

PROFILE

PABLO CASALS



KARSH

THE sixth annual music festival at Prades, in the French Pyrenees, which opens this week, celebrates the eightieth anniversary of its founder, Pablo Casals, as well as Mozart's bicentenary.

This year it will be devoted to the chamber music of Bach, Mozart and Schumann. Casals himself will play at all of the twelve concerts in the little cathedral of St. Peter, supported by the usual galaxy of famous players, which only his prestige could attract to such a remote spot.

"Age affects Casals like a great wine, ennobling as it lightens it. His technique remains flawless. His simplicity is monastic. His way of establishing the strong beats by holding them imperceptibly is unique. His tone is not very powerful, merely supreme. Even his tenderness has an imperious quality. His rhythm is as natural as a heartbeat. His choice of tempo brooks no argument. His playing transcends beauty to become truth."

The hard-boiled critic who wrote this judgment hastened to assure his readers that he had not simply been carried away by the spell of almost religious veneration which has grown up round the festival at Prades. The astonishing thing is that, for years before Prades was thought of, critics—and, still more surprisingly, fellow musicians—have simply agreed to acknowledge Casals as peerless. Almost certainly, he is the greatest cellist of all time; at any rate one of those musical landmarks who have raised the status of an instrument by giving it a hitherto unsuspected range.

He himself is less preoccupied with virtuosity than with interpretation. "What interests me," he says, "is making music," and confesses that he feels equally at home on the cello, at the piano or with the conductor's baton. At the age of five, as second soprano in his father's choir in his native Vendrell, he remembers "I sang with all my heart." At eight he was solo violinist, only to discard his fiddle at eleven after hearing Josep Garcia—later his master—play the cello in Barcelona. In 1920, already world famous as a cellist, he formed his own orchestra in Barcelona, paying eighty-eight players out of his own pocket during the period of intensive rehearsals before he was ready to appear in public. The instrument has always been secondary. It is the music that counts.

WHAT controversy there is centres less round Casals' music than round his decision "not to accept any invitation or engagement from anywhere as long as a free regime, based on the freedom and the will of the people, is not re-established in Spain." Casals' own explanation is that his protest is not concerned with politics as such (he denies being a politician in any sense) but with human dignity. For him, an artist who does not respect this dignity is not an artist in the highest sense; and nothing but the highest has ever interested him in his pursuit of art.

The great dilemma of his life started when his own protest against what he regards as democracy's breach of faith with Spain produced a flood of counter-protest against his refusal of his unique talent to the world. It was out of this dilemma that the Prades Festivals were born. So that when, in Zurich in 1951, Albert Schweitzer

said to him, "It is better to create than to protest," Casals was able to reply, "Why not do both? The Prades Festivals have the double character of creation and protest, and, further, protest can be the most arduous creation and the most exacting."

It is characteristic of Casals to have stuck to his principles with such obstinate passion, and yet to have found a way out which he could square with his conscience and his ideal of artistic integrity. How very Catalan, and how very un-Spanish. Catalonia is one of the three dominants in his life—the other two being music and his determination to keep faith with human principles. Anyone who is irritated by what, from a distance, may look like a priggish streak in his actions, should not forget the deeply emotional nature of his Catalonian background.

FOR people from this country, and others which were swept into the Second World War, their own struggle has blurred the poignancy of the Spanish Civil War, to say nothing of the tragedy of the Catalan Republic. But, on the day before Franco's army marched into Barcelona to ring down the curtain on the short-lived dream of an independent Catalonia, the University of Catalonia met for the last time to confer an honorary degree on Casals, with evacuation in full swing and Mussolini's planes roaring over the city. During the whole life of the Republic he had enjoyed the rare privilege of being a prophet who was never without honour in his own country.

He was in Paris when the Civil War finally ended and went almost at once to Prades, resolved never to forget his debt of gratitude or betray by his own example his less fortunate fellow Catalans, of whom thousands were rotting in French internment camps within a few miles of his new home. He stayed on in Prades after the fall of France, through the eventual German occupation to the liberation, listening to the B.B.C. and never doubting that the Allies would overthrow Franco as a logical part of the victory of democracy. His triumphant reception by British audiences and his own admiration for Britain's part in the war only made his disappointment more galling when it became obvious that there was to be no break with Franco.

