



On the Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's finest boulevard, gleaming showcases display the fruits of German genius—Leica cameras, Aristo watches, Asbach brandy, Telefunken radios, DGG records. In one of these showcases are busts of Goethe and Schiller, flanking a larger, more expensive bust. This one stands higher than the other two, like an Olympic gold-medalist. The inscription on the base reads ELVIS.

A dubious portent. Yet high culture continues to thrive in Berlin, especially in the realm of music. Life in the partitioned city is a tenuous proposition, and great music is life-sustaining. Each September the Berliner Festwochen opens the concert and opera season with a dazzling array of musical offerings. This year, on one representative weekend, Fischer-Dieskau and Nilsson could be heard in the Deutsche Oper's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. Leinsdorf was leading the Radio-Symphonie in the Beethoven Ninth. The Melos Quartet was playing Mozart and Brahms. The cellist Wolfgang Boettcher was playing Bach. And the Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra was playing Verdi, Copland, Debussy, and Schumann.

The HRO was in Berlin for a musical counterpart of the Henley Regatta—an international competition for youth orchestras staged by the Herbert von Karajan Foundation. The event does not draw capacity audiences, but it does attest to the astounding proficiency of today's student orchestras, as well as to the German fondness for ranking and ordering anything that can possibly be ordered and ranked. For a week and a half this year, eleven jurymen sat in judgment on ten orchestras from Europe, Russia, Japan, and the United States. The winning symphonic and chamber groups were to play in a final concert at Philharmonic Hall, and to end the evening, a composite orchestra would perform the overture to *La Forza del Destino* under the great von Karajan himself.

An invitation to the von Karajan competition is a cachet for any youth orchestra, but the selection process is something of a mystery. Last February, when the HRO was invited to Berlin, no one was more surprised

than James Yannatos, the orchestra's conductor. Nevertheless, he jumped at the chance to take the HRO abroad for the first time in its 170-year history. The orchestra, which calls itself this country's oldest continuing musical organization, had toured major American cities, as well as Canada and Mexico, but plans to go further afield had never worked out.

For a time it appeared that Berlin might provide a fulcrum for an extended European tour. The French government seemed eager to subsidize a Paris concert. The State Department would pay some of the cost of getting to Prague and Budapest. London was an obvious stop for the return leg. But without a stake from the Harvard administration—which was not forthcoming—fund-raising began to seem a formidable obstacle. Although the Von Karajan Foundation would pay for housing, food, and transportation in West Berlin, air fares for 85 musicians and their bulky instruments would exceed \$45,000. Moreover, the dates of the competition meant that orchestra members would miss the start of the fall term at Harvard, a prospect displeasing to administrators in University Hall.

In the end, the HRO reduced its trajectory to Berlin and London. The Pierian Foundation, its parent organization, was able to cover costs by borrowing from and against its endowment. And James Yannatos, by sheer persistence, persuaded University Hall to grant his charges a ten-day dispensation from classes.

Yannatos is a scrapper. He is also a warm and sensitive man who does not mask his feelings. When he is piqued or hurt, you know it. Like another local conductor, Seiji Ozawa, he is slight and wiry, though Yannatos is more graceful on the podium. An amalgam, he has Oriental features, a Greek surname (accented on the middle syllable), and traces of the Bronx in his speech. A Yale with a doctorate from Iowa, he has conducted the HRO for fifteen years; he also composes and teaches a course in orchestration-conducting.

Yannatos is the central character in the account that follows. (Herbert von Karajan has a walk-on part, but is offstage at his most dramatic moment.) I play a bit part,

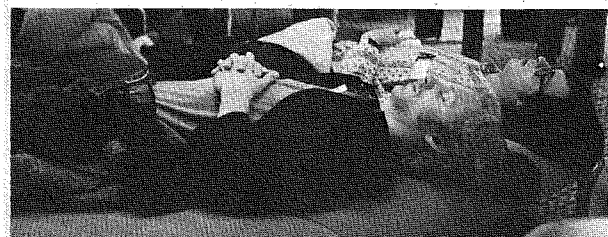
Down but not out in Berlin and London: A musical journal

Two weeks with one of the world's most underrated orchestras.

by John T. Bethell

Left: The Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra in the orangery of the Charlottenburg Palace, Berlin, following a reception for contestants in this year's von Karajan competition. Inset: Taking a back seat to some bulky instruments, Nyia and James Yannatos relax on a flight from Berlin to London. Dozing across the aisle from conductor Yannatos are oboist Jack Klebanow (center) and bassoonists Mary Ellen Hoke and David Sogg.

John T. Bethell is editor of Harvard Magazine. In his next incarnation, he would like to be a musician.



