

Columnists

Variations

Disc Jockeys, News Flash, And 'The Organization Man'

Coed Rules

State Of The Campus

It has been a philosophy of this editor that the word "obscure" is subject to many definitions, and that no one definition would satisfy anyone.

Moreover, it has been the policy of this editor to let those who are writing regular columns for The Daily Tar Heel have any leeway in subject matter and presentation, provided it did not transgress the law of libel.

A column which appeared in yesterday's newspaper has caused at least a little reevaluation on the part of the editor. It is apparent that 1) the student body has a definite sensibility in certain areas, and 2) that some columnists have not as yet had the ability to recognize their responsibility to the sensibilities of others.

On the basis of the reaction drawn by the column in question, the benefit derived by the individual's learning a sense of responsibility just does not equate with the injured sensibilities of many other people.

The re-valuation will produce certain results. From this time forth the editor will exercise a certain degree of censorship (however odious that word may sound) on the material submitted by the regular columnists.

A lesson has been learned by more than one.

Gail Godwin

Somewhere or other on this very campus are some very important people. They may be important already. They may still be anonymous to everybody but their closest friends. They buy text books every semester, eat three times a day, and weaken in purpose like the rest of us when spring comes.

In fact they are very similar to ordinary human beings. Their only difference is that they are going somewhere. They are going to do something. They are artists.

What makes an artist? (By artist, it is meant here anyone who contributes something of his own to the rest of us. It may be a play, a story, an ideal. It may be something else we haven't even become aware of yet.) Different people have voiced their opinions of the artist, his purpose, why he is an artist.

I came across two rather precise observations in the course of one evening. One by Albert Camus, the other by the Cinema section of Time magazine. Camus, when asked what he thought the place of the artist in society should be, replied that the artist of today was not necessarily a champion of social movements, rather he was someone who felt and recorded the thoughts and the hopes of the man who would otherwise be without hope since he had no voice.

Time magazine, on the other hand, was doing a sketch of Academy Award winner Alec Guinness whose screen presence has been described as sort of a "relentless search for an identity, a serious and gifted pursuit of the whole." Says Time, "the essence of such an art as its humanity . . . he (Guinness) can interpret a specifically modern sort of hero - the man who is not meant to conquer the world but to battle within himself."

Camus winds up his views on artists (found in Exile and the Kingdom) by saying that, although the artist at one time or another enjoys being thought of as "apart from everybody else," he is really in the middle of humanity. He has become their voice and he must speak.

So it would seem that all artists have one thing in common. They are seeking the answers whether to life, to people, to "the masses", or maybe to themselves. And, if they don't give up but keep looking behind every smiling face and behind every half-heard, half-uttered hope of the man without a voice, they will find what they are looking for. The essence of humanity. And then they will have to spend the rest of their lives and most of their waking hours being the "voice" that humanity must have. They will be trapped, in a sense; they will be "being used"; but they will be artists. And when they are old, they can say like Tennyson's Ulysses that they have accomplished the feat "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The Speech

Don Furtado's State of the Campus address was one of the better speeches of the year. It pinpointed several areas of inquiry and refused to dodge issues.

From the new president's start, it looks as if the Carolina student body is in for a profitable year.

A Good Change

The Women's Residence Council reversed an earlier decision and decided to allow an open discussion of the new coed regulations. This is a change to be hailed, for the Council has finally gone on record as being for open discussion rather than prohibiting the interplay of ideas.

The session, to be held Tuesday night, ought to be profitable for both the participants and the Council and ought to help the Council make a wise decision.

The Comics

This letter is written to you in regard to the article on the editorial page of April 16 about the absence of comic strips. The main reason that people read the comic strips is because they are full of humor. This article was about the funniest that I have ever read. If there was something else in the editorial page, besides trash, people would be interested in reading it.

Another article that was also "very humorous" was on the front page of this morning's newspaper. I believe that the swimming team can get along very well without the help of a mascot.

