

Entertainment

There may be something symbolic in the situation of the University with regard to the quality and calibre of entertainment that the University gets.

Part of this lies in lack of funds, and part in fairly sensible regulations that are self-imposed, prohibiting the payment of honorariums to speakers. Yet the plain fact is that the University entertainment is below that of many schools.

The University gets many popular people such as Roger Williams, Montivani, and others, but the times that people of the class of Rubinstein, Serkin, or the New York Philharmonic come to the University are rare if at all.

In the speaker field, the University will get a Sparkman, a Jackson, a Kelly, or an Ehan, but it is rare that the University will get a Stevenson, a Rickover, a Warren, or a Truman.

In the field of the arts, the University can be thankful for the annual visits of one of America's greats—Robert Frost, but the Cummings, the MacLeisis, and others have not come.

Of course, the Symposium is helping to bring some good speakers, but their numbers are few, and the replenishment needed to follow up a Symposium is nonexistent.

The idea of a Fine Arts Forum is a healthy one, but after funds did not materialize this year, the idea has died, and there seems to be no one who is willing to resurrect it, before it becomes too late again.

Indeed, Carolina is faced with a double plight. The primary one is the inability of the school to draw the top flight performers, speakers, and artists of this age, while drawing many competent, professional, but average people.

The second is the lack of student initiative in trying to draw these people to the campus. Indeed this seems to be a reflection of the University at the present time, a mirror image of what many people in the administration and without are working to eradicate.

It is a problem of creating an aura of excellence, an aura not possessed by the University now, an aura possessed in the past, and an aura hopefully obtainable in the near future.

In the meantime every possible student effort should be made. The Fine Arts Forum should have its renaissance. The Carolina Forum has to launch a year long fight for speakers. The Student Entertainment Committee had better try to schedule top flight entertainers along with the popular ones. Both have a place, but in respect to top flight entertainers, that college twelve miles away has Carolina beat by a small mile.

With effort in raising both the level of student active participation, this University may again be able to attract the best. This is a situation to be desired.

Count Them

The Daily Tar Heel has heard a reliable report that the Elections Board does not plan to count ballots the night of the elections.

This would be a bad thing. At first there is the very obvious possibility that ballot box stuffing will again be in vogue. But perhaps even more important is the right of the candidates to know the result of their election without having to sweat out another day in which they can do nothing to help or hinder their cause. Moreover, it will delay by a day the reorganization of the various offices, thus putting even greater pressure on the newly elected officials.

There is a need for new procedures in the handling of elections, but the sorting and counting of ballots has never been a difficulty, since there has always been a sufficient number of people able and willing to do the work.

The Elections Board's decision does not have to be final, and it might be a good idea if both parties joined in defeating this measure.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Moonglow

Joe John

It's Thursday night. The dorm is pretty quiet for a change, and you're struggling with a French translation.

Suddenly the pleasant silence is broken. "Raleigh's on fire." The regular evening occupants of the TV "parlor" have come racing through the halls spreading the portent of the city's doom.

You make a mistake. You step out into the hall. A surging crowd sweeps; you along and the next thing you're aware of is your presence in a crowded, speeding automobile on the Raleigh highway. A brief stop—gas and beer. Then, onward.

The radio blares with "on the spot" commentaries on the progress of the blaze. You can sense the imminent disappointment when the announcement is made that the once seventy-five foot flames are being brought under control.

Not too far from the city someone spots a glow in the sky. All gape at haze; the car drones its reluctance to being driven on gravel. A swerve—back on the road, and, onward.

Parking several blocks away, you race with the others to the scene of the fire. Across the street is that sister institution. The flames are bright, but not the seventy-five feet previously proclaimed. You are first struck with the spectacular hook-and-ladder parked in the center of the street, at the top of which is perched a dare-devil fireman drenching the blaze with a steady stream of water.

A bowling alley, just re-furnished with automatic pinsetters and the latest in bowling contraptions, is apparently the primary source of disturbance. A bar next door has gone temporarily "dry" and is also being engulfed by the flames. A beauty shop, drugstore, and shoe repair shop have also suffered less-serious damage. The fireman have done their work well, however, and there should be no further outbreak in the area.

The crowd is rather cheerful. They applaud the efforts of the fire-fighters, the bold cameramen and reporters, and they shriek with delight when an escaping hose douses the front-row occupants.

