



## National "Figaro," Vickers in "Spades"

CONSIDERING its problems, challenges, and complications the version of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* recently on display in the New York City Center is the best achievement to date of the Metropolitan National Company. How often, for example, does one hear five evenly excellent voices in the primary parts of this endlessly fascinating piece? The National Company has them, in Peter van Ginkel as Figaro and Harold Enns as the Count, Joy Davidson as Cherubino, Carol Courtman as Susanna, and Maralin Niska, finally recovered from a back injury she suffered during pre-season preparation, resuming her role both of company leader and Countess Almaviva.

There is, of course, a price to pay for this happy condition (there almost always is, in the operatic bargain). That is, if the voices are devoid of the vices that beset older, established singers, those who possess them are still somewhat innocent of the wiles that produce artful characterization. This is a lack presumed to be made good by the di-

rector; but Kirk Browning's action struck me as contrived to avoid the rational, first thought on the premise that it wouldn't be "original." He could, however, have achieved a better balance of the natural and the unusual without at all verging on the commonplace.

As the kind of vocal talent to sing an acceptable Susanna or Cherubino seems, somehow, in greater supply than that for the equivalent male roles, the special interest of this *Figaro* was the Figaro himself. It was to Van Ginkel's advantage that he recalled (for me, at least) the agreeable look and cheerful bearing of a very good bygone exponent of the part named Dennis Noble. This is, perhaps, to affiliate him with a standard of which he has no knowledge; but also to identify him with the solid yet flexible kind of baritone the role requires rather than the solid but unflexible bass baritone it too often gets. Complementary to the effect of his effort was the good robust sound of Enns as Almaviva, giving each an aural plane of his own to occupy. Visually, Enns needs either to

put on a few pounds to fill out the uniform he wears, or get a better court tailor; but vocally he has what it takes to make a very good Almaviva. Give both a few years and they should be singing *Figaro* exclusively in the high Italian of da Ponte rather than in the rather low English in vogue on this occasion.

It should not be concluded, from this order of mention, that the female trio qualified merely as acceptable. In her appointed function of fulcrum to the leverage of the other performers, Miss Niska sustained the poise and substance she had shown last year as *Butterfly* and *Susannah* (Floyd's, not Mozart's). Understandably, she grated a bit in finding her vocal terrain in "Porgi amor," but she thereafter bore both herself and the music well, while exuding an aura of professional capability that sets her several rungs higher on the artistic ladder than most other members of the group. In their own ways, Miss Courtman as a lively but not too self-satisfied Susanna and Miss Davidson as a properly awkward Cherubino distinguished themselves no less. In terms of English enunciation, the ensemble—including Paul Plishka as Bartolo, Dorothy Krebill as Marcellina, and Norman Paige as Basilio—were consistently more proficient than those who had been heard in Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*.

Whether this was purchased—again the operatic bargain!—at a cost to precise ensemble, could only be guessed. It might, however, have been that the effort to play to each other rather than to the conductor's baton was a complicating factor. If so, conductor Robert La Marchina, who had the musical detail well in hand, needs to develop more skill in correlating what he *alone* can both see and hear.

AT THE parent house, uptown, another kind of musical problem presented itself with the return of Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*. Contrary to most recent experiences with new productions, this venture of the second season was, on the whole, better than any of the first season. Epoch-making as this may appear, it was not, really; for the quality at the outset was not very high.

It did, however, represent a creative combination of performers from last season's first cast and others who were added later on, both much more familiar with their roles than before. Of overriding importance in the first category was Thomas Schippers, whose conducting has much more that is idiomatic and purposeful than it did at the outset of this venture. It also took in Teresa Stratas, who has much more identity with the blood and bone of Lisa than she did previously, and Jon Vickers, whose vocal effort as Gherman was much more

**"Magnificent"\***

**"Vivid"†**

**"Beautifully recorded"†**

**"Opulent"†**

**"Comparisons almost irrelevant"†**

**"Distinguished"†**

**"Uncommonly fine"\***

**"Remarkable"\***

**"Positively sensuous"†**

**"Outstanding"\***

\*Saturday Review, Jan. 28, '67.  
†Records and Recordings, Jan. '67.