To see Casals in the round, you must look beyond the heroic figure to the man himself. Those who have known him longest agree affectionately that he is no plaster saint. He was probably born ambitious, selfish and not a little acquisitive. He has always known his own value and, like any good Catalan, still knows what is good or bad business. The organisation of the festivals leaves no doubt on that score and his flow of pupils—some of them rich—supplies him with a deserved income.

THE "Hermit of Prades" legend, which depicts him as living in lonely austerity in some mountain retreat, needs some correcting. Life in the agreeable little gardener's lodge at the entrance to the mayor's house is frugal, but not austere, and certainly never lonely. There is a constant stream of visitors and admirers from all over the world, as well as a devoted circle of friends and family, several of whom go and come freely from his charming seaside villa at San Salvador, across the Spanish frontier.

In a superb and smiling Pyrenean landscape, he lives a life of cosy and well-ordered simplicity in a largely Catalan-speaking community which shows him all the respect due to a great artist, a great patriot—and, through the festival trade, an un hoped-for local benefactor. There is nothing of the martyr, and very little of the hermit, about Casals. He is far too busy and healthy-minded to waste time in the tragic postures in which some of his admirers like romantically to imagine him.

A little rosy apple of a robust countryman, he could easily pass as an English vicar on his summer holiday, with his panama, gold spectacles and well-laundered but shapeless tussore jacket—a large black dog at his heels and a Sherlock Holmes pipe curling out of his mouth. If he were a vain man, which he is not, the fact that he has become the centre of a pilgrimage which lasts all the year, and only reaches its climax during the festival, should compensate for the unending round of international concert tours which would inevitably otherwise have been his lot.

On the wall of an old friend's studio in London hangs a faded snapshot of Casals, taken in the 1920s. He is immersed in a game of chess with the Hungarian composer Emmanuel More, while Thibaud and Cortot, his famous trio partners, watch. On it is scribbled, in an unmistakably firm hand, "C'est moi qui gagne! Pablo Casals." Thirty years later, it would make a not unfitting epitaph.—Copyright.

Mozart and Schumann

Seventh Year of Concerts Given by Casals in Prades

By André Mangeot

Prades, France

The seventh annual music festival organized in this little town in the French Pyrenees by Pablo Casals, the Spanish cellist, coincides with his eightieth anniversary. As it is also the bicentenary of Mozart's birth and the centenary of Schumann's passing, he has built this year's 12 programs around the chamber music of these composers, with Bach thrown in for good measure.

Last year a new vigor was apparent in Casals' playing as soon as he started the Bach C minor Suite, with which he opened that festival. This year he chose the C minor Suite to inaugurate the festival held in the church of St. Peter, and he showed at once that the new fire was no mere flash in the pan. Not only was it still there; it seemed to be further developing.

The first and fourth movements of the Suite (Prelude and Sarabande) are among the most arresting in Bach's Six Suites for Cello Alone; and Casals played them probably as no one else can. It is hardly possible to tell why his playing is at once superlatively beautiful and superlatively easy to listen to. Perhaps it is this very elusiveness of quality that makes Casals' performance of these suites so incomparable and so completely satisfying.

Bach Songs by Souzay

The French baritone, Gérard Souzay, had the task of following Casals directly with four religious songs of Bach. That he was a match for the occasion shows what an artist he is. The warm timbre of his voice goes with a perfect simplicity of manner and a grand diction, whether in French (Mozart's "Dan le Bois Solitaire"), or in German (the 16 songs of Schumann's Dichterliebe cycle). He was admirably accompanied throughout by the young American pianist, Dalton Baldwin.

Yehudi Menuhin played the Mozart Duet in G for Violin and Viola with Ernst Wallfisch, who is in Prades with his pianist wife, Lory—both talented and sensitive performers. Mieczyslaw Horszowski, who has not missed a Prades festival since Alexander Schneider brought him from New York to the first one in 1950, joined Casals, Menuhin, and Wallfisch in the Schumann Piano Quartet in E flat major. The same combination played the E-flat Mozart Piano Quartet in a later program, which also included Menuhin in the A minor Bach Suite for Violin Alone; and in the Mozart F major Sonata, with Horszowski. They put rather scant gaiety into their Mozart playing, though otherwise they were a brilliant partnership.

The Pasquier Trio

The fifth concert, the proceeds of which go to restore the organ in the church (a typical Casals touch of preserving local flavor amid so much international glitter), brought us the first appearance of the Pasquier Trio, in a performance of Mozart's Divertimento in E-flat musically and technically flawless. As Casals remarked, "It is extraordinary how, after playing together for 28 years, these three brothers manage to make everything sound so fresh and spontaneous." This spontaneity is exactly what is needed to catch the full beauty of one of Mozart's loveliest, but most exacting, compositions for strings.

