

MORE THAN MONEY

Timeless themes & personal stories | Exploring the impact of money in our lives

Archive Edition

Art and Money

More than Money

Exploring the personal, political, and spiritual impact of wealth in our lives

Issue Number 18

Art and Money

Summer 1998



Inside:

Stories, Articles, and Fiction of wealthy people recognizing the complex role of art in our lives.

From the editors...

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Issue 18, Summer 1998

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Welcome to More than Money Journal

More Than Money Journal, published quarterly from 1993-2006, was one of the first public forums where people shared personal stories about the impact of wealth on their lives. Groundbreaking for its time, each issue is filled with examples of ordinary people struggling to align their money and values in their spending, investing, giving, legacy, and relationships. The themes and stories in these journals are timeless and ring as true today as when they were first published.

More than Money Journal was a project of More Than Money Institute, a nonprofit peer educational network that touched thousands of people through its publications, presentations, gatherings, journal discussion groups and individual coaching. When More than Money Institute closed in 2006, its founders Anne and Christopher Ellinger (whom you'll see in More Than Money as Anne Slepian and Christopher Mogil) went on to launch another initiative called Bolder Giving. Individual articles from the journal were archived online with the Project on Civic Reflection.

Today, Bolder Giving is thrilled to be able to offer full back issues of More than Money Journal as a resource for families with wealth, philanthropic advisors, and all those exploring the impact of money in their lives. On the Bolder Giving website you can download issues individually.

Online, you can also order beautiful bound copies where 6-10 issues of the journal are compiled by theme:

- Giving
- Lifestyle, Spending & Investing
- Money and Values
- Children and Inheritance
- Money and Identity

(See full listing on back page of this journal)

We hope that More than Money Journal brings you fresh ideas for aligning your money and values, and that you use the stories to start conversations with your own clients, family members, and friends. (Note: We have removed many last names from the personal stories in the journals, to protect the privacy of those who gave us permission before the days of internet).

About



More Than Money Journal roams the full territory of money and values. Bolder Giving has a more pointed mission: to inspire and support people to give at their full lifetime potential. A national, non-profit educational initiative, Bolder Giving invites you to help create a culture of greater generosity and to take your next step in becoming a bold giver.

At www.boldergiving.org you will find interactive tools and resources to help you explore three ways of being bold:

Give More: explore your lifetime giving capacity.

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Inspire More: spark conversations about bold giving.

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Stories of Inspiration- The Bolder Giving website features stories of over 100 remarkable givers who have given at least 20% of their income, assets, or business profits. We host monthly teleconferences and web chats for informal conversations with these bold givers. Bolder Giving's stories have been featured widely in the press - on CBS and ABC evening news, in People and Inc. Magazines, The Chronicle of Philanthropy and elsewhere - and speakers are available for presentations and media interviews.

Support for Donors- Bolder Giving provides giving tools such as personal coaching, referrals to donor networks, workshops, the Bolder Giving Workbook and other publications, and a content-rich website. Please see the list of publications in the back of this magazine.

Resources for Advisors- Bolder Giving offers presentations, workshops, and publications for fundraisers, financial professionals and philanthropic advisors.

We invite your participation and support.

Thanks to the financial support of a few foundations and many individuals, Bolder Giving is able to offer free downloads of More Than Money Journal on our site. If you receive value from this publication, we invite you to donate online or contact us to explore ways of being involved as a donor, partner, or volunteer. Bolder Giving is a 501(c)3 tax-exempt organization, so all contributions are fully tax-deductible.

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is a quarterly publication written for people questioning society's assumptions about money, and particularly for those with inherited or earned wealth seeking a more joyful, just and sustainable world.

Subscription to *More than Money* is a benefit of membership in the Impact Project, a non-profit organization assisting people with financial surplus to take charge of their money and their lives.

Membership Rates

Basic Individuals:	\$35/year
Basic Organization:	\$75/year
Low-income:	Contribution
Back issues:	\$5 for members

For membership outside the U.S., please add \$10.

community: in this case, to bring home to viewers the mammoth proportions of human loss, to reach from the heart past barriers of prejudice, and to alert people to this dreaded disease in a way that no treatise or expert research ever could.

Rarely do the arts serve social causes so explicitly. Nor should they always. Sometimes souls need to be nourished from the wells of creativity, imagination, and expression in very personal and private ways. Literature, theater, music, dance, painting, sculpture, and crafts all have the power to make human beings more whole.

It is a wholeness that I've been drawn to all my life. As a child my friends and I put on endless theater shows. In adolescence I poured my loneliness into song and, into my twenties, I was passionately involved with music and dance performance groups. Then I was introduced to non-profit causes that shook my world by communicating the extent of human suffering and need. I soon turned towards helping people (both poor and wealthy) on more pragmatic levels, and there my time and attention has remained for the ensuing decades.

Creativity, beauty, and the arts still bring joy to me, but I wonder how to judge their value when so many lives are threatened by violence and poverty. How much time and money do I invest in nurturing my spirit, versus more "practical" goals, including helping to meet the basic needs of others? I hear many of my friends wrestling with the same essential questions, whether they are profes-

sional artists, community organizers, or simply people who love long days in a museum, write poems to loved ones, and read storybooks to children.

In this issue of *More than Money*, we explore these themes by asking questions of people with wealth who are connected to the arts: "What role does art play in your life? Do you experience any tensions in choosing how much time and money you put into art compared to other things you care about? Are there tensions in having wealth when so many in the arts struggle to get by? How do you resolve these tensions?"

As we listened, we were struck by dizzying contradictions in how art is valued in our society. On one hand, it is extolled as the highest pinnacle of civilization, while, on the other, dismissed as incidental and elitist. A handful of artists are celebrated and extravagantly paid (e.g., several movie stars now make \$20 million per film), while the diminishing public support for art means most artists are not able to make a living in their chosen professions. How can anyone develop a balanced approach to art in the midst of all this?

Our aspirations for this issue are to legitimate these questions and to offer options and inspiration to all people searching to integrate their love of art with the other pulls on their hearts, heads, and hands. We hope that artists and art appreciators alike become emboldened to use their wealth and talents to create a world where there are both "bread" and "roses" for all.

-Anne Slepian, editor

Issue # 17 Corrections

We apologize for accidentally cutting out seven words in the last two sentences of the first paragraph in Joanie Bronfman's article "Class Prejudice: A Two-Way Street?" in our issue #17 on Cross-Class Relationships. The two sentences should have read: "They are taught to assume that others are only interested in them because of their money. These beliefs form an obstacle to the development of trusting, close relationships."



