

### Crossed Eyes

The storm that is currently making "Academic Freedom" almost a cliché in University circles, today is still lively.

Since the controversy was first stirred up by the ascendancy of Congressional inquiries, particularly by the McCarthy subcommittee, readers have been subjected to a stream of rationalization. This debate, while presenting weighty contentions for both sides, has really run the gamut — from intelligence to idiocy.

President Benjamin F. Wright of Smith College, writing a guest editorial in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review*, has brought to the fore a refreshing resume of the whole situation.

Early in the piece, he touches the importance of this controversy:

"Academic freedom is the equivalent in the schools and colleges of freedom of speech in public life. Neither is found in Communist countries."

Both points are strong ones, and worthy of note. What really gives President Wright's comments a worthwhile slant is the distinction he makes between freedom of speech and conspiracy. This distinction should be made by anyone who gives contemplation to the whole question. But such a discernment has been, in many cases, direly neglected.

Elmer Davis, in a recent *Harper's Magazine* article, "Are We Worth Saying, and If So, Why?", bluntly laid down the fact that if we are worth saving this very freedom of speech is responsible. It is equally certain that conspiracy, if it brandishes an obvious threat, should be cut down.

So what men like McCarthy will have to do is to get their eyes uncrossed, or get glasses for their myopia, so they can see this wide variation between freedom of speech and conspiracy.

Mr. Wright continues:

"Teachers, like other citizens, should point out the defects in the method and in the approach of the committees. Above all they should insist that the investigations be confined to the discovery of conspiracy or treason, not to the enforcement of a sterile conformity."

The whole trouble with confusion of the two, as *The Daily Tar Heel* sees it, is that the guiltless sometimes get the guillotine with the guilty.

### But, Mom . . .

Miss Charlotte Davis, editor of the *Carolina Quarterly*, spoke to a group of freshmen recently on the subject of frosh dating coeds.

She opined: "You came to Carolina to learn about life. The only way to learn about life is to date a Carolina coed."

We know some mothers who are going to be sorry to hear this.

### Passing Remark

Ron Levin

Someone should have warned me.

No, it's all my fault. I should have known better, but still if only someone had told me or merely hinted of the untold horrors lying in the realm of 3D.

Here I am standing in front of the Varsity and two of my buddies come by and before I know it with Coke in one hand and popcorn, licorice, and 3D glasses in the other I am groping my way down the dimly lit aisle searching for a seat. We sit down and then is when all this started.

Finally I bend the glasses into a reasonable facsimile of a pretzel and settle back in my seat only to find something is out of focus. In fact I can't see very well. My buddy, a three-time 3D veteran nudges me and slyly whispers in my ear that the news-reel is on.

I go through thirty seconds of contortions to remove them and then a big sign flashes on the screen. DON'T TOUCH THE LENSES. I look down to see both of my index fingers planted squarely on the neat little windows. But these things can be overlooked for now the picture is finally beginning.

I squirm and turn to get settled once again only to find I have misplaced my viewer. Oh well, I'll just take a sip of Coke and . . . up. I had dropped the viewer into my Coke.

Wiping it off carefully I am ready to see the monster from outer space. All of a sudden there's this tremendous landslide in the movie, see, and the rocks look like they're coming right at you. This was all very fine until with a high C scream a coed sitting in front of me vaults over the seat and lands in my lap, sitting on my popcorn clutching my neck and all the while yelling, "this is even worse than rushing!"

Well, I am pretty broad minded and I figure that maybe if I just keep quiet she'll go away. She lost her viewer in the leap, so being a Carolina gen. . . anyway I lend her mine. You can imagine the fun I was having. Simply hilarious. I tried looking at the screen without the viewer, but went back to my copy of *The Daily Tar Heel* in 2D. (Plug)

The monster is just before grabbing the heroine and I'm sitting on the edge of my seat, 50 cent seat, when a big sign flashed on the screen again. THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT INTERMISSION WHILE, and I didn't get the rest of it.

All of a sudden I have the strangest feeling that something has come between us. Me and the picture, that is. Someone who didn't have his viewer on has sat down in my lap and is remarking to my buddy how soft the new seats are. I yell at him in a normal tone and he begins to get up, but finds that the licorice is going with him neatly plastered on his oxford grays.

THIS IS TOO MUCH. With a grunt I charge at him yelling hysterically 3D!!!, Shmee D. Well after that, oh oh, I've got to close now. The little men in the white suits are coming in to feed me. It's not so bad over here once you get used to it, but I wish I was back at Chapel Hill instead of Dix Hill.



### The Colonel Disagrees With Snook & Co.

Editor: When the spirit moves me I act, so here's a letter, not to the editor, but to Harry Snook, whose most recent writing (Nonplus) in the *Daily Tar Heel* seems slightly confused to me.

Our Harry tilts at the windmill of excessive governmental invasion of private beliefs. He errs. To attempt pointing out his errors I shall try to be strictly factual, and your one gets you ten if you can prove theory ever licked fact, that starry-eyed theory ever licked the cold hard facts of life.

