

Interviewee: DAVID SCHAUFFLER
Interviewer: MARY EMMA HARRIS
Location: Portland, OR
Date: March 3, 1998
Media: Videocassette 1, Audiocassettes 2
Interview no.: 178
Transcription: Ellen Dissanayake, January 10, 14-15, 2001; corrected by Mary Emma Harris, February 2001. Converted from Word Perfect by Mary Emma Harris January 2015. Spelling corrections by MEH June 2019.

[BEGINNING OF SIDE 1, AUDIOTAPE 1]

[PRE-INTERVIEW & SETTING-UP REMARKS NOT TRANSCRIBED]

MEH: [GIVES IDENTIFICATION] David, how did you come to be at Black Mountain?

DS: Well, it's interesting because my sister, who also went to Black Mountain, was five years older than I. She was seeking out a college to go to, and my mother read about Black Mountain in some of its early publications and things. This was back in the very early forties. My mother became fascinated and excited about what was happening at Black Mountain. As I recall it, she and my sister went down to visit. Subsequently, my sister, whose name was Anna Schaufler, decided to go there. So, she enrolled and went. I was still in high school at the time. My second—the sister who's in between the two of us then graduated from high school, and she decided to go there because it was an exciting, wonderful place. She had met some people there and whatever. So, Susie, whose real name is Katharine, joined the older sister and they were there. My mother was all excited about the place. So, pretty soon a year or two later I graduated from high school at Putney in Vermont, and I went down to visit—not really knowing whether I wanted to go to college or not. It was just right smack

after the War and I didn't know what I wanted to do. So, I went down there to visit them. My mother went, too, and we became fascinated with everything that was happening and the people that were there. So, lo and behold, I enrolled as well. By that time, the oldest sister had married Dick Lockwood, who she met there. They had gone off to New York and so the middle sister and I were there together. At about the same time Manvel Schauffler showed up, having come back from the War. He's four years older than I, but we entered at about the same—well, sort of the same time. I can't remember exactly whether he was there a little ahead of me or not. So, here we were, Susie and myself and Schauff, all there at the same time and meeting many of the same people. My experience there was only one year long, but it bridged a longer time in terms of people because I met a lot of the people that my oldest sister had met. I met some of the ones that my other sister knew. So it really spans several years, though I was only there one year. It was the year of 1946-47.

MEH: Where was your family from?

DS: We grew up outside of Chicago in an area, a place called Long Grove (PH), Illinois, which is sort of west of the North Shore of Chicago. How my mother got—She was one of these people who was interested in all kinds of causes, radical and otherwise and was very deeply involved with the world government movement at the time. I remember when we came down to visit the college, we went also to Asheville and went to a world government meeting. The poet—can't think of his name—spoke, and I was quite im—Anyway, it was a time that she was involved in a lot of these things, and it sort of transferred to

us and we became interested and involved. Carl Sandburg was who we went to hear.

MEH: So all three of the children—Were there other children in your family?

DS: No, just the three of us. But we all three went there. The two girls went there for I think four years each. I decided after a year that I was sort of wasting my father's money, which was not true in retrospect, but I thought, "Well, I'm not doing much study. I'm just getting all these wonderful experiences and working on the farm and meeting these neat people, but I'm spending up all his money." So, I left. I think probably it would have been great if I'd stayed longer.

MEH: Did you have any idea when you went—Were you directly out of high school when you went?

DS: Directly out of high school, yeah.

MEH: Did you have any idea what you wanted to study?

DS: Not the foggiest thing in the world. I'd always done a lot of singing in school. I ended up being a choral director and a music teacher, but at that time I had no idea that I would go into that field. But I immediately joined the chorus that Eddie Lowinsky directed, and we did some incredibly wonderful music. That was exciting. I sang with a guy named Louis Selders, who was a black student there, older than some of us a little bit, who formed a little singing group of men and women. I think there may have been ten or twelve of us—who sang down in the laundry room. That was an exciting experience for me to learn some of the spirituals that he had known as a kid and had arranged. He taught us to sing them all by rote. He would say, "Sopranos here, sing this: [GIVES TONE],"

and he'd sing this phrase. Then he'd do the altos, and then he'd sing tenor, which he was. Then he'd kind of gargle a bass line, and he'd teach it to us that way—no written music. In a way that was more exciting than singing under this scholar, Eddie Lowinsky, or Bimbus Schlesinger. Bimbus one day, after we sang a little concert with this group of singers with a black director, came with tears in her eyes up to him and said, "How do you get these kids to sing like that?" She said, "I can't get them to sing that way, with that openness and that feeling." We were, I was singing with a group that she was doing as well, and these were really scholarly people. Louis Selders, whom we've all lost track of—I don't think anybody's ever heard of him—

MEH: I'm trying to find him.

DS: He was a fantastic musician, but he was possibly an untrained musician or maybe trained within his church community or something, but not a scholarly one.

MEH: You said that you practiced in the laundry room? (LAUGHS)

DS: I think we did. It was probably—No, that was—No, that was the barber shop group. That was another group. I think we practiced in one of the lodges, and we had another group that sang barber shop quartets and stuff with about seven or eight people. That was a third group that I had forgotten about.

MEH: It's the first I've heard of that, and let's come back to it. I want to talk about the Louis Selders group a little more. I'm trying to find Louis Selders right now.

DS: I would be excited to know what has happened to him.

MEH: What was he like? Was he your age? Was he older?

DS: I would guess that—Of course, I was only eighteen years old. Turned nineteen that year. I would guess that maybe he was—See, there were a number of people who came back at that time from the War, who had been in the War, been in the Army, the Navy, something else. My guess is that Louis was more of their age—say four or five years older. But I don't know. You know, it's sad that we learn so little about people's backgrounds at those times, and I certainly didn't know anything about his. But he was a wonderful singer. I mean he had a beautiful tenor voice. That was his real voice. But he could sing all these other parts. As I became a teacher of music, I tried to do some of that myself in my own teaching—and with some success. I think I learned a lot of it from him.