Collector & Son

I grew up in a house filled with blue-chip art—names you've heard of at unheard-of prices: Breughel, Kandinsky, Dubuffet, and Munch among them. Consulting his own taste and the expertise of dealers and curators, my father has developed a remarkable collection, one that has rapidly

“Investing in the development of a growing artist is much more satisfying to me than simply building a collection of respected artworks.”

grown in financial value since the art market skyrocketed. Yet, like all collectors who consider themselves connoisseurs rather than investors, he purchased these works out of love, not hope of financial gain.

For my father, collecting is a thrilling game of acquisition. He delights in researching a piece, contacting dealers, traveling to see the work, bidding on it at auction—all in hopes

of capturing the gestalt of a certain artist or body of work. Often I've heard him express pride in the fact that his collection of this artist is the largest in the United States, or that the only other known edition of that print is owned by the Metropolitan Museum. Like many collectors, my father has a passion for filling in blanks, completing a set. If Breughel created a series of engravings on the seven virtues and the seven vices, my

father would not be truly happy until he had a complete set of each.

While I have no doubt about his great love for these works, I have less often heard him exclaim over a work's formal properties, its intellectual context, or the life of the artist who created it—all the things that give art meaning for me. A number of years ago, I remember standing

with my dad before a beautiful but disturbing assemblage by the surrealist Lucas Samaras. When I asked him why he liked the piece enough to buy it, he was surprisingly inarticulate.



whereas I am much more likely to deal directly with the artist. Many of the works I own are by artists who are personal friends of mine. Getting a window on someone else's creative process—be it technical, formal, or psychological—is often worth the price of the artwork itself. Not that I would ever buy a piece I wouldn't be happy

I suppose my own career as a documentary filmmaker leads me towards a greater focus on the process that produces objects worth collecting. In purchasing a piece of art, my father interacts almost exclusively with dealers,

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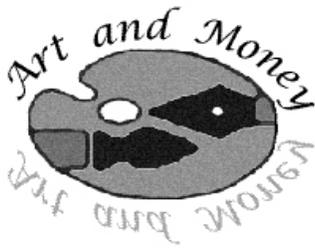
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living with, but investing in the development of a growing artist is much more satisfying to me than simply building a collection of respected artworks.

The only factor which might lead my father to deal directly with an artist (the prospect of a discount) is the one instance in which I usually prefer to buy through a dealer. Because my small but growing collection of photographs, prints, and paintings consists of works by emerging artists, I often make a point of buying through their galleries, in the belief that public sales will boost their careers more than a sale from the studio. I also support my artist friends in other ways—through commissions, rent subsidies, and investing in projects (like films in which I'm an active participant).

The difference between my father's approach to artistic production and my own is perhaps mirrored in our approach to fine dining. Often when my father comes to New York City, we will get together for dinner at a nice restaurant. Having worked at a wine store in college, I'm always eager to test out the sommelier. Upon ordering a bottle, my tea-totaling father will shoot me a look of subtle disapproval, as if to say: "Forty dollars for a bottle of wine?!!"

After some probing, my father once admitted that the fleeting experience of fine service, fine ambience, and fine food wasn't his cup of tea. He doesn't have a problem spending money, he'd just prefer to spend it on something more durable—like his art collection. To me, the *raison d'être* of fine wine is its attendance at the elevated moments which bring people together for special meals in special places. A complete aesthetic experience demands an appreciation of all the elements which go into its production. At the table and in the gallery, I

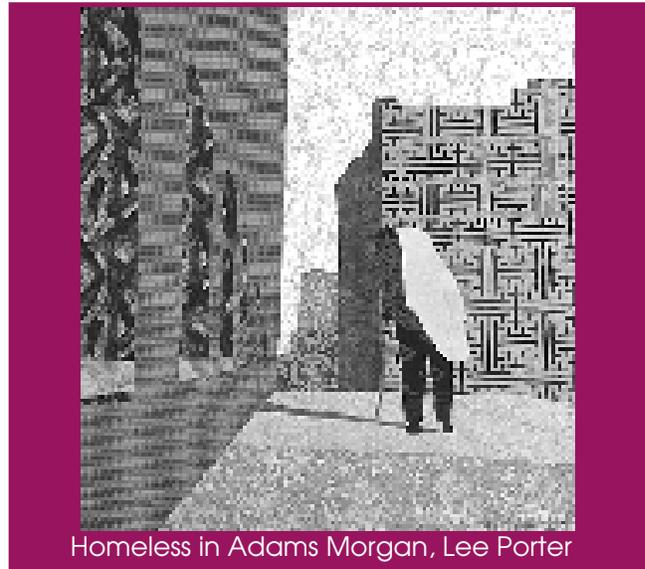
guess you could say I'm an appreciator first and a collector second.

-Aaron E.

Faith in Art

Back in 1968, after riots erupted in response to Martin Luther King's assassination, I started to do volunteer work in one of the poorer neighborhoods in Washington, D.C. at the Church of the Savior. The pastor there is a no-nonsense Jeremiah who thinks affluent people should be attending to the poor, *right now*, so that no one in our midst is starving, homeless, or without care. My work with the Church has forced me to ask some tough questions about what is important in my life.

I used to want my house decorated perfectly. It was my presentation to the world and I loved having it be an artistic showcase. Part of my faith journey has been to give that up. I just don't have the time or the heart for it anymore.



Homeless in Adams Morgan, Lee Porter

Even my quilting has changed. I've started to make pictorial quilts that convey stories about faith, justice, prayer, and giving. For example, I recently did a series of hanging quilts about the closing of the Foggy Bottom Shelter showing the tremendous battles facing the homeless. For me, art and faith have become intertwined.

Much to my surprise, the quilts I make are much in demand in D.C. art circles and sell for large sums of money. Yet, because I also like my pieces to be seen by people who can't pay those prices and don't often go to a museum or gallery, I've donated some of my quilts to the Church and sold others for half price. The Church even commissioned me to create a piece for their "Festival Center," where we teach various classes to parishioners and community people. The quilt, based on a parable in Luke, portrays a great feast with pilgrims emerging from the foreground and beautiful hills behind. In it, I try to offer a compelling vision of abundance and sharing.

This kind of quilting is much harder than the traditional patterned ones I used to make. I spend weeks sketching, reading, and praying to find the images that tell the story in the most powerful way. Sometimes I'll spend eight to ten hours a day in this design mode. Part of me wants to run away from each new quilt and focus more on my family foundation or my volunteer work instead, but something deep inside tells me to stick with the quilting and tell these stories. I always go back to the traditional use of art—to communicate the deepest values of community life. This is my calling.

-Lee P.

