The Daily Tar Heel

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The United Nations-United For What?

We spent a few days of cultural enjoyment in New York City over the spring recess - Playland, the Staten Island Ferry, the Brooklyn Paramunt, the Metropole and the like - during which we found . little time in which to visit the United Nations building, an edilice constructed to house the organization which more than any other is suposed to be working toward world peace.

Almost every Amercian is familiar with the architecture of this many-glassed structure, which rises supreme over the East River. symbol of the goals held so de r. It is symbolic in many ways unintended by the architect, however, The very glass seems to reflect the brittle conditions of world harmony, and the struggle and fruitlessness of the discussions within.

Our well-informed, polite and erudite guide expl. ined aheerfully that the architect had left the ceilings of the center unfinished, hoping to convey the impression that the building, like the word peace. is incomplete. We are wondering when he is going to see fit to finish

As we wandered through the building, watching black suited diplomats scurrying from appointment tie appointment, we began to concern ourselves with the effectiveness of the organization to which they belong. We began to wonder if the nations of the world can be united toward international pecan:

The basic premise of the United Nations is, ultimately, that all men are primarily interested in living together peacefully, in being content what they, as nations. have, and in avoiding war at all costs. This is as valid as saying that the American economy is sound: that is things look fine from the outside but underneath there is trouble. The proposition does not

held true. The world will always be populated by Castros, Hitlers insipid, The tables, uncleared, look and Stalins who are waiting to get the little people excited and ready to attack the little people next

The United Nations was to Twiddy, the Eberly Brothers - all Roosevelt as the League of Nations was to Wilson - the dream of a great and concerned man for world unification and peace. Flaws were made in construction - the veto being the most prominent - which would not allow for the successful completion of the organization.

Today the United Nations is primarily concerned with making surveys and inquiries in a wird problems. The race question, the economic dilemma and similar problems have been thoroughly studied and the facts have been published. This objective, however, the uniform. The gentlemen: Sweatis third on the agenda of objectives ess or dress shirts, khakis, white of the U. N. And these UNESCO pamphlets are extremely hard to find outside of New York City. The goals are not being attained.

We think of the United Nations office Way of Life." Casual, sophistias within that rather large group of units which are conceived in glory, operate in ineffectuality and scademic life at the University. die in ignomy. There is no future for a building which houses tarkers. Doe,s are needed, and they need to be found. Macy's could do a lot more with the building.

World peace and a united world are objectives which we support wholeheartedly. But we cannot abide this organization which takes the time and money of nations and gives nothing in return. Programs for the aid of children are all well and good, but they are not the purpose of the United Nations. We suggest that either the U. N. reevaluate itself, abandon the veto and other strangleholds on free action - or that it cease to waste our time and money. At present we are not getting our money's worth.

A Far Out Fable For Our Time

She was a little woman. She had been small even in her youth, and now age had bent her shoulders and given her body a permanent slouched appearance. Strands of long gray hair lay on her forehead and hung down her neck. Her face was wrinkled and brown.

She was sweeping the porch of the whitewashed frame house with long vigorous strokes. The brown sent vengeful showers of sand over the sandspurs in the front yard.

A cat lay sunning itself on a wooden rocker near the steps. The weman swept up to the chair and stopped. She screwed up her little gray eves.

"Lancelog!"

The cat blinked.

"I ancelot get out'n that chair! I told you about it. Now get!" She fairly shook with rate.

The cat slid out of the chair onto the floor, then onto the ground. The woman shoved the chair out of her way and swept past. The cat curled up on the bottom step.

She swept the window sills with the broom, then finished the porch and surveyed her work. She noticed: a cobweb in a corner under the roof and knocked it down with one

She looked at the yard. "I told Willie last week to cut them sandspurs down. They's going to seed. and we'll have 'em again next

Lancelot's ears twitched.

Like I told him last week to move that stove out the kitchen and him and Johnnie B. didn't pay no mind. They just went on

fixin' that net like they's been doing all winter in the shed. And I told 'em they could use the back porch just as soon as they cleaned it off, but they went on in the

shed. Lancelot switched his tail.

"And they went out there today knowin' they wouldn't catch nothin'. Will'e said so last night, but they went anyway cause they might he said. Him and that boy out there in that boat, and none of the others even prayin' to go yet, and them fishing a ready."

