

About Nematodes

Norman Cousins

Nonsense is on stage and the stage is the world. A giant panda, one of the largest and most valuable of its kind, has been barred from the United States because it comes from Communist China. Zoos in this country have offered up to \$25,000 for the clown of the raccoon family, but various restrictions having to do with Communist China prevent the panda from entering the United States. Meanwhile, the animal is appearing in zoos throughout Europe without any noticeable threat to the internal security of the nations involved.

In the Soviet Union, one of the world's great writers committed an apparently subversive act by being awarded the world's most important literary prize. The Soviet Union of Writers was willing to put up with Boris Pasternak despite the independent nature of his work but the moment he received the Nobel Prize he was expelled from the union and denounced as a traitor. The implication is clear: the writers in the Soviet can write about anything they wish so long as they do so with genuine mediocrity.

Meanwhile, the glossary of nonsense in the twentieth century is being constantly enriched. Now, in addition to words like "clean" to describe a supposedly radio active-free nuclear explosive, or "sunshine units" to describe the amount of radiation exposure for human beings, we have the term "tiny" to describe a newly developed H-Bomb. A commander of the Air Force in the U. S. broke the good news that a "tiny" hydrogen bomb had been perfected that can be carried by a fighter plane. The bomb will of course contain the equivalent of several billion pounds of dynamite, enough to pulverize a city, but it now comes in the convenient and cozy fighter plane size. People who are used to thinking of the word "tiny" to describe little children will have to make a minor adjustment.

It is curious to see the way nonsense is attracted to power, as though this were its natural habitat. In the Far East, the Chinese Communists pursued a combined policy of murder and mercy for one month towards the occupants of Quemoy and Matsu. Bombing and brotherhood were tied together as a unified program. On Monday the people on the island would be shelled. But on Tuesday the shelling would cease and the people would be encouraged to entrench themselves and receive supplies. Indeed, if the food ran short, they had only to ask the mainland and it would be supplied. If this policy of now we will kill you, now we won't make sense to the islanders, they made no mention of it.

Almost by way of establishing grim consistency, the head of the Chinese Communist Party announced that his country could not be intimidated by the threat of nuclear war. He was willing to admit that 300 million Chinese might be killed in such a war. Even so, he said, there would be 300 million left. Something else would be left. The people would have their memories. They would have memories of the missing from among their families and friends. They would also have memories of a world that had turned against itself.

But Communist China isn't even the only nation that feels obliged to pronounce such nonsense to the world. In the United States, officers of the State Department have openly declared that our main security is to be found in our willingness to risk all-out nuclear war. Fortunately, there are still a few people left in government who believe that for our safety we must look to world control of nuclear weapons rather than to nuclear stockpiles. What these people say makes sense, but the surrounding sounds of nonsense are rapidly becoming louder.

Commissioner Willard F. Libby of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, for example, spoke dangerous nonsense the other day to Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles. Mayor Poulson was deeply alarmed about the shock radioactive fallout that took place over his city as the result of the recent heat-headline Nevada nuclear tests. He telephoned Commissioner Libby who told him, in effect, to forget it. But Mayor Poulson wouldn't forget it. The fallout had soared far beyond the danger limits set by the Atomic Energy Commission itself. There was a real threat to the health of his people. Mayor Poulson regarded what Dr. Libby said as casual and callous handling of an important problem. In any event, Dr. Libby has made it clear that his job is to make and test the bombs, and not theorize about ways in which people can counteract the effects of the resultant radiation in their water, milk and bones.

All these incidents are not something out of the fiendish tales of a bygone era of ghouls but a characteristic feature of an age, our age, in which absolute force and absolute nonsense attract one another and are being made dominant in human affairs. The unholy alliance seems to assert itself wherever vast force appears, almost as though the very nature of the force divides the human community into the sane and the insane and confers upon the latter the privileges of rule. Indeed, there is a blighting quality to the power, for once-reasonable men who come in contact with it seemingly become transfixed by it and take easily and freely to the language of nonsense that belongs to the power.