Mary Oliver and Me

I receive over \$50,000 in dividends each year from my family's company stock—the equivalent of getting a MacArthur Genius Grant for the rest of my life. This confronts me with a question best expressed by my favorite poet, Mary Oliver: "Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?" I am dogged with qualms and depression about this question. Sometimes I think the most moral position would be to hand over what I spend on art school tuition to artists who lack economic independence, but so far I haven't had quite enough nerve or generosity (or self-loathing) to do that.

I have made performance art pieces about my struggle with this "poor little rich boy" paralysis of, "hmmm, what should I do now? What's the best way for me to assume my God-given ability and responsibility to save the world this year?" In my first piece in performance class, I sat among the undealt-with piles of financial papers I'd brought in from my bedroom and offered a biting monologue about all the years I have spent

at my desk paralyzed in fear and confusion about how to be a good rich person. Then I gave the audience four hundred dollars in cash (for keeps) divided completely unequally into envelopes. I wanted to convey the lottery of class by birth, the unearned nature of my wealth, and a bit of the scale of it. Interestingly, the person who got the largest amount didn't feel right about receiving \$182.50 for doing nothing. He tried to give the money back to me and, when I refused, tried to give it away to students who had only received a dime or a quarter in their envelopes.

"I receive over \$50,000 in dividends each year—the equivalent of getting a MacArthur Genius Grant for the rest of my life."



After a few semesters of such performances, I finally had the nerve just to play with color as a painter, to give the crayon box back to the five year old in me before all the rules poured in. It was a self-loving act of wanting to see that pink next to that orange. I let myself paint it just that way. As Mary Oliver says:

*You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees,
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.*

-John L.

Keeping it Reel

There seems to be a cliché in film and fiction that people with money are universally unhappy. In the movie *Titanic*, for example, the first-class dining room is like a morgue, while down below is one long all-night party for the poor people. We all know that this kind of generalization inhibits real understanding, but somehow it finds its way into art again and again.

My parents, sister, and I are heirs to my great grandfather's consumer products fortune, but our lives are filled with creativity, challenge, and good friendship. Instead of being uptight, my parents are life-loving iconoclasts who value their personal integrity more than maintaining an image agreeable to everyone.

My father is a highly respected sculptor who founded a world-renowned sculptor's school and foundry, and my mother is a novelist. As a result of their interests, they encouraged any artistic inclinations in my sister and me. Conversations around the dinner table almost always focused on artistic or philosophical issues. Friends of the family—frequently writers, composers, or painters—were around for me to talk with.

When I was fourteen, my folks gave me a Super 8 camera that I had a lot of fun with. But it wasn't until I took time off from college to enroll in the filmmaking program at NYU that I thought seriously about making films as a career. By the time I graduated from college, I had founded a production company and written, directed, and produced a film that was shown in festivals and got foreign distribution.

Working on that film was a wonderful experience.

Gathering Stories

Because people rarely share their personal money stories, it can be quite an adventure to gather the vignettes for *More than Money*. Several dozen people are interviewed for each issue, and then we select 8-12 stories which create the most useful mix of perspectives. We synthesize a 30-60 minute discussion into a few paragraphs, which we then review word-by-word with each interviewee, revising it until he or she gives approval. When the interviewees want anonymity we use pseudonyms.

You may feel uncomfortable or even angry reading some people's perspectives; we deliberately include a range of stories to show how differently people approach the issues. We do not necessarily endorse their views. Still, we ask you to honor each story as a gift from the heart, offered sometimes with trepidation, and often with courage.

We were a bunch of friends shooting the movie while we camped out in an old farmhouse together for the entire summer. We cared deeply about what we were doing and used the production as an opportunity to grow

as people and artists. Most of my friends—then and now—fall into the “starving artist” category, but, perhaps due entirely to their character, I have never perceived envy from them, only appreciation for my role as a creator, producer, and patron.

Finding role models as a patron is not easy, but one person I respect is George Soros. I admire his independence and how he analyzes the targets of his giving as thoroughly as he analyzes his investments. He helps build institutions that have real impact. I try to take this attitude into all my activities.

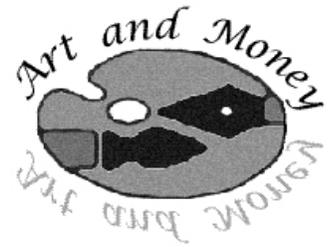
For example, I founded the Filmmakers Collaborative, a center for low-budget independent filmmakers and video artists, with production and post-production space here in New York. No commercials are made here, and no feature films with a budget over \$3 million, so we end up with an atmosphere created by artists and filmmakers rather than attorneys and accountants. Great things have come from the synergy of the Collaborative, including the creation of The Reel School, which brings seasoned professionals to teach filmmakers just beginning their careers. I also founded and direct Eyebeam Atelier, a not-for-profit studio for digital artists with headquarters in downtown Manhattan. While at the end of the day I consider myself a writer/filmmaker, I also work for a family-affiliated oceanographic institute in Florida, where I am overseeing the opening of a multi-million dollar Museum of Ocean Sciences.

I also try to be savvy when using my money to further my own creative work. I may have access to more financial resources than many independent filmmakers, but the basic concerns and challenges are still the same. Whether you're using a state-of-the-art 35mm camera or a battered old 16mm model, you still have to keep a clear head and remember that you have a budgetary frame to work with. If you exceed it, you might not be able to finish the film. And, as most of the films coming from Hollywood over the last twenty years show us, the answer to the artistic challenge of filmmaking is certainly not more money.

-Jack S.

A Matriarchal Heritage

I come from a long line of women theater artists who have used their performance success as a means to “marry well.” Following family tradition, I was groomed by mother to go into theater (and presumably to marry well



“I have so much money now that it doesn’t matter whether I get a tax deduction or not, so I give directly to artists now.”

too). By my twenties, I was earning a living working in classic repertory theater in Minneapolis. At that time, I became active in the peace and justice movements of the 1960s, and then involved in the feminist movement in the 1970s when I came out as a lesbian. My artistic goals shifted as a result. For the next decade, I did political theater and women’s music. This was an exciting, creative time for me, but some years I only earned two or three thousand dollars.

When I suddenly needed to provide my son’s sole financial support after his father died, I knew the life of a hand-to-mouth political artist wasn’t going to cut it. I went back to school, got a social work degree, and helped to set up a healing center for children using my theater skills as the basis for play therapy work. I’ve worked in social services ever since, making adequate money to support us.

My financial situation changed completely ten years ago when I inherited a million dollars from my mother. I was stunned at the size of this inheritance, but it was only the first wave of my new wealth. Later the stock I inherited split and earned me another million dollars. Now, I’m a wealthy woman—a wealthy woman whose long-time and closest friends are poor political artists like I used to be.

