

ABC Stores

Today townspeople, a few students, and many people in the county will vote on whether the county will have ABC stores during the coming year.

They have the opportunity to bring Chapel Hill a new source of revenue, which currently is being applied to the pockets of other counties in the state.

They have a chance of assuming a more natural attitude toward alcohol than they have before, for alcohol taken in moderation is not necessarily unhealthy, while drunkenness may surely be. However, to keep temptation 12 miles away is not to eliminate it, and surely will not build strong individuals capable of overcoming temptation. The issue must be faced here.

Furthermore, it is the individual's right to drink — as much as it is the individual's right to say no, and neither viewpoint should be forced upon the other, because this would truly be in violation of an individual's free choice in a democracy. A person who does not want to drink, does not have to, but to prohibit someone else is something else again.

The citizens of Orange County will have a chance to be honest to themselves and consistent with individual freedom in the referendum today. The right choice is to vote wet. Under legal control, alcohol is a lot better than under a prohibitive system with no control.

Registration

Some people have questioned the editor and Student Body President Don Furtado about their motives in trying to get students the right to vote in Chapel Hill on the grounds that both the editor and Furtado were just trying to get legalized liquor in Chapel Hill.

While it may be true that both are in favor of legalized liquor in Chapel Hill, if one thinks back about six months to the Great Parking Crisis of spring 1958, one can see the need for a student voice in town affairs.

Many townspeople have objected on the grounds that students know very little about school consolidation issues and the like, but the same issue come up in the towns that students originated from, and the student has little or no knowledge of the issue there as compared to their knowledge of the local issue.

The right to vote is being denied by the peculiar transient status of the student and the local attitude of election boards here and in other parts of the country. It is an issue in itself, separate and apart from consideration of ABC stores. It is the right to vote issue that is important, the other is secondary.

Levy Bill

Harry Ashmore pointed out quite rightly that the Levy (nee telegram) letter bill would have no great impact on the segregation crisis in Arkansas. Indeed, if any of the sponsors of the bill thought it would, they were sadly mistaken.

At best the letter to Governor Faubus would add another voice of reason to try to douse the heat of politically stirred emotionalism, that the Governor has created in that state.

And yet, the passage of the bill is important, for it is a southern group that is passing the bill. It is a southern student leadership that is saying that education is the primary issue, and that massive resistance is wrong. It is a southern group that is taking the initiative and telling the people of North Carolina that they stand for law and order and are opposed to deprivation of education for anybody to attain political ends. This is the significance of the Levy bill.

As it stands, it must be modified, in that the situation has so changed in Virginia as to make it superfluous to send the letter to Governor Almond. Perhaps it would be wise to send a letter to Mr. or Hartsfield of Atlanta in praise of his courageous stand. It is nice if you can praise a southerner's attitude on the question, and perhaps it will cast the Faubus bill in its proper perspective.

Phones

It is amazing that people of college age can not find more enlightening toys to play with than dormitory telephones, for their efforts in ripping out phones in many dorms, which may have caused these, the infirm in mind, much joy, but has caused the students all over the campus endless trouble.

The phone system in Chapel Hill may be and is poor, and yet this is not the way to take out grievances about the inability to get an operator, information, a dial tone, the right number, or the wire that you have crossed with another line uncrossed. Indeed, this only jeopardizes future chances for improvement, and leaves a large number of students without phones at times when they may have to be reached in an emergency.

Despite the vandalism, the phones should be replaced, but dormitory officers should be vigilant so that those who are doing the damage will be apprehended. Fun is fun, but ripping telephones out of their hinges isn't.

The End Of Exams

P. W. Carlton

We'd been rushing around for a week, cramming and frying our brains, trying to learn what we should have studied weeks before. Tension began to pile up, nerves grew raw. Sanka and L and M did a booming business, while No Doze stock soared. Signs appeared on many doors, some blasphemously denying visitors entrance, others pleading pathetically for silence. Shadows appeared beneath eyes, which in turn became bloody, but for once these phenomena were caused by reading rather than by a superfluity of liquid refreshment coupled with early hours.

As the period of "fear and trembling" progressed, men cracked under the strain, giving way to fits of depression, some drowning their sorrows in alcohol, some retreating into shells of despair. Each day wore more and more tension permeating the atmosphere. Roommates conversed in quiet tones, their nervous laughter and frightened eyes conveying awareness of the taut situation. Silence became the rule rather than the exception in the dimly lit dormitories.

