

Casals Looks Back

By Father John S. Kennedy

Pablo Casals has been called the greatest living musician. At the very least, he is a unique phenomenon. Lately, at the age of 93, he vigorously conducted 100 cellists in the playing of his composition "Sardana," this at a benefit concert in New York City.

He reviews his long life and illustrious career in "Joys and Sorrows" (Simon and Schuster, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. \$7.95), which is subtitled "Reflections by Pablo Casals as told to Albert E. Kahn."

Casals is a Catalan, a distinction which he never forgets and of which he is almost inordinately proud. He was born in the little town of Vendrell where his father was church organist. The elder Casals intended to apprentice Pablo to a carpenter, convinced that his son could at least make a living at that trade, whereas his own inexperience indicated that music brought little material reward.

But the child, surrounded by music from infancy, began to play the piano when he was only four years old. At the age of five, he became a second soprano in the church choir, and was paid ten cents for each service at which he sang. When he was seven, he was playing the violin, and he started on the church organ at nine, sometimes substituting for his father.

A band of wandering musicians came to town, bringing Pablo his first sight of a cello-like instrument, a crude contraption consisting of a broomstick and strings. This fascinated the youngster, and he persuaded his father to make something similar for him, its chief elements being a gourd and a single string. Thus, strangely, was a splendid career launched.

Later, Casals saw and heard a real cello. "From the moment I heard the first notes I was overwhelmed. I felt as if I could not breathe. There was something so tender, beautiful and human — yes, so very human — about the sound, I had never heard such a beautiful sound before." He got a real cello.

It was his mother who recognized his potential and determined that it should be realized. At the age of 11, he got an opportunity to go to Barcelona to study at the school of music there, and she went with him. When he was 17, he proceeded to Madrid for further study, and again she accompanied him, as later to Brussels and Paris.

What he considers a turning point for him came when, in 1900 at the age of 23, he played for Charles Lamoureux, the celebrated French conductor.

Casals confesses that he always felt nervous before a performance, and still does. Complimented on the ease of his playing, he replies that it is only hard work in preparation which produces ease in performance. Technique, he says, is indispensable, but "it has always been my viewpoint that intuition is the decisive element in both the composing and the performing of music. . . . For me, the determining factor in creativity, in bringing a work to life, is that musical instinct."

Wilfrid Sheed's latest novel, "Max Jamison" (Farrar, Straus and Giroux. \$6.50), is about a critic who does not confine his criticism to the plays and movies he reviews, the former for a slick weekly, the latter for a butcher paper weekly.

When we meet him he is mar-

ried for the second time, and to this wife, Helen, he applies, as to all else, severe critical standards. It is hardly surprising that this does not make for a happy union. But what may be surprising is the fact that Helen masters the critical trick and, to Max's fury, turns it scarily on him.

He leaves, takes up with another woman, is promiscuous along the lecture circuit, is bitter because Helen is not beyond having an affair of her own. Eventually there is taming and reconciliation, with Max leaving journalism for awhile to resume teaching. In the end, thanks largely to the commercial success of Helen's book on gardening, they live stultily in the suburbs, with Max commuting to the city for occasional critical forays.

The brilliance of this swift, discomfiting books lies in the sure job of dissection which it does on the genuine critic, so distinct from the mere reviewer. Sheed, obviously, knows whereof he speaks, and few can speak as incisively and wittily as he.

This is black, and sometimes brutal, comedy, steeped in pain, merciless in its pinning and probing of a peculiar species. There are telling blows at various types on the Broadway and the academic scenes. The characters best brought off are the

two young sons of Max and Helen, and the troubled relationship between the separated husband and the boys he visits periodically is superbly depicted.

The hurt of truth is in this unusual novel.

Father Marc Oraison's "Being Together" (Doubleday, 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, N.Y. 11031. \$4.95), translated from the French by Rosemary Sheed, is subtitled "Our Relationships with Other People," something of prime importance to all of us.

But no one should suppose that it is a practical handbook on how to get on with other people, especially the difficult ones at home or at work. Rather, Father Oraison is explicating our relationships with others, largely in terms derived from Freud.

The baby, he says, begins life with an experience of irreparable but necessary loss, when the umbilical cord is cut. And most of life thereafter consists of a search for what has been lost. The child looks for it in others.

Despite some striking insights, the book as a whole seems labored and dull, not of the same quality as previous work by the same author.

Vatican Museum Has New Wing

By JAMES C. O'NEILL

Vatican City — (NC) — The Vatican is soon to open a new museum wing that is among the most modern and breath-taking in the world.

Cheek-by-jowl with other parts of the complex of Vatican museums dating back to the Renaissance, the newest addition is like a hippie in a geriatrics ward.

But the new wing is not out of place. It was built to house a collection of Christian and pagan art belonging to the Vatican and an enormous accumulation of artifacts, objects and art assembled from around the world for an international missionary display held in Rome during the extraordinary jubilee year of 1925.

These collections as well as a specialized museum of epigra-

phy — carved writings from Latin, Greek and Hebrew from ancient times — were long housed in the Lateran Palace in Rome.

The real delight of the new wing is only experienced on entering it. There is an openness and almost casual display of ancient statuary and stonework that is in stunning contrast to the formal and cluttered effects found in the more ancient parts of the museums.

Natural stone, bare concrete, steel I-beams and cast-iron pipe have been used instead of static walls and doors. Here, half a wall curves, free of attachment to any other wall; there, the eye is caught by the statutes of ancient Greeks and Romans whose reflections are caught, merged and then dissolved in the panes of windows overlooking the Vatican gardens.

Mini-Math

By Sam Stein

A	B	C	D
E		F	
G	H	I	J
K		L	

HORIZONTAL

A —4
C —1
E +5
F +7
G —1
I —4
K +1
L —1

VERTICAL

A —2
B +3
C +5
D +1
G +2
H —2
I —2
J —3

INSTRUCTIONS: Mini-Math is worked like a crossword puzzle. Use numbers 1 through 5 only. For example: (A) Horizontal may call for +3 in two squares, which may be (+4 and -1), (+5 and -2), (-1 and +2), (-2 and +5), etc. The same with Verticals.

(Answer on Page 11B)



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