This law has particular relevance to college students who have a great part of their future laid out before them, and many of whom have to determine that future in terms of their obligation to the United States mili-

In simple terms, the draft law does not work, nor is effective in promoting a strong military in the atomic age. Moreover, it is destructive in terms of the creative lives of many who could be quite creative.

As it stands now \$28,000,000 is being spent to induct an average of three people per board annually, money that would be well to spend elsewhere on the defense system. Further, the system itself has weaknesses and complications. Indeed, as it stands now it is sucking into the military the backbone of the country - the unmarieds of age 23 on the average. These are the people who are just beginning a career, for the most part, and who are freed from the familial ties that would leave them in a position not to advance rapidly in the working world.

For the college student, the draft is espedially bad, for as a military advisor at Amherst College pointed out in a recent issue of The Nation, college students by and large are looking for legal ways to avoid the draft. So, students get married prematurely, and once married are urged to have children so that they will have the requisite number of dependents to be ineligible in peacetime. Most of these people are in a position where they can neither afford a wife or a family, and in a position where the financial drain of a family may well hurt their career.

In other cases, students who would profit from working in society for a year or two have to attend graduate school immediately after their college career ends with the main idea of avoiding the draft.

Inequities exist still further when one sees that in many rural districts the volunteer rate is such that no person is drafted in entire years, so that the quota system serves to keep a staff of people busy for no apparent purpose, since the classification and re-classification nets no entrants into the service. Other urban areas have no recruits and higher quotas, so that it is at the present time advisable, if one lives in the city, to move into the country - the point here being that a supposedly equitable draft system is far from equitable and is a drain on the taxpayer as well as providing several useless jobs, services which could well be rendered in other areas of government.

It should also be pointed out that the Selective Service system that now exists is far from selective, in that there is only one real Selection that an individual may make. This selection is whether to enlist or take one's chances with the draft and seek legitimate methods of dodging that draft. Once inducted a person finds out that he is put into that position which he most qualified for. In the typical arrangement of things a college graduate in physics may be digging trenches or fixing telephone lines, while persons of no education are given high responsibility. This tends to foster an unwieldy incompetence.

Finally, consideration must be made for the direction toward which services should be heading. This direction is up. The country is moving toward the space age using a LaSalle, and perhaps they might try using an intercontinental ballistics missile instead. The age of the foot soldier is at least partially gone, and the need to keep a large standarmy is almost non-existent.

This is not to say that there is not a need for trained military personnel, but it is to say that continuation of the present law is wrong.

There are several shoices open to the government. The first and most obvious is Universal Military Training for a short period immediately after high school graduation or departure. The second is a reinstatement of the G. I. Bill in an effort to get volunteers which surely would come under the program, since there are fully 200,000 students in the United States capable of doing college work, but unable financially to atend. Finally, if the present system is continued in anything like its present form, it should be modified so that individuals can serve the country in government work according to their individual ability. Under this plan a chemistry graduate could work in a research department of the government for two to three years, something that would both profit the military and the individual.

At present the system is wrong, but it is not past corerction.

On Reading Matter

Sidney Dakar

Quite frequently some student sends a letter to the editor of the DTH and complains of the poor quality of the editorial page. Some say it is too intellectual, some that it is intellectually barren. We need more like those that are complaining. At least, I assume. that they read the editorial page, which is, by the way, open to any and all that feel that they could do better than those who try. The sad truth is that most Carolina students never get further than the sport's page and Pogo when they read any newspaper.

There is nothing wrong with sporting activities; they are very excellent for enjoying our free time. Some students, however, have sports on their "minds" all day. These people know all the "vital" statistics on their favorite athletics. This is a frightful tendency as far as I am concerned. While the world is falling in on us, while our whole value system is being threatened by the aroused masses of the world, while Russian students are diligently studying the science of H-bombs and ICBM's 16 hours a day, some of our future leaders at Carolina spend a long breakfast (and sometimes lunch) talking only about last night's game.