Now to the factual, first with the business of congressional investigation. Congress is granted the power to investigate matters for the express purpose of determining what legal action is necessary in the interest of the country to remedy the adverse conditions it has investigated. There is surely nothing wrong or illogical in that. It would seem to follow that a witness should be glad to testify if he can contribute his fact in the obtaining of better laws. He contributes by testifying.

If he has nothing to hide there is no reason why he should not testify freely. If he has something criminal to hide he can take refuge in the Fifth Amendment, and force his criminality to be proved beyond a reasonable doubt before a jury of his peers. But when he chooses that form of protection he cannot prevent inferences being drawn as to his undesirability for one thing or another.

Now suppose the witness is a Communist. It seems to me that he can be one, two or three kinds of Communist. He can believe in the purely economic theory for

one. Practical application over the ages has proved how silly that theory is, but unless he tries to inject his theory into public business in opposition to his sworn or directed duty is not necessarily undesirable except on the ground of stupidity.

He can believe that all powerful government should enforce such a theory and he can work within the bounds of law, as a free elector, to persuade others that such a form of government is the one best bet and that such a government should be installed at the polls.

If he stays within the law, and keeps his policies within bounds, he is not necessarily undesirable, at any rate not as a private citizen. He is just another dope, and even dopes are entitled to vote and live—why is another question.

But those two forms are not the Communism we are all thinking about. The Communism in the public eye — and I use the capital C—is a conspiracy to overthrow the existing government, by fair means or foul but mostly foul, in form of one similar to that of Russia, and under the domination of the rulers of the Russian system. That I state as cold fact, for the evidence, gathered over the years, is complete so far as I am concerned and I am far alone in my conviction.

This Communism has to be fought, also by fair means or foul, if we wish to live. This is no time to worry about a man, or men, who are seeking to overthrow our Constitution, and yet who seek the protection of its provisions. There is one set of rules for the prize ring and another for the struggle of life or death.

Voltaire said something, and it sounded noble as hell, but was he

ever put to the test of dying for the man who would enslave him? What he did say, under present conditions can be classified as baloney, the inedible type.

I have witnessed Congressional investigations (has Harry?). I have also read news reports and complete transcriptions. I have seen no brow beating of honest men. I have seen men subjected to pretty severe lines of questioning, but nothing they needed to fear if they had nothing to hide. Some investigations are courteous, others rude; some whisper, others bellow; some ask clean cut questions, others are tricky. But the witness with nothing to hide can face them all. Mice get pushed around every day, all day long, but not men.

Let's kill Communists, if we wish to live. If we kill ruthlessly the pious shrink in horror, but our enemies may learn to let us alone. If we kill legally, we are still accused of being ruthless, so what? If we don't kill, or jail, or eliminate some other way, we die, and not according to Marquis of Queensbury rules either. I do not choose to die that way, nor do I want that fate for my wife and my two boys.

Nor will Harry Snook when he grows a bit older, I hope.

The brainstorm is over, but I hope it will water some flowers in Harry's yard. I'm not worried about him being a pinke, but some of the pinkes disguised as liberals can exert great influence with their clever line.

Col. (Ret.) John N. Hauser

Col. Hauser is the father of Chuck Hauser, former managing editor of *The Daily Tar Heel* and now a first lieutenant with the field artillery in Korea, where he was wounded just before the armistice.—Ed.)

### Lines On Literature

Palinurus

Unburied and waiting on the shore for a hundred years, a man, even unstable Palinurus, has time enough to contemplate the passing scene and to see promises materialize or fade, as the case may be.

Such an opportunity for observation occurred last winter. While melancholy and unhappy one very cold night I overheard a group of savants discussing modern American novelists. Which ones, they asked, will last the longest? Limiting the field to the post World War I writers, they finally agreed upon the so-called Big Three: Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Faulkner.

It was an interesting speculation which prompted me to investigate anew these writers. As a result, I spent the spring and summer re-reading the three "immortals" in an effort to discover which one of them could withstand constant examination.

Of the three, Fitzgerald's position seems to be the most precarious. His fame seems inextricably linked with the Roaring Twenties; as a result his literary longevity depends greatly on the frequency and the fondness with which the "Golden Era" is revived. He is the symbol of that era, and his writings are so autobiographical in nature that they may be regarded as documents of that period. Indeed, future historians may well look upon *This Side of Paradise* as a journal rather than as a novel.

Some of his other writings may not fare so well. *The Beautiful and Damned* is as bad as the critics first thought and consequently has been duly forgotten. In *Tender is the Night* Fitzgerald recorded at length his own escapades and it is probably the most interesting novel, although it is obviously filled with Fitzgerald's own childish self-pity. A reading of Arthur Mizener's biography of Fitzgerald, *The Far Side of Paradise*, will reveal just how closely Fitzgerald identified himself with the protagonist, Dick Diver.

