

Letters To Editor

February 21, 1972

Dear Jim,
The Black Students on our campus represent one and one-third of the student body. I personally want to congratulate them publicly for having it all together last week for Black History Week.

I know in the beginning stages of planning that they had no financial assets, but through determination and hard work were able to acquire financial support from organizations on campus. These organizations need to be thanked also.

I feel that Black History Week had a tremendous impact upon this campus and has left behind some very strong positive vibrations.

Lou Stovall and Archie Stewart wished to express their deep appreciation for the reception and response which they received on campus.

Congratulations, and thanks

for such a fine week.
Peace,
Norbert W. Irvine

February, 1972

Dear Mr. Davis:
I have just finished reading "Letters to the Editor" in the February 18 issue of "The Collegiate" and have seen the way the public seemed to put your sports article of February 4 down. I would like to encourage you to write more of the "trash" as some of the authors of those letters so abruptly put it.

After your article the Bulldog team proceeded to take victoriously three of four games. I don't know if the output was a "come on, guys. Let's show'em" type thing or what, but it does seem strange that suddenly after that article of yours the fellows decided they would come across and play some good basketball for a while at least! In the UNC-Wilmington game the following Saturday night,

maybe Cliff Black just had a hot hand or maybe he was trying to prove something — like "I am a great player, so don't just say I 'look great against those clowns'." So whether he was inspired by the article, effervescing with skill, or just plain lucky, at any rate, he displayed a very fine performance. And let's not leave out those "clowns" either. For three of four games following your article the Bulldog club was on the ball.

So, Mr. Davis, allow me to congratulate you because I believe that maybe, just maybe, your article created enough animosity among the team-players and even in the coach to pull off the clown suits, and put on the T-shirts, and go out on the floor and use their talents. Good work, Mr. Davis. Let's come up with some more inspirational ideas.

Sincerely,
Brenda Kaye Ford



by Rick Mitz

It's not the shaggy hair nor the bell bottoms nor the love beads nor the tie-dyed shirts that give the student his image. It's his mouth.

The student mouth is a complex creature. It can shout at demonstrations, whimper through "Love Story," gasp in horror at the atrocities of war. But none of these gives us away as students. It's the Meaningful Dialogue — the zig-zag big talk and the spaced-out small talk — that makes the student mouth — from tooth to kp — the unique organ it is.

Being a mouthy student, I decided to investigate this subject. I decided to get right to the throat of the problem. I asked a student what he perceived student language to be.

"The stud lingo? Man, that went out with the fifties. Rapping isn't where it's at, man. It's a big head trip. And you've got to have a good head in order to have a good mouth. Dig? Got the scene? It's a regular high."

Suffering from a regular low, I decided that perhaps the best way to investigate student language was to observe it. I wangled myself an invitation to the Student Life Seminar Workshop party and picked up a few mouthy tid-bits there.

I walked through a beaded doorway and introduced myself to a tall, skinny, pock-marked girl. "And who are you?" I asked.

"Who am I, you ask?" she asked. "I could tell you I'm Delores Shlumple. That's true. True, I am Delores Shlumple. Yes. Yes. You've probably already guessed: of the famous Newark Shlumple family. Some people call me Dee. But who am I really? I am the sun. I am the moon. I am a strange concoction of whatever you want me to be and what I am not and what I would like to be. I am my famous father's daughter and he is my son. I am a complex of complexes. According to my analyst, I am a profound combination of Jocasta and Oedipus, searching, searching, searching for the right womb. "Say," she said, pausing. "Who did you say you are?"

I moved on toward a kid sitting in the yoga position contemplating his navel, which he referred to as Felix.

"Where is it at, little belly button? It is at where. Where what? Where whatever, that's what. Give me meaning. Say something, because I am really into you, ho havel 'o mine. Speak to me Felix." His stomach growled and he grinned. "Right on, Felix."

A group of mini skirts were standing around talking about their home ec class. Suddenly, a large boisterous girl — with

sensitive eyes — pushed her way into the crowd. "Hey, sisters. Let's have a little group dynamics here. A little meaningful dialogue. My name is Betty and my primary interest is people. And, of course, the on-going life process. We've got to get organized, sisters. Let's have a little intense on-going rap session here. You're all good heads. Now get it together."

"Um," said a small blonde coed. "I made a relevant blouse the other day. With a peace sign on the left shoulder..."

"Hello," I said to a sad-looking girl sitting on a pillow. "Talk to me."

"You married?"

"No."

"You want to get?"

"Not really..."

