Greensboro Daily News

If Education Abdicates

"The need for technically trained people," says an educator, "was probably never greater than it is now. At the same time, we were never more aware that technical training is not enough by itself." Many businesses are coming to the conclusion that they can train their own "specialists" in a short time but that they can't create men with a broad, general education capable of understanding the sweep of modern economic, political and social life.

Modern problems require men and women with trained and disciplined minds. It is up to the schools to provide youngsters with the tools—reading, writing and arithmetic—whereby they can get an education, if they chose and when they are more fullly exposed to it. That is the minimum.

But there is a tendency among some progressive educators to dodge even that responsibility. Thus A. H. Lauchner, in an address to the National Association of Secondary-School Principals on improving the junior high school curriculum, said this:

"Through the years we've built a sort of halo around reading, writing and arithmetic . . . When we come to the realization that not every child has to read, figure, write, and spell . . . that many of them cannot or will not master these chores . . . then we shall be on the road to improving the junior high school curriculum.

"Between this day and that a lot of selling must take place. But it's coming. We shall some day accept the thought that it is just as illogical to assume that every boy must be able to read as it is that each one must be able to perform on a violin, that it is no more reasonable to require that each girl shall spell well than it is that each one shall make a good cherry pie.

"When adults finally realize that fact, everyone will be much happier . . . and schools will be nicer places in which to live."

It is hard to argue with this conclusion—which is evidently based on the assumption that "ignorance is bliss." Pupils will be happier because they won't have to learn anything; teachers will be happier because thev won't have to teach anything; and the schools will be "nicer places in which to live" because there will be no standard, no struggle and no accomplishment.

But the United States would not be a very nice place to live in, because it would be a dictatorship of the few smart and unscrupulous ones over the dumb multitude. The abdication of education would mean the failure of democracy and the return of tyranny, as Jefferson foresaw; only this time the bright boys of Moscow would take us over.

Quoth The Drunkard

—Jenks Robertson—

On flipping through the pages of a book of famous quotations the other day, we hit upon a couple of quotes which we though were quite applicable to life and events at Carolina. We submit a few of our findings below:

Carolina coed on a late date: "And she breathed in a husky whisper—'Curfew must not ring tonight'" — Rosa Thorpe.

Campus Political Parties: "All political parties die at last of swallowing their own lies." —Dr. Arbuthnot.

Women teachers: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well." — Samuel Johnson

Botany field trip: "Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways—Pioneers. O Pioneers!" — Walt Whitman

Cramming before an exam: "Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, weak and weary." —Poe

Motto of the School of Business Administration: "Money is honey, my little sonny, and a rich man's joke is always funny." — T. E. Brown

Dormitory recreation: "And once or twice to throw the dice is a gentlemanly game."—Oscar Wilde

Trustees and Saturday classes: "Any fool can make a rule."—Thoreau

General opinion of Dook: "Vulgar of manner, overfed, overdressed, and underbred."—B. R. Newton

Policy of the Goody Shop: "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker." — Ogden Nash

Y-Court Coffee: "What's one man's poison . . . is another's meat or drink." Beaumont and Fletcher.

Archery class: "I shot an arrow into the air; it fell to earth, I know not where." — Longfellow

Carolina gent on a date: "I have a single-track mind." — Wilson

Student taking course for third time: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Hickson

Carolina vs. Tennessee: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." — Oliver Perry

Campus debater: "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below." — Shakespeare

Big campus joke: "What is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after."—Ernest Hemingway

The Carolina Way: "Not drunk is he who from the floor, can rise alone, and still drink more." — T. L. Peacock

With that, we close our book!

