

# The Daily Tar Heel

In its seventieth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the University administration or the student body.

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## Lean, Hungry Black Cat: From 'Cool' To Cold

James Baldwin, the self-described "tense, lean, abnormally ambitious, abnormally intelligent and hungry black cat," leaned — and leaned hard — on white America in a speech last month in Durham.

The famed Negro writer and propagandist expanded on his sometimes compelling, sometimes bothersome, but always urgent message, which goes something like, "The black man is bad off — but the white man is worse . . . and there's not much chance for the black man, and not a damn bit for the white . . ." His speech was in the spirit of his two books of essays, "Nobody Knows My Name" ("the integration dispute has to do with political power and it has to do with sex. And this is a nation which knows very little about either" . . . "I remember myself as a little boy already so bitter about the pledge of allegiance that I could scarcely bring myself to say it, and never, never believed it" . . . "In exactly the same way that the South imagines that it 'knows' the Negro, the North thinks it has set him free. Both camps are deluded") and "Notes of a Native Son" ("I was forced to admit something . . . that I hated and feared white people. This did not mean that I loved black people; on the contrary, I despised them, possibly because they failed to produce Rembrandt. In effect, I hated and feared the world.")

Baldwin has a manner, both in writing and speaking — sometimes shrill, strident, "today, HERE, NOW, wait no longer . . .", and at other times, full of assurance and a strong disdain for the very effort of "caring." His speech in Durham (he is scheduled to speak here in May) was spiced by this manner — making full understanding of this very important American writer more difficult.

Sponsored by the NAACP and CORE, Baldwin made clear his full support of the student non-violent protest movement and its national operations.

The parents of today's student generation "inculcated in their sons and daughters a sense of dignity and pride," Baldwin said. This youth has "never said 'yes, sir' or 'no sir' to anybody."

Baldwin spoke with the voice of the young — whether he be picketer or artist, educator or student — when he condemned the elders who say, "Go slow." "If we prefer to be

"safe," Baldwin said, "we've doomed ourselves and all of our children. It is a time to take great risks, because if we don't, I don't believe we have a future. And I'd hate to see so much beauty die . . ."

When his talk shifted to the national government, to the "distortions" of American history and the myths we have made, and to the total American culture, Baldwin wildly flourished his peculiar brand of defeatism. Be it resolved that nothing — or at least very little, is ever done for even remotely "good" reasons (Baldwin said the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision was made "to assure the rest of the world that we were not racists." It had nothing "to do with the determination to bring about desegregation, or really to change"), and even if it looks as if some persons are behaving altruistically, no one will believe them (on the 1954 court decision — "Even if I'm wrong, that's the way all black people in the world read it . . ."), and there is no more hope for the future (Baldwin continued to link all "good" acts by whites as expiation of guilt for long-ago nights with slave girls under the moon and magnolias — and, we are all, black and white, menaced by "the destruction and chaos" springing from centuries of unequal and unnatural man-to-slave, or man-to-inferior man relationships.)

Despite the words, which didn't always agree with each other after they have left Baldwin's mouth, what was he saying? — As the cool, not-of-this-world artist, (late of Paris) he says, in effect, "Man, you're all fouled up with sex and a dream of this America bit which never was — and there's nothing you can do about it; white men can't 'cause their motives are insincere and, if sincere, ridiculous; black men can't because their great-grandfathers were probably the same whites . . ." In his other personality Baldwin says, "The challenge is in the moment, the time is always now" — now, quick, before it's too late.

Baldwin is fascinated by the influence of sex on the race controversy — just as he is in sex in general ("the American Negro male is kind of a walking phallic symbol" . . . "there are two sexes, which fact has given the world most of its beauty, cost it not a little of its anguish, and contains the hope and glory of the world") — but he seems to carry the sex bit past where sociologists and psychiatrists admit its influence — certainly some sex guilt lingers from ante-bellum days, but must this guilt be constantly paid for and irrevocably existent? Baldwin's message of urgency mixed with despair, immediacy in a context where the moment is of great consequence, left his audience, more than anything else, with a heightened awareness of their own usefulness.

But to some, the words were more positive — to a white girl who wanted to know what she could do for the "Negro integration movement," Baldwin said, in effect, "Ask not what you can do for us, but ask what you can do for yourself" — all Americans suffer by the racial barriers. Only one does the cool, unconcerned Baldwin merge with the strident voice for "now!" on the segregation dispute itself: "This is a criminally frivolous dispute, absolutely unworthy of this nation; and it is being carried on, in complete bad faith, by completely uneducated people." (JC)

## "You Think They Might Really Pull An Inspection?"



Bill Imes

## Meaning Of The University Revisited

(Eds. Note: The following article by Bill Imes was the second-place winner in last spring's Senior Class essay contest in the "Meaning of the University." It is being printed today for the first time, as a pertinent introduction to a new academic semester.)

