

The Cumulo-Nimbus Shape Of Reality

The New Republic came to the office this week with an intriguing back page advertisement.

"Life subscription," runs the offer, "\$100."

And why should anyone want to subscribe to a magazine for life? Well, says the ad, "the shape of reality is changing faster than our ability to perceive it" and an hour or two per week with the New Republic will give insight into "the cascading rush of events and ideas."

But the next paragraph is the one that caught our imagination.

"Take the question of preventing atomic destruction," it says. "We thought we had a formula for security in the Baruch Plan for international control and inspection of fissionable materials and atomic facilities. But today, as one scientist says, 'it seems that the possibility of the control of nuclear explosives and the bombs they make has passed.'"

This, of course, puts the whole business in a new light. What looked like a tempting deal whereby a youth of 21 might save \$214 on New Republics before he died at 65 becomes, after a perusal of the small type, nothing more than a gamble—with the odds on the side of New Republic, Inc.

Possibility of control of nuclear explosives and the bombs they make has passed, and there is an Epicurean bunch of publishers trying to get your money while they may.

Our speculation along this line was considerably heightened by the passing over, yesterday, of the long cloud the Atomic Energy Commission says we shouldn't worry about, the colloidal fragment cut loose from the atomic mushroom in Nevada.

There it was, for anybody who cared to look: a nuclear cloud right here in Chapel Hill. Any hopes the New Republican may have had of getting our hundred dollars sailed east with that cumulo-nimbus mass.

You can take the idealistic plunge if you like, but we're going to sit tight, keep a sharp eye on the shape of reality, and buy our New Republics down at Sutton's.

Gracious Living—XXVI

Our Lenoir Hall operative tells us that Gracious Living in Chapel Hill is taking a beating from the cafeteria clocks. Daily, goes his tale of woe, hundreds of students are made late to class while trying to sneak in an extra cup of breakfast coffee; the clocks are five minutes slow.

We have finally become accustomed to the University's bell system being two minutes behind the rest of the world, but there's no excuse for the microcosm that is Lenoir to operate five minutes slower than that.

If Gracious Living is to move on ahead, Lenoir must get the lead out.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Enticed as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$8 a year, \$3.50 a semester.



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Old Initials Tell Three Life Stories

Louis Kraar

HAVE YOU ever wondered about the initials some people make in fresh cement?

Usually, it's children who scrape their names or initials for all of posterity — or, at least, the neighborhood — to view. But when I noticed three clearly-written initials on the side of Old West Dorm on campus recently, I wondered about them. The date conveniently placed beside the initials, was 1830.

A search through old yearbooks, Kemp P. Battle's "History of the University of North Carolina, and a half-dozen questions to helpful librarians in the North Carolina Historical Room in the Library brought to light the names of the initial carvers of over a century ago.

The initials "J.L.H." belong to John L. Hederson, who was graduated from the University in 1830, the same year he probably carved the initials. Hederson, despite his penchant for scraping initials in cement, became a member of the state legislature in later life. After representing Rowan County in the General Assembly for some years, he went on to become state comptroller.

"G.H." probably stands for George W. Huffman, who attended the University but didn't graduate. He later became a Baptist minister.

The third set of initials "J.M.S." belonged to John Madison Stedman, who was graduated in 1830 and later became a physician.

The three initial scrapers probably found their opportunity to make their mark on the building during a minor repair session. Old West was built in 1822, so 1830 sounds like a reasonable date for minor repair work.

Thus, the sets of initials stand — after over a century — bearing silent witness to such events as Union General Smith B. Atkins moving horses into the building for two weeks while peace terms for surrender of Raleigh were being negotiated in 1865.

EVEN IN texts one finds absurd statements. Take this one from "Sociology," by Lundberg, Schrag, and Larsen:

"If enough of its members are nonconformists, the community may split into factions or perhaps disintegrate. Thus, survival of the group, like survival of the individual, depends upon the development of patterns of uniform and repetitive social acts to which people are expected to conform."

"WHAT DID Norwood Bryan do?" the girl wanted to know. She pointed to this column of a couple days ago, in which the printer had dropped two lines.

Thus, to satisfy curiosity and straighten out the confusion, here's what I was trying to say (until the printer jinxed me):

Norwood Bryan, who sat on both sides of the battle between Muntzing and Fowler at different times, still is entertaining vice-presidential hopes.

PERHAPS THE slang of today will pass like that of other generations, but I wonder if we'll ever work so hard to seem colorful and sophisticated as we're doing now.

"How was the boy you were telling me about?" a coed asks her friend on campus.

