

The Fault

Student-faculty relationships were never worse. If you don't believe it, ask the next student you meet his troubles; he'll lead off with "that blankety-blank pedant (or worse) in Bingham (or Murphy or Venable) who thinks he's a teacher."

This strained state of affairs might be expected, since there remain only ten days until exams. But the cleavage goes deeper. We listened, only yesterday, to a student deliver himself of the opinion that the University may as well close its doors for a year or two, stock up on new professors, and then try again. "And the administration," he said, "is worse. It is dealing in administration for administration's sake. Students are forgotten."

Well, it is true we have our pedants (or worse) and it is true that South Building has its lunkheads. However, (and we will probably get thrown out of the League-For-Protection-of-Students-Against-All-Comers for saying it) most of the University's shortcomings are not thrust upon the students but are, instead, nourished by them. And sometimes, created by them.

Item: Entire class is invited by genial professor to eat supper at his house. All accept invitation eagerly. One-sixth of class appears.

Item: Two Negro members of the student body live in segregated rooms in Steele Dormitory. Student body remains indifferent.

Item: While students complain of "nothing to do", art exhibits go unattended, stimulating speakers talk to near empty halls, library books gather dust, concert series tickets remain unsold.

Item: George the dog, a symbol of the campus, nears the end of his rope in the Humane Society's pens, but is yet to have an energetic student champion to help save his life.

All this is not to say that there aren't encouraging signs here and there. Cobb Dormitory's recent invitation to President Gray, and his subsequent well-received speech there, is as hopeful as anything this year for a re-birth of easy student-faculty-administration cordiality.

But if a teacher is not stimulating in class, it's likely that the class members are not stimulating, themselves, and everybody goes to sleep. The answer to this one is with the students; they should gang up and agree on a batch of loaded questions.

If a teacher is cold, he's probably tired of wasting warmth on an unresponsive class. We've seen more than one enthusiastic teacher beaten down by a room full of cross-word-workers.

The point of our wandering little homily is this: The one group that can accomplish reforms, that can put life in the University's weary carcass, that can revivify the valuable old student-faculty friendships and make life richer on the campus is—the students.

Shakespeare said it in a sentence: The fault . . . is in ourselves.

Bucks For The Band

The student Legislature will act tonight on a bill to appropriate \$11,000 to the Band for new instruments and uniforms.

The Daily Tar Heel agrees that the Band needs the money, but feels the Legislature is not the place to get it.

It can't come from the University, which is almost broke; if it comes from the Legislature, the student body will be broke.

The clear way out of the dilemma for the Band is the Playmakers' way—sponsor some top-notch student entertainment at a profit. The Playmakers should make a mint from "Three For Tonight" and "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial."

There's still time for the Band to go and do likewise.

The Daily Tar Heel

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which first opened its doors in January 1793

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Carolina Front

'Burnt Bridges' & 'Color Notes' Are Different

Louis Kraar

REMEMBERING Woman's College Chancellor E. K. Graham's statement that uninhibited self-expression belongs in art galleries, I padded across the muddy campus yesterday to view the current crop of expressions in Person Hall.

John Rembert, an artist who formerly taught here at Carolina, has on display a group of drawings that to me seem unusual. They seem to illustrate what's called uninhibited self-expressions too.

Hembert has a series of seven paintings called "Burnt Bridges," which are scenes from the past as seen by the artist. I'm no art critic, but Rembert's drawings of "Adam and Eve," "Atlasburden," and "Susan and the Blindmen" are different.

Incidentally, many of the drawings show the human figure undraped, both male and female. I trust Chancellor Graham, who censured the WC literary magazine for a male nude, won't be offended by the Rembert works since they're in an art gallery.

★
WHILE IN an art-viewing mood, I stopped in on the Morehead building's exhibit by Chapel Hill artist Floyd Hunter.

"Color Notes" is a series of pictures on the race problem that says more than the most ardent National Association for the Advancement of Colored People member could say.

Hunter's exhibit is "intended as a current set of notions on passing scenes of color in a region long noted for intense relations of color," according to a poster.