While bassoonists Hoke and Sogg played at Heathrow, trumpeters Norman Birge and Allen Stern took a rest. At right: Cellist John Golden, violinist Ellen Snyder.

the result of an impulsive decision to accompany the HRO to Europe. I wanted to write about Harvard's long reach, enjoy the music, and see how 85 gifted young people would get on with one another, with their conductor, and with youth groups from different countries. And then there was the chance to see Berlin. Goethe thought that in order to understand the workings of the world, one ought to select an *Eckchen*, or little corner of it, for contemplation. Why not Berlin? My wife, Helen, came with me, and as middle-aged orchestra groupies, we took these notes.

LOGAN AIRPORT, SEPTEMBER 13. Our takeoff, scheduled for 9 p.m., will be delayed. Well-wishers from the Pierian Foundation have sent us off with speeches, followed by cider, chips, and cheese. Now some of us are foraging for something stronger. In the overflow crowd outside the bar we meet Robert Riggs, a graduate student in music who helped arrange the tour. Riggs, who plays first violin, introduces Sam and Debby Bruskin, two of the half-dozen nonstudents in the orchestra. Sam, a lawyer and principal viola, is HRO's oldest living resident, having joined in 1969. "Jimmy Yannatos is such a great conductor, it makes it hard to break away," says Debby, a first violinist. I ask Riggs what shape the orchestra is in. "We've had seventeen rehearsals since September first," he says. "The Boston Symphony doesn't rehearse that much. I think we're sounding very good."

ABOARD BRITISH AIRWAYS FLIGHT 270, EN ROUTE TO LONDON. We sit with Nyia and Jimmy Yannatos in the center of the 747. It's Arnold Schoenberg's birthday, and I ask Yannatos, whose forte is "contemporary classics," why he hasn't programmed Schoenberg for the competition. Yannatos explicates his program. Verdi's overture to *La Forza del Destino* is required of all symphonic orchestras. Each group must also play a composer from its own country. Yannatos picked Copland, whose *Appalachian Spring* is one of the few American works with a place in the international orchestral repertoire. Yannatos wanted a French work, and he chose *La Mer*, written in 1905 but with scoring and rhythms that still hold surprises for contemporary ears. Finally, he programmed a German work, Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony. "I've fallen in love with that symphony," he says. "Perhaps because it's so songful."

We were two hours late taking off, a pleasantly noisy group as we boarded. "We're all hyper," said Josh Gilinsky, a trumpeter. In attire, we were a medley of warm-up jackets, Irish knit sweaters, overalls, suits. Dan Pecaut, a trombonist, came aboard in white tie and tails. "Over there is the *Animal House* bunch," warned Robert Riggs. "They've seen the film several times, and may pull some of the gags." Now, when we all should be sleeping, the airline is screening a disco movie, *Thank God It's Friday*. Its flashing strobe lights can ream through closed eyelids.

HEATHROW AIRPORT, LONDON. Six rows of seats must come out of our British Airways Trident to make room for two bass viols, a bass drum, and a box of percussion equipment, all too big for the cargo area. This operation extends our layover by two hours. Most of us flake out in the lounge, but David Sogg and Mary Ellen Hoke unpack their bassoons and begin playing Bach. It sounds fine until two British Airways information ladies ask them to put away their "flutes."

When at last we get to the boarding lounge, Jack Burgess (first violin) is missed. He turns up under a couch.

EN ROUTE TO BERLIN. Below us, hidden by clouds, is East Germany. Some of us hadn't realized that West Berlin is an island in the middle of it—or that a lethal wall now seals the East German border from the Baltic to Czechoslovakia.

Mr. Hughes, the steward, pours thick black tea. "If you drink this," he says, "you'll play like Yehudi Menuhin."

JUGENDGÄSTEHAUS AM ZOO, WEST BERLIN. The soldier at Tegel Airport had a submachine gun slung at his back, and we rode here in a double-decker bus. We are abroad.

Our hostel is on the top story of a five-sided building—a five-floor walk-up, unless you wait for the creaky little *Aufzug*. No frills, and no hot water in the shower today. The thirty-odd women in our group are in one wing of the hostel, and the men in another, six or eight to a room. We share the place with the Kammerorchester des Konservatoriums Ostrava, fifteen Czech chamber players. They speak no English.

We meet our guide and factotum, Ralf Döhring, and are given cards good for unlimited travel on U-Bahn and bus lines. General rejoicing. We learn that there are only three other symphonic orchestras to compete with, from Austria, Japan, and San Jose, California. "We'll wipe 'em out," someone growls.

KONZERTSAAL DER HOCHSCHULE DER KÜNSTE, September 15. This is the arena—a hall seating 1,500 or so, acoustically bright.

"Guess who we met in the subway," Ilana Stroke said at luncheon today. "Herbert von Karajan."

"No. The Japanese orchestra. They weren't very friendly."

