

"This has been one helluva mock election!"

'Strangelove' Drops Bombs But Not Among Critics

"Dr. Strangelove," or "How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb," is a movie that has one big thing working for it. That is—it doesn't ever try to con you. It is based on an assumption that seems more and more likely: that at this peaceful point in time, all of us, governments, governors, and governors—we have all flipped out.

At Burlington Air Force Base, General Jack D. Ripper (Sterling Hayden) sends out the 34 bombers in his command on a war mission. He is persuaded that the Russians have been poisoning us—that they have been putting fluorides in our drinking water. RAF Group Captain Lionel Mandrake (Peter Sellers) tries to get Hayden to use his secret code and recall the planes. And in Washington, in the War Room, the assembled National Security Council, chaired by President Merkin Muffley (Sellers, again) must deal with the crisis; although General Buck Turgidson (George C. Scott), air chief of staff approves a first strike. In the background, at the council table, sits the hypnotic German scientist (Sellers, once again).

The bombers are recalled in time; all except one, and it completes its mission. But now, it would seem that the Russians have also relied on a secret automatic doomsday counter-weapon; and this secret, and therefore futile, deterrent is released. And to the tune of "We'll Meet Again, Don't Know Where, Don't Know When," the screen is then filled with billowy, cushiony, mushroomy clouds. And the earth has been destroyed.

Kubrick is obviously serious. "Strangelove" may be seen as political satire, but I would ask you to see it differently. Like the man says, it's about a strange love: that wildly, welcoming, happy thing we feel as we wing our way toward extinction; our exultation as we expire; in other words, deathwish. Therefore, the argument that "Strangelove" is misleading (that the people in charge of the bomb are really not like that; or that the film makes you worry when you really don't have to; or that if you must worry, you really shouldn't worry about what "Strangelove" makes you worry about) is not to the point. And as for the people who say that the bomb isn't anything to be funny about, and that blowing ourselves up is no laughing matter, maybe so, but did you ever see that very serious film called "On the Beach,"

and what did you think of that? There are three parts to the film, each of which is kept separate from the other. On the base with Hayden, Sellers, and Keenan Wynn; in the bomber with Major King Kong (Slim Pickens) and his crew; and in the War Room. The cross-cutting between the parts generates the momentum of the film. The action within each part is generally the same, in that the source of the action resides in a contrast of characters.

On the base: Sellers' dry Englishman is foil to Hayden who delivers his lines with crazy, quiet, low-pitched intensity. Wynn, as Colonel Bat Guano, blinking in the daylight, is foil to Sellers. The action is tight, and this part works the best.

In the bomber: the interior of the plane is a jewel box of batteries, wires, and knobs. The crew, underplaying, executes the destruction of a Siberian Missile Base calmly and economically. The unheroic manner of the crew contrasts with the mock heroism of the major, who, once committed to the mission, pursues it with sentimental madness. This part of the film is the least effective because the dynamic between the major and crew does not really come off. Anyway, the bomber has the bomb; and it is all actually the least bit uncomfortable.

In the War Room: this part is the strangest of all. Sellers' Muffley is a mildly ineffective President. His foil would seem to be Scott who is at the heart of things. Scott is erratic. He is a virile burlesque of a woolly general and I think something more should have been there at the center: something propulsive, not merely obfuscatory. It wasn't there. Finally there is Strangelove, Sellers is hypnotic, glittering, dynamic, and (despite a tie which becomes a Nazi salute) desperately controlled. There is apparently no foil for Strangelove, nor is he foil to anyone else. He sits alone; in a way, untouchable, unthinkable. He gathers speed slowly and then fires rocket after rocket, turning, twitching, twisting, out of reach and touch. The idea of Sellers confronting Sellers: mad Sellers, mild Sellers, mellow Sellers—of Sellers all over the place, is a very good one. It gives the absolutely proper ubiquitous touch to the whole business of blowing ourselves up.

I think you should see "Strangelove."

Longer Hair And Wigs Are Now 'In' For Men

By HENRY McINNIS

The power of human hair to influence thinking is really astonishing! There are the Beatles, that quartet of thatched Limeys; the "old" Elvis sideburns and ducktail; John L. Lewis' bushy brows knit into a frown; Marilyn Monroe, whose kind of blond beauty sent untold millions of females to their peroxide bottle; and John F. Kennedy, whose boyish disengagement brought glamor to politics. Yes, we live in an age when a person's looks can either lock or unlock the doors to glory.

The wig has come into fashion this season and we are told that no one need feel embarrassed to wear one. Even men now have the opportunity to improve their appearance with an acceptable and convincing hairpiece, and why shouldn't they?