MEH: You sang mostly spirituals with him?

DS: Yeah, entirely. I can probably even remember a few of them. I mean they—

MEH: What did you sing?

DS: Oh, you know, if you'd give me a few minutes I could, I would think of—I'll have to think. Maybe I'll come back to that.

MEH: Okay. Well, now did this group—Is this the group that went to a black church to sing? Or was that—Were you there? Or was this Eddie Lowinsky's group? Do you have any recollection of that?

DS: I do not have a recollection of that. We went out into the community to sing a few times—[SPEAKS TO DOG, NOT TRANSCRIBED]. But I don't, I'm not sure I can pull that one back into my memory. It may have been one of my sisters who went along. They were both musicians, too. Oh, and I should say that the music that happened there, the quality of music and what was going on, was so

incredible that it really inspired me to go on. When I ended up at the University of Wyoming, a totally different type of place, I became a music student immediately. But I had no idea I was going to do that when I went to Black Mountain. It was the influence, I think, of some of those people.

MEH: What about the music program really excited you?

DS: Well, there were several things. Eddie Lowinsky was—we all knew—an incredible musician. He was also an incredibly difficult man. My sister, the middle, Susie, my middle sister, had studied with Eddie and had had a very bad experience with him because he was not—he pushed her too hard. Well, I started to do some study with Eddie myself, some theory, and I took violin with his wife, Gretel, who was wonderful. I enjoyed that thoroughly. Eddie was a tough customer, really. He expected absolute perfection and didn't get it from most people. But the singing in the chorus that he directed—we did the Schurz St. Matthew Passion—I can remember that from after all these years—was an exciting thing to do, because we recognized his musicianship even though personally I didn't like the man. I had a great blow-up with him in the dining hall one time when he accused me of being dishonest about something. I threw a chair and stomped out of the place and made a great fuss. Here's this eighteen-year-old kid confronting the master. I'm told it was brought up at a faculty or a meeting of those that were running things, and one of the other professors was—again, I'm told—said in a gruff voice, "He was right!" The discussion, the complaints about my behavior apparently disappeared or went

away. But that's second-hand. I think it was Old Man Dave Corkran who was supposed to have said, "He was right!"

MEH: Did you take other courses with Lowinsky, other than the chorus?

DS: I did a little theory work with him, which was aborted. We didn't continue. No. I didn't study music, as my sisters had, in any depth with him. I took more with Charlotte Schlesinger, who was a wonderful musician herself, and I took a music appreciation class. As I say, I played the violin with Gretel for a while, during that year.

MEH: Before you came to Black Mountain, had you played any instrument?

DS: I had sung since I was practically born, and I had sung in all the choruses and madrigal groups and things that I could find during high school years. At New Trier (PH) High School, on the North Shore of Chicago, and then at Putney School in Vermont, where we had some wonderful music. So, I had done a lot of singing. By that time when I got there I had become a folk singer and I was really getting into guitar playing and folk singing. Black Mountain had some people who were doing that, and that influenced me a lot in my music. Students. I went on to use that throughout my life. I still do—the folk music end of it.

MEH: So you had been to Putney School in Vermont.

DS: Right.

MEH: For high school?

DS: For two years, for the last two years of high school, yes. That was a place that had many—some similarities to Black Mountain. It had a farm, and a work

program, and exciting people. Many of the teachers were refugees from Germany because it was during the War. The War was over when I was still at Putney. It came to an end when I was still at Putney. We had refugee teachers, and so there were some similarities. People of quality and really interesting people from other parts of the world, other parts of life.

MEH: Did you take any courses with Charlotte Schlesinger?

DS: I did. I mentioned that I did a music—I guess you'd call it a music appreciation course. But, you know, I was a young kid, and I wasn't really very interested in being a scholar or a student. I was interested in just absorbing everything that was around me. At Black Mountain we didn't have to get grades. We didn't get them. We didn't have to think about them. I was not concerned about graduating from anything at that point. I knew that I'd never graduate from Black Mountain, because even my much more scholarly older sister didn't even graduate. She got into the Second Division, the Upper Division, and jumped through a lot of the hoops that they did give them but people didn't seem worried about graduating, and I think very very few did. So—I forget the question. What—?

MEH: I do too! (LAUGHTER) What was the—You mentioned a barbershop quartet. I haven't heard anything about that.

DS: A group of us got together. There are a lot of old family songs that come from my family that both Schauff and I and I guess my sisters too, old warhorse songs from the First World War and early part of this century I'm sure, that we knew. Some of us just got together, and I don't think we had a leader. Adamy,

Ed Adamy, was in it, Schauff and I, Hank Bergman, Harry Weitzer, a bunch of the people—there were probably others too that I can't remember, people that liked to sing. We'd just get together and harmonize and make up our own harmonies, most of which weren't very good probably, but we had fun doing it. It's funny that because in many many later years when I taught here in Portland at the Catlin Gabel School, I started up a group called The Red Barons and it had some of those same people in it, and we did some of the same songs. This was many many years later. Schauff was in it, and Ed Adamy, and Harry—no, I don't think Harry was in it. But several people—and we sort of carried that on here in Portland. But it started there. That was in the laundry room. That was down in the laundry room, I think, the basement or somewhere.

MEH: Do you recall whether you ever performed?

DS: I don't think we did. But if we did it was just for our own amazement and with anybody around who wanted to listen. I don't recall ever performing at any recital or anything of that kind. We wouldn't have had that audacity to do that.

