

Kennedy's Foreign Policy Called Successful

By STU EIZENSTAT

As the terrible shock of President Kennedy's assassination begins slowly to wear off, an analysis of his nearly three years in office is in order.

Foreign policy under JFK kept its dominant position in U.S. policy-making. Cuba remained a sore thumb in the hemisphere. The Bay of Pigs invasion was ill-managed and

turned into a fiasco. Kennedy bounced back by blockading Cuba and forcing the withdrawal of Russian technicians, missiles, and troops when reconnaissance flights showed their presence. Essentially, Kennedy, who inherited the Cuban problem, could do little but attempt to prevent the spread of Communist propaganda from the island.

Russia tested American will not long after Kennedy assumed the reins of government, by throwing up the Berlin Wall and threatening the possible blockade of access routes. Kennedy's firm stand and brilliant strategy turned the wall into the ignominious symbol of Communism's failure in Europe. After taking Mr. K's measure at Vienna, he was well prepared to back him down in the Cuban blockade. This seemed to mark a turning

point in Soviet-American relations, a turn for the better. In his American University speech, Kennedy took the initiative in offering peaceful solution to some of the Cold War's problems; he thus threw the decision into Moscow's lap, with the world awaiting its reply. In this case and in the historic test-ban treaty, Russia had to choose, in essence, between a peaceful course (thus aliena-

tion from China) or a course of increasing tension (which would have cast her in a bad light in the eyes of the world). The wheat deal with Russia will reduce our farm surpluses, provide the farmer with needed income, and, like the test-ban treaty, widen the split between Russia and China.

In Latin America, Kennedy's ambitious Alliance for Progress is in rough waters and the number of military coups is very discouraging. Yet, Kennedy's Alliance has begun a slow, but perceptible change in Latin Americans' image of the U.S. More than before, we are brothers, not Yankee imperialists.

Our situation in Africa is heartening; the Communists are faring poorly there in general, and our image is good.

Despite increasingly good relations with West Germany and many of our other Atlantic Allies, little has been done to increase NATO unity. The French breach has not been repaired and JFK felt the increasing desire in Western Europe for a greater say-so in NATO policy.

Though Asia remains a troublesome area, and SEATO is still devoid of any real unity, things have been looking up lately. In South Viet Nam the ambitious strategic hamlet program has paid handsome dividends; the war against the Communist Viet Cong is not going badly and may be expected to go better if the rift which the Diem regime made in the nation can be repaired.

The new state of Malaysia, which Kennedy fully backed, is likely to provide a stable, pro-Western base in Asia. In troubled Laos, Kennedy seemed to have made the best he could of an intolerable situation. India stands out as a bright spot in the late President's Asian policy. The huge nation appears closer to the West than ever before, primarily due to our help in its fierce border skirmish with China.

In the Middle East, our policy seems to have no firm guidelines, which perhaps reflects the flux of the nations in the region. Kennedy was as popular throughout the world as any President in our history. They knew him as the vigorous leader sincerely interested in world peace and in helping the world's less privileged.

Our stature throughout the world is higher because of him.

The Daily Tar Heel

70 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Long Ago And Far Away And Never Was

We have watched with some interest as CORE and the Philadelphia Mummers jostled over whether the Mummers could paint their faces black for their annual Philadelphia parade. CORE apparently decided that black-faced Mummers would be poking fun at Negroes and should be stopped by court injunction or a sit-in in the parade's path. Fortunately an injunction came first and sitting-in was not necessary, but the whole flap seems a little ludicrous to us. CORE has reacted like the state of Alabama when it violently objected to a children's book which depicted black and white bunny rabbits frolicking together.

We are not too sure that black and white bunny rabbits actually do play together, but we are sure that Negro minstrels and their music and jokes represent a very real part of the heritage of this country. We agree that this was during a period when the Negro had few if any rights, and that particular

part may be best forgotten, but we will deny that the whole period should be obliterated as if it never existed. It did exist, and its minstrel shows and music, its river boats and levee concerts, comprise a part of the Negro history which any race could accept without embarrassment.

The age is dead, and best dead, but let us not now say that it never existed. We might find ourselves with such new titles as "Old Mauve Joe", "The Negro of the Narcissus" and "Uncle O'Malley's Cabin."

