if based on economic self interest alone, will always be confused.

The mythology persists that, if one has talent, one can create or perform without the study, the training and the discipline that other professions require. This is obviously not the case. It stems, on the one hand, from some of our entertainment industries that have been more interested in physical appearance than in performing ability and on the other, from the notion that training and skill are not necessary in non-objective painting. How frequently at rehearsals does one hear an actor respond to a directive: "It just doesn't feel like me," or "That isn't the way I would normally act," or "It doesn't feel comfortable saying it that way." A good actor does not play himself. He plays the role or character assigned. It isn't supposed to be natural to him. It isn't supposed to feel like him or sound like him. It's supposed to sound like the character that he is portraying. It is for this reason that so many of our publicized stars of stage and screen always sound exactly alike, no matter which role they are playing. The fact of the matter is, they aren't playing any roles—they aren't acting, they are just being themselves, which isn't the same thing at all. It is for this reason that American actors frequently have so much difficulty in doing period pieces or playing character roles creditably. They don't have the training, they don't have the diction, they haven't spent the years of hard work at their craft that any art form or profession requires. Rigorous training, discipline and years of study are required for perfection in any of the arts. Because of the great growth of commercial entertainment, criteria and standards other than artistic considerations tend to prevail. Too frequently, the young artist's goal is for the star role, the big part, the quick and easy popular success. All of these militate against a deepening and maturing of the creative artist and of his craft. Because of these factors, it has been possible for the so-called "amateur," who does not make his living primarily from an art form, to equate his performance or his work with the so-called "professional." It seems to me that were real professionalism to be developed in the arts, the distinction between the amateur and the professional would be much clearer.

How, then, is it to be determined as to who is a professional and who is not? Can one establish the counterpart of the bar examination or the medical examination to determine whether an applicant is ready for admission to the fraternity? Obviously in the arts this cannot be done so readily. On the other hand, much more must be done if the arts are really to be professionalized. Whether this is to be done by the judgment of their peers, by the certification of institutions or professional organizations, or by the judgment of the open market, it is difficult to say, but one thing is fairly certain—far more rigorous training must be provided of a professional nature than has thus far been the case.

Historically the professional training of people in the arts has been provided by the conservatories, the art schools and the drama schools outside of the university. These institutions have tended to use successful creative artists as teachers. They have provided the environment, the curricula and the time to permit the aspiring student professional to spend long hours under competent professional guidance in actual performance or practice as well as study. This is not currently possible in the typical university program. Faculties in university departments of the arts have tended to be academically oriented toward their subjects and properly so, since their primary object has been to provide a broad liberal education to their students. They have tended to be inimical to having creative people teaching in their departments, their primary concern in hiring new faculty members being to secure first rate scholars and teachers. In recent years there have

been changes in this respect and currently an increasing number of creative artists are serving on university faculties. However, the curricula in the university, even for art majors, are so scheduled and geared that it is difficult for a student to receive adequate training or time within the school year for the development of creative or performing mastery essential to the training of a professional. Furthermore, the admissions policies of universities are based on criteria which have little relevance to creative ability in the arts. The standards of admission are based primarily on grade achievement in purely academic courses. This means that an applying student with great creative potential may not even be admitted to the university if his grades in academic subjects don't meet the standards or if he doesn't happen to have the particular courses required for admission.

With the decline of the conservatories, the universities should play a more important role in the development of professional artists. This responsibility is being increasingly recognized—witness the establishment of new colleges of fine arts in universities around the country. However, in order to do an effective job, they will have to re-examine admission policies, curricula and the criteria they have thus far adhered to in the selection of faculty. Somewhat different and flexible admission requirements must be provided for such schools and the faculties must include a high percentage of professional artists who are demonstrably good teachers, in addition to the academic faculty people. At the same time, more research must be done to enable us to identify and select potentially talented students in a far more effective way than has thus far been possible. Some of the recent research on the nature of creativity and creative people completed at the Institute for Personality Assessment at Berkeley, for example, indicates that there is already more information available for this purpose than we have yet begun to use.

It is not suggested that every large university establish a professional college of fine arts, but that where specialized colleges are established, the difference between professional training program and the traditional curricula in the arts be clear, both as to curriculum and the nature and the objectives of the students.

With regard to the policy of the Ford Foundation to subsidize genuinely professional groups, I believe that at this point in our cultural history it is a wise decision. More than anything else communities throughout the country are in dire need of first rate cultural institutions and organizations which can set and maintain standards of excellence in the arts. Precisely because of the rising interest in the arts and the proliferation of amateur efforts, the absence of such standards can result in dilution and vulgarization.

Educational institutions have the dual role which they have always had with regard to the education of our young people. One is to provide them with a broad liberal education, the other to prepare them for a future occupation. Hopefully, courses in the arts will increase in our educational institutions on all levels. Specialization, however, will be limited, as in all the professions, to those who have the talent and ability and are willing to make the commitment required by a profession.

Amateurism in the arts should be encouraged with the purpose of providing keener appreciation and understanding of the arts, larger consumer audiences for the professional artists and a fruitful and satisfying enterprise for the adult population's increasing leisure time, but it cannot and should not be viewed as a substitute for first rate artistic creativity or performance. Collaborative efforts between amateurs and professionals can be productive in building cultural institutions if the differences in their nature and roles are always kept in mind.

comment by John F. A. Taylor, philosopher

The painter Uccello was so great an amateur of art that his poor wife mistook Perspective for another woman, since he praised her nightly in his sleep. Uccello was nevertheless, in spite of his assignations with his Muse, the sheerest professional. He ran a *bottega,* took commissions, belonged to the druggists' guild, and schooled apprentices. That is why, if by a professional is meant one who depends for his living on the practice of an art, and by an amateur one who does not, the distinction between professional and amateur is apt to be without interest. For a professional who does not love his labors as a lover loves his mistress is a doubtful professional; and a lover who does not labor after professional standards is (I am told) a poor amateur.

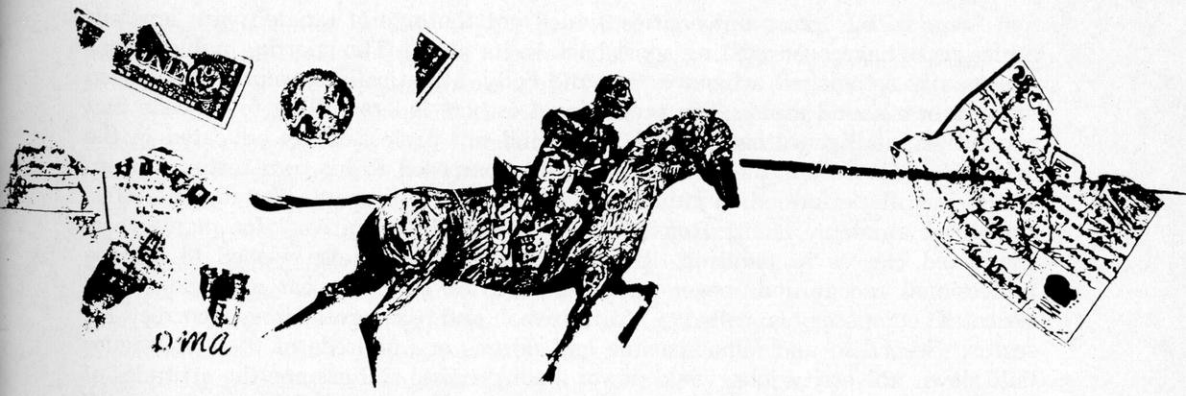
For an artist to be described by his fellows as a professional is the highest accolade which he can receive. The description does not signify that the world will guarantee his supper. It signifies that in the judgment of those who know excellence when they see it he is competent to form standards for others, in short, that his performance is imitable, worthy of imitation, by all amateurs. A man so gifted as to form standards may, and often does, live by his art. But it is the gift, not the livelihood, which qualifies him as a professional. Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec did not live by their art, but they may instruct art's pensioners; Van Gogh could not live by his, but he has disturbed the indolence of self-supporting lesser pilgrims for three generations.

The authentic professional, here as elsewhere, is one who lives not by his art but for its sake. Poets' poet, contemptuous of every stale sentiment or sterile grace, his own severest and most ruthless critic in any matter that touches his art, he asks no forgiveness, and needs none, since he does not forgive himself.

When Michelangelo signed his name, he wrote "*Scultore*" as his title. That the word "sculptor" should be pronounced as a title of distinction was in his day a thing new in the world, and his contemporaries did not fail to mark its novelty. He was distinguishing between the sculptor's art and the stone-carver's trade, between invention and quiet craft, between the power which civilizes and the power which is merely civilized. He was, in a word, conceiving the role of artist as a special commission, as a public office, which set its practitioners apart. An amateur's talent is a private enjoyment. A tradesman's talent is a personal livelihood. But an artist's talent is always, properly conceived, a public trust.

"When precedent fails to spirit us," said Thomas Paine, "we must think as if we were the first men that ever thought." Professionals are such first men, men who oblige themselves to think as if they were the first men that ever thought. That is why, in the manner of Michelangelo, we describe the arts, as we never describe the trades, as liberal professions: a tradesman follows standards which others have set for him; the professional follows standards which he has legislated for himself.

The expansion of our capacity for experience is the critical function of art in human life. An enlightened patronage of art must always be guided by the demands of that function. Our proper interest is not after all to institute a community of artists, a community of professionals who are obliged only to each other. Our proper interest is to frame a human community in which artists have a place, and in which their place is by all men jealously preserved, because they make an essential difference in the quality of the human story.



AMATEUR VERSUS PROFESSIONAL

BY PETER YATES

By deliberate choice, I am an amateur. I work at it. These days my determination to go on being an amateur complicates my living, because now I am paid, like any professional, to write and lecture about my amateur knowledge of the arts. Professionally, I am without status. Yet professionals, to console themselves or buttress their self-esteem, insist that I must be a professional. I can't tell you how many times I have had to argue the point.

The difference is that now I devote all my days to doing what formerly I did in my spare time. That is of course not what a professional means by a *professional.* Every time, when somebody asks me, in advance of a conference or lecture or some other professional event, what do you call yourself: musician, writer, critic, poet? I say, I am an amateur. He answers automatically, you can't be that. So I have been billed as musician, music critic, author, poet, even composer. You can't be an amateur, someone very intimately connected with *Arts in Society* said to me in advance of a professional engagement; nobody would know what you mean by it.

I have just been listening to the famous young conductor Lorin Maazel drive the Berlin Radio Orchestra through the finale of Mendelssohn's Italian *Symphony* as fast and frivolously as if it were a jig. Is that what we mean by being a professional? The audience applauded wildly—that's what we mean.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines *professional*: "engaging for livelihood or gain in an activity pursued, usually or often, for noncommercial satisfaction by amateurs, as, a *professional* golf player." For the amateur, satisfaction; that's the key-word. For the professional, livelihood or gain.

An amateur can pursue, for noncommercial satisfaction, any sport or art. If without losing his satisfaction in what he does, he is paid for doing it, does that make him a professional? Is he a professional when he does for pay what no longer gives him satisfaction?

The tag of the definition exposes the falseness of our thinking. In what used to be called the "gentlemanly" sports an amateur could formerly compete on an equality of skill with the professional. Then winning became important; and behind winning professional gambling entered in. For a time, professionally dominated athleticism, starting early in high school and not ceasing until the battered individual drops out, has been what we call *sport.* In America, sport is privately subsidized and driven to win at a headlong rate. Now in Russia the government trains the amateurs, as it trains its professional soldiers, to win. Why not? The farce of the subsidized "amateur" in sport is on a equality with the farce of the doctorally distinguished "professional" in art.

Some of our great universities, which got thoroughly tangled with amateur athleticism, have been putting sport back in its place. The sporting public seems perennially astonished, whenever a sound body, athletically speaking, is reported to contain a sound mind. The professional esthete is less willing to concede that a creative intelligence can appear in a mind not professionally educated in the arts. J. J. Rousseau, an amateur of music, composed to his own taste an opera which is still performed; arguing musical theory he became, like me, a professionalized amateur. Henri Rousseau, the so-called "primitive," for many years conducted classes in painting. Cézanne, who above all else wished to achieve professional recognition, never made it. Charles Ives, a great and thoroughly educated composer, is called a "primitive," and the professionals correct his scores. So-and-so and Whatsisname and dozens or hundreds of their colleagues hold down university jobs, wield power among artists and assume the attitudes of masters, having to offer for their art and reputation only a barren correctness. Who is the professional, who the amateur, by what scope of judgment or ability, on what basis?

Webster defines *professional*: "Characteristic of or conforming to the standards of a profession." So the professional of an art of avocation speaks of *standards*. Every so often our moral standards slam hard into one another in a moral darkness, as when we detected that the big-money-winners of the TV quiz programs had been cheating. Cheating whom, though? Certainly not their employers. Who, except the more innocent competitors, stood to lose by it? We were furious because we were ashamed; we had admired what was not admirable. We had assumed that there was in these TV sideshows a seriousness, to be equated with the presumed learning of the contestants: a wise man does not deceive. But the game was not professional or ethical, and we had no reason to believe otherwise. A false program of dramatized deception had deceived us; it recoiled on itself. Today the so-called "objective" program of fashionable factuality, hardcovered within hand-me-down theory, is recoiling on itself. The driving forces of the arts challenge the professional estheticism.

One of the great standards of western culture is embodied in the Hippocratic Oath professed by doctors of medicine; this has not prevented the medical profession from opposing with all the terrors of organized mass-ignorance, osteopathy, the polio treatment devised by Sister Kenny, the Bates method of eye-training. The two former are now accepted: anyone who, like myself, has returned from extreme myopia to live comfortably and pass successive driving tests without glasses, by benefit of the Bates method, can only wonder at the persistence of the medical profession in misinforming people about the use of eyes. If one of our devout itinerant healers, to his amazement, should raise a man from the dead, what would be his status within the medical community? Would the National Council of Churches rush to protect him from the AMA? And what—heaven shield him—would happen to the restored Lazarus? Curiosity, commercialism, admiration, outrage would tear him apart in the streets.

Is Linus Pauling the treasonable creature of the *Life* editorial or the dauntless benefactor the Nobel committee named him or the man who has mixed bad methods with good of the *New York Times* editorial? As a professional of science and proteins he has won one Nobel award; as an amateur of peace and humanity he won another. When he won the first, we would not at once let him out of the country, because we feared him; when he won the second we were afraid not to let him out. As an amateur he picketed the White House; as a professional he went in and shook hands with the President. We are a strange and wonderful people.

Defining *amateur, Webster* summarizes the entire story in a sentence: "One who cultivates a particular pursuit, study, or science, from taste, without pursuing

it professionally; also, a dabbler." Again the tag exposes the falseness of our thinking. No one who cultivates a pursuit, study, or science, from taste, can be a dabbler. That is a *vocation.* And again *Webster* tangles the opposites of meaning: "A call, a summons; specif., a calling to a particular state, business, or profession; as, a *vocation* to the religious life." I have a calling to be an amateur; for twenty-five years I have practised my vocation intensively and fruitfully in my spare time. Does the vocation change now it is my business? In no way except commercially: I earn less. Is my vocation any the less my profession? But what a change that assumes in the meaning of profession!

No, someone will reply quite solemnly, you have been practising your *avocation.* So *Webster,* missing not a shade of the full implication, defines: "1. Diversion of attention. 2. A subordinate pursuit; a hobby. 3. Customary employment; vocation; usual pursuits—a use now preferably avoided, to preserve the useful distinction from vocation." What useful distinction? Is the vocation, or the avocation, of Hans Kung or Teilhard de Chardin challenged, when the Holy Office places the writings of these two influential priests on the *Index Expurgatorius?* My serious questioner meant to say that a vocation exists only when you practise it as a business or profession, whereas an avocation, when you do not make a profession or business of it, is not a calling. Was the calling of St. Frances Savonarola, or Simone Weil a vocation or an avocation? How many have been called to vocational education?

In this society, where everybody knows the answers, it may be wise sometimes to stop and pray a bit.

How are we to measure the skill of an amateur? Obviously, by what he accomplishes or does. Arnold Schoenberg, like Richard Wagner, had a vocation to compose music; each trained himself in his art. After Schoenberg's death, the British magazine *Arts and Letters* gave over an entire issue to printing the opinions of eminent composers about his compositions. That the magazine did so should suffice for his reputation. Yet the spate of opinions gave him scarcely a good word. Their professional standards, unenlightened by their practice, made the eminent composers fools. Schoenberg's composition proceeded to establish itself as the prime standard of mid-twentieth century music. And a complete new set of younger musicians, artisans of music as workmanlike as Pierre Boulez, began joyfully yapping that Schoenberg himself had betrayed his standards and was better dead.

The most influential successor of Schoenberg has not been one of his disciples, but John Cage. In my last conversation with Schoenberg I asked him about his disciples and pupils; the only one he spoke of was Cage, who had already, and publicly, rejected Schoenberg's teaching. Schoenberg's vision was larger than his qualification when he said to me then of Cage: "He is not a composer but an inventor, of genius." David Tudor tells me Schoenberg wrote the same to a distinguished European conductor.

Is one to define John Cage as an amateur or a professional? By whose standards of what standards? Cage has been accused often enough of dabbling. Nobody who is aware of his influence and how much he has accomplished, which I have epitomized elsewhere and shall not repeat here, can deny his authority, or deny that this authority is founded in and grows from, however often he may seem to confound them, his own standards. An entire generation of younger composers is already applying—or misapplying—these standards. The misapplication, too, may be fruitful. The chanciest, Cage's procedure of *Indeterminacy,* made professional by a latinized designation and called *aleatory,* has already affected musical theory, world-wide, as profoundly as Schoenberg's *Method of composing with 12 tones related only to one another.* Cage has enjoyed, like Ives and unlike Schoenberg, a professional education in music—if that matters. Like Ives, he

put aside his education to become a composer; he did not forget his education or misuse it.

The last time I spoke with Cage he told me that he had always believed *time* to be the one factor indispensable from music; for nine months he had been composing in disregard of time. He might have said, more pretentiously, that he was composing in a *field,* where *time,* being neither simultaneous nor successive, can be dispensed with. Stated so, in view of current scientific information, there is no problem, except to do it. The professional, encountering the esthetic consequence, will shriek again, as so often in the past, this is the end of music.

Having myself no professional standards to defend, no increment of accredited knowledge to preserve, no property of private wisdom in the arts to protect from devastation, not caring a damn except to understand what is happening and why it is happening and therefore to appreciate the result—how far that is from the usual meaning of *appreciation* — I can sit back and admire the procedures Cage has outlined for himself, accept the consequences and learn eventually to enjoy them.

Cage still speaks of "process," a term he has now outmoded. In *Webster, process* involves time but *procedure* does not. I am prepared to demonstrate that Cage's procedures are no more alien to the evolution of historic music than Schoenberg's *Method.* I can only wonder that many, trained professionally better than myself, feel compelled to demonstrate the opposite — while the art slips from beneath their argument. The future of music after Cage is as bright as it was before, perhaps brighter. Musicology, proclaimed a science, should examine all musical facts impartially; too often, especially in current affairs, it accumulates facts to buttress gothic prejudice.

Cage's complete works are now being published, and it is possible that he may arrive at the crisis of public acceptance and subsequent temporary archaism as rapidly as Mozart or Bartok and more rapidly than Beethoven or Schoenberg. If we gave more attention to our habits as appreciators, we might not so often abuse with false judgment and eloquent technical nonsense our standards of appreciation. We should watch how we learn, slowly and wrongheadedly, and learn how we may appreciate.

"... When you are seventy-five and your generation has overlapped with four younger ones," Stravinsky said in his *Conversations* "it behooves you not to decide in advance 'how far you can go,' but to try to discover whatever new thing it is makes the new generation new." Then, after initial rejection, he gave his accolade to Boulez.

One can be ridiculously sure and proud of one's *judgment,* professional judgment especially, but in the end the music, the composer in his foresight, must sustain our judgment; it is not our judgment that will sustain his music. That is how one learns to apprehend, not to judge but to feel and to foresee, and by no means always at a first hearing. Works of art come alive in us, because the composer has given them life, and that we apprehend; and then we may distinguish where there is no life. Our judgment, our misjudgment, can only blind us and so discourage the composer, if he is still living, who has given life. The life is there, whether or not we apprehend it. Judgment, analysis, praise, appreciation, propaganda cannot make dead works live. These are after-thought, secondary, but the professional wishes them to be put foremost; these increase his self-esteem but not the stature of the work he deals with. A musical education too commonly increases nothing but the vocabulary which comes between oneself and the musical experience.

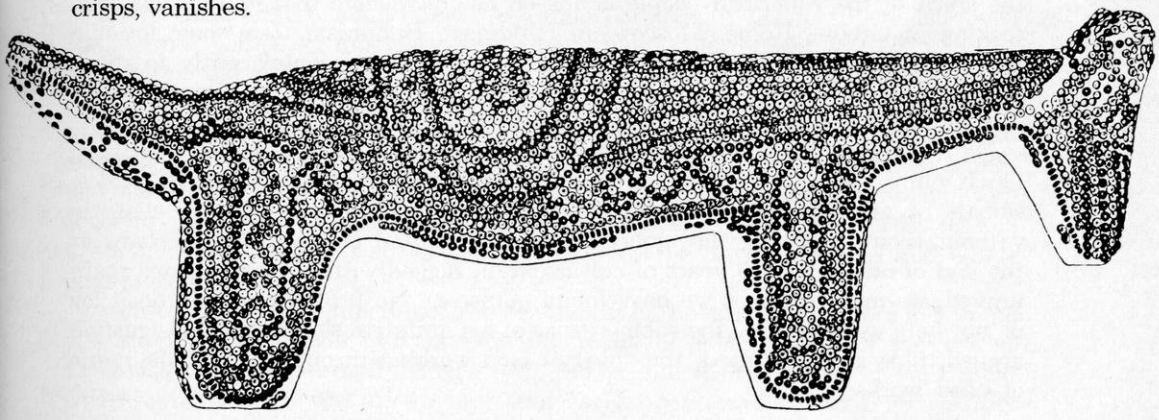
I know the keyboard music by Francois Couperin and the fifty-two piano sonatas by Haydn as I know my own backyard. There is always something new to be found in it. I don't have to prove my possession by being able to perform

them, any more than I have to grow a cash crop in my backyard. For twenty-five years I have been shaping that backyard to my satisfaction, hauling rock and building walls and terracing, planting and pruning and digging things up and despairing; and I shall go on doing the same through the remainder of my life. All the same, I don't plan to confine my living to Couperin, Haydn, and my backyard. The place is big enough to get around but not big enough to be confined in.

In America we are a nation of amateurs, filled with determination but no self-assurance. That is our great strength and our weakness. We regard as professionally alien and somehow monstrous the literary techniques of Whitman, the arrogant technical superiority of Frank Lloyd Wright, the omnicompetence of Buckminster Fuller. Instead of rallying to them, the professional rushes to deny, oppose, impede them. When the late President summoned the musicians to the White House, he reflected public opinion by bringing together not the potentiality but the prestige, and the majority of those he invited were foreign-born. Let them be born where they may, someone will reply, if they are artists. Yes, but the birth is too commonly a part of the prestige.

In painting nobody need argue any more against the predominating influence of the so-called school of Paris; the school of New York has replaced it. But these *schools* are no more than salons of *haute couture* for collectors, not to be admired or taken seriously. Five years after he has been swept into the current mode the honest painter will regret it. He finds himself in the demi-world of Dior, not the full world of Picasso.

Yet seeing the great collection of Mexican culture, artifacts and art, as we call them, signs and symbols of the spiritual, psychological, moral unity of the Mexican peoples during the 3500 years of their preserved history, which has been on exhibition in Los Angeles, one must question as well the fulness of Picasso's world. It is a composite of superlative skill, cleverness, imitation, parody, a superior handicraft made for sale. Is this, only this, what we mean by art? It is assuredly professional. Before the unified cultural record of Mexico this professional skill crisps, vanishes.



What do we mean by art-culture anyhow? What does the word *culture* itself signify for us? Where else in the modern world can we find a painting more emblematic of a 3500-year continuity of humane vision, humane horror, brutality, and exaltation of the life experience, than Orozco's utterly impersonal falling body, *Man Pierced with a Lance?* Who has stated more finally, more absolutely, regardless of audience, having no respect for museum culture and its embellishment of critical language, the meaning of twentieth-century spiritual crisis, than Orozco in his Dartmouth fresco, *Christ Cutting down His Cross,* a part of the series called *Modern Migration of the Spirit?*

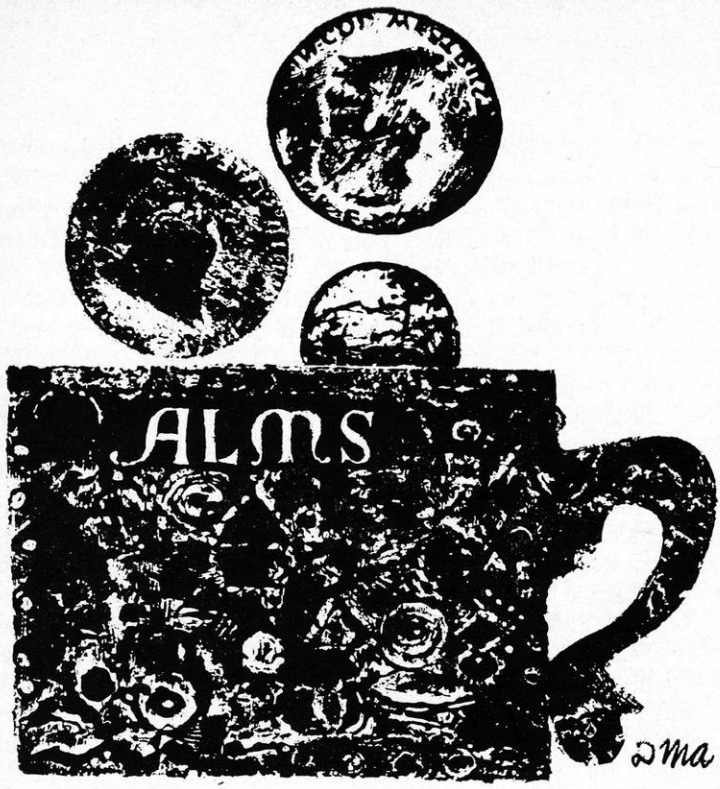
These are the true existential visions; these are not arguments, these will not change.

We see in this Mexican exhibition a culture whole and long-lasting as the Egyptian and the Chinese. The culture does not decline, like the Egyptian; it lacks only the self-conscious estheticism and virtuosity of the Chinese artists. By comparison, our continuity of culture from Greece and the Near East, though it may at its full height reach higher, appears fragmented. At its best our culture rises to a questioning, which is not to be found among the Mexican tribes. Is it this continuity of questioning that draws the great crowds to our museums? I believe that it is, and that this search for experience beyond satisfaction explains the power of tragedy peculiar to the western culture, and the more recent extraordinary and unceasing popular authority of Van Gogh. Oh, but these questionings are unprofessional!

I said that in America we are filled with determination but no self-assurance. You will find this not so much in the esteemed arts of our esteemed artists but among the most rejected, the poets. American poetry is without authority, and it challenges the world to remake itself. It is an underground of poetry, a revolution without focus. Its martyrs die by exclusion and obscurely. It speaks for a people, because it speaks with their voices, their lack of knowledge, unrecognized by those it speaks for. A great part of it, like the ordinary utterance of the common people, is pointless, fruitless, unreadable, unintelligible. Its techniques derive from no honorable ancestry; they are plebeian, ignorant. Only the poet who writes such poetry achieves some consolation by it. Would you apply the rules of poetry to the profane speaking of the man at the welfare counter, demanding help?

While the great buildings rise across the country to house our esthetic self-consciousness, our imitation virtuosity, borrowed from Europe; while the university buildings rise to house our intellectual self-consciousness, foreign to native intelligence; while the churches follow instead of leading in the national emergency of polite, self-conscious, borrowed nihilism, supplemented by good works; while the spirit of the American people is abased before wisdom that is not their own, seeking in Greece, Rome, Moscow, in Hinduism, Buddhism, Zen, some formula by which a man may call his soul his own; we proceed complacently to speak of the necessity of professionalism in the arts—the very hell of meaningless self-esteem.

Do it yourself has become the motto of the native amateur technical artisan. Do it ourselves we shall, though the doing requires generations. If the professionals of art, education, religion, spirituality, stand in our way, we shall do without them, following the amorphous determination of our poets. Perhaps at the end of our own 3500 years of culture, torn, ragged with defeat but once again unified, we may find that we have found ourselves. No professional can do it for us nor help us, except by the submergence of his imitative skills. As St. Augustine argued, it is grace we need, the spirit of God working through us, not the merit of good works.



THE GLORIOUS PAUPER: THE FINANCING OF AMERICA'S OPERA

BY RONALD L. DAVIS

The history of financing opera—in this country or any other—is a story written in red. An operating deficit is as inevitable in the operatic world as the paunchy tenor or the tempestuous soprano. Throughout history opera has been the elegant, pampered mistress of some benevolent admirer who has been willing to pick up the tab on milady's finery. The costs of staging professional opera have always been too staggering for productions to pay for themselves. In addition to the solo artists, a performance of this grandest of all art forms requires a full symphony, a chorus, sets, costumes, and an army of stagehands to keep things moving behind the scenes. Frequently too, a *corps de ballet* is needed. Consequently, even if the opera house is sold out for every performance of its season, a heavy deficit results. And so it has been since the days of Handel and Gluck and Mozart.

Throughout the eighteenth century and most of the nineteenth, opera in Europe was supported by royal houses. The generosity of such patrons of the arts as Frederick the Great turned many a lyric dream into reality.[1] Here in the United States, where there was no royalty, the early opera was financed by wealthy individuals, possessed either by a sense of *noblesse oblige* or an unquenchable longing for acceptance into the inner circle of the social elite. The situation was summed up rather well by Darcey, a Damon Runyon-like character from Frank Capra's motion picture *Pocketful of Miracles*. Dreaming of a nation-wide crime syndicate, coated with all the trappings of respectability, Darcey tells his prospective colleague Dave the Dude, "I'm going to operate with style—from Presidential suites. Contribute to charity. Finance opera. Elect judges. This'll be big business."[2] While most of opera's early supporters were considerably more scrupulous than Mr. Darcey, their attempt to win popular respectability was probably just as strong. And most assuredly, the type of person who contributed

to opera before the early 1920's could have, had he chosen, operated from Presidential suites, for his was indeed big business.

In New Orleans, where the first opera in this country was presented, the illustrious French Opera House was perpetually burdened with financial problems—despite the fact that the Creoles were dedicated opera-goers, packing the house to capacity night after night. Still the lack of funds was seldom a deterring factor, for wealthy supporters, businessmen and planters, were always around to underwrite deficits.[3]

Chicago's early opera was financed in much the same manner, although occasionally a somewhat bizarre scheme was hopefully employed in an attempt to lessen the burden on the sponsors. In 1867, for instance, when the management of the Crosby Opera House found itself in the throes of financial distress, a plan was devised for selling lottery tickets throughout the country in order to raise the necessary funds.[4] The success of such methods, however, was limited.

More reliable were the pocketbooks of the city's wealthy entrepreneurs. In 1910, when the Chicago Grand Opera Company was formed, the multimillionaire industrialist Harold F. McCormick was chosen president and financier Charles G. Dawes vice-president.[5] For over a decade the McCormick-Dawes circle kept opera alive in Chicago, McCormick himself carrying most of the load. In December, 1916, it was announced that patrons of the opera had guarateed the company a sum of $100,000 a year for the next five years, making long-range planning more feasible. Harold McCormick agreed to cover personally any deficit exceeding that amount.[6] During those five years Chicago saw some of the most beautiful productions ever given this side of the Atlantic, approached in quality by the Metropolitan alone. And the last year was both the most glorious and the most disastrous.

McCormick wanted his last season of patronage to be the greatest operatic spectacle Chicago had ever seen. To realize his dreams, soprano Mary Garden, one of the company's featured and most publicized attractions, was appointed artistic director. "We want to go out in a blaze of glory," McCormick told Mme. Garden (speaking for himself and his wife, Edith Rockefeller McCormick) "and we need your name."[7] He even agreed that this season's deficit might run as high as $600,000,[8] as compared with the previous high of $350,000 for the season just concluded.[9]

By the fall of 1921 Mme. Garden had lined up one of the most formidable arrays of operatic talent ever assembled. The final artistic roster showed seventeen sopranos, nine contraltos and mezzo-sopranos, thirteen tenors, eight baritones, nine basses, and five conductors— approximately twice as many of each as the company actually needed and would be able to use.[10] The season was barely underway when it became obvious that most of these artists had been signed for performances they could not possibly give. Johanna Gadski, who had been engaged for several performances of *Tristan und Isolde,* was informed, after several weeks of waiting for rehearsals to begin, that her services would not be needed. Instead, she was handed a check for $7,500 and blithely sent on her way. A law suit resulted.[11] Another singer was scheduled for twenty-five performances, but after six weeks had sung only once. Midway through the season Marguerite D'Alvarez's principal vehicle, *Samson and Delilah,* was dropped from the repertoire, and the mezzo-soprano was paid off for the remainder of the appearances called for in her contract and dismissed. Before long virtually every major artist on the company's roster was infuriated and on the verge of resignation.[12] Meanwhile, Mary Garden herself, continuing as an artist as well as the company's director, was performing on an average of three times a week, singing everything that she thought was fun.

In the spring the figures were totaled, and Horald McCormick was handed the bill for his final operatic exhibition—$1,100,000.[13] The tycoon's moan was

loud enough to be heard in every speak-easy in Chicago! Mary Garden's comment was, "If it cost a million dollars, I'm sure it was worth it."

Thus ended the days when Chicago's opera was financed by a select group of wealthy benefactors. And, for all practical purposes, by the early 1920's the pattern of financing opera all over the United States had either changed or was in the process of changing. With the alterations in the nation's tax structure, it became more and more impossible for a few leading citizens personally to underwrite losses. Now the burden was spread out, and the idea of civic opera developed. Under this system—one which remains the principal means of financing opera today—hundreds, even thousands, of individuals contribute sums ranging from large to small.

With Harold McCormick's withdrawal from the Chicago operatic scene, that city's forces were reorganized into the Chicago Civic Opera Company, with Samuel Insull, its helmsman, declaring that he would hold expenses to a minimum. A plan was devised whereby 500 guarantors each contributed a sum not to exceed $1,000 a year for next five years.[15] By 1927 the subscribers numbered almost 2,000, many of them pledging far less than the $1,000 maximum. And for the next decade, with the company's annual deficit around $400,000, this system worked very nicely.[16] Samuel Insull even had hopes that Chicago's opera could become self-supporting. His dream was to build a giant skyscraper, with an opera house occupying the ground floor. The rest of the building could be rented out as office space, the rental being used to balance the budget of the opera company. In the fall of 1929 Insull's dream was realized in the form of a magnificent, $20,000,000 structure at 20 North Wacker,[17] but the opera company itself was shortly dashed on the rocks of the Great Depression.

Meanwhile, in 1923 the San Francisco Opera Association was formed, using the civic opera plan as its method of financing. Some 2,700 founding members donated fifty dollars each to create a revolving fund—a fund which served as a guarantee for the company for over a decade.[18] When the revolving fund finally proved inadequate, it was replaced by an annual fund-raising drive, appealing to every music-lover in San Francisco for support.

By 1932 even the Metropolitan was forced to campaign for funds. Founded in 1883 in protest to the exclusiveness of the old guard-dominated Academy of Music, the Metropolitan for over forty years was endowed by a select group of post-Civil War rich led by the Vanderbilts. During the depression decade, however, the bargaining power of labor improved to the extent that the Met's top artists were demanding $1,000 a performance. The resulting crisis necessitated a complete revamping of the Metropolitan and its method of financing. The old Metropolitan Opera Company, sponsored by its wealthy "stockholders," now died of financial attrition, and the Metropolitan Opera Association, with a broadened base of support, took its place.[19]

After this reorganization the major difference between the Metropolitan's economic situation and that of the San Francisco Opera was that the Met's public (and consequently its contributions) was much larger than that of her younger sister. While the San Francisco Opera's activities were limited to the west coast, the Metropolitan had long been recognized as a national institution. To begin with, the New York company obviously had a much larger metropolitan area from which to draw. Secondly, the Met's annual spring tour, underwritten by the cities involved, helped to advertise the company as a national cultural asset and was responsible for bringing in contributions from all over the country. Finally, with the first of the weekly Saturday afternoon broadcasts in 1931, the Metropolitan reached an even greater public, enlarging its financial support accordingly.

Within the last twenty years the increase in the number of American opera companies has been astonishing. New Orleans revived its opera in 1943. San

Antonio added an opera series to its symphony season in 1945. Fort Worth formed its own opera company in 1946, Tulsa in 1948, Houston in 1956. Chicago rejoined the opera capitals of the world with the organization of the Chicago Lyric in 1954, and Dallas followed three years later with the birth of its Dallas Civic Opera. And the list goes on and on.

Virtually every one of these companies is organized on a civic opera basis, receiving financial support from hundreds and even thousands of guarantors. In 1957, for example, Chicago's Lyric Opera received 2,408 contributions of under $100 and only 529 over $100, the latter including 68 of $1,000 or more. The largest single contribution from an individual was $25,000.[20] Every year each of these companies launches a fund drive in order to cover past deficits and insure the coming season. San Francisco's goal in 1960 was $150,000;[21] Chicago Lyric's in 1961 was $350,000.[22]

Who contributes to these fund drives? Civic-minded music lovers, of course, give as they can—$100 in some cases, five dollars or ten dollars in many more. But recently a number of businesses have begun to donate to opera—particularly those businesses that stand to benefit from a local opera season. The hotel industry, the clothing industry, local restaurants, florists, jewelers, and taxicab companies—to name just a few—can afford to give generously to their city's opera company, knowing full well that come opera season all will be paid back with interest.[23] In 1960 Neiman-Marcus paid the entire cost of flying the Dallas Civic Opera's production of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment* over from Palermo. The opera, however, was simply incorporated into Neiman's Italian Fortnight, a massive advertising display which brought customers flocking to the store. Some of the out-of-town visitors may have come to Dallas especially for the opera, but few went to hear Donizetti without paying a call on Neiman's first.

Nevertheless, while these various fund drives usually meet with fair success, every American opera company wrestles with financial problems continually. Monetary considerations must always be taken into account, sometimes to the extent of shackling the company artistically. Even the date on which an opera is given may have economic repercussions. The New Orleans Opera House Association, for example, learned long ago not to give productions during the Christmas season or Mardi Gras.[24]

From a strictly artistic standpoint, opera companies find it extremely rewarding to freshen their offering with an occasional novelty, something new or rarely given. Financial considerations, however, demand that the repertoire be weighted with popular favorites. Consequently, old reliables like *Madame Butterfly, La Boheme, La Traviata,* and *Carmen* appear more frequently than election year. A *Salome* or a *Simon Boccanegra* can be given only if it is balanced off by a number of standard favorites. The San Antonio Symphony in 1960 staged Verdi's early *Nabucco* for only the third time in the United States, followed the next year by a rare performance of Richard Strauss' *Elektra.* Both productions brought *bravos* from the critics, but played to relatively small houses. In order to rescue the symphony from the resulting deficits, the 1962 repertoire looked as if it had been comprised from a best seller list: *Boheme, Carmen, Lucia* and *Trovatore.* While opera "buffs" called it pedestrian, financially the season was San Antonio's best.

Aside from repertoire, the box office is most sensitive to casting. An impresario needs an artist with a name, someone to bring out the casual opera-goer. His dream is a performer with popular appeal who is willing to sing for a reasonable fee. Unfortunately, these dreams seldom materialize. Often, particularly among the smaller companies, an older artist will be contracted—one who has the name, but frequently no longer the voice. Just as likely, the management may spend

the lion's share of its money luring in one big name, preferably a glamorous prima donna. Probably Madame will bring out the desired crowd and may even perform admirably. The danger, of course, is that the management will spend so much on its star that the rest of the production has to shift for itself. No matter how gloriously the luminary may sing, she alone cannot offset the barking of the world's worst tenor, the company's shoddiest scenery, and a group of choristers whose own mothers would not claim them.

Grave, too, is the problem of physical productions. Since new scenery and props cost thousands of dollars for each opera, companies for the most part are forced to limp along on what they already have. If a new opera is given, the production most likely will simply be pulled together from sets designed for some other work. Consequently, this year's last scene of *A Masked Ball* may bear a remarkable resemblance to the first act of last year's *Traviata*. In any event opera sets frequently are moth-eaten museum pieces, long overdue for retirement. The Chicago Lyric Opera, believe it or not, is still using sets which were designed during the early years of the McCormick regime.

Thus, while the civic opera plan has been by far the most popular—and successful — method of financing opera for the last four decades, the system definitely has its weaknesses, a number of which serve as severe artistic restrictions. Many of these limitations were obvious forty years ago; others are just now becoming apparent. With the steady increase in wages, the cost of materials, and rentals over the years, the expense of producing opera has risen accordingly. While ticket prices have also increased, the income from the box office has simply not kept pace with rising costs. At the same time audiences have become more sophisticated in their tastes, demanding higher standards than ever before. As a result, the burden on the guarantors has grown to the point that there is much evidence that civic opera, unaided, may be buckling under the strain.

Shortly before the opening of the 1961-62 season, both the San Francisco Opera and the Metropolitan were forced to cancel their season because of the economic squeeze brought about by demands from musicians for higher wages. Both seasons were later reinstated, but not until national attention had been focused upon the current economic crisis facing the grand opera. In the case of the Metropolitan, it is doubtful that the great gold curtain would ever have gone up that year had not President Kennedy and Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg intervened. In the midst of the confusion, one common chord resounded throughout: some form of government subsidy was needed if American opera-goers were to continue enjoying the caliber of performance their critical tastes demanded. On this subject the Metropolitan's general manager, Rudolf Bing, and Al Manuti, the spokesman for the musicians' union, were in complete agreement.

And, after all, the great opera houses of Europe have long been supported primarily by government funds. Milan's La Scala, to take only one example, currently receives something like three million dollars a year from the Italian government.[25] As a result La Scala can stage a host of new productions annually and is much freer to produce new and rarely-performed works than any American company. The box office in Milan is not the albatross that it is in the United States.

In this country, however, the tradition of free enterprise has tended to make us cool toward state aid. Only recently has this ice begun to thaw—at least among musicians, critics, and serious opera-goers. Sparked largely by the Metropolitan's problems, a recent Congressional investigation probed into the difficulties of financing the arts, summoning a number of prominent artists to the witness stand. Virtually everyone who testified, from conductor Leopold Stokowski to baritone George London, favored government subsidy. Mr. London's testimony brought out the fact that some two hundred American singers are now performing exclusively in European opera houses because of lack of opportunities in the United

States. A few years back it was not only a mark of distinction for an artist to sing at the Metropolitan, but profitable, for the Met until recently paid higher fees than any other opera house in the world. This is no longer the case.

While opera's inner circle seems in agreement that federal subsidy is the only way out of present financial difficulties, more conservative factions are loud in their condemnation of government patronage. Even the establishment of a Federal Advisory Council of the Arts, bearing no financial commitment at all, ran into trouble in Congress. Congressman Howard Smith of Virginia, one of the bill's more outspoken opponents, ridiculed the whole proposal by asking, "What are the arts? It was suggested that poker playing is an artful occupation. Is this bill going to subsidize poker players who get into trouble?"[26]

And yet, opera, if it is to continue on a professional artistic plane, must be subsidized, either by government or individuals. Throughout the nineteenth century and for the first two decades of the twentieth, it was possible for a few wealthy individuals to underwrite the inevitable operatic deficits in New York, Chicago, and New Orleans. But, with the economic reforms of the Progressive Era, the wealth of the nation—to a degree, at least—became less concentrated in the hands of the few. As the nation's wealth became spread over a larger basis, the need for disseminating the operatic burden became greater and greater. Where in the past the patronage of one man or a small group of men might be enough to keep an opera company alive, now the support of hundreds became essential.

Within the last forty years, our national economy has tended to level out still farther. More important, with the election of Franklin Roosevelt in 1932, the United States sanctioned a program of socio-economic change which vastly enlarged the bargaining powers of labor, in the arts as well as industry. Opera budgets geared to the "free market" of the 1920's simply were not adequate any more. Then came the inflation of the Second World War and the continuing high prices of the Cold War. For opera this has meant ever increasing deficits. While every city still has its wealthy set, many eager to contribute to the arts, today's opera companies, operating in a world of rising costs, are finding it harder and harder to raise the hundreds of thousands of dollars which are needed to cover production expenditures. The only solution to these vexing economic problems seems to lie in some form of government subsidy. "Without the arts," says Brooks Atkinson of *The New York Times,* "the character of the people would indeed be gross and dull and leave America without a future."[27] Consequently, many have come to agree with Secretary Goldberg that, "We must come to accept the arts as a new community responsibility. The arts must assume their place alongside the already accepted responsibilities for health, education, and welfare."[28]

[1]See Ernest E. Helm, *Music at the Court of Frederick the Great* (Norman, Okla, 1960).

[2]*Pocketful of Miracles* (movie script), p. 36.

[3]Andre Lafargue, "Past Glories of New Orleans," Part II, *Opera News,* Vol. X, November 26, 1945, pp. 11-12.

[4]Bessie Louise Pierce, *A History of Chicago* (New York, 1940), Vol. II, p. 433.

[5]Edward C. Moore, *Forty Years of Opera in Chicago* (New York, 1930), pp. 54-56.

[6]Farnsworth Wright, "Chicago Assured of Five Years More of Grand Opera," *Musical America,* Vol. XXV, December 23, 1916, p. 1.

[7]Mary Garden and Louis Biancolli, *Mary Garden's Story* (New York, 1951), pp. 170-171.

[8]Rene Devries, "Spangler Out as Manager of Chicago Opera," *Musical Courier,* Vol. LXXXIII, November 24, 1921, p. 55.

[9]Moore, *Forty Years of Opera in Chicago,* p. 225.

[10]Devries, "Spangler Out as Manager of Chicago Opera," *Musical Courier,* Vol. LXXXIII, November 24, 1921, p. 55.

[11]"Mme. Gadski Brings Suit Against Chicago Opera Claiming $500,000 Damages," *Musical Courier,* Vol. LXXXIV, February 9, 1922, p. 5.

[12]Emil Raymond, "Gadski Barred by Chicago Executive, Schipa to Quit, D'Alvarez Is Paid Off as Storm Clouds Gather Over Opera," *Musical America,* Vol. XXV, December 10, 1921, p. 1.

[13]Moore *Forty Years of Opera in Chicago,* p. 239.