MEH: What about the folk mus—You had a guitar with you at the time?

DS: I had a guitar. It was during that year that a fellow named Herb Cable, who is long dead, had a little beautiful Martin guitar. I got excited and fascinated with this little guitar. Herb was an absolutely appallingly bad musician, but he knew the chords of the guitar. He could play in one key and sing in another and not know it. But he taught me a lot about the guitar. I was fascinated with this guitar so I went out and bought myself a beautiful Martin guitar, which I have to this day. I bought it for eighty-five dollars then, and it's now worth about three

thousand dollars, but that's the times changing. But that's when I really got into the folk music thing. It was people like—oh, a lot of these people we've mentioned—who influenced me.

MEH: Was Mickey Miller there when you were there?

DS: Mickey Miller.

MEH: She was a student who was very interested in folk music, and she was after the War but you may not have overlapped.

DS: I don't remember Mickey Miller. I bet my sister would, but you'll have to go to Australia to talk to her.

MEH: I'd like to! Did you have any particular interest in the folksongs of the area, or were you really—

DS: No, I didn't. I wasn't there long enough to really get into that or figure out how to learn that. I would have been interested. I was learning from records, from Burl Ives, from Richard Dyer-Bennet, from all kinds of sources like that. I didn't know how to read music well at all at the time, so I was learning mostly by hearing and by listening to people. Later on I became an accomplished musician in terms of reading and whatever. I sing in the Symphonic Choir to this day, here in Portland.

MEH: How would you compare the experience of studying music at Black Mountain to the experience you had later when you entered a conventional university with a curriculum—in terms of quality, in terms of how you learned, whatever?

DS: Well, you know, that's an interesting comparison to think about. When I got into formal music study in Wyoming, I also had some very very competent

musicians. But the Black Mountain people—I don't know. I suppose they—I'm thinking of Schlesinger and Eddie Lowinsky. I wasn't there when Jalowetz was still alive, although he had a tremendous influence on my two sisters. They just loved this man. I only knew him vicariously. I think I met him once on a visit. But these guys were—and this woman—were of very high-quality musicianship. But I also found that elsewhere, too. At Black Mountain I wasn't into really making a study of music. I was just absorbing—that and a million other things.

MEH: What other courses did you take at the college?

DS: I wonder if I can remember! I took a John Wallen course, "The Dynamics of Learning," and that was a fascinating experience. I took a history course with Dave Corkran. I work to this day with his son, Dave Corkran, but he was only eleven years old at the time. Dave Corkran Sr. recognized immediately that I was not much of a scholar, and I can tell you how I know that for a fact—because about five years ago, when Dave Corkran was upwards of eighty years old, I went to visit him in a nursing home, because he was living here in Portland. He was sitting with some old cronies, and he introduced me to them, each at the table as I sat down to visit with him. I said to one of the gentlemen, I said, "You know, Dave—I was a student of Dave Corkran's." Old man Corkran said, [GRUFF VOICE] "You were never a student." End of conversation. I thought it was funny, and I don't know whether he was being funny or not. He was a gruff old guy. He was a wonderful man, but he was a very gruff-sounding person. So, anyway, I don't think Dave thought I was much of a scholar, and he

was right, absolutely right. I'm not a scholar to this day. I am an intuitive musician, not a scholarly musician. [TALKS TO DOG].

MEH: What do you remember about the Work Program?

DS: Oh, I remember wonderful things about that. That was the thing that I was, I was really into, and so was Susie, my middle sister. We, we drove the dump truck and we hauled coal from the cars in town and brought it out and loaded it into the coal chutes. We worked on the farm and we pitched hay and we drove the bulldozer. The Work Program to me was one of the most exciting parts of the whole place. I was much less intellectually inclined than a lot of the people there, and I think that's probably true to this very day. I'm a work-with-your-hands person. I was then, and I am today. I loved working on the farm. Ray Trayer and I can't think of the other guy's name, but—I learned a lot in that farming and work experience that have been helpful to me in my life.

MEH: What sort of things did you do on the farm?

DS: Well, it was mostly—I remember bringing in hay. You know, I don't remember specifically too much about—I don't remember driving the tractor although I do remember driving the Hough loader, the bulldozer. You know, it's funny, even though I feel very warmly toward that work experience, I don't remember the farm in terms of what kind of animals they had there and such. I don't remember that particularly.

MEH: Do you have other particular memories? Anecdotes, events? People?

DS: Oh, you know, I'm sure that there are many of them. Perhaps you've heard this story, and this is a second-hand one, of the burial of Jalowetz, when he died. Have you heard that story?

MEH: What do you recall having heard?

DS: My recollection that Susie was there. Jalo was part of a recital. Maybe he was the whole concert that night, I don't know. He played this wonderful concert and then he had a heart attack apparently and died. They decided that—I guess his wife decided and the rest decided that he should be buried there on the property at Black Mountain College. So, Harry and Hank and a few people were assigned the task of going out to dig a grave for the casket. The story is that they got about this deep and they got into solid rock and all they could do was dig a hole that slanted downwards. The casket was coming, and Jalo was buried at an angle. I think you should get Harry to tell the story. He'll tell it much better than I did.

MEH: What did you do for entertainment at the college?