I believe that some of the Tarheel staff has been watching Captain Kangaroo too often. He has affected some of the students' minds.

Issue Bernstein

Whit Whitfield

Short on laughs?

Then why not tune in to one of the Durham radio stations some afternoon. All of the deejays fashion themselves comedians, and since the records are all alike, the humor, even when poorly attempted, is a refreshing relief.

One DJ closed out his show recently with, "Stay tuned for the news at 55 and the Ken Carpenter Show which follows on most of this same station," and "portions of this show were on film."

One local station with no network affiliation interrupts its records with spot "news flashes" about auto wrecks in Los Angeles or some other remote spot. The humor here lies in the fact that no one listening to a thousand watt station scarcely heard beyond the county line is interested in auto accidents in California. But this does add a touch of professionalism to the program.

—the wire service machines are even heard in the background.

During our perusal of THE ORGANIZATION MAN by William H. Whyte, Jr., we came across a very quotable quote for which we thought we might find a utilitarian purpose (maybe build a column around it), but not being able to do so, in desperation we throw it out for your acceptance for what purpose you will.

It goes as follows (and in answer to a question, it is not directed at the School of Business Administration): "Once the uneducated could have the humility of ignorance. Now they are given degrees and put in charge, and this delusion of learning will produce consequences more critical than the absence of it."

Reaction To Yardley Column

Editor: The Daily Tar Heel and the Carolina campus are indeed lucky to have such an authority as Jonathan Yardley to explain the miracle of birth to them.

We were gratified to pick up the paper this morning at breakfast time and to find a veterinarian's eye view and blow by blow account of the birth of the writer's eight puppies, "three of them . . . brown, three . . . black, and three spotted". "I could have sworn that three times three equaled nine."

As Mr. Yardley finally sagely

Dear Mr. Yardley: I have just a short message for you. I wouldn't want to waste your time, as I realize you must spend a great deal of it writing valuable articles for The Daily Tar Heel. It just appears to me that your last article on the birth of your dogs was a bit excessive.

Was it necessary to write such a crude, rude, and unattractive account of the birth of dogs. Is it really justifiable to compare such an account with a woman's childbirth? Also can not women be placed on a slightly higher level?

—Mr. Yardley, I suggest that before you make any more profound comments, like the last one in your article, you learn a bit more about what you write, before you describe it so vulgarly.

Name withheld by request

Dear Mr. Yardley:

We have read your column these two weeks with increasing amazement at your naivete. You have "discovered" Winnethe-Pooh (Are you merely unaware of the fact that a sizeable segment of the adult population have been reading A. A. Milne for years without feeling even the mildest embarrassment?), analyzed the Beat Generation (How many hours of concentrated study prompted your use of the adjectives "confused and insecure"?), solved the world's problems, (what flight of inspired genius produced the slogan "Why not think before you vote?") and explained an important facet of human behavior (People are gullible, both singly and in groups, Mr. Yardley, as is evidenced by the fact that your column continues to appear in the Daily Tar Heel).

Until this morning, we have been content to endure your use of the editorial page as a verbal teething ring. At first glance this article would appear to be more of the same thing - "J. Yardley witnesses the Miracle of Birth" - but it passes the limits of "adult" discussion, becoming objectionable in its extreme poor taste. It is our opinion that better use could be made of the space occupied by your column - perhaps by someone who is more mature.

Jeanette Hornsby  
Deborah Sink  
Mary Leggett Browning

Replies from Carroll Hall will be acknowledged.

This column would like to offer a salute (of the well-deserved variety) to the guardians of our safety, the Chapel Hill Police Department, who are by far the best ticket-tagers in the world, and it is for this reason that we should be justly proud.

Time and again they have shown their remarkable dexterity with pencil and paper. For instance, just this past Thursday we received a ticket for parking at the dental clinic scarce a dozen feet from a big black and white sign which read, "PARKING FOR PATIENTS AND VISITORS." And we are a patient (grammar?), and have been for a year and a half. Not only this, but we have been parking in this space for months and have never seen a ticket of any kind.