Casals, whose father was church organist in his native town of Vendrell, some hundred miles to the south of Prades across the Spanish border, played the Bach Sonata for Viola da Gamba in G major with his old friend Horszowski, as a contribution to the organ fund concert. Both players rendered the purity of the first Adagio in a way wonderfully suited to the occasion.

Galaxy of Names

The sixth concert, given on July 10, marked the middle of the festival. It included such a galaxy of names that it is worth recording in full as a measure of the admiration in which the world of music holds Casals in his eightieth year: Bach Suite in D minor for Cello Alone, Pablo Casals; Mozart Duet in B flat for Violin and Viola (K. 424), Jean

and Pierre Pasquier; Mozart String Quartet in C major, "Dissonance" (K. 465), the Vegh Quartet; Schumann Carnival, Op. 9, Rudolf Serkin.

In the second half of the festival, Clara Ebers, soprano of the Hamburg Opera, sings Schumann lieder. José Gonzalez Martinez, who used to be solo clarinetist in Casals' orchestra in Barcelona, plays Mozart's Clarinet Quintet with the Vegh Quartet. Clifford Curzon, English pianist, plays Schumann with Casals, and Mozart sonatas with Sandor Vegh. Joseph Szigeti, violinist, will play three Mozart sonatas with Horszowski, and two Bach suites alone.

Casals is full of plans for the future. After a journey to Puerto Rico last winter to visit his mother's birthplace, he decided to organize a festival there next April in collaboration with his former American partner, Mr. Schneider, who persuaded him to start the festivals at Prades. After taking the Puerto Rican festival to Mexico, he intends to bring it to Prades next summer.

MUSIC-MAKING IN THE EGLISE ST. PIERRE AT PRADES

FROM OUR MUSIC CRITIC

Times.

July 17 1956

The animating ideals of the Prades Festival and its unique circumstances have been described in a previous article. How does music actually fare there? There is no new music to distract, only the greatest music is played and sung (which means the most familiar), and the artists are those in sympathy with the serious, rather austere but passionately convinced view of music that we think of as characteristically German.

Our grandparents learned it from Joachim; more recently its exponents have been the Busch brothers, Schnabel, Tovey, though Casals himself, who is certainly of that faith, is chiefly remembered for his association with Thibaud and Cortot, both Latin musicians. The attitude is perhaps not so much German as that inherent in the performance of chamber music—the concentrated rehearsal, absorption in what is known as “purely musical” thought, the bringing to razor edge execution are its signs and manifestations. This attitude towards their music is what emanates from Casals and is adopted by his collaborators.

The fact that the concerts are held in a church deepens the absorption of the audience in music so presented. But herein lies a disadvantage. If the music is of a more wayward character, if it is to be caught on the wing, as songs must be caught, if in point of fact it is not executed with a near approach to perfection, it misfires.

Of the three concerts which I attended in the middle of last week one was wholly devoted to Schumann, the centenary of whose death falls in this month, and though the opportunity of escaping from an excess of Mozart, whose bicentenary is also recognized in this festival, was a welcome relief, nevertheless Mozart came off better in performance. The Vegh Quartet gave an exquisite performance of the “Dissonance” string quartet in C and, with Mr. Ernest Wallfisch, a volatile, iridescent performance of the string quintet in G minor, again exquisitely fashioned and gracefully delivered. It was the Mozart of charm and refinement, which is the unfashionable view of him at the moment, but, such as it was, it was the acme of music-making in the devoted spirit of Casals.

On the other hand no one could accuse Mr. Rudolf Serkin of lack of seriousness and devotion—for the integrity and intensity

of his art are undeniable—yet they were the undoing of Schumann's *Carnaval*, which he presented with the same sense of architecture as he brought the next night with much better results to Bach's Italian Concerto and indeed to Schumann's *Etudes symphoniques*. But it is waywardness that is wanted in *Carnaval*, not architecture, and waywardness wilted in front of the huge gilded reared of the church, and anyhow Mr. Serkin is not a wayward player.

The songs of Schumann fared still worse, partly because they were neither sung nor played particularly well but partly because a song is a volatile thing, its essence to be captured in the first 20 seconds and its complete life lived in 120. In this building among more extended music it would have needed far more perception on the part of the overawed young accompanist, Mme. Lory Wallfisch, and much more variety of tone and character of delivery in Mme. Clara Ebers, who is primarily an opera singer. The songs thus want for nothing.