[14]Garden and Biancolli, *Mary Garden's Story,* pp. 178-179.

[15]Emil Raymond, "Chicago Opera Promises Season of Brilliance with Novelties and New Artists from Europe," *Musical America,* Vol. XXXIV, October 22, 1921, p. 34.

[16]Moore *Forty Years of Opera in Chicago,* p. 285; "Chicago Opera Has $400,000 Deficit as Fifth Year of Civic Management Ends," *Musical America,* Vol. XLV, February 5, 1927, p. 37.

[17]Moore, *Forty Years of Opera in Chicago,* p. 340.

[18]Esther Bentley Powell, "Silver Anniversary at the Golden Gate," *Opera News,* Vol. XII, October 6, 1947 pp. 9-10.

[19]Irving Kolodin *The Story of the Metropolitan Opera* (New York, 1953), pp. 29-30.

[20]"Lyric Opera of Chicago," printed data sheet issued by the Lyric Opera of Chicago, 1958, p. 2.

[21]"Fund Drive Goal at $150,000," San Francisco Opera Notes, Vol. IV, September, 1960, p. 1.

[22]"Grand Opera—The Fabulous Pauper" *Lyric Opera News,* Vol. VI, June, 1961, p. 9.

[23]Interview with Alfred Frankenstein, San Francicso, September 19, 1960.

[24]Interview with Gus G. Jaquet, New Orleans, June 8, 1960.

[25]Rudolf Bing to Edward Downes (radio interview), February 3, 1962.

[26]Henry Brandon, "Washington's Struggle for Culture," *Saturday Review,* Vol. XLV, January 6, 1962, pp. 16-17.

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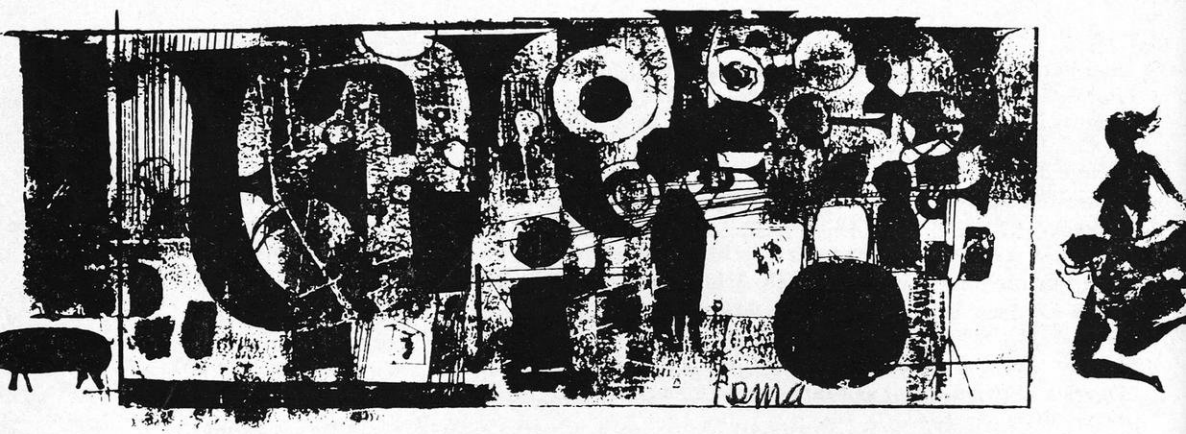

ENCOURAGING THE ARTS AT THE UNIVERSITY*

BY RONALD E. MITCHELL

I do not reproach or ridicule those who disclaim the possession of creative talent. I do not promote the doctrine of "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." Bernard Shaw was a wise old gentleman but when he threw off that oversimplified witticism he was a mere stripling of 47. He knew perfectly well that he had nearly half a century in which to mature, so he could afford to be irresponsibly flippant.

A distinction can be made between creative artists and scholars, but both are necessary. The artist comes first. The scholar, the historian and the critic come later, and their work depends upon the artist's work. I refer, of course, to to the scholar of art, the historian of art and the critic of art in all forms of art. The scholar of geology need wait for no man, the historian of national and international misunderstanding has a clear field stretching back for centuries, and the critic of social mores can go back just as far. But he who writes about or judges art must wait for the art to be produced.

The fact that there were artists long before there were scholars of art is no reason for despising the scholars. It is in everyone's interest to promote art and one way of promoting it is to study it, analyze it and criticize it. The requirements for skill in study and criticism are quite different from the requirements for the creation of art, but the people occupied sometimes overlap. It is too easy and quite incorrect to assume or imply that the creative person cannot criticize intelligently or is lacking in historical information. Many people who are good critics and historians do not find that these talents in any way smother the creative ability they may quite possibly possess. People come in all shapes, sizes and kinds. It is true that there are scholars whose only talent is creation just as it is true that there are scholars utterly lacking in creative talent, but the abilities are not mutually exclusive.

Until comparatively recently, universities were regarded as places unsuited for creative artists. The artist, a non-conformer, often at odds with conventional society, was left to his own devices and in the old days enough of them managed to climb into a garret and starve there in preference to being drawn into the degradation of bourgeois society two floors below, a custom which gave rise to a cliché. Or the artist studied with distinguished older artists or in a special school where the emphasis was upon the training of the artist and not upon a general

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educational background suitable for a wide variety of postgraduate experiences.

Since the end of the Second World War many universities and colleges have welcomed artists-in-residence as regular members of the teaching staff, and courses in creative writing, painting, sculpture, choreography and musical composition have appeared in the time tables, together with courses in the performing arts, acting, singing, the playing of instruments of many kinds, and the dance, the courses in the dance often finding themselves in surprising proximity to women's basketball and water safety. There is nothing wrong in this. One might easily dance one's way into deep water, and if one were unable to swim one would never dance again.

Courses of this kind crept into the catalogues and time tables until they became quite noticeable, and students with creative or performing talents, or even without, could elect these courses and *do* something in addition to learning about what others, invariably the distinguished and successful, had done for centuries.

At the University of Wisconsin there are creative writing courses in the English department and these may be taken by beginners and may be taken any number of times, though it may sometimes be recommended that putting English words together so that they make sense is a prerequisite to making profound statements about life. Somehow a profound statement sounds less profound when it is stated in a shoddy manner. Students may write short stories, poetry and longer fiction if they have the staying power. Visiting writers have been engaged to lecture, criticize and help the work of student writers and bridge the gap between the distinguished or the successful, sometimes both, and the beginner in need of encouragement. As long ago as 1940 Sinclair Lewis flitted on to this campus and flitted off again when his interest abated, which was embarrassingly soon, but it is to the credit of the University that it was adventurous enough to try this sort of thing nearly a quarter of a century ago. Less flamboyant but more stable characters than Mr. Lewis have taught here for several summer sessions and quite recently Elizabeth Bowen, who had visited the campus before, was in residence for a whole semester.

In the Speech department playwrights are encourged in classes and the University theatre offers awards for any students who care to submit a play script to a contest held each spring. Toward the end of the second semester three student plays, the three judged the best in the contest, are staged in the small experimental theatre in the Memorial Union. This is a splendid opportunity for playwrights. Once they have left the University they will not find many opportunities geared to beginning talent. The competition will be stiffer and the chances of production slighter by far.

The arts of acting, directing and scene and costume design are taught in the Speech department, and in the department of Physical Education for Women, dance and choreography are taught. There is a mixture here of creative and performing arts and the mixture is seen also in the School of Music where it is possible to study musical composition, singing and the playing of a great number of instruments, solo and in ensemble. Students may also be active in the Opera Workshop, the University orchestra, the University band or the University chorus, and there are other, more specialized groups. And in the School of Music there are several regular staff members who came here originally as artists-in-residence. There are also resident performers, singers and instrumentalists, who also teach, and from time to time there are distinguished visiting performers.

In the department of Art and Art Education you may develop any talents on which you can get your observation, your imagination and your hands to collaborate. For those of us who, to our great regret, must confess no ability of this sort there may be great pleasure in surveying the exhibitions which are made available to us from time to time and where we may see the work of University staff

members, several of them distinguished creative artists, and the work of their students.

The University is most certainly a richer place for all this and it is not surprising that many young people, for one reason or another but mainly because of uncertainty in a troubled and competitive society, come to the University with the intention of pursuing whatever creative work for which they find or hope to find they have a talent.

Starvation in a garret is outmoded, most garrets now being equipped with heat and therefore unsuited to martyrdom. Young people want to discover their abilities without committing themselves completely. They are admittedly anxious to compromise. If encouraged they will write or paint or choreograph or compose. If discourged they will not sulk but marry or raise families. Some adaptable people manage to occupy themselves with art *and* raise families.

The pursuit of creative art often involves the pursuit of performing art and there are arguments about how creative a performer is. Some art forms need no intermediary. You can look at a picture or a sculpture, you can read a poem or you can have it read to you, and with a song you usually wait for a singer to interpret it, although if you can read music you can take the short cut and read it yourself, hearing it as you go along. For a symphony you must have considerable skill and practice if you are to read it from the orchestral score, and a different kind of skill and practice are necessary to turn a play script into an imagined performance. Most people wait for a director, designer and a cast of players to interpret a play just as they wait for a conductor and a competent group of instrumentalists to interpret a symphony. But the lines are not clearly drawn and there is a difference, too, between forms of art which are more fixed than others. You may spend five minutes or half an hour looking at a picture. You may walk around a sculpture and examine it from different angles, but a piece of art which exists only in time, like a dance, must be watched from beginning to end, and when the end is reached it is over and the performer, who is absolutely necessary to it, goes somewhere else.

And what happens when a first rate performer takes a hand in a second rate piece of art? Is the result creative? An English critic once said that nothing man does is creative: "We are interpreters all. Creation is not a man's prerogative." Be that as it may, they are still arguing about it.

It is easier to make the distinction between learning and creativeness." Learning is intake and creativeness is output" is an oversimplification since the learning process is, at its best, an active one, but we can make a fairly clear distinction between original creative work and a piece of scholarship. If one thinks of learning only in the primitive sense of acquiring information, the distinction is easy. When a learned work itself becomes a work of art, the distinction is not so easy. After all, it is what learning makes us *do* that counts, not how full we can be stuffed with it.

There are times in a university semester when it may be more useful to have the contents of a book in your memory than the simple knowledge of where that book may be found. But these times are only moments and comparatively unimportant moments in a lifetime. For the rest of your lives, it is better to know where the book is and how long it will take you to consult it than to have memorized the whole text. A good memory is helpful but a perfect one would be a dreadful nuisance. There is pleasure in re-animation. If you remember a whole book it can be no great pleasure to read it again. In fact, it becomes a totally useless activity. When you re-read a book you have enjoyed, it is the half-expectedness and half-surprise which combine to give you an even greater pleasure than that which you experienced at first reading. The same is true of art and music. If you can recall every brush stroke of a picture and every tone of a piece

of music, much pleasure is lost. Total recall is possible in some tiny works like lyric poems, but in larger ones there is merit in a reasonable forgetfulness. A creative artist's activity is born again in us. That is what re-creation is, and re-creation is recreation.

What has recreation to do with creativity? A great deal. In these days of greater leisure time, of more freedom from the labor of merely existing, we have more time to live and re-live. And more time to *do*. We may, in our spare time, do a great deal or we may modestly prefer to enjoy what other people, perhaps more talented, now have the time to do. We can be mainly the doers, the creators and performers, or we can be mainly the audience and the spectators, or we may be both in alternation. There are many musicians who attend plays, playwrights and actors who go to art museums, painters who go to concerts and poets who attend dance recitals. This is as it should be. It makes life and society more vital and satisfying. We act and react and are prevented, some of us only just in time, from turning into vegetables.

This creative desire is in us all, very strong in some, very slight in others with no hope of serious professional development of it. Making things gives us pleasure and the pleasure is increased when we find that other people derive pleasure from what we have created.

We cannot do everything equally well. It is always a shock to discover how much better other people can be; but who has not derived some satisfaction from writing a poem or drawing a design on paper or dancing the design in a block of air space or thinking up a shape in sound and whistling it or cutting out a shape in wood and feeling it.

Some years ago institutions of learning would have nothing to do with this sort of thing. It was not only not learning. It was dangerously like playing and universities were too serious to allow the playground into the classroom. Extra-curricular activities, yes, but mainly as a harmless device for keeping young people off the streets and out of bars. But as part of the curriculum? Certainly not. But the playground can enrich the classroom just as the classroom can impose an order upon the chaos of the playground. If the old fashioned universities could be criticized for being too narrow in their educational concepts, those of today are criticized for being too broad.

Recently, *Arts in Society* published a symposium on the subject and in it universities were accused of dabbling in creative work, of doing it badly, of encouraging amateurishness and insulting the serious professional with low standards. Some of the harsher critics implied that the real creative artist would do better to stay out of the university, or, if he had mistakenly entered it, to leave it at once and work on his own, in a private school, with a selected master of his craft, anywhere but in the deadly conformity of a university with old fashioned ideas, unadventurous professors and forty-nine untalented students for every talented one. What but mediocrity could result, they demanded to know? This is a serious accusation and must be taken seriously.

Let us examine what a university does in its encouragement of creative activity. And after that let us find out, if we can, who might profit from the experience of studying a creative art in such an institution and who ought to go somewhere else.

First of all, the University *does* encourage creative artistry. Staff members qualified to teach their special subject have been engaged, creative and performing artists have been brought on a temporary and a permanent basis, and courses have been set up. All this takes time and trouble and the University is now deeply committed.

Insofar is it is possible, the University distinguishes between talent and lack of talent, sets standards of achievement for the capable and enlarges horizons

for the less capable.

There are those who mock. "You cannot give people talent," they say, "Nor can you teach a real artist." Quite right, and no university worthy of the name claims that it can hand over a lump of talent with a parchment at the end of four years. Nor does it attempt to teach a real artist his art. The talent is there already and the university's job is to assure its growth. I cannot create a geranium but once I have a geranium in a pot I can supply the necessities for healthy growth and sometimes I carelessly say: "I am growing geraniums." Perhaps I should more accurately say: "I am helping geraniums to grow."

What the university is doing with its geranium artists is supplying the earth, placing the pot where the sunshine can reach it and watering without overwatering. A creative artist needs a climate, needs a soil, needs to develop in the proper atmosphere, needs to grow at the proper rate. While his teachers have no right to inhibit or stifle him, they do have the right to criticize him, to challenge him with difficulties, to make him aware of what he does not yet know, to stimulate him, to save him endless time by informing him of the disciplines which he himself would discover in time but which it is a timesaver to be told promptly and as early in his career as possible. The word discipline has a restraining sound and it should, but it is for the artist himself to apply it. Turning from geraniums to horses, we want our artist to be able to gallop but to be capable of more controlled movement when a more controlled movement is advisable. A wildly galloping horse may break a plate glass window and if you do not care for plate glass windows you may say that this is how it should be. However, while doing this splendidly bravura action he may also break his leg.

An artist is born with a talent and a furious rage to create. He is not born with knowledge and experience. These he acquires and in these he can be helped. If he cares to listen he can even be taught.

The beginning playwright with bold and original ideas writes his first play. It cannot be staged. Why? Because he has not bothered to inquire into the nature of the materials he is using. Paint needs something to stick to, so you use a surface. If you simply spread it in the air gravity will prevent it from staying where you put it. A sculpture made of cotton batting is likely to collapse. A play written without regard for the stage upon which it comes to life collapses just as readily. This is what the artist *can* be taught. Not his art but his craft. Not the spirit but the material, the objects and tools, the tiresome everyday matters with which he has to be fully acquainted before he can make the best use of what is sometimes called his inspiration.

If he is a playwright he must be aware that he is using people who move and speak, the human body with its expressive movements and the words the human voice can utter. And there is no harm in his knowing something about costumes, scenery and lights. He has to use them. He should know about them. I once read a play by a playwright who had neither talent nor information and the result was so disastrous that it has stayed in my memory for twenty-five years. The play was full-length, in three acts, and it covered nine pages of typescript. The normal full-length play runs from 80 to 120 pages. This one would have lasted twelve minutes at most. However, the audience would not have the advantage of going home after twelve minutes. Oh no! There were intermissions. Three acts, two intermissions. But each act had two scenes, so there were really five intermissions. Since each scene required a different and elaborate setting, these intermissions could easily have run twenty minutes each, so the audience would have spent more time in the theatre intermissioning than watching and listening. The last scene was something of a climactic moment. The setting was tremendous but the dialogue, if that can be possibly be the right expresion, consisted of one word. Appropriately enough, that one word was "Farewell." In addition, this play

required fifty-six characters. To my knowledge it never received a performance.

This was an extreme case. Less extreme cases are met with daily. An artist has ideas but little knowledge and less discipline. A teacher who has had to apply the disciplines to himself can at least point them out. A wise teacher will seldom do more. Student artists, composers, writers, stage directors and choreographers are not to be turned out as little carbon copies of their teachers, although with students of limited originality, this sometimes happens. The real artist is individual, sometimes aggressively so. But some of the conditions he faces are standard and familiar to his teacher. Some of the problems can be anticipated. A good teacher helps without interfering, criticizes with knowledge and only discourages where discouragement is necessary.

An artist with talent finds all this very useful, if only as a time saver. What of a would be artist with comparatively little talent? Alone, fired with desire and having little talent, a person can deceive himself for half a lifetime. This at least a university can prevent. While artists are working together under guidance, only the most willful and least perceptive will deceive themselves for long. It takes courage and common sense to face one's own inabilities and come to the sorrowful conclusion that this is not for us, that others are better and that we do not have what for a time we thought we had. It is a great relief but a disagreeable jolt to one's vanity. It must, however, be done.

If the talented artist is in the minority, those without much talent must be more numerous. What happens to them? What does the university do for them? If it is discovered, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two that they are, after all, not creative artists of even moderate magnitude, are they to be cast into outermost darkness? Or are they, having failed at art, encouraged to turn themselves into scholars? For the sake of scholarship, I hope not. What are they to do? Lick their wounds for the rest of their mortal days until they are interred in a country churchyard with all the other mute, inglorious Miltons? Preferably not. Those churchyards are already overcrowded. Besides, these people have a most useful function to perform and the university is in an excellent position to train them for it.

There are ten students in a class. It may be a class in sculpture, musical composition, choreography or fiction writing. One of the ten is a talented artist. The other nine have limited ability. What happens to the one? What happens to the other nine?

It has been observed that the very independence and individuality of a genuine artist makes him a special, ill-fitting and sometimes difficult and rebellious person in our society. Some of the best artists develop so far ahead of the society into which they were born that they are unappreciated and frustrated. Society lags far behind and is concerned with superficialities because real art is too much trouble to understand. Add to this the fact that the artist is usually the non-conformer and frequently finds himself infuriated by the sheeplike conformity of the society which, to him, seems unprogressive and near-sighted. This is where the university and what we have called "the other nine" can help.

Artists will go on producing art whether they receive encouragement or not. Society, however, is in a healthier condition when artists are encouraged and when their work is appreciated.

An unbalanced society consists of a few artists at one end and a great mass of people at the other, most of them misunderstanding the artist and the work he is producing. This is where the other nine come in. Our society badly needs a middle. It suffers when there is a great gulf between the artist and the general public. People who have worked with creative artists, people who have tried themselves and have succeeded only slightly or succeeded not at all, people who may have a moderate but not outstanding talent, all these people can bridge the gap

in society that so desperately needs to be bridged.

You can scarcely go into a theatre without wishing that the audiences were better, more critical, more demanding, more interested in the real and more contemptuous of the phony. The sheep will always follow if there is someone to lead them, or, like a sheepdog, to yap at their heels.

You can scarcely walk through an art exhibition without wishing that the spectators were better informed and less self-conscious. With three of them airing their knowledge and six of them airing their ignorance, there is only one out of ten who really has something to contribute, something involving honesty and perception, and he usually remains silent.

You can scarcely enter a bookstore without wishing that readers bought books for their quality rather than for the pressure behind their promotion.

To match the energy that goes into educating and refining a creative or a performing artist, we urgently need energy poured into educating their public, their audiences, and society at large.

The question arises whether it is possible to do the two jobs at once, to educate the artist and at the same time to educate the public. The public needs the artist, needs his perception and his revelations, but it needs to be put into the frame of mind which makes the artist meaningful, and it is this that bridges the gap. It oversimplifies matters to place the nine out of ten in the position of disciples. They may have other intentions in life. But the most likely disciples are going to be from the ranks of those closer to the artist than most and yet close enough to the public to be able to bridge at least some of the gap that is likely to exist between one extremely original person and a mass of conventionalists.

The problem of educating the capable specialist alongside the less capable interested student arises elsewhere in our educational system. The talented artist chafes at instructional laboriousness while the less talented struggle desperately for fear of being left behind. This happens where no artists are involved. Every class has those irritating students who seem to know more than the instructor (and it must be confessed occasionally do) and every class has an even greater number who are having difficulty keeping up. It would be ideal to have tiny classes of carefully graded students like eggs for the market, but it would be impractical. For one thing, the fees would be twenty times higher and parents would complain. We live in an imperfect world and we shall have to put up with a wide mixture of abilities in our university classes for a number of years more.

It is admittedly difficult in a large class to pay the proper amount of attention to the gifted creative student and the proper amount of attention to those who will later be of inestimable value to him and to the society to which they and he belong. The accusation of low standards and the encouragement of amateurishness to the disadvantage of the professional may, in some instances, be justified, but perhaps too much is made of it. Most teachers with artistic sympathies do not hold back advanced students. They rejoice in them and encourage them. No intelligent teacher stifles creativity, and a creativity that is easily stifled cannot be in a vigorous state of health. A teacher may suggest an attention to discipline and the thoughtful artist may later thank him (many artists have quite good manners) but I have seldom heard students complain that they were not allowed to do what they pleased in a class devoted to creative work. They may have been asked, for the sake of a discipline, to do some things which did not particularly please them, but opportunity was also provided for free endeavor.

Is it possible to educate creative artists and scholars at the same institution to any degree of satisfaction? Universities have been blamed for trying to do too much, for competing with the professional school in the training of the artist, for pursuing the traditional education of the professional scholar and for accepting a catch-all general education function under imposing sounding titles like Liberal

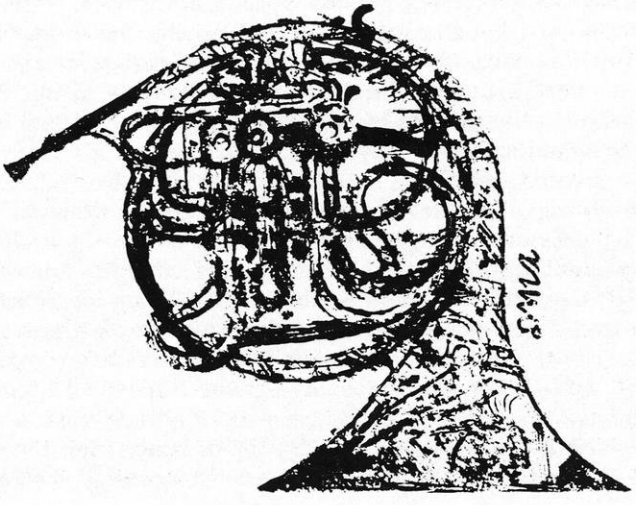
Arts and Humanities.

The word "university" like the word "universe" is a comprehensive one. A good dictionary uses such phrases as "all existing things," "the whole of creation" and "anything of human interest." The dictionary, at least, will absolve the university of trying to operate where it has no business. Its business is everywhere.

Too much has been made of the distinction between the scholar and the creative artist. To read and listen to some of the criticism you would suppose that no scholar had ever created anything of artistic value and that no creative artist had so much as read a book. There *are* scholars who are only scholars and creative artists who are only creative artists and may, for all I know, have never read a book, though I very much doubt it. But there are far more somewhere in the middle and it is this middle that the greatest hope for a sensible procedure in the university lies. Even artists come in many different kinds and scholars in as many. To place them in separate groups determined to misunderstand each other does them and society a disservice.

I shall perhaps be accused of recommending mediocrity if I make a simple mathematical statement. Out of a hundred artists, only ten can be in the top ten. That means that ninety are going to be left out of that distinguished assembly. Our popular *thinking,* as we rashly call it, is so geared to the theatrical spotlight on the publicity-valuable few with the rest in the shameful shadows that to be eleventh in a top poll is as discouraging as to be ninety-ninth. Even the high middle has no news value, but is it for that reason worthless? Like the Broadway theatre are we to look only for smash hits and mock the flops as beneath contempt? Shouldn't there be some solid middle to prevent our structure from collapse?

Undoubtely there are some creative artists, whether potentially "top ten" or "lowly ninety" for whom this University is the wrong place. As soon as they realize this fact, they should leave. Perhaps they do not belong to a university at all. Other creative artists will find the climate a suitable one for their growth and, if we may return to the image of the geranium, their professors liberal with pots, watering and sunlight. Some amateurs will find out that they are not professionals and this alone is worth the price of out-of-state tuition. But their value to society and to the professional artist can be great. Some scholars will enrich their scholarship by contact with creative artists. Some creative artists will secure the foundations of their art by contact with knowledge and criticism. It takes all kinds to make a university, which in turn passes on to society the artists, and in addition to the artists the audiences and the spectators and the scholars and the critics without whom the artist is too remote from the world at large.



EDUCATIONAL THEATRE: THE PROBLEM OF "PROFESSIONALISM"

BY JAMES L. ROSENBERG

Theatre, like all invalids and totalitarian states, exists only in a state of permanent crisis. If it were ever to achieve a state of health and emotional security, it would probably collapse. This holds true, not only of theatre in the abstract, but of individuals working within it, and it holds true, not only of Broadway, (which is what we seem generally to mean by the generic term) but of educational theatre as well.

Right at the moment, however, educational theatre is in the midst of one of its most alarming crises, one which—even granting the melodramatic nature of all theatrical crises—might well prove either curative or terminal.

The question at stake is, very simply: Assuming that actors and theatre workers are to be educated within the given framework of higher education in America (a most interesting assumption on its own right, which I shall come back to later), what is the best method of educating them?

Up to this point, there have been, in American educational theatre, two camps or schools of thought—one very large, rather diffuse, and weak; the other small, vocal, and powerful. To the first group belong the vast majority of the theatre and/or speech departments at the liberal arts colleges and universities across the country; to the second belong those few schools which pride themselves on being rigidly and even narrowly "professional" in their approach—and in this group my own school is, I venture to say, pre-eminent.

The Carnegie Tech drama department is the oldest in the country; we are celebrating our fiftieth anniversary this year (coincidental with Shakespeare's four hundredth), and through all those years Tech has hewn unswervingly to its doctrine of "professionalism." Yet even the most euphoric nature must come at last to moments of self-doubt, and the fact is that, as of this moment, we at Carnegie Tech are in the process of re-evaluating our curriculum and re-examining our entire basic philosophy.

Why has this come about?

Before we go into that, however, it might be well to examine the arguments for and against "professionalism" in the education of theatre students.

It is the contention of Carnegie Tech—and, I suppose, other professionally-oriented theatre departments—that a liberal arts education, particularly for a student of theatre, represents, generally speaking, a sizeable waste of time. The typical liberal arts graduate in the humanities has spent four years sampling a smorgasbord of "culture" and has probably enhanced his faculties of appreciation, but is, in blunt dollars and cents terms, no more able to earn a living than he was when he started—possibly less so. (Statistics concerning the earning power of high-school graduates and college graduates would seem to dispute this, but

it is revealing no secrets, I think, to point out that statistics are not always infallible, or totally revelatory.)

At Carnegie Tech, we argue that, unlike the four-year stroll among masterpieces which constitutes the typical liberal arts curriculum, our four years of intensive training sends our students forth equipped, at least, with the skills and techniques which—with luck and diligence—they can parlay into, not only a living, but a career.

It may strike a person who, like myself, received a liberal arts education that the above view is curiously crass and utilitarian, yet there is no denying that the advocates of "professionalism" have a point when they argue that the liberal arts education, as it now stands, is an anachronism, designed originally for the sons of the wealthy and leisured classes, who generally topped off their four years of reading the classics by taking a grand tour of Europe and then returning home to marry advantageously and retire to a life of comfort and gentility.

Whatever the virtues of such an education—and I believe they are actually very great—it may be argued that it is wildly irrelevant to the facts of existence as they are experienced by the average man in middle-class, commercial, twentieth-century America. And that, like it or not, is where we live. Few of us belong to the ranks of the leisured and the wealthy. Approximately ninety-nine per cent of us spring from an economic background which destines us, from the day of our birth, to a lifelong struggle to earn a living.

Looked at in this light, the arguments of the "professionalizers" are impressive and, indeed, virtually unanswerable. Unfortunately, however (or perhaps fortunately), this is not the only light of the world. It is the rather cold and austere light of economic Darwinism which has cast its pallid glow over most of the landscape of the twentieth century, and it is perhaps only recently that we have come to question the validity of its wattage. But there are, as Wallace Stevens has reminded us, sixteen ways of looking at a blackbird—and even more ways of looking at educational theories.

To document the case *against* "professionalism," perhaps a few facts and figures are in order.

Until very recently, it was altogether possible for a student to graduate from Carnegie Tech with a B.F.A. in Drama, having taken a grand total of four courses outside the Drama Department—and of these, one was a somewhat freakish and generally unpopular excursion into behavioral psychology for actors, the other, a one-semester course in foreign language pronunciation. It is true that our students have some electives in their junior and senior years, but the majority of them, succumbing without a struggle to the intellectual provincialism of the professional school, choose electives from their own department and graduate triumphantly with, for all practical intents and purposes, two real outside courses: the traditional year of freshman English and a humanities survey which covers the world from Cro-Magnon man to Edward Albee in two unforgettable semesters.

Even the most ardent defenders of the professional school approach can scarcely feel completely proud of this situation, and it is some of this uneasiness and subterranean guilt which is working its way to the surface at present, not only at Tech, but at other similar schools. At the same time, even the most vociferously liberalizing Young Turks—like myself—can not honestly say that we want to see the students' numerous hours of acting technique and voice and stage movement thrown on the scrap heap. Certainly one of the very positive features of the "professional" type of training is the sheer time and energy that it requires, and the seriousness with which the work is taken—as opposed to the extra-curricular, fun-and-games efforts of the little Mask and Wig organizations on campuses from Maine to California, who spend their time presenting embarrassingly

amateurish productions in inadequate auditoriums and succeed only in wasting the time of both actors and audience.

But, whatever the inadequacies of the non-professional drama departments, it is painfully clear that the professional schools have, perhaps, even more sins to answer for, and they are not just venial ones.

To begin with, it seems to me—speaking, admittedly, from the bias of a man who has spent most of his life in the broad field of the liberal arts—that the primary sin we at Carnegie Tech and elsewhere commit against our students is what might well be considered the ultimate sin against the Holy Ghost: the dehumanization of Man. In other words, we regard our students as functions, not as human beings; we devote four years of intensive effort to preparing them as job-holders, as functionaries, as cogs in the vast technological machine of urban society. (Indeed, I find I can scarcely look at my students any more without being reminded of Charlie Chaplin's little man in *Modern Times* who, in the course of the film, quite literally *became* his job, became transformed before our very eyes into a Bergsonian function rather than a man.) Granted, the great drive toward dehumanization, expressed in the rich symbolism of our computers and numbers and IBM cards, is the most overpowering *leitmotif* of our century, but all the more reason for those of us concerned with the arts to fight against that riptide rather than accede to it.

Even if we agree that our students must be concerned with the economic struggle for existence, the fact remains that that struggle will occupy them, on the average, about forty hours out of every week—or considerably less than one-third of their lives. What are they to do with the rest of their time, except to conform to the classic pattern of the American tired businessman, who spends most of his life trying to fill up the gaps in his existence with TV-watching, cat-napping, hobbies in the rec room, and sometimes even less innocuous diversions.

In short, we seem to be confronted here with a dilemma: While we feel that the professional training of student actors and actresses is, at best, too narrow and, at worst, downright destructive, we cannot in good conscience advocate that it be tossed overboard in favor of a sort of "let's-dress-up-and-play-theatre" approach, which may not harm the individual but insults the very art form itself.

Is there any way out of this quandary?

Perhaps not, but let me suggest a couple of possible solutions and a few questions—questions which, at the moment, I am not prepared to answer, but the answers to which, if found, might open a lot of doors.

To begin with, we might well ask ourselves whether or not the four-year curriculum for the bachelor's degree is something that has been handed down from Sinai. Is it a certainty that four years is the best—indeed, the only possible—space of time into which to fit a college education? I can think of certain curricula (no names, please!) which could easily be completed in two years, if the truth were told, and by the same token there are others which simply can not—or, at least, should not—be squeezed into the four-year Procrustean mold. Architecture is one field which long ago established five years as the normal undergraduate term, and some architectural schools, I am told, have now moved toward a six-year bachelor degree. Law and medicine have, from the beginning, regarded the four-year undergraduate program as merely preparatory, and, outside the academic world, it is generally considered, I believe, that ten years is an average apprenticeship for a ballet dancer or an opera singer.

If a dancer or a musician is willing to devote eight, ten, twelve years to preparing himself as an artist, why should an actor assume that he can get by with one-half or perhaps one-third of that amount of training? (Maybe part of the story of the American theatre is to be found in these figures!)

It will of course be pointed out that asking parents to subsidize their children

through six, rather than four, years of college is scarcely apt to prove either politic or popular. To which I can only reply that, like most moves that are both impolitic and unpopular, it is absolutely necessary, for the good of both American theatre and American education. The artist should be willing to work as hard and spend as much time in preparing himself for his life's work as any other serious professional man. (He should also be paid commensurately with his fellow-professionals—the engineer, the doctor, the lawyer—but thereby hangs another essay.)

Even granting, though, that we agree that four years of college work is not adequate training for a serious theatre artist, and that we are willing to extend the curriculum to five or even six years, the question remains: What is the student to study during those years?

And underlying this is another and even larger question: What kind of a product do we want to turn out at the end of our five-or-six-year curriculum? What do we consider "a professional actor" to be?

That is not altogether as easy a question to answer as it might appear at first glance; although there was a time, not too long ago, when it would not have been particularly hard. A professional actor was someone who had an Equity card, participated in the daily rat-race in New York, and, if he was very lucky, managed to eke out a living through the exercise of his talent. He was a person who had learned the basic skills of speaking clearly, moving well, making a "good appearance" on the stage, and portraying a rather narrow range of emotions—all of them well within the confines of his own personality.

It was not hard to define a professional actor on these, or somewhat similar, terms, because it was not hard to define "Broadway," a term synonymous with "professional theatre." Broadway was George Abbott and George S. Kaufmann and Rodgers and Hammerstein and Lawrence Langner. It was a commercial enterprise devoted to the manufacture of entertainment, some of it, to be sure, artistically serious, most of it frankly trivial.

But that Broadway is virtually an anomaly today. I venture to predict that within a few years (the process is already well under way) Broadway will be the home exclusively of big musicals, hit comedies, and huge, glossy "entertainments." The so-called good serious theatre of the 20's and 30's will have emigrated to Off-Broadway, and the avant-garde plays, the classics, the creative experiments of all kinds will have been squeezed out of New York entirely into the various resident and repertory theatres which are already springing up like mushrooms (a few of them, no doubt, will prove to be toadstools), from Minneapolis to San Francisco, from Washington to Dallas.

The student today, graduating from a theatre department with a bachelor's degree in his pocket, sees a confusingly wide spectrum of possibilities before him, unlike the student of yesteryear, who saw only the yellow-brick road labelled "New York." After all—and just to mention only one aspect of the problem—the real majority theatre of our time is television, along with its newly-engulfed subsidiary, the movies. Vastly more people earn their livings, directly or indirectly, from television than from the so-called legitimate stage. (It may even be that the stage, for which we are so assiduously preparing our students, is already anachronistic.) The choice, then, is not whether the student wants to go to New York or not; it is, rather, a choice between, say, doing deodorant commercials on TV (in which case he will become fabulously rich and go into real estate at 25) and joining some small but excellent theatre group in the hinterlands, where he can develop his skill as an artist for maybe ten years, maybe a lifetime, at a very modest salary and with little promise of fame.

In other words, the student actor today, going forth to face the world and carve a career, needs, I think, to be a much more flexible person in every way,

than he did only a few years ago. The choices facing him—just like the choices facing all of us in an Einsteinian Universe—have mushroomed arithmetically in a very short space of time. Do our theatre curricula equip him to make these 20th Century choices, or are we still—theatre being, as always, the most conservative and resistant to change of all the arts—are we still preparing actors for the 19th Century theatre of Henry Irving and David Belasco? (Note, in this respect, that Joyce, Eliot, Picasso, and Stravinsky were making "discoveries" nearly fifty years ago which the theatre is only just now beginning to catch up with. In fact, it still hasn't caught up with Brecht—not to mention Buechner, who died in 1837!)

The "professionals" maintain, of course, that you can't teach "character" or "genius" or "imagination," or whatever similar terms you prefer. You *can* teach skills and techniques, they say, and then you can only hope that, like scattered seeds, they fall on fertile ground. This, again, is a popular and widely-held opinion, and, superficially considered, it sounds good, but I am coming more and more to suspect that it is simply not true; that imagination and the stretching of the mind and the enrichment of the personality *can* be taught; that they *are* being taught, every day, in hundreds of classrooms, under subject headings ranging from Anthropology to Intermediate French.

But not, alas, for the most part, under the subject heading of "Theatre."

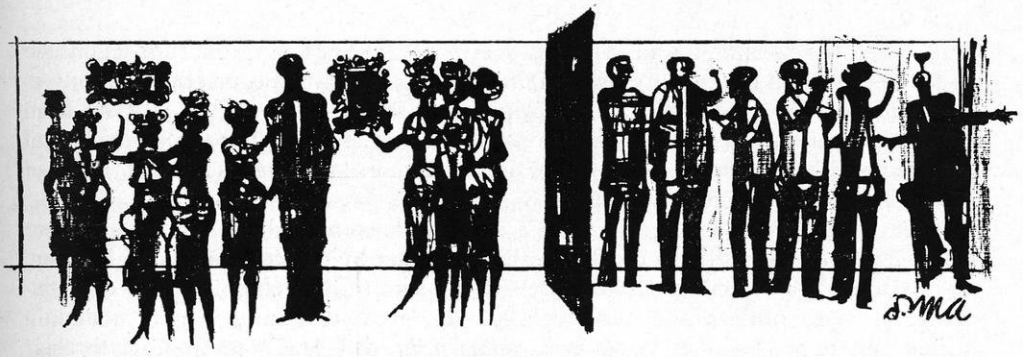
Yet isn't this where, during the coming years, the major push should be made? After all, what is it that is mainly wrong with the professional theatre in America? (And even its most ardent defenders will agree that it is by no means all that it should be.) Is it that the plays are being sloppily and amateurishly produced by liberal-arty dilettantes? Or that Broadway is being smothered by pedantry and intellectualism? Or is it, rather, that the typical commercially successful enterprise on Broadway is actually a technically brilliant, skillfully directed, well-acted production which, designed for mass consumption and financial profit, is, beneath its high surface polish, hollow, joyless, and often surprisingly unimaginative, like the machine-tooled products which roll off our assembly-lines? Surely there is no lack of technical skill in the Broadway theatre; hacks, some of them very good craftsmen, abound. What is lacking is that indefinable something called "heart" or "soul" or "spirit," those little flaws and quirks and rhythms and eccentricities which distinguish a work of art from a machine-tooled artifact which is micrometrically symmetrical—and cold, like steel.

Certainly we want our students to think of themselves as "professionals," insofar as that connotes taking themselves and their craft seriously and working hard to perfect the instruments of their body and their voice. But these are not the actor's only instruments. There are intellectual and spiritual instruments as well.

The actor who boasts that he has never had time to read Dostoevskii or look at a painting by Picasso or listen to a symphony by Sibelius or concern himself in any way with the major sociological and political movements of our day—this person may possibly be a competent technician, but he can scarcely be regarded as either an artist or (what is ultimately the same thing) a rich and vital human being. He is rather what I have come to think of as the Philistine Beatnik, a type which seems to abound in theatre departments.

It seems to me that today our main task in educational theatre is to turn the Philistine Beatnik into a Human Being (a kind of reverse-Frankenstein process). And then—and only then—into an Artist.

It will probably not be an easy task, but the possible rewards are great, and we are, I think, virtually committed to it, whether we like it or not, for, in the larger sense, it involves the very health and, indeed, survival of what we are pleased to call our civilization.



THE CITIZEN IN THE ROLES OF PRODUCER AND CONSUMER OF ART

BY ADOLPH S. TOMARS

The challenge of the new leisure presents our society simultaneously with a problem and with a magnificent opportunity. The shorter working day and week, increased vacations, the longer life span and period of retirement create the problem of channeling leisure time activities into forms that are wholesome, constructive and socially desirable. Our ancestors phrased the problem as: "The Devil finds work to do for idle hands." We might say: "The psychiatrist finds work to do with idle minds." The opportunity, as distinct from the problem, is that vastly increased citizen participation in desirable activities can enhance all the cultural values inherent in such activities to an unprecedented degree.

Many have felt that citizen participation in the arts is peculiarly fitted to meet the challenge of both the problem and the opportunity of leisure. Such participation falls into two divisions, the citizen in the role of consumer of art (generally conceived as a passive role) and the citizen in the role of amateur producer of art (generally conceived as an active or creative role).

The new leisure makes possible an enormous expansion in each of these roles. It means, on the one hand, more citizens with more time to look at paintings, hear music, go to plays, read books, etc.; and, on the other hand, more citizens themselves engaged in writing, painting, carving, playing, singing, dancing, amateur dramatics, etc. What is usually stressed is the active, creative role of the citizen as producer of art as providing one of the best solutions for the problem of leisure and the most promising opportunity for leisure to contribute to the cultural enrichment of our civilization. This stress might well be unfortunate.

This writer does not subscribe to the idea that consumption of art is passive and non-creative. Genuine appreciation of art is an active and creative experience. It entails a mental and emotional retracing of the steps of the artist's imagination, a kind of active re-living of creativity, and is essentially a recreative process. It would be a moot question as to who has the more "creative" experience, the producer of a superficial tenth-rate work or the consumer with profound comprehension of a masterpiece.

This is not to say that we value the re-creativity of the most cultivated art consumer as highly as we esteem the creative originality of the artist-producer. Yet this high valuation of originality is itself problematic. We know that in many periods and societies, especially when art was bound by rigid conventions, it played little or no role; in others and above all in our own era, it has become the paramount criterion in art. To pursue the relationship between originality and art further would carry us far afield. Let it suffice to say that if art, philosophically considered, is concerned with "the beautiful" and science with "the

true" then the freshness and originality of a work of art is no more a guarantee of its beauty than the novelty and originality of a scientific proposition guarantees its validity. The emphasis upon originality in art can hardly be derived from purely esthetic grounds, but can be explained as stemming from psychological and sociological sources. This writer has elsewhere attempted to trace some of the sociological sources involved.[1]

The point at issue here is that if we are concerned about the development of art itself it will not do to denigrate the consumer by emphasizing and elevating, of all things, the amateur producer! Art, like any other commodity needs consumers. Even professional producers of the greatest genius cannot maintain a flourishing art without consumers sufficiently discerning to appreciate their genius. For the high development of a nation's art 10,000 cultivated consumers of first rate painting are more important than 100,000 amateur producers happily daubing on canvas.

When active amateur participation in artistic activities is used as a method of meeting what we have here termed the *problem* of leisure, it shares this function with many non-artistic activities. Any active sport, hobby or interest may serve in this way provided it satisfies the condition of social desirability, or at least, the minimum standard of socal harmlessness—not only engaging in the arts but fishing, bowling, carpentry, handicrafts, fish-fancying, chess or philately. The function here is basically therapeutic.

Creative artistic activity is peculiarly well fitted to serve this function because it makes possible the objectification of individual fantasy and imagination in esthetic forms, releases the tensions of anxieties and frustrations through self-expression of feeling, and encourages the sublimation of strong emotions that might otherwise take personally and socially harmful outlets.

Important as this therapeutic function is for the *problem* of leisure and mental health, this article is concerned with the other aspect of the challenge of leisure, with the *opportunity* offered by the expansion of leisure to further the expansion of the arts themselves in our society. Many see in the new leisure the hope of realizing the American dream of making accessible to the general citizen genuine participation in cultural values long the exclusive possession of a tiny group and, beyond this, bringing to fulfillment the even nobler dream of a great flowering of artistic creativity and appreciation on all levels that would make America into a vast new Athens or Florence, ushering in a veritable golden age of the arts in American society.

If we are seriously concerned with the arts we must share these hopes and dreams, but we need not share the somewhat extravagant expectation that the new leisure will automatically realize them.

A serious concern with the arts means the view that sees the arts not as a minor issue or side-show of life but as an essential mark of a great civilization, as among the values that express the great achievements of the human spirit, that enrich life and make it meaningful. From this point of view creative citizen participation in art activities—the citizen as amateur producer of art—is important solely in that it may make the citizen a better consumer of art.

Two premises underlie this statement. One is that the important art is the professional art. This premise must be regarded as axiomatic. Significant artistic creation requires a full and life-long dedication; it cannot be achieved on a leisure time amateur basis nor begun late in life. "Professional" as here used is not necessarily meant in the economic sense of the market place—a favored few of independent means do not need to sell their products—but in the sense of a full-

[1]A. S. Tomars, *Introduction to the Sociology of Art*, Ch. 9, Mexico City, 1940; also as Columbia University Doctoral Thesis, 1941.

time dedication to art as a vocation. The implied distinction is really one of degree, even the artist independent of the market for his livelihood wants some appreciative public, however small. It brings about a paradoxical situation in that the professional who is independent of the market place may be more a full-time artist than the economic professional who is forced to auxiliary occupations, such as teaching, for a livelihood and becomes a part-time practitioner of the work that has his full commitment. Various remedies for this ironic paradox have been tried, the private patron, the government sinecure, the university artist-in-residence, the public or private foundation grant, with varying degrees of success.

The other premise lies in the proposition that amateur participation in art will strengthen appreciation and demand for professional art, that the person who himself paints or plays an instrument will develop greater love and understanding of painting or music. Since this premise underlies the rest of the article it requires some discussion. To this writer, the premise, as a general principle, appears self-evident provided it is not taken in any absolute sense. It was already suggested that an amateur producer of inferior art does not necessarily have a more "creative" esthetic experience than a discriminating consumer of first rate art, although it should be expected that his own activity will help him achieve greater discrimination, which is to say that 100,000 producers of amateur art are significant if from their ranks may emerge 10,000 consumers of good professional art. The whole burden of the discussion following will be to point to conditions under which the principle will not operate. However, under normal conditions where no special obstacles interfere, the proposition must be regarded as valid by anyone who accepts the dictum that the most effective learning is by doing.

