

'Facets' Reborn—Perhaps

University Student Publications Board
Recommends a Student Magazine to Fill Gap

On May 18, 1961, the last student literary publication to appear on this campus ended what had been a major controversy. "Facets" went out in grand style with an editorial by Sue Hunter and Marg Langes decrying the fact that one story concerning homosexuality, which they wanted to publish, was "censored" by the Student Publications Board.

Since earlier in that year when "Look Everywhere in Anger," a short story in "Facets," was dragged over the coals by the Oregon State Legislature, what to do with the student magazine had been debated. "Pace," a non-fiction supplement, has since appeared in the Emerald, but after the death of "Facets," no editor has attempted to publish a literary magazine or supplement with the Emerald.

There are many reasons why such a publication should not be a part of the Emerald, primarily, that literary work is not in the sphere of a newspaper. The editors are not trained along literary lines, and they have enough to do to publish a newspaper every day. Also, because the Emerald is distributed to high schools and is widely read throughout the state, the subject matter which could be treated in a literary supplement would be limited.

The Northwest Review was originally conceived as a partial outlet for student writing. It has developed into a superior publication, publishing faculty works and articles by outside writers, thereby justifiably limiting the student work that can be accepted.

This has left a wide gap. The good student writer of fiction no longer has any place to publish. In a liberal arts university with a strong writing school, this is a sorry situation.

To fill this gap, the Student Publications Board recently passed a motion which would set up a student magazine of fiction and non-fiction to come out twice a year. It would be from 24 to 32 pages in size, and would cost approximately \$500 an issue. The editor would be appointed by the Publications Board after petitioning, and he would select his own staff. There would be a faculty advisor, but the magazine would be student-oriented and student-produced. There would be no advertising, and it would be distributed free to students.

The board completed a thorough study before making the recommendation, and there were misgivings about the availability of good student manuscripts and good

candidates for editor. There was also a question of whether the campus would accept such a publication.

The board finally decided that the best way to determine the possibility of putting out a good student magazine would be to try to do so. We believe there is a good deal of merit in this decision.

The Student Union and Educational Activities Budget Board must appropriate funds, however, if the magazine is to get off the ground. In certain infrequent circumstances the money could be found in the Publications Board budget. This year, however, the Oregon has sold under its budgeted sales, and money is not available for another publication.

We hope that the Budget Board can see its way clear to appropriate funds for such a publication this year. When the board meets the last week of this month, it should consider all possible alternatives for financing it this year. If the money is not to be found, the Budget Board should make definite plans now to include a student magazine in the publications budget next year.

Pumpkin Leaves

For the most part the Physical Plant does a fine job keeping up the campus shrubbery and lawns. But sometimes it misses a little here and there, and the women of Tingle Hall think that it has missed a whole lot—like their front yard.

Tingle has had the campus' only mud flat for two years because construction of other dormitories around the hall would have torn up grass and because cement walks had to be laid in part of the lawn area.

But now that the buildings around Tingle have been finished and now that all the possible combinations of walks have been put in, the Tingle belles want to see something green in the front yard.

Some of the residents have threatened to plant pumpkin seeds or strawberry vines, and others want to go all the way for real grass.

In the hopes of placating the ladies for a while longer, Wilbur Weed, Physical Plant supervisor, has announced that a lawn will be planted when the weather is right, which should be after March 15.

The grass will no doubt be a welcome sight to all who live in or pass by Tingle Hall. On the other hand, pumpkin leaves would be interesting, too.



"SUCK IN THAT GUT!"

Letters to the Editor

Sing Along

Emerald Editor:

I sing the praises of higher education. Out of the mindless mass of America I come, well-schooled in the hot rod, in rock and roll, the street corner gang and the drive-in movie. I come to learn; I attend the university of the mind, enclosed in the skulls of my professors, and I am amazed, after the poverty of high school, at the wealth I find.

I read the newspapers of history: a proletarian revolt in 133 B.C., a coup d'etat in 48 B.C., a cold war between a church and an empire. I sit in lecture and I watch the unskilled Roman sailors, on their way to Carthage, clinging to the shrouds as their Greek-made ships are tortured by the tossing seas, and I see the flickering campfires of the silent Spartans, who sit huddled under their cloaks in the pass at Thermopylae, waiting for morning and death at the hands of the surrounding Persians.