It is not to be concluded from this blunting of the impact of lively music that the church atmosphere was oppressive. It is true that the Three Choirs Festival at its most riotous is more subdued than the scene in the Eglise St. Pierre, where it was not thought amiss for some young children of Prades to present bouquets to Queen Elisabeth of Belgium, who is an enthusiastic patron of the festival. But when Schumann's Piano Trio in A minor was played at one concert and the dear old piano quintet in another (with Casals as cellist in both) there was a kindling of response in the audience, manifesting itself first as rapt attention and then as an only-just-repressed impulse to cheer.

The church therefore is not to be regarded as an unsuitable place for the festival—indeed, the ancient use of the town church as a community's natural place of assembly seemed appropriately revived. But it presents special problems, of acoustics to the pianist and of delivery to the singer, and it exposes failure in interpretation more cruelly than a concert hall.

The string quartets, Mozart's in C, Schumann's in A minor, and the two quintets provided musical experience of a high order, of the order, in fact, that draws the world to this remote town and gives attendance at the festival a feeling of pilgrimage. It was possible to come to a clearer estimate of the Vegh Quartet than from their London concerts. They excel in delicate music, *i.e.*, more in Mozart than in Schumann, because their tone is silky, and robust sentiment is uncongenial to the closely wrought subtlety of their ensemble. Of its kind it is very beautiful playing indeed, but not equally suited to the whole range of quartet literature.

Visit With the Exile Of Prades

Pablo Casals, cellist and political symbol,
lives quietly 40 miles from his native Spain.

By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

PRADES, France.

WORD has spread that the *maitre* is having a rehearsal. People assemble in silence before a modest, two-story, white stone gardener's cottage set inside tall trees and iron gates at a crossroads. At 10:30 the door opens to admit all who can get in, and a couple of dozen people—musicians, artists, poets, writers, music lovers—crowd up the bare wooden staircase. They sit on the stairs or on the landing outside three tiny rooms. The door of one room stands wide open. Just inside sits a baldheaded little man tuning a great, burnished, brown old cello.

In the tiny, littered, uncarpeted room, Rudolph Serkin is running over some music at the grand piano; Sandor Vegh, one of the world's premier violinists, practices phrases with two members of his quartet; Queen Mother Elisabeth of Belgium sits watching and listening in a worn chair in the curve of the piano; and at the cello is Pablo Casals, the *maitre*, looking like a benign, round-faced elf in blue smock and rimless eye glasses. He raises his bow like a baton to signal the start.

Then out of this tiny room, decorated with pictures, sculpture, books and mementoes, comes Schumann, filling the house and the countryside with wonderful thunder. The *maitre* harrumphs as he plays, the music flowing from deep inside him; he taps time with his foot, glances swiftly at his

colleagues, halts them to consider or repeat a part. And at the last, he shouts his "Bravo!", throwing out his arms and grinning broadly.

That evening, inside the seventeenth-century Church of St. Pierre which dominates this quiet, unspoiled village, before the immense retable and an international audience including people from his native Spain, the *maitre* and his ensemble play the Schumann as part of the annual music festival. The Queen Mother, a handsome diminutive woman who has not missed a rehearsal or concert in years, sits in the front row among the people; children of Prades sit in motionless fascination on the steps of the altar. At the finish, there is no applause. There is only the deeply moving spectacle of 1,200 people rising and standing silently out of respect to the church—and to grant a measure of the love and reverence in which the *maitre*, now in impeccable evening dress, is held.

IN these two incidents, the visitor glimpses the extraordinary place that Pablo Casals, honorary citizen of Prades and voluntary exile from Spain for seventeen years, has in the hearts of men. Since the first Prades Festival, in 1950, first-rank musicians of every country have come to this green slope of the Pyrenees to make or hear music with the *maitre*, as he is affectionately called by everyone. This summer the music intellectuals included, besides Serkin and Vegh, Curzon, Menuhin, Szigeti, Zoldy, Horszowski and the Pasquier trio. They honor Casals as the world's finest cellist and greatest interpreter of Bach. Above all, they come, with others of lesser or no fame, to honor the grandeur and inspiration of a man who put principles and integrity before personal gain and even before his music.