She shaded her eyes and locked out at the little white boat far off the beach.

"I told him, I said, Willie you know you s'n't gonna catch no hin'. Stay here and cut that viril. and besides the porch needs mendin'. And he just went on, Him and that boy. That boy's just like him. Lazy. I tried to talk with the boy. I told him, I said you're just like your daddy, Lazy. And he is,

"Like all last winter I kept trying to get him to help the pre cher move his things in and he kept saying I can't Mamie. I gotta fix the boat, I gotta fix the net. Or, I gotta sharpen the saw. Or, I gotta do this or that, and he'd run off to the shed with that boy and they'd stay there.

Lancelot stretched and yawned. She spat into the yeard and swept the cat off of the stps, then stalked inside, slamming the screen door after her. "Lazy!"

Lancelot walked up the steps and jumped into the chair.

-J. Harper

John Justice

Atmosphere

The first thing usually mentioned in an discussion about the University is its atmosphere. Tais as fine as far as it goes, but I think a more correct description is atmospheres. for there are several distinct types of atmosphere, Here at Carolina,

Harry's, for example, is unique. Toulouse Lautrec probably would have had more that sketching at Harry's than he did in the French Quarter. Clusters of bearded "bea.s" (for lack of a better word) nurse beers and kill time unmercitally. The theater group crowds into booths and discusses Bergman, Teldessee Williams, etc. Here and there a student quietly, determinedly drinks his way into forgetfulness. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Harry keep watch like mother hens guarding a broad of young chickens.

Down at the Pire Room the atmosphere is more conventional and like Waterloo the day after the big battle. An oder of three-day old hamburger meat fills the air. The juke box pours out the golden tones of today's singers-Fabiar, Conway the real gints of music, And through it all the apparently endless bridge game goes on; Wao are these s.r. ge people? How can they stand the strain of playing thousands of consecutive hands of bridge? Are they students, and, if so, how do they pass their courses? Unmindful of snow, sleet, international crises, or campus is ucs, their weiry cries echo through the day : I imp he right: "I pars, One spinde." and so on ad infinitum.

Y-Cour at mid-mersing reminds the cases ver of an army. Not that aryone is going to fight, but in the sense that nearly everyone has on sceks, loafers or dirty bucks. The ladies: White blouses or sweaters. skirts, white socks, and loafers.

What a picture! Straight from a propaganda pamphlet on the "Carcated, carefree - The picture at Y-Court captures the essence of the

a miserable beast

These are just a few of the difgood, but each unique.

Letter To The Editor

I am writing this letter as a pro- of these I would be in favor of some action we saw there. to stop this at ence!

Gems of Thought

The man who tries to please eve an oasis, erybody shows little respect for his own way of thinking.

DUVIS DE PROCESS

It's true that all things come to those who wait-on themselves.

est competitor should be himself. Make keeping your feet on the their governmental affairs. ground a habit and you'll never have far to fall

APARTHEID

Darkest Africa

Bill Morrison

State Politics

ROME, GEORGIA . . . With malace towards ner." none and bad roads for all.

The real standouts, though, are Well, as you can readily tell, we've just rethe Y-Court dogs, probably the most turned from a brief sojourn at the Georgia home keep the races segregated from one another. On proficient beggars on the face of of roommate J. W. Stokes, converted Cracker, late the earth. Either the student, trap- of Massachusetts. It all started at lunch on April ped, gives the poor posch (who is 12 in Harry's, home of local beatnik politicians a better actor than Marlon Brando like us, when Stokes said out of a clear blue skyever was) at least half of his dough- "why don't ya drive me to Georgia this afternoon?" nut or sandwich, or he feels like Impulsive youngster that I am, I responded, "What which they passed the previous year." the hell, why not?"