Takatoshi Ito, who sits near Ilana in

DAVID McCORD
(continued from page 47)

tive Emersonian, I was brought into Emerson rather early. Now Emerson, of course, has a very special style of his own; to read him was like listening to a new kind of music. You can rearrange his beautiful mosaics by sentences and paragraphs, and they will still make sense. He never wrote with a conscious cash-flow of words in mind; he wrote aphoristically—a word I had yet to learn. When my little book about Boston was still in manuscript some thirty years ago . . .

Which is called, aptly, *About Boston*. *About Boston*—a collection of eight-minute essays I had read over a Boston radio station for 39 weeks back in 1947. Well, it became a book, I think, solely because of the Emersonian influence, of which I was not at all aware. It was turned down by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin and also by Little, Brown because they did not think it would sell enough copies, say ten thousand. I then offered it to Doubleday, with whom I had another contract. And whoever read the manuscript there wrote simply, "This sounds like Emerson advertising Carter's Little Liver Pills and I think we had better take it." I have always liked those words.

You will note that, apart from Emerson, a number of the writers I started out with dealt in nonsense, which is with me a very rare and high form of verse. I have named Carroll and Lear and Gilbert. I should add Mark Twain for prose, and Dickens for *Pickwick*, first read when I was ten.

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Euclid, and Latin came along at Lincoln High School in Portland, Oregon, after we had left the ranch. I had begun Latin at ten, before we moved out west. Under a great teacher, A.P. McKinlay, Harvard Ph.D. '06—star pupil of Professor E.K. Rand—I took to Latin, if not like a duck, at least with mounting enthusiasm. Geometry was even more my dish—I loved it—and Milton my first real poet. My model, for I wrote bad sonnets in imitation. At Harvard I struggled to become a physicist, largely because my uncle was a very able Westinghouse electrical engineer, and because by then I was an amateur, first-grade, licensed wireless operator in code. I had learned the Morse code at seven, and let no one tell you there is not a very special and delicate rhythm in the dot-dash of iambs, dactyls, spondees,

and the like—a perfect training for the ear. Physics behind me, I studied with Irving Babbitt and John Livingston Lowes in graduate school. The doors of poetry began to open, and the second-hand bookstores became the source of my continuing education, such as it is. As Edward Thomas once said, "Either a book feeds me or it doesn't." Good examples, in my case: *Peer Gynt* and *The Tempest*.

Who feeds you these days?
I own five thousand books, and my shelves of poetry are no small part of the whole. Don't ask me what I read, besides Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Sir Thomas Browne, Stark, and Dinesen; but science, essays, biography, nature, and literary criticism have the strongest claim. Poets with wit, like Auden, MacNeice, and Henry Reed enchant me. Walter de la Mare, H.M. Tomlinson, Max Beerbohm, and W.H. Hudson are still exciting. So are C.S. Lewis, F.L. Lucas, E.M. Forster, James Stephens, Sarah Orne Jewett; Conrad, Joyce, Sally Carrighar, the early Wells; Chesterton, Maugham, Shaw; E. Nesbit, Stephen Leacock, A.P. Herbert; all of E.B. White, much of Thurber, Perelman; Henry Williamson, John Muir, John H. Bradley, Caryl P. Haskins; G.H. Hardy the mathematician; J.B.S. Haldane; Chekhov, Nabokov, Priestley as he deals with time; Farley Mowat, Henry Beston, Red Smith, Chiang Yee; Frost, Eliot, E.A. Robinson, Wallace Stevens, Robinson Jeffers (my cousin), Thomas Hardy, Howard Nemerov, Richard Wilbur; Ogden Nash, Morris Bishop (who wrote the best light verse of any American). Just a few. My early magazines, out on the ranch, were three: *St. Nicholas*, *The Reliable Poultry Journal*, *Modern Electrics*—all read cover to cover.

I'll ask myself a question now: Out of all this ragbag, how did the end product turn out to include four hundred poems for children?

One reason, David, may be your continuing love affair with nature.

You're quite right. Nature has fascinated me all my life. When I was very young in the summer up in the Pocono Mountains in a Quaker community, I read six or eight of the books of Charles G.D. Roberts, the New Brunswick poet, whose work I slavishly admired. *Red Fox* to me is still one of the two best animal stories ever written. Three years ago I persuaded Houghton Mifflin to bring out *Red Fox* again after some fifty or sixty years, and I wrote an introduction for it. Now it's in hardcover and

paperback here as well as in England. It's been translated into German. Had very fine reviews in *Time* and elsewhere.

The other and, to me, even more impressive—because poetic—animal story is *Tarka the Otter* by Henry Williamson, the English nature writer. This is magnificent both for style and for incredible understanding of the untranslatable world of a highly intelligent animal. No deplorable anthropomorphism about either one.

You gave our family a copy of *Tarka*, which I have read and all my children have read with much pleasure.

