

Gusto From British

John Taylor

The infamous, nefarious, and intriguing world of Hogarth, sketcher of eighteenth century England, bursts forth onto the screen with the vigor and excitement of a Bacchanalian revel in the stunning film adaptation of "The Beggar's Opera," which today begins a two-day run at the Carolina.



The thieves and prostitutes, the murderers and madams, the lechers and blue bloods are all present in director Peter Brook's panoply of sin and degradation in bygone Britain. Oh, not that the British don't sin today, but, if the picture gives any true indication, they did it with so much more gusto in the past. And Brook has captured it all with the expert skill of a combination tinter-animator as he sends Hogarth's teeming, brawling world careening across the screen. The film may be most associated with the name of Laurence Olivier, who produced and stays in it, but it is Brook, with his master strokes of grouping and feeling, who makes it come to life.

Into the midst of this pictorial tumult rides the dashing Captain Macheath, known in a thousand different legends for his daring robberies, his hay-loft activities, and his brilliant red coat. During the greater portion of the film he is in and out of jail, in and out of the adoring arms of the pretty Polly Peachum and the lusty Lucy Lockit, and in and out of trouble with practically all the remaining characters. Eventually, fate catches up with Macheath and he is carted off to the gallows amid much sympathetic jubilation and riotous drunkenness. However, such a carefree story as this could not be allowed to end unhappily, and in the nick of time he is returned to freedom "by an opera made by a beggar."

"The Beggar's Opera" is one of the classics of English literature and it has been given a production befitting its esteemed position. No expense has been spared in giving it the polish and overall professional look at which the British are so adept, when they put their minds to it. A look at the credit-cards in which one finds the names of Olivier, Brook, Christopher Fry, Sir Arthur Bliss, George Wakhevitch, Muir Mathieson, Stanley Holloway, and Dorothy Tutin, all top names in their respective fields, will show that the producers meant business—and incidentally, meant to get business—when they made this one.

However, a film based on a relatively antiquated satirical opera is, by necessity, bound to be appreciated only by those who have an acquired taste for products of the genre. It is very much of a delicacy, somewhat like snails and caviar, not available in large quantities and succulent only to those whose taste runs in that direction. But for the connoisseurs, this is a gem.

The scenes that will appeal to the most people, mainly because they are the best ones, are the ones laid in the prison, the pubs, the gaming house, and the final procession to the gallows. It is here that the movie is at its brawling, lusty best and here that it becomes truly memorable. The wild fandango between Macheath and the ladies of easy virtue (to whom he refers much more bluntly), the fierce gaiety of the gambling tables, and the exuberant abandon of the mutinous prisoners are moments not easy to forget.

It would hardly be fair to criticize what is essentially a musical film without once mentioning the music, but here your reviewer must admit to a scanty knowledge of the subject. The tunes are quite pretty, but the voices seemed somewhat unsatisfactory, which was accounted for here by the assumption that this music requires somewhat specialized singing, suitable only for productions of this kind.

YOU Said It

Editor: I found Wednesday's article on Mr. Charles M. Jones to be quite interesting. I feel that Mr. Jones expresses very well the present day trend in religious thought among many persons. It seems that to persons of this school of thought religion is not a matter of revealed Truth but rather is a subjective creation of the mind. Whatever may be the merits of this method of thinking (I personally can find none in it), it is not the Christian approach to religion. Today there seems to be a fear of religious dogma; either it is classed as being unscientific or opposed to the exercise of the freedom of the mind.

Christian Doctrine is neither unscientific nor a limit upon the intellectual freedom of man. In fact it is only in Christianity that man is truly free. The Christian approach is subjective in that it faces the fact that there is something wrong with man (The Church calls it Original Sin) and that this wrong must be made right. Here the approach becomes objective.

Where is the remedy for our ailment? It cannot be in ourselves for with all the advancements of civilization man has not learned to truly love one another.

Is there an answer? With complete assurance the Christian answers that there is—Jesus Christ. Two thousand years ago this man appeared on the scene in a unique manner—being born of a virgin. This man claimed to be not merely a man, neither a prophet, but God incarnate. Living a life of pure love this God-Man was put to death by the society of the times which could not accept One who dared to be what man ought to be.

