

# Who Wants New Rules?

The men have added their voice to that of the women in opposing the new women's rules, which would bring severe limitations to individual rights to this campus, something that has not been any part of the tradition of Carolina.

The only people left for the rules are some members of the Women's Residence Council, the nurses, and the Dean of Women.

However, the Women's Residence Council is not unanimously in favor of the rules, and the Nursing School only stands to benefit by the rules, in that they are a liberalization of the present nurses rules. If the nurses took the initiative now, they might be able to get rules similar to those of the other coeds.

If the Women's Residence Council took the initiative they would preserve freedom on the UNC campus by ridding the rules that they have gotten handed to them by the previous Women's Residence Council.

Several members have already expressed disagreement with the closed study rules, the lights out regulations, and the weekend permission statutes. This would be a start in the right direction to throw these out and take a deep and careful consideration of the others before destroying a measure of freedom on the UNC campus, because someone has fears that the people who have proved themselves able to handle their own affairs, can't in the future.

The Women's Residence Council can provide the right kind of leadership. It is hoped it will.

## A Tribute

An election has placed some new faces in office, but now is the time to pay tribute to the people who have served during the past year.

It is hard to single one out in particular, but Dot Pressly should be singled out as being the most industrious, most courageous, and perhaps the most loyal secretary the student body of the University of North Carolina has ever had.

There are times when words are very small, and feelings very large, and words cannot express those feelings. Very simply, the student body should feel proud that last spring it elected Dot Pressly to the office of Secretary of the Student Body. She has served well.

## Suggestion, Salute

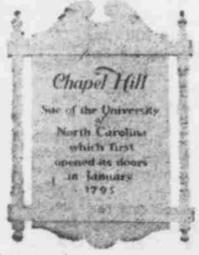
The Election Board recovered from a fairly poor job in the regular spring elections to do a very good job on the run-off.

The things that were forgotten last time were remembered this time, and in the light of this one can forget about the small oversight of temporarily forgetting one dormitory's ballot box.

A suggestion for the next election is in order. Next time it might be nice to count the ballots by dormitories. It would be advantageous to the student leaders in finding out the fruits of their efforts and probably would take less time in that the sorting problem would be less involved.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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# Prelude

James C. Miller

One may well wonder, as he glances through the newspapers and news magazines of the world today, about the amount of space allotted to national and international affairs in local periodicals preceding World War I. Historically, America, prior to this time was relatively isolationist in attitude toward the affairs of most of the other nations. This attitude was reflected on the national scene as well. Local interests tended to take precedence over issues concerning the nation as a whole. On the international level, nationalism was still the dominant passion motivating the aspirations of many peoples. Thus, we might conjecture that news of national and international occurrence assumed importance in direct proportion as it affected the self-interests and welfare of the peoples concerned. Of course, the variables of communication in a technology and the importance of foreign correspondents would contribute toward the effectiveness and magnitude of issues and events reported, other than those local. Perhaps there were many another variable in operation. At any rate, from the points listed above, we might reasonably assume that we are confronted with a good bit more of what goes on in the world than our predecessors of days past, although our attitudes may have changed only in degree.

The thought may then occur that we are quite well informed of current events throughout the world. Perhaps, relatively speaking, we are: provided, of course, we have stopped to scrutinize the news and editorial pages before going on to Dennis The Menace (which, incidentally, is a rather worthy creation). Granted that at times it may be hard to separate news from editorial, the fact that we traditionally have had this dichotomy in journalism is highly suggestive to our problem.

News as events, occurrence and issues are data. By themselves they are relatively meaningless. They exist, but their existence is similar to the existence of the ray of light on the retina prior to its transmission as an impulse along the optic nerve to its appropriate cortical area of the brain. They occur in relationship. The editorial, thus, endeavors to ascertain the relationship, and as such, has a function similar to that of the cortex. Once the relationship is established, an attitude is assumed.

