

Confusion

There appears to have been some confusion about the letter written by Tom Rand which appeared as an advertisement in yesterday's Daily Tar Heel.

Rand's letter was not refused for publication, nor has any letter during the entire year been refused for publication because of viewpoint or method of presentation. Indeed, Rand could have had his letter printed today, tomorrow, or any other time but yesterday.

The Daily Tar Heel operates under a contract with The News, Inc., of Carrboro, N. C. This contract stipulates that all editorial page material with the exception of the editor's editorial must be at the print shop a day and a half before publication. Admitted that this contract is not always lived up to by either side to the letter, both sides try to live up to the spirit of the contract. Hence when Rand came late Sunday, the editor could do no more than say he would be unable to have it published in the Tuesday edition.

Rand was one of many. A letter in support of one senior class officer failed to appear—not so much because this letter failed to meet the deadline, but because the material for the rest of the page had been submitted prior to the letter's arrival. The letter writer of this letter can also get his letter printed in a later edition.

The editor this year has refused exactly two letters for publication. The first was an obvious political appeal for votes for junior class officers of the University Party in the fall, a letter which was not based on issues but was based on personal appeal. This can be handled in an advertisement. Similarly, a letter in support of Norman Smith and Jim Crowover was refused publication for approximately the same reasons.

The only reason that there have not been more letters in favor of the position taken by Rand in opposition to deferred rush is because no one has written any. The editor refuses to play Devil's Advocate for this particular devil.

Elections Board

No doubt the Elections Board is going to forget something, and no doubt there will be one or more mistakes in the handling of the spring election. No doubt there will be complaints and charges.

But as one observer who has watched Hank Patterson work night and day for the past three weeks, and who has seen many others ready, willing, and able to do an election right on this campus, the editor offers his thanks.

This Elections Board has every right to be congratulated for a fine job. Hank Patterson in particular deserves a great amount of credit for his energy and initiative.

IDC President

One small item escaped comment of the editor during the past couple of weeks. This was the election of IDC officers.

The commentary that is necessary is a word of praise for the job that Rudy Edwards has done as IDC president. Otto Funderburk will have large shoes to fill.

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.



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Harper's Bizarre

We recall — sometimes with pain, but more often with pleasure — the little incidents which marked our initiation into the Carolina Way of Life.

We made the usual mistakes during our first week here. We were to meet the orientation councillor first at Memorial Hall, then at Graham Memorial, or vice versa. We were always late, having invariably gone to the wrong "memorial" first.

Later in our freshman Fall, rush commenced, and we were right in there, knowing no more of "fraternity" than a broad, semi-dictionary definition. The major reason for our never pledging one of the Greek organizations arose because of that gentle, misty freshman haze which enshrouded us. Early in rush week we set our heart on one, the one, fraternity. It was that one on the corner, diagonally across from the "Scuttlebutt". We were never invited to rush there. So, deciding to settle for none less, we retired from the field, unpledged.

And there was one incident during orientation that we'll always remember. One morning in all innocence we asked the orientation councillor, "Where is the Y.M.C.A.?"

"The what?" he cried. "The Y.M.C.A.?" He looked as if he'd just recalled twenty years' accumulation of stomach gas. Minutes later he rallied: "You mean Y-Court!"

"Maybe," we allowed. "Anywhere, where is it?" We were in front (or in back?) of South building at the time. "Right there," he pointed. "That's Y-Court." He stiffened a bit, and his eyes shone.

"There with the benches, or inside with the cokes and crackers?" We cringed from the fury mounting within him. Then something snapped. His eyes filled with tears, his shoulders slumped. In a voice pleading for understanding he spoke: "Y-Court," his breath caught, "Y-Court is not a geographical position." He braced for supreme effort. "Y-Court is a way of life."

He stood slowly, shrugged off all thoughts of further counselling, and stumbled off in the direction of the last booth in "Harry's".

An old, almost completely bald gentleman smoking a pipe stepped up and encircled our shoulders with an arm. "Someday," he said, "you'll understand."

-J. Harper

"Hear! Hear!"



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A Letter On The U. N. Mock Assembly

Editor:

The Collegiate Council of the American Association for the United Nations and the students of the University of North Carolina are to be congratulated on the holding on the campus at Chapel Hill of a model United Nations Assembly. In preparation for playing the parts of delegates of the member nations, students develop more informed and authentic understanding of the history, customs, interests and policies of the member nations. They get an insight into the principles and provisions of the Charter and the policies, procedures, limitations and needs of the United Nations.