What has been wonderful about having money is that I can support artists who don’t have access to family money or much of a shot at getting regular arts grants. Out of my first million, I endowed a small fund for emerging and underfunded women artists, particularly lesbians and women of color. With my second million, I started using a donor- advised account to give to women artists whose work I respected. I would give through nonprofit organizations so I could take the tax deduction. Lately, I’ve felt that I have so much money now that it doesn’t matter whether I get a tax deduction or not and have started giving directly to artists without taking the deduction. I’ve also created a charitable remainder trust with three quarters of a million dollars, which will be added to my original arts endowment when I die.

My basic idea is to support deserving artists without making them jump through hoops or dictating what they can do with the money or their art like many arts grants do. The artists can use their money to live on, to pay school tuition, or to take a trip back to Africa as one artist recently did. No need for budgets, project proposals, or final evaluations, the money goes directly to artists.

Interestingly, I haven’t quit my social work job to go back to being a full-time artist. My old theater friends

and I do about two shows a year now. Every one of us has a day job so we can’t hustle or tour. While some of the old crew are still

professional performance artists, we do these particular shows for the sheer love of, and belief in, the work. No one gets any money out of it. This level of involvement satisfies the artist in me. But I don’t feel comfortable with this alone; I need to be working directly in service to people. The counseling work satisfies the healer in me. I am fulfilling my own dreams now and expanding on the dreams of my foremothers.

- Dorothy H.

Defining Artistic Success

I’ve wanted to be an artist since as far back I can remember. Yet, when I was growing up, people always said of me, “What fine hands he has, how well-spoken, look at the pictures he makes; he should be a surgeon, a lawyer, or a minister.” They never pictured me as an artist. My dad was a factory worker who spray-painted refrigerators. For him, art was something women did on weekends, off hours. It was not a way to support a family.



"I believe that if you are financially successful and don't go back and pull someone along, you're selfish."

When I was eighteen, I wasn't looking to support a family. All I wanted was the time and materials to make art; this was my obsession. I wanted to be able to pursue every idea that came into my head, so that if one day I felt the urge to write poetry, that's what I would do. If the next day I wanted to make furniture or a drawing, I would do that. I wanted to surrender myself to all of these inner forces.

Getting such creative time was hard. I left the Rhode Island School of Design after one semester to come home and help support my folks. I worked in a personnel office during the day and as a grocery clerk stocking shelves at night. For the longest time I could only work on my art projects "off-hours" so I learned to live on very little sleep. Living like this, I was able to complete my degree at Howard University. Finally, in 1968, I started a silkscreen printmaking business that became financially successful beyond my wildest dreams. Now I can do my art full-time, feel like I am touching people with my prints and poetry, and, much to my father's

(and my) surprise, live in a beautiful house worth almost a million dollars.

Yet, I firmly believe that if you are financially successful and don't go back and pull someone else along, you're selfish. For me, this means taking precious time out from making prints



to serve on numerous arts boards and commissions. For instance, I'm a board member of the PEN/Faulkner Writers-in-Schools program. Besides helping to raise funds for them, I also volunteer in the schools. I love it when a teacher introduces me to her class and says—"This is Lou Stovall, a silkscreen artist who lives and works in the District. Today, he has brought with him Jamaica Kincaid who will read her stories to you." There we are, two successful black artists for these students to talk with. Usually when

people in suits visit the school, it's to criticize the kids and tell them how to become different people. No one affirms the creative fire within these kids, but that is what we try to do.

For me, artistic success is now measured in four ways: freedom to do the work, financial reward, touching people through my work, and volunteer work within the community. I'm proud to have achieved a large measure of success in all these ways.

- Lou S.

Patron and Friend

It was after I talked my parents into sending me to public school that I first became a patron of the arts. I was about twelve or thirteen, and started going out at night with my new friends to paint graffiti. It only seemed fair that I buy the spray paint.

Today I am a patron of about ten friends who excite and inspire me. I want to extend to them some of the privileges I had growing up—mainly money and encouragement. While it is not a solution to the world's problems, it's a good start. I'm trying to find the next generation's artists of the caliber of James Baldwin and help them make their dreams come true.

A couple of years back I ran across this xeroxed, self-published 'zine. It was a riveting and hysterically funny chronicle of the adventures of a "poor white trash" girl—really brilliant stuff. I sent the author a check and told her to keep putting out 'zines. Cynthia and I soon got to be friends.

Then I met her seventeen-year-old sister Deb. With Deb, I really had my work cut out for me—Deb didn't trust anyone. She had been through a meat grinder of sexual and emotional abuse. I loved her spirit, though, and decided to become an adult she could trust, the older brother she didn't have. I even pushed her to quit smoking. I told her, "I need you to stay alive. If you can't quit smoking and take care of yourself, then how the hell are you gonna be there for me?"

I've also pushed Deb about her life dreams. She is an amazing fashion designer. People are always coming up to her saying, "Where did you get those clothes?" When they hear she designs and makes them herself, they ask her to make clothes for them. I asked her, "What

do you need to start making a living as a fashion designer?" She told me a sewing machine, some start-up materials, and a catalog of her designs to show potential customers.

I asked her how much all that would cost, and she came up with the figure of \$700. Seven hundred dollars! It angers me that the dreams of talented kids are on hold because of a lack of a paltry amount of money. I said, "Guess what, I want to invest in your company." That sparked our first fight. She was like "NO WAY!" She had a long history of people using money to control her. She just couldn't believe I would give her money for her business just because I thought she was a great person and would do good things with it.

I explained to her that I hadn't earned the money either, that it was given to me by my family with love and no strings attached. She told me that she didn't trust anyone to do that for her. I replied, "Then how are you gonna have any friends?" We fought for hours, but she finally decided to trust me and take the money. Her business is already taking off.

-Billy W.

A Chance Meeting

I met Adam Yauch, the lead singer of the popular rap group The Beastie Boys, when I was doing a year abroad in Nepal, studying Tibetan language and culture. Adam was on holiday by the Tibetan border, trekking with a bunch of musicians who jammed with the musicians I was living with.

Adam and I started talking about Tibet's long struggle for independence from the Chinese. He had recently run into a party of Tibetans escaping the country, and was now very interested in the situation across the border. I took him around Kathmandu to visit with more refugees. He was shocked. In Tibet, human rights abuses happen all the time. People get dragged away right in front of you.

Out of Adam's and my travels and discussions grew the Milarepa Foundation, where I work now. The foundation uses the Beastie Boys money and influence to do creative work in support of Tibetan independence and nonviolence in the United States.