By the fourth day of exams the signs of mental exhaustion made themselves manifest in conversation. A certain "lightness" pervaded all. Men spoke of wild and whirling things, like running through the arboretum stark naked and dancing nude beneath the trees therein. There was talk of soaring from the dormitory roof and flying away into the night in search of adventure. Long and serious discussions took place concerning the aerodynamics involved in such a venture. Finally the poor souls succumbed to academic fatigue and began to sit for hours staring at walls or out windows. Obviously, the critical point had been reached. Something had to give.

And then it rained. From the dark sky fell cooling drops sparkling and dancing on the rooftops, sliding over window panes, plopping on the sills in an amiable fashion. The timeless music of the rainfall started in the tin gutters of the roof, calming strained nerves and salving inflamed emotions. All over the building students left their desks and were drawn to the windows, where they stood watching silently. One could see the hard lines of their faces relax as the raindrops splattered impishly upon their clothing and upturned faces.

The rain is a friendly entity, brings peace and quiet joy with it. No one can explain the reason for its effect on man but it is easily seen. It brings life and makes people pause to reflect upon basic things and put off for a moment the mundane cares of day to day existence. It regenerates the weary soul, lending an aura of beauty to the dusty counterpane of physical experience.

Khrushchev's Speech: Nothing Radically New

"The Soviet people will learn to consume more sweets and less bitters." The slogans that politicians throw off can be more revealing than grave statements of policy. The first of these slogans, Mr. Macmillan's, uses the past tense; the other, Mr. Khrushchev's, uses the future tense. Setting aside for the moment the differences between Britain and the Soviet Union as industrial societies, we may say that over vast areas of the world people are eager to be addressed in the future tense. That is, Mr. Khrushchev's strength, and he makes the most of it. Whatever struggles may have gone on in the inner rooms of the Kremlin, he emerges before the world as the man with a song in his heart — and the song tells of riches, ease, and peace to be achieved if peo-

ple follow his confident directions. Brandishing in one hand a sputnik, in the other a sheaf of corn (or is it maize?), he expects millions to join the Communist cause when they see its material success. Who shall say that he is mistaken? In the Soviet Union he has defeated his opponents — the "anti-party group" — now branded once again as "despicable" and, worse still, wrong — partly by the methods of the war boss but also by standing out as the leader who promised the most glittering prizes and improvised the speediest means of attaining them. Communism in his hands is almost emptied of all ideological content other than this song of plenty to come — but it is the song the people want to hear, in Asia and Africa as well as in home. The rest of us ought to

heed the warning. Not only have we to convince the poor countries that our way to plenty is at least as good as the Communists' violent methods. We should also compare our own performance with that which Mr. Khrushchev hymns in advance. How many science graduates shall we have in 1965? And how many tens of thousands of miles of Soviet railways will have been electrified by the time the current flows from Manchester to Crewe or Euston?

Of itself, however, Mr. Khrushchev's song ought not to grate in our ears. If the Soviet Union can achieve the economic benefits which he holds out, so much the better for everybody. They will mean a better life for hard-used people. At the same time it will add to the world's wealth. So "Good appetite, comrades" is, as a battle cry, safer for mankind at large than world revolution. How closely Soviet performance will match Mr. Khrushchev's promises is another matter. One of his promises seems already to have been modified. To judge from first reports of his long speech, he has stopped saying (as he did when the seven-year plan was launched) that Russia would overtake the capitalist countries in output per head by 1970. The aim is still there, but the date (it seems) has been put back. For the rest the targets are those given in the plan. Most of them still seem respectable and realistic enough — but Mr. Khrushchev is still bent on making a genuine and solid increase in production sound more extraordinary than, on his own figures, it will be. In spite of his disclaimer the planned rate of increase has gone down — to a figure which, if it is achieved, will have the merit of being about as high as the real, and more sensible than the projected, figure under the last plan. We may perhaps detect in Mr. Khrushchev's speech a stronger inducement than he has held out before to the many people in Russia who hanker after an easier life and more consumer goods — though we may wonder whether the high target for agriculture will be met and many note that Mr. Khrushchev is cagey about the time when the severe housing shortage will be relieved to the point of allowing every Soviet family its own front door.

