

Unless

(The following is reprinted from the freshman issue of The Daily Tar Heel. The editor feels that this perhaps is the shortest-and best comment he could make on what is necessary to resurrect the University and American democracy in general. It is written for freshmen, but perhaps its message is more far reaching.)

The year starts and it is a new experience for many. For many, billed by their high school presidents or school superintendents in a somewhat less than eloquent commencement speech as America's future leaders or citizens of tomorrow, the change will be quite drastic. For most the change is predictable.

There will be first the interminable orientation with meetings, meetings and more meetings, some of which will be skipped by the new students. They will hear many words about the Carolina tradition of freedom, about the Honor System, and about student government and activities in general. They will be told that a proper balance between scholarship and other interests will have to be made.

With much new found wisdom the student will go to his dormitory and get ready for the first day of classes.

Soon the student finds out that the Honor System does not work too well, and that the noise in many dormitory corridors makes study impossible and life only a little unhappy. At about this time they also find that one in five, if that many, professors that they have for freshman courses are interesting—not even stimulating.

So, quite early about one-fourth of them pledge fraternities and more than half of those are never seen doing something useful for themselves between that time and graduations. Others will take out their sorrows on the Tempo Room or the Rathskeller late in the evening, and others still will shortly drop out.

Almost all will forget their academic load until before the quiz and then assimilate what is necessary for quick regurgitation on the next day. They will be attuned to assimilating fact temporarily without placing the fact into context. They will be at tamed not to think, and even those who came here not looking for a higher paying job as the primary result of a college education, will give up their goal early.

Those persistent enough to continue with intellectual pursuit will find it difficult to find people to converse with about anything save liquor, sex, and past experiences. A feeble attempt will be made by some to participate in activities, but for most this will mean lines in a yearbook rather than a personal contribution.

By the end of their sophomore year, those who have not received a high office will retire permanently to the bar stool or the uncomfortable cot that grace most dormitories and fraternities. They will content themselves with the activity of a Saturday night party or the intellectual pursuit of Mickey Mantle's batting average. They will be by the end of college little changed for the better by their four years.

They will be reactors rather than thinkers. They will be part of society at the expense of their own individuality. They will be intellectually dead.

There will be several who will become "teachers," but there will be but one or two teachers. There will be a few who will become "lawyers," but there may be one lawyer. There will be many writers and businessmen, but few will see their writings in print and few will rise above wanting to make the most money for themselves. There will be some scientists, but few with the perspective to place the greatly growing body of knowledge into. There will be a few "leaders" and probably no leader. Many will not finish school.

Those that do finish will listen to a brilliant commencement speech by a famous person and comment on how brilliant the speech was, largely because they know that the person must be famous for some reason. Few will question how and why he got his fame and almost no one will carry the words of the speaker into life.

Embarking on the long voyage of life outside the ivory tower, "America's future leaders" will be the same generation as the last. They will plunge themselves into Spanish-American Wars, as quickly as they react "Coca-Cola" to "The Pause That Refreshes." They will hear the word communist, socialist, radical, non-conformist, and even individualist and react negatively not knowing what they are reacting to, but blindly taking somebody else's word for it.

In the future leaders, as they have been called, lies not the hope of America but the promise of its annihilation in an age when annihilation can be accomplished easily.

This will happen as surely as you are reading this, UNLESS . . .

Unless they as individuals try to find what they are and preserve the uniqueness of themselves.

Unless they resist the tide that chips at and ebbs away the curiosity that should be native to students.

Unless they become actively critical of their society and work, not just gripe, toward its improvement.

Unless they realize that reality is not a social whirl but rather is a problem worth coming to grips with and working out on a day to day basis.

Unless they shake the cliches and customs that society has forced upon them and they have accepted as making it the easiest way.

Unless they refuse to subvert themselves at all times to the will of the group.

Unless they think.

The wading against the stream is the most difficult. It demands courage and endurance. A successful passage, however, has rewards that far outnumber any of those received going another way. The road to a personal sense of well-being lies this way; the road to a personal Hell lies in the other direction.

The alternatives are clear. It is their choice. They will probably make the wrong one.

New Students: New Directions?



Radicleer Cort Edwards II

Another year has rolled around and we are once again faced with another year of academic strife. How many will parry this strife? How many will fail? How many will be asked to secede from the University? How many will meet the requirements and pass upward and onward?

The answers to these questions are, of course, unknown. In a year or perhaps even less, the answers will be recorded in the book. But who cares?

