

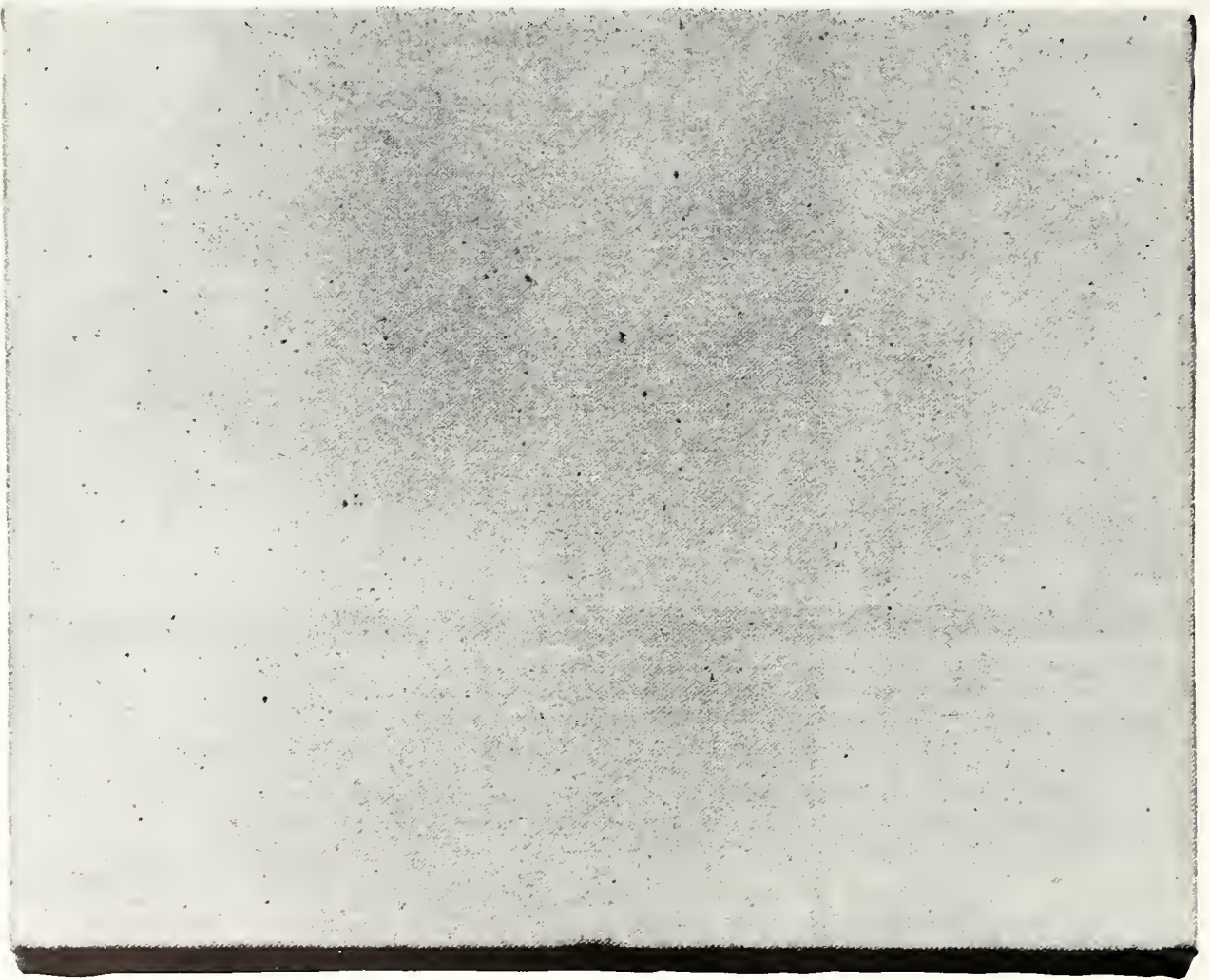
**CORADDI.**



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# CORADDI.

editor

Scott Dodgson

art director

Matthew Phillips

production staff

Susan Hicks

Kathy D'Angelo

Laura Morris

editorial staff

Ann Shanabrook

Pam Troy

Stephen Hardy

photography

Matthew Phillips

Laura Morris

contributors

Fred Pierce

Virginia Budny

Melinda Morris

Ric Marshall

Beth Adamour

Bill Holden

typographer

Robin Fowler

business manager

Stephen Hardy

advertising manager

Frank Hautzinger

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

I would like to clarify the position of the *Coraddi*, so no one will mistake the economic or philosophical direction of this student-funded and -run organization.

First of all, we are not asking the student government to give us a thousand dollars. We have asked the government to lend us a thousand dollars for six months with thirty-percent interest in most business circles this is not a bad short-term investment. The *Coraddi* will guarantee the return with it's own funds. Then why ask for a loan from the student government? Essentially, what we are seeking is the backing and approval to continue in the direction of a student press or university press. This Chab Book Series is simply another step in laying the groundwork. If you are not familiar with the past steps, we published last year a comic book and Tom Huey's book *Sixteen People Who Live Downtown*. This year we produced *The Student Guide*.

How can a university press help UNC-G? We feel that by increasing our publishing endeavors, the public's opinion will be enhanced. For example, if a Harvard graduate applied for the same job a UNC-G graduate applied for and considering all things equal, the Harvard graduate will get the job because the name Harvard implies a better education when in reality this may not be true. Universities are judged in three ways: the faculty, achievements of the alumni, and publishing. As students we certainly can't control the faculty or the alumni, but we can do something about the publishing aspect.

We feel this is where *Coraddi* can be instrumental. This magazine has a limited, but ever increasing readership, which we feel we can best serve by making the *Coraddi* the best possible magazine for a literary and artistic expression here at UNC-G. To do this effectively, we need more money. This is an old tune in America, but we feel the solution is to publish as much as possible, utilizing the talents of the staff and facilities to their maximum. This in turn will provide the magazine with more money and enhance the public's interest in UNC-G students.

This brings us to the next step. What is a CHAP Book? It is a small book of poetry designed so it can be appreciated as an aesthetic object. The poets are affiliated with UNC-G. Bob Watson, professor; David Rigsbee, instructor; Mary Parker, MFA graduate; and Vanessa Haley, MFA graduate make up a cross section of poets that will make the series successful in a variety of dimensions.

Scott Dodgson  
Coraddi Editor



BY MELINDA MORRIS

## A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENT MEANS.

No one can deny the readability of Elizabeth Hailey's vivid novel, *A Woman of Independent Means*. Departing from recent fiction, the novel consists of the epistles of Bess Alcott Steed, a compulsive letter writer whose life spans the twentieth century.

On first reading, one is captivated by the loquaciousness and candor of the character, Bess Steed. It is difficult to separate the character's style and the author's style, because the novel is a revealing collection of personal and business letters.

The letters reveal her relationship with family, friends and business acquaintances. Her innermost thoughts, outspoken opinions and developing philosophy of life emerge from her descriptions of both trivial and serious events in her life. She is an only child of an opulent Texas family, delightfully indulged by her parents. She later marries a man who also acquiesces her every wish. After she inherits a large sum of money from her mother thereby becoming "a woman of independent means," she finds that her husband treats her with more respect and allows her a somewhat unprecedented equal status as a spouse-unusual for the early 1900's.

She embraces her fortune with delight, sharing her husband's opinion that "business is pleasure" and revels in its advantages: travel abroad, an affluent home, fresh flowers, French lessons, an automobile of her own, and "mentions" in the society page of the *Dallas News*.

Bess Alcott Steed endures the deaths of her parents, husband, and child. She declares a "war on death" intending to "give as much thought to my death as I have to my life". She accomplishes this by her ready availability to dictate and alter final wills and testaments and urging those closest to her to do likewise. Most often, these alterations are in her favor. Her strong sense of self-reliance develops into a shrewd business sense and she declares that "figures have always held a poetic fascination for me". She also writes that, "I am determined to give

my children all the advantages of wealth and position, if only to prove how meaningless they are." As her life progresses, the contrast becomes evident that the acquisition of wealth is vital to her, perhaps more so than love and friendship.

Her forceful aggressiveness in these matters is tempered only by her eloquence in writing. But, however genteely put, it is clear that she is pushy, tasteless in her money-hungry behavior and patronizing in her attitudes towards the less fortunate. Her opinions border on the outrageous. Since the reader knows little of how such letters are received, one can only assume that Bess Steed is condoned by virtue of her wealth and position.

In spite of such candor and forthrightness, she is not a total ogress. There are some charming and entertaining aspects to Beth Alcott Steed. When a child is taken ill and placed in the hospital, she leaves imaginative and loving letters from an ethereal guardian, "the Cloud Fairy," pinned to her child's pillow every night. Upon learning to drive her first automobile (in 1917) she writes, "...though I was terrified the first time I took the wheel, I now find the experience quite exhilarating. I of course proceed with the utmost caution and plan my route carefully in advance to avoid left-hand turns. But as long as I am not in a hurry, I find I can reach any destination by turning right." In another incident, she writes the Choate School in Connecticut in hopes that it is not too late to enroll her sons for three years of college preparatory work. At the time she writes, her sons are six and seven years old.

Elizabeth Forsyth Hailey has created and developed a character that the reader cannot help but admire. Bess Alcott Steed lives her life with a voracious vigor, communicating nearly every thought in her many letters. As she grows older, she is no less adamant in her opinions, but becomes more reflective, generous, likeable and, always, charming. She is a woman to be remembered and Elizabeth Hailey is to be remembered for the creation of such a dynamic character.





