

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## A MESS

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" [SR Mar. 26] was excellent. It is just one more example pointing out the tremendous job of reeducation that lies ahead if we are to survive in a changing world. It is doubtful if more leisure would increase the quality of thinking in Washington. Even the verb "to think" has been a sin and a crime for ages. It's a mess.

FRED C. PETERS.

Janesville, Minn.

## DEFINITION OF THOUGHT

THE CHALLENGING EDITORIAL "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" brings up the next question: What is thinking and how does one go about "doing" it? This is not an academic question because I have asked several informed friends and their answers are both confused and confusing.

Recently I was reading Rudolf Steiner's "Goethe the Scientist," in which Goethe opposes the Kantian thesis that we can never know the reality of "the thing in itself." Goethe discovered that "things in themselves" and man have a common origin—the Archetypal Idea. The World Process works out of the world of Idea through the laws of nature. In man the process is stepped up to become conscious cooperation with the World Process by means of thinking. Man's part: to accumulate all possible physical data through the senses. Then suspend judgment until, through thinking, the "other half of reality" (the Idea) is brought to bear upon the data.

I'm not philosopher enough to know how unorthodox this may be. But it seems to describe the method by which I have "received" the modest creative ideas that I have served. Am I naive in thinking this conception would "puncture" materialism?

MARG-RIETTE MONTGOMERY.

San Antonio, Tex.

## TRENCHANT AND TIMELY

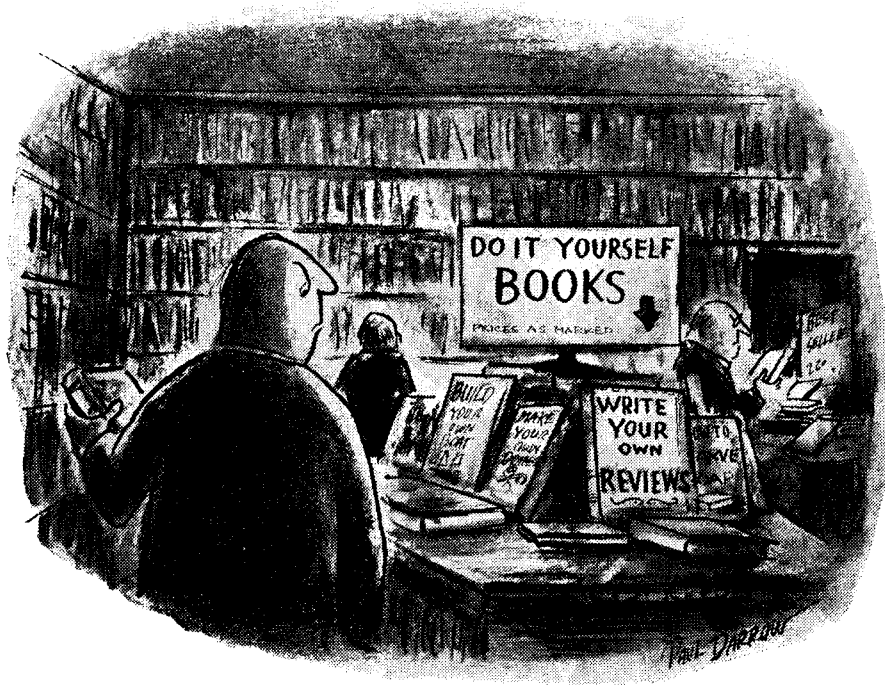
I FOUND N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" one of the most trenchant and timely statements I have read. I congratulate him on the significance of the message and the lucidity of its presentation. I wish it could be reproduced for every home in the United States—better still—the United Nations.

MRS. LESLIE HANDLER.

Larchmont, N.Y.

## TIME TO THINK

WE HAVE TIME TO THINK, but do we have the desire to think? To think is a function and functions take energy. Some may prefer to have it done for them. This is very rarely done knowingly, but few realize what they are giving up.



It has been said, "One in deep thought is often in strange territory." A fundamental difference must be made between thought (reason) and emotion (impulse). The former is difficult, the latter easy and consequences of either may be wrong. It has also been said, "Instead of thinking he has merely rearranged his prejudices." One claims to be open to conviction but he would like to see the so-and-so who could convince him.

An answer to the question "Why can I not be a Communist" might be: "Because I think instead of emote."

F. GREGORY CONNELL.

Oshkosh, Wis.

## WHIMSICAL PARADOX

WHAT ON EARTH is the meaning of N.C.'s conclusion, that the time to demonstrate man's uniqueness in thought is now? Was there ever a time when man didn't think? Were there no thinkers in ancient Egypt or earlier still? What is the testimony of the world's libraries, of the mountains of books, pamphlets, and diaries?