We could then start bowdlerizing books which contain the word "nigger", but we would run the risk of arousing an angry white crowd objecting to white men being called S.O.B.'s and worse in books. Add that to SCHEISS' proposal to eliminate subversive books and you've pretty well cleaned out the library.

CORE has enough worthwhile work to do without going off into foolish tangents.

Your Hands May Be On The Switch

A petition is being circulated on campus requesting Gov. Sanford to commute the death sentence of a Winston-

Salem Negro man convicted of raping and killing an eight-year-old Negro girl. The petition is being circulated solely on the grounds of opposition to capital punishment. On those grounds it deserves our unanimous support.

Murder is never justified, not even when it is a murderer who is murdered by the state . . . meaning all of us who live in North Carolina.

Capital punishment has been shown in several lengthy, well-documented studies, to be no deterrent to criminals. It cannot be upheld on any grounds.

It should also be pointed out that the man has not yet had the full recourse of the courts since he lacks funds to appeal to the federal courts. His attorney believes an appeal is justified on the basis the prosecution introduced inflammatory evidence.

Unless you sign the petition, and unless it results in the prisoner's sentence to life imprisonment, your hand will be on the switch that seals this man's doom in the state's gas chamber.

One of the petitions is on the bulletin board on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Others are being circulated around the campus.

We invite you to join us in signing one of them.

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Goettingen Is Similar To Chapel Hill

By JOHN SHELBURNE

"Extra Goettingam non est vita" (roughly, "Outside Goettingen there is no life"), an old Latin motto on the ancient Ratskeller wall, well expresses the duality of Goet-

tingen, a university with as many worm-eaten traditions as Carolina, but with a counterbalancing central tradition of tradition-smashing, of revolution, of research on the deepest levels.

The University was founded before Carolina, in 1736, by the Elector of Hanover as the first "modern" university in Germany. Goettingen was born with a spirit of enlightenment and has remained dedicated to

reason. The library, the first to be systematically catalogued, has become the most comprehensive in West Germany. The "key word" cataloging, seemingly out dated, tends to subjects as recent as nuclear paramagnetic resonance and Gunter Grass.

Goettingen's history is one of protest. In the 18th century the "storm and stress" literary movement swept over the town with a force not seen since 1517. The movement attempted to free German literature and to oppose the prevailing political system. This tradition was continued against Napoleon, the suspension of the constitution in 1837 and up to the present; in 1957, eighteen professors protested against equipping the army with atomic weapons. Political advertisements are everywhere, even on the roadside. One in Goettingen reads, "A Thrice-Divided Germany? NEVER!"

But Goettingen's most important and most revolutionary contribution to the world is, for good or for evil, its scientific and mathematical endeavors, particularly in the area of atomic research. Goettingen developed into a sort of bomb hatchery. On a summer walk in the surrounding woods, a concept leading to thermonuclear fusion occurred to the Austrian physicist Fritz Houterman. His subsequent work, in cooperation with Atkinson, led ultimately to the hydrogen bomb.

Nevertheless, swordfighting continues in the growing fraternities and horseclatters clatter through narrow streets. The same songs are sung, and former student Bismarck continues to be praised in Thomas Wolfe-like fashion. But the old traditions are mostly on the surface and somewhat deceiving—beneath them the ideas which will shake the next century are being prepared.

Henry James Reviewed

By JANE ANDERSON

The Complete Tales of Henry James, edited by Leon Edel. New York, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1963. vols 5 and 6, \$5.95

Fifty years after his death in 1916 admiration for Henry James continues to gain momentum. Neglected and unappreciated at that time, Henry James is a master of style and character development. He especially excels in the short story and the nouvelle or short novel.

This year J. B. Lippincott Company is publishing "The Complete Tales of Henry James" in twelve volumes, edited by Leon Edel. With the issuing of these volumes Mr. Edel has brought together for the first time all 112 of James' stories, some published in book form for the first time in this edition.

As editor of these volumes Mr. Edel more firmly establishes his reputation as the foremost James expert in the country. This reputation is founded on almost twenty years of writing and editing James material. In 1953 he won the Pulitzer Prize for Biography

for the second and third volumes of his complete life of Henry James. Mr. Edel is a professor at New York University.

