

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publications of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is published daily except Saturday, Monday, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates mailed \$4 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered, \$6 and \$2.25 per quarter.

Editor **ROLFE NEILL**
 Managing Editor **JOHN JAMISON**
 Business Manager **JIM SCHENCK**

Quo Vadis

Having at last surmounted the always difficult problem of financial support, the *Carolina Quarterly* organization must pause and ask itself a very pertinent question: In what direction is it headed?

Last week the student body reaffirmed its faith in the *Quarterly* by a convincing 3 to 1 majority to an amendment which will enable that publication to receive up to \$1,000 a year from the Student Legislature. This newspaper wholeheartedly endorses that action for the continuance of the *Quarterly*. Indeed it would be inconceivable for the University of North Carolina, situated as it is here in the midst of a literarily productive area, to be without a literary magazine. Both contributors and readers would demand such a publication.

However, we feel that the *Quarterly* people should orient themselves toward a long range editorial policy. The latest issue of the magazine, reviewed elsewhere on this page, seems to be a great departure from its original purpose. The *Quarterly* is not just a plaything for immature Beaudelaires; it is a representative of this institution just as the other Quarterlies throughout the nation are representative of theirs. Thus any defects reflect directly upon this University.

For some time now the *Quarterly* has been considered an ivory tower refuge for would-be Sitwells. It was not always so and those connected with it might well investigate its history. The founding of the *Quarterly* was hailed by the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Sam Ragan, Don Shoemaker and other critics praised it with each succeeding number. Even the *Voice of America* featured it. A host of professional writers, including Paul Green, Betty Smith, Archibald Henderson, Richard Walser, Phillips Russell, Charles Eaton and Walter Pritchard Eaton, supported it; and those writers were published side by side with the young novices of the campus.

As the magazine grew its subscribers ranged as far afield as Alaska, Iceland and South Africa as well as most of the 48 states. It flourished because those connected with it had enthusiasm for the *Quarterly* and were willing to work to convert that enthusiasm into a magazine reflecting their best creative talents.

As originally conceived, the *Quarterly's* purpose was to bridge the almost insurmountable gap between amateur and professional writing. The only limitation was that at least 50 percent of the contributions were to be from students. The publication was to be controlled by students free of politics. A five man faculty advisory board was set up to provide stability and continuity. This board was meant to be used and its services were invaluable in locating new talent, contacting professional writers, and giving aid to complex publishing problems.

The magazine was to a quarterly review type, consisting not only of fiction and poetry but of reviews and articles, both literary and non-literary. However, its primary role was to be that of encouraging local writers of merit. Outside writers were to provide the standard to be met. The emphasis of course was on that material best known to the local group—the South.

And editorial appearing in 1949 in the second issue of the magazine called this to the attention of the novices:

"We must never forget that we are inextricably a part of the modern South with its problems of economics, race relations, and politics. It is with this new South that the young writers of our region should be concerned. No longer can we retreat into the myth of yesterday."

This admonition did not mean that all writing had to be regional. It was merely a caution to those who tend to write on meaningless esoteric subjects about which they know nothing.

Thus we call all of this to the attention of those people interested in the *Quarterly's* future. The magazine is no longer merely a struggling child; it is an established institution which has both a reputation and a tradition as a spokesman for the ideas and talents of our people. The result is summarized in the editorial mentioned above:

"Situated as we are here in Chapel Hill in the midst of many of the South's foremost writers, this publication hopes to reflect the thoughts and ideas of the contemporary South and to afford new, young writers an opportunity to present a literature indigenous to the region. At first it may seem that the product will be only concomitant with that emanating from other parts of the nation. However, if each section develops its own literature accordingly, we shall have here in America a national literature; and the South, as well as the other sections, will be an integral part of the result—an American literature as heterogeneous as its people and yet as homogenous as that people's common belief in democracy and freedom."

Lines On Literature

Roy C. Moose

After a season marked by editorial, financial, and personality upheavals, the Winter edition of the "Carolina Quarterly" emerged last week in a bright cover which was unable to camouflage completely the scars of the conflict. The total effect reminds one of the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead. When it's good, it is very good; and when it's bad, it is horrid.

However, for the information of those who would choke it to death, let it be said that the worst is over; the editors have promised that in the future the little lady will reassert herself.

The first thing that strikes one in the present number is the total absence of articles. It is as if the editors had decided to throw away the meat and potatoes and serve instead a complete meal of merigue. With a little investigation the editors will probably discover that articles are the staple material of literary magazines from the "Atlantic Monthly" to the smallest review. Certainly a few well written articles are absolutely necessary for the achievement of balance in a magazine such as the "Quarterly."

