

## Films by Cortland Jones

For the next two weeks the local universities and colleges are showing the following films:

Wake Forest Tribble Hall	
Thurs., Feb. 18 8:30 p.m.	"Witness For The Prosecution" - 1958 USA With Charles Laughton, Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power.
Fri., Feb. 19 7 & 9:15 p.m.	"Some Like It Hot" 1959 USA with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis & Jack Lemmon.
Sat., Feb. 20 2 & 7:30 p.m.	"The Apartment" 1960 USA with Shirley McLaine
Sun., Feb. 21 8:30 p.m.	"One, Two Three" 1961 USA with James Cagney
Tues., Feb. 23 8:30 p.m.	"Irma La Douce" - 1963 USA with Jack Lemmon & Shirley McLaine
Thurs., Feb. 25	"Kiss Me Stupid" - 1964 with Dean Martin
Sun., Feb. 28 8:30 p.m.	"The Fortune Cookie" 1966 USA with Jack Lemmon & Walter Matthau
Fri., Feb. 26 3, 7 & 9 p.m.	"The Night They Raided Minsky's" 1968 USA with Jason Robards
Sat., Feb. 27 7:30 p.m.	
Guilford College Dana Hall	
Tues., Feb. 16 8:00 p.m.	"Knife In The Water" Directed by Poland Polanski
NCSA (Room 200)	
Sun., Feb. 21 8:30 p.m.	"East of Eden" with James Dean
Sun., Feb. 28 8:30 p.m.	"Wait Until Dark"

## Review

by Alan Zingale

(the fourth in a series of reviews of records in the NCSA library)  
SCHUMANN: Kreisleriana, Op. 16 Variations on a Theme by Clara Wieck. Vladimir Horowitz, pianist. Columbia MS 7264. (Only the Kreisleriana is being reviewed.)

Today, a new recording by Vladimir Horowitz is unfortunately a rarity. When he finally does take to recording (or performing) it becomes an eager, electric experience for all, filled with suspense, curiosity, and mesmerism. Witness the television special and Carnegie Hall recitals of the past few years. In fact, this reviewer knows of no record by Horowitz that is not, at least, a conversation piece among pianists. This new disc should prove to be no exception. Horowitz has chosen a delightfully inviting work, the Kreisleriana of Schumann, which well suits his interpretive temperament and technical flair.

Schumann originally designed the Kreisleriana to portray E.T.A. Hoffman's literary creation, Kapellmeister Kreisler, a half-mad conductor-composer. But the work grew in proportion to incorporate portraits of Clara Weick and even Schumann himself. Composed in wild fits of passionate inspiration and fire, it is one of Schumann's richest scores. The complexity of this three-in-one self-portrait is fascinating, containing many subtle levels of meaning. Certainly, more and more music lovers seem to agree with Schumann himself who once ranked the Kreisleriana among his best works for piano.

Horowitz's performance here is staggering. The interpretation of each piece carries serious weight (surprising even for Horowitz!) and the entire set holds together well. The lines sing with ease and flow in clear relief against a

carefully balanced accompaniment and Horowitz's sensitive phrasing can be called nothing but 'elegant'.

In contrast, he also displays fire, energy, and electricity in the bold and passionate sections. But never once does the listener feel that the performer is exploiting the music for his own ends. Technique never interferes here with Horowitz's brilliant conception of the music. He executes his ideas with ingenious spontaneity and one is convinced and aware of the idea at hand, rather than its execution.

In sum, Horowitz is everything he needs to be in this music: haunting, poetic, powerful, delicate. And happily, his playing never approaches the contrived or the academically stiff, but weaves imaginatively around the characters of Kreisler, Clara, and Robert, especially. With this recording, Horowitz again confirms the fact that he is one of the last of the great romantic pianists alive today.

Columbia's engineering is rewarding. The piano sounds clear and fluid, with resonant bass and good balance. Also, there is sufficient stereo depth. Regrettably, the pressing does produce some slight interference with surface noise, but this is not terribly noticeable.

note: Incidentally, for those who are interested, Artur Schnabel has also recorded the Kreisleriana, which was released by RCA at approximately the same time last year (curiously enough!) that Columbia released Horowitz's version.

## Panther Busts

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then another round of gunfire. Finally, four youths surrendered. When it was over, one policeman had been injured. First reports said that the policeman was seriously injured, while later reports stated that he was in "satisfactory condition." One Panther was wounded.

