

## 'The Idea Of A Student'

The most popular phrase tossed around at the National Student Association Congress this summer was "students in their role as students." Just then, what is a student in his role as a student? Or rather, what should he be?

A student should be a person with a never satisfied thirst for knowledge. He should "dig" everything and everybody. He should strive for personal excellence in his chosen field, whether it be academic or co-curricular.

A student must demand good research facilities, and then use them. He should be a person who is critical of his environment and who questions the ideas and philosophies which are presented to him. A student should be one who guards his individuality, knowing this is his dearest possession. He should fight class distinction and social stratification on the campus, being the champion instead of individual initiative and the right to choose.

A student should not be afraid of ideas which are foreign to him. He should be a rational person who believes in freedom of expression, even if this is contrary to his best interests. He should know that it is not only his right, but his duty to participate in classroom discussions. He should literally instruct his instructors.

A student should be one who has a goal in life. He should know in which direction he is heading, and then head for the top. A student should never be satisfied with anything short of the very best.

And lastly, a student should have a conscious awareness of the world situation. He should know that he and his friends are never far from the "front." The opinions of students on world issues are needed. They are to be treasured, not rebuffed.

All of these things represent what a student should, and could be.

"In they, the future leaders, as they have been called, lies not the hope of America, but the promise of its annihilation in an age when annihilation can be accomplished easily.

"This will happen as surely as you are reading this UNLESS ....."

If anybody sees a student walking around, send him to us.

## Explanation

There have been some grumblings around campus about the copious amount of advertising which appears on the pages of this paper.

Perhaps, then, a small explanation would suffice. We would like very much to be able to get along with less advertising revenue. It would be a real pleasure to devote more space to news and less to advertising.

However, the financial facts of life don't permit the paper to do this. The budget we expect to run on this year will consume from \$41,000-\$47,000. Of this, a little over \$20,000 comes from the students through the channels of the Student Legislature. The remaining sum must come from advertising. The three sources for this are local advertisers, national advertisers, and other advertisers, who contract for special editions.

The printing of this paper alone consumes \$185.00 per day. This is for a four page paper. A six-page issue costs much more than this. An eight page paper goes for about double a four page paper.

The printing isn't the only expense however. Telephone, postage, supplies, salaries, wire service, staff truck, etc. etc. etc.

The Daily Tar Heel is a big business. It takes money to run such an enterprise. Even the upmost of frugality won't permit a change in our present policy.

## IDC Dance

Tonight the Interdormitory Council's weekend starts. According to reports from President Otto Funderburk, ticket sales are very low.

It isn't too late men. Buy em at the door. Just go. It's gonna be a wail of a show.

## 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: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

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

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## Harper's Bizarre

We have just read portions of an article by Clifton Fadiman published in The Saturday Review, in which he is quite properly disturbed by the current inadequacies of high school education.

While we agree for the most part with Mr. Fadiman's views on education, we rise indignant at his disparagement of quail shooting. Unlike Voltaire, we even challenge his right to make such remarks. Obviously, he has never hunted quail.

His essay states: "If he (the high-school graduate) has learned little or no history, geography, science, mathematics, foreign languages, or English he will, naturally enough, learn golf, quail shooting."

Quail shooting cannot be categorized, and it is incomparable.

Bob Ruark, the sensationalist of Seville and sometime poet-laureate of Southeastern North Carolina, understands quail: Bob White is a gentleman. And quail hunting is a gentlemen's agreement between bird, dog and hunter. The quail is born a gentleman, the dog is bred one, and the hunter naturally conforms in the presence of such distinguished company.

And every fall these three convene in the cathedral of the tall pines, bordered by evergreen oaks and hung with multi-hued tapestries of blackjack oak, for another summit meeting on mutual appreciation and understanding. The hunter may be scratched, wet and tired; the dog may be infested with wood ticks and beggar lice; and the quail may go home in the hunter's pocket—but all are the better for having been there that day. They understand.