Mahler's spellbinding symphony of songs has been recorded for posterity by the great Otto Klemperer. In the composer's preferred alto-tenor version, the soloists are Christa Ludwig and the late Fritz Wunderlich. A performance worthy of superlatives!

flexible and expressive than before. Adding to them Joann Grillo as Pauline and Morley Meredith as Tomsy made a composite of virtues that were rarely assembled in last season's sequence. Jean Madeira's Countess has also ripened to a fullness of physical decline that approached, in its different way, the classic characterization of Regina Resnik. Conversely, the artful vignettes of Lorenzo Alvary as Surin, Paul Franke as Chekalinsky, and Gabor Carelli as Chaplin-sky roused some passing wonder why William Walker, with all his vocal endowment, couldn't make something more aristocratic of his Prince Yeletsky.

The effort to people Robert O'Hearn's spacious settings with a cast worthy of them (and the score) showed a managerial persistence that was sustained by a more settled dramatic plan than Henry Butler had achieved originally. The more Tchaikovsky sounds like Tchaikovsky the more likely it is that Metropolitan audiences will be content to absent themselves a while from the felicities of Wagner and Verdi, Puccini and Strauss.

**W**HEN Russian violinists are good, they are just a little better than the good violinists of other countries. This maxim had its latest demonstration with the Carnegie Hall debut of Mikhail Vaiman, born in the Ukraine about forty years ago, a student of his instrument since he was eight, and now professor at the Leningrad Conservatory.

What can be said without qualification is that his students in Leningrad could hardly have a sounder model of violinism. His performances of a Handel sonata (D major No. 4), a Beethoven (the *Spring* in F), and the *Chaconne* from Bach's D-minor partita were uniformly superior in the sound he drew from a superb Strad, with a vibrant core of resonance pulsating through every measure. This spells, to a listener of whatever indoctrination, t-e-c-h-n-i-q-u-e. But a closer scrutiny must deal with the verity that a violin, like a piano or cello, is played with two hands, not necessarily possessed of equal strength.

Like most violinists, of whatever school, who attain the stature to perform internationally, Vaiman has a skillful left hand, which can perform swiftly and accurately the dance of discipline to match the needs of the works enumerated above. But the clue to his distinction is the marvellously flexible and disciplined action of his bow arm. This is responsible not merely for the warm surge of sound from the instrument, but even more, for the beautifully symmetrical phrases in which he set forth his ideas on Handel, Beethoven, Bach, etc.

Here, however, one encounters the conflicts and countertendencies that enter into musical performance of whatever character. The lovely sound, the

sculptured almost surgical definition of phrases, were not as often animated by the kind of impulse to make them absorbing as one would have wished. Everything was in good order, in good taste, and with a respectable sense of style. But not very much was impulsive, driving, or—least of all—overwhelming.

Two possibilities present themselves: one is that with all the touring he has done within a perimeter bounded by East Germany on the one side and Japan on the other Vaiman still retains something of the professorial in his artistic outlook. The other is that his accompanist, Alla Zhokhova (who is not only a technically proficient pianist, but Mrs. Vaiman as well), doesn't really conform to his own level of artistry. A few more tours, as well as the opportunity to perform major works with major orchestras, should determine whether Vaiman is an interpreter of consequence as well as a very fine violinist.

**L**EONARD SHURE is a pianist for whom many people profess high esteem. Unfortunately, not too many of them appeared for his first recital in Carnegie Hall since 1963. Or, perhaps, a program devoted to the B-flat sonata of Schubert (op. post.) and the Diabelli variations (op. 120) lacks built-in appeal unless the pianist is much younger or much older than Shure.



For those to whom Shure has a status independent of either extreme, the results were consistent with the career of a performer who has always identified himself with ultimate objectives, regardless of cost. In the Schubert, the preoccupation was with architectural design, a warm feeling for line, a pervasive sense of what was appropriately Schubertian. In the Beethoven, it was a concern for the macrocosm out of the microcosm, the attainment of an "all" from the premise of an "anything."

