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e magazine of the arts at unc-greensboro january-february 1979



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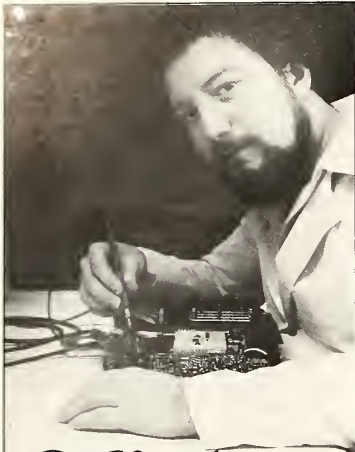
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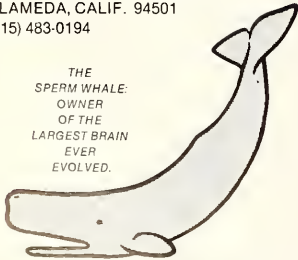


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LETTERS

Dear Editor:

This letter is written in response to your November, 1978 article entitled "A Question of UC/LS." It is written following a recommendation from the UC/LS Advisory Committee meeting held on December 7.

Having been made aware of the September, 1978 issue of the Coraddi and knowing its goals of support for the arts at UNC-G, we looked forward to an indepth article that would explore the role of UC/LS at UNC-G and in the greater Greensboro community. Our anticipation and enthusiasm for the November issue were tempered by our experience during the preliminary research for the November article on UC/LS. Several different writers came to interview us and there seemed to be some controversy among them as to the "editorial line" which was to be taken concerning UC/LS. Nevertheless, we received the November Coraddi with positive expectation, having been previously impressed with the graphic style of the magazine and the obvious concern of those involved to create something worthwhile and beneficial for the arts at UNC-G.

We were dismayed and disappointed to find the article entitled "A Question of UC/LS?" contained numerous factual inaccuracies, unsubstantiated speculation and general confusion of two separate subjects through the involvement of the University's performing arts series with the question of pop (rock, bluegrass, etc.) concerts at UNC-G. The purpose of this letter is to clarify some of the inaccuracies of the article and to present some balance to the unsubstantiated speculation in the article, much of which was presented as fact.

Regarding UC/LS, the introduction to the article indicated that it has been "statistically shown that student attendance very rarely exceeds 30 percent," that "the publicity thrust of UC/LS shifted to the community...because of the lack of student interest..." and that such publicity is "more available to the surrounding community than the campus." What has actually been statistically shown is that student attendance at most events averages approximately 30 percent of any given audience for any program presented by UC/LS (averages, not rarely exceeds). The overall publicity thrust of UC/LS has been increased in the community where it previously did not exist while being upgraded on campus as well. Since 6,000 of our 10,000 students live in that community, and since neither electronic jamming nor an iron curtain prevent the distribution of city media upon the campus soil we hardly think that promotional efforts channeled through local media are more available to the surrounding community than to the campus. Quite the contrary, making use of much of the existing media whether of the campus or the community has been the ongoing goal of promotional efforts made on behalf of UC/LS. We believe it creates a sense of pride in the University.

The introduction also indicated that "dissension is beginning to mount within the ranks..." and mentions "administrative control on student activity fees and the apparent disregard for what the campus really wants to see..." as problems causing such dissension. While it is true that several students and at least one faculty member are quoted as making statements such as "...don't think students have enough voice in what is presented...we're paying for the (expletive deleted) community's entertainment..." this is hardly the making of an insurrection, or even representative protest. To say that dissension is beginning to mount within the ranks connotes non-existent insurrection while completely ignoring the vast quantity of favorable comment, praise and excitement generated by the University Concert/Lecture Series each season. The tired old protest that "the administration controls student activity fees and disregards what students want to see or hear" is just that -- "tired." It is also baseless and does little to reveal precisely what the administration has done in determining the wants and needs of students as well as the student/faculty/staff cooperative approach to education and all of its facets that has been a historical cornerstone at UNC-G over the years.

The simple fact which must be recognized is that the term "student fees" does not mean student control. These are University fees and are used to supplement state appropriated funds. Students are involved in the decisions for spending Student Government, Elliott Center and UC/LS fees -- less so in the decisions regarding the expenditure of "student fees" in the areas of HPER, Music Department, Communication and Theatre, etc.

Students have more representation and more opportunities to present their viewpoints as to UC/LS presentations currently than at any time in the past. The Administration makes few of the final decisions concerning UC/LS program selections save those normal administrative decisions required of any person placed in a position of responsibility. As for students paying for the community's entertainment, this is not only inaccurate but unfortunate in light of the fact that revenues other than student fees accounted for well over half of the total financial expenditure for the University Concert/Lecture Series during the completed 1977-78 season. It is the community, grants and careful management that is actually paying the way for students to attend University Concert/Lecture Series programs at this time. It is also true that students have the first opportunity to purchase individual event tickets. Last season we had plenty of seats for more students.

Beyond such general statements of opinion and conclusions, several specific factual mistakes in the article must also be corrected. The article suggests that there are

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The last two issues of *Coraddi* for this year, to appear in March and in May, are being planned as special editions. The March issue will center around poetry here at UNC-G, reflecting the large amount of quality poetry that we have received thus far. Additional submissions for this issue are welcome, however, with our deadline of February 1 being absolutely final. The May issue will concentrate on student art, including drawings, prints, paintings and sculpture. We will be able to run only a limited amount of full-color work, however, so the sooner these are submitted the better. Deadline for this issue will be March 15.

For further information on these special issues, call 379-5572, or come by the *Coraddi* office at 205 EUC. Poetry submissions should be directed to Lisa Brown, poetry editor. Artwork may be any size or format.

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The cover is a blue duotone done from a black-and-white print taken by David Reavis.

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THE WORD P__K WILL NOT APPEAR IN THIS ARTICLE...

Article By Stephanie Tingler

"New Wave" is a renaissance movement in rock and roll music. Manifesting itself on the international level within the works of musicians such as Elvis Costello, The Stranglers, The Vibrators, The Dead Boys, Talking Heads and The Dictators, the crest has finally reached Greensboro with the advent of the Flies.

The Flies stand at the threshold of success. They have debuted in Greensboro at a night of "Hot Rock in Aycok," and played New York City at the prestigious "CB GB's" club, which prides itself on the fresh new talent it presents. There the Flies were a featured group for two consecutive nights, and have been asked for a return engagement.

The genius behind this rather quick flight up the musical industry ladder is Geoff Freeman. Not exactly your standard rock and roller, Geoff began his higher education at N.C. State University in the School of Design. After two years, he decided to move back to Greensboro to study music: "I want to make music my living, creatively, so I don't have to do anything else." Geoff is now a music composition major at UNC-G, immediately introducing an interesting contrast. "I take all I've learned and it enables me to structure and formulate ideas that I have had."

He is a guitarist, producer, musical director, songwriter; yet his most fascinating role is that of musical philosopher. "Rock and roll has its roots in African music and rhythms. It's inherent...a 'gut level' form of expression: sensual, expressive and primitive. The beat closely resembles that of the heart and it appeals to the human sensuality. It expresses and captures human emotion and feeling better because it allows total

freedom; there are no rules and that lets the music make its own point musically and literally." Freeman feels that American culture and in turn the recording industry are responsible for the current trends in contemporary music: "Disco is the worst of it all. It's jaded, decadent and representative of the 70's lifestyle. Rock and roll is the one saving grace of youth."

The Flies' material is original. Freeman is largely responsible for the bulk of it, but has also collaborated with Paul Moorefield, the lead vocalist for the group. "The Flies play 'extremist' rock and roll. Our music is offbeat. Regardless of whether it's good or bad, it's unique," Geoff says. "This shows in not only their titles ('We're the Flies,' 'Partly Cloudy and Greazy,' 'Session/Obsession.') but in the ... character of the songs. The music is a "cacaphony" of sound and emotion. It thuds in your chest and seems to throb in your veins. Driving and relentless, it races on while the listener stops to catch his breath. Simply put, it is rock and roll.

The men who make up the Flies are a unique blend of musicians. "I've finally found five who understand the concept I have of rock and roll and are willing to strive for a common goal. We are permeated with the spirit of the 'primal scream.' We play power-oriented music and appreciate the precision of a fine performance and we're getting tight," Geoff says with pride in his voice. Freeman serves as one of the Flies' guitarists; the other is Tony Merritt. Roy Parham plays bass guitar; Roy Jeffries, drums; and Paul Moorefield handles the lead vocals.

Freeman and Moorefield also have created Freeman Productions



which "exists to benefit the Flies. I aspire to produce," Freeman says, but not exclusively for the Flies. We've acquired the knowledge and can capture the essence of emotion and feeling on tape. We're anxious to cultivate an appreciation for 'New Wave' music and we have no intention of neglecting Greensboro. In fact, we're hoping to wake this sleepy town up!" Geoff plans to expand Freemoor's realm to that of promotional endeavors by bringing in big name groups and giving a local band the chance to perform on a large scale. The first of the projects has already been scheduled with the Ohio Players in the Winston-Salem Coliseum.

The Flies just might be the hottest thing to come out of Greensboro yet. They've got the talent, the energy, and the brains, all in the person of one Geoff Freeman, and as he says:

"Take my music and kiss my hand
I'm gonna find that long lost beat
and don't bother me."