I hope your grandchildren read it, too. Williamson writes about an otter in one of those beautiful fishing streams in England, a Devon stream, I think. The otter is harassed by people and dogs, whereas *Red Fox* is in the backwoods of New Brunswick and the threat of human beings comes into his life relatively little. It is simply *Red Fox* against other animals, where death is death and life is life; but it is all more psychologically complicated in *Tarka*.

That reminds me of Clough's great couplet, which I used in my little essay on the style of Samuel Eliot Morison in *Sailor Historian*, edited by his daughter, Emily Morison Beck. It goes:

But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man.
Let fact be fact and life the thing it can.

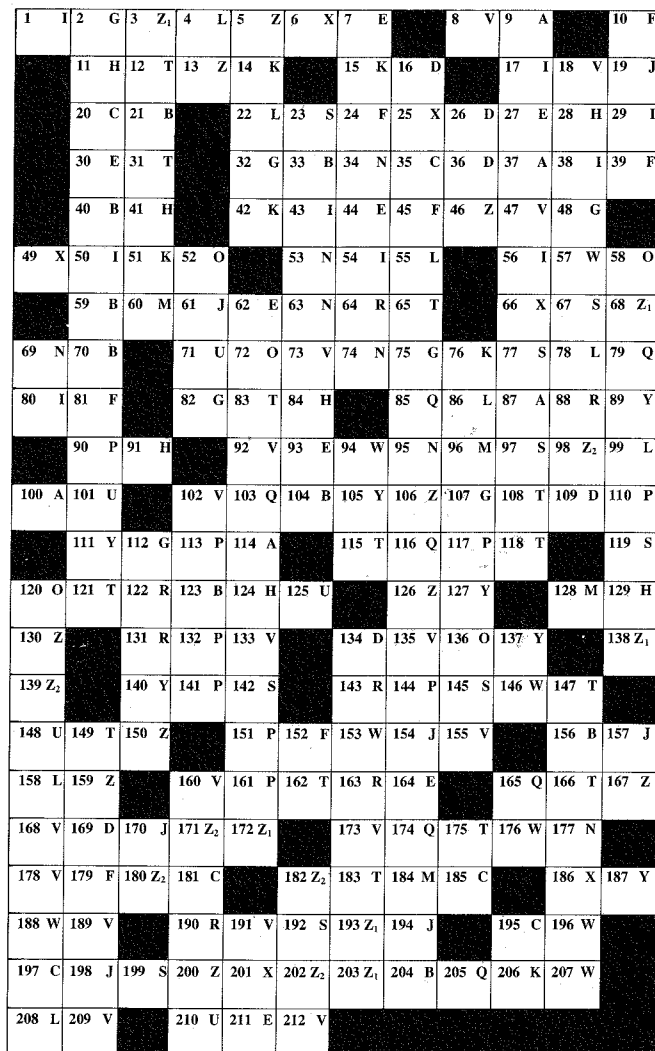
I have read a great deal in nature. One of my favorites in the list recorded is W.H. Hudson. *Far Away and Long Ago*, the story of his boyhood on the pampas in Argentina, is still magnificent reading, a tremendous book far too neglected—an incredible evocation of time gone. Others I read today are Thoreau (as noted), Richard Jefferies, Gerald Durrell, Joseph Wood Krutch, Berton Roueché, Hal Borland, and the wilderness writers in general. Nature . . . all still a part of much of my poetry, serious or otherwise, as it always has been.

Nature is certainly the major theme in your painting, too, with all those watercolors of mountains, woods, and streams waiting to be fished. How many one-man shows have you had?

About ten. They were all so very long ago, mostly in the Forties. I still enjoy painting, but do not now have much time for it. I still draw sometimes with pen and ink. I had two watercolor shows at the Doll & Richards gallery in Boston in 1940 and 1942. I had studied one week each in two summers—two weeks in all—down in Maine at Goose Rocks Beach with Eliot O'Hara. It's very easy

Harv-A-Croctic
by Maxine Kiefer

Use the CLUES to fill in as many of the WORDS as you can, then transfer each letter to its corresponding numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are thus filled they will spell a quotation, the black squares separating the words. The small letters in the squares refer to the WORDS, allowing you to work backwards from the quotation to the WORDS. The initial letters of the WORDS, reading down, spell the author's name and the title of the work from which the quotation in the diagram is taken.



The answer to this puzzle will be published in the next issue.

Harvard Magazine urges readers to submit original word puzzles, mathematical puzzles, unclassifiable puzzles to the Puzzles editors: Julie Sussman and Laura Billmers, Harvard Magazine, Wadsworth House, Cambridge 02138.