"Oh, him?" she coos in a pseudo-Southern drawl. "He's strictly out to lunch."

And our music has also taken on names that outnumber our jazz forms. After the Brubeck concert, I heard that he was "strictly nowhere," from one jazz exponent.

Another hipster (that's a slang word itself) termed it "cool." And still another friend, somewhat less versed in the vernacular of the moment, remarked, "I didn't think it was too hot myself."

Latest Master Stroke On The Security Front



SOUNDS

New Don Shirley, Old BG

Tom Spain

"His virtuosity is worthy of Gods," is what Igor Stravinsky has to say about the jazz world's latest piano stylist.

Donald Shirley, whose Debussy-like piano renditions of popular and semi-classical selections, has been something of a rage among the New York society-jazz school in the supper clubs and cafe circles.

Almost a strict adherent to classic forms, the renowned Shirley boasts a background of genius and the life of a child prodigy.

Born in Kingston, Jamaica, he has studied theory at the Leninsky Conservatory of Music and at the Catholic University of America in Washington.

He is a composer of several formal works including symphonies for organ and a piano variation for Ravel's BOLERO. At the age of 28, he has compiled an impressive record as a concert pianist in addition to acquiring an enthusiastic jazz following.

SUBTLE BUT GENTLE

In his new record album which has just been released by Cadence records, Shirley presents several pop ballads out of Tin Pan Alley to which he has applied the technique of composers from Chopin to Gershwin, plus a mild spattering of some delicate modern jazz. Accompanied by Richard Davis on bass, Shirley takes a big step in drawing both jazz and classic forms of music into a delightful style which accentuates the similarities and contrasts of the forms which were once considered far removed from each other.

Relying on a subtle but gentle technique, the duo turns out wistfully beautiful versions of SECRET LOVE, ANSWER ME MY LOVE, MY FUNNY VALENTINE, DANCING ON THE CEILING, and LOVE IS HERE TO STAY. The Shirley treatment of these sentimental ballads is not only different, but refreshing. Perhaps best of the new styles is the quiet blues rendition of I COVER THE WATERFRONT.

YOU Said It

Editor: All hail the noble prophet, the patriarch and elected representative of the common people, the zealous guardian of the campus coffer, the great authority on matters of human initiative, the champion of unlegislated thought — our own Frank Warren Jr. Mr. Warren tells us in his letter of March 11 that he was advised by his father to fight windmills rather than newspapers. If the character of Mr. Warren's charges against The Daily Tar Heel and

The Don Shirley duo deserves a listen no matter what one's tastes might be. A concert pianist of great talent with an honest interest in jazz as an art form is an indication of coming events in American music.

The Benny Goodman band usually connotes a thing of the past, but Capitol Records will be the first to say the Goodman way of music has not died. A new album chocked full of big-band sides is now on the shelves of the record shops, its cover designed to lure the hi-fidelity fiends.

JUMPIN', STOMPIN' BG IN HI-FI is no disappointment to the true Goodman fan, and to some, the group may sound no different than it did 15 or 20 years ago. Featuring many of the old-timers, Goodman brings back many of the all-time favorites of the early forties.

Count Basie's JUMPIN' AT THE WOODSIDE is the opener, and brings back memories of the jitterbugger and jukebox of 1941. Quickly following is another old-time great, STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY, which, though it lacks some of the drive and exuberance of the former aggregations, does the Goodman reputation no harm.

Mel Powell, Chris Griffin, Will Bradley, Steve Jordan, and Hyman Sheltzer are just a few of the big names which helped make the tradition of Goodman supremacy in the swing field, and topped by that royal clarinet, they prove themselves far from has-beens.

SHAVERS' TRUMPET, POWELL'S PIANO One of the more exciting elements of the new album is the presence of the quintet and sextet. More than adequately supported by Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers and Mel Powell, the small groups take off on GET HAPPY, YOU'RE A SWEET-HEART, ROCK RIMMON, and AIR MAIL SPECIAL.

The versatile Shavers supplements the absence of the vibes

with his supersonic trumpet runs. Powell's piano work sounds somewhat changed, but just as good as it ever did. Especially in the frantic AIR MAIL SPECIAL, the group proves its rapid-tempo ensemble ability with the tricky scale romping and complex endings.

But for the Goodman fan, perhaps the biggest thrill comes from the two sides of LET'S DANCE, which open and close the album. Though both are from the same master recording and are nothing more than duplicates, the inviting sounds of LET'S DANCE imply only one thing. And the implication hasn't changed since the 1940's. It's the heartwarming thought, that a great and masterful king will not reckon with usurpation.