©Geoff Freeman



Photographs By Larry Rivenbark

THE TAO OF STUDYING

"The Tao of Studying" was originally begun as an "apology for an unwritten term paper," for a class in Asian Religions taught by Dr. Paul Courtwright. Somehow the apology blossomed into something more than originally planned, perhaps more even than the term paper it replaced. It is a fascinating journey through, well, through something anyway; and is an intriguing piece of writing besides. Needless to say, Bill received an "A" on his "paper," and also in the course.

BY BILL BOERICKE

There, heaped before him, in a climactic pyramid pile, lay the fruits of a month's conscientious, if not compulsive, gathering. The I Ching; Taoism-The Partin of the Way; Tai Chi Ch'van and I Ching; The Fundamentals of Tai Chi Ch'van; Change-Eight Lecture on the I Ching; The Tao te Ching. Hark! Surely we have there the makings of a noble project -- a paper of keen and subtle insights, abundant in wit and pleasa imagery, not to mention, of course, the firm scholasti base upon which any such work must stand. Each of these books must indeed be a rung on the ladder whic reaches to the dizzying heights -- there! If I cast my gaz upwards I can read it:

A

("Must stand for Almighty," one of the spe tators was heard to whisper to his wife).

Shortly thereafter, strode our hero to these step his gait brisk, confident, not betraying for one second the months of toil which had brought him to this poin for in his eye was the triumphant gleam of victory -- or more ladder to climb! One more dragon to slay! Cou anyone have doubted for a moment that he who ha slain so many should not fail this one time to slay th last? Nay, forsooth! And the crowd became hushed a he began his ascent. Crisply he propelled himse onward, upward -- the first, the second, third run four...NO!! he stopped! The crowd stood tense, expect ant. Their attentive gazes turned as one to astonish ment. The hero had pulled one of the books, *one of the rungs of the ladder*, from its place and had begun t read it.

"No!" shrieked the crowd aghast, "Climb, climb you haven't time to read!"

The hero turned towards them, his face pale, hi limbs weak and trembling, his cracked, parched lip parted: "I've neither strength nor will to climb," h sighed. "I'd rather rest and read."

At once, with a great **KRAK!** the weakened ladde splintered and split and down crashed the boy an books a s u n d e r.

There he lay, desperate, exasperated, burnt out. He remembered a story he had read; something about a boy who sat and whistled during an entire examination period. The assignment was to write an essay on the manner in which Christ had turned water to wine. He wrote one line as the professor came to collect the papers. This line received the top prize for the exam. It read: "The water saw her master and blushed."

Surely, thought our hero, surely there must be for me a line of equal subtlety and merit -- God! -- there must be something I can write to salvage something of this mess! He thought and thought and when he could think no more he noticed that there remained of the spectators but one old man standing patiently.

"The process you employ precludes any possibility of success."

"What process?" asked our dazed and fallen hero.

"Thought is that process," said the old man. "If there is such a line that would save you, the nature of your search insures that you will not discover it. It is as if you were a radio and your salvation was music. The energy expended by your thought interferes with the clear reception of that tune."

"But I don't understand," cried the hero. "How can I perceive my salvation if not through thought? It seems, nothing else, I should think harder."

"When you get poor reception due to interference, a larger antenna does not enable you to get the channel clearly. It only increases the intensity with which you perceive the interference. The master said many years ago:

'A man anxious for knowledge adds more to himself every minute;
A man acquiring life loses himself in it,
Has less and less to bear in mind,
Less and less to do,
Because life, he finds, is well inclined,
Including himself too.
Often a man sways the world like a wind
But not by deed;
And if there appear to you to be need
Of motion to sway it, it has left you behind.' "

"Well, it's all academic anyhow, old man. My time is passed. You can see me here, shattered, broken-boned, defeated."

"If you'd never sought triumph, you'd not know defeat. You would not lie there shattered had you never stood firm. Only that which is hard and unyielding can be broken. The master said:

'He who feels punctured
Must once have been a bubble,
He who feels unarmed
Must have carried arms,
He who feels belittled
Must have been consequential,
He who feels deprived
Must have had privilege,
Whereas a man with insight
Knows that to keep is to endure.
What happens to a fish pulled out of a pond?
Or to an implement of state pulled out of
a scabbard?
Unseen, they survive.' "

"But you must agree, old man, if victory is my goal, I have no better way than to actively pursue it."

"And what exactly, young man, was the victory you sought?"

"To slay dragons, climb ladders to the greatest of heights and get A's," he cried, his eyes glazed with visions of distant glory.

"Imagine yourself sitting on the edge of a great wheel. On the other side, 180 degrees from where you now sit, is your goal. Would you not be rash to push with all your strength to set the wheel spinning without first calculating the thrust necessary to turn the wheel not more than 180 degrees so that you may disembark at your destination? An unwarranted display of force may carry you beyond your destination right back to the point from which you began, the only difference being your exhaustion from the journey. You climbed too hard too early. You killed dead dragons. You sought 98's when 92's would have sufficed. The master said:

'Those who would take over the earth
 And shape it to their will
 Never, I notice, succeed.
 The earth is like a vessel so sacred
 That at the mere approach of the profane
 It is marred.
 And when they reach out their fingers it is gone.
 For a time in the world some force
 themselves ahead
 And some are left behind,
 For a time in the world some are puffed fat
 And some are kept hungry,
 For a time in the world some push aboard
 And some are tipped out:
 At no time in the world will a man who is sane
 Over-reach himself,
 Over-spend himself,
 Over-rate himself.' "

"But tell me great sage, for that is what I presume
 you to be. How am I to know that I have overreached? It
 seems that I can only tell by my unbalance and
 subsequent fall. How am I to tell at such a time that it is
 not too late to quickly halt and reverse the process and
 be spared the fall? How am I to calculate the strength with
 which I must set the wheel in motion?"

"The key is supply no strength. There is, already, in
 the Universe, ample strength for the task. You must be
 the object upon which the forces of the Universe act.
 Where the forces which oppose you are strong and firm,
 you must be fluid and yielding. Where the forces you
 encounter are themselves fluid and yielding, it is effort-
 less and natural that you be strong. It is as if the Uni-
 verse were an everlasting ice-cream cone in your hand.
 Everlasting, that is, only until you take it in your grasp,
 for everything that exists exerts an influence on all other
 things. The heat from your hand would cause the cone to
 melt. It is your duty as a living creature, with
 influence, to restore through your actions the balance
 which by your very existence you have disturbed. You
 must regulate the temperature to keep the ice-cream
 fresh. Where there is cold such that the cone would
 freeze hard and break your teeth, it is natural that you
 would apply heat. But when this heat grows in intensity
 such that the ice-cream would melt and be lost through
 your fingers, it is natural that you would seek cold. Thus
 it is not a question of quantity of force in setting the
 wheel in motion, but it is the strategic and harmonious
 application of this energy that is pertinent. The question
 is when to use force and when to yield. Applied strate-

gically they are one and the same. Likewise, also, is the
 question of where to use force and where to yield. The
 master said:

'As the soft yield of water cleaves
 obstinate stone,
 So to yield with life solves the insoluble:
 To yield, I have learned, is to come back again.
 But this unworded lesson,
 This easy example,
 Is lost upon men.' "

"So you would propose I achieve by not striving and
 do by not doing! That, old man, is bizarre and food for
 thought. Tell me more of this odd nature of things that
 would create a situation such that to be in harmony with
 the Universe, and thus to accomplish anything of
 duration, to climb without falter and slay without
 slaughter, I must myself be the force opposite to that
 which confronts me. What else does the master say of
 this?"

"The master said:

'Man, born tender and yielding,
 Stiffens and hardens in death.
 All living growth is pliant,
 Until death transfixes it.
 Thus men who have hardened are
 "kin of death,"
 And men who stay gentle are "kin of life."
 Thus a hard-hearted army is doomed to lose.
 A tree hard-fleshed is cut down:
 Down goes the tough and big,
 Up comes the tender sprig.' "

"Tell me, old man, something of a Universe so
 strange that this could be so."

"I have said all that is within me to be said. I cannot
 describe the way that this could be for a word is to this
 way as a grain of sand is to an hourglass. To isolate this
 one grain of sand is stagnation. The rest of the sand
 flows on. When you concentrate your gaze on that one
 particle you miss the activity of the whole. If, however,
 you can pull back and view the whole, you are no longer
 able to distinguish the grain on which you had focused.
 Such is the nature of words and the way. You must allow
 yourself to fall back from the glass, and then you will
 understand its nature. As one grain falls through, it
 creates a space into which the others all settle. It is not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)



STUDIO THEATRE

Article By Karen Dimling

"IT'S AN AWARENESS
THING. IF YOU KNOW
IT EXISTS, YOU TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF IT."

Twelve years ago, when the Taylor building was initially constructed, the UNC-G Studio Theatre program was born. The Taylor building houses both divisions of the Department of Communications & Theatre, and also harbors the main stage theatre for UNC-G's seasonal productions.

The Studio Theatre is but one of the seven divisions of the UNC-G Theatre. This particular division is designed for any and all interested students, regardless of major, and is open to both undergraduates and graduates. Performing arts majors, quite naturally, serve as the Studio Theatre's most prolific resources, yet everyone is invited to sign up for auditions. Production schedules are posted on the walls of the Green Room on first floor Taylor.

"We have developed a reputation...I try to keep my distance (from the students)...They must learn by trying, doing, failing and becoming successful." So says Jamey Reynolds, Director of Studio Theatre and instructor of acting and mime in charge of the Kaleidoscope Mime Troupe.