A Word

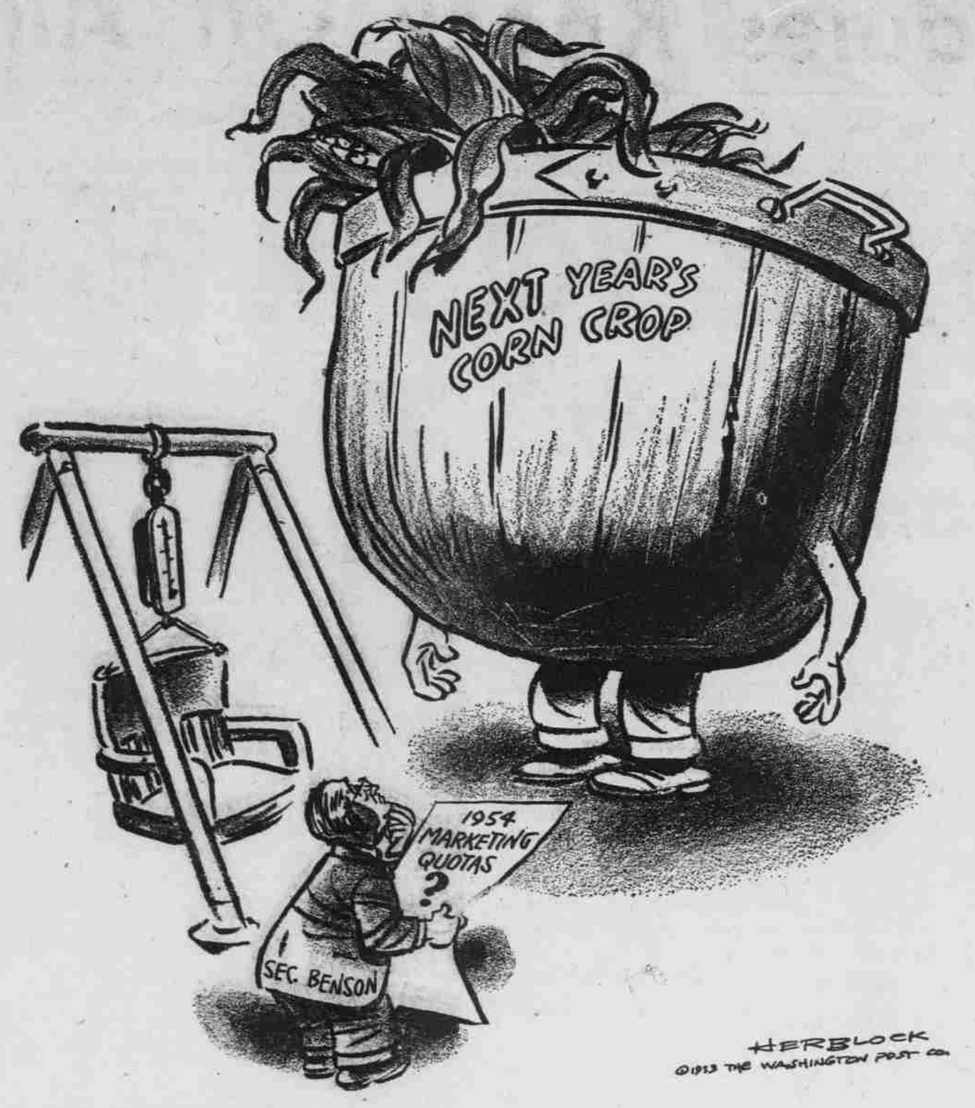
From Noah Webster's dictionary comes this definition of the word farce: a ridiculous or empty show; a mockery.

The only thing absent from this definition is the synonym—fraternity rushing. It is claimed by fraternities that their founders found inspiration in the world's oldest and purest democracy, that of Athens. There is no doubt that these men who founded fraternities had anything but the highest ideals, but their modern heirs might more appropriately claim inspiration from the ancient Roman two-faced god, Janus. Today's fraternities claim to place great emphasis upon character, integrity, scholarship, and other worthy virtues.

In reality, the emphasis is placed upon such standards as family background, type of dress, bank balance, and the section of town in which one lives. The whole fraternity system shows a distressing lack of sound, sincere values. The character and the nature of a person mean nothing; what really counts is an oxford grey suit with a striped tie—

Charles L. Sharpless.

