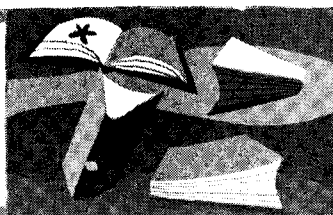
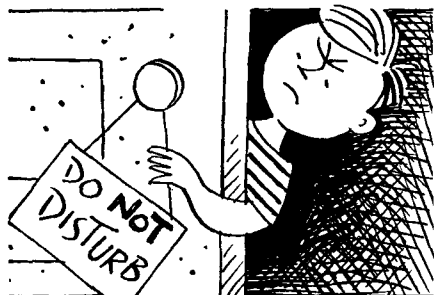


Trade Winds



In the first week of January, 1923, an eight-year-old, dealing with an age-old family problem, posted the following notice on the door of his room in his cramped apartment. It still gets the message across.

"Nobody may come into this room if the door is shut tight (if it is shut not



quite latched it is all right) without knocking. The person in the room if he agrees that one shall come in will say 'come in,' or something like that and if he does not agree to it he will say 'Not yet, please,' or something like that.

"The door may be shut if nobody is in the room but if a person wants to come in, knocks and hears no answer that means that there is no one in the room and he must not go in.

"Reason. If the door is shut tight and a person is in the room the shut door means that the person in the room wishes to be left alone."

I was at the Central Park Zoo watching the two baby gorillas playing in their cage. A lady got into an argument with the keeper. She insisted on being allowed to give her transistor radio to the little anthropoids. The keeper talked her out of it, saying they would simply break the radio. She left in high dudgeon, holding the instrument to her own ear. I was thinking this over while in line at the zoo cafeteria, when the ragged person in front of me paid for his sandwich with a \$50 bill.

That's where the action is—at the zoo, baby.

Is Secretary of State Dean Rusk unwittingly spreading the party line? He keeps referring to the capital of China as Peiping, when the rest of the world calls it by its proper name, Peking. Peiping comes from the Mandarin meaning "northern peace," words that I don't believe Secretary Rusk cares to associate with Red China.

Furthermore, he mispronounces Peiping as though it were the home town of a voyeur named Tom. In Chinese, Peiping is pronounced like "Bay-ping." Peking is pronounced "Bay-jing." It means "northern capital," and it has been the city's name since 1421, except during this century's Nationalist period, when Peiping was used.

I wrote to the Secretary of State to ask him why he called Red China's capital "northern peace." The reply was that "Government spokesmen," from President Johnson on down, "have on various occasions" used both names for the Chinese city. "Usage is primarily a matter of individual taste and habit and no policy inferences should be drawn."

Well, it's a relief to know, just as I thought, that it doesn't make sense.

If Rusk starts talking about St. Petersburg, I'm going to write him again.

In answer to my July 2 query about bikinis, I am told by W. L. Bartlett that there is a motion picture being exhibited in Philadelphia called *The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini*.



Nobody has presented me with a credible theory as to why the skimpy outfit is so named. But Vivian Martin points out that in Marshallese the word means "big stink," which is what the bikini has caused on some conservative beaches.

The latest edition of Robert Neumann's autobiography has some changes in the index. The names of the current personalities mentioned in the text are still listed in the index, but the page numbers have been dropped. The well-known German novelist and satirist explains it in a footnote:

"This index of names has been misused by readers of earlier editions. They looked up the passages referring to themselves or to their close enemies and friends and ignored the rest of the book. This has prompted the author to omit the numbers of pages in this and subsequent editions."

Sharps and Flats: Robert Cromie, book review editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, told me that when he met Jeane Dixon for an interview, it was suggested that they stop first and have a cup of coffee. "I know a good place," the seer said, and she gave directions. When they arrived, the restaurant was closed—an event Miss Dixon had not predicted.



► It is becoming more and more apparent that one of the major disasters in the history of mankind was the invention of the wheel.

► Two girls I know were working together at the graduate school of the University of Wisconsin. They both quit one course when the teacher said to one of them, "You and Lynn are negatively reinforcing each other."

► They will build modern 100-mile-an-hour trains to run between Boston, New York, and Washington, but the toilets will still be holes in the floor as they were, I presume, in the "Tom Thumb" in 1830.

► A discovery has shocked some people. At Arlington, souvenir models of the cemetery's Iwo Jima Memorial are offered for sale. They were made in Japan.

► Author Alexander Eliot, in an attempt to outdo Marshall McLuhan, informs me that the ideal book is edible. His latest, *Love Play*, is not.

► Bernard Shaw wrote novels before plays. They weren't successful and one rejected manuscript was thrown into a corner of his London digs, where rodents nibbled at it. Later, Shaw commented, "Even the mice couldn't finish it."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

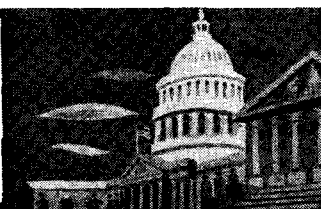
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1687)

HELEN MAC INNES:

(THE) DOUBLE IMAGE

A balcony does funny things to a man. Either he wants to make speeches, have every face upturned, shouts from every throat to prove how gloriously right he is; or he looks down over the black dots of heads, and he thinks "Where do all the people come from?"

