

The Big Issue

One candidate in the Spring elections has come out strongly in saying that the most major issue facing the University at the present time is the need for money. While the editor agrees with the candidate that the issue of money for this University is of very major concern, it is not the central issue before the University. Indeed, as fundamental as funds are to this University, it could well win every budget battle and still lose the main war—the preservation of its own integrity as a community of individuals committed to the pursuit of truth.

The big issue is on what basis is the University asking for money and what does the State conceive of the role of the University at Chapel Hill. One of the basic underlying issues in this problem is the issue of growth—increasing the number of the student body.

It may not be clear to some that if the University grows beyond a certain number, it will cease to be and has no hope of ever being what it should be—a community of persons committed to the pursuit of truth.

Already there is a horizontal fragmentation of the University community into the professional or trade schools on the undergraduate and graduate level, and if this growth continues there will be further fragmentation depending on which floor of which dormitory a student may live.

It is clear that the University is presently committed to this growth. The University prospectus, "Planning For The Future," upon which the majority of the budget request was sold is little more than a statistical projection of enrollment and a report of needs per student or thousand student increase. Surely, it contains such interesting facts as there are 147 students on athletic scholarships totalling in revenue \$145,000, while there are 750 students on scholarships that are non-athletic totalling approximately \$125,000. It contains certain new programs the University plans to undertake, but still in all it contains very little more than a growth projection.

On the basis of this growth projection the University will have a student population of 15,000 in the year 1970 (this figure approximates the mean between fall enrollment and lower periods during the year). However, by the time the University climbs over the 10,000 mark, the University will have already radically changed in nature.

Many people have pointed out that this is a state university and has an obligation to serve the graduates of the state high schools. Yet, it is these same people who fail to realize that this state possesses a statewide system of education including several institutions of higher learning, and with proper planning the standards of the University could be bettered at all levels while the others could prosper.

There is much more included in this concept than just limitation of enrollment. There are problems raised concerning other schools in the state system, and concerned with the structure of UNC at Chapel Hill, however, it is basic to the future of the University for it to decide where its progress lies—whether it is toward a community of individuals committed to the pursuit of truth or whether it is toward a high caliber undergraduate educational factory where the student is to all intents and purposes a number rather than an individual. The country needs more of the former and less of the latter if it is going to make its brain power tell in the coming years.

The University is approaching the age of the eight-story dormitory. There is still time to change direction.

Labor

From recent reports it seems that the violence in Henderson is now a two-way proposition in that strikers are currently doing a little throwing of bottles and other miscellaneous objects around the vicinity of their employer's establishment.

Before the situation gets any worse, it is time for state authorities to step in and set up some mediation. If not, this particular strike could get even further out of hand.

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 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News Inc., Carrboro, N. C.

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Variations

Gail Godwin

"Words are not words except when they are said by someone to someone . . . Only then, functioning as concrete action, as living action of one human being, do they possess verbal reality." —Senor Ortega y Gasset

The art of conversation is dying. It is getting more and more difficult to sit down with a group of people and TALK.

One of several things happens. The people have nothing in common, find it out, and resort to further activities to keep from getting bored. They disperse, and there is no further conversation.

Or the group finds its members mutually attractive and the group keeps talking. (This group may be said to consist of any number of persons over one.)

Now, what is happening is this: people are becoming very adept at talking for hours—without saying anything. Many are the occasions when two people can leave each other after a conversation and neither of them will have the faintest knowledge of the other's personality.

Or else, each will leave the other carrying away with him a totally distorted picture of his companion's real SELF.

What is killing conversation? Clifton Fadiman says that **overavailability of authority** is one of the main culprits.

Today, conversation is all too often an extended bout between two or more opponents who try to exceed each other in quoting books, magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, TV programs, Broadway plays, and other people; parrying and saying extremely clever things; narrating personal travelogues of past trips to Unisikaupunki, Transoxiana, or southern Alabama. Each person strives to stop or top his conversational comrades.

Last week I asked a friend of mine to have a cup of coffee with me.

"I'd love to, but I can't," he replied. "I have to get ready for a party tonight."

"But it's only two o'clock," I said.
 "Oh, but you don't understand," he said earnestly. "There's going to be some very intelligent people at this party and I've got to read up on things so I can talk with them." He shuffled off towards the bookshop with this apology.

I can just imagine what brilliant bits of conversation my friend held out that night in his hot little hands for the others to pounce upon or to devour for their own later use.

