

The Capitol

The governor has issued a statement which says that the State Student Legislature will not be allowed to meet in the Capitol unless each University sanctions its delegation and its meeting there.

This probably came as result of disfavor with the resolutions passed at last year's State Student Legislature meeting in which the group enacted a proposal calling for the abolition of all legal bars to intermarriage.

The Governor both has the right to disagree with the state's younger leaders, and to volunteer the services of the Capitol to those whom he deems should be, but it seems harsh to deprive a group of its place of meeting because of a disagreement in viewpoint.

Moreover, the SSL has never made any pretenses for speaking for the governor or legislature of the state, but rather it speaks only for the leadership in the state's youth. As such its voice has a right to be heard loud and clear, and should be heard and trumpeted in that they often have more wisdom than some or even most of their elder leaders in positions of "responsibility."

It is hoped that the Governor does not mean that each delegate should be screened for point of view, because this would be censoring the student voice, and no matter how much the Governor values his own opinion, he should be enough of a democrat to have all others heard.

It is hoped also that the SSL will take as courageous a stand as it did last year, and reaffirm its stand of last year so that it can be on the side of right despite the criticism it has weathered.

The Governor ought to think twice before he stifles or censors a student group. Disagreement is a healthy thing. Censorship is not.

The SSL should meet. It is hoped that the meeting will take place in the Capitol.

On A Jury System

The most significant bill introduced in the Student Legislature was the Greer Bill calling for abolition of permanent jurors and revision of the jury selection procedure.

Abolition of permanent jurors is a necessity. The whole idea of justice in a democracy is that a person is judged by his peers and that under the law there is no inequality.

With permanent jurors, inequity has set in, for it says that certain people are more qualified than other people by virtue of experience in telling what is a fact and what is not a fact.

Experience is no criterion in the judgment of a fact, and indeed the very fact that a juror is not experienced will give the defendant the benefit of the doubt in that there can be no prejudgment on the basis of a past guilty verdict.

Last year, Jack Lawing, now chairman of the University Party, delivered one of the most eloquent rebuttals to the idea of permanent jurors in front of the Student Legislature. It is hoped that he will exert the same leadership in bringing an end to the permanent jurors. They, indeed, have no place in a democratic jury system.

The other major provision in Greer's Bill is perhaps even more controversial but equally commendable. This provision, to select jurors from the entire campus rather than as a function of interest and interviews, implies the doctrine that in a democratic society each person is a citizen and as such has a responsibility to make the society work.

In this case, each member of the academic community, which is a microcosmic democracy, would be eligible for jury duty. Selection would be based solely on the fact that a student is a student.

This is how it should be in a democratic society — each citizen is assumed to be capable of determining facts until proved incapable.

Where qualified people are necessary is in the Council itself which is charged with the job of interpreting the law. In this case, experience can well be a factor in correct interpretation. In a jury it is not.

Notes In Review

Arthur Lessing

An unusual song recital given by Ethel Casey, soprano, and Walter Golde, pianist, opened the Les Petites Musicales series in Graham Memorial last Sunday evening, October 19. The evening was devoted entirely to Debussy songs; and, as Mr. Golde explained in his introductory remarks, not the better-known songs but those which clearly show the influence of the Impressionist painters and Symbolist poets. The artists in these groups were not interested in presenting their subject realistically, but wanted to express (in Mr. Golde's words) "their emotional response to the subject." In their revolt against realism, they worked with suggestion and mood to evoke rather than assert what they wanted to communicate.

Unfortunately, it seemed the lack of mood and suggestion that marred the performance of the artists. Although one can be nothing but grateful to the artists for undertaking such an ambitious program, especially in view of the unpopularity of the music, too much harm was done to the composer to make the concert achieve its intended aim.

Miss Casey has a well-developed voice which was in control of the music throughout the concert. Especially in the lower range of the voice it is rich and vibrant. Mr. Golde's playing too is of a high technical finish. The artists performed well together, commendable in view of the very difficult distribution of voice line with piano accompaniment.

But the performance of these songs seemed to go against the very spirit of Debussy. There was a definite lack of subtlety in Miss Casey's voice, while Mr. Golde's accompaniment seemed decidedly factual. Both were unable to evoke mood in their performance, and the absence of mood, in turn, produced a starkness in the songs which seemed at times almost naked, while at other times made the songs sound misleadingly empty of content. This fault could have been prevented by taking more care with the shape and dynamics of the phrasing. Also by paying more attention to the text, a closer feeling for what is, and should be, portrayed would have helped. But for this critic the basic fault seemed the evident lack of communication between performer and composer. Although the artists must have had great sympathy with Debussy's music in presenting this concert, this same sympathy was not expressed strong enough in their performance.