### Framed

These events are seen by Cornell as a plot, on the part of someone, to eradicate the Panthers. He told the Essay that every incident (except the High Point case, which occurred after I talked with Cornell) had been a frame-up, an attempt to legally or otherwise strip the Panthers of leadership and render them ineffectual. The meat truck incident seemed to have been a set-

up, a trap, in which the police, the media and "junky nigger lackies" were involved. (The media's participation was explained as being their pre-knowledge of the event and therefore their quickness in getting to the scene).

Whatever the case, the Panthers feel as if they're targets. And they're tired of being put on the firing line. "The people in the community are sick of being used by the pigs," Cornell said, "and we're not taking it any more. Power to all the people!"

That is how the Panthers see their current plight. Obviously, it differs radically from the police reports. Somewhere, someone is lying and it would be important and necessary for all citizens to watch this closely and try to determine who . . . and why.

## "The Public Messiah" A Short Story by Robin Kaplan

NOTE: This new short story will be serialized during the next three weeks. While it is of great length, we feel it is an artistically and socially valuable story. We hope that our having to serialize "The Public Messiah" will not in any way deter the reader's enjoyment or the author's intention.

### PART I

He has no control of his lips; they are like the eyelids of a man with his eyes put out.

He wears part of a tweed suit, and in summer, a large colonial style gray jacket, either flecked or filthy. The hair is black and parted if there is enough of it: sometimes it is short, sometimes it is long and rancid. He wears a gold earring in his left ear, or a safety pin hooked into it, if the ring is in the pawn. He is five feet two.

He talks almost all the time, but his speaking from a platform always coincides with the end of the unemployment check collected the week before from Alder Street in a taxi.

People come up to Dardin time and time again at the Good Humor stand asking him to speak, but he refuses. He's the only speaker who walks away from a crowd, but if he wants money from them, nothing will stop him.

Dardin, then, in Washington Park: He stands on an oil drum, hunched up, speaking in every direction; his tongue is as dry as a parrot, and he sticks it out for punctuation. It doesn't have much other use, covered as it is with white moss and tongue scab. The talking goes on at the back of the throat, the harsh Irish vowels wound out by an athletic epiglottis.

Now when you go into a toilet in this country, says Dardin to the crowd, all you can see is the writing on the wall, and it doesn't mean Kilroy was here. The average time spent a day in a lavatory by American citizens is sixteen minutes, which does not give them enough time to transfer all the rabid mutterings of their fertile minds.

He starts speaking over his shoulder and spots a woman in the crowd behind him. He turns around to face her.

Have we been married?

She laughs, makes no reply.

No brain...no brain at all. Nothing upstairs...but have you seen the staircase? You will always find that a woman with a big bust has a small brain and a woman with a small bust, Jesus, she's no brain at all. The woman leaves. Dardin talks faster:

Now in America today, as I have said, any man who is not queer is not normal. Any man who marries a woman is queer. Mixed marriages never...

Now twenty years ago, you Americans, the few of you that are left, you were the most potent people the world has ever known. I mean you were out there fighting wars and you were robbing and ravishing, you were men after my own heart. I couldn't wait to get over here and do some ravishing myself.

Well, many of you people must believe in the hereafter. I believe in it. I'm here after a few dollars. Dardin is the last of the free lance orators. Dardin earns his living by breaking the law. It is against the law for me to ask you for money, but it is not against the law for you to give it to me, which is of course the same thing. Those of you who wish to continue my upkeep: I assure each and every one of you that I shall not insult any one of you by refusing to take money off you. If you have no money, but you would give it to me if you had it, there's no need to walk away ...SMILE...SMILE...don't let there be too many smiles though. Then again, if you have money

and you're enjoying listening to me, and you give me nothing, let me give you a bit of gypsy advice.

When you get to a street: look left, look right, and look left again, because if you were run down by a bus, honest to God, I should hate to see you die with anything that could have belonged to me in your pocket.

He gets down from the platform, whips round the crowd with his hand out, and shovels money into his side pocket. The last man he comes to just stares at him:

Come on, says Dardin, pay your fare.

You are Raferty the Poet playing to empty pockets, says the man.

I am not a poet, says Dardin, I'm a con man. Pay your fare. The man pays.

He used to be such a great speaker, said Freddie Klein once to Lomas when they had been listening to Dardin in the park. Do you remember him before he took to drugs?