DS: Oh, wow. Entertainment. In the Studies Building there were all kinds of conversations and singing. Well, there was some studying that happened there. I didn't do very much of it. One of my cronies, because we were the same age almost exactly, was Howard Rondthaler, now called Rondy—the son of the Rondy. Howard and I buddied up, and we took trips around, and I remember we drove a car for somebody to Pittsburgh one time and hitchhiked back and got into a snowstorm and just about froze to death. One of the things that I remember now was that Dave Corkran took us on a number of hikes up in the

mountains. I think Dave was, at that time, probably in his late forties or fiftyish, something like that. He took us on these wonderful hikes up Mount Mitchell and places like that. There were a lot of outings. We took camping trips. A bunch of us would get together and go up, a few miles away and camp out and just have a jolly time. We would go into Asheville. I think one of the most fascinating things that I remember is going to Asheville one time. It was with Dick Roberts. Dick Roberts was a good bit older than I, maybe seven or eight years older than I am. Somehow or other we all went in a group into Asheville to do some things. We were supposed to catch a ride back and we missed it. So, we decided we'd go out and have a few beers, and we went to two or three taverns along the way and listened to some of what he called "the folk music" of the time, which was just the country music being played on the jukeboxes. We got to talking about Thomas Wolfe, and I said, "You know, I've been reading these books of Thomas Wolfe. I'm in the midst of reading one right now." He said, "Well, let me tell you about this." He said, "Before the War, I was driving about in this part of the country and I was also reading Thomas Wolfe. I stopped in Asheville, and I thought, 'Well, I'll just get a room at Thomas Wolfe's mother's boarding house.'" So, he found this place, according to his story. He took a room with Wolfe's mother, and he read all of his books that were published at that time while he was living right in the house. He told stories about her eccentricities and the father living down the street in another house and all, all of which came to me immediately because I had been reading about it. He said, "Why don't we go over there?" I said, "Could we go?" So, we walked down the

street in Asheville. A few blocks, and we came to this big old house. We knocked on the door and nobody came. So we just tried the handle. It was open, we walked in, he showed me through the entire boarding house. We walked—and told me about "This was so-and-so's room, and this was somebody else's room." Then we walked down the street to the father's house. We didn't get into that one, but he showed me that place. Here was an experience of learning something about a real author just by actually doing it, and I've never forgotten that experience. Now I don't know if Dick Rob—Have you seen Dick Roberts?

MEH: Many years ago. I'd like to see him again, but he's sort of distant. Difficult to see.

DS: He's a long distance away, but he's a wonderful, fascinating guy—to this day. I'm seventy now and I expect Dick is seventy-eight or nine.

MEH: Do you remember other events, times going into Asheville or Black Mountain? Did you go to Roy's or Ma Peek's?

DS: Was Roy's the tavern in Black Mountain? Yes, I can remember going to I think it was Roy's. I remember going into a tavern in Black Mountain on several occasions, and Rondy went with us. Not Rondy the younger but Rondy the older, who wasn't very old, really, in those days. I can remember riding in that silly dump truck and going to the tavern. Of course I was probably too young to drink legally, but so were some of the rest of us. It didn't seem to matter. We'd have some beer, and had a jolly time, and that was—That was a lot of fun.

[END OF SIDE 1, AUDIOCASSETTE 1. BEGINNING OF SIDE 2]

DS: Yes, that was some fun evening activity that we had on several occasions.

MEH: Do you have any memories of encounters with snakes at the college?

DS: Never met a snake there. I never saw a snake. I kept looking around to see if I could see a water moccasin or something, but one never crossed my path.

MEH: Did you have any interest in the art activities at the college?

DS: I was only peripherally interested in it. Yes, I was interested, but I'm not an artist in the sense of being a sculptor or painter, even though I did some of that as a kid. That was not an area that I was terribly interested in. But I should amend that to this extent. Ilya Bolotowsky was there the year that I was there. Albers was not, so I didn't get to know Albers the way some of my sisters and others did. I got to know Ilya, and I got to really love Ilya as a human being, as a crazy wonderful person. When I ended up two or three years later at the University of Wyoming, who should I find there but Ilya Bolotowsky! He and I—even though he's a lot older than I—because really close friends. We traveled together, we went across the county back and forth to Chicago several times at Christmastime. He would come with me or I'd go in his car. We traveled one time to San Francisco to visit Knute Stiles and some others that were out there. So I made that initial acquaintance with Ilya before Meta came into the picture. Meta was not there yet. He had this wonderful old 1930-or-so Studebaker convertible roadster. He would take trips out in that thing and everybody had—So I became interested in the person more than his art, but I also liked his painting. If I had one of his paintings today, I'd be thrilled. So that was a contact I made there that went on through many years, until he died.

MEH: Do you have particular other memories of the college? Of people, of events, or of anecdotes?

DS: Well, you know, it's hard to put your finger on, just out of the blue like that. I think the people that I enjoyed the most there were Rony. He was just a really wonderful human being. I traveled to his Ocracoke house with his son and a group of others one time, but he wasn't there at the time. He was a real influence. Ted Dreier I knew not as well. Tried to do some math with Ted. He tried to teach me some calculus and I think we both decided it was hopeless and we did not continue. I liked Ted. For some reason or another I can remember racing Ted Dreier from the Studies Building down to the Dining Hall on a couple of occasions to see who could get there faster. He beat me both times. But as a teacher, I didn't have much touch with him—just that very brief time. I think that the musicians are the ones that—I think Charlotte Schlesinger was somebody that I just really admired. She was practically blind. She always had a cigarette hanging out of her face. She would sit at the piano, look—trying to see the music this way—and still playing magnificently. She could, you know, demonstrate. She would play something on the record machine of an orchestra and then she'd say "But you see what is happening," and she would play it. She just had this facility—She was such a warm person, unlike Eddie, who was not a warm, friendly person. He was a very austere sort of person. I have great admiration for him. Don't get me wrong. But I didn't, I didn't like the man very well. I had a conversation with his daughter at the reunion in San Francisco.

We sat together. I approached it rather delicately at first, but I think she agreed that he was a difficult man in a lot of ways, but a wonderful musician.

MEH: Bodky was not there yet, when you were there?