Determined to find a policeman in hopes that he might enlighten us concerning the why's and wherefore's, we immediately went to the combination City Hall, Police Headquarters, Fire Department, and what-have-you building in order to find one. Unfortunately they were all out, and we assumed that they were chasing robbers and tagging cars (the latter is an excellent hobby for policemen). The secretary or ticket-taker provided us with the information we needed however, and was very polite about it all.

It seems that the police are afraid that students will use these spaces designated for patients and visitors as private parking lots (which isn't a bad idea), and that as a stop-gap all student cars are awarded tickets for using these spaces, UNLESS a note is placed on the windshield explaining why you are there and with whom you have an appointment. This much needed information is not contained on the sign which unequivocally states, "PARKING FOR PATIENTS AND VISITORS." Our hats are off and our wallets out to the Boys in Blue.

God Bless 'em!

hydrogenated, sterilized, ammoniated, and pampered."

And as for Yardley's final statement, whether he meant it literally or figuratively, I think that it is in completely vile taste, particularly for a newspaper that is supposed to provoke student thought and not just to provoke thoughts.

Mr. Yardley may feel that I write this letter as an outraged female who resents aspersions on one of the most prized functions of the female sex. But no, this is not the purpose of this letter. Good editorials may well be written criticizing the modern women for being somewhat pampered along other lines, but I feel that someone who attempts to inflict his opinions on others should first of all write about something he knows, and I doubt that Mr. Yardley is qualified to write about how women should reproduce after merely watching his dog. Secondly, I feel that the way someone writes something is very important, and Mr. Yardley has been completely out of taste to the point of being vile. And thirdly, the student newspaper should have better material to fill its 21 valuable inches of editorial page than the immature observations of an aspiring Dr. Kinsey.

Mary Moore Mason

An Apology

A good many people have been expressing opinions of shock about my last column under the heading of "Postscript." I don't blame them, and feel I owe an apology to the student body for it. What I wanted to say and what I said are two entirely different things. It was tasteless, and I will admit it. I hope that I may have at least a particle of forgiveness from those who were offended.

I believe that the matter of the birth of eight puppies is one which is both interesting and exciting. I believe that in its essence there is a good deal of value to people. I do not believe that I expressed it very adequately.

I am not accustomed to having to eat my words, but for once in my life I am more than glad to do so. It is often hard to remember that, as a columnist, I have a duty towards the readers of this paper. Leave it be said that I shall not forget again.

—Jonathan Yardley

A Letter To Miller

Editor: I have heard of and read editorials of no meaning before, but Mr. Miller's column on military reorganization is undoubtedly the worst to date.

He states that the Navy does not want its fleets run by the Joint Chiefs, as the new plan proposes. I suggest that here check the plan. It provides for reducing the Joint Chiefs to office boys of the Secretary of Defense.

He also states, without giving reasons, that the Navy promises to be hurt most if the reshuffle takes place.

There are very good reasons for the Navy's taking leading position in any interplanetary military evolution. Navigation has long been a function of the Navy,

and its experience with navigation will be of obvious importance when extra-terrestrial travel is opened.

The Navy has handled the personnel and leadership requirements of maintaining organization on an isolated and often cramped piece of machinery called a ship, and surely Mr. Miller can see the worth of this experience and its application to any future military "space force". Because each service is specialized in problems and leadership requirements, it would be most wise for persons who do not realize this or even have the facts about the problem they are dealing with to refrain from commenting.

Bill Franklin

Don Furtado

This is the first part of Student Body President Don Furtado's address to the Student Legislature Thursday night.)

It is with the greatest humility and sense of responsibility that I accept the great honor and tremendous challenge which has just been officially bestowed upon me.

I realize that I will never be able to fully express my sincere thanks to my fellow students for selecting me to serve as President of our student body. I can only promise that I shall attempt to show myself worthy of your confidence.

