

A Commentary

In yesterday morning's paper, a prominent faculty member criticized the Advisory Budget Commission's recommendations for the UNC budget, and pointed out the fact that if the current trend continues, the University will go down hill fast.

Significant as his comments were, the most significant feature of his commentary is his refusal to reveal his identity. It is significant in the light of the almost total lack of commentary by University staff members since approximately two years ago when W. C. George was openly espousing a segregationist doctrine. It is significant in the light of the educational television station WUNC-TV and its neglect of such a major issue of the present time as civil rights, when as the educational television station of the citadel of a free education it should be broadcasting controversial programs every week.

Obviously it is possible that the faculty member is a coward and that he does not have the courage to place his name beside his words, but this possibility is highly doubtful in light of the history of muteness of the last few years. If it is not individual cowardice, then the issue of what has this University become is squarely before the public. Has the University been so profoundly influenced by the McCarthyist period of the early fifties that the feeling of security, so necessary to academic freedom, is largely gone? Is the University so tied up in administrative channels that a man is afraid to voice an opinion until the man above him has expressed his? Is job security in this University dependent on the ability to conform?

Obviously also a blanket yes answer to all of these questions would be a fallacy, and yet, the questions have some truth, for if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the results have shown a great reluctance on the part of the faculty to speak out on the issues that are to them of major concern. On the surface there is no policy prohibiting open discussion of any or all issues, but faculty problems, controversial issues, and outspoken commentaries, exclusive of such issues as faculty salaries, do not seem to come to light.

A University can die of this type of stagnation, for if students after leaving a rather pedestrian education in the primary and secondary levels of this state, are not stimulated by the interchange of viewpoints and ideas, they will leave the University as a member of the vast unthinking group that makes up the majority of this country.

It is hard to put one's finger on what is wrong, what motivates the silence, and what causes the stagnation, but it is clear that this has not been the case always, for educational institutions have long been looked upon as the hub of ideas and controversy. It is high time that this University inspect this problem and reorient itself so that it can truly have on this campus academic freedom.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination periods, and summer terms.

Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News Inc., Carrboro, N. C.

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Letters

To the Editor:

I appreciate you printing the article I wrote; however, I do not think you were fair in the way you printed it. The title on my article was: A Semi-Petty Article About A Petty One. You compromised my views by not using this caption. I realize that you probably do not want outsiders telling you what captions to put on the articles you print; but you should have included my title as I sent it to you, if not as a caption, at least in darker print at the beginning of the article.

In regards to your comments at the end of my article, which I enjoyed immensely, I would like to say: (1) I was not surprised that Mr. Wolff had not submitted any of his work to the Spectrum. I never stated he did. I merely suggested the possibility. (2) Your second statement I find extremely ambiguous and amusing. "Mr. Wolff never has his work rejected by The Quarterly," you state. I wonder why? It couldn't be because he never submits, could it? This must be the reason for he has never had anything as of today printed in The Quarterly. I am surprised that he is and remains on the poetry board of The Quarterly. I would think from the comments he made, which were highly derogatory to The Quarterly, that such a magazine would not be worthy enough to be associated with. I question the sincerity or usefulness of anyone remaining with a magazine which he thinks is valueless—the high standards which A. Wolff cries for in art become ridiculous. But what is the point of all this discussion of what Mr. Wolff has and has not written? Is it necessary for a critic to have written or published an original work of art in order to be a critic? Is it necessary for a ballet critic to have done a pirouette or arabesque? No. But, as I said in my article Tuesday, the criteria for judging what others have written become more valid and significant if one has attempted an art form of his own. Not only that, but the critic usually has a more sympathetic and understanding view if he has attempted a work of his own, particularly the type that he is criticizing. Above all, he is less likely to adopt a "holier than thou" attitude which so characteristically describes the criticism of A. Wolff.

(3) In reply to your third statement that Mr. Wolff never auditioned for a part in the "Cocktail Party," I have no more relevant information than the director of the play himself, Jack Jackson, who states most emphatically that A. Wolff was not considered talented enough to be in the play.

RICHARD PADGETT

(To clear up the confusion, there were no tryouts for "The Cocktail Party." The play was cast by director Jackson without open tryouts, and Anthony Wolff was not in the cast.)