Their own experiences in student self-government equip them for their participation in their Model Assembly of the United Nations. I was a happy witness of the leading role played by student leaders from the University of North Carolina at the last annual meeting of the dynamically valuable National Student Association in winning the hotly contested struggle over the freedom of the student newspapers to discuss vital controversial issues. Needless to say, the student delegates from our threefold University, in co-operation with student leaders from the University of Texas, decisively won the battle for responsible freedom of the student newspapers against the arguments for administrative censorship, political expediency and financial security.

I trust that this Assembly in Chapel Hill will grapple with such issues as the need of the United Nations for such developments as:

- 1. Long-range economic development programs in addition to more adequate support of the specialized agencies of the United Nations in what William James called the moral equivalent of war - the great campaigns against poverty, hunger, illiteracy, disease, discrimination, colonialism, armaments and the war system itself.
2. A stand-by arrangement for a United Nations peace force, not only to salvage but to help prevent disaster.
3. Promotion of progressive steps in effective disarmament so as to supplant the old vicious circle of fear, armaments, war and annihilation with a new circle of faith, disarmament, economic development and international co-operation in productive and humane programs.
4. Other procedures failing, resort to and emphasis on the moral power of a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly in regard to membership, disarmament and the

settlement of international disputes which keep hanging on year after year with the world itself in jeopardy.

5. Promotion of the consideration for adoption of the covenants and conventions on human rights.
6. Promotion of self-development

and the responsible self-determination of colonial peoples and non-self-governing territories.
7. United Nations jurisdiction

over the international problems of the polar regions and outer space. Frank P. Graham Class of 1909

View And Preview

Anthony Wolff

THE NEW LITERATURE. By Claude Mauriac. 251 pp. New York: George Braziller. \$4.

M. Mauriac's concern in this new book is something known as "aliterature" — known as such, that is, to M. Mauriac, who seems to be somewhat confused as to the exact meaning of his brain-child. M. Mauriac feels that the term "literature" has taken on a pejorative coloring from exposure to "hacked conventions," and that the simple (and incorrect) prefixing of the alpha privative will restore the word to its former potency. It becomes obvious even before the body of the work is begun that "aliterature" is nothing more than what has heretofore been quite adequately covered by the term "avant-garde literature"; and plain old ordinary literature, in M. Mauriac's heretical canon, is the same stuff that most critics have been content to call simply "bad literature" ever since criticism began.

In short, the unifying thesis of this book is so obvious that only a pseudo-academic classification like "aliterature" could make it palatable; and even the author himself, writing as though he'd come to the end and found that he had nothing to say after all finally declares his own word ill-coined, and returns us unspoiled to the old usages: "aliterature" exists only in this book, and hopefully it will never again be recruited to compete with "avant-garde" and "contemporary" as convenient terms for what is simply new.

Between M. Mauriac's Introduction and his Conclusion there are seventeen short chapters, each devoted to a major European contemporary ("aliterate"). It is no criticism of M. Mauriac to note in passing that only half a dozen or so of his subjects are well-known in the United States, and of those only four or five (Kafka, Miller, Beckett, Camus, and perhaps Simonon) are prominent enough here to make brief criticisms such as M. Mauriac's very meaningful.

There are, however, serious faults in this book, and they have nothing to do with phony heuristics or obscurity. A passage from M. Mauriac's treatment of Albert Camus — best known in America of all of the subjects — should illustrate the difficulty.

In the middle of his discussion of Camus' work, Mauriac writes of the sudden awareness on the part of the hero of La Chute (The Fall) of his own guilt, "a secret evil . . . known by him alone, a momentary act of cowardice for which he will never forgive himself and with which he remains obsessed: one day, a young woman had drowned herself not very far from him without his coming to her aid. In the absence of a point of reference, the critic must remain discreet here and not try to imagine what personal matter Albert Camus wished to express by this allusion to a fault which, from the evidence at hand, he did not commit and which one ought to attribute to his protagonist alone. No doubt this invented trait is there in place of a real one . . ." And so on.

It is only fair to say that M. Mauriac does, in fact, conclude this particular statement with the admission that the guilt which Camus invests in his hero is nothing so simple and artistically useless as some particular fault of his own; but it is impossible to avoid the uncomfortable feeling that this admission is hard-won, and that the author would like nothing better than to find in the course of his researches that Camus has some previous sin for which he has not atoned, and in expiation of which he writes autobiographical novels. Even if Camus' guilt complex were located and explored, and it turned out that he had murdered his father and married his mother, criticism based on such clinical data would be interesting but useless.