Mr. Fadiman does not.

—J. Harper

## Letter Home

(This is the conclusion of Masa Nishara's letter to his brother Hiroshi, a student at the University of Osaka. Masa is an exchange student at the University of North Carolina. He is under the auspices of the National Student Association's Foreign Student Leadership Project. Editor.)

Oh, I should not miss telling you of American people's interest in football. Last Saturday I saw the game for the first time in my life. The popularity and excitement is beyond your imagination. All the seats are quickly occupied with some of the rest even sitting in the trees to watch. Big parking places are even prepared specially for this event. American tradition!

During the game people never keep seated, standing up and sitting down as the ball moves back and forth up and down. Men, when getting excited, begin to shout, "Go, go! Kill him!" easily losing their emotional stability and forgetting to keep themselves gentle in spite of being with their sweethearts. I don't think Japanese people use such a horrible expression in the most popular and exciting game—baseball, though they were said to be a war-like race during the last war. Since I don't understand the rules yet, I prefer, rather, watching how excited people behave.

I'm sorry, Hiroshi, at the moment I cannot give you an American picture of your major, electrical engineering, since this institution does not offer it. Anyway, I am very, very happy to be here at this university, as one of 7,959 students, with a nice roommate and good people. You may be surprised to hear that I have more tiny friends. They are high-spirited squirrels in a tree I love hearing their sound, as I lie on the grass under the tree, when they crack nuts.

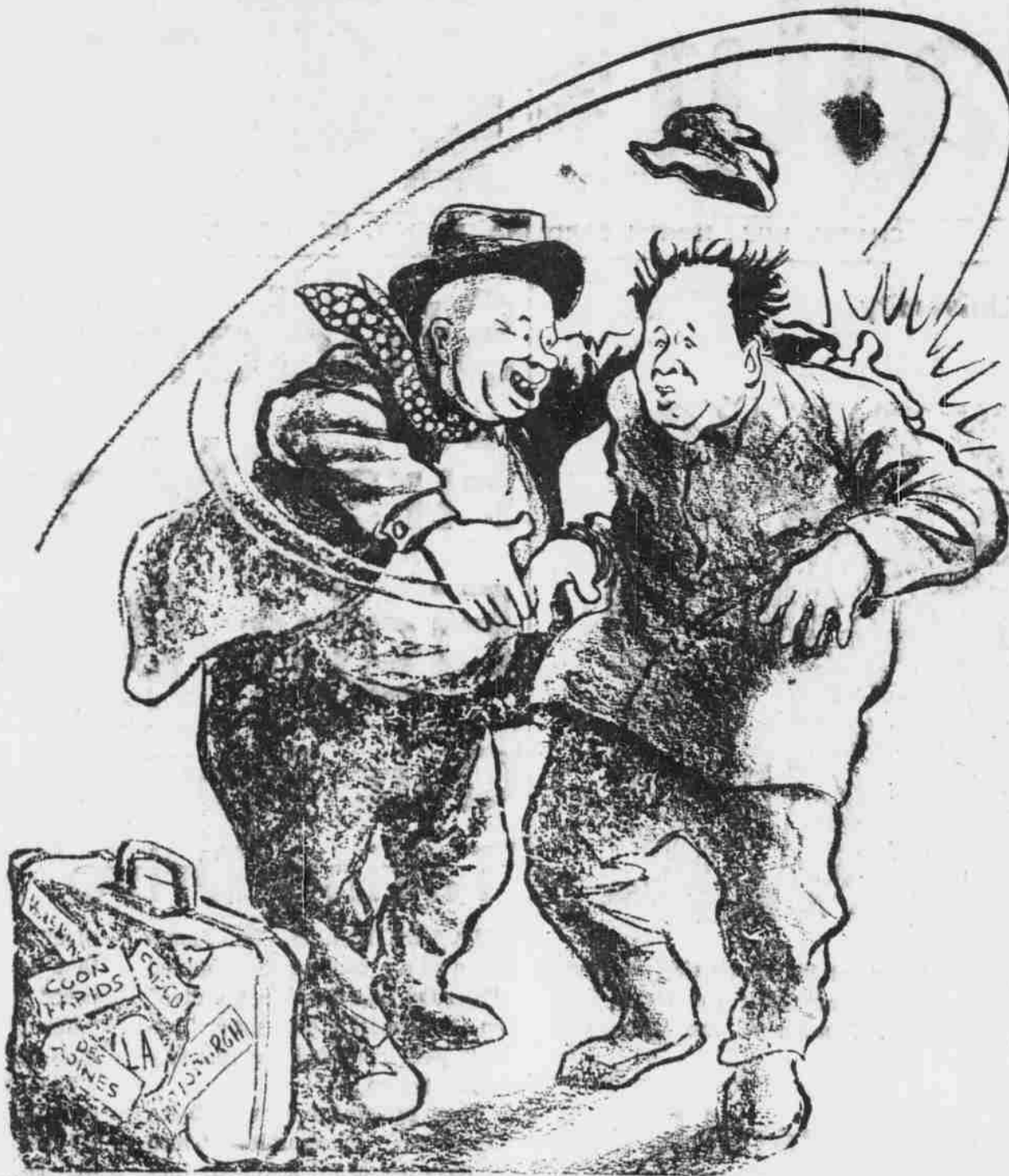
American food is pretty good. I hope I shall get used to it very soon.

