

Features, etc.



photo by Shyvers

Maestro Andre Segovia enlightens John Patykula in some finer aspects of fingering during the Maestro's Master Class held Tuesday, Feb. 23.

Segovia Visit

Andres Segovia commented during his visit to the School that the guitar does not sound loud, but it does sound far. There could be no better description of the Maestro himself. His presence is gentle, rather than imposing, but the impact does indeed carry far.

The Maestro arrived last Monday evening for 48 hours of special meals and receptions, a master class and many personal contacts with the guitar students. Events were planned so that proper protocol would not obscure the underlying reason for the visit - a chance for the students to know a great man and to learn from him.

At the dinner planned jointly by the Wards and the Silvas, the 78-year-old virtuoso sat ensconced in an easy chair with a score of students at his feet, while he told one story after another. Although

the English words come slowly, there is more than just a fluency, there is an easy grace. And the stories he has distilled from a long and fruitful life would be worthy of Mark Twain.

In the Master Class, he listened intently to each student play, so familiar with all of the guitar literature that he hummed along and anticipated each musical phrase. His comments, criticisms and suggestions were succinct and laden with his philosophy of living and of working.

The reception, the speeches, the lunch at Old Salem and all the events passed quickly until time for this venerable man, father of a nine-month old son, to leave for his next concerts. The students, with him to the end, accompanied him to the airport, bearing a large sign of farewell: GRACIAS MAESTRO.

There's No Biz Like Toe Biz by Kathleen Fitzgerald

Walking past Studio "A" on Saturday, February 21st, you may have wondered if Metro-Goldwyn Mayer had invaded. No, the lights and cameras belonged to NET, National Educational Television, and in place of the roaring lion was Miss Agnes de Mille.

Once the lights had been hung along the beams and the cameras were in place, members of the cast of *A Rose for Miss Emily* and the choreographer, Miss Agnes de Mille, began rehearsing for the Sunday video-taping session.

Miss de Mille paced and mumbled, working up an appropriate dialogue and the cast experimented with "natural" rehearsal postures and tried furiously to block different portions of the ballet for the directions indicated by the flashing of the cameras' red, "on the air" lights. All this took place under the brilliant gleam and heat of the lights and the screams of the technical crews. With everything more or less tacked together, instructions were given by the producer concerning

make-up and costuming and we were freed until 9:00 Sunday morning.

After a short rehearsal, punctuated with sips of coffee, of some of the areas which had been re-choreographed we moved into Studio "A" for the taping. The "rehearsal" scenes with Miss de Mille's narration were shot again and again until a voice came godlike over the speakers connected to a microphone and a producer proclaiming, "Fantastic!" or "Excellent, excellent, excellent!"

After a short break for lunch we returned to film portions of the ballet in costume with lights and scenery. Gemze de Lappe and David Evans danced the two pas de deus from the ballet and the "Party Children's Dance" was filmed as a background for the credits. At 4:45 we were finished. In close to seven hours we had taped approximately 30 minutes of television viewing time.

The program will be aired on March 3rd between 8:00 and 10:00 o'clock on the NET station, in color.



One of the many curtain calls for Pauline Koner's "La Malinche." L. to R. - Gyula Pandi, Pauline Koner, Edward de Soto.

"The Public Messiah" A Short Story by Robin Kaplan

Part 2

It seems that Dardin has the strongest connections with Ireland: his appearance, his accent, his manner, and his past. A cousin of his, a Whelan, was hanged in Mountjoy in the Civil War. But it's only a device now. He hardly ever mentions the place, and if he does it's only for commercial reasons. A man was once asking him some questions at the end of a meeting. These people are called come-ons, or pumps, by the professional speakers, because they can be done for more money.

Pump: Why do you speak in Washington Park?

Dardin: Last year I sent the old woman to Myrtle Beach and she came back with her tongue sunburnt. I can't get a word in edgewise in my own home. The only answer to my frustrations is to get up on that oil drum and prove to myself that the Irish race is not a corpse.

Pump: But why do you speak there EVERY Sunday?

Dardin: I need the money. I'm the last of the lachikoes...a lackikoe is not a bohemian. A bohemian is a person who works to live but does not live to work. A bohemian is an imitation hippie. A hundred percent hippie is only an imitation gypsy. I'm the king of the lachikoes, the king of the gypsies. I'm what every man is trying to be. With these two hands I have fought my way into the gutter.

Pump: What did your father do? Dardin: My father put deValera into power and never heard from him from 1915 to 1942, so it's possible to forge a name in history.

Pump: Why do you call yourself the king of the gypsies?

Dardin: I'm not really a king. I'm only a shithouse king. Pay your fare.

The man paid him about a dime a word.

Dardin once said, said Lomas, that he has released himself forever from the burden of being Irish, by going up to the desk clerk at the Robert E. Lee Hotel

and saying that his grandmother, Mary Ellen Brown, was the last person in Ireland to be burnt at the stake for being a witch, and that history records...the local papers of the time, that isthat when her soul left her body, a cat appeared in the sky shouting, I'LL BE BACK...I'LL BE BACK! The desk clerk said that he didn't believe in witchcraft.