Men have two strikes against them when it comes to the glories of hair. Nature gets them by passing down the poisonous genes of baldness while our society prevents the socially correct man from wearing his hair as he pleases as madame certainly wears hers as she will please. African lions can slouch around the jungle with flowing mane while their mates look deprived. A plumed peacock enjoying a veritable orgy of color while his mate looks on sheepishly from the wings. And speaking of sheep, it is not difficult to see where their value lies.

We are a hair-conscious nation from the word beach. It is really true, as Clairroll says, that blondes have more fun. It hardly looks like fun when you see the ordeal women go through in their quest for beauty. They torture and tease their hair until you can almost hear it screaming back for mercy. A good case could be made for the utter inconsequentiality of the whole business. Nothing is more annoying than to watch a young girl constantly preening in public, softly stroking her hair as if at any moment Disaster might befall her should the pompadour take a back seat to what is inside madame's head.

Let no one disparage women's shining glory. It is truly marvelous to see a beautiful head of hair, but we have blown the sig-

nificance of hair out of proportion. We judge a person's character far too much by his hair. A man feels that he has to repress an adventurous hairstyle because it is too individual. Hair screams almost always which the strands down to the scalp in the name of neatness while madame would have a fit if the same arbitrary attitudes were leveled at her. Yes, we men are a timid lot when it comes to how we wear our hair. Thank heaven for the Kennedys, who made the tousled look fashionable in the drab and dreary world of men's fashion.

Let's have more fun with our hair instead of wearing it like a badge or a uniform and let's also stop reading too many things into a person's hairstyle. It takes a lot more intelligence to judge a person by what's underneath that dome than a what's on top of it. Get the hint, ladies and gentlemen?

Leadership Should Always Be Seen

Editors, The Daily Tar Heel,

You students always talk about the great amount of responsibility you have. Well, I'll tell you one thing—some of your leaders are revolting in public. Just the other night I saw one of them parked in front of the bus station with his girl. I mean to tell you it was disgusting.

He had some chewing gum (youngsters shouldn't chew that stuff anyway) and every time he would kiss his girl he would transfer the gum to her mouth and vice versa. Finally they strung it between their mouths. It was awful. And to top it all off there was another boy in the back seat.

Student responsibility, humph.

Myrtle Montgomery
Route 1

COLUMNS WELCOME

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes any columns. They should be no more than 2 1/2 pages, neatly typed. See Editorial Page Editor, Pete Wales for further information.



Letters To The Editors

Honor, Nurse, A Friend

Statute Of Limits For Honor Code

Editors, The Tar Heel:

I would like to propose that a statute of limitations be enacted into our Honor and Campus Codes.

Imagine yourself five years from now. You are a junior executive and walk into your office one morning, and a letter is on your desk requesting that you appear before the Men's Honor Council at Carolina. Or suppose you are a senior and one of your classmates decides to present evidence that you cheated on a particular test your freshman year. Fellow students, consider yourself in this situation. Under our present Honor System, we don't have a statute of limitations and a student at Carolina is liable to be tried by a council at any time for any offense.

Such a system of government is contrary to our society, relative to state and Federal laws, and it seems to me that it is not in harmony with the rights of the accused as guaranteed in the Constitution. What validity is there in trying a person on charges which are several years old? Should we not consider the rights of the accused, who are frequently found innocent, or are we determined to punish the guilty at all costs?

It seems only fair to me that if a student is going to accuse a fellow student of cheating, stealing, lying, etc., that he should present his evidence to the proper authorities within a specified period of time. Under our present system, a student can withhold evidence as blackmail, or for any other purpose, for weeks, months, or years.

You may ask whether there have been cases where a statute of limitations would have been in effect. The answer is "yes." I refer to two cases in which the investigation was not even begun until at least four months after the alleged offense. Who knows, you may be the next case. I am thoroughly convinced that this matter needs serious consideration by our Student Government, Study Body and the Faculty. Surely Carolina students will admit that justice delayed is justice denied.

Ken Bryant
430 Avery

Patriotism Stirs Bynum-Parsons

Editors, The Tar Heel:

I feel it my patriotic duty to make it known that in Raleigh may be purchased a hand-crafted model of the presidential caisson and buried in the funeral of our late president. The model is composed of seven horses, the caisson, and a flag-draped coffin. There are six white horses drawing the bier and a solitary black gelding (assuming that the horse is as accurately done as the rest of the replica) with reversed black boots.

