



Max Morath, who will appear in Memorial Hall on March 23, strikes an ingratiating pose as he runs through his "nostalgic tour de force." Morath won critical acclaim for his one-man show when he took it to New York. He creates the mood of an era in his turn-of-the-century evocation. Tickets for the Morath show are \$1.75 and \$2.25 at the Union desk.

Book review

Of long hair and other plagues

"Sons and Daughters Of Mom" by Philip Wylie. 227 pages. Doubleday.

In the bombast's red glare, Philip Wylie's prejudices are sharply revealed. In fact, he could have subtitled his new book, "Sons And Daughters Of Mom" appropriately by labeling it "Prejudices: Second Series."

The first series of Wylie's prejudices would have been contained in the venomous "Generation of Vipers," published in 1943. In that book, Mr. Wylie demonstrated he could dish out invective in generous measure. Perhaps he also proved—and continues to prove—in this latest book a belief that H.L. Mencken was one helluva writer who could make the other talent look like mamma's boys, languishing, gushy aesthetes.

Which brings us to the most memorable villain in "Generation of Vipers." Besides offering a Jungian interpretation of Christ, attacking boxing and damning atonal music, Wylie blasted matriarchy as a dominant force in American life. Or as he called it, "momism."

Mom was "a middle-aged puffin with an eye like a hawk that has just seen a rabbit twitch far below... mom is a jerk." In fairness to Wylie, lest he be dismissed as a raving misogynist, elsewhere in "Generation of Vipers," he takes up the cause of women. He said then women were being used as pretty, ornamental objects and were hardly considered human beings. But it's his diatribe on motherhood for which he is best remembered. Coming at a time when mom, girl-next-door and apple pie were installed as foxhole favorites in the popular imagination, Wylie's book enjoyed commercial success.

"Generation of Vipers," one supposes, inflamed enough people to sell splendidly. Wylie, on the record of "A Generation of Vipers" and "Sons And Daughters Of Mom" is firmly entrenched in the don't-tell-me-when-it-hurts school of prosodists.

In the last chapter of "A Generation of Vipers" Wylie said: "It has been fairly fancy of me, I know, to write so long and noisy a book just to say that if we want a better world we will have to be better people." And, in his instructions for reading the book, Wylie said you could begin anywhere and be intellectually improved.

That is probably true of "Sons And Daughters Of Mom" as well. It's not particularly well-organized. But, no

matter, Mr. Wylie has made literary capital out of his 1943 success with this title and perhaps he will find a waiting market.

Mr. Wylie's new book is written to, for, or about youth. It is hard to determine which direction he's taking in this book. The pronouns shift. In some instances, youth is addressed as "you." More often, youth is referred to as "they." Whatever the case, America's literary Jeremiah has returned with another vitriolic jeremiad.

Mr. Wylie was smitten by inspiration, he tells us, and left off "a work of fiction long in gestation." Oh well, it might have been an uneasy birth. Mr. Wylie is an

Dancers Meet

Dancers' Workshop gets together three times a week in the Student Union Building for the benefit of Mr. Kite and the people, courtesy of the Invisible University and the rites of the coming spring.

For those interested in moving and who refuse to categorize with such anagrams as arthur murray, advanced beginner dichotomies, modernjazzfolk, the dance group is just the thing to get the blood flowing in the right places.

Drum players and dancers report to Room 207-209 of the Student Union Wednesday, at 7 p.m., Thursday, at 2 p.m., and Saturday, at 11 a.m.

When asked for a quote, R. Gay, the gold coast of California returnee and director of the group, said, "All anarchists are aware of the fact that two is better than one and that the group is preferable to the couple. All dancers are aware that dancing with people is better than dancing for people. This group is primarily an anarchist plot to raise people's body as well as mind consciousness. Men, women and children are welcome. Everybody has always been a dancer."

angry man and an imaginative work surely wouldn't have been an adequate outlet.

Be advised that Mr. Wylie says, "I've made every criticism and criminal charge that young America is making now." Phrases like "as I've said elsewhere" or as "I've often said" occur repeatedly in "Sons And Daughters Of Mom." Mr. Wylie's penchant for bringing up his status as established critic of American life doesn't lead him into reflective mellowness.