On this as on other matters Mr. Khrushchev presents us with a kind of double image. There is the jolly cherub who empties from his cornucopia a mixture of boiled sweets (so much healthier than vodka) and space rockets (so much better than nuclear weapons), casting over them a glow of millennial expectation. And there is the

rough-and-ready politician who has just knocked together the heads of "anti-party" rivals and planned the latest infiltration into the Middle East. The affair of the "anti-party group" continues to rumble in the background, and a delicate seismograph might perhaps pick up from Tuesday's speech a small reference to the yet more arcane dispute over the priority to be given to industry or agriculture. On international affairs Mr. Khrushchev's comments scarcely depart from what is now routine, except in his new proposal of an "atom-

free" zone in the Pacific and in his admission of marginal differences from China. On all these matters the congress, or its sequel, may cast a light less anyone than that beamed forth from Mr. Khrushchev on Tuesday. But for the moment the stance we see him in is the jaunty one appropriate to a man who, if he had attended an American university (one of those Texas agricultural colleges, say), would certainly have been voted by his classmates "most likely to succeed." — *The Manchester Guardian*

Notes In Review

Arthur Lessing

It seems there are still people in the world who consider Baroque music performed by Baroque instruments a delicate treat to be digested with proper esoteric taste and academic frame of mind. These people gasp at the subtleties of the harpsichord, gape at the recorder, and gurgle with delight at the sight of an honest-to-goodness viola da gamba. Unfortunately I am not one of these people, as I like to consider my music as music where ever it comes from, whenever it was composed, and however it is reproduced. And with such an attitude, the sounds of the harpsichord, recorder, and viola da gamba quickly lost their charm for me during the Petites Musicales Concert in Gerrard Hall last Sunday evening.

Mr. Francis Hooper, Mr. Efrim Fruchtmann, and Mr. Wilton Mason pooled their efforts to devote an entire evening to such Baroque composers as Telemann, Cimarosa, and Handel. The first five minutes of a concert of this kind are always interesting. The harpsichord sounds quaint, delicate, even delicious. But as soon as the novelty wears off, and it does rather quickly for me I am afraid, nothing is left but the artist's persistence that what he is playing is frightfully interesting and my conviction that it is time we consider his instrument a thing of the past. As it was, Mr. Hooper's playing struck me as downright boring throughout the first two selections, a Fantasy of Telemann and a Suite of Purcell, so actually even the composers' compositional gems remained unassuming and unpretentious — making it impossible to really say anything significant about either performer or composer.

The Handel Sonata that followed, aided with a gamba continuo, is one of the better-known works the composer wrote for the flute. As it came across, it has lost all its robust flavor, dramatic musical import, and plodded childishly to its end. I was glad to see Mr. Hooper return to the harpsichord after the intermission; at least he seems at home there on the recorder he sounded like a Boy Scout playing the National Anthem on his home-made whistle.

The Suite No. XI in D Minor of Handel received the most authoritative performance of the evening. Mr. Hooper played it with character and strongly pronounced rhythms that made the piece a lively and, all in all, delightful affair. Especially the last two movements of the work are clearly defined in expression; the composer seems to be able to get out of his peculiar bad habit that I find so irritating, namely, a kind of indecisive musical progression that wanders contrapuntally but does not quite achieve anything. Mr. Hooper's performance did full justice to these two movements in solving Handel's dilemma.

I am frankly at a loss who to blame for the trivia of the following work. Kary Friedrich Abel's Sonata in E minor for viola da gamba and harpsichord. Was it Fruchtmann's uncomfortably petite performance, the irritating nasal sounds of his instrument, or the composer's inconsequential musical material?

Cimarosa's music and a Sonata of Jose Joaquim Dos Sanctos filled the rest of the program. For those, as I said, who love the quaintness of a concert of, to say the least, music with distinct limits of expression, played on instruments that have gone below effeminacy in power, performed by musicians whose academic training has gotten the better of their artistic taste for them the evening was a distinct joy.

As for me, I was left as cold as a fish in need for some fresh water and invigorating air.

"What Do You Mean, 'Where's The Space Ship?' You Trying To Spoil A Good Story?"



