

Who Wants New Rules?

After yesterday's Daily Tar Heel poll it seems indicative, that those who want the new freshman women's rules are limited by and large to the majority of the Women's Residence Council, the School of Nursing, and the Dean of Women.

The Women's Residence Council is supposed to represent its constituents, and yet its constituents do not favor the new rules.

The School of Nursing never has had a chance to live under rules less stringent than the proposed coed rules, and so they welcome the change.

The Dean of Women seems, at the present time, to forget the great tradition that the University has as a progressive, liberal, and responsible institution.

A brief summary of the facts would show that the coeds who have come through the academic mill of their freshman year at Carolina, have had as good records as freshmen, as they had as sophomores or juniors. They all do not want the new rules.

All indications show that a majority of coed who suffered under more strict rules want no part of the new rules.

Moreover, there has not been a good reason expressed for putting into effect the new rules. As mentioned in an earlier editorial, changes must be justified by a cause, and since there will be no lowering of entrance and character requirements, there seems to be absolutely no cause to institute these rules.

Colleges from all over the nation enforce rules less strict than those proposed now, but the Women's Residence Council cannot seem to take the larger view.

What is more some of these rules may be extended to sophomores, or so the Dean of Women said. She pointed out that if the rules are successful, they might be extended to sophomores, although there would not be any decision at the present time. She added that she personally prefers that freshmen and sophomores be distinguished from upper classmen.

As one student put it, "soon they'll be telling the girls what kind of dress to wear."

The responsibility of this change rests squarely with the Women's Residence Council. It makes very little difference that the Dean of Women suggested the need for some sort of a change due to the influx of freshmen, for from that start, the council could have pursued a course that would have liberalized the rules and put Carolina as a leader in the progress towards freeing the individual from the bondage of control and making individual responsibility the byword of Carolina.

The Women's Residence Council can still rectify their error. They can still establish themselves as the leaders who will keep the liberal tradition of the University intact. They can be courageous in the face of warnings by those who would think a larger influx of women could bring a blight to the good name of the University. They can take the initiative in forging a new era of freedom at Carolina by liberalizing the existing rules.

It is up to them.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editor CURTIS B. GANS
Managing Editor CHARLIE SLOAN
Business Manager JOHN WHITAKER
News Editor PAUL RULE
Asst. News Editor BILL KINCAID
Feature Editor DAVIS YOUNG
Sports Editor DAVE WIBLE
Asst. Sports Editor RUSTY HAMMOND
Advertising Manager FRED KATZIN
Subscription Manager AVERY THOMAS
Circulation Manager SYD SHUFORD
Arts Editor ANTHONY WOLFF
Coed Editor JOAN BROCK
Librarian GLENDA FOWLER

EDIT STAFF—Jonathan Yardley, Gail Godwin, Pete Young, Glenn Meginnis, Gary Greer, Ethan Tolman.

Editorial Assistants BARRY WINSTON, WHIT WHITFIELD, ED ROWLAND

BUSINESS STAFF—John Minter, Lewis Rush, Walter Blanton.

PHOTOGRAPHERS—Norman Kantor, Buddy Spoon, Night Editor GRAHAM SNYDER

Variations

Gail Godwin

A few months ago, I came across a little series of cartoons in one of the current magazines. This series ran a full page and was concerned with a young lady and her gentleman friend who were sitting at a table probably in a restaurant. The first five or six drawings showed the young woman going through sort of a private hell. First she leaned on one elbow, then she buried her head in her hands, then she gazed unbelievably at the gentleman friend. Finally she said: "This is too awful. I don't believe it. Tell me once more." The last drawing shows a very embarrassed young man looking soulfully and sorrowfully into his beer. "All right, I'll tell you again," he says, "I've never been to Europe."

Our poor ignorant ancestors (unless we are of Indian descent) borrowed, starved and longed for the wonderful land of milk and honey on the other side of the Atlantic. They couldn't wait to get to this country of uncut trees and unlicensed breathing.

It has taken the enlightened generation to realize that the only way to be "broadened" is to turn around and head straight back across the ocean. And by some miracle, if we save our pennies and hitchhike a ride on a tugboat or a freighter, if we can just put our foot on the landing at Le Havre, we are a much more interesting person.

Or even if we can just get to Merrie old England for a look around, then we have the right to come back with an authentic English accent. And you'll have to admit, it certainly does impress the bourgeoisie back home.

I have asked a few people on campus how they feel about the "Europe, or bust" movement. I got some interesting answers. They went from one end of the scale to the other. One continental lad expressed disgust with the "crude habits and speech of the average American." "Give me Paris any day," he said. "People really know how to live over there." He had been on a student tour the summer before. Another genteel soul confessed that his broad "A's" came as a result of listening to Winston Churchill records. "Just till I can get enough money to go to England and really cultivate the language."

