

McGill & Ashmore

One thing was apparent about the awarding of the 1959 Pulitzer Prizes last week. This was the second year in a row that one of the South's outstanding journalists was cited for his courageous stand in favor of law and order and the Supreme Court.

In honoring Ralph McGill, outstanding editor of the Atlanta Constitution, the board at Columbia University has once again demonstrated its concern for the rights of all people. The same was true when Harry Ashmore of the Arkansas Gazette was chosen last year for his one-man-stand against Governor Faubus. We are pleased with the selection of these men, and hope that in the future, Pulitzer Prizes will continue to be awarded to men of such high caliber and fine ideals. For, as these two men have continually pointed out, public education for all is something which must transcend the gap between the races.

Harper's Bizarre

Open Letter To A Senior:

This, the catharsis.

Think not you tread on virgin ground. Yet no ground as this is holy, pounded flat by feet of years—the tramp of time's people across the great land, the sea and lands, unbroken in their lines—with shoulders bowed under just-shorn loads too much.

On this spot, ages long before this spot was named, ages since that day first this spot was known, stood the fathers, eyes back-cast in speechless wonder, knowing only hills and unseen pitfalls; mucky, miry work amid the waste and ruin: others not to stand upon this spot. There is room.

There is room for all who would, yet many fail; the roll remains uncalled as all who now are here look back above the heads of others writhing there and think, "Bad, Bad," not seeing truth, but saddened over superstitions past; past in words—"the wind bodes ill; take care today and always—"never can you say to me 'turn back' more, now I am gone—"woe betide those certain new whose lot it is to woe, to rue this day forever—"this, too much; no more can I bear—"no more could I bear, yet now I bear more; again this turn will come—"fall now, or never fall.

This spot, no more near but firm beneath the foot of him who tramped a path among the muck and ruin; him whose foot a trail blazed, unknowing, amid the waste and mire.

Unknowing foot, trail-blazer, with eyes blind to other than your own; unknowing and less to care, now upon this hallowed spot; look back, think only, "Bad, Bad."

— J. Harper

Death - A Spade And A Shovel

Last Thursday night Donald Quarles, the Deputy Secretary of Defense, died in his sleep. On the following day Neil McElroy, the Secretary of Defense, took to television to issue the required statement.

For three and a half minutes McElroy stumbled from one euphemism to the next, climaxed with this magnificent and classic line: "We are all just as sorry as we can be that Don Quarles failed to wake up this morning after his night's rest."

Failed to wake up, indeed! Donald Quarles is DEAD, you simple Republican business-man jerk.

Traditionally, this country has worshipped youth and vigor and "progress," while at the same time pretending that old-age, infirmity and death are the end results of other societies, not ours. But surely Neil McElroy's comment is the ultimate debasement of the dignity and meaning and splendor of DEATH.

Now this newspaper has a long and consistent record of mourning the death of all men. All deaths are unique and, at the same time, equal. Were Nikita Krushchey to fall over in his tracks tomorrow we would mourn him — for what he was, and wasn't. In the same spirit, we mourn the DEATH of Donald Quarles. And while it is probably permissible for Neil McElroy to assist in the hatching of this country's preparedness program, it is not permissible for him to deprive a human being named Donald Quarles of his final dignity.

Just to keep the record straight — Donald Quarles is the very same man who was recently tagged, "Mr. Missile Gap," by the syndicated columnist Joseph Alsop. We mourn Donald Quarles as a man, not as a good public servant. And when the missile gap finally eventuates in the destruction of these United States, we can just hear Quarles and Neil McElroy explaining to Saint Peter how it all happened: "The United States isn't dead — it just failed to wake up this morning."

Beat poet Allen Ginsberg once wrote: "America, when will you learn to look at yourself through the grave."

We say: America, when will you get a man who is not afraid to call a spade a shovel?

— P.B.Y.

"Some Of You Still Seem To Have The Old-Fashioned Idea That We're Supposed To Deliver The Mail"



Quiet and Peaceful

'Losing My Identity?'

