

Features, etc.

Slaughterhouse-Five

By David Marshall

Slaughterhouse-Five, or the Children's Crusade. Billy Pilgrim's odyssey through the Second World War, time, and space. Is Billy insane, when one looks at the world around him? Vonnegut's erratic prose carries him through the bombing of Dresden, various adventures on the planet Tralfamadore, and proper post-war married life. Billy is the eternal loser who always wins; his adventures are far too complicated to describe here, but suffice it to say that, as is usual with Vonnegut, they are hilarious, upsetting, and fascinating.

Slaughterhouse-Five seems in many ways a tribute to the picaresque style, although Billy is more Don Quixote than he is Tom Jones. Vonnegut's intentions are much less clear than in his earlier books, and this seems an advantage: his style, which has matured into what one might call confused clarity, has never better served him. The obvious comparison is to John Barth (who has also paid tribute to the picaresque tradition) but in many ways Vonnegut goes him one better. Barth has begun to write forays into astounding techniques for their own sake, as in *Lost in the Funhouse*, but

Vonnegut has not lost the ideas, or rather idea for he has only one, which prompts him to write in the first place. Billy is one of the great modern characters, and his entrance into Dresden in silver combat boots and shawl is unforgettable. The madness of most of his adventures is his own, but it sums up the madness of the war and of much of contemporary life.

There is little to be said about *Slaughterhouse-Five* except "Read It!" Vonnegut is as unexplainable as ever, but he reaffirms his place as one of the best American writers of our time.

Harsanyi To Join Faculty

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA—Janice Harsanyi, artist-in-residence at the Interlochen (Mich.) Arts Academy, has been named associate in voice on the faculty of the School of Music of the North Carolina School of the Arts. Mrs. Harsanyi, a concert artist who has appeared with major American orchestras, is the wife of Nicholas Harsanyi, whose appointment as dean of the School of Music was announced in January.

In addition to some 25 performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Mrs. Harsanyi has sung with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Leopold Stokowski, the National Symphony, the Little Orchestra of New York, the Tercentenary Orchestra of New Jersey, the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia, the Festival Opera of New York, Cleveland Orchestra and the Houston Symphony.

Mrs. Harsanyi made a tour of Europe in the Spring of 1965 with the Philadelphia String Quartet and gave a recital in London. Her performances have included concerts at Lincoln Center in celebration of the New York World's Fair and special concerts sponsored by the Governments of Germany and Israel, also held in New York. She also appeared as soloist in a concert at the White House under the sponsorship of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson.

Mrs. Harsanyi is a featured soloist in such recordings as Orff's "Carmina Burana" with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Quartet No. 2 of Rochberg with the Philadelphia String Quartet, Alan Stout's "Prologue", Op. 75, No. 1 which was recorded by the National Methodist Student Movement, and "Les Illuminations" by Benjamin Britten with the Princeton Chamber Orchestra under Nicholas Harsanyi.

Although Mrs. Harsanyi appeared regularly as a soprano soloist from the age of 16, her main musical interest was focused on the violin and composition in her early years. Since her debut with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in October, 1958, however, Mrs. Harsanyi has performed extensively as a soloist in recital and oratorio and on radio and television.

A member of the voice faculty of Westminster Choir College for 14 years, she served as chairman of the voice department from 1963 to 1965. During this period she was also a lecturer at Princeton Theological Seminary. In addition to her position at the Interlochen Arts Academy, she has been a member of the voice faculty for the past five summers at the University of Michigan National Music Camp.

NCSA Students Win N. C. Auditions

Two NCSA students, one in the Instrumental Division and the other in the Vocal Division, were winners at the North Carolina Symphony Auditions held on May 8 at Lenoir Rhyne College in Hickory.

Robert Sherman, a high school junior and student of Clifton Matthews, won the Instrumental Division. A piano student for

eight years, he played a Major Concerto by Litz at the auditions.

As the recipient of the award, Sherman will have the opportunity to perform with the North Carolina Symphony during their 1971-72 tour of North Carolina.

In the Senior Vocal Division, Lunda Austin, a college sophomore, was the winner. She

performed "Oh Had I Jubal's Lyre," by Handel and "Adele's Audition Song," from Fladermause by Strauss. Her competition included two other NCSA students, Leslie Spatz and Anna Wells.

Cynthia Meechum, Johnny Williams, Marsha Pobanz and Nicholas Smith are past winners from NCSA.

"Li'l Big Man"

Arthur Penn's latest leap into a screen epic has produced a slightly marred, longer-than-feature-length fairy tale about the American West. It is the questionable life story of Jack Crabbe, who claims to have been (get this) an Indian brave, a drunkard, a hermit, a gunfighter, an army scout, etc., etc., etc. As strange as it may seem, this whole potpourri of adventures was worked together in a coherent, damn near acceptable story line. Not only that, it is highly enjoyable.

Super-duper-star Dustin Hoffman fills the screen almost all the time as the many faceted Mr. Crabbe. Although he gets a tiny boost from Faye Dunaway and Martin Balsam, among others, this is Dustie's movie.

The whole collection of incidents is roped down under the heading of "Flashback," as the 121 year old Crabbe sits in a rest home, taping his life story for an "interested party" doing research on the old west. Fade out, Fade in; Crabbe is now 10 years old and the "movie narrative" is off and running.

