

THE CRESSET

A review of literature, the arts, and public affairs

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Robert Shaw Teaching America to Sing

Ann Howard Jones

Author's note: Any lecture concerning the late conductor Robert Shaw must, of necessity, be about the music he wrote, arranged, and conducted. This talk was no exception. The reader is asked, therefore, to imagine sitting in a beautiful recital/lecture hall on the campus of Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, and listening to Shaw's music sung by the Mercer University Singers, Stanley L. Roberts, conductor. After the music, the lecture begins.

The beautiful music you have just heard, sung by the Mercer University Singers with their conductor Director of Choral Studies and Interim Dean Dr. Stanley Roberts, is the American hymn "God is Seen," music arranged by Alice Parker and Robert Shaw. The piece was chosen because it is but one illustration of Shaw's ability to express, here in a simple musical idea, a profound concept of truth, of the basic goodness and even godliness in us all and in all that surrounds us. The words begin like this: "Through all the world below, God is seen all around. Search hills and valleys through, there he's found..."

Shaw was arguably the preeminent choral conductor of the twentieth century. At the time of his death in January of 1999, he was Music Director Emeritus and Conductor Laureate of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. Clearly his position with the Atlanta Symphony and earlier with the Cleveland Orchestra and the San Diego Symphony allowed him to explore the repertoire of the orchestral tradition, but it is generally acknowledged

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that the work he did with choruses afforded him the greatest adulation and admiration.

With Flannery O'Connor and Martin Luther King, Robert Shaw, was a Georgian for an important part of his life. All three were people of noble ideas and uncommon powers of communication. All three, each in their own sphere, and each in ways almost incalculable, changed human intercourse and perhaps even the human spirit forever.

In an interview toward the end of his life, Shaw was asked why he chose to come to Atlanta in 1967. He commented that there were complicated reasons. One of the most compelling was the opportunity Atlanta was offering him to become its Music Director, and he fully intended to make that a full time commitment, believing, as he did, that “Musical culture is built by staying in one place. Unless you live within a town and deal with its educational and social problems, you can’t make a significant contribution to its cultural life. I’ve learned that you grow the best vegetables in your own back yard.” (Selected from Shaw’s writings by Nick Jones for the commemorative booklet produced by the Atlanta Symphony for the Robert Shaw Memorial Service.) Secondly, he knew the writings of Ralph McGill in the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*—the so-called “conscience of the South.” Finally, all through his life he was committed to increasing the involvement of minorities in classical music and felt that the work of both McGill and Martin Luther King, whose father was pastor of an important African American church in Atlanta, would afford him an opportunity to engage the African American community in an important way there. The Atlanta Symphony position gave him the necessary podium—some might say pulpit—both literally and figuratively.

Shaw worked to bring more black musicians into the all-white orchestra and to have black persons invited to membership on the Atlanta Symphony board (Jones 1999a). One of his colleagues in this endeavor was the late Wendell Whalum, the conductor of the famed Morehouse College Glee Club. These were his heroes in humanity’s quest for racial equality and for equal opportunity. It was a quest in which he participated vigorously all his life.

His belief in racial equality and equal opportunity for all was tested early. He liked to tell one revealing story. The Collegiate Chorale, a large chorus of amateurs founded by Shaw in 1941, needed a site for regular rehearsal.

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One of the members of the chorus was a member of the staff of Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, whose pastor was the most famous minister in the United States at the time: Norman Vincent Peale. The young Shaw described the chorus as one whose members included “every shade, shape and color of human flesh and... every species of human ideology, philosophy, occupation and religious custom” (Shaw 1994, 405). They were full of rambunctiousness, and Shaw was no stranger to profanity. When

Music is Order

Out of the void

Out of chaos

the creative spirit

moving over the face

of the waters.

Out of the random a rule

Out of darkness a light

Out of multitude and

muchness

integrity, the one

entire whole and holy.

Robert Shaw in Jones, 1999b.

the leaders of the church got wind of all the commotion the chorus was stirring up, Shaw was summoned to meet with Dr. Peale. He was informed that the governing board of the church had decided that the chorus would have to leave the church unless all the Negroes (sic), Catholics, and Jews were eliminated from the Chorale, and, of the remainder, fifty percent of the membership had to come from the church rolls. Shaw pulled the two-hundred-voice chorus out of the facility immediately. Many years later, in 1986 to be precise, Shaw received a handwritten letter from Norman Vincent Peale, described by Shaw as a man in his nineties who had a “remarkable

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moral sense and mental acuity,” in which Peale admitted to an “insensitive and stupid mistake in connection with the fine organization you were developing...” Peale just wanted Shaw to know that “...I have ever been sorry about my lack of cooperation. I am sure you have long since forgotten all about it. But I never did” (405).

