

# The Daily Tar Heel

Second Class Postage Paid at Chapel Hill, N. C.

## Fine Arts: A Welcome Return

Tuesday's opening of "Encounter: Arts and the University" has been awaited on campus for several months with great enthusiasm and expectation — and rightly so. The Fine Arts Festival, as it is more generally known, promises to bring another outstanding forum to Chapel Hill in the tradition of the Carolina Symposium.

A similar event, originated by Richard Adler, flourished here during and immediately after World War II before falling victim to a shortage of money and dedicated personnel. It was revived last spring, primarily as a result of interest and guidance rendered by President Bob Spearman. Spearman enticed the celebrated Esquire Literary Symposium to a Southern campus for the first time, and assembled a group of student and faculty members to get the festival formally reinstated.

From the beginning, backers of the festival have expressed the hope that the event would achieve sufficient stature to alternate with the Symposium, which is scheduled bi-annually. Their hopes may be realized, if the excellence of this year's program may serve as an indication.

By obtaining the services of such outstanding artists and critics as Bosley Crowther, William Schuman, Karl Shapiro, Robert Chapman, Arnold Gingrich, Jacques Barzun and Seymour Lipton, the festival's directors have exceeded the expectations of those who foresaw a slow regeneration process in store. A fine arts forum is not easily arranged or executed, yet the advance work done by the "Encounter" committee indicates that good weather and cooperation by the University community will insure the success of the festival.

As the cultural center of an "emerging" state, Chapel Hill has long been the focal point for the arts in North Carolina. The authors and artists who live here, the Communications Center, the Ackland Galleries, and the University's music center have attracted interest and recognition to the community for many years.

It was here, for example, that the spirit and form of the outdoor drama, one of America's unique theatrical attractions, was cultivated. Here, too, the budding geniuses of the Thomas Wolfes and Richard Adlers were discovered and stimulated.

It is fitting, then, that the Fine Arts Festival should be returned to Chapel Hill. The University community is larger and more diverse now than twenty years ago, and such an event is far less likely to flounder.

Even so, the cooperation and interest of students, faculty and townspeople will be required if the festival is to be a complete triumph. After all, the ultimate worth of any forum of this type must be determined by its impact on the audience, and for that there must be an audience.

It matters little whether you are, or have been, a devoted student of the arts. The festival is designed to inform the novice no less than to enthrall the artists themselves.

You, and the University, will benefit greatly from this forum which many people have worked hard to provide. Don't miss it.

## The Seaker Ban Fizzles Again

We had a silent laugh at and a prayer for the woman who wrote the Charlotte Observer the other day telling the world how much she liked the Speaker Ban.

She proceeded to take to task the "weeping liberals," who, she says, spend all their time these days gnashing their teeth that no Communist (read, destructor of the nation) is allowed to speak at state-owned institutions.

"What about Adolf Hitler?" she asks. "He was terrible, and certainly no one would have wanted him to speak?"

Well, madam, Herr Hitler is not covered by the Speaker Ban, and if He Lives we are sure the Carolina Forum, Carolina Political Union, etc., would do everything possible to get him here.

For that matter, the following aren't covered either: Goebbels, George Lincoln Rockwell, Gerald L. K. Smith, Ho Chi Minh, Patrice Lumumba, and John Kasper.

But they aren't nearly as dangerous as Gus Hall, are they?

# State Racial Relations, 1964

By JOEL S. SIMPSON  
DTH Reviewer

"North Carolina and the Negro" is a factual account of the progress which has been made in this state toward the advancement of its Negro citizens. It was compiled by the North Carolina Mayors' Cooperating Committee and published in 1964. In it we see how hamlets, villages, towns and cities have handled their common problem of breaking down public racial discrimination.

We see the resolute mayors and aldermen who convince themselves and their townspeople that the status quo is not satisfactory. We see the local biracial committees, committees on human rights, committees of clergymen, businessmen, motel owners, theater owners, housewives, professional men, all

grappling with the same problem.

And through all of this organized turmoil we either see or feel indirectly the bold courageous and self-sacrificing acts of those people who feel and believe deeply enough about the stifling injustices to sit in, lie in, pray in, walk in, wade in, sleep in, and stop traffic to make the surrounding community open its eyes to the discontent.

As the authors of the book state at the beginning of the second chapter:

"Negro demonstrations did not create the race problem, but they revealed its present intensity and brought it to crisis. The white North Carolinian has lived in the comfortable conviction that the Negro was content with his lot and was mak-

ing satisfactory progress."

The book is impressive in its honesty and thoroughness. The reports are factual with no reservations about reporting inaction or unfavorable response. Each municipal report, although presented through documentation, mayors' statements, and indeed, even through legal language, becomes an intense drama of people, white and black, striving to assert the humanity of certain individuals so long denied it. When viewed as a whole, these reports, along with several supplementary chapters, appear strikingly coherent. The grand trend is perceived.