By starting his preparations so early in the day, I am sure that by party time he was able to quote the opinions of Norman Cousins, Eric Fromm, Jonathan Daniels, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Pascal. What is more, I am willing to bet that he did not preface all these conversational offerings with "I just happened to read that . . ." More likely, he was prone to say: "I think that . . ." and continue an oral plagiarism.

And after he left the party, only his conversation remained. Out of the things he said the others fashioned their estimate of him. How many at the party would ever guess that he cared and cared desperately what they thought of him? Cared so much that he spent his whole afternoon snatching bits and pieces of information just so that he could talk to them? Who would guess that after the party he went home completely exhausted and fell asleep muttering "damn people." They probably all felt sure that he had gone right home and switched on a record by his favorite symphony (actually, he had just read about it that afternoon) and plunged enthusiastically into some erudite book.

Who is the better conversationalist? The man who has just finished reading every available source on the Berlin situation and who spends his conversation time telling his listeners about the Berlin situation?

Or, the man who, upon tasting his Scotch and finding it utterly satisfying, proceeds to tell those around him that he enjoys his Scotch?

I think I would much prefer the man who liked his Scotch. Because he said something he felt when he said he enjoyed it. And I would be inclined to think that anything else he said would also be based on sincere and personal observation.

Conversation is the translation of one's personality into words. If the personality fails to come through, then the words are lying. And if enough people say the wrong words, then we will all be talking to non-existent personalities, to shells of people who don't like themselves the way they are and who compensate by dipping themselves in a superficial shellac.

'Breakfast At Tiffany's': A Worthwhile Book

Anthony Wolff

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S. By Truman Capote. 179pp. New York: Random House, \$3.50

In a recent televised discussion on Beat Generation literature—or the lack thereof—Mr. Capote found himself without words to express his feeling on the subject. He struggled for a few moments, and finally came out with the most apt remark to date on the subject of this new writing (Kerouac, Holmes, et al): "It isn't writing . . . (agonized pause) . . . It simply is not writing . . . (pause again) . . . It's just typing!"

In this classic one-sentence critique, Truman Capote identifies his own allegiance by implication: he is one of those all-too-rare modern writers who has a healthy respect for the rudiments of sixth-grade English prose, combined with a sure sense of the altogether magical uses to which such prose can be put (by union-magicians only).

If all art involves magic in the sense that something is "created" which has a very special relationship to "reality" as we commonly experience it, then Mr. Capote's art is remarkable for the tenuousness of that relationship. Not only does he enjoy creating a reality of his own; his reality lacks that privileged quality in relation to universal experience which is the hallmark of great art.

In BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,

Mr. Capote flaunts his shortcoming with unforgivable sass: he gets away with it by the skillful charm with which he is associated even in his most inconsequential work.

The title novella in this book is an excellent example of Mr. Capote's entertaining specialty. An unembroidered review of the plot serves only to damn the whole thing: a teen-ager from Texas comes to the big city and sets herself up as a high-class prostitute, her one steady job being that of a well-paid visitor to a lonely old man at Sing-Sing; in which capacity, rather than her more steady employment, she gets in trouble with the law and skips town; this whole tale being told as a nostalgic bit of gossip by a writer who lived in the same New York brownstone with this heroine (whose improbable name, by the way, is Holly Golightly—Lolita's big sister of sorts) during her heyday.

There are of course complications: Miss Golightly has run out on an unbelievable hick of a husband, who shows up in New York looking for her; and more of same.

The point is not, however, that this brief bit of chicanery fails, but that it succeeds in spite of its transparency. Miss Golightly and her cooky crowd may have only curiosity value, and the reader may completely break his ac-

quaintance with them upon closing the book, but for the time that the book is open the whole motley crew is most gratifying.

Along with the title story go three short selections which have appeared elsewhere but are collected together for the first time in this volume; included among them is "House of Flowers," which Mr. Capote developed into a successful Broadway musical about five years ago. It is the old story of the prostitute with a pure heart, who finally finds true love and lives happily ever after. But told in the delicate style of a Haitian folk-tale, the old story takes on a new, refreshing sweetness: again, Mr. Capote works magic.

The second short story, "A Diamond Guitar," is the least of the three. It concerns the friendship between two convicts, and the death of one in an attempted escape. The story turns on the relationship between the two: a relationship which has the aura of homosexuality, albeit latent. While the feelings of the older convict for the younger, pretty one are tenderly described, and the undeniable attractiveness of freedom shines forth like freedom pure from the printed page, it is still difficult to get past the effete and pitiable romance to the idea of freedom which is the mainspring of the piece.