Incidentally, that was the second time Robert Shaw left the church. The first time was when he was substituting for his pastor father, who was in failing health, and whose Sunday morning services Shaw was asked to lead. One Saturday night, as the young Shaw “was holed up in his father’s study” trying to get materials together for the next morning’s service, the president of the Church Board came with the news that “the brightest and most beautiful girl youth leader of the church was desperately ill in the hospital. If the girl lived through the night, a special service of prayer would certainly be required.” Shaw writes,

I did not know the young woman and I had not had a lot of first-hand experience with death, (but) to my untrained eye... she looked drawn and moribund. — But she made it through the night....

I have a problem with public prayer. I can understand private meditation. I can even understand united congregational prayer. And I am sympathetic with the Quaker practice of congregational quiet and meditation until someone is “moved” to speak.

But I do not like to be prayed upon—with words which I have not chosen for myself. Nor do I like to pray upon others—with thoughts they may not be thinking, in manners which they might find uncomfortable, and for ends they might consider none of my business—And I am particularly uncomfortable praying publicly to a God who by all customary Christian definitions is all-powerful, all-knowing, all-loving, and whose eye is already “on the sparrow.”

We had reached the place in our mimeographed Order of Worship where it spelled out *Pastoral Prayer*, and I began saying some of the things I have just said....

“If there is a God of limitless love and power then that good-

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ness and power already is in motion. And what remains is the question of whether all human forces—medical, psychological, mystical—whether we are all doing all that is humanly possible to help this young girl win her battle...”

I was at the front door of the church going through that frightful ordeal where the churchgoer says “Lovely service” and the minister says “See you next Easter” when a middle aged man ran up the steps and said, “She made it. The crisis passed at eleven thirty-three!”—Exactly prayer time.—And the next Sunday there was a list “this long.”—And the following Sunday I left the church.

I had enough sense to know that there are medical cures that... are absolutely inexplicable.... But I also had enough sense to realize that I would never be able to work within an institution willing to credit that I was in any way responsible for that cure. (Shaw 1994, 403–4)

My encounters with Robert Shaw started when in 1983 it was my good fortune to be invited to become a member of the alto section of the choruses he conducted in Atlanta. After singing for a season, I was invited to serve as his assistant for all the choruses of the Atlanta Symphony, for the choruses of the Robert Shaw Institute, and for the Carnegie Hall Professional Training Workshops for conductors and singers. I was fully engaged in this work until 1998. It is perhaps some small measure of my feeling and understanding that this was important work for me to do that I commuted weekly from my teaching positions at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign and later from Boston University to Atlanta every Monday night to run the chorus rehearsals and to sing in the concerts and recording sessions. During concert weeks, I was often in Atlanta from Thursday evening through Sunday when the concert was recorded. I did this not only for my own professional improvement, but also for the fact that through the music Robert Shaw was making, I could learn and then pass on to my students his conducting technique, his ideas about music, his voracious appetite for score study and preparation, and his peerless capacity to infuse rehearsals and performances with his indomitable spirit and energy.

In those rehearsals, he worked relentlessly to convince all of us that our

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efforts were ultimately to illuminate the ideas of the composer, to probe the most profound ideas of the texts we sang, and to try to understand at the most intellectual level, the challenges presented by the musical score. The effort required nothing but the best we could muster. He was charismatic, confrontational, articulate to the point of eloquence, and doggedly tenacious. He accepted the challenge of teaching us to sing in a way that ultimately would serve the composer, the text, and the music itself, not the ego of the conductor, the whim of the performer, or the entertainment of the audience.

Shaw's Early Years

Shaw's beginnings were in the world of live radio. His first professional work was conducting the Fred Waring Glee Club. He had been spotted by Waring at Pomona College where Shaw was studying philosophy, English literature, and religion in preparation for a career as a minister. Waring dropped in on a rehearsal of the Glee Club where the young Shaw was substituting for the regular conductor. After hearing Shaw's work, Waring told him that he would always have a job with him if he wanted it. At first, Shaw said no, but one year later, he took Waring up on it (Mussulman 1979; Ziegenhals 1989). Shaw was given \$150 by Waring to travel from California to New York. Knowing no other way, Shaw traveled cheaply by bus and boat and gave Waring \$67 back in change (Mussulman 4). In 1938, eight hundred men were auditioned and twenty-four were selected (Mussulman 5). The collaboration was an extremely successful one.