By way of lending grim point to the consequences of invested nonsense, we read a report from the U. S. Department of Agriculture which says that the nematode, a species of plantworm or parasite, carries within itself a mysterious ability to resist harm from radiation. Man, puny creature, gets into trouble when he is exposed to doses of 300 roentgens or more. But the nematode can take up to 600,000 units of radiation. Man need not therefore fear that his nonsense will empty life from this earth. If man doesn't want the world the nematode is perfectly willing to take it.

Saturday Review
By Special Permission

On Norman Thomas

The controversy at Lehigh University over the banning of Socialist Norman Thomas as a speaker on the campus exploded this week as a series of developments provoked comment from the U. S. National Student Association, Thomas himself, and the school's President, faculty and student council.

NSA's National Executive Committee, which met at the University of Minnesota last month, voted unanimously on a resolution condemning the thwarting of Thomas at Lehigh as a breach of academic freedom.

University President Martin D. Whitaker broke a two month administration silence when he told a faculty meeting that the Thomas denial was made on procedural grounds. He did not, however, offer any comment on the academic freedom question involved, and left a number of other questions unanswered.

Prior to the meeting, eight professors, all members of the executive committee of the school's American Association of University Professors chapter released a statement questioning the university's current regulation on the approval of guest speakers. Although not specifically mentioning the Thomas affair, they asked that the power of approval be transferred from the President to the students and faculty.

Issuance of the faculty statement forced the resignation of the President of the AAUP chapter who accused the eight professors of "acting injudiciously and failing to meet the complexities of the problem."

The Lehigh Student Council voted late in the week to support the faculty statement. At the same time, reliable sources disclosed that the President of the student organization which had originally invited Thomas to the campus plans to appeal the Administration's decision to Lehigh's Board of Trustees at its meeting next month.

A Fable

By AESOP

Henny-Penny's pronouncement was shocking. "Everything looks fine to me," said the Eagle squinting into the sun.

"Peace, peace," said one Dove. His mate cried out, "Peace and friendship."

Two little pigs were in a manic mood after disposing of the big, bad wolf.

"We are not afraid," their brother was less sure; he only grunted.

The fox said in quasi-dishbelief, "let's solve the problem," because he had been around and knew how hysterical fowls could be.

"I agree in principle. Let's exert a greater effort," said a lion.

"But what is the danger actually?" asked an elephant, who feared nothing.

"Haven't you heard? The water table is dropping," commented a camel. The essence of the problem was a loss of faith, the Mantus asserted, and then he passionately proclaimed the need for a return to religion before it was too late.

Mrs. Playtapus understood the reasons for the present dilemma. (At least she thought she had) All the other animals were evolutionary mistakes and were doomed to extinction.

"We need a disarmament conference," contributed a tiger trying not to flash his teeth too much.

An owl hooted, "More Education."

"Work", neighed a dray horse. "Conservation or resources," declared a bear.

"We are in each other's hair," squeaked the bats. But they tend to see the whole affair topsyturvy.

A muted swan deplored the semantical subtleties of the discussion.

A rabbit shouted, "Birth control."

"How immoral," interrupted the Mantus.

"Peace, Peace," cooed the doves, this time in unison, "Peace and love."

"We are losing badly."

The turn of events was too much for the glazy-eyed ostrich who dug a hole in the sand and buried his head, blurring reality with the blackness.

"The sky is falling!" reechoed.

"You Mean You'll Take The Whole Works?"



Editorial Commentary

Thursday, the Student Legislature will hear debate on a bill to set the date for Spring Elections on March 22. To be sure, discussion will be presented from both sides.

The Daily Tar Heel supports this bill for a number of reasons. There has been a distinct and clear lack of continuity between outgoing and incoming administrations in Student Government. We have seen over and over again examples of little or no cooperation among the parties involved. A great deal of this has been the fact that the elections have been held late in the year, leaving little time for a smooth transition.

This bill would also help due to the fact that it takes a minimum of three weeks for the president of the student body to appoint the members of the various student government committees. The process for selecting members of these committees is one which involves personal interviews with the student's chief executive. These take time, more than is currently allowed.