Miss Casey was indecisive in attitude toward what she was singing, alternating between emotional involvement and objective presentation. By paying so much attention to her pronunciation of the words, the continuity of line, the heart of Debussy, failed to project. Mr. Golde's playing, though utterly correct, was too heavy and weighty to express the fragile indirect expression of the composer.

Only in one song, "De Fleurs," a magnificent composition of rich variations in color and mood, was the spirit of Debussy successfully conveyed. And for all its failings, the opportunity to hear some of Debussy's finest compositions made the concert a decidedly worthwhile one.

Letters Good And Bad

Editor:

There seem to be many students here at Carolina who are all too unaware of the presence of the school literary magazine, the Carolina Quarterly. The basis for that statement is the lack of manuscripts which have appeared in the Quarterly office thus far in the year. Editor John Tice and his most competent staff have been much distressed by the few manuscripts which have been submitted. We feel that there are many fine writers on such a large campus, but judging from their showing so far this year, one wouldn't know it.

We do not wish to fill an entire issue of the Quarterly with material from sources outside the campus. The magazine is, as the name implies, our magazine. Then why not fill it, or at least partially so, with material from our campus and our students?

Though the Handbook says that the Quarterly is "listed by Writers' Digest as one of the top literary publications in the country," students should not feel that their chances for having their manuscripts published are slim. On the contrary, students have as much, if not more, chance as anyone else. Again quoting from the Handbook, "The Quarterly is not only read around the University, but it goes to several hundred subscribers all over the world as well." This statement in itself should incite students to make an effort to have some of their work printed. As editor Tice said, "Since our criterion for accepting a manuscript is its artistic excellence, students at Carolina should find this an encouragement rather than an inhibiting factor."

Added, incentive is the always-attractive cash prizes. The magazine make two yearly awards: \$100 for the best short story of the year, and \$50 for the best poem. Previously, smaller awards had been made on a per-issue basis.

Some students apparently have had the misconception that the submitting of manuscripts is a momentous task. Not at all. In fact, such a task is relatively simple. All that is involved is writing something and bringing it either to the information desk in Graham Memorial or to the Quarterly office. Now that doesn't seem too bad, does it?

Criticism of manuscripts will be offered to the extent that the staff is able to give, depending upon the number of manuscripts we have. All submissions will be judged fairly and those who submit them will be notified as soon as possible as to the decision of the editors.

It is the hope of the Quarterly

staff that the students will write more and, most of all, submit more manuscripts, so we won't have to change the name of the magazine to The State Quarterly or The National Quarterly. The Carolina Quarterly is a much better and more appropriate name.

Ron Shumate

Editor:

After reading your Daily Tar Heel for the past month, I am at last unable to remain passive any longer and feel the need to write a letter and throw out a few questions and comments to you and the student body in general concerning campus newspaper policy.

Just what is the purpose of a campus newspaper anyway? What sort of articles and news features should it contain? What limits, if any, should be imposed on the right of the editor and his columnists in using the paper in order to champion their own personal causes or experiment in the kind of writing which brings discredit upon the newspaper and the university as a whole? This last question is especially important here at U.N.C., since the Daily Tar Heel is not a privately owned organization but one supported at least partly by student body funds.