Generically, Shure's achievement was most persuasive when the pace was leisurely, the dynamic level at mezzo forte or below. Then the musical formulation was eloquent, the shape and the substance in balance. At faster tempos, or when the polyphonic complications intensified, what he had to say tended to be obscured by the physical problem of saying it. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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# What I Have Learned

Continued from page 23

taneous in origin. I was deeply moved because what this child had drawn was one of the oldest symbols in the world—a magic circle divided into segments and known as the mandala: the symbol of the self as a psychic unity, a very ancient symbol found in Egypt and the Far East and throughout Europe in the Middle Ages. In Tantric Yoga such a symbol represents the dwelling place of the gods. But the symbolism of the child's drawing does not end there, for the Snake round the World may be identified with the Uroboros, again an ancient symbol found in Babylon, in India, Egypt, and elsewhere (among the Navajo Indians, for example).

There are many interpretations of this symbol, many of them having to do with time and eternity, but symbols are never meaningful in the rational sense, and of course this child could not attach a meaning to the symbol she had drawn, and was not even aware that it was a symbol. (The boat, she explained, was for crossing the seas.) I, with my more sophisticated knowledge, could recognize the drawing as a symbol that was archetypal and universal. Such knowledge on my part had been acquired largely from my reading of Jung's works, but what had been an interesting hypothesis had suddenly become an observed phenomenon, proof. This child of five had given me something in the

nature of an apocalyptic experience. This was not the only experience of the kind. Symbols are present in children's drawings everywhere, and at all ages. But on the basis of the material I collected for the British Council during the war I made a close study of the subject which was published in 1943 as *Education through Art*. The more I considered my material the more convinced I became of the basic significance of the child's creative activities for the development of consciousness and for the necessary fusion of sensibility and intellect. In the course of writing my book I came to regard the theme as more and more polemical. I do not claim to have discovered any truth that was not known to teachers such as Franz Cizek in Austria and Marion Richardson in England, but I added my observations to theirs and put forward a hypothesis that was nothing less than a new system of pedagogy.

MY point of view was accepted by many teachers, at first in England and then throughout the world. A society for Education through Art was established in the United Kingdom, and in 1952 an International Society for Education through Art was founded, sponsored by UNESCO, and held its first General Assembly in Paris in 1954. INSEA, as it is called, now has branches throughout the world, but this does not mean that its claim—that art should be made the basis of education—has been widely recognized. It conflicts too directly with the

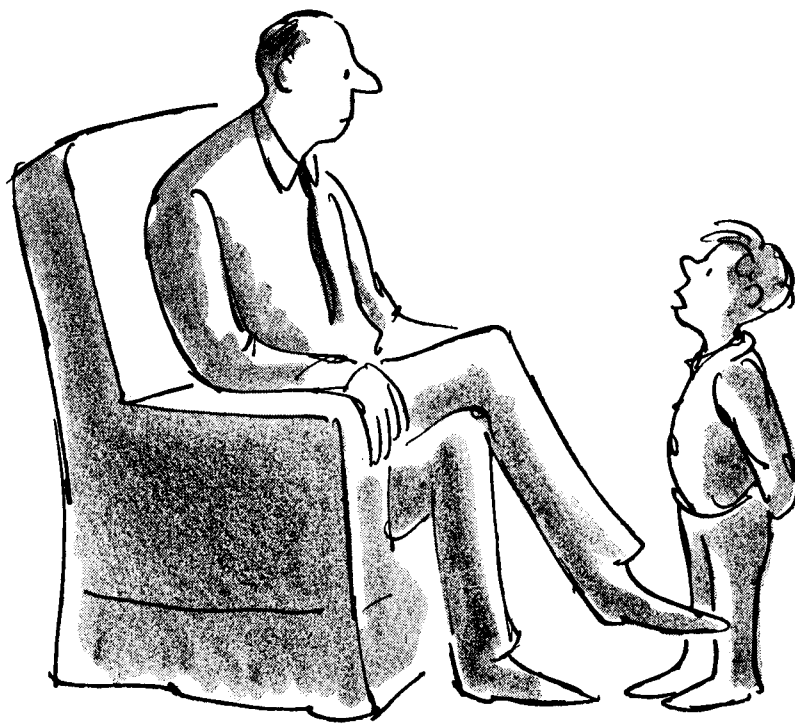
technologically motivated education of advanced industrial societies. But the progress of this simple idea in twenty years has been amazing, and I believe that it may yet conquer the world.