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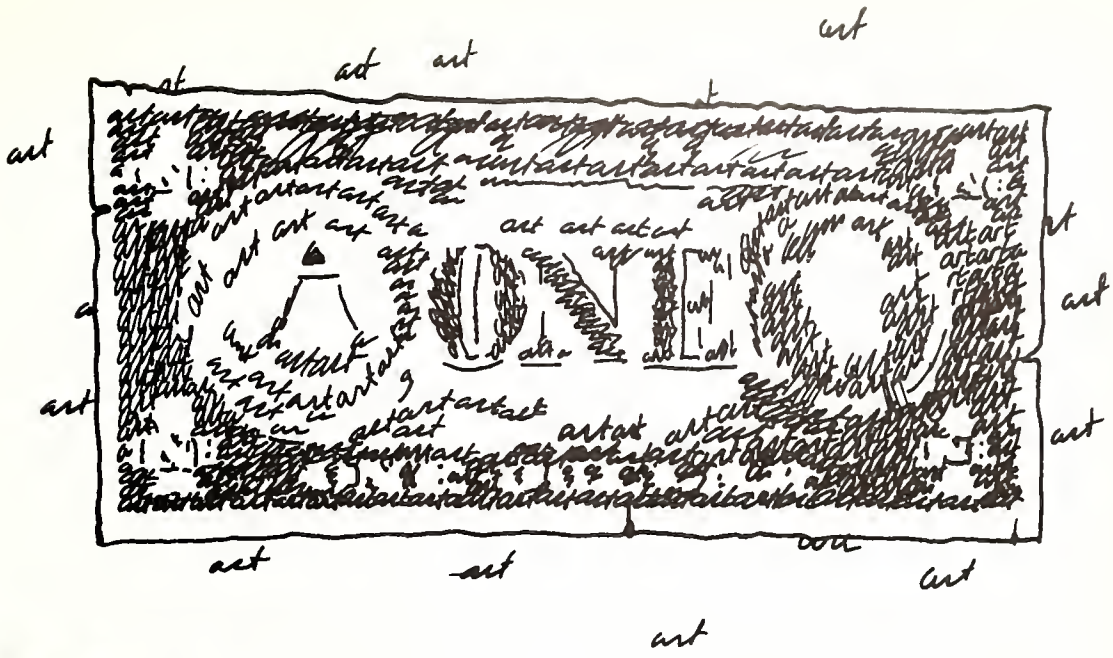
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# the 1980 artist's and writer's market.

BY RIC MARSHALL

The concept of older, more experienced writers giving advice to the young or aspiring is hardly new. During Roman times, around the year 20 B. C., for example the noted professional author Horace delivered just such a treatise to the young sons of the noble Piso family, a work replete with anecdotes and hot tips about the latest styles and trends in Roman taste. It seems, in fact, only natural that those who know should express themselves to those who do not. After all, is that not what education is all about?

Like so many other ideas that originated in classical times, however, we in America have now managed to carry this notion to its ultimate, absurd extreme. I refer of course to the books at hand, the *1980 Writer's Market* and *Artist's Market*. To add insult to injury, perhaps, it should be noted that the 1980 editions of these books are the first to be produced "on a computerized word processing system." Now aspiring young writer's can receive advice straight from the horse's — er, computer's — mouth.

It is the implicit implication of these books that they are the first, last and only word of the professional field of writing. By consulting the market first, we are told, we can pinpoint precisely what and how we should write in order to sell. We can even use the *Market* as an idea source, reading at random through the listings until struck by inspiration, as if it were some sort of muse that we can purchase at the store.

The orientation here is unabashedly commercial. In the *Writer's Market*, for instance, we find listings for somewhere around 4,500 places that buy "articles, poems, ad jingles, novels, greeting card verse, TV, radio and audiovisual scripts, gags, and fillers." Don't feel like working on greeting card verse tonight? How about a novel?

In the *Artist's Market* the selection is essentially the same, again including the irrepressible greeting card. Together the books offer up a truly frightening reflection of contemporary society, where art and communication have been reduced to marketable skills and referenced and stored by computer. Equally startling is

the massive rate of turnover in the industry. This year's *Writer's Market*, as compared to the 1979 edition, lists some 356 address changes, 493 editor changes, 2,157 changes in editorial requirements, 650 new listing, and 791 deletions. And that's all in the space of one year.

Recently expanding their area of authority, the originators of these texts now also produce a *Photographer's Market*, a *Craft-worker's Market*, and *Songwriter's Market* as well.

Of course, since the need is there, the books are not without some merit. For the most part well researched and current, and indexed with the user in mind, those who wish to find editorial names and addresses will find the *Market's* relatively complete in their listings (they do not, alas, list the *Coreddi*), and an excellent source of editorial preferences such as cover letter and SASE information. In this sense the book is set up to perform many of the traditional functions of the obsequious artist's agent, so perhaps we come out somewhat ahead.

The main problem is not the books themselves, of course, but rather the industry they reflect. The existence of all those "markets" out there serves all too well to remind one of the tremendous amount of visual and verbal nonsense which assaults our senses each day. Every ad, every commercial, every jingle, yes, even every greeting card must at some point be written or designed. Consider for one moment the vast amount of creative energy that is wasted in this effort. Are the results really worth it? If we accept the mentality that spawned these books, might we not soon find ourselves reading a *1984 Freelance Soldier's Guide*? At what point shall we draw the line?

There is much to be said for the freedom and personal integrity of the life of the independent writer or artist, and it is wonderful to think that our society supports such individuals. But if the *1980 Writer's Market* and *Artist's Market* are what that life's all about, I think I'll go work in a factory, and do my creating on the side. Even if I do nothing more than write greeting cards, at least I'll know who they're for.



PHOTO BY MATTHEW PHILLIPS



# MUSIC FOR TRANS— CONTINENTAL FLIGHTS.

BY MATTHEW PHILLIPS

*His name could just as easily be Brian Enigma, when discussing the music produced by Brian Eno, one almost immediately falls into the trap of trying to pigeon-hole a artist whose work transcends genre. The normal tendency may be to call Eno a rock artist. Certainly he has the connections. Since 1972 he has been directly involved in the production of nearly 80 albums, playing with Roxy Music, 801, King Crimson, Robert Fripp Phil Manzanera, Nico and David Bowie, not to mention having produced for Ultravox, Devo and the Talking Heads. This is but a handful. But to label Brian Eno as New Wave would be ambiguous, to say he is avant garde or art rock, even more so. A good deal of his endeavors hardly approach rock at all.*

*For instance, take a look at his last couple of releases. Music for Films, (Antilles), is a collection of, yes, music for films; soundtrack material, the kind that sits in the background and attaches itself to you in sublime manner. The album contains eighteen tracks, written for films or for other reasons but found it's way into films (all of them excellent). The album has been called the logical follow-up to one of Eno's previous albums, Another Green World. This is called to mind by the very first cut, M386, which seems to be a direct descendant to Sombre Reptiles. The Sparrowfall sequence is perhaps the most striking work on the album, remarkable both in its progression and its simplicity. Additionally, Quartz, Aragon and A Measured Room are some of the albums' highlights. Overall, a masterfully crafted album and an excellent introduction to Brian Eno's non-rock efforts, for the less initiated. The only criticism is that with nine cuts per side, individual pieces are quite short and one comes away feeling as if he wants more.*

*Brian Eno's more recent release Music for Airports, (Ambient), is a house of a very different color. A continuation in his endeavors is 'mood music,' Music for Airports launches a new concept, that of 'ambient music,' music as a backdrop, to create a certain ambience. Actually, the concept isn't entirely original; Muzak pioneered background music back in the fifties. But it doesn't take much to see just how Muzak's original concepts have been bastardized. Just turn on any of thousands of 'beautiful music' radio stations. But rather, Brian Eno's experimentation in 'ambient music' is a much more refined approach. He created sanctuaries of sound, a space in which to relax. This album contains four tracks, written to be played in perhaps the most tensing of modern environments, the airport terminal. They are simple in structure, being a base song line for piano or vocals, or both, and composed in such a way that, theoretically, they could be put on a tape loop and played indefinitely. They are extremely effective at what they were designed for. That is to say, incredibly relaxing. But not the sort of music one would overtly sit down to listen to. Rather, a background haze to be ignored, but sublimely alters the moods. Sort of an aural valium. Eno insists that it should be as ignorable as it is interesting. True. The New York Times wrote 'that if Music for Airports' were to be piped over the PA at LaGuardia, people would either ignore it, or miss their flight.'*



# BILL BUCKLEY

## THE POLITICS OF THE RIGHT WING.

BY BILL HOLDEN

"Some of the Problems of Freedom" and its implications was columnist and political analyst William F. Buckley's topic as he spoke before a standing room only crowd on September 4th in Aycock Auditorium.

Buckley is probably best known for his syndicated column "On the Right". He has also written numerous books on domestic and international politics, as well as carried and hosted *Firing Line*, a series of televised debates and discussions between himself and such diverse public figures and personalities as David Warner, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Richard Nixon and Groucho Marx.

Born in 1925 to a conservative Catholic family, Buckley spent much of his early life in various boarding schools and traveling between Europe and America. William was soon recognized as an outstanding child, when at the age of ten, he approached the headmaster of his school with an index of the school's shortcomings.

Several years later, Buckley invited himself to a faculty meeting to protest what he felt was the abridgement of his right to free speech and to impart to his masters the theological doctrines he had learned at home and at other schools.

Buckley's first journalistic experience came while he was a student at Yale, where he rose to become editor of the *Yale Daily News* in 1949. Shortly after taking over the editorship, an editorial criticizing a professor on religious grounds earned him a reprimand from the school's administration for using the editorial column to further his own views, which were not considered to be in accordance with his constituents. This incident catalyzed his attack on "academic freedom" in his first book *God and Man at Yale*, which appeared in 1951.

Buckley's next major undertaking was the *National Review*, "a conservative, intellectual magazine" which first appeared in 1955, financed by William's father.

The original staff was comprised of an unlikely mixture of hard-line conservatives and former liberals who had become disillusioned with their philosophies, including Freda Utley and a former communist sympathizer, Frank S. Meyer.

Whittaker Chambers, whose testimony in 1950 cost Alger Hiss his position at the State Department was also asked to join the staff, but declined citing philosophical differences with the staff and the ensuing controversy over the Hiss trial.

In 1963, after the publication of several books, Buckley was approached by Harry Elmlark, editor of the

*Washington Star*, who persuaded him to write a syndicated column for conservative journals. Though Buckley refused to consider the offer at first, Elmlach persisted and "On the Right" was born. It is now published thrice weekly in over three hundred newspapers nationwide.

Since then, Buckley has continued to write and now lectures at colleges and universities, averaging about thirty appearances each year in addition to his other projects.

In his address at UNC-G, Mr. Buckley discussed freedom and its ramifications in the context of current or "popular" economic theory, dwelling mainly on income redistribution and tax reform.