The account begins with the background of the Negro movement. Following this are the stories of the "Municipal Response to the Challenge" (including 20 pages on Chapel Hill, with many pictures, thoroughly documenting the civil rights movement up to and including last year). The book then concludes with several actual municipal declarations, a section about the Negro and North Carolina's laws, and former Governor Sanford's program for Negro rights.

### Chapel Hill Covered

The introductory chapter sets the tone of the book, explaining the roots of the problem, the demands that are made, and a "constructive creed" for future developments. The book has definite sociological interest, but aside from this, it has an extremely personal interest for anyone who has lived in Chapel Hill or any other of the communities covered.

One sees familiar faces and events throughout its pages. This is the path to the human meaning of the book: as soon as one of the accounts presents itself in personal terms, all of the others come alive, piecing together the large picture outlined at the beginning of the book.

## Hamburger Now Idol Of Millions

By PETE WALES  
Associate Editor

The hamburger has become the sacred cow of the Great Society.

Next to French fries, the 15-cent hamburger is the most universal sign of affluence in America today. From the Pedernales to the New York Island — nothing but hamburger.

And for different people the hamburger has different meanings. For the teenager too young to buy beer, the 15-cent hamburger drive-in is the hottest night spot on the neon strip.

For the cheap collegian it is the staff of life. If he doesn't buy them at the drive-in, he cooks them in his apartment.

But now, an even more daring break-through is in the making. Bell's of Charlotte, led by Hamburger Hanna, is plotting to take over the Baptist



Church in downtown Chapel Hill.

The implications of this ideological assault are far-reaching.

Consider the many men whose wives get up too late to cook breakfast on Sunday morning, but just early enough to drag them to church.

He doesn't really feel it until he has to battle the hamburger traffic at the church for half an hour. As he enters the place of worship, his stomach begins to rumble.

The sermon is the worst part. The preacher drones on to the musical accompaniment of deep fat sizzling softly. The usual scent of ladies' perfume is suppressed beneath the weight of the hot smell of . . . greasy cow's meat.

By the time the final hymn rolls around, no one in the church can think of anything besides hamburger. Even the altar seems to sizzle a bit, and the communion wafers turn into tiny patties of ground beef.

The minister drinks off the last of the communion wine, but all the congregation sees is a lovely young blond tossing off a bright, new bottle of Pepsi. They're all thinking young. It's the Pepsi Generation.

No one bothers to stop to shake hands with the minister at the door any more, they're trampling one another to get to Bell's. Hang the women and children, they're all thinking young.

No, we're not worried about crime in the streets or money becoming god. The Cold War hardly matters any more. We have found a new faith.

We've come a long way from those primitive African tribes who used to regard cattle as signs of wealth. We've become more refined. We've found the greatest good for the greatest number.

We've discovered that if you cut up the cow in little pieces, it goes further.

We've discovered a hamburger heaven on earth.

Lettuce all unite into one great consensus and march forth with relish, today and tomorrow.

Peace on earth, good will toward hamburgers.

## LETTERS

## TO THE EDITORS

### Gadfly Postpones Hamburger Rally

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Due to lack of cooperation from weather and editors, the Order of the Gadfly has postponed formal protest of the impending hamburger disaster.

Our sign is ready. Prepare for further action. You shall be notified.

THE ORDER OF THE GADFLY

### Ribak Confesses: Idea Was In Jest

Editors, the Tar Heel:

Many thanks to Lanier, Catlette and Kropelnicki, Jr., for their eloquent defenses of Sam. And thanks to Stewart, Buchan, and Saleeby for the extension of my "project" (There are some offensive professors with obvious southern accents, too).

My letter of the 17th was designed to offer a cause to civil rights workers after that national scapegoat between Mississippi and Georgia is completely humiliated. When I first suggested Sam's removal to a friend, I did so in jest. Then I began to wonder how UNC would react.

Lanier and others attacked all my imperious generalizations with the exception of the

one about the "situation so lately prevalent in other areas of the country," but I didn't expect anyone other than another Alabaman to notice that.

Catlette's letter was admirably moderate, but he as well as Kropelnicki, Jr., should understand "how all this ties in with the shameful events in Alabama." Jefferson Davis once prophesied that the issues (state's rights) of his own day would reassert themselves in a new struggle in the future.

Before Kropelnicki, Jr., accuses Alabamans of perverting the ideals of the Confederacy, he might review those ideals. Would he not concede that Alabamans are fighting for "their conception of the rights we demand today?" That word "conception" is the key.

If Dr. King, for instance, can declare the "right" to sit down in the streets and march from Selma to Montgomery, why cannot George Wallace (who, although he isn't "our nation's moral leader," is a lawyer) go into the business of rights definition (Or perhaps God is being dragged along behind Dr. King to dispense to him inalienable rights whenever he needs them)?

I was interested in your March 20 heading for the letters column, "Sam Will Not Be Moved." Are you sure?

Al Ribak

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