

Friedman Plays Here In Orchestra Concert 'Salome's' Set, Costuming Oppressive, Play Impressive

The Chapel Hill Concert Series presents its fourth and final concert of the season Sunday, April 12, in Memorial Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets are on sale at the Union information desk for UNC students at \$1.

Performing in Chapel Hill for the first time is the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Izler Solomon and featuring Erick Friedman as guest violin soloist.

Performing approximately 150 concerts a year, the Orchestra has set attendance records in playing more out-of-town engagements than any other American orchestra. Almost one-third of the performances are for young people with one-half of these being played in the city's public high schools free to the students.

The Orchestra draws more than 100,000 participants each year from grades one to twelve. The 86 member group plays a 14-concert series featuring the finest symphonic music with the world's most outstanding guest soloists for their home audience.

Dr. Izler Solomon is both music director and conductor. He was born in St. Paul and received most of his musical training in Philadelphia. A student of the violin since the age of six, young Solomon haunted the Academy of Music listening to the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of the famed Leopold Stokowski.

When Solomon was 18, his violin teacher, Michael Press, moved from Philadelphia to head the violin department at Michigan State University. Solomon returned to the Midwest to become his assistant.

The Lansing Symphony Orchestra was conceived in 1931, and Solomon became its first concert master. When the conductor became seriously ill and was unable to continue, the twenty-one year old Solomon was asked to take over. The violinist chose instead to make the whole orchestra his instrument.



ERICK FRIEDMAN

During his career Dr. Solomon has guest conducted most of the major orchestras in this country and abroad. He has been with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra since 1956.

Guest artist Erick Friedman, protegee of the great Jascha Heifetz, celebrates twenty-two years before the public though he is barely in his thirties. His talents were recognized early thanks to his father who was an amateur violinist. At ten years of age Friedman began his studies with the famous violin teacher at Juilliard, Ivan Galliaman.

He was brought to the attention of Jascha Heifetz two years later and, within five years, became the master's protegee. Friedman remained Heifetz's pupil until late 1961 when they recorded Bach's Double Violin Concerto, so well known to collectors.

Upon winning several important competitive awards, Friedman made guest appearances with many of this country's leading symphony orchestras. He has toured Europe, South Africa and the Far East with enormous success.

Sunday evening will be a memorable musical experience for Chapel Hill concert-goers.

By Judy Hippler
Oscar Wilde's "Salome" opened last night, another Studio 70 production by the Dramatic Art Department.

The plot is based on the Biblical tale of Salome, the princess who dances before King Herod for the head of John the Baptist. Salome falls in love with John, whom Wilde calls Iokanaan: "I am amorous of thy body, Iokanaan." But he rebuffs her and she requests his death in revenge.

The tragedy peaks in excellent performances by Jane Barrett as Salome and Philip Whitehall as Iokanaan. Miss Barrett evolves with her role; she skillfully projects disgust for Herod, curiosity and then lust for Iokanaan, brooding, scheming and finally madness.

In her suggestive, disrobing dance to Paul Andre Christianson's exotic music, her undulating body entices Herod to actual panting. She builds up to a climax in the final mad scene with Iokanaan's head: "Ah, I will bite (thy mouth) with my teeth as one bites into ripe fruit."

Whitehall's foreboding voice and stage manner also command praise. As Iokanaan he wavers only a moment before Salome's charms, then firmly rebuffs her. He acts assuredly, with the conviction required by his part.

Herod is probably the most difficult role with its long lines and subtle emotional shifts. Mark Smith delivers his passages extremely well; his

booming voice and robust gestures are well-executed. He weeps, tremors, panders and lusts most convincingly. But the role required a well-timed movement to sustain interest. Herod's lines necessitate increasing intensity toward a desperate climax. Director Linwood Taylor and Smith should have mastered this gradual build-up, but Smith comes on a little too strong too early. He is all along nervous, grasping and forceful and therefore unable to climax effectively. Yet his individual scenes are masterful as he portrays the king obsessed by lust, superstition and fear.

