

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHALLENGE OF AFRICA

SR's ISSUE of May 2, "America and the Challenge of Africa," is highly opportune at a time when such great need exists for a counterattack on the menace of racism. If Western government is founded and formed around mankind's noble and humane aspirations, equally imposing is the fact that Western man's viciousness—his greed and self-aggrandizement—has so far thwarted these aspirations. So long as equality is not a living reality, unqualifiedly extended to all mankind, no nation or group of nations guilty of denial need hope to bask in the glory of true civilization.

JASPER M. HAYNES.

San Francisco, Calif.

EXEMPLIFICATION

I WANT TO CONGRATULATE you warmly on your recent special issue on Africa. I can honestly say that this represents the best statement of the problems as I see them.

I myself was raised in South Africa and have been in this country for six years now. I was particularly interested in the article by Z. K. Matthews and the following statement: "The question is whether they [the white liberals] have enough strength . . . to work *with* instead of *for* the Africans." Your articles exemplified this admirable spirit since Africans themselves were asked to write *their* views in contrast to the one-sided views (oftentimes) of Government officials and well-meaning missionaries.

HENRY J. KEMP-BLAIR.

Los Angeles, Calif.

FURTHERING UNDERSTANDING

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS I have been deeply interested in Africa, as a member of the Sub-Committee of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives. For that reason, I want you to know how much I have been impressed by the issue of SR devoted to bringing to the American people, and particularly the important opinion-molding groups your constituency represents, a vivid and true picture of the dark continent.

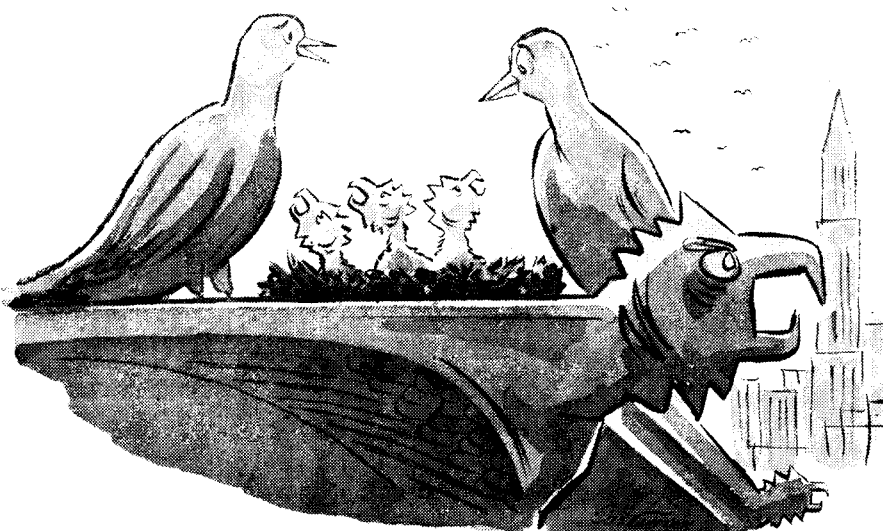
The American people are becoming more and more aware of the interrelationships between themselves and all the world. Such manifestations as this present issue of SR indicate forward-looking thinking and action towards furthering a better understanding of Africa, for which we are all grateful.

FRANCES P. BOLTON, M.C.

Washington, D.C.

WHO SHALL GOVERN?

IN YOUR SYMPOSIUM on African matters, it was noteworthy that no commentator touched upon the fundamental ingredient, to wit: capacity of the "blacks" to govern themselves, in case they achieve self-government. Not the most radical re-



"Could it be environment?"

former nor the most sympathetic observer would consider that Zulus are now ready to organize and conduct a self-governing state.

Who, then, shall govern while the "blacks" achieve a condition of literacy, freedom from superstitions, omens, and fanaticism? Shall it be the present self-appointed Lords of Creation who have been exploiting them? The question immediately moves into the emotional arena. A righteous frenzy solves no problems. It leaves any situation more confused than ever; leaves a dozen sensational conflicts ranging.

V. A. ROBERTSON.

Hollywood, Calif.

ACCOLADE

CONGRATULATIONS on the "Challenge of Africa" issue. It is excellent and your best in my opinion.

HELEN H. HENNESSY.

New York, N. Y.

EXCITING POINT

MR. COHN THROUGHOUT his article "The Great Turning Point" [SR May 16] exhibits a desolate *Weltschmerz* that, while often delightful in a college sophomore, seems childish in a mature and experienced observer of world affairs. Granted that civilization wavers precariously at a turning point; granted, too, that perhaps many people are not as aware of this as they could be, and these people should be enlightened. But tempting as the analogy might be, human beings are not rats wandering inextricably in an incomprehensible maze; the times do not call for a neurotic despair (to which it is all too easy to submit and give voice) but supply

abundant opportunity to each person for that daring innovation, high adventure, and dedicated courage which mark humanity's greatest reaches.

The dismal array of facts and assertions which occupy 90 per cent of his article leave one with the impression that the author harbors a nauseous regret at having been born into the twentieth century; but perhaps he would prefer reading about turning points in history books to living through one himself. May I suggest that it is a blessing and a privilege to live today at a turning point of civilization.

DONALD ROBB.

Rochester, N. Y.

IMPROPRIETY?

