

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

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Tar Heel Writes About Dixie

In the July, 1960, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* there appeared an article entitled "To Live and Die in Dixie" which won considerable acclaim and national interest. The article, along with seven others, has now been published in a book called *The Man Who Feels Left Behind*.

This volume should be of particular interest to Chapel Hillians not only because of the important article about the South but also because its author, Gerald W. Johnson, taught journalism at the University about fifteen years ago and is a distinguished North Carolinian by birth and rearing.

It is with the particular article in question, however, that we are concerned. This is a remarkable document.

Johnson's primary concern is the essential "separateness" of the South and southerners. He notes the ties that bind southerners more strongly than the ties of any other region.

And he dispels both southern folklore and folklore about the South. It is in this that the essay assumes its greatest importance. Beauty, he says, is the South's greatest attraction and its greatest danger. For southerners like to take to heart the Keatsian adage that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all ye know on earth; and all ye need to know."

The preoccupation with beauty that is so prevalent in the South transcends the mere beauty of the region. The beauty of the Arthurian legend is the catalyst of many major southern problems — problems which have plagued the South since it first began to grow

pleased with the plantation system and slave labor.

We are now reaping the fruits of our labors, and many of us are finding them distasteful. In its unremitting search for beauty the South has sacrificed goals that are of far more importance and value to its development.

It has been this quest for beauty that has hindered the South, and that has led Mr. Johnson to say: "I see in the antics of the land of my birth in recent years evidence of a cultural lag appreciably greater than that of the rest of the nation; and to say so is to accuse the South of being far behind indeed."

The South has, as the author protests, lived in a dream world that cannot be compromised with the so-called "harsh facts of reality." It has preferred to believe that something distinguishes it from other regions and gives it a clearly defined distinctness that allows the perpetration of this myth.

All, however, is not bad. If the South appeals to the Arthurian in its natives, it also imbues in them a regional pride that is exceptional for its depth. To be a southerner is a unique distinction, and all who are southerners feel this passionately. Even the adopted southerner feels more identity with the region than with his birthplace.

The peculiar characteristics of the South have long intrigued Americans and southerners alike. Mr. Johnson certainly is not the first to write with distinction on the subject, but because he is a North Carolinian and because he writes with such compassion and understanding we particularly recommend this article and the entire book to Chapel Hill readers.

The President Takes His Stand; Now The People Must Follow

The firm hand that has so long been missing in United States foreign policy reappeared Wednesday at President John F. Kennedy's fourth news conference.

In strong, uncompromising terms he told the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics that we will not tolerate one-sided intervention in the Congo; and at the same time voiced a sincere plea for rapid improvement in American relations with the strong-armed Russian bear.

The mistakes and weaknesses of

the past detract considerably from the impact of this statement; we cannot convince the world overnight that in areas where we have been weak before we now will be strong. But we must begin, and it is to this task that the President has directed himself.

