

## Apathy

There often been much talk about student apathy, and indeed there is plenty on the UNC campus; yet it is gratifying to note the attendance of the first lecture by Paul Tillich.

The overflow crowd at the lecture proved at least one thing — that with constructive programming, students might be a quite interested lot of people rather than an inert one. It can be hoped that this will continue in the future, and that the idea of programming will not be lost in the shuffle.

## YDC

Sometimes it is hard to tell which is worse, young Democrats or old Democrats.

The YDC, which came out again with a platform denouncing the Supreme Court decision, advocating state's rights, and binding itself to vote only for Democratic candidates, promises very little leadership in the years to come.

It is unfortunate that the YDC does not try to see the issue. The issue of supremacy of the federal law is the issue involved in the present case, as well as the issue of equal opportunity within the framework of a democracy.

The YDC, if it wants to exert any real leadership, had better change its course, if it wants the states to have anything reserved to them. The age of centralization is here, and unless the states assume the responsibility which they have heretofore not assumed, they will not survive the change and a violent turmoil will result.

It can be hoped that the younger generation can assert the initiative. However, it was not shown last week.

## Phones

It seems that the student body and others are having difficulties with their phones. One seems to be used as a urinal, while another seems to have been pulled from its hinges, thus necessitating the dormitory administration to dispense with it as a "punishment."

It seems the difficulty with the phone that has been used in the library for other purposes stems at least in part from the appearance of pay phones in that area when free phones were in vogue not a year ago. One can hardly approve of the student's action, who used the library phones such a purpose since they were made pay phones. It is definitely reprehensible conduct. However, there is at least a case to be made for strong, if not violent objection, to the placing of pay phones in the area.

They were placed on the pretext that students wanted two phones in library and that one phone was inadequate. However, in order to put two phones the library had to put pay phones. Nobody sounded out the students on whether they wanted free phones or pay phones, and they undoubtedly would have decided in favor of the former. Thus, the library has in all probability acted in their own interests rather than the interests of students. This ought to be changed quickly.

The second case is more serious. It seems that the phone on 2nd floor Cobb dorm has been out of order and that it kept ringing. A student bothered by the noise ripped the phone out. The dormitory administration responded by repairing the phones and shutting the phones off for a month.

The punishment does nothing to fit the crime. Instead it punishes a whole floor for an individual's action. Further than that, it fails to take cognizance of possibility of emergency phone calls or the possibility of trying to locate someone at any time. If an emergency strikes, there will be little time to go over to Cobb, go up the stairs, and find out whether the student is even in his room or in the area. The dormitory administration should have a little more wisdom than covering up for its inadequacy on the line of enforcement of dorm rules and detection of the culprit, by punishing the whole dorm. It is hoped that in the future they will.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Recordings Reviewed

Arthur Lessing

Outside of hero-worship, why has Van Cliburn made such an enormous impact upon the American musical scene? Listening to his first recording (RCA Victor LM-2252), a performance of the Tchaikovsky First Piano Concerto in B-flat Minor, the question is decisively answered by the very strong impression the young man's playing makes. It is not merely that we are impressed; almost without his very playing one recognizes promise and talent, a future in which his musical temperament may some day perhaps reach the height of a Rubinstein or a Rudolph Serkin.

What then does this recording reveal?

First of all, more than any other recording of this concerto that I am acquainted with, we find a truly close unity between piano and orchestra. The orchestra (not identified, but probably members of the former NBC Symphony led by the Russian conductor Kiril Kondrashin) are close to the spirit of Cliburn in a kind of youthful and enthusiastic playing of the score. This does not mean that tempi are exaggerated or that unnecessary rubatos are introduced, nor that what is aimed for is romantic effect and uncontrolled abandon. As a matter of fact, what is so consistently amazing in this union is a kind of controlled romanticism compatible with a total conception of the work which is distinctly classical. Here we must not confuse the classical with the academic; this performance, especially in the ensemble of piano with orchestra, is anything but academic. Rather, I mean that the total conception of the movements is quite defined by conductor and soloist so that there is a framework in which dynamics, tempi, ritards, accelerandos, crescendos, diminuendos, cadenzas, and attacks all have their place and function. This seems to me the essence of classicism. The old pattern of virtuoso accompanied by orchestra obviously does not hold for such an interpretation. Piano and orchestra support each other for a purpose beyond technical display or romantic outpouring, but which is the utterance of Tchaikovsky's music for its own sake. To hail a performance because it is faithful to the composer's intention is a dangerous business, but I feel this performance does just that. We have the conductor Kondrashin and Cliburn to thank for this achievement.