The publics that avidly follow the tournaments of the chess masters and the tennis professionals are made up of enthusiastic amateurs of chess and tennis, and the lifelong interest of American men in big league baseball and their mass attendance at games would be incomprehensible if we did not know that almost all American males played baseball when they were young. They are passionately enthusiastic consumers of the professional product because they are connoisseurs who appreciate the fine points of the game and they have become consumer connoisseurs largely because they are or once were amateur producers.

There is no reason to believe that the relationship should normally be otherwise in the arts. Nor should it be necessary to spell out in detail the many ways in which amateur productivity can develop more discriminating consumership of the professional art product. Obviously the amateur artist gains insight into what professional artists do and how they do it, into the subtle problems of form and structure and especially, technique, as well as into the possibilities and limitations of a medium. If nothing else, at least he discovers that much that seems simple and easy in the professional product is the result of long training and arduous discipline, an invaluable antidote to the popular romantic conception of art as some mystic flash of inspiration, and conversely, he may discover that many a seemingly difficult and striking effect is actually a simple trick and often a flashy, meretricious device.

It is faith in this proposition as axiomatic that provides the basis of the great expectations for the creative use of leisure, of the dream of a nation of cultivated amateurs more appreciative, more discriminating and more demanding of the best in art, bringing into realization a golden age of the arts in America.

But, as already suggested, while this proposition embodies a normally valid principle, its operation is by no means automatic. Faith in its ultimate fulfillment must be tempered by a realistic awareness of obstacles that may delay or prevent its realization and could, in the short run (hopefully), even produce a lowering of artistic standards. The main object of this article is to call attention to some of these obstacles, especially to certain attitudes toward art and artists that inhere

in American traditions. Only as we succeed in changing these attitudes can the great promise of leisure be fulfilled.

The attitudes toward art that are the obstacles have their source in certain historical and structural features of American society. Viewing these from the standpoint of the sociologist, we may briefly sketch three such sources.

One is the American Puritan heritage embodying what sociologists since Max Weber term the "Protestant Ethic." In this outlook hard work is the chief end of man, to do God's work on earth in whatever occupation to which God has called him. Anything else is frivolity because it distracts from whole-hearted devotion to one's calling, and the great sin is idleness.

Such an outlook, admirably suited to the taming of a continent and the building of a business and industrial society, did not provide congenial soil for the arts. At its most puritanical it condemned the arts, at its most liberal it accorded them the status of harmless or genteel frivolity. Even the cultivated puritan who respected them for their cultural values could not permit any genuinely serious interest that might interfere with the really important pre-occupations of life. We might note that this attitude fell with less rigor upon the "weaker" sex as less responsible for the serious burdens of the world. In a well-bred girl some artistic cultivation could be approved as desirable accomplishments, at least until marriage, when she too should put away frivolous things.

The second source is an obvious one, the heritage of the American frontier, sustained by the Protestant Ethic and, in turn, strengthening it. In the frontier society harsh necessity dictated that practical matters must absorb human energies. All else, including the arts, belonged to the "frills and fads" of life. Yet here too, more latitude was permitted women. The feminine sex could be allowed a few frills, if only a little self-adornment or some prettying-up of the house.

The net result of these traditions is that arts have not been thought of as among the serious and important concerns of life, but as, at the least, harmless amusement; at the most, beneficial recreation with the added prestige value of genteel cultivation, yet in the last analysis, merely the frosting on the cake of luxury.

The third source stems from the historic nature of the American elite, our upper and upper-middle classes. It is a sociological axiom that the arts are supported by the upper classes who, by this fact, become the pace-setters and taste makers for the art of their society. The significant fact, Thorstein Veblen notwithstanding, is that the American upper class, after the purely agrarian stage was passed, has never been a leisure class but a class of business and professional men, and the business man is in fact a busy man. Indeed, the Protestant Ethic frowned upon abstention from work unless morally justified by some form of important public service.

The leisure time recreations of the familiar "tired business man" tend toward entertainment and relaxation. In so far as the arts are involved they are likely to be the lighter forms making minimal intellectual and emotional demands. If our society has not produced a cultivated leisure class elite it is primarily because it has not produced a leisure class.

Some may object, saying that despite all this, did not members of the wealthy business elite always display a genuine concern for serious art by munificent financial support. Actually, surprisingly few did so until the recent decades when men of wealth have been founding and endowing museums, providing grants to artists and a few great endowed foundations have finally begun to give large-scale grants to the arts.

Previously, some men of great wealth collected art, especially old masters, as they collected other valuable property, and the fact that most of these collections eventually became accessible to the public is scarcely evidence of their col-

lector's actively passionate interest in art or in its support. The few exceptions were atypical, as Henry L. Higginson, who singly founded and supported the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an interest his fellow financiers regarded as a curious aberration; or Otto H. Kahn, who was born and lived in Europe and never became an American citizen till late in life.

Yet, someone may ask: what about grand opera? At least in this field did not the New York business and financial tycoons build the Metropolitan Opera House and support opera for over half a century? Again, anyone who has researched the subject will realize that the widely held notion of millionaire financial support for the Metropolitan Opera is pure myth.

The new post-Civil War multi-millionaires were, like all parvenus, eager for acceptance into the citadel of "high society" and discovered that the indispensable badge of an aristocratic class was a box at the opera. New York's older, closeknit "Knickerbocker elite" had their boxes at the Academy of Music, too few to admit the new crop of millionaires even if these upstarts had been welcome. The new rich then built the huge Metropolitan in 1883 with a box for every millionaire, not because of any interest in opera, an imputation they took pains to deny, but to satisfy the social status imperative for opera boxes in which to display themselves. The performances were supplied by private producers at their own risk on a profit and loss basis. The wealthy box owners gave no support, even reaping some profit by renting out their boxes for all performances except the "society nights."

Not until 1908 did the Metropolitan owners operate their own productions, a re-organization forced by the threat to their prestige from a brilliant rival organization, Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House. They solved this crisis in typical business fashion, buying out their competitor for one and quarter million dollars and then, with a clear monopoly, profitably producing grand opera without a single loss for another quarter of a century. When the Great Depression of the thirties began to create deficits and the first opportunity for actual financial support the wealthy owners solved this crisis with equal business acumen. They sold their ownership equities to a reconstituted non-profit organization, the purchase financed by public subscription in response to a "save the opera" appeal. The Metropolitan now operates like other cultural organizations, its regular deficits made up by donations.

As to the recent period of numerous foundations, endowed individually or corporately by the elite of wealth to support education, science and, lastly, the arts, it is not possible to determine to what extent these have been motivated by the serious concern of a cultivated elite with the development of these fields and to what extent by a tax structure that provides powerful incentives for any form of philanthropy almost to the point where philanthropy becomes a form of thrift.

The same questions arise with respect to the vast Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts now under completion in New York. Was this conceived primarily for the advancement of these arts or, basically, as a scheme for real estate development? A sceptic could present considerable evidence suggesting that while it has unquestionably raised real estate values, the net gain for artistic values will remain in considerable doubt.

The statement that our society has not produced a genuine leisure class must, however, be qualified in a very important way. It is, actually, a half-truth, for if we have not had a leisure class we have produced half a leisure class—the feminine half—comprised principally of upper and middle class wives. We have noted that in relation to the arts, both the Protestant Ethic and the frontier tradition exerted less compulsion upon women. As the prestige value of culture has become more recognized, cultural activities have become an approved function

of the upper class wife.

It has come about that, predominantly, it has been women who read the novels, attend the concerts and exhibitions, serve as the patrons and organizing committees and raise the funds for artistic enterprises. Husbands, when present at these events, are often there more in their capacity as escorts than as active seekers for esthetic experience.

If the public for art has become so largely feminine, should we be troubled or thankful? Indeed we should be grateful; were it not for the support given by American women the arts in our country would be in serious straits. What troubles the sociologist is the realistic appraisal that for all our vaunted sex equality our society is still basically patriarchal and whenever any area of activity is thought of as falling primarily into the feminine sphere it is tacitly regarded as not really of sufficient importance to engage the serious concern of men. The term "effeminate" is not a term of praise. We must remember that the popular American stereotype of the male artist has long been that of a long-haired, mawkish, effeminate creature whose virility is in serious doubt and whose genuine membership in his own sex is open to question.

When the wife functions as the cultural surrogate of the husband in matters of artistic taste, these matters are placed in the same category as choosing the color-scheme for the decoration of the home. The upper class American man is no longer likely to say: "I don't know anything about art but I know what I like." He is more likely to say, by implication, "I don't know anything about art but my wife knows what to like."

Some ten years ago a noted American artist (Ben Shahn, if memory serves) reported a conversation with the headmaster of a fashionable preparatory school for boys. The artist noted the absence from the curriculum of any instruction in the arts and commented on the lack of preparation for the appreciation of this entire area of life. The headmasters response was that is was not really necessary, after all, when the boys got married their wives would take care of all that for them. One can surmise that today this statement would not be made openly and the school has probably made some curricular gestures toward the arts, but one can also doubt any really fundamental change of attitude.

It should not be thought that this attitude is solely the outcome of patriarchal mores, but rather of these in the context of other American attitudes deriving from the traditions of the Protestant Ethic and the frontier and the nature of the upper classes—a proposition which can be demonstrated by comparison with other societies more strongly patriarchal than ours.

Thus, Central Europeans regard artistic interests as essentially masculine and even in such matters as the color-scheme for the home decor the head of the house is unlikely to abdicate to his wife the prerogative of final say. Because matters of art are serious and important they are not to be left to women. This extends even to the sartorial sphere. The professional man may spend much upon elegant clothes befitting his status while his wife might be dowdy, in contradistinction to his American counterpart who may proclaim his status by expensive attire for his wife while shunning elegance for himself lest he be thought too "dandified."

No one has been more concerned with enhancing the importance of the arts in American life than our late President, John F. Kennedy. And no one has been more accurately aware of some of the obstacles residing in the American tradition that have hindered this development. In an essay written before his death and likely to have been published by the time this is in print, President Kennedy is quoted as stating: "Too often in the past, we have thought of the artist as an idler and dilettante and of the lover of the arts as somehow sissy or effete. We have done both an injustice."[2]

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[2] Quoted in *The New York Times*, January 8, 1964.

It would not be wide of the mark to say that the depreciation of the arts as belonging in the feminine sphere (and it is unrealistic to deny that it is depreciatory) is one of the most formidable blocks to an attitude that takes the arts seriously as an important concern of life. That the process of its dislodgement has finally begun in America is heartening.

It is interesting to note that the liberation of artistic activity from the stereotype of effeminacy proceeds with unequal incidence among the various arts. Thus easel painting seems to have achieved respectability as an amateur hobby for men, with such illustrious exemplars as Churchill and Eisenhower as models. One may suspect, as one reason, the fact that it is generally landscape painting done outdoors, which already takes off some of the stigma of unmanliness. Then, too, painters get their hands dirty, and their garments soiled, necessitating the wearing of old or rugged clothes. All this places painting almost on a par of masculinity with fishing. By contrast, playing the piano is an activity devoid of any such manly attributes.

But we should also note, with considerable misgivings, that this respectability has been purchased at a price. The activity becomes respectable precisely by being presented as not a serious preoccupation but only a pastime, a form of play and therapy on the same level as gardening, stamp collecting and basement woodworking. The activity is removed from the realm of culture and brought down to the level of hobbies.

The American traditions that are the source of the attitudinal obstacles here discussed, especially the Puritan and frontier traditions, retain their greatest strength in rural and small town areas. Despite rapid urbanization of the majority of the population an obsolete system of legislative apportionment gives these areas large representation in the state and federal legislatures. Those who look to government support for the arts must realistically expect to find all the obstructive attitudes to art at their greatest here and understand why the United States alone among major nations has not regarded support of the arts as a normal function of government.

The U. S. Congress has, it is true, appropriated fifteen million dollars for the projected performing arts center in Washington as a memorial to President Kennedy. The House debate, soon after President Johnson's "War on Poverty" address, is most revealing. The measure's chief support came from urban sections, the opposition from rural spokesmen who contrasted this "palace of culture" with the problem of poverty, as in the statement of an Iowa representative: "I don't associate a cultural center, this kind of spending, with the poverty we heard so much about." The clear implication was that it would be wicked for the government of the world's richest country to spend money on such a frivolous luxury as art as long as many Americans endured poverty. The crucial vote was 148 to 100 and it seems highly doubtful that passage could have been obtained had the proposal not been put in the form of a memorial to a recently assassinated President.

Attitudes may linger on long after the institutions and traditions out of which they arose have passed their day. In urbanized America, increasingly hedonistic in spirit, the Protestant Ethic has been reduced to a shadow, the frontier to a memory, patriarchal mores have weakened, and not only the upper class, but all classes, have gained increasing leisure.

Nevertheless, although these traditions are passing away, the attitudes toward art engendered by them remain as obstacles to the high hopes for the outcome of mass leisure. Until these attitudes change there must be serious doubts as to the results of leisure time artistic activity so far as art itself is concerned. In this context we might consider a few illustrations of the kinds of doubts raised.

Already we hear complaints from professional artists who find that some of

their clients who occasionally purchased a painting to hang on their walls have themselves since taken up painting as a hobby and now hang their own pictures on their walls. We can understand the personal satisfaction and the benefit to mental health, but we find ourselves asking how this encourages the professional artist and advances the health of art. We begin to wonder if amateur artistic activity is to become part of the "do it yourself" movement, like making one's own shelves or laying one's own cement walk.

The writer has himself observed a community in which a considerable number of men and women have become enthusiastic amateur painters and hold periodic exhibitions of their work. In recent years, they have gone one step further, putting price tags on their exhibits and offering them for sale. Quite a number are bought, mostly by other amateurs, a sort of taking in each other's washing. This same community also has a few professional artists for whom art is their life calling and livelihood. They view these doings with something less than enthusiasm.

When the emphasis is placed upon the citizen's role as amateur producer of art (what has here been termed the therapeutic function) rather than upon his role as consumer of art, a self-expression theory of art is usually invoked. Surely self-expression is a major factor in creative art, but artistic creativity of a high order involves much more, namely, the discipline of craftsmanship and the serious dedication to a high purpose. Unfortunately, public bewilderment at some modern art trends in breaking away from older conventions has aided the view of art as solely self-expression. Those unsophisticated about modern art look at the work of important contemporary artists and often conclude that anyone could do as well. With perhaps a few lessons, anyone can express himself and become a creative artist.

In our schools, many educators have abetted this view. In an understandable reaction against the old art instruction that was all discipline and no fun, they have gone to the opposite extreme. Young people are encouraged to engage in undisciplined self-expression on paper and canvas, to sing or play without musicianship. It is certainly good clean fun and good therapy, but one may wonder if this develops any discriminating standards of taste for the recognition of excellence or even competence in art.

By way of contrast, suppose we consider an area of activity which Americans, at least American males, do take seriously—the area of athletic sports. The analogy with the arts is very much to the point. In both areas amateur activity has therapeutic value for those who engage in it and at the highest level of excellence both areas are valued for their own sake, i.e., both serve as means to other ends and as ends in themselves. The ancient Greeks, we recall, had the wisdom to institutionalize competition in both areas.

As we had noted earlier, people who play tennis for the exercise and fun of it are by that fact more appreciative of the finesse and mastery of the great players and become enthusiastic spectators at the championship tournaments. They are not in any danger of confusing their own level of enjoyment with true excellence. On the contrary, their own participation has made them better consumers of the high calibre product, more demanding and appreciative of the highest standards the game can produce. The basic reason is clearly the fact that they love, respect and value the sport for its own sake.

Our problem then reduces itself to this question: can we change our attitudes toward art and develop new attitudes so that as a nation we can begin to value art with at least the seriousness and importance that we now attach to sport? There is no reason to believe that we are inherently incapable of ultimately developing such a new national attitude. This writer does not accept the view advanced in some quarters that any wide democratization of culture must degrade cultural standards to the level of what they call "masscult." Of course this danger

is real and a great deal of it has already materialized, but it is not an *inevitable* outcome. Democratization is potentially able to produce wide sharing of the highest cultural standards. Familiarity does not always produce contempt or indifference, it can also produce love and reverence. What we can do in tennis, golf and baseball we are not barred from doing in the arts once our basic attitudes are changed.

Changing attitudes is fundamentally an educational process. One of the most encouraging signs is the large scale re-thinking and re-evaluation of education on every level that is taking place today. Most heartening is the call for new emphasis upon the values embodied in intellectual and cultural subject matter, not as a means for therapy, for social adjustment, for social prestige or advancement, but as ends in and for themselves. It is not surprising that already some of the most significant creative influences in the arts are coming from a few university centers where the arts are taken seriously.

Yet, what takes place on the university level is much less important than what happens on the elementary and secondary levels, since attitudes are learned early. The formulation of concrete programs for the development of new attitudes toward the arts will not be very meaningful until the educational re-evaluation of the American school system has achieved greater clarification. It will entail nothing less than an agonizing reappraisal of basic educational philosophy and it involves vastly more than attitudes toward art.

With few exceptions, the same traditions and structural features that were the source of American anti-art attitudes are also the source of American anti-intellectual attitudes. Pure intellectual curiosity that values knowledge for its own sake has been as suspect and considered as morally frivolous as the purely esthetic contemplation that values art for its own sake—a pragmatic attitude that has exalted applied technology at the expense of pure science. American industry has finally learned to support disinterested research as the ultimate source of useful applications but many American schools are only now beginning to encourage attitudes toward science that emphasize intellectual values for their own sake. The American school cannot be held responsible for the origin of either anti-estheticism or anti-intellectualism, both of which have deep roots in American tradition, but it is open to the charge of having done little to resist them and much to reinforce them.

The re-thinking of education now in process will make it necessary for educators to abandon many entrenched policies and concepts. Among them will be the excessive pragmatism, in part supported by a crude interpretation of John Dewey's sophisticated instrumentalism, that takes its most exaggerated form in the notion that children should not be taught anything whose usefulness is not apparent to them. Another will be the fear of instilling attitudes of respect for cultural and intellectual values as constituting indoctrination. Facts and judgments can be learned through understanding, comprehension of values is possible only after the inculcation of attitudes that make possible receptivity to values. It will be necessary to give up the concept of education as "life adjustment" restricted to preparation for material success and the achievement of poor popularity, a concept that reinforces all the natural pressures to conformity.

Above all it will mean abandonment of the idea current in many schools that emphasis on intellectual and cultural excellence is an undemocratic stress upon superiority creating invidious distinction and breeding resentment. It is regretfully true that students displaying such superiority are often resented by their fellows and unpopular. But this is precisely because their peers have never been taught to take such excellence seriously, in glaring distinction to superiority and excellence in athletic achievement which envokes not resentment but hero-worship. Where attitudes of respect for excellence have been instilled there can be

motivation to understanding it and, if possible, to emulate it. Without such attitudes levels of aspiration and achievement cannot be raised. Educators might do well to begin renouncing the view that the arts exist in the curriculum primarily for their therapeutic function, for this conception already precludes any stress upon the appreciation of excellence. Inferior art can be as good or better therapy than superior art. Indeed, great art, like great intellectual ideas, may be profoundly disturbing, mentally and emotionally, and therefore therapeutically contra-indicated for mental health within the terms of reference of a "life adjustment" philosophy. The current attack upon the low level of textbooks in English literature and the watered-down material they contain is one of the multiplying (and heartening) instances of the upheaval in educational thinking now taking place.

In conclusion, this writer would suggest one concrete approach to the educational process of changing American attitudes toward the arts—government support of the arts. Although this a matter much debated at present, it is rarely seen in this context. Usually the debate is in terms of purely financial assistance.

Within the frame of reference of the purely financial, there is no question that the arts in America need much greater support. An excellent case can be made for government participation in this role which all other countries recognize as a proper governmental function. However, the case is not conclusive for it can be persuasively argued that a country as rich as ours should be able to support the arts adequately from private and voluntary sources without any need for tax-financed support. Nor is it clear that government could perform this function more effectively.

Placed in a different perspective that views government support of the arts as an educational force for the molding of public opinion and national attitudes, most of the arguments against government aid lose their force and even any relevance.

Thus, those who affirm the potential adequacy of private support frequently remind us of how much Americans now spend voluntarily on the arts, the huge amounts spent for symphony concerts, museums, etc. These statistics are not really impressive or very relevant. We have always been willing to spend vast sums on luxuries without persuading ourselves that they were anything but luxuries. More to the point is what we are willing to tax ourselves for, for we have always accepted the premise that public funds are to be spent on what is really necessary and important for the nation.

The congressmen who were shocked at fifteen millions of the public money for an arts center as long as there was a problem of poverty made it clear that they had no objection to the project if financed by private funds. Nor is it likely they are outraged at billions spent voluntarily upon gambling, sport, chewing gum and tobacco, while twenty million American families are in want. They distinguish clearly and properly between private and public spending for luxuries and for them, as for so many American, art is a pure luxury. Those of us who regard it as an essential must for that very reason wish to see the point firmly established by the national government's playing a role in this area.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything better calculated to raise the status, dignity and importance of art and artists than the recognition of government support for the arts as a normal function of the state. It is not primarily a matter of financial aid. The assistance might be merely of token proportions or even take purely honorific forms and still perform a vital educational function.

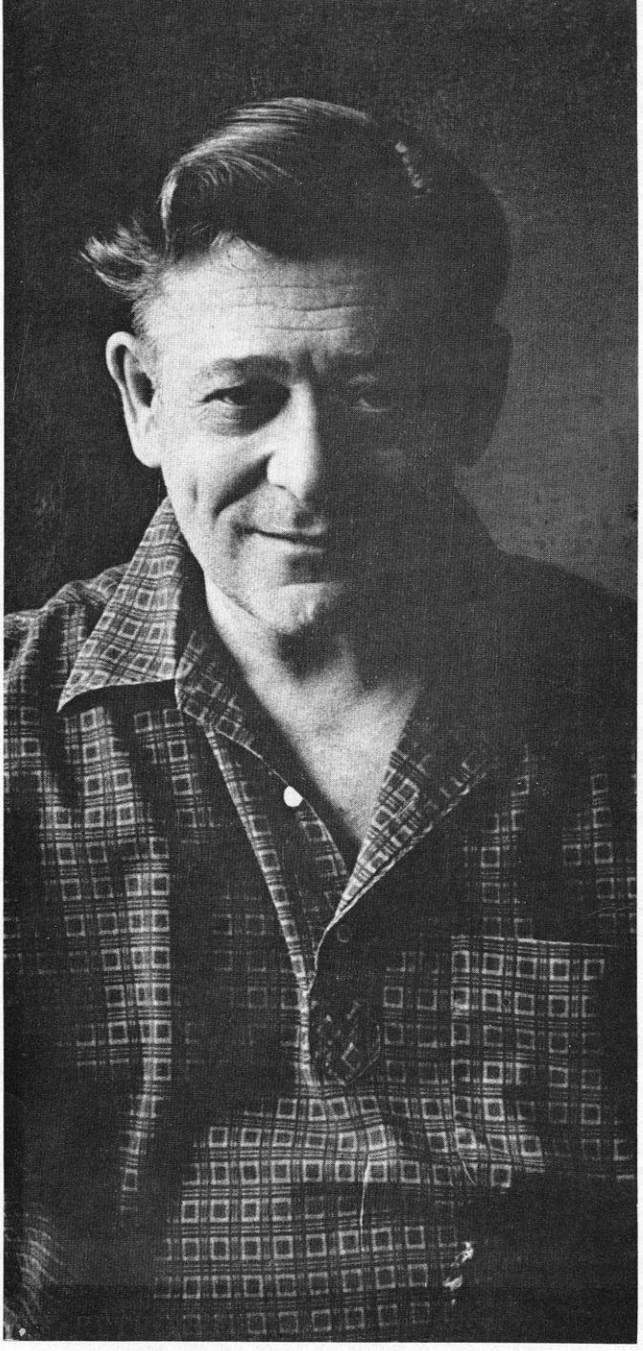
President Kennedy had in the making at the time of his death a National Advisory Council on the Arts which was to suggest various ways in which the Federal Government could encourage and support the arts, including financial support. The President was fully aware that legislative action would be difficult

to obtain and that a systematic campaign of public education would be required before favorable public and legislative attitudes could be evoked.

No one was more aware of the tremendous educational potential inherent in the office of President and in the image of the White House, and President Kennedy used this force deliberately, not by exhortation, but by a series of concrete actions, each well publicized, almost all unprecedented. Singly, none seemed of major import yet their cumulative impact was great indeed. They included such actions as the giving of an official role at the Inauguration to a distinguished American poet (Frost), conferring the Medal of Freedom upon a distinguished native painter (Wyeth), a series of dramatic and musical presentations by famous artists at the White House, and official White House dinners and receptions for persons of notable achievement in the arts as well as those honored for important contributions to science and scholarship.

It would be tragic if the momentum gained in a few years by this policy of using the White House as an educational force should be lost just when important breakthroughs are already being made in some local and state legislative bodies. President Johnson has stated his intention of continuing the Kennedy cultural program for enhancing the arts through governmental effort. He has already confounded sceptics about other programs. The Advisory Council will undoubtedly be set up as planned.

If the President can lead a continuing government policy on the cultural front at the same time that educators are developing new emphases on cultural values, it is possible that the next few years may witness a radical shift in our public attitude toward the arts. If this should come to pass, the relationship between the citizen as amateur producer of art and as consumer of professional art can become meaningful in a way hitherto undreamt of.



Italo Sconga

IN RETROSPECT: *ALFRED SESSLER*

Editor's note: the following has been excerpted from a tape recorded conversation among colleagues and friends of the late Alfred Sessler. Present at the time the dialogue was recorded were: Aaron Bohrod, James Watrous, Santos Zingale, Gibson Byrd, Donald Anderson, and Raymond Gloeckler. The interviewers were Edward Kamarck, Eugene Kaelin, and Arthur Krival.

bohrod: *Santos, who was here first, you or Al?*

zingale: *I was here in '42. Al came in '43.*

kamarck: *Did you know him in high school?*

zingale: *Sure, I knew him when I was fourteen, in fact. We met at cherry camp, picking cherries at Sturgeon Bay. We always managed to be broke, and had to send home for money.*

bohrod: *When you were fourteen, did you want to be an artist, and did Al? I mean, were you thinking about it?*

zingale: *I didn't even know what a painting was.*

kamarck: *When did Al first become interested in art?*

zingale: *Oh, I don't know. He did an awful lot of cartooning—you know, in the usual manner, copying. He wanted to be a cartoonist, and actually had some examples of that period left.*

bohrod: *I saw some of them.*

byrd: *You know, when he did that lecture for the Madison Art Association, he dug up a lot of that stuff.*

zingale: *They were done during his early high school period . . . I think there is evidence in his adolescent art—call it cartooning, if you want—of a direction. The one could be a by-product of the other.*

kaelin: *Was it political cartooning of a sort?*

bohrod: *It was humorous stuff, mainly. The best things he did, I think, were copied from* Punch *. . . he must have gotten his copies of the magazine the same way I got mine. He tried to get that pen and ink technique across. A lot of kids were in love with it. But he did do a few political cartoons on the worker-policeman situation.*

zingale: *That came later, in the thirties. It was depression inspired art.*

byrd: *He did what a lot of kids did. He copied the cartoons of the day.*

zingale: *A lot of the cartoons you can see in his studio he copied. The originals no longer exist, of course. I don't even remember what some of the characters were, but he copied those. At that time, there was no political motivation on his part.*

byrd: *They were funny . . . funny faces.*

kamarck: *When did he know he wanted to be an artist?*

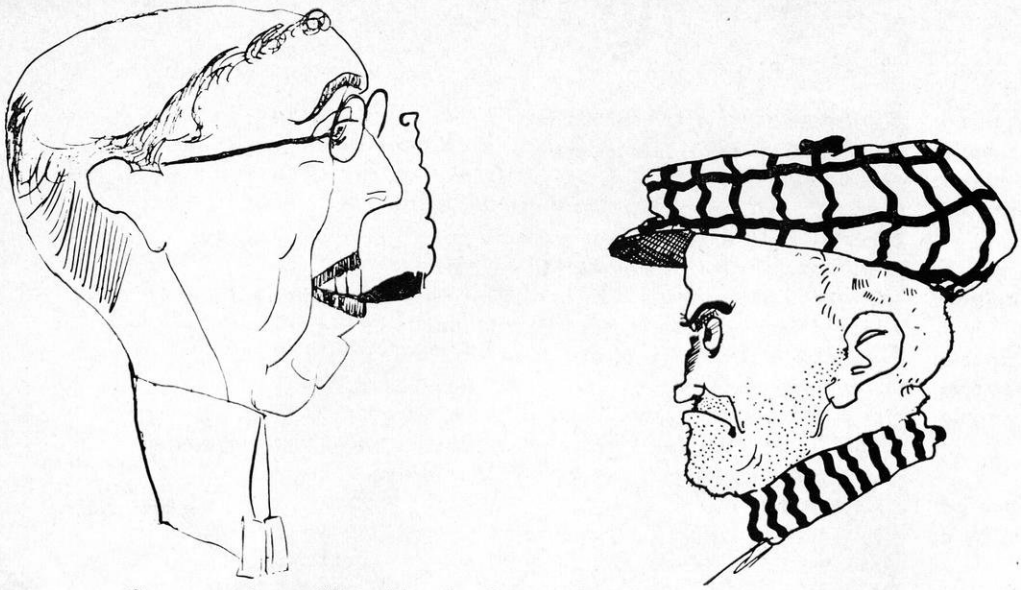
zingale: *Well, that's about as difficult a question to answer as I know; if you were to ask the same question about me I wouldn't know what to say.*

bohrod: *Were there any art classes in high school that you attended with him?*

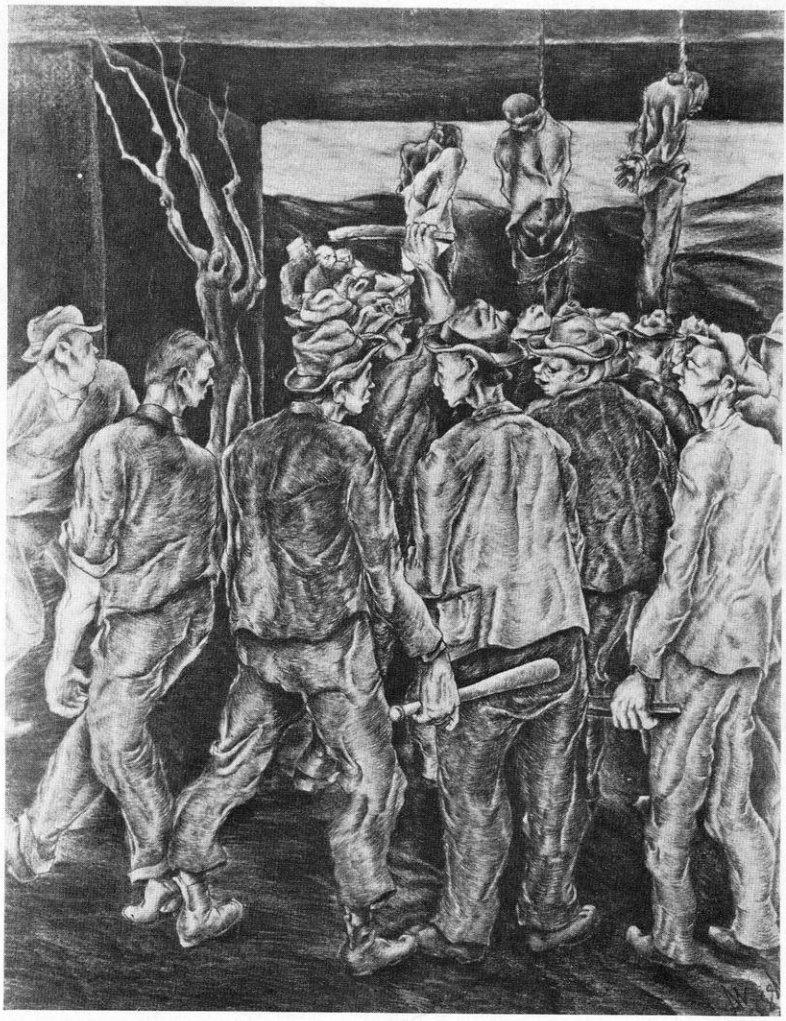
zingale: *I didn't go to high school with him. I only knew him during that period—I knew him at fourteen. I knew him during high school, but we saw each other only occasionally. In fact, after fourteen we didn't see each other for two years or so, as I remember, because the next time I saw Al after cherry camp was at the Green Market in Milwaukee. I was supposedly guarding my dad's vegetable wagon, and I was fast asleep. Al woke me up. He said, "Hey there, Zin-gale!", and we saw quite a bit of each other from then on, until we went to college.*

bohrod: *Where was the place you knew each other so long? Was that in Milwaukee, too?*

zingale: *Yes, that was still in Milwaukee. He went to the Layton*



Cartoons from Sketchbooks dated 1923



Lynch Mob, charcoal drawing 1934

Art School when we entered the college period. I think he was there several years. And if I follow the chronology of the thing correctly, he came to Milwaukee State Teachers for a semester or so—and then, eventually, back to Layton.

bryd: *Did he get a degree someplace in Milwaukee?*

zingale: *Oh, he got his degree much later, after the depression period. Let's see, the depression—let me figure that out—he got his degree around 1940 or 1941.*

watrous: *His bachelor's degree?*

zingale: *Yes, he got his bachelor's then—he had to go back to school. It must have been in 1942, though, because when I went to Madison he was going to State to get his bachelor's degree.*

watrous: *I didn't realize that, because I knew Al back when he was working on the federal projects. It never occurred to me that he didn't have his degree then . . . That was '33 maybe?*

zingale: *From '33 on.*

watrous: *I remember, there was a kind of a loft studio of some sort, and Al was doing this mural—for Eau Claire, wasn't it? Or one of the cities up north.*

byrd: *It's hard to imagine him doing a mural of any kind.*

bohrod: *Was that the WPA thing?*

watrous: *Yes, I think you're right.*

zingale: *One of those post office murals.*

gloecker: *Weren't the two of you in the same studio?*

zingale: *Not really, no. At one time we were, but this little studio that Jim is talking about was the one on Plankington Avenue. It was a real artist's studio that Al had there, and I think he had it with somebody else.*

byrd: *What do you mean, a "real artist's studio"? North light and all that?*

zingale: *Yes, there was a skylight. It used to be an old photographer's studio—there were many of them on that street—and they used to hold night classes there to make a few pennies extra.*

anderson: *Well, he must have developed a style good enough for him to get a WPA project. What did his stuff look like in those days? Was it any thing like later on? I didn't know him until '47.*

watrous: *My recollection of that stuff is that it was not exactly monochromatic, but done in fairly low-keyed browns; very little color . . .*

bohrod: *Egg tempera and transparent glazes.*

zingale: *Yes, he worked that way for a while, but he would put oil over it. Later he gave that up completely.*

bryd: *Tempera with an oil glaze?*

zingale: *Well, it wasn't really an oil glaze. It was a glaze, and yet he used opaques right along with it. Their effects were very similar. I remember that because we were both going through Doerner at the time. Doerner had come out recently, and . . .*

watrous: *You were trying to understand, and no one could . . .*

zingale: *It was very difficult, very confusing. But we were making all these exotic media—you know like a marigold medium, and the so-called Flemish media.*

bohrod: *Marigold came out of Doerner.*

byrd: *Al was interested in Flemish painting later. Was he interested in it clear back then?*

zingale: *He particularly liked Breughel at the time.* The Snow Shovel, *one of the first paintings he had some success with, I think, shows the evidence. It's a small thing, mayby 10" x 14" . . . he won an award with that in Milwaukee.*

bohrod: *Was that in Milwaukee? I think I was on the jury when he got that.*

zingale: *Well, that explains why he got the prize.*

bohrod: *That was the time when Al was painting in that sort of brown sauce manner, I think. He, and Lichter, and probably you, although I wasn't quite as much aware of you, Santos, and a lot of other Milwaukee and Wisconsin artists were painting in that kind of earthy vein. Al's work stood out because of the tingle he got into it—you know, the figure-making skill he always possessed. I think his work then was a little less distorted than it became later, . . . he studied the fold, the garments, the facial characteristics of his subjects. They were in proportion, too. He hadn't yet begun to depend on caricature as he did later on.*

zingale: *Yes, but he had that kind of tendency right from the beginning.*

watrous: *There is a characteristic of that period I was always rather conscious of. Even when he was painting, there was this element of fine drawing—its graphic quality, which to some degree he softened in some of the more recent things.*

bohrod: *What I mean is that his people looked like real people. Sometimes in his later work, you weren't quite sure whether they were intended to be people, or to be people wearing a mask of some sort. There was always a kind of fine line in his work, which you didn't have to worry about. But in his early things, there was no question . . . I mean, there was a track worker, or walkers and that kind of thing. Of course, I hadn't seen too much of his work from that time.*

byrd: *Wasn't it more along a conventional line of social comment? Or maybe that developed later?*

bohrod: *I would have said so, yes.*

byrd: *You know, a more personal comment of some kind. Doing it this way he could present a symbol that was a little more standard in some way.*

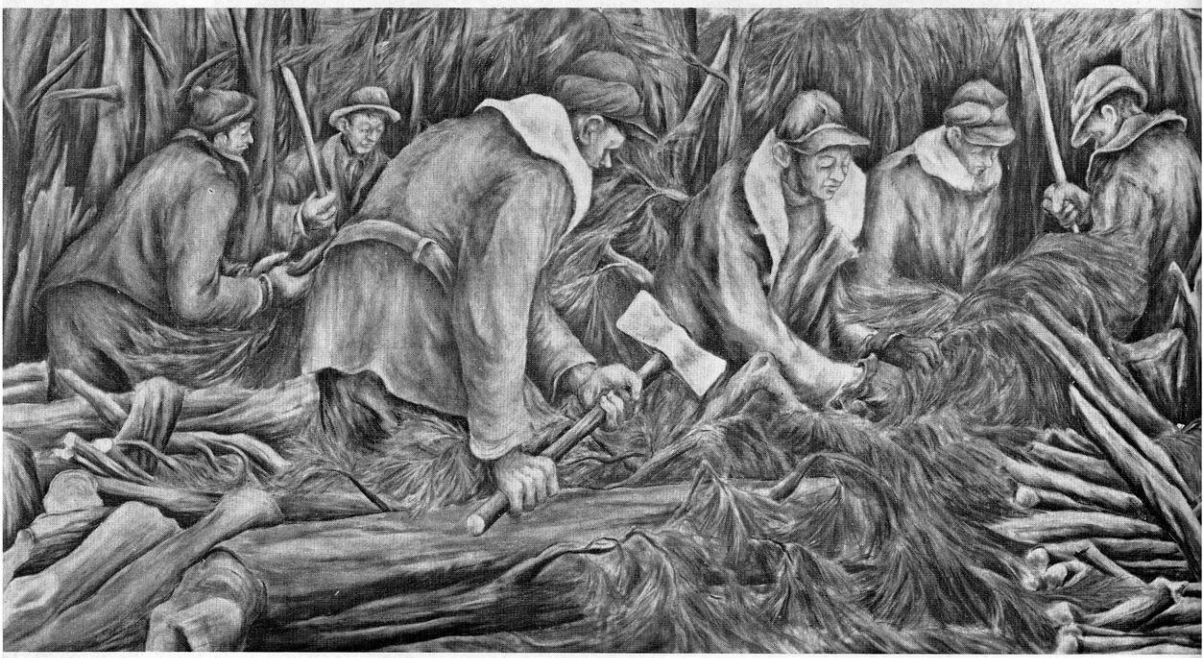
zingale: *I disagree with both you guys on that completely.*

watrous: *I think there's one element there, Gib, that's probably right. In those earlier years Al was relating things rather directly to subjects having an immediacy of impact, and which could be observed in people, in events, and the like; whereas, in some of his later stuff, there is more of a philosophical statement.*

byrd: *I agree that as far as I know there has always been a grotesqueness in the people that Al portrayed. I think that in the 30's he reflected a thing that most other people of the same time did, the social scene—The bit about cops being cops and all that—that didn't depend upon the grotesqueness of the cops. Although they seem somewhat grotesque, the feeling was not that.*

zingale: *Well, it probably wasn't as consciously done as in his lady with the blue ribbon that he did a few years ago. But I think*

Apples and Pears, oil 1943
Color pieces by George Gambsky



Post Office Mural in Morris, Minnesota, tempera 1938

that element never left his work. It was always there.

kaelin: *When did it first appear, Santos, as one of the more outstanding characteristics?*

zingale: *Well, I never can remember Al without it. I mean, as a mature, growing artist, from the time he left school he seemed to rely on that quite a bit.*

kaelin: *He once told me he always liked political cartooning. And you mention his copying things he might have seen in* Punch. *When did his work become directly social and political?*

zingale: *During the depression, pretty much.*

kaelin: *Is there any of that work extant?*

zingale: *Oh, sure!*

watrous: *I don't know what year it was that he won the prize over here at the Salon, the first Wisconsin Art Salon.*

zingale: *That was the first one, the first Salon show.*

kaelin: *Well, what was the subject of it?*

watrous: *It wasn't the first, but it was one of the first.*

zingale: *There was quite a bit of distortion in that, actually. Al was always refabricating his point of view. The left wing press was always criticizing him about the fact that he made his workers so unmilitant, so pathetic. There was no glorification at all in his work—of the kind you find in Soviet art today.*

byrd: *Grotesque cops beating up pathetic workers!*

bohrod: *Al never had a landscape period, did he, Santos? That is, where the landscape was important, and the figures involved were secondary?*

zingale: *I think he did a few, but . . . I wouldn't call it a period. The human being was always a dominant feature in his work. He did a still life, but that was a separate kind of thing. His closest approach to landscape was in the latter part of his life.*

watrous: *One always had the feeling that Al was terribly concerned with the human condition.*

kaelin: *And this runs through his art all the time. Even some of those later landscapes with abstract qualities somehow or other would refer back to the human experience. And he didn't use the human figure there.*

byrd: *It's very clear in his work that this is a tree, this a monster, this a person.*

watrous: *But they give the vision of a strange metamorphosis, or something like that.*

* * * *

kamarck: *How long was Al on the WPA project?*

watrous: *I don't know if it was strictly WPA, was it, Santos? Or was it the Federal Arts Project also?*

bohrod: *How many murals did he paint? What did they look like? I always like to remember Al by his smaller paintings. They were big easel paintings, actually.*

anderson: *Well, the photographs of them don't look too bad. But when I came to know him in '47, he was having a dreadful time at first on the size problem. He started out with something about 22"x30", and the next day he had in cut in half. Then the next day it would be cut in half again. I wonder how he ever got through such a big project as a mural. Did he have this size problem in his mural painting days?*

zingale: *He always had quite a problem there. The first mural really was agony for him, but he finally finished it. I remember the last mural he was to do. It was a beautiful little pencil sketch in the design, and he blew this thing up on a 6'x9' canvas. This was supposed to be a project mural. I remember correctly now: he never finished it. Finally, the project folded up while he was working on that thing—That saved his skin. He just did not want to paint it, for one thing. He wasn't interested in it.*

anderson: *Well, he would get these things roughed in, and then apparently a kind of agoraphobia would seize him in the night, because he couldn't wait to get down there the next day to saw it up.*

zingale: *Sometimes this was not just a question of one day's work being sawed off.*

anderson: *Sometimes more?*

zingale: *Yes, he'd work two or three weeks, and then cut that darned thing off if he didn't like it.*

watrous: *Of course, on the other hand, those prints he was doing the last few years were coming out larger and larger.*

anderson: *Well, I think he licked the particular bug he had, because during the years he would start out with a canvas 22"x30", and that's the way it would end up. I mean, he seemed to have gotten this problem figured out. I never did understand what it was— whether it was a matter of fitting the figure into an environment that didn't satisfy him, or whether he couldn't stand the roughness of the paint he had already laid on. And there seemed to be no clue as to why . . .*

byrd: *Wouldn't you think that this might have something to do with the concept, the technique and the amount of time it was going to take on this one concept if he really stayed with a given technique for that full size of the canvas? You know, if you're going to paint—really paint in—and you're going to do a painting 36" wide, that's a pretty long project—especially if you're not real sure as to how to paint it.*

anderson: *He may have projected how long it would take, figure that he didn't have it quite laid out right and then decide to scrap it. But why would he saw it into a smaller piece? And then down to perhaps a head, which is only 4"x5"?*

byrd: *Saw it in half and saw it in half—then saw it in half and trim the head!*

bohrod: *Well, that's the epitome of the indecisive artist. We're all full of doubts at times—but only at times, fortunately, for most of us. I think Al was never quite certain in his painting of what he was after. And I think it's amazing that he was so willing to sacrifice days and days—weeks of work because the thing wasn't acting the way he wanted it to act. I've seen a painting on his easel that I was completely happy with, and the next time I saw it, there was a kind of red glaze all over the whole thing, with only little vestiges of the old painting remaining and large chunks of it completely repainted. Sometimes with not too great an amount of alteration, either, just subtle changes.*

anderson: *But you notice that when he did cut these down, what remained was the head. And that would seem to be the heart of the human*

creature. The head stood for the whole business, and when he couldn't fit the figure into an environment, it was the environment that went first.