CLUES WORDS

A. Billiards stroke	114	37	9	87	100					
B. Before expenses (slang, 3 wds)	123	59	104	40	156	70	204	21	33	
C. Heavy white oxide	185	20	181	35	197	195				
D. Wise old counselor	109	16	134	169	36	26				
E. Repeats	27	164	62	93	30	44	7	211		
F. Cannabis	39	10	24	152	45	81	179			
G. Indebted (preceded by "in")	82	75	112	2	32	107	48			
H. Immediate result of parturition	124	84	11	28	41	129	91			
I. Not mapped	17	56	38	50	43	54	80	29	1	
J. Pertaining to an ancient city of Asia Minor	198	61	154	157	19	170	194			
K. Begin to be perceived by (2 wds)	14	51	15	76	206	42				
L. Raised	4	99	78	158	86	208	55	22		
M. Hurry	60	128	96	184						
N. Wrench	69	34	53	63	95	74	177			
O. Playing card used in fortune telling	52	120	136	72	58					
P. Tropical American plant, genus <i>Maranta</i>	141	144	161	90	151	117	113	132	110	
Q. Element named for Tantalus' daughter	79	103	174	85	205	116	165			
R. Holds back	64	88	143	163	122	131	190			
S. Mongoose	97	199	67	119	23	145	77	192	142	
T. Quality of being remarkable	31	12	121	108	175	115	83	147	183	166
U. German mathematician (1777-1855)	71	148	210	101	125					
V. Familiar exhortation to those at sea (contraction & 4 wds)	102	209	47	133	160	168	73	189	135	173
W. Picture	176	196	188	153	146	94	57	207		
X. Pluck	49	66	201	6	25	186				
Y. Made indistinct	137	105	111	187	140	127	89			
Z. Useless person (comp.)	5	130	159	13	150	46	126	106	167	200
Z ₁ . Bidirectional (comp.)	3	138	68	193	203	172				
Z ₂ . Ecstatic	139	202	171	180	98	182				

Answer to September-October puzzle, "Vienna the First"

The first four tricks are won by the ♠ A, ♥ K, ♠ A, and ♦ A, in that order. This ♦ A play is vital to win the hand the sure way.

North	
♠ 4	
♥ A 8 7 5 4	
♦ A Q 10 5 4	
♣ A 4	
West	
♠ K Q 10 7 4 2	
♥ —	
♦ 2	
♣ 10 8 7 5 3 2	
East	
♠ J 8 3	
♥ 3 2	
♦ K J 8 7 3	
♣ K Q J	
South	
♠ A 9 6	
♥ K Q J 10 9 6	
♦ 9 6	
♣ 9 6	

Re-enter South with a trump and lead the ♦ 9. If West plays low, North ducks. Now if East wins, the diamonds split 4-2 or 3-3 and a long-suit diamond trick can be established for South's sorely needed club discard. (North has the ♣ A and two spade ruffs for entries.) If at trick six West plays the ♦ J, North covers with the ♦ Q (which wins or else sets up the 10). If West plays the ♦ K, he establishes the ♦ Q. If West shows out on the ♦ 9 lead, North ducks; East wins but ♦ Q-10 remain in North to be led through East's marked ♦ K. The solution depends upon locating the lie of diamonds—by cashing the ace, then by leading the ♦ 9 through West.

Answer to September-October puzzle, "The Baseball League"

Homer County Baseball League Final Standings

	W-L	Pct.
Ulysses Rovers	14-4	.777
Penelope Settlers	15-5	.750
Achilles Heroes	9-10	.474
Hector Warriors	7-12	.368
Cassandra Travellers	7-13	.350
Priam Pioneers	6-14	.300

DOWN BUT NOT OUT
(continued from page 54)

the second violins, said they probably weren't unfriendly, just a little shy.

But tonight, when Waseda University gave the opening concert, there was nothing shy about the playing. The orchestra itself was massive—almost 150 players, including seven percussionists and a bunch of reserves—and impressively disciplined. They gave the Verdi a flashy, brittle reading. Then they played works by two contemporary Japanese composers, and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Their volume levels threatened to take the roof off the hall. I thought the emphasis on avant-garde was overkill. The concert was long on technique, but short on feeling.

During the Stravinsky, Chris Palmer—HRO manager and violinist—was bumped from his seat. The man who took it was Herbert von Karajan.

Yannatos rehearsed the orchestra this afternoon, "to pick up a few pieces we lost between Cambridge and Berlin." We perform tomorrow at four. Two years ago, Boston University took second place in this competition. Only one other American orchestra—from Oakland, California—ever entered before.

JUGENDGÄSTEHAUS AM ZOO, September 16. Our room is small, the walls are thin, and we're surrounded by Czech violinists. At 7:30 a.m., one of them has his fiddle out and is playing, without warm-up, a passage from the Dvořák violin concerto. Then he tackles Stravinsky's *Apollon Musagète*, the obligatory work for chamber groups. When you come here by train, you don't suffer from jet lag.

KONZERTSAAL, same day. At 1:30, Yannatos holds a final rehearsal. He is tough at the start—some people came in late last night. "You're playing the notes," he says. "The hell with the notes, play the music." The toughness recedes, and Yannatos confides that he dreamed in German last night, dreamed that he was adopting Evan Loh, a first violinist. He begins to give directions in German, and has to be corrected at times. The group is loose now. "There's nothing more to rehearse," he says at 2:50. "You know it. Now you've got to play it, make it move. See you later. Enjoy yourselves."

