

The Green Room

By MARGARET TUCKER

The fall production of the Playhouse, *Medea*, will employ dance as well as dialogue; there is nothing new in this combination — in the days of Greek drama, all the action of the plot was acted out by a chorus. The speakers merely recited, while their emotions and reactions were being danced.

Although *Medea* is a modern adaptation, it is based on the traditional Greek forms. In our production, the three Corinthian women — neighbors and friends of Medea — will fulfill the part of the old Greek chorus. They will use symbolic movement to show how they, as onlookers, react to the strange and terrible events. The movement will be done to the

rhythm of the dialogue itself, rather than to music.

One of the interesting points to remember is that, although the women will react as a group, they must still retain individual personalities! Perhaps one is more sympathetic towards Medea than the others; one woman might be more paralyzed by terror than her companions. These variations tend to make the task of the three girls who portray the parts more difficult.

Everyone concerned with *Medea* has been tremendously stimulated by working on it. The speeches, as well as the dance patterns, have that "something different" which makes a good show. We hope that you, too, will find our production exciting, and that we will see you in the auditorium on November 11 and 12!



Medea cast during rehearsal.

That "College Girl" Look

By PAGE SINK

"Hoo-ray," thought I, two months ago. "In a few short days I'll be a college freshman!" I closed my eyes for a moment to meditate on this exalted phrase. I visualized happy hours of bridge, dates, dancing, and laughter. But most of all, I would at last have that "College girl look!"

Well, here I am, a college freshman at last. True, I have found happy hours of bridge, dates, dancing, and laughter; or rather, seconds, squeezed in between long, not quite so happy hours of writing themes, translating French, standing in lines, whipping at golf balls, and making out study schedules. But pray tell me, all handsome upperclassmen, where, oh where is that college girl look? Each time I bravely peek into the mirror, I am greeted by two-inch bags under my eyes and a curious sagging at the corners of my mouth. The bobby pins somehow manage to slip out of my hair at night (couldn't be because they are slipped in at twelve o'clock in the dark), so that my hair slightly resembles our unused dust-mop! Did I say *slightly*?

Another disturbing fact is that when I wake up in the mornings, which is in the breakfast line, I glance down only to discover that I am wearing a black watch plaid skirt with an orange poppy-dotted blouse. It's quite distracting, especially when I see the pretty senior in front of me all decked out in a periwinkle blue, dyed-to-match skirt and cashmere sweater.

And where can the long, rose-colored fingernails essential to a college girl be hiding? Mine are

painted, all right, but I fear that it's permanent blue-black ink rather than rose-colored fingernail polish.

"Why did my new, size 9, brown skirt wrinkle across the derriere?" I asked myself. To solve this mystery, I took a deep breath and plunged down the hall to the equipment room, where a smug, self-satisfied set of scales stared me in the face. I jauntily hopped on, with the familiar phrase "It shrunk when I sent it to the cleaners" in the back of my mind. But what did those nasty old scales shout up at me? "YOU'VE GAINED 8 POUNDS!!!" Guess I'll have to cut out my fourth roll at supper and my before-bedtime chocolate-nut sundae.

I've also acquired a habit of closing my eyes and "ske-daddling" past the full-length mirror on the first floor of Vann as fast as I can. I happened to glance into it the other day, and thought for a moment that I was in the House of Mirrors at the State Fair.

Perhaps the biggest blow was when I happily asked my mother, on my first week end home, how I looked. "Well, uh," she answered, "you look, un-uh, let's see-uh. Oh well, honey, you always look good to me!" Diplomatic, to say the least.

Hie thee hither, all you pretty sophomores, juniors, and seniors. Please have mercy on all us freshmen and teach us how to be "Betty Beautifeds" as you are. Give us strength to resist that "Honey-Bun" at 3:30. Dig up a few minutes for us to do our nails. Teach us the magic trick you do with combs. Or, at least, don't always look so good around us. Make our fondest dreams come true, so that we can at last have that "college girl look."

Forthcoming Events Sponsored by the B. S. U.

Oct. 29 — State-Meredith New Student Party at 8 o'clock in Society Hall — Theme — "Saturday Night Country Style."

Nov. 1 — Wake County B. S. U. Meeting at Wake Forest.

Nov. — General Y. W. A. Meeting in the Hut at 7 o'clock.

Nov. 14 — Greater B. S. U. Council Meeting.

PRINT AND PROPAGANDA

By ANN CASHWELL

October revealed that nothing is quite as exciting as the fair, yet the question arises as to what is more intriguing — eating popcorn upside down on a Ferris wheel or noting the virtues of a prize sheep.

The Faust legend has inspired many great men to compose. As the legend grew, more devils were omitted and the text became more philosophic. The theme from Marlowe's masterpiece, *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* and Goethe's "Faust" became abstract in Gounod's opera *Faust* and Berlioz's more lyrical oratorio, "The Damnation of Faust." More recently, Thomas Mann adapted the legend for his *Dr. Faustus*, a ponderous work, typically German, and considered a brilliant allegory.

A new addition to the library, *White America*, by Ernest Cox, published by the White America Society in Richmond, Virginia, is a book avid with argument against the Negro and his position in America, reminiscent of Hitler's anti-Semitic literature.

