

# The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publications of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is published daily except Saturday, Monday, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates mailed \$4 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered, \$6 and \$2.25 per quarter.

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PHOTOGRAPHERS—Cornell Wright, Bill Stone-street.

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## Daisy

—Norman Jarrard—

Edmund Wilson is having a good year. Not too long ago he published a volume of critical essays, *Classics and Commercialis*, which was followed by a similar book, *The Shores of Light*. An early Anchor Book reprint will be his *To the Finland Station*. (Most non-specialists probably remember him best for his *Memoirs of Hecate County*, a collection of short stories which was banned because one of the stories described the actions of making love—in an inoffensive manner it seemed to me—in realistic detail.)

The book in hand, however, is a reprint of Wilson's *I Thought of Daisy* (Ballantine and Farrar, Straus, \$35 & 1.50; 216 pp.), which was first published in 1929. It well deserves a revival. It is a novel about the Twenties and the people who lived those years and made them some of the most interesting in our history.

What astonishes me—as Noah Webster would say—is that Wilson was so well able to understand what was happening while he was still in the middle of everything himself. The sympathetic satiric tone of the story probably shows that the author felt that he too had gone through the same phases that he runs his characters through.

Wilson says that he thought of writing a sequel to *Daisy*, but, "by the time you have finished this book, if you do, you will no doubt have had enough of *Daisy*." However, I think most people will like *Daisy* as much as I did. I enjoyed her naturalness and her wisecracks.

One place that I found amusing occurs when the narrator had just found out that the man *Daisy* was living with was not married to her. *Daisy* commented realistically, "It was a lucky thing, too; if I'd married him, it would have been harder to leave him."

There are a lot of passages I would like to quote. There is Wilson's frank forward in which he tells what he was trying to do and what he failed to do. I let this suffice for quotes from the story: "I thought of *Daisy* under her different aspects, as she had seemed to me at different times—and I remembered the literary productions which at one time or another she had inspired—all so different from my present vision of her, from our present reality: first, the night that I had met her at Ray Coleman's, the cool Gallic short story I had imagined, with its humanitarian irony—then, the night that we had gone to the movies, the romantic apostrophe of the sonnet—then, when I had visited Pete and *Daisy* in the country, the savage moralistic satire which the letter I had received from Rita and the spectacle of Grosbeak's equanimity had prevented me from writing. I had, in fact, rejected all these projects—as I had outgrown those phases of myself of which my successive conceptions of *Daisy* had been merely the reflections in another."

"And now I felt that I should be content if I could only make some sketches of *Daisy*, as I remembered her at different times and places—if I could only hit off, in prose, her attitudes, her gestures, her expressions, the intonations of her voice—preserve them so they should not vanish, as Degas had done for his dancers—dreamed a whole series of *Daisy* . . ."

He who seeks knowledge is seeking the connections between things. He is not interested in mere detached items of information. He wants to find out how things are related. His mere opinions do not count and he should not foist them on his students. But he should be free to express any conclusions he reaches as a result of his study in his own field, explaining how he reaches them. His conclusions may be faulty, but there is no other road to knowledge. Nor is there any other way to education since the teacher is out to train the student's mind, not to load his memory with indigestible "facts."

This, then, is the freedom the scholar needs, the freedom that is now on the defensive. Why is it important? Why does it matter much to anyone but the scholar? Why should the people, too, be concerned if this freedom is threatened or abridged?

(To be concluded next Sunday.)

'But, Winnie, There Were No Cartridges In It'



## Judgment Over Daniel

John Taylor

It was indeed a pleasant relief to observe that at the close of "Judgment Over Daniel," the Playmakers' final full-length experimental production of the year, the stage was not littered with corpse as it had been at the end of the two preceding works. For although Frank Groseclose's play is a serious domestic drama, it thankfully lacked the melodramatic mass murders with which "The Pink Circus" and "Ballad for Jeannie" had been climaxed.