No matter how sincerely I devote myself to my duties as President of the Student Body, no matter how diligently I work to find the solutions to our problems, without the assistance of you, the members of the Student Legislature and every member of the Carolina student community, the cause of student government cannot advance. With that cooperation, however almost nothing is impossible.

Here at the University of North Carolina, we possess a long tradition of student freedom and responsibility that is envied by countless universities throughout the nation and the world. Too often we forget the tradition, in truth, the obligation, that we have to those who came and fought before us to strive to maintain through our devoted efforts the unique Carolina concept of student freedom and responsibility in order that we may all be more cognizant of the problems which we are going to encounter next year in our continued battle for those concepts. I would like to briefly discuss a few areas in which we must be prepared to take positive action.

I believe that all of us realize the rapidly with which our University is expanding. Thirty years ago, we had 2000 students here. Now, we have 7,000 students. By 1963, we are expecting to have 10,000. This expansion brings with it many problems, for as our size increases, quite logically the number and scope of the problems of student government increases.

(To Be Continued)

View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

PLAYMAKERS

The second and last performance of three student-written one-act plays will begin at 7:30 this evening in the Playmakers Theatre. Admission is free, and the audience is invited to comment during the intermissions.

FREE FLICK

Tonight's free flick, presented in Carroll Hall at 7:30 and 10 p.m., is the movie adaptation of a group of Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays; all of them deal with the sea, and they have been converted into a full-length film.

A phenomenon known as the "Beat Generation" made its debut on this page last week. The columnist who introduced it stated that the "Beat Generation" did not exist —

that it was just a designation hit upon by today's youth to excuse their confusion.

Would that this were true—that the designation "Beat Generation" applied only to a few young people who would soon out-grow their problems. Unfortunately, the phenomenon of being "beat" is a real and basic characteristic of human existence.

The columnist who so lightly dismissed the concern of the self-styled "Beat Generation" for its own predicament would have done well to refer to that generation's manifesto. To be sure, the intellectual voices of the "Beat Generation" have not yet published their credo as such (although their near relations, England's "Angry Young Men" have recently done so; and their French counterparts, as well as the existentialist philosophers from whom they draw their themes, have been given to much public speech).

If Jack Kerouac is the current poet laureate of the "Beat Generation," then John C. Holmes is its intellectual apostle. In an article in Esquire early this year, Holmes discussed at great length the generation's origin, composition, and philosophy.

Holmes' most important declaration was that the "Beat Generation" is a profoundly religious generation; and so it is, although its religious character is evident only to its intellectual spokesmen. When the hero of On The Road, Kerouac's most successful novel, is asked why he runs from one part of the country to the other—when he is asked to explain himself—he says, "I want God to show me his face." This is probably the simplest statement of the motivation behind the seemingly pointless and sometimes negative activities of the most dedicated members of the "Beat Generation."

This is a religious movement because it is dedicated to the search for the relationship of Man to God, and this search is the business of a religion. The active members of the "Beat Generation," whether they are delinquents, artists, or critics, are all engaged in some attempt to reconcile the spiritual with the material.

Every human being is potentially a member of the "Beat Generation." Human life itself is, in an anthropomorphical figure of speech, an experiment in the combination of materiality with meaning.

As soon as "the world is too much with us," we are "beat"; at the moment when a human being becomes conscious of the disparity between the real and the ideal, he is "beat"; and when this consciousness becomes as heightened and universal as it is rapidly becoming, to modernize Gertrude Stein's famous baptizing of the Lost Generation, "we are all a Beat Generation."

And it should be noted in postscript that being "beat" is not merely a stage. What happens is that the human organism makes compromises, utilizing psychological mechanisms in the betrayal of its own ideals; thus, a person "adjusts" to the pragmatic user of this world, sometimes with little difficulty. This "adjustment" seems to become more and more uneasy.

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