Editor:

As I sit here at my desk to write this letter, I can hear vulgar mouths shouting the most obscene profanity between the quads that I have ever had the misfortune to hear anywhere at anytime. I have listened to drunk soldiers and sailors bawling, I have listened to the dirty patrons of filthy little dives where lye flavored bootleg was the best seller, and I have read the "cute" little poems scribbled on the walls of restrooms, but the language was fit for Sunday school compared to that used by these loud "Carolina Gentlemen" (flowers of sophistication and etiquette, upholders of the campus code). These profane remarks, which were shouted from dorm to dorm across the quads, could not be ignored from four or five blocks away (and, Gentlemen, several of the women's dorms are not half that far away).

I think it should be up to those students who are as appalled at this conduct as I am (and who wouldn't be?) to do something about these rotten communications. I'm sure that each of us wants to be proud of his school, but how can anyone be proud with this filthiness of mind being shouted openly and loudly in the streets and dormitories of our campus.

JAMES N. ZACHARY

"It's Not The Principle — It's The Money"



Notes In Review

Arthur Lessing

The New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Alexander Hilsberg showed itself to be an orchestra of definite musical capabilities and talent in its concert last Wednesday evening in Memorial Auditorium. The string section demonstrated a firm and full tone. The brass section has a nice edge on its sound. And the woodwinds are both balanced and clearly individual in their performance. In short, Mr. Hilsberg has an accomplished personnel to work with, a company of men and women who play together with professional care. Mr. Hilsberg, too, clearly knows what he wants musically, and, what's more, is able to get it from his people.

We cannot, unfortunately, speak in such positive terms about the program that the orchestra played for us. For whoever was responsible for choosing it seemed to have had the idea that this concert was to be, in depth, in the neighborhood of the pop-and-beer variety. The entire program without exception was made up of light music - music that pleased the ear but did little more than just that.

The concert opened with a performance of the Overture to "Colas Breugnot" of Dimitri Kabalevsky - an agile and slick piece of music entirely based on one snatch of a melody with some effective syncopation at the end of it.

Next the major work of the evening, Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, received an entirely sympathetic reading which never the less, could not save it from mediocrity. For let's face it, this is one of the composer's poorest symphonic works. The first movement opens with an exciting brass fanfare which has no musical connection with the rest of the movement; even in the development section of this movement, Tchaikovsky does not succeed in bringing it into the compositional framework. Both the first and second themes of this movement are awkward in the sense that they neither lend themselves to development, expressive possibility, or the kind of emotional sweep that Tchaikovsky is always trying for. The slow movement that follows is again incomplete in its continuity of musical ideas. There are spots where the music comes to almost a full stop and we sense the inadequacy of the composer's skill to bridge these gaps. The Scherzo is innocuous. Only in the final movement do we recognize Tchaikovsky's tremendous talent in building some

sort of musical structure with so little in the way of melody and compositional skill. The musical structure then rests not on musical foundations but on almost purely emotional force. But, all in all, it remains a shallow work full of holes and awkward music that most of the time does not make sense expression-wise and is simply inadequate as musical composition.

After the intermission the orchestra played "Night Soliloquy" by the American composer Kent Kennan, a flute solo of little musical consequence; Mr. Kenneth Scott was the able flute soloist. Ravel's Interlude and Dance No. 1 from "La Vola Breve" and the "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite No. 2 closed the program. Both of these works, especially the latter, present Ravel's talent in making musical color (a

vague but, I hope, still meaningful concept) become mobile and moving as emotional and even intellectual meanings in music. But again, for all its richness of color, Ravel does not impress us with any great depth of soul.

With such a program, composed of adequate, pleasant, surface music for the greater part of the evening, we cannot help but be dissatisfied. Within a community of taste and musical sophistication, I frankly do not understand why we could not have had some works of definitely greater musical proportion and musical depth on this program of the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra. As it was, the final encore, The Stars and Stripes Forever, was perfectly representative of the entire evening: lots of fun, but Sousa can hardly be put in the class with Beethoven, Brahms, and Mozart.

