A few days ago a letter from a good friend told me that one of Pittsburgh's citizens, hearing that I would address this meeting upon culture in Pittsburgh, remarked: "That can be a short address."

Have we in our American cities been too much and too long impressed with such adverse comments as that of Matthew Arnold: "No man will live here if he can live elsewhere”? He said it of the whole of America, not long after the time when a pond sprawled across the present site of Kaufmann's Fifth Avenue Store in Pittsburgh.

"It certainly has a quantity of smoke hanging about, and is famous for its iron works.” This is what the great Dickens observed when he visited Pittsburgh for three days in 1842. Earlier, a traveler with a commercial sense had declared: "To it the immigrant looks; and if he asks, which is the most flourishing town, or where is he the most likely to succeed ... Pittsburgh is the answer."

Pittsburgh has been the answer to many an immigrant bent on success. On that the record is clear. How about an immigrant seeking refinement of mind, morals, and tastes; in short, how about culture? Is Pittsburgh the place? The question is not readily answered. For one reason, people who react spontaneously to the word culture are the first to disagree about its meaning and the others don't care. The others have a great advantage in any community because they are always united on a negative front. The proponents of culture suffer a disadvantage because their enthusiasms are disparate. All this is true of Pittsburgh, but no more nor less than of other communities.

1 An address delivered at a meeting of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania on November 19, 1952. Mr. Hazard is vice president and general counsel of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, and a vice president and member of the executive committee of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development.—Ed.
Before we appraise what is special in the cultural outlook for Pittsburgh, it will be well to take a look at the record. No community can have a future unrelated to its past.

Over a hundred years ago Neville B. Craig, editor of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*, declared: “The fact is, there is not enough of a drama loving population in this city to support a respectable theatre, and we are glad of it. We think it speaks well for the good taste and morality of our inhabitants.”

Was this 1841 arbiter of good taste and morality a good prophet? Pittsburgh did have a heyday of commercial theater. The great names of the stage adorned her playbills. Even this year determined people are promoting guild subscriptions. For almost two decades there has been a community theater playing to good box office for a full, continuous season. There are children’s theaters, summer theaters in the area—in all, an even score of organizations, commercial and voluntary, devoted to the drama and ranging in age from 1894 for the oldest to 1952 for the youngest. There is the drama department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology whose degree in dramatics will often be found in the biography of a Broadway player.

Eleanora Duse died in Pittsburgh. Haniel Long records the event in his most poignant *Pittsburgh Memoranda*:

The divine Duse. An old woman then, but still the most shining woman in the world.

They kept her alive with oxygen in other cities so she might die in Pittsburgh. Death had something in mind; brought her the long leagues from Italy so she might die in my city.

She wouldn’t stop in Indianapolis; said she had heard that “Spittsburgh” was a nice city, insisted on going on through to Spittsburgh, died there, crying for the boat to take her home.

Have we disproved the 1841 prophecy? Those who care would say not yet; the existence of our one commercial theater is precarious; it sometimes offers thin fare; the community theater does a good many potboilers; and for the most part Pittsburgh has but slender opportunity to know the heights, depths, and wonders of thought and emotion that only the theater—from Aeschylus to O’Neill—can portray.

Take another judgment of Pittsburgh—one expressed by James Parton writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1868. It was Parton who...
coined the oft-quoted phrase about Pittsburgh, “Hell with the lid off.” His phrase referred to the nocturnal grandeur of the city when its furnaces glow and its slag dumps exhibit luminescent fingers of crawling, molten masses.

Actually Parton’s article was not wholly derogatory and the flamboyant phrase was not its title. He referred to the men of Pittsburgh as “excellent and strenuous.” But he wrote in 1868: “To this day it is said that a Pittsburgh man of business who should publish a poem would find his paper doubted at the bank. A good man, sir, but not practical.”