The real test cannot be put on paper; yet everyone must take it. There is no set group of questions to be answered; yet everyone is exposed to them. There is no one correct set of answers; yet 80 per cent, a most conservative figure, will fail. There is no one to correct the test; yet each test is graded.

What is this test that is so difficult and that so many people fail?

The test is in LIVING and the endpoint is in becoming a MAN. We are born as animals. We are animals. Only we have one addition: we can think; that is, rational ability that other animals are born with the ability to think. But how many people do? Most people live as animals and die the same way.

Man is a thinking animal born with an opportunity to become a man.

It is time for each of us to look deeper within ourselves. We must discover our motives for being here. Are they merely materialistic motives? They shouldn't be. We must try to recognize ourselves as what we are. We must try to shake off our animal-selves and try to achieve individuality.

Can we really be honest with ourselves? It is most difficult and painful to see what we really are. For deep inside us there is no normality. We each have our perversions, our idiosyncracies, and our fetiches. Normality is part of our outside behavior; the part that other people see.

To be able to introspect is the first big step on the road to "Mandom." It is not necessarily important that we try to change some of the "Bad" things within ourselves. It is, however, very important for us to be able to recognize them first, and then accept them as an important and integral part of our being.

The next thing we must do is to set our actions towards accomplishing that which is man's purpose. If we can attain this height then we can truly say that we have become a MAN.

How wonderful it would be to die with the knowledge that during our life time we were able to overthrow our animal instincts and really and truly become a man.

Man's purpose in life is not to marry well, or to get a better job, or to die rich, or to die poor, or to die a corporation manager, or to wage wars.

Man's purpose in life is to be able to live with one's fellow man in total peace and harmony. Can there be anything more noble than this?

Just Chattin' Davis B. Young

School bells ring and children sing, it's back to UNC again. Riding to Raleigh the other night with two student government leaders who had just returned from the National Student Association Congress in Delaware, Ohio, I was impressed by one of the statements which I heard.

It went as follows: "The University of North Carolina once had the best student government in the United States. Now this student government is more of a fantasy because interest in youthful autonomy has reached a low ebb."

This is a sad state of affairs. New students have just finished a week of Orientation in which they have seen the best side of Carolina life. Student officers, honor Council leaders, orientation counselors, faculty and administration have all attempted to instill in the minds of the new that there is much to be proud of when you are a student on this campus.

Now, the young academicians who have so recently matriculated at alma mater will come face to face with the other side of the story. They will see boys who do nothing but play seven card stud in a dorm room, fraternity men who have little more to do than to drink a tall Bud, dormitory women who are too busy with petty problems to offer anything to the school, sorority girls who make a farce out of the Campus Code, teachers who care nothing for the individual et cetera.

This is the great crisis at Carolina. Over and over again you will find it easier to "follow the crowd." But the crowd, as you will soon discover, is going nowhere. It is skirting on the brink of disaster, in a personal connotation.

It has no purpose. It has no goals. It lacks any direction. Leadership does not exist in the crowd. Ambition is a non-entity. Drive is not there.

No member of the crowd can be a leader. No member of the crowd will ever find his name among the ranks of the Golden Fleece. No member of the crowd will ever know respect.

Leadership is lacking on this campus. Out of each class will come only four or five students who are willing to sacrifice their personal motives in order that the group as a whole may profit. The work in each organization will be done by one or two dedicated individuals. The rest will only participate so that at the end of four years, their senior picture will have under it a few organizations to which they belonged. However, in a true sense, they will not belong.

This is our challenge as young Americans. These are the goals to pursue. This is our reason for being. We must have a purpose.

This University will give more to us than we can ever repay. Yet by adding some contribution to our way of life, we can somewhat reduce our debt.

As Student Body President Don Furtado said the other night, "this nation cannot wait much longer for leadership."

The road to hell is paved with good intentions. There are still great issues for students to fight for, things to be done, situations to be corrected and previous mistakes to be rectified.



Furtado Asks Faculty Help

(The following is a letter sent by Student Body President Don Furtado to all faculty members regarding the University absence regulation.)

Last spring, after a great amount of discussion and individual contemplation by the members of the Faculty Council, our old and often impractical class attendance regulations were abandoned in favor of a more satisfactory system which allows the individual instructor to decide what attendance requirements, if any, he desires to maintain.

For both the student and the instructor, this system is a distinct improvement over our former plan, for it allows the instructor to take into consideration his own personal beliefs on the theory of mandatory class attendance and the individual student's needs, as well as the nature of the course being taught. In addition, the new discretionary system allows the instructor, if he wishes, to eliminate a valuable period of class time at the beginning of each session often devoted to roll-calling.