The process here described is a part of our biological inheritance. But the psychological product can pass for truth, certitude, dogmatism, egotism - unless we look for inadequacies and inefficacies in the process: Did we receive the correct data? Which data received the emphasis? Would our interpretation of the data differ if we had more or different data? How does past experience affect the relationship we "see" in the data? Do the environments in which the interpreters reside have substantial sway on what is "seen" in the data?

Thus, the big question concerns the purity of our perception. This purity is indeed determined in many ways by quality of influences impinging upon the relationship of facts and their interpretation.

The data we get or don't get from our papers or other communication media and the relationship we establish or have established for us with regards to the data are basic to our attitudes on national and international issues.

This knowledge should make us a little wary of drawing hasty and ill-concluded conclusions. Perhaps we need to assume an attitude of humility commensurate with our finite nature.

## LETTERS

Editor: A few days ago, I had the pleasure of spending an evening in the UNC infirmary.

Upon retiring for the evening, I made a natural request for the use of a Bible. To my amazement, this seemed as if it were not a natural request, for there was no Bible to be had. It seems that our nation and all its moral codes are built upon this book, and yet there was not one in the infirmary.

Now I ask these questions: Why was there no Bible and why was my request so strange? Have the students at this University strayed so far from its principles to think that they no longer need to search its scriptures? Our whole value system seems to be lost. I refer to the student who griped

## AD LIBS

# The Editorial Page, Rain, This, That And The Other

Whit Whitfield

To put the quietus on some of the remarks around campus as of late—Adlai Stevenson is definitely not going to be on the Tar Heel staff this year . . . And the Tar Heel will not fold if The Nation and The Reporter do so.

Now that the monsoon season has set in for good, many people as usual are griping about it, but to no avail; all the gripes in the world do not equal less rain, so we may as well become adjusted to that fact, and look to the brighter side.

Fact I: April showers bring May flowers (although this fact has not been properly verified by the Department of Agriculture).

Fact II: Farmers do need the rain. The rice crops have sunk to an all time low.

Fact III: Manufacturers of rainwear need the money from increased sales desperately.

Fact IV: Now that we are accustomed to the rain, it would be exceedingly difficult to adjust to fair weather and the hot sun.

Politics Department:



## Laughter From Olympus



## ANYTHING GOES

# American Society Chastised Lack Of Depth Criticized

Many years ago in Copenhagen an eccentric emperor took great delight in prowling through the streets without any clothes on. Naturally, the citizens refused to believe that this was possible, so they vied with each other in elaborate descriptions of what the emperor was wearing. All went well until one day a remarkably hip child commented audibly: "Maw, I don't want to bug you,

but really, that emperor cat lacks finery." End of emperor, or perhaps under these slightly unique circumstances, emperor's end.

The parallel to this story for our own time occurred recently when a California child cut through the maze of filth and organized insanity with a clean, ten inch blade. You may protest that this was rather vigorous action, as indeed it was; but it must be remembered that Cheryl Crane's problem was much vaster and more complex than the problem which faced the citizens of Copenhagen so long ago.

If the average GI (so we are told) went out to fight and die for Mom, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Apple Pie, what was poor Cheryl supposed to do when she realized that Mom was a tramp, the Dodgers were in Los Angeles, and the Apple Pie had been devoured by the hood who came to dinner? With the instinctive child genius for direct action, Cheryl reached for the blade and plunged it straight and true. ("For heaven's sake, Cheryl, you're liable to hurt somebody with that - ugh! - knife.")

Now, in order that Cheryl's magnificent act may not have been in vain, we raise the following questions concerning the act and the general milieu in which it took place. For some of these questions we even have answers.

Question: What kind of a society is it that creates the gigolo, a male prostitute who gets paid off with the proverbial Jaguar and sports jacket?

Question: What kind of a society is it that makes a national institution, in fact a shrine, out of the well-developed mammary glands that lie (or point) beneath the movie star's sweater?