"Economists are not a class of repute these days," he said, referring to the present inflation dilemma in the U.S., "so I'm glad that I'm not one." This quip set the tone for the evening's address.

Buckley presented a six-step reassessment of the present US tax system, which in essence was an endorsement for the decentralization of the system.

His opening premise was that "conservatism is the politics of reality" and he defined conservatism as "seeking to inquire after probable human reaction". This, of course, typifies the political and economic philosophy that Buckley has advocated for the length of his career.

An examination of the pitfalls of popular economic theories was Buckley's second point. He said these hazards could be avoided by "increasing public knowledge" of the infeasibility of the prevalent economic strategy. He cited the graduated income tax system as one of the main fallacies of this strategy, and defended it by tactlessly attacking former Sen. George McGovern's familiar income redistribution program, which McGovern announced in 1972 while campaigning for president. "This seizure by a Presidential candidate," he declared, "would have meant an income of 1000 dollars less to families earning \$13,000 or more a year. Little did he realize that those people were not readying themselves to become philanthropists."

Buckley's third point was that the "mechanics of income redistribution" need to be reexamined. His description of the ethic of redistribution was "to take from those who have more than they need for the purpose of giving to those who have less than they need, or at any rate less than they want. We are engaged in taxing everybody," he continued, "for the benefit of everybody. There are some who would call this the



Federal subsidy of the national superstition, which indeed it is."

He further asserted that "there is a spontaneously generated dollar coming from Washington, D.C.," and that "the dominant economic policy of our time, which I put forth as a metaphor, is to nationalize agriculture so we can have free food while we take money from the California vineyards to help the poor in Chicago, and at the same time taking money from Florida to fix the subways in New York."

The policy Buckley advocates eliminates a great percentage of these taxes and lets individual states determine their own financial priorities as they see necessary.

"It is ultimately useless for us to depend on utilitarian arguments." The opposite of his own outlook, was the analysts next point, though he seemed no more resigned to the fact than he has been in the past. "It is no longer fashionable to be conser-

vative," stated Buckley "because the liberal influence has dulled peoples' abilities to perceive things as they really are."

His sixth and most emphatic point was this, "What we need most is the elimination of the progressive feature of the income tax." In Buckley's estimation, the progressive tax places artificial restrictions on taxable income without consideration for the rate of inflation. The predetermined "tax brackets" are rendered meaningless if inflation is not taken into account when the categories are set, according to Buckley.

After a standing ovation, Buckley took questions passed in from the audience for a short time. Many dealt with the 1980 Kennedy/Carter campaign, but varied from the abortion issue (Buckley is Catholic) to his brother's chances in running for the Connecticut senate, to which he replied, "I am sure that if he runs, he will win.", probably meaning, according to Buckley philosophy, "Buckleys don't lose."

## Q. AND A. WITH MR. BILL.

(THE FOLLOWING IS TRANSCRIPT FROM MR. BUCKLEY'S QUESTION AND ANSWER SESSION FOLLOWING HIS RECENT LECTURE IN AYCOCK AUDITORIUM.)

Q—Mr. Buckley, Sen. Helms of NC has been getting consideration as a possible Vice Presidential candidate. Do you have any thoughts on this?

A—"Oh? I hadn't yet picked that up: I'm a supporter of Sen. Helms and have been for a number of years, but, I had not in fact picked that up."

Q—What do you think his chances would be?

A—"I should think it would depend on so many variables that it's almost hard to say. It would obviously be an attempt to pick up the Sun Belt vote, and it would also presuppose that the presidential, uh, man who won the nomination was not somebody with national appeal, so as I say, it requires, I think, too many contingent speculations to say."

Q—Do you perceive a great deal of resistance to Jesse Helms nationwide, just as there is here in North Carolina?

A—"Well, I would assume that anybody who is as emphatic as Jesse (pause) Helms is in his statements generates an awful lot of opposition. He generates very intense loyalties and at the same time generates opposition, so that he would have to serve a discreet function in order to be selected."

Q—He (Sen. Helms) has said that he wanted to take the Republican nomination in an open convention, and walk in with the understanding that he would be an independent vice president, not necessarily doing the president's bidding day in and day out. What do you make of his tactical possibilities?

A—"He's been reading too much Calhoun. (laughter) No, I really don't. I think that almost necessarily the architecture of the White House Rule requires a subservience of the Vice President."

Q—If you were asked to pick whom you think might end up as each party's nominee in 1980, whom would you choose?

A—"If I had to pick what?"

Q—Who do you think will emerge as the nominees for the presidential election?

A—"Well, all I can do is give you the same odds as Jimmy the Greek; Reagan's way ahead. He's like twenty-five points ahead, so unless Reagan flips out, he is the designated heir presumptive for the Republican nomination."

Q—What about Jimmy Carter's victory in 1976?

A—"Ah, people say, remember, that four years ago Jimmy Carter had only 2% of the vote and remember what happened to Mushie in Maine, and the answer is, sure, that could happen to Reagan, and there are additional situations that could arise."

Q—Do you see Jimmy Carter being renominated?

A—"I've always thought that the Democratic party had suicidal inclinations, but I would be very surprised to see him renominated; I think there is a general sense of dissatisfaction with Carter. It's a curious thing, it's dissatisfaction without disaffection. I think that a lot of people like him very much, but that they also figure that the quickening pace of the twentieth century is something that requires someone with a different set of talents. I think they're right."

Q—Someone like Ted Kennedy?

A—"Well, he's the obvious alternative. My personal feeling is that he will run and be beaten; but there again I'm the optimist."

Q—That he'll be beaten for the nomination?

A—"No, no, he certainly won't be beaten at the convention."

Q—You said in a recent column that Sen. Kennedy should not be opposed on the grounds of the incident at Chappaquidick. Do you care to elaborate on this?

A—"I think he did everything a person of pride, prestige, money, and contacts would do to excuse himself, and succeeded. He has, in my opinion, been punished by being denied the nomination twice when he might almost certainly have gotten it. I feel there is a sense of expiation on a national basis, however, having said that, I should confess that I received an avalanche of mail as a result of it."

Q—What were peoples' reactions?

A—"Well, they disagreed mostly on two grounds: First, there is a category of people who say that he had every reason to believe she (Mary Jo Kopechne) was alive when he left her. If I thought that, I would not only oppose him as president, I would oppose him as a human being. I don't think he did.

Secondly, there is a category who believe that he (Sen. Kennedy) is perpetuating a cover-up. I think that argument is, uh, plausible, but I don't think it is significantly going to affect the decisions of the majority of the American people on whether or not they want him for president."

Q—Do you foresee a Constitutional Convention being called to balance the Federal budget? Would you endorse such action?

A—"No, I don't foresee a convention being convened to write an amendment, but there will be congressionally backed action. The threat of a convention will catalyze them into action."

Q—What are your feelings on the recent Supreme Court decision to bar the press from pretrial murder hearings, so as to avoid bias on the part of potential jurors?

A—"It was unfortunate. When a court makes the wrong decision, especially in a case like this, it can take generations to rectify. I am sure that it will be appealed."

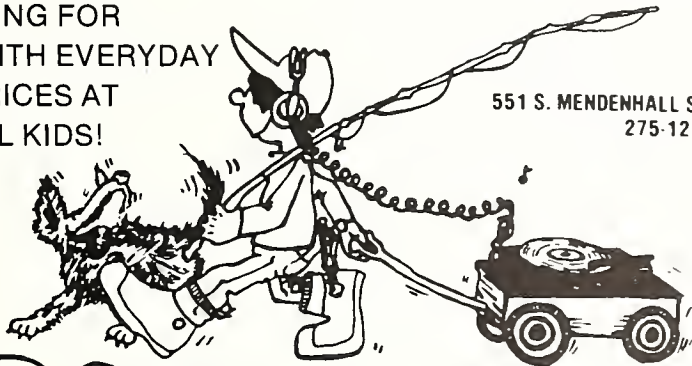
Q—Should we have to intervene militarily to break the Arab oil cartel, don't you feel this would be admitting the failure of the free market economy to deal with the problem?

A—"Well, the free market economy has not been given an opportunity to deal with this problem. The principal enemy of the free market economy is the monopoly of the Arab oil cartel. It is a political responsibility to prevent the formations of cartels and monopolies. What is done everyday by the OPEC countries, if done domestically, would result in the price fixers being put in jail. So I don't think that in any sense they have been an inducement to the marketplace as a result of their monopolization of oil."

Q—What is your opinion on the status of freedom in America today?

A—"Well, if a government spends 100% of its citizens income or benefits from their work, these citizens might be considered slaves. In the US today, the federal government receives about 94% of the benefits from work and industry, and anytime I see this no, I don't think freedom is in good shape."

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V I R G I N I A B U D N Y .

PHOTO BY MATTHEW PHILLIPS

*She says she's thinking of Venice.  
As opposed to Paris or Milan.*

*But when looking at  
the porcelain works by Virginia Budny,  
Venice is perhaps the last thing  
to leap to mind.*

*One would be more likely  
to conjure up thoughts of  
lyrical statements elicited by a knot,  
Or be captured by the spatial relationships  
and tensions within the works,  
Or be absorbed by the illusion  
of porcelain taking on the appearance  
of fine linen.*

*Perhaps one would become most involved  
in the mood of the pieces.  
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Virginia Budny's sculpture.  
A tremendous influence.  
Ambience.*

*And maybe  
Women's Wear Daily.*















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# THE BUSINESS OF ART. WUAG.

BY STEPHEN HARDY

It has always been easy to find the offices of WUAG Greensboro, the student-supervised, ten-watt radio station of UNC-G. A qualified UNC-G student wishing to gain access to the facilities has merely to walk up to the third floor of the Elliot University Center and follow the sound of music to room 264, which houses the office of the Program Director and the main studio. Next to the studio is the office of Calvin Cole, WUAG's Music Director, who will tell the visitor, "We're not any different from a 5,000-watt AM station or a 100,000-watt rocker. We are a real radio station; we have a real commitment." It has not been as easy for academia to gain access to the facilities however, and if a student were to visit the office of Dr. John Jellicorse, head of the Department of Communication and Theater, he or she might hear Dr. Jellicorse warn, "People know that WUAG is basically a playtoy and that it's run by students in a non-supervised fashion . . . I know that in my talking with many administrators that the general feeling that they've communicated to me is that it's sort of a wasted resource, that it could be used more effectively." Access to the station has rarely been sought by the Administration, though Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs James Allen is aware of WUAG's potential for the university at large, and has said, "People continue, as you know, to be concerned about what many people call 'The Image of the University.' Or the lack of an image. People are concerned, and rightly so, that maybe within the area, people still have trouble shifting gears and not thinking about us as W.C. Well, when you move into a major undertaking such as the operation of a powerful station . . . that has the potential for addressing that problem."