Gentlemen:

May I claim your attention for a short while?

I am a quiet soul, peaceful, and inclined to refrain from petty controversy, particularly from trumped-up controversy. But there is part of me which wants to make itself known. It wants to make the world aware of me. Having found that it is difficult to make the World as a Whole, the Public at Large, aware of me as I am, or in a way that does not prick my self-respect, I am reluctant to follow up these sudden urges, and when I do make this sort of blind self-assertion, it is jerky and ungraceful.

However, I find myself in a position where my total being is threatened. It is a complex situation; it boils down to this: I must embody my personality in some action which will establish its identity. No — not an action, this epistle is a creation — I will embody my personality, or the relevant facets, in a concrete form. This will be clear for all to see, yet it will not have the negative aspects which an aggressive act has.

A few weeks: I live at the Co-op house; I came to two or three Spectrum meetings; I submitted some attempts at poetry which were, as I had expected, not accepted. (You accuse me of "sour grapes?" Hah. See how I manipulate and therefore destroy your personalities, with a simple suggestion, you aggressive ones.) This should make what follows quiet clear.

Last night, while walking home, I was frightened by a tree. An ordinary tree suddenly became an entity, something like a flower. Leaves, sticks, branches, and trunk merged into, or exhaled, a sudden entity: a Tree, thickly green against the black sky. I closed my eyes; it remained, on opening them again. Against the black sky this solid tree became itself — positive, undeniable. An inanimate object did this! I was threatened; I felt frail and flimsy; it towered over me to deny me and sweep me away.

Yes, I have been disturbed. And I am afraid that I will be swept along like a mere object, hence losing my identity unless I assert myself, and force my quiet soul to shout, for once, and illuminate itself as a real live object, not a flimsy piece of gauze to be blown aside. As the tree pushes itself forth against the black sky, refusing to bend to my will, so I am pushing forth this letter. Just this once, and it will be done. And I may resume my quiet repose.

Beatniks! Gentlemen. So much to do over a group of pretentious people who cannot possibly be the people they say they are!

Let me explain. Although I am not an expert on

the subject, I am acquainted (rather intimately, in fact) with several people who are undoubtedly called "beat" by some, and who are themselves acquainted with such an expert. From these people, and from the publicity in general, I have gotten the following vague ideas.

Principally, a "beat" person has withdrawn from the world because it is full of injustice, pain, atom bombs, emotions and frustrations. This, in itself, is an assertion of the self against these uncomfortable facts, but it is the assertion of the suicide. It is the last one they ever make. They retire to an obscure non-existence in New York, California, or Denver, and go to parties where one sits and contemplates the mystic syllable POT. They resign from the nasty world. Then how can these people write novels? or poems? or worse yet, manifestoes? This sort of thing is the utmost commitment one can make! Here one creates fully a world. Here one is free from industrial wastes befouling the perfume of Spring. Here one embodies one's consciousness in concrete form. How involved in the World can one get?

My only solution is that the often-bored Public has deceived itself for a moment's diversion and has paid someone to play the buffoon — or circus freak.

Here is the heart of the matter: deception and negation of the self. One who allows himself to be swept along by the Public whim, a hollow, shifting wind — one who does this is destroying his own personality, his own existence as a conscious being. He becomes non-existent, which is becoming nothing, which is Not-Becoming. He ceases to exist, and is replaced by an Approximation of Public Taste in Buffoonery. And the Public, or rather, not the Public, but the individual reader, negates his own personality by making something out of nothing just to satisfy his schoolboy's dirty mind. "How strange and perverted these people are. How much more sinful even than Hollywood or old-fashioned Bohemianism! Scandalous!"

There now, it is out. I had planned to rant and rave and fully vent my spleen — but I am little spiteful. My gesture is made; it contains the proper essence. Let those who understand read; let me retire to my quiet existence. I go in peace; let no one feel attacked — I am not antagonistic. Antagonism would be a surrender of my independence to a petty irritation. I have asserted myself and established my identity. Let those notice who will, and those despise who . . . (?) will. I will not be swept along.