Examples of Hunter's editorial in pictures are paintings like "Communication 1954." This one shows a Negro trumpeter playing for a white man. "The message is simple and clear to the listener," says the caption.

★
ALL THE WORLD is a stage department: Joel Fleishman, whose main love has been politics since his freshman year, has turned his head and interests to the field of drama.

Fleishman's friends are surprised. His enemies, who have learned to expect anything from the versatile student leader, don't believe it.

★
REPUBLICANS around Capitol Hill these days are wishing each other a "moderately progressive" New Year.

★
BEST JOKE in the new Tarantion, which comes out today: "The difference between a frat man and a dorm man is that while a frat man and his date are looking for an arboretum bench, the dorm man builds one."

★
TWO COEDS were talking at Harry's Grill about the popular view that girls come to college to find husbands.

"I always have told you that I wasn't going to attend college to look for a husband," one said. "Yeh, but everybody used to tell you that before they came," her friend replied.

★
PRIVILEGE I doubt four men still enjoy:

According to the last issue of the Carolina Quarterly, Oxford and Cambridge eventually attained a position "of such importance that two representatives from each were granted a place in Parliament, a privilege these four men still enjoy today."

Only catch to that statement is that the two universities have enjoyed the privilege of sending representatives to Parliament for over a century. I doubt if ever Oxford or Cambridge men were that long.

The Subtle & Magnetic Ways Of The Cultural Arts

Kermit Hunter

(This is a condensation of a speech to the Piedmont Arts Conference at Winston-Salem. For an analysis of some of Mr. Hunter's own work, see the column by Ed Yoder on this page.—Editor.)

Why should a community be interested in the cultural arts?

We can all think of a hundred good reasons, but altogether we can group these reasons perhaps under three major headings.

Let us look first at the simple matter of pleasure and entertainment.

What do we do these days in America when we are not working? Mainly, we sit. Movies, radio, television, theater, sports events—we are a nation of watchers and lookers. Fred Allen suggested that television represents the triumph of equipment over people, that the next generation will have eyes like cantaloupes and no brains at all.

But we need not take out our spite on television; we must take it out on ourselves

for becoming a race of lazy lookers who demand entertainment at an ever-increasing tempo. No one can deny that a generation or two more of this sit-and-look kind of entertainment will have a profound effect on the creative energies of our people. Gradually we reach the point where we accept whatever—and all—that "they" (whoever they may be) put before us. We lose taste, discrimination, and inspiration—and we come to think in terms of what someone else suggests.

Then why don't we stop this eternal side-lines existence and get out on the playing field? Simply because we have not taken the time or the effort to set up the means for it.

One very plausible solution lies in the local arts council. And I do not mean the building that sits somewhere on a local street; I mean the ideals behind it, the knowledge that whatever we want to do is potentially available there, if we will make it so. You want to write? Then insist that the arts council stage seminars and conferences in creative writing and bring in guest experts to discuss it with you. You want to paint? Then get some brushes and paints and start painting, then see to it that the arts council has someone to criticize and help you. You like the idea of making trinkets in glazed pottery or enameled copper? Then get the arts council to do something about it.

All this leads, of course, to the creating of opportunities for active participation, the opening of new fields of interest, with the final result that we have six hobbies instead of one or two hobbies in which we are taking an active part. Suddenly we find ourselves busy, but in a different way: not the busy-ness of tension and strain, but the busy-ness of entertaining pursuits, hobbies that fascinate and occupy the mind and soul, that leave us feeling rested and uplifted. Pleasure? We don't know what it is until we start dabbling in painting, in music, in writing, in sculpture, in pottery work, in handicrafts of all kinds.

So much for the factor of sheer pleasure in the cultural arts. Let us turn briefly to another matter—the idea of a life purpose. I do not mean the choosing of a career—whether we shall be a doctor or a lawyer, a nurse, or a laboratory technician. I mean a life purpose, and end toward which we will go as a means of finding peace of mind and spirit.

