

## Before You Pledge

Tomorrow, you will have an opportunity to pledge the fraternity of your choice. Before you do, think.

Think if you have taken stock of your academic responsibilities.

Think if you are not pledging a fraternity on the rebound from being blackballed at another that you would have liked better.

Think whether the fraternity respects individuality or will try to subvert this for the sake of the house.

Think whether you want to spend the bulk of your time in fraternity duties, and whether this is more important than the extra-curricular or academic pursuits that are more immediately vital to an education and to widened horizons.

Think of whether the social advantages of the fraternity square with the most important academic opportunities on the campus.

Think whether you want to be a citizen of the world or the campus or of three or two Greek letters.

Think whether you have answered all the questions you have had about fraternities.

Think whether you know all the members, and whether all respect you for what you are rather than for what they can make of you.

Think about all these things, and think about the question of whether you are prepared now to go into fraternity life.

If you've thought about all these things, and you still want to pledge, pledge. If not, wait. The opportunities to pledge in the next four years are many. The chance to get out is little. Be selfish with your individuality. Save it for that time when it is respected.

The choice is yours now. Make the right one.

## Atomic Testing

The Russians have resumed nuclear tests, and although the United States may howl, they had every right to do it on the grounds that they claimed as valid—that the United States exercised bad faith with respect to nuclear tests.

The United States not only failed to suspend tests, but even in negotiations to bilaterally suspend tests, the United States has held out for tests for peaceful purposes including high altitude detonations and small arms weapons with not quite as lethal a punch.

The United States when it said it would suspend tests was careful to place the date after its current series of tests.

Back in 1956 they were a man roaming the country by the name of Stevenson. This man was an unusual fellow for he at that time advocated the suspension of nuclear testing. This proposal was laughed at, but in the meantime the Russians have cashed in on this proposal to place the United States at a propaganda disadvantage and to point out to the people of the world that the United States is the warmonger not Russia.

Back in 1956 there was nothing to lose and everything to gain by nuclear suspension. Still now there is nothing to lose.

With Russia starting a new series of tests, the United States can announce publicly that it is suspending nuclear tests on all fronts, and with detection equipment as it is at the present time, other nations would be able and should be invited to check. The United States could then propose a bi-lateral treaty with Russia that would bind the two countries. If Russia refused, the United States could claim bad faith. Moreover, the world would have somewhat less Strontium 90 in the air and the arms buildup would not be continuing at a pace which would almost inevitably lead to war.

The chance for the United States to score a major propaganda victory is gone, but the opportunity to salvage something from the wreckage is still there.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Rule's Roost

Paul Rule

Allow me to introduce Theodosia to you. Theodosia is a skull. Not the ordinary garden variety of skull, mind you; not like the skull of an old friend you keep around the house as a souvenir. Theodosia is a special skull.



Two things make her stand out in a crowd of ordinary head bones: she is colored in a delicate mixture of green, blue, black and pink, and she is made entirely of clay.

Formed by the sadistic hands of a friend and presented to me as a good luck charm, this ceramic cranium adorns my otherwise dull desk as a paperweight, glistens with many-colored baked-on gleam and flashes a jagged smile.

The donor of Theodosia said not only would she bring me good luck, but if I listened carefully she would advise me on the affairs of life. So far she hasn't said anything, but if she does it will probably change my entire outlook on the subject of consumption of alcoholic beverages.

While sitting the other day meditating on the important things in life (Formosa, the Supreme Court, proof markings and sex), I suddenly noticed that Theodosia was rather malformed. In fact she looks positively melted. Her lower jaw protrudes too far, and there's too much slope to her forehead. She more closely resembles the head of an ape than a gentle lady.

This realization could well have been the turning point in my life. From it has evolved an entirely new concept: The Theodosian Theory of Evolution!

The next sound you hear will be Charles Darwin spinning in his grave!

All these years we've been talking of Charlie's word for it that we advanced apes climbed down from trees and became people. (Some say the apes that never uite got their feet on the ground became Republicans.)

The Theodosian concept theorizes that people came first and that some of them melted into apes. After all, isn't it human nature to slump slightly and let the chin protrude on a warm day? And who can deny the popularity of bananas as a summer food?

Don't we all have a desire to "go ape" when we get a glow on? Isn't the native habitat of our furry, tree-swinging friends the tropical zones? You'll readily acknowledge that a golf course is a hot place to be on a warm day, and we all know who is making a monkey of himself with a golf ball.

The next time things start to get a little hot remember the Theodosian Theory and reach for a banana!

## Letter On Fraternities

Editor:

The Editor of this paper has made a mistake. He has spoken on a phase of campus life which leads myself and other Greek letter fraternity men to believe that he is not qualified to issue opinions without the facts. In most cases, I would defend his right to say what he wants on his page. In this case I will not. Curtis Gans is so poorly informed on fraternity life that it is frightening to see that he is writing about this.

Before proceeding into my rather lengthy blast at "my boss," I would like to say that I greatly appreciate this space on the editorial page in the form of a letter to take issue with the editor.

