

heritage, the main repository of humane wisdom, and be ready to learn all that can be learned from it for the good of mankind, himself or herself included. I do not know what we will call this new breed of critics, but I hope we will not forget that what once was called New Criticism upheld old values, and that we forsake these values at our peril, for they are the basic values of civilization, and they are threatened today, as much as at any time in history, with being discarded and forgotten. I am an optimist, and so I believe these old values can and will be renewed, but it will take the most exacting kind of criticism to renew them. I know that such criticism, which takes literature seriously as literature and tries to learn all that can be learned about human values from it, is not currently fashionable, nor is the religious faith that undergirds it, but I also know that both were once respected and they could be respected again, just as they were in the time of the old New Critics—which, after all, was not so very long ago.

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MUSIC

Remembering Casals

by Ralph de Toledano

Talking to musicians or composers has its values, but it seldom adds much to what we know of music. Mozart's letters to his father give you a few insights into the creative process, but Beethoven's are merely a peep into his psyche. Of all the composers who have written about their work and that of others, only Berlioz, and perhaps Stravinsky, could impart with any penetration an internal sense of music—and Berlioz's best commentary was on the art of conducting. So I was not particularly stirred when *Newsweek's* music editor, a busy Texan whose idea of criticism was to shout obscenities over the phone at the Met's Rudolf Bing, said to me, "If you

can take time out when you're in San Juan from the story you're doing on Puerto Rico, why don't you go talk to Pablo Casals? He's giving a concert down there." The "concert" was the *Festival Casals*—after the Prades Festival, his second major break of a long self-exile from public performance.

My lack of enthusiasm had nothing to do with what I felt about Pablo Casals as a musician. The cello is a cruel and inhuman instrument, and as a boy I had watched a friend's father—a cellist for the Philharmonic—at practice, his face a reflection of both pain—"the torment," Casals called practicing—and patience. Casals was then, and in my judgment always will be, Mr. Cello, and in listening to him play it is difficult to separate the man from the instrument. Perhaps, I thought, he might say something memorable, though hardly what might excite *Newsweek's* music editor. But getting to see him, once I was in San Juan, seemed like an impossibility. He had categorically refused to talk to anyone from the press. He changed his mind when he was told that I was a friend of Luis Muñoz Marín, the first elected governor of Puerto Rico, who had invited Casals to the island and treated him with respect and generosity. "If Toledano is a friend of Don Luis," Casals said, "I will speak to him."

When Spain fell to the forces of Francisco Franco, Casals had vowed never to play in public until the Nationalist regime was overthrown. But a dozen or so years later, he had agreed to perform once more—and those of us who loved music were joyed by his decision. He was approaching 80, and though a man of iron constitution, he was not impervious to the treason of time. New recording techniques offered him the opportunity to put on vinyl his own great brand of musicianship and his superlative mastery, both technically and interpretively, of his instrument. He could bring warmth and vitality and empathy to scores that frequently defeated others—the proof to be found in his interpretation of the six Bach Suites for Cello Unaccompanied. These suites are demanding—taxing instrument, performer, and audience. But if it is not *lèse majesté* to say it, they can sometimes be great room-emptiers. Casals could triumph over this Baroque obstacle course—perhaps because Catalans and Germans have much more in common than either would care to admit.

Casals was living in a small house off the beach at Punta las Arenas, neighbor to San Juan—as a guest of Muñoz and the Puerto Rican government. He was playing the piano as I knocked on his door—a passage from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, a daily exercise, he told me, to "refresh the spirit"—and he called out to me in Spanish to enter. But he insisted on speaking to me in English, though he commented on my Spanish name and asked if my family came from Toledo. I was struck by how much this stocky, balding man with a small pot belly, eyes shining through rimless glasses, reminded me of one of my cousins. I asked him, my first question, what had brought about a change of heart—why he was performing once more. "It is always a sacrifice for an artist not to play," Casals said. Then he looked at the small yellow-and-red Catalan flag on his upright piano and added, "But there are more important things in the world. What right did I have to prosper while my people were persecuted in Spain? And when the war ended, the Spanish people could not understand why they should not be masters of their own destiny. I said this to whoever I thought would listen, even to the King of England. No one listened." What was more important to Casals, or had been, was his passionate opposition to Francisco Franco and the Nationalists in Spain, and his sorrow that the United States had recognized their government.

