

No Extension

The first piece of significant legislation to be presented to Congress is the proposal to extend the Selective Service system for two additional years past the expiration date of June of this year.

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 military.

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 induce 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 unmarrieds 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 especially 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 reclassification acts 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 ballistic missile instead. The age of the foot soldier is at least partially gone, and the need to keep a large standing army is almost nonexistent.

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 choices 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 attend. 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 correction.

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 sometime 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 shooting 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 thought final. The most thought-provoking essays can appear on the editorial page and there will not be a murmur of any sort among the students, but let the editor put Pogo or Peanuts 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 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 word of it."

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 parish of UNC publications, despite the fact that the students contribute collectively to its support through student fees. That they contribute the little support they 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 QUARTERLY, 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 education. 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 classics standing elegant and untouched on a shelf, the QUARTERLY gives us the appearance of an intellectual depth to which we are unwilling - and perhaps unable - to attain.

Our second literary magazine is the new-born SPECTRUM, the first issue of which appeared last month. No sooner did it make its modest debut than one of our more straight-laced student leaders let out a high-pitched and outraged yelp - "SPECTRUM IS OBSCENE!" whereupon this unassuming 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 happy effect which it had - one is

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 leaders, etc.

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 Papp Bull.

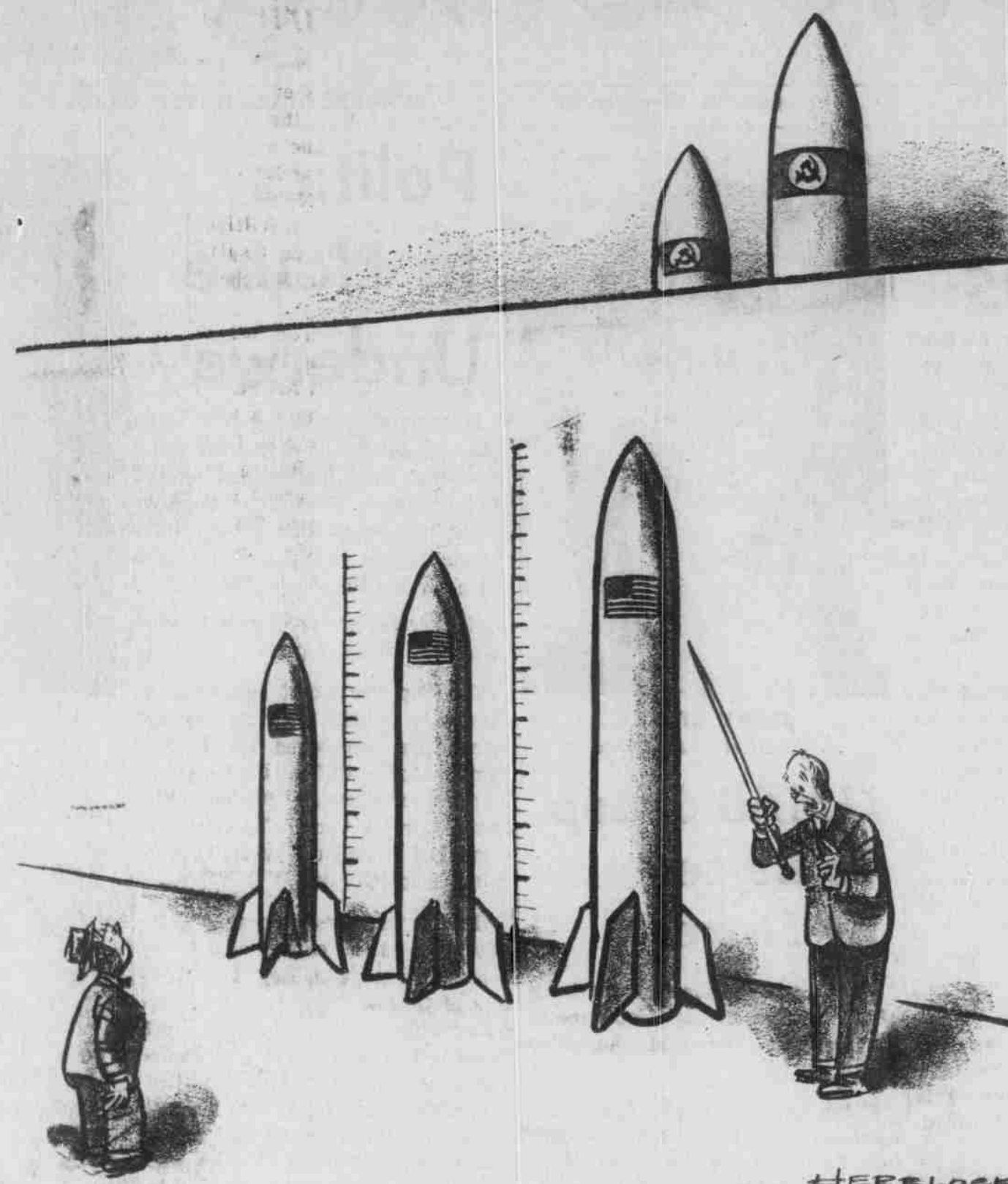
In the second place, SPECTRUM is so weak minded, so devoid of any energy, that it could not possibly offend anyone who can sit through a deodorant commercial without blushing. The word "shit" appears once, on page 42; and that poor cuss has long since become so insipid that it passes for more-or-less 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 vacuum.

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 representative of the best literary

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



Letter

Editor:

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

I was one of the unfortunate ones. My practical 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

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, imbedded 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 élan vital.

Bartok's Suite Opus 14 is an early work, and, curiously enough, still retains the influences of Liszt'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 "Valse d'Overmann" show the unabashed spread of passion as metamorphosed into the freedom of romantic style. With little melodic material at his disposal, List makes passion serve as freedom and creates a kind of music that exhibits it with full color, even though for us in 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 successful in doing just that.

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