



The Salemite



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ANNOUNCEMENT

Students are reminded that they must sign-out for the Thanksgiving holidays by Tuesday, November 22. They may also sign-out on Monday, Nov. 21. Office hours must be complied to both days. Students must have permission from their parents if they are going anywhere but directly home.

Students will be dismissed on Wednesday, November 23. Dorms will be open again at noon on Sun., Nov. 27. The college will serve supper Sunday night and girls must sign up if they will be here for that meal. The sheet will be posted on the bulletin board in the Refectory.

Students Make Nominations For May Court



Dot Frick, Harriet Tomlinson and Clarissa Joyce plan for May Day.

May Court nominees have been chosen by popular vote of the student body. The top twelve in the sophomore, junior, and senior classes, and the top fourteen in the freshman class will be presented in chapel on Tuesday, November 30. Representatives from each class will then be voted upon. The following are the nominees:

Freshman

Ann B. Austin	Annetta Jeanette
Cathy Chalk	Helen Miller
Candy Chew	Susan Purdie
Ann Dudley	Ann Simons
Diane Fuller	Tillie Strickland
Em Howell	Sara Switzer
Sandra Lundin	Pam Truette

Sophomores

Gay Austin	Kenny McArver
Lynn Boyette	Martha Jo Phifer
Catherine Eller	Marsha Ray
Beth Fordham	Martha Tallman
Anita Hatcher	Gayle Venters
Clarrissa Joyce	Joy Wolhbruck

Juniors

Winnie Bath	Meggi Schuetz
Dot Grayson	Anges Smith
Alice Huss	Nina Ann Stokes
Ann Jewell	Frances Taylor
Caroline McClain	Anna Transou
Pinky Saunders	Craig White

Seniors

Sally Beverly	Carolyn McCloud
Barbara Edwards	Ann Neely
Elaine Falls	Jane Pendleton
Marjorie Foyles	Mary Prevette
Sally Gillespie	Harriet Tomlinson
Jean Mauldin	Sally Wood

Pierrette Cast Portray Fullest Meaning Of "No Exit" Through Dynamic Acting

By Susan Hughes

On opening night, the Pierrette production of Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit*, drew a full house and four curtain calls, here at Salem. Aside from those drawn by the sensational side of the drama—the unfaithful wife and child-killer, the sexually abnormal woman, and the coward and unfaithful husband—and those who came out of curiosity or school spirit, the audience seemed to appreciate the dramatic impact of this one act drama.

Any doubts as to the wisdom of choosing this play to be presented at Salem vanished as the play progressed. The audience was caught in the tension created by the characters on the stage. Although the first forty-five minutes of the play was rather stiff, the characters become more easy in their parts as the play progressed and audience participation in their "hell" was heightened.

The attitude of the Maid, played by Liz Wilson, served as a contrast. As Garcin noticed, her eyelids never moved, and she spoke only when it was necessary, and then in a dull monotone. Liz's immobility conveyed the horror of what hell is, even before the play had really gained momentum.

The characters in hell for their infidelities and sins carried the play. Sartre's play can not stand alone on the stage as it can in reading. The actors must support it. Shannon Smith, as Inez made us see and feel what she really was—a Lesbian — before she ever came right out and told us. Her rush to introduce herself to Estelle and the subtle clasp of her hand, the scene where she begged to become Estelle's mirror, and her jealousy from the very beginning of the man, Garcin, created a portrait.

Estelle seemed to realize something of Inez's nature when she said, "You're a little terrifying . . ." Colquitt Meacham portrayed the perfect "high-born" woman, who has been pampered and loved and spoiled to the point that she couldn't bear to see a man suffering from the heat take off his coat. She had always enjoyed the attentions of men, had thought very little about anything, and had insisted that she couldn't imagine why she was in hell. When Inez and Garcin turned on her after their confessions, Colquitt showed her ability to understand the feelings of a character. The tension that the cast had created seemed to burst as she jumped up and screamed "I've

got to get out." The feeling that here was a woman who couldn't face what she really was, what she had done, and that she was dead, was portrayed in such a way that one felt the actress knew the mind of her character.

Slowly and subtly it became apparent that Garcin's cruelty to his wife was not his only sin. The character of Garcin, as developed by Johnny Smith, was as this reviewer had imagined him while reading the play earlier—The male who had always tried to prove that he was a man, a hero, but who, in reality was only a coward—the shell had a "thousand weaknesses."

