Fowler's Position (Today, That Is)

Perhaps it's over-idealistic to expect anything close to complete consistency from politicians, even student politicians. But we think not, particularly on a campus where reason and reasonableness are purveyed in classrooms daily.

Watching student President Don Fowler these last few weeks, we've taken to wondering how he himself keeps up with his own positions on campus questions.

Take the issue of the Carolina Symposium, for instance:

1. Last Thursday night, Fowler told the student Legislature in a message not to give $1,000 to the Symposium. He didn't say why.

(Symposium is a stundent group, headed by Manning Muntzing, which plans to bring a number of speakers to campus for a week this spring to discuss key regional, national, and international questions. Every student organization approached so far has given the group financial support.)

2. After the Legislature had given Symposium $1,000, Fowler praised the group with: "I like the idea, and think it would be an intellectual asset to the campus."

3. Later, the student President, asked whether he still opposed the Symposium grant, told a reporter that he was uncertain.

4. Finally, after another long session with a reporter on Monday, Fowler went into a huddle with his political cronies.

Our last report was that President Fowler signed the $1,000 appropriation bill into law and thereby gave his full support to Symposium. And we're glad.

But why didn't the chief executive do it in the first place?

Fowler, since the beginning of Symposium, has been a member of its planning committee. He was as fully aware of its intellectual value last Thursday night, when he told the Legislature not to give it support, as he was later, when he signed the bill.

Several excuses for this action have come to our attention, none of which hold water. Fowler's alleged hesitation over financial stability of student government was needless; he knew that $1,000 would hardly dent reserves. Political and personal antagonism between Fowler's chief advisor Attorney General David Reid and Muntzing have been mentioned; this excuse is too petty to merit comment.

When student voters go to the polls this spring, we trust they'll search for some consistency, for a candidate who has a clear set of values and follows them.

When Empiricism Won't Bother Aunt Fanny

In the Ford Foundation's magnificent gift to the nation's privately-supported hospitals, colleges, and universities, there may be the psychological, as well as the philanthropical, twist.

The buckshot-brain boys of the American Legion and Congressman B. Carroll Reece's committee on the tax-free foundations have followed the philanthropic organizations whining like furies. The foundations, like most worthwhile institutions, have amassed quite a few labels. They are "pink," they are "red," they are, O miserable to say, flaming scarlet. They are "empiricistic," "relativistic," "pragmatic."

So thoroughly have they been stuck with all the little stigmata of the hour that even Henry Ford II, though chairman of the board, wrote a ludicrous letter "as a private citizen" registering "concern" with Ford Foundation doings. The truth is that the Foundation's Fund for the Republic has caught the leather-larynxed witch doctors with their fake rattles showing. That is unhealthy for the witch doctors, and they set out to bring the foundation into discredit with the ignorant, the liberal, and the uninformed.

But there is, and the Ford Foundation has found it, a route to the American heart: The pocketbook. Down through every private hospital and college coffer in every nook in every state of the land the Ford Foundation has freehandedly dispensed 500 million dollars. It is a gift of rangy proportions whose weight will be felt, we guess, in 8 of 10 family budgets in the U. S. The fearsome tinkle of the "isms" which had become overtones to "Ford Foundation" for so many will be conveniently ignored. It will now be fascinating to watch the peabrain fringe, the American Legion, and the pompous Brazilla Reece of Tennessee for future moves.

"Empiricism" as a dirty word will lose its force, we predict, when Aunt Fanny is laid up of arthritis in the county clinic courtesy (at least in part) of Henry Ford.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, $4 per year, $2.50 a semester; delivered, $6 a year, $3.50 a semester.

Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER

NEW PLAYMAKER PRODUCTION

'Blood Wedding' Rated As Ambitious

Federico Garcia Lorca's *Blood Wedding* opened at the Playmakers' theatre Monday night. It was an ambitious undertaking; it was not a successful production.