After these three stories, each more-or-less exquisite in its prose

but lacking in substance, comes "A Christmas Memory," whose eighteen pages are worth the price of the whole book and the attention of repeated readings. It is a first-person narrative, written from the point of view of a young child whose constant and beloved companion is an ancient distant cousin who is herself in a second childhood. Through the clear eyes of the little boy and his cousin, Mr. Capote describes the sights and smells of Christmas. The boy and his ancient female relative perform the elaborate annual ritual of baking thirty Christmas pies for people who live far away and are almost strangers, and yet who seem to be their best friends; they go to the woods to gather holly and cut a tree, which they decorate. All this takes place against the briefly sketched background of a family which isolates the two children—young and old—and leaves them to their own devices.

Mr. Capote describes the relationship between the two, and the events of their partnership against a loneliness without sentimentality; by using the boy as the narrator, and registering the story on the boy's sensibility, Mr. Capote reproduces first-hand the love and the underlying sadness of the two.

Obviously, Mr. Capote's relationship to childhood is problematical; likewise his relationship to sexuality; this much may be inferred

from this slim volume alone, even without the memory of Truman Capote as the recumbent infant terrible of delicate features and silken blond bangs. Without trespassing the proper bounds of criticism, it may be said that Mr. Capote's writing is confused about sex, clear about childhood. Perhaps these qualities do not promise great art, and certainly Mr. Capote has produced no art of any great pretensions, despite his promising debut in 1948 with OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS.

What he has produced is a small body of work in a day when writers seem to weigh their worth by the pound; and he has proven himself an exquisite craftsman in a day when craft is held in low esteem by the sex and sadism writers who predominate, as well as by the Beat writers, the realists, naturalists, etc. Given time, Mr. Capote may produce a "major" work of fiction; certainly he has as great a gift for English prose as any living American writer. All too often, however, the substance of art is lacking.

For the time being, however, this little volume needs no defense: for sheer reading pleasure and as an example of the possibilities of English prose, BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S is properly cherished. "A Christmas Memory" is a perfect short story, just to add to the delight.



The Real Issue

A University Community

Bill Bailey

"University: An institution organized for teaching and study in the higher branches of learning, and empowered to confer degrees in special departments." So says Webster. But sometimes this definition bothers me, for as I scrutinize my surroundings here, I find not only disagreement and wonder, but disgust. The University, better defined, is but a gear in the social machine, designed to crank out of its bowels an animal adjusted mentally and physically to . . . business, medicine, theology, and other such organized chicaneries. Everyone has his little slot; the University only lets him slip in more easily. Individualism is harked at us from the classroom and the pulpit from the time we first enter school until senility pulls a veil over our intellect: hands grab you up intermittently through life, shake you and say, "Be somebody! . . . Think!"; then they gently lay you back on the conveyor belt, turning the switch that feeds you into the machine.

The University, then, is merely a finishing school for human uniformity . . . a little scaled-down republic to blind the schoolboy, through its own pettiness, to the obscurities that follow. Meticulously the fellows with the Christian-democratic qualifications are picked to rule. Next comes the faculty, who are patriarchally looked up to, and selected for their Learning and Integrity. The Ivies follow: frat men, campus queens, politicians, and similar lice . . . these are the Accepted that step only in their leader's shallow footsteps. Then the Playmakers; the odd birds who are the Unaccepted and step only in their leader's shallow footsteps. Now we turn to the last category: the do-nuts and black coffee set that take their work seriously and strive for the heights of knowledge, pouring over tomes and frequenting the neighborhood library . . . who question everything but their own opinion.

And as soon as these yearlings have been weaned and carefully groomed, they are sent to pasture with the human herd, each going to his separate group to munch upon the crabgrass of his particular environmental ego. The human is the most domesticated of all animals, and he never fails to invent a new gear in his social machine to print a finer pattern with rounder corners and smoother surfaces. And the chance of rejects are lessened each day. Yet the real paradox of the whole affair is that the human secretly realizes this, but pacifies himself by sucking at the teat of free will, insisting that he can change at any time. This, I feel, is the height of boobyism . . . and the trademark of civilization. It is this that contributes most to his dullness; and it is this that most disgusts me.

But . . . no fear. Society is not in danger, for it has successfully stuffed rags into every escape crack in its framework. It actually makes one nervous to contemplate fleeing. I suppose then, I can but wave a handkerchief as I disappear into the mouth of the machine, shouting, "I forgive thee."