The 1956 festival came a few months before Casals' eightieth birthday next December ("When I reach my eightieth birthday, I'll decide whether I like it or not," he said recently) and advance commemorations have already begun.

Born on Dec. 29, 1876, second of eleven children, in the sleepy little Catalonian town of Vendrell, he was introduced to the organ by his father, a composer and church organist. Later, his father fashioned his first cello for him, using a gourd as a sounding board. The young Pablo was a phenomenal musical "natural"—he also learned the piano, guitar, flute and violin. His mother, whom he reveres as the greatest influence on his life, took him to Barcelona to study. At 12, he was already developing a new technique for cello.

Eventually, the Queen Mother of Spain, Maria Christina, became his patron. Casals recalls with irony his first trip abroad. Presenting himself to the cello class at the Brussels Con-



© Karsh of Ottawa.

Pablo Casals at Prades—"He has said his bow and his baton are his only weapons."

servatoire, he listened from the back row to the lackluster pupils. The teacher sarcastically asked "the little Spaniard" what he would play. When Casals answered, "Anything you like," the class and teacher laughed. Seizing a borrowed cello, Casals played, at the teacher's behest, the difficult *Souvenir de Spa* with a brilliance that silenced them.

The professor, recovering from his shock, offered him the First Prize of the Conservatoire if he would remain, but Casals' pride was affronted. Against the wishes of the Spanish court, which was paying him a pension for his studies, he quit the school.

With his mother's encouragement, he went to study in Paris, but without the royal pension fell ill of poverty and cold and his mother brought him back to Spain, all their savings gone. In Barcelona, he taught in music schools and took odd jobs until, at 23, he could return to finish his studies in Paris. This time he returned with the court's approval, and with an introduction to the temperamental conductor, Lamoureux.

CASALS recalls that the great conductor was doing some desk work, his back to him, when he auditioned with the Lalo concerto. With the opening notes, Lamoureux swiveled around and got to his feet. Afterwards, he offered Casals a concert. His debut in Paris marked the beginning of his rise as the world's first cellist and one of the great virtuosos of all time. His tours were to take him to every corner of the world, including America, and in his beloved Spain he was popularly known as its "first citizen."

His political idealism was manifested during the Russian Revolution. After the persecution of his friends and fel-

low-artists, he vowed never to return to Russia. As he put it in a conversation with a friend, J. Ma. Corredor, "I don't accept that, under the pretext of forming a new social order, these leaders think they can persecute blindly the very people who have practiced fraternity with the workers and the people."

THUS it has always been with Casals wherever tyranny or injustice has arisen. He boycotted Germany after Hitler came to power with his anti-Semitic and anti-labor policies (Casals is of Catholic parentage) and Italy as fascism took root. He has often said that he believes that art is not a hobby or pastime, but of deep human meaning that obliges the artist to "take sides" where human dignity and morals are involved. He has said that his bow and his baton are his only weapons—and "they're not much"—but that they would fight on the side of freedom.

Because Prades had become a place of exile for many of his compatriots, after Franco's triumph in early 1939, Casals moved here and took a room in the Grand Hotel. He organized help for the refugees, visits to their camps and letters of encouragement. He determined to stay with those who had been hunted from Spain. He has never departed from that principle.

In the years that followed, when France was occupied by the Germans, Casals felt his life threatened anew. He felt the old poverty, hunger, sickness and desperation close up. Offers were pouring in from impresarios and governments; (Continued on Page 40)

GERTRUDE SAMUELS, a Times Magazine writer, interviewed Casals at his home in Prades, France, during a trip through Europe.



Visit With the Exile of Prades

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he could have found easy and profitable exile, away from danger, in a dozen countries, including America. He never compromised. He moved to a single room on the outskirts of Prades that was large enough only for his cello and bed, to keep his *solidarité* with other Catalonians.

TODAY, in one-half of the gardener's cottage of the Chateau Valrac, which is owned by a French family called Troy, the *maitre* keeps faith with his conscience, his music and his friends and followers. He has a keen sense of history, and is not unaware that he has become a world "symbol of protest." Yet after seventeen years of voluntary exile, he still considers his stay in Prades as "temporary." Once on a trip to Perpignan, not far away, to renew his passport, the consul asked why, since he was a voluntary exile, he did not give up his Spanish passport. Casals said: "It is my country. Let Franco give up his passport."