DS: He was not there. That is correct. The name rings a bell. Buckminster Fuller was not there when I was there, but I met him because of Black Mountain and because of associations. I met him at a party in Chicago one time and have a wonderful recollection of this man, this little short guy, showing me pictures, showing us pictures of the three-wheeled automobile he had invented and telling us stories about eluding the cops by being able to make a quick loop and go out the other side of town in a hurry. Then the thing I remember most about him at that party was that he got up and did a jig for us. Somebody put a record on and he got up and did this incredible—I don't know whether it was an Irish gig or what it was, but it was wonderful. That was at the house of—apartment of Warren Outten.

MEH: Why did you leave Black Mountain?

DS: Well, I was nineteen years old. I didn't really know what I wanted to do. I think I said earlier I just felt that I wasn't spending the family money very intelligently by just going on and not doing very much study. I was having some wonderful times, but I wasn't doing a lot of study. So, I took a year or two off, went to Europe on a bicycle trip with Neil Albright, who I had met there. Neil later turned out to be my brother-in-law, but he wasn't at the time. I took a couple of years to travel, first to Alaska and then to Europe. Then I decided I needed to go to college. But when I was nineteen I didn't need to go to college, really. I needed

to do some other things first, and become a little older, and then I zeroed in on a career.

MEH: When you chose to go to college, where did you go?

DS: I tried to go to Antioch, but Antioch looked at my academic record and said, "Sorry, friend. No deal." So, I picked a college out of nowhere in a place I had never been and decided to go there. It was the University of Wyoming, where I met Ilya, paradoxically. But I just decided that I would go somewhere completely different and try something new. When I got there, immediately all this music came back and I became a music major. I subsequently taught music for twenty-five years, before I gave it up to do other things.

MEH: Did you get your Bachelor's in music, or—

DS: I got my Bachelor's in music at Wyoming. I got some credit for Black Mountain. A little anecdote about that might be interesting. After I had been at Wyoming for maybe a half a year or a year and had established a reputation—I was on the honor roll and was almost a straight-A student, as compared with what I had been before. I went to the registrar and I said I'd like to get credit for this place called Black Mountain. He said, "What's that?" I explained what it was and where it was. He said, "Well, there's no way in the world —" He said, "You'd have to get a letter from every one of the division heads of this university involved in the course here trying to get credit for before I'd ever consider it." So I went first to the English department, talked to guy for two minutes, and he said, "Black Mountain! Oh tell me all about that." Pretty soon he wrote a letter to the registrar saying, "Give him credit for—" Then I went to the Psychology

Department, and they said, "Oh, John Wallen, yes, we've heard about him. Now tell—" So I got credit for "Dynamics of Learning" in psychology. Then I went to the P.E. Department, and I said, "You know, they didn't have any P.E. at Black Mountain at all, but I'd like to get credit because we had this wonderful work program where we did—" "Tell me about that." We had this nice conversation, and he wrote a letter. So I got credit for everything I did at Black Mountain, but I had to fight for it. [INTERRUPTION FOR TELEPHONE CALL]

DS: Molly Gregory popped into my mind.

MEH: How do you remember Molly Gregory?

DS: Well, when I think of this very house that we live in here, that I've—over the years my wife and I have built and built onto and changed and increased in size. A lot of the skills that I have, I think some of them I learned at both Putney and at Black Mountain, and Molly Gregory certainly came into that picture. Molly—I never took a course with Molly Gregory, but I knew her as a person. We were working on a house out between the Studies Building and the farm itself. It was an old farmhouse, and we were rebuilding that thing—Adamy and some of the rest. I worked on that, and I just sort of by osmosis, really, I learned a lot of things in the area of working with my hands in those years. Black Mountain was certainly central because there was a lot of emphasis on doing things yourself—work programs, fixing that house, all of it—that I never forgot. I think they really impelled me in the direction of doing some of the things I do today, and this house is an example of it.

MEH: Did you help build this house?

DS: Well, I started with a tiny little one-bedroom house, thirty-three years ago, and it's now a five bedroom house and much bigger. There's a whole new top on it and we've essentially built this house, yes. I got some of that experience down there. Got some starts in it.

MEH: When you left, you went to Wyoming. After you finished at Wyoming, what did you do?

DS: I went immediately to work as a choral director in a little Wyoming town called Lusk, with a K at the end. Lusk is a little town of two thousand people, which had, surprisingly, some tradition in music, and I was able to do some pretty neat choral work there in this town. I taught Grades 1 through 12. I had the whole spectrum of the town in the choral music world. Then after two years of that I decided to go back to college, and I went to Northwestern University, became the choral assistant there, got my Master's degree there, worked very closely with the choral director there. I was his assistant, and got a lot more experience in choral work. Then I went on to do choral work in three different schools in Illinois. Then I'd had enough of Illinois and wanted to go elsewhere. All of this Black Mountain crowd, whom I knew well—the group that had come to Black Mountain [Oregon], I knew when they were at Black Mountain and when they were studying and trying to figure out where they should go and what they wanted to do with their lives. I was very much on the edge of that thing, but I decided at the time that I was really too young to make that kind of a commitment. My sister was in the group, Harry Weitzer was in the group, Schauff, Ed, Hank Bergen was around the edges of it—

MEH: Now which sister?

DS: Susie, the middle sister.

MEH: So Anna had already left.