Sounding like a character out of Hemingway's *For Whom The Bell Tolls*, he said, "The United States should have more dignity. These dictators do terrible things. They kill. And to kill has no dignity." Though he was full of admiration for what the British and their government had done during the war to keep alive what he called the "flame of civilization," he could not forgive Churchill or the Labour government which followed him for not bringing about the fall of Franco—and even speaking well of *El Caudillo*. "What became of Churchill's great promises to put an end of fascism everywhere—or to your President Roosevelt's?" I wanted to talk about music, for I had my own personal and family feelings about Spain which might not accord with his. I respected his assertion that "I possess a moral independence, I am no politician, but an artist who tries to keep faith with his human principles." But I ventured somewhat into the political when I asked him about Wilhelm

Furtwangler, the great German conductor who had gone into exile in protest against Hitler—but who had nevertheless been barred from the United States because of alleged support of the Nazis. Casals placed Furtwangler among the two or three greatest conductors of the time, but felt that he had remained in Nazi Germany a little too long before taking refuge in Switzerland.

"Let me tell you," Casals said. "Furtwangler came to see me in Switzerland just before the Nazi collapse. I told him, 'Every man to his conscience. You owe me no explanations as to what your true feelings were.' 'I am a musician,' he said. 'I want to make music.' 'Be patient,' I answered him. 'You are lucky that Switzerland welcomed you.'" Given his own history of exile, I thought this somewhat ungenerous. But what I really wanted was to ask him to describe how he had expanded the range and the capacity of the cello, putting his stamp on the way everyone after him would play it. But the lack of "dignity" of Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Churchill was what he wanted to discuss. His need for musical performance, which he had sacrificed for years to make a political statement, was very real and very poignant, and he referred to it several times to punctuate his political sentiments. I might have argued, but it would have been in bad taste to challenge his feelings on the Spanish Civil War, so I simply listened. But he too could not limit himself to this, and he turned to what was most important to him as an artist—the music of Bach.

For Casals, Bach was the greatest genius in music, and he more or less paraphrased what I later learned he had written at the time of the Bach Festival at Prades. "The miracle of Bach cannot be found in any other art. To bare human nature until its divinity becomes clear, to make eternal what is ephemeral—to make the divine human and the human divine—that is Bach, the purest and greatest in music of all time." He had only scorn for those who played Bach as if his compositions consisted of "technical cleverness" when in fact Bach's music "vibrated with sensitivity. All emotion has been expressed by him." He paused and smiled. "Bach is a volcano—and a total creature of his music. He was so far ahead of his time that if he returned today, he would be considered a musical revolutionary."

But Bach was not his only great hero, and during today's "revival," what he

said about "Papa" Haydn is both significant and incisive. "Haydn had an imagination that knew no end and a marvelous poetic spirit that went along with the solidity of his musical architecture. From our present musical chaos will come, I am sure, a rediscovery of Haydn and a greatness which has been little recognized. He escapes any kind of classification, and his tremendous power of invention, among the greatest of any composer, makes his music a constant surprise. No matter how many times you hear it or play it, you continue to find something new in it." I said little, but my restraint must have been eloquent because Casals concluded the interview by inviting me to the final rehearsal of the *Festival Casals* orchestra, which he was conducting. He would be interesting to watch because, though he was not in the highest rank among conductors, he believed that great conducting consisted not only of understanding the music but of an empathy between the orchestra and the man with the baton.

I was the only member of the press present at that rehearsal. How a conductor takes an orchestra through its paces tells you much about his approach to music. The orchestra was running through Mozart's *A Major Symphony*, and Casals was happily swinging his

baton and his body in time to the music, singing the themes à la Toscanini, though in a much better voice. In the middle of the *Andante*, Casals suddenly dropped his hand, put down his baton, and painfully began walking off the stage, supported by Alexander Schneider, the concertmaster. Casals was pale and composed, fighting the pain of his heart attack until he was in his dressing room. There he collapsed. They took him away in an ambulance, and as he was carried out on a stretcher, he turned his head to look into the concert hall and said, "*Qué lastima, qué lastima, qué maravillosa orquesta.*" I had my story, an eyewitness account of an event carried secondhand by the world press, but *Newsweek's* music editor was more interested in the who-shot-John of the Met's internecine battles, and it never ran.