Apparently to compensate for the omission of articles, the editors have returned to the policy of presenting book reviews, long neglected, the review section should now become a standard feature of the magazine. In this issue, however, the happiest effects were not always achieved. For instance, a young man with the following philosophy was given the task of reviewing a book of regional short stories by James Boyd: "This and similar flashes of prosodic brilliance help one to overlook the fact that the small Southern town is in itself a living parody of civilization, and an attempt to satirize it can only be superfluous." He proceeds to condemn Mr. Boyd for his regionalism, employing in the process the French term "idee fixe"; then he compares one of the better short stories with "Faulkner's classic 'A Rose for Emily'" without any realization that Mr. Faulkner has been bombarded with the term "Regionalism."

Of the four short stories presented in the fiction section, Emille Glen's "People Will Give and Give" is easily the best. Miss Glen's story alone would justify the existence of this issue. She is an author who is in complete command of her material and style, displaying both maturity and control. The outstanding characteristic is that, unlike the other pieces, her story is a short story. The characters are fully drawn and the story of the lying little girl reminds one again of the famous story by Saki.

At the opposite end of the quality yardstick, I should place Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Sio Credese," a piece which has neither story nor fully realized characters. However, its worst attribute is that it is a very bad imitation of Hemingway.

Mr. Dan Reid's first published work "With the Tide" gives evidence of a talent that deserves to be encouraged. He has obeyed well Phillips Russell's dictum of "Keep it simple" which is a good beginning for any young writer.

In general the poetry appears better than the fiction, with one



RUSSIANISM

A.Z.F. Wood Jr.

In an era of loyalty checks, suspicion, fear, hate, vilification of anything Red or pink, worship of the free-enterprise system and red-blooded Americanism, prejudice (racial and otherwise), and general nationwide hysteria equalling, if not exceeding, that of the first world war, it might be well to look at some of the things that one of the staunchest advocates of free-enterprise said back in 1943: Wendell Wilkie in his "One World."

I refer especially to the chapter entitled "Our Ally, Russia". Following are some pertinent extracts:

"... Russia is an effective society. It works. It has survival value."

"Russia is our ally in this war."
 "... We must work with Russia after war."

Wilkie's interview with a young

glaring exception. Again as with the short stories the girls win the banners. Libby Thayer's two sonnets could stand with the best. Miss Thayer has something to say and says it in a manner that seems to give freshness to a very old and tired form. Next to Miss Thayer's work I should rank "Landscape, After Rain" by Isabel Harris Barr. Here again is an excellent blend of ideas and diction. Mr. August Kadow's concatenation of profuse imagery makes one scream "too much" although in the case of "The unre-sisting grass and stubborn trees", a little of the excess could have been applied.

superintendent of a factory went something like this:

"... how does your pay as superintendent of this factory compare with the pay of the average skilled worker in the plant?"

"It's about ten times as much."
 "That... was about what a man of similar responsibility in America would receive. So I said to him, 'I thought Communism meant equality of reward.'"

"Equality, he told me, was not part of the present Soviet conception of socialism. From each according to his capacities, to each according to his work," was the slogan of Stalinist socialism, and only when they had achieved the Communist phase of their development would the slogan be changed to "From each according to his capacities, to each according to his needs." Even then, he added, complete equality would not be necessary or desirable."

"I understand that you are in complete accord with the economic and political theories of the state. But if you happened to hold different ideas, could you express them and fight for them?"
 "After ten minutes of hot colloquy, his answer was only a shrug of the shoulders. I said, 'Then actually you've got no freedom.'"

"Mr. Wilkie," he said, "You don't understand. I've had more freedom than my father and grandfather ever had. They were peasants. They were never allowed to read and write. They were slaves to the soil. I am the first man in the long chain of my ancestors who has had the opportunity to educate himself, to ad-

vance himself—to amount to anything. And that for me is freedom. It may not seem like freedom to you, but, remember, we are in the developing stage of our system. Someday we'll have political freedom too."

"... the daily press is published in circulations which run into seven figures but still cannot meet the demand. People wanted to read them enough to stand in the cold and read over other people's shoulders."
 "... Russia is a dynamic country, a vital new society, a force that cannot be bypassed in any future world."

Yes, Russia is a dynamic country, and in a sense a young country, for before 1917 there was nothing that the everyday Russian could call his nation. For him there was no tradition, no liberty, no opportunity to do anything but plow a field and feed pigs; there was not enough to eat, he couldn't read and write, and if he protested he was sent to Siberia. The everyday Russian before 1917 had no pride and no dignity, either for himself or for his country which was run by a corrupt regime as ever existed; so to him there was in reality no country, no, just an authority, a law. After 1917 his lot got a little better, and it is getting better all the time. And there are 195,000,000 non-party-member Russians who like to eat, to advance themselves, to amount to something, just like everybody else.

