

## The Lands

There are in this world two lands. They are separated by an ocean and are far apart. Yet, they are within sight of each other.

One of these lands is barren. On it vegetation is at a minimum, and there is almost total darkness. This land is heavily populated, and people pursue their tasks by the day. Their life is ordered — ordered by the mores of the group, and for the most part they seem happy and comfortable despite the barrenness of the land and the density of the population. They have their amusements which carry them far from the darkness of night in which they perpetually live, and these amusements keep them continually in a state of something that resembles happiness. So they live from day to day, and hour to hour, without seeing the barrenness of their world and the darkness of their existence.

The other world is radiant. The sun shines perpetually. There are flowers, trees, birds, lakes, all in a myriad of different colorations and in a multitude of different shapes. Light is its keynote, and beauty its possession. Few people live there.

Separating the two worlds is the ocean, angry, gray, and almost unnavigable at any time. It stands as a wall of white, gray, and black to block the foolhardy traveller.

There are people in important places in the barren land who know of the beauty and light of the land across the sea. They know, but do not let the other people know, for by keeping the people in ignorance they feel they save lives and preserve their position. They point to those few, who, not recognizing the ocean's force, have set out to see what they could see and were thrown back against the rocks, the boat destroyed and the people killed. By and large the people listen. They continue at their tasks and mutter about what a fool that person was. And night continues into night.

The barren land is stormy and often when a particularly bright flash of lightning is discharged, a few can see the land across the sea. Most consider this sight a mirage and do nothing about it. The few in important positions issue statements to aid the people who saw the land across the sea and ease their questions about their own senses.

Throughout the history of the two lands there have been some who have seen in those bursts of lightning a better land, and who remained disturbed. Some kept the disturbance internally, and it was not revealed to anybody except through their eccentric actions.

Some, after seeing the land more than once, developed a thirst for knowledge. They looked at the angry sea and realized its dangers, and yet despite this they attempted to go across. They, with their thirst unslaked, paddled hard, but most were crashed against the rocks, and the people of the barren land were unable to distinguish these from the fools that were more often washed against the rocks.

Once, perhaps in every century, one lone man in the tiniest of ships made it across despite the difficulties of the ocean, and after his arrival the water receded a little bit, but the sea was just as angry. Most of these men stayed over in the other land.

There were a few who returned to show the people in the barren land that this beauty did exist, but more often than not they were not heard and died before they could return to the land across the sea.

Yet, through the years many men have come to know the land across the sea, and have sought to persuade other men to take the long, hard, dangerous voyage to the land of light.

And there were men who told of the glories and who ventured courageously across, and others sometimes followed their lead and upon arriving found that they needed no lead. All returned to try to bring back more, and yet, though numerically more as the years went on, these people were proportionally as small, compared to the growth of the people who lived and liked the barren land.

Yet, no matter how numerically insignificant, no matter how degraded, no matter how eccentric, these are the greats — the people who have over the centuries tried to bridge the gap between the land of is, and the land of ought to be.

## Variations

Gail Godwin

A little over a year ago, Amanda Vail's first effort appeared on the bookstands. LOVE ME LITTLE was half the size of THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS, but said exactly the same amount. Both books deal with the efforts of Emily and Amy to lose their virginity. In LOVE ME LITTLE they failed. In THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS they are victorious — but bored.

Little is known to the reader about the author, except that she appears on both of her novels' dustjackets peering inquisitively out at her audience from behind a mop of long, dark straight hair. There is no autobiographical note, possibly indicating that Miss Vail, like her character Henry Salem — a creative writing teacher — "had a passion for anonymity." Henry's one book was also published without an autobiographical note "which," says Emily "always indicates to me great strength of character on the part of the author."

Emily and Amy are two more cliches from this over-written-about generation. Emily is the college freshman who is discovering for the first time the discoveries that each of us make concerning life while going through our freshman year. The full attention to these discoveries is being diverted by Emily's father who has reached the "age" and has flown the coop for a period of several months. He goes up the street and sets up housekeeping with an old family friend and leaves Emily's mother to the drastic fate of a trip to the Bahamas.