This self-identification undoubtedly accounts for the major flaw in the work: the realization of the character of Diver. His change and ultimate deterioration are wholly unconvincing after the description of the brilliant doctor that is given at the beginning of the book. Moreover, Fitzgerald himself realized the faultiness of the structure and revised order of the story greatly. This revision is now in print for the first time.

In the last analysis, his literary merit must rest with *The Great Gatsby* and two of the multitude of short stories that he wrote, "Babylon Revisited" and "Diamond Big as the Ritz." This group appears to be a small one for the immortality of a writer. And yet, *Gatsby* is one of the finest novels of this century, having no major flaws. It reflects the great talent that Fitzgerald possessed and, yes, misdirected and squandered in the effort to overcome a social inferiority complex.

With Hemingway the story is different. He has been able to overcome the "Lost Generation" label, and his works are now considered upon their own merits. Although he, too, has had his share of failures, such as *To Have and Have Not* and *Across the River and Into the Trees*, he has produced several very good works indeed. In these, one thing is readily apparent—Hemingway is above all a first rate story teller. And it is as a master of a story that he will be read. Although Gertrude Stein claims that she taught Hemingway how to write, one can easily believe Hemingway when he says that he taught Gerti how to tell a story.

With three novels such as *A Farewell to Arms*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and *The Old Man and the Sea* as well as some of the best short stories in the English Language, Hemingway seems assured of a prominent position for many years to come. He has the talent for writing works than can be enjoyed apart from their symbolic and universal overtones. If at times his dialogue is a bit too bare and too highly selective, Hemingway nevertheless gives the illusion of reality as in *The Old Man and the Sea*, his latest and perhaps his best novel.

Faulkner represents a decided contrast to the other two writers in that he was not immediately popular, but from the beginning he has had an ever growing group of critical supporters. He is very difficult to read, and not always clear. He has produced some exceedingly bad books such as *Mosquitoes*, *Soldier's Pay*, and *The Wild Palms*. Moreover, he has been a most voluminous writer.

Yet, of the three writers, Faulkner withstands close scrutiny the best. There is so much packed into his works that one reading does not suffice. In each reading the picture is clearer, the whole scheme more coherent and vast and fascinating. The characters are deep, complex, and vitally real. It is as if he had created a myth that suddenly became a reality. And once one has discovered the myth of Yoknapatawpha one becomes a part of that myth. The spell is fascinating, and the writing exciting.

In *Light in August*, *As I Lay Dying*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *The Unvanquished*, and *The Hamlet* Faulkner has produced a body of literature that constitutes a phenomenal achievement. He has matched the novels with equally brilliant short stories. "Spotted Horses" is one of the funniest stories to be found anywhere, as is "Old Man." "The Bear" could easily contend for the title of the best American short story. If Faulkner has been prolific, he has been so in quality.

It is rather ironic that the man whose books the general public would never buy has suddenly become, since the Nobel Prize presentation, one of the most widely read writers in America. He has been "discovered" by the reading public and even by that paragon of "taste", *Life* magazine.

In a hundred years when Charon brings the boat for Palinurus, which one of the three writers will go to that land of immortality? I think it will be Faulkner.

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IS IT THAT MEISUR ALBERT, THESE CROCODIDDLE, IS NO COMING TO THESE SOIREE?

OOH...HOW EXCITEMENT! I AM LOVE SURPRISE—BIG ONE OR SMALL—I AM ALWAYS DELIGHT WITH ANY KIND SURPRISE

MEISUR ALBERT IS LIKE ONE RICH AN' ME NOBLE WHO ONCE ALUM USE TO SURPRISE ME...WITH PERLUMES, WITH ORCHID, WITH PEARLS SPOOCHES—SO GALLANT, SUCH TENDER! SUCH GAY, THESE LITTLE THINGS ARE WHAT COUNT.

HERE Y'ARE KIDS...TIME WE WAS GITTING INTO OUR ANNUABLE WORLD SERIES...THIS'LL LYVEN UP THE SWARRY ALL RIGHT. GRAB A MITT! SHORTSTOP AN' LEFT FIELD IS OPEN.

HEY!!—YOU WANTUM GET YOU BABY OUTA DRAIN PIPE? WE FIX!

WE'RE BREWIN' UP A FRESH VAT O' S'MACK!—D'KOOLY—KICKAPOO JOY JUICE!!

ANYTHING WE DRAPS IN IT—DISSOLVES!!—WATCH!!

THEY ANVIL MELTED LIKE BUTTER!!—AH!! DRAP THE BABY IN, AN' WATCHERLY TH' DRAIN-PIPE WILL DISSOLVE!!

—AN' SO WILL TH' BABY—YO IDJIT!!

LOOK!!—FOLKS, FUM ALL OVER, WRIT US HOW TO SAFEN GIT OUR BABY OUTA TH' DRAIN PIPE!! WEBSSE ONE IDEA WILL WORK!!