

Opinion

'Lolita Complex' Evident In New Fashions

Paris once again dictates the appearance of those who can afford such dictatorship. This spring, fashion-conscious women will strive for the "poor-little-girl" look—women of the world will discard glamour and sophistication, and assume an unaffected, child-like naturalism. Parisien coutouriers are retaining the child-like simplicity of Bardot, and discarding the "unchildlike" complexities.

A fashion magazine describes the new look as one of "deliberate, delicious impoverishment".

To achieve this enviable impoverished air of the Paris urchin, designers have created the "Princesse" cut. (Admittedly there is some disparity in the name and the aim of the style—but who can comprehend the whims of the fashion artist?).

The first change is in the waist (or in the look of it—depending on your point of view). It is either up or down from its physical counter-part. Hemlines are short—just below the knee—creating the appearance of the gangling school-girl. Hair-dos

have a charming, uncombed air—which, however, take studied care to prepare.

The result is all the allure of a girl of twelve. We may smile and say—this is a fad—it will

by Frances Mahan

soon pass. However, we must realize the damage that can be done in a short while. The adoption of such a mode of fashion will change mother-daughter re-

lationships. Gone is the old mother-image... daughters will not imitate mothers... mothers will imitate daughters. Self-satisfaction at such an early age could be disastrous. Women will no longer play the mature, adult role—they will attempt to fill the child-like fashion decrees. They will not be able to take a competitive role in the business and professional world. Any woman dressed as a "12 year old girl" would feel ridiculous discussing the stock market or nuclear physics. In fact, this move

in fashions points to an attempt to undermine the morale and stamina of women... with a definite raising of the male ego. If we scrutinize more closely, we discover that the promoters of such fashion are... men.

Women... we have been tricked into thinking we are alluring and charming if we adopt the naive and child-like manner of the Parisien nymphet. Let us not lose our integrity and identity.

Be out of Fashion! Look like (continued on page 4)

Just Released . . .

The Drew Report On Radio UNB

Recently 269 students, mainly in the Residences, answered a Radio UNB poll concerning the type of programs desired on a campus radio. We must thank 268 students for their co-operation. Also Frenchie. Art Van Wart correlated the varying opinions and drew graphs. On this the following Drew report was based and Director Barry J. Yoell has released it for publication.

Well, whatever else happens, it appears, Radio UNB won't be out of a DJ. One bobby-soxer drew a big heart on her poll with the words "I like Barry" inside.

It was encouraging to note that only two people wanted the radio station closed down most of the time. Most favored the idea of Radio UNB and one by his answers showed that he wanted programs on the air a minimum of 160% of the time. A few wanted no talking at all ("enough of that in the Shaggy") but others wanted a close contact with campus affairs and events.

At the top of the poll students were asked for their faculty and sex. After "sex" two gentlemen wrote "yes please", one "occasionally", another "sometimes". Two added the suffix—fiend and—starved respectively. One reply stated "I said I live in Jones House" as if that proved anything. Further Mrs. Millar might be interested to know that there is someone living in the Maggie who is (but shouldn't be) uncertain what his/her sex is.

One student, who claimed Moscow as his home town, wanted Soviet news while another potential swastika-painter asked for 100% Nazi party songs and speeches. The Russian comrade also wished to have marriage counselling which suggests a lack of sex education under the Communist régime. Some square requested 80% beatnik music; another suggested Radio Hotbed. Rejected was the idea that Dr. Paul should have 80% of broadcast time—a case either of hypochondria or facetiousness.

Western music was hotly opposed by a large majority and rock 'n' roll by almost as many. However, those who did support Western music felt that locally we are not getting the genuine stuff. A large number want show and popular music, a few mentioned folk songs and calypso whilst one Christian Atheist demanded sacred music. Classical music and traditional jazz both have a considerable following and the general consensus of opinion indicated that the main desire was "music to study by".

A surprising number added that national and international news should be included but of the more detailed answers there is a strong inclination away from mere "music—and—news" programming and towards distinctively on-campus radio.

Apparently some time should be given to debates, quizzes and drama productions. Shorts on campus news and sports are expected. Those who felt that the Brunswick covered these adequately forgot that the newspaper has the time element working against it. Three optimists also asked for time to be devoted to students talent. If there is any it could be included in reviews of campus activities.

Obviously the programming will be hotly debated before Radio UNB goes over the air. But one thing seems settled. Whether the music be Western or Wagner, Messer or Mozart, the DJ to somebody's way of thinking must be "Barry".

John Stockdale writes:

More About Beats

Bongos and Espresso in old claw-footed bath tubs; dirty bodies and disorganized minds; lazy young people on marijuana, orbiting into infinity, into sinks of apathy. Only young beats; no old people allowed. It's a young people's game. Young beats are ridiculous. Old beatniks are bums. They get put in poorhouses or jails. Maybe the young ones should be put there too. At least they would have to wash and eat. Jails would be the best place: bars on the cells, like zoos, like zoos, man... like crazy... like at beats they laugh too...

All the beat wants is attention. Every beard and every lumpy mattress in every pad says to the clean people, "Look at me... I'm dirty and loose and I like it!" Don't let them fool you. Most of them would go to work... if they had the guts. It's something called escapism.

And as for poetry... they are fascinated by alliteration... their mothers were scared by Vachel Lindsay... or a grade one teacher reading Zen Buddhism.

There was a time when the hip-swingers said that the Pelvis would never die... The Roaring Twenties with their flappers and bath tub gin came and went... The Lost Generation passed in the same period... but there was talent there... misdirected at first but powerful... perhaps there is power in the beats and talent... well disguised so far... The Hungry Thirties and the War and the Fifties are gone... the beats will follow the same path...

There is always a class of people who want to go along

for the ride and figure that the rest of the world owes them a living... the beats want to persuade the public that there is value in dirty feet and words strung senselessly together like slimy eggs in a green pond... and they want to sell too... very un-Beat-like. The golden age of the big-time swindler is gone... why let some new swindlers, literary fakes, revive it...

Someone tried to persuade me that the term "beatnik" came from the same root as "beatify". I can't see it myself... among the eleven meanings given for the word in a dictionary I only found one that seemed to fit... DEADBEAT... but dead brother... but dead...

People have been sidling up to me lately and asking where my beard went and if I were going

'respectable' on them... The reason I had a beard was because it hurts to shave... the reason that I shaved it off was because

Interviews for the UNB

Expedition to Saint Pierre

and Miquelon may be

arranged by phone.

GR 1-2282

Sue Yurselph

(Law 52) says:



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