byrd: *That's just the problem all artists have to some extent, I believe. They may be more ambitious at a certain time than have the skill to match their ambition with—wanting to accomplish more than they're technically able to accomplish at a particular moment.*

watrous: *Well, I think Al's problem was more subtle than that. There were more complexities to it. Al did the kind of painting that he wanted people to come up close to read. I was particularly conscious of this a number of years ago when they were having a big exhibition—it was a biennial at the Walker Arts Center. The vogue of the moment was expressionism. As you walked around that exhibition you were just bored silly after about twenty minutes, because all the paintings looked like posters. Then, strangely enough, you whipped around a corner of one of these galleries and who should be exhibited there but John Wilde, with a little silverpoint drawing, and Al Sessler,, with a tiny little painting. I think there was a Grilley there, too. We had to stop to look at it. So frequently with Al's work you didn't stand off and just look and then walk on. You got up close, and there were all these delightful little passages that you'd have to stand there and examine to get the real meaning out of. Now, it may be that an enlarged scale was just too much for that sort of thing.*

byrd: *But he always had in mind to do a larger one. Just during the time I knew him, in the last eight years or so, I can think of six or seven big canvases, or ones that were big for him, that he started. And there are a couple of them sitting in this studio right now. I remember one in which he even roughed a very nice loose wash drawing, with a kind of tree motif. I would kid him occasionally about it: "When are you going to paint that big canvas?" And he'd answer, "Any time now." Then he'd be back on prints. This drawing lay around there on that canvas for a couple of years that I know about.*

anderson: *I think that whole abstract expressionist movement went by, and Al looked at it but didn't paint a drop of it.*

byrd: *He looked at it hard.*

anderson: *He wasn't affected by it in one way or another.*

bohrod: *I think he was annoyed by it in a healthy sort of way, without becoming frenzied about it.*

byrd: *He looked at it pretty hard, though, because he took* Art International *for over two years, and that's all that was in there.*

bohrod: *Well, every artist looks at it.*

anderson: *He really didn't do very many paintings the last four or five years, did he? Mostly prints?*

byrd: *He always had a painting going. He didn't turn out as many as he once did, I guess, but he had paintings going all the time.*

kaelin: *He once told me that he could learn things, later to be carried over onto his canvases, by making prints.*

bohrod: *You know, it's amazing that he was so much less decisive in the medium of oil, which is much more direct—especially the way he used it—than in the medium of prints. With oil he*

used to build up, stroke over stroke, you know, basing everything on an inner structure. But in the print medium he chose—the color wood cut—the problem would seem to me to be much more complex, technically. It's indirect, for one thing—you have to cut away one way in order to get something else. And he was able to keep schemes of seven, eight, and nine colors in mind, and never become too frenzied about it. He had alternate color schemes, but I think that was calculated effect; he meant *to have alternate color schemes. But somehow he had that so much more under control than his painting, which should have been much easier, physically, to engineer.*

gloeckler: *Well, don't you think in the last paintings he had them under control better than he had earlier?*

bohrod: *Perhaps, because he was very successful with some paintings of moderate scope—and very complex things at that, such as tree forms. And there was that painting in the Youngstown collection.*

byrd: The Year Eleven.

bohrod: *That has quite a few figures integrated into a good chunk of landscape and sky. I think it is quite complete and quite beautiful. It isn't huge, about 20" x 20" or so.*

zingale: *That one he painted over.*

byrd: *He painted that over when I first came to Madison. It sat in his studio for about five years.*

bohrod: *It's lucky that he sent it to Youngstown and got a prize on it, because he never got it back. If he had, you could never tell what might have happened to it.*

byrd: *He would put that tobacco juice over the whole thing and paint a different version of it.*

bohrod: *Maybe he really hated to leave a painting and wanted to relive the experience of doing it again by washing out certain areas of it and playing with it.*

anderson: *No, I think he was more disturbed by it, don't you? Something bugged him about these things, and he had to do them over.*

zingale: *I know he always wanted to do big paintings. And yet it certainly was a frustration for him. I remember that when I was living next door to him I collected a dollar on one particular painting. He came over one morning and said, "I started the big painting last night, a big clown figure." I went over and on the spot bet him a dollar he would never finish it in the size it was. And in several weeks he cut it down. It was still a pretty big painting, and I said, "I bet you another dollar you won't finish it." So I actually collected two dollars on that painting. I don't know whether he ever finished it.*

byrd: *There's a clown painting in his studio now. It's unfinished.*

zingale: *That's probably the one.*

kamarck: *That was a favorite subject for him, wasn't it?*

zingale: *Yes, he did a lot of clowns.*

watrous: *Well, Aaron was saying a little while ago that there was almost a mask-like quality in some of his later figures. That's about the sense of it.*

kaelin: *The clown figure gave him an opportunity to express two things at once about the human personality: as seen from without and what is felt from within.*

Near Baraboo, oil 1956

kamarck: *Where did this clown figure come from?*

watrous: *I think Gene is right. It represented, so to speak, a kind of outward appearance which is very different from the somewhat pathetic, tragic reality of the clown's person.*

byrd: *Some people do identify with a clown figure, you know.*

watrous: *True, but Al's art was never one that was full of joyousness.*

kaelin: *Some people consider his paintings depressing—not because they're badly painted, but because of the message they find in them.*

byrd: *Your observation is interesting, Jim, because you know when Joe Palmeri was doing a new book of French conversations, he got the idea of having Al do the illustrations in lithography. Al thought this was a good idea, too. So they agreed to do the job together. Of course, Joe and his publishers had in mind what these illustrations were going to look like: they were going to be happy, charming, gamin-like French children, and so on. But Al also had something in mind for what he wanted to do. So he did them, and they looked like things he always did. The publisher was horrified, absolutely horrified.*

zingale: *He never used them, in fact.*

watrous: *But the thing about Al in his maturity was that he never had a sense of exhilaration or feeling of joy. But nevertheless he never had the converse, either, which would be the kind of ugliness that was repulsive. It was rather a feeling of a certain sadness or tragedy associated with the human individual. And so you observed these things, and were rewarded by the feeling that here was something that represented a true emotional state, a personality that wasn't repugnant to you, or anything like that.*

gloeckler: *I had the feeling that around, oh, the middle '50's his works became nastier in some ways than they were before. Did you notice this at all, or is that just something I read into them?*

byrd: *Bitterer, perhaps.*

watrous: *Well, I think Al was commenting in some of those later things on the prospect of horror associated with the contemporary world. Whether this was bitter or not, I don't know, but it had an awesome, frightening effect.*

kaelin: *And it worked two ways: he could take the human figure and break it down into something grotesque, and then take something not human, like a tree stump or a still life figure, and build it up into something human. He always had these changes and metamorphoses in his work.*

byrd: *The good thing about these figures, as Gene has suggested, is that in spite of all the grotesqueness, and really because of it you'd look at them and see that these people are this way. You could see your faults in them, and yet the sympathy he had for people and their condition always came through. This was really very much a basic part of Al's personality, I think. He really liked people. He could see that they were pretty funny and pretty strange in a lot of weird ways, but he always felt sympathetic towards them.*

anderson: *I remember one thing about him: he could not be kept away from meetings. If there was a meeting to be held, Al had to be*

Clown, lithograph 1949

Sara, lithograph 1960

Patrol, lithograph 1953

there. He always came late, but he couldn't stay away. And if there was some gathering of people that he didn't know about, or if he wasn't invited, or if it was held away from him, or he was working and couldn't get there, it caused him a lot of misery.

byrd: *He was one of the few guys I've ever met who liked to go to the meetings.*

bohrod: *You know, we're speculating about Al's intentions in the kind of figures he created, but I can't recall his ever being willing to discuss it—with me anyhow. I don't know whether anybody else had more luck in trying to evoke from him a verbal statement about these things. Does anybody recall his having done so?*

byrd: *No, I think not. He talked about other people's work. He spread his own views lightly, but he never talked about his own ideas.*

bohrod: *Well, I think he avoided it, and I guess in a way we all avoid it, because we feel awkward about it.*

anderson: *It's a private, personal matter.*

zingale: *I know he did make some comments occasionally. He did like to consider himself a satirist—which was rather strange. I never reacted that way to his work, as out-and-out satire, although there is some of that in it.*

byrd: *There was too much sympathy in him to be really satirical.*

kaelin: *He once mentioned that he was quite influenced by Daumier.*

byrd: *Daumier was a great hero of his, that's true.*

watrous: *I don't know how strong you might call his satire, because the one element that is absolutely necessary to satire, ridicule, does not enter into his figures. Even though a person might be presented in a somewhat absurd way—that is, off the norm to the point of absurdity, like the old lady with the Easter bonnet—he was not ridiculing. That element of satire wasn't there.*

bohrod: *I think he did those things with a lot of love, really. I mean, you can visualize one of Degas' kicked around ladies and push her in that direction just a little harder, and you almost get one of Al's old ladies.*

watrous: *But even there, it isn't quite like that kind of gentle ridicule which men like Daumier used. Daumier was laughing at his figures, but you still have the feeling he recognized that he had the same weaknesses. Al, I don't think, ever went to the point of really putting the element of ridicule that's so necessary to satire into his work.*

byrd: *I would agree. And, you know, even in his day-to-day meetings with people he came upon some of these old ladies. I've been to the Art Institute in Milwaukee with him; he would be confronted by a couple of these strange looking little old ladies, who would just stand there and sort of bark at him. I would be impatient to go on elsewhere, and he would be standing there . . . just standing there, raising one eyebrow and then the other, pretending to be interested. He looked as if he were sketching. After a while we would go away, and I'd say, "What the hell were they talking about?", and he would answer, "I don't know, I wasn't listening." He kept raising his eyebrows, you know, but he wouldn't cut them off. He would stay there until they were finished.*

kaelin: *It is precisely that sympathetic character of the man that's captured so well in his paintings.*

watrous: *Nevertheless, he was a commentator; he was always a judgment maker. Even back in the '30's when he had those political, or rather social and political, overtones in his work, he was making judgments, comments...*

zingale: *It wasn't satire.*

watrous: *No, he was making judgments. One of the things I always felt about Al was that he had something in him which made it impossible for him to ignore any kind of injustice. Sometimes, it was something unavoidable, an accident of nature, like some of his pathetic little figures, and at others, the result of a social system. Certainly in the '30's he was very conscious of what was going on politically. I remember once describing for him a scene I had witnessed in Germany—a platoon of Nazi troops goose-stepping under my hotel window in a small village, so close I could have spit on them. When I said this to Al, it was as if I had stuck him with a needle: that's obviously what he would like to have done to those Nazis.*

kaelin: *There's a subject for satire. Did he ever try anything like that?*

anderson: *I don't think he could have done anything like that. He wouldn't do anything he didn't know about personally. I can't remember his trying. It wasn't in his nature to make the kind of fighting satire that would destroy sympathy for the object he was talking about.*

* * * *

watrous: *Krival, you were asking what kind of teacher he was. I think many of the things we have been saying are very intimately related to his character and why he was a good teacher. For him every student was a human being and had to be dealt with as one.*

gloeckler: *Well, that was the way he thought. I felt that he was very ineffective with large groups of people. When I was in his classes I thought he was about the world's worst lecturer. He would get up behind the stand, fiddle around with the light, flicking it on and off...*

bohrod: *Do you mean in the classroom?*

gloeckler: *In a lecture situation where they were showing slides. He'd tell everybody they could smoke. Then he'd have to bum a cigarette, and then he wouldn't have any matches. So he'd have to turn the light back on again, and this would go on for an interminable period. It would be ten minutes, it seemed, before he would get to showing the slides. He would go through this whole ritual with the cigarette and the light. But when it came to working with students, that's where he was extremely effective.... In fact, as someone said ... I think it was Gib ...he became much better in giving talks to larger groups in recent years. Lillian gave us copies of the notes he had for the first day of class. It was strange because they're laid out word for word—exactly what he was going to say—not a key-word outline or anything else, but word for word, lettered and double spaced. When there was a pause there would be a gap in the paper, and he would drop down a couple of lines, where he would start in again. Very strange. I've never seen anything like it. But he must have simply read from this.*

anderson: *I heard him give one talk to an adult group, and I know that he wrote it out ahead of time. But with individual students it was quite different.*

gloeckler: *Well, this wasn't just word for word on the origin of the wood block or something like that. It was word for word on how you should go about keeping the graphics room clean.*

anderson: *Something that normally you wouldn't write down at all.*

byrd: *He didn't leave much to chance on anything that resembled criticism, where he had one student in at a time to the inner-sanctum. Then it was give and take. But when he talked to a whole bunch of them, I think he pretty well wrote that out.*

kamarck: *How did he criticize?*

gloeckler: *Well, he had this sort of wild graphics workshop. Many times there would be about seven people standing in line waiting to get into this grimy little office and have Al criticize their work.*

bohrod: *Did he mind letting the other people listen in while he talked, or did he have a sense of privacy there?*

gloeckler: *No, he just talked to one person at a time, and if someone came in for one reason or another and interrupted them, he would talk to him briefly and then he would let him know in one way or another that he was really talking to this other person, the student who was already there.*

byrd: *I think it was pretty much of a private thing. At times I would come in to see him about something, and he'd be closeted with a student. You could ask your question, but it was obvious that you were to go on your way—you know, that there was something going on between professor and student.*

anderson: *Very often he would have picked out, or even extemporaneously he would go and find, a group of prints or slides that pertained to what he thought this student ought to see. He seemed to get at the problem of criticism indirectly, always keeping in mind what the student should be thinking about doing next. And if another student would come in, it would be an entirely different bunch of art work to be discussed. He would show a whole gamut of different kinds of things to different people.*

byrd: *That's very true, Andy, because in his studio Al had loose-leaf notebooks—some forty or more of them—with reproductions clipped and filed by artist. These individual sheets could be taken out to be shown to a kid. As you suggested, the student needed to look at this or that artist, so Al would bring them down and show them to him.*

anderson: *And though you don't see any signs of the French school in Al's work, he showed them that, too. He showed them all kinds of work he had no sympathy for personally. His concept of the student's potentiality was much broader than his own tastes.*

gloeckler: *Well, these were also extremely personal. He seemed to spend an awful lot of time trying to find out what a student was interested in, not just in terms of art work, but in their everyday lives. There was one thing I thought he was very good at. He would take a student who was really not a good one at all, even very poor, and particularly one that didn't have any personal*

Dragon Root, woodcut 1956

expression, and by talking to him—about his love life, what sort of sports he liked and so on—over a period of a semester, the student would be doing work that had meaning for him.

anderson: *He could get more out of poor students than anybody I ever saw. It was really miraculous what he did with people that everyone else had given up on. But he would stick with them, and get something out of them. Always a surprise, too!*

kamarck: *Did he stimulate his own art work by teaching?*

bohrod: *I would guess that he took his interest in the color wood cut because of his teaching. I don't think that his own natural direction would have led him that way. He would ordinarily have been very happy, I think, with his painting and straightforward lithography, but there were too many students who were curious about these things, so he had to find out about them. He taught himself to be a color wood cutter, didn't he? He had already done a little wood engraving—you know, multiple cuts on ingrain. But I don't think he ever did this big, broad, rough pine stuff.*

byrd: *There really wasn't any color wood cut that anybody cared much about.*

bohrod: *Well, not here at any rate. Of course there were rumbles of it. . .*

zingale: *He got many of his ideas from the Japanese wood-cutters. He had a lot of material on Japanese wood-cutters at home, and one time he expressed the wish of even wanting to go to Japan for study on it. So I think that inspired him an awful lot.*

watrous: *There's another factor in Al's teaching, following what Ray has been saying. I never had the feeling that Al was imposing his kind of art on any student. A student would learn from Al, but it was an entirely different situation than the one you'd find in other places about the country. On many occasions I pointed out to students from the art school who were taking courses with me in the history of graphic arts that they were fortunate because unlike other students who went somewhere and came out, so to speak, with the bench marks of their teachers pretty well branded on them, Al's students were provided with whatever resources they needed as artists whether it was in the block, or etching, or wood-cut. The result of all this was that you had the feeling that Al was providing a much richer opportunity for the kid in graphic arts than many well-known graphics teachers, that the kid then was able to take and use those resources most appropriate to what he was trying to obtain. Al could do this.*

anderson: *No two of his students did the same kind of work. They had no brand on them whatsoever. The scope of his work, while limited in some sense—he had no feeling for the bravura techniques of Picasso, for example—was pretty wide.*

gloeckler: *The important thing he did was to make a student feel that the graphic arts were very worthwhile. I've talked to several people about this. They seem to agree that if you worked with Sessler, you came out of there damn proud of the fact you were an artist. You felt that this was really something worthwhile, and you didn't care what other people thought: you were just proud of the fact that you were an artist. Al could instill this in a student, no matter how poor a student it was.*

watrous: *In the graphic arts, of course, you had a great deal of revival in the last twenty years or so, and so it isn't entirely fair, I suppose, to say that Al was completely responsible for our development in this field. But when he came here the graphic arts at this university were nothing. Nothing worthwhile was being done here. It was so horrible that one hates to describe it. The result of his being here for many years was that the graphics area of the art school was very clearly identified, and the whole art school gained in strength from this effect. His was a very successful program, not only in what the students were producing, but also in the attractions that it had for students to come here and work in the graphic arts. When you say a student came out feeling that he had achieved something as an artist, you could also add that, in a sense, he went in because Al helped to define the importance of the graphic arts within the art school.*

kaelin: *He never downgraded a student, either. I once asked him, "How do you evaluate the time you spend with your students—time you could be spending on your painting?" And he said, "Look at it this way. It's nice to have 30 individuals working on the same problem. If I can't solve it myself, maybe I can get some help from the students."*

anderson: *He needed teaching very much, personally. I remember it was years and years before we could persuade him to take a semester off. He could have got a lot of work done had he not taught,*

but he didn't seem to regret it.

byrd: *No, it seemed to be necessary for him to have students.*

kamarck: *Did he draw much from the university environment? Was this a benefit for him?*

watrous: *I think Al was very happy with the people he had as friends in the community. And he must have felt that this was very rewarding. He had all these friends in the middle of a university community, where he knew people who were concerned with all these different matters and problems. And even though Al never gave the appearance of being an intellectual or anything of that sort, nevertheless he had this real curiosity. It was a rewarding experience for him to be here.*

bohrod: *Well, I think the fact that he hated to move away from Madison, even temporarily to get away from his office, attests to his liking the condition of being at a university.*

kamarck: *Did his intellectual curiosity grow the longer he stayed here? Did he read more widely and that sort of thing?*

bohrod: *Yes, he was an avid reader. He had the feeling that anything anyone could want out of life was right here in Madison, at the University. He always thought it very curious when he heard of someone who wanted to go to some other university . . .*

zingale: *Curious? He thought the person had lost his mind!*

bohrod: *. . . or wanted to get into the real world, outside the academic world.*

zingale: *He was very puzzled by such people . . .*

watrous: *. . .as he was by those artists who wanted to go off and work by themselves.*

byrd: *Of course, to paint Al Sessler as an image of the college intellectual would be to distort the picture entirely, because Al had a lot of qualities about him that were not intellectual. He spent some time indulging his passion for sports, for example, and he watched some of the more slob-appealing programs on television quite avidly.*

bohrod: *He was an intellectual with human qualities.*

bryd: *I think Al was a bohemian. In the true sense of the word, he was one of the most complete bohemians, I believe, that I've ever known. He did what he wanted to do pretty much when he wanted to do it.*

bohrod: *I don't think he was unprofound. He had a very good grasp . . .*

byrd: *Being a bohemian doesn't make a person unprofound, but it does make him different from what people come to think of as an intellectual.*

kaelin: *He wasn't an egghead, if that's what you mean.*

watrous: *No, I wasn't suggesting that at all. I was suggesting that he found his rewards in the university community by knowing people, by meeting them at the dinner table and talking with them, by listening and that sort of thing.*

byrd: *Or in his poker club. He really enjoyed the fact that the poker club represented a number of areas in the university.*

kaelin: *He did have a wide intellectual curiosity. He was speaking to me once about some French novel he admired, one that started with the word, "merde." That's one comment that could be made on life, and he was trying to understand it—or perhaps indicating an interest in something he knew me to be concerned about.*

anderson: *Gib, you said that he used to read art history very regularly as a hobby.*

byrd: *Yes, he read art history as many people read novels, for relaxation.*

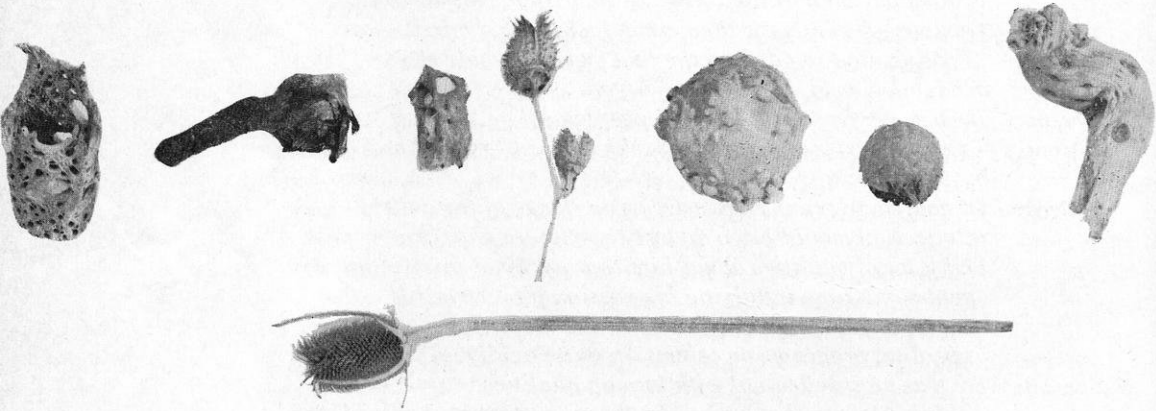
anderson: *I can't remember discussing very much literature or the reading of literature with him. At one time I read quite a few American things, but I never remember discussing novels or short stories with him.*

byrd: *He didn't read very many novels that I know about. He had a copy of* The Lord of the Flies *recently, but mostly he read non-fiction.*

watrous: *No, what I meant was that Al was a good listener. When he was sitting there and people were talking and things were being tossed back and forth, he'd listen for a while and every now and then he would ask a question out of sheer curiosity. There is a certain stimulus to be had in that sort of thing.*

anderson: *Talking to people seemed to make him content some way or other. It was very hard to get away from his house . . . even up to two or three o'clock in the morning.*

zingale: *It was just as hard to get him out of your house!*



kamarck: *When was Al's most significant period of growth as an artist?*

watrous: *I really don't know.*

bohrod: *He seemed to be getting better and better, really.*

watrous: *Yes, I think that Al's growth was just as steady as it was almost inevitable.*

byrd: *He was just picking up speed.*

anderson: *He did carry on this depression image, I think, up until 1948, '49, or '50. There were some pictures that still had this depression feeling about them, but I did get the sense that somehow he himself felt that it had to go. When the bomb was dropped and there came some repercussions from this, it became a kind of substitute for the old depression motivation. It became something new for him. But I think it must be right that his growth was steady—not that it didn't have its ups and downs—but he was better, I think, at the end than he was before.*

watrous: *You can't find a radical switch or anything of that sort in Al's career. It was really an involvement, an entwinement, a continuous enrichment.*

anderson: *Santos, you knew Al in the days when he worked as a shoe salesman, didn't you? Was he also a practicing artist at the time?*

zingale: *Oh yes, we shared a studio then. In fact, we both went down for similar jobs at Gimbels in Milwaukee. He got the position and I didn't, of course. I had a bachelor's degree at the time, and he didn't, and they weren't interested in me. So I was forced to go up to Schuster's, but that's another thing. We had this studio down on Plankington Avenue, and we were both keeping it up. We paid about $10 a month for the same studio we had to pay $90 for in 1942, when the war had started.*

anderson: *When was this, the period when he was working as a shoe salesman?*

zingale: *Well, it must have been around 1939. The federal projects had folded up. The job must have lasted until about 1942.*

kamarck: *Do you suppose he would have become an artist if there hadn't been a WPA project?*

zingale: *Sure. Of course, the federal projects sustained a lot of artists, and we're thankful that they're still painting.*

bohrod: *Well, I think that if they had the proper bug crawling around inside them they would have become artists no matter what. But certainly the WPA gave them some assurance that they could become artists.*

byrd: *Don't you think that the federal programs started a lot of artists in with enough full time work to give them a faster start than they would have gotten otherwise?*

bohrod: *Oh, I don't think there 's any question that it hit a lot of young people in their growing period. Financially, there wasn't any difference between Al's selling shoes and painting for the government. The salary was just about the same—low, but you could survive on it in the depression.*

kamarck: *About $26 a week, wasn't it?*

bohrod: *I think it varied a little bit.*

watrous: *Started at $18.25.*

bohrod: *It seems to me they started with a rather generous sum . . . about $40 a week. And somebody in Congress said, "Hey, what's going on? These guys never had it so good!" Then they cut it down to about $18.*

watrous: *I started at $18.25, and after a couple of months or so, when they reviewed some of my work, I went up to $23.75.*

zingale: *They had different grades of artists. It depended whether you were in the city project or the state . . . They had Grade I, Grade II, and Grade III artists, and if you were in a city project you got a little higher scale.*

bohrod: *I think there were a lot of people who discovered to their surprise that they were artists . . . There wasn't a very stringent standard, and anyone who called himself an artist got a chance at a job. And if the results he produced were ridiculous, then they*

found work for him as a frame-maker or—I'm talking about my Chicago experience; it may have been different elsewhere—or they made panels or did one thing or another. But they never turned anyone away.

byrd: *They did an index of American design, too, didn't they?*

bohrod: *Yes, some of those people were darn good. In Illinois there was quite a project going, and they had a whole floor of people sitting there with their sharp 6H pencils drawing away, and they did very well. . . . You know, I don't think the WPA has ever gotten the credit it deserves for making a real start with American art. I think if art hadn't changed so radically in this country since then the WPA would be recognized a little more readily, but the fact that there has been such a drastic alteration in styles sort of discredits the WPA . . . .*

watrous: *Well, this is true of a lot of people, maybe Al too, but the WPA did give a lot of artists the opportunity to work . . . to come up to a kind of maturity at a more accelerated rate than they could have without it. As an instance of what I mean, we received a lot of federal art project materials here at the University when the projects broke up, and we went through it with the Historical Society to sort out the best of the stuff to keep and destroy the other. Well, I ran across a work by an acquaintance of mine. It was so bad that we decided to get rid of it and I was tempted to send it to him, but then I thought this would be so humiliating to him, to see what he had done back then, that I tossed it away.*

anderson: *Well, who wants to see anything he did back then? My God!*

watrous: *The point is that here were a bunch of young guys just starting and this thing gave them a chance to be professionals in a sense. Then everybody moved a lot faster, and the whole level of American painting was pushed up a notch because of it.*

krival: *Some of the things that we've seen—prints of murals and some smaller things; Olin Dow sent them to us to illustrate a memoir he did for the magazine—some of these still look good, even as period pieces. There's one mural by Gropper. . . .*

bohrod: *Yes, Gropper was on it. Shahn was on it. . . . Kuniyoshi . . . Practically everyone was on it. I think hardly a good painter was left off the projects.*

kaelin: *Well, it was intended as direct relief, wasn't it? After all, people weren't making enough money to buy the products that the artists . . .*

bohrod: *It was partly that, but partly it was the thought that it would sustain real artists—genuine artists. I think it was always thought that they'd have to help people who weren't very good, but that it was better to err in that direction than to risk leaving out any artist who did have talent.*

watrous: *Well, they were trying to find a way to prime the pump, and an artist ate just like any other human being. And Bruce* had the example of what happened in Mexico when they got artists to paint at modest prices—so much a foot or so much a week, whatever it was—and all these things just jelled.*

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* Prof. Watrous is referring to Edward Bruce who spearheaded the WPA art projects. For an extensive discussion of Bruce's role, see "The New Deal's Treasure Art Programs", by Olin Dows in ARTS IN SOCIETY, Vol. 2, Number 4.

The Geggo Medallion, woodcut 1959

Still Life, lithograph 1953

bohrod: *Of course, the Roosevelt Administration didn't care whether they were helping artists as artists or artists as people, because they felt they'd have to help them one way or another. And a lot of good did come from it. A kind of intellectual life grew up around the artist, too, and a sort of political life at the same time because for the first time in their lives the artists had an employer, and they had the government to contend with, and they formed unions, and so on. Most of the time the government was a benign employer but some times the employer was also a villain. So there was that kind of conflict, and it sharpened the wits of a lot of artists, I think. They had meetings and conferences, and the artists of Milwaukee met the artists of Chicago, while before that there was very little consciousness of that kind of thing. And with the Mexican mural school growing up, those were tremendous years, the 1930's.*

byrd: *There's that point about their erring, being too generous in taking in the person who might not really be an artist. It's a good one. In a way the foundations are guilty of just the opposite. You have to swear in a test and have so many people swear that, yes, you really are an artist, you really are deserving, you really can do this or that, our accomplishments are such and such. It takes the joy out of it in a way.*

kamarck: *That's an interesting comment, in view of the Ford Foundation's obsession with professionalism.*

bohrod: *They aren't really obsessed. What they have to hand out is so much more important . . . isn't that it? It's no longer $18.25 a week; it's five or six thousand dollars in a lump . .*

krival: *During this period, did Sessler ever get directly involved . . .*

bohrod: *Well, I think he was always slightly active, the way most artists were. I don't know if he was a member of the artist's union or not,*

but I think one of the first times I met him was at a mutual meeting in Chicago, when he and several artists—I don't know if Zingale was along or not—representing the Milwaukee project and other of us from Chicago project and, I think, some people from Detroit got together. I'll be darned if I can remember what we talked about, but we got together and discussed the mutual situation. There was a good deal of disturbance with the quality of the leadership, and every city felt they had the worst possible administration for the project. Despite all that, good work was produced on the federal projects.

anderson: *Someone once told me that Al was once jailed for political activity. Is that true?*

zingale: *We were raided in a poker game once! Actually, we were supporting the strike of one of the Milwaukee papers at the time. Their strikers' headquarters were across the street from our studio, and we were making all their posters. There was some informer going around there who was supposed to be a sympathizer for the strikers. He happened to catch us playing poker in one of the studios, and reported us to the police. They raided us. It was a penny ante game. We got quite a bit of notoriety out of that, but the case was thrown out of court. Nothing happened . . . more publicity than anything else. It was quite amusing.*

anderson: *Is that the time Heywood Broun showed up?*

zingale: *Yeah, Heywood Broun with baggy pants and gin bottle in the back pocket.*

anderson: *You two guys must have been great betters?*

zingale: *Oh yeah, a dollar at the most! We couldn't afford any more than that.*

anderson: *Except the time I bet him $10 he couldn't lose weight. He was supposed to lose ten pounds in a month, and I bet him $10 he couldn't. He paid off at the end of fifteen days.*

zingale: *Well the reason for it was that you were buying him desserts every afternoon and instead of losing, he put on ten pounds.*

byrd: *I had a bet with Al on the football team. Every year the Badgers were going to be the greatest.*

kaelin: *Did he actually go to the stadium to watch them?*

byrd: *Sure.*

anderson: *You couldn't keep him away.*

kamarck: *What were his working habits? You once said he would often work all night.*

anderson: *I don't really know about that. I don't know when he worked, or how late he stayed up at night. Does anyone else?*

byrd: *Pretty late. The last few years he was cutting down from, let's say, three o'clock in the morning to about 1:30, or something like that. He was tapering off a little bit, but he was a late worker as far as I know. You probably know something about that, Santos.*

zingale: *Well, I remember that when I was living across the way I would be up early in the morning and he would still be fast asleep. But sometimes I would wake up about one or two o'clock in the morning, and I'd see the light across the way, where Al would be painting. In fact, one day we got in rather late; he had built this new studio addition and didn't have any*

curtains on yet. Our second floor window faced his studio, and as I looked out, there was Al painting in his shorts. We couldn't resist this, because he was a real caricature, you know. He was completely relaxed. He was rather stout, as you know, and his protrusion around the middle was quite obvious, so Olga and I called him up on the phone and said, "Al, we see you painting." He turned off the lights, and the next day he ordered curtains.

watrous: *He was sometimes forgetful, and the most obvious things didn't seem to occur to him. I don't remember whether you were with us, Santos, the day we went to Milwaukee on the train. . . . I think you were as a matter of fact. I had agreed to meet Al and you. He got on the train to go to Milwaukee for one of the Gimbel shows, I think. Lil was trying to find him and couldn't. After a while—she had phoned all over trying to find him—about six o'clock at night, she finally called our house and wanted to know if I had any idea where Al was. Peg said, "Why sure, he went to Milwaukee with Jim." We were gone all day, and didn't get back until about ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten to tell her he was going to Milwaukee.*

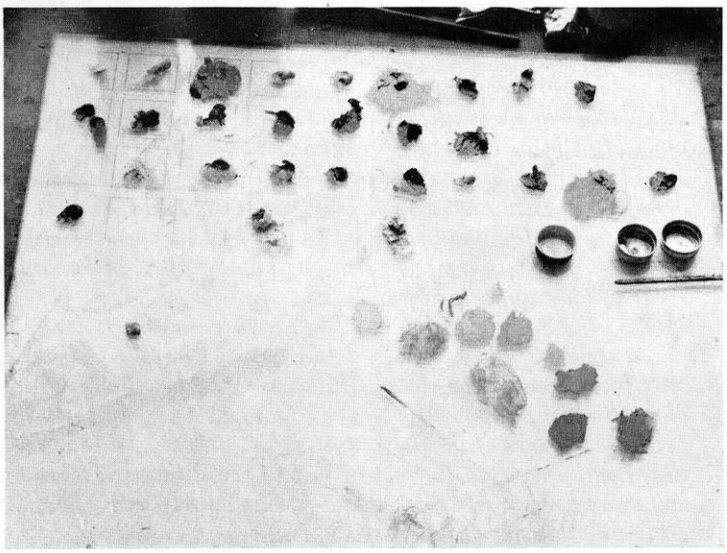
anderson: *Remember the time he lost somebody's grade cards? Whose cards were they? Schinneler's? Anyway, he picked up another teacher's grade cards, and found them about six months later. He swore up and down that he had never seen them before. They were underneath an enormous pile of stuff in his office.*

bohrod: *He was a curious combination of the very orderly and disorderly at the same time.*

anderson: *Nobody has said anything about his extremely compulsive palette. He had a squared off palette, divided up into little tiny squares. He had a dab of paint on each one, and, I think, a label . . . .*

byrd: *He had the name of the color written underneath on a label.*

anderson: *That's right. There was never anything on that glass palette but a smear about an inch big. After he had completed a project,*



he would take that smear off, and at the end of the day that's all that was there. At the end of work, he used to line up his brushes . . . one, two, three, four. I remember Bill McCloy got them out of order one time, and it disturbed Al.

gloeckler: *Well, his use of the reduction block wood cut seemed to fit with all this. Really this is a much less flexible method of color wood cuts than the multiple block method.*

bohrod: *You would think, though, that he would carry through a print with all the stages it necessitated from beginning to end. I had occasion to look through a lot of his prints, and there must be five or six things that aren't completed, that are in different stages of completion. There are various states of the six designs. Some are almost finished, some are just about half fiinished, some are just begun, so that he must have started and stopped and turned to something else. He started and stopped, and I'm surprised he could keep that all in mind along with the other paintings that were in unfinished states.*

byrd: *Al had a great deal of organization about many things. I remember one time when we went over to the Irving Gallery in Milwaukee. He and I had a show there together, and his part of the show had been advertized as* A Hundred Prints. *He gave all these prints over to Irving, who had them for some months, close to a year, I suspect. Irving had sold a number of things, and other things he'd retained. So Al went over and said he wanted to have an accounting with him. He brought along his books where he had listed all the prints, what Irving had sold, and what he hadn't. Irving was really shocked when Al arrived with his book, knowing exactly what he had given him, when he had replaced a print that was sold, etc. He knew much better than Irving did what was happening, and this came as quite a shock to Irving. He was very organized about many things.*

gloeckler: *I noticed on that last print he was working on, in the bottom border, the margin, he had every color he had used in it, from the first stage. . . . I was wondering, Andy, about your comment. He wouldn't do an edition of, say, twenty prints that were exactly alike, but he may have left some of them partially finished because he wanted to try different color combinations.*

bohrod: *Well, it's hard to understand why he did it—if he just lost interest temporarily and found something else more interesting to push at the moment or whether he had to think about it before he went into the next stage. I don't think we'll ever know exactly why he did that.*

anderson: *I think, though, that when he had the semester off and he started to work in earnest on this he went straight through the procedure, didn't he? From beginning to end and turned out a whole series?*

kamarck: *Was this on a research grant?*

anderson: *No, we had been trying to get him to take some time off for years, and he wouldn't do it, as I said before. I think it was because he needed students so badly. He finally gave in and took a semester off, and then he worked steadily on the first series. . . . But I've been thinking about something else: Why do you suppose that even when Al was pretty well recognized he used to send his work to every little show all over the*

country? He had a phenomenal list of awards.

watrous: *Well, I remember the time when Al's entry was thrown out of the Wisconsin Salon show. Of course, year after year he had exhibited in Milwaukee and Madison and won prizes, but this time the jury rejected him, and I bumped into him in the Raths-keller and he was really depressed. It was the first time for him—you know everybody gets the axe and it's only a matter of time until you get bumped, but this was the first time for Al and it obviously disturbed him. So I was trying to console him and said, "Hell, you're just joining the club. kid!"*

anderson: *I remember B. . . . . was the judge of that one, and I had put in such a bad piece of work he would have thrown it out if I hadn't known him, and Al said "You* almost *got kicked out!" He would take these things very hard while the rest of us would joke about them a great deal.*

byrd: *Al would remember all those print shows to enter, but on the other hand he really made little effort to have his work represented with a dealer. Many dealers would write him and want to handle his work, and often he just never would get around to answering their letters. I never understood it.*

anderson: *Yes, there was a gallery in New York—Grand Central—that was very interested in his work, and he just let it slip by.*

byrd: *I know Maynard Walker in New York wanted to handle his paintings very badly.*

bohrod: *He asked me to look into Walker once when he knew I was going to New York, and I did, and in a way I advised him to take his paintings out of there. He'd had them for quite a while, and he was a sleepy sort of dealer who didn't have much enthusiasm for the things he had of Al's—it never does an artist any good to have his works with that kind of dealer. But on the other hand, I know Oehlschlaeger in Chicago has always been enthusiastic about Al and bought some things whenever he could get them from Al and always sold them very quickly. He never would*

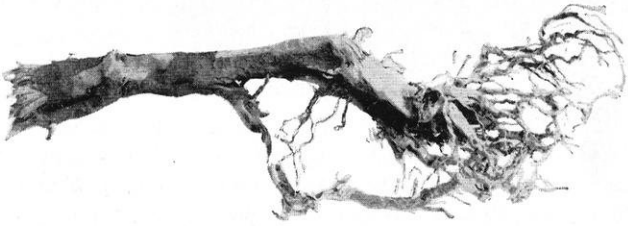
forgive Al because once, when he had a customer all lined up for a painting of his, for some reason Al wanted the painting back—to do a little work on it. And there were the people all posed to write out a check for the painting, and Walker sent it back, you know, for this little adjustment, because he deferred to the artist, and Al's little adjustment consisted of a burnt sienna wash over the whole thing! Walker never did get the painting back and Al never did do anything with it. He knew he could have turned it over as a sale but he just wasn't concerned about that!
I think that's another odd mixture: you know you have to cut mats and do it neatly, and some times send an entry fee for these little shows, and I really don't know why he would have bothered doing either.

anderson: *He did this faithfully for many, many years.*

bohrod: *Maybe he felt a kind of responsibility to a print organization.*

byrd: *I think that's probably it. I can't think of any other reason.*

gloeckler: *Well, I know at one time there was a group of art teachers around the Fox River Valley that decided they would get their work together and send it from high school to high school for an exhibit. And Al—and I can't recall who else it was— two people from the University included their work in that show. At the time I thought, gee, that's a wonderful thing to do . . .*



gloeckler: *I've often wondered whether he had some sort of preoccupation with death, because of this fear of going anywhere in an automobile, or even on a train or airplane. He was always afraid of buses, too, wasn't he?*

bohrod: *Well, he wouldn't fly in a plane. I don't think he ever did, or that he would allow his daughter, Karen, to fly, either.*

zingale: *On the Gimbel project, when we had to paint Wisconsin from the air, that was one time he went up—the one and only time. And he refused to look down on the Wisconsin landscape. He passed the time looking at the lady—they call them stewardesses—she was very nice looking.*

anderson: *Al didn't like to travel.*

zingale: *When he was a young man he did. I remember we used to go down in my model A Ford. I had a model T, a model A, and then a Maxwell, or a Franklin, rather; and we used to go down to Chicago in this thing with no brakes. He developed all those phobias when he matured, by the time we got to be in our thirties and finally came to Madison. After that he didn't even want to go with me on the highway anymore.*

bohrod: *I don't think, Ray, that he had any special preoccupation with death or an unnatural fear of it. I don't think his work shows that tendency.*

zingale: *He believed in statistics about highway deaths and . . . .*

byrd: *He was very conscious about people being killed on highways.*

kaelin: *And he never trusted his own driving.*

anderson: *He never really learned to drive, did he?*

watrous: *Did he ever drive before ten or fifteen years ago?*

zingale: *Yes, he'd drive. His dad owned a car once, and he drove it infrequently. Actually, Al couldn't drive very well. In fact, when he bought his first car in Madison, I was unfortunate enough to give him lessons. He didn't know how to shift at all, his coordination was pretty bad at the time due to the lack of experience, and his knowledge of cars was limited. That's an understatement—what he didn't know about cars was everything. In fact, when he had this first car, he didn't even know enough to put oil in it. He'd put in gas and several months after he had bought it, the service man inadvertantly checked his oil stick and said, "You've got no oil in here, mister." That car lasted a year under these conditions, and that's pretty good. Remember the time Dean Meeker had just bought his first new car? Meeker was parked in the parking area behind the school building, and Al was such a lousy driver, he bumped right into him. And Meeker said, "You know, Al, you can stretch friendship only so far!"*

bohrod: *I wish I had known about his doing that. For about three years after we drove down to Milwaukee and some guy bumped into me Al wouldn't let me forget it. And it wasn't even my own fault.*

zingale: *I guess Al wouldn't go in a car for many a month.*

anderson: *He did take one trip to New York.*

watrous: *Didn't he travel with Jim Schwalbach on quite a few occasions?*

bohrod *I think he did a few times; and we were on trips together.*

watrous: *It seems to me he went up state to demonstrate lithography.*

byrd: *Oh, he would travel. He went down to Chicago a number of times. He went down with me, he liked to travel with people.*

gloeckler: *I talked to him a couple years ago, and said, "Gib and I are going down to Chicago. We want to see such-and-such a show. Would you like to ride along?" He said, "Well, I'll tell you; I'll meet you there. I'll meet you at the Art Institute at such-and-such time." And I just assumed he was going to Milwaukee and was going to take a train down or something like that. So I said, "Well, fine. How will you get there?" "I'll take the train." And I said, "Good, then you can ride back with us." He said, "No, no I'll take the train back, too."*

watrous: *I'll never forget the time I was kidding him . . . I'm not sure whether he enjoyed the joke or not . . . . He had made a print, a Christmas card," and signed it so that his signature came out in reverse. I said, After all these years and all the print teaching you've been doing, your name comes out backwards."*

anderson: *He would get at these tasks the day before Christmas.*

byrd: *The day* after *Christmas!*

anderson: *Well, lately, perhaps, but sometimes he would intend to do the print the day before Christmas. Naturally there was something about it that dissatisfied him, so he ran over it on Christmas day. You never got it until a day or two later.*

byrd: *And they were always the saddest Christmas cards you got.*

anderson: *Several little heads, sometimes.*

zingale: *I remember the first time Al won a prize. We were both out of work. That was here. When was that Salon show?*

watrous: *Oh, it must have been around '35 or '36.*

zingale: *Well, then the federal projects had already started. It must have been in one of the interim periods when one project stopped and the other hadn't started. I know we weren't working, and we were living in a place where my mother lives now, at her house. He came bursting in through the kitchen door while we were eating, waving his telegram. He was very excited, he had won a prize. He was so excited, in fact, that he didn't even want to eat—which was unusual for him. But I think the prizes he won had an awful lot to do with Al's actual development. You might say they helped him make a habit for painting and drawing, as they probably do for most young artists. Prizes give you a little more confidence.*

watrous: *He certainly didn't get a lot of money for his work. He sold his prints very cheaply. And many people who would go over to his studio to buy a print would be entertained by him all evening long. Al would show his stuff, and Lillian would prepare a meal, and what have you. When it came right down to decide on what print the buyer really wanted, Al hated to charge full price. It was already low enough, but he would knock a little more off. A $25 print would be sold for $15, maybe, and then perhaps he would wind up by giving an extra one free. It was about three years ago, I think, that the University had some money to buy prints, and we decided that we ought to have a couple of Al's. So I told him I was coming over to buy some prints of his, and that is exactly what happened. I was purchasing for the University, see, and after looking through all the prints, I decided we ought to have these two. We got all through, and then he said, "You know, I've always been planning on giving you a print."*

And on the Eighth Day, oil 1957

The following statements are taken from letters written, at the request of the editors of *ARTS IN SOCIETY*, by friends and former students of Professor Sessler.

David W. Ecker

Associate Professor of Art Education
Ohio State University

Sessler was the most dedicated and effective art teacher I have ever met. He seemed to have unlimited energy in his efforts to instruct students in the various graphics processes, and yet he was one of the most productive artists I have known. Perhaps one secret here was his unusual ability to work at a multi-color lithograph in the midst of his students and be able to answer questions, comment upon the various effects he was trying to achieve, even evaluate each stage of the process for the students around him. While various graphics techniques do lend themselves to this sort of instruction, Sessler had the unusual capacity to discuss his own work with students as he was doing it. I cannot remember a master-apprentice relationship that was more dynamic than the relationship Sessler had with his graphic students.

How exactly did he teach art? Apparently one of his favorite methods besides the one mentioned above was to sit at his desk with one or two students and shufflle through his large collection of prints. The visual impact of viewing one after another of various prints from Rouault to Lasansky was tremendous, especially when we got involved in intense discussions on the particular techniques which produced the various effects we were examining. It was but a short step to the copper plate or the litho-stone. We would then try out those techniques.

Sessler had a great capacity for dealing with the most diverse personalities among the student body, even those like myself who were interested in the aesthetics of graphic art and a generalized understanding of the relation between it and the other arts. While he was not an intellectual in the sense of being intrigued with ideas for their own sake, he was certainly eager to relate any ideas—philosophical, historical, and especially social—to his own work. Other students of his who might have been quite inarticulate in verbalizing their artistic problems would find a sympathetic hearing and receive the appropriate guidance. Even the most casual visitor or a student who may have been minoring in graphics—graduate or undergraduate—was treated with respect and compassion. His whole personality reflected this largeness of interest in people, whether students, artists, or the cast-offs of humanity depicted in his own art.

He was always ready to offer encouragement for any modest success a student achieved and continually prodded students to experiment, to innovate, to strike out in new directions.

To illustrate: One day I found myself inking up part of the cement floor of the graphics studio in order to transfer the texture of the floor to my litho-stone by means of transfer paper. The texture was then reworked into black and white lithograph. I remember he encouraged other students to seek out textures on old table tops, the weathered stones of buildings, or any other surface that suggested that it might lend itself to artistic reworking on the litho-stone.

I also visited Sessler many times in his studio at home. The two items that remain in my mind are his approach to painting and his experiments with the single block multi-color wood-cut. Regarding the latter, while Al did not invent the process, he certainly exploited the advantages of a single block printing to the ultimate. The chief advantage, of course, is that the problem of registering images made from many blocks is completely avoided. The real challenge in the single block process is to plan the sequence of printing so that the later colors

are not overwhelmed by the earlier colors. In some of his color prints his use of successive colors actually began to give the appearance of oil paint. Regarding his oil painting, he once said something that surprised me at the time. In referring to his entire artistic efforts he indicated a preference for painting over graphics and pointing to a large painting that he was working on he said, "You know this is what I am really interested in." Indeed from all indications, he painted far into the night, night after night. He also said about his painting technique: "What I do is push the paint around." For anyone who has examined Sessler's paintings close up this seems as good a description as any for his technique.