One senior felt that the venerated statement "... when I was in Europe last fall ..." was analogous to driving a beautiful flashy car or having Sartre and Camus books displayed on your bookshelves. "It seems to me that people so often want to do things to create a symbol of superiority in the eyes of others," he said. "True, the person might have gone in debt and traveled by bicycle to get his trip abroad, and the flashy car may not be paid for in the next twenty years, and the books on the shelves have never been opened by their owner, but it still creates that important impression."

What worries me is that, what with all this jet travel and space ship talk, soon just anybody will be able to go to Europe in a matter of minutes.

Then where are we crude Americans who drink beer and orange juice instead of tea and wine, who go to cowboy movies and have southern, western, or yankee accents, going to do to be broadened?

Can't you just see the first wealthy young space travelers coming back from the moon? They will have acquired the sputtering accents of the moon men and they will bring back rare treasures of tall weeds and green cheese.

Then everyone will jump on the bandwagon and "just die" until they get broadened by a trip through outer space.

PREDICTIONS

Every year around this time baseball season starts, and usually editors of newspapers leave the prediction making to their man in the sports department.

This editor is a baseball fan, so he feels that he can hang himself on his own limb.

So here goes: In the National League it will be 1. St. Louis, 2. Milwaukee, 3. Los Angeles, 4. Philadelphia, 5. Cincinnati, 6. San Francisco, 7. Pittsburgh, 8. Chicago.

In the American League, it looks like: 1. New York, 2. Chicago, 3. Detroit, 4. Boston, 5. Cleveland, 6. Baltimore, 7. Kansas City, 8. Washington.

On Letters To Columnists: There Really Are A Few

Whit Whitfield

Today's column will be in the form of an open letter to the many thousands of people who write letters to the DTH columnists. The post office department is up in arms about the extra work they are having to do, and the columnists can't see their typewriters for the stacks of mail, so please comply with this request.

We are having particular trouble because our chair is extremely low, and when our three letters from last semester are placed on the desk with business-like reckless abandon we can hardly see the last row of keys, which accounts in part for our poor spelling, especially in words like zxcvb or nm...

To give you an idea of what is sometimes found in the mail, one of those three letters was from a Journalism instructor whom we had previously considered illiterate. We know he wrote it — he has no secretary.

A second (or rather THE second) was from a woman's college in Massachusetts, requesting that we do an article on "The Southerner's view of Orval Faubus." We wrote back and asked which northern state he represented in Congress, but we didn't get an answer.



"You'll Note The Familiar Cave Painting Motif"



Nurses Like New Rules

To The Editor:

The issue that has arisen concerning new rules for the freshmen coeds at Carolina must also be presented to the student body from the viewpoint of the girls who have lived under these very rules themselves. The majority of freshmen students here — nursing students — have come to Carolina under these regulations and have found them to be adequate and necessary.

To say that there is no realistic need for these rules to be changed is a fallacy on the part of those who have not had contact with this situation previously or who have not been able to foresee, as has Women's Residence Council, this need for new rules arising with an increasing number of freshmen women.

In comparison with the four years that these girls will spend here at Carolina, the four months that they would spend in closed study is a short time in which to build a strong foundation of good study habits and firm self-discipline for a college career. However, if a strong foundation can be built by even as many as one girl, who otherwise might not find a way to make her college stay successful, how can we deprive her of this opportunity? Granted there are girls who can — and will — make a good adjustment to college studies without restrictions, but these girls would find no difficulty in following these new rules.

At no other school will a girl find such unlimited opportunities for time consuming activities on the campus. Also there is an ever-present opportunity for socializing here. Even though these factors are of great importance to any girl, they are secondary to her real purpose for coming to this University. The ability to decide from all the things she would like to do, what she has time for, would be strengthened by a limited amount of time that she could spend in these activities.

It has been said that "by having the same rules as upper classmen, a girl can become more mature." Is a girl expected to jump from the teen-age level of high school to the maturity of a college upper-classman overnight without any guidance? The actual striving to attain such maturity is one of the major principles in adjusting to the beginning phases of college life. During this period, too, a

girl can gain respect and appreciation for upper classmen privileges.

Under these rules, freshmen coeds would not feel as if they were being ruled with an iron hand. The rules are theirs to adapt to their own individual needs, and they are a source of help and reinforcement rather than complete restriction.

With these specific ideas in mind the Women's Residence Council planned these rules accordingly, for the good of the future freshmen women rather than with the idea of keeping them "in the cradle."

Dewey Dance, President Nurses Dorm
Barbara Miles, Past President Nurses Dorm
Catherine Carden
Jean Southerland

More Hit Coed Rules

More former freshman women commented to Daily Tar Heel reporters on the new womens regulations.