It took a lot of work to build our organization. The Beastie Boys weren't known for being involved in causes. Nor did they have the time to research how to give responsibly. It also took a lot of work for Adam to become comfortable speaking about Tibet in public. For a long time, we couldn't even find Tibet supporters to come talk to kids at our concerts. The Free Tibet movement was led by an older generation with an attitude that kids have wild hair and can't give money so why bother with them. Well, our benefit concerts have attracted more than 50,000 people at a time, and Adam dedicated over \$100,000 in royalties from his album "Ill Communication."

For people in our generation, the common perception is that activism is too serious and not much fun. That's why you need

music and art. On the grounds of the concerts we had Tibetan art and Tibetan temples. We had mandalas and we brought monks on tour with us. That's very different than just talking to people about the issues. It bypasses the heaviness and reaches kids in their hearts.

Our movement has really blossomed. There are now over 400 Students for a Free Tibet groups on college campuses.

-Erin P.

"It angers me that the dreams of talented kids are on hold because of a lack of a paltry amount of money."

Dealing Art

I started at my family's gallery when I was twelve years old, working on Saturdays for 25 cents an hour, a hamburger, and an egg cream. Since coming back to the family business as an adult, I've given myself a bit of a raise.

Running a gallery did not seem my destiny in my early twenties. Back then, I was an environmental science student. But I decided that the environmental movement needed something more than another competent biologist: it needed money. By running the gallery, I believed could help generate those funds.

Indeed, ever since the 1960s, when the market for American art began to go through the roof, our business has done exceptionally well, and I have been able to donate significant money to causes I care about.

I am building on a family tradition; our gallery has been socially active since its founding back in 1932. A gallery is a great place to have a party, so we schedule

Even in its heyday,
the National
Endowment of the
Arts provided less
support to artists
than the city of
Berlin.

six to twelve benefits a year for groups working on such issues as radiation, breast cancer, and environmental conservation. We've donated the space for fund-raisers for political candidates we support. We even assisted with making a televised public service announcement on literacy, filmed at the gallery, featuring African-American painter Faith Reinhold, an artist whose work we've represented.

I love being able to use the gallery this way, but I've become increasingly convinced that the art work we represent is socially valuable in and of itself. Art has the power to deepen our sense of what it means to be human and to inspire wonder, outrage, and love for the world and people around us. As an art dealer, I am a cultural custodian and proud of our mission of representing the diversity and highest quality of American art. While we sell our paintings and sculptures to a rela-

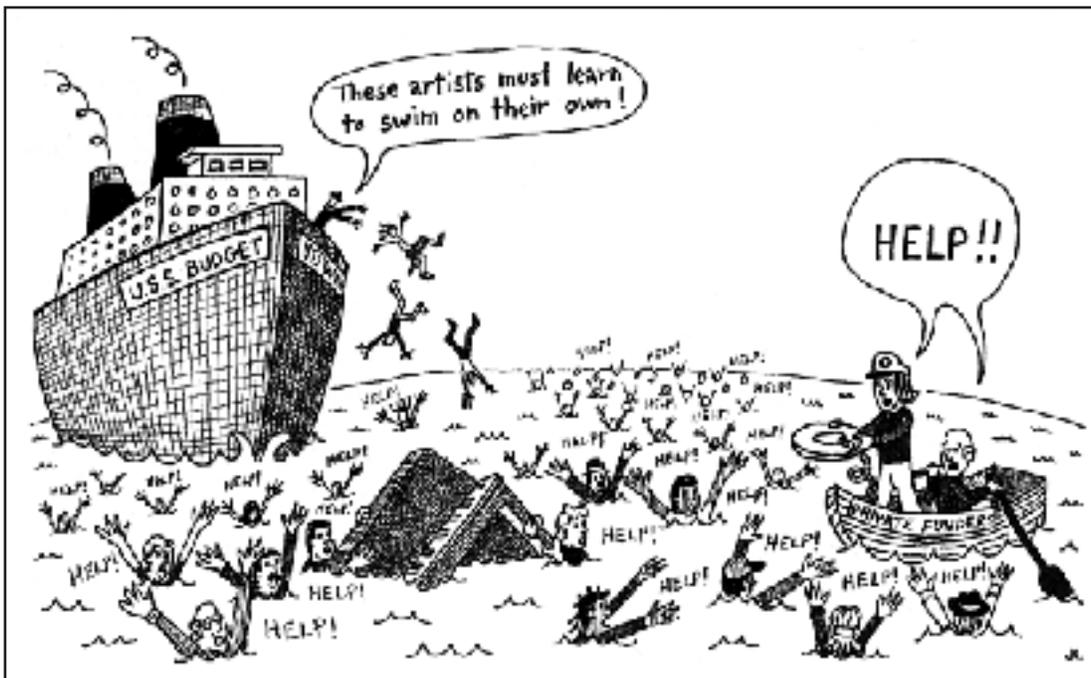
Some tensions exist between money and art, of course. A few years back, I set up a separate gallery devoted to Native American arts and antiquities, a personal passion of mine. That project did a lot to raise a better understanding of Native culture and art in this city. Yet, after a while, I realized that it took me the same time and energy to sell a Native basket for \$5,000 as it did for me to sell a contemporary painting in our main gallery for \$50,000. I finally decided to close the Native Arts gallery and focus my efforts on the more lucrative side of our business.

Having seen the limits to what the private art market can do to support the arts, I have become a strong believer in public arts funding. My kids go to a private Waldorf school where music, dance, theater, and visual arts are integrated into the daily curriculum, but what about the public

schools? They rarely have good arts programs. Even in its heyday, the National Endowment of the Arts provided less support to artists than the city of Berlin. What is the spiritual and cultural cost to our nation of this neglect? The arts could heal much of what ails us, and bring real cohesion and vision to our culture. Which would you rather have—more bombers

or more community arts programs?

- Jeffrey B.



tively small group of wealthy collectors and institutions, I value how our business makes this artwork available for free public viewing. Several of our exhibitions have toured this country and Europe and Asia.

Art and Barbarism: Two Views

Editors' Note: J. Paul Getty was the richest man alive in his day, a powerful oil magnate and a famous art collector who donated his private collection, valued at over \$200 million, to the nonprofit Getty Museum so his collection would be freely available to the public. Wallace Shawn, who co-wrote and performed in the film My Dinner With Andre, is an actor, playwright, and acerbic social critic of much more modest wealth. Both men have strong, and strikingly different, views about how fine art can challenge or mask our relationship to the barbarous acts of the modern world. While their statements below may seem shocking, extreme, and even offensive to some readers, we believe they raise difficult issues that deserve deep reflection.

Art as a Challenge to Barbarism

Excerpted from J. Paul Getty's autobiography As I See It, New York: Prentice Hall, 1976

The difference between being a barbarian and a full-fledged member of a cultivated society is in the individual's attitude toward fine art. If he or she has a love of art, then he or she is not a barbarian. It's that simple, in my opinion.

