



The sculpture "Motherhood" covered with snow.

the *adamanter*

Adamant Music School

Vol. VII - Issue 3 January, 2003

vol. 7.3



from the president

Frank Suchomel, President

January 15, 2003

Dear Members and Friends:

This issue of *the adamanter* will be primarily devoted to expressions of love and devotion to Freda Rosenblatt, one of the main teachers at the Adamant Music School for many years. Freda died New Year's Eve at the grand age of 102. She was one of the mainstays of the School and among the first people I met when I came to New York. Shortly before she died, Freda gave the School her beloved Mason & Hamlin piano. It is now being worked on by Tom McNeil, one of our two piano technicians, and should be ready for this summer.

The concert coming up in February will feature pianist Richard Shirk. He played for us once before many years ago and I, for one, am looking forward to hearing him again. His biography was printed in our last issue, and is on our website. Speaking of our website, we will be posting some changes at www.adamant.org. We hope you like them.

A supreme pleasure for me over the past several months has been listening to all of the recordings we made of last summer's concerts. We purchased a new digital recorder last year and it has turned out to be quite marvelous. Having all of these resources at hand is one of the advantages of being president!

The Village of Adamant is now covered with snow and it appears to be a good year for the ski resorts. Everything in Adamant is okay too, or so reports our caretaker-custodian, Eric Ryea.

This newsletter is probably a bit longer than we anticipated but the death of Freda has unloosed quite a torrent of eulogy and we felt it important to share it with you.

With aloha,

Frank Suchomel



(above) Freda Rabinowitz at age 20.
(below) Freda standing outside her studio
in Germiston, South Africa, in 1922.



new york concerts 2003

The Sunday concerts are held at 3:00 p.m. at 34 East 30th Street, 8th floor, New York City, New York. Members of Behre Piano Associates are admitted at no charge; non-members are charged a \$5.00 fee (seniors & students are charged \$2.50). The March Concert at Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall is the exception — members and nonmembers alike will be charged an admission fee.

- Feb. 9, 2003 Richard Shirk
- March 9, 2003 61st Anniversary Concert at Weill Recital Hall (Carnegie Hall) at 2:30 p.m.
- April 13, 2003 Adamant Music School Participants and Executive Committee Members

This year's
61st Anniversary Concert
will be a tribute to
Freda Rosenblatt, one of
Edwine Behre's pupils and
a long-time teacher at the
Adamant Music School.

We hope to see
you there!

To buy tickets for the March 9th concert you can call CarnegieCharge at 1-212-247-7800, or visit the Box Office for more information. The Box Office is open from 11 am to 6 pm Monday through Saturday, and 12 pm to 6 pm on Sunday. You can also get information on Carnegie Hall's website: www.carnegiehall.org

Program for
February 9, 2003
RICHARD SHIRK
PIANO WORKS OF
EDVARD GRIEG
1843-1907
Six Lyric Pieces
Ballade in the Form of Variations
on a Norwegian Melody, Op. 24
Poetic Tone-Pictures, Op. 3
Holberg Suite, Op. 40

dues time

Our membership year now runs from October 1 through the following September 30, so members will not need to renew in the midst of our Summer Season. Participants are given free membership through the June following their session at the School. Any contribution that exceeds the dues requirement makes the contributor an official member of Behre Piano Associates, Inc.

When your contribution has "run out," we will send you a dues notice. Keep in mind that we are a 501(c)(3) organization and all contributions are tax-deductible.

We, of course, hope you will renew your membership. We like our members and need them. Our dues have not changed in many years and are listed below:

- Single member \$15.00
- Any two members living at the same address \$20.00
- Family membership \$25.00

Your dues give you the right to receive *the adamanter* and to attend all Waterside Hall concerts in Adamant as well as all studio concerts in New York over the course of the membership year. The dues should be sent to Behre Piano Associates, Inc. c/o M'Lou Gillespie at P.O. Box 22, Adamant, VT 05640. A membership card will be mailed to you.