The hall clears. Jack Klebanow, the principal oboist, sits down at the grand

piano. Jack Hill, a bassist, joins him. They jam.

JUGENDGÄSTEHAUS AM ZOO. The concert is over. Jimmy and Nyia Yannatos have the remains of a bottle of Mosel in their tiny room. Dom Perignon could not taste better. The orchestra has come up with a peak performance.

The Verdi was passionate and sharply etched. The Copland sang. *La Mer* had sea-spray in it. The Schumann soared. Outside the hall, all smiles, the Japanese were waiting to applaud us as we left.

"There are things we don't have," says Yannatos, sipping the Mosel, "but we do have a rubato, an easiness. That concert was musical." He pours the last of the wine for Nyia, and they go to supper. When they enter the dining room, everyone claps and cheers.

"I'd like to adopt you all," says Yannatos. "You've done such beautiful music, and done it so beautifully. You have filled this moment with communion and community. The competitive aspect of these concerts is dwarfed by the occasion you have made. Whatever your field is, you are also a musician. That will make your life worth living—and a lot of the time, you're going to wonder." More cheers. Yannatos attacks the liverwurst. Donna Resue, a red-haired French hornist, touches his arm. "Doctor Yannatos," she says, "I don't think I've ever enjoyed making music as much as I did today."

PHILHARMONIC HALL, September 17. Eighty of us have signed up for a Sunday-morning concert by the Berlin Radio-Symphonie, which is playing the Beethoven Ninth. Philharmonic Hall, built in 1963, still looks futuristic, with seating that surrounds the orchestra. We sit behind the chorus, facing Leinsdorf, the conductor. The effects of hearing the Ninth in Berlin are indescribable.

THE DREI BÄREN CAFE, September 18. A dozen of us are crying in our beer. The symphonic competition is over, the jury has spoken, and we didn't win. That shouldn't hurt, but it does.

At the outset no one cared about winning or losing. The idea was to visit Berlin and play a good concert. We did. Then we started to calculate. Some of us wrote off the Japanese concert as bizarre. The Austrians knew their Schubert and Webern, but their playing had not been flawless. After problems

with pitch in the Verdi, the San Jose symphony went limp in the Schubert "Unfinished." And that left . . .

The Japanese, who were as startled as we were when the jury gave them the gold medal. The Austrians got the silver. Dr. Wolfgang Stresemann spoke for the jury. His remarks, which were mostly in English, were well meant, but faintly patronizing. The winners, he said, were so close they could hardly be separated. It was like the Olympic Games, in which a fraction of a second makes the difference. The Japanese concert had been stunning and innovative. Harvard-Radcliffe was as close to Austria as Austria was to the Japanese. A major orchestra might hesitate before attempting our program. "In spite of two cuts in *Appalachian Spring*," the jury had been deeply impressed, and we had done a beautiful job in *La Mer*. As for the Schumann, we had done well "to tell us in Berlin what beautiful music Schumann writes—and Berlin is not even a Schumann city."

I watch Yannatos toy with a Drei Bären sundae. He is wondering if he did us in by cutting the Copland, or having the *chutzpah* to play Schumann in a non-Schumann city. He is wondering what the jury wished to endorse in the Japanese concert. I study the other faces at our table. The kids are looking to Yannatos to get them through, but it's Jimmy who is hurting the most.

JUGENDGÄSTEHAUS AM ZOO, same night. A sign inside the door says HRO: PLEASE WHISPER. THE CZECHS PLAY TOMORROW. A lot of us stay up late for postmortems, not always whispering.

HOTEL AM RING, LEIPZIG, September 21. It gets harder to keep track of everyone. Most of us went to give the Czechs a standing ovation at their concert. Sam and Debby Bruskin have been to half a dozen operas. Many people have gone to East Berlin, to see the Wall, visit museums, or buy sheet music, which is cheap there. We've gone to Leipzig for a night. The train trip gives us glimpses of functional steam locomotives, ponds full of geese, and East German troops on maneuvers with tanks. In Leipzig, one can take in *Die Blumen Mädchen*, a Chinese revolutionary opera. Posters everywhere salute the *Heldenkosmonauts*, Sigmund Jähn and Valery Bykovsky. There are flowers on Bach's tomb at the Thomaskirche, and luckily the organist is practicing when we visit.

JUGENDGÄSTEHAUS AM ZOO, September 25, our last night in Berlin. Back from Leipzig, we got the bad news first. Plans to sight-read with the Japanese had been quashed by their proud conductor. Only eighteen HRO members had been chosen for the composite orchestra that would play in the final concert. Maestro von Karajan, rehearsing the Berlin Philharmonic in Strauss's *Sinfonia Domestica*, had fallen from the podium and been hospitalized with a stroke. The Red Sox were out of first place. The weather was gloomsome, and everyone had a cold.

