

Features . . .

"Innocents Abroad"

By KATHLEEN FITZGERALD



A rehearsal of Fugitive Visions in Castiglione della Pescaia

Photo by Barcelona

Monday - August 17th - We rose and walked en masse through Siena's winding streets to the gymnasium near the Campo. The gymnasium was actually a large remodeled basilica and some of the frescoes were still visibly high on the walls above the basketball nets. After a short class on a specially constructed wooden floor (cold concrete isn't terribly good for the muscles) we were free to explore Siena.

Because of the Paglio, there was only pedestrian traffic in the city and the streets were filled with people waving the bright colored flags of the various houses of Siena. Parades of representatives, dressed in medieval velvets, satins and armor, passed each other singing and drumming as loudly as they could of the virtues of their houses. The race on the Campo was a spectacular event. Wine flowed freely as the horses streaked around the track. After the race the costumed pageantry continued in the candle-lit streets until dawn and from our windows we sang and shouted with the best of them.

Tuesday - August 18th - Another class in the gymnasium studio (by now christened the "dungeon"). Many of the company returned to Florence for the day to shop and to visit the Uffizi Galleria. Naturally that was closed. The dancers who remained in Siena strolled on the Campo with a few staggering revellers from the night before. Some went to see the museum which houses the relics (a head and a thumb) of St. Catherine of Siena, the city's patroness.

Wednesday - August 19th - We rode one and a half hours to the mountain fortress of Montalcino to perform. The strong wind lent an even greater beauty to Poème and the whole performance was applauded wildly by the enthusiastic audience. After a special dinner we began the journey to Siena. Many of us had fallen asleep only to be roughly awakened by screams and jerks as the bus lurched into a row of the stone barricades which line the outer shoulders of mountain roads. No one was injured but we all remained awake as we continued the drive without one of our headlights. The mountain ate it. Three hours later we were still not in Siena and someone had seen a sign saying "Roma". The interpreter sprang into action and asked the driver where we were going. The driver said that he was taking us to Rome to see his wife and newborn son. Pandemonium broke loose in two languages and a little insane laughter. We turned around after a while and drove back towards

Siena. Early in the morning we were trundling around in circles somewhere within the old city walls of Siena. Finally we got the driver to halt the bus all together and we walked back to the hotel in the deserted streets.

Thursday - August 20th - We performed in Siena in the beautiful theater on the Campo. It was a brilliant, opulent miniature of La Scala with an extremely raked stage. The performance was well received and afterwards we went to a discotheque to dance off the rest of our nervous energy before returning to the hotel.



Guest Artists Jaques d'Amboise and Karol Shimoff perform Raymunda in Siena

Friday - August 21st - We performed in the seaside resort town of Castiglioni della Pescaia. The stage was, of course, outdoors, just outside of a ruined tower and wall. The ocean and a brilliant orange sunset were visible as we rehearsed and performed, refreshed by an occasional swim.

Saturday - August 22nd - Our last performance was given in the Piazza del Duomo of the tiny town of San Gimignano. It is a small jewel of a medieval town set high in the mountains. The only competition we had was a Communist rally but that was over before our performance began. The stage was without a doubt the most slippery we encountered on the tour. It seemed as if all of us fell at one point or another. We returned to Siena and reverently packed our costume bags for the last time before retiring.

Sunday - August 23rd - We rode for six hours to Milano and attended a fantastic banquet as guests of Dr. Semans.

Monday - August 24th - The company returned to New York by 747 Jet. We said good-bye to our guest artists, Karol Shimoff and Jacques d'Amboise, with many thanks for their inspiration as performers and for their company, waved a temporary good-bye to each other and went home to wash tights and sort souvenirs.

The Clue

Part 3

"What is wrong, Auntie of mine?" I exclaimed, shocked by the old woman's anger.

"You shouldn't have come here, Colin." My aunt was by now somewhat calmed. "I was afraid this would happen. But it has and I am forced to do something I never wanted to do. . . ."

"You mean!!" I fairly gasped, stepping away in terror.

"Yes!" hissed Auntie. "I am going to shut this door." She advanced and closed the door leading into the mysterious passage.

"But—but WHY?" I inquired.

"That is the entrance to the Haunted Wing. The west wing of this mansion was cursed by Sir Bolton Scarsdale, the eldest known member of the Scarsdales, my mother's family. Sir Bolton had once visited here in the Mid-17th century. He was stabbed by his plotting valet and his mistress, the Upstairs Maid. His dying breaths rung heavy with forecasts of doom!"

My tension parched throat heaved with a sumptuous gulp.

"Do continue," I bade.

"Since that time, most of the present house has been built; lots of renovations, additions, two new wings. Every year since Sir Bolton's ghastly demise, one person living in the West Wing has died in the same gruesome manner as my poor ancestor."

"My goodness!" exclaimed I. "The ravages of time have not stripped the curse of its grisly trappings!"

"Since 1859, the West Wing has been abandoned. Now only arachnids and lightning bugs live there."

Auntie Climax and I returned arm-in-arm to the parlor.

"Where did Sister Millicent go?" I said.

"Business at the nunnery," replied the dowager, opening the glass covered dish of mints.

The afternoon had become bedecked with cloud again. Ever since that ominous tale of Sir Bolton Scarsdale and his heinous curse, I felt queasy sensations about my frame.

