

You May Not Meet Her Anywhere But in Your Very Own Room

When I met the high-strung, disheveled, chain-smoking woman who was to be my roommate, I had serious doubts that there was a dorm room big enough to hold her, much less the two of us. I knew it would take no small effort on both our parts to blend Sarah's impulsive character with my somewhat contemplative one into any kind of a meaningful relationship. Fortunately, we have somehow succeeded in creating wierd roller-coaster existence which has been a good experience for both of us.

So when my family left our sleepy virginia suburb for a Christmas visit to relatives in Connecticut, I decided to take a day to visit the environment which nurtured Sarah's peculiar character - New York City. The morning began with a mishap which got my adrenalin flowing for the exciting day that followed. En route supposedly to Grand Central Station, I disembarked instead in East Harlem. The only thing I knew about the area was that it was about eighty blocks from my destination. Feeling particularly isolated in my camping jacket and backpack, I questioned a few people and rushed to the nearest subway, and almost an hour late, found myself circling the monumental lobby of the train station, looking for

an appropriate place to stand "Sue, Sue!" I heard from nowhere and a nervous bundle of energy ran up and hugged me. Were we glad to see each other!

At that brisk pace of Sarah's which seems inappropriate in Greensboro but not in New York City, we started for a coffehouse off Madison Avenue for bagels and coffee. We talked about ourselves, about our men and women friends and about our relationships and interrelationships. We marvelled as always at the close circles of friends so characteristic of the Guilford community and then dashed off to Brentano's, a three-story bookstore where I could easily have spent the rest of my Christmas vacation. But that was only the beginning of our morning. Before the city was really awake, we had sat among a hundred shoppers and a million crysanthemums in the splendor of St. Patricks Church, gaped like children at the stuffed animals, battery-operated dolls and toys trains in the window of FAO Schwart, satisfied our sweet teeth with an assortment of Godiva Chocolates, and searched a number of music stores for a tape of the Red Clay Ramblers.

Happening by Carnegie Delicatessen, we stopped to relax a minute and gulp down a lunch of matzah ball soup,

swiss cheese sandwiches, and the biggest dill pickles I have ever seen. To excited to sit for long, Sarah rushed me on to our next destination - the Cezanne Exhibit at the New York Museum of Modern Art. This first exhibition to focus on the final decade of Paul Cezanne's career included many landscapes of his native city of Aix-en-Provence, portraits of friends, women and art world figures in rich, often dark colors and irregular lighting, colorful still-lives, and monumental compositions of female bathers.

Afterwards, our heads reeling, we boarded the subway for Greenwich Village to do some last-minute Christmas shopping and have dinner at Mother Courage, a restaurant well-known to feminists, but were disappointed to find that it had closed because of financial difficulties. Instead, we had a spaghetti dinner at L'Grosserie, while being serenaded by a mandolin. Returning to the city, we spent the next hour or so watching the ice-skaters in Rockefeller Center and walking around singing all the Joni Mitchell songs we could remember. Before we knew it, it was time to head for the Booth Theatre on Broadway for a performance of "For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow Is Enuf." This simple

but soul-stirring play is a compilation of the poetry of Ntozake Shange, performed without props or intermission by a cast of seven women. Sarah and I both felt that it was melodramatic at times, but we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Our day in New York ended at Jo Allen's, a small restaurant where we sipped Irish coffee and reminisced about the many different things we had seen and done. To think that we had only touched upon the cultural, educational, entertaining, and palatable opportunities the city had to offer, amazed me. We both felt that the shared experiences had brought us closer together and helped us to understand our differences.

Roommates are often people you would never meet anywhere but in your own room. I suggest you take advantage of the opportunity you have to get to know these individuals who may have a very different outlook on life, for most likely there is much to learn from and share with your roommate.

German Semester

Plans for the Fall Semester in Germany are moving along. The registration goal of 25 is within reach. Twenty students have registered thus far, with an equal number on the prospect list. It is important for anyone who is thinking about going to contact either Mary or Carroll Feagins, the faculty leaders for the Semester program.

The form will also be used in the event that registrations exceed the 25 person limit, as set by the Administration, and selectivity becomes a factor.