"If we had won, would there be fewer colds?" asked Yannatos, returning from a night at the opera (*Salome*, and he hated it). Someone showed him a Berliner Morgenpost article on the von Karajan competition. "What seems so remarkable," it read in part,

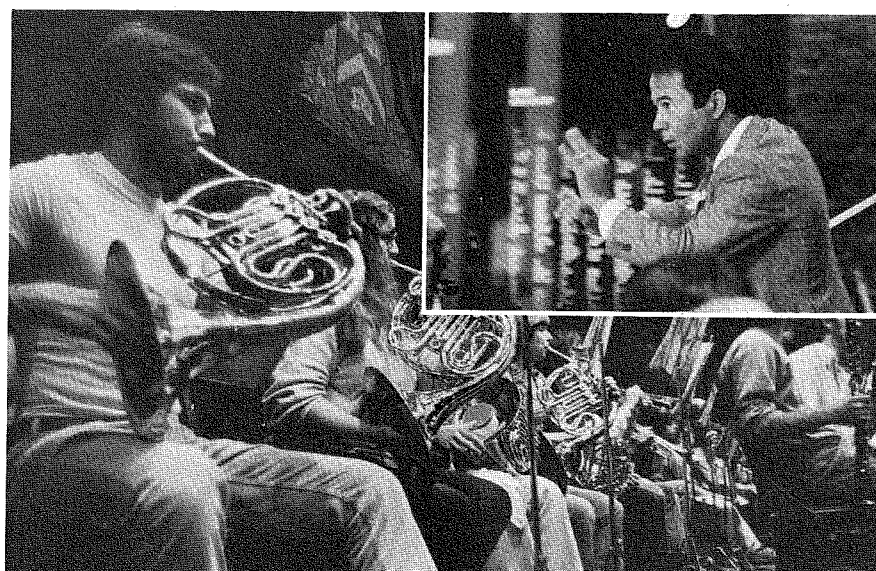
is that the 150 students from Tokyo entered against professionals. The Austrian Youth Symphony, winner of the silver medal, recruited music students, as did the two American orchestras. . . . None of these orchestras could compare with the future medical students, engineers, chemists, and physicists from Japan.

This is calumny. There are no pros in the HRO, and fewer than ten percent of its members are music concentrators.

Yannatos has talked to competition officials about the selection process for the composite orchestra, and about the judging. He has pointed out that the "international jury" is all-European—seven Germans, an Austrian, a Pole, a Lithuanian, and an Englishman. The officials told him that one of the Germans holds American citizenship.

This isn't ending so well. A wallet disappeared last week, and tonight we had a row with the staff of the hostel, which may or may not include a Peeping Tom. Yet for every down there's an up.

Franz Hiebert, Donna Resue, and Nancy Lianza rehearse under Maestro Yannatos.



Yesterday, in a room lined with pinball machines, I heard Mozart's Haydn quartets beings played by Nancy Park, Eugene Sun, Judy Kogan, and John Golden. Sublime. In the morning I ran in a fifteen-kilometer race through the Grüner Wald, and passed four-fifths of a uniformed German team at the finish. Euphoria. Last night we heard a noble *Fidelio*—the Beethoven magic again. And tonight, after the final concert, a bunch of us drank beer with a Japanese group that matched us fight song for fight song, and knew Sousa marches better than we did. When the *Bierstube* closed on us, they waited outside for Yannatos, ambushed him, and tossed him three times in the air.

A BOARD BRITISH AIRWAYS FLIGHT 271 TO BOSTON, September 27. London was almost a bust. We barely had time to lug our bags into town, rehearse, and play a concert at the Royal College of Music. It went well, but was thinly attended. Afterward six of our players stayed up to go sightseeing. As Big Ben struck four, they were taken in hand by a friendly bobby. He gave them a tour on a Thames police boat and treated them to coffee and buns. For all of us, that kept London from being a bust.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, September 30. The tour ends here, with the HRO's first Cambridge concert of the year—"The Berlin Program." The performance, which is being taped, is on a par with the one in Berlin, and the audience is enthusiastic. Yannatos is recalled several times, bounding up to the podium like Baryshnikov. His resilience is showing, and later I tell him so. "When I can't make it up that step," laughs Yannatos, "that's when I quit conducting." □

Any questions?