While I never thought that I gave enough time to graphics in my year at Wisconsin (I was also welding steel sculpture and much concerned with the study of aesthetics) I received perhaps undeserved attention and encouragement from Sessler—a highlight of our relationship was when he offered to trade one of his lithos (it was "Geggo's Tree") for one of my drawings. I accepted, it goes without saying.

Carol Schiffleger, Museum of Modern Art

I knew Mr. Sessler as a teacher and had a total of sixteen credits in his graphics courses. In courses as technical as printmaking, procedural information is a necessity, and Mr. Sessler was equipped to handle any printmaking problem his students got themselves into. He did not emphasize technique, however, and students cooperated and taught each other technical information as they needed and found out from Mr. Sessler, thus saving him from having to endlessly repeat and freeing him to concentrate on the art in printmaking.

He concentrated on this art in the following manner: He did not offer too much comment to people while they worked, or to the class in general, but preferred periodic individual conferences to discuss a student's finished prints. I think this was good, since the students varied so much in accomplishment and ability. I don't know what he discussed in conferences with other students, but we often didn't talk about my work at all, except in passing reference, discussing instead philosophy, someone else's art, or what I planned to do next. He asked questions intended to draw forth those thoughts of mine which might be pivotal in my work or in grasping any concept; I sometimes sensed his groping among my ideas in a very real way—poking here and there to see what was going on. He never told me not to do something or that he didn't like what I had done; his question was always what did *I* think of it? He did not usually offer many suggestions or venture his own opinions, instead he aided me in crystallizing my own thoughts. I think this is what he tried to do with everyone to make them more *aware* of what they thought, of how they worked, of the forms they used. He was an artist-teacher, friendly, older, and wiser, and very perceptive of the student's needs.

The year that I was a graduate student we had a graphics workshop from 4:00 PM, to 10:00 PM, one day a week. Mr. Sessler enjoyed packing his students into his Pepto-bismal pink car (his description of it) and going off to a place with good greasy food where we could talk and talk—sometimes accomplishing much more than we did in seminars.

The result of my association with him was that I came to regard Mr. Sessler not simply as a teacher or artist, but as a special friend—a relationship which I think he strove for with many of his students.

Otto Rogers, Professor of Art
University of Saskatchewan

With Alfred Sessler . . . you never felt that he was a teacher and that you were the student. Rather, you felt that you were his colleague in the search for knowledge about and quality in art. I studied with him for three years in woodcuts, lithography, and etching. He was at once advisor, friend, and patron. I always felt that when I was excited about my recent work . . . I could count on him to be excited as well and that, in discussing the work together, the possibility for future works was opened. I believe it was this humble participation in the enthusiasm of others that not only made him an effective teacher but an effective artist as well. He had a way of making the student feel that he was capable of excellence without setting any definite problems or making any extraneous demands. This was essentially his method of teaching—to believe and anticipate, and then to share the enthusiasm of discovery. His only formal teaching was confined to technical matters.

Robert Burkert, Assistant Professor of Art
University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee

I can speak of Al Sessler as both a former student and later a friend. His students usually became his very close friends. His interest in his students, and everybody else's, was legend. His time was given over to his students, so much so that I often wondered how he did so much art work, for he was a very painstaking artist.

We used to really enjoy his night graphics class, as this often gave a group of the later hangers-on a chance to go down to State Street or University Avenue and have a few beers and a sandwich with him. He loved to eat, and eating with him was the springboard to a bull session that was often as meaningful as our studio work. Or we would go out to his home for a session lasting into the small hours of the morning. He spent a great deal of time discussing works of art, philosophies of art, and the humanistic sense expressed in his own art was always evident in some way in his interpretations of great graphic artists.

As a teacher, he was working on his students all the time. I know that he gave tremendously of himself, but not in an egotistical sense as can be the case with many artist-teachers. He had that unique sensitivity to other people that made them sense his respect and concern, so that what he taught was very deeply felt, and contemplated, and communicated to the student. You might disagree with some of his views, but always with a sense of great respect for them; and he did encourage dissent. His students were not little followers but very individual. This is what I mean about Sessler not being an "ego-teacher." His students did not imitate him, for he always found within them some seed to cultivate.

His work was highly individual in an age of art fads, flowerings, and fast fades. He was a master craftsman in graphics and in painting. He loved fine drawings, the keystone to all art. People and nature were his themes. His people sometimes looked like gnarled stumps and roots; his stumps and roots sometimes looked like gnarled people. This paradox is implicit in his art. Metamorphosis, change, contrasts, transitions were his themes, all pervaded with a sad-eyed melancholy that had at its heart a real concern for the little guy, the little fish who might be eaten by the big fish at any moment. And what color! He was well on his way to being the foremost color woodcut artist in the country.

Joseph Friebert, Professor of Art
University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee

I first became associated with Alfred Sessler as a fellow artist in the middle '30's while he was on the government-sponsored art project. That association was the beginning of a long friendship.

We met in various places, mostly in studios where drawing sessions were going on. These were communal adventures; a model was hired and paid by the group. Various interested artists gathered to work and talk, continuing their conversation afterward at a favorite bar with a few beers and a sandwich. These sessions attracted both the talented and untalented, those with much experience and those with little.

Alfred Sessler loved to draw the figure. In my opinion, achieving this goal was his greatest desire. Often while we were working Sessler would make drawings of the members of the group. He would sign the work and hand it to you with no regard as to its value. It was usually executed in a fashion of caricature, his way of injecting humor into a serious study group. He was always ready to listen to a story and was himself a good story teller.

Al was a lover of people and it was natural for him to paint them. We used to tease him because when we would travel as a group in some old car to the country for landscape inspiration, he would go along only to be part of the group.

In those days he rarely worked with the landscape; it was man that concerned him. His greatest inspirations were, I believe, Goya and Daumier, who also loved to paint men and often to caricature them. He was an urbanite, his subject was the urban dweller. His natural interest in that kind of downtrodden decrepit human form which he drew came from his intense feeling for humankind. He touched those unfortunates and treated them in a kind and tender fashion, despite their external ugliness. I often recall going sketching in the city with him, when we invariably met the type of character that he invented. Usually, we would see them, especially on Sunday mornings, in the vicinity of saloons and taverns which line the street across from Milwaukee City Hall.

We were also fellow students as undergraduates at Milwaukee State Teachers College. We were both older than the average student attending college at that time, and we had more experience in our major fields of painting, drawing, and printmaking. He was academically one of the best students in the college at that time, attaining almost a perfect "A" average. His ability to take notes and organize them was so good that in one case, the teacher of the course, after having seen Al's notes, decided to use them for the course instead of his own.

He was a late night worker. He loved movies. Occasionally he would come to our studio and pound on the door at midnight after a show. We would open up and talk until the early hours of the morning. Yet on other nights, he would work until 2 or 3 in the morning, then have a bite to eat and retire and sleep until 10:00 or 11:00 AM.

In the early days we spent many hours together while he was painting, since he usually worked on projects at home. Because I was a beginner, he readily gave me all he knew. He always had a great love for good craftsmanship in everything he did, from his paintings to the frames which were most exquisitely fashioned, each one custom-built for each special work.

Nancy Ekholm Burkert, Freelance Artist, Milwaukee

I have many to thank for my awareness of good draughtmanship and technique but the *only* teacher whom I can thank everlastingly for making me be concerned with what I wanted to say rather than how it was said was Al Sessler. The prevalent philosophy today is that content can't be taught. Mr. Sessler asked

me questions. Technique in a technical course like graphics—though he was a master of it—did not come, in the last analysis, at the top. Time and again (even to the extent that we were "deprived" of learning through experience with the technique) he would take the roller out of the student's hands and ink the stone, or crank the press—and carefully peel the image from the printing surface himself. He never showed great enthusiasm over this or that effect. Rather he seemed most interested in what the final statement said, how it read.

I regarded Mr. Sessler so highly that I never became close to him personally. I could never bring myself to call him simply "Al." I tended to take him very much more seriously than he really liked or expected of a student. His intense friendliness and affection for his students was not for me the primary thing about him. He intensified the seriousness with which I took myself. He made me feel that it was not only important—it was *possible* for me to say something special and important.

Mr. Sessler's importance as a teacher was not due to the answers he offered. It was due to the questions he asked.

The force of sincerity and underlying gravity and humanism in his personality forced the questions. First: "What are you trying to say?" Second: "How would you like to say it?"

Robert Baxter, Assistant Professor of Art
San Diego State College

I am most grateful to be able to say something about a man who helped me more than anyone else to become an artist. Al Sessler, through all his little subtle and wise ways, taught me how to put my soul into my work. . . . What he said to you related to all your work, not just one individual print. Also, I found that his words ate away at my insides and kept haunting me. They still do today.

Sessler knew I was unable to work in a classroom atmosphere, so he'd let me alone, and then about once every two weeks he'd call me on the telephone and ask me if I would come in to show him what I had done since the last time we'd met. He'd teach art by saying to me, "Come on into the office and let's have a cigarette—we can't smoke out here." Then we'd push all the papers, junk, and what-not off the desk, and I would lay my prints down. It wasn't too long before we would have the walls covered with the recent work (stuck up with masking tape) and be engaged in a full-blown philosophical discussion about me, my work, and what I was aiming for in it.

"As long as you have been a part of it, in some way, it's valid," is one thing he used to tell me. I recall telling him of my concern about being pre-occupied with the same subject matter or theme for nearly two years, and he said, "I've been talking about one thing in my work for years, and when I've said enough about it I'll know it and move on to something else."

On another occasion Sessler said something else which shed light upon his philosophy as an artist when he quoted Picasso: "The greatest enemy to the artist is the nail because it is upon the nail that one hangs a picture."

Sessler was always interested in his students and always willing to devote some of his own time to them. I can remember oftentimes when I'd be printing late at night or on a weekend, he would wander in, look at what I was doing, and if I was having difficulty he'd take off his coat, loosen his tie, put on his apron, role up his shirt sleeves and help me out.

When I came into Sessler's office to say goodbye (that next morning I hitchhiked to California, where I have been ever since), I didn't really know what to say. Neither did he. I remember, while we were shaking hands, saying, "I learned a lot Mr. Sessler, I learned a lot."

BOOK REVIEWS

COMMUNICATION IN SOCIETY

by Hugh Dalziel Duncan

Kenneth Burke, *The Rhetoric of Religion: Studies in Logology.* Beacon Press, 1961. $6.95.

Marshall McLuhan, *The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man.* University of Toronto Press, 1962. $5.95.

William H. Rueckert, *Kenneth Burke and the Drama of Human Relations.* University of Minnesota Press, 1963. $6.00.

The fragmentation of consciousness in modern society has been described in various ways. In social theory much has been made of Durkheim's *anomie,* Tonnies' *gemeinschaft* and *gesellschaft,* Weber's rationalization of the world, Sorokin's sensate culture, and Cooley's primary and secondary contacts. The "death of the gods" has been lamented in literature, philosophy, music, and art. Many books have been written (before and after Durkheim) to show how man suffers from his estrangement from gods or forces which, as both cause and effect of human consciousness, can be known through symbols but are not subject to symbolic laws. These (we are asked to believe) are derived from some supernatural source whose laws can at best only be dimly perceived by man, for, how can the finite mind of man understand the infinite mind of God, or the other transcendental ultimates of history? It is only through grace (even the Hegelian grace of reason) that man wins his way to salvation, just as it is only through revelation (as earlier, divination) that he can communicate with his gods.

It is still fashionable in social thought to invoke some kind of religious or supernatural order as a paradigm for social order. True, we may, like Weber, call such order "tradition," or, like anthropologists, equate order in society with order in religion, as in their use of ritual as a paradigm for social order. But whatever our terms for the supernatural, once we invoke the supernatural as a source of social order, we find ourself in the midst of paradox. For how can what is "beyond" reason be known through it? We do not avoid paradox by saying that when we use religious moments of experience as our "representative cases" for all moments of consensus we are only creating an abstraction, and that conceptual abstractions are not to be understood as part of the object but as part of our definition of the object. Our concepts determine our hypotheses, as these in turn decide our data, and ultimately the "facts" we experience in our social experience, and the values we attach to them. Thus, if we believe, as did Thomas Jefferson, that authority under rules, as well as under law and God, can determine social consensus, then we can study society as a game. But if we believe that rules are but a crude step on the upward way toward worship of God, then we cannot study society as a game. If we say that art is but a manifestation of the divine, then obviously we must hurry to the divine for our knowledge of society.

But there are problems, too, in saying that art determines society, or on a more subtle level, that art and society are related in the forms of social consciousness which originates in communication. If we say this, we must show *how* art and consciousness are related. And, whatever our interest in communication as a social event, we must make clear why we have selected one model of art, and not another. Our intellectual heritage in symbolic analysis permits us to distinguish between art, science and religion. It was possible in Weber and Durkheim's day to arrange expressive forms in a hierarchy which ended in religious expression as the representative form of all order in society. Today in the writings of Talcott Parsons and his followers we see purely mechanical models of society, taken from modern science, beginning to supplant religious models of social order. Thus, the widely disparate concepts of "ritual" and "equilibrium" domi-

nate social theorizing, and especially academic theorizing in the United States.

The shortcomings of reducing the social to models taken from religion *or* science (and especially physics), and thus excluding the observable data of sociation as found in art, are becoming obvious to all but the most parochial students of society. It is to Talcott Parson's credit that he has refused to make ignorance of symbolic analysis a sociological virtue. He admits openly that the future of social theory, as well as the future of symbolic analysis, depends on the development of a social theory of language. We must develop much greater skill in symbolic analysis, not simply so we can talk better as sociologists of art, or as analysts of communication, but as students of society.

The great importance of Kenneth Burke's work is that it is a *methodology*. He does not go on telling us the *what* of communication (namely, that people of a certain age, race, class, caste, sex, education level, etc., read a "message" which urges them to vote for a certain candidate, at a certain time, in a certain place, that this message is distributed in certain ways, that it consists of such and such a percentage of all other messages in the "unit" of communication of which it was part, etc.), but *how* it effects our social relationships. He *begins* where Dewey, Mead, and Cooley *ended* in their concept of symbolization as a kind of "dramatic rehearsal in the imagination" in which the imagined future of the act, or its reconstructed past, is used to order action in a present. Burke pointed out in his articles of the twenties, and in his books of the thirties such as *Permanence and Change, Counterstatement,* and *Attitudes Toward History,* that if we say an act is dramatic, we ought to show what kind of a social drama it is through an analysis of its form and content as a social act. The futures of acts are not locked up in our heads, buried deep in a subjective self, or hidden from the self in the unconscious. They are *public* because they are symbols, *forms* created in the experience of art in their most complex expression, and in speech and all forms of communication in everyday life.

The world of everyday experience, the *empirical* realm of action, is a world of words and expression in which action is determined by communication whose meaning can be known because who is communicating, by what means, in what kind of act, under what conditions, and for what purposes, can be observed directly. But, as Burke stresses in *The Rhetoric of Religion,* there is a realm of words whose meanings extend beyond those used in daily life. This is the supernatural. Even he "who does not believe in the supernatural will recognize that, so far as the purely empirical facts of language are concerned, languages do have *words* for the supernatural." And even if "one assumed it as beyond question that there really *is* a realm of the supernatural, nevertheless our *words* for the discussion of this realm are necessarily borrowed by analogy from our words for the other three orders: the natural, the socio-political, and the verbal (or the symbolical in general, as with the symbol-systems of music, the dance, painting, architecture, the various specialized scientific nomenclatures, etc.) That is, *all* words for "God" are analogical. When we speak of God's "powerful arm," we use a physical analogy, or of God as the "Father" or "Lord," we use a socio-political analogy, or of God as a "Word," we use a linguistic analogy. For, as Burke says: "The idea of God as a person would be derived from analogy from the sheerly physical insofar as persons have bodies, from the socio-political insofar as persons have status, and from the linguistic insofar as the idea of personality implies such kinds of 'reason' as flower in man's symbol-using prowess (linguistic, artistic, philosophic, scientific, moralistic, pragmatic)."

Burke is *not* saying that religion is to be understood simply as the expression of of an anthropomorphic tendency of men to fashion gods after their own image, nor is he saying that man is made in the image of God. His inquiry, he tells us, "stands midway between these two positions, contending merely that, insofar as religious doctrine is verbal, it will necessarily exemplify its nature as verbalization, and insofar as religious doctrine is thorough, its ways of exemplifying verbal principles should be correspondingly thorough." Thus, he holds that if the dramatistic study of language clarifies religious expression, so, too, does the study of religious expression clarify ways in which language affects us. But the point of Burke's work, and the significance of his achievement, is not that he points out that religion and language affect each other, for this has been said before, but that he proceeds to *demonstrate* how this is so by reference to a specific symbolic context. After a discussion "On Words and The Word," he analyses verbal

action in St. Augustine's *Confessions*. He then discusses the first three chapters of Genesis, and ends with a brilliant and profound "Prologue in Heaven," an imaginary dialogue between the Lord and Satan in which he proposes that we begin our study of human motives "with complex theories of transcendence," rather than with terminologies developed in the use of simplified laboratory equipment.

In his early writing, Burke was concerned with what he calls the "creative" nature of the word. On page 34 of *The Rhetoric of Religion,* he codifies his previous "speculations" on orientation, transformation, "perspective by incongruity," "exorcism by misnomer" and resimplification (in *Permanence and Change*); on "secular prayer" (in *Attitudes Toward History*); on "rebirth" (in both these books and *The Philosophy of Literary Form*); *on* "god-terms" (in *A Grammar of Motives*); on "glamor," "romance," and "beauty" as purely secular, social analogues of "divinity" (in a *Rhetoric of Motives*); on "pure persuasion" (also in the *Rhetoric*) and on catharsis (in current attempts to decide how poetry "purges" the edified customer).

In the early stages of his search for a model of symbolic action, Burke made much use of anthropological views (particularly those of Malinowski) on communication. Looking back from the vantage point of a finished system, Burke says of this period: "In general, there was a tendency to assume a simple historical development from the 'sacred' to the 'profane,' from the 'spiritual' to the 'secular.' " These efforts "lacked the particular 'logological' reservations as developed in *The Rhetoric of Religion,* and even 'the later ones' (such as *A Grammar of Motives* and *A Rhetoric of Motives*) lacked the specific formulation of this essay (*The Rhetoric of Religion*)." Thus, Burke now feels, after some forty years of search, that he has created a model of the symbolic act which breaks through the rigidities of the "sacred-secular" dichotomy, and at the same time shows us *how* we get from secular to sacred realms of action over the bridge of language.

It would be a complete misreading of *The Rhetoric of Religion* to interpret it as another study in mythic interpretation. Burke carefully distinguishes between "logological" and "mythic" analysis in his essay on Theodore Reik's *Myth and Guilt, The Crime and Punishment of Mankind* (see pages 257-272). Burke argues against current mythic interpretation as a method for explaining human relationships. "The myth-expert's tendency to think by overreliance upon imagery has the further drawback that the *apparent concreteness* of such terms conceals their actual abstractness." (p. 265) The present problem in symbolic analysis is one of avoiding the reduction of human interaction to motion, as in behavioristic theories, or to sheer imagery, as in mythic interpretation. Burke meets this by proposing that we examine a creation myth such as Genesis as a way of propounding "principles of governance" (social order) in terms of narrative rather than as theology, philosophy, metaphysics, or the various social science approaches in economics, political science, psychology, or sociology.

He proposes that we approach terminology from the "standpoint of order (social order) as an empirical problem, compounded of non-verbal materials which the symbol-using animal variously manipulates and to which he is variously related by purposive actions conceived in terms of his symbol-systems." (p. 268) He selects religious expression because theology confronts the problem of social order "in the grand style." Religious systems are *systems of action* based on communication in society. They are great social dramas which are played out on earth before an ultimate audience, God.

But where theology confronts the creation of its social drama in the "grand style," that is, as a fully developed cosmological drama with man as its central actor, and the believer studies this drama for its religious *content,* the "logologer" studies religious rituals "solely for their form" insofar as "these forms can be further studied not directly as knowledge but as anecdotes that help reveal for us the quandaries of human governance." (p. 268)

Burke interprets Genesis as an account of the creation interpreted as a statement of "principles of governance." That is, the account of the Creation may be interpreted as saying in effect: "This is, in principle, a statement of what the natural order must be like if it is to be a perfect fit with the conditions of human socio-political order, conditions that come into focus in the idea of a basic covenant backed by a perfect authority." (p. 180) The communication of authority leads from the Biblical idea of authority as based on a Covenant, for as Burke quotes Hobbes: "He is only properly said to reign, that governs his subjects by his word, and by promise of rewards to those that obey it, and by threatening them with punishment that obey it not." The task of the symbol analyst concerned with social order then becomes one of "asking what cluster of ideas is 'tautologically' present in the idea of Order." Burke warns us against the use of rigid formulas. "Such a cycle of terms follows no one sequence. That is, we may say either that the idea of Disorder is implicit in the idea of Order, or that the idea of Order is implicit in the idea of Disorder. Or we might say that the idea of Order implies the idea of Obedience and Disobedience, or that either of them implies the other, or that either or both imply the idea of an Order, etc." (p. 195) Insofar as order is related to action among men in society, it involves the idea of a command, and its proper response, "obey." Thus, "Order is to Disorder as Obedience is to Disobedience."

But we must not think of disorder as simply an absence of order. There are two kinds of disorder. In the first there is a "tendency towards failure to obey completely always," and in the second "an out-and-out enrollment in the ranks of a rival force." (p. 195), Or as we say in contemporary political life, disagreement with authority may be interpreted "either as temperamental deviation from the prevailing orthodoxy or as sinister, secret adherence to an organized enemy alien power." (p. 195) Those who oppose our principles of order may be considered as misguided sinners who have fallen from grace (yet who, in their fall, do not deny our principles of order); or as villains who must be overcome by the hero who personifies a principle of social order; or as heretics, who must be hunted down and destroyed because they personify a principle of disorder; or finally, as the secular variant of the heretic, the traitor who must be captured and put to death because only in his death are we purged of threats to our principles of order.

Thus, disobedience is "cured" through some kind of sacrifice, and since, in matters of governance, man is a socio-political being, the kind of community in which he lives and the roles he can play in it will determine the kind of sacrifice he thinks proper. When our opposition becomes an evil power in its own right, we must find some kind of public victim whose suffering and death can be witnessed by the community as a demonstration of the triumph of good over evil. For the act of sacrifice is both a dramatization of our power to worldly audiences whom we must move to our purposes, and at the same time a plea to supernatural audiences to accept our sacrifice as a sign of our obedience to their authority. As Hitler said in *Mein Kampf,* the common people do not understand arguments about power, arbitrations which end in a handshake, adjudication of differences by umpires, mutual subordination by contesting parties to rules, or calling in others, such as police, to keep order in public ceremonies. Only the dramatization of power, the show of force, moves them. Hence, a "good German" beating a poor Jew to his knees was a powerful communication of authority, and to all Germans a sure indication that the Nazis were powerful authorities who must be obeyed. As the drama of Hitler's Germany unfolded, we saw authoritarianism "perfected" through the dramatization of its power of "perfect" sacrificial victims.

There is private victimage, too, as when we punish ourselves in penance for our sins. The self we punish is punished before an audience, an inner self who stands as audience to the self we punish. Between the public and private mortification of the self stand sacred bodies such as elite guards in any army, or the priests of a church, who practice both private and public acts of mortification which fit them for their spe-

cial office and thus enable them to dramatize the strength of their faith. Thus, insofar as sacrifice is related to temporal power, it is a purgation of weakness. From the view of those in power, the weaknesses we must destroy in ourselves arise in conflict between our duty to the transcendent principles of order as personified in the sacred body of guardians (such as priests) designated by our rulers, and our duty to family, loved ones, friends, or institutions which authority assures us are but "local" manifestations of some great universal principle of power. Authorities ask us to sacrifice our families to the state in time of war, as our family in turn asks us as individuals to sacrifice a loved one to the family principles of honor, and as God asked Abraham to offer his beloved son, Isaac, in sacrifice because (we are told) in such sacrifice we pass from the satisfaction of a "lower" need to a "higher." As Luther said, Abraham was asked to violate a law of nature (love of family) to uphold a law of God. In this view, suffering becomes a sign of God's grace, and calamities visited upon the community or the individual are a communication from God who warns and chastens us so we will be saved from disobedience, and thus eternal damnation.

In the section on "Principles of Governance Stated Narratively," (pp. 201-208) Burke begins by pointing out the difference between a narrative or dramatic communication and a philosophical or logical communication such as we make when we classify principles of order. A narrative or dramatic statement involves temporal sequence, while classificatory terms for order simply "cluster about one another, variously implying one another, but in no one fixed sequence." Or, in another image, in classificatory discourse, principles of social order are expressed like a chord struck in music, while dramatic statements are like the notes of the chord spun out in arpeggio form. The notes are the same, but the temporal disposition of them is very different. And, further, a fully developed narrative style personalizes the principle of classification, as we see in Genesis where God's creative fiat infuses nature, man, and society with the principle of holy communication. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." (John, 1) Thus, at the very beginning of creation, the principle of communication and the means whereby we communicate (the word) is made sacred. The creation of the world by God is a communicative act, and all order in nature and society must rest upon successful communication between God and Man. As we see in Luther, God's Word does not speak *about,* but *in* the relation of God to man. Relationship *arises* with the Word, and continues to exist with the Word, by God's speaking it.

Burke argues that the idea of mortification is integral to the idea of dominion, for "the scrupulous subject must seek to 'slay' within himself whatever impulses run counter to the authoritative demands of sovereignty." The ultimate expression of mortification is death. Authorities who seek absolute power over us must link disobedience with sin, and sin, in turn, with death. We must be made to feel guilty when we disobey the commandments of our masters, and we must regard sin as the great threat to social order. This is done by linking death, not simply with the natural condition of man, as a mortal animal, but with the moral order of the universe. The Biblical account of the Creation and Fall tell us that whereas other animals die naturally, men die, not because of their biological nature, but because the first man, Adam, sinned. Thus, when death is viewed in personal terms colored by the conditions of governance as expressed in the moral order, death "is conceived not just as a natural process, but as a kind of 'capital punishment.' " For, if Order gives rise to a sense of guilt, and we seek to obey the laws by policing our impulses from within, we must kill within the self whatever threatens order in the world without.

Burke stresses the fact that dominion, guilt and sacrifice mutually imply one another. For if those in power make us equate disobedience with sin, and teach us to feel guilt over impulses within us which lead to disobedience, they must also provide us with means for expiation of sin, and yet see to it that expiation is carried out in ways which do not threaten their power. This is done in the Bible by the development of the idea of sacrifice. In Genesis, the Noachian Convenant introduces the idea of sacrifice, as when Noah "took of every clean beast, and every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar." (8:20) From here on, says Burke, "more and more clearly, comes the emergence of the turn from mere sacrifice to the idea of outright redemption by victimage." (p. 216) Burke distinguishes here between the *lex talonis* as "the principle of human justice, conceived after the nature of the scales, and grounded in the idea of an ulti-

mate authority," and redemption through sacrifice. Redemptive sacrifice must be more than a payment for sin, and thus a kind of ransom, but a purgation of sin, or a cleansing of the individual and the community in which the sin occurred. It must become, in short, a *symbolic* act of cleansing. The sacrificial agent, as such, is but a vessel of communication with the supernatural power, and his suffering and death must become the death, not merely of his own sin, but of all the members of his community, and eventually of all men. The redemptive act thus becomes a symbolic act of atonement because in such an act the individual acts not for himself alone but for his community. That is, he acts to uphold a principle of order. In religious ritual, the individual may be subordinated to the belief that the world is governed by an eternal cycle of birth and death and that to obey God means to resign to the rule of this circular movement. In this view, life has no intrinsic value because its purpose is fulfilled in submergence in the harmony of the eternal circular return.

As Burke points out, sacrifice is a social drama, an action in life, which is related to temporal rule as well as the "eternal" principles of birth and death. In the cosmologies of the "eternal return" as expressed in religious ritual, "the terms of order, . . . go round and round like the wheel seen by Ezekiel, endlessly implicating one another. . ." (p. 217) But when terms for social order are formed into social drama, a significant change takes place. "A drama has a beginning, a middle and an end; it is, in short an action in which men break out of the eternal cycle to act here and now in a world which exists because of their actions as well as because of the actions of a supernatural power. As narrative or drama, social depictions of authority translate the eternal principles of authority into an irreversible linear progression which promises us some kind of achievement in the world." "But with principle of authority personalized as God, the principle of disobedience as Adam (the 'old Adam in all of us'), the principle of temptation as an Aesopian serpent, Eve as mediator in the bad sense of the word, and the idea of temptation reduced imagistically to terms of eating (the perfect image of a 'first' appetite, or essential temptation, beginning as it does with the infantile, yet surviving in the adult), such reduction of the tautological cycle to narrative linear progression makes possible the notion of an *outcome.*" (p. 217)

In further analysis of Genesis as a drama of authority, Burke points out that Adam and Eve's consciousness of nakedness has been interpreted too simply, "without reference to the major stress upon the matter of *a Convenant.*" Social order may be based on ultimate powers such as God, in whose eyes all will be equal on the Day of Judgment, but authority in the world is expressed through differentiation of rank and power, or what we call hierarchy. From this standpoint, Genesis must be interpreted as a status, as well as a sexual, drama. "Social order leads to differentiations of status, which are indicated by differences in *clothing.* Thus, the same socio-political conditions that go with a Covenant would also go with clothing, thereby making one conscious of nakedness. The Biblical narrative itself makes clear that, under the conditions of Governance, sexual differentiation was primarily a matter of relative status. In a situation where man is to woman as master to servant, and where the differences between the sexes were attested by clothes, nakedness would be too equalitarian."

Burke here proposes that we think of Adam's original transgression, not as essentially sexual, but as social, for as he says: ". . . .after sexual differentiation by clothing had been continued for a sufficient length of time, people began to assume a far greater difference between 'social' and 'sexual' motives than actually exists, and this is true also of modern psychoanalysis—until now we'd need a kind of ironic dissociation such as Marx proposed in connection with the 'fetishism of commodities,' before we could come even remotely near to realizing the extent of the social motives hidden in our ideas of sheerly 'physical' sexuality. However, this marvelously accurate image of nakedness as interpreted from the standpoint of the estrangements resulting from Order in the sense of divergent rank, has been interpreted so greatly in purely sexual terms that often people seem even to think of Adam's original transgression as essentially sexual." Adam and Eve's Fall, Burke argues, is a fall from brotherhood and equality under God. "Insofar as clothes imply social estrangements or differentiation by status, they are by the same token a kind of 'fall.' In themselves they are at odds with the natural order; yet nakedness is at odds with the order of our 'second nature.' " (pp. 220-221)

Thus, in a dramatic or narrative depiction of creation, as contrasted with purely

neutral description of creation in the impersonal pragmatic science of the laboratory, the idea of purpose, and its personification in the struggle between the hero and the villain, is derived from the idea of a struggle between principles of social order and disorder. *The Schofield Reference Bible* points out that both the Noachic and the Adamic Covenants deal with the problem of social order. The "changed state of woman" is proclaimed in Genesis, 3:16; the "headship of the man" is discussed as the "entrance of sin, which is disorder, makes necessary a headship . . . vested in man." Burke suggests that "the idea of *purpose,* so essential to the narrative principle of *personality,* is here ingrained in the idea of Order, as being identified with the 'good,' whereby all things, by their mere act of being, contained in themselves the aim of their being."

But, as Burke hastens to point out in the following chapter ("Final Comparing of Cyclical and Rectilinear Styles"), temptation is "intrinsic to the tautological cycle of terms implicit in the idea of Order." Thus, every religion has some kind of "original" as well as "actual" sin. Original sin is the kind of guiltiness "that, as translated into terms of temporal sequence, we 'inherit' from our 'first' ancestor in the male line, as a result of his 'first' disobedience to the 'first' thou-shall-not imposed upon him by the first and foremost authority (to whom he was subject, but from whom he inherited dominion over all created things, including his woman)." Such, at least, is the way we depict the "principle of sin" in narrative terms. What comes first determines what comes second, while the second determines what comes third, until finally an outcome or end of the act is reached. Thus, narrative or dramatic depiction of action has (as Dewey, Mead, and Burke stress) a moment of finality or consummation which brings action to a close and thus reduces the endless circle of birth and death in which the individual becomes merely the manifestation of a process over which he has no control, and which he can (at best) know but cannot change.

The outcome or end of a drama of social order is achieved through a promise of ultimate redemption. Both the first step of original sin and the final moment of redemption are reached through substitution, "The 'old Adam' having sinned for us, and a corresponding Redeemer or Mediator of some sort being required to intercede for us." (p. 223) Thus, while disorder, arising out of the original sin of disobedience, is intrinsic to the idea of order, we are promised atonement for our primal sin through the intervention of a divine mediator who makes it possible for us to break through the endless cycle of terms implicit in the idea of worldly order—"forever circling back upon itself, thus forever 'guilty,' and thus forever demanding 'redemption' . . . ." And here "arises the modes of sacrifice" that express themselves either "suicidally," as mortification, or "homicidially," in the slaying of scapegoats more or less clearly identified with the traits of human personality." In such acts, the sacrificial victim serves as a communication, the Son of God is a messenger from God, a "manifestation" of his desire to save us, while in the ascension of the smoke from the burnt offering of the sacrificial victim, men ask their gods to hear their prayers. For, if our communications do not ascend to heaven, and the communication of the gods in turn do not descend to earth, we are lost. Perhaps this explains why there is continual search for curative victims. "For it seems that, even if one believes in the idea of a perfect, supernatural, superpersonal victim, by identification with whose voluntary sacrifice one can be eternally saved, there is still the goad to look for victims here on earth as well who should be punished for their part, real or imaginary, in blocking the believer's path to felicity, or perhaps in threatening to send him on his heavenly way too soon." (p. 223)

With the introduction of the idea of redemption, and its personification in the image of the victim as the divine mediator, and the consequent formation of a specialized body of religious functionaries such as priests through whom we atone for our sins of disobedience, we come upon the fourth element in Burke's analysis of the enactment of social order. This is hierarchy, or the distribution of authority among ranks. For, although communication with God is open to anyone, certain persons are supposed to possess greater knowledge and power in securing proper results. Many people think themselves unable to communicate directly with their gods. Acknowledging their inferiority in this respect, they regard the priests as the only mediators between them and the supreme powers. The priests are their only protectors; without them they could not reach the gods whose response is necessary to salvation. The priest serves as a mediator between man and his gods; it is his principle duty to administer and regulate

the communication of men and their gods. Such communication, it should be noted, is twofold; the people speak to their gods through their priests, but at the same time the gods speak to their people through their priests. Thus the power of a priesthood lies in the belief that the priests are able to put themselves into communication with the gods whenever they like.

The paradox in the priestly role, Burke points, out, is that the priestly mediator "not only proposes progressively to 'absolve' from guilt; [but he] also serves circularly to intensify the very sense of guiltiness (or 'conscience') for which [he] provides the solution." And even without the priestly intensification of guilt, there is cause enough in the socio-political conditions of life to keep men in fear and anxiety. Such fear must be met by those who would rule us, for men cannot live long in fear and trembling. In such times, ruler and ruled alike turn to those who can mediate with the gods. Political and social troubles, and all the disorder of life, easily lead to dread when they are taken as a sign that "God has hidden His face from men." It is not God's will which visits suffering upon men but estrangement from God which leads to ignorance of his purpose. As Genesis teaches us in the story of the Tower of Babel, and in Eve's disobedience of God's commandment not to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, the people of Israel forfeited Divine favor because they no longer lived in fellowship with God.

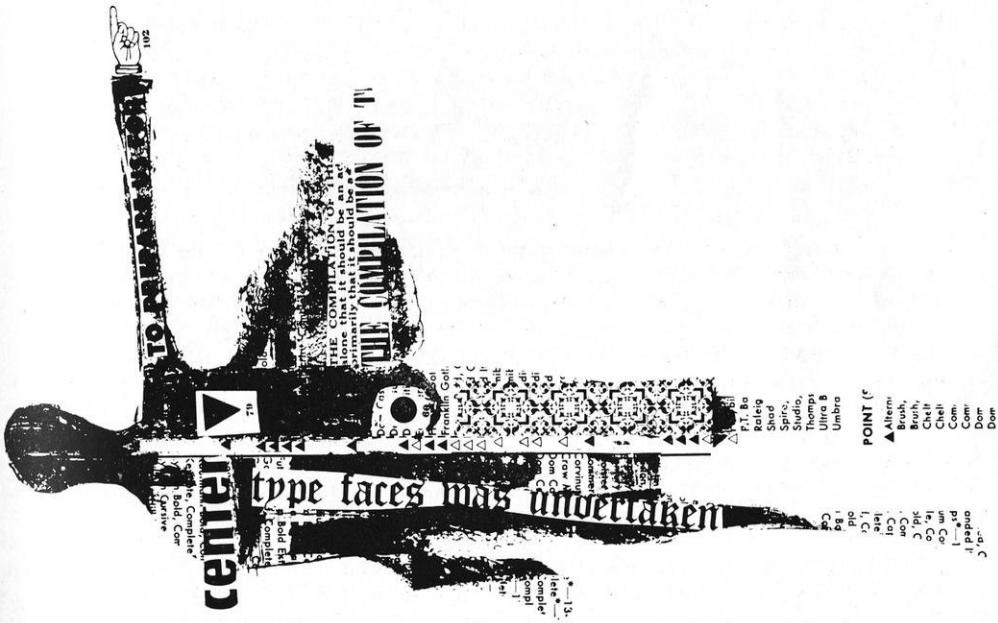
As political troubles increased and gloom mounted into dread, the people came to believe that God was not pleased with them. He was displeased because they had disobeyed his commandments and in such disobedience brought disorder in the world. To absolve sin, new sacrifices were required, and a new and more powerful priesthood was selected and trained. The earlier Hebrew sacrifice which was done in joy and confidence of fellowship with God was not enough. An increasing conviction of sinfulness over disobedience of God's commandments deepened the desire to be brought close to God once again. This was done through sacrificial offerings such as the peace offering, the common meal which was an expression of fellowship with God; the Burnt Offering, the burning of a whole carcass, which was an expression of self-surrender and self-dedication; the Trespass Offering, a varied ceremony which was intended to recompense a wrong; and finally, the Sin Offering, the blood put upon the horns of the altar, which was an atonement for sin. Thus, as Schofield informs us, the atonement of Christ, as interpreted by the types of sacrifice in the Old Testament, is substitutionary since the offering takes the offerer's place in death. The sacrificial death "was an execution of the law," and the sinlessness of him who bore our sins is expressed in every animal sacrifice since the animal selected for the sacrifice "must be without blemish." And as we read in Leviticus, Chapter 16, "The Day of Atonement," the high priest Aaron cast lots upon two goats, one for the Lord and the other "for the scapegoat." Then we are told that "Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for an sin-offering. (v. 9) But for the goat, on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat, shall be presented alive before the Lord, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness." (v. 10)

In view of religious uses of hierarchy as a way toward God, and in view of God's absolute sovereignty over nature, man, and society, Burke admonishes us to watch for status scales ranging variously from sovereignty to servitude. We begin, as befits the empirical nature of "logological inquiry," with the natural and socio-political orders of experience. "In the natural order, man is properly defined as a species of animal." In the socio-political order he develops forms of governance which soon inject social classification into a world of natural classification. "This state of affairs can give rise to a vision of 'moral grandeur' when the principle of social rule is extended to the natural realm—and man is seen as a 'ruler' *over all nature.* The socio-political design of governance is thus made absolute; the perspective of socio-political order is felt to infuse the natural order; all nature is seen as being out there for man's use; in sum, nature is man's servant, and man is nature's sovereign."

But, Burke argues, we do not simply pass from the socio-political to the natural. "An intermediate step is needed before the design can take form. The design must be 'mythically' duplicated by the postulating of an analogous arrangement whereby there is a supernatural (or super-socio-political) order, with its corresponding hierarchy. This formal 'perfecting' of the design, ideally duplicating the human socio-political order in 'higher' terms, was 'prior,' was 'there from the start,' to the extent that it

sums up all the *principles* felt to have been guiding the socio-political order.

Religious vision says in effect: "Only if the socio-political order is on such-and-such relations with the principles of all order, can the order be reasonable." It is in this way that the "perfecting myth" becomes "like the *originator* of the order it perfects." Once this is done, the final step of the leap into the supernatural is easy enough. The powers of nature, of man, of the sovereigns of the world are in servitude to the principles or laws of social order by which the world is implicity guided. Even the gods themselves end in servitude to the laws of the universe which they have created and upheld. In this final step, the ruler and his humblest share in submission to the principles of social order. Once such mythic perfection can be imagined, a corresponding design in nature can be imagined. "And the reversal, whereby the man who was ruler becomes himself an underling, removes the imperfections that might otherwise spoil the symmetry of the scheme. That is, insofar as natural calamities defy man's governance, these can be explained as the acts of the higher authority." This does not do away with the problem of the truth or falsity of a myth, it simply "explains the verbal mechanisms by which such myths can arise, regardless of whether they are true or false." (p. 241)



Marshall McLuhan makes no reference to Burke—or to the work of the American pragmatists which culminated in the work of Mead—and it would be quite misleading to imply that the Canadian school of symbolic analysis based on the work of Innis, McLuhan, and Carpenter is in any sense an "outgrowth" of the American school of communication theory now headed by Kenneth Burke and his students. In the somewhat fanciful jargon of American sociology, we may say that McLuhan works in the tradition of macro-sociology, as exemplified by Sorokin. He is concerned with showing how our symbolic environment conditions all symbolic, and hence all social, action. He compares his work to the work of Harold Innis, for, as he tells us, "Harold Innis was the first person to hit upon the *process* of change as implicit in the *forms* of media technology. The present book is a footnote of explanation to his work.

The appearance in Toronto of the journal *Explorations,* which McLuhan co-edited from 1954 to 1959, was a landmark in communication theory, and, as we see now in *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* of social theory as well. For, as McLuhan himself makes clear, he is concerned with how the Western individual and society have been shaped by "that association of cultural and political events which, from the origins of phonetic literacy to the development of typography" has characterized social life in the West. He argues that phonetic literacy is not only *a* constituent element in social life, but *the* element,

as when he says: "The translation of tribal man into his Western form is shown to have occurred by the agency of phonetic literacy alone."

For McLuhan the difference between the man of print and what he calls the "man of scribal culture" is "nearly as great as that between the non-literate and the literate." Thus, in place of the familiar dichotomies such as "sacred-profane" with which we operate in the social studies, McLuhan offers us one based solely on communicative form. We are offered a model of communication in society which makes the communicative use of significant symbols a *constituent* element in social life. McLuhan argues (and underscores constantly in his work) that we are what we are as social beings by virtue of *how* we communicate. In itself this view is not new. Peirce, James, Dewey, Cooley, and Mead said this in the years between 1900 and 1930, and in 1935 Burke (in *Permanence and Change*) argued that man attempts to extend the range of his responses and to increase their accuracy by deliberately verbalizing the entire field of orientation and interpretation. In our own time, students of Burke, like Stanley Edgar Hyman and the present writer, are producing analyses of social interaction based on such views. Thus, by 1964, the student of communication theory as social theory is conscious of working within a school, if not a tradition, of social analysis.

The perfect methodologist of symbolic action will be able to show us how each of the great arts affects the ways in which we experience the world as social beings. For if we read, write, and speak, we also dance, play, poetize, picture, and sing. Even on the simple level of "grabbing" our food we soon learn to do it in one way and not another, just as in the pantomime of courtship we learn to bow to each other as gentlemen and ladies. The satisfaction of basic drives among animals and men depends on how they are formed in communication. Karl von Frisch entitles his account of the life and senses of the honey bee *The Dancing Bees,* for as he tells us in Chapter 11, the "language of the bees" is the dance.

> The foraging bee, having got rid of her load, begins to perform a kind of "round dance." On the part of the comb where she is sitting she starts whirling around in a narrow circle, constantly changing her direction, turning now right, now left, dancing clockwise and anti-clockwise in quick succession . . . The dance is performed among the thickest bustle of the hive. What makes it so particularly striking and attractive is the way it infects the surrounding bees; those sitting next to the dancer start tripping after her, always trying to keep their outstretched feelers in close contact with the tip of her abdomen. . . . What is the meaning of this round dance? One thing is obvious: it causes enormous excitement among the inmates of the hive sitting next to the dancers . . . it is the dancing inside the hive than announces a rich find of food to the colony.

Not only does the round dance in the comb "announce" a source of rich food, but it tells the distance of the food supply by another dance step, the "wagging dance."

> The characteristic feature which distinguishes this "wagging dance" from the "round dance" is a very striking, rapid wagging of the bee's abdomen performed only during her straight run. This wagging dance commands just as much attention among the bees tripping behind the dancer as does the round dance.
>
> If our feeding-place is gradually moved from a place close to the hive to one farther away from it, the round dance will begin to merge into a wagging dance when a distance of between fifty and one hundred yards is reached. If, on the other hand, we start at a distant feeding-place and moved it step by step towards the hive, then the wagging dance represents two different words of the bee language. The round dance and the wagging dance represent two different words of the bee language . . ."

In his *Sacred and Profane Beauty: The Holy In Art,* Gerardus van der Leeuw argues that dance is the original art. "All arts are found within it in its undivided unity. The image, made dynamic through movement and countermovement, sings and speaks simultaneously, forms a circle and then a house. From the unity, the arts free themselves by turning to the image: undanced drama and rhetoric, painting, sculpture, and architecture." (p. 303) For the primitive mind, he continues, the representation of an act in dance is realistically bound up with what is represented. As Ruth Benedict

describes Zuni dances they are a way of communicating with powers which cause growth. The corn is literally danced out of the ground. In religious dance, man sets into motion powers which are holy and sacred. He communicates with his gods, but at the same time he communicates with other men, and binds them to himself, as they bind him to them. Communion becomes community, and the consensus of the group is born.

Any fully developed communicative act involves all the senses, and thus all the arts. The symbol analyst of the future will take this into account. He will know that meaning in communication is derived from sound, touch, smell, and taste, as well as sight. And, if he is lucky, he will be able to make use of theories of communication developed out of analysis of how dance, play, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music affect communication, and thus relatedness, in society. At present all we can say is that they do. We have only one social model of communication: Kenneth Burke's dramatistic model. This (like Freud's Oedipus complex) is taken from the drama. But even these models, great as they are, are highly selective. They are bound to the word, and cannot, therefore, take us into realms of experience where other forms of expression dominate. In the soundless, shadowy pantomime of the night dream, or the shimmering play of images in the daydream, dance and pantomime replace words. Yet who is to say that we do not "know" our dreams and fantasies?