'Come On — Guess My Weight'



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

OTTAKA, KAS.—This column can't be called part of a drought survey. In fact, there's no excuse for it save pure sentiment. And if any editor doesn't want to run it—and I won't blame him if he doesn't—I've sent a substitute column which he can use instead.

In browsing through the Midwest drought area, I dropped in on this sedate and solid little Kansas town which I always connect with some of the happiest memories of my boyhood and which I haven't visited since I worked on my Uncle Charley's farm just outside the outskirts of town what seems like many years ago.

I suppose Ottawa is pretty much typical of Midwest America. Located in Eastern Kansas south of Kansas City, the folks here vote almost solid Republican, go to church on Sunday, depend largely on agriculture for a livelihood, and have been either flooded out or drought-ridden just about every year.

When the spring rains come down over the Kansas prairies, Ottawa is one of the towns that gets flooded out even more disasterously than Kansas City. And later in the year, when the August-September sun reaches its peak, the fields get brown, the crops scorch, and people almost wish floods were back again.

One of my most vivid memories of 40 years ago is rowing a flat-bottom boat along the road in front of my Uncle Charley's house.. Things haven't changed much since then. For on the North American Hotel opposite the town square is a plaque indicating the high-mark of the flood of 1951. Yet people live happily, and are relatively prosperous — 10,000 of them — in Ottawa.

"I've lived here 48 years," remarked my cousin, Daisy Wolfe, "and during 46 of those years we've had floods."

The town hasn't changed too much since I was here. The courthouse, the jail, the band-stand are just as stern and dignified as ever. The elm trees are just as beautiful. But the brick-paved streets, over which we used to drive cattle to the Santa Fe freight yards to be shipped to Kansas City, are reserved for automobiles now. Cattle have to come in by truck, not driven by boys on horseback.

The old farm where my Uncle lived used to be outside the city limits. Now the inexorable march of civilization in the form of white bungalows has reached right up to the farm; but the old house still stands, a prim and proper gabled affair with pince-nez-roofed veranda, and red and blue glass in the front door like a church window. It was ultra-fashionable when built some 60 years ago, and is still respectable, though somewhat in need of paint eeven though now owned by an Ottawa Banker.

The elm trees are a little thicker than when I used to shinny up to fix a rope-swing outside Aunt Mary's kitchen, and I doubt if I could shinny up today. But the limb from which the swing hung is still there, though the rope is gone.

The orchard behind the house where I once shot birds with a 22 rifle, but shouldn't have, is still there; a little thin and a little the worse for wear, partly because of the drought, partly through neglect. It's funny how years later you sometimes feel guilty about something; and I've always felt guilty about shooting those birds, though I justified it then with the excuse that they were eating fruit. Now I justifify it by telling myself that I wasn't a very good shot.

Uncle Charley's big barn is still standing. What a barn that was! I knew every nook and cranny of it — the box stall where I fed the work horses, the stall where I saw the first mother cow with a new-born calf, just 30 seconds old; and the haymow into which we loaded wagon after wagon of Timothy. I say "we" because my Uncle let me drive the team that pulled the hay-fork up to a steel track in the loft and gave me $5 for my work at the end of the summer.

The barn stalls are mouldy and musty today. The manure is so rotted that mushrooms have sprouted in the stalls. But the barn itself, except for needing paint, is just as good, just as spacious and just as ready for a new load of hay as it was 40 years ago.

The wooden gates I used to swing on have given way to modern iron and wire contraptions. I never did understand why Uncle Charley didn't want me to swing on those gates, but now that I see my grandson swinging on my gates I can understand his reason. It sags the hinges.

Lines On Literature

—Palinurus—

Before the First World War, it was Frank Harris. After that, it was James Joyce with *Ulysses.* Then it was Henry Miller. During and after the last World War, it was Jean Paul-Sartre. Now the rage of the literary world in France and the avant garde in this country is, as the Sept. 7 issue of the *New Republic* congently put it, "Jean Genet, ex-jailbird and self-confessed thief, pederast, prostitute and stoolpigeon."