Remember, there was a lot of singing in those days. The radio was filled with live music. Families gathered to sing around the piano in the living room; students sang in classrooms and in assemblies; travelers sang in the car on family trips. Shaw himself was no stranger to family singing. He was born of a Disciples of Christ minister father and a church singer mother in Red Bluff, California, in 1916. He came by both music and religion from his family.

During the early 1940s, Shaw, tiring by now of the commercial music business and the limited repertoire available, organized a choir of twenty-five professional singers that was to perform every kind of music. This group was to become the Collegiate Chorale. Late in 1941, he began the practice of writing weekly letters to his choruses. By the time his career reached its end,

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there were hundreds of these letters containing everything from sermons, technical treatises, poetry, humor, and examples of his legendary attention to the details of the music. The letters were usually addressed “Dear People.” Always one who shared his insights and his experiences willingly, Shaw made copies of the letters available to anyone who was interested. I have most of them. (Most of these letters are included in Blocker 2004.) An overriding theme of the letters was his insistence that the musicians working with him dare to give no less than their all. He was interested in nothing less

*If you believe that creativity
is still going on,
and there is purpose
in all of human life,
then the arts express that
which is beautiful
and intelligent
and noble
about being human.*

Robert Shaw in Jones, 1999b.

than perfection; he wanted only the best. He had an all encompassing belief that great music knows no cultural bounds, and he engaged his singers both intellectually and spiritually in the realization of one of the most noble of human endeavors—the creation of community through the making of great music.

Shaw said, “The making of music is the everlasting and inescapable act of creation. The life of music is reborn at every singing. It actually doesn’t exist on paper, but in time and sound. At each singing it seeks a new life.”

In those early years, works for chorus were commissioned of some the greatest composers of the time: Samuel Barber, Lukas Foss, Paul Hindemith, Leonard Bernstein, and others—a veritable who’s who of American composers in the twentieth century.

His jobs included Juilliard, the Cleveland Orchestra and the NBC

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Symphony and its famed conductor Arturo Toscanini. The story of Shaw's preparation of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven for Toscanini is often told: Toscanini told Shaw, "You know, I've never had a really good performance of the Ninth... sometimes the soloists are bad... sometimes the orchestra is bad... sometimes the chorus is bad... and sometimes I am terrible." When Toscanini heard Shaw's preparation he released this statement to the press: "I have at last found the maestro I have been looking for" (Mussulman 57–58).

In 1953, Shaw accepted the leadership of the San Diego Symphony, a summer community orchestra. There Shaw had the chance to work with his own orchestra, to develop his ideas about what the musical leadership of a fledgling orchestra required, and to hone his orchestral skills. He had an all-encompassing plan which incorporated workshops integrating study and performance with community involvement. Musicians, teachers, and conductors came from all over the country to learn. By March of 1958, it was finally clear that the part-time musicians in the orchestra were not up to the demands of the repertoire Shaw was insisting upon. After 1956, while still spending summers with the San Diego Symphony, he accepted an invitation to move to Cleveland from New York where he was to build an amateur chorus that would sing at least six times per year with the Cleveland Orchestra. In addition, he was to be prepared to step in at any time to conduct in Szell's absence and to take charge of the educational series of the orchestra. By 1958 his whole focus was in Cleveland. He had left San Diego, and more importantly, New York City.

When I talked with Alice Parker last April as we sat in her studio in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts, she remembered that Shaw was always two steps ahead of everyone else. He could do the things that Waring demanded easily, for instance, but he was already hearing other kinds of music and wanted to do more. At the



Robert Shaw. (Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus)

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same time, there was carping from the New York critics after the Chorale's first performances at Carnegie Hall, for instance, about a choral conductor lacking professional training who dared venture into unheard of repertoire. Despite all of this, all the major orchestral conductors wanted him to do the preparation for their choral-orchestral performances. He was also tiring of the pressure to record. By 1967, he walked out on a recording session with RCA. He just didn't want to be there, Alice Parker said.

