

"We've Decided Against The Test-Ban Treaty — We Want The Right To Develop Our Own Bomb"



Our Way Of Life

By PETER HARKNESS

This column is for the incoming students, especially the freshmen. It represents only one point of view, that of this writer, which is hardly typical.

The point involved concerns the attitude of the individual toward his or her stay at this University, what you feel are the important and the unimportant, the valuable and the unnecessary.

When one takes the step from high school to college, what attitudes should remain behind as memories to be replaced by a new sense and a new attitude? The president of the student body, Mike Lawler, gave an excellent speech to the incoming coeds Tuesday night in which he pleaded with them to "Change the image of the Carolina Coed." It was an excellent speech — one of the best given by any President.

Lawler strayed from the ordinary and gave the students a rest from the "rah . . . rah . . . rah . . . Carolina" talks that they had been hearing all week. The speech was challenging and, hopefully, there are a certain number who listened intently and will do some serious thinking about what he said.

The image that the Carolina Coed now projects is unfortunate for the simple reason that there is an image at all. It denotes a typical coed, and to be typical means to conform. Conformity here, at a university known for her tradition of academic freedom, is a tragedy.

All through the speeches that were given to incoming students, the phrase "the Carolina way of life" kept popping up. The question is, what does it mean? "The Carolina way of life" is an innocuous phrase that might well have a different meaning for everyone. Unfortunately it does not.

To many, this phrase connotes Madras and burgandy, Weejuns and London Fogs. Life here is in a pattern and any divergence from that pattern of life is met with intolerance — sometimes a cruel intolerance.

Adherence to the pattern is weak in some circles while strong in others, but the latter, which is made up of undergraduates for the most part, is large.

er and represents the Carolina student.

Mike Lawler hit on a subject which deserves more attention and last year's graduating coed named Beth Walker, mentioned by Lawler in his speech, told her classmates what had been on her mind for two years.

As Lawler said, Beth described the "Weeju-shed" and "Madras-brained" coed. She cited aspects of the University and of the coed herself that caused her potential to be tragically undernourished, underchallenged, and over-conformed.

Beth was an attractive girl with a sweet smile and a BRAIN. She was very active in Student Government and other programs. At the same time, she did well in her studies and had plenty of time for social life.

There are so many factions of people on this campus, so many different groups with different interests, students from the South, the nation and the world. Many dress differently or wear their hair in a different manner than others. There is no room for intolerance here.

Throughout the world students are beginning to take a more active role in the society that surrounds them. The youth of South Viet Nam, in protesting the rule of the government, have placed the United States in a precarious position.

The Negro youth in this country, dedicated to a cause, are perpetrating one of the largest social revolutions in this country's history. The youth in Latin America and Europe, the students, take much more interest in their environment than we here.

This column, then, is an appeal to the future Mike Lawlers and Beth Walkers. Life at Carolina is not necessarily all burgandy and Weejuns. If one does not desire to join a fraternity or sorority, or even if he or she cannot join, it isn't really important.

If one desires to wear or say or do something that does not fit into the pattern, wear it, or say it, or do it. Don't be afraid to be different.

The "Carolina way of life" is your way of life. Live it the way that you want to and not the way "they" dictate.

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Give 'em Hell, Team

Well, today's the day — the day we start our winning season. Latest word from Big Jim is that the troops are ready and raring to have at them Cavaliers. And we're ready to do likewise, only in a manner that bruises the vocal cords rather than the muscles and ligaments.

We hope you are too.

We know a lot of you are going to hang one on. That's inevitable. But please don't get so carried away you

start hanging one on the guy next to you, either in the stands or down on the field after the game. Handling 20,000-plus people is a nightmare by itself, even if everyone behaves — student and alumni. It becomes wishful thinking if they don't.

So whaddayasayteam, let's give 'em hell. And whaddayasayfans, let's relax and enjoy it.

The only casualties should be among the guys wearing shoulder pads and cleats.

The Good Old Days

We got thinking back the other day on The Good Old Days when our chief expense was marbles, or aggies, if you prefer.

And our chief concern, or our parents' anyway, was getting the leading edge of the lower half of our shooting finger clean.

All spring long it was the most delightful shade of grime; beautiful. Sort of a junior status symbol.

What got us thinking back was when we realized it was already time to start packing up for school.

Where had the summer gone?

Why, in The Good Old Days, summer lasted forever, or almost.

The best time, of course, was when more than two of us gathered at any given spot. Game suggestions immediately poured forth.

Hide-and-go-seek?

Scrub (a variety of softball)?

Or, as was the most commonplace, just "A Game of Guns?", with a hot argument over who was to be the good guy and who the bad.

Nowadays, of course, that's all behind us.

We have grown up.