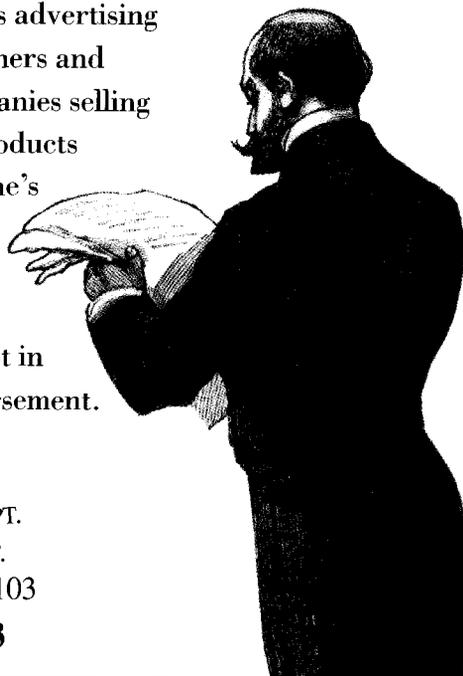
Pablo Casals did not conduct or play his cello at the *Festival Casals*, but the peasant strength of his body carried him through, and he returned to recording and concertizing. But that brief encounter with Casals and what today we loosely call *charisma* had cut deep, and I began listening analytically to his playing and to what he gave to it beyond that musicianly and intuitive translation of a composer's intent which set him so far above other cellists, and his ability to cut through time and recreate in our con-

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temporaneity the nuances and cadences of an earlier day. No musician respected the composer's notes and the composer's intent more than Casals. But he always went beyond this, continuing his study of a score, though he knew it well, in order to reach within the mind and the psyche of the composer. The imagination of the performer had to work symbiotically with that of the composer, perhaps arriving at a new expression. As he remarked, "Sometimes, looking at a score, I say to myself, 'What marvelous music. But I must *make* it so.' The performance must give to the work the full meaning of its existence"—as it filtered through his intuition.

"Interpretation of a work," he told a friend, "must be something organic, something which makes you know how to vary all repeated passages, how to establish a graduation of detail in the unity of the work—and how to remember two very simple things: that the natural origin of melody was vocal, and that truth rhythms come from the natural movements of man, from steps and the dance." It was this sense which made his use of the *rubato* so expressive and so natural—a musical liberty as in speech or in singing. To what he called the "constant fever of thinking," he counterposed intuition—more important than academic analysis. Casals always had a very

strong feeling about performance, and this contributed to what he considered of great importance. "It is not given to everyone to know how to play the first note of a work"—the first call to the listener. It was not, he would say, particularly a question of technique but of sensitivity, too subtle to define. He would have been thoroughly in agreement with critics who maintain that much of a novel's merit can be perceived in the first paragraph.

Casals brought to the cello not only a superb technique but a whole manner and approach, a sensibility—and this from his early years. The *vibrato* for him was an instrument of musical delineation and expression, restrained but pronounced in passages that contributed to the melodic enfolding, but in other passages almost nonexistent—the dynamics wide-ranging but with never a sob. Tempo, he believed, should be dictated by the music itself, with the composer's direction read only as "indications." Despite his age, he had a greater control of the bow than any other cellist I have heard, the pressure and movement evenly distributed, at heel or tip of the bow, and producing his delicate *pianissimo* and robust *fortissimo*—something achieved on the less strenuous but almost as inhuman violin by Isaac Stern, whose bow, fingers, wrist, and arm seem

joined together by God. Casals used the whole bow for long notes, but only part of the bow for shorter notes, giving them variety and emphasis, the part of the bow employed being dictated by the meaning of each note. His fingering was something that he developed for himself, and it revolutionized the playing of all cellists.