The performance seemed to move through an atmosphere of perpetual adrenalin. Except for certain of the scenes in which the Bridegrom appeared, which were played for comic relief—with unfortunate results—the level of tension, the degree of emotional involvement which the characters attempted to portray, seemed often disproportionate to the situation onstage. To cite just one instance of this general failing, Robert Sonkowsky enters, (I-ii), and the conversation being about his son's health, delivers a line about "Yesterday he wasn't well", with great emphasis and the finality of doom — before there seems sufficient internal antecedant for his subjective state of stress; the baby is not mentioned again after this scene, and there seems no reason to imagine that any direct misfortune will strike the boy.

★ ★

But worse than lack of restraint as such, the effect of the continual histrionic treatment which the play received, served to obliterate the very real tragedy, and reduce the entire effort to a level of indecisive and burdensome melodrama.

The direction by Kai Jurgensen eliminated dramatic modulation: there was little opportunity to perceive relative peaks and relative diminuations of significance. *Blood Wedding* is certainly tragic; its principal roles are certainly unhappy ones, but the representative of uniform pain in both more and less difficult plot-circumstances, failed to convey adequately the crucial emphases: the special tragedy of the Mother; the implicit tragedy of a nation and its more-pattern; the frailty of mankind.

Moreover, the plot-development in *Blood Wedding* is, I think, less the intended focus of Lorca's concern, than the symbolic implications of which the visibly expressed componants are casal premises. Consequently, a great deal of directorial interpretation, to delineate main themes and major symbolic motifs, should have been indicated. As the production emerged it was confusing and confused—a series of occurrences and metaphors which lacked the clarity of accentuation-deaccentuation, and a sharply organized expression of the internal structure.

★ ★

The performance was not without some merit. The first appearance of the Moon, and parts of the mourning scene, both in act III, were powerful theatre—and indicated the potential of the vehicle, if more effectively rendered. The settings, created by James Riley, were brilliant! — bleak, intense in their simplicity of mass, and suggestive without being literal.

Marion Fitz-Simons, the Mother, gave a portrayal which ranged from compelling, (III-11), to stagy, (I-i); her acting improved as her role progressed.

Martha Fouse, as the Bride, was the best of the principals. Her performance throughout was convincing, and she avoided the over-extremes of urgency which characterized the performances of most of the cast.

Robert Sonkowsky, as Leonardo, seemed most effective in the forest scene, (III-i); through the rest of his part the interpretation was heavily over-stated.

Philip Morgan, the Bridegroom, seemed to lack conviction in the role — the characterization never came completely to life.

For Marion Rosenzweig, (Beggar Woman), Jan Saxon (Mother-In-Law), Martha Dow (Servant Woman), and Robert Thomas, (Moon), the story was the same: moments of fine compelling acting, followed by those of over-acting.

Both Albert Gordon (Father), and Mary Johnson (Leonardo's Wife), gave effective, smooth, and meaningfully-balanced performances. Leonardo's wife faced difficulties as great as any figure in the drama, but Miss Johnston's interpretation, sensative and carefully-controlled, showed that restraint is not incompatible with a sense of the tragic.

The costumes by Irene Smart Rains, and the musical treatments by Gene Strassler, were excellent.

★ ★

The Cast

Marion Fitz-Simons—Mother.
Philip Morgan—Bridegroom.
Mary Fite—Neighbor Woman.
Mary Johnston—Leonardo's Wife.
Jan Saxon—Mother-in-law.
Robert Sonkowsky—Leonardo.
Lee Milner—Little Girl.
Martha Dow—Servant Woman.
Albert Gordon—Father.
Martha Fouse—Bride.
Martha Davis—First Girl.
Nancetta Hudson—Second Girl.
Lloyd Skinner—First Youth.
Neal Smith—Second Youth.
Anne Fitzgibbon—Third Girl.
Richard Rothrock—Third Youth.
Alan Pultz—First Woodcutter.
Peter O'Sullivan—Second Woodcutter.
Ted Parker—Third Woodcutter.
Robert Thomas—Moon.
Marion Rosenweig—Beggar Woman.