Do you have a friend who would be interested in the Adamant Music School? We'd be happy to send them a complimentary copy of our newsletter. Just call M'Lou at (802) 229-9297. *Thank you!*



Jan Thompson

I first met Freda in 1990, my first summer at Adamant. Freda was 90 years old, white, a bit cautious on her feet, but with the active mind, quick wit, and abundant energies of a much younger woman. It didn't

take long to be drawn to Freda's penetrating dark eyes and to see them light with excitement, fire, and love when she engaged in her life's passions – piano, teaching, music-making. Those eyes were the windows into a truly extraordinary soul that will live on in the lives of the many that she touched in her long and remarkable life. Freda was a wellspring of musical understanding and a generous gift to those who were fortunate enough to interact with her.

Her astounding abilities as a teacher continue to inspire me everyday, indirectly influencing new generations of students who never knew her. I was enriched in knowing her for just the last 12 of her 102 years. I suspect that she would be smile and flash those sparkling eyes at me when I say that I will surely "take it (and her) with me."

"Think of a rainbow of colors when shaping a phrase"

From Anita Humer's account of Freda's Memorial Service:

Elaine Greenfield wrote that Freda was one of the most creative teachers she had ever encountered. Her teaching was life-changing... part of the bedrock upon which the Adamant Music School was founded.

George Fee, a former pupil, wrote that Freda epitomized true beauty. She had enabled him to become physically free enough to begin playing recitals again. He felt it was his responsibility to exemplify the qualities that Freda represented and pass it on to future generations.

Ellen VandenBroeck wrote impressions of Freda after she played several short pieces at the piano. She wrote, "Freda always said, 'Touch and Go!' She

touched our hearts and our souls with her teaching and now we can let her go!"

"The body acts as a magnet towards which all sounds are directed"

Chris Finkelmeyer, in letter sent for Freda's 100th birthday

I want to thank you for something you've given me that has proven time and time again to be of invaluable help in performing. If I ever find myself not focusing completely on the music during a performance or I'm finding it hard to concentrate and get distracted by other things, I say three simple words to myself that you taught me: "Sing It Inside." Immediately all other distractions subside and I able to become focused again on my music. It has a wonderfully calming effect on me... and then I usually smile inside and feel like we have just shared a secret moment. A golden moment whose effects can greatly change my performance for the better. A number of years go I told this to a fellow pianist and friend. He would get extremely nervous during a performance. I suggested this might help him. Once before a performance he came running to me, "What's that thing your teacher told you to say to yourself?" he asked. "Sing It Inside." He has never forgotten it since... as it worked a small miracle for him and allowed himself to better serve the music. I thank you for myself and for all others you have inspired without even knowing it."

"Sing It Inside"

Mirian Conti, writing for *Piano and Keyboard*

It is difficult to explain exactly what it is that Freda teaches. She knows better than anyone how the body and its parts relate to the piano, how a different position of one key can produce a completely unique sound. She understands, and knows how to produce whatever sound you want from the piano. She taught me how to produce a depth of sound in tone while projecting a great volume without a hint of banging. Her unique approach demonstrates how an economy of movement and the avoidance of superfluous

techniques can achieve surprising results. But it is not just the physical side of piano playing, it encompasses the main part of the body that must be united entirely with it: the heart. "Everything must speak from the heart," she says to me all the time. "As soon as you break from the uncomfortable ways your technique feels, you will be free to express yourself. Let your ear guide you."



"Let your ear guide you"

Gwen Beamish

Although I first met Freda in 1988, my first year on the Adamant faculty, I felt I really got to know her in 1990 when I stepped in as acting director to enable Mary Lou to take a summer off.

Emma, Freda and I spent much time together chatting about teaching. It was Emma's last year at Adamant and she was frail, but Freda was full of energy. She was tireless. I was favoured with detailed daily reports on the progress of her students.

Freda took such a personal interest in each one of her students, analyzing the positive and negative aspects of their playing, and enjoying the challenge of helping them overcome the obstacles that stood in their way. She had very definite ideas about piano technique, notably about arm weight, relaxation and freedom of movement. Woe unto the student who resisted change! She admired good tone above all else and was not shy about telling any pianist whether she approved of his or her tone production.