Although the horses are plastic and obviously not made by the modeller himself this detracts

nothing from the sentimental value of this memorial. The caisson is very carefully constructed of wood and brass. The obvious hand-craftsmanship lends an even greater sense of poignancy to an already very moving physical tribute.

The model is made by hand by a native workman in Willow Springs and may be ordered from a Raleigh variety store for a price of approximately \$25.

Richard Bynum-Parsons III
505 Ehringhaus

'News' Answers On Nathaniel

Editors, The Daily Tar Heel:

The Daily Tar Heel's solicitude for Mr. Nathaniel's dignity and for the truth about the Easter Sunday incident at Cone Hospital are commendable. I share both. But as one who bears considerable responsibility for the Daily News having printed the duty nurse's version of the incident, in a letter to the editor, I must offer a few comments on your editorial of April 12, "Making A Tragic Situation Worse."

First of all, to resolve a rather technical question, it is the policy of the Greensboro Daily News to afford space to all authentic letters that offend neither the libel laws nor a conception of decency which is necessarily a matter of editorial judgment. That policy applies not only to the expression of ideas, but to accounts of "facts" which may or may not accord with the observations of others and certainly do not always accord with our own. If, let us say, the editors of the Daily Tar Heel wrote a letter alleging that the Old Well had run dry or that Chancellor Aycock wears too many bowties, we would feel no editorial obligation to journey to Chapel Hill to test its veracity. Our assumption—which is usually borne out—is that errors of "fact" will shortly be countered by other letter-writers. Such "truth" as is to be found is rarely put to flight by letting the winds of doctrine blow from all directions.

The Daily Tar Heel is of the opinion, I gather, that the Daily News "erred" in printing the nurse's account, "inasmuch as the reader is entitled to know if he was deliberately misled by previous accounts of the incident." The Daily Tar Heel's assumptions, in bringing this indictment against us, argue both a gross underestimation of the frequently subjective nature of "fact" and a gross overestimation of the capacity of the Daily News to discover truth.

If the editors of the Daily Tar Heel have devised an infallible method of arbitrating between conflicting views of a disputed incident in which the "truth" is limited by fallible human observation, then I am certain that the world's historians and lawyers, not to speak of its reporters and editors, would like to know of it.

Lacking that infallible method, I would make one observation merely for the sake of logic-chopping. If one were taking a

Martian's view of the conflicting testimony regarding the Cone Hospital incident—that is to say, one from which all human emotions were expunged—he could quite reasonably credit the nurse's testimony over Mr. Nathaniel's. For if Mr. Nathaniel were seriously injured by the errant cricket ball—perhaps even suffering from mild shock—he would be less likely to recall the exact train of events than a training nurse, presumably accustomed to the sight of gore and injury. And if he were not seriously injured, that in itself would tend to sustain the nurse's decision to adhere to a hospital policy which we all abhor.

Of course I am far from saying whose account is correct, or indeed from saying that either account is capable of being strictly correct. My own observation of the power of human observation in the most placid of times, not to speak of times of duress, suggests that there may be no ascertainable "truth" about the incident. And it is all rather beside the point, anyway, since we all agree that it is an aberration of both human and medical ethics that parcels out first aid on the basis of race or color or creed.

The Daily News receives thousands of letters every year. If its editors set out to verify each one we would have little time to dought else. And I must observe that I doubt, having once sat upon the august editorial throne in Graham Memorial while pursuing a full-time academic load, that the Daily Tar Heel is quite so scrupulous about conflicting testimony as it would like the Daily News to be.

Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.
Editorial Writer

The Greensboro Daily News (Editor's Note: Ed Yoder was co-editor of the Daily Tar Heel in 1955-56. The incident referred to occurred three weeks ago in Greensboro when Dennis Nathaniel, a UNC graduate student from India, was refused treatment for a broken nose at the Moses H. Cone Hospital in Greensboro. He was sent to a Negro hospital.)

We Are Unable To Believe It

Editors, Daily Tar Heel:

I've been taking the DTH since February and want you to know what a good paper I think it is and how much I'm enjoying it! Keep up the good work.

Eleanor T. Gustafson
Hampton, Va.

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel invites comments on current topics from its readers regardless of viewpoint. All letters to the editors should be typewritten, double-spaced and of reasonable length. All letters must be signed, with the address of the author. No letter considered libelous or in poor taste will be printed.

The Daily Tar Heel

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A Mock Convention Takes Itself Seriously

Back in October, when Kriss Waterman and David Sheps first told us of the Mock Convention, we were impressed. They started planning the Big Show in September, and last week were quite confident as to its success.