I shall close for now. Please tell our parents and our friends over there that Masa has a full and exciting year in front of him in America. I may write to you again before long. I now have an unexpected amount of reading as an assignment, which is, too, what we do not meet in Japan. This year I cannot appreciate the "tea house of the August Moon," but instead, a beautiful melody from the bell tower located very close to my dorm.

I look forward to hearing from you about Japan soon.

Sayonara,  
Masa

## "Howdy, Mao-Long Time No See!"



Neither Black Nor

## White; Mostly Shades Of Gray

Norman B. Smith

They always laughed (but inwardly and/or afterwards, because he was strong enough to pitch a hundredweight of beans over his back by reaching down and gripping the tow sack with his teeth) when he told of how he talked with Old Man Gribble two weeks after he had died — everyone having known that the lecherous penurious old fellow had gone to hell.

Sure enough, that is where he went, Benny said. He was climbing out of a crack in the ground from which sulphuric flames were issuing that Benny had gotten down off his horse to investigate as he rode home late from a Saturday night square dance to which he always went though he never danced, being too clumsy and never learning either because none of the girls would have been seen in public with him, but it was said that a number of them managed to seek him out in private being greatly attracted by his urbane virility.

Old Man Gribble didn't waste any time with greetings, nor did he ask about any of the goings on in the community; this wasn't surprising because the tight-lipped old fellow was hardly remembered for garrulosity. "He just told me about hell and then said he had to go," reported Benny. "He said they are allowed one visit back. But, God, he looked different, as young as that picture of him they found in his cabin which was taken with his uniform on soon after he got back from Cuba, no longer stooped over or spavined either."

Hell is a place of unbelievable, unknowable, unimaginable unhappiness. To begin with the weather is perpetually sunny (no nights, no rain), the temperature being in the low 70's, and there is always a gentle breeze blowing. The flames, by the way, serve only as a sort of air conditioning system on the edges of hell to keep any of the cold, damp, foul air of the earth above from seeping in.

It is a land of rolling forested hills abounding in native fruits and vegetables, infinitely more delicious than any known up here. There are no ugly weeds or briars, needless to say. Animals are plentiful, and they are so tame that one needn't expend any effort to kill enough game for fresh meat every day. Sandy-bottomed, moss-surrounded springs furnish a constant supply of pure-cool drinking water. And there are crystalline lakes with wide sloping beaches for

bathing and recreation.