Tragically, fifty percent of the people walking down any street can be classed as barbarians according to this criterion. They will cut down any tree, no matter how old or lovely (and healthy), tear down beautiful old buildings, ravage any work of art or architecture. They will, of course, argue that their vandalism and destructions are committed in the name of modernization or progress or find some other handy rationalization. None the less, they are no less barbarians than those of the Dark Ages who dressed in animal skins and wore horned helmets.

Twentieth-century barbarians cannot be transformed into cultured, civilized human beings until they ac-

quire an appreciation and love for art. The transformation cannot take place until they have had the opportunity to be exposed to fine art—to see, begin to understand and finally savor and marvel.



Art as a Mask for Barbarism

Excerpts from Wallace Shawn's novella The Fever. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1991.

You see, I like Beethoven. I like to hear the bow of the violin cut into the string. I like to follow the phrase of the violin as it goes on and on, like a deep-rooted orgasm squeezed out into a rope of sound. I like to go out at night in a cosmopolitan city and sit in a dark auditorium watching dancers fly into each other's arms.

"If some one has a love of art, then he or she is not a barbarian."

“Patronage can reshape the work itself, taking it out of the hands of the artists.”

Yet, suppose that certain people—certain people whose hearts admittedly are filled with love—are being awakened suddenly at night by groups of armed men. Suppose that they are being dragged into a stinking van with a carpet on the floor and stomped by boots till their lips are swollen like oranges, streaming with blood. Yes, I was alive when those things were done, I lived in the town whose streets ran with the blood of good hearted victims, I wore the clothes which were pulled from the bodies of the victims when they were raped and killed.

But I love the violin. I love the music, the dancers, everything I touch, everything I see.

Shouldn't we decorate our lives and our world as if we were having a permanent party? Shouldn't there be bells made of paper hanging from the ceiling, and paper balls, and white and yellow streamers? Shouldn't people dance and hold each other close? Shouldn't we fill the tables with cake and presents?

Yes, but we can't have celebrations in the very same room where groups of people are being tortured, or groups of people are being killed. We have to know, Where are we, and Where are the ones who are being tortured and killed? Not in the same room? No—but surely—isn't there any other room we can use? Yes, but we still could hear the people screaming. Well, then—can't we use the building across the street? Well, maybe—but wouldn't it feel strange to walk by the window during our celebrations and look across at the building we're in now and think about the

blood and the death and the testicles being crushed inside it.

...

Certain things cannot be questioned. The coffee has to be there on the shelf, and no thought may enter your mind if it conflicts with the assumption that you—yes, you—are a decent person.

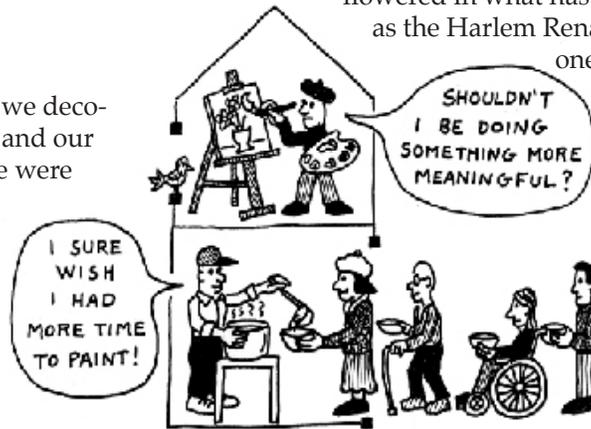
Two Faces of Patronage: Charlotte Mason and the Harlem Renaissance

In the early decades of this century, African-American artistic expression flowered in what has become known as the Harlem Renaissance. In that one hamlet of New

York City, black novelists, poets, essayists, muralists, artists, singers, and jazz musicians gathered and created an enduring artistic legacy. The emergence

of this “New Negro” seeking to create art “without fear or shame” was supported by a handful of wealthy white patrons. Among the most influential of these was the elderly widow Charlotte Osgood Mason, whose family's wealth went back so many generations that she considered the Vanderbilts *nouveau riche*.

Mason was drawn to support African-American art by a deep revulsion against the decadence of “white Western civilization.” She hoped to see a new sensibility emerge from the spiritual experience of the peoples that whites had long oppressed. As she once wrote, “I had the mystical vision of a great bridge reaching from Harlem to the heart of Africa, across which the Negro world, that our white United States had done everything to



annihilate, [could] recover the treasure their people had in the beginning of African life on the earth."

Fired by this vision, Mason wrote thousands of dollars worth of checks for monthly stipends to support the work of such creative luminaries as poet Langston Hughes, folklorist and novelist Zora Neale Hurston, muralist and illustrator Aaron Douglas, sculptor Richmond Barthe, and painter Miguel Covarrubias. For many of these young artists, Mason seemed like an angel, sitting in a throne-like chair in her large penthouse apartment on 399 Park Avenue. As Hughes wrote of their first meeting: "In the living room after dinner, high above Park Avenue with the lights of Manhattan shining below us, my hostess asked me about my plans for the future, my hopes, my ambitions, and my dreams. I told her I wanted to write a novel. She told me she would make it possible for me to write that novel."

Mason's relationships with these gifted artists was hardly idyllic, however. She was known for being patronizing and tyrannical. She insisted that the artists she supported call her "Godmother." She also demanded extremely detailed accounting of how they spent their money, including itemizing each item of groceries bought.

Perhaps more troubling, Mason also interfered with the artists' work. Hurston, whose patronage contract did not allow her to publish her writing without Mason's permission, once angrily wrote to Hughes of their "guard-mother who sits in the twelfth heaven and shapes the destinies of the primitives." Hughes came to agree after Mason pressured him to remove several passages in his novel *Not Without Laughter*. Mason wanted her "children" to write about the "mystery and mysticism and spontaneity" of black folks and not about their poverty, oppression, or political activism for change. "She wanted me to be primitive," Hughes wrote in his autobiography, "but I was not Africa. I was Chicago and Kansas City and Broadway and Harlem."

Afraid of losing his monthly

stipend, Hughes put up with her censorship for awhile. Yet, it ate at him. Riding in the back of Mason's limousine, noticing poor folks on the street, Hughes once reflected, "I could very easily and quickly be there, too, hungry and homeless on a cold floor, any time Park Avenue got tired of supporting me."

