

Features . . .

"Innocents Abroad"

By KATHLEEN FITZGERALD

From the point where last week's article left off the activities of the various company members varied so this second portion will be a rather more personal account of the tour.

Tuesday, August 11th - I awoke at 6:30 (because the bell in the neighboring tower had just chimed nine times) to discover that my roommate Sharon Filone, and I had contracted a disease which thereafter ran rampant through the company. The symptoms were loss of voice, fever and chills, and the overall sensation that death was imminent. There was no doubt. It was the Plague. It was only a matter of time before the appearance of running boils in the groin and armpits. At any rate, we arose to face what little future might remain to us and boarded the bus for Porto Venere.

The sight of the performance was incredibly beautiful. Off stage left, rose a castle, the home of Byron for a time. Off stage right was an old stone wall. The narrow windows in the wall looked out on a sheer drop down to the Mediterranean Sea. Between rehearsals and the performance we had time for a short swim along the rocky coast and to explore the tiny medieval town. Duncan Noble purchased a unique yellow sunhat.

The performance, on our first raked stage, was well received. "Adagio for 10 and 2" was particularly beautiful with the sound of the waves against the wall mingling with the music and the light sea breeze moving the girls soft-skirted costumes. We returned to La Spezia to prepare for the next day's travel.



Signor Duncan

Wednesday, August 12th - We left La Spezia for Asolo, the home base of the previous summer's tour. We were housed in the Villa Freya, a spacious old relic with wrought iron balconies, window seats, sprawling gardens and a marble bathtub shaped like a seashell with a full-length mirror in front of it. Unfortunately there was never any hot water but we discovered that by hollering at the top of our voices we could counteract the icy water somewhat. There were also those who simply did not bathe for three days. We retired late that evening after dining together at the Due Mori where we exhausted their entire stock of Coca Cola at one sitting.

Thursday, August 13th - After the floor had been laid we rehearsed on stage in the hilltop castle of Castella Regina. Some of the company went to Venice that afternoon while others of us



Gardens in Asolo

remained at the Villa in the gardens to play with the ancient but savage, asthmatic duck which appeared to own most of the Villa's grounds. Having missed the last bus, Rodney Winfield was forced to spend the night on a park bench in Venice.

Friday, August 14th - We rehearsed and performed on the somewhat moisture-warped stage. The audience was small but appreciative. After the performance we had a spaghetti dinner at the Cipriani Hotel and lingered awhile at the Bar Centrale in the town square.

Rain began to fall late that night and in the ensuing storm Sharon Filone was almost strangled in the legs of her wind tossed unitard before Jody Ivanov awoke to rescue her by closing the window.

Saturday, August 15th - Word reached the Villa that morning that due to the previous night's deluge and the promise of more rain to come, the performance for that evening had been cancelled. Several company members immediately left to visit the Eleanora Dusa Villa and others began to strike the lighting equipment and the soggy floor. We should have known. The sky cleared and word went out that there would be a performance. The company was gradually gathered up and in less than an hour or two the lights had been set up again with the help of the entire company who scaled and scrambled around on the walls around the stage to lay cable as fast as Duncan Noble could untangle it. The performance went very well even though the foam rubber walkway leading to the stage was still so wet as to destroy any semblance of hardness in our toe-shoes.

August, 16th - We left early in the morning for Siena, five hours away. Because of the Paglio, the annual medieval festival and horse race, we had to wait outside the city to get a permit for the bus to enter so that we would not have to lug the by now noxious costume bags for ten blocks to the hotel. The Hotel Canon d'Oro was a maze of hallways and staircases, so it took us some time to get settled.

Don't miss the continuation of this next issue wherein I shall relate the beauties of the Paglio and the events of the night when the bus driver apparently went mad.

The Clue

Part 3 By A. Marsh

Auntie Climaxe darted from her vinyl-paved seat and flung open the Sun Room door.

"Dear Sister Millicent," she grinningly greeted, "do enter!" The raven-clad nun, her holy jewelry clacking together like crisp bones, did as was bade her and shook hands with me. Her grasp was moist, delicate, icy. I withdrew back into my comfortable chair. My auntie prepared a paper plate of corn chips (barbecue-style) and pickle slices (dill). As Soeur Millicent munched away with restrained vigor, Auntie described my work at the newspaper with the pride of a devoted mater....the listener nodding to show us she was attentive.

Finally, the old dowager turned to me.

"Colin, dear, go fetch my cigarettes. They are on my dressing table upstairs. Oh, and catch the matches whilst you're about it, won't you?" I assented and made an exit. Suddenly, just as I seemed to be out of earshot, the spinster and the nun began talking with a low tone, obviously about something important. I was indubitably curious but went to get the smokes like I was requested.

The upper floors of the manor were as twisted and moody as the lower. Staircases, small and winding, were everywhere. I had pictured those items from Auntie's quaintly-dressed chamber and was in the process of investigating the ends of the stairs. Some led to empty dark rooms and some to doors that seemed forever locked.