We all enjoyed hearing her tales of the early days at Adamant, students of past years and stories of success. Most important, for so many of us she was the direct link to Edwine Behre's musical beliefs and principles, which were after all the very reason for creating the School.

Freda was the eternal "flame bearer" for all that the Adamant Music School

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"Touch and Go!"

echoes of the future: lives of the founders

Andrew Christiansen, Webmaster & Archivist

Part 14

Loss, Grief, and Finding Hope in Adamant

Violence and threats of war began in January. President Truman proposed the second largest peacetime budget ever, with nearly half of it earmarked for the military and international affairs. Internationally, Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated in India, setting off a wave of riots; violence continued in Palestine and Greece. It is not a good way to start a new year.

Perhaps the saddest news for Adamanters came from Emma Slutsky. She wrote that her greatest fear had come true — her son, Herman, died on February 16. In less than two years, she has lost a husband and now her only son. Emma is 45 and, with her 19-year old daughter, plans to return to New York.

Edwine gave two piano clinics at the Houston Conservatory of Music on April 23 and 24. When Edwine got back in May, there was more sad news: Leah Malament passed away. She was one of Edwine's Modern Piano School Associates, and a close friend. Her library was given to the Adamant Music School, where it will be permanently housed.

It doesn't seem possible that we are getting so old. Edwine pointed out that Harry is 66, she is 64 and Alice Mary is 62. Friends passing on will become a regular part of life now.

The Weed Farm is not the only place to stay in Adamant anymore; Jack and Doris Johnson and Hazel and Allie Ferris now take in boarders, including some of the piano students.

Alice Mary and Edwine are always trying to make sure the piano students at the School are considerate of others. Some of the chore lists and signs around the Parsonage are interesting to read. One notice said, "EB requests: please always leave 2 untouched bottles of milk for breakfast; PLEASE keep bathroom washbowl and tub scrubbed after each use. PLEEAZ do not throw anything whatsoever in the toilet bowl." "Boys use upstairs toilet when possible.



Virginia Romaine scraping the Parsonage in 1948.

Keep cupboard doors over sink closed and secured. Dishes piled high in drainer."

On November 2, political pundits were surprised to learn that Harry Truman had won re-election. Republican Thomas Dewey was erroneously proclaimed the winner in the *Chicago Tribune*, as it was expected that southern Dixiecrats voting for Governor Strom Thurmond and Progressives voting for Henry Wallace would siphon off many Democrat votes.

In late 1948, Alice Mary wrote to Edwine's student Gertrude Oppenheim, urging her to buy the house across from the Parsonage. "On the side of the house toward the store there's a rail of natural rock... The lawn and backyard would provide plenty of space for flowers and vegetable garden." She suggested that the barn out back could be made into a studio. About the "raggle-taggle" neighbors, she writes, "When they go, we must make a quick jump for somebody nice to buy their house... Adamant can be one of the prettiest little villages anywhere. There's a regular furor of fixing-up, started, I think, by our taking over the Parsonage."

1949

This year called forth dreams of conquest. In early March, the United States Air Force successfully flew a B-50 bomber nonstop around the world, in a demonstration of military might. President Truman announced that he wouldn't hesitate to use the A-bomb again. On April 29, Mao Tse-tung sent his million-man army on an offensive across the Yangtze River with orders to liberate all of China. In May, the Berlin blockade was lifted, leading to the creation of West and East Germany. While President Truman rushed more atomic bombs into production, the Soviets tested their first A-bomb on August 29.

Alice Mary and Edwine decided to try their own conquest, with all the force of the arts at their disposal. In February, Alice Mary and Edwine wrote to the Calais School Board with a proposal for the Adamant Schoolhouse. They asked to rent the building for the summer sessions, with an option to buy. They suggested that if they were to own the building, they could provide musical education to local children, as they had provided 250 lessons to children in the last two years. They also pointed out the improvements they had made to the Parsonage.