According to Keith Martin, President of the UNC-G student theatre organization, The Masqueraders, "It is experimental theatre. In other words, the director, actors and crew are all learning, experimenting and growing together."

On the academic side, Studio Theatre enables senior BFA acting and directing majors to stage a full production for credit. As always,

The students and professors involved are vehement supporters of Studio Theatre. No classes are scheduled during the Theatre's time slot so that all of the department's instructors and students may descend into the laboratory of UNC-G's experimental theatre, housed in Taylor's basement. Intermittently, the eight acting instructors attend. Ninety to one hundred

"more opportunities, more roles... it offers a preparatory learning and practical experience for mainstage at UNC-G."

Students interested in becoming involved in Studio Theatre are able to take a number of available routes. One may opt to design programs, work with sound effects, props, costumes, lighting or make-up. Also, one may work as



"WE HAVE DEVELOPED A REPUTATION... I TRY TO KEEP MY DISTANCE (FROM THE STUDENTS)... THEY MUST LEARN BY TRYING, DOING, FAILING AND BECOMING SUCCESSFUL."

the director is totally responsible for the entire show. Senior acting-directing students are given priority over other students in scheduling rehearsals and being granted production dates.

BFA student directors are given \$15 for each production. MFA directors, who use Studio Theatre for thesis projects, are given a sum based on expenses for their particular production. A thesis production is full length; undergraduate shows may either be a one-act or excerpts from a full-length play. Funding is provided by the Department of Communication & Theatre from student activity fees allotted for this purpose.

people squeeze into the tiny theatre's house each week.

On the negative side, however, Jamey Reynolds says that the chairs provided for the audience are decaying and "wanting to crack apart," and there is "prehistoric ventilation." "There is simply no money," Jamey ruefully voices.

Nor is there enough rehearsal space. This is critical for every play, every student connected to Studio Theatre.

Yet Studio Theatre has several advantages over main stage productions. Each week Studio Theatre presents a variety of performances for its audiences to analyze or to be entertained by. There are

stage manager or his/her assistant, as actor, assistant director, or the jewel of them all, the director of the play itself.

As director of Studio Theatre, Jamey Reynolds is the man to contact if questions arise. Jamey receives all applications for the "slots," or spaces for the plays, which are staged each Wednesday at 3 p.m. He works closely with MFA candidates and their "qualifiers," judging whether or not the students will be allowed to resume their activities the following academic year. Occasionally, Jamey may phone the Samuel French Co. in New York City, and order varying numbers of scripts, as requested by

student directors. Royalties are not paid on the scripts because they are used for educational purposes.

Frequently, students write their own plays. For those interested, there is a play-writing course offered by Dr. Middleton. By semester's end, every student must turn in an original one-act play, not more than thirty minutes in length. The student playwright or a fellow

theatre patrons by student volunteers. All types of plays are produced: anything from the Greek classics to improvisation, from contemporary comedy or drama to readers' theatre.

Through the years, a somewhat motley variety of costumes, props, lighting and sound equipment have been either lent or donated. Studio Theatre is given access to costumes

groups, particularly those students belonging to the performing arts. This is the usual flavoring of the audience populace.

Keith Martin sums up the value of the Studio Theatre by saying, "It's an awareness thing. If you know it exists, you take advantage of it."



classmate may attempt to direct the plays. This "exposure rationale" is another bonus offered by Studio Theatre.

Main stage is employed by drama professors who are directing full-length plays of their choice. The rule of thumb is that absolutely no freshmen may perform in a main stage show. Since many plays were written for a limited number of characters, a vast quantity of students seldom, if ever, receive parts. For these students, Studio Theatre provides a viable alternative.

Approximately sixty productions a year are produced in Studio Theatre. The plays are free and programs are handed out to the

from main stage productions that have been completed. The atmosphere is intimate, of necessity with such a small stage and audience area. The stage is simply a carpeted area of the floor. Midnight black director chairs are closely lined on three tiers for the audience's comfort. Frequently the acting is fresh, genuine with much electricity; while the directing is natural and precise. Both elements are convincing enough to tempt one back again each Wednesday for another dosage of theatrical experimentation.

There is no need to publicize since the house is chock full of people each Wednesday. Studio Theatre also serves special interest

Photographs By Bob Murdock



SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

Article By Eric Ries

One of the most striking -- and frightening -- aspects of growing older is the realization that with each ensuing year one knows less and less about the world. With the attainment of adulthood comes a sobering spectre of the immenseness of what might be termed the Dimishing Returns theory of the mind, a ratio in which expansion of experience equates to a lessening of what one had previously determined to be actual knowledge. Simply stated, this amounts to (round about one's twentieth year), the paranoid suspicion that Everything-You-Know-is-Wrong.

Take as an example the library. Certainly by one's twentieth year one can identify the characteristics of a library with the clarity and

authority befitting a person who has spent the majority of his or her life in organized schooling. With no small reserve of conviction one can characterize a library as more or less a regime of knowledge. A codified, organized, and disciplined unit. An intimidating edifice of intellectual fascism. It is a strangely lifeless place, filled with Nazi librarians with varicose veins and mechanical students footnoting their lives away. It is an annoying realm of technology as well, cutting against the mellow bent of the 1970s. A miasma of frustrated faces comes to mind, students struggling with alien being such as Xerox machines, projectors and microforms.

Yet upon entering one's third

decade the inevitable yet strangely unanticipated realization of one's ignorance of libraries assaults one as it assaults all other smug suppositions in the mind of the punk adult in transition. The object of ignorance in this specific case is the UNC-G library, catalyst to a higher truth and more specifically within that catalyst, the Special Collections division.

Located on the second floor of the main building of Jackson Library, the Special Collections division has more of a drawing room appearance that the utilitarian simplicity of most library scenarios. There is a quiet elegance to the room; the only indication of its essential identity is a laquered and unobtrusive card catalog.

Save a few rare books in windowed bookcases there is no literature to be seen. It is all kept in a back room. Even more interesting in preliminary perusal of the area is that the entries in the card catalog, though loosely grouped, form a widely-varied lot of subject matter. No strict Nazi categorization here. Special Collections Librarian Emilie Mills, a helpful and personable woman, is the first to admit that there is little rhyme or reason to the kinds of materials contained in these confines. Yet each individual book -- the result of various gifts, monetary contributions, or the fruits of endowment funds -- is carefully screened before being chosen for Special Collections.

Card catalog entries pique the imagination. Look here and one finds an original book of instructions for Confederate Army recruits during the War Between the States. Look there and one sees listed an explication of the poetry of World War One poet Rupert Brooke as set to music. Subjects range in their random yet alphabetical order from the fantastic reaches of the Holy Grail myth to practical volumes on woman's suffrage. One does not come here looking for a specific topic. It is as if the topic somehow finds you.

Some find you in a more intimate manner than others. For instance, an entire collection of poet Randall Jarrell's materials tug at one's intellectual sleeve, offering the visitor a chance to become acquainted with this famous writer and Women's College (pre-coeducation UNC-G) professor in a vital and personal way. Contained in Special Collections are roughly half of Jarrell's manuscripts and essays, as well as several books of poetry and criticism. A gift of the Senior Class of 1969 was "Randal Jarrell as Teacher," containing actual course materials that the poet used. Particularly engrossing is a poetry volume by T.S. Eliot which is covered by a snowstorm of Jarrell's commentary and notetaking. Even in the midst of this analytic fervor, however, one is heartened to find on the title page what looks like to be a freehand depiction of a submarine. Yes, even the Great doodle, it would

seem.

Equally enlightening is a collection of 38 letters of Ezra Pound, his wife Dorothy, and his son Omar, written to the late Elizabeth Winslow of Asheboro while the poet was studying at a Washington mental hospital during the 1950s. These letters, written in an erratic and almost incomprehensible style, shed a fascinating light on the personality of their eccentric author. Particularly interesting are Pound's comments on contemporary political leaders such as F.D. Roosevelt and Benito Mussolini. It comes as little surprise that he turns out to

delphia (1792-1793). It was the first periodical in America aimed wholly at women. The earliest work in the Woman's Collection is a Florentine work which loosely translates *In Defence and Praise of Women*. It is dated 1552.

In addition to the Jarrell Collection, other manuscript collections (of which the Pound letters are a part), and the Woman's Collection, the amorphous body of literature contained in Special Collections is grouped into a number of other areas.

The university Archives Collection includes the papers of such



favor the Italian dictator over the popular American president. To read these letters is to take a journey into a bizarre and unpredictable mind.

The Special Collections division has a very large Women's Collections, prominent among whose materials is a vast array of woman's suffrage pamphlets, both for and against. Many of these pamphlets focus on the English movement in the 19th century, yet other literature includes such rare eighteenth century magazines as *The Lady's Magazine* and *Repository of Entertaining Knowledge*, published in Phila-

familiar UNC-G dignitaries as Dr. Charles D. McIver, Dr. Julius I. Foust and Dr. W.C. Jackson. These, students will be interested to know, were once genuine educators and not just the names of two UNC-G buildings and a library, respectively. Also in this section are faculty and alumni publications, as well as materials relating to University history and activities.