DS: Anna had already left, yeah. So [TELEPHONE INTERRUPTION]. Yeah, what I decided, here I was back in Illinois. I stayed seven years in Illinois, having returned there and being away for a period of time, I was living right close to where I had grown up, teaching school. I had kept in touch with this Black Mountain crowd that had come out here—Schauff, Ed, Harry, John Wallen, Rondy—all of those people I had kept some contact with. So, I either wrote Schauff or called him up and I said, "I'm looking for a job someplace else, and I'm wondering whether your town has something to offer." He got back to me immediately, and he said, "There's an opening for a music job in the high school." So, he got me in touch with the headmaster. We met in Chicago. I came out to Portland, renewed all my friendships with my friends, and was offered a job simultaneously. So, I came out here in 1963 and really, after being away from them—let's see, '47, '57—for fifteen, sixteen years, I rejoined this crowd and even though I hadn't been a part of their cooperative community, I had visited it twice on trips and I had kept in touch with them. So, I had a whole set of friends here ready to go, and I was working in the same school with my cousin, Schauff—which was great.

MEH: This was Catlin Gabel.

DS; This was Catlin Gabel. Later he became the head of the school, but he was just a teacher there at the time that I came in as a teacher.

MEH: Are you still there?

DS: No. Well, yes and no. I left there in 1977. I had had twenty-five years of teaching, and I think I was burned out. I was getting stale in the work and so I just completely left teaching music, went to be a city bus driver here in the city of Portland. I drove bus—I kept singing in the symphonic choir, so I kept my hand in music, Ellen and I together, my wife and I. But I drove buses. Then one of the directors at the bus company discovered that I had been a teacher and became interested in starting a program of an outreach into the school system of the city, and telling about the new light rail system, the buses and things. To make a long, long story short, I was hired to do that job. So, for five years I was back in education, but with a bus driver's hat on my head, not doing any music—although occasionally I'd get into a third-grade class or something and see a guitar, pick it up, and do a tune or two. But mostly I was teaching transportation and all the needs of air pollution and whatever, why we need new transportation. So I spent five years doing that, and at 62 I retired. That was eight years ago. What did I do then? I went to driving school buses for the Catlin Gabel School, just as a part-time thing, and I became a carpenter. I had always been a carpenter, but I started making some money as a carpenter. I wasn't really old enough to retire. Although I was technically retired, I started building things and working with some of my friends in the summer. I'm still doing it. I still do carpentry work. I drove a bus this morning for the school. My daughter, Peggy, who was three years old when we arrived here, is now the art teacher in the lower school, and I took her group of people to an art show. So

the old man took the daughters—By the way, my granddaughter is in her class. So, so I've been associated with that school since 1963 and I guess I still am, on a part-time basis.

MEH: What can you tell me about your sister, Anna?

DS: We called Anna "Eah."

MEH: Spell "Eah."

DS: She was Eah to most people. It's a wonderful but sad story. Eah was a wonderful musician, and at New Trier High School she played cello, and first cellist in the orchestra, and she studied cello, and then she went off to study cello—Well, she went off to the Northampton School for Girls and studied cello at the same time. She spent a year in Boston working with the first cellist at the Boston Symphony—Enditsky (PH) I think was his name. She went to Smith College and didn't like it very well. Then, as I earlier said, my mother had gotten intrigued with Black Mountain College, and Eah got intrigued with it. She decided "to heck with Smith" and she went off to Black Mountain where she spent, I think, four years. I mean music was her thing and she was a very fine cellist. She played a lot. She studied with those people there, and I think probably learned a great deal from them. She got along with Lowinsky better than the other sister did. She had a little more ability to stand up to him, I think. There was this young man who was a conscientious objector, Dick Lockwood, and he was working in a hospital. He was a CO, and it was during the War. He was still in whatever you call it—he was being required to do this as his alternate service, I guess you would say. He used to come out to the college

and listen to the music because he was himself a fine musician. Eah and Dick met there, and they married not too very much after that, and they were together for a number of years. They had three kids. When their kids were nine, six, and three, Eah died of Hodgkin's disease. Dick and the family, all of us together sort of helped to raise those children of hers. But it was a very sad thing, because she died at age thirty-three. But she was playing the cello right up to the end and going out into schools.

MEH: Dick Lockwood is no longer living, is he?

DS: Dick is dead. Dick taught choral music. I learned a great deal from him. He was a choral director at the college level in several different schools over time. He retired when he was sixty-two, and he died of a heart attack. Bingo. Much too young.

MEH: Eah studied with Jalowetz. Was that her main—? I heard really fine things about her from so many people.

DS: She studied—I don't know just, I don't—Actually there was a woman who came to Black Mountain and I think I can remember her name. Eva Heinetz. Does that ring a bell?

MEH: I spoke with her yesterday.

DS: Really! She's still living. Eva—Eah studied with her, and Eah studied with all of those people in one way or another. Jalowetz was not a cellist, but he was a musician. Eddie was not a cellist, but a musician. So she learned and gained from all of those people. Heinetz, Eva Heinetz was not there—I think she was there before I came, maybe a summer or something.

MEH: She was there the summer of '45.

DS: Yeah, that would have been just a year or so before I got there. But I remember Eah being just absolutely carried away by her work with her.

MEH: Looking back on Black Mountain, what do you see as the college's—Do you think that the college really worked in terms of what it was trying to do? What do you think were its strengths, its weaknesses?

DS: Oh, I think it had tremendous strength. I don't know that it ever really knew exactly what it was trying to do itself. But Black Mountain was a whole group of individualists, people who were doing their own thing. Ilya Bolotowsky couldn't have been more different in the world than Albers. Just totally different people, different kind—Or Bimbus compared to Eddie Lowinsky. Totally different human beings, but I think they were all trying to do their thing about getting through to kids, giving them an opportunity to really experience, not just learn the theory of something but really do it, be it art, be it music, be it driving a tractor. I don't care what it was. I mean Ray Trayer on the farm was as much a professor to us as—or Rondy as the business manager was as much a professor, maybe more so to me, than some of the rest of the—They were human beings that believed in something, and they were willing to work for practically nothing and live there and enjoy this close relationship with younger people, that I think was just fa—So I think, I think it was tremendously successful. It was a total failure in terms of its finances and in terms of its administration and keeping momentum going. It doesn't exist today because they couldn't hold it together. But, yes, I think it was terribly successful. You know, if I had to take two—the most

influential two years of my life were the—well, three, I should say—were the two at Putney and the one at Black Mountain. Three little years out of seventy loom just huge in the growth that happened to this little guy who came there with not very much direction to his life. I'm still trying to figure out what I want to do with my life. But I did find some direction in the process when I was there.