The human race may decline and die, but while it lives it cannot but think and record its thoughts. Of course, millions of men do not really think, they live on by the thoughts of the elite, and doubtless this will always be the case. We must do our utmost to increase the elite. The brain somehow secretes thought. We are accustomed to this miracle. To affirm that ours is the time to think is to indulge in a whimsical paradox. Not all who think think straight, and this truth poses a problem. What is straight thinking in religion, in philosophy, in economics, and

aesthetics? Of course, opinions differ in answering this question, but earnest controversies tend to stimulate and promote thinking, and efforts to prevent free and full discussion must be fought and defeated—another real problem.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

## A THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

DOES "ANYONE HAVE TIME TO THINK?" The answer is "Yes!" We are a thoughtful people, thoughtful of others as well as of ourselves. How many cubits we can add to our stature by taking thought is still a question. But we have added a lot of cubits to our stature by a lot of thinking, thinking that developed into action. And who shall say that the thought that we now take for others, in aid programs, etc., is not constructive?

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N.Y.

## THE PRODUCER

THERE WOULD have been no "Marty" [SR Mar. 26] without the producer, Harold Hecht. Somebody had to buy the property, hire the proper talents, create the literal production, and see the film through to its appearance in the theatres. Hecht maintained faith with Delbert Mann, the director, and myself throughout the long year of work. If "Marty" is "a film of rare honesty and heart," as Arthur Knight writes, it has a lot of Hecht's honesty and heart in it.

PADDY CHAYEFSKY.

New York, N.Y.



## WAS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

**H**OLLYWOOD'S camera boys are getting around more these days than SR's own peripatetic Horace Sutton. Cinerama and Cinema-Scope have glorified the old-time travelogues, while a marked trend toward location shooting is making both stars and technicians increasingly at home abroad. Over the heads of the busy actors today one not infrequently glimpses the Champs Elysées, St. Peter's in Rome, or San Marco Square in Venice. Unfortunately, the splendors of these backgrounds are not always reflected in the activities up front. In "Mambo" (Paramount) the discrepancies prove particularly distressing.

"Mambo," it should be noted, is actually an Italian production, although directed by Hollywood's Robert Rossen, photographed by Hollywood's Harold Rosson, and starring, along with Italy's beauteous Silvano Mangano, our own Shelley Winters and Michael Rennie. Vittorio Gassman and Eduardo Cianelli can be claimed by both Italy and Hollywood. Again it's a matter of the Italian studios trying to force their way into the American market—this time with a picture that looks American, sounds American, but somehow never rings true. No doubt that favorite Italian trick of dubbing in the voices is partially to blame. Of course, dubbing does permit Miss Mangano to speak a purer English than is hers to command, but her "lip sync" is frequently way off. And, though Shelley Winters and the Messrs. Rennie and Gassman dubbed themselves, even their "lip sync" also slips occasionally.

It would be captious to criticize a picture simply because the words didn't always match the lip movements. In "Mambo," however, this false technical note is echoed in virtually every aspect of the film itself. Its language is curiously stiff and constrained, like a bad translation. Its story of a girl from the Venetian slums who rises to giddy heights as a mambo dancer, lives rather indiscriminately with both her male leads, then decides to dedicate herself to her "art" is never for a moment credible. Its characters—including, oddly enough, Katherine Dunham as the mambo troupe's dance director—are singularly lifeless and unconvincing. Indeed, only once does the screen sizzle with anything like real emotion. When Shelley Winters launches a vitriolic

attack on Vittorio Gassman she seems to mean every moment of it. For the rest, there is a great deal of Venice and a few shots of Rome, but they prove meager compensation for the bleak dramatics that tie these scenes together. "Mambo" is another sad example of the fact that, in trying to compete with Hollywood, the Italian studios are rapidly "going Hollywood" themselves.

\* \* \*

With this gradual dilution of Italy's creative vigor, Japan concurrently is emerging as a fascinating source of vital and original films. So far only three have had wide distribution in this country, but each has been a masterpiece. Naturally, no film industry can produce masterpieces only, and "The Impostor" (Brandon) suggests that American distributors are beginning to scrape the bottom of the barrel. Another costume drama, this time set in the seventeenth century, it lacks either the intensity or striking virtuosity of its predecessors. Its character motivations often seem less obscure than unlikely. And, for the first time, one feels free to complain of a lack of subtlety, particularly in the role presumably intended for comic relief.

\* \* \*

All the talented people who made "Lili" such a delight two years ago have again put their heads together, hoping to repeat the miracle. "The Glass Slipper" (M-G-M) is a good try—in its more balletic moments an extremely good try. Roland Petit's dances have a wit and style and, in the end, a depth of emotion all too rare in movie ballets. And Helen Deutsch has again integrated the dance material neatly and ingeniously into her script. But, where "Lili" was feathery light, "The Glass Slipper" seems just a bit heavy and pompous; where "Lili" was charmingly spontaneous, "The Glass Slipper" is too self-consciously winsome. Perhaps this must be expected in any modern adaptation of the Cinderella story. It has to be tickled up for the sophisticates, fancied up for those who want to see lavish production values for their movie dollars. Miss Deutsch has obliged the former, especially in the Lewis Carroll-like dialogue she invented for Estelle Winwood, the fairy godmother.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MICHAEL WILDING

With

KEENAN WYNN • ESTELLE WINWOOD  
ELSA LANCHESTER • BARRY JONES

Written For the Screen by

HELEN DEUTSCH

Ballets by ROLAND PETIT

Featuring Ballet de Paris

Photographed in Eastman Color

Directed by CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by EDWIN H. KNOFF

An M-G-M Picture

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