This biographical approach to criticism does, of course, have its limited place, and M. Mauriac uses it effectively in writing about Kafka and Miller. Both write autobiography and so certain insights into life history are quite illuminating. Still, they cannot take the place of sound criticism, which best charts its course by something more fixed and common than the dark secrets of an author's personal life.

THE PICARESQUE SAINT: Representative Figures in Contemporary Fiction, By R. W. B. Lewis. 317 pp. Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$6.

In this treatment of six modern authors (Moravia, Silone, Camus, Faulkner, Graham Greene and Malraux) Professor Lewis is involved in the same questionable practice that fascinated M. Mauriac: THE NEW LITERATURE; both are in search of some catch phrase which will serve as a descriptive device for the analysis of modern

fiction. M. Mauriac adopts a patently artificial device — "aliterature" — to characterize the writing of a diverse crowd of twentieth century writers: Professor Lewis, on the other hand, is seeking within the works themselves of a smaller group of authors a thematic device which is central both to the work and the world from which they immediately spring and to which they immediately relate.

In his Prefatory Note, Professor Lewis writes: ". . . the word 'figures' in the subtitle refers to figures of speech, to the characteristic metaphors of the generation; as well as to the human figures within the novels and to the figures of the writers themselves. To detect those figures and to describe the world they serve to compose is, as I understand it, a major function of criticism in the present time." Such a statement as this, which accurately describes the critical attitude of the whole book, starts the book off with an air of worthwhile and deep seriousness which persists right through to the excellent notes and index at the end.

If Professor Lewis has joined M. Mauriac in a dubious enterprise, then, he at least carries it off with more success. By going into the works themselves and isolating a common theme, rather than trying to superimpose on a mass of material an artificial descriptive device, Lewis ends up with something more than the seventeen critical essays and one leftover heuristic device which remain at the end of the other book.

What Professor Lewis is seeking in this book, using the recurring character of "the picaresque saint" as his mannequin, is the new image with which man has clothed his nakedness after the force of twentieth century disillusionment deprived him of traditional images, traditional guises (or, better, disguises).

Obviously, the figure of "the picaresque saint" is limited in its application. There are a number of contemporary writers who derive from and contribute to the same "existentialist" mood which holds sway over Professor Lewis' six, and many of them lack a "picaresque saint" in their repertoire of characters.

Still, the figure of the hero who is at once a rogue and a charmer, a character who demands admiration in the same breath with condemnation, is a serviceable device for revealing at least one prominent strain in contemporary literature. Picaresque saints do abound, both in contemporary literature and contemporary life, characters whose morality is always questionable, and who are heroes in art because the whole idea of morality is for them always in question.

At the beginning of the book, Professor Lewis takes great pains to exclude from his study the works of Joyce, Proust and Mann, on the trumped-up technicality that the fictional worlds of their heroes are "artistic." Such an arbitrary — and often false, as in the case of Mann's Felix Crull — exclusion of heroes from the club of "picaresque saints" seems unnecessary; particularly as these three authors, along with Gide, have provided some of the most paradigm exemplars of the theme.

As it is, Professor Lewis is forced to stretch his title phrase at times in order to include such doubtful saints as Camus' Caligula, to use the most obvious example. (Nor is the play Caligula an example of "epic theatre," as Professor Lewis would have us believe.)

All in all, however, this book speaks of pertinent matters with seriousness and authority, and the illumination which it provides of modern authors, their work, and their times is most revealing and valuable.

ALBERT CAMUS: A Study of His Work. By Philip Thody. 155 pp. New York: Grove Press. (Evergreen Paperback) \$1.45.

While this book will be reviewed at greater length in a future column, it is worthy of at least brief mention here because it is devoted to a study of the one author, Camus, who is treated in both of the books reviewed above. Camus' career is still relatively young, despite a considerable number of novels, essays, plays, editorials and short stories already to his credit. He is also a Nobel Prize winner, and the subject of at least three critical works.

Variations Gail Godwin

It never fails. No matter how bleak and dry-cold and rainy and depressing the winter has been in Chapel Hill, all remembrances of the bad days are shed like defective chrysalises once spring makes its debut.

Spring and Chapel Hill are, in a sense, synonyms. Each enhances the other. Chapel Hill gives to this particular season an abundance of raw material and potential beauty. Spring takes it into her skillful hands as an expert hairdresser gathers together a rich sheath of thick, colorful but unkempt hair and fashions it into a spectacle which will warm the blood of the coldest, sourest human being.