Conversation Piece

An Answer To Carols That Keep Blaring

Bill Ragsdale

This Saturday practically all of us will leave for our hometowns or family meeting places and will be met with, among more pleasant things, Christmas carols blared incessantly from downtown loudspeakers.

Now, a Christmas carol is a very nice bit of music but it is not like "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" it is a delicate thing much better suited for singing than shopping. There is a need for the carol to be put back into its proper place. And this year such will be done.

SECRET GROUP

This columnist is in the process of forming the Secret Association for the Non-Descecration of Christmas Carols. It is based on the theory that direct action is sometimes the best, and in the belief that surprise is a mighty reinforcement.

What this crowd will do is this: dressed completely in Arabian burnooses we shall group at the service entrances of large department stores at the bustling peak of a rush hour, and, at a prearranged signal, leap from our hiding place and run, hopping and darting about, through the store screaming "Death to the infidel!" and "Gakesh legurg!" which means nothing, literally, but shall be explained later

Then, waving our scimitars (we'll have scimitars), we make our way through the highly disturbed shoppers to the place where the record player is, to do great damage to said machine, thus, of course, preventing further use of the carol records.

NEVER WORK

Now you're chuckling over your morning coffee and saying to yourself, "Why, this utter goon! Such a plan would never work. The department store people would just hook up another record player, repair any other broken equipment, and everybody would be right back where they started."

Well, that's not so. We would be sure to leave plenty of proof around to the effect that we were actually what their first impression showed us to be; a wild band of fanatic Arabs on a reverse Crusade. We would let it be known that we were not to be antagonized in any way, particularly by being made a captive audience to their old Christmas carols. One more Adeste Fidelis on their full-volumed loudspeakers and we'd come back and lop off a few heads.

Any joiners? Bring your own burnoose.

(To those non-Arab readers: A burnoose, according to Webster's Dictionary, is a one-piece cloak-like garment and hood, worn by Arabs and Moors. A scimitar is a sabre having a curved blade with the edge on the convex side, used chiefly by Moslems, Arabs and Persians—not to mention columnist Ragsdale. — Editors)

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE had been missing from the campus scene for days, when I saw him moving slowly toward me near Y-Court. Had he been ill?

"Some crumbum at the DTH Printery docked my tail last Sat'day," The Horse muttered. "Amputated my tail. Imagine!"

I didn't catch this. Did The Horse get himself snarled up in a press?

"Naw," my equine companion said inelegantly. "I did a Sat'day column about a Night Watch, and it was a steeplechase sort of thing—"

A *steeplechase* sort of thing?

"Cross-country," The Horse explained. "Rambling, kind of? Well, the last two paragraphs were the gimmick of the piece. Its sense, if any. And durned if the tail of my column didn't hang out two inches or two paragraphs, beyond where it should have."

And, they just *cut* it? With no thought to the lack of meaning without the last two paragraphs? Why, who would do a thing like this!

"The DTH, thass who,' The Horse snapped. "Haven't you been listening? But, it's a horse on me. What with Christmas close at hand, as well as at wallet, I have forgiven them. I'm even going to give them a Christmas present, at DTH."

Wonderful! What was it?

"That part of my tail they docked," The Horse stated. "It's theirs to hang in their tree."

Oh? The DTH was having a tree?

"Just where," The Horse inquired, "do you think they live?"

Now, I knew Horsie didn't mean that! and I knew nobody meant to dock Horsie's tail. Admit it! In the first place, a DTH-er would be the last one to intertere with Horsie making sense. I sidestepped nimbly; but for once The Horse didn't hoof at me.

"Yup," The Horse yupped. "I know it. Besides, this is the time of year when Cultoor has a hard time of it with all the commercializing of Christmas that goes on. So I must needs act cultoored and forgiving."