The existence of three different points of view regarding the management and function of the radio station has not been a problem in the past because of history and the unique environment here at UNC-G. History does not change, but environment is another matter, and it is the changes in the environment of WUAG that have made the station's future direction uncertain and have threatened to bring the three camps into conflict. At stake are three things: money, influence, and the image of the university.

The interests of WUAG, the Department of Communication and Theater, and the Administration have enjoyed a somewhat symbiotic relationship since 1968, when the station moved from an AM carrier-current outlet, broadcasting through the school's electrical wiring ("We used to pick it up on our radiator," claims an alumnus), to its present position at 89.9 on the FM dial. Unlike most college stations, the operation of WUAG did not fall to an academic department but to the students them-

selves because at the time the operation was too large for the Department of Communication and Theater to handle with the available curriculum. In the ensuing eleven years the students have managed the station with a varying degree of competency, with the students of the past three years generally regarded as a high-watermark. "I think the station has changed and has done a much better job in the last two or three years in meeting more of the needs the university would have," says Vice Chancellor Allen. "They're doing some more things of general interest that are not necessarily only of interest to students . . . doing much more with news, not only campus news, but also national news, local and state news, and regional news." The up-grading of the News Department was begun three years ago when Richard Griffiths, currently a reporter with WFMY-TV, was News Director. The improvement continued through the two years of Calvin Cole's tenure as News Director and is presently the responsibility of Ted Llewellyn. "They have...begun to do other types of musical broadcasting," continues the Vice Chancellor, "and that's important, to have the variety that they've now introduced in the last couple of years to reach a broader audience interest and taste."

"We're trying to program to everybody over the day," says Calvin Cole. "Our programming idea starts off in the morning with 'The Morning Show,' which is geared towards playing music for you to get up by and not to throw you out of bed with all kinds of hard rock and roll . . . It's kind of light, popular folk material . . . At about nine o'clock you can pick up the pace a bit. Coming into ten o'clock to twelve o'clock we figure it's a good time. . . to have music a little more on the soothing side, so classical music comes in. Classical music in itself is an alternative programming at that time. . . We also have some of our public affairs and some of our educational material. . . around nine o'clock or so. . . We have news (at one) . . . and you get back into more moderate rock and roll. As the afternoon goes on you kind of rock out to keep things going, pace it up. Four o'clock to seven o'clock we have jazz. Now we put jazz in this area because. . . it gives you something different to listen to as you drive home, something soothing, more relaxing, to calm you down a little bit. Also . . . if you're going out to eat somewhere you've got some good music to eat by; you don't have to sit and eat in rhythm to the rock music. . . At seven o'clock we go back to rock and roll until two am. . .

"We're played at a lot of restaurants and we do have a sizeable audience during the day"-the latest figures show that at any given minute, 6,000 people

are tuned in to WUAG- "because we're not just a student station; we are a station geared towards serving the area we broadcast around...we're shooting to get you for the whole day, so that when you come away from listening to us, be whatever time of the day it is, you have a little educational background given to you through various sources, you've gotten a little bit of news, you've gotten some music and perhaps a more relaxed outlook on life."

"I think they (the students) do a marvelous job with the resources that are made available," says Dr. Jellicorse. "It's amazing to me sometimes that the station has been able to do as well as it has. . . since it has to motivate people only as an (extracurricular) activity." Under normal circumstances the status quo could probably be maintained for a number of years to come. But the circumstances, legal, academic, and especially financial have changed drastically and the student management and the station itself face the possibility of extinction for a number of reasons.

The problems began in Washington-a fact which should surprise no one these days-when the Federal Communications Commission decided to review its policy regarding ten-watt, Class D stations like WUAG. The results of that review were disastrous for the station, and the exasperation is evident in Calvin Cole's voice when he explains the decision. "Well, the FCC. . . said that ten-watt stations are to be no more at the end of 1980, and in our case, by the end of 1981 when our present license runs out. They won't grant permits for any more ten-watt stations, to be created or to be extended." The minimum power the FCC will allow on the air is now 100 watts, under the assumption that an increase in power will better serve the public. Thus Class D, ten-watt stations, most of which are operated by colleges and high schools, either must boost their power to at least 100 watts or leave the air.

The students at WUAG are in a dilemma because they lack the two resources necessary to keep the station in operation. The first is money; the station itself presently does not have the funds to initiate and maintain an increase in power. Secondly, the students are without the necessary authority, for while the day-to-day operation of the station is in the hands of the students, the FCC license, and hence all legal power, is in the hands of the Board of Trustees. The Administration not only grants the students office space, but it also grants the students permission to convert a group like The Cars into electrical pulses and send them throbbing through the air. They can take away that privilege just as easily as they award it, and thus what happens to the station is a decision that rests with the new chancellor, who is being very careful in exploring his options.

"Now Chancellor Moran," explains Vice Chancellor Allen, "is considering just now, employing a consultant who would come in and study the whole matter of the operation of a station. He would have to answer many basic questions of course, among them, obviously, the question of what it would cost to operate a station. The most important question, of

course, he's got to look at and make some recommendation to the Chancellor (about), would be what kind of station; what is the nature of the station the university would want to have? Would it be a station that would be essentially an extension of the university's academic operations? That would certainly call for one kind of station with one kind of format."

The format to which the Vice Chancellor is referring would place WUAG under the direction of the Department of Communication and Theater, as Dr. Jellicorse has proposed. "Well, my proposal is a very simple one, based on my experience working with a number of student radio stations," states the head of the Department of Communication and Theater, "and that is that it (WUAG) be assigned administratively, in a clear fashion, to the Department of Communication and Theater and would be run as a co-curricular part of the entire communications program."

This would enable students who were taking radio and news production courses to work at the station for credit, an option not currently available. Vice Chancellor Allen recognizes the possibilities. "There, without question, is a genuine need. . . in the academic program for a station that would be, certainly, a laboratory for the communication, broadcasting, academic track. . . If that program continues to develop in strength, as it certainly has been and if it continues to get the number of student majors (as it has). . . then clearly we would be remiss in professional preparation of our students without having some kind of laboratory for them to participate in, controlled by the university. . ." There appears to be little question about the number of Communication majors according to the most recent statistics. Dr. Jellicorse has projected that by 1983, majors in that field will comprise ten percent of the student population, and the Department is right on schedule as it moves towards this goal.

This raises the possibility in some minds however that the station will eventually begin to serve the Department and not the students at large. The fear is that the institutional influence will be so great that WUAG will become a lifeless extension of academia, faculty controlled and programmed. "I've always been really amazed and terribly bothered by the fact that this image. . . of the Department making all the decisions about the nature of the radio station were it to become academically affiliated (is so prevalent)," claims Dr. Jellicorse. "That is deeply disturbing. What actually happens is you have a faculty supervisor, and the faculty supervisor serves as an advisor to the (student) station management..." The advisor would organize credit guidelines and help establish quality criteria for station personnel in an attempt to add stability to the management process. He or she would not determine station programming however. "The Department of Communication and Theater has no particular interest in programming other than as it may be manipulated by the student management itself to meet on-going needs."

The key words are "student management," for according to Dr. Jellicorse the station would still be



essentially student-operated. "In my experience, the student stations (those under the auspices of a communications department) are run with a self-elected student management which perpetuates itself from year to year. That's the only way of insuring that people participate. . . of their own desire. . . and that the students make decisions as if it were a regular radio station." The station would also remain open to non-majors, who would be allotted airtime as space and qualifications permitted.

The accent on student control came as news to Calvin Cole, who claimed that the last proposal WUAG had received from Dr. Jellicorse was for a station that would broadcast little besides jazz and news. Cole did raise a strong objection however. "If we come under the Department of Communications (administratively) we'll also come under them for funding." If the Department has a bad enrollment year or if their funds are suddenly cut for some other reason then the more powerful station would be in trouble.

Of course the Department gets its funds from the Administration, which returns us to Vice Chancellor Allen and the further options the Chancellor's consultant will have to consider. "(Could the station) be essentially a major public relations or public information resource for the university? Would it then become part of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting?" The Corporation for Public Broadcasting, besides administrating the member television stations of the Public Broadcasting Services, operates National Public Radio. NPR stations generally carry programs aimed at "older" audiences: classical music, some jazz, news, and educational programming. WUNC in Chapel Hill is a good example of this type of station, and the management of NPR in North Carolina has begun to examine WUAG with WUNC in mind. It is said North Carolina NPR would like to convert WUAG into a repeater station, taking the signal from WUNC, amplifying it, and rebroadcasting the signal to the Greensboro area. Obviously the programming aspect of station management would be entirely out of Greensboro's hands, and for this reason Dr. Jellicorse does not favor this alternative. "For students in the student management...the experience that they're getting, which is extremely valuable to them, is making the decisions, not carrying out some one else's decisions, but weighing all the factors to make those decisions...There are enough outlets for National Public Radio in town that that's not necessary."

WUAG's Music Director agrees. "There are five college stations that you can dial up on any moderate receiver and you can listen to classical music, NPR format. You can listen to what is considered to be the high-powered college station idea. .

(which is) basically not being too competitive in the market. . ."

Market competition is an important concept, for in order for the station to have the influence on the area the Administration desires, it must satisfy the needs of the public better than the competition. "We have never. . . learned what the publics that would be af-

ected by our broadcast really perceive as their needs and their interests," Vice Chancellor Allen says. But Mr. Cole thinks the station already has the answer. "We feel. . . that we are getting to what is really a void in this town. . . We have a format that nobody else in this area has, that's called Progressive-oriented music. That is rock, jazz, and classical. There's no use for us to try to compete solely in one form when we can do at least three, give a variety to the audience."

Dr. Jellicorse concurs, at least in part. "My personal opinion. . . is that the sort of orientation toward a popular type of jazz, that has been in-and-out the predominant programming type of the station for the past couple of years, is probably the best niche for this particular market."