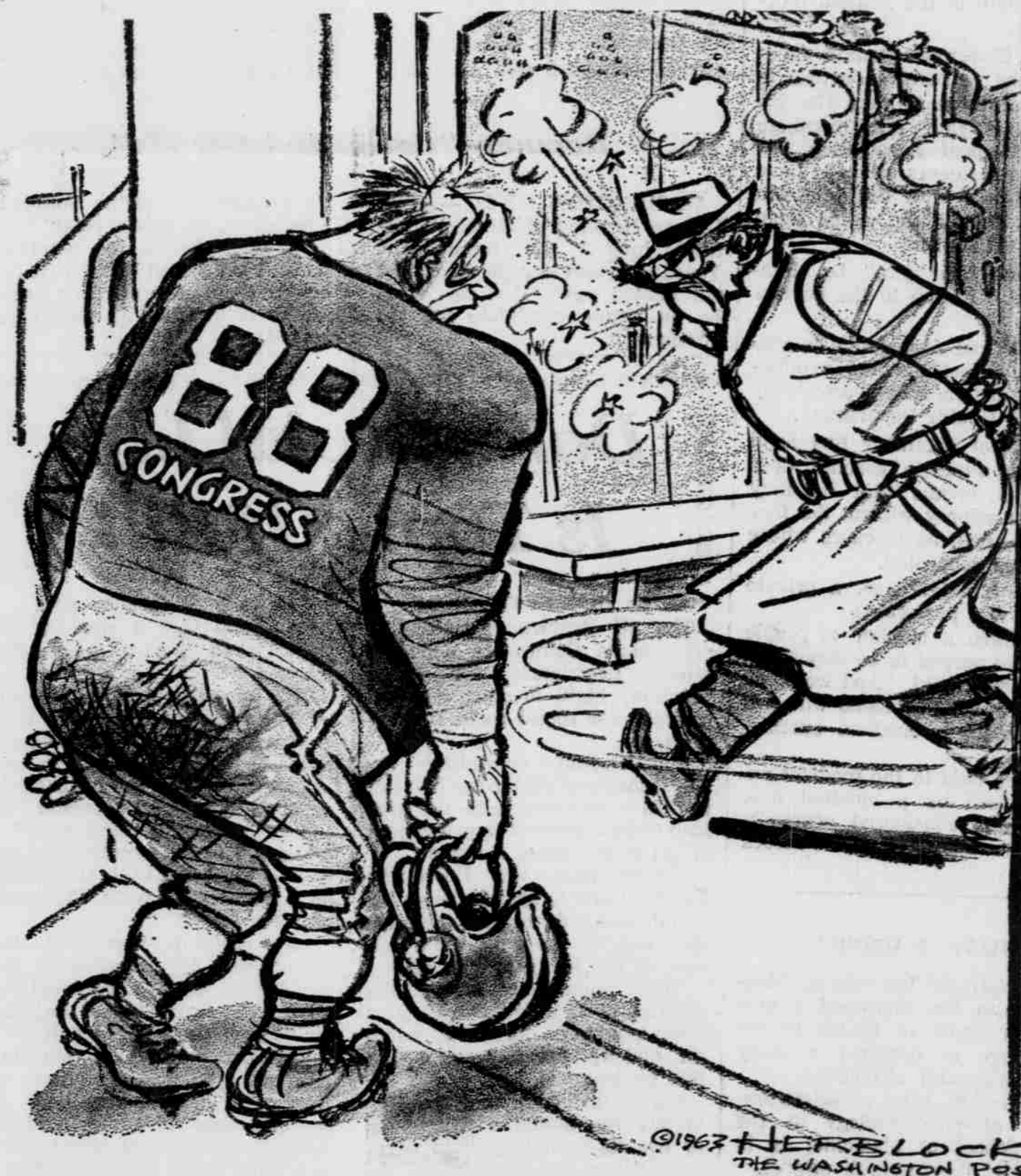
Volumes five and six of "The Complete Tales" have just been issued. In volume five Edel has assembled the five tales written in 1883 and 84. Two of these tales, "Lady Barberina" and "The Siege of London," as the last short tales of James' famous international theme: the experiences of an American in European culture. "The Siege" deals with an American divorcee who penetrates into fashionable London drawing rooms. Finding that the English laugh at her American characteristics she thinks herself a success and despairs because "if she had only come to London five years sooner, she might have married a duke."