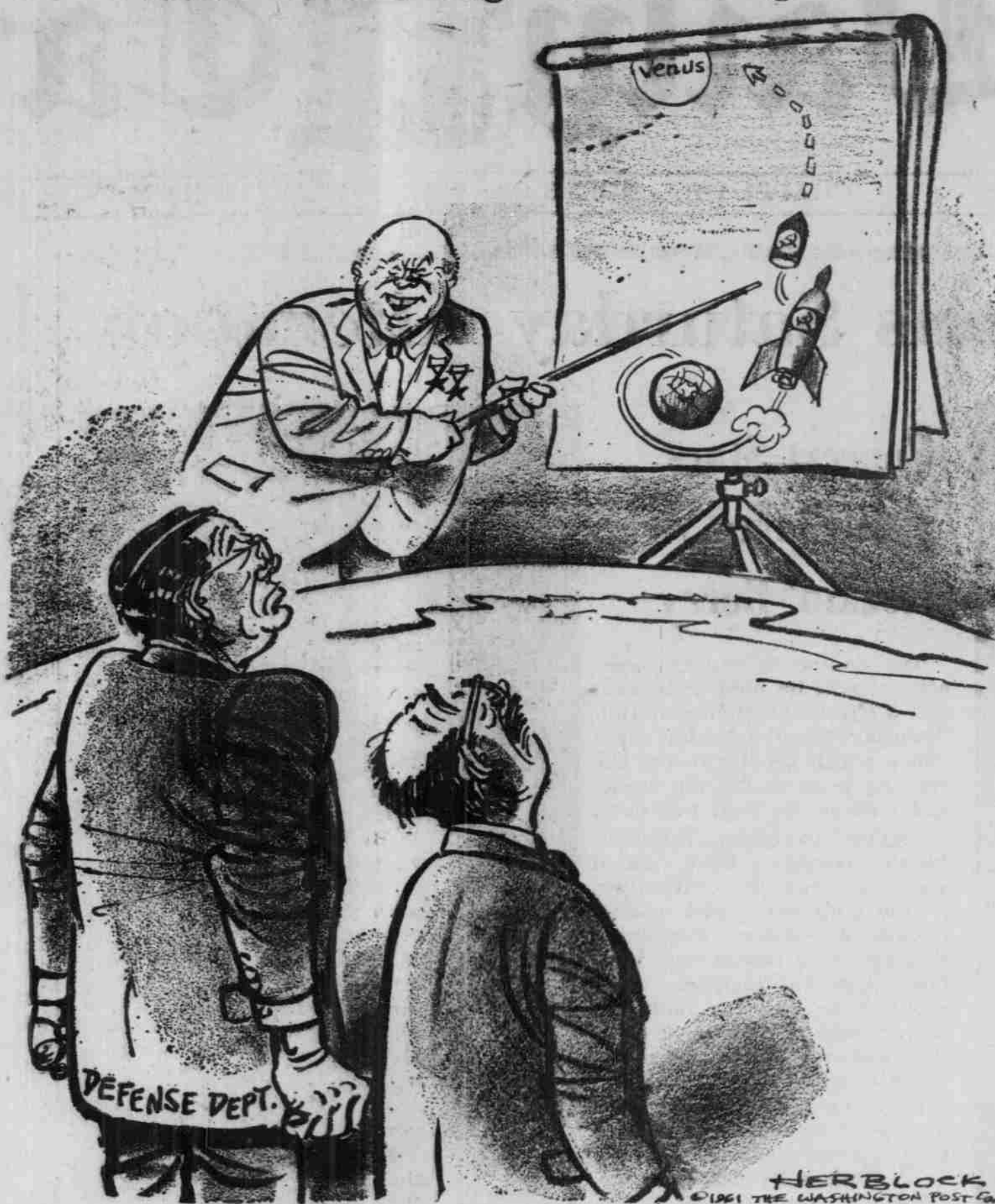
For the last four weeks Washington has been electrified by a new foreign policy of dealing from a strong hand that has both the capitol city and the world in a state of excitement and anticipation. The challenge that lies ahead is the challenge of putting this strength in concrete terms.

We must, in accordance with our vigorous new government, regroup and rearm our forces for the battles that lie ahead. They may never be battles of physical force, but they surely will be battles for men's minds and hearts. These are the battles that are won by strength, and it is with this in mind that America must build.

The world today is marked by an undertone of peril, uncertainty and indecision. To be decisive is to be victorious, and it is victory that we need, victory that we demand, victory that is imperative.

President Kennedy knows the goals, and knows the means. It is now the role of the American people to form themselves behind this quest for victory toward peace and to exert themselves unceasingly until that peace is attained.

"Now A Little Foreground Briefing —"



Blake Green

Issues, Issues, Issues—Everybody's Got An Issue

There is a group who settle the nation's problems every day between sips of Lenoir Hall's coffee and comparisons of the amount of outside reading they should be doing in the library.