No one enters hell with disease or deformity. The devil insists that everyone be purged of these and the marks of old age as well before settling down in hell (of course, most afflicted persons go to heaven anyway because they have suffered on earth already and because they usually have developed such virtues as generosity and patience and hope more fully than those in good health).

Most of the men are handsome and skillful while the women are beautiful and talented because, as is suspected, the very fortunate and the very successful people are more apt to lead less virtuous lives and consequently are sent to hell. Love-making is a common occupation since there is little else to do, and naturally there are no taboos against this sort of thing in the laws of hell. In fact there are no laws against anything because in this domain where all the basic human desires are satiated one can't have any propensity to rob, murder, covet, commit adultery, or lie because there is no earthly, that is—hellish, reason to do any of these things. And by definition the other commandments which apply to relationships with God have no utility in this realm.

The rules that one must obey, though, are a hundred times as arduous as those we had on earth. One is not allowed to exert any effort other than that minimum required to fulfill the needs for food and pleasure. One must never under any conditions be guilty of the crimes of work, or planning, or worry. The terms problem, argument, dissension are blasphemous.

Far down below Benny said he could hear enchantingly melodious chimes. Old Man Gribble took one sad look around him knowing that his brief visit was over. Benny said then he saw the most tortured expression fall over his now young countenance that he had ever seen on anyone's face as he cried out, "Oh, God, save me! Save me! Each second is an agony. My life is eternal suffering. Ah, what did I do to deserve this?" And then to Benny, "Tell them, tell them to mend their ways, to repent at any cost, to do anything to avoid this." And he began his descent.

Benny's story has been told many times around these parts. As I said, they secretly laugh about it. Why look over yonder: Eli Brown must have moved his charcoal pit. He is stirring it up too much, though. If he doesn't quit raising so much flame that batch of charcoal will be ruined.

## You Are Notified

Bill Corpening

This morning I want to be serious with you. I want to tell you a true thing, something that happened to me, but which concerns you just as well. What I want to say is bitter, and perhaps intemperate; but I don't think it better left unsaid.

The other morning, a few minutes before nine o'clock, I went to Graham Memorial to pick up my copy of this newspaper. Where I live, this newspaper is not delivered, so it is a daily function I have to do this. At that hour of the day the Planetarium parking lot is uncrowded. There are better than twenty empty spaces at that time, and the time it takes me to enter and leave the building is so brief that it makes an impossibility of all the other spaces being taken in my absence. I realize that this practice of mine puts me technically and finally at fault, but at the same time, it's absurd to think I deprive any staff member of a parking space. But self-defense is not the intent of what I want to tell you.

On this morning I mention there was one of our policemen checking cars just across the drive from where I parked. He was halfway down a line of cars, and it was easy to see that he would be occupied with that line for quite some time before he got to the line I was in—much longer than I planned to be there. But my hurried gait must have told him I was only parked for momentary business, for when I returned a moment later, he was inserting a violation notice under my right windshield wiper and moving back across the drive to his original line.

I'm not easily aroused, but that scene irked me as few others have managed to do. I called out to him and demanded a word. He ignored me. I called again. He showed me his back for an answer. Later that morning I paid my fine.

Somehow, when you are badly jarred by a particular incident, you are suddenly reminded of a whole train of similar but lesser incidents which passed lightly in their actual occurrence. I haven't space here to tell you all the things I remembered that morning, but I will tell you the most prominent one. It happened over a week before, during the late afternoon rush hour, when a policeman is at every traffic light, directing cars. The light had just turned to green, and this policeman, who was standing directly at my window, his back to the crosswalk, made a point of urging me on. "Move it, kid!" he said. (All college students are kids.) I had seen the light change, had heard his whistle blow, and was as anxious as he to be on my way. But I also had seen what he hadn't: two small girls making a late crossing in front of my car. Now, I have small use for children. I think them a nuisance and an extravagance, and I wouldn't complain were I sterile. But at the same time, I don't relish killing them, I prefer letting them grow to become someone you can enjoy talking with. So I held fast and traded a little more abuse from the policeman for their lives.