For each of the volumes Mr. Edel has written an introduction worthy of his reputation. He marks the importance of each story in James' development of style and theme. Volume six includes seven stories, four of which were written in James' Italian phase.

Among these "The Aspern Papers" is a masterpiece of storytelling which is set in Venice. Edel says of it in the introduction, "The Aspern Papers" lives in the vividness of its detail and the measured tread of its narrative. There is not a false step in it. A superb sense of time prevails in each of its nine leisurely sections. We feel the unhurried passage of the Venetian spring; the narrator cultivates his roses and gazes at the shuttered rooms of the old ladies which guard their old mysteries; he waits and hopes for the moment when he will search for the Aspern papers. And we experience to the full the drama of his rising and declining hopes."

In the other six volumes we can continue to watch the development of James. This is a major publishing effort and indeed the most important editing of James since 1900 when James himself edited the "New York" edition of his works. Henry James has finally come to command an important and deserved place with other 20th Century great American writers.

At The Half



To The Editors:

Who's McInnis?

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Grammercy! Methinks Fuzzy Wuzzy McInnis hath been munching leeks by yon Carolina moon. I sat through no philosophy of religion course of Maurice Natanson's with Fuzzy Wuzzy (though I audited a graduate course of which FW was not a participant). Possibly FW was haunted by my ghost, which might have been lurking in the back of the room, "alienating less sophisticated types." Nor did I think of myself as sophisticated; the word evokes in my mind the thought of sophistry. There is considerable distinction between a "particular" man and a "pedicular" man, old sop.

Now, you are on the right Yellow Brick Road, FW, in roaring back at Citizen Robinson. But, gads, man, when arguing that he should improve his vocabulary and consider a remedial English course, you should not pontificate in language so fractured, with phrases dangling helplessly, pronouns that weep for lost antecedents, and a stumble-and-fumble logic that would send an 8th grade schoolmarm into apoplexy. (Before you pick splinters, a forked-log CAN be crippled by a stroke).

That's what you get for hanging around with YMCA-types for

four years, instead of reading Fowler and E. B. White.

Frank Crowther
Washington, D. C.

Integrated?

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Regarding the letter from the Misses Egenes and Wilson listing the still segregated establishments in Chapel Hill—I am grateful for the information supplied, but I suggest that they make a more thorough investigation before they include N. C. Memorial Hospital on that list. As an employee of the hospital, I think I know whereof I speak. While it may be true that one floor is nominally set aside for Negro patients, a walk down any corridor will reveal that there are Negro patients assigned to several other wards. A visit to the eating facilities and restrooms for patients, staff, and visitors will show that these are not segregated either. And neither are the waiting rooms or admitting office. Most important, I think, is that all patients are served equally by the same doctors, nurses, and technicians—and isn't it for these services that one goes to a hospital?

Mary Ann Long
Tar Heel Trailer Co.

Experimenter Visits Indian Holy Places And Shrines

(Ed's Note: This is the last in a series by a UNC participant in the Experiment in International Living. Miss Rhymes has been in the Orient since June.)

By MARGARET A. RHYMES
BANARES — Even the most unenthusiastic visitor of tombs and temples cannot fail to be moved by the religious treasures that abound in India.

Bhubaneswar alone — the cathedral city in India — harbors over 100 medieval temples from the era 700-1200 A.D. when Buddhism began its decline.

In some of these shrines, worship has been going on uninterrupted since the eighth or ninth century.

These temples capture in stone every human form and expression, from the most earthly to the most refined. Hinting at a religious revival of Hinduism, this magnificent architecture shows numerous figures of lions (Hinduism) stamping out the ele-

phants (Buddhism). One of the most exciting religious shrines in all of India is the Sun Temple at Konarak.

It stands in lonely splendor among the sand dunes of the seashore and the grandeur of this temple, now in ruins, still takes the visitor by surprise.

Built in the 13th century, the colossal structure is in the image of the mythical chariot of the sun rushing through the blue heavens. It was once in the midst of a flourishing port city on the Bay of Bengal, but the sea has since receded.

The chariot is driven by seven horses and seven rays of sun, representing the days of the week.