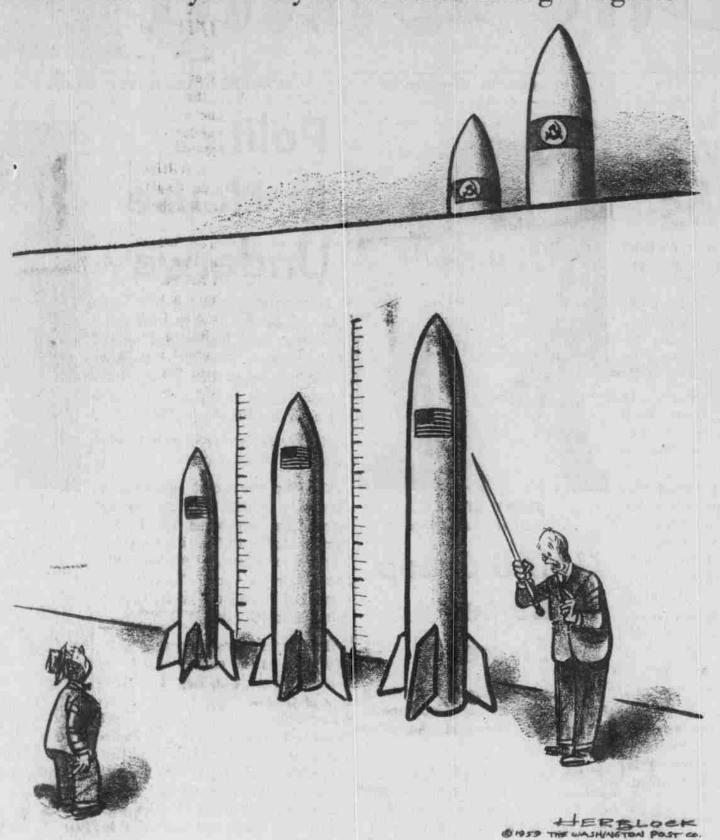
It is interesting to learn who won the game and maybe even the exact score, but to spend hours discussing the game is for children and for those who know nothing more important of which to talk. I am of course excluding those who make their living with sports, such as coaches and professional players. It is conceivable that the lowest type of manual laborers might spend the better part of the day discussing shotting and batting averages, but not college students! The future leaders! We are not the masses; we are supposed to be the chosen few, but this is probably a myth that will soon be exposed.

Our editor has been overly generous with columns from other sources than here on campus. He has frequently printed articles from many of the learned journals and newspapers. It is not important that the reader agree with all of the views that are presented. Most of the articles are written not specifically to make the student change his mind but to make him think, to reconsider judgments that he might have thuoght final. The most thought-provoking essays can appear on the editorial page and there will not be a murmur of any sort amoung the students, but let the editor put Pogo or Feanuts in a new spot or omit them completely (God forbid!) and the postmen will be working overtime forwarding the angry and indignant letters to the editor.

Right now the U. S. is rich and powerful, but we will do well to remember that this was accomplished not by us but by the sweat and toil of our fathers and their fathers. Some people in the present generation have come to believe that God actually favors Americans over all others. Ask them about any of our most pressing world problems and they will merely reply that "everything will come out all right in the end." At the risk of sounding trite, I will say that "God helps those who help themselves." The United States will not automatically remain powerful in the future. It will require a serious mental and physical effort on our part.

History will determine if the present generation of college students will have met the challenge that has been arrogantly flung can open any room in the building. in their faces by the Russian leaders and students. "The moving finger of fate writes, and having written, moves on. All of our pious pleading will not change it, nor all of our tears wash out a

"Don't Let Anyone Say We're Not Making Progress"



Letter

During the break between semesters, several persons had items stolen from their rooms in Cobb Dormitory. The thief evidently has a pass key and

I was one of the unfortunate ones. My practically new typewriter was taken from my room, 333 Cobb. If the person that took the typewriter re-

turns it, no questions will be asked, and a reward will be given. However, if the typewriter is not returned, and if either I or the police find who has

it. I will see that the thief is prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

I am waiting for its return.

George A. Weaver

Spectrum: A Literary Magazine?

Anthony Wolff

We are confronted - those of us who care to be - with two magazines, both of the genre known as "little magazines." One of them, THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY, has been around for ten years or so. The QUARTERLY is the pariah of UNC publications, despite the



fact that the students contribute collectively to its support through That they contribute the litthey do is due

not so much to any genuine concern for the magazine or the standards which it represents as to a guilty desire to share in its quality without having - God forbid! - to read the damn thing.

The idea is that the QUARTER-LY, originating as it does from UNC under the aegis of each and every one of us, casts a glow of cultivated respectability over all our dissipation and fraudulent edueation. For most of us, it is one of those things which we would rather not have around, much less pay for, but for the fact that like a leather-bound set of classies standing elegant and untouched on a shelf, the QUARTER-LY gives us the appearance of an intellectual depth to which we are unwilling - and perhaps unable - to attain.

Our second literary magazines is the new-born SPECTRUM, the first issue of which appeared last modest debut than one of our more straight-laced student leaders let out a high-pitched and outraged yelp - "SPECTRUM IS OB-SCENE:" whereupon this unpresuming little publication sold out a rather large first printing in a matter of hours. Rumor even has it that a number of copies were sold into the limbo of the fraternity houses, thus depriving several genuine bohemians of their copies.