Now we play games like, "Pin The Label," "Look Out For The Republicans," and "Make That Grade."

And the summers are an awful lot shorter.

Two Views On Gag Law Concerning Haldane Affair

The Charlotte Observer

BIOLOGY: The science of life; the branch that treats of living organisms.

The "gag law" passed by the General Assembly last session has placed its first ugly mark on the reputation of the University of North Carolina.

Because of the "gag law," a distinguished biologist will not come to the Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro campuses of the Consolidated University to talk about the world of living organisms.

The General Assembly's aim in passing the "gag law" ostensibly was to prevent this state's youth from being "taken in" by illusion-spinning Reds who are supposedly too smart for them. Not trusting the university's dedicated administrators, the legislators slapped a new law atop an old one to weave a thicker mesh of academic barbed wire around the colleges.

The first victims are the students themselves, particularly those biology majors who were to have heard from Dr. John Burton Haldane.

Dr. Haldane won't come because he got an "inquiry" from the University. The University sent the "inquiry" because of the "gag law" and a small line in International Who's Who which says that Dr. Haldane,

from 1940 to 1949, was on the editorial board of the "Daily Worker," a Communist paper, in Britain.

In the first five of those years the United States and Russia were allies. Relations between us hardened only afterwards.

What Dr. Haldane's political beliefs are now we have no idea. Whatever they are, communism has no more to do with biology than Taoism or capitalism have to do with it, and Dr. Haldane is an eminent biologist.

His work has been honored by two of the great universities in the free world (Oxford and Edinburgh), and he is a member of the historic Royal Academy in England. He served on an awards committee which not long ago paid homage to Pope John XXII and the conservative American historian, Samuel Eliot Morrison.

When the "gag law" passed, we predicted that the legislature had "damaged North Carolina Schools' chances of even obtaining the services of even distinguished lecturers who would reject invitations in the knowledge that they were to be subjected to the kind of 'loyalty' check that could, because of misinformation or innuendo, do them personal harm."

This is precisely what happened. Scratch one series of lectures on an important branch of learning. And put one ugly smear for

all to see on the lamp of higher education in North Carolina.

The Raleigh News & Observer

As a result of the ban on Communist speakers at State-supported colleges, North Carolina college students have been denied the opportunity to hear classroom lectures by one of the world's greatest scientists, Dr. J. B. S. Haldane. But the famous British scientist, however unorthodox his political views may be and despite his Marxist background, has at least done North Carolina the favor of pointing up how dangerous and unnecessary the new Red ban law really is.

It is inconceivable that any North Carolina college student would have been contaminated in any way by hearing a great scientist lecture on biology. And even the most frightened advocate of freedom in North Carolina should admit that college students could profit a great deal by exposure to the knowledge of any great scientist in his chosen field.

Furthermore, Dr. Haldane was not invited to University campuses in Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro by any wild-eyed, fringe type of organization that some might find objectionable. The invitation was extended by the respected Institute of Biological Sciences here at North Carolina State, an organization whose concern is the search for scientific truth, not politics.

University officials reported that the Britisher, "as a matter of principle," refused to answer questions about his background which the University had to ask him in carrying out the intent of the speaker ban law. His refusal to answer the questions was the equivalent, of course, of turning down the institute's invitation. And the losers in this matter are the college students who could benefit by his knowledge and the State of North Carolina, not the scientist or godless communism.

North Carolinians should be disturbed but not surprised by this development. A man's political views in no way diminish his scientific contributions to mankind. If a Communist scientist discovered a cure for cancer, no one would suggest that Americans continue to die of cancer rather than take advantage of the remedy.

As the case of the British scientist emphasizes, this speaker ban is unworthy of North Carolina. No university or college can be great unless it is free to pursue knowledge and truth. And the people of North Carolina should not tolerate any longer than necessary this speaker ban which was the handwork of the last Legislature not of true patriots but of those who fear freedom and democracy.

Movie Review

Fellini Has A Fine Flick

By LEON CAPETANOS

Review: "8½". Directed by Federico Fellini. Rialto Theatre.

On some chaotic night after solitude has turned to loneliness we may find ourselves confessing to a strange face, an unfamiliar voice. We will tell our secrets and our sins and announce our visions and caress our memories as if this barroom listener were our priest and our lover.

With dawn, sobriety brings embarrassment as we remember what we said, but somehow we are glad that we said it. This strange embarrassment remembers dreams that might die in the rigor of the sun and weakness that would laugh at our ambitions. Still we smile at the thought of that stranger who holds our heart. So all is said even if mumbled. We are clean.

This feeling is the beginning of love and this is the feeling that Fellini gives us in "8½", his latest film, now playing at the Rialto in Durham. To see it is to witness the best of cinema. We are illuminated in Fellini's world of evanescent affections where cringing blacks and bleak whites conceive shadows that look remarkably familiar.