Dying with forgiveness on His lips, three days later He gave proof of His claim to be God—His own bodily resurrection. While on earth this God-Man established the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church; which was to be His mystical body; and to which He gave His own authority. In His Name the Church has always proclaimed what He himself said, namely that He is "the way, the truth, and the life."

Mr. Jones expresses very well the crux of religion so far as he goes: "To love God with all my being—heart, soul, mind and strength; and to love my neighbor as myself." But he forgot to add that such is possible to its fullest extent only in and through—Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

Robert Pace

Joe College Is Studied

"U. S. Campus Kids of 1953: Unkiddable and Unbeatable," says Newsweek's headline. Thus, armed with catchy phrases and generalizations, the weekly news magazine enters an analysis field heretofore monopolized by TIME.

Questions Newsweek? What are the 2,500,000 undergraduates like as people? What do they worry about and what do they want? What influence has the second world war and its veterans had on the campus? What are the morals and mores of today's collegians? To find the answers it made an intensive study, Newsweek said, of seven institutions of higher learning, all "essentially different" (UCLA, Georgia Tech, Northwestern, Georgetown, Howard, Princeton, and Vassar).

What the magazine does is to take the answers and make them typify the attitudes of college students in the United States. We don't think this can accurately be done. And if you'll pardon our generalization, may we say that Newsweek's generalizations don't apply here.

We're almost without fads, the magazine says, drink less, have less sexual promiscuity, accept McCarthyism, take a renewed interest in religion, and so on. The answers, as recorded by Newsweek, are more incisive than any thinking for which they give us credit. The sentences have a polished, copywriter ring and the sentiments imply an understanding which we think is more sparse than universal.

Perhaps Newsweek needs to be reminded of the thought that the average man is far from average.

New World, Old Style

Here on a campus where even Duke University, located but eight miles away, is thought of as "foreign," we hunch closer everyday into our turtle shell.

Our look at the rest of the world is as dead as last year's Duke game. Yet, while we prime for a better Duke game we keep the same outmoded world view.

Now we say we're interested in the world and people — all people. But we keep on looking at ourselves instead of those around us.

Looking around us: There's hungry East Germany. It's a lot further off than Orange County, but there men's stomachs may sway political philosophy.

There's India with 85% of its people illiterate and the average citizen earning only \$20 per capita.

There's Pakistan, that portion of India that was partitioned into a new country, a country about which most of us know or care little. Korea, Tehran, Iran—the list is long. Almost every name is strange to us.

The Indian rice farmer, the Korean peasant and the Tehran oil laborer are looking around. The great war of ideas that we wage makes them ask if communism is the best way to live. Always they are looking around, asking and thinking.

But we here have trouble looking past Orange County.

Nothing Wrong

Joyce Adams

There's nothing wrong with progress. Indeed, if we take Webster's word for it, it is only the evolution of mankind as a process or fact. It has also come to mean a gradual bettering of conditions for the human race.

An automobile is not progress; neither is a TV set, penicillin or the atom bomb. But they are indicative of the achievements of the human mind of this generation. They are the products of a process of thought which started with time, and has no end. They are fruits of the knowledge that has gone before, with each generation adding its minutiae to it.

What we call progress is actually an exposing or unleashing of certain powerful forces, which we harness to work for us. Isn't this true of every criteria of progress whether it be mechanical, medical, or psychological. The trouble with the human race is that it refuses to accept the responsibility for controlling these forces. Every great discovery of mankind has produced detrimental consequences when put to a negative use by foolish, careless or ignorant people.

If progress is to mean what we want it to mean, a world where everyone has a chance to get enough to eat, a chance to live, a chance to do the little things that make life worthwhile, we must accept the responsibilities for helping those who are the bottom of the heap.

The human race may be likened to a team of horses. The ones who are strongest may pull hard, and do most of the work, but they can go no faster than the slowest mule. We may not like it, but we are all in the same game, and the better we teach everyone to play, the more we're going to get out of it.

Nothing stays the same. Change is necessary and progress is part of the change. The human race likes to think it is getting better all the time. The cynic says, "Better for what?"