I sit in another lecture and I watch with awe an unbelievable film. The nucleus of a single cell. The chromosomes—visible, coiled fingers—shift and move, perform a biological minuet: forward—meet—bow; separate—retreat to the poles—and the cell divides. I am watching growth on the screen, actually filmed by an actual camera; made visible to the mortal eye.

I am told to read Dickens, dead almost a hundred years, who will surely be dry and tasteless, and I find: "We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night, like discharges of cannon or breakings of a sea. When the rain came with and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my

eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten lighthouse. Occasionally, the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I set the doors open and looked down the staircase, the staircase lamps were blown out; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows (opening them ever so little was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain) I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain."

Not so tasteless, this boy.

I sing of higher education. I sing of green grass and brick buildings and clean streets and beautiful trees—a refuge from the blinking, jarring neon, the candy and gum wrappers, and the used car lots. I sing of books, thousands of books, filled with the accumulated knowledge of the world, waiting for me. I sing of teachers, excited by their subjects, instilling that excitement in me. I sing of museums, paintings, sculpture, music drama, academic retreats, kaffeeklatches, meetings of the minds between Europeans and Americans, between Orientals and Arabs; I sing of friendship in a hostile world. Come, my friends, and sing with me.

David L. Williams
Sophomore,
Foreign Languages

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Letters to the Editor

About The 'O'

Emerald Editor:

You deserve some sort of shrug-of-the-shoulder compliment on your editorial of Wednesday, Jan. 9, "The Stealing of the 'O'." When you write, "Maybe another 'O' should be put up there (on the Butte), but it would probably just get painted orange and black," you showed good insight.

In 20 years I have seen the "O" destroyed and restored and re-destroyed and re-restored more than a number of times. I see no real point now for a re-re-restoration.

Anyhow, as you indicate, the "O" isn't in a good place in the first place, and every high school and college seems to have one.

I've only seen one of these letters on campuses that has made much sense to me. That's the magnificent "M" atop a mountain in Missoula, Mont. You can begin seeing this a

dozen or so miles away as you drive into the city—and from a plane it must be visible for greater distances than that. Missoula is a good 3100 feet high and the mountain rises another 3000 feet in a sheer wall behind the Montana State University campus.

Montana's "M" has a geographical advantage that Oregon's "O" never had. It's in no danger from vandals and it has a scenic beauty that the "O" didn't—and, as you said, "there is a good view from where the 'O' was, as well as a parking area."

Warren C. Price,
Professor of
Journalism.

Not Fooled

Emerald Editor:

The anguished bleats of persecution appearing lately, concerning proposed cuts in the Budget for Higher Education, are most amusing. As a firm

believer in the importance of education, far be it for me to say, "I told you so," but—you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

It must be quite a shock to the ultra-liberals among us to realize that "the worm has turned." Perhaps they would have it otherwise, but it is still traditional in the United States that those who help to support education have the right to evaluate its results. I am sure that many citizens in Oregon agree with Governor Hatfield's statement that such things as the Gus Hall "incident" have marred Education's public image. Many of those who so strongly encouraged such misadventures are now lashing about wildly in an attempt to absolve themselves of any blame.

The unfortunate ones in this matter are the large numbers of conservative students, who may have to pay for the self-preten-

tious fallacies of the extreme liberalist minority among us. These conservative students have been repeatedly belabored as "apathetic," because they refuse to fall in line with the policies and practices of these self-proclaimed spokesmen of student opinion.

Evans, in his recent book, "Revolt on the Campus," documents the surging wave of conservative student leadership and organization that is sweeping the campuses of our Nation. The one-sided monopoly that the liberal minority has enjoyed for over 30 years is fast crumbling. In its stead is arising a true climate for "freedom of expression." I predict that the "apathetic" students of our University will join this revolt, and win back the esteem and support that it should deserve from the people of this State.

Harry O. Pearson,
Graduate Student,
Biology.