But whether the consultant recommends that the station become part of the Department of Communication and Theater, some other body such as the Office for Student Affairs or the Office of Distribution, or NPR, two things seem certain. First, the days of a purely student-run station are over, at least according to Vice Chancellor Allen, who said, "(WUAG). . . will not be, as it has been here, an operation in which students only are involved. It will certainly be an operation in which students and others will be involved." One of the others will undoubtedly be a professional manager hired from outside of the university, an addition both Dr. Jellicorse and Calvin Cole favor. As Dr. Jellicorse describes him, the general manager, ". . . would be a professional in broadcasting who had enough experience in broadcasting that he could serve as supervisor for internship projects at the station. . ."

The second, most important and unfortunately most ominous fact is that if the station goes up in power, especially to the 20,000 watts presently discussed in some quarters, the financial considerations would be stifling. Last year, WUAG operated at ten watts on a total budget of \$15,000. It would cost at least three or four times as much to purchase the equipment necessary to boost the station to 20,000 watts. To keep the station operating for a year (and it would be a full, 365-day year; 20,000 watt stations can't shut down on other than legal holidays in most cases), might require an additional sum four times the present budget as well.

So where does this leave the Chancellor? Twenty thousand watts is a lot of power, literally and figuratively, and the question of who will yield that power promises to cause quite a controversy. There is no question that with the expansion of the Department of Communication and Theater, some outlet must be established for the purpose of giving those students interested in careers in broadcasting the necessary experience and academic credit for that experience. The Administration dearly wishes to further its influence in the community, and while a NPR station might ignore the academic need, it would enhance the university's image in some quarters (though for obvious reasons it might lower it here on campus). This type of station would probably be the easiest to manage of the available options, and would have another advantage which would be dif-





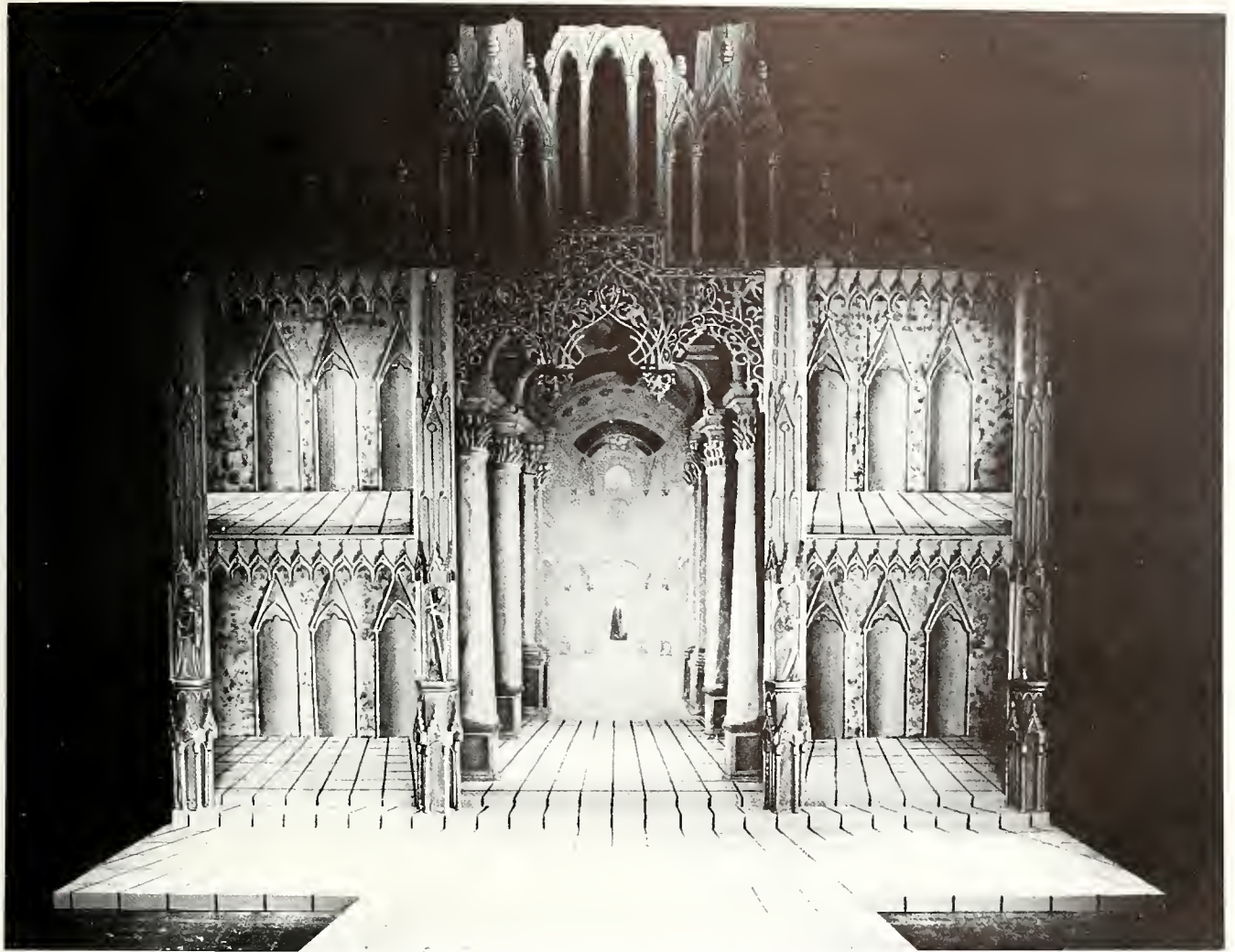
ILLUSTRATION BY MATTHEW PHILLIPS

difficult to ignore: it would be the least expensive possibility. This may be the greatest advantage of all, for no one, not even the Administration, has the funds necessary to boost the station to 20,000 watts or a guaranteed method of acquiring it. What is the probability of maintaining the status quo, of hiring a general manager and letting the students keep control? The odds appear to be against this possibility, for under this proposal the station might be viewed as a luxury, and a very expensive one at that.

In deciding the fate of the station the Chancellor will have to answer three basic questions. First, who does the Administration feel is capable of handling all that power competently? If it is not the department or the students, the burden will fall to the Administration itself, or NPR. Secondly, would an academic station as described by Dr. Jellicorse project an image the Administration feels is adequate for the future needs of the university, or would some other station, either all-student or NPR, be preferable? Finally, which format would give the

university the most for its money, and where will that money be acquired? This is perhaps the most telling factor to be considered, and while it is unfortunate that the primary consideration in the fate of WUAG may not be the welfare of the students, the benefits to the university curriculum and image or the needs of the public but rather how much money the university is willing or capable of spending, this is a reality that is faced by hundreds of programs at scores of institutions as we approach the eighties. The financial problem is so great that it is not inconceivable that the station may be abandoned totally. But the potential for growth is there, and perhaps it is best expressed by Calvin Cole, with the sincerity of a student who is presently in possession of an experience others may be denied.

"Our potential is, in my mind, that if we were ever to go to 20,000 watts, we could be, easily, number one in this market. There is not even the slightest doubt in my mind."



## ***Candide!*** BY SCOTT DODGSON

The UNC-G theatre appropriately opened their 1979-80 season with the best of all possible musicals, *Candide*, with the best of all possible metaphors; disaster.

*Candide* was adapted from Voltaire's satirical novel on Leibinetzian philosophy of optimism by Hugh Wheeler. Leonard Bernstein composed the music that Frank McCarty and orchestra performed with skill.

This season opened with its share of optimism that ironically turned into frantic last minute substitution for leading actor Andy Alsap. Andy was rigged up for the dramatic hanging of Dr. Pangloss when he fell nine feet to the floor on the last night of Dress Rehearsal. On opening night Andy was in the hospital feeling less than optimistic, while Dr. John Joy beset with the responsibility of directing the show, adequately filled in for Andy as Voltaire, Dr. Pangloss, Governor, Host, and Sage. Naturally the calamities of *Candide*, the character, provided one of the more interesting opening nights in theater

history, especially for Dr. Joy.

Generally speaking, the cast did a good job, but appeared to be upstaged by the set design, which was beautiful. Susan Lambeth and crew did a remarkable job with the costumes, enhancing the public opinion, which is in excellent standing.

Wayne Lee, April Woodal, and Dale Stein performed the songs with admirable style while the performance of the chorus seemed wan compared to the individual performances of Wayne, April, and Dale.

We are looking forward to the future shows to see if the actors can live up to the Teckee's expertise. Their first chance will be *Uncle Vanya*, a tragic comedy by Anton Chekhov showing November 1-3, Charles Dicken's *A Christmas Carol* November 30 - December 1, December 6-8, and *Hamlet*, March 20-22, 25-29. It is easy to see the elements of greatness are present and without too many setbacks UNC-G Theater could be the best of all possible college theaters.



# What is a chap book?

a. similar to an income bracket.

b. a small book of poetry, that may be appreciated as an aesthetic object.

c. lip balm

d. attire worn by motorcyclists  
cowboys and sado-masochists.

***the chap book series  
from CORADDI.***





Elizabeth Cox graduated from the University of Mississippi in 1964 - a fact she admits doesn't seem to have much significance anymore. Several years ago, she entered the writing program at UNC-G and completed her Master of Fine Arts in 1978. Her poetry has appeared in *Greensboro Review*, *Hyperion*, *St. Andrews Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and she has had a short story published in *Fiction International*. Elizabeth works as a reader-consultant for *Fiction International* and is currently writing a novel.

*DO NOT TAP ON THE GLASS*

It is the time of year  
When the snakeskin sheds,  
Falls to the ground, peels down  
The film that covers the eyes,  
And everything we are taught  
Rubs against a stone,  
Comes clean beneath the earth,  
For lack of light,  
For something love forgot.

There's more dying here  
Than thumb-soft ashes left,  
As he lay curled, emerging  
Slow and bare,  
Wanting more than this bed of straw,  
Than this glass box he was born in.

My father tells again  
The time he killed a snake  
When he was nine, the adder's  
Aspic season shed,  
Turned inside out against itself,  
An ashen armour found where  
He left the axe stuck in the ground  
To mark the spot.