Unlike his friend, Albert Einstein, who shunned the public in his house in Princeton, Casals encourages people of all sorts to come to him with their questions and troubles. He loves the constant human contact, implants hearty Latin kisses on both cheeks, loves to tell stories and laughs with young laughter. He enjoys vigorous health and likes to smoke a pipe. Musicians marvel at his "bow control" for a man of his age. So generous is he with his time that his family now posts a friend or two at the door to discourage those without appointments. Even so, no Spanish refugee and few musicians or students are turned away.

Casals always starts his day, at around 9 o'clock, by playing Bach on the piano or cello. After breakfast, he goes over his mail, reading and answering each letter he receives. He is fluent in half a dozen languages, including English and German. During festival time, Queen Mother Elisabeth drives in every day to listen to rehearsals, and sometimes to play duets with him on her violin.

SOMETIMES Casals walks out with his police dog, Follet, through the chateau grounds abounding with hydrangeas and peach trees. Sometimes, with Martita, a vivacious young cello student from Puerto Rico, at the wheel of his blue Simca, he drives out to visit Spanish refugee friends. Afternoons are usually spent in practice, teaching and reflection. His students, who come for a few weeks or a few months at a time, this year are from England, North and South Amer-

ica, Australia, Israel, Czechoslovakia.

Alexander Schneider, the American violinist, is credited with being the godfather of the festivals that opened one door of the world again to the *maitre*. After Casals had for years refused to play again in public, Schneider appealed to him in 1950 to let musicians come to him in his seclusion to celebrate that year's bicentenary of Bach's birth. Greatly moved by the offer, Casals consented, and the festivals have been renewed here each year since.

There are some among the musically elite who complain that the festivals, bringing such an extraordinary concentration of talent, have become a "cult" with the impli-



cation that this is the only way to make music.

Other musicians reply that there are many ways of making music, and that "this is one way." They find that in this atmosphere of the elite, there is such rapport that "all flattery and vanity are far off."

MANY who come find that their musical knowledge, phrasing, even fingering are enhanced every time they play with Casals.

Serkin, who has known Casals for thirty years, says, "He has become part of my life now. Every time, it's like something new. One always thinks one knows about him, admires him, loves him. Yet each time, you feel renewed because of the freshness of his spirit."

Casals is master of a dozen instruments. He knows all the music of every part. He is a composer, conductor, ensemble player, soloist. Above all, he is *ur musikalisch*—musically profound—a "natural" musician who believes that music, no matter how often played and interpreted, is forever fresh in the moment of playing, and needs constant probing by the musician for new meanings.

This point is illustrated by an experience of Paul Sherman, assistant conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, who has played violin with Casals. At a concert, Sherman noted that Casals played a phrase quite differently from the way he had

played it at rehearsal and he asked the *maitre* why.

"We must always search for a better way," Casals told him.

"But even at the concert?" asked Sherman in amazement.

"Even then."

Just as Casals is a perfectionist musician, so does he refuse to make concessions on matters of principle. The good, simple people of Prades appear to understand little of the great man's contribution to music. But they know, in these years that he has been among them, as he pauses to talk to the blacksmith or the tobacconist or the children, that he is a man of the people. As the Queen Mother remarked: "It is because of his great character, his ideas. He follows what he thinks just."

IN his study, puffing at his pipe, his blue eyes shrewd and ironical rather than bitter, Casals deplures the "lack of courage and lack of the will to protest" in the world today. He has not appeared in America for decades, and refuses to play in any country which he feels is helping to strengthen the regime in Spain.

"I think," he told this writer, "that there is a lack of courage in the people who have the direction of their countries. Policies based on expediency and on material interests do not mean courage. The question of Spain would be finished long ago if there had not been American and British help."

And yet it is with an obvious twinge that he finds he has to say hard things about America. There was a poignant moment when he pulled out a large scrapbook with pictures of his visit early this year to Puerto Rico—where his mother was born—and spoke with fervor about the people there who "walk with such dignity" and "with America's great help."

HIS cello and bow were on the couch, awaiting his practice to begin. In a gentle, earnest voice he said: "I remain in exile because I can't accept the conditions in my country. This is the natural thing to do. I don't see any merit in this. I think that when it is a question of conscience, nothing else has value. One has to make a sacrifice. I think that this is the only answer. In my life, I hate to compromise."

And from his place of solitude, at the edge of this mountain pass, he had a modest message for those who would listen: "Now, at almost 80, my message is always the same. My wish is for happiness. And for people to have courage. And for people to manifest their courage and their wish of liberty."

The *maitre* took up his cello. There was still work to do.