A young lady is complaining about her shoes still in the bowling alley. Some fellow is grumbling about having just ordered a pitcher. Others are smiling and joking. Oh well, no has been injured. Insurance will take care of it.

The trip back is not so fast. You have a little time to think.

The next day you read about it in the paper. Another day you read about an Arkansas fire. They weren't so lucky.

I wonder what ever happened to the "fire-extinguishers for the dormitories" project?

The Awful Truth

Daddy isn't very good at math because "he doesn't have a head for figures," but Junior gets poor grades in math because "he's lazy and won't apply himself."

A person who has a nervous breakdown and can afford a private sanatorium is "deeply troubled," but a person who has a nervous breakdown and has to go to a state mental hospital is "off his rocker."

When we find it expedient to do business with a dictator, we call it "adjusting to realistic conditions," but when we are under no such compulsion we can take a lofty spiritual tone about "exercising a moral influence" on world affairs.

A man who takes bold chances in a sport I admire is "adventurous," but a man who takes bold chances in a sport I am indifferent to is "foolhardy."

My habit of drinking socially makes me a "social" drinker, but your habit of drinking socially makes you an "habitual" drinker.

ROTC: Militarism On The UNC Campus

Bill Bailey

There have been, in the course of history, hundreds upon hundreds of totally useless institutions formed and dissolved. In my more optimistic moments, I have smiled and put my faith in the homo sapiens; he has been but an infant, and who can not forgive an infant for making mud pies or kicking helpless animals... but now man is growing into his sandy-haired, voice squeaking adolescence. However man, like an early teenager, has certain primitive holdovers that make for stout evidence that he has hardly reached any real maturity. He still wets his bed and sucks his thumb; he still produces Billy Grahams and A. J. Cronins. But nothing makes me more ashamed and disappointed than the realization that he yet shakes his abominable rattle... the military school, the R. O. T. C.

It is really amazing that college boys, some handsome and many wise, can lap up the slop that the Boobus militarius pour into their mental troughs. Why do people scoff at astrology, the chiropractic, and phrenology, and then turn to partitionism and the organized Military? This is indeed as curious a question as the origin of religion in primitive man... and almost twice as vague. On the surface, I suppose it began early in childhood by our elders honking the altruistic horn in our ear, or perhaps with that ridicled flag-waving bit in grammar school. At any rate, it's gotten into our veins, and by college age, we are goose-stepping in the best Prussian style. We eat the stuff up; our chests swell; we join the R. O. T. C.

Have you ever looked at one of these fine young cadets around the campus... no, I mean really examined him? Next time you see one, observe. Notice his eyes; they have that far off vacant gaze that is filled reverence, love of country, and similar hog wash.

— And In The Next Performance, I Will Negotiate While Drinking A Glass Of Water —



Jazz Programming

The need for a regular, diversified, and impromptu Jazz television show is apparent. There have been a few sporadic shows that have been on the air but none of these have been periodic. One of these staggered shows is the Timex Jazz Show. This show has had the best Jazz talent in the world including such greats as Louis Armstrong, Gene Krupa, and Duke Ellington. This hour-long, fast moving show is one of the finest of its kind and it has never been dragged out like some of the "adult westerns" of today's viewing choices.

The Timex Show has the shortest and the absolute least in commercials and the most jam-packed 50 minutes of music that one may see on television. What is the reason for not putting this show, or one parallel to it, on the air weekly (or even monthly)? Is it because the sponsors are afraid that it will not have any patronage? Certainly the comments by the viewers have been much to the contrary. Jazz is good, clean, entertaining music which has no age "barrier" like some of the publishers and recording companies say of "Rock and Roll." And, may I add that anyone who wastes his good

time watching such trash as the Hit Parade for his interpretation of a musical television show should welcome this type of program.

In the New York area on a local station the ideal Jazz show has appeared. It is produced by Art Ford, a local disc jockey, who is only a figurehead tying the show together with his talk in between numbers. Mr. Ford calls his show the Jazz Party and features many famous names (as well as a few upstarts in the field) doing purely impromptu music with Mr. Ford in the background making the narration.

The Jazz Party is an hour and a half weekly live television show. The New Yorkers love it and it is gaining viewers every week. The nation as a whole, I believe, would accept with acclamation a network show of this kind. It is about time the sponsors took a good thing into their hands and gave us one. Perhaps we would rather watch pseudo-drama where the best man always wins instead of true art expression where diversified enjoyment can always be found. I don't think so.