In just five years Genet has already become a myth and a legend. The stories of his fabulously evil escapades have become legion. He is undoubtedly the most romanticized writer, in an inverted kind of way, since Byron. The most descriptive picture of this man is that he is a combination of the Marquis de Sade, Francois Villon, and Rimbaud with a little of Rabelais added. But who is this legend?

Genet is a Frenchman who has taken all evil as his province. Living most of his life in and out of jails, among thieves and underworld characters, Genet believes that one can be a Saint of crime and passion just as one can be a Saint of religion. And his whole life has been toward that end. Born in 1910, Genet was abandoned by his parents, whom he never knew. Early in his life he spent some time in a reformatory. This was followed by years of begging, smuggling, theft and imprisonment in almost every country of Europe. He was even sentenced to life imprisonment in France ,but was granted a pardon up the petition of a group of literary friends.

While in jail during the war, Genet turned to writing autobiographical novels in which he glorified vice and crime. The whole project was the inversion o fthe normal ethical standards. The first of these works was *Notre Dame des Fleurs* in 1943. This was followed by *Miracle de la Rose.* Then came his most famous work, *Journal du Voleur.* In addition, Genet has written poetry, plays and short stories.

Needless to say, he became an immediate success. Jean-Paul Sartre proclaimed him as the perfect existentialist and gave Genet the title he had been seeking, Saint Genet. More recently, Sartre has written a 600-page biography of Genet called *Saint Genet, Comedien et Martyr,* which is the first volume of the collected works of Genet, published by Libarie Gallemard press in Paris.

This biography is a searching anaylsis in startling terms of Genet's past. In discussing it, I turn again to the *New Republic* article which says that Sartre's book is "an orgy of psychic code-deciphering that makes Freud look like a neophyte and Jung like an amateur . . . . some notion may perhaps be derived from his remark that Genet is a pasive pederast because 'surprised while stealing *from behind,* it is his back which blossoms when he steals, it is with his back that he awaits the discovery and catastrophe.'"

Genet himself believes that he will be a martyr of thievery and passion, for they are his faith. In his *Journal du Voleur,* of which a small part of the more printable bits has been translated in the second edition of *New World Writing,* Genet says that saintliness means "obtaining the recognition of evil." Moreover, he beileves he is the first saint of crime, saying "I distrust the saintliness of Vincent de Paul. He should have agreed to commit the crime, instead of merely wearing the irons of the galley-slave." Yet, in spite of this supreme dedication of his life to evil, he states that "I am not trying to be scandalous."

Is there literary merit in the outpourings of Gehet? M. Jacques Hardee, our local authority on Genet, says that, part from the extreme pornography of the writing, Genet is a very fine artist indeed, especially in his descriptive passages. The style itself is almost poetic. However, Genet does present a linguistic barrier for he employs the language of the underworld, the cant talk of thieves and homosexuals, and the specialized speech of the prisons.

But, M. Hardree concurs in my belief that the excessive romanticizing of Genet obscures his literary merit. Also Genet's novels are filled with indiscriminate passion that at times seems to have no bearing on the work. For instance, only in one work does Genet reveal what he considers genuine love. He remarks that he was once in love with a boy, now dead, called Jean D. The remainder of his work is filled entirely with orgiastic passion, frankly described.

Because of his special language, which is even difficult for the French, and because of the extreme pornography of his writing, Genet is almost impossible to translate into English. However, a translation of the *Journal du Voleur* was published in Paris. Part of it has appeared in the *New World Writing,* and two of his short stories are available in *Stories in the Modern Manner from the Partisan Review.* Other translations are being attempted, and Sartre's biography should be available soon.

When I was in France I did not get to meet Genet, since my haunts were no more clandestine than the *Deux Magots* and the *Flore;* but everywhere I went I heard talk of this messiah of the liberation of the instincts. Charles Brockman, lately of this university, does know Genet; and he tells me that Genet is a very dangerous man who, even since his pardon, is rather violent and impulsive. And apparently so is his writing.

But Jean Genet is a name Americans will hear more and more. Translated copies of his works will undoubtedly be brought into the country the way *Ulysses* was during the Twenties. Moreover, Genet is the man who has dethroned Henry Miller by proving that crime really can pay.