During their Christmas vacation from Northcliffe, Amy and Emily, armed with appropriate womanly weapons — set out to conquer and to achieve their goal. Amy captures Henry Salem, the college's unbelievable creative writing instructor who would never be found in a real-life small college for girls. His vocabulary repertoire is apparently limited to "goddamn" and his stories fill only on unsuccessful published volume.

"That's why my stories are so awful good. They're full of my marvelous awful sickness. They're RICH with it," he tells Amy as they lie on the couch together on their first date. By April, he and Amy are married, even though all this means is social sanction. "The only change it's going to make," says Amy, "is that we won't have to sneak past Mrs. Ard anymore."

Emily does not lose out completely. Her continued single status is made up for by a short holiday affair which dies shortly after the Christmas tree. After this, she is again recompensed by a seven-hundred dollar check which she wins for placing first in a short-story contest. With this money plus the money provided by her reconciled parents, Emily is promised a trip to Europe and her world is neat and whole once more.

"There would be nothing but the sea and the ship and I on it; like the ship itself I would be: cut loose and left to the mercy of wind and weather."

The book is a home for unbelievable characters: Daisy, the unadvised plump senior who is always pictured sitting stoically on her dormitory bed in a Zen Buddhist position, accepting with the help of sleeping pills, orange juice, and milk the fact that she is pregnant; Arnim and Chambers, two shadowy and inseparable lesbians who drift from one room to the other; Mrs. Ard, Henry Salem's landlady, who has become a literary expert by reading old journals thrown out by the professors who live at her house, and who has something to say about Truman Capote's poetic tendencies and Albert Camus' well-preserved body. These misty figures plus most of the main characters simply sail aimlessly from page to page, leaving the reader with absolutely no impression of anybody — except that of Emily, who is telling the story and who does us the honor of stopping every now and then in the middle of her narrative to share with us her philosophy on love, lovemaking, cracks on the ceiling while making love, and the faults of parents.

Miss Vail is to be highly commended on one score: that of recognizing a literary trend and cashing in on it. One feels vaguely that she knows what she is writing and writes it anyway with tongue in cheek and palm-outspread for royalty check.

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## "And What Do We Do About These Darn Eisenhower Republicans?"



## On Brooks Hays' Defeat

Edward P. Morgan

(The following is a recent radio broadcast by the noted ABC newsmen.)

Putting the overplay of maudlin Pollyannisms aside, sometimes, surely a man's finest hour really is in defeat. Ugly as the circumstances were, bitter as the consequences are, that hour has arrived for a sensitive, civilized Congressman — ex-Congressman now — from Little Rock named Brooks Hays.

For eight successive terms—16 years—Hays, a Southern Democrat, who gave that label a mark of distinction and not disgrace, had served his district and his native state of Arkansas in the House of Representatives. It was he who tried to moderate the differences last year between the president and Governor Faubus, and avert the emotional tornado that finally broke over Little Rock's Central High.

For his pains, Faubus cut Hays down at the polls last Tuesday by a dubious trick which may even yet be challenged in the courts, though not by the victim himself. A man accomplished in breaking pledges even to presidents, Faubus did not scruple to keep a solemn promise to support all the Democratic candidates, Hays included. Instead the governor released his executive assistant, one Claude Carpenter, to help hatch a covert plan sprung in the last eight days of the campaign to confront Hays with a write-in candidate in opposition. "I fought like a tiger," Hays said afterward, "but it was too late." He got 49 percent of the ballots but his opponent, an extreme segregationist named Dr. Dale Alford, beat him by 1,249 votes. Alford ran in a secluded category as an "independent" and a move has already begun to have him excluded from committee assignments in the House.