Most instructors have realized the intent of our new class attendance regulations and have accordingly set up highly flexible rules which have proven satisfactory to everyone involved. Much to our regret, however, a few instructors have used their discretionary power to institute excessively strict regulations of a completely unrealistic and impractical nature, forgetting that the best way to guarantee good class attendance is to make each session meaningful and rewarding.

On behalf of the students, it is my request that you, as an active member of our educational community, will do all that you can to influence your fellows to make

Variation

Gail Godwin

One meets all kinds of people in a summer resort. These people all have one thing in common. They are away from home and the inhibitions can be let down. They are away from momma or the little wife or the boss. They can say what they please, do what they please and drink what they please.

The results are hilarious . . . sometimes sad . . . and sometimes puzzling.

Saturday night, there was the woman in the beautiful white chiffon evening dress. So very refined. So demure. So reserved. And then she had a highball or two, Splash! The refinement, the demureness, the reservedness was all soaked, as was the chiffon evening dress, in a swirl of chlorinated pool water. Oh, those wicked old highballs.

And then there was the nice, intelligent-looking psychiatrist from upstate New York. He was the center of attraction. Everybody wanted him at their table at dinner so he could discuss neuroses and psychoses and Freud and Jung. He had strings of lovely case histories of abnormal people who did all sorts of symbolic things. He was a doll.

Then, the last night he was with us, he approached me after dinner.

"Miss, er . . . do you have any toothpicks?"

"Yes sir," I handed him a peppermint-scented one. He hesitated, looked sadly down at the single toothpick and made no sign of using it in any form or fashion. He merely looked at it.

Finally, he said, "Well, er . . . that is, I was rather hoping I could have more."

I offered him the box, out of which he gleefully scooped out ten or more toothpicks with the childish excitement of a three-year old. "Good," he exclaimed to nobody in particular. "Now I can finish my bridge!"

And let's not forget the very educated, debonaire couple who came for cocktails and for a single meal. Obviously they were in the "courting" stage, although they were both over forty. They were also obviously trying to impress each other desperately. The man led off in the first round.

"I've just returned from N. Y. . . saw Tom Wolfe's new Broadway play."

"Oh, yes! Goodie!" cried the plump little woman. "Isn't he the best actor you ever saw? I think he does rings around Jimmy Dean."

And then, three courses later. The little lady this time.

Isn't the view gorgeous? Isn't it? I think it's good to remember nature and forget about success. Why, like Tom Paine said in his book *Walden Pond*, "Some men lead lives of quiet desperation."

. . . yes, I guess they do.

our new attendance regulations a working system rather than an admirable theory.

I apologize for the undesirable medium of a form letter, but I am sure you understand that this is the only means of expressing our hopes on this problem to each of you.

DON FURTADO, President Student Body



MISS NORMA BASNIGHT

View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

The new students who have had occasion to visit Memorial Hall in one phase or another of their Orientation are probably ignorant of the transformation which has been effected there. Little do they know that the comfortable gold theatre seats on which they sat have but recently replaced the church pews which were for decades a real pain in the rear. Perhaps it is unfair that this year's freshmen should be so comfortably introduced to the University, while those who went before were fortified by having to sit in acute agony and listen to talks which, by virtue of the old seats, sounded like sermons.

Not only has the auditorium been transformed, but the stage has been sanded so that it is almost smooth: a little thing, perhaps, but tremendously important to those who perform on it.

We won't know until October, when the Playmaker production of "Oklahoma" opens, just what he new seats will do for the acoustics of the Hall. Unless they are much better than they were before, the University might just as well have started from scratch and built a new theatre. Right now, all that can be said is that Memorial Hall is both attractive and comfortable; and as anyone who is not new here knows, that's saying a good deal.

As in the past, one of the most helpful services on this campus this year is the Graham Memorial Calendar, prepared by the Calendar Committee of GMAB. Until now, the Calendar appeared only once each semester, but it is now a monthly publication.

Alas! This welcome increase in frequency is not the only change which has come over this indispensable institution. Whereas the front of the publication was heretofore graced with a lovely picture of Graham Memorial, the current issue bears the smiling photograph of "Miss September—Nora Basnight—Delta Delta Delta Sorority—Senior—Sociology Major—Greenville, N. C."

Now the purpose of the Graham Memorial Calendar is to give notice of the dates of campus activities; perhaps Miss Basnight is the campus activity for the month of September, in which case we decline to participate because of the heat.