Herod's wife, played by Patricia Snell, is compulsively jealous, sarcastic and matronly. Miss Snell is so believable that the audience echoes Herod's

cry: "Silence, woman. You howl like a beast of prey."

Director-designer Taylor's set is an aesthetic flow of angular black platforms at different levels. Gayle Behrman's totally black-and-white costuming, including white tie and tails, complete the heavy atmosphere. The combined effect is impressive but the play seems oppressive enough without stark costuming and set. Also, the technique of removing masks at key moments in the plot seems unnecessary and contrived.

Yet the play as a whole does succeed, accenting able acting and, of course, Oscar Wilde's meticulous use of language. (The reviewer saw the preview on Tuesday night).



JANE BARRETT AS SALOME

'Cashbox' Praises James Taylor

Editor's note: The following review of James Taylor, a native of Chapel Hill who will be appearing Saturday afternoon of Jubilee, was printed in the March 21, 1970, edition of CASHBOX magazine. The review is reprinted by permission.)

Everybody talks about how it was ten years ago when the Village was at its zenith. When Dylan, Ochs, Hardin, Van Ronk, Buffy, and all the rest of them were walking from the Gaslight to the Go-Go to Gerdes carrying their guitars, anxious for any forum at all. That period was probably folk music's answer to the "Lost generation" of writers who congregated Gertrude Stein's and Alice B. Toklas' drawing room.

Well, if you were in the Village last weekend, at the Gaslight, you would have had the district feeling that you were experiencing a deja-vu. It was all happening again. There were more than 400 people huddled inside their coats in sub-freezing weather on both sides of MacDougal Street, about 100 of them holding numbered admission tickets for the Gaslight at 1:30 a.m., waiting to get in for the scheduled 12:30 a.m. show which would not begin until about 2 a.m. No, Dylan wasn't appearing. But he was at the Gaslight twice during the weekend, it was reported, to see James Taylor who was appearing there for three days. James Taylor; just a tall, lanky guy with a big, rich sounding guitar who had one album on Apple and has just had his second release on Warner Bros. Why all the furor?

Plenty of reasons. First of



JAMES TAYLOR

all there's the instinct factor. The people who were at the Gaslight last weekend; the ones standing in the cold; the same ones who yelled every time someone from the working press walked in front of the line into the Gaslight to wait in the warm innards of the club for the preceding show to end; these people are the cognoscenti. They can smell a legend going to happen almost as soon as the first copies of his debut album reach the stores. This crowd quality should be obvious to anyone in the press. It was all over MacDougal St. last weekend; the crowd, the "knowing" crowd had really gotten James Taylor's scent. Alfred Aronowitz picked it up. In his column on the Pop scene in THE NEW YORK POST, Aronowitz talked of James in almost mesianic terms. Aronowitz may be right. There is something quite other worldly about James, especially his eyes, and the effect he has on people which was evident last weekend at the Gaslight.

Then of course there's James himself. With James, there is a multi-leveled thing happening. James Taylor is not what he appears to be. Even the covers of his albums are deceiving. There he is, stretched across his entire Apple LP, a fall leaf for a buttonnair. Pleasant. Then, there's the "Sweet Baby

James" cover. Just James looking pensive as hell, concerned, even a little angelic. Your first impression is probably, "Yeah, that's 'Sweet Baby James' all right." But there's much more to the covers once you begin to concentrate on his face, especially the eyes. A young artist who studied the "Sweet Baby James" jacket photos said that James had to be a star because he had what she described as "superstar cheekbones." But the artist was most interested in the fact that there was a great deal of tension apparent in James' face.

A lot of people are bound to read this deep concern into James' countenance after learning that he was a self-committed mental patient on two occasions, the last time being right after the release of his Apple album. So, there is the history of apparent trouble, admitted anguish which will pave the way for tons of journalistic analysis as

James' star rises. Maybe it is this foreknowledge that makes the lack of happiness in his eyes, the absence of anything frivolous, all the more apparent.