It is an odd assortment. There is Peter, the conservative, who father owns the largest independent steel mill in the United States, and who is positive that hell is filled only with members of the CIO-AFL with John L. himself, the head devil.

Bill, the son of a Detroit industrial worker, can never be convinced that the bulk of the world's problems do not lie in the magnified faults of big business and excessive foreign aid.

There is David who supports federal aid to education, Dick who worked as a lobbyist for the AMA last summer, John who spends his free time writing letters to the editor on the horrors of approaching socialism, and Rick who wants the U.S. to get out of the U.N.

Allan plays a guitar and is an avid supporter of Castro and Paul is membership chairman of an organization to prevent Catholicism from taking over the government.

New Yorker Sally reads the headlines of the *Charlotte Observer* and vehemently hisses "ignorance, ignorance, the South is overrun with it—and what do you do? You close the schools!"

Tom agrees and reminds everyone to attend tonight's meeting of the NAACP.

Lee stands up in a huff of disgust and informs him that he is only working toward mongrelization of the white race.

Some days you sit there in the midst of the pros and cons of birth control and military conscription, listening to the ridicule heaped upon DeGaulle's Al-

gerian policy, the reasons why we shouldn't have broken diplomatic relations with Cuba, and how Laos is just the chance the West needs to show the Communists that we're not fooling.

Tom says you're not a true Christian if you are prejudiced, Sally tells you that a vote against federal aid to education is a step toward illiteracy, and Davis says that Bobby is not qualified to be Attorney General.

Being of an objective nature you listen to both sides of the questions, weigh the facts and attempt to draw some conclusion. But Peter says there is no question that Rockefeller sold Nixon down the river, and Sally insists that Gov. Vandiver is in cahoots with the KKK.

If you agree that segregation is wrong, Tom calls you a hypocrite when you refuse to ask a group of Negroes to eat at your table.

When you decide that Hammarskjold has done a "fairly" good job in the Congo, Rick shrieks of self-determinism and invasion of rights.

Socialized medicine is either a gift from heaven or an invention of the devil, Kennedy is the salvation of the U.S. or a youngster who'll undoubtedly bring about her downfall.

Castro is a mad man or a martyr, DeGaulle a brilliant statesman or a behind-the-times old goat, Eisenhower a lazy no-good golfer or one of the all-time greats.

There is no middle way. You must take up Bill's negative views on the House Rules Committee or be completely in opposition. "Passivity is the blight of mankind," they shout. Say yes or no but never maybe. He's right, or wrong but never half wrong or half right.

You agree with David that Adlai Stevenson would have made a good Secretary of State but when you add that you think Rusk will do just as well, he tells you not to be "wishy-washy."

You cannot feel a tinge of regret when another outpost of segregation falls to a court decision without being a segregationist, or remark how ludicrous the situation has become in New Orleans without becoming an out-and-out integrationist.

Indecision is akin to ignorance. A little of this side and a little of that only combine to make Sally shout "oh, have a mind of your own!"

You must make a decision now. You look for support. But there is only David dunking his do-nut and insisting that under no condition should Senator Byrd have been allowed to retain chairmanship of the Finance Committee . . . Lee calling the Supreme Court decision on segregation a definite infringement of human rights . . . John saying the AMA should be outlawed in the country . . .

Are there only Sallys and Davids and Ricks and Johns whose way is the only way?

You wonder . . . if there is anyone left who isn't sure?

Reviewer Finds 'The Visit' Somewhat Disappointing

An absorbing evening is in store for those who see the Carolina Playmakers production of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's "The Visit," which opened Wednesday and runs through Monday in the Playmakers Theatre: absorbing in that the Playmakers have chosen a fascinating, compelling play, granted it the competent direction of Harry Davis, and tossed in such talented leading players as William Trotman and Mary Jane Wells. Such a teaming of talents would seem bound to produce a sensational piece of theatre art; but alas, one must remember the necessity for minor players, with their Southern drawls and clumsiness in managing props.