The Lois Lenski Collection includes works written and/or illustrated by the talented children's author. Also included in the collection is a group of early American

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

three committees which form the framework of the Concert/Lecture Series administrative structure. There are in fact only two, the Performing Artists Series Committee appointed by the Chancellor and composed of five faculty and three students; and the UC/LS Advisory Committee, a loose organization of faculty, staff, students and interested members from the community which serves as an advisory group to the Performing Artists Series Committee. This group was developed several years ago to give broader representation to students who were not even represented on the Committee five years ago. We are pleased to have student input and presently the Advisory Committee includes more students than others. There is a limited administrative office staff for the Concert/Lecture Series as well, which serves as an administrative body for decisions or suggestions placed before it by the Performing Artists Series Committee or the UC/LS Advisory Group.

The statement made that "the scheduling of concerts and events is probably more complicated at UNC-G than elsewhere since only one performance facility can be used year round" is accurate, but does not go far enough. The scheduling of concerts and events is complicated at UNC-G but so is it complicated at almost any major University in the state. There is only one large performance facility on the campus (Aycock Auditorium) but there are several others that are used. Taylor Theatre, which the article refers to, was designed and constructed as the major performing facility for the Department of Communication and Theatre. However, Aycock is made available to the Department for nearly two months of every academic year for performances and the entire basement of Aycock is occupied by the Department of Communication and Theatre for use as studio, rehearsal and storage space. Additionally, office space in Aycock is utilized by at least two faculty members from the Department of Communication and Theatre. Aycock is also utilized extensively by the School of Music and the Dance Division of the Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation. Finally, the facility is available to all other academic or student organizations on a space available basis. This does make the scheduling of UC/LS events difficult but those events are scheduled as the last priority following academic or departmental requests. Whether facilities on campus should be "for use by students and for productions by students" as suggested in the article is really a matter of interpretation. Aycock is used extensively by students and for productions by students. In areas when it is used for non-student productions those productions most often directly and clearly benefit the students of the campus. The Auditorium is one of the few facilities which is available to the entire campus rather than a single department. We believe it has been administered fairly and with remarkably little disagreement.

A comparison runs through the article placing the Department of Communication and Theatre, specifically the Drama Division, in juxtaposition to the University Concert/Lecture Series. This is an unfortunate comparison as the Department of Communication and Theatre is strictly an academic department while the University Concert/Lecture Series is considered a faculty/student committee administered by University employees under the guidance and direction of faculty and students. As such the funding, mission, and goals of the two programs tend to be similar in some areas and dissimilar in others. The direct comparison of either finances, goals or programs is hardly beneficial in a rational discussion of either program. Since certain assumptions were made for the purposes of the article however, we feel it necessary to point out that contrary to the implication of the information contained in the article, the Communication and Theatre Department does not depend solely on box office income for productions of the Drama Division. While productions may be mounted with the proceeds from season sales or from ticket revenues, faculty and support staff, facilities and numerous other tangible benefits of academic affiliation constantly accrue to the benefit of the Drama Division presentations. And finally, if we do go in the hole, there's no one to bail us out, either. Indeed, we are still trying to recover from the very costly 50th anniversary of Aycock Auditorium.

The article implies that the Drama Division finds UC/LS productions damaging competition to their own programs. This, of course, is speculation as no comparative marketing surveys have been run determining the amount of overlap between UNC-G Theatre and University Concert/Lecture Series program. The Department is aware that the choice of plays is a critical element in their success of the season as is the promotion work that is done. Scheduling conflicts are avoided whenever possible but they are sometimes unavoidable. Since most UNC-G Theatre productions run over a course of several evenings while UC/LS programs occupy usually one evening the only serious conflicts might come on an opening night for the Theatre program. The scheduling necessities for the Concert/Lecture Series are such that occasionally such conflicts cannot be avoided. The Broadway Showcase sponsored by Elliott Center Council offers more direct competition. However, if the University were not involved - the Coliseum or other interests would present these shows and our students would pay twice as much.

The remainder of the article concerns itself with a discussion of popular programming and disappointments with it contrasted with the University Concert/Lecture Series' success in presenting programs on the campus. While we are pleased to find ourselves in a position that is viewed as successful we fail to see any relationship between the presentation of popular concerts on the cam-

pus and the University Concert/Lecture Series. The two issues are simply not related. The same tactics, marketing techniques and development programs which have placed the University Concert/Lecture Series in a position to be considered successful could be applied to the question of popular concerts on the campus. With such application, these programs too could enjoy a healthy success similar to that of UC/LS.

The more relevant question if such an issue must be raised is this: should not the concerned parties, including the Elliott Center, Student Government, Union Staff and interested students attempt to come together and provide the type of popular programming that the campus theoretically desires? This in fact is exactly the course that has been taken over the last year as members of the Union Staff, EUC Council and Student Government have been in negotiation among themselves and with agencies such as the Greensboro Coliseum to seek ways of presenting popular programs for the campus. But again such questions really are not related to the University Concert/Lecture Series in any way unless one should choose to model the popular programming on the structure created by the Concert/Lecture Series staff. We do not have to study "A Question of UC/LS" to improve some other program.

Your article closes by quoting SG President Ralph Wilkerson, as saying, "UC/LS provides the best of only one possible world. It offers culture ... it does not fairly represent the best spending of student activity fees and it fails to consider those students with modern tastes, by far the majority of students on this campus." The same statement could be applied to almost any endeavor by any organization or department. Each of us is obligated to do the very best we can in our assigned areas and that is exactly what UC/LS is doing. UC/LS endeavors to provide the best of only one possible world albeit a rather broad world, i.e., the cultural and performing arts. It represents the very best spending of student activity fees by trained professionals with the advice and consent of faculty, staff and students. Those of us involved (including students) try to consider all student tastes but we have yet to discover the source of Mr. Wilkerson's intelligence that the students of the campus have exclusively modern tastes.

Those of us involved with the Series would be extremely pleased to discover what the majority of the students on this campus have a taste for if such a discovery were to prove meaningful at all. Realistically, that discovery has already been made and it reveals that the students of this campus are remarkably like the population of the world at large: they like a variety of things for a variety of reasons. The University Concert/Lecture Series is formulated to meet only one area of those needs - the classical, cultural and performing arts and welcomes critical comment, opinions and applause or brickbats from those willing

LETTERS

to consider the question at hand and the possibilities involved. The 13,500 students who attended last year's programs are an indication of support. Attendance has risen steadily since 1973 when the UC/LS format was introduced and surveys of student and public interest are executed each year.

We appreciate the concern of the Coraddi with the cultural arts on campus and find it indeed a remarkable magazine. We believe the article has served a useful purpose and has galvanized the support of students, faculty and others who may have begun to take UC/LS for granted. We hope that the promise of future issues of the Coraddi will be realized through substantive support of and assistance to all the arts on the campus of which UC/LS is one important component.

Cliff Lowery
Jim Lancaster
On behalf of the UC/LS Advisory Committee



The Outing Club

Outing Club is an organization to meet your outdoor interests with trips, equipment and/or information on skiing, sailing, caving, canoeing, climbing, backpacking, skydiving, hang gliding, snorkling, and scuba diving. All students at UNC-G are considered members. A sailing trip from Miami to the Bahamas will be held during Spring Break. Snow-skiing and other trips will be scheduled throughout the semester. Meetings are every Wednesday night at 7:00 p.m. in the Kirkland Lounge of Elliott University Center. Plan a trip to the Outing Club next Wednesday.

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EXPANDED SELECTION OF PRERECORDED TAPES. LARGE SUPPLY OF TDK AND MAXELL BLANK TAPES.

Article By Clyde Smith

When Ron Paul started to work on *The 91st Parallel*, he was a first year MFA student, a dance major here at UNC-G. It was his fifth year, however, as a dancer/choreographer, and he was finally beginning to feel in control of the basic elements of dance construction. He began his thesis work at his family's home in New Jersey, near New York City, over the Christmas break of 1977. He had images of alienation and primal movement in mind as he listened to music for inspiration.

"I went to the local record shop in Greenwich Village and brought home something like \$60 worth of records. I had Oriental music, sounds, percussion, avant garde." But by the end of break he had almost given up. Inspiration finally came by sheer chance, as he was listening to Bartok's Sonata for Piano and Percussion, a piece which he had never considered because of its strength as an individual work. "And when I sat down and listened to it, the first time through, a dance flashed past my eye from beginning to end. I did not see the dance on a stage. It was in a very deep and layered atmosphere...images of isolation and then of coming to gether." By the end of the recording, Ron had his basis for *The 91st Parallel*, "I didn't get any movement from the fantasy, but I knew exactly what feelings I wanted to express in that dance." He felt figures moving apart, coming together and then drawing away again, but stronger for the encounter, brought into a new state of awareness and, finally, a new state of unity. With this vision he was able to begin actual construction of the dance.

Ron Paul first began dancing at Jersey City State College in the fall of 1973, during his second year as an art major. Then suddenly, dance seemed a better medium of expression than the visual arts. "I decided with those first dance classes that I wanted to be a dancer, in fact, I began choreographing the day I began dancing." While at Jersey City State he choreographed and performed a number of dance works, both at the college and in New York, and he also danced with the Jan Wodynski Dance Company. He finished his art degree while commuting to design jobs and dance classes in the city. After graduating in the spring of 1976 Ron commuted into New York for another year to work as an assistant jewelry designer and to continue his dancing. In July '76 he performed a piece entitled "Striations" in the New Choreographers Concert at Clark Center, noted for its presentations of promising new choreographers. According to Jennifer Dunning, in a review for Dance Magazine of a concert of Ron's dances, he showed a "pleasant simplicity and tastefulness," was "at home with his aptitudes and limitations and content to work within them for awhile." "Formation," one of the pieces reviewed, is considered by Ron his best piece of that period and showed the influence of his work in the visual arts. Ron has since reconstructed and performed "Formation" at the UNC-G Dance Company's '78 Christmas Concert.