Well, good for Horsie!

"And speaking of Cultoor," The Horse responded to his own gambit in characteristic style, "have you been to *Blood Wedding* yet? The Jurgensen-directed Lorca masterpiece now playing at the Campus Playmakers at campus rates? But with professional polish?"

Well, not yet—

"Roger, me lad," The Horse said sadly, "think of the opportunity you are missing! Imagine being able to go home for Christmas and discoursing learnedly on Lorca and his contribution to Spanish drama! For this is a jeweled miniature that epitomizes a nation that saved the Old World and launched a new."

Yes; I supposed—

"And *Blood Wedding*, plus Stephen Vincent Benet's beautiful one-hour dramatization of The Nativity—"

Now *I* interrupted *The Horse*, hah! What was this about Benet? The American poet and novelist? The 1928 Pulitzer Prize winner with *John Brown's Body*? I hadn't heard that Mrs. Louise Lamont was putting on two performances of *A Child Was Born*, by Benet, at the First Baptist Church here in Chapel Hill, and the final performance is *to-night*? You are a hopeless jerk, Roger," The Horse declared. "But hopeless. It starts at eight; it lasts an hour."

Well, gee, I couldn't afford two plays, and Christmas coming!

"The Benet classic is for free," The Horse sighed. "But if it cost several bucks you'd be my cousin to miss it."

The Horse's cousin?

"A long-eared ass," The Horse stated me to be. "Listen — get your ticket now — Ledbetter-Pickard's, in town, or *chez* Mrs. House in Abernethy Hall Playmakers' business-office — for *Blood Wedding* tomorrow night, and don't miss *A Child Was Born*. It is a lively thing, and superbly done, with Louise Lamont herself taking part in it, as well as directing."

Who else played in it?

"Earl Wynn, Director of our Communications Center in Swain Hall," The Horse detailed. "Walter Spearman of Jaurnalism; Harry Davis, of the Dramatic Art Staff—"

Nuff said! Me for that and for *Blood Wedding* on Friday sho' nuff! And I hoped The Horse had a full feed-bag for Christmas?

Reader's Retort

A Plug For Grant To The Symposium

Editors:

After a look at this morning's paper, I should like to urge President Fowler to sign the Symposium bill into law. I feel, as I'm sure a great many other students on campus do, that the program as planned for the Carolina Symposium will be one of the most enlightening events that this campus has experienced in many years.

The proponents of this program, when presenting it before the Finance Committee and the student Legislature, had certain points they wanted to make clear which seem pretty well proved.

The first point was the value of the program. No one, we feel, will question the worth of a program which goes into the critical problems facing us today with a view in mind of presenting some of the outstanding people in the world in these fields, people who have something to offer the campus.

The second point is the great need for the money. The finance chairman, Bev Webb, states that the budget needed for such a program is an estimated $3,500 of which $823 has been raised to date from various organizations on campus, although a great many have not reported yet. If the Legislature bill for $1,000 were made law this would give the Symposium around $1800 which is approximately half what they need.

Obviously the group could use even more from the Legislature, but they are going out to student groups, faculty groups, administration, and town's people asking for funds. Over Christmas they plan to contact state foundations which sometimes give very small amounts to programs like this, because they are primarily interested in experimental projects and a program of this type has definitely proved its worth.

The third point needed for consideration is the availability of funds in the student accounts. With the money left over from last year of $6000 and $6000 this year added to it from the unappropriated balance, plus about $4,000 more from increased enrollment, student government this year has a total of $16,000. With around $2,500 having been spent, this leaves $13,500 or if the Symposium bill is signed, $12,500. This seems like an adequate sum to work with if around $10,000 is desired to be left over for next year.

On the basis of these items, we again would like to urge President Fowler to sign this bill into law, and thus provide the campus with a very stimulating and rewarding program next spring.