A Conductor in the Largest Sense

Shaw was guided by strong convictions that had their roots in the evangelistic tradition of his father and his father's father. Some might rightly think of him as a minister of music. He wrote frequently about the relationship between music and worship—between art and religion. He loved the lyrical and flowery language of the King James Bible, and the music and the words that touched him deeply were “Wondrous Love” and “Amazing Grace.” Shaw remarked, “These words are magic to me, and their melodies, shaped and worn by Niagaras and years of tears, are as perfect as anything I know in music” (Ziegenhals 1989).

Author's Note: Here the Mercer University Singers sing the arrangements of “Wondrous Love” – What wondrous love is this / that caused the Lord of bliss / to bear the dreadful curse for my soul – and “Amazing Grace” – Amazing grace, how sweet the sound / that saved a wretch like me – published by Lawson-Gould from the Robert Shaw choral series.

Shaw deplored televangelism and the electronic church, ridiculing the “fare emanating from what he calls Crystal Christ-o-rama, California, maintaining that there are not enough disposal plants in the country to handle TV Sunday morning effluence! No mystery no pain” (Ziegenhals). I can only imagine what he would have said if he had heard a performance of a church choir with orchestra only to discover that most of the choir and all of the instruments were on tape hidden behind curtains!

He found his challenge in great music and great texts. He loved pondering the great questions of existence, and when he wanted to express his ideas, words and their carefully defined meanings were available to him. An

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unabridged dictionary was always open on his piano. His language could be bawdy and his humor shady, but it was always clear that he could get the better of you in any discussion on almost any topic. He was intellectually curious and eager to share his moral mission with the world. He was a spiritual conductor in the largest, cosmic sense. Impatient with denominationalism, he was eager to declare music as “Flesh becomes Word.”

In 1967–68, he was invited to be the Music Director of the Atlanta Symphony, a position he was to hold for twenty-one years. The orchestra began as a part-time ensemble and by the end of Shaw’s life, the orchestra with him conducting had won fifteen Grammy awards; most of the choral symphonic repertoire had been recorded on the Telarc label; the orchestra had made its debut in Carnegie Hall; the orchestra with the chorus made its first European tour and played for Jimmy Carter’s inauguration. In 1999 he was awarded the Kennedy Center Honor; in 1992 he was given the National Medal of the Arts, and he had honorary degrees and citations from over twenty-five colleges and universities. He had applied for a Guggenheim Fellowship in the early years, won it, and was to have written a conducting book as the final project of that Fellowship. That book never happened. The letters he wrote were a kind of substitute, I think.

Carnegie Hall invited him to lead a series of Professional Training Workshops starting in 1990. A chorus of auditioned singers would be assembled for whatever music was planned and Shaw would rehearse for the better part of a week and then do a performance. The experiences were astounding! These were preceded by a long tradition of summer workshops at Westminster Choir College in Princeton. In 1988 he began a Robert Shaw Institute at Emory University, and later its chorus rehearsed, performed, and recorded in France and then briefly in this country before Mr. Shaw died in January 1999 at age eighty-two. These opportunities allowed people from all over the world to sing with Shaw and to hear live performances conducted by him.

The Legacy of Robert Shaw

A chronicle of the man’s life — that’s the easy part. The more challenging project is to try to draw some conclusions about his ideas and beliefs. It occurs to me that separating my comments into four categories might be helpful.

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First, there is the music making.

Second, the pedagogy.

Third, the eloquence.

Fourth, the overarching philosophy.

Robert Shaw is well known for his interpretation of eighteenth and nineteenth century choral symphonic music. He was also a fierce champion of the composers and the music of the twentieth century. Any time a workshop or a concert or a symposium was organized with Shaw as the headliner conducting some great work, the response was nearly overwhelming. His national and international career as a guest conductor was very demanding, (France granted him its medal as “Officier des Arts et des Lettres”). However, none of this prominence kept him from nearly losing his job in Atlanta over programming. The problem was that in 1972 Shaw wanted to do a series of concerts focusing on the music of Charles Ives, and he insisted on an ambitious repertoire of contemporary composers. The Atlanta audiences were unaccustomed to such music from their symphony, and the orchestra’s executive board requested his resignation. After a grass-roots campaign in his support collected 3,500 new subscriptions, cooler heads prevailed (Jones 1999a). Shaw hoped always to encourage and support minority composers and performers when possible. His intention was expressed in his first speech to the ASO Board of Sponsors when he said he would commit some portion of the concerts to “that sound of this moment upon which one has no right or means of exercising a judgment: the absolutely absurd, experimental, unconventional, uncensored, inconceivable, unbearable anti-music” (quoted in Jones 1999a).