Nothing better illustrates the vitality of communication theory than the attempts of McLuhan and Carpenter to break away from theories of symbolic analysis which are based on the printed word. McLuhan's statement of his aims in *The Mechanical Bride: Folklore of Industrial Man* (1951) indicates his agreement with the American pragmatic tradition, and with the work of Kenneth Burke. "Ever since Burckhardt saw the meaning of Machiavelli's method was to turn the state into a work of art by the rational manipulation of power, it has been an open possibility to apply the method of art analysis to the critical evaluation of society."

The Western world, he continues, "dedicated since the sixteenth century to the increase and consolidation of the power of the state, has developed an artistic unity of effect which makes artistic criticism of that effect quite feasible." Thus art criticism "is free to point to the various means employed to get the effect, as well as to decide whether the effect was worth attempting." Thus, like Burke, McLuhan proposes that we turn art criticism into social criticism because in art there exists a paradigm of all communication.

In *Explorations in Communication,* edited by Edmund Carpenter and Marshall McLuhan (New York, Beacon Press, 1960) articles taken from *Explorations* as published between 1953 and 1959 are offered in an anthology which sets out to explore "the grammars of such languages as print, the newspaper format and television." *Explorations,* McLuhan tells us, "argued that revolutions in the packaging and distribution of ideas and feelings modified not only human relations but also sensibilities." It argued further "that we are largely ignorant of literacy's role in shaping Western man, and equally unaware of the role of electronic media in shaping modern values. Literacy's vested interests were so deep that literacy itself was never examined." And even the "electronic revolution" which shifts verbalizing from visual to oral frames of presentation has progressed so rapidly that revolt is settling into tradition. How then, are we to examine the modification of sensibility which modern means of communication are altering so profoundly? A fruitful approach, McLuhan suggests, "is to examine one medium through another: Print seen from the perspective of electronic media, or television analysed through print."

For the paradox of our time is that with the advent of electronic media we meet once again as preliterate men. Postliterate man's new media "contract the world to a village or tribe where everything happens to everyone at the same time: everyone knows about, and therefore participates in, everything that is happening the minute it happens." Television gives this "quality of simultaneity" to our new lives in "the global village." New forms of symbolic experience create new forms of socialization. "This simultaneous sharing of experiences as in a village or tribe creates a village or tribal outlook, and puts a premium on togetherness .... Just as the Eskimo has been de-tribalized via print, going in the course of a few years from primitive nomad to literate technician, so we, in an equally brief period, are becoming tribalized via elec-

tronic channels." The literacy we abandon, he embraces: the oral language he rejects, we accept." To understand such processes, we must then understand "media grammars."

It is then by the construction of "media grammars" that the work of the Toronto School stands or falls. This is not to say that what McLuhan, Carpenter, and Innis have done to stimulate awareness of the dangers of too great reliance on print as a means of cultural expression, is not in itself a major achievement. Whether McLuhan succeeds or not in constructing a grammar of media analysis comparable to Mead's grammar of the act, or Burke's grammar of motives, remains to be seen. *The Gutenberg Galaxy* is McLuhan's second book, and the twenty-two years between it and *The Mechanical Bride* suggests that his search for such a grammar has not been an easy one. McLuhan has found it necessary to clear his own path through the jungles of symbolic analysis which tell us little, or nothing, about how symbols are doing all the things they are supposed to be doing in human relationships. In clearing his path, McLuhan has created some of the most brilliant writing of our time on communication. His passion and excitement are infectious. Reading McLuhan demands involvement; there is no way to be a passive reader. He offers us a way to experience, as well as to witness, what he has thought.

McLuhan transports us to great realms of thought and expression. His book opens with quotations from *King Lear,* and ends with a comparison between the "Shakespearean Moment" and our own time. He believes we are living in a period "richer and more terrible" than that of Elizabethan England. He limits himself in *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* as he says, to an examination only of "the mechanical technology emergent from our alphabet and the printing press." If he is not, like Veblen, a somewhat cheerful prophet of a new technological day, neither is he a prophet of despair like Spengler. As one world dies, another struggles to birth. "The new electric galaxy of events has already moved deeply into the Gutenberg galaxy. Even without collision, such existence of technologies and awareness brings trauma and tension to every living person." Habits and conventions are "twisted suddenly" into gargoyles and grotesques. Familiar institutions become "menancing and malignant." These "multiple transformations," which are "the normal consequence of introducing new media into any society," must be understood if we are to make sense out of our lives.

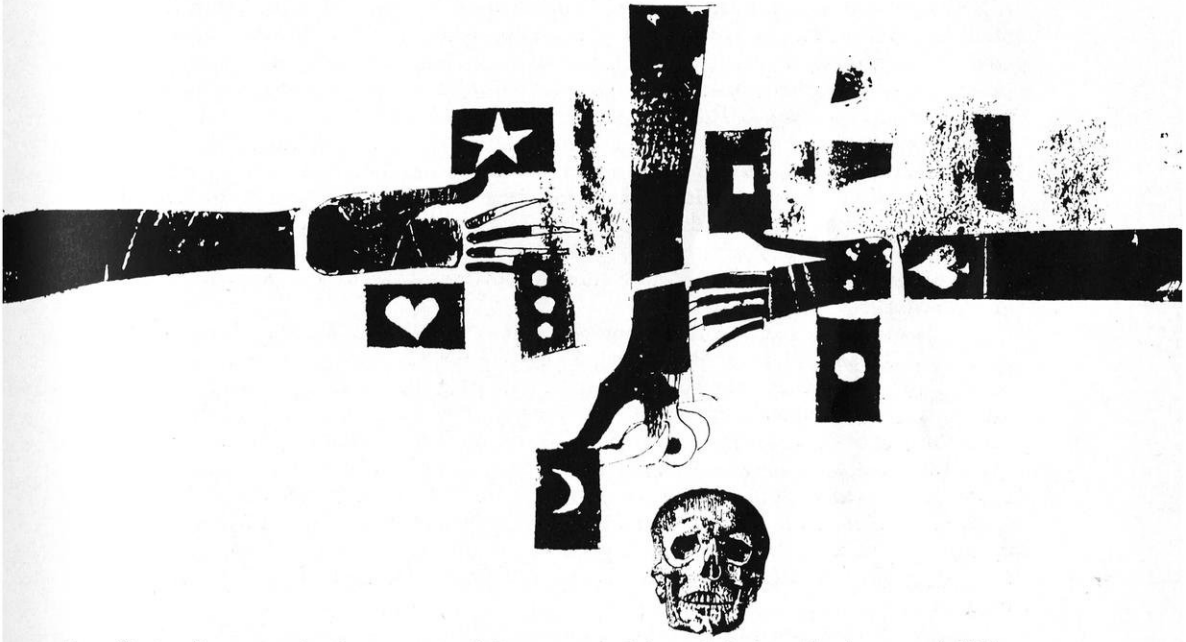
Thus, McLuhan, like Burke and Sorokin, works in the great tradition. He illustrates his points by reference to the classics of ancient and modern thought. But as was evident in *The Mechanical Bride,* as well as in *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* McLuhan applies his learning to his own time. He seeks to be relevant, as well as erudite. He uses the classics to solve problems, not to announce dogmas, or to invoke images of a Fall from classical grace. He is warm and generous in his references to contemporary work. His "Bibliographic Index," in which he not only cites a work but refers to the pages in *The Gutenberg Galaxy* where he does so, clarifies *why* he uses a source, and makes future reference easy and informative. He refers frequently and copiously to the work of others, so that he serves as a genial guide into the work of many other writers on communication. One can agree or disagree with McLuhan's views and still profit greatly from reading his book. Finally, he *talks* instead of "reporting" or "recording research findings," and so once again we have the rare but moving experience of hearing an authentic voice speak to us of our common problems.

McLuhan promises us another volume, presently entitled *Understanding Media.* It is to be hoped that the somewhat aphoristic quality of *The Gutenberg Galaxy* can be reduced to more stringent concern with method. There are many helpful hints in *The Gutenberg Galaxy* on how to think about the internalization of meanings in various communications media. And certainly no one has done more to make us aware of the relations (and disrelations) between print, technology, and culture. But we need to know a great deal more about just how the processes of communication affect the individual as an actor in society. It may be that visual processes of communication affect us as McLuhan says they do. It may also be true that the supplanting of the Madonna by the Mechanical Bride in the business magic of commercial art needs more documentation. But it may also be true that in continuing to flog business and the "American Way of Life" we are beating a dead, or at least, a badly wounded horse.

The danger of our time is not so much that we have inherited a technology of

death, or fragmented consciousness through excessive use of printed words and images in communication, but that we have not yet created a method of analysis which allows us to judge the effects of communication on individuals. Our ignorance becomes compounded with folly as we hold hearings to discuss not how, but *whether,* television affects people. That our present guardians of the "science" of communication study can tell us so little about the effect of communication may indicate that we need a new science. A few thousand of the millions of dollars now being doled out to our "behavioral scientists" in communications research by the National Science Foundation ought to be given to those trying to say something rigorous about what communication does to people. Instead of making problems fit "research designs," we ought to make research designs fit problems.

The bomb alone will not destroy us, but those who can bend our minds to terror and death will. And they will do so through symbolic manipulation. As students of



the effects of communication, we stand in agony and despair before the images of Hitler and Stalin. Whatever their "science," they understood the effects of communication. The next Hitler will be the last one, but his end will be the end of the human race. The study of how symbols affect people becomes, then, the central study of our time. Time is too precious to be wasted on more studies of *what* happens in communication, or to be spent in sterile discussion about "processing data" to fit the dogmas of "scientific method" as propounded by "content analysts" or "behavioral scientists." We must learn *how* communication does what it does to us. In *The Rhetoric of Religion* of Kenneth Burke and *The Guttenberg Galaxy* of Marshall McLuhan, we have splendid proof of our ability to think well about communication. Whether these books will be used widely enough, and quickly enough, in communication studies remains to be seen.

* * *

William H. Rueckert's study, *Kenneth Burke and the Drama of Human Relations,* is the first major study of the work of the greatest symbol analyst of our time. It is surely one of the ironies of American scholarship that theses, articles, and even books devoted to the life and work of minor and unimportant figures continue to pour from our "learned" presses while the work of men like Burke and Mead stands neglected. For nearly forty years Burke has been producing one seminal essay after another on how to think about communication. Anthropologists, psychologists, philosophers, men of letters, professors of literature, writers, poets, sociologists, all have made witness to their debt to Burke. It may be said without exaggeration that anyone writing today on communication, however "original" he may be, is echoing something said by Burke.

Students of Burke, like Stanley Edgar Hyman and the writer, have *used* Burke, but not *explained* him.

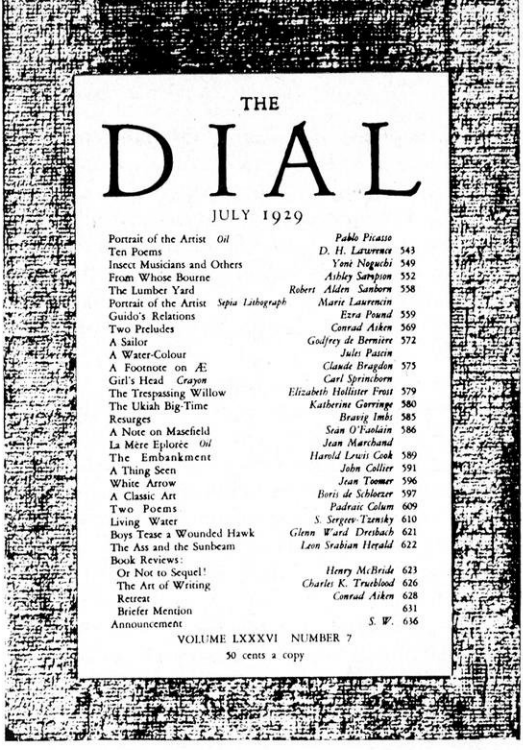
As a student of Burke, it is pleasant indeed to report that we now have available a clear and useful statement of Burke's "dramatistic" system of symbolic analysis. As Rueckert is careful to point out, his interest in Burke began as a literary interest, although he soon realized that Burke's development "is characterized by the gradual expansion of a literary theory and method into the larger dramatistic system and methodology, the very name of which derives from a literary type." Thus, while Rueckert's approach is literary, it is so broadly based in Burke's dramatistic theory of society that it goes far beyond the limits of literary analysis.

This does not mean that Rueckert wanders far afield in attempts to place Burke's work beside those of other symbol analysts. As he says: "My approach to Burke is so purely intrinsic that some readers may suppose the book to have been written in a historical and theoretical vacuum." Thus, while this book is in no sense a full-dress study of Burke, and is certainly not the book which other followers of Burke might write, it is an excellent introduction to Burke's work. It is a book of explanation — a patient, thorough, and clear explanation of Burke's system of symbolic analysis. It is a disciplined work since Rueckert is far more concerned with explaining Burke than in striking attitudes about him. We are all familiar with the young academician who slays a master (especially one not a member of the academic establishment) and then dances about the corpse in fearsome guise, brandishing his bloody sword. We are also familiar with the young pedant who climbs aboard the shoulders of a master to tell us in ponderous tones what he sees from his lofty vantage point. But, fortunately, Rueckert is content to do the more humble but necessary task of explaining the work of a master.

It is our good fortune that Rueckert comes into Burke through literature. Other books on Burke will be written, and, indeed, some have been written which do little more than paraphrase Burke (without mentioning the source of their paraphrase). But since Burke himself came into his theory of social relations through a theory of literature, serious students of Burke must begin where Burke began. It may seem arrogant for a sociologist to suggest that Burke "transcends" literature, but if we keep Burke within the realm of literary criticism, we fail to emphasize his larger role as a founder of a new science of symbolic analysis. Rueckert is aware of this danger, and despite his humble disclaimers to anything more than a "literary" analysis of Burke, he has given us a fully developed study of Burke's theory and methodology of symbolic analysis.

After dealing with the development of Burke's aesthetic in *Counter-Statement*, Rueckert passes to a description and analysis of Burke's theory of poetry as symbolic action. The remaining chapters deal with Dramatism as a theory of language and of literature. The discussion of Burke's technique of "indexing," which tells us something of how Burke analyzes symbolic action, is very useful. And, finally, there is an excellent annotated bibliography of works by Burke, works about Burke, and works to Burke's type of analysis.

In short, Rueckert has given us a guide into the work of Burke. In doing so, he places all of us in his debt; he offers students seeking to find their way into symbolic analysis a trustworthy guide into the greatest body of theory and methodology yet produced in that field. It is to be hoped that studies by anthropologists, sociologists, and social psychologists will follow. For, as Rueckert himself points out, the literary approach to Burke, while basic and necessary, is but *one* aspect of a systematic method for interpreting communication via significant symbols.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by Felix Pollak

William Wasserstrom, *The Time of the Dial.*
Syracuse University Press, 1963. $4.95

William Wasserstrom, ed., *A Dial Miscellany.*
Syracuse University Press, 1963, $9.00.

Although *The Dial,* "the father of the American little magazine," was founded by Ralph Waldo Emerson in Cambridge in 1840, the time of *The Dial* with which the author is primarily concerned is the magazine's period from 1920-1929, when it appeared in New York under the editorship of Scofield Thayer, James Sibley Watson, Gilbert Seldes and—from 1925 on—Marianne Moore. Yet the time of *The Dial,* according to Wasserstrom, does not end with the journal's demise but is still continuing. The last chapter of his study is titled "Advancing on Chaos: Henry Miller," deals at some length with hipsters and beats, refers to Robert Frost's reading at President Kennedy's Inauguration and Carl Sandburg's reading in San Francisco on the same day, and contains the remarkable sentence, "I think we can assume that neither Frost's reading nor Sandburg's ovation would have occurred, had not Thayer and Waston . . . conferred *The Dial* Award, from 1921 until 1929, on the most daring and durable of our writers: Sherwood Anderson, Eliot, Brooks, Marianne Moore, Cummings, Williams, Pound, and Kenneth Burke."

Nor—again according to Wasserstrom—did the time of *The Dial* really begin in 1920 or even in 1840: it began with the birth of The American Dream (or as Mencken called it, "the American national disease—the messianic spirit"), reached its peak in Walt Whitman, and experienced a renaissance in Ezra Pound and the period before World War I which Richard Chase named "The Resurgence." This term, and the terms "organicism," "prophetic imagination," and "apocalyptic" are key words in Wasserstrom's vocabulary, the basic tools of his trade. That is to say, he attacks his subject from an ideological rather than from a historical, biographical, text-critical, descriptive, or anecdotal angle, and his microcosmic *Dial-Anschauung* is based on his macrocosmic Weltanschauung.

The meaning of his usage of the terms "organicism" and "prophetic imagination"

emerges from the argument in various circumlocutions. Organicism, briefly, is the application of the principles of physiological development also to intellectual, social, and artistic phenomena; specifically in aesthetic theory, it means that artistic form and substance are merely two aspects of the same thing, that form is never added to substance but evolves "organically" out of substance and function. As for the prophetic imagination, it is, to quote Wasserstrom, the concept of "art as the best way to perceive and reveal radical truth, the belief that art alone can help men to perfect society." Margaret Anderson, the spirited editor of *The Little Review,* expressed the idea more pithily in her motto, "Art for life's sake."

Around those two motifs, then, Wasserstrom organizes his book, tracing them by means of selective flashbacks into classical antiquity and on through mysticism and romanticism, to link them finally to a few modern protagonists who are, he believes, their literary representatives. The chapter headings indicate his—within the philosophical frame loosely chronological—method: I. The National Disease: EZRA POUND. II. Lost, Right and Left: ALFRED STIEGLITZ. III. Beacon of Light: THE DIAL. IV. Liberating Dangerous Words: WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. V. Living Art: T. S. ELIOT. VI. The Mark of a Poet: MARIANNE MOORE. VII. Advancing on Chaos: HENRY MILLER.

There is no doubt that the ideological approach has merits. We have had enough biographical, autobiographical, and chattily anecdotal treatments of the 1920's, often bestowing a false technicolor glamor on that frustrated and artistically fertile era. Nor is there any dearth of "objective" histories or of psychological, sociological, and text-critical studies. However, an outlook on life and art as closely defined and rigidly confined as the author's is likely to produce a lopsided, disproportionate, and occasionally distorted image. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. Wasserstrom, as he rides his two apocalyptic hobby horses, *Organic* and *Prophetic,* through the literary landscape of North America, overlooks many actual trees for his ideological forests. To his credit it must be added that he himself is aware of this: his book, he says, has "not been written in order to say the last word" but in order to "reopen certain lines of thought in our current conversation."

He has other misgivings also—unfortunately justified ones. "To those who consider my habits of prose or my argument itself nonchalant, allusive rather than exact, I recommend closer study of the notes in order to test the sturdiness of the substructure." But the sturdiness of his substructure is not in question. The mere number of his notes testifies to his diligent learnedness. It is not even his superstructure—which, he says somewhat superfluously, "is visible in chapter headings, epigraphs and text" (where else?)—that worries me most, despite its indications of shakiness, despite the fact that all its locks are carefully designed to fit Wasserstrom's key. What I do want to take exception to, however, are his "habits of prose" which are bad habits indeed—sparkless and undistinguished at best, turgid and pompous at worst. Who but a naturally cumbersome thinker, or a writer who labors hard to achieve the high-sounding opaqueness of expression that, alas, is often taken for "scholarliness" and in most cases only strives to camouflage the unprofundity of a thought with layers of verbiage—who but one thus afflicted could produce sentences like these: "During the last decade, the established avant-garde has reassumed the modes of prophecy in order to say that the American imagination must be honored for its peculiar historic unremitting national instinctive tragic sense of the eternal disparity of things." Or: "This present essay treats a single event of culture—*The Dial*—as a manifestation of a specific idea itself defined by a particular word that has a history, both foreign and domestic, of its own." (Doesn't that sound like something out of Lucky's famous speech in *Waiting for Godot?*) The passage continues: "Using 'organic' as a base and point of reference, I have sought to describe a certain configuration of thought in our literature, a movement in the life of this nation on which forty years ago *The Dial* imposed a pattern as yet unrecognized even among serious students of letters."

Serious, indeed. If there is a trace of humor anywhere in Mr. Wasserstrom's presentation, it is purely involuntary, as in the following: "Adopting still another form, coming to this new place, the magazine now blended Chicago's brand of prairie liberalism with Harvard aestheticism and fused both with the *Seven Arts'* version of the American Resurgence." Some stew. But this is as nothing compared to the fol-

lowing aria: "All contend that a work of art realizes itself only when an individual incorporates its organic life into his own organism; only then do men experience harmony with their vision of the wholeness of art. If we except Eliot on the right and Gold on the left, we can say that all prophets of organic culture were certain that their system provided that moment of American apocalypse when each member of the community, illumined by the genius of art, assumed his role as creator of that final work of perfect genius, America itself, supreme *objet d'art* among nations. It is this tradition of prophecy, this program for salvation, which engrossed the American imagination in the age of Resurgence."

While these sentences are swollen, they are at least grammatically correct. This is more than can be said of the construction, "Thoreau, for instance, often spoke of devising a sacrament of secular culture which might 'bring into being the natural man' whom people everywhere long hoped would prosper here." No, please—not here, one hopes, would him prosper! And what is one to think of a cheap and not entirely new pun like, "Advanced in science and art, he seemed to invest John Dewey's order with Whitman's ardor"? But the climax of witless comedy is surely reached in the author's taking some *Dial* contributors to task with the blissfully innocent sentence, "But because men fallible in prose style are fallible in other acts of judgment too, I have included . . ." Mr. Wasserstrom would have done well to head the saying, " 'Tis ill talking of halters in the house of a man that was hanged"!

On the whole, *The Time of the Dial* leaves the reader with some insights and with ideological stimulation (whether in agreement or in disagreement), but with not much memorable information; one has the impression that he has learned more round about the subject than about it. Even the names of the supposed representatives of modes of thought are in some instances only casually connected with the chapters that purport to discuss them: both Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams are brought in only toward the end of chapters one and four, respectively, and precious little is said about them. In the essays on Stieglitz, Moore, and Miller the situation is somewhat better. But one cannot help reflecting during the author's digressions that the time of the *Dial* could with equal justice be characterized as the time of *Poetry,* the time of *The Little Review* (which, after all, launched James Joyce), the time of *Broom, Criterion, Hound and Horn, transition,* and of other important little magazines, so that the title itself seems just a trifle pretentious. This is not said to detract in the least from the *Dial's* outstanding quality and significance. But our author, in understandable enthusiasm for his subject, is frequently inclined to overstate his case, especially when the revivalist and evangelical spirit overcomes him: "Under Thayer, *The Dial* became a laboratory of the imagination where men of art sought to discover a serum of the soul." One wonders. And one wonders even more (among other things, whether claims like these do credit to a serious and important journal) when one reads, "The term ['profound urgency'] itself represents Thayer's vision of apocalypse: when poem and public, *Dial* and dream fuse, ordinary men are inspired to remake their lives." Billy Graham, move over!

By the same token, Wasserstrom is probably right in saying that "in the end a single factor remains compelling still: no rival journal at its best outmatched *The Dial* at its worst." "What made *The Dial* so good?" Marianne Moore was asked in a recent interview, and her reply gives a credible clue: "Lack of fear, for one thing. We didn't care what other people said . . . . We certainly didn't have a policy, except that I remember hearing the word 'intensity' very often. A thing must have an 'intensity'. That seemed to be the criterion." (What ring of truth in that "We certainly didn't have a policy," stated by one "who was there" as contrasted to the messianic zeal projected into the magazine by critical hindsight!) But with the criterion of intensity innermost in the editor's minds, *The Dial* managed not only to achieve feats like the original printing of Eliot's *The Waste Land* and Yeats' *The Second Coming,* an early appearance of Hart Crane, the initial publications in English of Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell,* Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice,* and Proust's *Saint Loup,* in addition to the first translations of Kafka, Gorki, Schnitzler, Rilke, Hofmannsthal, Pasternak, and Brecht; but it counted among its contributors writers like D. H. Lawrence Gerhart Hauptmann, Paul Valéry, Sherwood Anderson, Conrad Aiken, Edmund Wilson, Yvor Winters, George Saintsbury, Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld—and

artists like Picasso, Modigliani, Lachaise, Maillol, Kokoschka, Munch, Masereel, Brancusi, Epstein, Chagall, and a great many others. The contributions in every field—with emphasis on first-rate criticism and a relative dearth of good fiction—read like an honor role of modern literature, both experimental and conventional.

On the minus side of the ledger one must, however, record the magazine's policy of discouraging unsolicited manuscripts, which accounts for the meagre number of significant discoveries (Cummings, Zukofsky, and Albert Halper) among the numerous authors it sustained and developed. And next to the glittering roster of contributors, a smaller but challenging list of excluded or overlooked (mostly American) literary lights could be compiled—a list that would include such names as Robert Frost, Hemingway, and Faulkner. It was the dissatisfaction with this state of affairs that led to the founding of a would-be rival magazine, *The American Caravan,* just as the dissatisfaction with Harriet Monroe's selections for *Poetry* had prompted Alfred Kreymborg to publish a poetry journal which he, significantly, named *Others.*

There seems little point in giving further nutshell information on *The Dial* itself, rehashing its history, tracing its editorial policies through various metamorphoses, etc.; nor could its true significance and fruitful influence be conveyed by facile superlatives and clichés. To do the journal justice, one would have to write an essay in depth, or perhaps the book Mr. Wasserstrom failed to produce. Thus, rather than trying to go past the limits of a book review, fatiguing those who are familiar with *The Dial* and leaving the uninitiated as ignorant as before, I would direct readers who want to get "the feel" of *The Dial* and hear the *Dial* tone with their inner ear to turn to the magazine selections themselves, presented by Wasserstrom, this time in the role of editor, in *A Dial Miscellany.*

Being fortunate enough to have the excellent little magazine collection of the University of Wisconsin Library at my disposal, I found that volume particularly hard to evaluate. As is often the case, what looks impressive by itself becomes problematical when it is juxtaposed to what it might have been. The January, 1920, through July, 1929, *Dial,* bound semi-annually, comprises 19 fat volumes, or more than 11,600 pages. The *Dial Miscellany* consists of 375 pages, plus "Notes on Contributors." To look at this proportion is to appreciate Mr. Wasserstrom's predicament. Whatever he would include, the things he left out would loom large. By calling his collection a miscellany rather than an anthology, he may have wanted to disclaim at the outset any obligation to include all or most of the most celebrated; and he gives reasonable reasons for his policy: "I have tried to select materials which have not yet been reprinted elsewhere .... Had I chosen only the most noted works, the anthology would have been impressive but superfluous. For this reason Eliot's 'Literature, Science and Dogma' is offered instead of 'Ulysses, Order and Myth,' and an unfinished version of 'The Hollow Men' is presented rather than 'The Waste Land'." It would be difficult to quarrel with this, even though one is aware of the fact that literary works take on different airs and meaning in their original context and in a later, isolated appearance. But certain pieces simply belong in such a compilation, whether they are available elsewhere or not; for instance, Burke's 'Psychology and Form,' or Cummings' essay on Lachaise, or Rosenfeld's tribute to Randolph Bourne. I, for one, would trade any of these (and sundry others) for the included articles by James Oppenheim and John Dewey, which struck me as rather dull. Mr. Wasserstrom's bias in favor of the "organic," "prophetic," "apocalyptic," and "resurgent" naturally guides his hand in choosing, and the result is not always more convincing in his practice than in his theory. Still, one must admit that the subjective reactions of his readers would differ from his, or any editor's, subjective choices, no matter what. And to say that almost *any* selection from the pages of *The Dial* would be worthwhile and therefore successful, is surely the best possible testimonial to the magazine's sustained quality.

It is to be expected that the majority of *Miscellany* readers will in its pages make *The Dial's* first aquaintance. Finding, as they will, festive reading throughout this guided — though unindexed — tour through the sections of "Prose," "Verse," and "Departments" (and the art reproductions which for some reason are not listed in the Table of Contents), these readers will most likely acquire a taste for more, and some of them may turn to the magazine itself. Which was of course Mr. Wasserstrom's purpose in making the long overdue compilation, and for that he deserves our gratitude.

NOTES ON STYLE IN OUR TIME AND OTHERS

by E. F. Kaelin

W. J. Oates, ed., *From Sophocles to Picasso.*
Indiana University Press, 1962. $4.50.

Rudolph Arnheim, *Picasso's Guernica.*
University of California Press, 1962. $8.50.

Rosa T. Clough, *Futurism: The Story of a Modern Art Movement.*
Philosophical Library, 1961. $6.00.

Books published by university presses and the Philosophical Library are likely to have something in common even when their contents are not as readily comparable as the three under discussion: they will all be overpriced, and their authors will share little of the swag. The university presses have an excuse, however, in that they publish scholarly materials in attractive, well illustrated format, thus making available treatises which the commercial publishers are, for the most part, unwilling or unable to touch. When a commercial house does risk publication of the work of a serious scholar, it is ineptly christened a "prestige item" and consigned to an economic limbo in spite of the saving grace of the christening, which by some error in the sacramental endowment accrues to the account of the publisher in the form of scholarly good will. There is no such mysterious process governing the policies of the Philosophical Library: its books are uniformly unattractive, cheap in construction, and physically difficult to manipulate in the reading.

The first of these books is a record of a festival in the fine arts held on the campus of Indiana University in 1958. The purpose of the festival was to "demonstrate" the *Present-Day Vitality of the Classical Tradition,* the then current ambition of the American Council of Learned Societies, which sponsored the project. The art media covered were drama, painting, sculpture, and music. Unfortunately, however, the editing fell to Professor Whitney J. Oates, who neglected to provide an index and biographical sketches of his contributors, and whose platitudes on the significance of the events have been gathered into an introduction for the volume.

Since it is the editor who suggests the term "demonstration" to cover the effect of the festival, picking up the "quod erat demonstrandum" (p. 150) of Columbia's Professor Otto J. Brendel, one would inquire of him why the more modest term "investigation" would not have sufficed to describe what took place in Bloomington during those days of art and garlands. We are, to be sure, at a disadvantage, since the printing process does not permit the reproduction of the performances presented (*Antigone,* in Sophocles' and Anouilh's versions, and a program of contemporary music); but what could be printed leaves one with the bothersome question of whether what was, was worth the printing. Taken as an investigation, the results are inconclusive; as a demonstration, a sheer insanity.

Harvard Professor Eric A. Havelock. dedicating himself to the topic of "The Tragic Muse in the American Context," compares the structure of Sophocles' *Antigone* with that of a speech by Abraham Lincoln, and finds the light-bearer of Picasso's Guernica reminiscent of the Greek chorus:

> And finally, in Picasso's painting there is still to be found the Greek chorus, the lady with the lamp, dismayed but not wholly overcome, shedding her dim light over the action—a classic face, a universal countenance. Is she not after all the ultimate voice of Greek rationalism and of Greek freedom of mind? (p. 35)

Perhaps, but it will take more than the telling to convince a skeptic. Not even Professor Brendel's repetition of the claim (p. 137) will convince our skeptic that a chorus is to be seen in the Picasso painting. The chorus commented, the light-bearer is eloquently mute.

The consistent error of the "investigators" is patent to anyone conversant with the methods of aesthetic analysis. Although it is claimed that the similarities in classical and modern art are in both content and form, it is universally forgotten that neither content nor form is absolutely significant in an aesthetic context. If contemporary artists find it convenient to use classical myths, they do so to give form to current and often chaotic life materials; and where they choose classical content, their very reworking of the established materials adds new significance to the classical themes. Few of the investigators show an understanding of the aesthetic fact that a change in content or in form produces a change in artist significance. The most insightful of the essays is presented by Professor Herbert J. Muller, of Indiana; and his topic has little to do with art. His analysis of "Freedom and the Classical Tradition" is impressive, and to this reviewer seems sound.

The most difficult idea for a disinterested onlooker to understand is the choice of Picasso as the paradigm instance of the contemporary in art. Professor Brendel offers a three-fold explanation: Picasso's art is "classical" for three obvious reasons. First, with respect to form, "the human figures, mostly women, assume an air of simple massiveness and a quiet, at times somewhat stolid monumentality reminiscent of the material density of sculpture." (pp. 94-95) Secondly, ". . . The classicality of [Picasso's] style rests in the purity of outlines without shading . . . . In these compositions the classical quality is expressed by the calligraphic rhythms and by the deftness and visual persuasiveness of mere design." (p. 96) Thirdly, the concept of imagery in Picasso's draftmanship presents a "formal, a-naturalistic interpretation" pertaining "to the design of figures in their entirety, as patterned representations of a certain stance or motion." (p. 96)

A word about this learned explanation. Massiveness, lineality, and imagery are undoubtedly properties of Picasso's work. But some of the imagery is achieved in massive form, and some in a more lyrical lineality. No matter which, if the image detaches the object from the total design, the work is labeled "classical." How in the world could it be otherwise, when every image recognized as such must be detached from the whole design? Surrealism, in the application of this principle, should be doubly classical since it presents a clear image of two distinct realities. Moreover, the first two criteria are more magical still. Taken together, they truly work wonders.

Figures may be achieved in the mass, in which technique the value of line recedes to the periphery of attention; or they may emphasize the lineality, and reduce the mass to the qualities of negative space. Both are not possible at the same time, but both are called "classical." Both are found in different works of Picasso at different times. Hence, at some time, it is impossible for Picasso not to show classical characteristics. *Q.E.D.* If the demonstration is valid, the reason happens to be that the demonstrator was playing at heads I win, tails you lose. Using three different criteria, he succeeds in showing nothing, since almost anything can be shown to be classical by applying each one of the same criteria separately; for according to the same criteria everything is classical. But, on the contrary, if everything is classical, then nothing is; and the truth of the matter is that contemporary use of classical myths works as much to change the character of the myth as to give form to the chaotic events of contemporaneous experience. But, then, this is not the problem imposed upon the Bloomington investigators by the ACLS. If it had been, the festival and its record would have contained more significance.

There remains a final point of interest to those concerned with methods of aesthetic interpretation, all of which contain a basic component: to judge what one sees, one must first of all look. Speaking of the broken statue in the Guernica, Professor Brendel states: "The arm has lost its authoritarian terror. The sword which it wielded, academic or otherwise, has proved a sadly obsolete weapon against the airplane." (p. 142) Since no airplane is pictured in the mural, one can only take it that the interpreter has inferred the presence of the airplane to which he refers from the title of the work, and not from an examination of the classical imagery of the design. Likewise, noting Picasso's love of the minotaur myth, the interpreter attributes the destruction of the represented action to the bull:

After the victims, the victor. The bull has entered from the left, and now casts his cold attentive glances over the field of destruction. Obviously this bull, also, is no ordinary animal. His presence ... has been planned from the start, and the earlier sketches place him right in the center of the composition, near or above the horse .... The head always appears more or less humanized. But even if it is entirely human, its expression and character differ from drawing to drawing. In one drawing it looks bearded, stupid, and somewhat brooding, as if its animal dullness had been translated into a human form. (p. 142)

Professor Brendel refers here to Picasso's sketch of a bull's head, done May 10, 1937, in pencil.

On extended loan to the Museum of Modern, Art, N Y, from the artist

In the second of the books herein reviewed, Rudolf Arnheim describes the same pencil sketch as follows:

Perhaps it was this first close-up of the bull, done at the time when Picasso began to outline the figures on the final canvas, that committed the painter definitively to a concept of the animal as *an ideal, benevolent power.* His statement is quite radical; it will be toned down later, in keeping with an over-all style *that excluded classical beauty.* (Italics mine.)

In spite of the lateral foreshortening of the face, the symmetry of the features is unimpaired. All symmetry expresses a state of perfection, which does not admit of any change. Nor do the features tell of tension or disfigurement. All curves have an impeccably normal shape. The face is essentially human—indeed divine. It is bearded and wooly like that of the creative artist in Picasso's earlier work. No doubt, a standard of integrity, virtue, and natural power is firmly established. (p. 64)

Both these commentators cannot be right, and only a thorough-going visual examination of the sketch itself will convince one to take sides. Brendel's technique, dictated

by the methods of the classical art historian, applies foreknowledge of the minotaur myth to the mural, and consequently allows him to misread what he should be seeing; Arnheim's technique is to show how the finished mural developed, stage by stage, into the masterpiece we all know, and which some of us have seen.

Professor Arnheim is attached to the Department of Psychology of Sarah Lawrence College, and is one of the chief exponents of gestalt psychology working in aesthetics. He enjoys a solid reputation in the field, based largely upon two prior books published by the University of California Press, *Art and Visual Perception* and *The Film as Art.* In *Picasso's Guernica,* subtitled "The Genesis of a Painting," he investigates the thought processes involved in developing the mural's final design and composition. His task was aided by Picasso's permission to publish all the preliminary sketches performed in the artist's search for an artistic discovery (pregnant gestalt) to commemorate the traditional values of the Spanish people destroyed in the bombing of Guernica.

Arnheim's method is intrinsically aesthetic and analytical. Beginning with a listing of Picasso's "cast of characters," as they appear in the actual mural, he notes their attitudes in respect to the total spatial composition and defines a quality (which he calls "a sentiment" on the basis of the figure and attitude; e.g., the bull is "upright, leftward, and forward," and symbolizes "courage, pride, and stability." The warrior (or statue) is in a "horizontal and upward" attitude, and denotes collapse; and the falling woman is "upward, downward, and diagonal," expressing "panic and imploration."

To the total cast he poses the following questions, which he uses as exploratory hypotheses for interpreting the development of the mural:

> Was the cast of characters established from the beginning?
> To what extent did their locations and mutual relationships change?
> Were definite attitudes associated with definite characters immediately, or were these relationships variable—and if so, within what range?
> Were there changes in the sentiments attributed to the characters?
> Did sentiments change carrier?
> How stable were the relationships between sentiments and attitudes during the creative process? (p. 29)

Here we have the method, and the author pursues it unfalteringly in his interpretation of the sixty-one preparatory sketches and the seven stages of the mural's execution.

Taken together, the drawings, the method, and the resulting interpretations give the reader a compelling impression of having been present at the creation of the final product. More art scholarship of this nature would go far to eradicate the kind of slipshod thinking currently passing for knowledge in aesthetics and art history. It is sufficiently technical to give true insight, but not so technical as to be boring. Although no analysis can replace the experience of a work of art, this one does manage to enhance our experience of one of the most powerful paintings of our own times.

Professor Clough's treatise on the development and ultimate significance of the futurist movement may appear at first blush to be the very antithesis of the kind of humanistic, cultural research contained in the two books already mentioned, but her *Futurism: The Story of a Modern Art Movement* is worth a second look. The futurist apologists are themselves not agreed on the conception of history's role in the development of contemporaneous movements. Boccioni adopted the notion that history worked mechanically to produce the advanced status of art observable in the futurists' work. *Ex post facto,* and assuming some notion of historical causation, his thesis is vacuously true; but if so, it would be true for any dominant movement of contemporary art. Carrà, on the other hand, adopted the position that the futurists took a calculated step to break with any known tradition of art creation in order to produce the works they did; and if this is true, the futurist movement is merely one among many—e.g., cubism, dadaism, and surrealism—having the same intention, and thus, paradoxically enough, finding itself a part of a new tradition from which it was impossible to be separated. If my analyses are correct, the Boccioni position could be defended only by the methods of cultural historical research illustrated in Professor Oates' volume, and the Carrà position would be defensible only if it could be shown that futurism is, after all, something new and unique (at least for its time). Some kind of method with the objective results of the Arnheim book would therefore be in order to substantiate Carrà's claims.

Professor Clough has performed an invaluable service in collecting all the available aesthetic writings of the futurist artists. They cover the media of poetry, theater, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. She divides the movement into its two generations, the first dominated by the manifestoes of Filippo Tomas Marinetti, who created the Italian movement from his comparatively safe location on the Parnassus in Paris, the second by Enrico Prampolini's discourses on the art of painting, theater and architecture. For the most part, the movement was the work of artist-aestheticians with an uncommon insight into the problems of artistic creation. The names of Soffici, Sant' Elia, Russolo, Balla, and Severini, added to those of the two principal apologists, form a slate that reads like a roll of honor of the patriachs of contemporary art. Nor is the connection between the futurist movement and Italian politics completely ignored.

Perhaps the greatest shortcoming of the volume it its author's propensity to present the paradoxical claims of the movement without interpretive comment. In defining "Physical Transcendentalism," for example, she states that the object of the artist's vision or contemplation is a transcendental world "beyond all unity of time and place, and beyond the distinction of things." (p. 88) As explanation, we read:

> The creative motion of the universe reveals itself to the artist's mind, in its pristine and undifferentiated simplicity, as pure color and pure form. The Futurists called this dynamically created emotion "plastic consciousness," which corresponds to the above mentioned "plastic states of mind," technically defined in their esthetics as "the pictorial organization of the elements of reality interpreted in the emotive power of their dynamism," or as "the lyrical appraisal of the emotions of matter expressed through the correlated forms of consciousness." (p. 89)

Should the quotes occuring within the above citation be replaced by intelligible comment, or barring this, if more examples illustrating the claims they make were given, it would be easier to follow the discussion.

Perhaps this is what the author means, when she states:

> Futurist documents are becoming more and more rare and dealers are selling them at very high prices. The American demand, in particular, has increased the prices of Futurist texts. *A scholarly work which will set out the merits and demerits, the advantages and disadvantages of Futurism, is very much needed.* (Italics mine.)

One might have expected that such a work is precisely what Professor Clough attempted to produce. As the book stands, it will be read through only by the already initiated scholar, but such a person will surely find therein a rich lode of ideas to be explored. The most difficult part of the aesthetic analysis, however, remains to be made: the collation of the words about art with the actual works themselves.

A POET OF GRAVITY

by Irving Kreutz

Felix Pollack, *The Castle and the Flaw.*
Elizabeth Press, 1963. $1.00.

Turn this slimmest of volumes sideways and it almost disappears. Open it and read, however, and the scales tip. For Felix Pollak, in spite of his very occasional go at bawdry, is these poems a man of gravity and great seriousness. If the gravity is often idiomatic and the seriousness sly, if the poet's personae and the poet himself shuffle and exchange their masks, such diversions do not confuse. In the center of his created world the poet stands firm. If it is solipsistic world, whose is not?

In a quite unnecessary introductory puff, an admirer has suggested that it is Pollak's having learned English in adulthood that helps to account for his "vivacity of expression," his delight in "just-words." True explanation or not, his is quite an ear; hear the rhymes clicking by in "At a Bedside"—the styx, a box, the crux, your sixth, relax, in flux, (cof)fee breaks, climax, marked X; the puns in "Seeing Double" and in "Roomer about a Landlady or, Tale from the Boarderland," and from the pit of his despair the Misfit's cry, "Tomorrow is another die"; the title poem's pure iambs—"The needle drains the music from the disk"; the colloquially conversational "Departure" with its casual procession of 1's and k's:

> *The happy couple, tired of lolling*
> *under serene unforbidden trees, longed*
> *for the rich rocking & rolling*
> *wickedly frolicking city. They were not kicked out, they*
> *left*
> *laughing.*

Actually the admirer, if he had not admired so much, might have gone a step further and suggester that Pollak's ear betrays him only when he tried too hard at the slangy American thing. "Couth" and "peccable" are parlor-game words, "snitches" and "none sucher" dated beyond recovery, and in that generally admirable, poem, "O & E: The Other Version," such words as "yen" and "hi-fi fan" and "wee hours" send back disconcertingly flat echoes. On certain other occasions it is not that his ear betrays the poet but that, if anything, it serves him too well. That is, the temptation to perform on the head of a pin seems to have proved irresistible, as in "Trees through a Window," an eighteen-line poem in which nine of the lines end either in "trees" or "face" and the rest of them are half-rhymed with these two words. Cleverness gets in the way of the poem. We quite literally can't see the forest for all those trees.

Fortunately Pollak is not often tempted by such cutenesses, possibly because, it is plain to see, he is less interested finally in dazzling than in communicating. In the best poems a glancing light or corruscating shimmer delights us, but we do not regard such pyrotechnics as the reason for the poem's being, but only as a dividend. Even in "Seeing Double," a kind of entr'acte in a game of scrabble, the cerebral, pun-filled exploration of the shape of the alphabet is chilling in the wisdom of its conclusion. The delicate formality of "Rondel: My Wrist" holds thee rhymes—clock, ticks, luck, tuck, nick—at arm's length; a melancholy tension pervades "Autumn" and in a kind of 17th century manner demands our forgiveness for the occasional preciousness of the poem's metaphors. And now and then the faintly mocking player with words, too clever by half, disappears entirely, and we are rewarded with the passion of "Vienna Revisited" or the purity of a poem like "Manichean":

> *The fungus whispers above the bark*
> *the needle-grazing deals long coupe de grace*
> *to the song, the mirror says your face*
> *lives only by the grace of glass,*
> *light casts the dark.*
>
> *Yet neither can the dark cast out*
> *light, and ember ashes that had burned*
> *apart embrace again in the urn.*

The grain of dust contains the sperm
that continues the bout.

Pollak is concerned, if not obsessed, with the paradox of life in death—"The candle's dying makes the candle live"—and he rings the change on it with varying degrees of success. No less than seven poems, as well as two haikus and a tanka, deal in one way or another, either directly or glancingly, with this well-worn theme. Not too surprisingly, not much that is said is new, but in "All Things are Candles," in "My Green Dust," and in "Manichean," the poet with quiet insistence slows the world down so that we can hear the tick of time, see the bark's green dust growing, and feel the "cool rays" of stone: no mean achievement in this age. The effect of these poems is in a way more devastating because the lyricism is subdued and the music muted. But the poet cannot hold back his sense of the ridiculous even about something as serious as this, and in "On the Eve of a New Age" he quietly taunts the would-be voyagers to the moon in a manner to satisfy all of us who splutter helplessly in the face of a world which seems to us to have gone off its rocker: "Monsieur, your fins are showing. . . ." But the most disquieting of these poems, the title poem, "The Castle and the Flaw," which *may* be about death in life and again *may* be about the failure (or triumph?) of art, is truly original, I think. That is, the poet takes a simple phenomenon of sound which he has observed, acknowledges its value as a point of departure for his sonnet—

Perhaps it's only in the jail of metaphor
that I can enter unoblique
das Ding an sich?