Windows are flung open and the janitor wipes soot from their frames in the late afternoon after the students have gone. Two solid and stiff professors decide to get reckless and take a Coke break in Y court. A dedicated photographer equipped with all necessary supplies of his craft and a few extra ones cranes his neck behind his lens which is focused on a shocking white burst of cherry blossoms on a tree. The Chapel Hill League of Independent Dogs begin holding their meetings out of doors, on the mall between the Library and South Building, under the dogwood trees in the Arboretum, in front of Silent Sam's quiet and serious vigil. A host of youthful legs adorn the sunny streets — thin, scrawny legs, legs rippling with muscles and gleaming with tan, legs which are better or worse off from the extra exposure provided by Madras Bermudas, khaki Jamaicas. Convertible tops come braking down into the seat covers. An empty tennis court is as rare as a unicorn in the Admissions Office.

People start feeling sentimental and descriptive about Chapel Hill. Those of us who think we can write are compelled to list the poetic evidences of a Chapel Hill spring, quite as magnificent as April in Paris, or springtime in Capistrano. This urge to describe has been going on since there was such a place to see and enjoy.

Here is one of the more successful efforts, written by one of Chapel Hill's remembered alumni, who left these same cherry blossoms and "Neo-Greek" architecture and statues and grass and went on to make his way in the world, sending wisps of his fame back to this scene which inspired some of his writing:

"In this pastoral setting, a young man was enabled to loaf comfortably and delightfully through four luxurious and indolent years. There was, God knows, seclusion enough for monastic scholarship, but the rare romantic quality of the atmosphere, the prodigious opulence of Springtime, thick with flowers and drenched in a fragrant warmth of green shimmering light, quenched pretty thoroughly any incipient rash of bookishness. Instead, they loafed and invited their souls or, with great energy and enthusiasm, promoted the affairs of glee clubs, athletic teams, class politics, fraternities, debating societies, and dramatic clubs. And they talked — always they talked, under the trees, against the ivied walls, assembled in their rooms, they talked — in limp sprawls — incessant, charming, empty Southern talk; they talked with a large, easy fluency about God, the Devil, and philosophy, the girls, politics, athletics, fraternities and the girls — my God! How they talked."

A Letter

Editor:

It has come to our attention that a certain edition of the DTH, of Sunday, April 5, was not allowed to go to press, but that a substitute issue was printed. It has also come to our attention that certain members of the DTH staff have resigned due to your actions and possibly other minor reasons. As staunch supporter of the status quo, why have you insisted upon continually alienating factions of the university? We realize that the editor of a paper must occasionally take stands that will arouse certain groups, but by the same token we also realize that the editor of a paper must have a sense of responsibility to govern his actions. We do not feel that you show a sense of responsibility by your partisanship and ideas. We hope that in the last days of your editorship you will show the responsibility that is essential for an editor.

- WM. R. DAWES, JR.
RICHARD HENRY STEPHAN
HARRY M. PICKETT III
EDWARD L. BARRIER
JOHN G. TURNER
ROBERT HALL
TOM SMITH
ROBERT SHERROD JR.

(The editor is gladly willing to admit that the paper that was at the shop on Saturday night at 8:55 p.m. and the paper that finally hit the press were not exactly the same paper. The editor would also like to enumerate the changes he made on that paper.

The editor changed an eight column one inch high headline announcing the candidacy of Henry Snow to a two column headline because no other candidate in any race has ever received more than a five column announcement headline. Furthermore there was Saturday, as there is today, a great amount of doubt as to the candidate's legitimacy. So, on the basis of the fact that the editor did not want to mislead the voters nor mobilize a campaign for anybody through the use of the news pages, he cut the headline down.

The editor further rearranged the paragraphs in the story announcing Snow's candidacy so that 1) those who commiserated Henry Snow were clearly known at the top of the story, and 2) so that the Election Board's opinion that Snow was not a legal candidate would get prominent mention. Both of these moves were undertaken with the intention of clearly showing to the voters and the reading public who comprised Henry Snow and the risk they might be taking if they voted for Snow and their ballots were thrown out.

To my knowledge only one person resigned because of my decision. This person is ex-managing editor Stan Fisher, who curiously enough happens to be one of the seventeen students who comprise Henry Snow.

In closing the editor would like to add that he hopes he will always exercise the responsibility he has as wisely as he did Saturday night.)