J. DeBLASIO

On Ayme

Frank Crowther

ACROSS PARIS. And other stories. By Marcel Ayme. Translated from the French by Norman Denny. 254 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$3.50

Although, as Henri Peyre stated, "it has become customary to lament the decline of the short story in modern letters," there have been several good omens of late which may indicate a renewed interest in the short story tradition. One instance was the National Book Awards, sponsored by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association and the Book Manufacturers Institute—the award this year for fiction went to Bernard Malamud's The Magic Barrel, an exceptionally well-written collection of short stories.

Recently, Simon & Schuster, Inc. published two such collections: Short Stories by Luigi Pirandello and A Commodity of Dreams and Other Stories by Howard Nemerov. Both of these books are in the best tradition of the short story. Last year, Irwin Shaw's Tip on a Dead Jockey proved to be a highly successful collection of stories. And before that there were Salinger's Nine Stories and James Purdy's Color of Darkness.

If these are not omens enough (we almost said ominous), add for this year Masters of the Modern Short Story edited by Walter Havighurst and Great Russian Stories published for the first time in paperback edition by Modern Library - Random House. We could go on, but our present interest is yet another book so revenons a nos moutons.

Marcel Ayme's Across Paris is certainly a remarkable collection of short stories. The author himself is one of France's most honored writers and this collection is his first volume of stories to appear in English translation. Readers may remember him from two of his novels, The Green Mare and The Second Face. He was born in 1902 and, as many other writers, "had a horror of school."

Probably his greatest talent is the capacity to move his story from the common sense world into the realm of the mystical and supernatural without offending the reader. When he makes a striking alteration in appearance, character or circumstances, it is as believable as a tadpole's change into a frog or a caterpillar's transformation into a butterfly.

It has been stated that many people, when first confronted with Ayme's novels or stories, are intimidated and even bewildered as to his meaning (if any), what class of writer he is or just what it is that he is trying to get at. Aside from a subtle improvement of the specious reasoning which attends formal moralizing, he is, for this reviewer, merely telling a tale "which does not recognize the commonly accepted frontier between the real and the unreal." He even chided us reviewers with an inscription to his latest volume of short stories published in French. "Unlike the novel," he wrote, "the collection of short stories is never conceived with an eye to the blur. Each of its separate pieces represents the idea and mood of a moment, and it is not possible to run up for the use of the reviewers a very brief, very weighty summary which will save them the trouble of reading the book." So one reads the book... and is delighted.

Much of the writing is filled with irony and satire that is in no way obstreperous or dishevelled. Quite the contrary, he has superb control over his subject matter and lures us into the tale by a bit of contrived legerdemain. You are into the fable and concerned with the characters before you realize that this just does not happen (or does it?).

Before we run out of space, you may well deserve a brief description of the stories themselves. Two of them, the title story, Across Paris and The Walker-Through-Walls, have been made into motion pictures. The former concerns the smuggling of a dissected pig, which has been split up in four suitcases, across Paris; the latter, presents us with "an excellent man named Dutilleul who possessed the singular gift of being able to walk through walls without experiencing any discomfort." Interesting?

Another, which we believe would make an excellent film, is Martin the Novelist, the story of a writer who couldn't restrain himself from killing off all his characters and who, one day, is confronted by one of his own characters in a novel on which he is at work. The State of Grace is a story of a man who was so pious, upright and full of charity that God awarded him with a bright halo which causes him no end of embarrassment.

Ayme is also at his best in The Wine of Paris which is two stories in one. He begins this tale by telling us of a wine-grower who did not like wine. After the first 400 words or so, he writes "well, now, there is a story about wine that seemed to be starting quite nicely. But it has suddenly begun to weary me." He goes on, however, to tell us what might have happened but finally tells us that this particular theme might have turned out a "good, boozy novel, bursting with fearless realism and devilish psychology, but the very thought of it makes me tired." He then decides to tell us a sad story about wine in which a clerk who happens to be quite fond of wine cannot afford its luxury. He finally goes mad, tries to knock his grandfather's head off when he mistakes the old man for a bottle of claret. In fact, he had reached the point where everybody seemed to be a bottle of wine. Does this make you curious? To add to the intrigue, Ayme brings his original character, the wine-grower who hated wine, into the story at the end.

There are twelve stories in all, by one of "France's greatest living writers."