I do not advocate that we pack up and leave Korea or Germany or that we switch to Communism. I only suggest that we calm down a little and try to understand.

Parabola

English Club

As a child, he cared for neither Erector sets nor Monopoly. His reading of Longfellow and Vitor Hugo did not serve him well at the corner drugstore in his teens. Nor did a well-developed taste for smut and competitive sports sublimate a vague longing for the ideal and the absolute which rose higher and higher within him as time went on.

College taught him Wordsworth, the value of conspicuous consumption, and the advantages of a cloistered community. Here he found friends with common interests and verbal satisfaction from courses catering to his vague urges. He also saw that some members of the academic profession own reasonably good cars, have time and funds for travel, and enjoy a prestige which their persons, among different surroundings, could not possibly command.

He saw all this, and when the time came to go forth soap-salesman, priest, or plumber, after the usual ceremony, he decided to stay behind, eager to make a permanent possession of his rented gown. At this point, he was a young man in search of an easy life, reconcilable with ideals as honest as anybody's. He was generally far less naive than his classmates—except in one respect: he felt his position watertight and his path made.

He found graduate school a highly competitive world where the average goal was security and bread, hard earned. He was stunned to find the doctorate cynically regarded as a union card. He saw himself as the member of a society more finely stratified and more cruel than an oriental caste-system. Finally, he was most surprised to see that the values of this world corresponded closely to those of the "outside," and that good houses and social prestige were bought here, as elsewhere, with money.

The young man, seeing this, decided to write an immediate expose of the situation. With the energy of a Hercules, he set out to rip off the masks of his superiors. He constantly contrasted the height of his ideals with the depth of their actions. There was no fact about the ruling class of the graduate school which escaped his eye. His books lay neglected; the notes for his dissertation accumulated dust, which he continued writing his polemic.

He is much older now. He has received his doctorate. Somewhere, in a trunk, lie 50 pages of typescript, of which he has read several to a few intimates, at a party. The same trunk contains hundreds of off-prints of learned articles which he vaguely remembers having written. In general, he is still a vague man, in his achievements as well as in his teaching. And he still complains, though his plaint is elegantly phrased and agreed to as being reasonable by everyone who listens. For there are not many people at the University who would dare disagree with anything he says. He is well-known in the learned world, and his recommendations count for much.

Yr Mst Ovt, Hmbl & Dvtd Srvt,
 Sarkander

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

("The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others..." Hippopotis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was sunning himself and humming some snatches of 'Hark, The Voices!'; but he reared his head up and rolled an eye at me.

"Stop that!"
 Heck, I was only idly plucking up blades of grass. "Only?" The Horse snorted. "That's my food. And it is Tar Heel property anyway. What I don't eat of it, is."

I wondered if The Horse thought he was a Trustee or something? John Washington Clark, maybe? Come to think of it—Heh heh, come to think of it...
 "So what's wrong with Uncle John?" The Horse cut in.

Uncle John?
 "Sure," The Horse grinned. "Every family has an Uncle John. Even I have an Uncle John. He snorts and shows his teeth a lot and snarls up the traces; but he means okay. He will tell you what to do, and if it comes out wrong he will ask you why on earth you ever did it. But that's Uncle John."

I had something to say about that, and I said it. "Don't sell Uncle John short," The Horse said. "He made good. He must have something. His father, Judge Walter Clark, was a great and a liberal man, and old Buckets, a horse I knew used to pull the Judge's surrey with the fringe all around, old Buckets said the Judge was so honest and idealistic he couldn't afford to send his boys here to Chapel Hill, even."

So what had that to do with Uncle John's hating us?

"I wish you had some simple horse-sense, like Uncle John and I have," The Horse said. "Look, Uncle John loves us. Only, he sees us wrong. He really believes this stuff he says about us. If only he would come here as a student!"

Would come? Could have come, didn't The Horse mean?

"The state laws," The Horse pointed out with a stabbing hoof, "let any citizen of the state attend classes with permission of the teacher, as an Auditor. Or Uncle John could qualify as a Special Student, and don't you think he couldn't!"

At his age?
 "Older than Uncle John are studying here," The Horse reminded us. "Feeling foolish, maybe; but not acting foolish and not coming here just because of age. Look, he certainly can afford it. And the alleged fringe-on-top teachers wouldn't pull a single punch of their teaching. It would do us all good."

We thought The Horse was having a nightmare. "And what is wrong with a nice little nightmare?" The Horse leered. "And incidentally, you can bet Uncle John wouldn't be on the Dean's Bad List for leading party-raids. As for his not liking Yankees—well, I made some pretty good friends among Sherman's Yank Cavalry horses. I remember one cute filly..."

I stopped that story, but quick! Stick to Uncle John.

That's the way The Horse sees it, too.