It was the first time in 21 months I'd been in ferent atmospheres found in Chapel the Peach State (we also got into Alabama) and Hill - some are good some not so nothing had really changed. Aside from a little R&R, rest and recuperation, I wanted to make a first hand comparison of some other southern states with old Tar Heelia. Returning to Chapel Hill, it is again obvious there are better places to live than Georgia, and that North Carolina is one

test against a very sinful practice For the student who has never been to Georwhich is currently rampant on our gia, one can only say that almost everything you've campus. I am referring to that heard is true. Mind you not all, but most. The first lewdaess on the part of certain thing that bugs you are the roads. Skipping along males: sunbathing. This act is not over 400 miles of Georgia roads, we can safely say corfined only to the lawns in front the smoothest surface upon which we traveled was of the dormitories, but it has spread a driveway. United States highways in the northto the roots of dormitories and fra- ern sector of that state are roughly (and we mean territy haves, I see no necessity roughly) comparable to East Rosemary St. The road whatsoever f - 'his act. It is mere-running in front of South Building is 'not only ly furthering vice and evil thoughts, smoother, but also wider than any two lane road

In comparison to the Georgia scene were the Louise Alan'hia Cunningham roads in Alabama and South Carolina, for the most part, equal to anything we have here in N.C. In the field of highways. Georgia reverses the old maxim about the oasis in a desert. It is a desert in

With our long interest in state politics, any state politics, we naturally worked conversations around to this subject. About the first thing you Success formula: A man's tough- notice in Georgia is a political apathy as compared to the natural interest North Carolinians take in

issue in any gubernatorial campaign here. That's tegration Ceurteous driving on the high- the issue of the Negro and what to do with the ways is a virtue some people ex- racial problem. The man that promises the most gia, this signals the partial destruction of an imextreme separation program is invariably the win- moral barrier.

Another said, "The Georgia State Legislature

spends most of each session thinking up plans to the last three or four days of each session they pass better than half of the total business brought before them. Then at the next session, because they acted in a quick manner at the end of the last one, they waste a lot of time rescinding that

HERBLOCK

Alabama's new Governor, John Patterson, is somewhat of an egotist. All of the road signs leading into that state have been changed from the days of Kissin' Jim Folsom the last chief execu-

They say: WELCOME TO ALABAMA. JOHN FATTERSON GOVERNOR

As many faults as Folsom had, he never plastered his name around in such a manner. And speaking of the colorful Folsom, one must remember his classic statement on keeping women in line: KEEP 'EM BAREFOOTED AND PREGNANT.

Some say of Kissin' Jim might run again this

Despite some of Georgia's more obvious shortcomings, there are a lot of virtues down thar.

The first of these is America's most courageous journalist, the Editor of the Atlanta Constitution-Ralph McGill. In his daily front page column in that paper, McGill has been a bastion of strength in an ocean of confusion and hypocricy. Twice in the short time we were there, McGill aroused the dander of violent racists with his pointed pen.

Constitution is certainly the correct name for the paper which has him, for he believes in the law and its interpretation by the courts. Although a lifelong southernor, McGill has stood almost alone in his demands that Georgia public schools must remain open.

That is he was almost alone till this last week when a public opinion poll showed that 72% of the Atlanta Bar Assn. was in favor of keeping that One Georgian remarked, "There's only one city's schools open even at the cost of limited in-

For McGill, this represents a victory. For Geor-

Gary Soucie

Jazz Technique

To my mind, jazz is first and foremost an art form; secondly, and only secondly, it is an entertainment medium, a branch of show business. I'm not trying to be a purist, but I think it's about time we start waking up to this fact and refocusing our visions of jazz music and jazz musicians.

Jazz is something more than "that music" which is associated in the public eye with tasteless concert tour, the urban Negro and his pale imitators, pandemonic TV shows, college prems, sleezy basement or second-story dives, juvenile delinquency, narcotics addiction, summer three-ring musical circuses, and curious West Coast poets. There is a varying amount of truth in all these assertions, but jazz is so much

The public has two main jazz stereotypes. The first is the ignorant, loud, grinning, sweating, eve rolling Uncle Tom of Dixieland; the other is the bearded, bereted, horn rimmed, hergin addicted, stand-offish, semi-educated, hip talking "progressive" musician, Certain musicians, it is true, have done very ltile to help dispel these notions, but the vicious and sensationalistic American press has more than begged the question on these issues.

The average contemporary jazz musician is no such freak. He is a serious, well trained and highly competent technician dedicated to his work and whose artistry's worth, in the jazz sense, is dependent upon how much he has of a quality called "soul."

