

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, 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 Jonathan Yardley
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Anthony Wolff
ASSISTANT EDITOR Ron Shumate
MANAGING EDITORS Larry Smith, Loyd Little
NEWS EDITORS Dec Daniels, Henry Mayer
BUSINESS MANAGER Tim Burnett
ADVERTISING MANAGER Barry Zaslav
SPORTS EDITOR Ken Friedman
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS Frank Crowther, Davis Young, Norman E. Smith, John Justice, Bill Porter

NIGHT EDITOR

The Hard Rocks and the Brains

Yesterday we noted with some concern the apathy that the student body tends to demonstrate towards such campus institutions as WUNC-TV, the Petite Dramatique, the Petite Musicale, the YMWCA seminars, and similar organs dedicated in some way or another to the propagation of intellectual endeavors on the campus. The fact that not only apathy but also an unspoken - at least publicly - antipathy exists toward these institutions is indicative of a highly disturbing trend noticeable on campuses across the nation.

It may be stretching a point a bit far to suggest that this movement is the result of the popularity among the college set of the works of Ernest Hemingway. It is not invalid, however, to recognize the alarming sympathy in approach and values.

The Hemingway system does not allow for the "pantywaist," and the poor benighted soul is allowed fall into many and varied categories. This mythological monster with pussfeet is not necessarily skinny with horn-rimmed glasses; he is identified with the aforesaid group because he is, in the classical term, "bookish."

We like to think of this movement as a cult of excessive hyper-masculinity, and we frankly do not like to think about it very much, because it is the one element which is doing more than any other to contribute to the decline and fall of the quiet intellectual pursuits on college campuses in this country.

One cannot pin this attitude down to any sector of the campus, because it is generally universal. In this cult the primary virtues are centered around athletics, drink, and good healthy masculine conversation, whereas the primary vices concern solitude, thought and quinness. This is an age of noise and ebullience, and all that does not fit into the pattern is taboo.

We are heartily in favor of athletics, drink and good healthy masculine conversation, but we do not consider them worthy of positions on pedestals. They cannot be worshipped to the exclusion of all else; yet this is what the move toward Hemingwayism has promoted. There is no room for a combination of the social and the intellectual. All that snacks of thought or the intellect is frowned upon and refused admission to the shrine.

We would not even object to this cult's dominance if we felt it were sincere and honest. However, this

cult seems to be one of forced, rather than actual, masculinity. The intricacies of twentieth century society have robbed the male of his masculinity. The move toward feminine dominance in many areas of operation has placed less importance upon brawniness and more upon brain.

The revolt was natural and to be expected: the male, hairy-chested and virile, must reassert his "natural physical superiority" over the female and over the weak, un-Spartan members of his own sex. Therefore, to concede that brains and the thirst for knowledge are desirable would be to admit defeat.

We are a little inclined to wonder what is being accomplished by a lifetime of avoiding the "better things in life," as Mr. Luce's publications like to call the intellectual endeavors. Somehow we find nothing of more than transitory value in a keg consumed, a seduction accomplished, a game won, a competitor crushed. These small victories will be lost before the day is out, but the victory of the mind over matter is of more lasting and meaningful importance to both the individual and his society.

The small, yet vital, institutions mentioned above are making a concerted effort to keep the student body in perspective of the most important goals of a college education. They understand the need for intellectual stimulus and for the interchange of ideas. And they are faced with the same kind of opposition that many people and institutions here have been faced with - frightened, behind the back position, the kind that exists where fear of public exposure is dominant.

If these supermen in slacks are so sure that masculinity, in itself, is the clue to happiness and supremacy in this little society of ours, why are they afraid to state it as such? The only people who have had the courage to present this philosophy in the Daily Tar Heel are the two students who purchased space in the editorial columns during the Campus Chest auction and lampooned the Daily Tar Heel and student government in what must be called rather amusing terms. Theirs was rather valid criticism in parts; this is not typical of the campus.

The organizations representing intellectuality on this campus may be the most valuable we have. To derogate them is to lose sight of our purposes in Chapel Hill and to hinder the progress of the educational process.

A Strange Tale

Once, in a land far away, there was man. For the sake of the matter at hand, we will trace his development briefly. Suffice it to say that after centuries of venering sophistication, he discovered machine.

Man found many uses for machine: he made one to ride on; he made one to can (and one to un-can) food; he made them to talk to him, cook for him, kill him, keep him alive. Finally man made a machine to think for him.

The first of these, Addex, was really crude—it could only add. So he made one which could add and subtract, and he named it Subtradox. Then he made a machine which could perform all four mathematical functions at once, and called it Asdivmultex.