John R. Hodgkins

16 Million Additional

There is some feeling that the Appropriations Committee chairmen will come up soon with suggestions on where to put the additional \$16,000,000 in revenue which it is estimated now will be available during the coming biennium.

The answer to that question is easy: Just put that \$16,000,000 plus whatever else is needed to do the job into the educational system of North Carolina.

We cannot afford to cut our education to fit the amount of money which might be available without increasing taxes. We must provide adequately for education, then do what is necessary to get the money. And, in providing for education, we must do so all the way from the first grade through the highest levels of graduate study in our University system.

The same rule must apply to the other state services, such as hospitals, welfare, pay for all state employees.

North Carolina is on the move forward. It must not do now anything which would put it into reverse. — Raleigh Times

View & Preview

Harry Kirschner

THE SILENT LANGUAGE by Edward T. Hall. New York: Doubleday & Co. \$3.95.

The concept of culture, as it is used in anthropology, is a difficult one to grasp. Once it is grasped, moreover, it is even more difficult to define in such a way so that its dynamic aspects are expressed. I have heard culture presented simply as being patterns of learned behavior. It is certainly this, but only if behavior is defined as meaning thought (on both the conscious and subconscious levels of the mind) as well as action. And then the full meaning of culture is only brought out in the most abstract sense so that one does not get the understanding of it from the definition.

A culture is the way of life of a group of people, and people exist on many levels of being at one and the same time, levels which are commonly thought of as being aspects of "human nature." The levels are so ingrained in any person that it is difficult for him to sit down and analyze them. If and when he does so he finds that in his analysis he needs to utilize insightful learning and empathy, or emotional learning, as well as intellectual learning. Then the question immediately arises as to how one can express in a series of words that which took learning by "feeling" to understand so that the reader will realize the fully intended meaning. The question is a difficult one, and I don't think that as yet anyone has met it with complete success.

Hall has presented in THE SILENT LANGUAGE his approach to the problem of defining culture for both the layman and the anthropologist. As the director of the State Department's Point Four Training Program he faces the problem of presenting the concept of culture to people who are not necessarily interested in theorizing on culture of and for itself, but who need to know how to get along positively with the people of the culture to which they are being sent. As such they are naturally not willing to take the time that an anthropologist takes in his approach to understanding people who have different theories of life than our own.

So Hall has written a work which is centered on the difficulties which can arise between interacting cultures because of mutual misunderstanding. He is primarily interested in communication, as the title implies.

In this way his book differs in approach, but not in basic meaning, from those of most other anthropologists. It is, in my opinion, a quite valid and timely approach. He gives insight into why in our nation's dealings with other countries we seem to end up all too frequently either on the short end with those to whom we are antagonistic or at a frosty distance with those who were once our friends. While doing so, he points out that however much it may be useful for us to understand the concept of culture and utilize it, there is a tendency to resist such knowledge altogether. As he writes, "stem from our own ignorance. Honest and sincere men in the field continue to fail to grasp the true significance of the fact that culture controls behavior in deep and persisting ways, many of which are outside of awareness and therefore beyond conscious control of the individual. When the anthropologist stresses this point he is usually ignored, for he is challenging the deepest popular American beliefs about ourselves as well as foreigners. He leads people to see things they might not want to see."