He not only remembered but knew most of the significant composers of the century, and commissioned many of them to write works for chorus: Barber, Hindemith, Bernstein, Foss, and many others. When he died, Nick Jones, the ASO program annotator and a long-time member of the ASO chorus, wrote “he was an artistic conscience, prodding, encouraging, insisting, and, when necessary planting his feet and refusing to budge until the rest of us could catch up with him in the quest for excellence” (1999a).

To be in a rehearsal with Robert Shaw was “ennobling not diminishing of the human being” (Shaw 1991). I remember sitting in the rehearsal hall at Symphony Hall in Atlanta when the buzz of pre-rehearsal conversation

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would suddenly stop as the time approached for Mr. Shaw to descend the steps into the room. No one came late, no one spoke, and no one made noise. All were excited and eager, anticipating his arrival. His music-making was passionate, compelling, precise, probing, intelligent, and demanding of the best any of us could offer. We worked hard because he worked hard. We sang well because the music demanded no less. We would show up because it was unthinkable to miss the opportunity to be in the presence of someone who caused us to change for the better and who enabled us to do something together that we could not do alone.

Always interested in education and pedagogy, Shaw cared deeply about the amateur in the arts. He brought to the non-professional a process by which even the most rank novice could get inside the music. His idea was that we would never try to do too many things at once—only pitch and rhythm at the start; dynamics and text came later. Sometimes, much later. We had to work at singing good pitch. He used to say that our responsibility was to improve every pitch we sang every second that we sang it. We rehearsed precise rhythm endlessly, counting and count-singing until only the right music happened at the right time. His constant caution was that the right note at the wrong time was the wrong note, and we worked to try to figure out what the composer was trying to say first and foremost. The score was his guide. He marked with a green pencil everything he thought he wanted to hear: balance, dynamics, final consonants, pronunciation detail, and so on. He delighted in taking things apart and putting them back together again, all the while bringing us to a level we never would have believed possible. He challenged us all intellectually, and he worked harder than anyone at getting it right. It is doubtless correct that he was the giant in choral music of our time. Carole Flatau of Warner Brothers wrote that “Robert Shaw didn’t invent singing in America. What he did was raise choral standards to new heights, with new sounds and new purpose.”

The letters written to the chorus from the 1940s to the year he died comprise a compendium of the ideas of Robert Shaw. Some of the letters include detailed analyses of the structure, the harmony, the text, and the composer’s ideas in the works we were preparing to sing.

Among these letters are discussions of the various disciplines he was trying to encourage in the singers. He was able to discuss principles of diction or the essentials of rhythm in ways that inspired all of us who sang to

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try to do better; to sing more accurately, to pronounce every sound of every syllable, to invest with him in the process. He said this about rhythm: “I can think of a couple of emphases that haven’t been emphatic enough up to now. The first is that little notes are just as important as big notes, that they have places and that they should be put in their places. Sixteenths and eighths and quarters are not just things that come between bigger things. They are not ‘introducings’ or preparations or pick-ups. I get a horrible picture, from the way you sing, of little bitty eighth notes running like hell all over the place to keep from being stepped on. Millions of ‘em! Meek, squeaky little things. No self-respect. Standing in corners, hiding behind doors, ducking into subway stations, peering out from under rugs, refugees...” (10 March 1964 in Blocker 16). Occasionally he would chastise. One of the letters was written within the lines of a menacing dagger’s shape (See Blocker 19)! Rarely would he praise. Here’s one such “letter” written after a performance of “Stabat Mater” of Dvorak:

Stabat pater fortunatus
Happy as a hippopatus
Up to here in muck and mire.
Hearing sounds beyond believing,
Angel voices Halloweaving,
Quel orchestrand WHAT A CHOIR!
(3 November 1998 in Blocker 280)

Sometimes, usually after the Christmas festival concerts with the ASO in Atlanta, he would write “poetry”; a humorous kind of doggerel that delighted and amused us. One of those was a seasonally appropriate letter written in the shape of a candle. He wrote this on the Berlioz Requiem:

One rarely knows—with Berlioz—
From how he starts just where he goes.