Question: What kind of a society is it that, when the gigolo lies so cold, so dead, rushes in with high-powered lawyers and slick press agents so that a Mickey Cohen has to defend the elemental decencies by remarking, "You'd think the broad hardly knew him?" (This is what goaded Cohen into releasing Lana's pathetic letters;

There can be no one-way concession to peace; we must sacrifice, and so must Russia. Part of our ideals must be cut away, and Russia must cut away part of hers; in the wounds thus made it is possible for the two to be grafted together, with the remainder of the world following suit. It is either this or war. This must be the choice.

# Omniworld

Sam Frazier

It seems today as if every other word is meant to be a suggestion or a demand that we solve the problems of our world, that this divided world will ultimately destroy itself if immediate steps are not taken to alleviate and obscure all the dividing lines of tension. However, there are two viewpoints as to what the dividing lines of tension are. One group, so far the most predominant, claims that Communism versus Democracy are the contending parties who are manufacturing the destructive tension. This idea, invoked when world tension became apparent, has been the vogue since that time. However, there is another group which is rapidly rising and which may soon be the vogue. This group claims that world tensions have not been produced by political contentions but by economic contentions and that the vast gulf between the "wealthy" and many times more numerous "poor" countries is the real womb of world tensions.

Actually, both of these theories are valid, but neither theory really touches on the problem. The fact of the matter is that the majority of people in the world do not want peace. (A world of hypocrites—those who dote on Biblical prophecies find a paradise in this statement). That is, this majority of the world's people does not want peace if there is even the slightest mention of disturbing his own private national theology. In his nation lives his truest heart; sacrilege would be committed if this place is defiled. Not to discredit the division of the world into separate countries. Pride in one's country is honorable and good, and any person who does not give his allegiance and devotion to his country is a person to be pitied. But the question is this: Does our country exist to serve us and humanity, or do we exist to serve our country?

Ironically, here in America, supposedly the stronghold of democracy and freedom, we have become slaves to our nationalism, to "Americanism." The prevailing idea is that anything un-American must be quickly and thoroughly stamped out. What foolish people we are to think that America is the only country in the world. Those foolish people who allow themselves to feel very self-righteous when we allow people from the primitive world around us to come here to live and to study are only reproductions from a universally copied archetypal pattern. The desired goal is that our country be utilized for our good and for the good of all mankind. It is imperative for Americans (and all countries) to realize that we may not always stand on the universal truth; our nationalism will have to be disturbed. In all Russian-American relations, we are never willing to go half-way; for the proposal to be acceptable for us the man on the other side of the world has to come over here to us.

There can be no one-way concession to peace; we must sacrifice, and so must Russia. Part of our ideals must be cut away, and Russia must cut away part of hers; in the wounds thus made it is possible for the two to be grafted together, with the remainder of the world following suit. It is either this or war. This must be the choice.

The next "daddy love" will be lucky to get a picture post card of that classic phallic symbol, the Eiffel Tower.)

There is a very simple, one-word answer to these four questions. This answer is agreed upon by virtually all intellectuals, regardless of their politics. The word is "SICK." S-I-C-K. Sick. And the first step on the road back to some kind of relative normalcy is the brutally frank recognition that this is a very SICK society.

The other night on television, a third-rate comic who somehow managed to sneak in between the westerns and the give-aways, said: "I'd like to do this next number for all the teen-age weirdos, the middle-age flips, and the real old sickies." In her moment of agonized decision, Cheryl Crane Turner, she of the four foster fathers and the innumerable "uncles" just for a night, could very well have said the same thing. Poor Johnnie Stompanato got his hip card punched for the last time, but those of us who have survived may be just at the beginning.

# ONE WAY Barry Winston

There, there, children. Don't cry. Tell daddy all about it. Did the big nasty man take your comic strips away? Did he leave them out of the paper for two whole days? Did he hide them on page three, just to make it hard for you to find them? Well, dry your tears and come sit on daddy's knee, and he'll tell you a story about the nasty, nasty man.