Communications with the University Office for Foreign Students in Munich have confirmed accommodations for students in private homes near the campus of the University of Munich. Students will eat their meals with German students at the University Mensa, have access to the University library and may join the Student Union or take part in other campus activities. This will give students the opportunity to "become a member" of their own culture and community.

For more information, contact the Center for Off Campus Education, Frazier 21, or Mary Feagins, Duke 312, or Carroll Feagins, Archdale 104.

V-Week Festivities

Mid-semester blues got you down? Cheer up! Spring break is less than three weeks away! And to help bridge the gap until then, the Student Union has planned lots of things for you to do.

For your Valentine's Day celebrations, attend the Old Timey Coffehouse! Guilford day students have worked hard to bring you three different old-fashioned string bands. Get into pickin' and grinnin' of Coffee's Gap Corklickers, Ace Weem's Band, and Guilford's own version, with students and friends Doug Dorshaw and Dick "Sticks" Terrier. Your presence is all that's needed to make it a lively, good old time. The music starts at 9:00 p.m. Tuesday in the Urban Center lounge. Admission to the coffehouse is free. Hot apple cider and brownies will be served free, too. Come to the coffehouse and enjoy some down-home music!

More entertainment is in store Friday night when the Film Series presents *The Producers*. One of Mel Brooks' earliest comedies, *The Producers*, combines Brooks' wit with the talents of Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder. The result is a zany story that runs the gamut of varieties of comedy, from satire to caricature to burlesque. Within the humor is the story of a theatrical producer (Mostel) eager to make as much money as possible. With his neurotic bookkeeper (Wilder), he schemes to produce a sure-fire flop that will somehow save him from the poorhouse. But the "flop" is a hit, and the results are outrageous, come ready to laugh at *The Producers*, Friday, February 17, at 8:15 p.m. in Dana Auditorium, Admission is 25¢.

PCMS Plans Trip

Have you ever wondered how a radio station sends music to your stereo? Or how scientists know so much about outer space?

To find out more, the Philosophers' Chowder and Marching Society (PCMS) is planning a trip to the National Radio Astronomy Observatory in Green Bank, West Virginia. The trip, scheduled for Wednesday, March 15, (alternate March 22), will visit the Jansky Laboratory

If you are interested in joining PCMS on this trip, contact Rex Adelberger in the Physics Department, Helene Dauerty (P.O. Box 17125) or Duffe Gross (P.O. Box 17215).

AF² Through the Looking Glass

By AMY FRIBUSH
and ARLENE FURMAN

"Through the Looking Glass," we traveled at the North Carolina Museum of Art in Raleigh. We entered the domain of three-dimensional floating images known in today's art world as Holography, stemming from the Greek roots "holo" meaning "whole" and "gram" meaning "message."

This revolutionary technique, now almost ten years old, uses laser light to record the patterns of light waves reflected from the object onto the emulsion of light sensitive film. It is then developed and re-exposed to laser light or white light recreating all the points of light that came from the object in space.

Holography is an extremely sophisticated complex informational medium. It does not exist in flat perspective that can only be seen from one fixed view, but rather can be seen from many angles appear-

ing to change when viewed from different positions. There are a number of ways in which the images can be projected; in front of the plate (a real image), in back of the plate (a virtual image), or it can straddle the plate (an image plane). Several of these images can be combined to create different compositions.

Although they consist merely of points of light focused in space, the holographic images have all the same physical qualities as their real counterparts such as size, dimension, volume, perspective, proportion, balance, symmetry, direction, texture, shape, and so on.

The exhibit was made up of three types of holograms. Transmission holograms rely on the position and the type of light source used during exposure and the viewing of the image. An outstanding example of Transmission Holograms was

"Newton's Apple" by Randy James. It was a series of three images depicting the devouring of this delicious delight. One could actually feel the juices contained in the fruity meat.

Reflection Holograms are differentiated by the kinds of film emulsion used and the source of light. Scott Nemtzow's "Creme de Motion #4" displayed that holography can go beyond a three dimensional image by the use of vertical lines creating a kinetic effect.

The Holographic Movies are a combination of "holography and cinematography." Donald Schmidt's "X-ray Hand" showed a man reaching out from a movie screen to a member of the audience.

This exhibition made us aware of the opportunities of a new field, Holography, that has opened up limitless realms of exploration and expansion for modern man.