

British reserve was, obviously, parked elsewhere for the evening. He also did a staunch Sibelius.

Between and around this concert in Carnegie it was possible to hear a representative share of a Metropolitan "Figaro," in which Lucine Amara appeared for the first time as the Countess. A considerable forward step for this capable young artist, it was one which she made with both feet firmly planted. Her "Porgi Amor" had striking amplitude and vocal control, carrying to the rear of the house easily enough. She also had the technical detail of the ensemble ending Act II under control, though more elegant appearance, a greater dramatic composure, and subtler variations in vocal color will be expected as she gains acquaintance with the part. In the same cast Margaret Roggero ventured her first Cherubino, but with a vocal unsteadiness ("Voi che sapete" was painfully flat) to suggest it was not yet for her.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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There was only one seat to be had in Carnegie Hall the other night. It was the piano stool, and it was Walter Giesecking who walked across the packed stage to occupy it and to perform an all-Debussy program. From the first note of the "Suite Bergamasque" through "Poissons d'or," "Reflets dans l'eau," the "Children's Corner," and other items, right to the fourth encore ("General Lavine"), it was an evening of magic. After a recital of this caliber few of the many musicians present would challenge the publisher's right to print on the music, "Private Property of Walter Giesecking. No Trespassing!"

In the music of French Impressionism and when he is in top form Giesecking stands alone. At this concert—in "Danse," "La Cathédrale," and "The Snow Is Dancing"—Giesecking actually surpassed Giesecking. Throughout he evoked excitement, transparency, and movement. Occasionally he would choose to hold his audience hypnotically suspended through an ethereal pianissimo or a section of tremulous repose.

With endless refinements of touch and pedaling, one phrase grew out of another. Climaxes developed with the inevitable force and upward sweep which stamp the musician and the architectural master. Each piece emerged with individuality and spontaneity as the artist lived in the very sounds he was creating. He painted, so to speak, with fingers dipped in the hues of Degas, Renoir, Manet, Monet, and Bonnard. The sum was a tableau of rare beauty, color, and poetry.

—ABRAM CHASINS.



## NEW EDITIONS

### Chinese Courting

ANYONE who is looking for an exotic adventure in the world of fiction may find it in "The Golden Lotus," Clement Egerton's translation of the Chinese novel "Chin P'ing Mei," recently reprinted in four volumes in England, and imported to the United States by the Grove Press (\$17.50). This extraordinary book, probably written in the middle of the sixteenth century, plunges the reader into the midst of Chinese society as it existed during the first quarter of the twelfth century, under the Sung Dynasty, when official corruption was rampant and political chaos imminent. It records the amorous exploits and grisly end of a wealthy merchant whose virility matched that of the Indian prince of whom Theophrastus spoke, referred to by Rabelais, and the criminal exploits and ghastly death of Golden Lotus, the merchant's Fifth Lady, a character who would find herself at home in the bloodiest of Elizabethan dramas. It records much besides, with a wealth of detail that makes the pages bustle with life; much that will seem strange to today's readers, and much that will seem strangely familiar to them. The men and women of the atomic age and the men and women of the Sung Dynasty are, it would appear, brothers and sisters under the skin. Dr. Kinsey would perhaps have found an even richer mine to work in twelfth-century China than he has found in our own time, and Mickey Spillane must salute the author of "The Golden Lotus" as his superior in the twin provinces of sex and sadism.

That "The Golden Lotus" is pornographic in parts can hardly be denied; but its pornography is only a fraction of a whole that is—as Mr. Egerton insists, quoting Laufer—"as little unmoral as any work of Zola or Ibsen, and like them a work of art from the hand of a master who well understands his fellow men, who depicts them with their passions, as they are and not as . . . they ought to be." Indeed, the moral message of the novel could hardly be more explicit. Hsi-Men is finally consumed by the fires of his own lust; the black heart of Golden Lotus is literally torn from her faithless breast by an avenging hand; and the virtue of the

Moon Lady triumphs. Much that appears artless at first glance will, in retrospect, be recognized as artful. The narrative is disorderly in its tempo and proportions, but it gradually achieves a tragic sweep and force as it moves to its climax; it is marked by countless fine character strokes; and in the course of the storytelling much ancient, enduring wisdom is epigrammatically expressed. Perhaps possible purchaser of this rather expensive piece of fiction should be warned that although it is advertised as "complete and unexpurgated"—and so it is, in truth—a good many passages have been translated into Latin rather than English. As a result there will be some disappointed buyers. Luckily however, pornographic Latin is the easiest Latin in the world to read.

The Grove Press has also recently published "Sut Lovingood" (\$4), edited with an introduction by Bronn Weber, a collection of tales by George Washington Harris, the Southwestern frontier humorist whose fame lingers faintly on, and echoes of whose work still survive in the stories of distant literary descendants. In this edition Mr. Weber, probably wisely, has performed a simplifying operation on Harris's difficult dialect and wilful misspellings.

Selections from the writings of a more famous humorist than Harris, with dialect and misspellings all intact, will be found in "Mr. Dooley: Now and Forever," created by Finley Peter Dunne, selected with commentary and introduction by Louis Filler (Academic Reprints, Stanford, California, \$3.75). It is pleasant to see a very old friend back in print, but it is probable that Mr. Dooley's politics and social attitudes will strike a new generation of readers as not only humorous, but as odd, and sometimes offensive.

A considerably more important Academic Reprint than "Mr. Dooley"—and one that I wish I had space to write about, instead of merely recommending it—is Veblen's "The Higher Learning in America" (\$4), still vital after almost forty years, with a shrewd introduction by David Riesman.

New Modern Library example of *multum in parvo*: "The Rhetoric and Poetics of Aristotle" (\$1.45), with introduction and notes by Friedrich Solmsen.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.





# THE 3-D CLASSROOM

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

**T**O MADISON Square Garden in New York City last summer, where they gathered from every state of the nation, came a group of sober-faced, serious-minded (and often middle-aged) men and women. There they gazed at a spectacle, the likes of which have rarely been seen before, asked questions and listened to the answers, sometimes a little unbelievably, sometimes a little amused. For these were the country's schoolteachers, members of the National Education Association, come to get a glimpse of their own teaching future. There were displays of new and brightly illustrated textbooks, new chalkboards, and new gadgets. But

of them all none interested—and amazed—the teachers more than did the mechanism-crowded, acoustically-perfect 3-D schoolroom of tomorrow, a display room whose purpose was to arrange all the most modern audio-visual tools of teaching into some sort of workable order.

This is a phenomenon which educators consider of the highest importance these days because they have discovered that 80 to 90 per cent of a child's total recall is visual. And in setting up their room the exhibitors outdid themselves, as is shown by artist Doug Anderson's somewhat imaginative sketch above. For they brought together into one class-