But there was no vindictiveness in Hays himself as he returned to Washington today and held the largest news conference of his career. Almost to a man, reporters who crowded his office clambered forward to shake his hand afterwards, leaving their standard shield of cynicism behind. My colleague, Benjamin A. Franklin, was moved to scrawl a personal aside on his notes which read "Hays was gloriously, militantly tolerantly RIGHT about everything. He is a religious but not pious man. He knew he was right even in bitter defeat and it radiated from him almost blindingly." Another awed reporter remarked "if there was ever a Congressman who ought to go to Heaven, it's Hays." Something, I am sure while supremacists would agree, must be done to restore some objectivity to Washington journalism.

Hays began by reading a long statement from Edmund Burke which concluded thus: "Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment, and he betrays you instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." He said he had not been repudiated or renounced by the people of Little Rock. "There is still enough good will

so I can be heard." And he intends to speak and speak and speak, at home and throughout the country, hammering at three points on the racial question: a non-violent solution must be sought; the lips of the clergy—both pro- and anti-integration must not be sealed; justice must be sought for the Negro on the local level. When a reporter, obviously with Hays in mind, asked for a comment on the fact that while "the people who stand for law and order are punished and defeated, few mob leaders are brought to book," the Congressman recalled an anecdote: "My daddy, who is 86," Hays said, "once told me about a friend who was critically injured when a jackass kicked him in his barn. The doctor came, examined the man, then knelt over him and

said he was going to die. 'I sure do hate to have it written on my tombstone that I was killed by a jackass,' the man said. 'Could n't you make me live long enough to die of pneumonia?'"

Hays said he wouldn't challenge the write-in move but he hoped others would. "All those Southern boys better look out from now on," he said, "because if Faubus can do it in Arkansas then any governor anywhere can knock off someone he doesn't like in the last few days." A churchman, Brooks Hays will do most of his speaking for moderation in his capacity as president of the Southern Baptist Convention. Four Baptist ministers in Little Rock, incidentally, campaigned against him.

## Letter From Olympus

Two completely different views of the nature of contemporary music will be exemplified in a Petite Musicale shortly after Thanksgiving. They will be expressed through the compositions of Tom Rice and Peter Ford, two graduate students of the local music department. While Mr. Rice writes for traditional instruments and relies on the music itself for originality, Mr. Ford writes for revolutionary arrangements of instruments (such as bow-and-arrow, flyswatter, water-hose, bursting-light-bulbs, etc.) and relies on the music for solidity.

Mr. Rice was born in 1933. His music studies were accomplished at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., with Thaddeus Jones (a former graduate of UNC), Joseph Wilcox Jenkins and William Graves, but he is, as he insists, primarily self-taught, and he relates how, as a child, he figured out by himself the complicated system of music theory. He has played the violin, piano and, in later years, the double-bass, which he now plays in the University Orchestra. He was a teacher of the double-bass at the Catholic University, and he also conducted the Junior Orchestra there.

Interested in Mr. Rice's approach to composition, we visited him in his office and, surrounded by piles of books, music paper, old compositions and Picasso prints, we sat down. Cordially, Mr. Rice pushed aside the double-bass leaning against the wall and took a seat.

"Music should entertain. Anything extra that can be read into it must, of necessity in the case of pure music, be read into it by the audience. The exceptions to pure music would be vocal music, political music and program music. For successful communication between the audience and composer the music must capture the audience's attention and, to do this, it must be entertaining."

He told us that he was now working on an opera on the Perseus-Medusa legend from a libretto by Russell Link, and that it was scheduled for production in the spring.

We bade Mr. Rice a grateful goodnight and proceeded to the Carolina Coffee Shop, where we were to meet Peter Ford to discuss, among other things, his opinions of classical orchestration. Born in 1931, Mr. Ford studied at Yale University under Quincy Porter and received his M.M. degree at Converse College. He was instructor of the piano at Brevard College in North Carolina and was the composer for, and a member of, the Brevard Percussion Ensemble.