MEH: Now how many kids do you have?

DS: I have four kids. I was married to a Wyoming girl. When I was in Wyoming, I met Martha Corthell (PH), and we had two kids and we were married for fourteen years. She came to Portland with me and was here for five years. She's still here, right down the road. But she decided that she didn't want to be married to me, and so we split when the kids were, oh, eight, eight and ten or something. Both of those kids now teach at the Catlin Gabel School. I subsequently—three years later—I married Allen Neill, who came out here to be a teacher, and we have two kids. They are now grown up. One is Heidi, twenty-three, and the other is still in college in Montana and she's twenty-one. So, I have four kids that were twenty years apart from the oldest to the youngest. Danny is twenty years older than Zanni. My wife teaches at Catlin Gabel, my daughter teaches there, and my son is doing part time instrumental work there. He's a music—professional musician. He claims that I was one of his good teachers in tho—All of my, the two older kids went through my classes at Catlin.

MEH: It's incredible the number of Black Mountain people, different generations that taught at Catlin Gabel. What do you think has been the influence of the Black Mountain crowd—Black Mountain College—on Catlin Gabel.

DS: Well, I think at a period of time the influence was quite considerable. Of course, the main powerful influence was Schauff. He came into the school when there were no male teachers. He was the only one. When he left, I'm sure it was about half and half. Some thirty years later, it was—He had a tremendous influence on the place. But we had an aunt—He and I had an aunt who taught music and dance at Catlin long before our time. In fact, she died sitting on the piano stool at the Catlin School. She had a heart attack and died. That goes way back. I suppose I had an influence. I think I did. We built a pretty good music program in the years that I was there, and—at the upper levels. I think my wife, to this day, although she's not—Well, how shall I say this. Allen is a tremendous influence in that school. She didn't go to Black Mountain, but she certainly has been influenced a great deal by all of these people that we know mutually, and she practically went there in terms of her experience with all of these people.

MEH: She probably feels like she went there.

DS: Yeah, I think—In many ways I think she does.

MEH: Are there topics we haven't covered, or questions I haven't asked, that you think we should have discussed?

DS: Mary, you know, we could go on and on, and as one little story builds to another, I can't—I don't know where to jump in. I'm sure there are—You know, I

think that the influence of Black Mountain, the kind of education that we got there—Schauff got there, I got there, Harry Weitzer got there because he was a parent in the school—I think it's had a real influence on the direction of the school for a chunk of years. Because Schauff firmly believed in not giving grades, for example. Well, this goes back to those times. He believed in this small group of person-to-person contact, small classes, outdoor programs, trips of all kinds. They go back to those experiences that we had in those years at Black Mountain. I think that, you know, Ed Adamy was at the school and he was a man who worked with his hands. He taught shop. Well, I worked with Ed. I also taught—I had forgotten to tell you that I also taught shop at the Catlin Gabel School, and I used to say that I worked two-thirds times in music and two-thirds times in shop. I taught the Middle School shop and the Upper School shop. Ed's philosophy was—Ed learned from Molly Gregory. Ed learned everything he knew about woodworking and tools from Molly Gregory. He came from a family that had none of that, absolutely none of it, whereas I did have some of it in my earlier years. Ed learned it at Black Mountain, and he transferred it to this school, and for how many years he taught there, I forget—you know, thirty or something—he taught kids how to work with their hands and the joy and the pleasure of working with your hands. That was what he believed in and I believe in it too. So a lot of it rubbed off on me—from Putney, from Black Mountain, from Ed Adamy, from Harry Weitzer who was a woodworker. Harry Weitzer did some of his earliest building things in our basement in Chicago, near Chicago, when he was the steady boyfriend of my

sister Susie. I don't know if that ever got into the story or not, but Susie and Harry were very close at one, during the Black Mountain years, and

[END OF SIDE 2, AUDIOTAPE 1; SIDE 1, AUDIOTAPE 2 BEGINS]

Did you say you're going to see Harry?

MEH: Yes.

DS: And you're going to see Hank. See Harry was there longer than I was, and—Are we in business? See, Harry and Susie were together, and I think they almost—Susie almost came out to Portland when the group did, but then she just quite, couldn't quite make up her mind. Instead of marrying Harry she married Neil Albright, who was another guy there at the school with us then. That's a long story. I don't think you want to go into that.

MEH: Well, go ahead.

DS: Well it, you know, it just could have gone one way, it could have gone the other. Neil came to visit us in Chic—When I was finished with Black Mountain and was living at home and Susie was home after her stay there, Neil came to visit us. I think he came to visit me mostly. At least that's what he said. But they became close, and it was what? a year or so after that, maybe two, that they were married. But Neil won out. They're living in Australia together today.

MEH: Had you ever been in the South before you went to Black Mountain?

DS: I had never, I had never been to the South before. It was a whole new experience to me. I grew up in a family that believed in integration and believed in mixings of people. In our family we had a lot of friends of all different kinds of backgrounds and races and German refugees and you name it. When I got to

Black Mountain, here we were living in the South. I knew just that much about the segregation of the South but I knew it was there. We had Louis Selders and we had Jeanne Belcher and who was that other guy—there was another black student there. I can remember three. There were probably more. We knew that that was very unusual. I remember going to a tennis match at some school nearby and taking—it was Luther Jackson was his name. Has he disappeared from the scene altogether?