Within recent years the Pittsburgh Chapter of the International Society for Contemporary Music gave a concert. Compositions by Charles Ives were played—modern, dissonant, and compelling. From 1906 to 1930 the composer was an active principal in a large insurance business. It is certain and proper that a dossier on Ives in a Pittsburgh bank will not feature his musical talent and equally certain and proper that the distinguished member of the Carnegie Tech Music Department who selected the compositions was not influenced by the composer’s business achievements. Of both we may be sure. But critics say that in Pittsburgh, more than elsewhere, a poet is likely to be just “a good man, sir, but not practical,” and the business man is likely to be “excellent and strenuous,” but whenever the two meet it is upon a no man’s land which each regards as somewhat hostile territory.

It was this failure of communication and lack of sympathy between Pittsburgh’s towering masters of the forge and the furnace and her learned masters of the couplet and the theme which caused a writer in an issue of Harper’s Magazine as late as 1930 to call Pittsburgh “on the whole barbaric.” A harsh judgment—too harsh, of course. And yet today there are board members of cultural institutions in Pittsburgh who have never met a department head; there is more interest in discovering an unorthodox teacher than in knowing the members of the faculty; and at the Founders Day ceremonies on the evening of the opening of the famous Pittsburgh International Exhibition the audience seems to regard art as a pretty but country cousin.

What is happening in Pittsburgh is frequently called a renaissance. And so it is if the word is spelled with a small “r.” Nothing short of a rebirth of spirit and determination could have produced such stupendous rearrangement and reconstruction of the city’s physical facilities. In 1794, when Pittsburgh became a borough, one of the first acts was to post an ordinance prohibiting hogs from running in the streets.
It is recorded that since the hogs could not read, the ordinance was not well observed; perhaps no better observed than the "No Parking" signs of today. But today the city moves to a program of centrally located, multi-story, parking stations, above and below ground, so that the citizens may indulge that urge which William S. Knudsen described as the passion of the American people to go some place sitting down. This is but a single illustration to show that never in her whole history since that first ordinance about the hogs has Pittsburgh paid such costly, efficient, and magnificent attention to her housekeeping.

But what about renaissance in Pittsburgh if the word is spelled with a capital "R"? Here the word has a cultural significance about which experts will differ in detail, but not in general. Take the role of the scholar in the Renaissance. He was pre-eminent because of the compulsive curiosity, the persistent will to learn, of those three great centuries from the fourteenth to the sixteenth. Florence, Milan, Pisa, Venice, Siena vied with each other for teachers and scholars. Poets, painters, philosophers were the intimates of merchant princes who themselves might write poetry without impairing their credit. When rival universities asserted conflicting claims to the services of Soccini, a professor of civil and canon law, the city of Siena prepared for war to defend its claim to the learned man. The incomes of such professors were the envy of prosperous merchants. Think of it—teachers with incomes greater than prosperous merchants, a city ready to make war to retain a scholar. Wonders have ceased, indeed.

No such wonder exists at the University of Pittsburgh. Its building is high, thirty-four stories of impeccable Gothic; its enrollment is high, twenty-two thousand students; its tuition is low; the salaries of the professors are low. Inflation has sapped its endowment and deficits beset its administration. It is losing good members of its faculty and adequate replacements are difficult to obtain.

The problem is not peculiar to the University of Pittsburgh or to the other institutions of higher learning in Pittsburgh. It is a general problem, well stated by President Nason of Swarthmore College in a recent annual report: "The prospect of genteel poverty will not attract into the teaching profession the kind of men and women we need." The point is that in Pittsburgh, where problems of physical reconstruction and redevelopment have been attacked with such imagination and daring, there appears to be a lag in the realization that culture also requires organization and leadership; that buildings, however important, are not enough; that men and women set the cultural standards of the
community; and that those who are to give us the cultural results of their study and contemplation must be reasonably free of constant worry and perennial scrimping. Figures published by the Commission on Financing Higher Education indicate that on the average faculty members in colleges and universities have suffered since 1940 "an absolute setback in economic status."

