

# WHAT MAKES AN ARTIST CREATE?

By Tony Sparger

Consider the artist. What makes him create?

That expansive question may be answered in one word...fear. Fear of his own potential power and the destructive course that power might take if not channeled correctly; fear of the consequences of a lit fuse in a world where unrelieved tension will ultimately lead to total annihilation of the human race. And finally, fear of living without purpose and dying without immortality.

But is this fear that compels the artist to create not likely to reverse its effects and turn against the artist himself? For example, once the life of an actor is over, so is his art. There is nothing tangible the actor can leave behind to display his achievements for posterity (unless he indulges in the entirely different theatrical concept of films). On the other hand, the painter, the playwright, the composer...all, if they did not receive acclaim while they lived, can be fairly well assured that post mortem recognition will be theirs. Yet the actor struggles continually upward only to crumble to dust at death...and his art with him.

No number of biographies, no amount of careful working can describe the technique of an actor whose knowledge and talent have perished with his body. A student of acting, since he cannot spend hours observing the captivating deliveries of Sarah Bernhardt or Edwin Booth, must find his own mastery of the art unaided and judge the worth of his discovery solely on the acceptance or rejection of his audience.

The curtain falls; the lights dim; the applause fades and the actor's opportunity to communicate has passed. He may face rebuttal from a hostile audience, or insincere praise from a sympathetic house, or even unearned malice from his critics. How is he to know whether or not his performance truly merited the response it met? His chance to prove himself is over; he is left with only the hope that he was justly rewarded for his efforts and the determination to win the heart of his audience if ever he should face another.

#### GRAFFITI by Leary

Teachers: Remember you are dealing with sensitive high strung children who are probably armed.

## A POEM: BY KEITH GATES

A naked man is running wild. The sand  
 Beneath his feet is warm: The wind's his friend.  
 He stops upon a grassy hill; the land  
 His father knew. The naked man will spend  
 One hour lying there. The grass will blend  
 His blood with sweat his father bled; a breeze  
 Will touch his flesh like butterflies and send  
 A bird to be upon his breast. The trees  
 That sing their song, remind him of the sea's  
 Relentless song. And so, he journeys on,  
 The naked man. And running wild, he sees  
 The ocean shining in the golden dawn.  
  
 And after he has felt the water, mild;  
 Again the naked man goes running wild.

## CALENDAR

- Nov. 25 - 8:15 p.m. -- "Allegri (Mon.) String Quartet" - NCSA Auditorium.
- Nov. 26 - 8:15 p.m. - Winston-Salem (Tues.) Symphony - Reynolds' Auditorium
- Nov. 26 - 8:15 p.m. -- "She Stoops (Wed.) To Conquer" - NCSA Theatre
- Nov. 27 - 8:15 p.m. -- "She Stoops (Wed.) To Conquer" - NCSA
- Nov. 28 - 5:00 p.m. -- Thanksgiving (Thurs.) Day Candlelight Dinner Sponsored by the student Government Association in the School Cafeteria. Faculty and their families are invited.
- 11:00 a.m. - Student Government Meeting (Officer and alternates) (Room 321 Main Building
- Nov. 29 - 11:30 a.m. - Recital - (Fri.) Mike McCraw - Main Aud.
- 11:30 a.m. - Student Activities Committee Meeting - Room 320
- 12:15 p.m. -- Trampoline Instruction in the Theatre.
- 2:00 p.m. -- Lecture by Dr. Harold Find in the Main Auditorium
- Nov. 30 - 1:00 p.m. -- Horseback (Sat.) Riding
- 8:15 p.m. -- Irving Klein, cellist - Main Auditorium
- Dec. 1 - 1:30 p.m. -- Bowling (Sun.)
- Dec. 2 - Williamsburg Performance Students from the Schools of Dance, Music, and Drama will attend.

## CONTEMPLATION ON REALITY

BY BECKY DODDS

flicker  
 flutter  
 wings of flame  
 dripping  
 dribbling  
 wax.