I don't know why some of our policemen are the way they are. I know the staff as a whole has a hard job, even what its propaganda calls a "thankless" job. I know there are some students here who make nuisances of themselves, who conduct themselves in ways that might really earn them the unseasonable epithet, them the unseasonable epithet, criminals.

## Heroes Of The Modern Mind

Theodore Crane Jr.

(PART I)

Since it is generally believed that Hemingway's books, *A Farewell to Arms*, and *The Sun Also Rises*, are the psychological entities of a by-gone generation, I think it may be profitable to examine the two main characters of these books with specific reference to our own times, and the historical background Hemingway has provided for our present day relations to thought and society.

When Eve committed her act of eating the apple, and when Frederic Henry jumped into the river and deserted, both were showing that their own personal being was more real than the world (the god, the society, or the external reality) whose rules they broke. Certainly Fred is not entirely to blame, since he kept at his duty until it became completely insane and meaningless. But the objective fact in both cases was a self-willed disobedience to the external reality, and the ultimate consequences of their actions.

However, in the case of Eve, it was a comparatively easy choice between external and internal desires, while in Fred's case it is the paradox that his disobedience to society is caused by society itself, and the unjust meaningless threat it posed in the war-like struggle of man's relation to man. Society is something which makes itself impossible, and it has violated its own nature as a place where human beings can live decently and honestly with one another. The individual who needs and craves a society is forced to live in isolation from it, (moral isolation at least), and perhaps even the symbolical isolation of actual expatriation. But we must not think of Hemingway as writing about merely personal experience, since the isolation-alienation theme, along with the related themes of blighted love and loss of faith, is one of the most common images in modern literature. I will try to sketch briefly the origin and development of these themes, since they are important for an understanding of the historical background of the modern personality of society.

Albert Schweitzer once said that the trouble with the modern mind was that it had "dropped the object," which is one way of describing the problem of Eve and Fred when they chose their own subjective will over the will of objective reality. This situation became generalized, social, and historical, with the beginning of the modern era, which took place about three hundred years ago, when the medieval mind was defensively opposed to the new demonstrations of modern thought in science, politics and literature. The medieval temperament was characterized by the unity of fact and value, object and subject, and values seemed objectively real as long as the world of physical reality was infused with an intrinsic meaning.

However, in the seventeenth century, Descartes invented the characteristically modern mental experience, when he said as he looked into himself "cogito ergo sum." Thus, the mind's discovery of itself became something quite separate from the external objective world; and this mind, with its personal set of law and values, became opposed to matter, which now had a separate, objective factuality. Reality, which before had been both factual and valuable, now became separate entities out of harmony with each other, and these parts developed hopelessly into ignorance of the problem under the influence of a mindless bliss, in which all things seem possible, and nothing is ever really actual. O distinction which W. H. Auden tries to restore in his emphasis on the NOW in *For the Time Being*.

In itself, this new self-awareness was a natural stage for the development of the individual, and with its fresh realization of freedom and discovery, a legitimate natural science was possible, after the question of matter became freed of the imposed values of mind and spirit. The philosophy of thought became no longer concerned with a unified concept of the world, and it separated into the sects of irrational faith and pure reason, neither of which succeeded. The general state of mind became simultaneously sentimental and callous, characteristics which has exceeded self-awareness to the point of self-enclosure.

Obviously, there is a great difference between awareness and enclosure but in the field of psychoanalysis they are almost identical. With the newly acquired freedom of the awareness of subject and object as two different things, one free to choose one and ignore the other—which is precisely Eve's freedom, which made possible her Fall—her choice of self over reality, of subject over object. Freedom increased with self-awareness—the dangerous freedom of subjectivism, which leads toward a fallen state of mind which is uninterested in anything beyond itself, the mind that has "dropped the object," the mind that is the product of modern psychoanalysis.

## What About This?

1. The nation is at war.
2. The nation is losing the war, badly.
3. The nation must exert a vastly greater effort.