The impact of this setback is the greatest in precisely the areas which are most critical for our cultural future. Teachers of the physical and natural sciences, of economics, engineering, law, and the like have opportunities to supplement their academic income by accepting consulting work from business and government. But teachers of the liberal arts, literature, history, philosophy, have relatively few such opportunities.

George Westinghouse and William James were contemporaries. Born four years apart in the 1840's, each died at age sixty-eight. What Westinghouse gave to America needs no elaboration. The signboards are constant reminders. What James gave to America is not on the signboards, but if some tracer material could identify for us the origins of those thoughts and convictions which move and mold our lives, the path would lead often to James—brilliant expounder of the philosophy of the practical. The point is not the validity of his philosophy, but that for almost forty years—1872 to 1910—he thought and wrote from his chair on the Harvard faculty, enjoying an economic and social status which was not inferior to that of his non-academic contemporaries in Cambridge and Boston. If now, forty years later, we are moving to an arrangement of rewards and values such that a new air brake has a better chance to emerge than a new philosophy, the cultural outlook is not good.

If there is a Renaissance in Pittsburgh, one must expect to find that special tolerance which enabled the painters, sculptors, and writers of the golden three hundred years in the Italian cities to innovate. In that Renaissance, painting and sculpture broke out of the iconography of the earlier centuries into round, molded flesh and blood with the color of life. Leonardo dared suggest that man could fly and Galileo survived his espousal of the shocking doctrine that the earth moves upon an axis and around the sun.

We wonder today why such commonplace facts as colorful painting, flying, or the movement of the earth should ever have required tolerance. But they did. Are we drawing the necessary conclusions for ourselves from this history of the Renaissance? That remains to be seen.
No less in Pittsburgh than elsewhere in America we are tending to forget our own Revolution dedicated to the proposition that men are born free to think for themselves and therefore to differ among themselves. We are tending to retreat from the ideal of Jefferson, himself learned in the teachings of that other Renaissance, that the only right way to combat bad opinions is by good opinions, not by punishments. Shocked by the discovery of some rotten apples in our national barrel we have relapsed momentarily into an unreasoning fear which would stamp out all diversity of thought and smother our traditional American independence of mind in a deadly blanket of conformity.

Let me round out this section on Pittsburgh's cultural prospects with a slight diversion. In 1835 Philip Nicklin wrote a little book called A Pleasant Peregrination through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania. Among his comments on Pittsburgh was the following: "Pittsburghers have committed an error in not rescuing from Mammon a triangle of thirty or forty acres at the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela and devoting it to the purposes of recreation. It is an unparalleled position for a park in which to ride or walk or sit." And now, more than a century and a decade later, we are rescuing that triangle and will make of it a monument, a Western Pennsylvania Valley Forge—a pleasant place, flanked by great shining steel buildings opened to smoke-free daylight with glass and serviced with the electrical dreams of George Westinghouse—a pleasant place where one may sit and think.

But it takes more than grass and trees, more than a pleasant place, more than a good view to make culture. Symphony, opera, string quartets, organ concerts, museums, theater, choral music, ballet—all are cultural, but the culture of a city is more than all of these. And, if Pittsburgh is to become pre-eminent in spirit, she must do more than rescue a noble site of land. She must make of herself a place where tolerance is stronger than fear of dissident thought; where untruth will be looked in the face and talked, not shouted, down; where men support their beliefs with confidence rather than by punishment of what they disbelieve.

If Pittsburgh makes of herself a place where her cultural institutions, her universities, colleges and schools may depend upon her tolerance, may know that the community has confidence in them and in their faculties to root out stupid error by their own academic techniques; where the right to think and speak, and think and speak differently from others, can be as secure as the foundations of her buildings, then
Pittsburgh will be a spiritual as well as material arsenal and her cultural future will be bright. She has some distance yet to travel toward that end.