When he turns from himself to the world around him, the world he sees, Pollak becomes more ordinary and more reminiscent of those who have gone before. Someone covers his window shade with a map of the world, gropes at the piano, eats lunch at the cafeteria, rides the subway; world events drop to the floor like orange peels; the cork crumbles into the wine. We don't recognize the corpse, perhaps, but the threnody is familiar. In "O & E: The Other Version" he is drawn to the popular game of urbanizing Orpheus, who this time didn't look back and now must face across the breakfast table his Eurydice, a hi-fi fan. The tone is bitter and hopeless: their love diminishes like water "leaking through a minute sieve" he lies sleepless thinking up epitaphs for himself. Much more satisfactory in this vein is the pair of poems in which the poet turns the Adam and Eve story upside down, "Departure" and "Return." In the first the diction is light and carefree, befitting the theme, but the appositeness of the poet's use of the grand old homily about one rotten apple in the barrel anchors the whole thing firmly in the center of its spreading circles of irony, which is just as well, since the sexual imagery in the last four lines quite takes the breath away. Although not necessarily the most interesting poem in the book, the second of these two, "Return," is the most successful. Avoiding all but elementary poetic and rhetorical devices, the poet manages to suggest somehow that the words have fallen on the page this way, that he had little or nothing to do with it. This poem, in which the widowed Eve returns in old age to the Garden after all those years, is dedicated to the poet's mother. We rejoice in her gift.

There are other poems in the book which deserve attention one or two which do not, I think. There is a poem about Archimedes with an epigraph in Greek which I can't read. There are two, one about a rose being/not being a rose, and another about hands and fingers and palms tickled pink, neither of which I can understand. Either they're too clever, or I'm not clever enough. The last and longest piece in the book, "Niphus of Sessa," does not quite work. The poet simply cannot engage our concern here over the dilemma of his hagridden scholar-hedonist, especially when so much of the exposition of his problem is couched in a kind of pseudo-dignity that fools no one: "And his virile powers were reputed unfailing." As he proves again in his ballad to Bolingbroke, the colorfully profane is not Pollak's long suit. He works too hard at it; the rings of creative sweat still show.

All in all, Felix Pollak's performance here is an admirable one, although perhaps just once in a while it is too much just that—a performance. But nearly always it is a good deal more. His is a fine intelligence which he combines with a finely tuned sense of the music of words to produce a volume of valuable poems, most of them good, a few of them brilliant.

CONTINUOUS DIALOGUE: *Encounter* and the International Audience

by Paul L. Wiley

Encounters: An Anthology from the First Ten Years of *Encounter* Magazine. Basic Books, 1963. $8.50.

An anthology having about it something of the air of a supermarket, one doesn't ordinarily expect to do more than take what he needs after a glance over the other available goods. Even the reputation of the magazine *Encounter,* celebrating in this volume of selections its first decade of exceptional success in passing from little magazine to what now looks a going concern among the well informed, did not, in consequence, offset my reluctance at first to read straight through well over five hundred pages of prose reportorial, speculative, polemical, and critical; of short fiction; and of poetry. I began also more or less sure that what gives life to a magazine, the vitality of the moment captured down through the ephemerals of snap judgment and advertising, goes flat in the systematic anthology form. Over loss of this kind the editor of *Encounters* seemed not to worry. In the cutting of a million words to a quarter million, Melvin Lasky explains, "memorable little contributions did not in the end make the table of contents"; and it may be that the absence of such contributions has considerably altered the tone from magazine to anthology. By and large, in any case, the authors who did make the table of contents are familiar names—among the fifty-five elect being W. H. Auden, Daniel Bell, C. P. Snow, Mary McCarthy, Robert Graves, Lionel Trilling, Edmund Wilson, Evelyn Waugh, Stephen Spender and others similarly prominent. Yet in the end I learned that this kind of anthology can be read from start to finish and perhaps ought to be, since one gets here beyond the life of moments to that of a decade in some central manifestations of its ideas and literature. Likewise, an advantage of major names in this framework is that the reader can forget them the better to observe associations or contrasts between one entry and another or, at times, between one and another area of speculation or literature. The anthology will attract the reader seeking evidence of pattern and analogy, or of intellectual and creative accomplisment in the 1950's, and ready to ignore the primarily expedient shuffling of materials into divisions such as "Arts and Letters" or "Men and Ideas."

Quite possibly the future will determine on scholarly lines exactly the relation of *Encounter* to the decade of its origin and expansion as well as the nature of its convictions and influence, as we are now seeing done for magazines of the 1920's like *The Dial.* In that event, the anthology might reappear with an introduction of greater scope and historical weight than the present assemblage bothers to offer. Still, the scarcity now of editorial trimmings is the opportunity of the reader for deductions and generalizations; and with contents so ample he can discover a great deal, especially if he undertakes to see the volume through. The short Preface by Mr. Lasky, Stephen Spender's co-editor in this Anglo-American partnership, is hardly more than an invitation to get on with the reading. Beyond referring to *Encounter* as "an open-minded international adventure" and admitting a debt to T. S. Eliot's belief in the need for reviews to transmit and circulate ideas while still fresh, Lasky does not dwell on specific aims or policies nor suggest that the order and arrangement of materials requires scrutiny. One seems encouraged simply to accept the anthology as an attempt to bring together the best in new thinking and writing of its time, this breadth of outlook perhaps helping to account for the rising circulation of the magazine during its ten year flourishing.

But the Preface concludes with a suggestive statement. A review, Lasky says, is a way of talking with the world, "alive with a sense of conversation, a feeling for the continuous dialogue which alone, in our days of agitated pictures and violent excitements, can sustain an imaginative interest in words and texts." Approached from this viewpoint, the anthology reveals a great deal in addition to the evident quality of the style throughout. New thinking, which is not necessarily final thinking, is likely to bring with it fresh equipment in language and methods of expression. Snow's "two cultures" is one outgrowth of this tendency, but there are many other less obvious signs of innovation. Several of the essays—like those by Edward Shils on British intellectuals, Nancy Mitford on the English aristocracy, or Wayland Young on English

prostitution—explore some phenomena connected with class or social dispersal and realignment. Shiftings of this kind frequently involve issues of language, so that not surprisingly the strategy of "continuous dialogue" again and again throws into relief tokens of new verbal usages and shadings or of concern with such matters.

The seven essays bound loosely together in the first section of the anthology, "Persons and Places," most directly exhibit varying traits of the continuous dialogue; and in these items method is fully as interesting as substance. Whether dealing with past or present, the writing is in the main observational and so particularly well fitted to demonstrate the resources of word as opposed to photograph in a field where the claims of each have been disputed. Perhaps not altogether by chance, a letter by Laurie Lee on a 1957 visit to a Cannes film festival leads off here; for after proceeding to create a montage of notes on the artificialities of the Cannes scene, the writer makes confession of his hesitancy to start a poem, momentarily reflecting that the printed word was out of date. "Instruction now was for medieval peasants, a shade on a wall, and a preaching voice."

This prediction falters before the merits of the pieces that follow; for besides being less cinematic in form than Mr. Lee's, these other reportorial works demonstrate that high skill make possible a rapport between writer and reader which easily rivals the efforts of photography. Understandably, all of the entries in this section—as indeed most of the expository material in the volume—are first-person writing; but especially where the content is substantially visual, the personal method attains to notable refinements in the qualities of intimacy and controlled digression, as may be seen in Kenneth Tynan's "Bull Fever," ostensibly dealing with the Madrid bullfighting milieu in 1955 but actually playing upon this theme improvisations reaching into drama and symbolism. In work of this type the reader may detect some reliance on prose devices of the 1930's, a period recalled in the essay by Goronwy Rees, "Innocent in Prussia," and in Mary McCarthy's "Confession," which sports with communist temptations during the Spanish Civil War. For literary purposes the 1930's, thoroughly conscious of cinema and the ascendancy of the talking picture, often turned in both prose and poetry to intimate and informal modes of expression—letter, diary, notebook, and journal—sometimes in order to establish more direct individual contact with an audience. Although such writing may be documentary in essence, the author's presence in the scene mediates between reader and reported event and so produces a situation where persons are in close touch. For his "An Indian Notebook," an account of his visit to India and interviews with statesmen like Menon and Nehru in 1956, Melvin Lasky not only employs the informal notebook style but also assumes a role of alert but unpretentious participant in current affairs which revives that adopted on occasion by Isherwood and his contemporaries in the 1930's: "In the last minutes of a journey one finally learns how to ask the questions with which one should have begun. I sit fastened on to my plane seat and search through my pockets and papers for scraps of notes, books of envelopes, calling cards, and hotel messages."

By a different method, though one quite as effective as letter or notebook, Robert Graves handles factual material yet secures intimacy with the reader not so much by animating the writer *persona* as by an eminently Gravesian technique through which the essay approximates to mental therapy. In "The Whitaker Negroes," Graves exploits a set of anthropological data concerning a nearly extinct stock of people in Mississippi who are subject to "turtle-disease," an illness affecting the skin and so causing a frightening appearance. Information of this sort may interest the general reader as it does Graves; but the data are woven in with an episode of banished terror in Grave's personal history so as to imply the possibility of a corresponding trauma in the experience of the reader. Beginning with a reference to the hauntings which afflicted him after war service, Graves goes on to describe a portrait seen by him in a shop in Ireland, the face in the picture continuing to obsess and frighten him for years. Chancing to learn that friends had seen virtually the same face in other circumstances, he came to dread some kind of common visitation until a train of concrete facts enabled him to identify the original picture as that of a Whitaker Negro and so of a living person connected with others still to be found in a specific region. Clear knowledge thus dispelled his nightmare forever and replaced terror with pity as the full truth emerged. By means of this pattern of dissolving fantasy, Graves conveys an impression of the

kinship of individuals passing from fear to mental calm.

The first section of the anthology does, then, serve well to engage the reader. But from this relatively objective plane he moves at once into the thick of controversy; and for anyone seeking especially for insight into the social and cultural complexities of the 1950's, the second and third divisions—"Problems and Polemics" and "Arts and Letters"—may well seem the heart of the volume. At the same time, these sections are somewhat provoking as well as provocative for reasons both of organization and of instructional value. Strictly speaking, and except for considerations of symmetry, both divisions might have been combined under the single heading "Problems and Polemics," although the "Arts and Letters" framework does perhaps call attention to the particular cultural bearing of the issues that loom up at this point, since culture is the *leit-motif* over this stretch of the way. But the latter compartment happens to match some odd pairs: Auden's parabolic reading of *Henry IV* in "The Fallen City" side by side with Katherine Anne Porter's assault on Lawrence and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (that seemingly inseparable combination), and Stuart Hampshire's appreciative treatment of *Doctor Zhivago* next to Leslie Fiedler's tirade against genteel attackers of comic books. A liking for contrast, or perhaps simply a desire to keep the pressure level, could explain such pairings; but logically Miss Porter and Mr. Fiedler could readily have joined the problems and polemics camp.

This, I hope, is not to quibble over editorial tactics; for the fact that a reader may want to re-order the essays according to a scheme of his own could indicate an impulse to give some kind of shape to the assortment of ideas lying about and at the same time a suspicion that he lacks the connective material to fit things squarely together, although it is probably doubtful whether anyone at the moment is ready to propose a design. In seeing at least a more detailed picture, the reader of the magazine issue by issue with "memorable little contributions" for fill-in may have some advantage over the reader of the anthology; for generally valuable as are the essays here collected, they are highlights spotted over a chart still indistinct. Selections most illuminating are often those which try simply to interpret the meaning of recent developments of social or cultural importance. In "British Intellectuals," Edward Shils describes the ascendent culture in Britain as a unified *élite* of top intellectuals and government men which provokes insecurity or dissatisfaction in those below this status. Daniel Bell in "American Dissent" deals with the present difference between American and European radicalism, the anti-ideological trend in the United States in the forties and fifties, and the influence of the mass society concept. These and such pieces as Snow's "Afterthoughts on the 'Two Cultures' Controversy" provide background to the situation within which post-war cultural tensions have arisen. Other essays on more limited topics with cultural implications are frequently tendentious and on this account lively if not always persuasive. This material touches on questions from intellectual to popular and veers from comments on serious literature to meditations on the western movie and the comic book.

These debates on problems of shifting culture are particularly interesting for their habit of becoming engaged somewhere or other with controversy pertaining to abuses or fluctuations of language, obviously and rightly a prickly subject in these times, especially when linked with efforts to come to terms with the complications of obscenity and pornography surrounding the printed word. Although the dispute may sound somewhat remote to the American reader not troubled at home by distinctions between glasses and spectacles or sweet and pudding, it is evident that Nancy Mitford's 1955 article, "The English Aristocracy," flicked British sensitivity to matters of speech by its stress on a questionable separation of "U" (upper class) from "non-U" usage. Evelyn Waugh, in any event, was sufficiently roused to enter the lists with a prompt reply to Nancy Mitford which is a spirited display of his powers of wit and precision in argument. In citing examples of ducal preferences for the argot of the Bowery or of families who condemn the usage of non-members with the epithet "NLU" (not like us), Waugh contends that in England sets and families, not class, determine what happens to vocabulary and syntax; and on the face of it, his resistance to the abstract idea of horizontal class stratification in language appears properly cognizant of the quirks of a society inherently as stubbornly individualistic as Mr. Waugh himself.

Waugh's case might draw support of a kind—and his objection to the point would

seem unlikely—from Wayland Young's study of English prostitution, "Sitting On A Fortune," another essay that could have been moved without harm to the problems and polemics section. In the separate world of the London prostitute, it appears, a measure of individualism obtains and expresses itself in the enlargement of a vocabulary of special terms. Not only is the old-fashioned courtesan wholly obsolete, but also the traditional "whore" has acquired something of a literary flavor in an age of specialization. The call-girl dissociates herself from the street-girl, precisely now a "slack"; and the call-house madam, likewise classified professionally, becomes a "switch-bawd," as telephone operators probably know. Such information is handy, but even more telling is the complete acceptance of privilege to ignore prudery in a sociological article published in 1959. On his chosen topic Mr. Young is more than merely objective; he is as genial and witty as a popular doctor chatting over a martini. By his analysis, prostitution is a market in illusion where a buyer receives some value for his money but only a minimal return in contrast to the better income promised by an investment in real love. Interestingly, by tacking on this lesson Young can get away with terms thought improper in D. H. Lawrence, possibly because Lawrence tried to be too proper about them. Lawrence may indeed have suffered from deficiency in wit, or have accomplished his objectives more thoroughly than he would have liked to think.

The forthright chattiness of the foregoing essay and its almost clinical detachment might favor a supposition that some recent defenses of allegedly pornographic literature have been less championings of free expression, which Young's frankness makes sound anachronistic, than attempts to guard against the abolition of darker elements in nature through a levelling rationalism. At least in Geoffrey Gorer's reasoning in "The Pornography of Death," which distinguishes between pornography and obscenity, pornographic habits originate through a refusal to grant recognition to the biological permanencies in human existence. Gorer maintains that whereas the Victorians encouraged pornography by their prudishness about copulation and birth, they were not at all squeamish about death. Children were allowed to think about death or to visit deathbeds, and funerals were occasions for pomp and display both in life and literature. The moderns, to the contrary, have removed prudery from sex only to transfer it to death and its processes. Where our great-grandparents were told that babies were found under cabbages, children today are likely to hear that those who have "passed on" are changed into flowers. Corruption and decay are now the disgusting occurrences. In this judgment Mr. Gorer seems to be bringing up to date what a number of novelists have said before; and his conclusion—that we should restore to death its publicity, grief, and mourning rather than making it unmentionable and so promoting the horror comic—sounds a little tidy. Yet prudery, thus extended over a broader front, may help to explain compensating forces either in literature or in forms of entertainment. Robert Warshow skirts this point in his analysis of the western movie in "The Gentleman with a Gun," where he resorts to the popular term "violence" in discussing the appeal of the story and its hero. But he rather has things both ways by at once excusing and deploring the contemporary attraction to such effects.

Much more boldly than either Gorer or Warshow, Leslie Fiedler in "The Middle Against Both Ends" tries to confront the problem that in one way or another troubles these essayists. Taking American comic books for his theme, Mr. Fiedler argues that these comics, though the staple chiefly of a post-literate popular culture, contain essentially the same legacy from the archetypal and the unconscious that one discovers in the serious literature of the century. Seeking reasons why comics are attacked, he accuses the genteel bourgeois of fearing the dark and the violent as a threat to an insecure and pallid culture that has failed to impose itself in a uniform fashion. Certainly Fiedler's thunder deserves sympathy when he winces at the thought of an expurgated Mother Goose with "three kind mice" or novels about "the operation of supermarkets or manureless farms." Yet his picture of a widespread genteel conspiracy against all literature, high or low, of mythical depth looks far-fetched; and one also rather suspects that he would be uncomfortable with too many people on his side. It is not immediately evident that enemies of comic books must likewise be at war with high art, nor that objections to comics have behind them anything so imposing as a dread of chthonian powers. Moreover, the word "genteel," despite its specifically American connotations, implies a kind of weakness in the enemy front that may be considerably

less than the truth. Probably Fiedler is quite right about the opposition to much literature of this century. But genteel is perhaps too light an epithet for really formidable attackers, if one bears in mind C. P. Snow's statement in "Afterthoughts on the 'Two Cultures' Controversy" that cultural division should be checked to prevent art and primitivism from becoming one. Still, the underlying motive for Fiedler's protest is understandable if recognized as one shared by other writers, the creative particularly, who haves scented impoverishment in cultural uniformity. Like Orwell, in his day a student of sub-literate forms of expression, Fiedler seems to fear the triumph of the aspidistra—or, now better perhaps, the plastic tulip.

While Fiedler broods upon perils in the spread of mental hygiene, Katherine Anne Porter hits at *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in a splendidly scathing essay, "A Wreath for the Gamekeeper," far and away the most vigorous of the controversial pieces. Writing after the court decision, Miss Porter has not kicked when her opponent was down; and she indicts the novel cruelly not for bad morals but as dull literature, as a dreary sociological tract. To Lawrence himself I think she is sometimes unfair; but she does at least respect him enough to walk up and slap his face, the critical equivalent of the plate smashing that he so loved in Frieda and a treatment, one supposes, that he would have liked better than the soft-footed hoverings of solemn benefactors. Miss Porter renders good service in discouraging critical cant while at the same time exposing the silliness of censorship proceedings against a book which, by her reckoning, was stillborn long ago. On the Connie-Mellors passages she seems perceptive in observing a distinction between obscenity and pornography which ought to be clear to any reader of *Fanny Hill.* In a metaphor worthy of Lawrence himself Miss Porter gets straight at what she considers the basic flaw: "the great, wild, free-wheeling Spirit of Pornography has here been hitched to a rumbling little domestic cart and trundled off to chapel, its ears pinned back and its mouth washed out with soap." This grand style invective draws strength from her resistance to what she spots as a perversion of language: "this pious attempt to purify and canonize obscenity, to catch the Roaring Boy, to take the low comedy out of sex." In her own way, it seems, Miss Porter joins with other of the cultural essayists in objecting to the domestication of traditional mysteries, as she connects this with the late Lawrentian brand of personal hygiene.

The end of the "Arts and Letters" division brings the anthology to mid-point after nearly three hundred pages of commentary and debate. The remaining three sections provide a contrast, now perhaps welcome to the reader, in devoting themselves to essays mainly literary, stories, and poems. The title of the fourth section, "Men and Ideas," applies closely enough to a collection of six essays, all of them in the tradition of the non-specialized portrait of a writer or thinker in terms of his mind and achievement and all shaped to the best standards of expository prose. Matthew Arnold could have read them without a frown. Possibly the reader will find them associated chiefly in mutual virtues of insight and reasoned judgment, since thematically their range is broad. Each figure presented belongs to the past, the furthest removed being Tacitus, the nearest to the present, Ludwig Wittgenstein, who—perhaps partly for that reason—arrests the imagination through Erich Heller's analysis of Wittgenstein's ultimate predicament before the riddle of language and reality. None of the contributors practices close examination of individual texts, and the purely creative writer to receive attention is H G. Wells. For the rest, Herbert Luethy discusses Montaigne; Isaiah Berlin, Alexander Herzen; and Lionel Trilling, Santayana.

That these essays concern themselves principally with thinkers of the past is in itself revealing, as well as the fact that the essayists—Continental, English, and American—appear to occupy a certain common ground with regard to interpretative aim. In this connection one may recall the questions put by Stephen Spender in his "European Notebook" in another part of the anthology: "(1) Do we select from the past in order to find figures there to illustrate the ideological theses of the present? Or (2) do we study the past with the will to discover situations and lives in past history from whose viewpoint we can judge and criticize our contemporary situation?" Of these alternatives, the essayists appear to favor the second. Each shows his subject as he was, in relation to the time to which he belonged, the result being that—with the possible exception of Wittgenstein—the men and their ideas move the reader to perceive contrasts to some present day conceptions, especially those derived from abstract or pro-

gressive theories of human nature, so that a tone of conservatism prevails. From this standpoint Herbert Luethy's "Montaigne, or the Art of Being Truthful" seems in place at the beginning of this section; for although this lucid and admirable exposition may not alter radically a reader's image of the great sixteenth-century writer, it pleads earnestly for sympathy towards Montaigne's scepticism and continuing effort at self-discovering as virtues that have become less popular than they once were. Luethy's conclusion leaves no doubt that here, in Montaigne's truthfulness, the past offers a corrective to contemporary disorder as it affects the individual.

Isaiah Berlin's essay on Alexander Herzen, which follows Luethy on Montaigne, views the Russian political writer largely through the medium of a masterpiece, his autobiography. In the study of this nineteenth century figure, the modern application seems to lie in Herzen's belief in the individual, with a life to live in the present, as opposed to the demands of Mazzini and the Socialists for sacrifice to some abstract ideal to be realized in the future:

> Herzen rejects this violently. The purpose of the struggle for liberty is not liberty tomorrow, it is liberty today, the liberty of living individuals with their own individual ends, the ends for which they move and fight and perhaps die, ends which are sacred to them. To crush their freedom, their pursuits, to ruin their ends for the sake of some vague felicity in the future which cannot be guaranteed, about which we known nothing, which is simply the product of some enormous metaphysical construction that itself rests upon sand, for which there is no logical, or empirical or any other rational guarantee—to do that is in the first place blind, because the future is uncertain; and in the second place vicious because it offends against the only moral values we know; because it tramples on human demands in the name of abstractions—freedom, happiness, justice—fanatical generalizations, mystical sounds, idolized sets of words.

Although like the other factual and judicious, Berlin's essay, by almost Plutarchian example, holds up to the reader Herzen's precept that the claims of the individual nullify all trust in final solutions or in political schemes to save mankind.

A similar scepticism regarding vulgar opinion of an optimistic kind shows through at times in the other essays in this group. In "The Smile of Parmendies," Lionel Trilling, making the most of ironies inherent in his subject, repudiates his undergradute antagonism to Santayana and the latter's "aestheticism," and expresses mature appreciation for Santayana's diagnosis of what was lacking in American life—the sense of oneself, the power of self-definition which the philosopher achieved and which sustained him intellectually into extreme old age. Anthony West sums up H. G. Wells as discovering too late that he had wasted his real talent in attempting to persuade the public of the need for rational effort to promote man as a creature of infinite possibility, Wells remaining at heart a pessimist, believing man base and human effort futile. Wittgenstein, for Heller, illustrates the paradox of faith with doubt—faith in language even after loss of all hope in language as a mirror of reality. Finally, in his account of the chronicler of Roman decline, Irving Kristol values Tacitus for understanding the human meaning of tyranny and for getting down from general speculations on history to the details of "persecutions and the persecuted, and people opening veins in baths." Rigid comparisons between essays should certainly be avoided. Yet these works do seem—perhaps in an essential doubt of political or philosophical systematics—to demonstrate a measure of concord in their attitudes to human experience.

The remainder of the anthology—a section made up of six stories and another of twenty-eight poems—cannot help being a little over-shadowed by the bulk of controversial and critical prose brought together in the preceding four divisions. This uneven balance may reflect an emphasis in the decade to which *Encounter* belongs; but it does, in any event, seem to correspond with the distribution of material in the magazine itself. In consequence, the sampling of short fiction and verse may hold greater interest for the student of contemporary taste or the history of periodicals than for the reader in search of wider acquaintance with the literature of the 1950's. Within their limits the fiction and poetry are very much more than respectable, but the pickings are slim for anyone curious about the range or promise of one or another of the writers selected. Yet this shortcoming, inherent in nearly all anthologies, is in some degree outweighed

by the evidence given the reader of certain trends or intentions in recent literary practice; and even the small assortment of stories has a good deal to show if the reader cares to pause for a few critical generalizations along the way. As one would expect, the stories display considerable diversity in content, this being partly due to the "international" cast of authors included—two American, two English, and two South African. Yet the tales have a few broad traits in common, notably the absence in them of formal experimentation of the older modernist variety. In texture they are open, accessible to the intelligence, and self-contained; and none of them investigates private or subjective experience. Innovation is apparent chiefly in those stories which fall into line with contemporary modes of parable or fable.

Quite clearly, in these examples, the long modernist grip upon the short story—the hold of Joyce and Hemingway in particular—has been broken, with Kafka among the liberating influences; and if Cyril Connolly looks a mandarin exception in the group, it is only as a parodist of mandarins. Perhaps the victory has cost something. The stories, at least, are generally more perceptive than adventurous. What remains of the tradition of sensibility seems confiined to Nadine Gordimer's "A Thing of the Past"; yet sensibility here is merely incidental to the author's principal concern with the effect of wartime and post-war transition upon character, the background being Egypt and the occasion the exodus of the foreign community after the nationalization of the Canal. The story is one of a French wife, divorced and remarried during the war to a South African architect, who lingers on in her family house at Cairo despite the fact that her husband, stagnating for want of occupation, wants them to get away for a start in another place. Since the wife's attachment to the house is more deeply associated with her first marriage, her second husband comes to perceive at last that the emotional bond of the past irrevocably conditions the present. Although Miss Gordimer's characters are thin, her choice of point of view, that of the husband, makes evident that her chief concern is with the atmosphere of transition and displacement in itself. Her people are absorbed into the whole situation of the war and its aftermath, and this historical overtone gives her work a special place in the group.

To this story two of the others could be loosely related in that all achieve their ends through presentation of individual character. The second two pieces recall the Jamesian theme of art and the artist but with what might almost be read as implied mockery of the James and post-Jamesian respect for the higher dignities of the artist's calling. In "Fresh Fields," Dan Jacobson writes in tune with the mood of the Angries in a tale bearing upon the phoniness of idealism in literary matters. The narrator, an unknown young South African writer, comes to England to try his luck, bringing with him an admiration for an older colonial lion, Frederick Traill, a poet and novelist who had emigrated long before to win some reputation in London. Although Traill now lives secluded in the country and publishes little, the narrator seeks him out, finding him taciturn and reluctant to begin an acquaintance. Later when the narrator sends some of his own stories for Traill to read, the latter calmly steals the ideas and uses them in poems that win him new success, while the narrator, who has hurled all of his back work at the shameless Traill, continues to live on hope. The story, which conveys well the isolation of the two expatriates, is significant less in form than in tone, which is that of a bitter joke. Cyril Connolly's "Shade Those Laurels," actually the self-dependent first chapter of a novel in progress, likewise takes the artist for theme; but here the subject is the private and luxurious life of a famous novelist, Sir Mortimer Gussage, who dies on the night of his fifty-fifth birthday through an act of spite by a discharged secretary. As a devotee in life and art of the nineteenth century French literary school from Flaubert to Huysmans, Sir Mortimer is a period piece whom the reader is teased to identify with someone or other living not too long ago; and Mr. Connolly flamboyantly parodies the exotic and perverse behavior and talk of this mandarin and his circle. Although so different in method and style, both Jacobson and Connolly seem to write aware of a contemporary taste for derisive comedy.

No less sardonic but displaying more obvious novelty in form, the remaining three stories by Edmund Wilson, James Agee, and Nigel Dennis might stand together as related to a type of modern fable which probably owes something to the example of Kafka and, more recently, to the work of a novelist like William Golding. Hence Wilson's "The Messiah at the Seder" strikes a significant opening note for the group as

a whole, for it is both representative of a trend and a finely conceived tale in its own right. At the outset a small circle of intellectuals are together in a city apartment to celebrate the Passover Seder. The prescribed ritual for the meal—precisely rendered by Mr. Wilson—is observed with reasonable care for externals, even to the placing of a chair at an open door for the coming of the Prophet Elijah to announce the advent of the Messiah. Embarrassingly, on this occasion the Prophet arrives—an old man robed like an Arab—and shortly afterwards the Messiah himself, a young man who began life as a prodigy and later turned to work on the atom bomb until called by the Lord to his present mission. To his announcement that the redemption is at hand and that the company at the Seder must prepare at once to return to Israel, the intellectuals listen politely but sceptically; and the Messiah leaves shaken by an inflexible cross-examination from experts in their fields. Later in his shabby room on East Ninety-Second Street the rejected Messiah confers with the Voice of Divinity which informs him that the Judgment Day has been postponed and the Messiah himself demoted to an insecure place among other men.

For this kind of story the tone must be absolutely right not only to avoid an impression of foolery but also to guard against confusion of the proper effect, and Wilson's tactics to meet these difficulties are impeccable throughout. The refinements of the Seder celebration, so carefully described, establish the key for the rest of the action up to the final dialogue between the Messiah and the Voice; for the sophistication of the proceedings, in which coarser elements have been eliminated to keep the spirit without the crudities of the flesh (children have been excluded; chicken replaces the Paschal lamb), make it appear that the modern has not in actuality denied the possibility of the miraculous but has instead created rational safeguards against the shock of its impact upon polite and sensitive manners. The Prophet Elijah is genuine but in this company a little clownish; and the Messiah is gauche, too sincere and hence too like a promoter of the day of redemption. He has the truth, but he sells it in the wrong way. In forsaking him—and Wilson permits the reader to sympathize with the Messiah's plight—the Voice seems to recognize that it has not picked the top man for the job, not a candidate for higher level diplomacy; and the Messiah is thrown out not amid thunders of divine wrath but with a cool and impersonal assignment to the bush leagues. At times the story is reminiscent of the mood of Steven's "Sunday morning," and Wilson, among other things, appears to mock at enthusiasts. But a running parody of contemporary American speech with its stereotypes also points to utter divorce between word and the Word:

> "Couldn't you give us an idea," asked the analyst, "of the way in which this system of interpretation would work in a specific instance?"
>
> "It's useless to discuss it," the Messiah declared. "You'll be able to learn something about it when you see it applied in practice. But actually you'll never be able fully to comprehend it. The wisdom of the Lord, as you know, passes understanding."

Wilson's subtlety and range of implication are beyond the scope of the other two fable-like stories, which rely largely upon inventive audacity to carry their point. The late James Agee's "Mother's Tale" is in the vein of the traditional beast fable but with a modification of the standard pattern, plainer in Orwell's *Animal Farm,* in that the animals are in part humanized victims of bestial man and not altogether satirical models of the human condition on another level. On the cattle range a mother cow attempts to warn her calves against the temptation of a journey to the stockyards and the Man with the Hammer, using for example a legendary tale of the one animal who came back to die terribly wounded and flayed—a kind of bovine Christ figure. Agee's reserved narrative method has no trace of Kipling's practice, say, of getting inside a horse and so compelling it to talk Kiplingese. To impart a direct sense of cruelty inflicted upon flesh and bone, Agee wants no softening intervention of familiar human attributes in his animal realm. This strategy succeeds fairly well but for a few apparent slips in detachment, as when the mother warns, *"Never be driven. Let those who can, kill Man. Let those who cannot, avoid him,"* so that the cow sounds over-intellectualized But Agee's touch is softer than that of Nigel Dennis in "The Pukey," a satirical anecdote with a trace of science fiction and a masterpiece of nausea. Pukeys being the

fashion, the Troy family calls in the pukey-man to demonstrate a creature with six rows of pink gums but no vital organs, though it can think, do sexual tricks, and emit stenches. The Troys reason away their instinctive revulsion:

> "No teeth; that's curious!" muttered Mr. Troy. Then, with no warning, it vomited all over the carpet—a perfectly filthy, greenish-yellow mess—causing Mrs. Troy to cry spontaneously: "Oh, the filthy little beast!" and Miss Troy to say: "Oh, Mum, don't fuss!" and Mr. Troy to say: "I told you it would foul everything up. Take the little brute away!" "An ounce of patience, if you please," asked the pukey-man, "or how can it grow on you?" "I'm sure that's true—and I don't mean I don't like it," said Mrs. Troy, rallying. "Isn't it actually *good* for the carpet?" Miss Troy asked the pukey-man, "I know the Vicar said, reasonably used, it was." "That is perfectly correct, Miss Troy," said the pukey-man, "it's not the vomit but the abuse of it." "Now there's a remark I always like to hear," said Mr. Troy.

As a fantasy on the economy of abundance, the tale is appallingly funny. It is a brilliant exhibition of timing; and no one would wish it longer.

The final "Poems" section affords an opportunity, in the first place, for a passing comment on the attractive format of the anthology as a whole, which is well printed on pages with substantial margins. This arrangement permits an especially favorable setting for the verse component, since, with but two exceptions, each of the twenty-six poets is represented by only one work which is often allotted a page to itself, a correct and likewise handsome provision. But in the very nature of things, a selection of poetry from a magazine with a bias towards ideas cannot pretend to reveal as much as a reader might wish to see of the creative field in recent development; yet though this drawback remains, it is difficult to imagine that the poetry division could have been made other or better than it is. As with the anthology generally, the principle governing the choice of verse material seems to have been to take from among the best of current production without regard to cliquish preferences; and as a result the group is considerably diversified both with respect to authorship and to formal variety, although the absence of a poem of major scope is perhaps significant of a lull in this department after the experimentation in longer forms during the inter-war period. As for the contributors, the balance rests fairly evenly between younger writers and poets already recognized in the 1930's and 1940's, or even in the 1920's, in the instances of Graves and Edwin Muir.

The effect of scrappiness which goes with anthologized verse of this order also includes the handicap that the poem or two admitted to the collection rarely affords a satisfactory basis for judgment on the range or previous accomplishment of the poet so represented, especially in view of the fact that nearly all of the writers have published one or more volumes of their work. Such a piece as Robert Lowell's ode to Ford Madox Ford, though a notable modern exercise in the Jonsonian manner, does not in itself bear direct witness to Lowell's important phase in the 1940's, nor does the verse dialogue "Angel and Man," by Vernon Watkins, seem to me to stand in with more memorable productions by this skilled Welsh poet. Yet the sheer timeliness of magazine publication does often bring to the reader's notice items of value that he might find nowhere else, as, for instance, the brief Cyril Connolly translation from Propertius. Or, as a particularly important inclusion, the dramatic monologue in light ballad meter, "Ludwig the Second," may direct fuller attention to William Plomer, the novelist and poet whose work too seldom appears in standard verse anthologies. Evidence of new developments with established poets—Stephen Spender's "Subject: Object: Sentence" and its syntactical imagery—also may gain a hearing in this fashion. As a whole, in fact, the verse section of *Encounters* has an air of relaxation from the dictates of centralized literary authority, and this enables the reader to meet with various kinds of novelty and surprise on a moderate scale. With the running out of the Imagist tradition and its formidable "don'ts," poetry seems at the moment in a stage of freedom, not altogether devoid of hazards, and often concerned with neglected forms or the cultivation of sophisticated statement, as approved by William Empson.

Formally, almost nothing in this poetry recalls the modernism of the earlier decades of the century, though much of it seems to carry forward from that stage of transition which came in the later 1930's and the 1940's while Auden and Dylan Thomas

were leading voices. Some British poets in the anthology, like R. S. Thomas and W. S. Graham, have, I think, profited a little from Dylan Thomas; but more interesting is the posthumous appearance here of Dylan Thomas himself through the fragment of an unfinished elegy upon which he was working at the time of his death. The occasion for the poem, an old man's death, bears comparison with the theme of "Do not go gentle into that good night"; but the tone is less defiant and somehow more suggestive of the graver accent in "A Refusal to Mourn." It would be bad guessing to suppose that, using a similar theme but dropping the villanelle of "Do not go gentle," Thomas was experimenting with "A Refusal to Mourn" in mind; but the fragment indicates a new departure in the elegiac mode with technique well adjusted to other requirements. Seemingly the work was to progress in three line stanzas but not on the pattern of the villanelle; for each three lines forms a portion of a quatrain completed in the first line of the succeeding stanza, a complicated weaving process perhaps suited to a poem of some length. In his notes on the published material, Vernon Watkins, Thomas's close friend, states that Thomas left sixty pages of manuscript work on the poem; and from lines and words in the manuscript he has constructed an extension running to twenty-three lines beyond the seventeen completed by Thomas himself. Besides being an economical way of bringing the scattered manuscript jottings before the general reader, Watkins' reconstruction demonstrates that whereas Thomas might be parodied, he cannot be patched, since a comparison of the original with the extension shows at once the difference between genuine and pseudo-Dylan. Watkins has performed an interesting laboratory exercise, but it is difficult to see how anyone could carry it further. In itself the fragment is quite fascinating enough.

Auden's great versatility in the adaptation of a wide assortment of verse forms to his own original purposes must count largely in present developments, so that two of his poems of the 1950's—"Streams" from the "Bucolics" sequence and "Vespers" from "Horace Canonicae," both subsequently published in *The Shield of Achilles* volume of 1955—are fit opening pieces for this section. How strongly some of his devices have attracted other poets, often American, can be seen, I believe, in W. S. Merwin's "The Mountain," where although the central image—the mountain, suggesting perhaps a source of contemporary *Angst* — is original, the method of running commentary with learned asides upon a topographical symbol seems reminiscent of Auden in one familiar vein. Yet what distinguishes Auden is his power of making natural images appear not simply objects for generalized reflection but elements as real in themselves as human attributes and perhaps in the end more dependable, at least as Auden contemplates the record of human guilt and error. Behind his poems, with all of their intricate craftsmanship, one feels the pressure of long and intense personal experience, so that when in "Streams" he celebrates "Dear water, clear water" as both consoling and free of man's power to harm, he convinces the reader of a sincerity acquired through close knowledge of suffering. With other poets in the group who have like intellectual interests and a concern with the state of present day humanity, one is aware more of wit and mental agility than of direct involvement in what they observe.

At the same time it would be false to the character of the "Poems" section to create an image of Auden as a solitary old master bowing in a clamorous flock of precocious juveniles out to storm his fort, however attractive such a picture might be. If Auden stands apart from the other poets in the collection as a voice entirely distinct, he is still, as regards the movement of poetry in his lifetime, in the position of authority after Yeats and Eliot which he assumed in the 1930's; and he remains so capable of surprise that he seems in no hurry to adopt the role of master emeritus. One never knows when he may experience another metamorphosis.

Of the other poets with him in the anthology, a few are of his present age or older; and, according to the "Notes on Authors" at the end of the anthology, scarcely a one of the younger writers is under thirty and most of them well over that mark. This gives a certain academy flavor to the assembly and along with this the appearance of intelligence and skill which their work almost uniformly displays. One wonders a little whether the consequences of the inevitable revolt against imagist and post-imagist precept has not to some extent brought round again the low pressure predicament which the Imagists denounced and which Yeats surmounted by sheer genius. But the dominant note of the *Encounters* poetry seems to be that of anti-revolt for revolt's sake, and one

comes to this verse not to be startled into new modes of vision but for the pleasure of sophisticated reflection or commentary on temporal affairs or for varieties of formal elegance in shorter poems. Maturity is a rule seldom broken, except by Kingsley Amis who amuses himself with light verse parody. But one should not overlook the indications of individual experiment within traditional frames—by Theodore Roethke and W. S. Graham in love poems, by R. S. Thomas and William Plomer in verse portraiture, and by Philip Larkin in lyric narrative like "The Whitsun Weddings" in which he makes the outward topic of a train journey from Lincolnshire to London with wedding parties collected along the route yield an undertheme of change and apprehension. In this poem, as in several others, one detects the continuing influence of Yeats. Often, too, single pieces are notable for subtlety in rhythm and imagery, as in James Dickey's "Facing Africa," with its night and harbor setting in which the poet, his son beside him on a jetty, looks

Toward where we imagine Africa
To bloom late at night
Like a lamp of sand held up,
A top-heavy hourglass, perhaps,
With its heaped, eternal grains
Falling, falling

In the lower, green part
Which gives off quick, leafy flashes
Like glimpses of lightning.
We strain to encounter that image
Halfway from its shore to ours:
To understand

The undermined glowing of sand
Lifted at midnight
Somewhere far out above water,
The effortless flicker of trees
Where a rumour of beasts moves slowly
Like wave upon wave.

As a final comment, one can only assure the reader that with an anthology of this kind—virtually an all-star team—he has nothing whatever to risk and much to gain. Perhaps this result is preordained if a publication sets out, as the editors of *Encounters* have done, to select no more than fifty-five from an international or—as the Preface will have it—an intercontinental list of contributors. This step may be as significant an indication of one sort of cultural development in the 1950's as anything that the content of the book has to show; and as a cultural document there seems no doubt of the singular importance of this anthology.

But if the spirit of *Encounters* is avowedly international, consequences of a sort are also apparent. One gets, I think, consistently high quality at some cost in surprise; for to be international is evidently to secure a wide variety of contemporary opinion—and this range is certainly an attractive feature of the volume—but without the rougher vitality of a narrower, possibly more local, set of convictions. That the volume does have a character of its own, a fairly even temper that permeates controversial and creative material alike, I have tried to suggest; and this character may reflect interestingly the mood of a period, or of the intellectual side of that period, which seems critical and skeptical more than vigorous and contentious, this being in keeping, no doubt, with a decade of uncertainty. The reader most surely obtains an excellent grasp of issues in debate on the cultural front, the front that is probably now of most concern. And the light here is relatively steady. Ideas are fresh, arresting, forcibly presented, if only occasionally startling; but possibly the most immediate need has been for this interchange of rational views to offset disorder and misunderstanding rather than the clatter of contending factions. If, as Daniel Bell maintains, dissent now suffers through acceptance and the *avant-garde* artist is everywhere joyously acclaimed, then *Encounter* may be the proper antidote to any vulgar surfeit of novelty and innovation.

HOW TO MAKE A PIECE OF ART

by James A. Schwalbach and Michael Kazar

Michael F. Andrews, *Creative Printmaking.*
Prentice-Hall, 1964. $7.95.

John Rood, *Sculpture with a Torch.*
University of Minnesota Press, 1963. $5.75.

Morris Davidson, *Painting with a Purpose.*
Prentice-Hall, 1964. $7.95.

Changing social patterns, increased leisure time, and a rising economy have produced a boom in participation in all types of recreation programs, including programs in the visual arts. Unfortunately, this activity has produced and will continue to produce much bad art, for our affluent society has within it the seeds of its own aesthetic destruction. The do-it-yourself pitchmen have encouraged contemporary Everyman to believe he can build anything, make anything, and even design anything. All he needs are the proper technical directions. Our popular books, magazines, newspapers, and some evening classes and hobby groups have, of course, encouraged this attitude.

Since these three books are all essentially "how-to-do-it" books, it will be interesting to note along the way the safeguards the authors (all of them mature, well known artists and educators) have taken to avoid swelling the already large number of junk producers. Happily, all three include excellent examples to illustrate their points (although the Rood book is a bit heavy with illustrations of his own work and does not include much from stylistic trends that differ sharply from his own.)

Michael Andrews opens *Creative Printmaking* with a basic discussion of the need to combining adequate technical knowledge of the printmaking processes with strong creative expression:

> Creative printmaking [he writes] is thus actually comprised of two entirely different but inseparable disciplines. There is the aesthetic experience, on the one hand, and the technical approach to artistic production, on the other. These are integrated for the express purpose of communicating vital experiences. It takes both to produce a great work of art.

Using excellent illustrations, Andrews discusses five types of printing processes: Relief, Stencil, Photographic, Planographic, and Intaglio. In each of these five major divisions he starts out with a number of different projects, all of which are simple enough for quite young children to master. There is really nothing new here, and seasoned art teachers will learn no new techniques. But it may be useful to find all of the old simple techniques polished up and presented in an interesting and contemporary manner.

In each of his five divisions Andrews also presents, in a much too abbreviated and over-simplified form, the more mature and complicated processes of printmaking. If his purpose is a general understanding of the various traditional methods, this purpose probably is accomplished, but the reader should not expect to gain much insight into the techniques of these difficult methods. Since this book seems to be aimed at the very young artist in school and in camp this may be a defensible weakness. The book also contains an excellent glossary of terms used in printmaking and a very useful bibliography of additional books on printmaking.

John Rood's *Sculpture with a Torch* will appeal to the more mature artist interested in working in the very popular welded forms of sculpture. Rood is very business-like and systematic in his approach but manages to give a bit of space to a discussion of the creative quality that must accompany technical skill:

> The use of the flame as a tool to produce the kind of calligraphy only flame can make is essential if one is to say of the final product: It could only have been

made by the welding process. Just as one medium is best suited for a particular kind of sculpture, another is suited to another kind. Egyptians needed stone, as did the Greeks; Medieval and Gothic sculptors needed stone and wood; for the expression of certain ideas, bronze was most suitable. But for the sculpture inspired by the contemplation of the metamorphic process, welding with actual flame seems right to me.

With this statement as to the limitations and the strengths of his material and method, Rood puts in proper perspective the technical information he so lavishly includes in his book. He then proceeds with a very complete and detailed discussion of the technical aspects of the process, covering both oxyacetylene and electric arc welding. In one chapter he develops, step by step, a small simple piece, while in another he discusses the problems of making large architectural pieces. Much space is devoted to pictures and detailed discussions of many of Rood's own pieces. While this self-advertisement seems acceptable, the several examples of work of other sculptors also reflect the Rood style, giving the reader a somewhat unbalanced view of the art.

Through a series of planned exercises Morris Davidson attempts to bridge the gap between consciously controlled painting and the recent contemporary painting which places "a heavy emphasis upon individual feeling and unconscious expression without restraint," e.g. action-painting. Using some well chosen ilustrations, *Painting with a Purpose* argues that tenets of pictorial composition are not restricted to a single period, but are fundamental to all periods. For example, he finds similarities of space division in Mondrian and Persian, Indian, and Chinese works of very early periods.

Davidson makes a strong point here, we believe, in pointing out the timelessness of those basic principles and disciplines which are lacking in much contemoprary art. He demonstrates the artists' concern for a sensitive and intelligent organization of the surface areas of their canvases in the work of Mondrian, Afro, Fresnaye, Poliakoff, and DeStael, concluding with the admonition that "concern for basic structure such as the division of the surface area is no barrier to the freest or most personal mode of expression." A truism, but one worth repeating in an era of immoderate expressionism which has encouraged in too many painters a flagrant disregard for the *discipline* of art. Thus, although the book is not offered as a history of art, one of the strongest points of *Painting with a Purpose* is its historical orientation, for history strengthens the author's basic premise that the constants of art are timeless.