Asdivmultex was considered the ultimate in electronic computers. It could, by intricate mathematical whirrings, compose sonatas, son-

nets or political essays. It could devise an entirely new and usable language. It could tell fortunes, count hairs, and perform all sorts of mystical feats.

The machine was placed in a brand new building, and was dedicated and consecrated, prayed over and talked about, and then was set into motion to do man's thinking for him. It did so for years.

One day a janitor was sweeping in front of the machine and stumbled against it. The thing rumbled, then whirled and lights flashed, bells rang, and a little slip of paper fell out onto the floor. The attendant on duty rushed to see what message had been delivered. It read:

build a new machine
instructions to follow

All that night instructions followed. Experts were flown in from all parts of the country to inter-

"Dear, I Don't Want To Seem Like A Square. But —"



Angus MacLean Duff

The Fraternity System

In the recent past, the fraternity system here at the University of North Carolina has been under constant attack by persons adverse to it. Included in the list of persecutors have been those favoring complete disfranchisement; those desirous of restrictive scholastic, social, and activity measures; those wishing to do away with racial and religious constitutional blocks to membership; and particularly those whose disassociation from fraternities gives them no authority whatsoever to level criticism.

The purpose and function of fraternities are either unknown to these individuals or have been misinterpreted. Fraternities are organizations of men banded together for mutual interest and enjoyment. They offer outstanding opportunities for personal achievement through chapter activities. A fraternity gives the male student a chance to join with men of similar ideals and wants. Moreover, through national fraternities, fraternity men are united with thousands of other college students and alumni, which is of lasting value after graduation.

At Carolina, fraternities provide housing and dining facilities for members. They carry on community projects and sponsor functions for the university student body as a whole. Definitely, fraternities offer an excellent opportunity for athletics on the intramural level. Despite opinions to the contrary, fraternities encourage scholastic attainment and participation in campus activities. Numerous beneficial social functions for members are provided by fraternities, and they hold a number of large dance weekends during the year.

Besides having government within each individual house, the system contains an Interfraternity Council. This is the legislative body which governs all social fraternities, studies fraternity problems, and promotes co-operation among fraternities. It contains its own Court for judicial purposes. Also, fraternities provide a chance for pledges to meet other fraternity men. The Interfraternity Council provides activities in which pledge classes compete for awards, and chances to channel these activities into constructive community projects.

Certainly, being a fraternity member is not a prerequisite to a successful college life. However, it is definitely a way to achieve one's goals. Within the last three years alone, fraternities have contributed the outstanding campus, athletic, and scholastic leaders. There have been three student body presidents, three vice presidents, three treasurers, three attorney generals, three Men's Honor Council chairmen, etc. Fraternities have given the All-American lists two basketballers, two footballers, and four swimmers.

pret them. There was a short, decisive council meeting, and the new construction began. Soon the new machine lay completed in a sparkling new building. And it lay, and it lay. No one knew what to do next.

The experts were called together again, and formed a committee to consult Asdivmultex. They punched the "what now" button, and the machine whirled, lights flashed, bells rang, and a note fell out. It said:

plug it in
—J. Harper

Susan Lewis & Henry Mayer

Symposium Wrapup

Looking at the 1960 Carolina Symposium through the jaundiced eyes of weary reporters, we find both fault and virtue in the speakers and programs presented.

Although Symposium is undoubtedly the greatest instrument this campus possesses for intellectual stimulation, we cannot help feeling that somewhere, somehow, things went a little bit awry. Wednesday night's session, which featured an address by Thurman Arnold, drew less than 500 people. By Friday night only a handful of die-hards were on hand to hear Symposium Moderator John Cogley eloquently summarize the week's festivities.

The attendance lack toward the end of the week is one of the most disturbing elements of Symposium. Most people seemed more concerned with hearing a "big name," than with gaining a broad perspective of their place in today's world.

The idea of allowing each night's program to be a thorough dissection of one phase of the general theme was a good one; however, the panel discussions did not materialize as anticipated. Symposium officials expected stimulating and highly intellectual discussions on the issues and implications of the main address. Wednesday night was the only session at which this vision materialized, and then there were no issues in the main address.

The fizzling out of the discussion method reduced Moderator John Cogley's role to that of a glorified master of ceremonies. Of course he spent most of his days in classroom seminars, so that his week here was not completely lost.

Admittedly, Sunday night's opening session set a standard so high that it was virtually impossible for subsequent programs to be as satisfying. Although the panelists chose to present their remarks individually due to the breadth of Dr. John Wild's "Concepts of Man" address, the deviation was acceptable because of the superior quality and the extreme frankness of the panelists.

