

Dear Uncle Nasty

"Better vulgar than dull..."
-R. Sudenburg, 1974
"Why not just vulgar?"
-Uncle Nasty, 1975

EDITOR'S NOTE: Returning to the newspaper room one night, I heard a rustling sound in the corner. I turned quickly, and there, brandishing a rolled up copy of "Screw" magazine, stood a strange figure with a compelling air of depravity hanging like a halo about his psoriasis-ridden head.

Clad only in sunglasses, a flannel robe and one sock, he said he had come to bring the searing light of obscenity to our humble newspaper. Promising to return every issue to give advice to the lost, he disappeared in a flash of body lice.

It was then I knew we had been visited by the prophet of the perverse himself.

So it is with little pride and less respect that we present the wisdom of that wandering child molester and part time gynecologist, Uncle Nasty.

Dear Uncle Nasty,
I eat peanuts every night and then I have this compelling urge to have sex with my roommates avacado plant. What should I do?

Organic

Dear Organic,
Check that avacado plant out closely; it could very well be a dean of music. (In that case you may want to cut down on your peanuts.)

Dear Uncle Nasty,
While dining out last night at the snack bar, I met the most wonderful person. It was love at first sight. Imagine my surprise when I found out that he was the dean of music: What should I do?

Dear Yak,
Check again; that could be an avacado plant.

Dear Uncle Nasty,
Why can't I get laid? I've been here for almost a term now and haven't seen so much as an erotic bicycle seat. What should I do?

Desperately Cellbate

Dear D.C.,
Don't worry. Since we can no longer have beer bashes, Student Activities has decided to hire a work study prostitute. Resumes and auditions for the position should be submitted to Uncle Nasty, any night past midnight in the lower quad.

Dear Uncle Nasty,
I'm in a mess. I've managed to pick up Syphilis, the Crabs, the Clap and "Mono" all at the same time. What should I do?

Acutely Concerned

Dear A.C.,
Join the D & P Department and don't worry about it.

Dear Uncle Nasty,
I am twenty years old and still can't get it up. What do you think I should do?

Helen

Dear Helen,
What kind of a fool do you take me for? Anybody twenty

years old can get it up.
However, if your problem is for real, your only chance is to give up sex and become something sterile, like a monk.

Dear Uncle Nasty,
I've got pain and a yellow discharge. Could it be that I have a social disease? What should I do?

Worried

Dear Worried,
Get me the name of that avacado plant. I think I may be worried too.

Dear Uncle Nasty,
While my girlfriend was stretching on the floor, I accidentally tripped over her toeshoes and dropped a hammer on her foot. Now she can't dance for a month. What should I do?

Sick with grief

Dear Sickie,
Be thankful you didn't drop it on her lap. Then she'd really be a useless dancer.

Lonely?. Distressed Despondent? Horny?

Leave your letters in the Uncle Nasty Box. (On the bulletin board outside the cafeteria.) For a personal answer, leave your box number. Ann Landers I ain't, but I'm all you got...

And don't forget to check out next issue's column, when everybody's going to get the nasty treatment who didn't get it this time. Until then, yours in depravity.
Uncle Nasty

Is "Stan's" A Joke?

By STEVE LEE

Heard the one about the gay bar in Winston-Salem? It's a joke called "Stan's", located across from Hanes Mall on Stratford Road. My sense of adventure told me that we should look into it. Upon our arrival, the first eyesore was the unerased pencil sketchings used to paint the monogrammed S's on each side of the door. In spite of this "touch of class", my comrades and I went in.

Entering the bar, our ears were assaulted by the sound of Loretta Lynn on the juke box. We were relieved to find three danceable selections, but after hearing them nine or ten times, we had had enough. Besides, every time we would get up to dance, all the conversations at the bar would stop while the people watched us. When we finished, they applauded.

The bartender had a midriff bulge that wouldn't stop. He had his shirt tied up under his breasts—or should I say, the sad imitations thereof. This complemented his low-slung, mid-calf length, highwater pants.

As we cased the joint, we realized that every guy in the bar had a female companion.

When we asked if this was really a gay bar, the bartender took us into his confidence saying, "Those guys are gay, they're just coupled with real girls for cover-ups." Are you braced, readers?

The decor is passable, and the lighting gives some nice effects. The best feature is an open-air patio in the back of the bar.

Since our first visit, the juke box has been replaced, offering a much better selection of music. Also, the patrons no longer bother to applaud our dancing, and occasionally they join us. The cover-ups are fewer in number now, so the people must be relaxing.

The worst of all was the drag queen show on Halloween. Only one person even vaguely resembled a woman, and that was the performer. However, her "talent" was to lip-sync along with records. Her rendition of "Johnny One-Time" was heard six times, and the "Cabaret" number had a skip in the recording. It was a feeble attempt at entertainment, but at least it can't possibly get worse.

"Stan's" has potential— with the right people. They do have good beer, and it is a place for us to go. We could get together and really make it rock.

Zimmerman Tries to be Honest

From Page 1

After the war, he went to Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D.C. to have several operations performed on his arm. Because he had already done research into the physiological aspects of piano playing, he had special knowledge of the muscularity involved. This knowledge enabled him to aid the doctors.