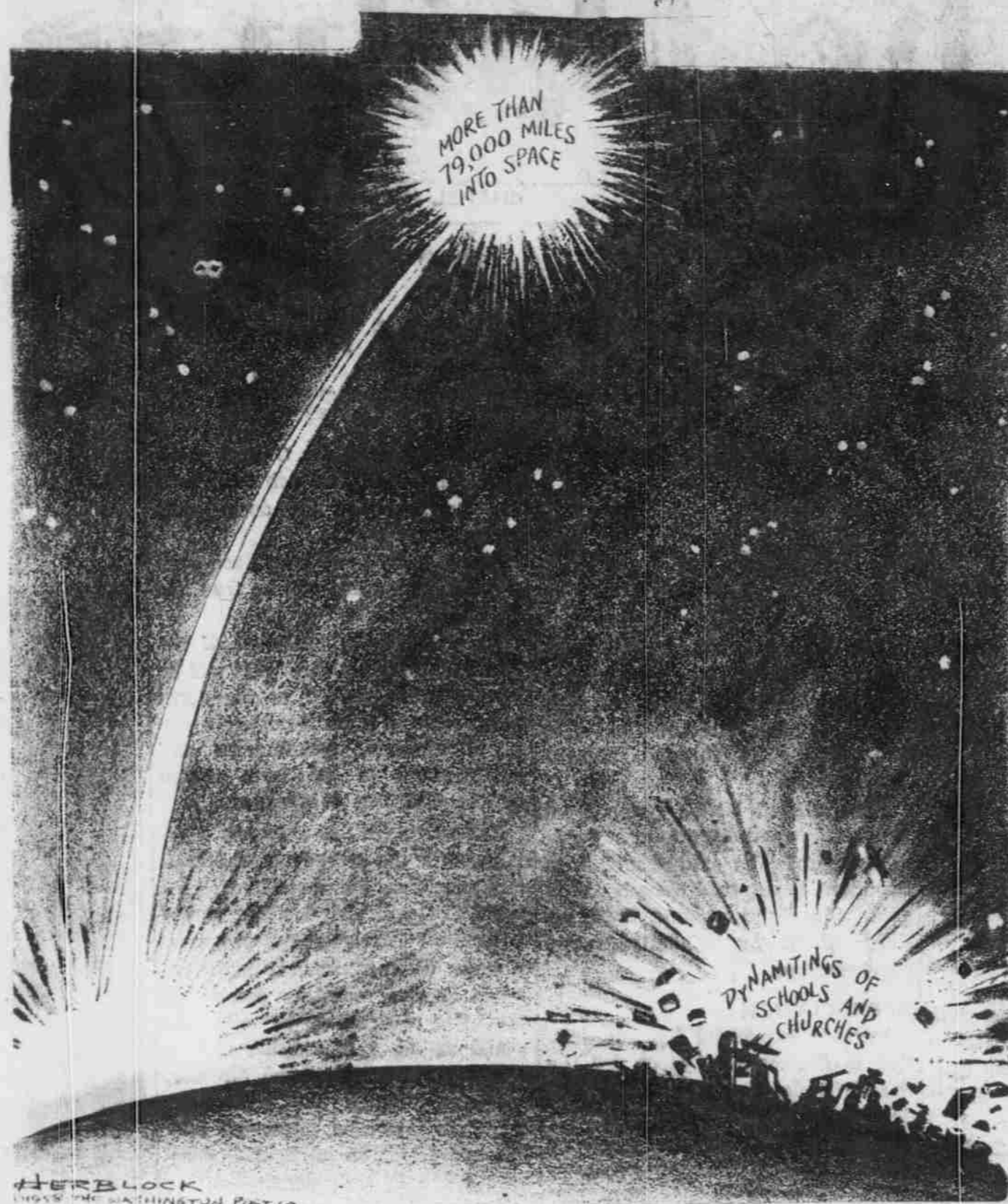
Any discredit our newspaper brings upon itself is passed on to all of us who financially support it and in a way, figuratively speaking, are its owners.

I have followed each morning your harangues blasting such "evils" as segregation and the Republican Party as well as those penetrating reports depicting unchaste Carolina coeds, why Billy Graham is a cult, and the pros and cons of female contraceptives until my stomach is slightly queasy from it all. Possibly I am too much of a conservative and out of step with the times. In truth, it could be that the majority of U.N.C. students are satisfied with your paper and would not have it any other way.

The whole question of the freedom of the campus press vs. its duties and responsibilities toward the students and the university is a thorny one and probably, objectively speaking, unanswerable. But one thing is certain: all of us are being judged by the many outsiders who read the Daily Tar Heel, not just its staff. Exactly how far can a campus newspaper be allowed to go in such a situation?

Sonny Kinsey

The Human Range



Variations

Gail Godwin

Anyone who entertains the slightest discomfort when thinking about growing old should take careful stock of Mr. Maurice Chevalier in his performance in "Gigi."

A robust, rosy-checked gentleman with an ageless clothes-wearing quality, Chevalier is the central focusing point of the delightful musical comedy about a little girl who had to grow up in a hurry in order to keep a date with a sugar prince.

It would be a dreadful waste of time to comment on his acting ability, because this has been covered quite adequately by magazines and newspapers over the years.

The point is that Maurice Chevalier is no spring rooster. He has been kicking around in his happy world for many, many years. But, in spite of his song "I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore," the charming man refuses to grow old—even when cast as the aging bachelor

uncle in the twilight of his woman-chasing life.