Twenty and thirty years ago the jazz musician was a relatively unsophisticated and untrained performer whose playing came from the heart, but today this is not the case, though there are some rare exceptions like Errol Garner, who does not read music and has never had piano lesson one. In the days of Dixieland and swing, a musician needed nothing more than a horn and he bare essentials of playing it, a good lip le' of feeling for the blues, the ability to do without sle n. a d a huge capacity for gin. The music was " n 'r" enough that it wasn't necessary to have men background in musical theory, but all this e de twill the first bop sessions in Minton's and the O'yx Cab.

S ne yeas earlier Duke Ellington's Jimmy Blant a lad init. ed a wholly new concept of virtuoso 1 27 cato bass playing, and Charlie Christian had come up out of Oklahoma City playing a radically different kind of guitar, but the music as a whole dien't undergo its great change until the bop revolt of the Forties.

I have neither the space nor the background nec sary to go into the technical details of the hundreds changes brought about in instrumental technique and musical theory, so it must suffice for me to say that the progenitors of bop created a major upheaval in the jazz world. Musicians were forced to look long and hard at their playing and adjust to the new con-

Today's jazz is the spawn of this revolt, which was so abrupt that it created a schism within jazz that has yet to be truly repaired. Musicians on both sides, traditional and progressive, became contemptuous of one another and tossed around accusations of communism and fascism. But that was some sixteen years ago and juzz has made many strides since; elements that in 1944 were called iconoclastic are today so old hat that they have been abandoned by the jazz musicians and adopted by such retrogressives as Guy Lombardo, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Jose Melis,

Many jazz musicians have received instrumental training at the great music conservatories of the world, or in universities, or in private study with various teachers. Jazz musicians have even taught classical musicians, as when Harry Edison, an ex-Basie sideman, and Rafael Mendez traded lessons. The end result of this intensive instrumental training is that now the jazzman is a highly competent technician with more than a cursory knowledge of what goes on in classical music.

Bill Russo, a former Kenton trombonist and arranger who has almost completely abandoned jazz for the symphonic field, last spring wrote "Symphony No. 2, The Titans," which was performed by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Fellow ex-Kentonite Maynard Ferguson had to be called in to play the high trumpet part since, as Russo put it, "none of the Philharmonic horn men could possibly play it." The classical critics a.e particularly unaware of the great technical advances that have been made in recent years by jazz musicians, and were accordingly astounded by Ferguson's work.

The NY Hera'd Tribune review said, "Mr. Ferguson either has a lip of rock, or else he was using a mouthpiece with a bore the size of a sipping straw. Such sounds as he produced are nowhere in the trum-, pet register; how he made them is a secret he alone knows." Oh, but Roy Eldridge, Cat Anderson, Pete Candoli, and several others, including 22-year-old Bocker Little, could inform this critic

Drummer Osie Johnson was entertaining some concert mus'cians in his home one evening and when he played a Charlie Parker record for them they insisted that he was playing the record on the wrong speed since none of them could imagine how so many notes cou'd be articulated so rapidly at such a fast tempo. (The record was on the right speed.)

Max Roach last summer played a concert at the Music Inn in the Berkshires with the percussion ensemble of the Boston Symphony, which was recorded on EmArcy Records. On the albumm's liner notes percussion director Haro'd Farberman made note of how amozed he and his fellow classical percussionists were that Max cut the concert perfectly without having seen the score beforehand. However, Mr. Farberman · was awa e enough of modern jazz techniques to rightly note that all advances in the field of percussion in the past twenty years have been made by jazz drummers Charles Mirgus, the bassist and composer, has carried on the virtuoso work of Jimmy Blanton so well that his playing has been likened to that of classical guitarist Andres Segovia.

Although jazz and classical musicians are about n ar even par basis regarding the technical merits of irdividual instrumentalist as a whole, the jazz men are far superior in section work. Very few symphony orches'ras can boast the precisica section work of jazz sections like Basie's brass section, or Ellington's reeds. The better editions of the Stan Kenton and Woody Herman bands have had this precision too. In the Modern Jazz Quartet the excellent chamber music groups have at last found their peer. To be sure, the concert violinists have no challengers in jazz, but there have been less than a half dozen violinists in jazz' entire history.