Geraldine Cook, who went to a school with similarly strict rules and transferred to Carolina as a freshman also opposed the new regulations. She said, "Most of the freshman girls have labs in the afternoon. Library work has to be done at night. If one has to sign out, there will have to be an elaborate checking system. Nurses however, have their library in their dorm building. On days when a freshman girl has more than one test, what would happen if she doesn't get finished studying and then has to have her lights out. The rules will only lead girls to seek a way of circumventing them. Moreover if you have little work to do one week, and there are two or more events that a girl wants to go to, not necessarily a social event, she must give one of them up. Moreover segregation will be extremely bad. The influence of upper classmen is very helpful for the freshman girl, besides the added advantage of being able to form friendships with other coeds outside of one's class."

Carolyn Hoffer said that she doesn't like the new change. "Carolina is a good place for a girl to come and have a mind of her own, in order to decide what is best for her. The freshman year can be more beneficial if no one tells you what to do. I made my best grades as a freshman. This move would be the beginning of the destruction of freedom on the campus."

Postscript

Jonathan Yardley

Four years ago the University of North Carolina was in the heart of the Pegged Pants Belt; today it is in the Ivy League. What in the world has happened to make this University, once a proud maintainer of individuality, turn to the most repulsive stylistic mode since the "Mr. B" collar was in vogue?

Essentially the "Ivy League" move in men's clothing styles is a terrific one; at last the younger generation has seen the light and come to the realization that a man's form is best displayed without pleats and padding, and that a shirt which has a button-down collar is not only better looking than one which does not but is also more economical and sensible, since the collar cannot bend or wilt or sneak under the necktie.

This is wonderful, but why does the tag "Ivy League" have to go along with this? Are the students of our fair University ashamed that they are not at Princeton or Yale or Penn? Do they think that a Van Heusen shirt with the phrase "Genuine Ivy League" sewn inside the collar will make them acceptable in Northern social circles or more welcome on Madison Avenue? Do they wish to become Organization Men in appearance, eventually in fact?

It could be that we are overly pessimistic; maybe they just want to look better. The certainly do — no two ways about that. But the sad thing is that they have been duped. The clothes they are spending fantastic amounts on are not what the boys at Princeton and Harvard and Yale wear — some boys up there undoubtedly do, but the ones who wear the bona fide "Ivy League" clothes do not.

A large percentage of the better-dressed Ivy Leaguers buy their clothes from two stores — Brooks Brothers and J. Press. These two establishments are the focal point of the current rage. Yet they do not use the same materials, cuts, or over-all concept of clothing that the quasi-Ivy Leaguers believe to be the real McCoy. A whirlwind examination of the style should prove the point.

The shoes are essentially the same at Brooks and Town and Campus. The well-dressed Ivy Leaguer, however, wears long socks, argyle or plain wool, which require garters for support. The pants are completely different. Mr. Brooks would never peg down his pants, and the quasi-Ivy Leaguers do. The only difference between these pants and the real pegs is that the latter have pleats. And Ivan Ivy League would never stick a buckle on the rear of his pants. What in God's name is the button for? To hold excess fat in? To keep the wearer from folding up like a jack-knife? No, it's just the fetish of some designers who decided that if he put buckles on the back of his pants he could make mints by selling new pants when buckles go out of style.

The proper Ivy Leaguer's shirt does not have a pocket. This really is sort of pointless, because a pocket is a great place for cigarettes. But if you want to be genuine...

Brooks and J. Press do not sell tweed jackets with heavily accented vertical stripes. These stripes only tend to falsely portray the slimmest of the already overweight wearer. Ivan Ivy League wears a brownish tweed usually in herringbone or cross check. The ties, are, praise be, the same.

It's great that we ignorant Southerners are making at least a token effort at improving our taste, and it is really a very good effort. But there is a rather discouraging aspect to the situation. Why should we concentrate on copying the styles of another college group, a group which itself has many faults and may not be, in the final estimate, quite what we are?

In many ways the Ivy League is a narrow-minded, provincial, group of colleges. This lies not as much in the colleges themselves as in the students. Knowing a good many Ivy Leaguers, we are not at all sure that they are the perfect models.

Let's keep on dressing the way we are, and let's not be ashamed of the occasional poorness of our imitation. But most important, let's not be imitators. Let's try to stand on our own two feet not only as a student body of intelligent, independent people, but in the clothes we wear. Don't forget that, despite what the manufacturers would have us believe, the clothes don't make the man; the man makes the clothes.