The University can be one of the greatest servants of society. Today she resembles a maidservant of whom we might say with Jeremiah: "Thou has played the harlot with many lovers." A college education in America is thought of primarily in terms of monetary value. College brochures point out that the college graduate makes approximately one hundred thousand dollars more than his high school contemporary. People who can at all afford it send their children to college to improve them, i.e., to see to it that they are in a position to get a good-paying job. Business used to be satisfied with the situation; they could ask that applicants have a B.A., or an M.A., and even sometimes a Ph.D., and be reasonably sure of getting a well-qualified person, but then came the inevitable cheapening of the college degree and the realization that a college degree certifies nothing about its holder's talents, creativity, or imagination; it certifies nothing about him except that for the greater part of four years his address was at such-and-such a college.

At the University what does one find? On the one hand it is a gloomy picture; one hardly knows where to start to castigate. There is the faculty with its pretty departmental jealousies and squabbles. Teachers are becoming real professionals more concerned with the level of their income than with the quality of their teaching. Published or not is the almighty question. The debunkers, who perform a great service if they jolt the complacent student, have become so wrapped up in their debunking that fancy infiltrates fact, and the students laugh instead of pulling up short for serious reflection.

The fraternity system is weathering the perpetual attack upon it with less and less grace. The ideal is a stirring one — a cohesive unit of men who share common ideals and live together to work and party as a group. In practice the fraternity serves as a great lathe rubbing the rough edges off of the individual member. The beer kegs roll in and the houses run like well-oiled machines.

The fraternity-non-fraternity split functions like two huge well-greased gears. This is a case where there should be friction because friction would represent communication and an interchange of ideas, but the gears are so well greased with the clichés of each position that there is no friction.

On the other side of the picture, the dormitories frequently resemble either the bunkhouse of a great ranch, the pig-pen on some Iowa farm, or the Bronx Zoo. This is the domain of the common man: he likes

beer, too, and he has a giant-economy-size inferiority complex. His social life too frequently consists of a retreat to Home. "No car" and "Where can ya go in this crummy little town" are the choral movements of the Dorm Rat Symphony. The University is large; many of the dormitories are good-sized: this is the perfect place for Mass Man. He sinks into a routine of the minimum school-work, presence at class (mute, of course), an occasional intra-mural game, the free flick, and week-ends at home. "Publications?" "No time." "Student Government?" "What a joke. Who wants the responsibility? I don't have the time. I intend to be a lousy citizen. The faculty shouldn't do it; they're older and wiser." "Sports?" "Aw, ya gotta be good and work at it." "Glee club or band?" "No time." One would expect to find a fantastically large Phi Beta chapter on such a campus where the students are all so busy.

What sort of scholars are the members of the student body, anyway? Well, the girls, for the most part, do all their work and try to expand mentally. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for that swash-buckling stud, the Carolina Gentleman. He usually could not give less a damn about matters intellectual. His mind functions like a player piano that has not had the roles changed for the last eight years.

But there is also much that is brought in the University picture. On the basis of what is bright we

can build hope for a University that produces men who serve and lead society. There are dedicated faculty members who strive to impart knowledge and insight to their students, and there are those who succeed with those students who are at all teachable. Remarkably enough, there are individuals in fraternities, and they have the foresight to see that changes must come in the fraternity system and the gumption to do something about it. They carry on an important dialogue with those dormitory men who can and do express their positions. The dormitories are not filled with robots. There are dorm men who realize that it is what you are and not so much who you do or where you go that makes a date. More and more people take part in more and more valuable extra-curricular activities. There are many serious students who deserve to be called scholars. Intellect is not laughed at; achievement is applauded.

Where do we go from here, then? The first step is to seriously ask how the University can again become a servant who leads society rather than a slave whom society uses. People must realize that college is not for every one. Then, too, many college students are there because it was the thing to do: they drift for as long as they can, and sometimes they last four years, but they have given little and received little. Colleges must start to look for serious intent to participate in the college experience as well as grades and the

Chris Farran

## Viewing More And Enjoying It Less?

A few days ago we were sitting around remembering how great movies were when we were kids. They just don't make them like that anymore.

We started out by recalling the various pleasures and screaming terrors of "3-D," certainly one of the most tinsied packages ever to come out of Hollywood.

Those were the days, remember, when you had to wear mysterious glasses and you scrunched down in your seat with one hand in the popcorn box and the other hand gripping the side of the seat, as Indian arrows and African spears whistled by your shoulders; wincing involuntarily as Redcoat cannons poured fire into Fort Ticonderoga; smiling palely as Dr. Jeckle advanced menacingly with a long serum-dripping needle aimed at your forehead.

3-D died young, perhaps because people got tired of those glasses and perhaps because there are only so many gimmicks you can thrust into an audience (and after all, kids soon enough found out that if you took the glasses off to see which seventh-grade girls were sitting nearby, the whole picture was flat and lifeless.)

If 3-D had to go, it had a worthy successor, the hours-long "Saturday Morning Kiddie Party," when you could get in for a Sealtest milk carton (and that is probably the only reason for abandoning chocolate milk and Coke when you're 13.)