In conjunction with his editorials this week, a front page series has been running, compiled by myself and another member of the editorial staff, Jamie Holmes.

Holmes and I have compiled this feature series in the sincere hope that it will enable the prospective

pledge to choose more wisely the house to which he wants to belong. Speaking only for myself, and not for Holmes, there has been great dissent with Gans. I predicted over and over again that he would use this series to release long attacks on the Greeks. It now appears that my predictions are accurate. Obviously there are many areas of fraternity life which need to be corrected; however, Gans has continually torn down without suggesting changes.

In Sunday's issue of The Daily Tar Heel Gans said, "If you value your initial independence, then to pledge a fraternity at this time would be for you foolhardy." What he failed to say was independent individuals will remain so, in or out of a fraternity. Either a person is an individual, or he isn't. Joining a fraternity will affect this very little.

He went on to say, "Most of you shouldn't pledge a fraternity at this time." Here he may have a valid

point. I have often spoken against immediate rush. However, I have yet to see a suitable alternative which will allow the Greeks to survive financially. If a freshman investigates the house which he wants to pledge thoroughly during rush week, there is no real reason why he can't make a smart selection.

The rest of Sunday's editorial had valid points which I cannot dispute.

In Wednesday's edition of The Daily Tar Heel, Gans States: "Some of the rushees have already been blackballed or not invited to return to a specific fraternity. Individual fraternity members have done this on the basis of a two minute conversation or on the basis of the individuals appearance." In some cases this is a true assertion.

Yet, Gans has never participated in a formal rush program as a fraternity man. He has never spoken in a lodge meeting for boys that he wants in a house. He has never seen it "from the other side."

I will be the first to admit that balling a person in many respects is cruel. But as Gans pointed out, this is a fraternity man's choice.

I have either seen or been through rush in close to fifteen houses on campus. I have always been impressed with the manner in which they attempt to get to know the many boys coming through rush. Naturally it isn't possible for each boy in each house to know each rushee. However, it is possible and in most cases probable that two or three or four or in many cases more, will know a rushee well by the time he leaves. The word of these men is then taken in a lodge meeting. If you can't trust the judgement of your brothers, then brotherhood doesn't exist.

Gans has not presented an accurate picture of the blackball system. Every house on campus has been in lodge up until four or five in the morning this week in an attempt to give every boy a fair shake. I think I would rather take their word than Gans'.

I am sorry that Gans and I have disagreed so much on this issue. In most cases the Editor of this paper uses great discretion before printing. His judgement is to be respected in most cases.

However, from his lofty pinnacle in the Daily Tar Heel office, he is not qualified to view fraternity life. I urge him to be more careful, before tearing down fraternities. I hope he will accept an invitation to visit my house and others throughout the year. Of course, in many cases his judgement will not be changed. However, he will have a better chance to formulate accurate opinions.

David B. Young

## "The Critics Don't Like It"



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## View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

### SAVE THE PETITES DRAMATIQUES!

From time to time in the past year and a half this column has been devoted to the organization known as the Petites Dramatiques. Usually what was said here was either in review or preview of one of its productions. The reviews were always enthusiastic, the reviews more often than not were considerably less enthusiastic.

But now all backward glances—all considerations of past success or failure—must be dismissed in the face of a larger issue: should the Petites Dramatiques continue as a student-sponsored organization under the direction of Graham Memorial?

At the present moment, it seems that it is the purpose of Graham Memorial to continue its financial support of this student dramatic group, for the Petites Dramatiques is included in the present organization of the Graham Memorial Activities Board. The future of the group is in question only because the head of the GMAB Drama Committee, Seamon Gottlieb, has resigned his position, and nothing has been accomplished toward appointing a successor.

The issue is complicated by the fact that the Drama Committee has never been anything more than Mr. Gottlieb and a small budget. This has proven an unstable rock on which to found an institution of any permanence.

With Mr. Gottlieb's resignation, then, the Petites Dramatiques has become only a name on a list and a small budget with nowhere to go.

It would be unfortunate if the name should disappear from the list and the budget be reabsorbed into GMAB funds. The idea behind the Petites Dramatiques—an idea which was often obscured by irresponsible management and poor production—is a worthy one. The purpose of the organization (although it never organized) was to provide a chance for students interested in theatrical production to exercise their creative abilities without regard to faculty or finance; and to provide the student body with dramatic entertainment free of charge.

It should go without saying in an intellectual community such as this that such a purpose is worthwhile and should be supported—at least until it becomes clear that it cannot be realized.

Certainly the Petites Dramatiques have not done well enough to merit unconditional permission and encouragement; after its initial success with "Caligula" over a year ago, its productions have been rarely good and often bad. Always, however, those concerned exhibited enthusiasm and untapped talent: what has been lacking, then, was neither a worthy purpose nor a will to succeed. What has been lacking is intelligent administration of the selection of plays and the assignment of directors, and adequate attention to technical details and publicity.

It may seem that this indictment contradicts the assertion that the Petites Dramatiques deserves support; not so, for enthusiasm and purpose are redeeming factors, and administrative failure should not be permitted to condemn an artistic undertaking. Likewise, the resignation of the administrator should not doom the organization.