It’s like—before you’re really seated.
From toes to ears you’re over-heated.

His tunes and chords are nicely tended,

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But where they'll end he just invented.

His texts are neat, no cloud appears,
When oops! You're up to here in tears.

It's strange to think that this sensation,
Alive, should lack appreciation.

'Tis true... he's not the straightest arrow,
—But Frenchmen dote on snails and marrow.

Our times must be just so abstemious
We need some other-lovin' genius.

What Hector has
Is quel pizz-azz.

(16 April 1980 in Blocker 228)

Not only did Shaw write these weekly letters to the chorus, he also collected his thoughts in a series of lectures, commencement addresses (delivered each time he received one of his many honorary doctorates), speeches, and sermons. In these, his eloquence and the depth of his thoughts about music were on grand display. At a baccalaureate address at Boston University in 1994, a presidential candidate (Ross Perot) who was in attendance greeted Mr. Shaw afterwards with the exclamation, “Robert Shaw, if I had your speech writer, I would be President of the United States!” What do you suppose he would have said had he known that Shaw wrote all his own speeches? In an address delivered to a convention of music teachers, Shaw spoke about music, order, sound, and time. One short paragraph included this idea: “All of music is an attempt at communication between human hearts and minds; at the very minimum the creator reaches out to and through the performer, and both of them reach out to the listener” (Shaw 1955, 351). And slightly later in the same speech: “...the great music is the people's music—the most human and universal music. Music is great not because certain self-appointed Custodians of Arts with a capital A have decreed it

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so, but because it calls out to something deep and persistent in the human thing. Music is great because it carries something so native and true to the human spirit that not even sophisticated intellectuality can deny or destroy its miracle” (351).

He gave a series of speeches on the topic “The Conservative Arts” which dealt with ideas like this: “...if man is to continue to inhabit this planet and grow in wisdom and dignity, the arts cannot be separated from ‘the people’—I mean Carl Sandburg’s ‘the people’ and Abe Lincoln’s ‘common man.’ In our funny, fuzzy world, the economic ability to rent a seat for a concert is no proof that any communication has taken place. And while the arts do address themselves to man’s keenest and most discriminating intelligence, and while also a large part of mankind has yet to experience and become responsive to the transforming powers of a Beethoven *Ninth Symphony*, the arts still are the major tools capable of teaching, training and eventually lifting the mind of man to his potential and proper humanity” (1981, 354). And this: “...I had to conclude to myself that ‘conservative’ was not necessarily a dirty word...if ‘conservative’ can mean literally ‘conserving, preserving,’ then... ‘What do the liberal creative arts conserve?’ Nothing—but humanity. The argument...is that the arts, and probably in direct ratio as to how liberal and creative they are, are the preservers and the purveyors of those values which define humanity...and...may prove to be the only workable Program of Conservation for the human race on this planet” (357).

Unfortunately, I know neither the date nor the source of the following words of Shaw’s, but I found the quotation so eloquent and moving that I memorized it: “In this time of political, economic and personal disintegration, music is not a luxury, it is a necessity; not simply because it is therapeutic, nor because it is the universal language, but because it is the persistent focus of (our) intelligence, aspiration and good will.”

For Shaw, “Art on the heroic scale...” on the scale of Beethoven, Shakespeare, Donatello, Bach, Dickinson, El Greco, Picasso, Melville, “...is the most pervasive, persistent, powerful affirmation of the life-force in the man-thing” (1981, 359).

It was clear to Shaw that “...’the arts’ have a chance to become what the history of man has shown that they should be—the guide and impetus to human understanding, individual integrity, and the common good. They are not an opiate, an avoidance, or a barrier, but a unifying spirit and labor.”

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And finally, from the same commemorative booklet assembled for Shaw's memorial service by the Atlanta Symphony, Shaw says,

The Arts are not simply skills:
Their concern is the intellectual
Ethical and spiritual maturity
of human life.
And in a time when
 religious and political institutions
may lose their visions of human dignity,
they are the custodians of those values
which most worthily define humanity,
which most sensitively define Divinity
and, in fact, may prove to be
the only workable
 Program of Conservation
for the human race on the planet. ✠

Author's note: The lecture ended with the Mercer University Singers singing a movement of the Rachmaninov "Vespers," a work of special significance to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. The author was invited to conduct.

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