

LETTER TO THE STUDENTS

My Dear Students and Dorm Staff:

Wish I knew the right words to say what is in my heart, but I don't. I will say, where else but at the N.C.S.A. can one find such warm and wonderful people? Thanks seems such a small word for the wonderful surprise party you all gave me, and the beautiful stereo. I can't believe it yet. I don't deserve such kindness, but I do appreciate it so very much. Thank you, thank you, each and every one that had a part in it, from the bottom of my heart.

A poet once these words wrote,
"One is rich who has a friend."
I thought how true, he must
have had wonderful friends just
like you.

May God bless each of you real good. I love you very much.

Hattie Brown

CALENDAR

May 19 - 7:30 P.M. -- Lauria McGraw (Mon.) Recital in the Main Auditorium.

May 20 - 8:00 P.M.-- Singers Guild (Tues.) Opera Night, excerpts from The Force of Destiny and Carmen. Salem Fine Arts Center.

7:15 P.M.-- Martha Lindsey Recital in the Main Auditorium.

May 21 - 11:00 A.M.-- Student Government Meeting (Officers and alternates), third floor, Main Building.

2:00 P.M.--Mr. Gottlieb's Chamber Orchestra. Attendance requested.

7:30 P.M. -- Composition Students' Recital in the Main Auditorium of the Main Building.

May 23 - 8:15 P.M.--Faculty recital (Fri.) by Marjorie Mitchell, pianist. Main Hall.

May 24 - 1:00 P.M.--Horseback riding (Sat.)

May 25 - 1:00 P.M.-- Bowling. (Sun.)

CONVOCATION WEDNESDAY

HANDEL : CONCERTO GROSSO NO XI

CONCERTO FOR FOUR HORNS AND ORCHESTRA ..Schumann

Attendance Requested 2:00 PM

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BY LYNNE HEDRICKS

The shadows moved across the floor. Eric was a thoughtful child, had always been a thoughtful child. Everyone said so. "Eric is a frail boy, you must understand. Heavy activity would be much too detrimental to his health, no, no, too risky. Give him puzzles." "He draws a little." "Good, it will keep him occupied."

So, you see, no one was in the least surprised when Eric left. One day when the sun was barely hidden and the rain was making its primary courtship to the trees, Eric flew away. No one knew, no one noticed. It was very simple, all too simple. He had done it many times before but he had always come back to soft warm sheets and cream of wheat with raisins and cinnamon. This time the little purple faces in his cereal bowl were silent and the mountains that his legs made under the blankets ceased to rumble and became so silent, so still.

But it was to be expected. Time would take care of him, his mother prayed. Soon it would end--- poor baby, my poor baby. "Yes, I'm afraid the more advanced stages are beginning." "Dear, you knew it would be this way. We can only hope that the Lord will make it easy for him."

The shadows lengthened and Eric, melting quietly through the wall, lifted his vision to the last rays of silken rainlight. He rolled on his back languishing in the currents of warm air which held him, supported him. Floating through the streets, peeping at the windows. The flowers in the gardens--all were his. Freed from the heavy flesh which bound him to his bed, he soared

Mr. Hardcastle and Kate Hardcastle (Kathleen Masterson) were satisfactorily hilarious in the famous (and difficult) talking-at-cross purposes scene, as were moments later, Mrs. Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin in theirs.

If any scenes seemed to run a little long--and a few did--like certain exchanges between good friends Charles Marlow (Randall Rickman) and George Hastings (Kurt Yaghjian)--it was the author's fault, for all his virtuoso performance generally, and not the actors'.

I left Ford's deeply satisfied--grateful to the American College Theater Festival, to the North Carolina School of the Arts, and to Oliver Goldsmith. Congratulations all around are in order. And I felt I had acquired new insight into the wisdom of Samuel Johnson, who, back in 1773, said of "She Stoops To Conquer": "I know of no comedy...that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy--making an audience merry."

ed high over the city in laughing antics as The Thunder broke and spilled its bounty over all the sleeping streets turning them to glass, slippery, slick, and Eric hovered and watched and waited.

Someone somewhere was weeping softly. From a distance it reached his ears, imperceptible at first and then he knew. Time had finished and Eric's tears, too, ran with his Mother's through the streets--crying for all the tears, all the oceans of man.

But Eric knew no less now than he had always and with that wisdom came a smile. "John, I feel very strange."

And why do I dance?

All
Of Life is contained
compact in the Dance
and the body is
the finest of instruments
for it sounds the soul

Convulsions-
Explosions-
--Joy caught voiceless in my throat
carries me surging
upward
in a leap
--I droop down into the
writhe (or shuffle)
of my alone
Spasms of sorrow
in sobbing arms
--I bounce child-high
or stretch cat's legs
in a woman's walkings
Dance flows from states of being
and I dance my different dances
in expressing a self
that has no other releasing.

BASKIN APPOINTED

(FROM G. 1)

He is a member of the Modern Language Association of America, South Atlantic Modern Language Association, South-Central Modern Language Association, American Association of Teachers of French, American Association of Teachers of Italian, Japan Society of New York, Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at UNC-Chapel Hill, Pi Delta Phi, national French honorary fraternity, and Directory of American Scholars. He has had published a number of monographs in his major fields of interest.

ALL HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

GRADUATING SENIORS MAY PICK UP

ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

OFFICE BETWEEN 10 -12 and 3-5 p.m.