Visiting Report

PART II

Students are keenly aware and rightfully concerned over this situation, and over what will surely occur at Chapel Hill if the problem is not soon remedied. They selflessly give to high faculty salaries an even higher priority than to those of their own important needs. For such a spirit we are indeed proud, as it augurs well for the kind of young people we are educating at the University today.

The Administration is gravely concerned with the situation, and places higher faculty salaries as the number one item on its agenda. It has defended its position before both the Board of Higher Education and the Advisory Budget Commission with resourcefulness and vigor. It plans every effort to persuade the current General Assembly of the urgency of this need.

We are persuaded that no more important problem than faculty salaries faces the Board of Trustees.

II. THE STUDENT BODY

At the close of registration on September 24, 1958, the number of students at Chapel Hill was 7,513. Of this number 5,979 are men and 1,534 are women; 20.12 per cent of the men and 3.10 per cent of the women are married, as against 23.02 per cent of the student body married in 1957-58. The Committee visited with and interviewed representative student leaders on several occasions. We were both pleased and impressed with their maturity and sincerity of purpose. They evidenced a keen interest in and appreciation of the more crucial problems now confronting the University. We found a strong and well-functioning student government and many other allied campus activities. This sphere of college life is to be encouraged as a necessary adjunct to the academic in the finishing of well-rounded citizens. For a case in point, it may be recalled that twenty-eight of the forty-five governors of North Carolina have studied at Chapel Hill. The invaluable experience which they and countless other statesmen gained there by participation in campus affairs is reflected in the sound leadership which has always been ours in this state.

Transition from the sheltered and supervised life of home and high school to the vastness and freedom of a great university is not easy. Much is needed at Chapel Hill to help the early undergraduate, and particularly the incoming freshman, bridge this gap. That such a gap exists is evidenced by the large number of underclassmen who fail to maintain the basic academic standards of the University. These student casualties, it should be remembered, were admitted on the basis of College Board Examinations which supposedly reflected adequate inherent ability and preparation. Reasonable measures should be taken to prevent these casualties. Failure to do so is not only tragic to those youths concerned, but is patently costly to the people of North Carolina.

An environment conducive to reasonable comfort, study and minimum recreational and social needs would contribute much to the general welfare of the student body at Chapel Hill, and, we believe, would be reflected in better academic performance of the student. Crowded and bleak men's dormitories deny students adequate facilities beyond those required for existence. Study halls, typing rooms, recreational and reception rooms for family and friends are all lacking. Some of the newer dormitories are better equipped; however, the \$2,500 per capita state restriction placed upon the construction of new dormitories will not provide what we believe to be the desirable accommodations. We feel it is time that more emphasis be placed upon making the residence hall a positive factor in the educational program rather than a mere place of lodging.

If the facilities listed in this section are not to be found in the dormitories, it would be logical to ask where on the campus they might be found. Library space allows only a maximum of 800 students, or 8 per cent of the student body, to study there at any one time; therefore, much study must be done in the dormitory room. And it should be remembered that many of these rooms are crowded by housing three students!

It would seem appropriate here to consider the status of housing for the myriad student activities which we believe to be such an important part of university life. Graham Memorial, the present student activity center, was built 27 years ago. It was built entirely by private subscription, without cost to the state, to accommodate a student body of 2,600. Due to a scarcity of funds, only one-third of the building proposed was completed. This woefully inadequate structure must house all student publication (including a daily newspaper), student government and every like activity, including a host of committees. Added to these uses it is the sole building on the campus for social and recreational pursuits. Its deficiency is further accentuated by its geographical location on the northernmost perimeter of the campus, almost a mile distant from the new dormitories south of Kenan Stadium. The majority of students do not belong to fraternities and are thus denied virtually any healthful social or recreational outlet!

From the basic facts of this Report may be seen the great need for a modern, physical adequate and centrally located student union.

On the brighter side of student welfare we are pleased to report that the administration introduced a special counseling program in five dormitories in the fall of 1958. The program is intended primarily for freshmen and sophomores. To quote from the report of the Dean of Student Affairs: "The aim of the program is to reduce the number of academic failures by assisting students to make a sound beginning of their college careers. The Resident Counselors may contribute to this aim by promoting a generally better atmosphere in the dormitories . . ." Counselors are graduate students, and each is responsible for thirty students. It is believed that this program constitutes a forward step in fulfilling a real need. We anxiously await a report on its progress. Should it prove fruitful, every effort should be made toward its expansion, to the end that every underclassman might avail himself of its benefits.