In March, on his 19th birthday, Frank Suchomel left his home in Iowa to come to New York with just \$30 in his pocket. He tells us that he likes the city and was lucky to find a job right away with the Tidewater Associated Oil Company. We asked Frank how he found Emma for a piano teacher: "Well, I was in the Village and I went to a club, a little drama group,

called 'Originals Only.' Sonia, Emma's daughter, was there and I got to talking to her and I liked her a lot. She said her mother was a piano teacher and would I like to meet her. I said 'Sure.' And the next thing you know, I'm one of Emma's students."

"Emma is a very good teacher. She makes a lot of corrections, improvements, she teaches me how to listen, pedal, and of course I enjoy listening to Emma too. Whenever I go to a lesson, it is always a two or three hour affair. I generally wind up having dinner with her and her mother, Toby. She lives with her mother and her daughter. Can you imagine three generations in one house?" Emma shows Frank how to take care of his money by taking his paychecks and keeping an account. He is like a son to her, and Frank, whose own mother died when he was young, appears to have found a mother.

"Some of us have lived in artist colonies and feel it's on the whole no good — that artists, like plumbers and electricians, should live among the people and try to make themselves useful."

We thought we should get the view of a young person and ask Frank what his first summer at Adamant was like. Frank described a typical day for us:

"I slept on the upstairs stage in the Parsonage, which was the men's dorm. In the morning, I'd open the curtain and go downstairs for breakfast. Then I would go to Edwine's studio in the front room for piano class. You couldn't leave that room from 9 to 1. You either had a lesson or you sat there and listened. There were no excuses. You had to ask permission to go to the bathroom."

In the afternoon, everyone would practice, cooperatively sharing the pianos. Although he worked hard, there were relaxing moments as well. "We'd go dancing on Saturday evenings at Curtis Pond. There was a barn and we'd do square dancing up there... The band was made up of local fiddlers. Florence Weed was one of them. They were sort of fun."

The School had a successful summer — Gertrude Oppenheim returned, though she didn't follow Alice Mary's advice to buy the little house, and she and Lucille Mennen helped Emma with the cooking. For Alice Mary, the joy of summer came to a sad close on September 29, 1949. After a long illness, Alice Mary's mother, Jennie Kimball, passed away, just a couple of days shy of 95.

The autumn semester of the Modern Piano School is focusing on the works of Chopin in commemoration of the 100th Anniversary of

of the adamant music school 1948-1951

his death. On December 3, an all-Chopin benefit concert was held at Carnegie Recital Hall to benefit the Adamant Summer School. Two days after this success, Alice Mary sent a letter to John Holden in Vermont. She asked his advice on how best to attain a legal status in Vermont. She wrote, "Our school is getting larger and taking on more work... As a group, too, we need the power to rent, buy, and sell property... We'd want leeway to expand our program, to add painting, handicrafts, and drama to our work if this ever becomes possible."



Lucille Mennen (second from left) teaches young children at the Music Play group.

She said their mission was to run the school as a co-operative, creating "musical missionaries" to take leadership positions in their communities. "Some of us have lived in artist colonies and feel it's on the whole no good - that artists, like plumbers and electricians, should live among the people and try to make themselves useful." Future plans include a longer Adamant season (6-8 weeks) and a young, trained rural music teacher to carry on the work with the local children throughout the year.

1950

The world is quickly moving to war. In January, President Truman ordered the Atomic Energy Commission to produce a hydrogen bomb. In February, Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy gained national attention when he announced that he had lists of Communists working in government, even though he didn't have any proof of his claims. On June 25, North Korea declared war on South Korea and crossed the 38th parallel that separates the two countries. Within days, Truman had authorized the use of U.S. ground forces and on July 15, he asked Congress for \$10 billion for the war, warning Americans that if they are going to fight the menace of Communism, they will have to pay higher taxes.

So Adamant is again a refuge from war. Alice Mary announced in the July 27 *Barre Times*, "There's a Musical Play School for younger children meeting during Vacation Bible School and

thereafter every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock at the Adamant Schoolhouse. Any child who wishes to take piano lessons can do so at low rates or for pails of fresh raspberries or loaves of home-baked bread. And Friday night, July 28, at the schoolhouse, at 8:30 o'clock, the annual summer concert series begins." She compared the life and music of Bach in his community with the lives of old-time musicians in Vermont. "The Friday night audience will hear the happy, life-loving Bach in the orchestral 'Italian Concerto', played by Edwine Behre. Lucille Mennen will play a group of fast, rollicking dance pieces, William Motsch will give us the song-like 'Arioso,' and Emma Slutsky will play the religious 'Prelude and Fugue in B. minor.' There will be singing of Bach chorales by members of the Adamant Summer School and the audience."