"I knew it! Rejection once again, Cecelia," she cried aloud to herself. \$15,000 it cost Mom and Daddy to send me to school — that's room and board and tuition, book, clothes and pills. That doesn't even include the nose job, the hair transplant, the dermatologist's bills and getting my ears pierced, which is already sending Daddy to the poor house." She straightened out her St. Laurent chemise. "All that to send little Ciel to college so she could find a husband. Well — look at me. Look at me, will you? What good id it do? Do I look engaged to you? Look at my left hand. Do you see an engagement ring? Even a ring mark? As naked as Adam — if I could only find Him. What's wrong with me? Why can't I get a man?"

"You mean 'old man'," I interrupted.

"I don't like old men."

"No no no. You've got to learn to talk with it."

"With what? I should learn to talk? \$1,500 they spent on braces and he's telling me I don't know how to talk."

"The student jargon. You've got to learn to be hip — or is it hep? Well, whatever. Why don't you go over to that guy sitting there with his legs crossed and ask him how Felix is. Ask him if he's got an old lady. Maybe you two can, ah, groove together."

"Well, what the hell," she said, getting up. "It doesn't cost anything. Thanks," she said, and then added, "Daddy-o..."

The kid and Cecelia were married two weeks later in one of those terribly Now new weddings in Central Park. Cecelia wore gold lame Correges boots. Felix froze his navel off. Ciel's father is buying him a new one.

"What are you doing here?" a bespectacled, be-bearded fellow said, grabbing my arm. "Why are you wasting your time when

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Seriography Is Good For You

By LOU STOVALL
Print and Poster Maker

In an assessment of my working years I would say that the past ten years have been most meaningful. Not so much in a chronological ordering, but in bursts and spurts of spontaneous energy — much the same as I see my work in terms of its failings and successes.

I started as a poster maker, that was my sub-dream. It was almost ten years ago at Howard University that the dialogue with my friend Lloyd McNeill began concerning posters. We had differing views about the necessity and purpose of posters and it took four years before we did our first together. Lloyd designed and I lettered and printed. Two of our later posters "Bike", 1968 and "Feed Kids", 1969 are in your collection. Both were reprinted four times by popular demand and it was on the strength of their success that I became restless for my super ambition, my first purpose ... simply making pictures.

I had been rewarded a grant to establish a graphics workshop and was in business before the silkscreen table was built. The title of this story is from that time, summer 1968, written in a personal note to me by my friend Philip Stern "Seriography is good for you." Posters were needed and on a community level where

those who were informed by them could see how they were made. That first year we printed over 51,000 single sheets of paper.

I was once asked to make a distinction between posters and prints. I began, "posters carry a written meaningful message inclined toward instruction while prints are not obliged to say anything at all ..." It was very wordy and of course silly so I concluded, "posters have words — prints do not". I, of course, had not heard of Robert Raushenberg or Robert Indiana at the time.

What I really meant was posters had begun to be restricting and my whole creative effort seemed to be limited to designing new letter styles that were both decorative and legible at the same time and always with increasingly weighty copy ... I spent more and more time translating for those who wished to attend whatever it was that was being advertised. I started to make prints again and as I had at Howard, made a sharp distinction between my personal work (the prints) and my commercial work (the posters). That dual stand caused frustration for a good time.

I made mono-prints mostly during the evening hours and posters all day. The prints were not for sale. I gave them to friends who loved them as I did ("Nina" and "Rosie").

About this time I began also to do prints for professional artists. Paul Reed was first and it was then that the years of poster making paid off. Every technique that I had ever used while making posters was a lesson for good print-making, especially when considering the range of styles of the artists that I began to print for. I was feeling better about posters and decided to break the routine by doing some posters and some prints, my own included.

"Rosie" was my first balloon print and it carried a kind of hope. The second balloon was

"512" for Di and I named the third "Hope" with the fourth following naturally ... "Let it be, Love." After that I stopped counting and made prints whenever my schedule allowed. Who had become "Workshop" and the prints and posters were flying hot and heavy. It was difficult to continue with posters because the print demands and our rising cost made us too expensive for community groups who still needed our services. That marked the time for more designers and printers, consequently the workshop staff (Di, Richard, David) jointly met the community needs.

The trees began in the summer of 1970, first drawings, some of them with poems that tell parts of this story. The Love Tree was my big turning point. I was personally doing more prints than posters, so it was prints all day and posters at night. I named the prints in sequence with little poems ... "I Love You", "Becoming", "All". "All" did not seem to have to be printed by then (I was so free) so I started a new series ... "A Single Moment for Everyone", "In Every Tree and Wing" (my best), "Ours Together".

Now instead of advertising posters, I don only decorative posters and I write my own messages on them hoping to add a few kind words to the world, "Peace."

Duckworth

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Christian, is also president of Media Press, an Illinois-based publishing company specializing in contemporary music; and founder and director of the Association of Independent Composers and Performers, a group of international musicians who encourage performances of contemporary music. His latest article, "Musical Pedagogy and the Fear of Creeping Individualism," was included in the January edition of The American Music Teacher.

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