MEH: I think I'm about to locate him. I think he may be associated with the School of Journalism at Columbia.

DS: Well, anyway Luther—We took a black student to play tennis in this school where that had just plain never happened before, and it happened. Now you can say that was insignificant or you can say it was cataclysmic. I mean, it was a new experience, for those people. And, you know, I don't know how the village of Black Mountain looked upon having some black students there, but I'm sure they raised many an eyebrow. But, you know, it worked. Nobody got into a fight. It must have been one of those drops in the bucket that built into a change in the way we live. It hasn't changed enough, but it's changed a lot, and I think especially in the South, if I'm not mistaken. But that was all new experience to me. I'm a Northerner from a kind of a radical liberal family.

MEH: What did you father do?

DS: He was an insurance salesman. A very successful insurance salesman. My mother was a flaming radical. He was much—he was somewhat more conservative, but not that much more. They bought a farm and we grew up,

from the time we were eight or ten, on a farm, so we learned a lot about that as kids. I think that's why we gravitated to places like Putney and to Black Mountain because they carried on some of the things we loved to do.

MEH: Did you go to private school or public school when you were in grade school? Before Putney.

DS: I did everything. I started out in public school. I went to a progressive school of about thirty-five kids called The Farm School, run by two wonderful teachers who later we would call lesbians. That word didn't exist then. They were two women who lived together, adopted a daughter, she went to school with us, and they ran this wonderful little tiny school.

MEH: And where was this located?

DS: It was in Northbrook, Illinois, right west of the lake. Then I went to public school in Winnetka, but that was a kind of a progressive public school called Skokie School. Then I went to a little country farm school, with one-room schoolhouse, for a year, and that was just an absolute, completely different experience—one teacher dealing with all of these kids in one room. Then I went to New Trier (PH) High School, which was a big well-established good school. We had some wonderful music there, and music came into the picture again with me. I sang in the choruses and I studied voice. Then I went off to Putney, which was a pretty radical place. It was co-educational. It was, it believed in integration. It believed in bringing Jewish immigrants—or I mean refugees—over to teach us. It believed in some wonderful things, and it does to this day. Then I went to Black Mountain. So I had both public and private. [INTERRUPTION]

DS: I have a few things, Mary. Are we still—?

MEH: We're on. That's okay.

DS: I think I could put my hands on a few pictures—not anything great—from the Black Mountain years, if you'd like me to do that.

MEH: Sure. [INTERRUPTION]. This photo is David Schaufler at Black Mountain College.

DS: Smoking his pipe.

MEH: Smoking his pipe and standing on the terrace of the Studies Building. Okay.

DS: This is Harry Weitzer, Harry Weitzer on our tennis court, and Susie Schaufler, and then the picture next to it is of the group heading west to Oregon from Black Mountain, and Dick Lockwood is there. He wasn't in the group, but here's Susie, here's Charlie Boyce, Verna Schaufler, and Ed Adamy are in the picture.

MEH: That's taken at Black Mountain?

DS: No, it's taken at our farm in Illinois.

MEH: On the way west.

DS: On their way west, right. Right out there looking at Mae West, or whatever those hills are in the background, with Dave on the left and then Susie, and another picture of Susie standing in about the same place, probably between the Studies Building and the Dining Hall. That's Eah playing the cello, and with her husband Dick Lockwood, and playing it in our own living room in Illinois. But it would be at about the time just after they were married, having left Black Mountain. This is the family group, including Dick Lockwood, Eah, Dick, Susie, myself, and our two parents. A horse that I carved when I was in about the

eighth grade, seventh or eighth grade, and it stood on the mantelpiece for years and now it stands on my, in my house here in Portland. Painting being made by Leonora Greens. [PH] [BREAK IN RECORDING]

MEH: Okay, any other thoughts?

DS: Well, you know, I'm curious. You know, when you talk with Hank, you're going to find a lot more names; you're going to find a lot more recall, I think. But some of those people, you see, were there longer than I was. Hank was there longer. Harry was there longer. Schauff was there—but still, only two, two years, three years, something like that. They were little tiny bits of our life, but they were bits that were very, very vivid, very meaningful in terms of if you were going to be an architect, as Hank eventually became. All of the art that he did worked in toward his—Hank is the architect of this house right here. He designed everything that you see built here. I built it, but he designed it. He is a real artist in whatever he does. He wasn't an architect in those days. He was doing sculpture, and he was doing painting. Hopefully he'll show you some of that.

MEH: Good, yeah.

DS: One little anecdote that may or may not be à propos. My father was given an old broken cello many years ago. When I came to Chicago on a visit one time, he said, "Would you take this old cello, do something with it. I don't know what to do with it." So, I decided I would take it home and rebuild it, but I couldn't get it into a trunk to ship it so I broke the neck off. I put it in the trunk and several years later it was still there, and Hank Bergman happened to see it. He said "What are you going to do with that cello?" I said "Nothing. I'm going to give it to

you. I don't know what to do with it." So, he took it home. I forgot completely about it. Two years later Hank arrives on the site with this beautiful, completely restored cello. All the little splinters, all the little pieces of wood, everything that had been broken and smashed he had put together—because they had all been saved. He had put them meticulously together and he had a functioning cello that he had made, and he didn't know anything about cellos at all. But he's that kind of an artist. I could tell you many stories of Henry and his artistry, but that's the kind of thing that he can do. He can take an old silly-looking house and conceive some ideas, and over a period of, actually over a period of about thirty years he sort of did a little addition here and a little addition there and then raised the roof here and then pushed the kitchen out here. Everything you see is his concept. He didn't build it, but he thought about it. He drew it. Harry Weitzer is another person who's an incredible—

[END OF TRANSCRIPT]