I pause inside the box.  
A gauzy skin beneath my dress  
Comes off, like petals.  
And if you broke the glass today,  
I would bite your hand a thousand times,  
Not knowing what else to do.

*WOMAN AT THE WELL*

The bucket hangs by a wheel and a web,  
a rope waits to be lowered  
into water as black as the eyes of the man  
who nodded, looking straight at her  
when he spoke, asking about  
her five husbands and the man now  
who filled a thirst.

And the woman bends, gathering berries.  
Each finger startles a pulp  
from its last night's dream.  
The rim of her body steep  
in the heat of noon,  
beneath her dress, her scarves,  
and the shadows of trees.  
Her baskets are almost full.

Early, early, she had been looking  
at the flat moon on the sky, painted  
and raw, and then she saw the place  
that reaches back behind the moon,  
(the curve that gives the blackest part  
of night its due,) and how there is  
another side, the tracks of stars  
not ever seen, clusters like berries  
to fill her hand, her mouth.

She cups water to her face, she lets it run,  
her eyes pulling in the sun, pulling in  
the man who knows the other side of night, and day.  
She offers him drink.

The bucket dances without arms  
into the spring called Jacob's well,  
into the ink of one dark eye,  
where her hard, cold pulse  
is bathed at the wrist.



## *THE MAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH*

In the photograph  
the man lifted his hand to wave,  
the flat of his hand, the fat man  
who had not waved to anyone, not spoken first.  
The camera caught him in the act,  
his smile, his shaded mouth,  
his other palm turned gently backwards.

His children rise up  
from caravans of white wicker chairs,  
he has never had the children,  
the girl who was barefoot, running  
on the stones, on the verge of prancing,  
nor the boy who wore boots,  
and the tip of a feather behind his ear.  
He has never had the woman who lifts her head  
to the scent of April, pulling down apricots,  
each one almost ripe, and enough.  
He has never pulled her down,  
breathing slowly above her ribs.  
At night, he sleeps alone  
and bears the consequence, early  
when the East swells into morning.

This man who lifts his hand,  
a clockwork, his pulse ticking down.  
He has come all this way  
to lift one hand stopped in time,  
his head webbed and wired,  
his eyes like hollow eggs.  
Knowing what he has lost,  
he is ripened by the wish that presses  
on his ribs and burns like snow.

*WHERE THEY HAVE BUILT THEIR NEST*

This is the first time he has killed a lion.

Inside the ribs a swarm of bees  
lies nested there, and honey comes.  
They have opened hard the breast,  
have built their nest, have made their home,  
and he reaches down inside the ribs  
to where a sweetness runs.  
And he thinks of the woman he has seen today.

He takes a rib and scrapes it clean,  
and thinks of how a home would be.  
He scrapes out the bearded place  
and wonders what these bees could fear,  
if not the dreaded bones, but here  
they change their dread to something sweet  
inside the harrowed home.

As he reaches down, the breath of bees  
keeps humming around his wrist.  
The woman's breath that comes down hard,  
that makes him fear inside his bones,  
while touching him with her bare hands,  
he closes up his palm  
to lift the sweetness for his own.

She does not know about his hair,  
or the swarm of bees he has reached into.  
She waits for him to come back there,  
and rests herself near gathered leaves.  
She kneels in the hollows where they were,  
with wounds too raw for mending now,  
and raging bees inside her breast,

lay huddled in their home,  
where they have finally built their nest,  
their oldest honeycomb.



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*Fred Pierce is a painter  
But not houses  
paints from old family snapshots, sort of a photo-realist  
by way of David Hockney  
But it's hard to discuss artwork with Fred  
He'd much rather talk about  
Lawn furniture  
Or lava lamps  
Or fast food*

# PIERCED

*What does it mean to you to be an American?*

















CONCEPT BY SUSAN HICKS



# SHADOW BOXING.

The novel from which this chapter is taken focuses on Leda Alder, whose relationships with friends, family and lovers sustain kaleidoscopic changes under the pressure of personal growth.

Leda was recalling her dream to Michael, who sat sleepily at the table, scratching his head, sipping coffee. It was streamlined, she was saying, a luxury cruiser carrying her and her brother Leo along the coast of eastern Greece, the shiny beet-red stripe around a sweating bridge deck (a speck of cardinals nesting at sea), the Fred Astaire top hat (a black conning tower). Leda had launched the boat--it was her due, being the older sister. Was it Michael she had dreamt of, exchanging his head for her brother's, as Freudians might suggest? But she must simply recall what happened--the obscurities, the symbols, the beginning voices--for the sake of continuity. Dream might breathe then. Oh, it had been a family scene. Now she remembered her father next to Mom, of course, arguing. Leda didn't know how to push off the boat correctly, Mom complained. She should have lowered her head more.

"My mother was telling my dad how she would have helped me, but her arthritis was acting up, like it always did when she needed her strength most." Like those spiteful dryers that after four dimes left Leda's clothes damp. She looked over at Michael, who was lost in a yawn, sound asleep inside, she thought, hadn't heard a word, his mouth enveloping his face. She laughed.

Michael looked up, then back down at the table. He sat placidly at the edge of his chair, his legs separate but placed. Like most men, Leda thought he was ready for physical interruption, a possible sudden attack. But there was something vulnerable about his large ruffled head now tipping towards the cup, like Kong peering down at the mad crowd of natives and capitalists; or was she seeing her brother, his chest inclined towards her parents below, as he waved from the high deck, the boat swaying off towards the sun? Where was Michael? Had her brother been the quiet companion after all? Now the dream began to diffuse. Leda stared at Michael trying to conjure up the dream friend, the disappearing spirit. Who was he? Was that Michael? What was Michael for Leda?

Michael, Leda mused, a mistily silent three-year-old, had held his toy boat by a string and stood for one hour, caught by the soft wing-like motion of the silk sails. Now, he took the ferry boat to work--a half an hour of eating a cream doughnut, being surrounded by water. He liked its soft whoosh. From the boat he could see his favorite bridge, the Verrazano, which cost too much, he thought (a dollar each way), but reminded him of a string of pearls against the night sky. What did the sea mean to Michael? Something like a friend ought to be, like Leda, expansive, always there.

If I pounce on him, Leda wondered perversely,

would he be able to protect his head? All at once, she slapped the flat of her hand on the table and burst out laughing.

"Hey Leda. What's so funny?" Michael blurted; his face darkened.

"I'm sorry. Just testing to see if you were there."

"You could try saying my name."

"I was thinking of how you remind me of my brother." The poor sleepy thing.

"I do?"

Leda felt a skipping in her head. Her words would be unclear and reckless.

"When you were little, did your mother boss you around?"

"Boss me? My mother?" Like a camel, he chewed his apple with an easy rotating jaw and an unblinking seductive gaze. "I don't think so. She never demanded much of me. It was the old man that did most of that."

Leda began to make breakfast: eggs over light, plantains.

"Do you think I'm bossy?" Most women with men were broken, insidious. There was nothing to do but read their husband's thoughts. Rhett clutching bitchy Scarlet under the blanket of his chest. That cold, worn-out moon, struggling to reflect luminously on the proper union.

"Well, Leda, let's say you have your own ideas about things." He laughed lightly.

"You never really did conquer me, did you?"

"I'm pretty tricky when it comes to seducing women."

"Yeah, Michael. I remember that afternoon in the bar, how nervous you were when you came up to talk to me."

The condemning tone in her voice made for an all the more acquiescing smile.

"You were drunk too, as I remember, and not at all adept at dealing with mysterious men--"

"Jesus, Michael." She smiled but her voice teetered. She stood lifelessly in the center of the kitchen. Her mind raced back to their first timid love-making, the social wrappings they had to undo to come to friendship--how different the real thing was. In ways, his tenderness had taught her something about herself. Like a spider dropped down, spinning, Leda's perspective seemed momentarily absolute. Could they have done things any other way, stopped themselves from being drawn to each other's growth, the damp beginnings, being needed that way? But what if she had grown out crooked, away from the light? There was always the feeling of panic, that change was just starting.

"What are you thinking?" She asked with a sudden light turn towards Michael. "Right this very

second?"

Michael shrugged. She thought she felt his arm, between her fingers, twitch. He didn't know, he said. She prodded him to try to recall his thoughts. He swore he could not, the only thoughts he had, he said, were general ones--how relieved he felt not to have to run off to work in the dark early morning and he contrasted the peacefulness of the apartment with the track: the grooms who cursed their mornings away, making obscene remarks to the hot-walkers, walking the length of the shed row with pitchforks full of old straw. His hand (permanently curled from grasping shovels) had lifted, the palm down, fingers creating doorways, dim light, the steady knock of the hoof, a feisty filly on the cement floor, it panned the periphery, then as if air-pressured, the arm lowered to his side.

"When you work fifty-hour weeks, you can't escape thinking about it," he said.

Leda began slicing a ripe banana, abstracted in thought, as Michael lectured about how she should stop thinking so hard about things. Was it weakness to ask so little of the world like Michael? Wouldn't people get to him anyway? And then, he would be unprepared to contend with their ugliness. Did she spin his head around, like a top on a track? She flattened out the little discs of pulp between her hands, dropping them into the hot oil.

In her dream, was it an airplane or a ship Leo and she had stepped into? She had gone below, down a short wooden staircase, looking for a Coke machine, she remembered, (Leo had an upset stomach). She had entered a strange basement, a makeshift lobby for immigrating families. (It had looked like the Motor Vehicle Bureau around the corner from her apartment.) Sad blonde women shrunk from the light. Babies whimpered. All were looking for land, something green. *Fructifera* read a hippie's tee shirt.

She was lifting the bottom edge of the rollaway bed, folding the mattress and springs into the dark cave of itself, when Michael asked her what she would be doing all day, his finger buried in the middle of a paperback edition of *The Gambler*. The question annoyed Leda, who glared over at him.

"Who knows what I'll do . . ." He struck her as peevishly dense; she felt sure he had thought she was scheming something, and had counterplotted--the way he sat so quietly eating his food. It was a kind of control, his silence.

Her mother hadn't approved of her voyage, saying it was cruel to be so rash, leaving her without a word.

"You want to get a tree?" Michael suggested. Leda glanced in the sink at eggshells and green stain. Christmas-tree green, she thought, with a sense of disgust for the quickly approaching holiday.