Now to return to the individual performance of Van Cliburn. Listen to his first solo entrance in the first movement: it is forceful (the phrases seem almost suspended on a structure of energy), but the force is not forced or tight. Rather, it is the very opposite: relaxed and peaceful. And by the time he grandiose opening theme reappears in the orchestra, you know you are listening to a great performance.

His touch on the keyboard is sensitive to what is demanded in the music; thus he can strong where strength is needed; sensitive where a phrase needs sensitivity to truly appear as a musical phrase; and sweeping where sweep is in order. In the area of technique this touch is at its most exciting terrain, as for example in the many octave runs played with an amazing sense of authority and musical power. Listen to the very last run in the first movement and hear how it is spaced, structured, and conceived musically with just the slightest rubato holding back the last four eight notes at the very top of the run — even though at first sight it seems nothing more than a series of octaves running up in sequence to the final cadence. Cliburn creates musical sense here with the highest kind of musicianship.

His phrasing is consistently musical and in good taste. It is not sentimental or distorted, but romantic in a tradition of romanticism which we have almost lost. It is the romanticism which believes itself to be at the basis of expression, not the surface. It is the expression of the inner, not the effect of the outer that this romanticism asks of us. And what we hear in this recording is a sincerity of feeling that is rare in a world in which hypocrisy directs our lives.

The pianist's tone on the piano is amazingly warm even though lacking in the kind of depth that a Serkin can create. But the warmth makes up for this deficiency (one of youth I think), as in the first piano passage in the slow movement where the piano speaks even warmer than the obviously emotional flute. The middle section of this movement, incidentally, I have never been able to understand. The awkward Prestissimo seems to destroy the entire mood of the opening theme, and even in terms of contrast (which is dubious) the purpose is defeated by its ill-defined rambling character. However listen carefully to the ending of this movement, reminding of Swan Lake, highly emotional yet subdued, deeply touching but never sentimental. Here, Cliburn is at his very best.

The third movement is the poorest of the three as it suffers from a genuine lack of musical material (except for the second theme) to be compositionally explored. Cliburn's playing is impressive in its virtuosity but even he has difficulty making sense out the repeated squareness of the music. The most outstanding passage here is for me the "Molto piu mosso" section, close to the end of the movement, where the piano embarks upon a long string of sixteenth notes in long connected legato phrases. With the strings accompanying this passage, it is evocative of the most graceful feelings within us. The passage comes to a rude end when the notes become more and more staccato, and almost all of a sudden we fall with a rush of notes into the beginning of the coda.

The coda presents again the close unity of piano and orchestra, building to a larger and larger climax and ending with, what for me, is the most exciting run of octaves I have ever heard on the piano.

It is the great accomplishment of Cliburn and Kondrashin in making us realize that however popular and played-to-death the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto is, nevertheless, it remains a truly great work of music, especially in the performance that has been given us on record by these two artists.

## Letters To The Editor

EDITOR:

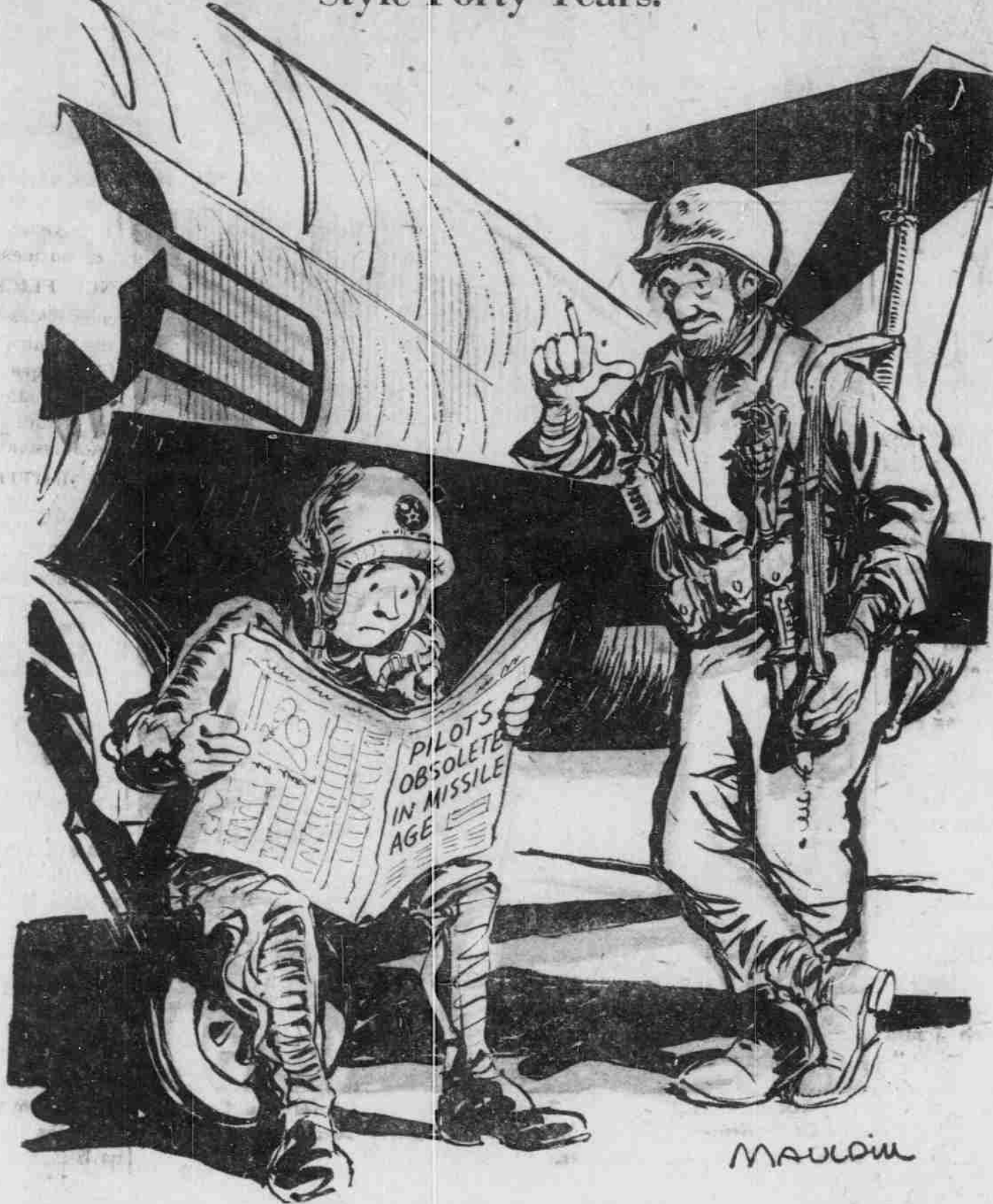
As spokesman for the "intellectually sloppy," Mr. William Rogers has stated that while existentialism does not mean eccentric hairstyles, turtle neck sweaters, oversized medallions, loud inferior jazz, and free love, this is what the term has, unfortunately been perverted to symbolize to many of his group. He speaks the truth. Mr. Rogers made this statement while attempting to relate a certain Miss Bardot to the existentialist movement. He failed to be explicit in establishing the connection, however, and failed to note a minor distinction which, if somewhat subtle, should certainly be apparent to a gentleman of this acumen.

The female existentialists of the

intellectually sloppy is an evil little witch who digs free love, generally "sleeps around" and goes for all of the other niceties that Mr. Roger mentioned. It is conceivable that the B.B. of the screen could fit into this category if these were the only qualifications. They aren't. To qualify, the candidate must display a definite intellectual appreciation for her activities. This is the crux of the matter and this is where Bardot fails. The Badot of the screen is the perfect stupid broad; she is not intellectually sloppy, she is intellectually nonexistent. If B. B. is an existentialist then so is every American housewife who sleeps with the milkman.

WILLIAM CHENEY

## "Don't Let It Throw You, Bud. I Been Outta Style Forty Years."



## Designs In Jazz

Hairy Richman

PORTRAIT OF A PERSONALITY

"With high regard and respect for each others' individuality... a group of personalities can make music wide in scope—from tender, soft sounds to screaming, crashing dissonance. This is an orchestra!"

And this is a revelation of the personality of Stan Kenton, for in these words is shown one man's sincere love of creative music and the musicians, which bring it to life.

His is a dynamic personality, in which is constantly seeking to discover modern ideas, to be employed by modern artists, to create modern sounds.