Perhaps the most satisfying goal we can strive for is truth—or, if you prefer a more definite term, oneness with man and the universe, a sense of fulfillment, a feeling of having accomplished something noble and lasting in life.

If this is the end, then everything else we do is actually part of the means toward that end. Making a living, buying things, finding entertainment, worshipping God, doing our daily round of activities—all these are means. The end is truth.

Then what is happiness? Perhaps it lies simply in the realization that we are in progress toward some ideal, that we are busy at the matter of life and not sitting as it passes by. Happiness is surely a process. We find deep pleasure in being alive and active, and this is perhaps what happiness means, because it is a fleeting thing that comes in scattered golden moments. The final end must forever be some ideal toward which we always are going, but which we never quite attain in mortal existence.

If any of this is valid, then, it behooves

us to follow those pursuits which tend toward ultimate truth, which give us a feeling of fulfillment, that sense of oneness with God

and man. And for this purpose, I heartily recommend the cultural arts. Although art pursuits are individual things—one man or woman at work at a canvas, or working with clay or practicing at the piano—still they are cooperative things, because they draw us toward other men and women who seek these same rewards, and they draw us into communion with the greatest and best minds the human race has produced.

Let us choose one other factor in addition to pleasure and a life purpose—the matter of moral regeneration. There is no village so small, no city so large, that we are not faced this morning with what appears to be a head-long plunge into moral decadence.

Are we really a nation of maniacs? The clever talkers from Moscow stand before audiences of Chinese, Indonesians, Hindus, and Mau-Maus and explain these things to them, and how can we blame these confused people for choosing communism? We say, "Well, that's only one side of America." But must we have two sides? Must we have this ugly insane side also?

Religion is one answer, a return to the faith that gave this nation stability and strength—at least a return to some sort of religious idealism. But the burden of cleaning house is not the sole responsibility of the church. Those six days a week when we are not in church are even more important. The everyday pursuits, the jobs we work at, the pleasures we seek, the ends we have in view down deep in our individual subconscious—these are the things that need attention.

We need active participation in things that make for stability, for calm, for reason, for decency, for inspiration. There is no better answer, no more immediate and effective answer, than in the field of cultural arts: The ways of painting and music and craftsmanship are subtle and magnetic. Our sickness is a soul-sickness, and these things have a way of sifting into our souls in a quiet way, making us whole again.

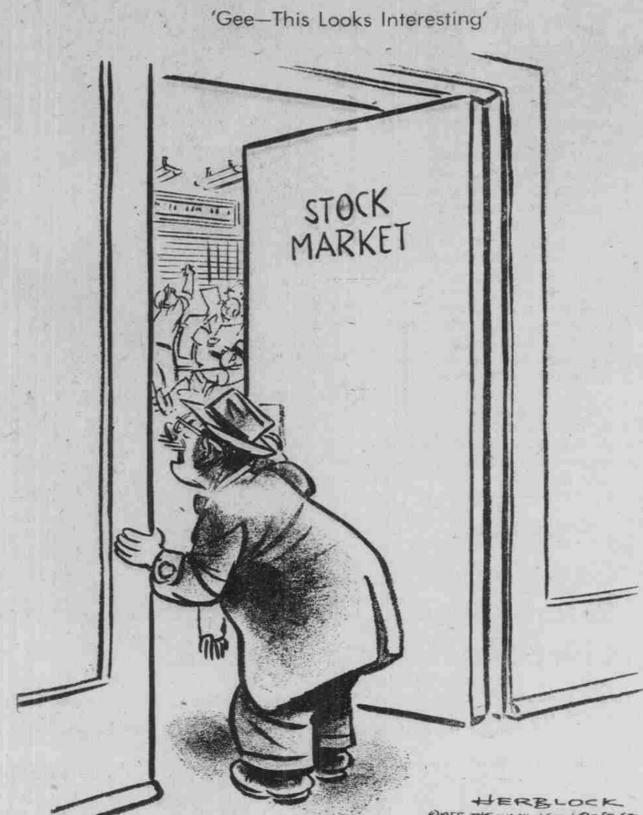
The man who leaves his office with a headache can sit for half an hour listening to Schubert or Mozart, and be refreshed. If he cannot, then for the sake of his health he had better try it. The housewife who finds herself harried, uncertain, put upon, and purposeless, can pick up her palette and work for an hour on her canvas, and all of a sudden the world is new and white once more. If she cannot do this, then she had better learn how.