Yes, said Lomas. He's still up to the standard. He has a very saleable personality...and he uses it for nothing, except money. If you have a saleable personality and you use it to make the breath of this or that-ism smell sweeter, your personality's in the wrong hands. But Dardin, he just slips his personality into the mind of the crowd and they exorcize it by paying him. There are no side effects. He's just a tourists' Irishman...bleeding at the gills...

It takes some time for the platform manner to wear off. Dardin has to wait for some incident to occur before he tires of stopping people in the streets, around Fourth Street, and asking them: How's your wife and my two babies getting along? and before one of the chains which links all the jokes is broken.

Either he is arrested, drugged, taken in hand by Jenny Drake, who has looked after him on and off for five years, or he is rebuffed; he once asked the news vendor at the corner of Woughtown and Chappel how his wife and Dardin's two babies were getting along. The news vendor replied. Dardin took a newspaper from the newsstand, gave the man a quarter, told him to keep the change and tore the paper into shreds, hurling them mainly at a poster for the film ARISTOCATS. KEEP THE CHANGE AND KEEP YOUR FILTHY PAPER.... The news vendor replied again. The jokes were thwarted for a time.

Dardin belongs to the all night, under the armpit cafes. But his vampire egoism and the drugs cushion him, against them.

Why Dardin this, Dardin that? said Dardin once in Jason's when Clapp had asked him why he was so full of himself. Why Dardin, Dardin all the time? because Dardin is everyone. Dardin is you and Ray. Ray and me are brothers and you are Jesus Christ. Therefore I am the son of God. If you are schizophrenic, you are only two thirds there. God is a threesome...

Dardin got up to go to the bar. He means, said Lomas, that his speech rhythms linger in the mind of the crowd. He's wrong.

Ray is the only person Dardin seems to have any respect for. Ray used to live in Happy Hills; he planted Indian hemp in the flower beds.

I swear, said Dardin coming back, that the grass growing there now is the pure blade of twilight.

But no one has ever seen Ray. Dardin left.

His egoism has to be justified by success, said Lomas when he had gone. In the end he's just a Washington Park lunatic.

It is justified by success, said Freddie Klein. He had some articles in FACT.

I'll believe them when I see them, said Lomas.

The next week Freddie Klein brought the articles into Jason's.

There are two of them, he said. Read them out loud, said Lomas. Read them.

They're called "Smokes Are Where I Find Them," said Freddie Klein, and "How to Fail at an Interview." I'll read you the best parts. "Smokes Are Where I Find Them" is about picking up butt ends. This is it: "In prison I've smoked..."

He's never been in prison, said Lomas. All he's ever done is one day instead of the fine, on the Monday morning drunk or for disorderly conduct on Mock Street.

Be a little patient, will you? This is fiction. "In prison I've smoked the fiber dust from my prison mattress. During the war I smoked dried tea leaves, and once I attempted to smoke turf. But how low can a man stoop? To the gutter! The man with the bowler hat would say, 'I'd starve first.' To this I would say, 'You are not a real smoker, Sir.'"

"No matter how high in life you are at the moment it's only your wage and your pride that keep you from the gutter. And it's so easy to get there. I was born in one; since then I've descended and arose from many, and I know that with a few bad breaks I may tomorrow in the coldness of a southern dawn drone down Winston's Fourth Street on a wing and a prayer and dive bomb for, perhaps your castaway cigarette butt, sir. Or you for mine."

Very witty, said Lomas. What's the other?

"How to Fail at an Interview"...It starts off: "To do nothing and to do it slowly has long been the aim of my life." and it provides a solution to the problem, "...when some civil servant of an unemployment agency clerk, who takes his illness seriously or wishes to save the taxpayers' money by getting you a job, may try to inject you with his miseries by handing you an engraved card to go for an interview." Dardin solves the problem by being dynamic during the interview and ends it up: "Work is just another of man's diseases and prevention is better than the cure. If you don't look for work it won't look for you. No man is born with the urge to work, for you cannot work and think."

Dardin came into Jason's and heard Freddie reading his articles. Lomas looked away and pretended not to have been listening.

Where did you get hold of those, Freddie?

Had them for a long time.

Another Dardinite. They're everywhere. But those articles are garbage. My speeches are garbage. I speak garbage to the audience, but when I speak to myself, I'm speaking to one of the intellectual few.

Dardin bought a round of drinks three deep and left.

Cont. Next Issue

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