Virgil Thomson was almost but not quite right when he remarked that cello performance in our time derived *exclusively* from Casals. But certainly no cellist playing today is not in Casals' debt. Who else could give us those magnificent musical *veronicas*? And there was a *personal* approach in his relationship to his instrument. "I have a great affection for the strings of my cello and I keep them on as long as possible," he once said. "If one breaks before a concert it worries me because I have to do a lot of preparation in order to learn the characteristics of a new string."

The records that Pablo Casals made over the years are being reissued one by one on CD, and on those in which he is soloist there is always that calm excellence and that deep understanding of the score—the color and tonal variety and intuition which illuminated whatever he was playing—Bach, Beethoven, Schubert. His preference when listening to his own recordings was, interestingly, to play them at a speed faster than that at which they were recorded—the Bach suites a *tone or a tone and a half sharper*, with no concern over the resulting difference of keys. But as recorded, those suites still burst forth as exciting commentary, even as he reined in later and more florid compositions. His sense of the winged chariot at his heels made him return to performance, but until his death it seemed as if time had not touched him. As I listen to his recordings, I think of him walking off that stage, forgetting the anguish of his heart but not his dignity. I think of his musical genius and his artist's simple outlook on the complexities of nations and politics. As a Spaniard, he thought first of dignity, and of the loyalty to whatever it is in a man which makes him an artist. But for the thought and the genius and the little Catalan flag, he would not have been Pablo Casals.

Ralph de Toledano writes from Washington, D.C. His latest book is *The Apocrypha of Limbo, a collection of religious poems.*

THE PERESTROIKA DECEPTION

The world's slide towards 'WELTOKTOBER' –
'THE SECOND OCTOBER REVOLUTION'
 By the world-famous genuine Soviet defector

ANATOLIY GOLITSYN

World-renowned Author of 'New Lies for Old' [1984]

In this sequel to his 1984 Blockbuster, which contained 148 predictions of which 139 had been fulfilled by 1993, Golitsyn reveals how the West has been duped by the Soviet Communists, following the implementation of their strategic deception 'disappearing act' of 1991 [KGB code-name: 'Golgotha']. This fascinating new book shows that the West is blind to Soviet-Chinese aims and has fallen for the greatest strategic deception scam in world history.

Golitsyn explains that the Soviets, and their Leninist colleagues the Chinese, are engaged, as before the 'changes', in a deadly secret war against Western civilisation. There has been no true discontinuity, merely a Leninist (deceptive) one. As their cover, the Soviets replaced overt Communism with *covert* Communism under the fake 'non'-Communist [KGB officer] Boris Yeltsin.

This confirmed the West's illusions, fostered under Gorbachëv's '*perestroika*' – a military term meaning 'new formation' – and encouraged it to embark recklessly upon long-term disarmament, collective security (a primary Soviet objective since the 1920s), the open-ended transfer of financial and technological resources, and a policy of appeasement and 'friendship' with the enemy. This policy, based on false information, is doomed to failure, and this book shows why.

Without the framework provided by this book, you will never make sense of developments in the 'former' Soviet Bloc. As you read it, everything becomes clear and falls into place at last.

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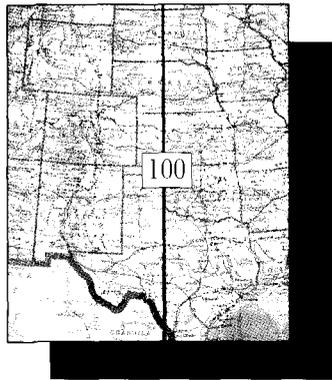
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Up From Michigan

Fontenelle Creek ran fast and brown at the crossing, the waves flashing backward, flooding islands of willow that bent before the strength of the water to show the gray undersides of the slender leaves. I left the jeep at the trailhead on the near side of the ford and commenced walking, taking along only binoculars and a new pair of yellow elkhide gloves.