Ultimately, Hughes broke with Mason and published a "socialist" poem about the building of a luxury hotel in an impoverished urban neighborhood. In the poem, Hughes wrote:

*Have luncheon there this afternoon,
all you jobless.*

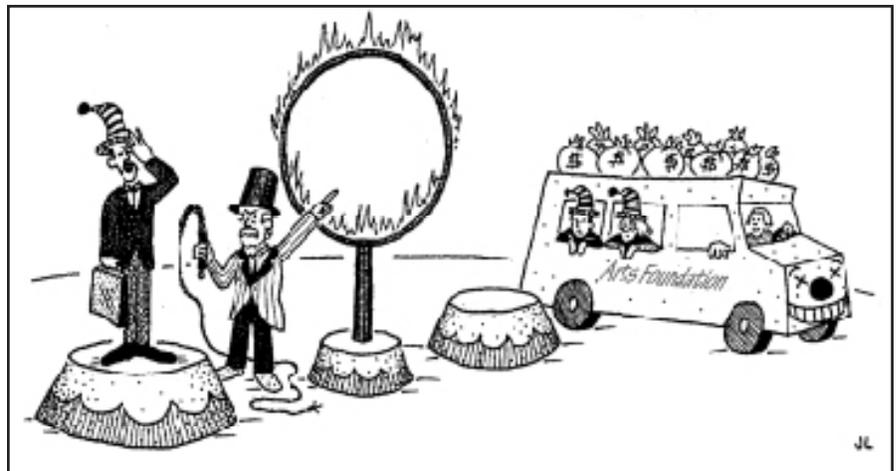
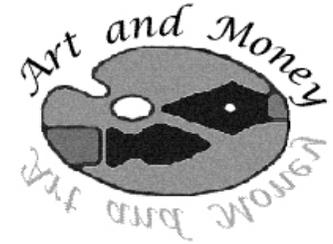
Why not?

*Dine with some of the men and
women who got rich off of your
Labor,*

*who clip coupons with clean
white fingers because your
hands dug coal,*

*drilled stone, sewed garments,
poured steel to let other people
draw dividends and live easy.*

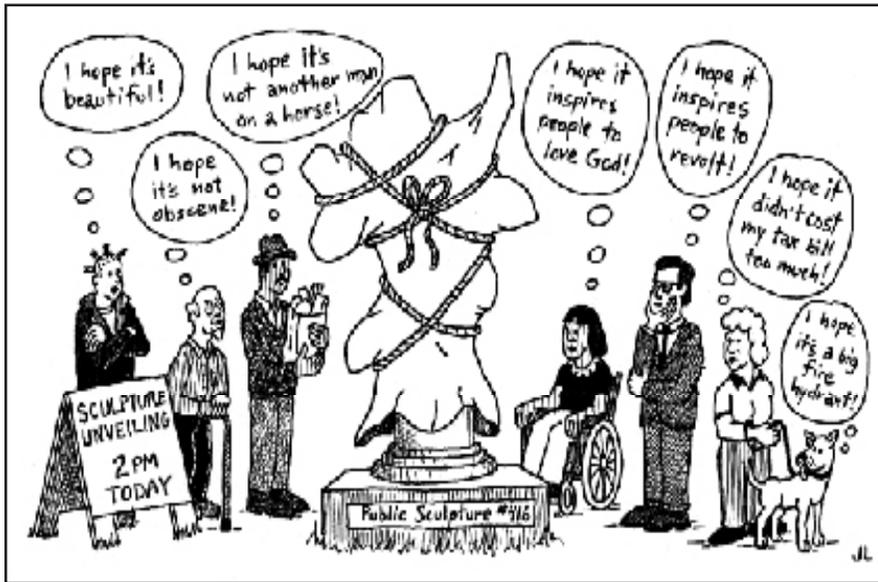
Mason was deeply hurt and could not understand why Hughes, her "most precious child," would turn from spiritual primitivism to political engagement. She felt her vision of



Sir, are you offering me a grant or asking me to join the circus?

primitivism as a force of cultural regeneration for the civilized world was sound and that politics was sordid and common.

Mason's story points to the central dilemma of the patronage system. Without patrons, much creative work would never be completed or made available to the world. One historian of the Harlem Renaissance goes so far as to argue that "it is impossible to say that the art produced by black Americans between 1920 and 1932 would have ever made it into print without the support of rich whites." Yet,



patronage can subtly, and sometimes not so subtly, reshape the work itself, taking it out of the hands of the artists.

Amy Knot Kirschke, Aaron Douglas' biographer, states the problem well: "Artists today of any race, like the black artists of the Harlem Renaissance, are forced to create works in response to the tastes of those who are able to pay for their work and support them financially... The real issue is whether the patron's influence is so overbearing that it prevents an artist from achieving any real autonomy or creativity in his or her work."

-Steve Chase, managing editor

Poet to Patron

What right has anyone to say
That I must throw out pieces of
My heart for pay?
For bread that helps to make
My heart beat true,
I must sell myself
To you?
A factory shift's better,
A week's meager pay,
Than a perfumed note asking,
What poems today?

- Langston Hughes

Anonymous Was A Woman

The *San Jose Mercury News* reports that anonymous donors are working to fill funding holes left by budget cuts to the National Endowment for the Arts. In August, checks for \$25,000 arrived in the mailboxes of ten women artists. The money came from a foundation called Anonymous Was a Woman, whose mission is to help redress perceived discrimination in the art world and help make up for the elimination of grants to individual artists from the NEA.

The *Mercury News* compares the founder of Anonymous Was a Woman to John Beresford Tipton, the mysterious television philanthropist in the popular 1950s television series "The Millionaire." The paper reports that those who know the donor would say only that she is a woman who lives in New York and is an artist, though not a famous one. No one knew the source of her fortune or its extent. As a title for her foundation, she borrowed a line from Virginia Woolf's novel *A Room of One's Own*.

The Anonymous Was a Woman awards operate like the MacArthur Foundation "genius awards" in that artists do not apply for them but rather are nominated, usually without their knowledge. This is the second year that the foundation has awarded grants to female visual artists older than thirty who show creative promise and are at a critical juncture in their career.

- *Philanthropy Journal Alert*, Vol. 2,
No. 8, October 17, 1997



Resources



Publications

- **The Activist Cookbook: Creative Actions for a Fair Economy**, by Andrew Boyd. (Boston: United for a Fair Economy, 1997.) Tired of stuffy, no-fun, unimaginative forms of political activism that don't seem to work anyway? This "cookbook" provides a hands-on manual for media stunts, street theater, and many other creative cultural and arts tools from the labor and social justice movements.

- **Art and Money: An Irreverent History** by Aubrey Menen. (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1980.) A humorous and very British look at the history of auction houses, collectors, patrons, and starving and wealthy European artists.

- **Creating a Life Worth Living: A Practical Course in Career Design for Artists, Innovators, and Others Aspiring to a Creative Life** by Carol Lloyd. (New York: HarperPerennial, 1997.) Offers exercises, inspiration, interviews, and artistic assignments to help you map a path to your ideal creative life.