Mr. Wylie is nothing, if not a writer who stays on top of the current scene. Somewhere or other he has heard the "never trust anyone under thirty" credo. It has enraged Mr. Wylie who takes it literally with noticeable discomfort. Asks Wylie, with so-there in his tone, "How could it apply to one who did not know his or her date of birth?" Mr. Wylie's question finds him in one of his more benign moods.

Mr. Wylie fires shots randomly. Wylie as cannoner, one imagines, will be satisfied if he hits some readers with his scathing rhetoric. The young, when referred to as "they," are slovenly, androgynous kids who are unwilling to listen. Long hair, one might have thought, is a dead issue. Not so. Philip Wylie has an ill-tempered go at "girl-haired" boys in one of his more expansive moods. Long hair, Wylie figures, is worn to assert individuality. But "they" all sport long tresses, so what's the point?

If Philip Wylie grows rancorous about long-haired louts, he is equally upset

about Liberalism and the practices of campus rebels. Liberals' efforts have been wrong-headed and reckless. Their record is one of consistent botchings, he informs us, parading events in this century as supportive evidence. Add to the liberals' misdeeds, the fact they have spawned the youthful flotsam and one can appreciate why Mr. Wylie waxes passionately when he plies his invective on them. One solution to society's ills, often brought about through Liberal bungling, is to raise the voting age to 30, he asserts.

Most of Philip Wylie's book will certainly delight the heart of any senile, crochety stick-in-the-mud. Gleefully forecasting how affronted readers will react, Mr. Wylie says they will try "salvaging what dignity they can with some personal retort. Philip Wylie is a son-of-a-bitch, for instance." Now, who could be so mean-spirited? Mr. Wylie has simply written a meretricious book, mostly surfeit and full of as-it-pleases me logic. Read "Generation of Vipers" or even better, "The Magic Animal." These two Wylie books are well worth your time. This one is not.

Campus calender

Women interested in forming an Abortion Counseling Service are invited to come to a workshop Saturday, March 13, from 1 to 5 p.m. at the Wesley Foundation on Pittsboro St. We will exchange information on legal abortions—how, when, and where to get them, and the costs involved. Our goal is a counseling network which will help women throughout the state.

The agenda will include the discussion period and a letter-writing campaign to each woman's Senator concerning the current abortion bill.

Women who need child-care during this meeting, call Kathie, evenings at 967-3595 or Daphne, evenings at 929-4139. Please call either number if you have any questions about the workshop.

Interviews for the presidency of the Carolina Union will be held this afternoon. Applications and sign-up sheets are at the information desk.

The UNC Film Society presents, "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch (the director

of "Ninotchka") on Thursday, March 11 at 8 p.m. in Murphey 111 (changed from Carroll Hall). Admission one dollar.

King Nyle I, Supreme Ruler of the Universe, presents: A Piano Concert. Bring your blankets, Friday, March 12, at the Carolina Union Coffee House and enjoy "An Evening with the King." Doors open at 8:30—First show at 9:00

UNC Readers Theatre will present "Mark the Humor in Twain" under the direction of Sandy Boyce, Friday, March 12 at 8 p.m. in Gerrard Hall. No admission, the public is invited.

Four Bit series—"They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"—Great Hall. \$50.

Found: A pair of glasses across the street from Harry's restaurant. May be retrieved at Union Information desk.

Found: Ladies' glasses—Noticed in ground-floor ladies room of Greenlaw for two to three weeks. One hinge held by a straight pen! Owner may claim at the Daily Tar Heel office.

Play about Wolfe is huge hit

NEW YORK—Regional theatres across the country are becoming steadily more active and enterprising in creating productions of new plays.

The emphasis more often than not is on the unconventional. Not all such productions wind up on New York stages, but such arrivals have increased in the past five years and the trend is growing.

The Washington Theater club in the nation's capital presented in February "The Wolf and the Lamb," a drama by Dolores Sutton based on the late Thomas Wolfe's novel of that title. It's no secret

that the lengthy, rambling novel is semi-autobiographical, dealing mainly with the late Aline Bernstein, noted stage designer.

Adapting any Wolfe work to the stage is no routine job. It calls for imagination and inventiveness at all levels because of the prolix nature of the writing and the labyrinthine thinking of the author.

Berenice Weiler, who is associated with the American Shakespeare Festival Theater, already has acquired New York production rights to the play for her Altamont Productions firm.

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