Michael was zipping up his jacket. He grabbed up the house keys. A smile momentarily brightened Leda's face, as they stood looking at each other. Michael smiled back.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get a paper. Want to check out the *Daily Double*."

She placed one foot against the bottom of the

door. She could have been pleased from the way her face radiated friendliness at that moment. Michael glanced at her foot, the door, the leather sole of her shoe nudged solidly against it.

"Why do you always avoid me?" Her tone was calm. Michael put one hand in his jacket pocket and began jiggling the keys. The light brown of his jacket picked up the yellow in his eyes. She pushed him away from the door and strode angrily over to the stove. Her look was violent, the eyes concentrated so deeply into him they almost crossed.

"Don't you see me? How long can we go on like this?"

Michael listened, lean and reticent.

"Maybe you'll find me hanging from the light string when you come back, or I could pour hot shoe polish down my throat a la Socrates." She moved towards him, grabbed the stiff corduroy sleeves of his jacket, before he had a chance to respond. Her fingers slid along the ribbed material. Weak hands, she thought, getting a better grip, then shaking him, until she finally tumbled him softly to the floor. Michael held her forearms tentatively so that she had some mobility to strike out. "Now he wants to protect me, when I'm crazier than he is." Michael acted as a fulcrum as she thrashed around.

With her head on his chest, she had a long view of his hips, the baggy crotch of his navy work pants, the knee joints, his shaggy untied sneakers. She could hear his quickened heartbeat and their heavy breathing that seemed to wrestle in the air.

She ran back upstairs, hunting for Leo, row thirty-seven, seat E. Her head, a globe of grins (her own image in the visa picture) pushing past clinging chums in the bar lounge. Nobody knew where Leo was. Black and White Scotch bottles (wall-eyed terriers) lined the walls to the ceiling, creating a blindingly violent amber phalanx. Her brother was laid out on a bench, his milky arms and legs lax. He said he didn't feel quite right. Then he died.

Leda touched Michael's arm, pulled him towards her. They sat cross-legged, opposite each other, her red shirt reflecting off the slippery white linoleum, his fingers draped heavily off her right shoulder. She adjusted her shoulders to even out the pressure of his one hand. It was not her fault if she could not find Leo in time, she thought, and why hadn't he told her? How could she have known his silence meant more than a simple refusal to share a moment? She should have saved him, ordered a turnabout (though ship captains seemed unyielding, heartless as bankers). If she hadn't taken him from their parents he might have survived. She thought all this, for a brief second, as she glanced at Michael's form. He had withdrawn his arm and sat hunched, mutely available. She held off talking--she wanted to understand his feelings. His sigh seemed to cushion the silence. She smiled back.

But what was it still tapping at her mood? She would write to Leo soon, tell him how she often thought of him--would he understand her five-year silence, why she cut herself off from family? No, she didn't have to explain that much. Did he remember the time she pinned the candy to the tree in the

backyard? He wouldn't, he was only three. Just to say one was well-remembered without making plans to recover affection, she couldn't do that. She imagined ending the letter, something about learning to recognize what's important, something preachy. Out of habit, Leda almost asked Michael what he was thinking, then caught herself. She pushed herself off the floor with one hand, stretched out, walked to the bathroom.

Michael, alone in the kitchen, looked vacantly around him, first at the messy table, as he unzipped his jacket, waved the front panels wearily. Then he

walked to the window by the sink, glanced up at the cloudy sky.

"Leda?" He finally called from outside the bathroom, looking down at the dirty tips of his sneakers.

"Yeah."

"I'll be back in a minute. I'm going to get the paper. You want anything?" He paused. There was a strange stopped rhythm in the space between one side of the door and the other, then the sharp slam of the front door.

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# WARNING



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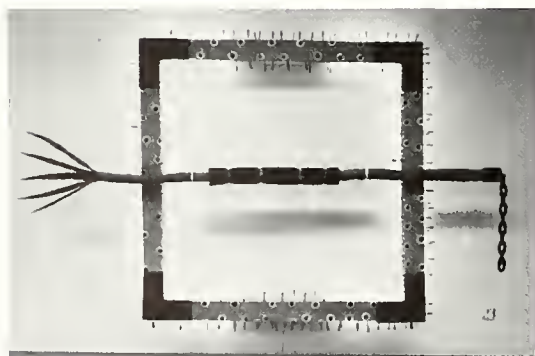
***Sculpture  
may be  
hazardous  
to your  
health***



George Brett, *Four on the Floor*, fiber and wood



*During the first week of October, a conference  
was held on the UNC-G campus dealing with safety  
and the sculptor. That same week marked the  
opening of an invitational of North Carolina sculpture.  
And the works were—striking  
And the audience was—stricken.*

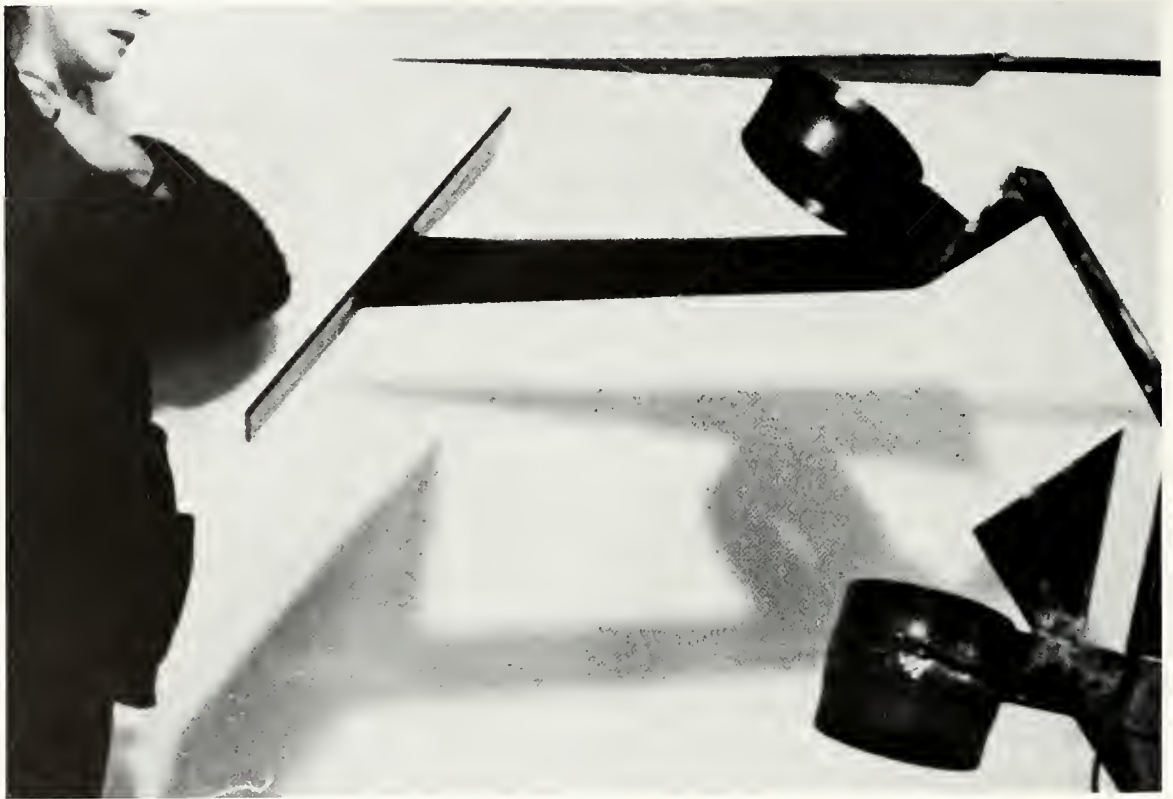


*Jerry Noe, Fetish Frame, wood, neon*

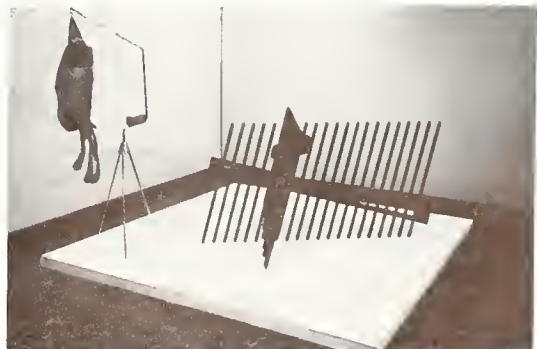
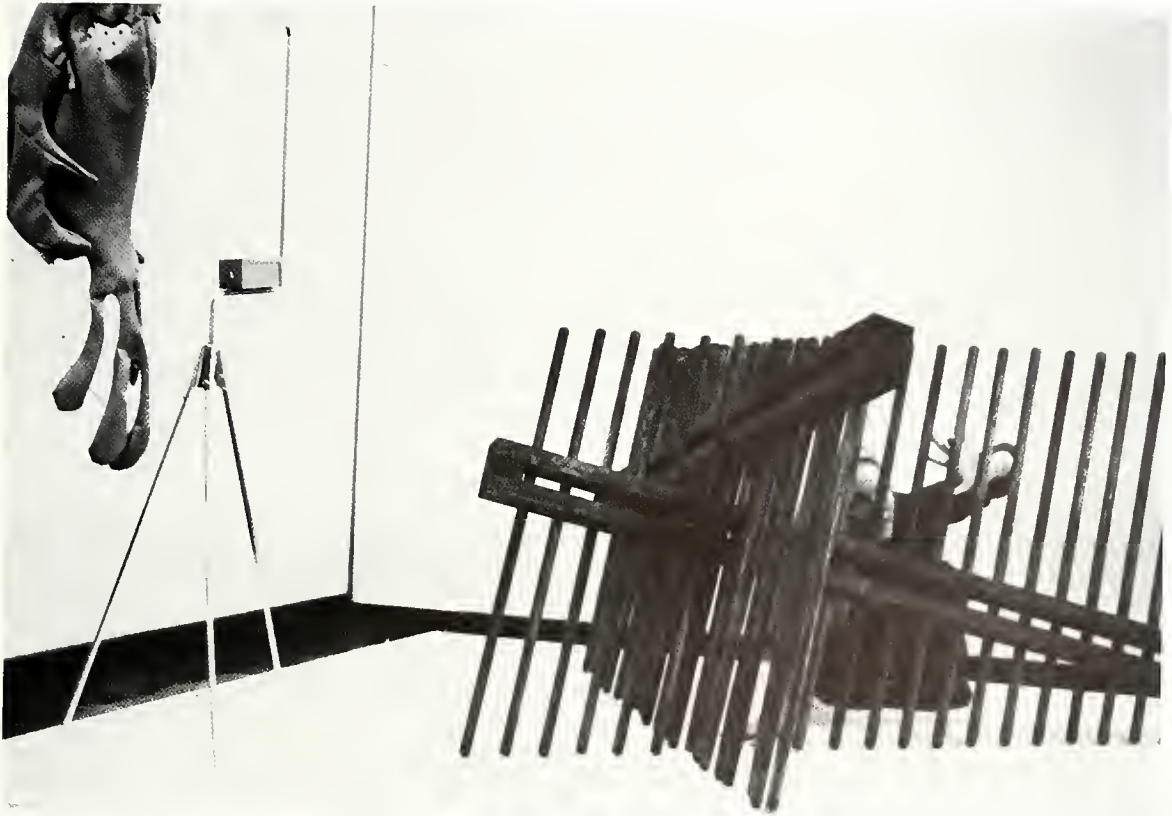