The rhythm of the play was dynamic. First a scene with two characters, then one, then three . . . then as two of the three main

characters talked, the other's back would be turned or face hidden. The scene of partial silence when Colquitt rustled and Shannon hummed was especially effective. Along with the rhythm, there was a definite change of moods—The wondering "why?", the frustration, the agony of confession, a little hope, a touch of hysteria, and then . . . resignation . . .

The emotional tension and mood of mental agony were sustained so well that the audience, knowing that it really wasn't funny, laughed. Perhaps it is a sign that we can laugh at the ridiculousness of our own situation . . . for as the program suggested perhaps, if the existence of hell is established, does that not presuppose that existence of a heaven?

Candle Tea Brings First Hint Of Christmas

Dear Freshmen:

You are cordially invited to come to the Brothers' House on Wednesday, November 30, between three-thirty and five-thirty as the guests of the Salem College Alumnae Association at a preview of the Candle Tea.

We hope that every one of you will come across the Square—just as you are after class or lab—to have your first introduction to a Moravian Christmas Putz, to see the beeswax Christmas candles made and trimmed, and to catch the real spirit of Christmas at the beginning of the Advent season.

Sincerely,
Katherine R. Spaugh, Chairman
Student-Alumnae Relations Committee
Salem College Alumnae Association

Perhaps you have wondered, sometimes, who they were—these quiet women in the long grey dresses that seemed to brush the present aside as they walked past you. If you have been conscious, as you hurry to classes, or walk past the museum to the Dairy Barn, of a history and a past somehow still tangible, not forgotten, you are invited to share with that past its celebration of a birthday.

On Wednesday, November 30th, from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. and Thursday, December 1, through Saturday, December 3rd, from 2:00 to 9:00 p.m., the Moravian Candle Tea will bring you the first hint of Christmas. General admission for students is 50c, for children, 25c, and the money will be used to carry on the work of the Home Moravian Women's Fellowship.

You will be welcomed at the door

of the Brothers' House (just across the street from the Dairy Barn) by a hostess in early Moravian dress, drawing you gently back into that past on which our present is built. You go down into the basement. There is an old-fashioned flavor in the air, enticing smells of rich beeswax and steaming coffee and sugar cake. In the old kitchen you sit around the big iron pots of coffee, and if you have not yet been to a Moravian Lovefeast you share in something of its spirit as the hostesses serve you. You remember it is a birthday feast, in the warmth of the fire, and the hot coffee, and the strangers sitting around you.

You watch the beeswax poured into the candle moulds, and the candle makers adding red crepe ruffles to the finished candles, which are going to be used for the Candle Love Feast in Home Moravian Church on Christmas Eve.

It is cold in the sub-basement. Here the Putz holds the past for you—the past of a Bethlehem waiting under a star, and the past of Salem as it was in the 1800's. The word 'putz' comes from the German 'putzen'—'to decorate.' For the early Moravians in Germany Christmas was hardly Christmas without a putz at the bottom of the Christmas tree, with its tiny figures often hand carved by members of the family. There were always the wise men, and the shepherds, and a manger, and a star; but there could be other figures as well: figures of German girls and boys in modern costume sharing the awed expectation of the angels and the shepherds.

So, now, just a few yards from the Nativity Scene, you find the model of Old Salem, with its tiny, old-fashioned figures, and the clotheslines hung with miniature garments, and Home Church and Main Hall greeting you with an old recognition. There is a light powdering of snow on the buildings and ground, marked with footprints and wheel tracks, and the air is cold enough for snow; your breath mists in front of you. But the coldness of the heavy stone basement is friendly.

You are aware, not only of Salem as it used to be, but of the hours of work which have become a part of the accurately scaled models, the craftsmanship and love of fine work which is also a heritage of the Moravian past. And as the past of Salem assumes a greater depth of

meaning for both past and present, the manger beneath the Moravian star, as you leave, bears silent witness to a greater reality.

Artist Coble Displays Reality By Few Shapes

The paintings in the stairwell of Main Hall and in the Music Building have undoubtedly attracted the attention of most passers-by. At first glance, one is apt to feel that he could do comparable or even better work. These blobs of color on canvas are more than just blobs, however.

Perhaps you noticed the young, handsome bearded man seated on the left side of the auditorium at Ferlingetti's lecture Tuesday night. This man was Gerald Coble, the artist of the art display. Mr. Coble's work is recent. He lives in a cabin in Greensboro, and here he starts painting after he turns on Bach records as loud as they can be played. He paints under the influence of Bach and his environment. Bach has many variations in a simple tune, and likewise Coble has unlimited variations in a limited range of art work. In this respect he is a classicist. Coble has won several awards for his work; and one is from the Winston-Salem Gallery.