Why? Because, as the words were spelled out on the sundial in Alfred Tennyson's lawn, "For lo, the night cometh."



HUNTER

... stability, calm, reason, decency.



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Flashing Eyes, Clanking Radiators

Ad Astra Per Aspera

Jim Wallace

(Mr. Wallace, a member of the Student Entertainment Committee, upon being requested to submit a review of the Rise Stevens concert night before last, complied with the following gray impression.—Editor.)

It was a cold night, last Tuesday, and there was a basketball game, but the faithful gathered at the Rise Stevens show in Memorial Hall.

By 7:40 the house was almost full, and there was a crowd of 200 faculty members and townspeople standing outside, waiting for the magic moment when a buck would get them inside—to warmth, and to Rise.

They got in, got warm, and promptly at eight o'clock, exactly on time, they got Rise. She swept onto the stage, her eyes flashing,



STEVENS

her red petticoat swinging, and behind the pancake, one could glimpse her face, set in a tentative smile, then a pout; and, after a moment, the look of a stricken Camille came over her.

Brightening quickly, and with a wave of her hand, she included James Shomate, the accompanist, who stepped forward into the picture. They bowed.

He sat, fingers poised, looking at her intently from the corner of his eye. She made a little moue at the audience, caressed her bunch of roses lovingly, gave the barest essence of a nod to the accompanist—whose hands reacted like released springs—and began to sing some Handel.

After Handel, there was Mozart, and Greig. Then the concert lapsed into some passable German, which eventually ended with *Nights*, by Richard Strauss.

Off in the distance could be heard the faint, metallic croak of a radiator frog, like a summer's night in Pittsburgh, out near the blast furnaces. Then some Saint-Saens and Intermession, and the audience drifted to the smoking rooms. The smoke drifted back into the hall, the audience followed, and it all began again. Mr. Shomate, modest and thirty, caressed the Steinway, caught in the blinding lights, along with the beautiful floral arrangement and the candelabrum.

Miss Stevens returned, sweeping out on a piece of white muslin left over from the Sound and Fury show. There was considerable applause, but the seats were hard, and many were sitting on their hands. There followed

five musical fragments, and, at long last, the role arrived which the artist had been playing all evening, the role of the tragic and beautiful Carmen.

But now the small radiator from Little Steel, was joined by a large, more clanky, radiator from Big Steel, and the artist, and the audience, began to feel the effects of competition. Occasionally a clear, sustained, fairly high, note could be heard without benefit of industrial syncopation. Miss Stevens now showed more haste than ever before, to get the thing over and done with as soon as possible. The audience, much of it, showed signs of being cooperative in this enterprise. The concert ended in a burst of arched eyebrows, taut lower lips, perfectly formed circles and beautifully executed ellipses, and brilliant teeth.

The stunningly-dyed blond hair, magnificently coiffed, flung itself high and then low in the smoky upper atmosphere of the stage, making it reminiscent of Brunhild's immolation or Carmen's cigarette factory just-caught-afire, and to add to this volcanic design, the radiators, encouraged by their previous operatic successes, struck up an off-beat Anvil Chorus, to send the concert into a fiery encore.

A songlet called "Hey, Edwin," ended too abruptly, and the applause signalled for more. Then a spell-binding "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord" left the audience in rapt attention, held them in a mood of silent appreciation, listening for pins to drop, or radiators to clank.

And, finally, Miss Stevens' rendition of "Because" partially redeemed her for her earlier inattentiveness to the business at hand. By now, it appeared that she no longer felt she was doing the audience such a big favor by making her highly lucrative appearance here.

