

Official Agreement Comes On Judicial System Apathy

Several days ago we commented about non-Greek apathy toward student courts at UNC. Indications since that time have pointed to official agreement on this problem.

George Ragsdale, Chairman of the Men's Honor Council, was the first to reiterate the need for a broader participation in the judicial system on the part of non-Greek students. He wrote us this note:

"I am glad you wrote what you did this morning about the apathy of non-fraternity men toward the court. I agree with you and Sonny (Student Body President Sonny Evans) that a predominance of fraternity men is not a healthy sign.

"However, I assure you that I could not have asked for greater service from all who have served with me this year. They have done an outstanding job under great strain."

Well, that's about what we said in this column Friday. It's reassuring to know that the council chairman not only recognizes the non-participation problem, but that he also sees in it an "unhealthy" sign for non-Greek members.

We know of no other person within student government whose sentiments about the court should be taken more seriously and with greater consideration than that of the Men's Honor Council chairman.

In approaching this problem, the fact must be realized that fourteen of fifteen members of the Men's Council are members of fraternities at UNC. Ten of these are from three houses, which houses traditionally have sent men to the council.

Why is this situation allowed to exist? What is responsible for the unbalanced representation which gives members of one-fifth of the university society judicial control over the other four-fifths?

This unbalanced representation is in effect now and has been in past years because non-Greek members have divorced themselves of interest in the courts and have allowed the control thereof to slip unnoticed from their hands.

It is this fact—the fact that non-Greeks often times express little concern with the affairs of student government — that contributes to the misconception that fraternity men are federalists who desire to

place government in the hands of a select few for the control of the many.

If ever there were a time to rally for a cause, if ever non-Greek members of the student body should join hands to a sure expression of their own interests, it is now in the problem of unbalanced representation on the student courts.

It will be a difficult task; perhaps this year little could be done to place more members in the judiciary from non-Greek areas of the campus. And it will be difficult because the fraternity men now associated with the court are outstanding without exception, and have performed their duties commendably.

As Ragsdale said, "They have done an outstanding job under great strain."

Boys, you can't criticize that caliber of performance. It takes votes, a lot of votes from a unified interest, to gain the right to equal performance on our student courts. And it will take a good man to measure up to the tradition which those courts have produced in the past several years.

Is Suicide An Escape Of Dying?

The Southern opponents of desegregation continue to dig their own graves. Virginia's Prince Edward County, long a center of opposition, has been ordered by the Supreme Court (March 3) to make "a prompt and reasonable start" to end segregation. In anticipation of this decision, the local school authorities have voted to abandon public schools and have set up a private corporation, with pledges of \$200,000, to operate "private" white schools. Eventually these private segregated schools will undoubtedly be struck down by the Supreme Court as a palpable evasion of its mandate. Prince Edward white parents will then have to tutor their children or let them run wild for the county will be without a school system public or private.

Already the segregationists are saying that this will be "the last session" of Virginia's public schools. But Arlington, which lies almost in the shadow of the nation's Capitol, also has been ordered to admit Negro students with the fall term. Here sentiment is less vehement than in Prince Edward County, which is in the so-called "southside" portion of Virginia. If it were not for state law, Arlington would probably elect to integrate its schools. But this town, which last year paid \$9 million in taxes to the state, would have to forego \$1.9 million in state aid if it elected to comply with the court's order. For as part of its "massive resistance" to racially mixed schools Virginia denies state aid to any county which integrates its school under court order. And to tighten this prohibition the state senate has just passed a bill which would permit the Governor to keep a school closed even if the governing body and local school board requested him to reopen it—in a word, a bill which would make closure mandatory. At this point however a new opposition is heard. In a remarkable dissenting speech, State Senator Armistead L. Boothe of Arlington asked his colleagues how long they thought his constituents would permit the public schools to remain closed. "Do you think," he asked, "that its 25,000 children are going to go unschooled? Do you think the schools those people built and paid for are going to stay closed, even with all the might of the Commonwealth of Virginia thrown into the battle?"

Closing public schools, if only in a few communities, will transform the integration issue into a battle for the preservation of public schools and, on this issue, the segregationists will lose. Like the man who was so afraid of dying that he committed suicide, the grave-diggers of the South are driven by their fears to acts of self-destruction. — The Nation.

J.Y.'S JAZZ

Erroll Garner Shows Musical Individuality

For about twenty years a man named Erroll Garner has been entertaining jazz and popular music audiences with one of the most delightful brands of piano playing on the contemporary scene. The sheer happiness that this man is able to exude on a bright number, or the moody romanticism he shows on a ballad have captured the fancy of all who have heard him. At the moment he is easily the most popular jazz pianist, having captured every major instrument award in his field, and has succeeded in reaching the non-jazz market with two of his Columbia albums, *Concert By the Sea* and *Other Voices*.

