

# Taking a leisurely walk into springtime

Hill Hall is a Gothic novel just waiting to be written. The shelves of the music library are in a dim and dank labyrinthine cavern, and the main section of the building is officially classified as a fire hazard. Demons dwell in the practice rooms of the dungeon, a place of great heat and unorganized sound. After an aborted attempt to experience music instrumentally, I emerge into the outside world, where spring is.

My Walkman is turning a tape by the Smiths, but the sunlight makes their brilliantly morbid whinings laughable. Instead, I pop

## Elizabeth Ellen Random Thoughts

in Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and hear an 18th-century spring. As great as it is to hear, though, with spring as with classical music, it is better to be inside the experience.

Blooming trees and the faint aroma of old charcoal distract me for a few moments. Walking away from Franklin Street, I nevertheless find my mind bar-hopping. He's Not Here, he never is here, and

what will we do if he happens to show up?

You've got to hate those bricks that stand about half a millimeter above all the others on the pathways. They are just high enough to trip me up, and one of them does. Fortunately, everyone else is too busy daydreaming to notice my lack of grace.

Speaking of grace, why is there so little dance on this campus? Surely not everyone trips over renegade bricks. The town is so into the arts and so into trained bodies, at least when they leap and turn on basketball courts, that the

neglect seems strange. Dance is the most primitive and natural of the arts, a direct means of expression using the body as a medium. Sex should be like that.

I understand that this is both National Orgasm Week and Greek Week. There really is no connection between the two, but on principle, I'll probably be rebellious and not observe either event.

Spring sun brings out the adventurer in many people, and I feel I'm on a quest for the perfect sunny spot. In my search, I try to be thorough but not Thoreau, who gained insight watching the

ants march through the woods. Yet I can partly understand his reasoning; I escape to my own Waldens.

But just now, I'm in the Pit with some late afternoon skateboarders and a radical squirrel. My yogurt is getting warm, and Vivaldi is coming to the end of the Winter Concerto. After winter comes spring, according to conventional wisdom, but true wisdom is rarely conventional, great minds don't think alike, and my batteries are turning the tape more and more slowly.

## Mailbag

### JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

Next to making requests for obscene songs to the female DJ at the local college radio station, I enjoy reading the secretly purloined columns of Joe Bob At the Drive-In on my couch, eating pizza bagels.

Typical middle-class-rich-punk-head you say, well say it again it hurts so good.

The Starlite D/I, our local sleaze-ateria, lies in a state of utter despair, beyond repair and desper-

ately in need of a bulldozer. Well Joe Bob, nothing lasts, not even people, that's written on Ford Pinto warranties, and I'm due for another prolixin shot at the local Mental Hell clinic.

Guy B. Morey, Chico, Calif.

Dear Guy,

Write back when you're juiced up cause I wanna tell you exactly when vaudeville is coming back.

Dear Joe Bob:

Isn't sleaze in a helluva state today? Take, for instance, "Flowers in the Attic." There was supposed

to be incest and full frontal you-know-what, and what was there? Brother scrubbing sister's back in the tub, and that's it. I've seen more at the beach.

Best regards, Irv Ray Hal, Denver

Dear Irv Ray:

Those gosh-darn Hollywood people never HAVE been able to get kinky enough for people that live in Colorado.

I agree. Start dangling full frontal you-know-whats like everybody in Aspen has been doin' for YEARS.

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## Artist

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A lot of the buildings in Winston-Salem, as in other cities, are so poorly constructed that it seems things rather than people belong in them, she said.

"It saddens me that buildings are just put up," she said. "Builders don't take into consideration what's around the building."

That is why beauty and ugliness cannot be separated in a city, she said. "(In the city) you might have a beautiful building, and then right beside that you might have a

crummy building."

Despite the contrast, Sutherland said that as a painter she notices that light shines on both the ugly and the beautiful, intensifying the contrast.

However, she has no particular definition of what she considers beautiful or ugly.

"I guess it's like the old cliché, 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder.' That's why I paint, to find out what is beautiful and ugly."

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