*David Carrow, In Progress, iron, steel, wood, porcelain*

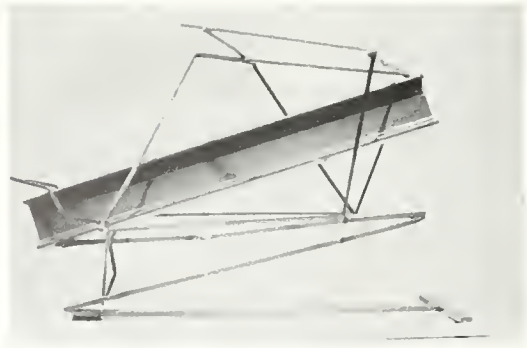


*Tim Murray, Don Quixote Warrior, steel*



*Fay Babcock Page, Intersecting List, pine*  
*Rosie G. Thompson, Racked Forms, soft plastic,*  
*electronics*





*Stuart Abrahams, Summer Wind, painted steel*

## dance

November 6. Bottom of the Bucket, But ... combining contemporary Black issues with modern dance. Dana Auditorium, Guilford College, 8-10 p.m.  
 November 13. Mary Easter Dance Concert. Ida Goode Gym, Bennett College, 8 p.m.  
 November 16, 17. UNC-G Thesis Concert. Graduate and undergraduate presentation. Coleman Dance Studio, UNC-G, 8 p.m.  
 November 30 - December 1. UNC-G Dance Company. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G, 8-15 p.m.

## movies

November 2. The Day of the Jackal. Jarrell Lecture Hall, UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 November 3. An Unmarried Woman. J.L.H., 7 p.m.  
 November 8. Howe Calls. Cone Ballroom, UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 November 9. The Grateful Dead. Cone Ballroom, UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 November 10. Fort Apache. Gunfighter. J.L.H., 7 p.m.  
 November 11. Pink Panther Strikes Again. J.L.H., UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 November 15. Horse Feathers. Coconut. J.L.H., 7 p.m.  
 November 16. Duck Soup, Monkey Business. J.L.H., 7 p.m.  
 November 17. Jaws. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 November 18. Animal Crackers. J.L.H., 7 p.m.  
 November 29. Grease. Cone Ballroom, UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 December 1, 2. A Star Is Born. J.L.H., UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 December 7. Charly. J.L.H., UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 December 8. Take the Money and Run. J.L.H., 7 p.m.  
 December 9. Magic. J.L.H., UNC-G, 7 p.m.  
 December 14, 15. Miracle on 34th Street. J.L.H., 7 p.m.

## exhibits

Through November. Scott Gilliam: Land Project. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 Through November. Walter Harper: Photography and Paintings. Greensboro Public Library.  
 Through November 2. Acrylics on Display by Artists and Crafts Association. Greensboro Center.

## theatre

October 17 - November 18. Accommodations - a family comedy. Barn Dinner Theatre. Open at 6:30, dinner from 7-8 show 8:15.  
 November 13. Malinee, November 4. UNC-G Theatre. Uncle Vanya. Taylor Theatre. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 14, 6-10. Summer and Smoke. Tennessee Williams. High Point Theatre. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 7. The Unsinkable Molly Brown. Raleigh Memorial Auditorium. (Capital City Series) 8 p.m. Admission.  
 November 9 - December 2. Production of Sheandoah - a folktale musical for the whole family. Raleigh Little Theatre. 8:15 p.m.  
 Harris. A romantic play by William Luce based on the life of America's most famous poetess, Emily Dickinson. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. November 21 - December 23. Arsenic and Old Lace - light comedy. Barn Dinner Theatre. November 21, 23-25. My Three Angels. Community Theatre Production, Carolina Theatre, Greensboro. 8:15 p.m. (2:15 p.m. on November 25)  
 November 30, December 1-8. Matinee Dec. 9. A Christmas Carol. Taylor Theatre, UNC-G, 8:15 p.m.  
 November 30, December 2, 4-8. She Stoops to Conquer. High Point Theatre. 8:15 p.m.  
 December 3. Ebbie. Capital City Series. Raleigh Memorial Auditorium. 8 p.m. Admission.  
 December 18-22. A Christmas Carol. High Point Theatre. 8:15 p.m.  
 Markham - situation comedy. High Point Theatre, Greensboro. Open at 6:30, dinner 7-8, show 8:15 p.m.  
 November 27. Move Over Mrs. High Point Theatre. Barn Dinner Theatre, Greensboro. Open at 6:30, dinner 7-8, show 8:15 p.m.

## misc.

November 3. Museum Day '79. Featuring traditional crafts and music. Greensboro Historical Museum, 10-5 p.m.  
 November 6. Lecture on Era - as part of the Bennett College Lyceum Series. Science Hall, Bennett College, 8 p.m.  
 November 20. Layout and Design Workshop. Assembled Room at Bennett College, 8 p.m.  
 November 20. Dr. Jean Michel Cousteau lectures at Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G, 8-15 p.m.



# exhibits

Through November 4. Cut On Wood and Winslow Homer's Book Illustrations and Wood Engravings. Ackland Art Museum, Chapel Hill.  
 Through Novemv. SECCA, Winston-Salem: Mixed Media Drawings. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 Through November 18. Realist Annual: Landscape Landscapes from approximately 12 artists. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 Through November 18. The Art of Bob Tiberlake. Fine Arts Gallery, Wake Forest University.

# music

November 2. Tashi. Since their New York debut in 1973, they have become one of today's most popular Chamber ensembles. School of Music Chamber Series. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 5. Chorale Opera Dinner, a benefit concert at the Barn Dinner Theatre. 6:30 p.m. UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 6. School of Music: Jazz Ensemble. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. 3 p.m.

Through November 25. Annual Craft Show. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 Through November 25. Wayne Hall: Southeast Seven II Winner. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 Through November 25. Jane Couch - Winston-Salem artist in residence. Pattern Paintings. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 Through December 30. Charles Springman: Photographer. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 November 4-11. Watercolor Society of North Carolina. Collectors Gallery, North Carolina Museum of Art. Reception, November 4, 3-5 p.m.  
 November 4-25. Fantasy Imagery. Greenhill Gallery, Greensboro.  
 November 7 - December 16. Bryan Klutz: Photographer. SECCA, Winston-Salem.  
 November 8 - February 3. Recent Acquisitions. Student Gallery, North Carolina Museum of Art.

December 9 - January 20. Vanguard American Sculpture 1913-1939. Includes works by Archipenko, Calder, Lachaise, Nadelman, Noguchi, David Smith and others. Ackland Art Museum, Chapel Hill.  
 December 17 - mid-January. Weatherspoon Gallery closed for holiday vacation.  
 December 18 - January 6. Stable Artists: Collectors Gallery, NC Museum of Art.  
 December 23 - January 20. Jacob Jordaens: Prints and Drawings. Third floor, NC Museum of Art.

November 17. Greensboro Concert Band featuring saxophonist Miller Sigmon. Carolina Dippiazza. School of Music Recital Hall, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 17. Ronald Clutcher and Joseph Dippiazza. School of Music Recital Hall, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 18. Alicia Delarocha. Keyboard concert at Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 19. University Wind Ensemble. Raymond J. Gariglio, Conductor. School of Music at Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 20. Iida Morgan in faculty recital. Music/Aycock Series. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 23. Prague Chamber Orchestra. School of Music Recital Hall, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 27. David Lewis. Faculty recital. High Point Theatre. 8 p.m.  
 November 28. Monday Evening Jazz Ensemble. School of Music Building, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 November 4. School of Music: University Symphony Orchestra. Concert. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. 8:15 p.m.  
 December 9. Christmas Concert Choral. Aycock Auditorium, UNC-G. 3 p.m.

November 8 - December 2. Buildings Reborn: New Uses. Old Places. Fourth floor, NC Museum of Art.  
 November 11 - December 16. Art on Paper 1979, including: Watercolors, collages, pastels and other one-of-a-kind works by American artists from the late-19th century to the present. Reception: Sunday, November 11, from 3-5 p.m. November 11 - December 14. Christmas Show Exhibition. Ackland Art Museum, Chapel Hill.  
 November 12 - December 14. Christmas Show and Sale by the Faculty of the Arts and Crafts Association. M-F, 9-5 p.m. Greensboro ArtCenter.  
 November 16, 17. Westchester Mall Arts Exhibit. High Point.  
 November 18 - December 16. Rebecca Fagg. Collectors Gallery, NC Museum of Art.  
 November 18. Textile Design Studies. Student Center Gallery, N.C. State University.  
 November 28 - December 18. Paintings by Don Cale. Fine Arts Gallery, Wake Forest University.  
 November 28 - December 18. Mixed Media Drawings by R. E. Gasowski.  
 Through December. Art and Crafts from Mary Lee Earl's GTI Class. Greensboro Public Library.  
 December 1-20. Architectural Drawings by Matthew Nowicki. Outer Gallery of Weatherspoon Gallery, UNC-G.  
 December 6. Craft Center Instructors Exhibition. Student Center Gallery, NC State University.





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| <i>On A Clear Day</i> | <i>The Music Man</i>    |

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