The optimist cites longer life expectancy, higher literacy rates and better standards of living. These have come about for many nations.

But in a world that is getting smaller all the time, there can be no rich and poor, hungry, and well-fed, literate and ignorant, without strife and agitation. This is what causes wars.

We are all our brother's keepers, whether we want to be or not. If we don't look out for the other fellow he is apt to cut our throat and take what we have. And can you really blame him?

When the human race accepts its responsibility of helping the other fellow, of teaching him how to help himself to use the vast wealth of human knowledge for his own betterment, then we will really be progressing.

The world's greatest thinkers have often been amateurs; for high thinking is the outcome of fine and independent living, and for that a professional chair offers no special opportunities. — Havelock Ellis.



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Arguing inside the National Security Council recently Adm. Arthur Radford proposed that we outlaw the hydrogen and atom bombs just as we outlaw poison gas.

However, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff said he was willing to see armies use baby A-bombs and atomic artillery, since they can be used on strictly military targets. He would outlaw only "block busters" which could blow up an entire city block.

This may be the fly in an otherwise sensible proposal. For no international commission exists to measure the size of atomic bombs; and once any kind of atomic weapon is used, it would be pretty hard to regulate them.

NOTE — The ban on poison gas by international treaty has been pretty well kept.

Last February President Eisenhower told Howard Mitchell, conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra, that he likes to get to bed early, didn't expect to attend any of the winter's concerts. The other day, however, he bowed to custom and attended the season's opening. . . . Despite reports that the President plays golf with "anyone handy around the club," each foursome is carefully selected in advance. He tries to compose a group consisting of one Senator, one Representative and one out-of-town visitor. A recent foursome included Congressman Les Arends, a Republican

of Illinois; Missouri's Democratic Sen. Stu Symington and Colorado's Gov. Dan Thornton. An occasional club member hovers around, hoping to play with Ike, but the President usually has his team well organized. . . .

When Ike finishes a round of golf, he goes to the locker room, is just one of the boys. He takes a shower, frequently relaxes at a brief bridge game. . . . Right after Ike was elected, the Secret Service ran a check on every employee of the Burning Tree Club. The club members, however, were not investigated on the theory that no dangerous characters would ever attain membership. . . . When the President plays golf there are more Secret Service men around than there are caddies. Explained one S. S. agent: "We keep mighty busy on that golf course. You know those golf bags we tote around contain carbines — not shotguns, as is frequently rumored. Shotguns are for close work, and anyone we don't like isn't going to get close enough to the President for a close shot."

Gov. Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin of Maryland was the honored luncheon guest aboard the Australian cruiser Sydney when that vessel called at Baltimore. Arriving aboard late, the governor made his apologies to Capt. H. J. Buchanan, who told him to think nothing of it and offered him a drink.

"Just a glass of ginger ale," said the governor of Maryland. Whereupon Captain Buchanan ordered all liquor removed from the ship's mess-room.

"Don't do that for me," said

Governor McKeldin. "I don't want to deprive others of a drink. I just don't drink myself."

"Aboard this ship," replied the Aussie Commander, "we do as our honor guest does."

A minute later, an American came up to McKeldin, put his arm around his shoulder and said: "Governor, I can't tell you how glad we are that you were 45 minutes late."

There's been some criticism of Secretary of State Dulles for sending his law partner, Arthur Dean, to Panmunjom, instead of an experienced diplomat, for the preliminary peace talks. However, Dean is an able, clear-headed lawyer who was smart enough to advise Wall Street to co-operate with the Securities and Exchange Commission back in 1933, instead of bucking it. He should be a good negotiator.

The preliminary Korean peace talks he is conducting are a lot more important than the public realizes. Dean has been told to find out whether the Chinese Communists will do business without clearing every move with Moscow. It so — and if the Chinese are willing to deal directly with us — it may be the first step toward peaceful relations between the U. S. and Red China.

If not, and if we get nowhere with the Korean peace talks, the State Department appears about ready to go for the drastic plan long advocated by General MacArthur of blocking the China coast and taking every step short of war to break the back of the Red China regime.

This is the big decision facing Dulles' law partner.

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