His approach to music is experimental, involving sound relationships rather than music in the usual sense of the word and, as a matter of fact, many of his pieces are titled "Structured Sound," and none of his pieces exceed one minute in length. This is, apparently, all the time needed to achieve the particular effect he is after.

He is the author of two volumes of poems entitled "11" and "united states of body-soul". Modestly pouring his second cup of coffee from the new coffee containers at the Coffee Shop, he smiled benignly and lit a cigarette.

"Music is nothing but a continuum of discrete sound-events in spatial variation . . . a mathematics of feeling, the new being an algebra of the old's mere arithmetic."

Mr. Ford's very algebraic group of instruments includes a water-pistol, electric frying-pan cooking crisco, alarm-clock, balloons, gong, ratchet, flyswatter, typewriter, piano, timpani, 3-way locomotive whistle, party horn, snare drum, window-pane and hammer head, bass drum, woodblock, triangles, water-hose, bow and arrow, 25-watt bulb, cello, double-bass, tambourine, bicycle siren, cider bottle, castanets, high whistle, low whistle, cymbals, mouth siren, glockenspiel, maracas, tone-block, violin, duck-call, cap-gun, tom-tom, bird-whistle and goose-horn, to name a few.

The concert, scheduled for December 7, is free of charge and the public is cordially invited. —C.L.

## Janus

I usually count on one stroll down Franklin Street every day. Down the alley past the Porthole and then out to the hurly-burly confusion of our main drag. Saturday nights I head west, make careful note of Robbins' latest window display, look hungrily in Thell's bakery window, then guide my steps to the Carolina to take in the latest flick. Or perhaps I cross the street and peek at the shoes in Alexander's, brief myself on the football scores on Jeff's black board, and try the popcorn at the Varsity. Some days further west—sugar and coffee to buy at Shield's, the New Yorker at Sloan's, and some necessity at Vic Huggins' or the five and dime. I can stand on the corner of Franklin and Rosemary and see the sun set and the lights begin to flicker up from down Carrboro way.

My path on a warm fall afternoon may lead east on Franklin street. Past the profusion in Julian's window and the chic creations of the Little Shop or down the other side of the street with the worn benches and the flower vendors. Check on the progress at the Methodist Church, pick up a package at the Post Office, and then try an ice cream cone from the Dairy Bar. Before I walk on to the place where Franklin Street contrasts campus with residences, I'm drawn into the Intimate, then the tempting sounds gushing forth from Kemp's lure me anew.

"Atmosphere" again, I love our village. If I had to choose one place to live, I'd take Chapel Hill, for with all her faults she has many more charms, not one of the least being Franklin Street.

Faults — for any village, town, city, has its faults — but to me, one of these does not appear in the form of a parking meter. We have a village touched with colonial charm but are parking meters any less villagey than, say, the gas pumps at George Barelay's off the very cars we drive? Progress is one of those things we can't lump. It's here to stay and with it come a few things we might not like but may as well accept. There were days without taxes, copyright laws, free public education, days when men were lynched on main drags, plagues ravished the homes of America, our forefathers had to scrape and struggle for their very existence.

No one seems to mind the abolition of smallpox, the coming end of polio; houses with central heating and now air-conditioning; cars which speed along smooth highways with the added luxury of record players, swivel seats, and push button gear-shift. Nobody complains about the free education we're given, or stereo sound, color TV, Cinerama, or a fine first-rate university like Carolina. All of us may not like modern art, chemise dresses, progressive jazz, James Joyce, and a lot of other modern innovations but even the most traditional-loving of us wouldn't go back to living in a colonial home sans plumbing, or wearing celluloid collars or hoop skirts, or Saturday night dates via covered wagons.

Progress is here to stay, even on the sunlight streets of Chapel Hill, especially on Franklin street. For \$21.90 you can hitch your car to one of those bronze or silver parking meters for one hour every day of the year, all 365 of them. Most of us who can afford cars (those gas eating wonderful monsters) can afford that extra sum and not many of us park down town one hour a day every day anyway—we're home for vacations and summers and we have classes that keep us busy.