The libraries in Allegheny County are a road sign which indicates considerable cultural mileage yet to be traveled. Herein lies a curious anomaly; that in Allegheny County, home of Andrew Carnegie's first library, "Free to the People," there are large population areas with no library service and others with quite inadequate service. Despite the excellence of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, the county lags in quantity and quality of services. Cuyahoga County, Ohio, in which Cleveland is located—a community of population and wealth comparable to Pittsburgh and Allegheny County—spends for libraries three times the amount spent in Allegheny County, where libraries are "understaffed," librarians are "underpaid" and "lack academic and professional training." It is no surprise that the number of books in circulation in Allegheny County is less than half the Cuyahoga figure.

These hard facts were disclosed recently in a survey sponsored by the Allegheny Conference on Community Development. The authors of the report disclosed one interesting and significant reason for the unfavorable library conditions in Allegheny County. People, including public authorities, erroneously have assumed that Andrew Carnegie did all that needed to be done about libraries. So we have the irony that his library benefactions have produced a distorted retrogression. One is almost thankful that he is not around to observe this unhappy consequence of his liberal and enlightened gifts.

A parenthetical word about a dilemma in which philanthropy finds itself. If it gives buildings, some will complain that their maintenance was not endowed; if it gives to the theater, some will say it should have been for music, others for art. And so it goes. Giving money is not an easy job. Pittsburgh has been fortunate in her philanthropists. Individuals and foundations to this day are making handsome and enlightened contributions; and the community needs to remember that what is left undone is not necessarily disapproved, that the community is free to fill the gaps and must not expect accumulated wealth to do everything.

Is there anything in Pittsburgh which promises well for her cultural future? Yes, I think we are beginning to develop organized conscience. In a community, conscience is not effective unless organized, and the organization must occur at the level of power. Such is the case with our Allegheny Conference on Community Development.

Now for some years that self-perpetuating body has drawn from the industrial, business, civic, and educational segments of the commu-
nity men of differing hopes and insights with respect to community development. This planning body, both regarding and disregarding political alignments, vested industrial and commercial interests, and praise and blame, has survived more than one crisis in its history. Smoke abatement, rearrangement of highways, slum clearance, the rescue of a triangle from Mammon, the approval in principle of an experiment in educational television—such projects do not occur without serious dislocation of values and significant impairment of commercial interests. When men who are the owners or managers of such values and interests can sit at the same table and maintain a community attitude despite these hurts, the community may claim an organized and effective conscience. That is what is special for the cultural outlook of Pittsburgh.

Scarcely less important, though less tangible, is a new consciousness in Pittsburgh. The writer who described "these excellent and strenuous men" of Pittsburgh continued to say that they "accuse themselves vehemently of a want of public spirit and it is evident that the charge is just." It is not recorded that these words of more than a half century ago drew any dissent from the then leaders of Pittsburgh. They were the last Puritans—proud of their belief that business is an ultimate virtue.

Today the case is somewhat different. When in May of 1951 a writer in the Atlantic Monthly said, "In the minds of some thoughtful Pittsburghers there lurks the suspicion that the work of the Conference has laid too much emphasis on the materialistic side," and added, "There is no question of the truth of this accusation," the Conference took note. Beginning in that methodical and cautious fashion which must always characterize the actions of men who work with heavy technology, where mistakes and ill-founded enthusiasm can be so costly, the Conference has sponsored an inventory of existing cultural activities in the Pittsburgh area.

The inventory is a remarkable document. Its foreword begins with a quotation from Channing:

He is to be educated not because he is to make shoes, nails, and pins, but because he is a man.