It is not surprising that our noble solon's imitation of a Southern Methodist minister reviewing LOLITA from the pulpit had the

left to wonder whether he is so politically naive as to believe that his charges could have any other effect than the one they had; and, the obvious answer to that one being "no," one is then left to wonder at such things as the state of local politics, the moral's of our

Nor is it surprising that this charge of obscenity, like all such charges, was all pious hot air. In the first place, obscenity is a difficult charge to make against any art work, or even any pretended art work: art is perhaps by definition exempt from such considerations, except in Boston and other papist strongholds. Chapel Hill is not yet under the influence of Pa-

In the second place, SPECTRUM is so weak minded, so devoid of any energy, that it could not possibly offend anyone who can sit through a deoderant commerical without blushing. The word "shit' appears once, on page 42; and that poor cuss has long since become so insipid that it passes for more-or-less proper speech in most sorority houses (though the Pan Hell Handbook doesn't mention it).

And this isolated word is the worst thing in the magazine. There is no erotic literature, no mention of any serious amorality, nothing even good enough to be seriously disturbing or depressing. The magazine as a whole may be said to lack that blind, smug cheer which has vitiated whatever was valuable in our Protestant Puritan heritage, but that does not make it obscene to any but those who must grin to conceal a spiritual

SPECTRUM is not, then, the 'squeeze your nuts and open your face" sort of publication, such as HOWL and other "BEAT" publications are: it is interesting to see that HOWL, the Book of Common Prayer of the Beat, is parodied in SPECTRUM.

If SPECTRUM is neither a campus PLAYBOY nor a local voice of "beat" romanticism, what is it? Unfortunately, on this question criticism breaks down: as a whole. at least, SPECTRUM is not much of anything, and if its contents are happy effect which it had - one is representative of the best literary

pus, then we have no need for a campus literary magazine at all. Even the magazine's title denies the possibility of any internal consistency.

Taken individually, the stories

and poems in the magazine have little to recommend them. Some are plain frauds, without any form or content. This is a sweeping generalization, but it applies without reservation to most of the poetry and some of the prose. The difficulties of the poetry - difficulties mostly of formlessness and meaninglessness rather than of form and meaning - evaporate easily under analysis; unfortunately, the poems disappear with the difficulties rather than gaining substance from them. For this reason, the poems in SPECTRUM are unavailable to criticism of any serious sort; even parody is out, for they parody themselves quite well.

The only two which make any sense at all - indeed, the only two which will stand still for inspection -are Dennis Parks' "Why We Should Make Love In The Streets" and Parker Hodges' "The Glory That Was Rome." Of the two, Mr. Parks' piece is by far the better, but both of them are so trite in conception, language and diction, having already been well done by Eliot, or Pound or Cummings or somebody (and quite possibly everybody), that they seem pale and

At least Mr. Parks seems to be trying to write poetry rather than sloppy prose, which is more than can be said for Miss Berry, Messrs. Hodges, Blume, Benjamin (who exhibits a flair for the double negative in the very first line, thus demonstrating a fasionable knowledge of Middle English poetic conventions), or even Editor Parks himself in his other contribution about the delights of congress in the bathtub.

Robert Bell's "Ululate" (Lat. "Howl") is the only criticism in the magazine, an attempt to parody Ginsburg's famous rail against American society. Unfortunately, the poem which is parodied is so vulnerable that Mr. Bell's failure is compounded.

"Howl" has only the most rudimentary form, and its language is anything but precise or eclectic: it should parody easily. On second thought, however, it becomes clear that the original comes so close to parodying itself and the whole genre to which it belongs that further parody may in fact be impossible. At any rate, there would always be the danger of confusing the poem and the parody. Mr. Bell neatly avoids this danger by miss-

There are tour prose pieces, three short stories and one "short briefstory." This last is a moreor-less delightful little exercise in nonsense, enhanced by its no nonsense approach to nonsense rather than the pretentious approach exhibited by the rest of the work (credo: meaninglessness is our meaning, and it is best expressed

ing the poem entirely. Alone, his

own work has no merit,

"George Ed's Girl" is the lead story in the magazine, and a prime example of the "Look, Ma! I'm a wierdo" school of fiction. The only requirements for admission are a superficial knowledge of J. D. Salinger - i.e. the ability to imitate his language, if you don't come by it naturally - and an underlying mawkishness about such nauseating people and situations that the flip prep-school inarticulateness is necessary to protect the reader from the story. The substance of this particular story is good enough to warrant a more skillful treatment.

Gail Godwin and Anne Higgins are the two remaining authors, both of them less "arty," more direct than their companions-inprint, and both of them so obvious in their intentions that their stories lose almost all artistic effect and become simply illustrated essays of two familiar patterns of human frustration.