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Postscript

Jonathan Yardley

"Playhouse 90" and Ronald Rose have made much more valuable contributions to television drama than last Thursday's "A Quiet Game of Cards," an interesting but only spasmodically meaningful play about the urge to kill and a number of other rather haphazardly arranged ideas. Excellent performances by Barry Sullivan and William Bendix, two of the industry's most consistent meat and potatoes actors, helped build the play to a climax that turned out to be quite anti-climatic.

The plot was a rather clever one: five men have been playing poker together every Tuesday night for a couple of decades and during that period have consistently raised both their incomes and the stakes. On the particular night on which the show begins they suddenly realize that the game of poker and the small stakes have become extremely monotonous, so they decide to do something more exciting. They choose murder, but a murder which will prove beneficial to society. During the next week each man is to decide upon some person who is so evil that his death will prove a blessing to society. When they convene, however, the final choice is a blank slip of paper in the hat, placed there by Al (Played by Barry Sullivan).

It is at this point that the play assumes its most challenging and interesting moments, for Sullivan's contention is that it would be more beneficial to mankind to murder a genuinely good man than to kill a bad one, for there is always another equally bad one to rise in his place and consequently the world is not rid of an evil but of a man. Therefore he suggests that to murder a good man, and to place the blame for his murder on an element in society which needs correction, on the theory that a cruel and senseless murder would arouse the intense agitation needed for such a task. The man agreed upon is a Dr. Carmichael, a great educator who left his post at the State University to become the principal of the toughest vocational high school in the state. This move had been widely hailed as one of the most courageous and honest attempts to fight juvenile delinquency. His murder, they felt, when accomplished in such a way as to make the "Jupiters," the largest gang in the school, seem guilty, would bring a great deal of public attention to the pressing problem of juvenile delinquency.

The plans for the murder are quickly agreed upon. A plan of the school is obtained and the time, a Wednesday night after a symposium which Carmichael holds for educators of the area, is decided upon. They play five card stud for the various jobs which must be done. One is to do the actual murder, one is to go with him, one obtains a switch blade knife, one goes into the school early and opens the side door, and one does nothing. Sullivan, of course, draws high and is chosen killer, and William Bendix, as Len, goes with him after the play-er who had drawn second high realizes that he is afraid.

It is at this point that one of the essential points of the play is made, that these men, mainly Sullivan and Bendix, are really more interested in the actual physical and emotional fact of the murder itself than in its supposed purpose. Their rationalizations for the murder, despite the arguments of their friends, are frenzied and almost mad. They say that they wish to change "the flow of history," and when told that sooner or later it is going to right itself anyway they reply that they are getting to old, and want to see it themselves. They wish to hurry the flow of history.

On the night of the murder everything goes smoothly. The door is opened with no trouble, and the two murderers depart on schedule and arrive on schedule. One of the three left behind, however, editor of the city's leading newspaper, suddenly realizes the complete criminality of what they are trying to do and rushes to the school. He beats Sullivan and Bendix and finds Carmichael in his office. He hurries him out, saying he ought to be in bed and asking for an interview while they leave. In the hall, however, they encounter the murderers. They are introduced, and when Carmichael bends down to pick up something Sullivan raises the knife high above his head and is about to plunge it into Carmichael's back. He cannot do it. Suddenly Carmichael hears a noise, and goes into the storeroom, where he finds three juveniles wrecking everything in sight. As soon as they see him one grabs his arms and another, in the hurry of the moment, knifes the great man to death. As they leave we see, written on the wall, the words: "The Jupiters were here." The three men find the body and, as they stand amazed, Bendix looks up and asks questioningly: "The flow of history?" Fades out and into commercial. The end.

Obviously, the end is a superficial cliché, a disappointing finale to what had been a rather provocative ninety minutes (give or take fifteen for too many commercials and station breaks). However, things were said which bear thought, there was an excellent script, and the acting was good. Man cannot purposely change the flow of history; it flows of its own accord. The Jupiters killed the man because they were the ones who had to kill him. The outsiders, conscientious or not could not impose their own actions upon the actions and the fate of others. There is also a certain amount of implied irony at the end which is interesting: if they had not opened the door the boys never would have entered in all probability and the men, being the last people in the building and possessing the switch blade knife, may be accused of the murder. History may have backfired.

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