One member of the present group of student government officers must leave in late March to practice teach. By moving the elections up, this person would be allowed to finish her term before leaving. Another of the four student government officers has just been placed on academic probation, meaning he will not be allowed to continue his present position as treasurer. It is vitally important that he be replaced by an elected official as soon as possible, although steps are being taken to fill the gap with a presidential appointee.

There will be some who will vote against this measure even though all of the student government officers and the editor support it. This is, of course, their right. But, we hope it doesn't boil down to a political fight. We overheard talk in the Student Legislature to the effect that the bill would work a hardship on the nominating procedures of one of the two parties. This shouldn't stop them from passing it.

Be My Valentine

1. The nation is at war.
2. The nation is losing the war, badly.
3. The nation must exert a vastly greater effort.

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 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

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

Editor	DAVIS B. YOUNG
Assistant Editor	RON SHUMATE
News Editors	DEE DANIELS EDWARD NEAL RINER
Associate Editor	FRANK CROWTHER
Editorial Asst.	M'LOU REDDEN
Managing Editors	LARRY SMITH JONATHAN YARDLEY
Business Manager	WALKER BLANTON
Sports Editor	ELLIOTT COOPER
Asst. Sports Editor	C. J. UNDERWOOD
Feature Editor	MARY ALICE ROWLETTE
Social Chairman	SUSAN LEWIS
Photo Editors	BILL BRINKHOUS PETER NESS
Advertising Manager	BARRY ZASLAV
Night Editor	TOMMY WHITE

Art Review

Ted Crane Jr.

The Chapel Hill Art Gallery recently featured the work of Mercer Kessler of Winston-Salem, through February the seventh. Miss Kessler received her Master of Fine Arts from the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, and has exhibited previously at the North Carolina Museum of Art, the First Provincetown Arts Festival and the Columbia Biennial in 1959. She has studied at the Hans Hoffman School in Provincetown, Massachusetts, and in 1958 was the recipient of the Museum Award and Woman's Club Scholarship. At present she is teaching at Salem College, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

In general, Miss Kessler's work is flat static and harmless, but very neat. She has confined her work to the representation of landscape, and has blended extremely well, in her present stage of development, simplicity of color orientation with an overall naturalism forced into linear balance. Her pattern of design either centers around a void, or a block of color (usually green, carefully fenced off with horizontal and perpendicular linear structure defined by variant colors balanced by their position in relation to this void, or central color of the canvass. All of her works in oil are geometrically equivalent, very colorful and pleasing, especially when she uses color to achieve motion and most successful work entitled perspective, which occurs in her "REACTOR." Here, at least, Miss Kessler seems to be unhampered by her chosen style, which however, is suitable in proportion to some of her better works, including "ARENA," "NEW FOLIAGE," "DOGWOOD AND FRESHLY PLOUGHED EARTH," and "WINTER CORNFIELD IN THE FOG."

Miss Kessler's structure is extremely successful and most effective in her charcoal, ink, and watercolor sketches, all of which are beautifully done in exact sequence of proportion and color. In these smaller works her linear balance approaches much nearer a style of interpretation than do her oil paintings, many of which are much too large to define precisely her intended geometric effects. Each of her sketches is a unified pattern of exact contrast and naturally balanced color retaining within a stiff structure the motion and harmony which seems forced and static in the void areas of her larger works. Miss Kessler's show is certainly very worthwhile, and her sketches particularly brilliant in style and composition. Although she is still in an experimental stage concerning her use of color, she is a very conscientious artist, and her work is worth seeing.

From Greensboro

Addison Hewlett's off-again, on-again behavior reminds us of the reply of the late Governor R. Gregg Cherry when reporters pressed him about a juicy appointive plum. "Now don't you worry about that," he would say, "I'll find me a patriot somewhere willing to make the sacrifice."

Addison Hewlett could become a sort of sacrificial lamb in a curious political imbroglio not entirely of his own making. Billed first as a sure-fire bet for Governor, (on whose encouragement?) he marched up and down the state seeking support. Dismayed to discover that much of his expected backing had siphoned off either to Sanford or Larkins, Hewlett withdrew from that battle. Most political observers took his candid statement about lack of money at face value.