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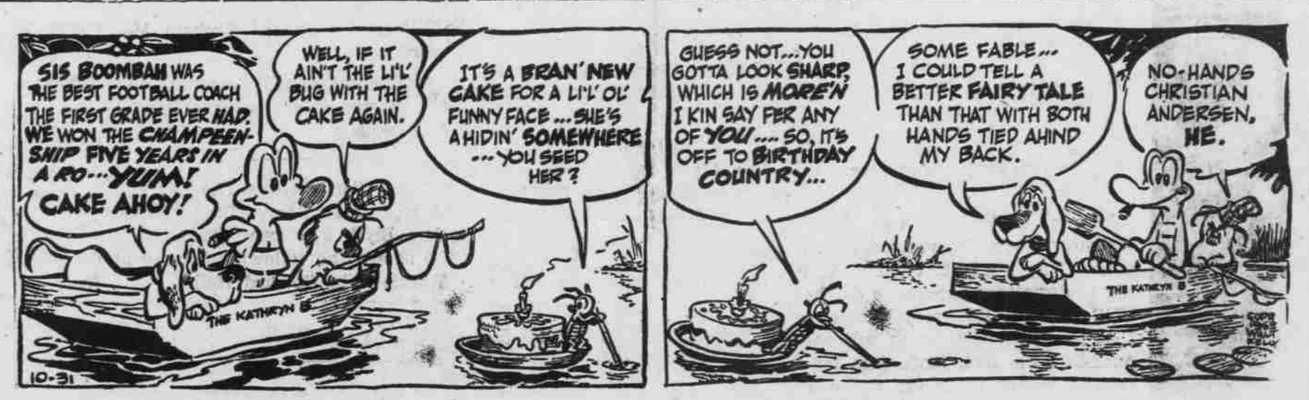

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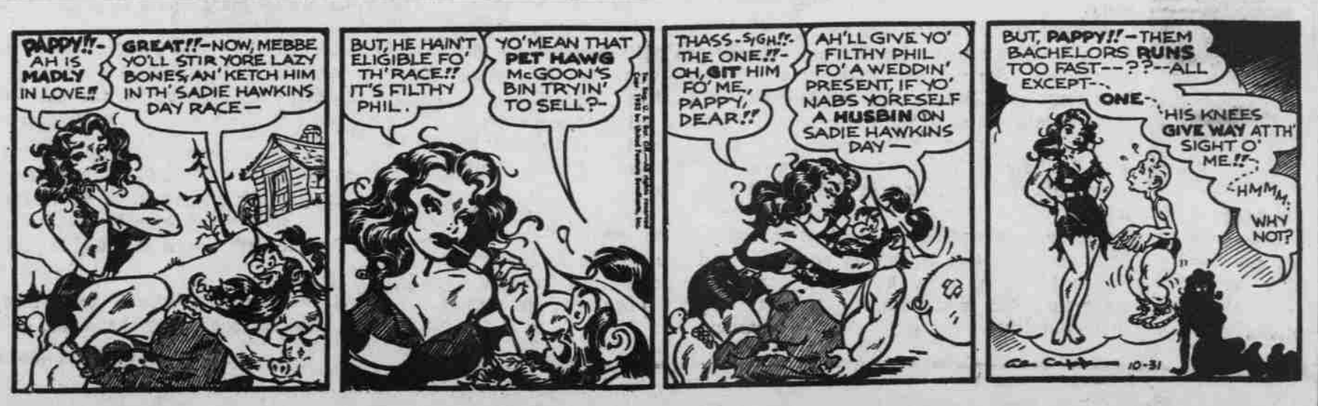

CORRECTION

The letter appearing in yesterday's Daily Tar Heel signed with the name of Duncan S. Owen Jr. was not written by him, Mr. Owen informed us.

Letters to the editor are accepted in good faith and we check the student directory in an effort to determine the validity of signatures. Naturally students are on their honor concerning the use of signatures.

We regret this incident has occured and are happy to make correction.