You see, children, you really shouldn't be mad at him—you should feel sorry for him, because he's very mixed up and confused. He doesn't know that your comic strips are the most important thing in the world to you. He just doesn't have the mature understanding to realize that your day is incomplete and your life empty and futile if you can't read the comics while you're watching the Mickey Mouse Club and Captain Kangaroo. He just can't see that these things are terribly vital to you. As I said, children, he's really very confused, and doesn't mean to harm you at all.

Now don't cry any more, because daddy is going to fix everything for you. Daddy is going to have a talk with the nasty, nasty man, and daddy is going to convince him that what you want is four pages just chock-full of comic strips. Won't that be nice? And if you're real good, and eat all your spinach, maybe daddy can even get him to put in some pictures for you to color with your crayons, and one of those connect-the-dots drawings every single day! And if you're very, very good, all week long, and don't spill any pabulum on your bib and drink all your prune juice, why, on Sunday, maybe the nasty, nasty man will give you six pages of comics—in color! Wouldn't that be just too peachy-keen?

Oh, there are just all sorts of nice things that daddy is going to do for you! Not only is he going to fix it up with the nasty, nasty man who took away your comics for two days, but daddy is going to talk to all the bad, bad people who have been making life miserable for you.

Daddy is going to start with all the mean ol' professors that make you go to their mean ol' classes. He's going to explain to them just how much their silly old talking interferes with your play-time, and how you would like them ever-so-much if they wouldn't make you read all those stupid books which are just wasting away the best years of your lives. And when daddy has finished straightening out that silly Administration and all their silly little rules that get in the way of your enjoyment.

Daddy is going to tell that silly Administration that it just can't go around thwarting and frustrating and inhibiting your goals in life. Daddy is going to tell them that they've got to stop this nonsense of expecting you to go to classes and pass quizzes. Your tender little minds just aren't ready for that sort of cruel disciplining, yet. If you mind daddy, and do just what he says, maybe he can even convince that silly Administration to do away with the whole messy business and give you your diplomas right now, so you can go home and take your afternoon naps.

And after you graduate! Then you'll really see how much help daddy can be. Because he's not going to stop taking care of you just because you graduate. No, sir! When you go out into the world, he's going to tell your bosses to be nice to you, and he's going to hold your hand when you cross the street, and he's going to wipe your noses, and he's going to let you watch Cap'n Five every day, and he's going to tuck you in bed every night, and kiss you good-night.

But for the time being, don't you worry one little bit about having to read anything but comics. Daddy is going to take care of everything, and fix it so that you won't have to do any thinking at all.

# View, Preview

Anthony Wolff

6 p.m. — Channel 4 — The Subject Is Jazz

Tonight's half-hour is devoted to "Early Jazz." The featured artist is Wulbur de Paris, famous trombonist and leader of the band at Jimmy Ryan's.

9 p.m. — Channel 5 — Kraft Theatre

This long-standing dramatic show tonight begins a new policy, in an attempt to reverse its recent trend toward mediocre quality and small audiences. Under its new producers, the Kraft Theatre will present plays by noted playwrights and adaptations of well-known literary works.

Tonight's show consists of three one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, one of America's foremost playwrights ("The Glass Menagerie," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof").

Of the three plays to be presented this evening, one, "This Property is Condemned," was seen here last in a production by the Petites Dramatiques.

Ben Gazzara and Lee Grant, two of the most promising young talents of television and the stage are starred in another of the three, "Moon's Kid Don't Cry." The other play is "The Last of My Solid Gold Watches."

The playwright, Tennessee Williams, will appear as a special guest. The production is being directed by Sidney Lumet, a young director who is justly praised for his direction of "Twelve Angry Men." 9:30 p.m. — Channel 4 — Living Books

Those interested in American literature may profit from tonight's discussion of three works by Nathaniel Hawthorne: "Rappaccini's Daughter," "The Minister's Black Veil," and "Young Goodman Brown."