Ron continued exploring his images for *The 91st Parallel* when he returned to UNC-G. "By the time I start working with the dancers I have worked the dance out cerebrally so that I can tell them all what I want them to know." This is not to say that Ron went to his dancers and taught them a series of steps. He decided on the

ron paul

THE DANCER, THE

specific images and sensations he wished to present in each section and then worked out the specific movements with the dancers following his ideas. "I spend as much time on structure and sensations as I do on movement."

This concentration on areas other than movement grew out of Ron's understanding of audience perception. He has found, as have others before him, that the audience does not notice individual movement per se, but perceive movements in a situation which creates a response to the total work. "If the dancers know what they're doing and what they are to project, I really believe a multitude of movements can be done and still project the same image." This emphasis on the dancer's conceptual understanding rather than a mechanical duplication of steps meant that the dancers had to have special qualities. Ron did not look for dancers with the best techniques, instead he wanted those who were most sensitive to themselves and the people around them. He found a group that became much like a family, and treated them with all the fatherly wisdom he could muster. "When you see two people that have never been friends before, giggling in rehearsal, let them giggle. Don't continue the rehearsal, or use them together at that point in the choreography. Take advantage of the situation."

The movement created by the group as Ron brought in his images, sensations and basic patterns was formed with an emphasis on minimalism and audience direction. Ron felt that dazzling technique was not necessary and wanted "minimal movement for maximum impact." This helped give the dance its quality of directness and sincerity. While keeping the



DANCE

movement simple, Ron also attempted to use it to direct the audience's attention. This involved both a traditional view of stage space and a creative use of the dancer's focus. Movements were performed near the front of the stage for a greater intimacy and audience involvement and near the back of the stage to project a certain remoteness. The dancer's focus would be inward whenever the audience was to feel they were watching a private scene; the focus went out when the audience was to see more of the space around the dancer.

In developing all these aspects Ron found that counting became a problem. It wasn't that the dancers couldn't count correctly, but that they seemed to be confined by the counting. Feeling that the dancers should react to the music as a part of the environment, he went against counts to emphasize his feeling that a dancer is someone who is not pretending but actually living in a real situation.

Ron first came to UNC-G because of his desire to become part of the educational establishment. Since he had already taught dance classes professionally he was given a graduate assistantship, which required him to teach modern and ballet service courses. In one of these ballet classes Ron found his set designer, Mary Jane Everest, a senior art major. "She was so sensitive to everything I said in class. Everytime I made a correction for her or anyone else, her whole physical being changed." Ron describes working with her as one of the greatest experiences of his life. He required her to go to most of the rehearsals. As she began seeing what he wanted she noticed that the dancers weren't always responding to what Ron gave them. She helped him to clarify his concepts. "Mary Jane made me realize how I was thinking about things and made me see how to be more objective, to see what was working with the dancers and what wasn't."

**Photography: Anne Windhorst
Elain Christensen**

They stand,
many yet alone
one speaks, a cry of loneliness
Two watch -- dependency, a projection of future
unity

two share a common track

one runs, labored with fear

an intruder; stumbles,
a strong yet gentle giant.
a leader;
alone

The one who spoke, a cry of loneliness,
caressed by a dream

They pass,
touching -- yet alone, seeing a common dream

one stays, shaken with fear

A confrontation, hesitation,
dependency
now one, reflections bringing tears.
Two -- consoled

Dependency spiraling to group unity.

-- RON PAUL
IN PREPARATION FOR 91st PARALLEL



The images Ron gave Mary Jane were primarily ones dealing with depth and a layered, foggy atmosphere. He also suggested the idea of looking *through* something. Mary Jane eventually conceived of door and window screens placed at different levels and depths, one even being suspended over the audience. This set fit the dance extremely well, creating an "other-worldly" look and making the audience more aware of the actual space the dancers performed in and not just their movements.

The name of the piece also took a while to evolve. "At first it was 'Impetus,' because the dance was always going someplace and never getting there." The atmosphere performed in finally solved the problem. *The 91st Parallel* came out of dual polarity: neither hot nor cold, above or below, inside or outside. They chose a place beyond either the North or South Poles, or *The 91st Parallel*.

The dance was finally completed and performed in April of 1978 at a dance thesis concert, with a mixed



RON PAUL IS CURRENTLY ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE WITH THE NEW PERFORMING DANCE COMPANY OF DURHAM.

audience of UNC-G students, faculty and friends in attendance. The dance opened with a darkened set. In the faint light from outside the studio, the dancers could be seen moving into position. As the lights went up the screens became visible and the strange world of *The 91st Parallel* came into view. All of the dancers, except for a soloist, were arranged behind a screen near the back. The soloist started the dance near center stage with slow, sensuous movements of self-exploration. Repetitive movements heightened her focus on herself. The other dancers began with intense, deliberate movements set near the ground. Each seemed highly aware of what they were doing and yet totally cutoff from the dancers around them. The dancers began to discover one another, focusing on the one-to-one interaction of duets. As the piece progressed dancers would come together for a short while and then continue on alone. Later solos echoed the original, but with more sureness and self-awareness, gained through interaction with the others. Finally all the dancers formed a single group in a circling pattern, taken from apeline movements on the floor to an upright walking posture. The dance closed with the dancers "spiraling in unity" as the stage darkened.

There were no flashy, technical stunts, yet the movement was satisfying and projected the state of mind of each performer as an individual and as a group member. Audience response was extremely varied:

"That wasn't dance at all," "a very interesting piece of work," "it didn't seem to have an ending," "it should have ended sooner." On the whole, though, Ron felt a positive response to the dance and felt that *The 91st Parallel* had reached its viewers.

The audience's reaction to the dance was as varied as the dance department's reaction to Ron himself. He has worked and studied with most of the faculty and has left little doubt about his feelings toward them and their ways of teaching. He has earned both praise and condemnation for his artistic abilities, controversial attitudes and self-confident outspokenness.

Since *The 91st Parallel* Ron has completed his master's work, finishing in December of '78. Ron intends to stay in Greensboro for awhile and continue his involvement with the dance department at UNC-G, his eventual goal to become a part of the educational establishment. He hopes to teach what he has learned about choreography, with an emphasis on performance. Ron feels that performance is half of the dance and that it is the choreographer's responsibility to show his dancers how to perform. He wishes to ensure that future choreographers will give more to their dancers than patterns of steps. With his student phase drawing to an end, Ron Paul has made his commitment to education rather than professional performance, and will continue in his exploration of the possibilities of dance. ●

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Seated

BY REAMS ONEAL

The Alhambra Dyano rocking chair possessed of Mr. Roland Theobald of 1221 Royal Lane was not made in Spain as the name may suggest to some but rather in the Valais section of the Swiss Alps, within view of Mt. Dolent to the Southwest. The unique glow of the burnt sienna-hued wood was derived not only from the confidential ingredients of the vials of polish sold only with the chair and included in the sales price but also from the quality of the wood itself and the precise selection of the proper umber-valde line.

The umber-valde tree is prominent in three European nations and two provinces of Bylorussia, but only in Bourg-St. Pierre of the Valais canton does the correct combination of temperature and waterfall permit a tree of such girth that the three parts of the tree's inner core are of equal diameter. The outer layer of thick bark discourages the heartiest insects or rodents from more than approaching it. The soft mid-layer, known as valdum, was used by the natives of the region as a chewable, tooth-cleansing substance for centuries. The inner layer is the alham-bra or, popularly, alhambra, and the tree itself is often referred to by this name.

Quite similar in bark appearance and leaf contour to the alhambra is the Central European yorga, named after the Prince who delighted in it so and made it famous in his era, and which is often mistaken by the dilettante for the alhambra. The yorga, though attractive in its own simple way, is a difficult tree to cut, quite unsuited for furniture making, and does not respond to "chondelle."

For the proper consistency and texture of wood product, the umber-valde is cuttable only two weeks of every year, when the snowfalls amount to one quarter the height of the tree. The trees (only three per year) are then cut in the middle by an ordinary chain saw while the trunk is still snow-covered, and the sections thus removed are placed in alponed refrigerated containers and transported to the single factory which produces the chair (only nine per year are produced), in Bourg-St. Pierre.

At the factory -- sealed off and ventilated to an exact temperature -- each section of tree is beveled with a lethi, or chuka, down to the precious third layer.

Though the wood must be treated at a temperature

of 13 degrees Celsius during the entire factory-bound process, once sanded and finished it may be used in any clime and, indeed, is in demand in every continent.

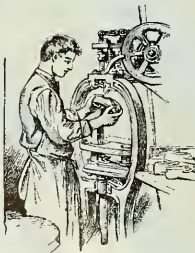
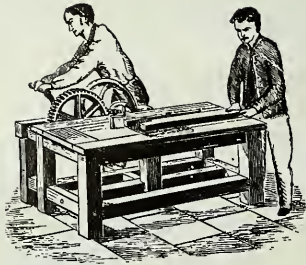
Of the sanding, the dorset model hand-sander is fitted with the mildly rough Bern-Leich paper and rubbed in brisk, single strokes until the shavings come off curled and opaque-colored. Then is the wood down to the proper depth, with the precise toning needed to apply the protective 'umber' coating, known as Swiss gold to the merchants who process and deliver the confidential formula to the Bourg-St. Pierre factory.