THERE IS A GRAVE and surprising omission in Professor DeWeerd's review of "The River and the Gauntlet" by S. L. A. Marshall—a work which is subtitled "Defeat of the Eighth Army on the Chongchon River." Mr. DeWeerd fails to call attention to the gross impropriety of a one-star general (reserve at that) thus defining an operation which has been authoritatively described by a five-star general as a reconnaissance in force, followed by a misunderstood retrograde movement.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D.C.

DESPERATE LIMERICK

Though I'm a hebdomadal glutton
For pieces on travel by Sutton,
He uses (Ai! Yai!)
"Infer" for "imply,"
So I'll gladly correct him—for nuttin'.

DAVID S. STERN.

Elkins Park, Pa.



A Case of Not Enough Horse Sense

EVEN though this was the week when Native Dancer again acted like a great horse, it seems unreasonable that such another native dancer as Maria Tallchief was required to act like a horse, great or otherwise, in the New York City Ballet entry titled "The Filly." As one whose racing knowledge is confined wholly to the verbalizations of Clem McCarthy and Bryan Field, I offer the opinion, however tentative, that "The Filly" broke slowly, never did get started, and found the distance much too long.

It was my offhand impression that Todd Bolender's ballet was fitted to an already existing score of John Colman, which would explain, in part at best, a rather loose liaison between the two. However, orchestral railbirds assert that this was a close collaboration right from the start, thus leaving more perplexities than appear reasonable in any one ballet. Somewhere along the line somebody should have decided that "The Filly" wouldn't do, and turned the time involved to some other enterprise; but, somehow, ballet companies don't seem to function that way (in this country, at least).

The subtitle of "A Stableboy's Dream" explains as much about "The Filly" as anyone would care to know—perhaps even more. After a longish orchestral prelude the curtain rises on a trackside stable, out of which the stableboy (Roy Tobias) produces a "Mare" (Diana Adams) and "Stallion" (Nicholas Magallenes). This results not only in an amorous *pas de deux* complete with lifts—and occasional horsey mannerisms—but also in a "Foal," danced by a talented moppet named Ellen Gottesman. The dream, as I understood it, is that Ellen grows, magically, into the "Filly" impersonated by Miss Tallchief, who proves to be a winner of the Triple Crown and everything else that matters. The transformation is almost as hard to imagine as Miss Tallchief as a horse; it would be enough of a dream for Miss Gottesman, in the sweet by and by, to become as good a dancer as Miss Tallchief. All involved worked with a kind of frenzied diligence at the impossible problems with which they were posed, not least Mr. Colman as performer of the intricate piano part of his own score. What can be done with Peter Larkin's attractive

scenery and costumes I can't imagine: unless Belmont Park wants to put on a ballet with horses impersonating people. Obviously they have too much horse sense for that.

Record Week

AS A work, Haydn's "The Seasons" ("Die Jahreszeiten") commands universal respect and, in some quarters, even affection. The reasons for this have gradually become apparent to us in this country thanks in large part to the phonograph, since concert hall performances here are no more frequent than they are of "The Creation," or "Elijah," or half a dozen similar masterpieces. Nevertheless, one wonders whether it isn't time for a major American company to address itself to this task, and finally do the kind of performance the work merits.

The latest occasion for such thought is the appearance (Decca Set DX 123, \$17.85) of the third version of this remarkably pictorial score, and the eventual conclusion that it doesn't come much closer than its predecessors to fulfilling the possibilities provided. To be sure, it is a more finished mechanical product than the poorly balanced one sponsored by the Haydn Society among its earliest issues (Haydn Society Set 2027); and it is marred by no such solecism as the Italian text (and habits of thought) embodied in a Cetra offering (Cetra Set 1202).

When one has said that, however, one has said about as much as one can. Ferenc Fricsay may be an admirable conductor in many respects, but he lacks more than a casual amount of the sensitivities this task requires, and Josef Greindl is a grating voice (and a decidedly bluff temperament) for the humanity embodied in the soil-tiller Simon. Georg Hann, in the Haydn Society issue, shows graphically how much can be made of this music by a singer of active imagination, as Friedrich Schorr in his famous disc of "Schon eilet froh der Akkersmann" (HMV DB 1564) showed what it could mean for a singer of superior art.

For its other solo voices, Decca offers tenor Walter Ludwig, who is no match for the eloquence of Patzak in the Haydn Society version, and Elfride Trötschel, who is about the quality of Trude Eipperle, her *vis-à-vis* in the Vienna recording. The fact however, is that Fricsay does not ask nearly enough of them, the orchestra, or the chorus, with rather prosaic results all around.

The sum of all this is a sharp regret that the cause of "The Seasons" cannot be urged on the reader in its full justice, for it is a singular masterpiece with an abundance of the qualities that make music endearing—profundity, wit, poetic fervor, and—above all—an embracing sense of man's relation to his environment and a dependence on a Power greater than himself for health and well-being. The Haydn Society could do something to focus more attention on the excellent work Clemens Krauss does as conductor if it would recut its original to make it sound as it can with "compensation" available on the more elaborate playback systems. It is far too much to impose that chore on the buyer. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Words of a Puppet Showman

By Helen Haiman Joseph

YOU are as real
As laughter and as tears are real
Princes and fairies, clowns and devils,
Symbols more vital
Than we slight people
Who twitch the strings and wiggle fingers
And call you but our creatures.

You antedate us, you outlive us
(For Punch will never die, nor Cinderella
Nor Robin Hood nor Faust!)
While, for the moment,
We animate, through you, ideals
Transfiguring ephemeral skill
With these, your wooden bodies.