So he may have a blurred chineline and a slight paunch under his well-tailored coats. But the smile is the brilliant facial testimony of a man in love with life. As it twitches and then spreads generously across his face, showing an unbelievable set of lovely teeth, the smile envelops us all. We find ourselves basking in a warm appreciation of every day things and it is not long until we, too, are answering the bored nephew's inquiries as Chevalier answers them.

"What color were the trees in Paris this spring?"

"Green!" Exclaims Chevalier with unmitigated glee.

"What color were the trees in Paris last spring?"

"Green!" Chevalier blasts with new enthusiasm.

"And what color will the trees in Paris be next spring?" The nephew yawns.

"Green!" The uncle's grin stretches into something akin to ecstasy.

And what color will the trees in Chapel Hill be this spring? Wonderfully Green? Or Green Again?

An excellent way to find out your real age is to determine which color.



On Eight O'Clock Classes

Ken Wheeler

Eight o'clock classes! Gag! An ingenious mixture of notes, naps and nauseous. There is, I hear, no available information as to who devised the idea of class meetings at such a ghastly hour, but unless he is carefully salted away he would be the logical choice as successor of Sherman Adams.

But what if there were seven o'clock classes? (Stop shaking, boy. It's just a thought.) Probably would go something like this:

As the seven o'clock bell sends shocks of pain through your shattered nervous system, a ragged, blinking professor enters the door. Then another gentleman saunters in. And another.

"What are you doing here?" they murmur simultaneously.

"This is 302 Bingham, is it not?" announces the eldest sullenly. "I have an English class here."

"BINGHAM! Dr. Edens will kill me!" exclaims the second as he hurries out, briefcase under arm and bags under eyes.

The two remaining embark into a long and frenzied discussion. Finally, one, a man holding the University record for showing up eight consecutive days in the wrong classroom, realizes it is Tuesday, not Monday.

Having disposed of the preliminaries (and half of class time), the lone lecturer awakes the class and begins to talk just as the building janitor decides to transfer seven trash barrels to the other end of the third floor hall, creating such a racket as to jolt teacher and pupil.

Recovering from this blow and completely forgetting the subject of the lesson, the professor starts in on world affairs: "All the armed forces seem to be trying to get in on this space age business. I see from my copy of 'Mother Mc-

Corkle's Masterpiece of Dandy . . . er Handy Data." The Air Force is shooting for the moon; the Army is firing at Mars; and the Navy is attempting to make Venus—the planet, that is. And the Marines—well, Marines are still trying to get back to Camp Lejeune from Lebanon. It's a good thing our satellite didn't make it to circle the moon, though, because Russia would be certain to send a satellite around our satellite. And if you think this is confusing . . ."

You manage a feeble chuckle, which mechanically releases a

loud belch, undoubtedly greetings from the interior.

"Was there a question?" asks the professor, in demonstration of his alertness.

Seizing the opportunity, the class pedant chimes up with "Would you venture, sir, to interrogate the perspicacity of administrative chieftainship with regard to special experience?"

The bells of South loudly chime to free the gent from inevitable disaster, and you sally forth, the early killer behind, and on eight o'clock ahead.

Letters From Olympus

Saturday marked the opening of a new season. Not the duck-hunting, dove-shooting or squirrel-trapping season, but the Chapel Hill Beauty Queen Season. There is no season like the Beauty Queen Season in Chapel Hill. From the time the Homecoming Queen was run onto the field, breaking the record for small-circle running, at Saturday's crusade, until the graduating seniors fill the place in June, there will be little men working far into each night. They will be writing application blanks to send to various discriminating members of the student body. The recipient of an application blank will confront his dormitory, sorority, fraternity, platoon, or cell block with the momentous task of choosing a local sorceress for the title of Miss Whateveryouwant.

We are truly fortunate in Chapel Hill, we have such a wide range of Beauty Queen titles to choose from. There is the IDC Queen, the Yack Queen, the Dook Queen, the Dormitory Queen, the Student Legislature Trash Can Placement Committee Queen, etc. etc. And this year the Chapel Hill Merchant's Association is rumored to be starting a pageant for a Merchant Association Queen, the girl who most resembles a parking meter. And we would like to sponsor a Queen ourselves, the Queen of Olympus, in memory of those fine immortals of days of yore. Our Queen will be the first girl to fly one-hundred yards without the aid of a propeller.

Certainly, in the streamlined age we live in, we ingenious students could find a streamlined way of choosing our Beauty Queens. Perhaps it could be done by drawing lots, perhaps it would be better to have each contestant finish this jingle, in twenty-five words or less: I hope I resemble a parking meter because . . . Perhaps the winner will be the girl who states, "I like to eat nickels."—C.L.