At this point the intricate technical proceedings are ended and the artistic wonder begun. Renown craftsmen from Switzerland, Romania and the German Democratic Republic hopefully arrange their yearly schedules so as to be available to travel to Bourg-St. Pierre (should they be summoned) during the vital three-week period following the initial cutting of the tree when the alhambra section is prime for carving and decoration.

Using the centuries-old cunnel stroke, the talented Craftsmen labor at their own speed, cunneling with the sharp-edged torpo or the relatively blunt Alp hand lathe. The deep-grooved designs are often based on trisiant symbols from Swiss legendary tales, more rarely on religious ornamentation, and about one in nine an original design for the chair. The artists are forbidden to talk with each other during the days, sometimes weeks, they work, cutting their delicate designs into the rockers and arms, the crosstant, and the large headrest of the furniture piece. This is so they will not be tempted to copy each other, with the ensuing disappointment to the buyer who seeks a totally original creation. They are also sworn to secrecy concerning the designs until the chairs are shipped out of the country so as to avoid the irritation that some potential buyers may feel if they believe that everyone knows before they what are the various designs.

Fast color oil paint, usually mixed with durinam and potash, is often used to heighten the effects of the carvings. These paints are used to no extensive degree, usually to add balance and alane to the overall effect or in a thin line through the center of a carving.

After the famous polish is applied, the chair is ready



for shipping. The sturdy, everlasting construction of the piece is due not only to the quality of work from cutting to shipping, but also the care practiced in the astute shipping arrangements. Each section of the chair is carefully wrapped in thick insulation, placed in cellophane coverings, packed in gauton padded boxes, and then placed in a large crate which is further gauton padded. The nine chairs are shipped on the same date three having journeyed to the United States of America in the year Mr. Theobald made his treasured purchase (two were purchased by politicians in the Bylorussia and one each was displayed and sold in Romania, South America, Munich, Germany, and Bangkok, Thailand).

As one may by now have surmised, these exquisite furniture pieces are not assembled until they are in the merchandising firm which is to be their selling agent. This aids their precise, rigid quality of construction and assembly, as representatives of the Swiss plant accompany the chair and fit the pieces together themselves.

The finished Alhambra Dyano (dy-a-no being a code name for the confidential polishing agent) is sold in the finest stores in large cities, sometimes the great jewelry firms of New York City, USA, and London, Great Britian, will carry one. Not surprisingly, these fortunate selling agents, regardless of their nation, are in no rush to find a buyer for their product, in marked contrast to every other item in their stores. They know that buyers from across their nation and foreign lands will inquire of the furniture piece as soon as the carefully placed ads appear in the Wall Street Journal and similar publications. They would like to display the piece as long as possible, so compelling is its attraction. Business always increases when an Alhambra is on display in the large glass case (which the store must provide), and store owners and employees alike naturally feel pride at having such a treasure grace their working environment.

The perfection of these "chairs" (one feels awkward using such a commonplace term in referring to timeless quality) is best illustrated by reference to Mr. Roland Theobald's, purchased with cash at Cartier's in New York City on January 12, 1924, and used for forty years at his home, often on his front patio, without registering a single squeak, such is the perfection of the rocker arches and general chair construction.

Mr. Theobald carefully used his vial of polish, rationing its use over one full year while saving the last few drops to show his friends during conversation. Beyond that, as only one vial is allowed per owner, he relied on the most expensive wood-grain polishes and his own mixtures and additives to same. Pouring a full bottle of Johnson's Wood Polish into a large container, he added a cup of Morgan's Oak Tolerance and three drops of nianin cyanate. Applying this preparation lightly and evenly over the Alhambra once a week he was able to very nearly approximate the finish of the chair as it originally appeared. During the warm New York summers, a mixture of wood anatone, chloric ribonrin, and three parts ammonia to two parts soric tannenfil (36 percent proof, dark), guarded against excessive dryness.

And for forty years (truest tribute of quality), Mr. Theobald rocked in his Alhambra Dyano. One can imagine his feeling of pride as he rocked and felt beneath him the quality, could sense the durability, of a superior piece of craftsmanship. Such pride, in fact, that the Alhambra became the primary interest in his life. Developing his polishes and caretaking materials was his chief hobby, and the chair was the first topic of conversation with his guests, for if they did not exclaim over it early in the conversation, Mr. Theobald did. Such a sensation of knowledge and competence was his while describing the long, unique process of producing the piece.

When he purchased it that windy, cool afternoon of January 12, he thought of the elegant living of the tempestuous expatriots in Paris, France, and their lush intellectualism, and a bold young man from Minnesota named Scott Fitzgerald. He made a purchase that he knew would last a lifetime, almost like a companion was the Alhambra then, and for forty years thereafter.

Each morning he made his meticulous toilet for forty-five minutes, and following breakfast he carried the Alhambra from its appointed place by the picture window and the English desk with the gold-lined photo albums to the front porch, where having awakened early enough to allow himself some time before work, he sat and rocked. The chair was placed on a soft, tinsolate-treated mat that protected the rockers. He often remarked at how the day always started out right and stayed that way if he rocked awhile before work, running his fingers over the deep, original carvings to explore their uniqueness and worth. His friends might see him on their way into the city and give greeting. He could imagine them talking animatedly about "that lucky Roland there, with his marvelous chair, that magnificent 'Alhambra.'" Yes, that is exactly what they would be saying after they saw him rocking contentedly on his porch.

"The Alhambra," he would say. "My pride. What an accomplishment, the care and comfort of such an excellent example of craftsmanship, of human elegance and taste, of genteel quality, a symbol of success in life that anyone could afford such a chair, much less care for it."

And the Worlds it opened up for him.

The feel of the furniture piece through his clothes, the texture and consistency, was as though settling into a mother's arms.

From his Alhambra on the enclosed front patio of the house where he lived alone in an established neighborhood of similar abodes, he could rock back and forth on a warm Saturday night in the Summer and hear the laughter of families down the block, the excited cries of children at play.

With a satisfied glow he received praise from everyone who viewed his possession.

At his business he would make mention of the chair, how he worked more easily and with less pressure knowing that such a comfortable rest awaited him at the work day's end. Comments directed toward Mr.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)



THE TAO OF STUDYING

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

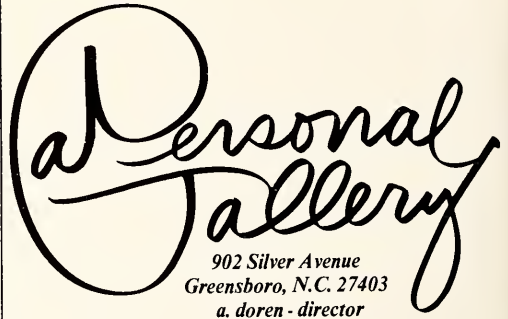
important to see each grain fall through and observe the subsequent settling of each of the others. Moreover, it is not possible except from such a distance that their movement is one. The master said:

'Existence is beyond the power of words
To define:
Terms may be used
But none of them are absolute.
In the beginning of Heaven and Earth
there were no words,
Words came out of the womb of matter;
And whether a man dispassionately
Sees to the care of life
Or passionately
Sees the surface
Are essentially the same,
Words making them seem different
Only to express appearance.
If name be needed, wonder names them both:
From wonder into wonder
Existence opens.' "

Our hero emerged from thought to find the old man gone and the sun going down. It had been a long day of much effort, both physical and mental. He was burnt out to say the least. But he struggled with the words of the old man; he felt that he must try and understand. But the pain -- there was pain in his head, a pain quite akin to the pain in the eyes of one who would try to focus both near and far at once. The pain in the eyes of one who would try to follow individually each of ten thousand grains of sand in a glass. His head grew heavy, his body light, his eyes closed, and he heard the sound of water rushing through a brook. He felt the gentle swaying of the water beneath him, supporting him, carrying him along. The brook grew to a river, the river grew yet larger and he saw the land giving way before his eyes -- great huge chunks of mountains falling into the sea, submerged, then there no more. Only water. He turned to see the source of the deafening roar -- a great wave approached, towering higher than ever could be imagined by man. He paddled furiously -- he must go with it -- the wave grew nearer and lifted him and Lo! he was surfing! His spirit the surfer, his body the board. Surfing! Gliding! Smooth graceful curves from the curl to the crest and back down again -- the sunlight glistening in the spray overhead. This was the way! Ride a wave, be carried by the great water --

Catch a wave in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!
Hang ten in Detroit, Michigan!
Shoot the tube in Cheyenne, Wyoming!
This is the way -- Surfin' U.S.A.!

All verse taken from *The Way of Life According to Lao Tzu* translated by Witter Byner



902 Silver Avenue
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a. doren - director

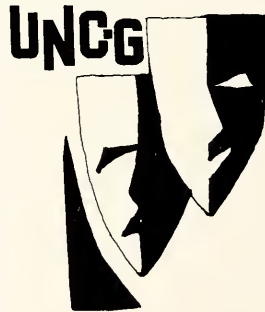
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ROBERTO BROSAN
—photographs—
ITALY and THE U.S.A.

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1950 TO THE PRESENT

opening: friday january 26, 7-10 p.m.