In 1941 at Balboa Beach, California, the music of the Kenton Orchestra first appeared. It was a music that hung between the Swing Era of the 30's and the Bop Era of the 40's. Featuring the sections or the whole orchestra rather than soloists, allowed Kenton to concentrate on vivid, exciting arrangements. This gave rise to varied criticism, but whatever the criticism; people were interested; however, acceptance was gradual. So in order to sustain the band Kenton added the talents of Anita O'Day and Gene Howard to sing ballads. The next four years found Kenton enjoying success and acceptance.

In the spring of '46 the orchestra released its first album. With the diverse arrangements of Pete Rugolo, Milt Kabak, Ken Hanna, and, of course, Stan Kenton, the music, known as "Artistry in Rhythm," was acclaimed by the polls "as the most popular music of the year." Then after a short rest, and with largely the same "Progressive Jazz" personnel, Kenton, eager to introduce a new sound, arranged a series of concert tours. With the absence of rhythm section, Kenton's music, through the expression of the jazz soloist, created a unique jazz sound. Variety headlined, "Kenton's Carnegie Hall Concert a Killer Both Artistically and at B.O.," and in its story, "... His music... could probably be compared in the jazz field to the music of Stra-

vinsky and Shostakovich." The Cuban influence, as in so many forms of progressive jazz, had its effects on the Kenton orchestrations. Lively interpretations of classic standards were introduced imparting something of the tense excitement of the modern world to 15,000 that lined the Hollywood Bowl and millions across the nation.

One year later, with the arranging abilities of Johnny Richards, Bob Graettinger, Pete Rugolo, and Frank Marks; the talents afforded by 40 musicians including strings, woodwinds, and brass; and the listeners who clamored for the orchestra, the music, and the man, Kenton introduced to the Concert Stage—"Innovations in Modern Music." This idiom attained nearly a classical form producing an unequalled accomplishment in the field of orchestrated jazz.

Kenton's fame had stretched across the Atlantic, so in 1953, The European Tour was initiated. The music, played by some of the finest musicians on the jazz scene, was more widely appreciated and understood in Europe and England than in America.

Stan Kenton Orchestras have been the testing grounds for many of today's jazz greats such as Bud Shank, Kai Winding, Gerry Mulligan Shelly Manne, Shorty Rogers, Stan Gets, and many others. "Possibly," Stan feels, the encouragement he gave those artists would ultimately prove his most lasting contribution."

And Stan Kenton looks to the future. "These are dynamic times and jazz is a dynamic language. Now, as in the past, he ranges through many realms of sound, intent on discovering the dazzling blend of plan and movement and improvisation that yields new jazz. The fresh musical concept and the brilliant musical performer come inevitably within his vision, and though him they fuse, creating that tension between performance and listener on which a musical experience is communicated." His music is sometimes "cool"; sometimes "crazy," but always sincerely Stan Kenton.

## More Readers Write

EDITOR:

Truly I had hoped to stay out of the discussion about contraceptives, but this letter, like the use of contraceptives, is the result of not enough moral restraint.

My quarrel is not specifically with the debunked Malthusian theory as expressed recently by Mr. Giminder, or with the sympathies of Miss Combes, or even the Thomistic philosophic principle expresse a few days ago (primary purpose of marriage—children). It is with their basic concept of Mother Church. One gets the idea that she has her ministers stationed at the key-hole of every chamber, to make sure that the primary purpose of marriage is enforced. This obviously is not true, or she would have to renege the sterile right to her Sacrament, not to mention the increase in she staff.

Another idea that quickly follows, when speaking of two nasty words - Catholics & Contraceptives, is the picture of the poor forlorn, washed-out looking woman who is about to have her fifth child. You just know they cannot

afford it for their car is two years old, and their TV is five... that Catholic Church! The unblessed secularist cannot see, NOR TOLERATE that this Christian couple is pleased with their power of creation, and for the other wonders that have been given them. Why it would be just ingratifide and selfishness to abuse these gifts. It is hard work being a Christian, and our modern world does not make it any easier. The Church in her early years had her martyrs so to in these latter days.

The next idea that follows, in this stream of consciousness, is that of the poor mother about to be butchered for the sake of Rome. These same unbelievers can look at the Mediaeval Cathedrals with their spires, consisting of hundreds of hand carved statues, and wonder why in the world so many risked their necks, and the welfare of their families, to produce these works of art. NOBODY will see them, they are so far up, and besides, in a few years these temples will be destroyed, let us be practical! Can

this Christian Mother about to bring forth her masterpiece—an eternal temple—be practical? Why one word from her lips can bring the murderous hands of the family physician to her aid. No! Being a true artist and Christian she will work in silent labor, and awake to the smile of the Divine physician and hear Him say: "Greater love than this no man have that he lay down his life for another." "Come you blessed of My Father and take possession of the Kingdom prepared for you."