If, then, it is agreed that the Petites Dramatiques should continue to exist, but that its organization should be changed, two more problems arise: First, what should be the form of the new organization, and then, is such an organization available.

Without sufficient precedent it is impossible to specify what should be the exact composition of the Petites Dramatiques permanent organization. It is certain, however, that a permanent organization of more than one person is essential. A committee composed of students interested in production as well as aesthetics would insure the correction of many past faults: enough personnel would be committed to insure the successful and adequate management of each production, while it may be hopefully assumed that a variety of qualified personalities involved in policy decisions would make those decisions more valuable; and it is obvious that a stable administrative body, whatever its composition, would insure the continuity of the organization.

It now remains to find in the student body several students who possess sufficient skill in the various aspects of the theatre to insure that the Petites Dramatiques will have at least reasonable artistic success.

Perhaps such talent and dedication exists on this campus, and if so it should be sought out. But if there are not enough members of the student body at large with the necessary qualifications, then an attempt should be made to secure leadership from the ranks of the group which is most certain to include such talents—the reference being, of course, to the Department of Dramatic Arts. The problem involved in this otherwise obvious solution is that there has been little cooperation between the Petites Dramatiques and the D.A. Department to date, mainly because there was real or imagined animosity on the part of that department toward the student group. Whether the D.A. Department has an objection to the existence of the Petites Dramatiques or not, it would no doubt be interesting to all concerned to at least talk about some sort of conciliation. No such conversation has been attempted in the past, despite the difficulty and foolishness of a situation in which two campus groups with related purposes are not on speaking terms.

There is, however, something to be done before the Petites Dramatiques is reorganized, and that is for the students who are interested in its continuance to express their concern to the proper authorities—either to GMAB President Bob Carter, or to Mr. Howard Henry, Director of Graham Memorial.

SAVE THE PETITES DRAMATIQUES!

## Neither Black Nor White . . . Mostly Shades Of Gray

Norman B. Smith

Diana held a .22-caliber rifle in her hands as she watched television and waited for Robert. "When he walked from the kitchen through the door to the den, I shot him," she said. The blonde 16 year old girl, described as a brilliant high school senior, killed her brother last Tuesday because nothing exciting ever happened around their suburban home.—Raleigh News & Observer

Diana doubtlessly can be classified as a psychotic. What's more, since her intellect is superior and her behavior heretofore normal, she's probably suffering from a functional psychosis of environmental origin rather than organic psychosis (hereditary, from injury or from disease). She is being held without charge by juvenile authorities pending psychiatric tests.

Psychotics are distinguished as such because they react in extreme ways to anxiety-producing environmental conditions. LaBarre in "The Human Animal" points out that culture heroes—people whose names are recorded in history as initiators of great reforms or movements—react in generally unaccepted ways to these conditions, too.

Apparently the culture hero holds his highly regarded position solely because he has a better public relations program than the psychotic. If numerous people join in his madness, he's no longer mad but a great leader or prophet. Hitler proved this point when more than half a hundred million Germans, spurred by his ravings, ignited the greatest conflagration the world has experienced. Undoubtedly the bewhiskered sages of the Sanhedran thought they had removed a dangerous psychotic from Jerusalem when Christ was executed until they discovered he had already become an invincible culture hero.

Then there are those who, try as they may, fail in their public relations program, are labeled psychotics, and sent to an appropriate institution. In one such asylum a visiting VIP asked one of the inmates his name.

The patient replied striking an appropriate hand-in-jacket pose, "I am Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Impossible," cried the VIP, "Who told you such a ridiculous thing?"

"God did," was the answer.

An authoritative voice from the corner of the ward interrupted, "I did not!"

The nation is shocked about Diana's bizarre behavior, and she didn't conduct a successful public relations program. It's doubtful if she can become a culture hero even among her contemporary fellow adolescents who make cultural paradoxes out of their young lives when they idolize Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis (certainly neither specimens of classical manhood), when they drive souped-up hotrods (without regard for our hallowed rights of life and property).

Just what events in Diana's comfortable, suburban home life could have brought about enough anxiety to make her kill Robert? It was not events; it was lack of events. She wanted excitement. She was bored.

Is that what is the matter with the great American nation? Are we bored with too much leisure time culminating from a shorter work week and more rapid transportation, from automation in the home? Are we bored with unprecedented prosperity, with stuffing our fat bellies? Are we bored with the same old movies and the same old TV . . . Diana was watching television as she waited for Robert.

And what do we do about our boredom? Some of us temporarily stifle it—drain it in alcohol, tire it out in athletics, suffocate it in sex . . . or maybe we kill people.

Then there is a curious breed who seem to ignore boredom rather than continually trying to stifle it. You can see them over at Hill Hall or Ackland Art Gallery, at church vesper services on weekday evenings, coming out of the library with books—books actually not required in a course. They are for the most part a peculiar bunch. They are "pseudos" and probably sexually perverted, certainly not fit to associate with. Why, they aren't even bored with life!