

Memorial Hall: Oistrakh Flops

By JAMES BURNHAM

Oistrakh Flashes, or Where Were You When the Lights Were Blinking?

Last Monday night's concert by violinist Igor Oistrakh (son of famed violinist David Oistrakh) left the listener out with the rain and thunder wondering what was happening to the "Rain" Sonata (Brahms, opus 78) or if the roof of Memorial Hall was actually leaking thick red paint (O shades of Szigeti!).

After all, when Mozart's mother died (K 304) he didn't go to work in a Hungarian restaurant.

And never, to my knowledge, did Tartini, though dreaming of the Devil himself, traverse the Golden Gate Bridge on a tight rope while operating an air drill despite many beautiful trills, lost all my thrills.

But listeners took heart. With the Tchaikovsky Meditations a level of refinement was beginning to be established. If you call that refinement. It is conceivable, even though Oistrakh (robust, warm, strong and deliberate) was still pitching high and wide—consistently.

At last paydirt: Szymanowski's impressionistic gypsy (opus 28) commanded Mozart's goulash, Brahms' oozing paint, Tartini's graceful brutality and Tchaikovsky's refinement to produce the only successful pages on the program except for the Stravinsky encore which wasn't damaged because Stravinsky's a little smarter than you think.

Oistrakh's magnificently rich sounding Guarneri violin was incredible to hear, while the Steinway was at times too subdued. And as to the style of the performer (as opposed to beh very tasteful recordings with his father) the soloist's professed booking agent stated: "Maybe for Chapel Hill he play this way." Indeed!



"ONLY IN CHAPEL HILL" DEPT.—and I'll remember the football weekends and homecoming at the frat houses, the wins and losses (mostly losses), in scenic Chapel Hill.

Bus Trip Organized For Play 'You Know I Can't Hear You'

One of the funniest comedies of the current Broadway season will be presented next week in Greensboro, and the Carolina Union Drama Committee is interested in sponsoring a chartered bus.

Comedienne Imogene Coca and her husband King Donovan star in the traveling company of Robert Anderson's uproarious *You Know I Can't Hear You When The Water's Running*, to visit Greensboro Coliseum on Thursday,

November 21. A block of thirty-five tickets have been offered to the student body of UNC at considerably reduced rates, and the Union is able to take advantage of this offer if 35 students are interested.

The bus would leave the Planetarium parking lot at approximately 7 p.m. next Thursday and return around 12 midnight. An overall price of \$6.50 would provide Carolina students with the best orchestra seats and all

transportation to and from Greensboro.

You Know I Can't Hear You When The Water's Running is presently in its third year on Broadway. It consists of four one-act plays about sex, written by the author of *Tea and Sympathy* and *I Never Sang For My Father*.

Playwright Neil Simon (author of *The Odd Couple*) has called it "the funniest comedy I've seen in years."

Interested students should sign up immediately at the G.M. desk, for a decision will be made Friday at noon on the feasibility of the trip. If 35 students have not signed-up, the project will be impossible.

Later productions on the Coliseum's agenda include *Man of La Mancha*, *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Funny Girl*. If

Mescaline Hit Hard

From the Michigan Daily News

ONE OF THOSE sunny Indian summer Friday afternoons in late September when going to classes is a crime and you can wear baggy corduroys with bare feet all around campus, we all dropped mescaline together, about ten of us. (It was my first time).

It takes about a half hour to hit you, or so they had said. We all piled into Jack's Barracuda and took to the streets like dying Indians in battle, waiting to go straight to heaven, and savoring those last few moments of life and reality.

You do not notice when it hits you, only there is a moment when you suddenly realize that it has gotten to you and then you are farther into it, going a little deeper with each breath.

"People, I want people." We all wanted people and more

people to just watch. The world was a motion picture now, with the sound a little off track but with such beautiful technicolor. And we were crusading toward the epicenter of everything and all people, the core of intellectual stimulation; we were crusading to the Diag.

THE DIAG—Oh, god, we brought ourselves limping and on stretchers of the mind to the golden Diag and we flopped down on the life-breathing grass, our maternal land and earth, and opened our forum of verbal masturbation.

"My god," someone said, "there are at least 50 people here stoned out—I can't believe it!" They had all come, like us, fearing isolation and the lonesome reality of facing oneself, to the Diag, seeking Mecca in others' faces.