Then in the ensuing hurrah, with rumors widely abroad of a Hodges-Jordan-Larkins faction, and that would include Sanford supporters at least unofficially regardless of public denials, Hewlett got a new round of encouragement. With his fellow New Hanoverian political hopeful, Rep. Alton Lennon miffed because Hewlett had blocked the senatorial entrance too long while dallying with the gubernatorial race, the House speaker then decided to seek Jordan's seat.

Hewlett's indecision definitely weakened his position. Instead of making a strong race as the "poor man's candidate" against entrenched textile wealth, he rather becomes a sort of down-home Richard Nixon eager and willing to hop any political train in sight. That labels him as a man anxious to run either as the rich man's or the poor man's candidate, wherever political expediency might lead.

In such a contest Senator Jordan's position is far more consistent and impressive. What does Hewlett stand for? In the words of the Smithfield Herald, "Doubtless there are some voters who are not a little disturbed about a candidate who finds no difficulty in shifting from anti-Hodges to pro-Hodges and back to anti-Hodges, all within a single year."

But the Hewlett candidacy does make itself felt immediately in the Governor's race. The Larkins people no longer expect much help, as they obviously did at one time, from the Jordan camp. They must now run largely on their own.

For Senator Jordan's backers will certainly urge the Saxapahaw industrialist to run scared. After all, he is a gubernatorial appointee, and the people have not looked kindly on such candidates in three similar races over the last 14 years; William Unstead, Frank Graham, and Alton Lennon were turned out of that office. Can Everett Jordan beat the jinx?

In the Sanford camp there is quiet jubilation. Hewlett has been transformed almost overnight from a worrisome liability into a 21-carat asset. Sanford's men are glad to see him return. But the inclination is to keep the two races separate, lest any across-the-lines commitment automatically carry as many liabilities as assets.

North Carolina must now begin to urge the candidates, one and all, to get out of the political maneuvering stage and into the realm of projecting tangible platforms. The state will be served from now on by more emphasis on programs than personalities.

No Room For Good Teachers

Good for Dr. Edward Teller. He practices what he preaches. The "father of the H-bomb" plans to teach a course in freshman physics next semester at the University of California in Berkeley.

Explaining his decision, the distinguished scientist said: "I have talked a lot about what we should be doing, and finally I made up my mind to take my own advice—that is, interest more of your people in a thorough look at science."

In so doing Dr. Teller has set a good example to be followed by more men who are tops in their field. The trend in education has long emphasized research and writing by well-known professors, while the teaching of freshmen was left to graduate assistants and young instructors.

"Publish or perish," current motto in the groves of academe, overlooks the original goal of education—the teaching of the young. This goal, in fact, has been overshadowed and even actively hindered.

Most famous example of actual interference is the case of James R. Worley, teacher in a Westchester, N.Y., high school, to shift the emphasis for a moment. Mr. Worley wanted to teach and tried to teach, but what his administrators wanted was reports—and more reports. He was finally fired by the school board, which admitted he was a superior teacher. He had even been chairman of his department for four years. But he had sinned grievously against the administration, and he had to go.

Mr. Worley objected to the requirement that teachers submit written plans for classroom studies two weeks in advance, class by class and period by period.

His old-fashioned notion apparently ran counter to the latest theories. Or are they new? In any case, the requirement for detailed, advance plans of instruction is standard operating procedure for the military, as we recall basic and technical training from our army days. But then what the army teaches is a certain minimum of stock information that must be imparted to all troops.

But is this military rigidity necessary for liberal education? Is there no room for intellectual give-and-take, for sudden inspiration, for flights of imagination, for apt examples suggested by the matter of the moment?

Since Dr. Edward Teller ranks high as a nuclear scientist, the university most likely will allow him a wide berth. But Mr. Worley and many others like him are not so fortunate; they have to submit a plan.

Not everything wrong with our schools comes from the outside, as the Baltimore Sun remarked about the Worley case when it made headlines. Pay and teaching conditions are not everything. Mr. Worley's former school offered the best in pay, buildings and general standards. He taught students from prosperous, literate families with a high percentage of children headed for college.

Yet there seemed no room for a dedicated teacher who scorned administrative nonsense. Something is wrong when the education system cannot use good teachers.



by KELLY

by SCHULZ