LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Monday evening last, nine of us rather spontaneously walked into the monthly faculty meeting and read a list of student grievences - including food. I was, however, quite unimpressed by various paranoiac attitudes held by a number of our superiors. In the first place, we did not enter Room 113 with blood in our eyes, but to list our grievences. I think the most valid point stressed while we were there was that the students do not know why various points of poor food and student non-safety must be endured. If we are only to eat our daily bowl of rice and must climb through the stratosphere to reach the main building from the new dorms, we must know why, and furthermore, we must also know that there is no way we can avoid being Tibetan monks. However, when a situation can be readily corrected and nothing is being done about it, then the natives will be restless, my dears.

I do not agree with Sunday night's demonstration. I felt that the means did not justify the ends. I also did not wish to become part of a spontaneous demonstration that only caused the cafeteria ladies more work. And finally, I don't like mobs. However, we can remedy the situation now by intelligently investigating these problems and registering our displeasure in an intelligent manner. Yes, friends, bureaucracy is not fun.

One important item, Messr. Ward and Hyatt stated repeatedly that they were not aware of these situations and of the current student unrest. If such be the case, then it is obviously up to us to speak up. Don't sit there and gripe - go knock on somebody's door.

I think that the communication around here is nigh unto hopeless and if necessary, I think a weekly memo should be posted as to why we are crossing the Red Sea and we should know if the bureaucracy has managed to install telephones at Fort ABC.

Finally, something must be said about the current outside invasion. It must be stressed that we are in a most unpleasant area and that we must take every precaution to protect ourselves. These things need to be pointed out to the younger students and that no one should take the slightest chance. If it involves starving in the dormitory vs. walking to the Wagon Wheel, then starve.

Nancy Lindquist

REVIEW - DANCE

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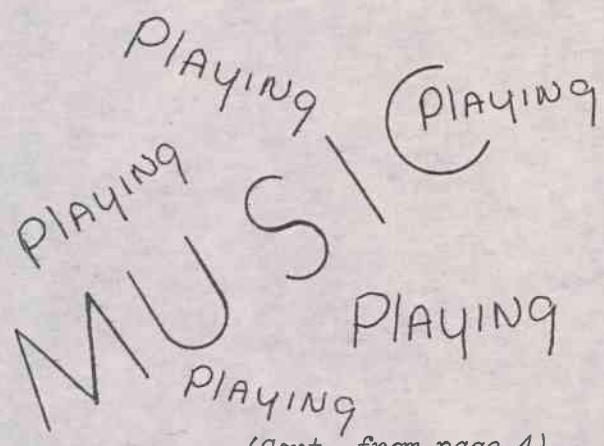
almost impossible but the over-riding gaiety is one feeling no less important or intrinsic than Mr. Sanders' somber view. The marvelous revelation of *Flic Flac*, especially after seeing *Fugitive Visions*, is the breadth of experience that we can endure and savor. We sometimes evidence an all too powerful sensation that the kind of joy Mr. Noble expounds is something subsidiary, something less than the pathos we see in Mr. Sanders' work. I would suggest that we merely take this joy for granted. Joy, I find (and this seems a great part of *Flic Flac*), is rather like breath or the feeling of our own skin; we don't remember yesterday's breathes or joys, we discover their worth only when they are hard to come by or when we see them disappear. We remember and can recreate our sorrows; it is not so with joy. Is it possible, then, that the sorrows are the unnatural things, the intruders into our lives?

A word about performances and some impressions of beauty. Watch Jan Horn, her movement. The beauty of her work is that her movements do not stop at the end of her extension; they spread and envelop us with an expansiveness that begins with human skill and ends with a joy of, and therefore, a justification, simply, of our being alive. That's what dance is for. The beauty of Gina Vidal is one of such grace and elegance that her performance in *The Dreamer* fills us with a tension and unbelief that so much can be demanded of grace and that grace should be so generous as to respond. Rebecca McLain dances with a majesty and presence that dwarfs our more petty feelings of the self; one feels himself saying, "I have not tried hard enough" when he watches her perform. Eric McCullough has discovered the energy and gusto of his art and, as far as I can tell, has become a dancer now. Svea Eklof can do it all. The corps, in each of the ballets, danced with an assurance and the pleasure in their work that elevated them from background performers to a unity of expression with the soloists.

There are, I must add, notes I would give, my views of what could be improved if the works were to be put aside for more rehearsal. But those matters are not of concern in this writing.

My concern is for an understanding of what the performing arts must attempt and what we as students of the arts must demand of ourselves. And when we find evenings, those elusive moments, of understanding and of beauty we must say so or miss the point.

Peter Lane Stambler



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sense of understanding come through. Here, Janis and the band are together for one of the few times on the record. Her voice is strong, her passion controlled; the horns are clean and biting in ensemble, despite the fact that they draw from an old Electric Flag/Nick Granavites' riff. Yet, on no cut does Joplin achieve the wrenching quality of her tour de force, *Ball and Chain*.

This is a disappointing LP. It disappoints because one would expect Janis to be more careful, to be more aware of her direction. It disappoints because one hoped that her star image would not interfere with the music, and it has, in monstrous proportions. It disappoints because one thought that the band behind her would increase, not confuse, the singer's sense of dynamics. It disappoints because this is Janis Joplin, dammit, not some second-rate singer.

What is needed now is for Janis to seriously inspect her position and intention, to question the motives behind this LP and the circumstances which permitted it to happen. As a fan, it is painful to say these things, but the obvious cannot be dismissed. If Janis Joplin cannot produce a record of any more artistic integrity than *Cosmic Blues*, it may be time for her to call it a day.

N.C.S.A. STUDENT WINS CONTEST

Nicholas Smith is the state high school winner of the Music Teachers National Association Contest. He will go to Birmingham, Alabama on March 7 to compete in the Southern division. The winner at Alabama will go on to Miami for the National Convention in April.

Mr. Smith won this honor at Elon College during the annual state MTNA convention. As the winner, he was asked to play his pieces in the final program held October 26. They were: Bach, *Prelude and Fugue in C# Major, Book I of The Well-Tempered Clavier; Ondine from Gaspard de la Nuit* by Ravel; and the Chopin *Bacorolle*.