Harper's Bizarre

Now you just can't tell about the Beat Generation. Fortunately, not many people are trying anymore. The Beat Generation has apparently been accepted. But as what?

We first became interested in the Beat Generation last Spring when two columnists in this paper batted the subject about. One was trying to explain the movement, and the other on alternate days was insisting, "I am not!" We believe neither carried his point.

But we were stimulated. We bought a book about Beat, and discovered that one could be so either poetically or prosaically. All in all, the "representative" writing was ridiculously simple. Not to say that the reverse wasn't equally applicable.

We assume that one may also be Beat in other artistic manners, but what of those aspirants who are tone-deaf and can't spell? We have to go further.

A cosmopolitan friend told of a summer visit to San Francisco. That town, he said, was the nerve center, the very heart, of Beatdom. He went on to explain that Beat people there are cool, and dig things. "There was one guy who was the coolest. He owned a book store and was never there. Everything was on the honor system"—cold chills ran down our spine—"you know, you may change yourself."

Another friend, this one metropolitan, went to a Beat party during the semester break.

He was greeted at the door: "Are you Beat?"

Reflecting on the past week of exams, he replied, "I'll say. I've got bags under my eyes . . . I need a shave . . . I'm so tired I can't stand up . . . I'm scody as . . ."

"OK. OK. But are you Beat?"

"As I was saying, I had five finals in three days. I studied my . . ."

"If you're Beat you don't have to study."

Somehow our friend gained entrance, and joined in the revelry as much as his tired person would allow. Later, harkening to a call of Nature, he asked directions to the sanitary facilities. He was shown to the door with the explanation, "We ain't got none. You don't do it inside if you're Beat." At which juncture our friend fled the premises.

Which is as far as we've gotten, to date. But we can say this much: if you dig things; if you are honest, artistic, cool; or (which may imply the preceding qualification) urinate on the back steps; you're either Beat, or should be.

—J. Harper

Local Jazz

Frank Crowther

The first in a series of "culture sessions" at Antonio's turned out to be quite a treat for some 150 students last Monday. The event was significant for two reasons: first, it was free, and this in itself was incentive enough to attend; second, there is no other place in Chapel Hill where a non-fraternity student can enjoy "live" jazz. This is not to infer that fraternity and sorority members are barred from attending; to the contrary, Tony Mastrey, the amicable patron, assured me that the only prerequisite is a reservation, since so many people have shown an interest in the current presentations.

Another innovation was the fact that there were really no strings attached to the "free" label. It cost nothing to make the reservation, eating dinner on the premises was not obligatory and no beverages were forced upon anybody during the hour and a half performance. Actually, nothing at all was served during the show and it was "Art for Art's sake" as the bill of fare indicated.

I dropped in at Antonio's before the show on Monday and had a little session of my own with the boss, Harrison Register and the boys were already making with the sounds as we sat down to have a cup of coffee. Tony is a big, balding fellow with a friendly smile and whose soft-spoken voice rather surprised me. He was also very candid in his conversation.

"I used to own a Pizza place in Minneapolis and laid everybody on their ear when I had a jazz combo there. After all, whoever heard of jazz in a Pizza joint?" Well, he had me there, I hadn't. He readily admitted he was in business to make a living just as is everybody else in Chapel Hill, but that he "dug" jazz, actors, writers and the canvas crowd and was therefore planning to do as much as he could for them and for the students as well, giving them a return for their patronage . . . or lack of patronage, for that matter.

As the flip side of the menu says, "Artists are welcome to hang their works—Antonio's is all gallery. Actors are welcome to perform. Writers are invited to write for the Broadside—mail to Antonio's, 104 West Franklin. Musicians are also welcome to play." I imagine that the artists can hang anything but themselves since dead bodies don't mix well with the fine pizza, pasta and other delicious delights.

The Monday night show consisted of two types of music, not merely jazz: the first part featured folk music by Michael Merbaum and Gill Kushner (besides their musical talents, these two are working on Ph.D.'s in Psychology and Anthropology, respectively); the second phase was devoted to jazz and consisted of a group headed by guitarist Harrison Register with Kaek Anthony handling the vocal end. Gene Parsons fell in smoothly as the master of ceremonies. Rather than go into a verbose eulogy, I'll just say that all concerned handled themselves in a professional manner and the warm reception given them by the audience attested to this fact.