The final concert of the Adamant Summer School of Music was on August 25, featuring Edwine's longtime students Lucille Mennen and Fred Marantz. From late August to late September there was "a showing of local artists' drawings, etchings photographs, and paintings" in the Schoolhouse, with "photographs of Adamant scenes by Harry Godfrey." Two hundred people saw the exhibit.

This fall, Alice Mary didn't return to New York. Cash is short, she is struggling to write a book, and she has decided to seek paying publicity jobs in Vermont. She wrote to Edwine and Harry saying she might not make it back for Thanksgiving. She is researching an article on local music history for *Vermont Life* magazine and later a book. "It will be an honor to the Adamant School to have done the research on local musical history," she wrote. Edwine went to visit her mother in September, who is not well. She may have to return to New Orleans again.

1951

This is a very hard year. Edwine is again with her mother, who goes in and out of dementia. Edwine wrote to us on her 67th birthday, "It's all so pitiful and my heart is broken." She is thinking of ways to get home more often on a paid basis and is making inquiries about expanding the Adamant School so that there would be a southern base as well. Alice Mary is in Vermont working, finding new publicity jobs. She did the publicity for the Cabot Maple Sugar Festival and she has some leads for writing feature stories for local newspapers. She is also working with the Vermont Development Agency. She is thinking that she could get the local co-ops to put money towards "Co-op Concerts," which would generate money to pay for the Adamant School.

Harry is all alone in the New York apartment and our three friends must communicate

by correspondence. They are also having a hard time juggling their finances. Edwine writes in late March; "I do miss you darling!... Get you one good bottle of real booze to tide you over that press of work. Not having Alice Mary to feed, your \$100 should more than last you... don't you think so? And we have enough in the bank to pay the April rent and the electric bill."

In April, Alice Mary wrote that she is trying to get more local children to study music this summer for a fee of \$25. She says that the ditch-digging and filling-in job at the Parsonage cost \$8.25. It's "too much, but I suppose we have to pay it. Is there enough money in our little store to pay him now? I could pay him out of my fund if necessary, tho' it would make me a little short." She continues that she has heard that meat prices may go up this summer and asks Harry if she should take \$50 out of the Credit Union and stock up on chicken and pork (the "cheapest meats").

In May, the U.N. listed the death toll in Korea at over a million, with 890,000 Communist deaths and 248,000 U.N. deaths. The U.S. tested hydrogen bombs at Eniwetok, in the Pacific. The Adamant session was especially poignant this summer, not only as an escape from the war, but because Edwine, Alice Mary, and Harry got back together again.

Alice Mary wrote her usual welcome in the *Barre Times*: "We're opening our annual Adamant Festival Friday night, August 17, at the Adamant Schoolhouse, the proceeds of an occasional hat-passing to be used to pay the expenses of the free Musical Play School and next year's Vacation Bible School..."

After the solace of the summer session, the fall brought more sadness. Edwine's brother, Ted, died of a heart attack on November 17, 1951. Aging and facing the burdens of losing friends and family members, with a weakened economy, a warring world, and the threat of nuclear disaster, will Alice Mary and Edwine be able to achieve their dreams for an expanded Adamant Music School? ■



Benefit auction in 1951.

Freda Rosenblatt—explorer of beauty:

Conceived in the nineteenth century, explorer and teacher of aural landscapes in the 20th century and now leaving us in the 21st, Freda Rosenblatt stands as a giant among those who could glimpse beauty on the other side of musical tone and lead others to those realms rarely known. I think of three words to describe Freda — Tone, Line, and Beauty.