The *Daniel* of the title is a supposed drunkard—whether he actually is or not is left vague. Consequently, he is the source of much worry on the part of the other members of his family, which include his father and mother, his wife, his brother and his brother's wife. His mother, a religious soul, holds a family prayer meeting to decide what to do with him. In the meantime *Daniel* and Agatha, his wife, have a discussion in a barn on approximately the same subject and later appear at the meeting, which climaxes in the realization of the family that he is not the weak individual they had believed him to be.

The simplicity and the deft and moving characterizations of the play make it extremely effective in places and ranks it as one of the better experimental productions. However there are some aspects of it that should be altered and some that should

be made clearer. Number one on the list of grievances is the religious element, which seemed out of place and added little or nothing to the play. The simple fact that it is there at all and is frequently stressed, particularly in the long prayer meeting scene, shifts attention to a subject, which in this play should be, at most, secondary. If the mother were the principal character, the scene would then take on meaning, but as the play now stands, it is simply disturbing.

Also causing some consternation to this playgoer was the device of having the important scene between *Daniel* and Agatha, one of the most moving ones of the play, occur in the barn. When with very little alteration it could occur more simply and with no loss of effect in the living room set in which the rest of the play takes place.

Other complaints registered here are the vagueness of the anguish over Agatha's pregnancy, the tremendous length of the scene occurring towards the beginning of the play between Robert, the other son, and his wife Nancy, most of which could be cut to keep the show from slowing down, and the lack of a center of focal interest among the characters.

If these criticisms seem unnecessarily severe, it is only because "Judgment Over Daniel" is generally an excellent play from a talented young playwright. Groseclose has shown a good insight into character and a fine knowledge of what is good theatre in many dramatically ef-

fective scenes and speeches. He bears watching, for what he needs now is development as a writer; then active ability is there.

John Miller's direction kept what might have been a slightly talky play moving to the point of theatrical excitement in many moments. He had a fine cast with which to work. The stars of the coming evening were Neta Whitty and Bill Trotman. In the role of Agatha Miss Whitty showed the woman's mental conflict with every vocal inflection, movement, and facial expression and gave a well-integrated and thoroughly effective performance. Trotman was equally good in his warm and human portrayal of the inwardly strong and understanding father.

Lillian Prince was quite convincing as Mother Graham, the strong-willed but mistaken matriarch of the family, and Betty Vickery as Nancy, although overly emotional in parts of her long scene with her husband, turned in an natural and winning job as Nancy.

The same cannot be said for Charles Hadley, who, as Robert, was properly stuffy, but lacked the compassion to give the character more than one dimension. In the pivotal role of *Daniel* Milton Beyer gave a competent performance, but lacked the fire to project across the footlights the inner torment of the man.

"Judgment Over Daniel" is a moving evening in the theatre. Its improvement should be in its moving evening in the theatre. over the characters, rather than simply to general interest.

## The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

("The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . ." Hippocritus; circa 500 B. C.)

The Horse is nobody to have reading over your shoulder; his eyes are so large they click like billiard balls when he blinks them, and he doesn't merely breathe on your neck, but stormily down it. So when he disappeared I sighed my relief and went on with my perusal of the Korean War news; and then returned to read more of the reception given North Carolina's first returned POW from the Chinese Reds.

Then, the very feather of a wisp of a breeze told me The Horse was back. I tried to ignore him. "For the love of Mike," he chattered inelegantly. I declined the gambit.

"Loud, sing cuckoo- Alas and welladay!" I conceded I was checkmated. So? "I've been to Korea, and to Jacksonville, N. C." "I knew somewhere else he could go." "We are hoist by our own mortar," he gloomed. Petard was the word, not mortar.

"A mortar is a modern petard," The Horse explained. "Zounds, you churl, you should bring yourself up to date. I shall assist in this if you will but listen. Mark Clark's offer of a hundred-thousand dollars for a nice new shiny MIG is old hat, and we are in danger of losing the war anon. By the way, 'anon' means 'immediately,' and not 'soon.'"