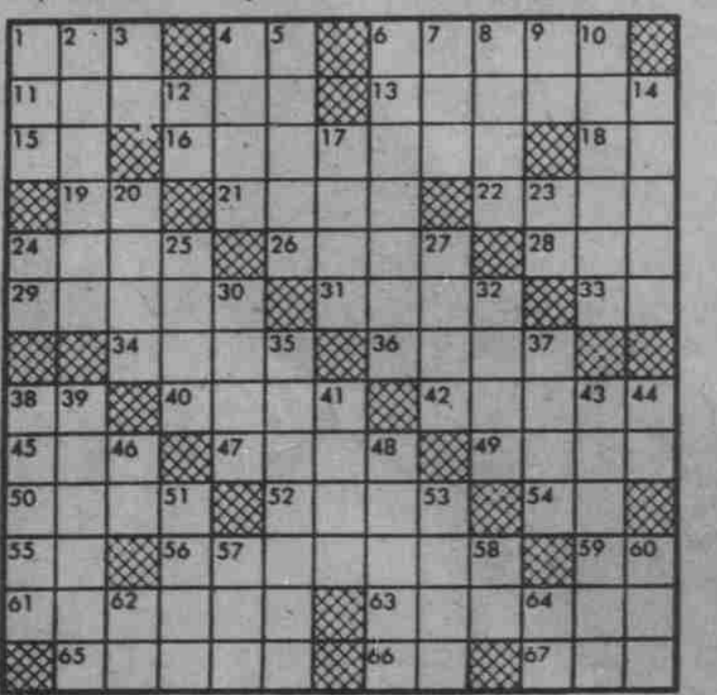
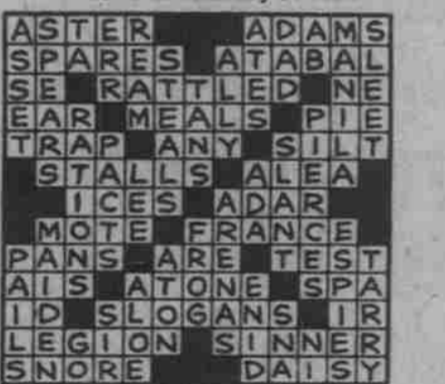
James' music will be subjected to the same shift of analysis. On the surface, his melodies are remarkably pleasant and his lyrics can seemingly be understood with a little effort. So, James Taylor is accessible... intellectually. Odd when you consider that legends on their way to happening should be as obtuse as possible. How can you get to be a legend if you're not mysterious. Well, James Taylor's mystery is there. And it's the best kind; the type that is there without anyone realizing it.

Take "Knocking 'Round the Zoo" for example. The Gaslight crowd was screaming for it this weekend but James didn't do it during the show we saw. On a basis level, the purely sensual one, the song's heavy brass and percussion

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- ACROSS
- 1-Peer Gynt's mother
 - 4-Baseball position (abbr.)
 - 6-Country of Europe
 - 11-Real
 - 13-Fragment
 - 15-Artificial language
 - 16-Yield
 - 18-Symbol for tellurium
 - 19-A state (abbr.)
 - 21-English baby carriage
 - 22-Bristle
 - 24-Shut up
 - 26-Priest's vestments
 - 28-Everyone
 - 29-Chemical compound
 - 31-Lamb's pen name
 - 33-Printer's measure
 - 34-Genus of olives
 - 36-Sicilian volcano
 - 38-Part of "to be"
 - 40-Den
 - 42-Downy duck
 - 45-Genus of cattle
 - 47-Entreaty
 - 49-Wash
 - 50-Great bustard
 - 52-Merit
 - 54-Sun god
 - 55-Guido's low note
 - 56-Wards off
 - 59-Physician (abbr.)
 - 61-Fruit
 - 63-Safe
 - 65-Enticing woman
 - 66-Man's nickname
 - 67-Unusual
- DOWN
- 1-Swiss river

Answer to Saturday's Puzzle



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WHERE ARE ALL THE GIRLS WHO PLAY OUTFIELD?

THEY SAID THEY'RE NEW FEMINISTS, AND THEY REFUSE TO PLAY BASEBALL ANY MORE... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A NEW FEMINIST IS...

THE WORLD IS CHANGING CHARLIE BROWN...

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE I'M IN THE NINTH INNING!