And now it is in total chaos.

We didn't attend Friday night's session, so we have had to rely on others to fill us in on the details. And as far as we can see, we know just about as much now as we did a week ago.

The freedom of thought that reigns at Carolina (Speaker Ban notwithstanding) gives rise to many factions, and all seem to have met in Woollen Gym during the past few days. The Steering Committee of the Convention, headed by Miss Waterman and Sheps, has bent over backwards to make this affair completely bi-partisan, and many took advantage of them.

The GOP walkout is by no means the only bit of fishiness involved. The selection of Chairman Buddy Schiff is also a bit suspect, although we are sure Schiff has had only good intentions throughout the procedure.

The handling of the delegation from Carr Hall, a Democrat stronghold, was very suspicious.

And the statements of just about everybody involved were so opposite that we have no idea who is right.

A partisan convention such as this breeds partisan thoughts. In the heat of the moment, there are only two sides—Democrat or Republican—no matter whether your Democrat is Sam Ervin or Bobby Kennedy, or your Republican is Jacob Javits or Barry Goldwater. The

great part of the convention, we suspect, was of conservative bent, yet after the GOP walkout had weakened that voting power a Civil Rights Bill including Public Accommodations and FEPC sections was passed. It certainly would have failed otherwise.

The turnabout made by Charles Hooks last night in attempting to negotiate with the Democrats in an effort to save the convention may have succeeded. We earnestly hope so, for the sake of the campus as well as those who put in many long hours in order to hold the event.

But the die is cast, and there is no telling what may happen in similar situations in the future.

We have heard the expression, "The only thing wrong with that man is that he takes himself seriously." This may be the case here. Instead of making the Mock Convention an experience which all can enjoy and from which all can benefit, it has been turned into a power struggle for the sole purpose of vanity.

It does not matter if the delegates to the convention nominate Johnson, or Lodge or Goldwater or even Ross Barnett. It will make no difference two days from now, and certainly will make no difference a year from now.

But it does make a difference to the 450 students not in the power elite who sat through the thing and have little to show for it, other than having seen petty people do petty things in a petty manner.

Perhaps we can all learn a lesson from the events of the past few days.

Actors Needed For A Really Big Show

The stage is set, the spotlights have been turned on, and in the Graham Memorial wings four new directors wait anxiously for the old crew to clear the stage so that the new production of Student Government 1964 may begin. As always, the production is scheduled to run for one year, to create some fanfare and some dissent, but mostly to turn campaign promises and ideas into action. The new directors, who are sad to admit, may be faced with disappointment. The actors seem to be on strike.

The situation is not new. For years, a big audience (including an unusually large number of critics) has been on hand to view SG's production. Most of them have been more than content to settle comfortably in their seats and watch the show, doing little more than occasionally hurling a verbal tomato or two. The problem is that the same persons who compose the audience are

often asked to leave their seats and join in the show, and they are terribly reluctant.

We will be among the first to admit the show has sometimes left a lot to be desired, but the many occasions when it has received rave reviews have chiefly resulted from the willingness of former spectators to leave their seats and turn in Oscar-winning performances—even in bit parts. Next week, all of us will have an opportunity to sign up for next year's cast. We can't all be directors, but we can try out for a role. If you have frequently found yourself to be a critical member of the audience in the past, give serious thought to joining the troupe. You are likely to find that there IS something to Student Government, that there ARE people on this campus other than those next door, and that you CAN help. Besides, the show will be better, too.

Nagging Headaches Of Discrimination

By HARRY GOLDEN

In The Carolina Israelite

The biggest headache the news room, the publisher's office, and the copy desk suffers on a Southern newspaper is when, through some misadventure or negligence an obituary notice refers to

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a white man as a Negro.

Some of the papers used to hire a special copy reader, usually an elderly gent who had done his bit on the other beats, and before he retired spent a few years going through the bull dog edition deleting the word "Mister" if it appeared before the name of a Negro, making sure that no names of a Negro and a white appeared on the same line unless both were involved in the commission of a crime, and checking the color and ancestry of everyone who died yesterday.

They still exercise this great care up in Newport News, one of the birthplaces of our country. They have lots of trouble these days with the teenage page.

Recently, the first Negro admitted to the previously all-white school was elected Treasurer of his class. The reporter was duly concerned about the story. Following the rules, she would have to write "Jimmy Brown, Negro, was elected Treasurer of the 8th grade." So this reporter took the easy way out. She reported, "Jimmy Brown, brown, was elected Treasurer of the 8th grade."

In the first hour, there were 99 protesting phone calls.