- **The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property** by Lewis Hyde. (New York: Vintage Books, 1983.) One of the most thoughtful reflections ever written on the relationship between commerce and the creative spirit.

- **Intersections: Community Arts and Education Collaborations**, by Craig Dreeszen. (Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Arts Extensions Service, 1992.) A report of a study prepared by the National Endowment of the Arts documenting community arts and education partnerships. Case studies of what works and how these programs make a difference in the lives of students.

Internet

- **ArtsWire**: A national computer-based network on the arts sponsored by the New York Foundation of the Arts. Whether you are an artist, patron, donor, advocate, collector, educator, or arts enthusiast, this website is probably your best gateway to arts resources on the Internet. Set your browser to <http://www.artswire.org>

- **Art in the Public Interest**: A national non-profit organization that supports the efforts of artists, advocates, donors, and educators who are bringing the arts together with community and social concerns. API offers resources such as books, pamphlets, periodicals, archives, referrals, workshops, and internet sites as well as collaborating with other organizations in the field of community-based arts.

Contact:

Art in the Public Interest

P.O. Box 68

Saxapahaw, NC 27340

910-376-8404.

E-mail: highperf@artswire.org

- **Grantmakers in the Arts**: A national organization of over 500 private grantmakers interested in the arts and arts-related activities. Affiliated with the Council on Foundations, GIA provides an annual conference, a newsletter, research and other publications, as well as takes positions on policies that affect arts and culture within the public, private, and philanthropic sectors.

Contact:

Anne Focke,

Grantmakers in the Arts

P.O. Box 21487

Seattle, WA 98111

206-624-2312

E-mail: afocke@artswire.org

- **Paul Robeson Fund for Independent Media**: Named in honor of singer, actor, and civil rights activist Paul Robeson, the Fund supports media artists working in radio, video, and film production who address critical social and political issues.

Contact:

Jan Stout, Program Officer

Paul Robeson Fund

Funding Exchange,

666 Broadway #500

New York, NY 10012

212-529-5300

Organizations

Artful Living

When Christopher and I began this issue of *More than Money*, we didn't relate much to its theme; we think of ourselves as educators, organizers, and parents, not artists. But the deeper we got into it, the more we related to the questions presented, and the more our eyes opened to the power and possibility of art in our lives.

We have started to talk with our local arts center about painting a mural on the rear wall of our garage that faces a public area—perhaps an image that celebrates the town's beautiful pond and recent efforts to clean it up. We are deliberating about how to invest more in beautifying our home, while still conserving resources so we have more to share with others. We joke that our flowering rock garden, in its humble way, is public art that enriches the dozens of people a day who stroll past it.

Most importantly, after enjoying a "comic cabaret" by United for a Fair Economy about the growing disparity of wealth in the United States, we committed ourselves to find ways for the Impact Project (the nonprofit that produces *More than Money*) to use creative arts more to express its ideas.

We hope that you, too, will take from this issue a renewed appreciation for how art might enrich not only your life, but the lives of all, and a greater commitment to make that dream a reality. Our world now is far from this; not only is a large portion of humanity struggling for life's necessities, but even in the richest of countries the arts are often viewed as inconsequential and are grievously under-supported.

As people with wealth (artists and non-artists), we can help change this. We can advocate for public funding of art, and support programs that nurture arts programs for those who traditionally have less access to them (not only the "fine arts" but all forms of cultural expression). We can fund and participate in projects that use arts to further positive social change. And, with ingenuity, we can find innumerable ways to support the artists around us, from buying their

art to subsidizing their rent to helping start local art centers and institutions.

Art can affirm the kind of world that many of us with wealth seek to help build: a world where all people, not just successful artists and the well-to-do, have abundant clean water, food, shelter, and dignified work and *also* beauty, creativity, and artistic self-expression. We take inspiration from the famous folk song inspired by a 1912 walkout of women textile workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, thirty miles from our home.



*Our lives shall not be sweated,
from birth until life closes,
Hearts starve as well as bodies,
give us bread but give us roses.*

*No more the drudge and idler,
ten who toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories
— bread and roses, bread and roses!*

-Anne Slepian, editor

The Aims of *More Than Money*

People with wealth supposedly have it all. Targets of envy and resentment, we rarely have a safe forum for addressing the unique challenges that come with having surplus while deeply caring about others who have too little.

More Than Money creates a network of kindred spirits across North America (and overseas) who don't always share the same views, but who grapple with some of the same essential questions. By sharing a wide range of personal experiences, the publication

explores how money is linked to virtually every aspect of our lives—from how we get along in our closest relationships, to how we feel about work, to how we define and pursue our purpose in life.

More Than Money informs its readers about inspirational models of people and organizations using their financial resources with unusual integrity and power. It encourages all of us to pursue our dreams and to contribute our money, time, and talents towards creating a more just and sustainable world.

BolderGiving Resources

Available at www.boldergiving.org

Story and Video Library

Over 100 brief vignettes of extraordinary givers from across the economic spectrum. These Bold Givers have committed at least 20% of their net worth, income, or business profits toward making a better world.

Bold Conversation Series

Monthly teleconferences and online chats offer an informal chance to interact and learn from Bold Givers.

Explore Your Giving Potential

An invitation to explore in the coming year ways to become more bold in your own giving, and to take the next step that's right for you.

Give Half Pledge

Bold Givers, be counted! This pledge is for people of all financial levels who commit to giving 50% -- of income for three years or more, of business profits, or of net worth.

Bolder Giving Workbook

Through articles, exercises, and stories from outstanding givers, this workbook offers step-by-step guidance for people exploring their lifetime giving potential.

We Gave Away a Fortune

This award-winning book features stories of sixteen people who gave 20% or more of their wealth and highlights common themes among them.

More Than Money Journals

Explorations of the impact of money in our lives. Each 16-32 page issue includes personal stories, articles, and resources. Available in three different formats: free pdfs of each issue, print-on-demand books that compile 5-7 issues by theme, or separate articles you can browse online. (*See list of 40 back issues in right column.*)

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Order at www.boldergiving.org

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- #12 Creative Giving
- #16 Family Foundations
- #20 How Much to Give?
- #23 Partners in Community Change
- #26 Effective Giving
- #34 The Art of Giving

Lifestyle, Spending & Investing

- # 4 How Much is Enough?
- # 8 To Spend or Not to Spend
- #15 The Human Side of Investing
- #25 Working with Financial Professionals
- #27 Lifestyles of the Rich and Simple

Children and Inheritance

- # 9 Money and Children
- #24 What Are We Teaching our Children?
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- #35 Money and Leadership
- #38 Money and Happiness

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