There is an epic in every scene, including the epic Flaws. There are "dead men" that breath and arrows that change direction as they pass through men's bodies. (Arthur couldn't have done that; it must have been the second unit director). In contrast, there are some marvelous visual effects, particularly in a few of the battle scenes. (The editor deserves a medal).

By Edwin Schloss

There are very few films I would classify as brilliant but Claire's Knee comes as close as any I've seen in recent years with the exception of *The Shop on Mainstreet* and *The Damned*. Eric Rohmer has directed his scenario as a kind of journalistic aestheticism, dissecting human motivations from one day to the next with tender devotion for each character's behavior. Rohmer sees change not as a sudden transformation but as a slow, gradual process which unfolds with casual awareness before our

eyes. He has created a work of art from a picture gallery of his own impressions as he leads us into the daily journal of Aurora, played splendidly by Aurora Cornu, with the quick gentle brush strokes of a man of precision, who begins his story on Monday the 29th of June and concludes it on Wednesday, the 29th of July. This chronological order gives the film its shape and permits us a day-by-day glimpse into the colorful world of western France.

To amuse Aurora and to give her something to write about while he is on vacation, Jerome

becomes attracted to Laura, the 16-year-old daughter of the family Aurora has been staying with, after she tells him of the girl's affection for him. He decides to pursue Laura, but when she leaves for camp, Jerome replaces his affection for Laura to Laura's older sister, Claire. The rest of the film deals with the way in which he goes about touching her knee. Something as unimportant as this conquest becomes a measure of our hero's achievements.

Each day he gets closer and closer until in a moment of vulnerability, Jerome touches



Part of a fantastic creation in Mr. Dreyer's Drama studio by Denny Lankford (lower left) and friends. Photo by Barcelona

Review

Tarantula

by Bob Dylan. Macmillan Books. 137 pp. \$3.95

by mif

Tarantula was written in 1966, back before Dylan's famous motorcycle accident, before his sudden switch from rock-poet to country singer, just as he was achieving international superstardom. In that sense, the book resembles a period piece, for it provides a glimpse inside the head of the original Dada King of Rock, and that person - and what he wrote about - no longer exists. But it is still a devastating chronicle of those wildy psychedelic halycon days and not surprisingly, it holds up marvelously well today.

The book is not a novel, it has no "story", but rather is a collection of hallucinations, "letters", and bizarre situations that occurred somewhere in the distant cosmos of Dylan's sometimes tortured, sometimes ecstatic vision. It is a desperately sad book and a gloriously humorous one. It is really impossible to describe or even think about while reading; but its lyrical power and force are undeniable.

At times, reading *Tarantula* seems to be an insanely perverse endeavor. One surrealistic thought-dream follows another, bearing no tangible relations, but simply dazzling in execution. That is the beauty of the book. It is a series of words put together with inescapable originality. The situations and characters seem to linger in some kind of slipstream and just when you think you're lost forever, Dylan comes through with a jolting line of wisdom, of absolute clarity, or of unabashed cosmic humor that leaves you choking on your own laughter.

This is from a piece called "I Found The Piano Player Very Cross-Eyed But Extremely Solid":

'look yourself-you ever heard of woody guthrie? he was a union man & he fought to organize unions like yers & he dug people's needs & do you know what he'd

say if he knew that a union man-was walking out on a poor hard traveling cat's needs-do you know what he'd say d'yuh know what he'd think?' 'all right i'm getting sick of you sprouting out names at me-i never hearda no boddy guppie & anyway . . . ' 'woody guthrie not boddy guppie!'

Or these lines from a poem which begins "here lies bob dylan":

bob dylan- killed by a discarded Oedipus who turned around to investigate a ghost & discovered that the ghost too was more than one person

I really hesitate to say this because of all the horrible connotations of the word, but reading *Tarantula* is indeed a trip, a journey along with one of the most frantic and obsessed imaginations this generation has produced. And what truly separates Dylan from his imitative contemporaries is his knowledge, his awareness of literature, his sense of history, and most of all his downright scary perception of what goes on around him.

We have waited a long time for this book. Many people thought they would never see it. Now, Dylan has ok'd its release. Somehow, it seems proper that at this point he would issue a statement made five years ago. We needed this book. It is, unequivocally, the finest work turned out by any young contemporary writer-singer-seer, etc. You will read it many times over, not because it is a nostalgic look backwards, but because it is a major work by perhaps the one artist of our time who was possessed with true visionary genius.

that "magnet" of his desire. Rohmer's technical skill at working up to this moment of consummation is masterful. It is not a question of will he or won't he but how he goes about touching it that makes all the difference.

Rohmer has a way of developing the simplest of actions with subtle details that reveal characterization. The actions are carried out by actors who know their craft and work well together. They are all perfectly cast but my personal favorite is Beatrice Romand, who plays Laura with an intuitive self-awareness without being too aware of how intuitive she really

is, and she is beguiling. I am sure this is not the last we will hear from her. In the leading role of Jerome, Jean-Claude Brialy, turns in a winning performance against the most spectacular scenery imaginable, but Rohmer has resisted the temptation 'to make a show of it' at the expense of the performances; instead, he has balanced each scene with a careful eye for visual contrast and has caught the essence of 'both worlds' without compromising either one. Claire's Knee is a fine job of film-making that in time may be considered a classic study in intellectualized eroticism.