Dardin gave him a five dollar bill...

The scene was the YMCA hotel. A man from Kernersville had just taken some money off Dardin on the strength of a prescription for purple hearts (amphetamines), with which he never returned.

The atmosphere had something to do with post-revolutionary ennui: the faded chartreuse walls dictating the fetid smell, or the other way around. Bacilli dying behind some postage stamps.

He had a man with him: Stewart Kravits, whose brother was in prison for slashing a painting by Salvador Dali. I admire that, said Dardin. Kravitz here admires me in the park, so I admire him on account of his brother.

They brought back trays of food from the canteen and set them down at one of the tables. Some of the men there gathered around him.

I'll tell you my philosophy. The heads drew closer. My grandmother was my mother, and that makes me my father's brother. But there are no women in heaven. God did not need a woman...a woman is a man-made thing...now you understand homosexuality. When your father's a man and your mother's a woman, you're half and half...When you make the two halves live in harmony, you're a man. Now I was on Fourth Street...and there was this advertisement for Salem cigarettes, with a woman in it...she was TALKING to me. I was paralyzed. The woman went out of me.

They looked very bored. Stewart turned around to see if he could spot the man Dardin gave

the money to for the purple hearts.

Don't WORRY, said Dardin. Don't WORRY....don't you see? He won't come back. That's REAL metaphysics for you.

With long intervals of neglect, undernourishment, and the lack of sleep induced by the barbituates: amphetamine, drinamyl, and methedrine, his health always declines. He came up one night to a room Freddie Klein has on Dickson Street. Dardin looked terrible. His beard had grown in patches on his face; his whole body trembled. He became some sick joke about St. Vitus's dance. Under a foul shirt his ribs clawed in and out at his lungs forcing them to breathe. He said he was going to die. Klein believed him.

I want to tell you this: when anyone is going to take your mind, make it a blank. Stand in front of a high brick wall that you can't get over, and when you're flying high out of your mind, the smoke that you draw flows down, not up. Become the coils of smoke...I am telling you this because at this moment I am the hand of fate, and I'm tired of it....tired of the loneliness. I'm cold...not that kind of coldness...you could drop in a heap on the street and they'd throw crumbs at you. When you've climbed three quarters of the way up the tree of knowledge, they nail you to it.

He said he was going to see Jenny Drake. Klein said he could sleep on the floor if he liked. He left. Two days later a letter arrived for Klein.

Dorthea Dix Hospital
Raleigh, North Carolina
From the home of the insane, I send you
GREETINGS

to be continued

Record Review

(the fifth in a series of reviews of records in the NCSA library)

STRAVINSKY: Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rite of Spring). Pierre Boulez, The Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia MS 7293.

With over fifteen different recordings available of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," the average record buyer naturally wonders what could be so important about another addition to the cumbersome list. The importance of this record merely lies in the fact that Pierre Boulez, possibly the greatest living interpreter of 20th century music, is coupled with an orchestra that unquestionably proves to be the finest in the world, owing to the impeccable training of the late Dr. George Szell.

This performance is hair-raising. For rhythmic precision, accuracy, balance, clarity, and sheer excitement this disc outshines all previous recordings of the work (including Stravinsky's own!). It is an intellectually refined performance but utterly exhilarating and fresh. Boulez's interpretation remains highly extroverted and dramatic (stylistic for Stravinsky), but never once does he let one minute detail in the score slip out of his hand. He literally knows the piece inside out, and the power of the man can be felt in the Cleveland Orchestra's fearless and authoritative sound.

Columbia's engineering is quite superb and certainly responsible for part of this record's success.

by Alan Zingale

The rich reproduction of the shrill upper string and woodwind registers, balanced against strong support from the lower brass and bass sections makes for thrilling listening. Also, the clarity and power from the percussion battery can be staggering in fortissimo passages.

The impact of the recording is illustrated personally: it is the first record I have decided to purchase as a result of this review series.

Trimester Triumphs

School will start later in September 1971 as the result of the adoption of the trimester system for the coming school year.

The new system, which calls for three 11-week terms in contrast to the two-term system now in effect, was worked out by Sam Stone in response to the need for greater flexibility in scheduling the arts and academic courses. It was adopted by the Deans Committee and the Administrative Committee after discussions with faculty members.

The 1971-72 trimester calendar follows:

Fall Trimester	
Sept. 9	New students arrive.
Sept. 9-15	Opening Week.
Sept. 15	Returning students arrive.
Sept. 16	All classes begin.
Oct. 22	End mid-semester grading period.
Nov. 24	Thanksgiving recess begins at noon.
Nov. 24-28	Thanksgiving recess.
Nov. 29-Dec. 3	Exam week.
Dec. 4-17	Intensive arts work.
Dec. 17-Jan. 3	Christmas vacation.
Winter Trimester	
Jan. 3	All classes resume.
Feb. 4	End mid-semester grading period.
March 10	Last day of classes.
March 13-17	Exam week.
March 17-26	Spring recess.
Spring Trimester	
Mar. 27	All classes resume.
April 28	End mid-semester grading period.
June 2	Last day of classes.
June 5-9	Exam week.
June 10	Commencement.