Suddenly, just as Auntie Climax had stuffed the last of the mints betwixt her plastic lips, a thud burst from the upper regions of the house.

"My goodness!!" I exclaimed. My aunt blanched with fear.

Bearing a near-by candlestick as a weapon, I moved to the main staircase, my hostess creeping behind.

"Do you see anything?" She called softly.

I was about to reply negatively when suddenly I tripped upon a thing at the top of the stairs.

"What the H—!" I shouted.

"Oh, God!"

"What is it? What is it?"

"A body. A dead body!"

"A woman's?"

"No, a man. Strangled!"

"With what? Twine? Hemp?"

"No-auntie! A yard of dental floss!?"

More cheap thrills to come!



Rehearsal facilities were often makeshift. Here one takes place on a basilica's porch with frescoes and lighting equipment as a background.



Photo by Beck

Vandalism And Theft

Perhaps you have noted the existence of vandals and thieves at N.C.S.A. as I have—painfully! Bring up the subject at dinner and everyone has a story to swap or an article to lament. The most recent fiasco leaves the V.A. kiln in ruins. Physical materials are salvageable but lost time and effort are not. Nor does it seem wise to invest more time and effort in such a hostile environment. The reconstructed kiln will be protectively housed.

What action is being taken by the school mechanism? From the minutes of the All-School Advisory Council we hear these people talking and making these suggestions:

"There is a general feeling on the part of the students that there is less thieving this year, but there is still a problem of vandalism. Security locks on dormitory doors have helped. Most of the thieving has been in places where doors have not been locked. Mr. Pandi expressed the opinion that there is no sense of responsibility among students or faculty who leave doors open and invite theft. He gave the example of finding every thing in the theatre wide open and nobody around.

Tommy Williams felt that a lot of the vandalism could be stopped, if the regulations we have were enforced and if there were more supervision. As an example, he cited the practice rooms, where signs say "No Smoking" but where ash trays have been placed.

"Dr. Randolph pointed out that, where students were responsible for making the rules (which is true in some cases), they were also responsible for enforcing them.

On motion by Mr. Dreyer, a small subcommittee is to be appointed from this body to review the unenforceable rules, to determine what they are and examine them. Motion carried. Mr. Lindgren appointed the following committee: Mr. Dreyer, Chairman; Miss Tyven, Edwin Schloss, Lauren Eager, and Joyce Rheeling. This committee will make a report at the next meeting.

On motion by Mr. Pollock, the All-School Advisory Council goes on record as being in favor of a new lock system on all doors in Sanford and Moore Dormitories, if and when it can be done.

For those of us who admit to vanity I appeal to it, for those of us who profess to virtue I appeal to that, and for those of us who cultivate neither, I offer this food for thought: Any act of vandalism or theft whether in fun or fact evidences a gross lack of professional etiquette for which student status is no excuse.

"Mother's" Farewell

by Kathleen Fitzgerald

When things first began to disappear from the N.C. Essay office a few weeks back, only moments after they had been placed in a "safe place" for easy recovery, the staff took it as a matter of course. However, this began to happen with alarming frequency and the articles were not always recovered.

One frantic evening an entire page of layout copy disappeared and we realized that something must be done. The office was turned upside down in the search before we sat down to ponder the mystery. Then, in the silence, we heard it. A slow, gnashing, munching sound was coming from the corner followed by gulps and a final tinny belch. We looked to the corner. All appeared to be as normal as it ever is - there were stacks of old papers, empty paper clip boxes, a few inky rulers, The Great Rhythmic Printing Mother and!!!! Hokey smoke! The realization hit us in a blinding flash- The Great Rhythmic Mother! We crept closer. Mother of God! Tattered scraps of the copy were lodged in her mandible-like cogs! We glanced meaningfully at one another and left the office for a quiet consultation.

We could only view the Mother's actions with sympathy and pity. Since we began sending the N.C. Essay to a printer in King, N.C., she has been idle but for the printing of a few workstudy sheets. Such is the drivel that replaces her one time, feverish, all night printing sessions when she gave her all to produce five hundred legible copies. Gone are the days when she stood ever-inked and ever-ready, chrome gleaming in

anticipation of her noble work.

We have done what we can. We include her in our conversations as much as is possible and never any tempting materials within munching distance. You can help too if you will. Look in the office as you pass by the Commons Building and give her a friendly wave. That's all she has now as she sits alone in the corner with her bottles of A B Dick fluids and her memories.

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Few groups play the kind of sets Poco and The Byrds offered. Both groups have histories that extend far into the past and they have kept their traditions alive and vital. They don't hide behind postures (except for McGuinn's classic SuperStar riffs that even break him up). And when you think about it, it's been people like Poco and The Byrds who have given the best most often. They are the true heavies of rock and roll music. Indeed, they are rock and roll music.

Schloss Cont. from page 2

from the ridiculous to the ridiculous. He has to squeeze in so much in such a little space of time, you barely believe the ink is dry. The end of Act Two has such a good curtain line, that it almost makes the 'Alchemists' of Broadway successful. The mother reminds Nathan, her oldest son, "Don't forget who you are." Nathan replies rhetorically "You think they'll ever let us?" And it goes without saying that we won't forget because it works, even if it takes all evening long to get there. Who knows? There are so many fine moments along the way; it may just be worth it.