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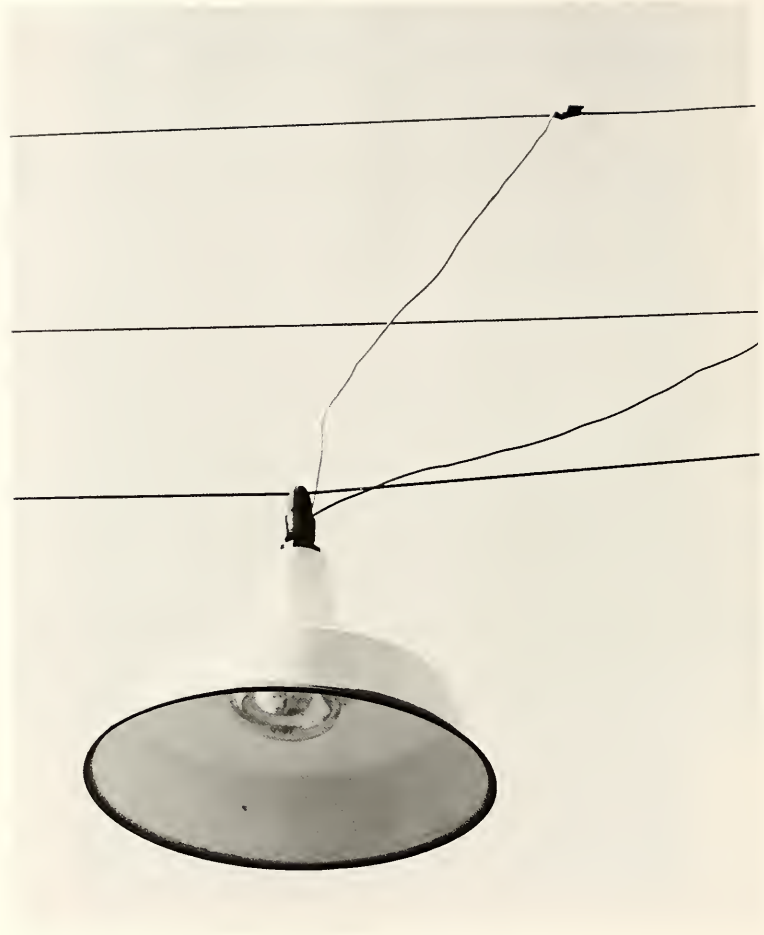
Masqueraders



glenn collins









As an art student a number of years ago at UNC-G, Glenn Collins spent most of his time in the study of sculpture and bronze-casting. Somehow, though, after he received his degree, he found that the market for such work was discouragingly limited, and began to make his living as many of us do, plugging away at the nine-to-five for a local discount store.

Today, although he spends his work days as a "manager," his free time has become something else again. In charge of a large photographic department, he began to take pictures in order to learn more about his goods. It wasn't long, though, before he found himself immersed in a very different kind of learning, and his photographs began to reflect a genuine understanding of light and shadow, the very basics of the photographic art.

Just before he left North Carolina last June, Glenn had his first real showing in the High Point Theatre Gallery, the first show of photography, in fact, that the gallery had sponsored. These images, he says, were all "printed on a thirty-five dollar enlarger in my bathroom..."

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

miniature books for children.

Among the multitude of rare books in the collection is one that dates back to the fifteenth century, a French illuminated "*Book of Hours*." The collection also houses first edition copies of books by a number of different authors, most prominent among them Rupert Brooke and T.E. Lawrence. A Book Arts Collection contains prints and lithographs from the 15th century through the modern day.

For music buffs, the Silva Music Collection includes an important array of books and periodicals relating to the history and teaching of the cello. There are original scores and manuscripts as well.

A final illustration of the anomaly presented by Special Collections as juxtaposed against previously-held notions about libraries is the case of the Spring Garden Press. No, this is not a wrestling hold, but a functional, 125-year-old hand press owned by the library. Though obviously linked with literature and thus with the essence of the library's makeup, the sight of a working instrument of printing in such a place is roughly analogous to the detection of a vigorous instructor in university curriculum. The connection is logical, though years of observation have rendered it unlikely. The point is that a library at its best, like a university at its best, is a vigorous outlet for the marvelous unpredictability of intellectual -- and in some ways recreational -- stimulation. There is life in Jackson Library, the Nazis have been beaten, and once again everything the rising student knew has been proven to be wrong. ●

A MASTER CLASS IN DANCE

Article By Beth Morecoci

As a dance major at UNC-G, I have had opportunities this year to meet, talk with and learn from various professionals in my field, ranging from classical ballet to modern choreographers. Each has contributed substantially to my growing awareness of what dance is in the world today, what it means to me on a personal level, and what opportunities are available on a professional level.

Of these contributions, the most important has naturally been the personal statement of dance from a professional to one eager to learn. This sharing of the basic need or desire to express oneself through dance in order to fulfill the need to be a creating, moving organism, manifests itself in prescribed ways in an academic setting. These ways usually mean lectures, discussions and classes given by the professional to passively receiving students, who are often too much in awe to do anything else.

Surprisingly enough, this pitfall has been successfully avoided this year in the department, perhaps owing to the fact that informal atmospheres have been carefully preserved and student participation actively encouraged. The type of people we have experienced has made a difference, in that they are caring people, who show their interest in us, no matter how many endless nights of road tour they've been one. The classes they've given are labeled "master classes," because professionals, ("masters" in their fields), teach students' and professors' classes in the same style they give to members of their professional dance companies.

According to some, however, the benefits derived by students are questionable. To Merce Cunningham, certainly, the benefits are negligible, because proficiency in dance is accumulative, to be built upon daily effort, and one master class is not going to make a substantial difference in progress. This is not true, however, from a student's point of view; as much exposure as one can get is beneficial. Each artist has his own style, and special points which he stresses. The more artists one is exposed to and takes classes under, the more one learns and is able to synthesize for oneself what is personally important.

Good examples of diversity in style, stress of dance elements, and master classes are represented by recent visits by the Merce Cunningham Company (Nov. 2-4) and the Murray Louis Company (Nov. 13-15). Both companies gave performances for the general public as well as classes to dance department students and professors.

Cunningham had a discussion session, with open format, answering questions put to him about his theories, style and company. A company member gave a class following the session. Louis had his company members give classes to students and professors one day and flew into Greensboro from New York to give an improvisation class to students the following day. Although both are modern dancers and innovators, and both use the medium of dance to express their ideas, the similarities stop just about there.

Merce Cunningham began dancing with Martha Graham, but

stified by her literalism and encouraged by his friend and fellow artist, John Cage, he left her company and started his own, based on his own philosophy of movement. To Cunningham, the beauty of the movement itself was enough to justify its existence, and completely satisfying to both dancer and audience. There was no need for storyline behind the movement, nor was there need for emotional expression through the dance. The movement, specifically its rhythm, would develop meaning itself, through its execution. Each dancer would express individually, yet through the same movement, a personal statement; however, although this was important, the movement itself was perfectly valid simply for its existence. To underscore the beauty of movement for movement's Sake, Cunningham eliminated the use of music as a restriction placed upon the movement or from which to obtain meaning. In classical ballet, for a contrasting example, steps were often created to fit the music, or the music was composed to compliment the style, story, or flavor of the dance. To Cunningham, music, movement, lights and stage props are independent of each other and can exist simultaneously without discord or conflict. This requires intense discipline of the dancer, who often has to move to a definitive rhythm to which to dance that his own internal pulse. Cunningham's clarity of movement also demands strict control from the dancer, as was evident in his master class given by one of his companies. The stress was on rhythm of the movement, clarity in execution, and isolation of body parts. Complex rhythms were beaten out upon a huge drum that was our only accompaniment, and similarly complex movement patterns were demonstrated for us and then attempted by us in a reasonable facsimile of imitation. Our instructor would then change the rhythmic sequence, adding four beats here, instructing us to change direction or tempo as we felt the desire. Many movements were juxtaposed against one another -- lyrical arms with frantic feet, bowed head on up-

raised body -- forcing us to isolate one part against the other and keeping one influence from the other. The emphasis of the master class, the movement derived from the rhythms of life, was underscored by the accompaniment of pounding hearts and shallow panting as we finished the final leaps around the room.

In contrast to Cunningham, Murray Louis was encouraged by his former teacher Alwin Nikolai to form his own company, and their respective troupes still collaborate at their headquarters in New York. The focus of the Louis-Nikolai stream of thought is on personal discovery of creativity and style. Every dancer is encouraged to create and keep creating, in order to keep growing intellectually, artistically and spiritually (in the sense of one's own psyche). This is why the company sees dancing, improvisation and choreography as three necessary parts of one whole that makes a well-developed dancer.

Improvisation is the spontaneous creation one does when given a set of limitations or problem definition. For example, during the improvisation class given by Murray Louis, we were told to deal only with the head, letting it be the reason for origin of all movement. It developed into a more difficult task than we had expected; the limitations seemed easy enough, but execution was not that simple. Sometimes what the mind knows and wants and what the body understands and can do are not the same.

Choreography is the establishment of movement that may be repeated and remembered and taught to others. It is fed by improvisation, where the actual movements are created.