It was with a deep reassurance that I read the last accusations against my church "foresightless, unreasoning, reactionary, unjust, inhuman, irresponsible and irreverent." For I could hear the voices of the old Romna officials call out these same charges, against a new sect that had begun and who called themselves Christians. Only the language had changed.

Thanks for reading this,  
ROBERT J. KELLEHER

## Inquiry

Sam Frazier

Outside the pit the spectators are beginning to mutter to themselves and argue with each other as to who will be the winner, the Chinese, or the Chinese. Pdystrnot (pronounced "Pat") has said many times to the general assembly of the United Canals that this is a really funny sight to behold. "Every Martian should see the world" is his motto. "See how the infection of the fight in the pit spreads to the spectators, who, so excited and absorbed in the cock-fight, imagine that it is they themselves who have the motives for fighting each other."

So we people of earth, drones the bored stenographer, find ourselves in the cock-pit of a plane about which we know nothing and which is therefore out of control. Even when some earnest people attempt to put a mirror in the sky so that man might see the reflection of his situation, all that man can see is himself. And he laughs at himself as he playfully (as a mimicking actor) makes as many different kinds of expressions as he can.

There is even a crowded office-factory-assembly room, with many desks at which are perched neat little men, summarizing, typing, and filing the world's problems.

Eeny, meeny, miney, moe,  
Catch a nigger by his toe,  
If he hollars let him go,  
Eeny, meeny, miney moe . . . YOU

You be a summarizer, typer, and filer of the world's problems; Big Brother needs you.

There is even a smoky, dingy, dirty, damp, dark, and rank cellar room with a few tables here and there. Each table proudly wears its insignia, a green wine bottle with a white, flickering, smoky candle. It's choir practice time. Let's slip in with our roving microphone and hear what goes on.

LEADER: All together children.

CHORUS: Hell with it al, I'm a low-low terranian.

Hell to all, I'm a pessimist.  
Hell in all, I'm me.  
All 'hell' to man.

Meanwhile, back at the throne, there he sits, calm, cool, and collected, with his typewriter before him, slightly amused with all he sees down below, not to mention a slightly superior air about him. As he types his observations, he finds that his nose is too large and is continually obstructing his view. (Quel dommage).

At least we can come out occasionally, however, to look at the stars.

## Variations

Gail Godwin

The September 27 issue of the New Yorker housed another one of the cartoon masterpieces on which the magazine's fame is based. This one was a drawing of three "characters" lounging unhappily over coffee cups in the basement of some suburban bar equipped, of course, with coffee urn and "Come to Italy and Paris" posters. All three characters—two men and one woman—are dressed in appropriate uniforms—fruit boots, black sweaters, a string of pearls, old-tweedy jackets, and berets.

One character is explaining dejectedly to his colleague: "... and I'll be writing along, beat as you please, when all of a sudden this irresistible surge of optimism comes bubbling out . . ."

Poor fellow. And then the black, black line which borders all his writings, his creations, his thoughts becomes blurred by that cursed OPTIMISM, which absolutely ruins beat writing.

And he has his friends. And they are not all in the picture in the lower left-hand corner of the September 27 issue of the New Yorker. They are all over the place, one never knows where. There MAY be one—or two—on this campus.

These fans if adversity, like Al Capp's immortal Joe Bfispplk, are not bothered with silver linings. They are looking for real thunderclouds—preferably spurring with rain already. They do not get up on a beautiful day and look out the window and say: "Good morning, Lord!" They say: "Good Lord, morning." That is, unless they are atheists which most of them are and then the "Lord" is omitted and "Oh, Dharma," or "Oh, Sartre" is substituted.

Msrr. Blackcloud's favorite pastimes include: criticizing all manner of people, art, books, ideas, other pastimes not included in his repertoire, and we could go on forever; kicking cans along the sidewalk; looking in garbage pails; and, last but not least, sticking pins in happy little children's balloons. Also included in this category of pastimes is what we call "Incentive Squashing." This consists of flinging back in the animated face of one who has just had a terrific idea and made the mistake of confiding in the Incentive Squasher: "Really now, don't you think that is rather juvenile?"

Surprisingly enough, these little cloudy beings are not accomplishing too much in the way of places upstairs on the sunny streets while our pessimistic puzzle sit gloomily downstairs in the damp bar—getting soaking wet.