Many think the film sheer autobiography. It is not. It is personal and grinning. Some might assert that it is a self portrait. It is a portrait without a face and without a logical focus.

The director-hero of the story is planning a new film. While the mechanics and stupidities of production whirl around him, he visits an elegant spa to seek a "cure". There is no inspiration for him. His banal mistress bores him. His fashionable wife irritates him. His associates nauseate him. All of the people surrounding him seem to be dancing to an absurd rhythm, a rhythm which is diametrically opposed to his own meter.

So the director, Guido Anselmi, attempts to escape the impending disintegration. He escapes in dream, in memory, in walk and gesture — but only for a moment.

Fellini handles these escapes beautifully, and some of these scenes constitute the best work he has done. The poetic remembrance of childhood is masterful and the comic harem where Guido reigns with lash and love is superb.

Technically they indicate nothing visually experimental. Fellini uses old methods and evident manners. Yet in the choice of technique and in the synthesis of sound, light, movement and texture we find what is unique in this film.

It is the absurd handled not as Truffaut would see it but as Fellini knows it: A phoenix turns out to be just a pleasant crow.

The dance on which the film ends finds Guido back in step. When the chaos seemed to be falling directly on his head, reunion occurs — reunion with the whimsy of life and the fragility of belief. The clown band resurrects the spirit just as Guido is confronted by the dismantling of his illogical edifice, a soaring structure that rises from the proposed set. The ritual ends in a romantic pageant, an individualistic extravaganza. What is more important than life itself?

"8½" is powerfully directed and superbly acted. Marcello Mastroianni deserves special praise for his work as do Anouk Aime and Sandra Milo. Gianni di Venanzo should be mentioned for the poetry of his visual effects, but the real master is still Fellini. He has fashioned a baroque masterpiece out of personal moments; out of those pieces of life hidden in a child's pocket.

The short trip to the Rialto is well worth the time, and the return will afford you a few minutes more to think about the film. It is pleasant to note that even the academic Lethe which surrounds our village can not erase the emotional gift of "8½". The real reason for the film, the actual "why", is to be found underneath the balmy harem unmentioned by Fellini. It is somewhere in ourselves, a secret.

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel solicits and is happy to print any letter-to-the-editor written by a member of the University community, so long as it is free of slanderous and libelous remarks.

No letters will be edited in any way, unless they are unreasonably long. Letters must be typewritten and triple-spaced.

An Editorialist's Dilemma

WRAL-TV editorialist Jesse Helms is a strange breed of cat.

One of his chief objectives in life, we're told, is to have his existence acknowledged by The Raleigh News & Observer in an editorial — any editorial, good, bad, or otherwise.

Yet the closest the N & O edit writers ever come to doing that is to refer to "local broadcasters" or by way of some similarly half-anonymous phrase.

Well, we've long been in something of a similar fix. Jesse consistently distorts, misinterprets, misconstrues and what have you, most everything that he editorially mentions.

Consequently, you the viewer, get mad, or indignant, or just nettled. At first, that is. Then, slowly, you come to accept the fact that this is the way things are where Jesse is concerned, and you even begin to look forward to catching his famous/notorious (which-

ever you prefer) twice-daily political kid-dy show, called Viewpoint.

You recognize that this is The Outlet for the far right. Sort of a clearing house for reactionary wisdom. So you watch it, just to keep tabs on how The Fringe is seeing things these days.

Then comes Step 3. This is when you begin to enjoy Jesse's show. Enjoy it like you enjoy watching a Theatre of The Absurd production. You know it isn't for real, thank God. It can't be, although admittedly, sometimes you wonder.

So you watch, and play "Pick The Distortion." What this means is you read the worst possible interpretation into an event of the day, select several heavily loaded words, then use the worst possible logic in stringing the whole thing together into some sort of an intellectual abortion.

Nine times out of ten you come up with what would pass in a hurry for the gist of Jesse's pronouncement that day.

Then, however, comes Step 4. You begin feeling sorry for the poor guy. Honestly and truly sorry.

You think of all the good this guy could be doing if he'd stop trying to sell his Birchist philosophy and stick to some honest analysis of the facts.

After all, he's obviously a facile writer; obviously a clever, sometimes original, thinker; but just as obviously wedded to the rightist line as tightly as Fidel is to the Communist tune.

Then comes step 5. You begin writing editorials for the campus newspaper and you realize that this is your chance to rebut some of the half-truths Jesse puts out.

But should you? Would writing an editorial, or two, or three, or — to keep up with Jesse — one a day, only dignify the man's messages by bothering to take note of him?

Does the bus, you ask, stop to beep at the puppy running along behind it, barking as loud as it can?

You just don't know. Better think about it a little longer.

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