And there were those recurring traces of sadness in her face, more so near the end of the evening. Looking toward the floor, her hands clasped, she would seem in deep thought, her mind far away, and then, as if she were awakening from a brief dream, she would look up, her eyes smiling, and gazing straight into the lights, she would give that little nod again, and the accomplished Mr. Shomate would once more provide background.

The attitude of sadness lingered. But after the sadness with that flash of fire from the coquetish, the snapping eyes, and with a return for an instant, and a beautifully-produced note would round itself, gather strength, and fill the crowded house.

And then, it was over. The audience drifted away, the autograph people went backstage, and then everyone had gone home, out into the cold night.

And inside the big hall, the hard seats sat silently, listening to the rhythms of the radiator frogs which would not sleep.

Green, Hunter Dramas Pose Influence Of Grass Roots Against Broadway

Ed Yoder

The death of Dr. Howard W. Odum, for years a leader in the creative work of the University, brought speculations as to whether that creative work is growing or waning.

The outdoor dramas now making a widening sweep of the U. S. have their real seeds in Chapel Hill. Yet, when speculations about creative activity here were being made, mention of them was sparse.

The credit for these striking additions to the American theater must go first to Paul Green, formerly a member of the philosophy department and a Pulitzer-prizewinning playwright, and to Kermit Hunter of the English department whose pen has produced excellent outdoor plays for the western parts of the state.

Paul Green's first outdoor drama, "The Lost Colony," has been playing annually on Roanoke Island since 1937—a long run in the history of any theater. Mr. Green's other continuing play, "The Common Glory," draws thousands of spectators to Williamsburg, Va. There, among restored colonial architecture, hoop-skirts, top hats, phaetons, on the old tramping grounds of Tom Jefferson himself, "The Common Glory" recounts the American Revolution.

Both "The Lost Colony" and "The Common Glory" recounts the American Revolution.

Both "The Lost Colony" and "The Common Glory" are uniquely American dramas. So are Mr. Hunter's western North Carolina plays—"Horn in the West," the story of Daniel Boone, and "Unto These Hills," telling of the white man's shameful banishment of the Chickasaws to Oklahoma.

Not only, then, can the outdoor plays be accounted real products of the creative force in Chapel Hill and the University of North Carolina. They symbolize a new movement in the American theater: a movement that stands in direct ranks with the folk theaters, a movement repudiating the idea that Broadway is the focal point of the genuine American drama.

Mr. Hunter, in eloquent and outspoken article for the New York Times on theatre section last July, set forth the credo of outdoor drama:

"The plays," Mr. Hunter wrote, "speak for the people themselves, their ancestors, and the ideals of American freedom which inspired the pioneers. The plays thus emerge with a firm religious tone, a sense of moral and intellectual integrity, a richness and a verve which, though hardly typical of the Broadway mood, are solidly characteristic of the American mind."

Mr. Hunter believes that "great national drama can rise only out of the people themselves. . . Here in the summer outdoors is being born the greatest and newest and most important movement yet seen in the American Theatre."

Mr. Green affirmed that belief in his recent collection of essays, *Dramatic Heritage*: "Where there were once five thousand theatre stages in the country and all an extension of Broadway and its syndicalists; now there are . . . fifty thousand, built and created by the people themselves for their own . . . purposes and vision. . . Though many of these plays and their productions are crude and unfortunately naive, they are still their own and have an enriching meaning to them. And always the quality is improving."

A feeling possibly lies behind the success of these outdoor dramas that America has served too long an apprenticeship to the older ways of Europe—that the theater arts in this country must sever the ties of imitation and begin to incorporate into their work what is distinctly native.

The outdoor dramas are dramatizations of American ideas and ideals. They pose what is native against what is foreign; they pose the influence of the grass roots against the metropolitan influence of Broadway. They have succeeded in gaining integrity and respect without playing the role of copycats. They are national without being nationalistic.

The outdoor drama of Mr. Green and Mr. Hunter is young. From the beginning it has won respect from the critics; but best of all, it has been greeted with enthusiasm by millions of people whose enthusiasm for drama would ordinarily be nil—but who feel in the outdoor drama a revitalization of ideas they can claim as their own.