View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

THE UNIVERSITY AND "ULTIMATE CONCERN"

We stand accused of being "the silent generation" or "the apathetic generation" or "the beat generation." All of these are partially overlapping epithets which have been in currency for so long now that they should long ago have been thrown into the memory bag which contains "the Gilded Age" and "The Lost Generation," among other antiques.

If we do not do something soon to dissociate ourselves from these epithets, we are in considerable danger of being judged guilty as accused not only by our perhaps shortsighted elder contemporaries, but also by tomorrow's history, the decision of which is post-mortem and final.

In simplest terms, the charge against us is that we are lacking what Dr. Tillich terms "ultimate concern"—the maximum possible concern for the basic problems of human existence: by Dr. Tillich's definition, we lack religious depth.

This is not to say that we are not concerned, but that we are concerned with superficialities. We are concerned more with grades than with learning; we are concerned with what Erich Fromm calls our "marketability" rather than with our ability to love each other as individuals; we are concerned with comfort rather than joy. Our days are filled for the most part with attempts to disguise their emptiness.

The extent of the problem can be illustrated statistically: several thousand UNC students turned out for the football game on Saturday, as is their wont, demonstrating by their interest their concern for the game; a mere dozen students attended a discussion of the Campus Code and the Honor Code at the "Y" last Tuesday. To most of us, then, the outcome of a professional amusement is of more concern than the code of honor by which we are supposed to live.

If the problem is the lack of religious concern, it poses for us the immediate question: how can the University foster spirituality in its students?

It will be useful in any investigation of this question to view the University separately as an academic and a social institution.

THE UNIVERSITY AS AN ACADEMY

A noted educator, contemporary in the administration of this university with Dr. Frank Graham, characterizes the modern educational process as "the peddling of information and simple skills." His point is as well-taken as it is well-phrased. Education today is all-too-often a period of vocational training for economic advantage; or, as many in the government see it, education is a part of the technological race with Russia, and should be mobilized for strategic advantage; rarely is education thought of as the private business of the emergent individual, a process in which values are established, a degree of self-knowledge is attained, and "ultimate concerns" are matured and pursued.

In other words, we are conditioned by our whole environment to be concerned with immediate rather than ultimate issues, while the issues raised by our very existence go unresolved. We pay dearly in money (time) wasted on beer, in neuroses, in broken homes, in war, for our refusal to heed the hunger of the soul.

Certainly the university must be concerned to some extent with the purely practical knowledge which its students need to get on in the world: we are not, as others have remarked before, entirely creatures of the spirit. But we see more and more the almost total abandonment of the university to the dictates of immediate rather than ultimate concern. Even Romance Languages, once the province of the artistic, the hyper-civilized, and the scholarly, is now the major stressed by the government as a strategic resource. Only philosophy—by definition a discipline dealing with "ultimate concern"—remains relatively pure; and it has been a long time since Philosophy was of as much concern to students, administrators, trustees or legislators as Business Administration or Applied Science.

In short, it is required that each of us take a certain amount number of Strategic Subjects; and those of us with special aptitude are encouraged to major in Applied Mass Suicide-Murder: not one of us is required to take a course in Philosophy.

If the university is to minister to both the spiritual and the practical needs of the student, then a clearer distinction than now exists must be made between the two. A student cannot be allowed to spend his college years (or his pre-college years, for that matter) securing his future in the upper income brackets. He should on some level, as suits his particular capabilities, be introduced to himself as something more than a commodity which will be auctioned off to the highest bidder on graduation day, if not sooner.

To this end it is essential that many non-strategic courses be raised from the level of meaningless pedantry to which they have been allowed to fall. When Hamlet says "To be or not to be, that is the question," he is in a state of "ultimate concern," and the proper study of the play, even if it ignores completely matters of form and prosody and history, should involve primarily the communication and investigation of this "ultimate concern." Otherwise Shakespeare has not been really studied.

Similarly, in every course of study, there should be some concern for the philosophical point of view or content of the material. History should not be studied simply as a system of events in a casual relationship, but as a meaningful portrait of mankind in its efforts to exist both physically and spiritually; and likewise in all fields. There is no human interest which cannot and should not be viewed maturely from a philosophical perspective; and only after such a perspective has been gained, the areas of "ultimate concern" isolated and considered, should be subject matter be considered in any narrower sense.

(TOMORROW: The University As A Community)

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