It may—I do not express any confidence, for mankind seems to drift toward self-destruction in blind disregard of all that its wise men have said or can say. What, indeed, is there left to say? We need not go back to the wisdom of the East, to the sermons of Buddha and Christ, the Simple Way of Lao-tzu, or the *Analects* of Confucius; to the wisdom of the Fathers of the Church or of the philosophers of the Enlightenment. We have our own prophets who have spoken in clear voices—Tolstoy, Gandhi, Schweitzer, Freud, Jung, Buber. We know what we should do, but we do not do it. We prefer to remain not so much in an outer darkness—for the lights of wisdom blaze round us—but in a bemused euphoria of material “progress” which offers mankind a high standard of living in exchange for his spiritual freedom.

The greatest single deception in my life, as in the life of many idealists, has been the failure of socialism, in which term I include communism. This failure springs from one error and one only, “the most fatal error,” as Shelley called it, “that ever happened in the world—the separation of political and ethical science.” Tolstoy placed Shelley's statement as an epigraph to one of his later writings, *An Appeal to Social Reformers* (first published in 1900). Tolstoy recognized that the pursuit of power, whether by the individual or the state, is the root of all the evil we endure, and against power only a spiritual weapon can prevail.

“This spiritual weapon is simply the one known long ago to men, which has always destroyed power and always given to those who used it complete and inalienable freedom. This weapon is but this, a devout understanding of life, according to which man regards his earthly existence as only a fragmentary manifestation of the complete life, and connecting his life with infinite life, and recognizing his highest welfare in the fulfillment of the laws of this infinite life, regards the fulfillment of these laws as more binding upon himself than the following of any human laws whatsoever.” Only such a *religious* conception, Tolstoy concluded, can truly destroy power.

But is this a religious conception? Nicolas Berdyaev, a sympathetic but severe critic of Tolstoy, thought not: “The Good for him was God. This shows his greatness, but also his limitations.” For Berdyaev something more is necessary—an awareness of “the significance of the irrational processes of life that permeate us, get hold of us, imperil us, and thereby transcend our rational and



*H. Martin*

“When are you going to visit your sins upon me?”



moral aims and ends. . . . True, no one perhaps had experienced the horror of evil, particularly when it parades in the guise of the Good, with such intensity as Tolstoy, but he remained blind to the dark, irrational, metaphysical source of evil." That, too, was Jung's opinion, not of Tolstoy particularly, but of all social reformers who think that the world can be changed by rational means.

And so we come to the spiritual void that opens in my own path. I have read Berdyaev and many other Christian apologists, and have been moved especially by two of them, Kierkegaard and Simone Weil. Above all by Simone Weil, the greatest spiritual writer of our time, far profounder in my opinion than Teilhard de Chardin or even Martin Buber. The difficulty I experience with all such Christian apologists is that they rely, for their final argument, on the necessity of grace. They admit that this state of mind is an arbitrary phenomenon—"Grace fills empty spaces but it can only enter where there is a void to receive it, and it is grace itself that makes this void" (Simone Weil). It is not even a simple chance: The odds against the unbeliever are doubled.

In desperation, we have recourse to the science of the self, to individual psychology, which teaches us surely enough that reason alone no longer suffices. In particular, reason cannot deal with the problem of evil (consider the miserable failure of our present educational and reformatory measures against crime), nor can it deal with force (which is not necessarily always an ally of evil). In despair of reason, we now substitute fear—fear of organized crime, fear of nuclear war; if only we are fearful enough, we assume, we can control such evil forces. But fear is not even a positive instinct—it is the inhibition of all instincts, good as well as bad.