Stanford University Press is the publisher of the 194 Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards, a compilation of original poetry published in magazines of the English-speaking world. The Borestone collection is the only yearly anthology of verse to which nominations can be made by the editors of the publications in which the poems first appeared. In addition to three cash prizes and a special award, the judges also award \$1,250 annually for an outstanding book-length work of verse, the prize presented each year at the banquet of the Poetry Society of America.

A number of well-known poets appear in this year's choices, including Southern critics and author Allen Tate, well-known short story writer Elizabeth Enright, Christopher Morley, Peter Viereck, etc.

DANNIE ABSE Chapel Hill readers will be especially interested in a poem reprinted from "Poetry," by aDannie Abse. Mr. Abse, a native of South Wales, is the brother of Dr. Wilfred Abse of the Department of Psychiatry in the University Medical School. Dannie Abse is also the author of "Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve," published in England by Hutchinson and only recently by Criterion in the United States. The Absees are an extraordinary family. Miss Lily Tobias, an aunt who recently visited here in Chapel Hill, is also a well-known British novelist.

PRIZES Top prizes in the Borestone awards went to Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Laurie Lee, and Allen Tate. The current collection (128 pages, \$3) is the sixth volume in the series and offers a special stimulus to undergraduate poets.

Levin's Poems Refreshing 'Rebellion'

Ed Yoder

If rebellions make the planet spin (and there are those who believe they do), Ron Levin's new book of poetry—entitled "Rebellion"—should give the reader a fine whirl.

The college campus can too often lapse into a slow-turning apathy; and all who have ever watched the laws of physics at work on a spinning object know that the slow-turning becomes the wobbling and finally the stopping.

INCOMPATIBILITY

It is for just that reason that Ron Levin's ten poems, just brought out in the Old Well Publishers' new "Contemporary Poets" series, are full of lively and healthy meaning. These poems, whose abiding theme is perhaps caught up in,

I should like to divorce myself from these days on grounds of incompatibility, will more than serve those who feel the campus vehicle slowing down, will perhaps give the reader a troubled insight into whatever wobbling the planet may (or may not) be doing.

After so much modern poetry of abstract insight, which, as W. H. Auden has said, only serves to "wake the hermit's sensual ecstasy," it is refreshing to find a new poet bringing new thought to paper about coffee drinking, about walking in a garden, about hi-fi sets that drown "a robin's magic treat," about rain and the changing tones of a woman's red hair, about the price of U. S. Steel, about drinking egg nog at a Christmas party.

PULPY CRESCENDO

The poet's rebellion is a rebellion back to the natural things, the leisurely, meaningful, pleasant things that can flash on the attentive eye. In "Garden Concerto," for instance, Levin, tuning his esthetic strings to a more romantic score, hears The counterpoint of ear and stalk in tangible melodic lines... Polyphony of tangled vines their coda culminating in a pulpy crescendo called a fruit.

Levin has developed a good bit of the skill which comes to the poet when he has trained his voice and thought to see the subtler shades of the things he writes about. "Reckoning in a Coffee Shop" typifies this. The poet's talking about the end of world. Could this be it? he wonders:

I had dreamt of there being high screaming fissures steaming and unimagizable sights.

I'm disappointed for all that I observe are faded voices neatly done grins and half-picked bones on plates.

END OF THE WORLD

This subtle blend of humor and gravity deserves comparison with one of the great treatments of the theme — Archibald MacLeish's wonderful poem, "The End of The World." Mr. MacLeish sets his apocalyptic event in a carnival tent. Just as the clowns and tightrope walkers lead their audience into rapt attention, the big-top roof blows off and beyond there is blackness and... "nothing—nothing at all."

"Rebellion," the reviewer suggests, deserves the attention of those who believe that the ultimate requirements of all poetry should be truth and beauty, those qualities which, as Shelley indicated in an immortal code, can never be found separated in a good work of art.

Meanwhile, with a few rebellions of this sort, to point the way, the planet will continue to spin.

Wal Cherry, Australia.

EDITH SITWELL The collected poems of Edith Sitwell, published in a 442-page edition by Vanguard Press at \$6.50, prove again—as if such proof were needed—that Dame Sitwell's position of excellence in English poetry is secure. The new book makes available early poems that have never been published in America, and brings together "Green Song," "The

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others.—Hippocrates, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was marshalling his companions Messrs. Neckley and Wump, of higher- and lower-level vision on affairs respectively, on East Franklin. I wondered what was up?