At this time talk of war is in the air, and we are preparing to meet the Russians across the table. It always bothers us when we confront the Russians in this way because any successes which we have had resulting from such talks have been notably few. It would seem that no matter how much we may resist knowing others, and therefore ourselves, in ways in which we are not accustomed to the practical thing (and Americans pride themselves on being "practical") would be to have a real understanding of the Russians in order to deal with them effectively. Little is known about the Russian patterns, partly because the Soviet Union is careful to be secretive, but Hall mentions one point which is quite relevant: "Our pattern calls for the fixing of the agenda informally beforehand. We do not, as a whole, feel too comfortable trying to operate in a semi-public situation, hammering out an agenda the way the Russians do. We prefer to assume that both parties want to talk about the subject, otherwise they wouldn't be there; and that they are sufficiently involved in the topic to make it worth their while. With the Russians there is some indication that, while this is true, negotiation over the separate points of the agenda signals to the other side how the opponent is going to react during the actual conference. Softness on our part in early negotiation, because we do not technically fix the agenda but agree informally about what should be taken up, is often interpreted as weakness. Or it may give the impression that we are going to give in on certain points when we aren't at all."

And so, while both we and the Russians are hoping to communicate effectively at the conference, communication has already broken down.

Hall also brings up a new concept in defining culture. While most definitions in the past have included a two-level concept of implicit and explicit culture, Hall and George Trager have worked out a three level concept which is broken down into informal, formal (corresponding to implicit and explicit), and technical. I have found this very interesting, and most useful in dealing with an analysis of our own culture.

I do not believe, however, that this concept should be taken as the last word on culture. As I tried to make clear at the beginning, the analysis is not done overnight (if it is ever completed), and writing about it is difficult in terms of understanding. Hall has done a good job. He leads the reader with a writing style that is clear and smooth, and he manages to show as well as to tell.

Darwin

SOCIAL DARWINISM IN AMERICAN THOUGHT. By Richard Hofstadter, 248 pp. New York: George Braziller, Inc. \$4.

Although its validity was denied in the Scopes Trial, Charles Darwin's evolutionary theory has had great influence in American thought ever since it was published in *The Origin of The Species* one hundred years ago this year.

Darwin's theory was one which, like Copernicus', transcended its scientific tradition and became a seminal idea for modern society-at-large. Such concepts as survival of the fittest, evolution, and natural selection — however they may have been qualified by Freud and modern philosophy — are still words to conjure with in American social thought today.

In this complete revision of the book he published in 1944, Professor Hofstadter of Columbia traces the American social thought which bears the stamp, and often the terminology, of Darwin's work. Dewey, Veblen, Kropotkin, Herbert Spencer, and others are discussed and compared.

Spectrum Type Poetry

Editor:

Having been away from the "Southern Part of Heaven" over the weekend, I have only today caught up on my reading of the DTH for this past Saturday. There on the "editorial" page I found what I must in all generosity credit with being a letter to the editor. It was written by one Parker Hodges (I assume there is only one) and in part, was directly pointed at my opinion of Spectrum-type poetry.

This is to inform you that I would like to reply to Mr. Hodges, but I still haven't figured out what he said. Would you see that he is enrolled in some good remedial English class and ask him to try again in six months or so?

Al Alexander

The Daily Tar Heel

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My Beloved

You are my beloved, and I am your equal

Come and live in my tent for I have no palace

Fly with me, if you wish, to unknown lands

Come to my tent my beloved for the wine longs for the touch of our lips

The glass is empty, the music is wild. And nothing is worse than an empty glass, and wild music.

Ride with me, my beloved, for the wings of love are broken.

Desire without love, glass without wine, world without people!

What an unfortunate life?

Come to my hut, o my beloved, for my heart is full of love.

Come and share with me the wine, the love, and the dream.

You are my better dream.

You dwell in the midst of my thoughts.

Come to me, my beloved, for your world is mine, and your love is mine.

Come into my tent, and live and love forever, for love unmixed by doubt is the highest meaning of love.

Come and fill my cup for my lips are getting dry.

Come and play my music for my hands are getting weary.

The time has come for the wine, music, and love.

It's an advantage that we should drink wine, play music, and love

Our advantages are very small

Come into my tent, and enter my heart, for this is all very ravishing. AWNI HAMAD

Letter

Editor:

What frenzy has of late possessed the brain.

Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.

A Poetry Lover

By Schulz



By Walt Kelly