Stan Shaw

(President Fowler took reader Shaw's advice an d signed the Symposium grant into law Tuesday.—Editors)

Roundabout Papers

A Song For A S

IF YOU are among that mul vilized Americans who are incap thing until the afternoon, do not r fast. This column requires imagi imagination does not function y few hours of wakefulness behind For A Sunday" until the afterno

★ ★

NOW THAT lunch is a thing of go on.

I suspect, in a whimsical sort day has always been a problem t history began. After you've got breakfast and the Sunday papers so on, what then? Cicero doubtlem all mapped out because Cicero w man; Napoleon was a clever fellow prised if he ever got bored on S ple like Admiral Byrd and James also knew how to put Sunday to about the common man? I only kn do with Sunday myself the other Pan.

"Piffle," you will say, "you nev a mythical god." Well, all right, all then, but remember, it is after lun are using the imagination.

Pan, according to *Everyman's Di ary*, is the Greek god of flocks and in the fifth century after he appe ner Phidippides and promised to h He spends most of his time chas playing the syrinx, or shepherd's invented, and scaring travellers b pectedly from the bushes (hence rates prayed to Pan for beauty of Romans violated the Greek copyr him into Italy under the name of horns, a turned-up nose, and goat's cessively handsome.

I met him one sunny Sunday when through the woods with my rifle by-pass. I couldn't think of anything myself on Sunday afternoon, and w along Morgan Creek being merciful and enjoying the peace of a world ringing bells, radios, and car horns quite close by, a gentle little burst No bird sounds like that I thought. a rather tricky, jumpy melody wi aimless lilt to it. I struck off the pa up the hill through the underbrush sounded again, much closer. Sudde rounded a big tree, there was Pan snub-nose and horns and a small p against the tree-trunk with his legs crossed and a rabbit sitting up atten him.

I stopped, stunned, completely ta able to think of what to do or say surprised by my appearance, gave devilishly humorous sidelong stare, held at his lips.

"How do you do?" I said, seemed the most sensible course.

Pan waved his flute at my rifle deep voice, "Put that stupid thing down; and how do you do?"

I leaned the rifle against the tree log, numb with wonderment. "You said with awe.

"That's right," he replied, "and the newspaper; I know." I admitted my checkered past. "This is Caramin fondly, indicating the rabbit. Caramin me, at the rifle, then back to me, briefly, and returned an adoring gaze handsome face; her eyes never left ond.

"I suppose you're surprised to see fingering his syrinx. I said in a frus as a matter of fact I was, that I didn't around here. "I don't, permanently, just go where I want. I shan't be here bit chilly, and there aren't many chasing—two or three girls who live led Kenandorm, or something like that who really appreciates a good fling He grinned knowingly, showing white observed that I knew what he meant. "In fact, America isn't much at all, on. "Some places in the west they essence of the wilderness, but it's there."

'What do you mean, 'understand the the wilderness'?" I asked. Caramina antly forward.

Pan's dark eyes turned hard and "People in this country seem to have it means to have no electricity, no bustion engines, no wheels, no insulation weather, and all that" he said solemnly no conception of what it is to match nature every day of the year just to armies carry kitchens into battle people go to the woods they drop things noise. It never occurs to them that place *where there is no man-made* turalists and botanists and most of them sy recording facts to realize that it made the plants and animals they

"You sound angry," I said.

"No, no, I'm not angry. Just a bit Things weren't that way three or four years ago. It's just something I've thought about." Pan ran a gentle hand mina's head. "One day," he mused, "you fall, long and hard; you'll stumble over silly, extravagant civilization — that stance." He gave me a stony look, then and relaxed. "I'd best be going," he ting effortlessly to his feet. "I'm expecting on the other side of the hill in a while preach that way and be so solemn. It's ant. Come again on a Sunday. Goodbye" off through the trees, and Caramina him.

"Goodbye. Pan," I said, and there wering twirl of merry fluting as the lowed him. Like a true, property-con can, I took my rifle with me when I left