Neither author has much skill in characterization, probably because for the most part each is writing about people whom she has never met, and so she resorts to steroetypes. The fault is illustrated by the difference between Miss Godwin's believable treatment of the college girls with whom she is familiar and her stiff, cliche

lovers."

Both stories are superficial besents as important is never fully explored, Miss Higgins' symbol for freedom is a rather ridiculous one. At least one hopes that she is not suggesting that \$5000 be granted every student who wants to go mountain climbing; and yet Mr Smith's refusal to heed the student's plea is supposed to represent a self-betrayal. Certainly this idea should be explored, preferably by Mr. Smith rather than the reader.

Miss Godwin also fails to perform the "reality testing" necessary cannot borrow the fifty-cents admission fee from a store run by a friend who allows him to charge his meals: and, despite the pitiable situation of the frustrated little man, it is also legitimate to ask, "So what?"

(The same question seems to be rates: \$4.50 per se posed by the whole magazine.) The art work, consisting of some scetches for sculpture by Robert Howard of the UNC art faculty, is very fine. It seems to be out of place, however. Mr. Howard is an established sculptor and a professional artist, and it seems unfair to juxtapose his work with the student contributions. At any rate, his sketches are certainly the best feature of the magazine, even though they are out of place.

A last word about format: it would be a good idea if SPEC-TRUM, now that it has enough money, would group all of its advertising in one place instead of using it for page breaks. The present arrangement is not very satis-

The next issue is looked to for great improvement. Certainly it is to be hoped that better writing than this is being done on this campus. Such writing should be encouraged and published, and SPECTRUM is ready, waiting, and

Note: The Carolina Quarterly will be reviewed in this column as soon as the reviewer recovers from Spectrum.)

Notes In Review

Arthur Lessing

The presentation of passion in music finds widely divergent expression in the music of our Western world, for it can never merely be presentation, but must be digested and formed within a composer's idiom and musical concern. In music, we never confront passion as it is, but rather are given a metamorphoses of passion which incorporates it with all else that is given by the composer. Miss Iren Marik's piano recital in Hill Hall last Tuesday evening was a study of such a metamorphoses.

To be specific about Miss Marik's personal musical equipment, there is little doubt that the artist showed herself to be a serious pianist with a thorough if limited range of artistry which provided her performance with an outspoken care for detail, a certain depth of tone production, and, unfortunately, a lack of intellectual conception necessary to hold her artistic concern in focus. In short, her stature as a pianist overwhelmed at times her stature as an artist; however, there were many moments during her recital when there resulted a happy reunion between these two, making her concert an event of considerable musical interest.

The Siloti arrangement of Bach's Organ Prelude in G Minor demonstrated not a metamorphoses of passion into the musical terms of Bach's personality, but the false imposition of nineteenth century romanticism on a musical style that is neither suited nor should be available to such an intrusion. Instead of metamorphoses we were given a conglomerate of parts unnaturally held together.

The very difficult Beethoven Sonata that followed shows a passion that, inbedded within the composer's peculiar spiritual development, as shown in his music, is not so much purified as turned in the metamorphoses toward depth rather than exuberance. Here, romantic passion becomes the energy for an exploration of its opposite. The Sonata in C Minor (Opus III) with its two complimentary movements, as if one sets up the challenge of the task of metamorphoses and the other the answer, shows passion in progress toward spirit in its most profound sense.

The second book of Debussy's "Images" presents the metamorphoses of passion into mobility. For Debussy, movement itself expresses his musical concern, but passion is now the musical counterpart of Bergson's elan vital.

Bartok's Suite Opus 14 is an early work, and, curiously enough, still retains the influences of List's' romanticism and Richard Strauss's chromaticism. Yet, for Bartok, passion is no longer romantic as it is for his teachers. As the final movement of the suite, a "Sostenuto" well demonstrates, the composer has changed passion into the mysterious that was to become fundamental to his personal musical idiom. Mystery, as the metamorphoses of passion, and rhythmic motive, the other element basic to his idiom, both serve the total metamorphoses of his music as complimentary forces.

List's "Berceuse" and "Valee d'Overmann" show the unabashed spread of passion as metamorphosed into the freedom of romantic style. With little melodic material at his dispossal, List makes passion serve as freedom and creates a kind of music that exhibits it with full color, even though for us in cause the value which each pre- 1959 it seems all a bit confusing in form,

> Thus the metamorphoses of passion into spirit, mobility, the mysterious, and freedom gives each composer that sense of music that makes it understandable as human and meaningful. Miss. Marik's playing was succesful in doing just that.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it

is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 8 1870. Subscription mester, \$8.50

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