I walked very quickly up the trail through the dark cold woods and across the two shaded openings in the trees to Bear Trap Creek. The creek was high with the late spring runoff, all the stepping-stones covered by domes of clear foaming water. I walked straight through it, feeling the snowmelt soak in around my feet, and up the opposite bank in squelching boots. On the grassy rise beyond, a snag lay across the base camp where Kovaches used to put a hunting trailer before the Forest Service closed the road, overlooking the creek where it descends the steep-sided canyon. Beneath the flooding, the changed meanders cut since fall by the runoff showed plainly. It was hot in the open bottom, going between the willows growing over the trail on the creek side and the wildflowers and sagebrush rising steeply with the terrain on the other, and before I had walked half a mile the boots were dry and the socks inside them only damp. Baked by the sudden heat, the red clay trail fixing the tracks of deer and elk was rigid underfoot. I pushed hard in spite of a bugged knee, drawing down air to the bottom of my lungs and setting each foot well ahead of the other as I breasted the slope: climbing back from the pale watery green of northern Michigan where things had not gone so well last weekend, especially for the knee.

Here in the canyon there was no breeze but the smell of the June sun on the red clay and the black pine boughs. Arrowleaf balsam bloomed yellow below the edge of purple cliff, and small butterflies fluttered ahead as I walked in the trail. I halted behind a flight of them and bent above the butterflies as they fanned their wings, which were silver with circumscribed spots on the undersides and tender blue above. At a bend



in the trail I started a young bull moose, his paddles still in velvet and his spring coat patchy with clumps of the dead winter hair, from the creek where he had been taking a midafternoon drink. Climbing hard and watching, I had no need of thinking, and no desire to do it. The restorative powers of nature: we really do need an environmentalist movement. But not this one.

As the snow melted out of the mountains and the back country opened up, fox-faced urbanites were venturing out of Salt Lake City, Denver, Boise, and Phoenix, into the Wyoming wilds. I met one this afternoon, driving his Land Rover with a canoe strapped to the roof, on the road from Kemmerer, and deliberately gave him false directions. He's probably trapped in mud up a game trail right now, 100 miles from nowhere. Of course he was an environmentalist of some sort, gasoline-powered and without a backpack and pitons. Alston Chase merely confirms what I have always suspected: the environmentalist movement is essentially fraudulent, hypocritical, dishonest—based on “science” it knows to be false and pursuing agenda that extend far beyond environmental preservation. I keep pretty well abreast of environmentalist literature, and environment-related stories in the press. Yet it was news to me that, as Chase relates in his new book,* the spotted owl is *not* endangered, and that the federal government's decision virtually to shut down the logging industry in the Pacific Northwest was made in full knowledge of the

*Alston Chase, *In A Dark Wood: The Fight Over Forests and the Rising Tyranny of Ecology* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1995).

fact. It also was news that old-growth forests in the region are, historically speaking, a recent development, and that the Northwest, at the time of Columbus's landfall on Hispaniola, had substantially less forest cover than it does today. (The same is true of the rest of the North American continent.) Environmentalists know this, and so do the federal agencies that support the policies environmentalists demand. They never talk about it, however, and neither do the media and other representatives of the cultural, political, and financial establishment that has made “ecosystem stabilization” and “preservation of species” principal mantras of a popular religion more respectable than Christianity and as superstitious as Hinduism. The National Environmental Policy Act in 1969, and the Endangered Species Act in 1973, were passed by Congresses eager to demonstrate the fundamental benevolence of a government fighting a bloody and unpopular war, but without imagination to foresee the disruptive potential of legislation that to them—and everyone else, including American industry—seemed almost entirely symbolic, and completely unobjectionable. It took about a decade for the import of NEPA and ESA to sink in, and even then not everybody saw the light. Bill Clinton, for instance, became President on a promise to find legislative solutions to the impasse between environmentally-minded federal bureaucrats and the Wise Use rebels. Shortly after his taking office, however, the green lobby seems to have buttonholed him to explain the infinite value of environmentalism to a national government dedicated to extending its control, largely by stealth, over everything that walks, creeps, or has its being in the United States of America—and beyond it. The President, we all know, is not a man who easily withstands temptation.

Indian Ridge appeared around a bend in the canyon, a steep backwall still covered in snow and crested by snow cornices. Clouds moved out from behind the ridge, silver and white, piling high into the deep sky, imminent in their purity and detail through the vaporless atmosphere. I paused in the hollow where Bear Trap diverges from its tributary and