Three hundred and fifty-five cultural organizations are listed, their history, activities, and present status described. From an Author's Club of Pittsburgh, a Dickens Fellowship, an Organ Player's Club of Pittsburgh, a Society of Sculptors, an African Violet Society of Greater Pittsburgh, a Men's Garden Club, a Homestead Russian Orthodox Male Chorus, the Goose Lookers organized to watch the migration of the
Canada Goose, and the Old Westmoreland Rifles devoted to the collecting and shooting of old muzzle-loading rifles and pistols, the inventory proceeds through the alphabet and through the categories of art, ballet and dance, drama, literature, music, sculpture, colleges and universities, elementary and secondary schools, cultural institutions, garden clubs, historical societies, leisure time groups, and hobby clubs, libraries, women's clubs—a document to prove that when John Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.* devoted five thousand words to Pittsburgh's industrial importance and only six sentences to her cultural life, the reporting was bad.

But, "Would that mine enemy had written a book." Hard upon its publication and publicity, the cultural activities booklet came in for some criticism. If precious species of plants could have spoken, Linnaeus would have had like difficulty with his first botanical classifications. We found that when what is cultural is listed, the included organizations do not object but those not included may complain. We had supposed that since religion is older than culture it would not seek a subtitle in an inventory of cultural activities. But not so, according to a recent letter from the Council of Churches of Christ of Allegheny County. The Conference must and will explain why the churches of Allegheny County were not listed with the Goose Watchers and the Old Westmoreland Rifles. I think this bodes well for the cultural future of Pittsburgh. If we are learning that one may not be dogmatic, certainly not heated, about what is culture and what is not, we are taking a big step toward that elusive goal.

For years Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum was in mothballs. Now, under an inspired leadership, it proclaims the new consciousness in Pittsburgh. Its exhibits do not shrink from the old shame of street lights aglow at eleven in the morning that Pittsburghers might find their way through what Anthony Trollope called the "wondrous blackness of the place." A far cry, this candor and frankness of the Carnegie Museum, from the days when Pittsburghers defensively proclaimed the smoke as a symbol of prosperity.

For years Pittsburghers, with notable exceptions, both the "excellent and strenuous men" and the poets, have gone some place else. A compilation of the comments of all Pittsburgh visitors of consequence from 1830 to 1947 prepared for the Pennsylvania Room of the Carnegie Library is not complimentary. Many of our visitors have been happiest upon their departure.

This is the record—discouraging in spots. But we may be comforted by the lines of Vachel Lindsay—a man who loved his city and
all of our cities:
   We must have many Lincoln-hearted men—
   A city is not builded in a day—
   And they must do their work, and come and go
   While countless generations pass away.

And we may use for reply to our angry critics the words of Lawrence Lee's "Prometheus in Pittsburgh":
   With what a radiance anger lights your face.
   But do not hate. The day returns, and hope
   Is forever in the hearts of men who dream;

   ... ... ...

   It is true that our cities owe much to location, geography, and climate. It is true that they owe much to the earth beneath and to the skies above. It is true that they are often the beneficiaries of waters flowing to the sea—and in turn the victims of the inexorable forces of unfriendly nature. But when all these elements which shape and mold the destinies of our cities have played their role, *men*, not the accidents of nature, build cities.

   All founded in trade, commerce, and industry, some cities live, as Rome has lived for more than twenty-five centuries, and some rise like Carthage only to sink into the lone and level sands. There was a day in the last centuries before Christ when Carthage ruled the Mediterranean and even the coasts beyond Gibraltar—a day when Carthage scarcely noticed Rome. But we who care about our cities may well remember that so little did culture count among the merchants of Carthage that no citizen of that vast commercial empire left a written word of its history; that when the inevitable contest between Rome and Carthage occurred, the merchants of Carthage fought those Punic Wars with hired mercenaries—and lost to legions proud of their Roman citizenship.

   A city does not endure by the work of hirelings. A city endures when its least and its greatest citizen love it alike and will live and work and die that it may be glorious.

   And may we work for culture in Pittsburgh? Yes, if we remember that culture is not a point of arrival but a receding horizon; and yes, if we listen to a warning voice coming across more than a score of centuries from that Greek culture which was rediscovered in that other Renaissance:

   And the end men looked for cometh not,
   And a path is there where no man thought.