Indeed, it seems to this reviewer that certain of the minor players, all too frequently the offenders in the Playmakers Theatre, have again committed that unpardonable crime of deadening what might have proved a far more interesting play.

"The Visit" as a play is heavy with a sense of foreboding evil, of something terrible and sinister always about to happen. A woman (Mary Jane Wells) who was once brutally banished from her home town, now having risen to infamous wealth, returns to the town to obtain justice. She points an accusing finger chiefly at her former lover (William Trotman) and agrees to restore the town to prosperity on-

ly if she is granted Trotman's life. The play is a terrifying affair from the outset through to its horrific ending; and if the team of Duerrenmatt-Davis-Trotman-Wells had been multiplied so that each of the quartet could have assumed triple duties, the play might well have approached professional calibre. As is, however, it falls short even of the high amateur standard the Playmakers have established over the years. This is not to say that these four alone deserve credit; all in all, the presentation is by extremely competent hands.

William Trotman, who has called the lead role of Anton Schill the most difficult of his career, proves himself fully worthy of it. When he has the stage to himself one senses the power of a professional. His voice is resonant and flexible, ranging from whispery, shocked exclamations that chill the audience to full, agonized outcries that make one shudder. He has dignity and humanity—in the rich quantities that "The Visit" demands. Trotman, in short, appears to be a splendid performer.

Mary Jane Wells as Claire Zachanassian is equally adept. She speaks her lines with a fitting tone at once blasé and full of life; her words are clipped and piercing. Thirst for vengeance, which motivates the play, echoes in every syllable. Miss Wells speaks, and the actress moves with a haughty self-assurance and an added something which makes a neat, chiseled performance seem not only correct, but even inspired. She is at her best in the wonderful scene following her eighth wedding, when she complacently puffs a cigar as she sits in bridal attire on a sedan chair.

But the sense of impending doom, so pervasive in the play itself, is somehow lost in this production. Perhaps the blame lies chiefly in the disappointing minor players, who stomp about with bored faces and bored postures. Before the opening curtain has been parted five minutes, many members of the audience question whether the play is to be tragic or comic; the two blind members of Miss Wells' entourage, played by Bill Hannah and Irving Zelon, seem completely absurd buffons, whereas their lines indicate they might have established a mood of fated disaster. They giggle and squirm and shout their lines and somehow seem more like schoolboys on a lark than remnants of destroyed manhood. Dwight Hunsucker's Pastor, too, seems jerky and awkward.

Yet many of the minor players are quite adequate. Ed Robbins, for example, more than redeems himself for his somewhat disappointing role in "South Pacific" with his capable handling of the Teacher role. While he seems to lose control and flounder about at times, his overall competence is obvious. Jerry Walker, too, shows himself to be developing nicely, playing the not-so-minor role of Burgomeister.

Lynn Gault, besides being one of the few minor players who know their craft, designed the sets, and it seems almost redundant to add that Gault's sets are up to his firmly established standard. It is a pity, however, that while he created magic areas on the tiny Playmakers stage, these minors, most jostle and trip against the very few pieces of scenery. Stagehands, it seems, also mistook a flat of a factory for one of a forest in one scene; but this was among the less serious crimes of the evening.

Russell Graves' lighting achieved its mood-setting goals unflinchingly. The scene changes were enthralling: music (usually guitars) was heard, lights dimmed, and the changes were made visible to the audience. Each time a scene was dimmed out, the tableau onstage was reminiscent of a German Expressionist painting.

Mary Lindsey Guy's costumes, too, were quite well done.

Everything considered, "The Visit" is well worth seeing—as much for the leading players, the sets, and the lighting as for the play itself. It is all the while appalling that the "lesser lights" went so far toward banishing the mood of chilling terror that Davis, et al., sought but failed to achieve.