State of Affairs



Vermont Magic

MARLBORO, VERMONT.
I SAW a deer hop across the road, but the roadside warning was not what I would have expected. It read: **MUSICIAN AT PLAY.** To find Marlboro in Vermont was not easy. There are, thank God, no eye-catching road signs, no neon lights, no garish posters. Not surprisingly, I at first overshot a tiny marker which among four village names also mentioned Marlboro, where I hoped to spend a long weekend listening to music.

This is the time of the year when weekends in Washington become oppressive, when the yearning to get away from politics and the rest of the treadmill becomes irresistible. The Marlboro Music Festival seemed to me exactly what the doctor would order. I expected a great deal because two masters, Rudolf Serkin and Pablo Casals, were going to play that weekend; but I found much more than I had hoped for. I found something quite unique. And "festival" really is the wrong description.

Snug in the soft, green Vermont woods, with a spectacular view over the rolling hills, are a group of white frame houses which form Marlboro College; during the summer months the college is transformed into a sort of musicians' institute of advanced studies. Some eighty professional musicians gather, mostly at their own expense, to play for the love of their music and not as a public spectacle—which the word "festival" usually implies.

The concerts attended by the public are given only on Saturdays and Sundays. But you can do something that is much more musical and rewarding in a very special way: you can listen to rehearsals, to first-class musicians playing for themselves and for each other, and mostly compositions they would normally have small chance of playing. With eighty musicians present and virtually every instrument represented in considerable number, some rare chamber pieces are performed.

Well before his arrival, each musician submits a list of choice suggestions, and by mutual agreement normally at least two or three of an individual's preferences are added to the program for rehearsal. And so one is able to wander from one small campus cottage to another to listen to a rarely performed string quartet or woodwind sextet, to

individual pianists and singers, as each rehearses. In every group there is a leader-artist who unobtrusively offers guidance, and it is in effect these artists who finally decide when a work is ready for the concert platform.

Some of the musicians are solo instrumentalists, many are leading members of symphony orchestras who feel that by playing the year round in harness with a large group their own standards decline. They come here to Marlboro for a kind of musical rehabilitation, for an opportunity to match their own artistry against that of other individuals in small groups.

The "treatment" is not an unfailing success. Only recently, a one-time *wunderkind*, eager for a comeback at past thirty, arrived eager and full of hope. Two weeks later he left in deep distress—but he was an exception. Many have been coming again and again. But the selection which the organizers have to make with the limited space at their disposal is not always easy. Musicians come with their wives and children, willingly accepting life in dormitories; and many who normally would be especially careful not to "use" their fingers for other than their instruments can be seen pitching in to carry the rough-hewn tables out of the dining hall to clear it for rehearsals.

THE idea for this remarkable experiment first germinated with the late Adolf Busch, the violinist, and Rudolf Serkin, his brother-in-law, whose gentle, generous, and saintlike spirit continues to inspire this enterprise and has made it a living institution.

I have met Serkin over the years both before and after his concerts, usually tense and anxious, with his mind on the concert. But here at Marlboro I found him completely at ease, happy, and content. He infuses this musical campus with his devotion to music and his unobtrusive strength of character. At the concert the other Sunday when he led two very young artists, Paula and Robert Sylvester—one a flutist, the other a cellist—through Haydn's *Trio in G Major*, it was, of course, a great moment for the two highly talented young people, but it quite plainly was also a delight and immense satisfaction to the maestro. The Marlboro Orchestra which Casals conducted has a wide range of

outstanding artists, including the romantically inclined Schneider Brothers (of Budapest String Quartet fame).

Last year before the orchestra left on a tour of Europe under Sascha Schneider's baton, the group of "thirty-nine individual artists," as they were called, gathered to listen to an official from the State Department who came specially to Marlboro to brief them on Europe. Many of them actually are of central European birth (English, they themselves say, is *also* spoken in Marlboro), but they listened charitably to the official and withheld comment.

Listening to this orchestra, I was reminded that when music is played for sheer enjoyment, and not before an audience that has paid to listen, there is somehow a special enchantment, a fresh and deliberate and uninhibited sound.

The presence of Pablo Casals was something altogether special. He belonged more to the festival side of the occasion rather than to the music laboratory. He had come to help his friend Serkin, to provide an added attraction and inspiration. For despite the donations from assorted foundations and private sources, Marlboro needs still more money and these concerts, usually sell-outs, greatly help the cause.

Casals still walks, conducts, plays, and debates with the energy of a man of sixty, and he is approaching his ninetieth birthday. What has kept him young? "Love," he says. "Love for music, love of family, love of flowers, love of life." And what has given him the greatest satisfaction in life? The man who has been twenty-seven years in exile from Spain, the land where he was born, says: "Living up to my principles." And he is just as uncompromising about his musical tastes. "Contemporary music," he says, "is an error."

I asked how he felt about Arnold Schoenberg. He said he was a good friend who loved what Casals considers to be good music, but had a deep and abiding desire to contribute to the *future* of music. When Casals saw him a few months before his death he found him sad and depressed because he thought he had done harm to music.

On contemporary music, Casals had a few words of his own: "I must say, with regret, we are lost. What is called music is not music. It's like words that mean nothing. But I hope it will come back again." The watery blue eyes in his small head saddened, then came to life as he talked of his gardening, his walks, his music, his pupils—and plainly he enjoys them all.

Yet he did not give the impression that each was to him particularly precious, that every day at that age meant something special to him. It was simply all part of his normal, everyday life.

—HENRY BRANDON.