Those three words describe her life, her work, and her legacy to those who would commit themselves to that disciplined journey towards musical truth. With Freda, everything begins with “Tone” and that comes not from fingers, but from the back. “Solid bones”, “hinges,” and other parts of the “mechanism” flow from that balanced center of oneself. A scale becomes not so much a flurry of up-and-down digits, but an expansive expression of the arm, much like that of a dancer, which Freda was.

“Line” was the extension of musical tone to embody more than a musical phrase. For Freda it was the life force of the music itself. As though discerning the universe in a subatomic particle, she would insist that her students carry the line deep in their soul, through the silence of a rest or a single tone. Like an astrophysicist, she always implored her students to think of longer and longer lines, lines that could extend out to encompass the entire piece. I recall one lesson where in frustration, she yelled to a student, “You just came unplugged.” She said the focus on line was like plugging into an outlet. Before you play the first note, you need to plug yourself in and you must stay plugged in until the piece is finished.

“Beauty” is the magical place one can travel to with tone and line. Nineteenth century writers claimed that the closest

thing to God or the highest truth was beauty and that it could only be briefly experienced through the arts. Edgar Allen Poe wrote, “When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect — they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of soul — not of intellect, or of heart — upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating ‘the beautiful.’” This idea of transformation through art, which was the bedrock of Edwine and Alice Mary’s philosophy, was fine for the few who could attain it, but was a source of frustration for those who would show the way to the rest of us.

Freda developed and refined Edwine’s teachings to the point where she could help nearly anyone find this path to beauty. She could find the right words, the right metaphor, the right movement, to touch a core deep within the student that would resonate with that oftentimes elusive line. I remember hearing Freda describe the playing of a student, whose work was technically flawless. She said it sounded like a machine-gun, or it didn’t move or say anything. Working with Freda, the student would later remark, “Why, I never heard that before.” Sometimes a virtuoso would be bobbing and weaving at the keyboard and making extraneous movements. Her hands would hold them back, trying to bring them back to the center, and let their emotions come through tone and the line. “Listen,” she’d say. “Step outside of yourself and listen. That is where the emotion and the movement is.” The physical movements serve only the tone and the line, not vice versa.

The biographical facts of Freda’s life mirror her musical journey. She witnessed the pogroms of Eastern Europe in the



Freda with a group of participants.

early 1900’s, apartheid in South Africa, and the struggle for civil rights in this country. She supported those who fought for equality and was an unabashed liberal but through it all, refused all “isms” and labels. She didn’t believe in any god or religion, but clung to that mysterious force of music that had been her source of strength. Her life was struggle — against religious hatred, an abusive father, and physical problems as a result of some accidents, but those were the things that taught her how to teach others to overcome physical problems at the piano.

I remember once telling her about my legislative accomplishments, to which she responded, “So what pieces are you playing?” She said that she lived to teach and she taught until near the end, even giving lessons from her bed after having a stroke. I called her after one such lesson, and she was so excited because she had made a new discovery. When she could no longer teach, life was impossible. For those of us who follow Freda, may we refrain from “digging,” find that tone, and follow that line into the beauty that Freda has now become.

— Andrew Christiansen

Tributes to Freda Rosenblatt, continued from page 3

set out to be. I hope the standards she did so much to establish will always be maintained.

Anita Humer, writing for *Piano and Keyboard*

As the saying goes, “When the pupil is ready, the teacher appears.” And so it was that in 1988, while attending a piano recital at Carnegie Hall, I happened to sit next to a woman who was a piano

teacher. We began to converse and I found out that she was 88 years old, still teaching, and was about to have her first book published on piano playing. I told her I was looking for a teacher and was experiencing a great deal of tension when I played. She told me that her specialty was helping students with physical problems at the keyboard and that she could certainly help me. Her use of imagery, “Think of a rainbow of colors when

shaping a phrase,” or “Don’t dig, there is no gold,” sounded magical to me and I took her phone number. One year later I called her and then began our journey together as teacher and pupil, and later as friends. ■

“Roll in the keys and cushion the bump”

It has been disappointing over the past generation to watch our culture continue its cosmic shift from entertainment gained from “a night out” into that which we can watch in the privacy of our own home, on a box. The arts, in general, have suffered greatly from this movement, and when an artist has tried to make his or her art relevant to its time, or controversial in the best use of the word, the attacks from the other side of the aisle have been relentless. Public funding for the arts has dropped greatly, and coverage in the media has devolved to box office grosses and gossip.