If, on the other hand, Miss Basnight is not included in the month's activities—at least for the student body at large—then she might well save her engaging smile for any of the other local beauty contests.

This is not to depreciate Miss Basnight, the Tri-Deltas, the Senior Class, the Sociology Department, or the undoubtedly fair city of Greenville. We will gladly attest to the attractiveness of the young lady, the overall virtue of the sorority, the great worth of the department, and the glory of the city.

But Miss Basnight is sufficiently on view either at the Tri-Delt House (210 Pittsboro St.), or at the Sociology Building (Alumni Bldg.), or in Greenville (1404 Myrtle Avenue), and her further display seems uncalled for. It seems a waste of paper and of Miss Basnight, who undoubtedly has other virtues which would better recommend her.

(The calendar is still the best buy for nothing around, and it is available at the GM Information Desk.)

United States' Disease: Intellectual Attrition

The Saturday Review

"The man in the street is all too disposed to resentment against the too-powerful ally, all too prone to the bitterness from national weakness, to nostalgia for past glory and hope for a different and better future. But the intellectuals ought to restrain these popular emotions, ought to show the inescapable reasons for permanent solidarity and interdependence. Instead of fulfilling the role of guides, they prefer, especially in France, to betray their mission, to encourage the ignorant feelings of the masses by adorning hypocritical justifications for them. In fact their quarrel with the United States is a way of rationalizing their own guilt."

"In most countries the intellectuals are even more anti-American than the man in the street. Some of the outbursts of Sarire at the time of the Korean war or the Rosenberg case recall those of the Nazis against the Jews. The United States is represented as the embodiment of everything most detested."

"The Soviet Union purges and subjugates the intellectuals, but at least it takes them seriously. It was intellectuals who gave to the Soviet regime the grandiose and equivocal doctrine out of which the bureaucrats have developed a state religion. Even today, when discussing class conflicts or the relations of production, they savor at once the joys of theological argument, the austere satisfactions of scientific controversy, and the ecstatic thrill of mediation on universal history. The analysis of the American reality will never provide pleasures as rare as these. The United States does not persecute its intellectuals enough to enjoy in its turn the turbid attractions of terror; it gives a few of them, temporarily, a prestige and glory which can compete with that of the film stars or baseball players; but it leaves the majority in the shadows. Persecution is more bearable to the intelligentsia than indifference."—From "The Opium of the Intellectuals," by Raymond Aron (Doubleday).

Essence

Don Dotson

An item on a sociology final was: Give a working definition of the University of North Carolina. Obviously there could be many responses to this question. To give one answer that would suffice for all purposes would be impossible and to list the many possibilities would be like trying to count the bricks in the University's sidewalks.

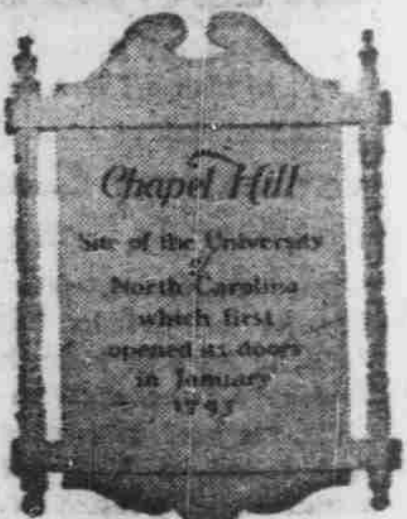
Part of any such definition, certainly, would be devoted to what the University consists of. It is easy to think of an institution as a great colossus—great and foreboding, static and hard. For most people this is their concept of the University. In reality this is not the case. For, unlike the Great Colossus itself, the University is not just a mass, not just grand old buildings and great trees. This place has not hallowed itself spontaneously and it will not perpetuate itself interminably. What we know of the greatness of the University—the people it has touched and the people who have touched it, is not our unconditional guarantee

that "things" will always be "that way." We must know instead that the very efforts, the very ideas, the very contributions of individuals over a long period of time are what have perpetuated the University and made it great. Even at this, it is easy to think that the greatness is permanent and has been consistent—and again this is untrue. History has known the ebb and the flow of human endeavor and human conflict. It always will.

At the present and in the future this very University of which every student and every graduate is an individual but connected part will be subject to new efforts, ideas, and contributions—new endeavors and new conflicts. As advances are built, one on another, so we are not the expressionless victims of a set past. We are the means, the only potential, for expression and perpetuation of this change—progress. The vital substances of progress are people and the present.

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