Those "parties" would start out with a Tom and Jerry cartoon (and everybody would cheer) or a Looney Toons (and everybody would cheer

also — we'd cheer at anything in those days) and then you'd get a pirate film with Tony Curtis or maybe an Indian picture with Randolph Scott. Then you'd get a Three Stooges Comedy or the Marx Brothers — and we'd all still be screaming with delight because in those days you didn't have to worry about the psychological ramifications of why the Three Stooges were always bopping each other in the head and tweaking each other's noses, or what early childhood trauma made Harpo honk a horn instead of talking like everybody else.

I guess it's all gone now — the lines and lines of painted Indians on the hills, the splintering broadsides as the pirates took on the French, the clash of armor as Ivanhoe cleared the lists. Today we get art films: sex with a message.

Perhaps that stuff ended because it appealed to a particular generation of kids, and kids grow up, and the next group has a new favorite, like Buck Rodgers or maybe Captain Video.

But 3-D . . . you know, if they aimed those films at adults, who can really appreciate a gimmick, and maybe had Jayne Mansfield looming but over the first three rows . . . I think I could get interested in green glasses again.

## REFLECTIONS

A very striking and unusual two-minute talk has received inconsistent attention in the nation's press and we wonder why.

At a National Press Club luncheon in Washington last week the NBC foreign correspondents gathered to forecast world events for 1963 and to look back on 1962. Each correspondent spoke for two minutes and then could be questioned. Most of the talks were general and unilluminating.

NBC's West German reporter was a different matter. He rapidly and coldly, without the light wit of his fellow newsmen. He said the U.S. State Department is blocking transmission of important news occurring in West Germany, and particularly in West Berlin. He said the State Department withheld news that Allied cars travelling between West Berlin and West Germany had been shot at regularly for "at least two years" — this news was withheld, he said, until a meeting of East-West foreign ministers made it a political instrument.

The correspondent said the State Department purposely distorts the true economic picture of West Berlin, to make the city appear thriving, to make it truly the "showplace" of capitalist democracy. In reality, he said, West Berlin must depend heavily on West German economic aid.

Finally, the newsman said he had been smeared in rumors spread by persons who wished to discredit him, who had called him Communist. He said the smearing came from the U. S. State Department.

But many papers — including most in this state — did not even run the story.

## Gottingen View . . .

## Language Limits Hurt Americans

By ROBERT POWELL

(Eds. Note: Powell is a former UNC student, attending Gottingen on the University's exchange program.)

Gottingen, West Germany — One often hears in the States that there is no language problem in Europe because everybody speaks English. There is some truth in this. For instance, I have yet to meet a Scandinavian student who did not speak fairly good English. Many of the Dutch also speak English, as well as the Belgians. However, as a rule, when one gets off the beaten tourist tracks in Europe, one must expect to cope with the European in his own language. Indeed, many of the Germans picked up some English during the occupation and quite a few Americanisms, such as "baby-sitter," "weekend," and "team-work" are rather common in everyday German. But this period now lies in the past, and the elementary English which was once so important in order to coexist with the conquerors has been forgotten in

the wake of the "Wirtschaftswunder."

Such is not the case though, with the new generation of university students, the overwhelming majority of whom have been educated during and after the occupation, are therefore products of a somewhat different education system. There are now very few German students who have not had at least 6 years of English. This includes not only a reading knowledge which enables them to enjoy contemporary literature, but also a speaking knowledge which goes quite a bit beyond the "Ich mochte gern ein Bier" which pretty well marks the limit of the American student's proficiency in German.

These remarkable results stem from the fact that the study of foreign languages in Germany begins at the age of 10. In the German Gymnasium, which prepares students for the University, at least six years of English are compulsory. Also, there usually exists the possibility of up to three more years. In addition, these students get two years

of Latin and four of French or vice-versa. Thus by the time he reaches the university level, the German student is better prepared for advanced study than the American with two years of college already behind him. For instance, it allows him to plunge into such sophisticated idioms as "The English Romantics" and "The English Novel from Hardy to Joyce," two lectures at Gottingen which are attended by no less than 500 students each.

We live today in a national and international situation which is increasingly more complex and more difficult to understand. Since in a democratic society, the policies of the government reflect the general attitude and opinions of the public, it is clear that we can arrive at good and workable solutions only if the public in general and the educated leaders in particular have the necessary comprehension of these problems. The fact that language can help immensely in this process is so obvious that it hardly needs to be pointed out. It is a fiction that in four semesters, meeting three

times a week for one hour each time, that the American student can attain the degree of facility necessary to understand meaningful literature in that language. Granted, he can read it with a dictionary, but the process is so painful and so time-consuming that it is hardly worth the effort, and to think critically about what has been read is almost impossible. Thus, a tremendous body of important literature in every field is virtually closed to American student, simply because it is not written in English. This is one of the big reasons why the American student generally lacks the intellectual sophistication of the European student.

This situation is significant to us as Americans not simply because it offers a challenge — I don't propose that we enter an all-out language race with the Germans — but that it demonstrates dramatically what can be done with an intensive and dynamic language program which starts early in grade school. American kids are no dumber than German kids.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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