

BAMPTON LEAVES FACULTY

Rose Bampton, teacher of voice at the North Carolina School of the Arts, will leave the School's faculty following the Siena Summer Session in September.

Robert Ward, President of the School of the Arts, said today that "her responsibilities in New York have increased to the extent that she is unable to continue to commute to Winston-Salem, which she has done for the past four years, since the School opened in the fall of 1965."

Ward said, "Miss Bampton has made a splendid contribution to the School as a teacher and as a person with the highest standards and great influence.

"At present she is assisting us in our search for a successor in order to continue her fine work."

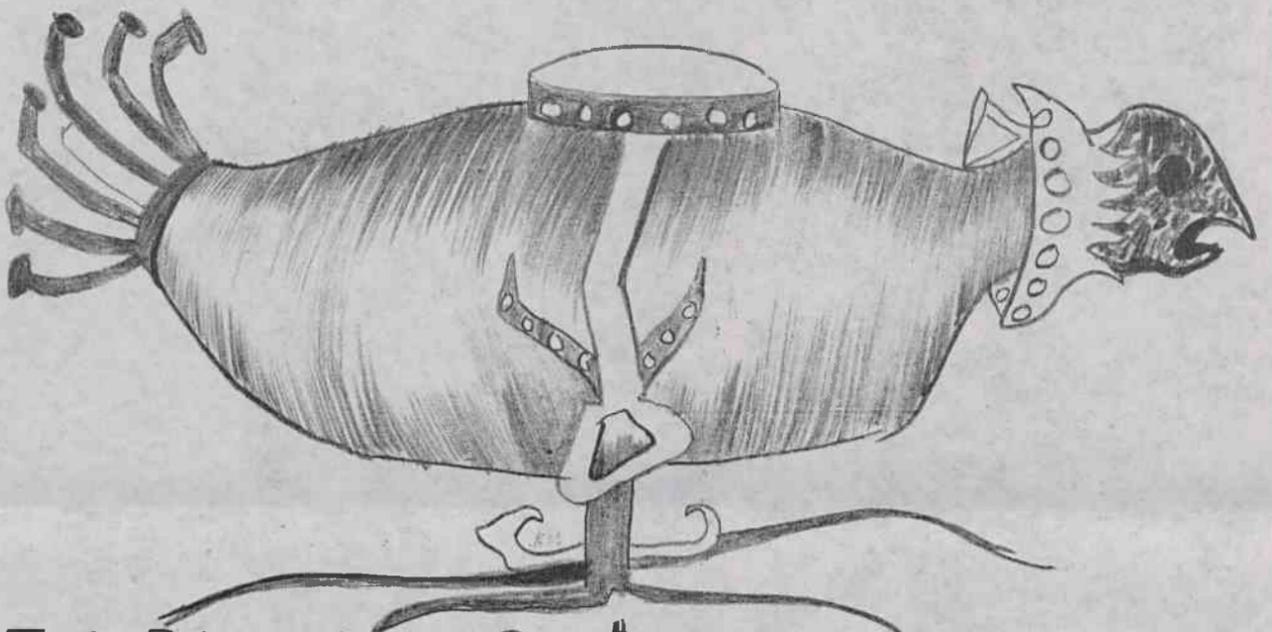
Miss Bampton said, "I feel very sad to have to leave. I am devoted to the School and all it stands for. I have been very close to the students, and it will be a great wrench to give up these friendships.

"It has been most rewarding to see the fruition of the work which actually began at those first auditions held on Easter weekend in 1965. Now some of those who auditioned then will be graduating in June, and my greatest hope and belief is that they will have successful careers as performing artists. My interest in the School and its students will certainly continue.

In addition to teaching at the School of the Arts, Miss Bampton is on the faculty at the Manhattan School of Music in New York. She

was leading dramatic soprano for 18 years with the Metropolitan Opera and major opera companies of Europe and the Americas. She has sung concerts throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, South Africa and South America. She has recorded for RCA Victor under Toscanini, Stokowski and Pelletier.

She has a bachelor of Music degree from Curtis Institute of Music and an honorary doctorate of humanities from Drake University.



EARL WINS \$500 PRIZE

by Kathy Fitzgerald

The exhibit which opened at the Gallery of Contemporary Art in Old Salem April 17th was a curious combination of the very fine and the very poor in contemporary, mixed-media art.

It was a varied assortment of media--woodcuts, oils, lithographs, silk screens and sculptures. Especially interesting was the use of plexiglass and light. An intriguing example of this was "Soul Mirror"--a plexiglass painting by Jerrold Freid of Southern Pines, N.C.

The award for Best in Show went to a silk screen entitled "Weenie Soda" by Charles Magistro of Richmond, Va. -- a rather unfortunate judgement. It was a white work--right down to the magenta Marilyn Monroe lips holding the straws in the lower half of the picture.

Royalne Ward represented the School of the Arts with an oil painting entitled "Girl with a Plant." The combination of warm colors and broad brush strokes gave it a swirling solidity.

Clifford Earl also of the School of the Arts won the \$500 prize for his sculpture, "Chicken

Stool." It was not as you might suppose a stool for the fatigued fowl-- it was a large, orange, steel chicken equipped with stirrups, harness, and cushion. The head of the creature resembled a demented gargoyle--possibly homicidal. It was a fascinating work.

MODELING INTERVIEW SET FOR SATURDAY

Representatives of the Norling Studios, High Point, will be at the School Saturday morning, April 26, to interview and test photograph students for professional modeling assignments

Both male and female models are wanted, and no previous modeling experience is necessary. Applicants should come with a change of clothing: leotards and dresses for the girls, sport clothes and a business suit for the boys.

A number of the applicants will have test photographs made Saturday and will be furnished complimentary copies of these photos.

The interviews will be conducted in the Theatre beginning at 10 AM Saturday. Prospective models should report to the Theatre lobby.

Heat draining in thought
 untrust world and gay
 friendly mockery
 So will in heat hurt a sun once,
 You welcomed--
 fool.
 Laugh at the funny sickness
 the day brought
 Wrapped in black death
 ribbon
 Die today,
 So perfect a day '
 for running in tracks until
 the earth
 twists
 your hate into
 itself.
 Can you smile?
 There is grass to tickle
 your feet at the end
 of a lazy blanket.
 And songs
 beaten by time
 over and over the end begins
 and that enough
 if only
 the wandering grief
 could find
 a reason in unjust hating
 You must be needing
 years or
 a new flower
 or maybe
 it is time
 today
 to die...

by LISA PARKINS