The straight people were filing by on the sidewalks, some noticing, others not... it mattered not to us who watched them only through Plexiglass windows. The sun beckoned from above, so we hailed it in Indian ritual, then we laughed and laughed and saw the sun drink our laughter.

Huddled to each other under the tall oaks, we spouted philosophies. "I can't get over," Toombs was saying, "how everyone is out for himself." The idea, the pointed truth of the statement had struck him unguarded and he couldn't shake it off. There was no helping him... he would have to struggle with it himself, as he repeated it over and over, trying to make us believe how selfish the world was, trying to drag us down into his pit of truth.

BUT WE REFUSED. "Let's go for a walk," I said. We floated into the stream of people drifting away from the Diag, until we saw it only from a distance. Then we stopped, and looked back in awe.

"Greeks," I said. "They are ancient Greeks gathered at their aged marble amphitheatre, for learning and debate... look at them."

The Diag was a beehive. The center of activity. We felt as if we had stumbled upon something rare and mysterious, something that had endured the ages, and we were catching a fleeting glimpse of eternity as we sailed by on our shaky dreams.

Flopping and bouncing back toward our oak-tree cult, we ran into something that struck us incredulous with all its absurdity. A student was passing out pamphlets.

"My god, what is this person doing? Does he realize what he's doing?" We took one and read it. "Death to the

University. Destruction. Join Us."

"This must be a joke," I said. This one is actually trying to convince people of something or other.

Doesn't he realize that nothing is of any consequence? Shouldn't we go back and talk to him and explain everything?"

"No. He's straight. That's the difference."

WE SAT DOWN again and ritualized, nodding up and down just for the sheer feeling of it if not in agreement. We looked around us and saw a fantastic zoo. A man was wearing sandwich board and holding a bucket for people to drop money into. I asked others about him to make sure he wasn't an hallucination.

Oh, never mind. It really doesn't matter.

It was all right even if we couldn't find anything to hold onto—we had everything in our lack of conviction or direction. "Be, just sit there and be, man."

We held on tight, each one to himself. Bells rang down on us and people seemed hurried by time and the bells' urgency. Time.

"You, know," I said lazily, I could die right now and it wouldn't even faze me."

"That's right... it wouldn't be any different from anything else," someone agreed.

A leaf floated down and we admired its brown, crisp deadness.

LATER I SAT alone in my room, after I had left them all, and wondered what would happen next—if I would ever really come all the way down. I didn't know if I wanted to.

Then she arrived, half unexpected. She had been looking for me all afternoon. We looked at each other and knew that she knew when she lowered her eyes and I stared mistily out the sunny window.

"Promise me you'll never take it again."

I said, "We all live by river, which has never been crossed, and I have just been to the other side of that river."

She cried and then looked up, waiting. I said, "We all live on the side of the mountain and I have been over that mountain."

Oh, never mind, never mind.

Announcements Of Campus Events

BOARD of Residence College Academic Lt. Governors meets at 5 p.m. in the Graham Library, first floor Graham Residence Hall.

PANEL DISCUSSION on the draft is scheduled for 8 p.m. in Gerrard Hall.

TICKETS went on sale yesterday for the Honors Students Association dinner to be held Saturday at 6 p.m. in the Carolina Inn ballroom. All honor students are urged to attend. Tickets may be purchased for \$3 in Dr. Patterson's office. For further information contact Sharon Hagie, 933-5132 or Linda Stuntz, 933-2754.

THOMAS McDANIEL of The Johns Hopkins University, Master of Arts in Teaching Program will be in the Placement Service today to interview students interested in attending graduate school upon graduation. Tomorrow Everard Meade of the University of Virginia, Graduate School of Business Administration will be in the Placement Service. Students desiring interviews should come by the Placement Service, 211 Gardner Hall, to make an appointment.

LATIN AMERICAN COLLOQUIUM, sponsored by the International Student Center, presents speaker Ari Moleon of the Associated Press. Moleon will speak on 'Latin America: A Continent in Revolution' tonight at 8 p.m. in the social room of James Residence College.

COMPUTER AND INFORMATION science lecture takes place at 1 p.m. in 265 Phillips. Dr. Derek Henderson speaks on 'The internal structure of the WITS system.'

PSYCHOLOGY LECTURE will be held at 4 p.m. in 301 Davie Hall. Dr. Melvin Lerner speaks on 'Reactions to Victims and Desire for Justice.' Refreshments follow in 302 Davie Hall.