What we need is the peace of mind that comes with self-knowledge, and self-knowledge implies the knowledge of the unconscious processes that cause fear and aggression, envy and crime. This self-knowledge may in rare cases come from inner illumination, and happy are those who are vouchsafed it. For mankind at large it must come from what we must call education, ambiguous as the word is: an education that above all takes into account the symbolic needs of the unconscious—therefore, an education through art. The ideal to be achieved might be called serenity—the condition of mind, Buber once said to me, that he found only in England. I fear he was confusing serenity with our famous *sang-froid*!

Education is perhaps a poor and misunderstood process on which to rely for the salvation of mankind, but I know of no other. If we remember its literal meaning, then it does imply bringing to consciousness what is undeveloped, unrecognized, misunderstood, or despised. We must become whole men, and we cannot become whole so long as we leave the foundations of the psyche on tremulous ground. I agree with Jung that the process of education (which he called the process of individuation) may lead the individual back to God—or, as he would have said, bring God back to the individual. But these are questions for the future, and largely questions of nomenclature. The present and urgent necessity is to admit the sickness of man's soul and take practical measures to cure it. I would emphasize the word practical, and even substitute for it the word pragmatic, for it is no longer a question of moral exhortation or of religious revivalism; it is a question of having faith in a few simple ideas, for only such simple ideas have the power to transform the world.



—Reprinted from *Saturday Review*, September 30, 1961.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

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### Vietnam

THE DOOM PUSSY. By Elaine Shepard. Trident. \$4.95.

THE OTHER SIDE. By Staughton Lynd and Thomas Hayden. New American Library. \$5.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.



EDITOR'S NOTE: For SR's annual *Educational Travel Issue*, Horace Sutton contributes a report on the East-West Center, and A. Lee Zeigler writes on student travel opportunities. Mr. Zeigler is director of the University of Hawaii's International Student Office and a member of the Board of the National Association for Foreign Student Affairs. Margaret E. Sherman reviews publications in the field on page 38. Related articles in SR's *Education Supplement* begin on page 83.

**M**IMI LOW BENG POH is a wisp of a girl who comes from the tin town of Ipoh in the middle of Malaysia. She has studied for more than a score of her twenty-seven years, but the high point of her academic life was a journey during which she saw movies being made, chicken pie being frozen, and a live Indian on the hoof. It was a trip to the continental United States, where she lived with an American family, saw the shiny outside, and peered into the backlands of the nation, all in pursuit of her scholar's goal—to become an educational psychologist specializing in counseling and guidance.

To Dave Faust, an articulate young scholar of thirty, who comes from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the prime academic adventure of campus years was not on the campus at all, but the period he spent in the rural reaches of Tonga, the Cook Islands, and the two Samoas,

living with native families and digging deep into his specialty, educational communications.

Both students are grantees, the house term applied to students at the East-West Center—a project of the United States Government and the State of Hawaii—nestled high in the folds of Manoa Valley looking down on the glistening Pacific. To grantees chosen both from Asia and the United States, all classroom studies are pointed toward ultimate application in a field study program abroad. For Americans, who constitute one-third of the student body in the Center's Institute for Student Interchange, field study means a subsidized trip to Asia or the Pacific, where the practical application of classroom theory and discussion comes suddenly to life. For the grantees from Asia and the Pacific islands, who number two-thirds of the Institute's student body, it means a subsidized trip to mainland America with subsidized sightseeing thrown in.