If there is anything I hate more than an ignorant horse, it is an educated horse. Him and his English 3!

"Have it my way," The Horse agreed pleasantly. "But have you considered what may happen if these Homecoming Jacksonville-Pots get any bigger? It's swell this GI got home, but—well, first they make a Full General salute him and speak to him, see?"

How did he know the General was full? "Then," The Horse went on chitteringly, "they give him a gold key to the city, hockable at maybe Five; a letter from the Governor; a parade, complete with band; money; luggage; a watch. You know what I think? I think it is a Communist-inspired plot, and Joe McCarthy should booby-trap the area with his little red mousetraps, that's what I think."

I recognized this as The Horse's normal cerebrations.

"All right," he surprised me by agreeing, "but just picture yourself hiding in a foxhole, and wondering what the boys in Danziger's Back Room were doing—as if you didn't know—and how a good juicy steak tasted, and things like that, and wishing your rotation would hurry up and kindly to rotate. And suddenly you snap your hooves—"

I didn't have any hooves, thank you. "You will have-if you don't stop interrupting," The Horse warned. "And suddenly you snap your hooves and say, 'Why didn't I think of this before!' The very next Chinese patrol you meet, you're on your way home."

The way I saw it, the returned GI should be given a Congressional Medal after he got through shaking hands with the Chamber of Commerce, having the Legion fire a volley over his head, and having to listen to all that speech-making.

I'm going to see an oculist, because The Horse agreed with me, and The Horse has imperfect vision. "I guess you're right," he chattered. "But how else are all these Home Guards going to compensate the GI's service? Hey, I got it—Get all this stuff together for them—they certainly enjoy it quietly! Don't even say who it is from."

See what I mean about The Horse's vision?

## CPU Roundtable

Bob Pace

Tonight at 8 the Carolina Political Union is discussing the problem of religious tolerance and the preservation of American freedom.

This should be a lively discussion. It seems that many Protestants (and especially the Baptists) have great fear that Catholicism is unAmerican. We must have separation of church and state they insist, and proceed to send representatives to Washington to do the very thing "those Catholics" are accused of doing:

And what do we mean by the word Catholic? Usually it is Roman Catholic; for there are other Catholics, namely Orthodox and Episcopalians. Then what do we mean by tolerance? For the Catholic christian there is a difference between tolerance and charity. Charity is a christian virtue. We love all persons regardless of race or creed because God loves them and died for their (and our) redemption.

Whereas tolerance is accepting ones ideas as being at least as good as your own. For a christian this is impossible since Jesus Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; and anything apart from Him is false. The question of where final loyalty lies always arouses controversy. A christian must be loyal to (See CPU, page 3)

## Express Yourself

Editor:

I was interested to read John Taylor's garbled rehash Friday of the movie review of "Hans Christian Anderson" which first appeared in the December 1st issue of *Time*.

By using the words "trumped-up" and "illogical" as applied to the plot, Mr. Taylor gives the wrong impression, as the movie claims to be only "a fairy tale about a great spinner of fairy tales."

Though I must agree with many of Mr. Taylor's comments on the movie, I cannot agree with his remarks on the ballet and the casting. A great deal of taste was used in the choice and design of the settings of the ballet, as well as in the costumes and staging.

The 22 minute run of "The Little Mermaid" was delightful and diverting entertainment. As for the cast, with the exception of Farley Granger, they were most acceptable and appealing, particularly the young boy who played the part of Han's apprentice.

Rosemary Neill

## Off Campus

Never Say Die

Sloppy weather has caused the cancellation of many outdoor activities everywhere. At Brown the sport problem is being partially solved by having indoor turtle races to entertain the sport enthusiasts.

Buck Up

When pre-dirtied white bucks went on sale recently at Harvard, the novelty received a good deal of publicity. We note just a touch of jealousy in the Cornell Sun, which advertised them in the Fall. The Sun titled the Harvard idea "beastly clever." All that fuss over a little grime.