The personality, musical and otherwise, of Erroll Garner has long been of interest to students of jazz. He is not the stock performer - he cannot read music and never speaks to the audience when playing. Despite these seemingly insurmountable obstacles, he is known not only as a first-rate musician but also as a wonderful person.

The most overwhelming aspect of Garner as a musician is his individuality. Jazz historians, attempting to fit him into some rigid stylistic era in the evolution of jazz, are faced with an unbeatable problem. He has not always been this individualistic - the early Garner was a swing pianist, styled to a great extent after Teddy Wilson, who employed the stock swing bass and a right that showed promise and ability if not great individuality.

During the early fifties Garner lapsed into a period of relative obscurity. He had never become renowned enough for this to make a great difference to the jazz public, but it must have made all the difference to him. Around 1954 he began to re-emerge; jazz fans began to notice the sound of a lagging bass and a bright, incredibly adroit right hand on the air waves and in record shops. He cut a record called simply "Erroll Garner" for the Columbia company which was to change his entire future. The disk never stopped selling. Record clubs, disk jockeys, jazz festivals, all contributed to the sale of this wonderful record. And then one day Erroll Garner woke up to find himself a famous man.

Garner's individuality can be easily illustrated by one brief question. Have you ever heard a piano player attempt to imitate him? Probably. The pianist may be able to work the imitation excellently, but it is always recognizable as Garner. And we all say "Oh, all that guy can do is imitate Garner." That we are so easily able to recognize the style is in itself a tribute to the individuality of this sprightly man who seems destined to stay at the top for a long, long time.

"We Got Another Room Ready?"



LETTERS TO EDITOR

Thoughts During Intermission

To the editor:

With reference to Tuesday night's Memorial Hall concert of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, I shall try to reproduce here my thoughts during intermission. Most of the complaints I voice, however, are as applicable to any function held within those hallowed walls.

Now, there are many irritations which are almost an accepted part of concert-going, and Chapel Hill has always done its utmost to live up to this "tradition." We have those people who, in spite of three weeks' notice that the concert begins at 8:00 p.m., will stumble up the balcony stairs in search of a seat at 8:30 p.m. We can easily supply several ambulatory flu cases whose incessant coughs disturb the audience, annoy the musicians and worry nearby M.D.s. And we can furnish our share of enthusiasts who, never having seen Toscanini, compare (in distinctly audible voices) the present conductor to Toscanini. But, as I have said, these occurrences are to be expected and considered as part of the tradition.

However, Memorial Hall provides its own unique atmosphere which may make a concert a never-to-be-forgotten event. Here we have a stage too small for the orchestra, making it necessary for the conductor to look over his shoulder should he want to cue the first violins. We have

a choice between uncomfortable benches, or straight-backed chairs whose creaking makes the noises of Grandpa's old rocker seem quiet in comparison. We have a ventilation system (windows) which, if used at all, results in shivering among the orchestra audience and stifling in the balcony. The comfort of the performers is regulated by pulling the curtain behind them, giving the stage the appearance of a school-yard handball court. And in certain sections of the hall one may undergo a unique auditory experience, hearing a combination of sound reflections which lead to the suspicion that the performance of the Brahms symphony was arranged by Stan Kenton.

Now, it might have been worse. Had the weather been colder the radiators might have clanged; had there been a microphone used, the sound system might have alternately functioned too well or not at all. This has happened before, and perhaps we should consider the artists and the audience blessed that it did not occur this time.

The evening provided one benefit beyond that supplied by Mr. Steinberg and his musicians: it gave a measure of fame to G. GIORZ who, probably anticipating just such an event, had the foresight to paint his name in large lavender letters just below the naked light bulb

on the brick wall behind the tympanist.

Maybe after we get a new basketball arena someone will build an auditorium.

Lloyd Strickland

OFFICE CAT

Gerald and Harold were twins. As twins usually are they were inseparable. They shared and shared alike. Nothing was ever given to one without an exact duplicate being provided for the other.

As they grew older they adopted the same hobbies. It was one of these hobbies that finally broke up the duplication formula. For when they went fishing Gerald never seemed to be able to catch any fish while his brother had real "fisherman's luck."

One night, after an exasperating day at the stream, Gerald stole out of the house with his brother's rod and headed for the brook. He chose the very rock from which his brother that very afternoon had caught 12 fish. He fished and fished but didn't get even a nibble.

Just as he was packing up to go back home a trout leaped out of the water in a beautiful arc and called solicitously, "Your brother isn't ill, I hope?" —The Durham Sun.



VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE Critic Finds Miller's Play Professionally Done

By ANTHONY WOLFF

"A View From The Bridge" is the most mature and the most powerful play the Carolina Playmakers have attempted in more than a year. For just this reason — that it is mature and powerful — it is an extremely difficult play to produce effectively. It is somewhat ironic, then, that the same Playmakers who often present merely competent productions of lesser plays should do such a convincingly sincere and skillful job with this one.

The play itself is Arthur Miller's latest attempt to illuminate the human predicament — the unsatisfactory relationship of man to himself, to his environment, and to Man to God.

In this latest exploration of these relationships, Miller has presented the downfall of one Eddie Carbone. Eddie is not a tragic figure in the strict sense of the word "tragic." Miller considers the limitations of classical tragic forms as meaningless for our time.

What he presents instead is what might be called "modern tragedy." The basic motivations, even the basic form of classical tragedy have remained; missing is the grandeur, the poetry and the self-knowledge of the hero which are the essence of the classical tragic hero.

This, then, is tragedy of some lesser degree than classical or Renaissance tragedy. Eddie Carbone is a modern man, and modern men are no longer kings or poets. If we cannot see in Eddie a tragic fault which brings inhuman misery and death to a man of otherwise superhuman perfection, we must remember that our society no longer includes such men.

Yet, in spite of the fact that progress has to some extent invalidated or emasculated the classical tragedy, the tragic vision is still pertinent to our time; perhaps it is even more pertinent now, when tragedy seems to become increasingly more imminent, though somewhat less sharply defined than in times past.

Whatever its stature as a tragedy, "A View From The Bridge" is a supremely effective play, and it is excellently performed by the Playmakers.

For the first time in recent productions there is something resembling a professional production of the Playmaker stage. To be sure, the quality of the performance is not always consistent, and there are a few serious lapses, but the overall impression is one of more-than-competent professionals at work.

Page Williams, playing Beatrice, sets a standard for mature acting that is seldom exceeded anywhere. Beatrice is the heroine of the play, and in a sense she is more of a tragic figure than Eddie, her husband. It is Beatrice, not Eddie, who recognizes Eddie's love for his niece and tries vainly to avert the disaster which must naturally proceed from such an unnatural affection. Miss Williams conveys all the love and fear and despair involved in her character with moving sincerity.

By playing the hero, Ken Callendar has freed himself from the restrictions of comedy, with which he has until now concerned himself, and in the process he proves himself a dramatic actor of great strength and sensitivity. On several occasions his reactions are delayed and his timing is off; occasionally, too, he fails to convey the tension which pervades the action from the first moments of the play until his death; but his lapses only momentary, and throughout the performance he and his obsession dominate the stage as the author intended them to do.

Al Gordon, who plays the older brother, has for the past two years been one of the finest actors among the Playmakers. In the current production, given a role with more depth and character than any he has had recently, he turns in his finest performance.

The only major weakness in the production is in the two ingenue roles, Catherine and Rudolph. Both players miss the essence of their characterizations. Rudolph, the young immigrant in love with Catherine, must be effeminate enough to make Eddie's assumption that he is a homosexual plausible. Harvey Knox seems to miss this entirely, as he misses the Italian accent which is caught so well by Al Gordon. As a stranger, he does not seem as ill at ease as he might be; as Catherine's lover, he is not particularly convincing. All in all, he seems more like Joe College than Rudolph.

As Catherine, Margaret Starnes is far too sophisticated. Catherine is a nice, sweet girl; but, as a product of the waterfront she is entirely without class. Miss Starnes is altogether too "cute" — she overacted, but never with any convincing sincerity. Catherine's role in the play never becomes strong or clear, largely because Miss Starnes is never too strong herself.

John Sneden is miscast as Alfieri, the lawyer. There are certain mature roles which are beyond the physical range of a young actor, and Alfieri is one of them. Aside from certain mistakes in characterization, Sneden's major fault is that he is simply too young in voice and appearance (despite the make-up) to be convincingly wise. In place of wisdom is substituted a sort of dogmatic, stiffnecked attitude which is out of keeping with the character.

The settings for the play, created by Tommy Rezzuto, are among the best that he has done recently. The Playmaker stage is a designer's nightmare: that anyone can design for it at all is a wonder, and that Mr. Rezzuto can create with such a fine sense of unity and proportion, and still leave a few square feet for the actors, is a major achievement.

The lighting is also very effective, particularly in respect to the illumination of separate areas of the stage for the narration without breaking the continuity of the play.

Needless to say, it is to be hoped that we will have more plays meeting this standard of writing, acting, and directing as this one. Once a year is not enough.

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