

# Around the Square

By Martha Ann Kennedy

Culture called Wednesday night, and hundreds of us balletomaniahs fought relentlessly for Civic Music tickets to the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and triumphantly took our seats in Reynolds Auditorium. The performance, which included the classic Les Sylphides in traditional filmy, winged costumes, a ballet version of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, **The Mikado**, and a modernized hit, **Gaite Parisienne**, to Offenbach's "Bacarolle" and can-can music, but the highlight of the whole evening was the Pas de Deux from the **Black Swan**, danced by Nina Novak and Igor Yousekevitch. They did all the spectacular leaps and turns with effortless ease, and their facial expressions seemed much more moving and outstanding than those of other troupe members. I think other Salemites who saw the number will agree that, watching them, you felt that here was perfection.

During intermission, I saw Miss Byrd in the lobby and asked her if she thought an interview with Igor for the **Salemite** was possible. She introduced me to a very nice gentleman, Mr. Ralph Hanes, who told me to go backstage and find a Mr. Fleischmann (like the yeast), who would help me. With these instructions, I hurried away, and managed to get into the women's dressing room, where a crowd of girls, chattering in foreign accents, were putting on Japanese wigs and kimonos for **The Mikado**. I was thinking how much younger they looked off-stage, when the gray-haired wardrobe mistress wanted to know what I was doing in a "private dressing room". When I told her I was looking for a man named Fleischman, she told me tersely that "the men's dressing room is the other side of the stage." I left quickly and hesitantly made my way across the stage amid warming-up ballerinas, stagehands and iron poles that kept descending from the ceiling. I finally found Mr. F., a tall, balding man with red cheeks, and requested a short interview with "some member of the troupe."

"Certainly," he answered cordi-

ally, "would Igor Yousekevitch do?" Less casually, I murmured that Mr. Yousekevitch certainly would, and he led me over to a small dark man in a paisley silk bathrobe. After introducing "Igor" to "little Miss Kennedy", he disappeared into the wings.

"So you are going to interview me . . . Is this for publication?" He said, with a mischievous grin and flick of the cigarette. I assured him that all my fellow Salemites were waiting to read about him in this week's issue of the college paper, and he began:

"I am from Russia, and in this country since 1938. This ballet life is a hard one, but highly satisfying to all of us in it." There were still beads of perspiration standing on the brown makeup covering his high cheekbones.

"My wife is a former ballerina, but is now a housewife and teaches ballet in New York. We have one child and she is called Marie. I am not a choreographer, but, of course, it is every ballet dancer's dream to be one someday."

"What kind of shoes do I prefer for streetwear? These," he said, pointing down to a pair of fuzzy, long-haired llama bedroom shoes, then laughed.

"No, seriously—I like no particular brand, just moccasin-type shoes. I do not like oxfords. I like Winston-Salem very much, but I haven't seen much of it, because we arrived only this afternoon. However, I have been here before. Yes, I have danced the part of Stanley in **A Streetcar Named Desire**, but it was originally done by Frederic Franklin in another company. Do you want the honest truth about my opinion of Elvis Presley? I heard of his existence two days ago. Doesn't he wiggle (pronounced weegle) his hips", said Mr. Yousekevitch, giving a restrained demonstration.

"I think every girl should take up ballet, regardless of age, because, learning ballet, you become broadened in all fine art fields—music and literature, especially. Besides, it is very good for the figure," he was saying when someone yelled for the dancers to begin taking their places.

I barely had time to say good-



The color orange is too loud for quaint old Salem. The noisy process of covering up the color is too loud. But the transformation from a combination alarm clock, eyesore, and detour to the infirmary will eventually look like a new dorm (pictured above).

bye, rush across the stage past dancers sticking their toes into a box of powdery rosin, through racks of sequined costumes, and out the stagedoor to rejoin the buzzing audience.

As much as I enjoyed my talk with Igor, and admired the ballet company, I think Judy Golden's sets and marvelous papier-mache tree for **The Grass Harp** put their ancient-looking and, unimaginative backdrops to shame.

**Cafe Society:** Everyone is still talking about the stranger that ap-

peared in Tom Perry's Grill the other night. Seems he was quite fashionably attired in black leather jacket, white silk muffler, jewel-studded motorcycle belt, tight-fitting black jeans, and high leather boots. A squashed-down cap with a silver eagle above the patent visor, and a "Wild One" swagger completed the outfit. He claimed to have just roared up from the sun-kissed shores of "Mi-yammi."

Ann Campbell, last year's IRS president, arrived last weekend, with three suitcases, for a surprise visit. She is now a minister of

music at Blackwell Memorial Baptist Church in Elizabeth City. Many seniors will leave this weekend for Greenville, N. C. where Nina Skinner will be married to Roy Upchurch Saturday night. Barbara Durham is her maid of honor. Pat Howard's wedding to Erië Haste will take place Thanksgiving Day.

On Friday, November 29, the F. T. A. will present their second movie of the year—**House of Strangers** starring Edward G. Robinson, Richard Conte, and Susan Hayward.

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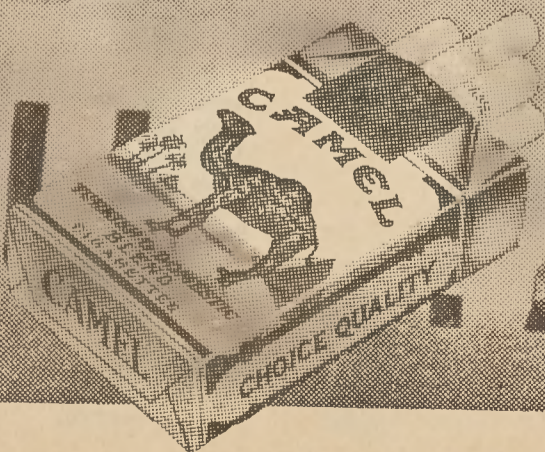
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