

## Aug. 27 concert in D.C.

Once Marian Anderson and other great artists could not perform at Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C. At 7:30 p.m. on Friday, Aug. 27, the weekend of the 30th anniversary of Dr. King's "March on Washington," baritone Robert McFerrin, pianist Sylvia Olden Lee, and a host of musicians will celebrate, in Constitution Hall, the triumph of the principles of the Declaration of Independence over prejudice.

Civil rights heroine and Schiller Institute vice chairman Amelia Boynton Robinson wrote a letter inviting church groups and others to the concert. Some quotes follow: "In the joyful work in which we participated with the prophet Martin Luther King in the 1950s and 1960s, we were privileged to see Americans, from the most diverse backgrounds, decide to risk 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor' on behalf of the principle of Sacred Love.

"Dr. King referred to love as 'creative non-violence.' . . . By purifying our own motives, we were able to unleash a social force that no tyrant, no racist, no bureaucracy, and no honest heart or mind, was able to resist.

"Now, today, almost 30 years later, that same force is needed, more than ever before. And, we recently saw this force of Love act in November of 1989 with the fall of the

Berlin Wall. . . .

"Often, it was music which carried the day against munitions. In Leipzig, it was the Leipzig orchestra and its conductor, who helped to stop the secret police from massacring demonstrators. In the streets of Prague, a week after a student had been killed in a demonstration, hundreds of thousands gathered in the streets to defy the regime, and many sang 'We Shall Overcome—Deep in my heart, I do believe, we shall overcome some day.'

"The poetry of Friedrich Schiller, after whom our Institute is named, 'Ode To Joy,' was sung in Tiananmen Square, in Beijing; and in Berlin, where people danced on the broken-down Wall, the music of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony greeted the newly liberated East German citizens as they walked through to the West.

"I have found that the work of such people as Martin Luther King, Jr., Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes, and Paul Robeson, is much better appreciated, and in some cases better known, in Europe than in the United States. I believe that we must, if we are to survive as a nation, honor these people and the principles for which they stood.

"Music cannot be separated from the struggle of the Americans in the civil rights movement, for the inalienable rights of all men. In fact, I believe that we must teach our children the great repertoire that these singers performed, for it was the spirit of these songs that 'pulled us through the wilderness.' "

blood, though that, of course, makes it easier for him. Schubert was a thorough German, but when he wrote Hungarian music, as in the second movement of the C-Major Symphony, or in some of his piano pieces, like the Hungarian Diverissement, he struck the true Magyar note, to which all Magyar hearts, and with them our own, must forever respond. This is not a *tour de force*, but only an instance of how much can be comprehended by a sympathetic genius. The white composers who wrote the touching negro songs which dimmed Thackeray's spectacles so that he exclaimed, "Behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity!" had a similarly sympathetic comprehension of the deep pathos of slave life. If, as I have been informed they were, these songs were adopted by the negroes on the plantations, they thus became true negro songs. Whether the original songs which most have inspired the composers came from Africa or originated on the plantations matters as little as whether Shakespeare invented his own plots or borrowed them from others. The thing to rejoice over is that such lovely songs exist and are sung at the present day. I, for one, am delighted by them. Just so it matters little whether the inspira-

tion for the coming folk songs of America is derived from the negro melodies, the songs of the creoles, the red man's chant, or the plaintive ditties of the homesick German or Norwegian. Undoubtedly the germs for the best of music lie hidden among all the races that are commingled in this great country. The music of the people is like a rare and lovely flower growing amidst encroaching weeds. Thousands pass it, while others trample it under foot, and thus the chances are that it will perish before it is seen by the one discriminating spirit who will prize it above all else. The fact that no one has as yet arisen to make the most of it does not prove that nothing is there.

Not so many years ago Slavic music was not known to the men of other races. A few men like Chopin, Glinka, Moniuszko, Smetana, Rubenstein, and Tchaikowski, with a few others, were able to create a Slavic school of music. Chopin alone caused the music of Poland to be known and prized by all lovers of music. Smetana did the same for us Bohemians. Such national music, I repeat, is not created out of nothing. It is discovered and clothed in new beauty, just as the myths and the legends of a people are brought to light and crystallized in undying verse by the master poets. All