The overall program was sponsored by "The University Art League which has as its primary purpose the stimulation of interest in art among students on the campus, and in Chapel Hill generally. Its program involves group shows such as occur at Antonio's, lectures, movies and the annual Sidewalk Art Show in the spring. Other projects depend on the money available in the League's treasury. Membership is open to all students."

We do not have a list of the League's future presentations on campus, but do know of several upcoming events at Antonio's: Poetry and Jazz, Dramatic Readings, Jazz in Concert, Flamenco Guacaris, etc. In addition, there is live music Monday through Friday beginning at 5:30 p.m.

For further information, just drop by and put your name on Antonio's mailing list. If you're interested in the Art League, see Chuck Hoskins (where you'll find him I don't know.) Now, you'll have to excuse me; I have a sudden urge for a pizza with sausage, pepperoni, olives, peppers, anchovies and mushrooms with antipasto and possibly spumoni for a chaser.

The Budget

It is truly wonderful to hear the hue and cry following the announcement of the new budget for the next biennium. For the past few years people have been accepting the mandates of the governor with a equanimity resembling or bettering the stillness at Appomattox.

Apparently the bubble has burst, for in all quarters legislators and other officials are howling for the scalp of the Advisory Budget Commission, and the only question that is left to ask is whether the howl is large enough for the General Assembly, not an ordinarily courageous body, to risk changing it.

If the state is to progress it will need increased taxation, and the failure to increase the tax rate or explore other avenues of taxation can be considered nothing more or less than a patent effort to curry the favor of the voters by pleasing them rather than by telling them the true state of affairs.

The new Hodges budget cannot do what it has set out to do, namely maintain the status quo, for the inflationary period that this country is passing through is going to make the value of the appropriated dollar less and less. The population growth rate is going to make the budget inadequate to meet the needs of an ever expanding public. And in the field of education, exclusive for the time being of higher education, the promise continues for poorly paid teachers and inadequate facilities to meet the demand of an expanding state.

In this latter area the net result will be that competent teachers will go elsewhere and the secondary schools which are quite poor will get worse.

The hue and cry is currently coming from every corner, but the need is greatest in education. It is a faint hope but a possible one that the current legislature will scrap the budget and start afresh. If it does, it will be doing a service to the people of this state.

The Budget II

The Advisory Budget Commission's recommendations for the University and for higher education in the state in general are a marvel in oversight, for according to the Commission's report it would seem that what they are asking is that the University pay more and more of its expenses from receipts, a thing almost impossible in education.

The Commission recommended a total of \$200,000 in increased expenditures on the A budget or the budget of present costs plus additions for increasing population for the next year and another \$200,000 for the year afterwards. This figure does not even cover present needs much less future expansion.

It will be hard for the University to attempt to give a quality education unless there are more funds available especially in the fields of faculty development and library additions, both of which areas were short-changed by the Commissioners.

The future of this University in retaining its positions as the "Harvard of the South" is exceedingly bleak, if it has not lost that position already. Perhaps the General Assembly can look to the facts, the reality that education is of primary importance, and change the University appropriation. The prospect of this is not bright.

UP

Apparently John Minter is attempting to set up the University Party meetings so that it can become a truly campus-wide conservative party. This is a sign to be hailed, but it must not be taken as an accomplished fact.

The University Party has too long been dominated by fraternity interests to right itself all at once. It does it will take both time and effort.

John Minter deserves a pat on the back for his efforts, but the prospects for success are doubtful.

Symposium

It is with great relief and some pleasure that the editor notes the appointment of the eminently capable Richard Robinson as chairman of the Carolina Symposium on Public Affairs. The only regret along this line is that appointment did not come sooner, for the prospect of difficulties to be encountered in procuring speakers has not been dispelled.

The experience of this year's symposium group will no doubt lead to recommendations for the future, a future when in all probability a chairman will be selected in October and real work begun in December. As it is, the promise of a good symposium is still there, and the right man has been chosen to head the group.