ORGANIZATION BEHAVIOR colloquium series presents Roy Solaski who will speak on 'The Future Environment: Forces that will shape the External Business Environment of 1975-80.' 4 p.m. in Room 8, Gardner Hall.

BOTANY SEMINAR takes place in 201 Coker Hall at 5 p.m. Dr. Paul Kramer speaks on 'Physiological Functions of Roots.'

AMERICAN CRISIS SERIES presents the film 'Vietnam' at 9 p.m. in James Dorm.

NORTH CAROLINA Draft Resistance Union is meeting at 4 p.m. Thursday in the Institute for International Studies, corner of Church and Rosemary Streets.

'DER NACHFOLGER,' a film, will be presented in the Dey Hall Faculty Lounge at 7:30 p.m. Admission is free.

STATE AFFAIRS meets 3:30-5 p.m. in Roland Parker III.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Epithet for a heavy-weight
 - Undeveloped flowers
 - Money: slang
 - Digit
 - Grumpy
 - Stranger
 - Painfindings and such
 - Give the once-over
 - You and I
 - Farer's cousin
 - Ostrich-like bird
 - Affirmative
 - Street sign
 - Cross a river
 - Anybody or somebody
 - Barracks item
 - Young deer
 - Vocal brickbat
 - Because
 - Tea-bete noire
 - Meaning
 - Pronoun
 - Civil War Johnny
 - Airline term
 - Firm
 - Engraver's tool
 - Contended for
 - Viking explorer
 - Wagnerian role
- DOWN**
- A shower of snow
 - Artery
 - Sanskrit school
 - Piggery
 - Anchored apparatus
 - In the way, in a way
 - Performed
 - One who makes a mulligan
 - Medieval tale
 - Try for a part in a play
 - Before
 - Leather-making centers
 - The brink of an occasion
 - Torrid
 - Possess
 - On the negative side
 - Weather word
 - A voice, in grammar
 - Child's apron
 - Tell's canton
 - 'Streetcar' role
 - Uncanny
 - Old Norse work
 - Mr. Hodges
 - Murphy is one
 - Tell's canton

SAPS APART

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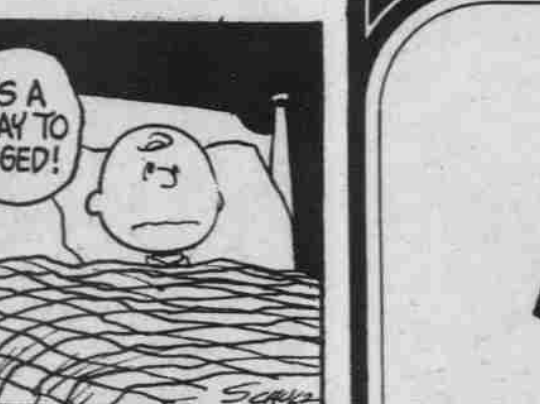
Tony Curtis
Henry Fonda
George Kennedy

Mike Kellin Murray Hamilton
Robert Fryer Richard Fiescher
Edward Anhalt Gerold Frank
Panavision Color by DeLuxe

NOW THRU WED.

FEATURES:
12:40 - 2:48 - 4:56 - 7:04 - 9:12

Varisty



Lost And Found

LOST

BROWN NOTEBOOK on Time-Out Day, left on one of the Time-Out tables. Name and address on notebook. Reward

BLACK PUPPY, 8 weeks old; part beagle, part cocker spaniel. Contact Steve Baddour, 968-9077 or 968-9394.

GREEN PEA-JACKET at The Circle. Name inside. Call Tom Stair, 39 Old East.

SCHAEFFER FOUNTAIN PEN, gray with gold trim, behind Dey Hall on Monday. See Alex Dunlop, Comparative Lit in Dey.

UNC CLASS RING, 1969, in GM basement on Thursday. Reward. Call 929-6232.

SEKONIC LIGHT METER between Dey and Bingham Halls in Polk Place. Please call 933-3367.

FOUND

BLACK WALLET of rough-grained leather on night of elections. No questions asked; just want identification. Mark Smith, 942-6635 or 968-9021.

BROWN HANDBAG with gold rings on handle, on Nov. 5 at ATO house. Contact Susan Liles, 336 West Cobb.

CLASS RING, Ahoskie High School, black and gold. Initials J.B.B. engraved on band. Please return to 634 Morrison.

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