The 200 American grantees who are chosen for work at the Center are not picked according to geographical pattern, but they must show some commitment to Asia. The Asians, on the other hand, are selected within a country quota so that less developed nations, such as Laos or Nepal, will have as much chance as such educationally well-developed countries as Japan. After the first year at Manoa, grantees are ready to prepare

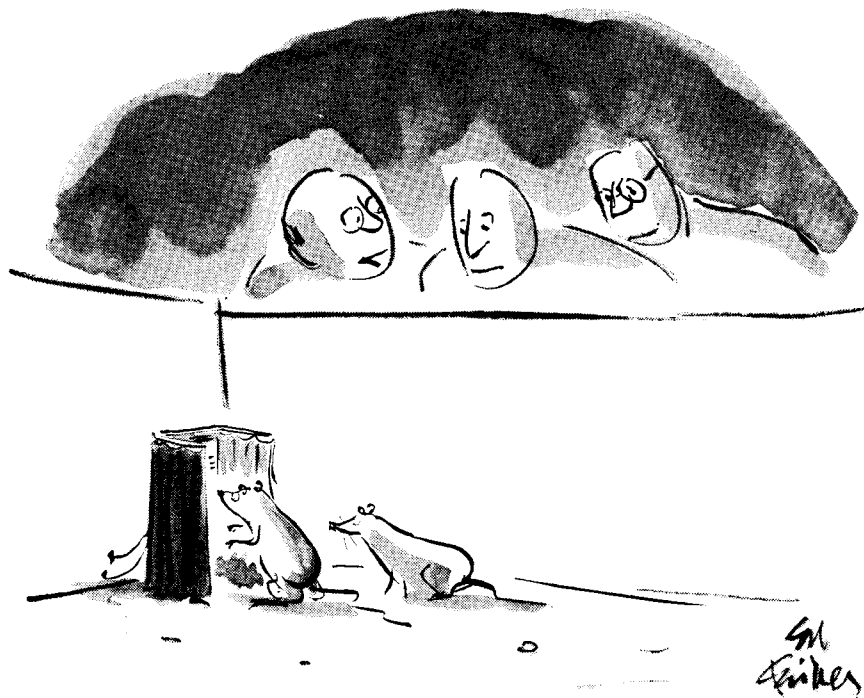
themselves seriously for field study. They are required to participate in an Asian-American seminar in which both Asians and Americans, broken into small discussion groups, take up the issues that affect both worlds. Civil rights and protest groups have been among the American issues; Vietnam and the dilemma of how to deal with Communist China have been put on the table as Asian issues, along with such social topics as "The Role of Women in Asia Compared to Women in America."

Both Eastern and Western grantees are given deep language preparation for two years. The University of Hawaii, where all East-West Center classes are held, teaches Hawaiian, Hindi, Japanese, Korean, Sanskrit, Tagalog, and Thai, in a broad linguistic program. A knowledge of Hawaiian is basic for grantees who will travel and study in the Pacific islands, where the languages have an understandable similarity. American grantees journeying to Asia should be able to converse with a farmer in Chiangmai or read the inscriptions on a Buddhist temple. The Asians, on the other hand, must be proficient in English; indeed they have to have a certain competency to qualify for selection as grantees in the first place.

Field study orientation starts early in the fall term preceding the following summer's exodus. Literature is distributed to students who will be eligible at term's end, workshops are organized, and students returning from America, Asia, and the Pacific are debriefed, and the cull of information fed to those eligible for the upcoming tours. Late in May the Center organizes a health orientation session to advise Asians and Pacific Islanders against the culinary perils of darkest America, and to tell Americans the gastric and epidemical dangers that wait for them.

**N**OW all the priming that began almost the day the grantees first landed in the agreeable verdure of Manoa Valley is about to be put to the test. Asians and Pacific Islanders are enrolled in courses on mainland America. A student in soil science might enroll for a short course at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Laboratory at Riverside, California. A language major might attend the summer session at the linguistics institute of the University of Michigan.

But Asians are also allowed twenty subsidized days, out of a program that might run from three to eight months, to see America. Between the end of the spring term at the Center, and the beginning of the summer terms on mainland campuses, tours are launched on both the East and West Coasts of the United States. The West Coast tour begins in San Francisco, and, traveling mostly by chartered bus, swings down



"You see, they get a mild electric shock when they pull column A, and a gentle reward stimulus when they vote column B. . . ."