Intensely lovely are the flowing forms and shapes — the ultimate in exotic art—which gradually become more spiritual as the temple rises.

The Hindu idea is to circle round the chariot seven times to ob-

serve the more erotic sculpture at the base, to experience the physical pleasures and then, by the seventh lap, one has exhausted one's earthly desires and can climb higher into the spiritual realm.

Not far from these temples are 150 small caves dug into twin hills, once the habitat of Jain monks (those who will not harm any living thing, including insects).

Bats flit about inside these first century dwellings and huge ants travel over the exquisite sculptures and reliefs — an assimilation of Jain, Hindu and Buddhist cultures.

Just outside the caves, a scene greeted us — surely from a Biblical motion picture. A huge wall several hundred feet high was being built by stone, basket of dirt by basket. Men were breaking up the stones with primitive tools, while the women walked

gracefully up the incline balancing baskets of earth on their heads.

In Hyderabad, once a Moslem stronghold, there is besides the countless mosques and minarets a massive, stone fort that would far surpass any Hollywood production. It stretches more than six miles across, and once housed up to 15,000 civilians, including the king's 1000-member harem.

There's an efficient warning and acoustics system, perfumed air conditioning, spikes on all doors to prevent elephant attacks, and small holes over entrance ways through which hot lead or oil was once poured on the enemy.

Originally built as a Hindu fort, it was taken over by the Muslims from Turkey in the 14th century. It's a magnificent structure, where one can visualize the sternities and nobility pacing the stone vestibules, looking out over the walls, climbing the winding stair-

ways. On the subject of forts, the Red Fort in Delhi—a city where kingdoms rose and waned, that has been sacked and resacked—is not to be overlooked.

It conveys both the splendid strength and the delicacy of the Moghul architecture. Built by Shah Jahan, who also is credited with the Taj Mahal, the Red Fort was the scene of massacre for 30 British soldiers during the 1857 mutiny, the first step toward an independent India.

In Agra, the Taj Mahal itself shimmers like a queen against the background of hazy plains and a winding river. Twenty-two years in building, the Taj was designed to enshrine the mortal remains of Shah Jahan's wife, who died in giving birth to her fourteenth child.

Also in Agra are the ruins of Fatehpur Sikri, a new Muslim capital built by Shah Jahan's

grandfather. Within a circle of seven miles, this city in stone with its palaces and mosques was abandoned after only 14 years for lack of adequate water supply. It still stands today much in the condition that Akbar left it.

In Benares, the holy city of India and perhaps the oldest city of the world, one finds inspiration for Hindu and Buddhist alike on the banks of the sacred Ganges. A miasma of India's vast humanity moves through the twisting narrow passageways, wide enough only for rickshaws, humans, cows and camels, and reminiscent of the Middle East.

Sadhus (religious beggars) and merchants, artists and pilgrims, scholars and priests — all weave through the crowded bazaars to make their yearly pilgrimage.

The pilgrim's way winds 36 miles around the city through temples and shrines, each with

its own ritual and ceremony. Devotees swarm over the Benares ghats to pay homage by bathing in the Ganga before visiting the temples.

Lining the river banks are the sleep steps and numerous rest homes. The latter are partially financed by the government and free for the first three nights for the Hindu who must make his pilgrimages to Benares once in his lifetime.

Many also come to die here. There are widows' homes, dotted with the widows' white saris hung out to dry in the blazing sun, and the chants of women praying drift out to passing boats.

The small boats slide swiftly past the burning ghats, the city's main cremation grounds.

Bodies are burned in the open, the ashes are collected, sifted for gold and silver and then dumped. Taking a boat down the wide,

turbulent river in the dawn hours, one sees the city of Benares at its morning bath—against a striking backdrop of spires, domes into the river.

Small children under five and smallpox victims are merely tied to stones and submerged—giving basis to the tale of floating corpses in the Ganges.

The owner of the river-side crematorium is considerably well-off—financially. Socially, he is a harjari, an outcast, although the system has long been illegal. Since the fires handle up to 60 bodies a day, the rupees are many.

From the scores of temples and shrines that we have visited, the description of only these few must sound dry and dull to the reader. Just as one cannot convey the Taj Mahal in words alone, the architectural and sculptural monuments must truly be seen if one is to capture the "feel" of India.