One particularly intriguing staircase was covered in maroon carpeting, filled with clots of beige dust and brittle spider silk. I mounted the ancient steps, my shoes soaked into the thick rug. The walls surrounding the twisted passage were smooth and warm, sometimes bedecked with a worn-out tapestry or a faded Victorian lithograph. The mysterious flight continued on and I frequently came upon the strangest assortment of objects d'art that ever I had visualized. Ceramic beasts and weired tissue paper plants. Photographs of severed heads (French kings and Scottish queens). Stills from horror cinemas (Dr. X starring Fay Wray and Lionel Atwill and Jungle Woman with Evelyn Ankers). Winged creatures of assorted hues, dehydrated under glass.

At last this cabalistic stair terminated. An open doorway revealed a small room, filled with grimy illuminance. A long hallway with polychromatic doors stretched far beyond this.

I had just moved forward into this hidden cloister when a sharp voice cried "Stop! Don't enter there!"

I whirled about to behold my Auntie Climaxe, pointing a gnarled finger at me, her eyes shimmering with fear and fury!

To Be Continued Y'all

SPOTLIGHT: Ward Resur

By BRYON TIDWELL

Where might Ward Resur, instructor in the school of design and production, be found on week-ends? Designing sets in the shop. Lighting a set in the theatre? How about a cave. Resur considers cave exploration a second profession.

He became interested in spelunking while pledging a fraternity at Indiana University. Resur and a friend were going to release a bevy of bats in his fraternity house in order to "raise a little hell." But while in a cave to catch the bats, Resur

Inside NCSA

Public Relations

Dirk Dawson has sometimes been called "Mr. NCSA," probably because he is reminiscent of the rider who jumped on his horse and rode off in all directions. He is the man who makes publicity happen at the school. But there are, in fact, a number of people who are also involved in public relations in a variety of capacities.

The Public Relations Department falls under the jurisdiction of Roger Hall as Executive Director of the school. He holds weekly staff meetings, makes dozens of phone calls, deals directly with the more prestigious contacts that are made on behalf of the school and personally approves every piece of publicity and advertising that leaves campus.

Donna Jean Dreyer, who also advised the Essay, is the staff writer and does the actual writing of press releases and some of the material appearing on programs. These press releases are sent to a national and a state mailing list, in addition to local and state newspapers. They take the place of a regular newsletter and keep interested people informed about the school.

The Piedmont Players is an off-shoot of the school and consists of faculty and student performing units and soloists. Emil Simonel is the booking agent for the Players and, in this capacity, is also involved in public relations.

Elizabeth Trotman has served in many different jobs relating to publicity. At present, she is working with Roger Hall on the fund drive. However, because of her past experience, she is frequently pressed into service during busy times to assist in the public relations chores.

Bill Beck, in addition to his teaching responsibilities, is the official photographer and is charged with producing publicity pictures.

The deans are also involved, because it is the responsibility of each dean to handle the details of production publicity within his own department. This is a channel-type function in which the dean funnels information to Dirk Dawson, co-operates in scheduling radio and TV spots and consults on posters and other arrangements.

Lois Dull and Irene Nolte, secretaries in the Foundation office, are responsible for placing all the dozens of phone calls, for the bookkeeping chores and for the typing of releases.

But it is Dick Dawson who makes it all come together. Operating without a secretary, he is responsible for the carrying out of all publicity. He designs ads for recruiting and for advertising events; he also designs posters and brochures when no one else is available to do so.

Dawson is the man who shows people around campus, a time consuming job of personal public relations. He arranges for the local press and TV to interview visiting dignitaries, faculty members and student performers. He is responsible for all mailings, which will now be greatly facilitated by the new mechanized mail room, which Dawson, himself, designed.

Once posters and programs are ready for the printer, he delivers them, reads the proof and arranges for the work-study students assisting him to distribute posters and hand out programs. He meets visiting dignitaries at the airport, arranges hotel reservations and receptions. Last but not least, he shows up at all performances to carry on the essential job of meeting in person, the public he is forever trying to reach.



Photo by Barcelona
Pictured from left to right are Mrs. Artom of the Foreign language department and Mrs. Johnston of the English department, who assisted as part of a beautification program at N.C.S.A., Saturday October 24th.

became more interested in the underground formations than he was in catching bats. He's been going back ever since.

While spelunking, Resur has discovered over 100 caves. He has found these on the Cumberland plateau; but he said, "Anywhere you find limestone, you'll find a cave. That's nearly anywhere in the world." Resur plans to make a documentary film on caves from his experiences.

And he has had several interesting experiences. Besides getting "hung up" in caves several times, and finding his way out by the light of a

cigarette, he once came face to face with a copper-head when crawling through a narrow opening. Snakes don't have to be a problem, though. Resur said all one needs is a good sense of smell. "Copperheads smell like cucumbers, and rattlesnakes smell like mountain goats or a nest of angry wasps."

This can lead to problems, though. At one time he had difficulty coaxing his companions out of a cave when he was eating cucumbers.

So NCSA can safely say they have an "underground" instructor,

.....Literally.