INSIDE, OUT

It was early morning, and the Gestapo policewoman had not slept well; it was a most inopportune time for the daring young student to ask this question — "Why does the S. G. Gestapo not make public all the business of the underground meetings?" The policewoman, of course, merely stared coldly for a second at the student and then calmly shot her, kicked her body under a table, and proceeded to breakfast. I, however, overheard the Gestapo lady sounding off at the breakfast, and these were her reasons for secrecy: (1) The mass, when penalized, do not wish their names plastered around the country like Czarnum and Czaly Circus bulletins (this practice might lead to a revolution); (2) All actions passed by the Gestapo pertaining to rule changes, expulsions, suspensions, probations, or cradle roll must go to the Supreme Council on Subjection of the Mass (known in some circles as the Faculty Committee on S. G.) before a final decision is made; (3) Gestapo members themselves are not infallible and do not wish their names posted for penalties such as failure to let the dogs loose on a couple saying good-night on the porch.

The policewoman, having had her say, slouched away with only a slight glance at the corpse. I heard her whistling a happy Holloween melody called "The Gestapo'll Get You If You Don't Watch Out."

COMING EVENTS

- October 28.....Corn-Husking Bee
- October 29.....State-Meredith B.S.U. Party
- November 4.....Founders' Day
- November 4.....Chamber Music Concert
- November 10.....Civic Music
- November 11 and 12.....Playhouse Production
- November 18.....Stunt Night
- November 23-November 28 (8:30 a.m.).....Thanksgiving Recess

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MEREDITH ANGEL "FLIES" ABROAD

By PAM HARTSELL

There was at least one lucky Meredith Angel this summer, for Jackie Yates, a member of this year's sophomore class, was fortunate enough to tour Europe. As I talked with Jackie about her trip, I was particularly impressed by excitement which her story carried.

Actually the title is quite misleading because Jackie, along with a family of friends from Clayton, did not fly but sailed from New York City, June 8, on the "Queen Mary" ocean liner. After a five-day cruise in this "elaborate" ship, she and her friends landed in Cherbourg, France. At this point, I was so fascinated that I actually forgot my "cub-reporter" job as I listened, entranced, to Jackie's description of gay Paris (pronounced Parie, Si'l vous plait). There she visited the Arc of Triumph, Notre Dame, Eiffel Tower, Seine River, Lourve, sidewalk cafes, and other tourists spots of interest. I asked Jackie if Paris really created a magic, romantic atmosphere, as many movies, songs, and novels infer. She assured me that Paris was very much the way she had pictured it, but that it is also more realistic. Jackie also remarked that she saw few fashion-minded women in Paris. Most of them wore tailored clothes and much make-up.

In Italy, Jackie visited Naples, Capri, Mt. Vesuvius, and Pompeii. She assured me that the island of Capri is quite different from our typical beaches. It is surrounded by the deep blue of the Mediterranean, elevated to resemble a small mountain, covered with beautiful homes and shops, and cultivated by tradition. Here in Italy, she ate some "first-class" Italian food (which didn't come from Gino's). However, in Germany, she ate her first strawberry soup. (We must not let the cafeteria hear of that one!) Jackie didn't think twice when I asked her which group of people most resembled and acted like the Americans. Her answer was that of the Germans.

No trip to Europe would be complete without going to Rome. Her



JACKIE YATES

group was fortunate enough to visit St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Peter's and St. Paul's Day, which is the second greatest celebration in the Catholic Church, for on that day all the chandeliers in the great Cathedral are lit. Also in Rome, she visited the Colosseum and the Fountain of Trevi, where you will remember the "three coins," perhaps.

It would be impossible to write of all the stories and fascinating experiences which Jackie related to me, but I should like to tell you about one experience that she had on board ship. Down girls! She met Victor Mature — personally! So — if you want to meet a movie actor, go to Europe.

When asked about the high spot of her tour, Jackie told me that her visit to Geneva, Switzerland, would always remain "dear to her heart." She mentioned the picturesque Geneva Lake, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, green grass, and red roses. In the center of the lake is a man-made geyser which gushes to a height of 400 feet.

Since all good things must come to an end, the same holds true for Jackie's exciting summer, for the angel "flew" home by ship, August 2.

Sociology Club Holds Meeting

The Sociology Club held its first meeting September 28, at the home of Dr. Vaughan. The president, Sue Wilson, welcomed the new members and Virginia Morris presented the new slate of officers for the year as follows: President: Sue Wilson; Vice-President: Elladine Johnson; Secretary: Heather Wishart; Treasurer: Rita Hurton; and Club Reporter: Audrey Thompson.

The program consisted of reports of summer jobs and experiences from the various girls. At the close of the meeting Dr. Vaughan served refreshments of punch and cookies.

On October 18, Katherine King, a Meredith student, was speaker at the club. She told the club about the college life in her home in Formosa and answered many questions about the customs of the people. Miss King showed the club many

pieces of Chinese art, among them several paintings done by her father.

SCIENCE CLUB

(Continued from page two) speak to us about the Geneva "Atoms for Peace" conference, which he attended.

After the business meeting, Dr. John Yarbrough gave a very interesting and thought-provoking talk about science and religion.

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