As a result of the operations, he was now able to give demonstrations and play certain pieces on the piano. But because of permanent nerve damage, he suffered the loss of the sense of touch in the fingers of his right hand. This put an end to his performance career. "At first I felt I would never be able to contribute anything musically in a worthwhile way," he commented.

It was then when he decided to go into teaching. He went to the University of Syracuse, in New York to get his Masters degree. "I thought that teaching privately and on my own would be risky, but that I should not be stopped from teaching at a school."

He got along well at Syracuse as two things helped him to rebuild his confidence. The first was his work-study project, which was playing piano for an opera workshop eight hours a day. This built up his confidence to manipulate the piano again. The second one was the continued support from his piano teachers in favor of his decision to go into teaching.

After the Syracuse experiences, he taught mostly at Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia. Being a native of Asheville, North Carolina, he knew about NCSA from its early origins and hoped to teach there. He felt a sense of pride and respect for the school. He waited until January, 1971 for a job opening to become available.

He has been very pleased with his affiliation with NCSA. "If I were a rich man, I would rather teach at this school for nothing than at any other school for pay." He goes on to say that, "There is an experience to be gotten from teaching at a school like this, very akin to Julliard, Manhattan, New England and all the others. This is the kind of atmosphere I have always wanted to get into."

He commented briefly on his goals for the school. "This school has great potential, and I hope that we will be better known all over the country. Above any thing else, we must seek better quality students because this school can never afford to become an average school."

We talked about his teaching philosophies and what he can do as a secondary piano teacher to help students. "A teacher should get every student to make music in a more beautiful way. I try to teach them to play the instrument so it will become easier for them, so they can create music easier and like music better. One of the biggest difficulties of the students I teach is that they do not play the piano easily, so they do not like it."

He commented on the students themselves. "Most of the students who take secondary piano have considerable ability for music, and those who don't will not last at the school. They should never have come here in the first place. As a whole, the students are interesting and are a real challenge to teach. I enjoy working with young people, and I hope that my affiliation with them will keep me from getting old before my time." Laughing, we went on to the next question.

Focusing on Mr. Zimmerman the musician, I asked him his opinions on music in general and what he defines as bad music and good music. He replied, "I am geared to a high standard of performance. I am not fond of popular music in any form because it doesn't seem to be a lasting art form, and I have never felt that it contributed anything of lasting value to western civilization. It is true that the great jazz artists must have the same kind of genius that any fine musician would have, but these people are few. Jazz to me is a sameness: I feel it is on its way out, because people are getting tired of this repetitious thing called jazz."

"For young people interested in jazz, something should be done to further this interest, but I am highly sceptical that anyone who is untrained in music can be trained in jazz. If there is some musicianship involved in jazz, then one should learn all they can about music, and not gear everything to jazz." He went on to say that, "Jazz improvisations are malignant unless one knows exactly what he is doing, and there are very few artists who can do this. These are the great ones. But everybody can't do this. If one wishes to be a jazz musician, he must become a fine musician first."

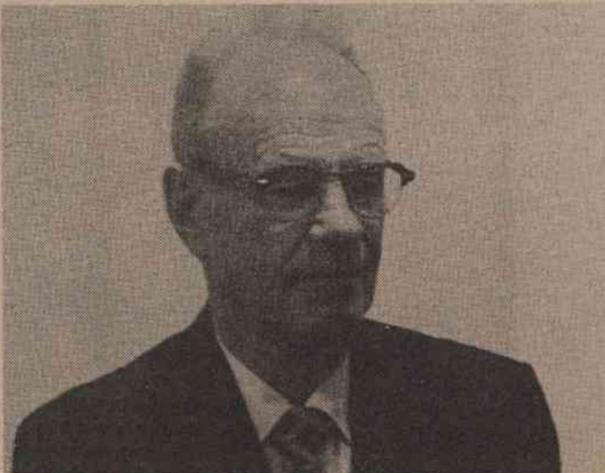
Having discussed what he thinks is poor about music, he began to discuss good music. "I feel that good music is a lasting art form and to me, it must be beautiful. It is based on subtlety of rhythm and phrase. It also must have a good compositional layout. I am looking for a concord of pleasant sounds."

He then gave examples of lasting art forms. "There are high degrees of art that are dug up in Egypt. Thousands of years ago they were appreciated, and today they are appreciated. Classical music has had its test, for it has been around for hundreds of years."

My favorite kind of music is singing. I feel that there is nothing on this earth like a beautiful voice. And, if one listens to a beautiful voice, it can help them to get a beautiful sound on their musical instrument."

As a final question, I asked Bill how attitudes of education have changed since he was young. He feels that there is less of a priority given to education today than before. "There is less of an emphasis on education because many parents are so affluent that the children do not seem to feel the importance of a good education. It is a tragedy that so many young people today are given the idea that they can do what they please, and things will still turn out well for them. I hope that this can be the case, but I cannot see, through a fairly long lifetime of living, that things will work out like that. Today the most successful people are still the best prepared. Values are values, and anything that one can get in the way of education is the thing that will get him on his feet professionally."

Before the conversation came to an end, he wanted to make something clear to me about his views. He smiled and said, "I try to be honest in what I think and say."



William Zimmerman