The atmosphere of the master class given by the Louis company member was totally different from that of the Cunningham company. The Louis style is bursting with energy and makes for a very electric, up-tempo, energizing class. After the class, I felt full of energy, instead of being physically drained as dance classes tend to leave me. The whole concept of energy, the connection between dancer and

audience through energy, and its utilization for dance to convey meaning, all add up to a very exciting technique. Personal contact and attention by the instructor marked this class, and made it an enjoyable learning experience for all the participants. Inspired by such high-energy feelings, they gave more than their usual half-hearted effort. The excitement generated left no alternative but to dance full-out, and the interesting movement patterns intrigued us so much that we kept at it until we did it right -- or as right as possible. Louis' technique is marked by swift directional changes (as is Cunningham's); by energy flow directed from upper sternum, when traveling forward, and from lower back when traveling to the rear. It is an encouragement for individuals to personal expression through movement. It is a style of constant input and growth.

Very few opportunities arise in the average person's lifetime that enable one to experience genius, and even fewer that allow one to create with a genius. We vicariously experience creativity by watching performances, and rarely are we driven to create on our own, to come up with ideas that are ours alone and completely original. With ease we fall into the monotony of the daily routine, become boring and unimaginative, until something happens that renews our spontaneity and creative interests. That something that came to UNC-G this fall was the Cunningham and Louis companies. The opportunities afforded by their master classes outweigh any argument of their purposelessness; personal experience is far more desirable than anything that can be learned in a book. The more opportunities that all students can have to meet professionals in their prospective fields -- whether it be dance, design, or dentistry -- the more they will realize the quality of work that will be expected of them when they graduate. In dance, the master class is one of the most effective ways of giving exposure to students in the department, and of giving them once-in-a-lifetime opportunities to meet innovators on a personal level. ●

SEATED

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

Theobald during a typically hectic day would include: "Looks like a good evening to rock, huh Roland?" "Bet you wish you'd stayed in your chair today, right Mr. Theobald?" And "Nice to have something warm to go home, right?"

He was offered the opportunity of what his company designated 'early retirement,' the option at a minimum age of fifty-three years to retire with moderately reduced benefits. Mr. Roland Theobald eagerly took advantage of this opportunity to spend more time at home, his activities there having replaced his business career as paramount in life. And that activity was the Alhambra, polished sleek, almost alive with vitality, the inanimate epitome of quality and refinement.

In the early morning he might be observed beginning his rocking just after sunrise, and continuing until he had seen the last of the traffic pass as people journeyed to their jobs. Then he reluctantly stepped inside to prepare breakfast.

His retirement, on the company pension plan SA-1-25B and the federal government's Old Age Survivors Health Disability Insurance HC1 provided more than adequate income for a man who was contented as long as friends visited and he need not tarry too long from the Alhambra.

With every passing minute of every day at his disposal, to implement as he deemed desirable, he endeavored to make the most of his possession and use of the chair. Sunday afternoons were a favorite time of rocking, as he could watch the daintily dressed little girls and shoe-polished young men return from religious services and dash gaily into their houses, pulling off the formal clothes as they ran. And he could watch his neighbors rocking on their front porches, waving to him, and he acknowledged their greeting proudly from his rocker, the finest piece of furniture in use on any day. He could imagine their comments as their silent smiles floated to him from across the street: "Look at Roland over there, rocking in his fine chair."

He could hear the clatter of hammers and nails of people building shelves and cabinets in their yards. He could rock day after day and watch sunsets and sunrises, feel wind and rain from his chair which he cared for so intensively and sheltered so well.

He was privileged to overhear the conversations of exercising walkers and people merely out for a relaxing stroll as they discussed community projects. The pieces of dialogue from those who nodded their greetings across the distances and waved with half-raised arms kept him in contact with his home town.

And precious to him were meditative hours when he listened to his radio high upon the mantlepiece. After hearing of some international disaster or commanding social problems on the evening news and weather report, he would rock ever so much more determinedly and deductively draw on the wisdom of years to render a solution to each crisis, after which he would feel very happy that his mind yet retained its reasoning powers, and he would go to bed. (It was an enchanting game to see if the situation was actually resolved as he had devised it.)



Thoughts of the chair kept close to him each night. Lying in bed, he would think about rocking in the morning. Several times a year during the thirty years that passed between the day of his early retirement and his death on January 12, 1964, in New York City, he awoke from nightmares that mindless thugs had broken into his home and were making off with his Alhambra.

Death caught Mr. Roland Theobald by surprise and having left no last will and testament, his possessions and accountermments were all resolved to the care of his only sibling, a sister who resided in another part of the country and with whom he had not corresponded in eight years.

This sister, a Miss Alice Theobald, used the furniture piece as an extra chair when company grew too large in her den, and thinking it an odd color she sold it in a yard sale on October 31, 1969,

The Alhambra was bought that day by an agricultural businessman who decided on the journey home, with the chair tied on top of his station wagon, that with the many deeply-grooved carvings it would make excellent firewood (it would burn easily).

In flames, it gave forth a bright glow that made the "farmers" children happy, as they remarked on the slow-burning quality of the wood, and the power of its heat in the chilly night.

CORADDI'S

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CALENDAR



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THE CAMPUS SPRING FILM SCHEDULE



UNC-G School of Music

Frank Koonce, Visiting Artist. January 11, Recital Hall.

John Weigund, clarinet. Faculty Recital, January 15, Recital Hall.

University Symphony Orchestra. Student Concerto Concert. David Moskowitz, conductor, February 6, Aycock Auditorium.

Stanley Friedman, trumpet. Faculty Recital. February 8, Recital Hall.

Judson Griffin, viola. Faculty Recital, February 9, Recital Hall.

EastWind Quintet. Don Gibson (flute), James Gavigan (oboe), John Weigund (clarinet), Jack Masarie (horn), Brian Kershner (bassoon). February 14, Recital Hall.

Choral Concert. February 18, Aycock Auditorium.

Brian Kersher, bassoon. Faculty Recital, February 22, Recital Hall.

University String Quartet. David Moskowitz and Marla Mutschler (violin), Judson Griffin (viola), Edward Dixon (cello). February 25, Recital Hall.

George Kiörpes, piano. Faculty Recital. March 1, Recital Hall.

Community Theatre of Greensboro

The Desperate Hours, by Joseph Hayes. Presented at the Carolina Theatre, 310 S. Greene St., February 8-10.

UNC-G THEATRE

The Kaleidoscope Mime Troupe. January 23-24.

The Trojan Women. February 14-15.

Macbeth. An innovative production by the Independent Eye, using face masks and puppets. February 19-20.

Black Dog. A production by the Independent Eye. February 21, Taylor Theatre.

The Real Inspector Hound. Thesis production, January 31-February 3, Studio Theatre.

I Do, I Do. A musical sponsored by the UNC-G theatre and the Weaver Education Center. February 1-4 at Weaver Education Center.

Theatre for Young People

A Toby Show. January 21-27. Taylor Theatre.

"BABY GRAND BABIES"

"SEX & THE SINGLE MONSTER"

"EYES WATER"

"TRIANGLES & SQUARES"

"TEXAS FROG MASSACRE"

Wild Dreams Wicked Desires

UC/LS

Tamburitzans. January 12.
Budapest Symphony. January 16.
Edward Albee Lecture. January 25.

Albee Directs Albee. January 26.
Russian Festival of Dance. February 1.

Tokyo String Quartet. February 13.

Moscow Philharmonic. February 1, Greensboro Coliseum.

Russian Festival of Dance. February 1, War Memorial Auditorium.

Tokyo String Quartet. February 13.

Moscow Philharmonic. February 19, Greensboro Coliseum.

HIGH POINT THEATRE

Pierre Feit and the Trio D'Accord. February 3.

The Dairy of Ann Frank. February 9-10.

Hay Fever. A Noel Coward play presented by the Barter Theatre of Virginia. February 22.

UNC Jazz Ensemble with Clark Terry. February 27.

North Carolina Symphony.

Greensboro. Cellist Zara Nelsova performs in concert with the Symphony, under the direction of John Gosling. War Memorial Auditorium.

High Point. Violinists Michael and Margaret Ma perform with the Symphony. High Point Theatre.

Weatherspoon Art Gallery

University of North Carolina at Greensboro

MFA Thesis Exhibition. Graduate Students completing degree requirement in the fall semester, 1978. January 14-28.

Alex Katz. January 14-February 4.

Piranise Prints. January 24-February 4.

Mail Art. January 14-February 11. Selections from the Permanent Collections. Featuring Recent Acquisitions. January 14-March 18.

Woman: Images on Paper. February 4-March 4.

Robert Natkin -- One Man Exhibition. February 11-March 4.

Lithography. February 11-March 4.

Scholastic Art Awards. February 16-March 4.

Green Hill Art Gallery

The Gallery will be closed during January for a move to its new location on Davie Street.

TAPESTRY AND SCULPTURE. An exhibition of tapestry by Silvia Heyden and sculpture by Bill Keen and Jim Gallucci. February 1-28.

SECCA

750 Marguerite Dr. Winston-Salem

Elgin Carver, drawing and sculpture. Through January 25.

Dean Leary, sculpture. Through January 31.

"I Shall Save One Land Unvisited." Eleven southern photographers. Through February 15

Art Patron Art. January 6-February 15.

Setsuya Kotani, painting and ceramic. January 6-February 15.

Tied Up Sculpture Court. Mystery Guest Artist. January 6-February 15.

Ernest Illman, photography. February 1-March 21.

Neon: Ken Daley and Jerry Noe. February 20-April 3.

ACKLAND ART MUSEUM

University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

North Carolina Country Quilts: Regional Variations. December 17-January 21.

Drawings about Drawing: New Directions (1968-1978), By Chuck Close, Robert Morris, and Sol LeWitt. January 28-March 11.



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