View, Preview

Anthony Wolff
PETITES DRAMATIQUES

There seems to be a movement in the modern theatre, toward the revivification of ancient plots, with the resetting of existing dramatic material in modern surroundings, and their expression on the modern idiom. The attempt is an interesting and fruitful one, born of the desire of the modern writer to express great themes in an age deprived of greatness by modern ideologies. This "regression" is evident in poetry, as well as in the theatre: MacLeish's "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," many of T. S. Eliot's poems and plays, including "The Waste Land," and Ezra Pound's "Cantos" all demonstrate this direct descent from and dependence on the art of the past.

In the theatre, this influence of the past is almost equally pronounced; old and familiar themes and plots are not only given a modern setting, but also a modern point of view. Archibald MacLeish's new verse-drama, "J. B.," acclaimed by the critics, is the Book of Job in modern terms. In "The Lark," produced here last semester, certain liberties were taken with the myth of Saint Joan to make it into a commentary on modern life. Likewise, "Judith," this year's first Petites Dramatiques production, was adapted from the Apocryphal Book of Judith.

Jean Anouilh's "Antigone," presented last weekend by the Petites Dramatiques, is another illustration of the modern use of dramatic material which is centuries old, with the basic structure retained almost completely but the setting and the emphasis changed to fit the modern situation.

In Anouilh's version, the plot of the Sophoclean original is retained almost completely, but the emphasis has shifted to include Creon's situation and the character of Ismene has been less prominently featured. This is Creon's play, and it is no longer the tragedy of a young girl whose strength of purpose and devotion to a religious cause leads to her death; to be sure, this element has been retained, but it has become altered. Antigone's religious obligation to give her brother proper burial — the main theme in the Sophoclean play — has become more of a self-justification for her insistence on absolute standards, for her rejection of the compromise which is essential to human society. Her determination to make the ultimate commitment to what she feels is right is the foil to Creon's equally strong dedication to the human compromise; and Creon's ideology is the touchstone which demonstrates the beauty and purity of Antigone's conviction.

Last weekend's Petites Dramatiques production of the Anouilh play was in most respects a good one. Most of the faults were due to the direction or the casting; the acting, on the whole, was the best the Petites Dramatiques have produced this year.

The play is talky full of debates and without any action at all to speak of. It presents the director with some problems which are less obtrusive in plays with more action, and it takes imagination and stagecraft to overcome them. Working with the inadequate facilities of Gerrard Hall, Director Peter O'Sullivan did surprisingly well, but not entirely well enough. There wasn't enough action, and what there was often seemed unmotivated.

Much of the resulting flatness of the production could have been corrected by directing the actors to overplay slightly, in order to catch the audience with pure force of rhetoric. As it was, Amanda Meiggs, Taylor Williams and Kenneth Callendar were the only actors with any force in their speech at all.

William Dixon was a very striking, even an imposing Creon in appearance-bearing, but his underplaying robbed the character of force. As a result the play, which hangs on the conflict between Creon and Antigone, approached bathos in the contrast between the two. Dixon's interpretation was excellent, but he should have been encouraged to occasionally lose his tight control and become more passionate. Amanda Meiggs perhaps went a little too far toward the opposite extreme in her portrayal of Antigone; she overplayed too much, particularly in her climactic scene with Creon. Director O'Sullivan should have worked for more balance.

Nevertheless, Miss Meiggs gave a virtuoso performance, as is her custom. She is so talented that it is no insult to Director O'Sullivan to note that she was better then her direction; and with better direction than Carolina can offer, she will become a professional.

Kenneth Callendar turned the difficult trick of getting more out of his role than was written into it. His portrayal of Sargeant Jonas provided comic relief and sensitively demonstrated the embarrassment which occurs when a man who is wholly committed to the sullied uses of this world is forced to look on beauty bare.

The role of the Chorus was convincingly done by Taylor Williams. Whether the chorus is a necessary accessory to the action or not is debatable, but Mr. Williams made the most of it.

The miscasting occurred in the roles of the nurse and Haemon, Antigone's fiancé. Lucy Ann Dunlap did as good a job as could have been expected, considering the fact that she was playing a character three times her own age; this is too much to ask of any actress. The result was that her character slipped into caricature, to the serious detriment of the first scene.

Harold Williamson was neither vocally nor physically strong enough to make the role of Haemon come to life. He was appealing enough, but not a plausible lover for Antigone.

Ismene, Antigone's sister, was played rather weakly by Caroline Marsh; in extension of this criticism, it must be noted that Miss Marsh joined the cast at the last moment, and did not have sufficient opportunity to master her role. Unfortunately, it mastered her.

The rest of the minor roles were well done. A rare occurrence thus far in the brief history of the Petites Dramatiques. All in all this was a good production, deserving more attention from the public than it received. The play is as provocative as any seen at Carolina recently, and in its best moments the production did near-justice to a script of considerable difficulty.