However, Monday night's panel seemed to be plagued by difficulties. The switch to individual commentaries was not at all welcomed because several of the speakers were unable to express any thoughts on William H. Whyte's dynamic prognostications.

We saw no point in paying Dr. Karl Sax to come down from Yale to say in 1½ minutes that gardening is the cure-all for man's troubles. Although we understand he redeemed himself with his discussion of the "The Population Explosion" the following afternoon, we are sorry that he did not see fit to contribute his knowledge of this vital subject to the proceedings Monday night. We extend our sympathy to UNC's Dr. Milton Heath for allowing himself to be coerced into appearing on a program which was certainly not in line with his area of specialization.

Dr. Robert C. Wood of MIT presented the only worthwhile contributions of Monday's panel. It is too bad his talents could not have been utilized more fully.

Following a sad presentation of platitudes by Gen. James M. Gavin, Harvard Physicist Gerald Holton electrified the audience with his logical and passionate plea for the re-unification of science and the arts. We understand that Gen. Gavin was also electrifying—but unfortunately this moment of glory was in a closed security seminar and the public was deprived of him at his best.

Incidentally, this is a perfect example of the fallacy of the Big Name. The capacity crowd turned out to hear Gavin, only to be disappointed by his ineffective talk. Happily enough, Dr. Holton's address hit the audience squarely between the eyes, in what must be regarded as a Symposium highlight.

If Tuesday night may be described as a high point of Symposium, Wednesday night wins the booby prize. Neither the main speaker nor the antagonistic panel could shed any light upon the original subject—the image of man in relation to his state.

Only Dr. Henry P. Brandis, dean of the UNC Law School, was able to preserve his academic dignity. Included on the panel in order to give a jurist's views on the state, Dean Brandis was forced to listen to a lengthy and intolerably boring history of the anti-trust laws by main speaker Thurman Arnold. When discussion time

finally arrived, the poor dean was caught in the middle of a highly technical economic discussion, livened only by the open hostilities which existed between his copanelists, Rep. William Ayres and Dr. Paul Sweezy.

Rep. Ayres, who was delayed (but not long enough) by plane, seemed bent upon discussing the virtues of the Republican Party before the Democratic dean and the Socialist Sweezy. Mr. Sweezy was the welcome example of a man who will hold to his convictions although they be definitely in the minority. For this we applaud him. Wednesday night's sparse audience, however, did not agree, as hisses, cat-calls and the solitary "Boo's" of an elderly lady greeted his remarks. Since the general displeasure was also extended to Rep. Ayres' "God-Mother-Country" remarks, the slate was balanced.

With all due respect to Mr. Arnold, a former trust-busting U.S. Attorney General, he was totally unfit to discuss the required topic. By his own admission this was proved. The fact that Mr. Arnold was also appalled at the turns the discussion took was evidenced by his spasmodic awakenings from sleep to answer questions.

The crowds returned to Memorial Hall Thursday night, if only to hear what poet-Beatnik Rexroth would say. Fortunately, Symposium leaders scheduled "New Yorker" critic Dwight Macdonald's address first, for it is hard to believe the audience would have stayed for the second address had Rexroth been first. Besides entertaining himself and his audience, the jovial Macdonald fulfilled his Symposium responsibility by providing an image of man in relation to the modern arts. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for Rexroth, who said absolutely nothing of consequence—and incoherently, at that. His sepulchral tones and mumbled asides only added to the confusion of his talk.

While we are not attempting to discuss the relative merits of the California Renaissance philosophy, we found said topic, as exemplified by Rexroth, to be a conglomeration of twisted tidbits from other philosophers, obscenities and reverence for the pornography of the past. If Rexroth gave us an image of man, it was purely accidental, for he surely would not wish to have been considered as conforming, even to the Symposium theme. The only image the "poet" gave to us was the image of himself—a man trying to retreat from an accelerating culture, without knowing whether he is going forward or backward. Many people walked out during Rexroth's performance—not enough, however.

After patiently waiting all week for his turn, Symposium Moderator John Cogley had the lecture to himself Friday night. Rising masterfully to the occasion, Cogley's address was timely, provocative and incisive. Its excellence was magnified by the fact that only a dedicated few were on hand to hear it.

Although we do not enjoy saying this, Symposium 1960 was somewhat less than successful. Perhaps the 1962 edition will more efficiently utilize the budget allotments in order to secure the best possible speakers, and what is more important, perhaps the speakers will be more wisely scheduled.

One final plea: No quizzes during the next Symposium.

★ ★ ★



by WALT KELLY



by SCHULZ