

Web. But open access is not as “open” as it appears, and it raises a host of new questions for universities, libraries, and publishers.

The big question, reports Guterman, a *Chronicle* science writer, is, Who will pay the bills? Unlike traditional publications, open-access journals ask their authors to pay a publication fee of as much as \$1,500. But more often than not this money comes from universities—and university libraries—not the author. Eventually, some critics say, this could cost schools—especially big research institutions—more than journal subscriptions ever did.

Open-access journals are already seeking new sources of financial support. One of the first organizations to advocate open access, the Public Library of Science (PLOS), founded by Nobel laureate Harold Varmus, imitates public radio, inviting frequent readers to become “members” by pledging their support. Another journal is experimenting with modified open access, keeping some work private, but allowing

researchers who want their work “open” to pay an author fee (so far, only one in five authors has opted to pay).

For the time being, open access has complicated things for almost everyone. It seems to have allowed some libraries to negotiate with publishers for lower subscription rates, but libraries are now faced with paying author fees *and* maintaining expensive subscriptions. Researchers have shown interest in open-access journals, but many end up submitting elsewhere for fear that the journals may not last or that they lack enough prestige to help in the battle for tenure.

Yet in its first eight hours online last October, the inaugural edition of PLOS’s flagship journal, *PLoS Biology*, received a surprising 500,000 hits—and many supporters would suggest that the “movement” has not yet reached critical mass. Journal subscriptions will probably never be free, but even in its nascent state, open access is shaking up the \$3.5 billion journal publishing industry.

ARTS & LETTERS

The Sweetest Sounds

“Richard Rodgers: Enigma Variations” by Stefan Kanfer, in *City Journal* (Autumn 2003),
52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Richard Rodgers (1902–79) wrote some of the most melodic and inventive popular music of the 20th century, but nothing in his personality would have made you think him capable of that. The man who gave so much pleasure to others had little in his own life, and that remains the great puzzle about him. A lifelong hypochondriac, he was a dour and unhappy fellow, despite his great success and the riches it brought. He drank too much and was depressed too often. “No one in the [Rodgers] family (or out of it, for that matter) had ever seen the composer sit at the piano and play for sheer enjoyment,” writes Kanfer, a former editor of *Time* and the author of several novels and social histories. The piano was for business, the business was mostly Broadway, and “Broadway was his life.”

Some people are lucky in their friends. Rodgers was lucky in his collaborators. He found Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein II at key points in his career, and with the two

lyricists he ruled Broadway from the 1920s through the 1950s, fashioning songs that, on the basis of performances and record sales, are even today, Kanfer reports, the world’s most popular. The melodies still enchant, and the words delight (“Manhattan”), enthrall (“Oh, What a Beautiful Morning”), inspire (“You’ll Never Walk Alone”).

So Rodgers was a team player, but always the name *before* the conjunction. There was a Rodgers and Hart phase to his career and a Rodgers and Hammerstein phase (and a lesser phase with several other collaborators after Hammerstein’s death in 1960, including, just once, Stephen Sondheim). The first team gave the world smart, sassy, glittering, and bittersweet stuff, such as—in a single show, the 1937 *Babes in Arms*—“Where or When,” “My Funny Valentine,” “The Lady Is a Tramp,” and “I Wish I Were in Love Again.” For a single show of their own, *South Pacific* in 1949, the second team produced “Some

Enchanted Evening,” “Bali Ha’i,” “Younger Than Springtime,” and “There Is Nothin’ Like a Dame.”

Hart was an even more unhappy figure than Rodgers—“an undisciplined, unprepossessing man,” says Kanfer, “whose furtive homosexual liaisons invariably ended in sorrow.” No wonder that “his natural *métier* was disappointed romance and unfulfilled yearnings.” (“Nobody’s heart belongs to me. Heigh-ho! Who cares?”) Rodgers, on the other hand, “had a muscular work ethic; music flowed out of him like conversation.” Yet the unlikely pair went from success to success on Broadway in the 1920s and 1930s, until Hart simply hit the bottle too hard and began failing to show up for work. He died of pneumonia in 1943, at the age of 48, after being found drunk in the night rain, sitting on a Manhattan curb.

By then Rodgers was working with Hammerstein, who could not have been more different from Hart: “a devoted family man instantly accessible, disciplined by habit, and optimistic by nature.” Hammerstein caused Rodgers to dig deeper and, says Kanfer, “write

more serious and sustained melodies,” such as that for “If I Loved You” (*Carousel*, 1945), as ecstatic a love song as any ever sung on Broadway. Their collaboration began with the revolutionary *Oklahoma* in 1943 and ended with *The Sound of Music* in 1959. Of the latter, the critics disapproved: “Not only too sweet for words, but almost too sweet for music,” said the *New York Herald Tribune* reviewer. But the public adored the show and the subsequent movie, and there’s still no escaping “Do-Re-Mi.” After 1959, Rodgers found no other Hart or Hammerstein, and for one show, *No Strings* (1962), he wrote both words and music. So “The Sweetest Sounds” is entirely his.

When the man whom Kanfer calls a “pantheon figure in American music, indeed, in world music,” died, his body was cremated. “There is no grave, no statue, no marker; the location of his ashes is a secret. As, finally, is the musician himself. What had troubled him from the early days has never definitely become clear. . . . That his mystery endures matters little beside his sweet, ever-enduring melodies.”



Composer Richard Rodgers (at the keyboard) and lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II in 1953.