

# Features

## New ceramics exhibit in library

Katie Elkins

GUEST WRITER

Tonight the Guilford College Art Gallery will make history. Never before has the gallery presented an exhibition focusing solely on pottery, but Charles Tefft, instructor of ceramics here at Guilford, is breaking new ground by curating such a show.

In conjunction with a ceramics art history class he is teaching this semester, which focuses on ceramic traditions in other cultures, Tefft has put together an exhibition entitled "Historical Perspectives on Contemporary Ceramics." The opening of the show will take place tonight, March 16, from 5 to 7 p.m. in the Guilford College Art Gallery in Hege Library. If you think that



The work of Winnie Owens-Hart

ceramics just isn't your thing, these artists might change your mind.

The show will include the recent works of six major American ceramicists: Malcolm Davis, Pete Pinnell, Ellen Shankin, Winnie Owens-Hart, Randy Johnston, and Michael Simon. These nationally renowned artists claim influences

from Japan, China, Korea, and West Africa. Each uses the influences in concert with their own cultural identities and aesthetics, producing works of art that offer a glimpse of the past through the eyes of the present.

Art has, over the span of

man kind, always been an indicator of the state of a culture. As cultures are constantly influencing one another through trade and political interaction, the line marking what is specific to the here and now becomes blurred. It is the job of the artist to draw

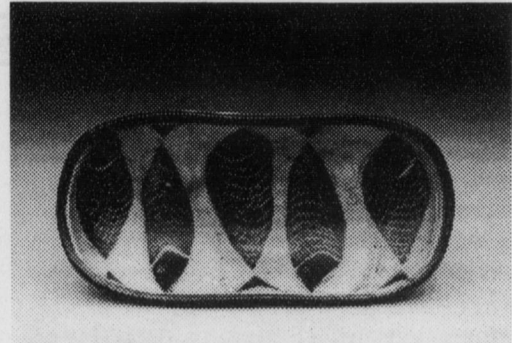
from what has been learned by artists in the past, add to it, and make it into something meaningful in the present.

Living in the present in America means that we have more influences than almost anywhere else in the world, which is certainly a gift but one that also

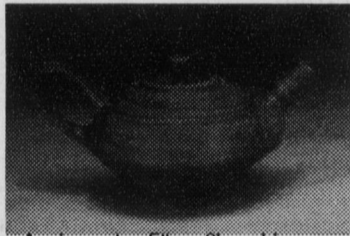
creates a challenge: to create our own unique culture, which will inevitably be a product of our collective historical backgrounds.

This dynamic between the historical influences of myriad cultures and contemporary art is the subject of the newest exhibit in our own Hege Library.

For those of you who have never attended an art opening at Guilford, I assure you that it is always worthwhile, and that this show in particular will be well worth the two-minute walk across campus. And how can you go wrong with free hors d'oeuvres?



Michael Simon's work



A piece by Ellen Shankin

## The View from the Crackden

Katie Elliott

FEATURES COLUMNIST

So here we are, back safe and sound at home sweet Guilco . . . All around me are lil' sunburned faces, people with hangovers so severe that they'll last 'til April. And you know what? I am not one of those people, and I have approximately zero sympathy for those of you who are.

You see, I did not go to the beach for spring break. I did not spend the week "laying out" or "catching rays." I did not engage in any overblown bacchanalias, nor did I spend the majority of my week plastered out of my brains.

No, I was one of the oh-so-lucky ones who spent the majority of the week in front of a computer, doing homework.

Don't get me wrong; it's not as if I desperately yearned to do papers all week. Not in the slightest. I would infinitely prefer to be engaging in more mind-altering activities, but I didn't really have that choice. As always, I had work to do.

You see, I have some sort of internal paradox. I am, at heart, a slacker. I really don't give a d\*mn about doing work. I don't want to do it, and I don't really care about it in the least.



Katie Elliot taking a breather after spring break.

But I have this weird, overactive conscience that screams like a menopausal woman suffering from chocolate withdrawal when I don't do my work. And even if that weren't the case, I have a scholarship that I really have to keep if I plan to stay at Guilford. (And god knows, you wouldn't want me to leave Guilford. . . Whose rants and raves would you read then?)

So I'm an overachiever slacker, which means I go home on spring break and desperately struggle to finish my two articles, paper, project, and study for an exam and complain about it all the while. And you are the lucky one who gets to read the my whining.

My, my . . . Life doesn't get better than this, now does it?

I'm not telling you this because I expect any sympathy. Far from it. I'm telling you all this simply because I do not want anyone to mistakenly think that I will offer them sympathy when they come to me, crying about the homework they didn't do, their oh-so-painful sunburn, their woe-is-them alcohol poisoning.

Sorry, dude. I really couldn't care less.

So don't come crying to me. If you ask me for headache medicine to ease the agony of your hangover, I will probably laugh in your face and hand you some of my

homework to edit. If you whine about your sunburn, odds are I'll make some snide remark about what a cute lobster you'd make as I search for some nice aloe vera to shove down your throat.

Perhaps you're now thinking, 'Wow, that girl's really mean.' Nope, I'm not terribly nice, and moreover, I'm bitter. But I'm not as bad as you might think. They are times when I am the most sympathetic person you'll ever meet. (Ask my roommate — I played mommy for a week when she was sick. I even walked her to the bathroom when she couldn't get out of bed.) This just doesn't happen to be one of those times.

Try me later though. Really. Come tell me your problems. Pour out your heart. Bare your soul. As long as it's not about your fantastic spring break, I'll probably listen, maybe even offer some advice from the depths of my vast wisdom.

And you never know — if your life's woes are up to a nice Jerry Springer, soap opera-esque par, they might even appear here in this weekly column-thing. I can always use "scintillating new material," to use professor Jeff Jeske's words. So really, if you want a sympathetic ear and public ridicule, do tell me. And meanwhile, here's some aloe vera. I hear it tastes good.