

N.Y.C. PRESENTS

JEWELS

Wonders never cease to happen here at ol' NCSA. Last week the dance department was excitedly buzzing about the news of Cam Lorenzo and Bryan Pitts being accepted into one of the most famous and highly respected ballet companies of the world, the New York City Ballet Company. I wonder if the students of NCSA, especially those non-dancers, realize the popularity and caliber of this company. To introduce those who are unfamiliar with George Balanchine and his company, I have chosen a review written by P. W. Manchester in May of 1967 of "The Jewels", one of Balanchine's newest, and most successful ballets. I hope by reading this article, the reader will understand more clearly why it was such a great honor for two of our dancers to be received into this company.

The director of the New York City Ballet may not have been able to decide on a name for the new, three-part work by George Balanchine, but under any name it is a beauty. *The Jewels*, its working title, was premiered April 13 and gave the Company its biggest triumph since the move to the State Theater.

The sections are titled *Emeralds*, *Rubies*, *Diamonds*, and the costume colors and jewelry, the general lighting and even Peter Harvey's drab setting of curtains and string of gems suggest the titles. There is no need to press the analogy. It is all sheer, marvelous choreography in three distinct moods.

Emeralds takes place in floods of gentle green light in which the dancers move as though they were part of an 1840 ballet whose plot had been lost. The music is from Gabriel Faure's *Pelleas et Melisande* and

JACK KEROUAC

Peter Stambler told me: "Jack Kerouac died today". Jack Kerouac! One of my first heroes. A figure whose life I diligently followed and whose novels were a essential part of my teenage years. Dead, at age forty-five, the leader of the Beats.

He died in Florida after one of his legendary drinking bouts. He died alone, without any of the other Beats to bid him farewell. His wife, Stella, sobbed when reporters came. She asked why they had come now, when Jack couldn't talk to them. She said he was so lonely. He had lived his last years with his mother, after he had left the Beats and began a new life. Ginsberg wasn't there. Snyder wasn't there. Ferlinghetti wasn't there. And Neal Cassady was already dead.

Shylock and it is almost all in a sweetly melancholy mood. Violetta Verdy and Mimi Paul have their attractive cavaliers, Conrad Ludlow and Francisco Moncion, but their commitment is more to their own pensive solitude.

IN CONTRAST

In contrast, John Prinz leads Sara Leland and Suki Schorer through a bouncy pas de trois in which he seems to be shepherding them safely across the stage. It is all low keyed and lovely.

The comes *Rubies* to Igor Stravinsky's *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra*. Edward Villella chases four other male dancers in what often looks like an atheletic contest, or explodes into his own brand of virtuoso action. In between he assists Patricia McBride to turn herself inside out, which she does with incomparable aplomb and not a little cheek. Patricia Neary is almost as busy, planting her legs at grotesque angles and being manipulated into all kinds of unexpected positions by four male dancers who take time off for this in the intervals between.

It is brilliant but, to my taste, a little too hectic. And, whereas I never tire of the arabesque, the attitude and all that goes with classic techniques, I tire fairly quickly of its deliberate distortions, the throwing out of the hip, the turning in of thigh and knee, which Balanchine uses as the visualization of certain kinds of Stravinsky music. Plainly I am in the minority, since audiences greet *Rubies* with a constant uproar of delight.

DIES by Mike Ferguson

I remember when I first read *On the Road*, Kerouac's most renowned novel. I thought it was the greatest book ever, and it led to intense investigations of *The Dharma Bums*, *The Subterraneans*, *Lonesome Traveler*, *Desolation Angels*, and *Satori in Paris*, all great adventure stories of life on the road. Later readings revealed that these books were not the great literary efforts I once thought them to be. But one cannot deny their intensity, nor their place in the American literature of the Fifties.

Jack Kerouac was the Fifties. He replaced James Dean and Elvis as idols. He was cool and hip.

Jack Kerouac, dead? At forty-five? Alone and with his mother? With no said hipster angels anywhere in sight?

The Jewels comes to its culmination with *Diamonds*, danced to the Tchaikovsky *Symphony No. 3 in D Major* with the first movement omitted. Sparklingly white everywhere, we are immediately in an atmosphere which suggests a certain kind of ballet. This time it is the late 19th century ballet of the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg.

The nobility and elegance of every pas, the sense that we might be watching the final divertissement of a favorite classic when such plot as there was is over and done with, permeates the whole glorious work. Surely here Balanchine is recalling his own days in that same theatre and paying it homage by his affection and his genius.

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The other new work to be performed will be Job Sanders' *Fugitive Vision* with music by Prokofiev. This ballet is in memory of Margaret Pettyjohn. Six couples are used in a series of fourteen dances varying in mood and intensity. Mr. Sanders explained, "this ballet reflects some elements of our times in abstract manner. It is not symbolic nor is it intended to be. It is only reality as seen on the stage".

Another work of Mr. Sanders which will be given is *Impressions* with music by Gunther Schiiller. The modern work is based on seven paintings of Paul Klee which vary in content and mood. Illustrated will be comic, burlesque, serious, and purely abstract. This ballet was first performed by the Netherlands Dance Theatre several years ago. It was then redone for the NCSA dance department. In November Mr. Sanders will go to Houston, Texas and set it for the new Houston Ballet Company.

Also to be done on the fall program will be Pauline Koner's *Fragments*, which was premiered last spring, and Job Sanders' *Summer-night*.

The order of the programs are: October 31 and November 8

Impressions
Fragments
Fugitive Visions
Flic Flac
November 1 and 7
Flic Flac
Fugitive Vision
Fragments
Summernight