"Neckley's neck, for one thing," The Horse specified, "is up. So is Mr. Wump's dander. Indeed, my amphibian associate is so depressed as to be in a frame of impulse to commit seppuku."

Didn't The Horse mean frame of mind? And what, pray, was seppuku?

"Now, Roger, things are not so desperate as to require you to pray," The Horse shrugged. "But, pray stop dramatizing yourself. Like many moderns, poor Wump has a collection of impulses rather than a mind, by which latter term I mean the something from which thought originates. And seppuku is a term used by us Japanese for what you all call hara-kiri. In short, self-destruction."

Us Japanese? The Horse was now Japanese? "The Horse is universal," The Horse spoke most respectfully of himself, using the third-person. "The Horse is many things to many people."

And he was nothing to many people, and I meant his colyum, as it was y-clept.

"That figures," The Horse nodded equably. "As Poor O'Richard says, 'He who tries to please everybody pleases not even himself.' And it also follows that the fantastic emolument I am paid for each blink of my Eye is such that it leaves me independent of the need to dot my Eyes and lace my Teas."

Didn't The Horse mean, cross his t's? "When brandy is used," The Horse observed, "we call it lacing. I am seriously thinking of lacing Mr. Wump's branch water with some good distillation of the potato skin to coax him out of his impulse to commit seppuku. What gives me pause, is, he may turn up with other and more horrendous impulses."

Such as? "Bathing in coffee, lurking in creamed soups, plumping for Educational TV, voting Republican." The Horse expressed some possibilities. "Or he might even become an Independent and uphold segregation while deploring Chapel Hill's refusal to align the reading labels with the reading of kindergarten a-b-c blocks."

This, I didn't follow? "Well, why howl to keep schools separated as to color, and then back our Educational system with the shuff whoose main color-symbol is blood-shot eyes?" The Horse pointed out with a manicured hoof. "Or-if cheek-by-hogioawl with the Likker Trade is okay for school revenue, why not go whole hog and start making the shuff themselves at P.T.A. meetings? Look at the profit could be made! Why give any of it away and merely rely on taxes?"

I thought The Horse had something there. "You ain't kidding!" The Horse warmed up to his idea to found the founding schools with a new-found foundation. "It could be integrated with the work at school, too. That ought to please everybody, because everywhere you hear folks speaking of integration, and thus it would be fashionable."

The Horse meant, set up stills in the school-houses?

Nothing that crude," The Horse overruled me. "Besides, the kids might turn our raw shuff—you know how impatient children are. No, I mean we could teach Arithmetic using the system: 2 pints equal one quart —"

I got it! Four quarts make one gallon! "Naw, naw, naw!" The Horse nawned me. "Twelve quarts make one case. And so on. Heck, we might even break the text down into Fifths, so we-uns who buy the shuff would know what we are getting stuck under the Fifth system. Then, we could conduct our Agriculture & Resources classes similarly."

Would The Horse elucidate?

"I never touch it before the sun is over the yard-arm," The Horse misunderstood me. "Instead of teaching Old North State childher to reckon farm-production in bushels of corn to the acre, we'd teach it in gallons to the acre; or, cases to the section. And they could get their Physical-Ed by sipping out the corn-squeezings and the grape-juice. Then —"

Now I had it! Then, transship the shuff — I meant, stuff — to P.T.A. stills — and have our own bottle factories make the bottles, labels, cases, tax-stamps, everything!

"Roger, me boy!" The Horse exulted. "I'm proud of you! How come you're not a leading member... or at least among The Fifty-Four... of P.T.A. now? No skulldugger, you, me lad, but a realist! Taxes are taxes, and forget where they come from. Income is income. Why, Roger, in one simple stroke you have stated our entire American Philosophy: don't worry where it comes from, or what you must do to get it — go after it. There's one small flaw, however."

Quote, Unquote

Last week the United States postoffice department quit delivering Russian newspapers to any American except a very restricted class, mostly officials.

It meant nothing to me intellectually because I can't read Russian; but it meant a great deal to me politically, because it reminded me of the frantic efforts of John C. Calhoun and his followers to prevent the postoffice from delivering Abolition newspapers in the South before the Civil War.

The policy of trying to stifle though led straight to ruin then and all experience teaches that it can never lead to anything else. I have a haunting fear that it is leading to ruin now. There is no safety in ignorance; it is precisely what you don't know that does hurt you, because if you know you can usually get out of the way.

In this modern world it is more profoundly true than it ever was before that the mind that is free to inquire and to know is the only mind that has a chance of devising means of protecting itself.