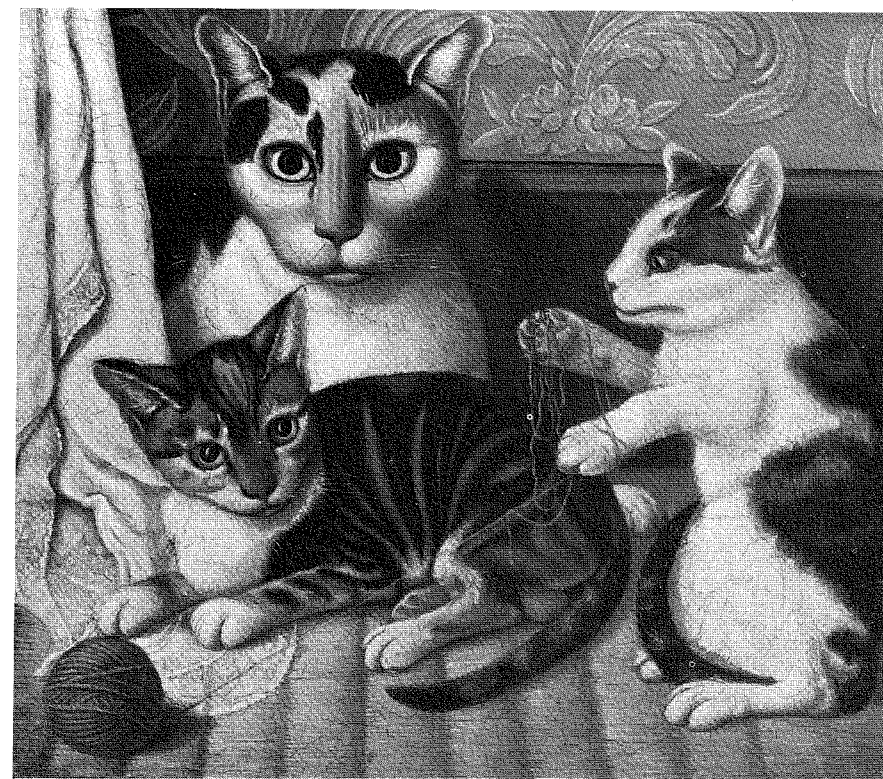
Pets' preference

Is there any evidence that dogs are right-handed, left-handed, or ambidextrous? Of my two female Brittany spaniels, one is definitely right-handed and uses her right paw to pull objects off a table or shake hands, while the younger seems to be ambidextrous.

Roy Barrette
Brooklin, Me.

Dr. Michael W. Fox, director of the Institute for the Study of Animal Problems, in Washington, D.C., and author of several books on canine behavior, writes:

"A few studies have been conducted on dogs and cats to see if they are predominantly left- or right-'pawed.' They do not seem to show a species-predisposition, like human beings, to favor one side more than the other. Individual preference for the right or left paw, however, is quite common."



Cat and Kittens, the work of an anonymous nineteenth-century American artist.

Pressured

In the early or final minutes of flight in an aircraft with a pressurized cabin, one notices a sort of popping sensation in one's ears. This is presumably because of the change of air pressure. How can this be when the pressurized cabin is presumed to maintain a constant, unchanged pressure?

L. Felix Ranlett
Bangor, Me.

Ronald Vavruska, staff engineer for the Federal Aviation Administration, New England Region, replies that cabin pressure for commercial airplanes is controlled by the pilot through an automatic device that is preset before take-off (usually to stabilize the air pressure at a level corresponding to an altitude of 8,000 feet). As the plane ascends, the internal cabin pressure is therefore slightly above that of the ambient pressure until the airplane reaches 8,000 feet. From that point on, the cabin pressure remains at a pressure equivalent to that of 8,000 feet no matter how much higher the plane goes. When the plane

descends, the cabin pressure remains at 8,000 feet until the aircraft reaches that altitude. From that point on, the cabin equivalent altitude decreases with the aircraft's actual altitude. The change in pressure from ground-level altitude to that at 8,000 feet and back accounts for passengers' ear-popping sensations.

Foreign word

Just about all uses of the word mandarin can be traced to its application to the ruling bureaucrats of China. Yet mandarin has no Chinese-language roots whatever. How in the world did this foreign term get so widely employed in Western references to China?

Edgar H. Leoni
New York City

Victor Mair, assistant professor of Chinese religion and literature at Harvard, advised checking for an answer in

Hobson-Jobson: A Glossary of Colloquial Anglo-Indian Words and Phrases, and of Kindred Terms, a fascinating compilation by Henry Yule and A. C. Burnell. Their examples—several dating from the first half of the sixteenth century—indicate "that the earlier applications of the title [a slight corruption of the Hindi *mantri* meaning a counselor, a minister of state, from the Sanskrit] have no reference to China at all, but to officers of state, not only in the Malay countries, but in Continental India." Presumably the Portuguese in their eastern explorations first encountered Indian or Malayan officials who identified themselves (to Portuguese ears) as *mantrins* or *mandarim*, and then in turn used the same word for Chinese of equal rank, even though they eventually learned the proper Chinese word, *kuan* (cited by Yule and Burnell in a 1663 Italian reference as *quoan*). Professor Mair suggests that the