So why go on? If, as creative people, we are doomed to financial failure, then why bother? Here in Vermont, one of our finer libraries is facing a budget crunch, and one letter to the editor laid it out clearly: they have enough books, and we have enough culture, so they’ll have to tighten up like everyone else. An attitude like that is dismaying, but it is also the byproduct of a full generation of public neglect of arts organizations in the United States. Studies have shown how important the arts are to the local economy, and how they benefit us all. Art is important to the artists because it is another form of communication. Another language that can be learned and mastered.

An artist cares deeply for the creation of the object, be it music, sculpture, or theater. The finished work, for the most part, can be considered a part of the soul. We go on, because we have to. Whether we view our work as a mirror held up to life, or an escapist fantasy, or a political statement, we must communicate. And when we come to the theater, we can expect an experience that is all of these things, and it is live, performed by actors just inches from us.

Here at Adamant, in the Phillips Experimental Theater, we have an opportunity to provide this every year for free. As much as I despair that the theater has lost the culture war to television, I know it is still alive

enough to enchant new, young theatergoers and to please seasoned ones. And I also know that we have something to communicate, even if we are recreating works that have been performed thousands of times. *New York Times* theater writer Bruce Weber, in an article this fall entitled, “Theater as Solace in a Time of Anguish,” makes the case for going on. In the face of the current state of the world, he says, “this is a time when... our nation and our society are suffering the pains of loss, unsettlement and confusion, and what do we need our artists for, after all, if not to be our psychic soldiers, to try to express what the rest of us cannot, even if it may be entirely inexpressible?”

We go on because the words of Shakespeare, Lewis Carroll, and Lerner & Loewe will find an expression that will be true to someone, somewhere

in the audience or on the stage, and it will bring them the incredible joy we strive for when we experience theater – at any level. We will endeavor to express the inexpressible, and we will do it in the shadow of the quarry in Adamant.

For someone like me, who is reentering the fantasy world of theater this year, I cannot think of a better place to find peace during these turbulent times than here. ■

QuarryWorks Auditions will be held April 5 & 6. Check our website at: www.adamant.org or call Tom Stevens at 802-244-4164 for more info!

the chef's table

Richard Goss, Chef, Adamant Music School

Recently I was asked for my interpretation of an old holiday standby, Green Bean Casserole, for an Indiana newspaper. Here's what I came up with.

Green Bean Casserole Green beans with mushroom sauce and fried scallions

1 lb. of Fresh Green Beans
8 T Vegetable Oil
½ Cup Onion, Diced
4 Oz Mushrooms, Diced
(regular button, portabello or shiitake)
6 T Flour
1 Can Chicken Broth (14 oz.)
½ t Rosemary
1 Pinch Garlic Powder
1 t Salt
½ t Pepper
¼ Cup Bread Crumbs
1 Bunch Scallions/Green Onions

Sauté onions and mushrooms in 3 tablespoons of oil on medium-high heat until onions are soft and mushrooms have released their moisture, about 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, in small pan whisk flour into another 2 tablespoons of oil and

heat over medium heat for 2 or 3 minutes. Put chicken broth in medium saucepan and bring to a simmer. Then, when onions and mushrooms are ready, add to chicken broth along with rosemary, garlic powder, salt and pepper.

With liquid still simmering, whisk in the flour and oil mixture and cook, stirring regularly until sauce thickens. Steam green beans for 5 minutes and drain.

Put remaining 3 tablespoons of oil into small pan along with the green onions and cook over medium-high heat until they start to brown. Remove to paper towels to drain.

To assemble casserole*:

Put green beans into an ovenproof 11x7 inch casserole dish and pour sauce over top. Stir lightly to distribute evenly. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and then the fried scallions.

Bake for 20 minutes at 350°. Serves 6.

*Can be assembled in advance and kept covered in the refrigerator until ready to bake.

Enjoy!