Chapel Hill's city fathers have gone out of their way, it seems to me, to be extra nice about the whole thing, if you forget to pop that nickel in the slot and get one of those pretty tickets you aren't even bothered with traffic court—just slide your fine into one of the little red boxes.

Chapel Hill offers us a great deal. Not many villages of comparable size have the variety of stores that we visit on Franklin Street — there are few Intimates, fewer Kemp's. Other smaller and less intriguing municipalities have parking meters and there's no reason why Chapel Hill shouldn't add a little revenue to its coffers.

If they're really repulsive to you there are several alternatives. Sell your car. There's no charge for walking. Squint your eyes and pretend they're gen-u-ine hitching posts, vintage 1804. And there's always the Bell Tower parking lot for those stubborn ones who just can't part with that 1950 Caddy Eldorado. Any other suggestions? I'm listening.

## Out Of My Mind

Jonathan Yardley

(Note: The new title of this column is to satisfy a member of the student body who feels that I write while in a state of inebriation. His feelings are misguided, but his judgment may, in some respects, be correct. And may his banner long wave . . .)

(Note No. 2: This particular column is dedicated to a chance acquaintance with whom I had a delightful conversation.)

### THE STORY OF SALLY

A Fable

Once upon a time there was a pert little girl named Sally who decided to come to college. Momma and Poppa Sally were against her going forth into the world of Sin, but she was adamant. (Actually, she was Sally, but a date once raised the point that she was Adamant too.)

Sally had a terrible time deciding where she should go for her education, but in no time at all a friend convinced her to attend A.C.D.C.U. Off she went, in a Blaze of Glory. (Invicta, Electra, Le Sabre, and Blaze of Glory.) She loved her new institution, for it was covered with ivy (glued on) and had lots of nice looking boys.

Her social life was very very active because she was pert, pretty, and promiscuous. (Sally had channeled) It was such a success, to be sure, that she decided that she ought to pledge a sorority. And all the sororities wanted her. But she was choosy and joined XYZ, a good sorority and one with a high reputation among all those nice looking boys.

Night after night she tripped the light fantastic. (Breaking seven table lamps, four pictures, eighteen glasses, and one picture tube in the process.) All the boys thought she was fantastic. Life was fantastic. School was fantastic. Boys were fantastic. Everything was fantastic and she had the most gummygummy time in the world.

But Sally was not all play and no work. She did her Education every night, thought D.A. 30 was terrific, loved Classics 32, and flunked Music 41, which turned out a little differently than she had anticipated. She made one A, two B's, a C, and an F, which she put off to a lack of empathy with the subject.

Sally ran for Secretary of the Student Body and made it. She was cute and all the voters agreed from the full profile publicity shot. Nothing was in her way. Everybody loved her, and she loved everybody. (Which disproves the age old assertion that one has to be a lover before he/she is accepted by the mass as a "lovable thing.")

In the middle of her senior year Sally became a lover, and her popularity rapidly declined. She was greedy, grabby, and very very possessive about her new boy friend. She kept her roommate up all night talking about him, and bored the entire sorority with the rather poor photograph she pinned on the front of her notebook.

She was a cheerleader, too. That was fun, and became a very adaptable outlet for any exhibitionism she might want to get rid of. In short, life was very good to Sally. It was even better when she dropped her steady and returned to the three P's.

When Sally left the campus no one really missed her. Sure, she had her picture in the yearbook on five or six places, and the girls in the sorority all remembered her, but no one really missed her. And she was a good girl, too — she was sweet, and kind, and a little impulsive, and thought about herself a lot, and pretty, and maybe a little conceited about it, but she was a good girl. So when she left no one missed her — because a lot of wonderful Sallys were right there to take her place.

MORAL: I may have ripped her to pieces in the past, but I've grown to know the Carolina Coed and I think she's pretty doggone good.

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