Painting with a Purpose is a provocative book, providing exciting stimuli for the student looking for exploratory exercises. It is a refreshing break from those books whose main concern has been with traditional picture making. For example, in Chapter Four, which deals with landscape painting, Davidson chastises those painters who use the camera for preliminary work because "perception in this technological age is obsolete." He complains, quite rightly, that the use of the camera as intermediary eliminates the psychological response to visual stimuli. Without this, only clever contrivances can result.

With the beginning painter and lay reader in mind, Davidson succeeds in translating technical terms and abstract concepts into simple language. This is true not only in the preliminary discussions in each chapter but also in the suggested activities at the end of each chapter. His many illustrations are well placed in relation to the text, and he uses comparative illustrations with discretion and intelligence.

The book's major weakness results from the author's failure to indicate sufficiently the changing modes of painting as they reflect our contemporary culture. While Davidson does discuss painting as an act of discovery, organization, and an end in itself, a more valid statement could have resulted had he viewed painting in the terms in which it was made. Though he hints at such a cultural orientation (in Chapter Six, for example) he does not go into the matter very deeply. Another weakness has to do with the lack of color reproductions. In Chapter Eight, entitled "Exploring Color," Davidson writes, "If form is the attribute that makes abstract art intelligible and deserving attention, color is the element that may induce delight and that should imbue the painting with the unique psyche and spirit of the artist." Thus the lack of color reproductions weakens somewhat his own argument for painting, namely the uniqueness and individuality of the artist and his vision.

NOTES AND DISCUSSION

PATTERN AND INNOVATION

A miscellany of information about university adult education programs in the arts.

(Editor's Note: This department, under the editorship of Freda Goldman of the Center for Study of Liberal Education for Adults, Chicago, brings you reports on practices and directions in programming the arts in university programs for adults. No specific policy respecting content or form has been set in the hope that you will participate in shaping the scope and format by sending along your suggestions and experiences. The column intends to provide a medium in which educators may inform each other of events and departures in their programs that are of general interest.)

Educating Art Audiences

Our subject* today is programs designed especially for the education of audiences for local on-going art. Too occasional to be considered a pattern, and certainly too old to be an innovation, this form of programming yet seems worth a close look here. It has always seemed an eminently proper form of art education for adults, a majority of whom come to art courses to advance enjoyment of art as part of their active lives. And their value has been underlined recently in the light of the appearance of new audiences for the arts.

The special features of these programs are that they are *not* the usual courses in appreciation or in theories of aesthetics, nor are they studio courses for producers, although such study, of course, does contribute to educating the audiences for the arts, and even the programs to be mentioned here include aspects of this focus. Instead, these courses attempt to relate the people with the actual cultural goings-on in the community; they are efforts to communicate with, and educate, specific audiences for particular art events and art institutions. Almost inevitably they involve cooperative enterprises in which artist and community institution join with the university to prepare and improve the audience for art.

By way of preamble, let me tell you about an interview I had on the subject of audience education with a Chicago publicist, as an example of a non-academic's way of dealing with audiences. (In case you've forgotten, as I explained in the last issue, in connection with a current CSLEA project I have been informally interviewing directors, producers, conductors, and others who present the arts to the public, to get their opinions of the extent and quality of present day audiences, and the kind of preparation they think people need to become a "good" audience, according to their own definitions.) I saw this man almost accidentally because, as a press agent, he did not belong on my list of interviewees, but several of the people who did, suggested I talk to him. I can tell here only part of what we talked about, but it may be enough to show you why I was intrigued by this interview.

For twenty-five years, this man has represented concurrently most of the arts enterprises in Chicago: music, theater, opera, ballet—including both resident and traveling companies. (Presently, he is also consultant to a major foundation working to develop regional professional theater.) He looks like an old time press agent—small, rotund, balding; only the cigar is missing. His speech is rough-edged, but not uncouth; his opinions are firm and self-assured.

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*I am somewhat concerned that once again, now for the third time, this column is composed on a subject I chose when the point of this department, as the editor's note above says, is that it be a medium for reports of events and experiences you select as noteworthy. I am sorry circumstances have prevented this message from getting to you sooner; but now that the facts are clear, I do hope you *will* take over.

His main job, he told me, in relation to the arts he represents, is to train audiences—although not perhaps as we think of it in a school. "The job of the educator is long range, he said. "He deals with small groups and is not seeking immediate effects. I work on large numbers of people at a time. My job is to organize audiences for immediate participation." Nonetheless, as he sees his goal, it is one any educator could support. He is aiming, he says, to produce a "fine audience," which he defines about as I would: "It is discriminating and has taste; it is art-wise; it is a definite force in the destiny of the art form; it demands a high standard of performances."

How does he achieve this end? In any given metropolitan area, he explained, regardless of minor differences between them, there is a similar small group of people—one to two-and-a-half percent of the population—who by their other associations and revealed predilections demonstrate that they are "acculturated." They are the people who regularly attend some kinds of art events, subscribe to art magazines or other intellectually-oriented publications, attend the better art films, read, go to the symphony, etc. These people he described as "needles in the haystack" which it is his job to find. Separated, they have little power, but when brought together they can become a coterie for a developing art form; they can be made into good audience for this new thing. His job is to do this gathering.

With this process, he said, he has been eminently successful not only in Chicago, but in small and large communities elsewhere in the country. Essentially what he does is to move people horizontally—i.e., in building an audience for a particular art form he gets, from producers of other arts, their lists of subscribers, and any other kind of list he can find on which his "needles" may appear*

The people on his lists get letters and brochures; they are invited to special parties and meetings; they are sold subscriptions. His main idea is to get people to sign up for a whole series of events, to attend not only those things that attract them, but also those experimental or unfashionable things they are not interested in right away—to *expose* themselves to the new or less popular things in the series. Once people are induced to become regular subscribers to a particular art form, he said, their education has begun; after that in time, by exposure, they would become the fine audience he is aiming for.

The only thing he could recommend (when I asked) that a university might do in relation to audience education was to "take their classes to the show!"

A simple formula, this, for a difficult problem. Needless to say, it is not one we'd point out as our model way to educate audiences for the arts. But is does suggest the kind of interest in audience development that exists in the professional art arena, an interest on which educators in the university can build. Even such a commercial figure in the art world as a press agent sees his role as partly educational. (I found the same attitude, by the way, among others I spoke to, too—gallery owners, for example). Where he stops the process—at propaganda and simple exposure—is perhaps the point at which the schools might begin, picking up his people after they buy that subscription, and giving them a deeper and more sustained educational experience. And educators might well take this publicist's advice and indeed "take people to the shows." Some people I am told are afraid to go by themselves or don't know how or where.

In any case, I kept some of the things said during this interview in mind as I looked over our files for programs based on the notion of audience education.

I have not attempted to sample the occasional courses developed along these lines, most of which are quite familiar to you already—the explanatory lectures scheduled along with a symphony series or a film series; gallery talks in museum visiting courses in the big cities; conversations with artists-in-residence (where they have them). What I do describe here are a few programs that are really different, based on a well-developed

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*If this approach seems somehow commercial, lacking a true missionary quality, let me point out we at times do the same thing. I saw a report on a project to build an audience for liberal education which used exactly the same principle. They called it "solidifying publics into an audience," but they also got lists from the Art Museum, the Symphony Orchestra, the Great Books program, the Chamber Music Society, etc., and sent them publicity materials. Both assume that there is a "natural" audience for these things, and this is the way to find it easily.

concept and plan, sustained over a time, ambitious in scope, and involving a long term commitment from the university—the Detroit Adventure (Wayne State University), the Chicago Fine Arts Program (University of Chicago), the Cleveland College Arts Program (Western Reserve University). These programs have been publicized before, but since they have remained isolated examples of this approach to adult art education, they seem worth another look here.

Adventure in Detroit

The *Detroit Adventure* is now in its sixth year, a sustained experiment in a city-wide effort to educate arts audiences. Most of the art and educational institutions in Detroit are involved, working together to bring the city's people in touch with its cultural opportunities and to strengthen the city's cultural base.

Its inventor once described it as "a mechanism and idea through which the city develops 'interdepartmental' programs for adults of all levels of artistic interest and sophistication, employing to this end the various creative, performing, and scholarly talents of the whole city in new ways."

The "Adventure" has taken several forms, but the one of particular interest to us here is called "Conversations in the Arts," a study-seminar program conducted in groups—on architecture, art, dance, music, theater, etc.—around a theme of the year. Groups meet once a week for about eight weeks, at different times of the day and week, and in different centers of Detroit and the suburbs. They are led by outstanding artists, performers, and teachers drawn from the participating institutions and from the community.

Over the years, *Detroit Adventure* has also issued interinstitutional calendars of cultural and educational events for the whole city, distributing them to the people through industry, labor, and commercial firms, as well as through the sponsoring institutions. It has conducted special radio and television programs over both educational and commercial networks and special conferences bringing to focus various aspects of the on-going programs of the participating institutions. In addition, it has arranged exhibits, concerts, lectures, and other public events in relation to the basic ideas of an annual theme.

When it was launched, the *Detroit Adventure* was welcomed by a newspaper critic as "an idea of boundless possibilities, incalculable potential," and during the early years participation rose dramatically. And it remains an excellent form of adult art education.

Fine Arts in Chicago

More intensive educationally, firmly based in the academic disciplines, but more limited in the audience it can reach, the Fine Arts Program in Chicago (with courses in the visual arts, music, and literature) is now in its seventh year. Co-sponsored by the University of Chicago, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Lyric Opera, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the program joins the best of the city's arts experiences with intensive academic study under faculty members of the University and practicing artists.

The goal is to increase the student's understanding of principles, while developing his ability to formulate and articulate his aesthetic reactions. At all times there is emphasis on the direct experience.

At the core, the program is solidly based in the academic disciplines and the courses are essentially similar in content to the Humanities sequence of the College of the University of Chicago. But to this core, the Fine Arts program builds on such special features as using practicing artists as teachers and locating courses in the appropriate institutions (e.g., an art course may meet at the Art Institute where the original works are made available for study).

Like the Detroit Adventure, the Fine Arts Program makes every attempt to put people in touch with the cultural resources of the city. Thus, for example, a course (in 1962) was specially designed to supplement and make full use of the exhibition, "Treasures of Versailles," which was opening at the Art Institute, and a similar one in 1963 was prepared for "The Decade of the Armory Show" exhibition. In both years courses

were also offered to opera-goers on a number of works from the Lyric Opera's current repertoire.

At its "open house" occasions (six a year, all free to students and friends of the Program), there are talks by local or visiting creative artists, members of the Fine Arts Faculty, and notable figures from the performing arts. The special character of these occasions is that they are spontaneous, derived from current artistic situation—a touring company, an unusual exhibition, a visiting artist, a significant cultural event or problem.

Arts in Cleveland

Although not organized into a formal self-contained program, the art program at Cleveland College of Western Reserve University includes a particular emphasis on direct efforts to educate audiences of the arts in Cleveland. Located along side the major art institutions, the college is physically well placed to join forces with the professional arts and make them a part of the academic milieu for art education.

The concern for audiences of actual art events and institutions is evidenced in the procedures and content of many of the courses and activities offered. A few examples from this year's catalogue reflects the spirit that has characterized the Cleveland program over the past several years:

A course in Symphonic Design is based on discussion of six works performed by the Cleveland Orchestra during the current session. A course in the Art of Jazz includes live performances by the University Stage Band, a Dixieland band, and the Jazz Combo and choir performing the American Jazz Mass.

A new course, *Music Criticism for the Layman,* taught by a newspaper music critic, is an attempt to help experienced music listeners develop skills as amateur music critics. A similar course is offered for theater goers—*Dramatic Criticism for the Layman.* Both courses attempt to increase sensitivity to all facets of the art, as well as to emphasize criteria and categories used by professional critics in their judgments of art events. Practice reviews of local concerts are presented for class discussion and the instructor's comments.

Theater in Cleveland involves observation and discussion of productions at the Play House, Karamu, and Eldred theaters. Participants study the plays to be seen, hear talks on the specific productions by the directors, and meet for discussion after performances.

CAMPUS WORKSHOPS IN ARTS MANAGEMENT

by Fannie Taylor*

Just a few years ago an "impresario" of a great midwestern city, who was chiefly responsible for bringing cultural programs to his community of millions remarked: "Pay for time on stage for a ballet to practice? Why should I? When I book them they should know how to dance."

The remark, unperceptive and unrealistic as any dancer perspiring through daily, grueling workouts knows, belongs to a philosophy happily dying out in this country.

In the last decade the whole approach to the cultural life of the nation has changed. The change has been described as a boom, a ferment, a valid increase, a publicity device. Whatever its public description, the role played by the performing arts has become an important part of the public consciousness. Interest in, and support of the arts has become a legitimate involvement of the many, not the snobbish prerogative of the few.

Much of the growth in incidence and acceptance has been a true process of education, initiated and fostered on university campuses, made integral to the curriculum. The number of concerts, theater productions, dance programs, arts lectures and dem-

*Mrs. Taylor serves as secretary and editor of the Bulletin for the Association of College and University Concert Managers.

onstrations presented annually is staggering.

With the development of concert series, lecture series, symposia, film study groups, dance workshops, and laboratory theaters has come also the arts festival, another product of educational rather than commercial thinking in which the arts are explored for their essence, not their dollar value.

Like other ballooning growth problems in our educational institutions, the presentation of the arts is suffering from a shortage of trained management. A busy professor, willing to take on the chairmanship of a small fine arts committee has found himself suddenly overwhelmed with the demand—and need—for an extensive year-long program with complex financing, promotion and presentation problems. Not only the college but the community audience has grown. The small arts committee suddenly finds its program a major link in town-gown relations.

And, as the old show business phrase goes, now everyone wants to get into the act.

How, in this situation, can we maintain for our college presentations what August Heckscher describes as the "sharp edge of excellence?"

The former special White House Consultant of the Arts keynoted the national conference of the Association of College and University Concert Managers in New York in 1962, and emphasized how the immense enlargement of audiences and increased pressures on the artists are creating new problems in quality. He stressed how the diffusion of arts through modern transmission methods of radio, television, the press, make doubly important the stark, direct encounter between the individual and the great work of art—whether in music, dance, painting or any other expressive medium.

"The true function of the colleges," he stated, "like the true function of government, is to create opportunities."

During the past years the 200 member institutions of the Association of College and University Concert Managers have undertaken to solve some of these problems by sponsoring professional training for educators who were either already involved in program planning and presentation or wanted to go into the work.

At a meeting on the University of Wisconsin campus in May 1963, the executive board of the ACUCM took initial steps and appointed Alvin R. Edgar, Iowa State University, as chairman of a committee to set up two four-day concert management workshops for the summer of 1964.

The first was held at the Kellogg Center at Michigan State University, July 9-12, under the coordination of Dr. Wilson B. Paul, Director of the Lecture-Concert Series there. The second will be held September 1-4 at the Lake Arrowhead Residential Conference Center, University of California at Los Angeles, and coordinated by Miss Frances Inglis, executive officer, UCLA Committee of Fine Arts Productions and Public Lectures.

Both workshops are specifically designed for programmers and administrators in the fields of music, dance, theater, films, and lectures in the non-profit educational-cultural area.

Sessions will cover the philosophy, organization, and mechanics of a cultural program of performing arts, and deal with all the usual problems of promotion, management relations, and auditorium operation, plus the college presentor's special goals: establishing standards, involving students, stimulating community interest, designing festivals and other integrated programs.

Workshop leaders are being drawn from experienced arts administrators throughout the country. The president of the ACUCM, Julius Bloom, who is both director of Concerts and Lectures at Rutgers University and executive director of Carnegie Hall, will participate in both workshops and has described the undertaking as an important step forward in the practical service the ACUCM can provide within the context of America's cultural life.

"The vast growth of interest and activity in the performing arts" he believes, "could not have happened without our colleges and universities. Their initiative and leadership are felt not only on their own campuses, but in the communities where they are situated and, increasingly, in entire areas which depend largely on these schools for their cultural nourishment. So rapid is the growth, so ramified its directions, that we are running short of administrative people who are professionally versed in the art

of program planning and in the complex techniques of presentation. It is for this reason that our Association has created its summer workshops—as an important step forward in the practical service our Association provides within the context of America's cultural life."

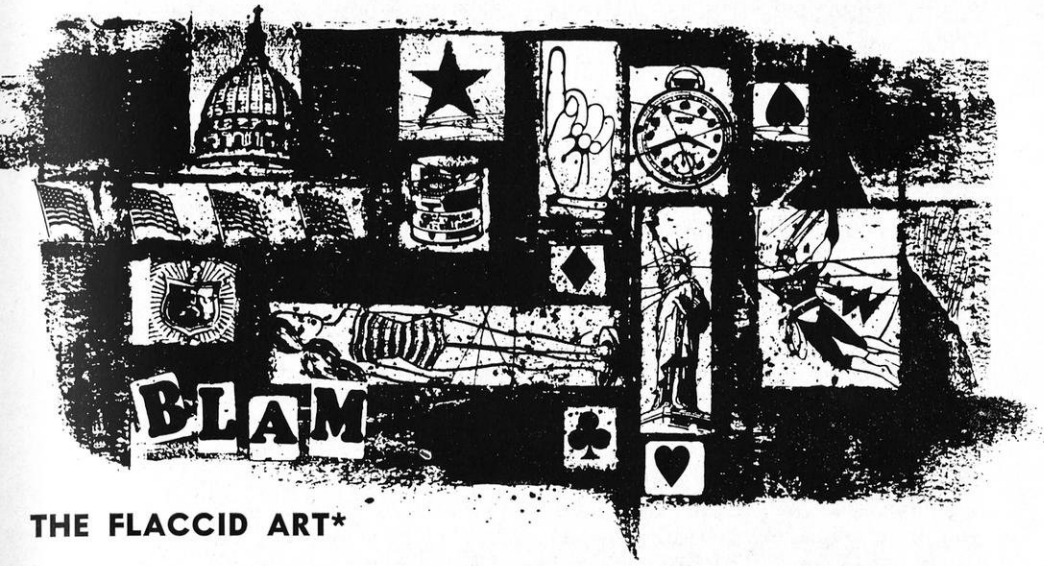
The Association of College and University Concert Managers was organized in New York City in 1957 with about twenty institutional representatives present. Since that time it has grown tenfold. More than 200 colleges and universities from all parts of the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska hold memberships. The first members set up the ACUCM out of a realization that both the extent and quality of the cultural program offerings in all educational institutions had to be increased, and this has been the continuing, underlying purpose of the organization.

Emphasis has been on the performing arts, music, dance, and drama programming, with films and lectures included as related. The ACUCM has encouraged young artists and fostered international exchanges. Last year, with Carnegie Hall International, it sponsored a Jeunesses Musicales tour throughout the United States, patterned on the highly successful young artists program in France and Canada. It has worked to integrate cultural activities into the daily life of students, underscoring the humanities in and out of the curriculum. It has recognized the need on most campuses of either full-time managers or chairmen relieved of the bulk of their teaching duties. Above all, it has worked as a standard setter. It has consistently tried to encourage first-rate programs, new works, young artists, fresh points of view, so that as the opportunities for participation in the performing arts on campuses increased, so, too, it is hoped, has the quality.

It is not only on the campus that arts programming is mushrooming. Non-profit, community and government support is increasing enormously outside the ivy halls. Twenty-four states now have state arts councils, legislated or created by executive action, and blanketing the nation from Hawaii to New York. Many city and area councils are being formed to bring some structure to community programs.

Most dramatic and costly development to date has been the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, rising block by block in New York City. In the nation's capitol, the mandate George Washington gave Pierre L'Enfant generations ago to design an art center, is now finally taking form as the Kennedy Center.

Less dramatic, but often with penetrating local effect, are the thousands of dance councils, children's film festivals, museum and library programs, community drama guilds, civic symphony associations, all dedicated to building audiences, expanding the joy of life, creating new opportunities for self-expression and fulfillment in the increasing leisure time available in our century. With every new project comes the need for new management personnel, for men and women who are creative administrators with ideas, who can make their ideas happen. With every new project, too, can come mistakes, tastelessness, bureaucracy. It is there that the "sharp edge of excellence" must be preserved so that the experience shared by the artist with the audience can be ever more deeply fulfilled, not with frantic effort, but with joyful competence, in a truly creative act.



THE FLACCID ART*

by Peter Selz

Ten years ago painting in America was largely dominated by Abstract Expressionism. Today there is a wider range of possibility in both style and subject matter. The older Abstract Expressionists are doing some of their finest work and Rothko has just completed a series of impressive murals for Harvard University. But, in addition, the Hard Edge painters are successfully synthesizing Mondrian and the New York School; a group of painters from Washington, Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland among them, have achieved new images by staining their canvases with simple shapes of decorative color; a rising generation of figure painters—Diebenkorn, Golub, and Oliveira—depict the ruined and isolated human beings of a disaffected society. Also the detritus of our culture is being re-assembled with often stunning and mordantly amusing results by the "junk artists." But the trend which has been most widely publicized and discussed during the past year is Pop Art.

Artists who make use of images and articles from popular culture— H. C. Westermann, Edward Kienholz, Marisol, Tinguely—are not necessarily practitioners of Pop Art. Westermann's metaphorical statements about the violent and ambiguous quality of contemporary life, Kienholz's incisively bitter social satire, or Marisol's sophisticated and humorous primitivism, the highly inventive constructions of Jean Tinguely, which have electrified and motorized our esthetic concepts, all differ significantly from Pop Art works. It is true that Pop Artists owe a great debt to Rauschenberg, but his Combine Paintings transform ordinary objects by fusing them provocatively with Abstract Expressionism.

The Pop Artists, some of whom came out of the advertising world, some out of the world of painting, stand apart as a group in that they not only take their subject matter from mass-production sources in our culture—magazines, billboards, comic strips, television—but they frequently employ commercial techniques as well: the airbrush, silkscreen reproductions, imitated benday screens. Sometimes, as in pictures by Dine and Wesselmann, actual objects are incorporated in the manner of collage. There is no theoretical reason why such popular imagery, or even the use of commercial art processes, should not produce works of real interest and value. After fifty years of abstract art, nobody could propose an academic hierarchy of subject matter; after fifty years of brilliant invention in collage and assemblage, nobody would be justified in suggesting that any technique is taboo. The reason these works leave us thoroughly dissatisfied lies not in their means but in their end: most of them have nothing at all to say. Though

*Reprinted from *Partisan Review,* Summer 1963, Vol. XXX, No. 2 with permission of the author.

they incorporate many forms and techniques of the New York School (there is a particular debt to de Kooning's women) and the Hard Edge painters, these forms have been emptied of their content and nothing has been added except superficial narrative interest. People who ought to know better have compared Pop Art to the work of Chardin, because it depicts actual objects among familiar surroundings: an eighteenth-century still life, a twentieth-century billboard—why not? Leo Steinbert in the Museum of Modern Art's symposium on Pop Art goes so far as to suggest parallels to the realism of Caravaggio and Courbet. But Chardin, Caravaggio and Courbet created worlds of their own in which the reality of the subject was transformed into an esthetic experience. The interpretation or transformation of reality achieved by the Pop Artist, insofar as it exists at all, is limp and unconvincing. It is this want of imagination, this passive acceptance of things as they are that make these pictures so unsatisfactory at second or third look. They are hardly worth the kind of contemplation a real work of art demands. If comparisons are on order, one might more appropriately be made to the sentimental realism of nineteenth-century painters like Meissonier, Decamps, or Rosa Bonheur—all exceedingly popular and high-priced in their day.

When I was a teacher in the 1950's, during and after the McCarthy period, the prevailing attitude among students was one of apathy and dull acceptance. We often wondered what sort of art would later be produced by these young men and women, who preferred saying, "Great, man!" to "Why?" or possibly even, "No!" Now that the generation of the Fifties has come of age, it is not really surprising to see that some of its members have chosen to paint the world just as they are told to see it, on its own terms. Far from protesting the banal and chauvinistic manifestations of our popular culture, the Pop painters positively wallow in them. "Great, man!"

In the symposium on Pop Art at the Museum of Modern Art, Henry Geldzahler, an enthusiastic supporter of the trend, clarified both the attitudes of these artists and the reason for their prompt acceptance by the art world when he said, "The American artist has an audience, and there exists a machinery—dealers, critics, museums, collectors—to keep things moving... Yet there persists a nostalgia for the good old days when the artist was alienated, misunderstood, unpatronized."

But I doubt that nostalgia is at issue here. What we have instead is a school of artists who propose to show us just how nice everything is after all. A critical examination of ourselves and the world we inhabit is no longer hip: let us, rather, rejoice in the Great American Dream. The striking abundance of food offered us by this art is suggestive. Pies, ice cream sodas, coke, hamburgers, roast beef, canned soups—often triple life size—would seem to cater to infantile personalities capable only of ingesting, not of digesting nor of interpreting. Moreover, the blatant Americanism of the subject matter—packaged foods, flags, juke boxes, slot machines, Sunday comics, mammiferous nudes—may be seen as a willful regression to parochial sources just when American painting had at last entered the mainstream of world art.

Only in the Pop Artist's choice of subject matter is there an implicit taking of sides. Essentially he plays it cool. He makes no commitments; for a commitment in either love or anger might mean risking something. Aline Saarinen in the April issue of *Voque* (such magazines are an important part of the machinery that creates art-fashion) aptly says of Warhol: "He seems to love everything and love it equally... I suspect that he feels not love but complacency and that he sees not with pleasure or disgust but with acquiescence."

What is so objectionable about Pop Art is this extraordinary relaxation of effort, which implies further a profound cowardice. It is the limpness and fearfulness of people who cannot come to grips with the times they live in. The Abstract Expressionists dedicated their lives to art and made a point of doing so. And who could have been more commited than Caravaggio, Chardin, and Courbet? But the Pop painters, because of their lack of stance, their lack of involvement, are producing works that strike the uninfatuated viewer as slick, effete, and chic. They share with all acadamic art—including, by the way, Nazi and Soviet Art—the refusal to question their complacent acquiescence to the values of the culture. And most ironic of all is the fact that this art of object conformity, this extension of Madison Avenue, is presented as *avant garde.*

In his brief introduction to the catalog of the Recent Acquisitions for Brandeis

University, Sam Hunter suggests that Pop Art uses many of the compositional devices of the "purer expressions of our times." Indeed it does. It uses them in the same manner that a Hollywood movie vulgarized and banalized the teachings of Freud, or, at best, as Truman Capote has popularized and sensationalized Faulkner. It is what Dwight Macdonald calls "Midcult," the exploitation of the discoveries of the *avant garde.* "It is a more dangerous opponent to High Culture than Academicism," he says, "because it incorporporates so much of the *avant garde.*" This, I believe, exactly describes the relation of Pop Art to the tradition of modern art.

What we are dealing with then is an art that is easy to assimilate—much too easy; that requires neither sensibility nor intellectual effort on the part of either artist or audience; that has no more personal idiom than rock and roll music or the standard mystery story or soap opera. It is as easy to consume as it is to produce and, better yet, is easy to market, because it is loud, it is clean, and you can be fashionable and at the same time know what you're looking at. Eager collector's, shrewd dealers, clever publicists, and jazzy museum curators, fearful of being left with the rear guard, have introduced the great American device of obsolescence into the art world. For one thing, many of these objects simply won't last physically, but—more important—they will soon be old-fashioned because "styling" has been substituted for style, and promotion has taken the place of conviction. Like all synthetic art, when its market collapses it will collapse for good.

For this is not a folk art, grown from below, but *Kitsch,* manufactured from above and given all the publicity Madison Avenue dealers have at their disposal. The creator of such objects is not permitted to mature as an artist, for he has allowed himself to be thrust into a role he previously rejected (though it paid well it was demeaning), i.e., that of the designer of tail fins for General Motors. Allan Kaprow, the author of environments and happenings, prophesies that art dealers may indeed turn into art directors, and he actually looks forward to this development with relish.

It has been suggested of Pop Art that "something good may come of it—just give it time." I am not a prophet, but as an historian I must point out that earlier movements of this century—Cubism, Constructivism, Dada, Surrealism, Abstract Expressionism—produced much of their best work at the outset. It is possible that artists of conviction and ability may use some of the imagery of Pop Art in genuine works of art. Some have already done so. But that is a different question.

musee des beaux arts; or, the professors

In dung-brown room, with academic sheen,
Veneer englossed by fibrous push and pull
Of dog-eared generalities which rub from text
To text their wooly flanks,
—The pained grimace, the glibby word derisive,
The hand in grand disdain, the tolerant grin incisive—
Enscalpeled they, redundant they,
The fore-emasculated bard.
His great offense: Obscurity, Psychology,
Love Undefined, or some such sort of thing;
They really didn't say. Perhaps
The fault was that he wrote, not they.

A.S.K.

The following piece, purportedly written by Pablo Picasso, recently appeared in ORIGIN (Number 12, 1964), a journal published in Japan. It is, needless to say, a startling statement, and in endeavoring to ascertain its authenticity the editors wrote to Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, the head of Galerie Louise Leiris, which handles Picasso's work. Mr. Kahnweiler responded as follows:

Of course, there is no such confession by Picasso. What has been reproduced in many newspapers years ago and reappears from time to time is an extract of a story by the late Giovanni Papini called "Il libro nero" where the hero, a scottish millionaire, called Gog, visits strange places and among them Picasso's studio, where the artist makes this confession to him. When the whole thing started, Papini, who had not died then, loyally declared in the Nuovo Giornale of Florence that there had never really been such a confession and that he had not seen Picasso since 1918, but that it was fiction.

A CONFESSION*

When I was young, like all the young, art, great art, was my religion; but, with the years, I came to see that art, as it was understood until 1800 was henceforth finished, on its last legs, doomed, and that so-called artistic activity with all its abundance is only the many-formed manifestation of its agony. Men are detached from and more and more disinterested in painting, sculpture and poetry; appearances to the contrary, men today have put their hearts into everything else: the machine, scientific discoveries, wealth, the domination of natural forces and immense territories. We no longer feel art as a vital need, as a spiritual necessity, as was the case in centuries past.

Many of us continue to be artists and to be occupied with art for reasons which have little in common with true art, but rather through a spirit of imitation, through nostalgia for tradition, through mere inertia, through love of ostentation, of prodigality, of intellectual curiosity, through fashion or through calculation. They live still through force of habit and snobbery in a recent past, but the great majority in all places no longer have any sincere passion for art, which they consider at most as a diversion, a hobby and a direction.

Little by little, new generations with a predilection for mechanics and sports, more sincere, more cynical and brutal, will leave art to the museums and libraries as an incomprehensible and useless relic of the past.

From the moment that art is no longer the sustinence (sic) that nourishes the best, the artist may exteriorize his talent in all sorts of experiments with new formulas, in endless *caprices* and *fancy,* in all the *expedients of intellectual charlatanism.* In the arts, people no longer seek consolation, nor exaltation. But the refined, the *rich,* the *indolent,* the distillers of quintessence seek the *new,* the unusual, the original, the *extravagant,* the *shocking.* And I, since cubism and beyond, I have satisified these gentlemen and these critics with all the various whims which have entered my head, and the less they understood them, the more they admired. By amusing myself at these games, at all these tom-fooleries, at all these brain-busters, riddles and arabesques, I became famous quite rapidly. And celebrity means for a painter: sales, increment, money, wealth.
Today, as you know, I am famous and very rich. But when completely alone with myself, I haven't the nerve to consider myself an artist in the great and ancient sense of the word.

There have been great painters like Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt, and Goya. I am only a *public entertainer* who has understood his time.

This is a bitter confession, mine, more painful indeed than it may seem, but it has the merit of being sincere.

PABLO PICASSO

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Editor's Note: The following is the table of organization and 1963 budget of the French Ministry of Cultural Affairs. The last issue of ARTS IN SOCIETY (Vol. 2, No. 4) published a statement by Jacques Jaujard, Secretary I General of the Ministry, concerning his views on the relations between the government and the arts. The French Ministry of Cultural Affairs represents one of the most highly organized efforts on the part of a major government to provide subsidy for the arts.

GENERAL STRUCTURE OF THE STATE MINISTRY CHARGED WITH CULTURAL AFFAIRS

I) The Minister, aided by a Cabinet (which includes a Cabinet Director, a Head and Associate Head; technical advisers.)

II) A Central Administration, divided into several large services or directorships.

III) External services attached to these services or directorships.

The large services or directorships of the general administration are:

External relations.
General administration.
Arts and letters.
Architecture.
Archives of France.
National Center of French cinematography.

EXTERNAL RELATIONS OF THE MINISTRY.

Domains of activity:

Organization of the large French cultural missions abroad, in connection with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Participation by the State Ministry charged with Cultural Affairs in all foreign demonstrations in France, including the visits of heads of state.

Liaison with the foreign embassies and international organizations.

Organization of all the exhibitions put together in France and abroad with the help of the services depending upon the Minister of Cultural Affairs.

Projects reserved for the Minister.

DIRECTORSHIP OF GENERAL ADMINISTRATION.

Containing seven offices (bureaus):

1) Regulation and general business.
2) Disputed claims.
3) Personnel.
4) Social affairs.
5) Materiel.
6) Budget.
7) Bookkeeping.

GENERAL DIRECTORSHIP OF ARTS AND LETTERS.

Containing the following directorships and services:

I) Directorship of the theater, of music and cultural action.

It is subdivided into five bureaus:

The financial and administrative direction of the national theaters and with the functioning of the lyrical national theaters.

One charged with the relations between the State and musical societies, composers and organizations whose activity relates to music and dance.

One of theatrical action whose purpose is to give aid to the theater (particularly to young companies, to young actors and experimental theater) both in Paris and the provinces, as well as to festivals and competitions.

One is in charge of "Maisons de la Culture," which the Minister wishes to create progressively throughout France, and another in charge of relations with private cultural associations.

A bureau which handles legal, fiscal and social matters concerning theatrical enterprises, private theaters, casinos and cultural manifestations.

As external services, this directorship also has attached to it the Réunion des Théatres Lyriques Nationaux, l'Opéra, l'Opéra-Comique, the Théatre National de la Comédie-Francaise, the Théatre de France (Odéon) and the Théatre National du Palais de Chaillot.

II) Services for Artistic Creation.

It is subdivided into four bureaus:

1. *National Furniture and State Manufactures:*

This bureau includes the Mobilier National (upkeep of furniture, tapestries and art objects belong to the State, furnishing and decoration of official residences, decoration for ceremonies and exhibitions) and the national manufacture of porcelain at Sévres (luxury porcelain either for State use or public sale; ceramics), and of Tapestries Gobelins and Beauvais.

2. *Art Projects.*

This one purchases and orders works of art for the State; augments national collections (Musee National d'Art Moderne, provincial museums), encourages and subsidizes artists; awards the Prix National, and travelling scholarships.

It handles administrative and social questions concerning the exercise of the artistic professions: painting, sculpture, engraving and creative decoration. It acts as depository of works of art which are State property. It administers the Maison des Artistes created by the Salomon de Rothschild Foundation, and the Maison Nationale de Retraite des Artistes, created by the Smith-Champion Foundation.

3. *Letters:*

This bureau insures relations between public agencies and writers, editors and the academies and literary associations. It works to give to the literary profession a legal

and social status; to aid writers and their families, notably in the form of encouragement and subsidy. It likewise handles official celebrations, literary manifestations in Paris and the provinces and the awarding of the Grand Prix National des Lettres. (See addendum, p. 7)

An external service is attached: the Caisse Nationale des Lettres, whose direction and control it provides for.

The Caisse Nationale des Lettres is organized to support and encourage literary activity of French writers by fellowships, honorific loans, subsidies and book aquisitions; of by every means permitting recompense for the realization of literary works or allowing their elaboration with greater ease. It helps likewise in a financial way the edition or reedition of literary works whose publication is of some importance. It allocates pensions and financial help to living writers, to the wives and children of deceased writers. For writers affiliated with the general program of social security, it assumes the obligations of employer.

The Caisse is administered by a directional committee, presided over by the Directeur Général des Arts et des Lettres.

4. *Authors' rights:*

This bureau legislates and regulates authors' rights, and defends their interests. It participates in the legislation and regulation of what in general concerns the rights of intellectual creators. It collaborates with international organizations in this area, and handles relations with all the societies organized to protect the rights of authors. Two commissions work with this bureau: that of intellectual property, and that handling the continuing rights of foreign authors.

III) Services of Artistic Instruction.

It is subdivided into two bureaus:

One bureau is charged with the administration of dramatic and musical instruction, *Enseignement dramatique et musical.* Attached to it are the two higher national conservatories; one for the dramatic arts and the other for music. It also exercises control over the forty-four national schools of music, of which twenty-seven are branches of the Paris Conservatory.

Another bureau administers the *Enseignement des Beaux-Arts et de l'Architecture.* Attached to it are:

the *Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts,* developing architects, painters, sculptors and engravers.

the *Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Arts Décoratifs.*

In the provinces, the *Ecoles Nationales d'art décoratif* are at Limoges, at Aubusson (tapestry), at Nice; the *Ecole Nationale des Arts Appliques a l'Industrie* is at Bourges; the *Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts et des Arts appliqués* is at Nancy; the *Ecoles Nationales des Beaux-Arts* are at Dijon and Lyon; and the *Academie de France* is at Rome.

IV) Directorship of French Museums.

It includes three bureaus:

The first is charged especially with general studies relative to the organization of museums and services attaching to them; the establishment and distribution of documentation on the museums; with loans to exhibitions; with control over collections, acquisitions and restorations and over the exportation of works of art and collector items.

The second bureau takes care of personnel administration and the third, of financial direction.

V) The General Directorship includes the following External Services:

1. *General services of the national museums:*

a) Educational service (visits and exhibitions for cultural groups, educational lectures).

b) Reception (authorization of visits and photographic permits; still, moving and televised).

c) Photographic documentation.
d) Protection of works of art.
e) Libraries and archives.
f) Laboratory for the scientific study of painting, objects of art and archeology.
g) Supervision and upkeep.

2. *Ecole du Louvre*
a) Instruction in archeology and the history of art, according to the collections of the national museums.
b) Professional education for curators and scientific personnel.

3. *General inspection of provincial museums* (An Inspector-general, five principal inspectors, one inspector.)

There are about 900 provincial museums, whose importance varies. Among them are 30 classified museums whose curators take their immediate authority from the Directorship of Museums.

4. *The administrative council,* and the artistic council of the *Réunion des Musees Nationaux.*

In Paris there are fourteen national museums; the principal ones among them are: the *Louvre, Orangerie, Art Moderne, Jeu de Paume, Thermes et Hotel de Cluny, Guimet, Monuments francais, Arts et Tracitions Populaires, Rodin, Arts africains et océaniques, Arts decoratifs.*

Outside of Paris there are fifteen national museums, among which are *Versailles* and *Trianon, Antiquites Nationales, a St. Germain en Laye, Chateaux de Maisons-Lafitte; Compiegne, Malmaison, Fontainebleau, Pau; Musee National de Ceramique de Sevres, Musee des Granges de Port-Royal; Musee Picasso, a Vallauris.*

To the preceding sketch of the structure of the Directorship of Arts and Letters, the following addendum, concerning the *Grand Prix Nationaux* and travelling fellowships must be added:

The State's Minister in charge of cultural affairs awards each year:

1. A *Grand Prix National des Lettres,* to a writer in the French language who, by the totality of his work, has contributed to the fame and glory of French letters, without distinction of genre, conditions of age, or personal application.

The beneficiary is chosen by a commission composed of a certain number of members ex officio *(en raison de leurs fonctions officielles)* and others of the literary and theatrical world. Present monetary value of the prize: 5,000 frs.

2. A *Grand Prix National des Arts,* to an elder artist whose career has particularly honored French art. The prize is given without personal application upon nomination by a commission, appointed by the Minister, of artists and art critics. Present monetary value of the prize: 5,000 frs.

3. Travel grants to young artists (age limit: 35), either painters, engravers or sculptors upon presentation of their works: three paintings, one sculpture and designs, a series of engravings. Monetary value of the prize: 800 to 900 frs.

DIRECTORSHIP OF ARCHITECTURE.

Composed of three under-directorships:

1. *Civil buildings*

Projects of construction or of subsidy by the State; regulation of the architectural profession, urban aesthetics.

2. *Historical monuments and sites*

Application of legislation to historical monuments, archeological diggings, sites; classification, upkeep, restoration, acquisition, supervision and protection, documentation.

3. *Personnel, Markets and payment of expenses*

This under-directorship governs two *Bureaux du Controle des Travaux;* one for civic buildings and the other for historical monuments.

The following external services are related to the Directorship of Architecture:

General inspection
- of civil buildings and national places;
- of historical monuments.

Several technical services;
- architectural studies
- water and fountains (Versailles, Marly, Meudon, St-Cloud)
- Conservation, Forestry service } of national places
- 13 regional conservation commissions for the buildings of France
- 7 Parisian agencies and 8 regional agencies for the upkeep of civic buildings and national places
- 85 architectural services in the Departments of France
- 19 archeological districts (antiques, prehistorical and historical)
- A center for research on historical monuments
- A photographic service, etc. . .

Also attached to, or working in liaison with, the Directorship of Architecture are: a general council on the buildings of France, a higher council of the order of Architects, a higher commission on historical monuments (five sections: historical monuments, antiques and objects of art, classical and ancient historical diggings, scientific collections, prehistorical monuments), a higher commission on sites, and a commission on organs.

DIRECTORSHIP OF THE ARCHIVES OF FRANCE,

Composed of a technical service and two bureaus.

1. *The technical service:*
   - technical direction of the departmental archives and centers of documentation.
   - control of communal, hospital and notarial archives.
   - protection of private archives; control of the archives of nationalized enterprises.
   - study of all the problems concerning the keeping of records.
   - documentation on foreign archives.
2. *The first bureau* handles personnel.
3. *The second bureau* handles the direction and financial control of material.

The following external services are attached to the directorship of archives:

a. *The national archives* (installed at Paris, in the town mansions of Soubise and Rohan).

Their administration includes an information service, a service on historical research and public meeting places.

There are seven other sections:
- On the job training and training abroad.
- Ancient history.
- Modern history.
- Contemporary history.
- Overseas section and vital statistics.
- Department of scientific, cultural and technical activities (Economic and private archives, printed archives, library, microfilm, registry of the actions of Parisian notaries public, museums of French history, maps and plans, educational service, study of place names.)
- Special missions.

b. *The departmental archives.*

c. *General inspection of the archives.*

d. *Higher Commission on the archives.*

NATIONAL CENTER OF FRENCH CINEMATOGRAPHY

Given financial autonomy and placed under the direction of the Minister of cultural affairs.

Preparation of legal projects, decrees and agreements relative to the cinematographic industry. Coordination of the work programs of the various enterprises in view of a more rational use of man power. Eventual arbitration of the conflicts stemming from this coordinating regulation. Observation of statistics on and the general development of the French film industry. Control on the financing and profits of films. Distribution of documentary films and development of a non-commercial kind of film in collaboration with the appropriate ministries. Organization of professional and technical training for the artistic or technical personnel of the cinema.
It is sub-divided into:

1. *Services attached to the general directorship:*

General secretariat and film control
Service of consulting organizations
General studies (juridical and economic) and litigation of disputed claims
Relations with foreign agencies
Financial service
Bookkeeping
Public registry
Documentation
Personnel and Material

2. *Under-directorship of Production and of Technical Services:*

Bureau of long-footage (long métrage) and of technical industries.

Authorization of the production of films; professional regulation; technical industries agreements of co-production; aid and financial support to producers, to technical industries and to the filmed press.

Bureau of short-footage (court métrage) and the cultural cinema: Authorization of production; qualitative prizes; cultural cinema; films of "jeunesse et famille" (for youth and family); art and experimental films; cinematographic propaganda in France; contracts and markets.

3. *Under-directorship of Exploitation and Distribution:*

Regulation of exploitation, control, statistics.

The external services of the directorship are:

1. The delegations:

Five regional delegations (Marseille, Lyon, Lille, Bordeaux, Strasbourg)
two delegations abroad (Rome, New York)

2. The subsidized organizations:

Institute of Higher Studies in Cinematography
Higher Technical Commission
French film library
Institute of Scientific Cinematography
National Association for the Distribution of French films abroad ("Unifrance Films")
French Association for the Distribution of films ("Les Journées du Cinéma")

3. Lastly the *Commission Consultative du Cinema,* instituted for the Minister to give his opinion on the policy of State support to the cinema industry, and more generally on all the problems related to the profession.

EXCERPT FROM THE 1963 BUDGET OF THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE

(concerning the subsidies granted by the State to the performing arts, museums and artists)

PERFORMING ARTS

National Theaters ..... 37,000,000 frs.
Aid to private theaters, Parisian theaters, ballet troupes, young companies: Dramatic and lyrical decentralization;
Theatre des Nations, etc. 11,000,000

MUSIC

Subsidies to large symphonic groups and to important musical manifestations, including the State's part in the organization of the *Semaines Musicales Internationales de Paris* 1,016,000

MUSEUMS

Personnel (7,201,000) and material (2,323,000) 9,624,000
Subsidy to the *Reunion des Musees Nationaux,* and to the classified, controlled museums 1,152,000

ARTISTIC CREATION

Purchase and orders of works of art 1,855,000
State's part in the organization of the international biennial of young painters and sculptors 280,000
National furniture and national tapestry manufacture *(Gobelins* and *Beauvais),* ceramic manufacture *(Sevres):* personnel (3,863,000) and material (799,000) 4,862,000

INSTRUCTION

1. Fine Arts
Functioning of the national schools of fine art .....
Instruction in architecture and the decorative arts .....
French Academy at Rome
Personnel (6,073,000) and material (1,428,000) 7,619,000
Grants 1,641,000

CULTURAL ACTION

Aid to cultural associations and subsidies for the operations of the *Maisons de la culture* 1,150,000

CULTURAL ASSISTANCE

Encouragement and help to artists, subsidies for the operation of the *Maison des Artistes,* of the *Maison Nationale de Retraite des Artistes,* and diverse groups 460,000

Lastly, an amount of 1,000,000 frs, marked to the budget of cultural affairs, is set aside for contribution to the organization of large exhibitions and artistic manifestions of an exceptional character.

This sum is not to be confused with the resources of the *Association Francaise d'Action Artistique,* which result from the artistic interchange between France and abroad.

LETTERS

Literary manifestations and the *Caisse Nationale des Lettres*
Grand Prix national des Lettres
Grand Prix national des Arts 906,000

FUTURE ISSUES

Vol. 3, Number 2—Art and the Avant-Garde

Subsequent issues will be devoted to:
Art and City Planning
The Institutions of Art
The Arts and Religion
Criticism and the Performing Arts
The Arts and Philanthrophy
The Arts and the Mass Media
Censorship and the Arts

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