Frank Murphy

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Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

Bless the Ranch House for Cactus Ted's generous Valentine's Day gift to Chapel Hillians. His offer was: Whatever you eat, your date gets the same on the house.

Other restaurants probably would have begrudged their clientele a toothpick.

The University Party Convention had its usual laughs the other night. Referring to a snide remark from UP Chairman Dennis Rash concerning who read *The Daily Tar Heel* (if anybody), DTH chieftain J. Yardley lept to his feet, obtained recognition and said, "Mr. Rash, 10,000 people read *The Daily Tar Heel*." This may be a vain presumption.

From a reader, this note:
Dear Hedda Hopper:

Recently darling you covered a christening of Lymington II Deutsch. I wish you dealers in trash would get the facts straight. Lymington II Deutsch was 13 weeks old, not 11.

Anirate Father
Dear Irate Father:
Believing in journalistic accuracy, we regret this error.
H. H.

To those who say the Student Party is dead, we contend that group has a golden opportunity to capture three out of the top four offices this Spring. Only UP presidential candidate Bob Sevier is safe, and deservedly so.

To The Editor:

Let us move now from bobby sox to panty raids.

On the issue of panty raids, in contrast to the issue I made of bobby sox, there has already been much said by others. However, I say let there be room made here for one more say-so.

For, indeed, I have my own philosophy about panty raids which has heretofore never been leaked to any of the news media. And as both male and female alike will soon discover, what I will have to say should attract the utmost scrutiny from the University authorities, who have become more and more militant in oppressing panty raids.

First of all, let us briefly dissect a panty raid.

The urge for a raid is born usually in the form of a sort of spontaneous burst of feverish emotions, spreading contagiously through the campus night air, luring electrified males out of their dorm rooms and fraternity abodes, compelling them to surge en masse toward the girls' dorms.

Alas! these upstanding young men have found an escape from the drudgeries and boredom of the campus routine. All their pent-up frustrations have found freedom!

And no one will deny that the co-eds, bless their souls, love it all more than anybody . . . what could be more thrilling, dear, than an absolute PANTY raid . . .

Thus, we have the surging, merging throng of libidinous males (harmlessly) rallying 'round the girls' dorms and raising a lot of hell, nothing much more, though hoping also to raise a few unmentionables to make their effort, shall we say, worthwhile?

And we have in the other camp the female contingent, fortress in their dorms, their little hearts skipping a beat here and there, purring, purring . . .

Panties: A Raid Should Be Made; Wildly Democratic

And now, aha, I am ready to drive home my point.

What in America could be more democratic than one of these panty raids? In this strange phenomenon of nature, I say we have what is perhaps the most clearcut expression of democracy.

For has the Carolina student body ever experienced closer fraternal ties than on the night of a panty raid? Has the will of the majority (all 100 percent of it) ever been more cheerfully executed? Has the will of the "minority" consequently ever been more respected? Has there ever been less friction and more cooperation as that found in the functioning of one of these extra-curricular activities?

And we further ask, in the interest of good will to the more hardened of those among us:

Has there ever been any real danger or threat or dorm invasion which could easily have been discouraged by enforcing elementary precautions? Have any feelings ever been hurt? A re panty raids—as they are labeled, ironically, by the powers that be—"dangerous"? "ungentlemanly"? "immoral"? "suggestive" (my favorite)?

My answer to these questions is that: the right to panty-raid is self-evident—and more important, it is wildly democratic.

Clinton Blufopher

The Daily Tar Heel solicits and is happy to print any letter to the editor written by a member of the University community, as long as it is within the accepted bounds of good taste. NO LETTERS WILL BE PRINTED IF THEY ARE OVER 300 WORDS LONG OR IF THEY ARE NOT TYPEWRITTEN OR DOUBLE SPACED. We make this requirement purely for the sake of space and time.