

Ruth Laredo set to open fall series

Ruth Laredo, famed female pianist, opens the Chapel Hill Concert Series twenty-fourth season by performing October 30. The dynamic performances by this diminutive artist has catapulted her to the forefront as this generation's first major American female pianist. She is currently recording the complete solo works of Rachmaninoff, and has already made history with the world's first performances and prize-winning recordings of the complete Scriabin piano sonatas. A favorite of symphony orchestras throughout the world, Ruth Laredo is equally impressive in recital.

Appearing next in the series will be the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, who will perform February 5. Twenty-four excellent instrumentalists make up this orchestra which performs without a conductor. Equal reliance on the musical judgment of each of its members has brought stunning results. "A crack young musical group... Rich, sensuous sound... If an orchestra were to follow the example of Orpheus, conductors would become extinct... The playing had the precision, vibrant tone and stylishness of first class music making." *The New York Times*.

March 19 will mark the appearance of the Okinawan Dancers. Presenting a stunning display and a unique blend of Japanese, Chinese and Korean influences, the Okinawan Dancers perform the traditional arts or royalty and commoner. Dances dating back to the 12th and 13th centuries have been handed down through successive generations, permeated with a rich artistic feeling and nurtured in the Okinawan climate. Spectacular and exciting dancing in the many aspects of Pan-Oriental theatre.

The final artists performing in the series will be Tashi, appearing April 16. Pianist Peter Serkin, violinist Ida Kavafian, cellist Fred Sherry and clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, soloists in their own right, make up this quartet which has enthralled audiences on four continents. Tashi (Tibetan for "good fortune") was formed three years ago, offering programs distinctive in scope, joyous in performance and a fierce emotional commitment to the music they play.



Soviet-released Stern to bring story to UNC

Soviet immigrant Dr. Mikhail Stern, recently released from a labor camp after being convicted in a controversial Soviet trial, will appear October 25. Stern, who was arrested in 1974 because he would not forbid his adult sons to emigrate to Israel, served three years in the labor camp before protests and pleas from throughout the free world forced Russia to release him.

Minnelli, DeNiro fail to bring class

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Francine (warbling a *capella*): "If the nightingales could sing like you, they'd sing much sweeter than they do..."

Big P (as Doyle picks up the beat with his tenor sax): "Not bad. Say kid, that's it! We make it a boy-girl act! You start tomorrow..."

The pair bob up and down on the waves of musical success. In the end both find wealth without happiness (this is the 1970s, after all), face up to their many shortcomings and go their separate ways.

Physically the film looks and sounds genuine. Cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs' vision of New York has yellowed gently at the edges, like a series of old photographs. The score is vintage

swing music, sweet and hot, with the exception of five tiny Kander and Ebb songs that might have been thrown out of the score of "Cabaret."

The cast fails to maintain this postwar spirit. Minnelli mimics a big band singer as facetiously as she imitates Peggy Lee for a demo tape, capturing the mannerisms, but not the heart of her subject. She follows Doyle with a bovine masochistic patience, making their separation inevitable and their love story unbelievable.

DeNiro plays his part charmlessly. What would have been zany in a Donald O'Connor turns to boorishness in DeNiro's humorless countenance. O'Connor might have skipped a hotel

bill because he was poor; DeNiro does it from simple meanness.

Scorsese insists on proving Doyle has "soul," repeatedly showing him wailing the blues on a midnight streetcorner. But DeNiro's every line, every expression, bespeak a selfish, lecherous, petty man.

Scorsese longs for the glossy happiness of that era but can't stomach it whole. Nor can we stomach the modern mores with which he seasons the dated script.

So he proves in two-and-a-half hours what he should have known in a moment: you can't go home again. Especially when home never existed at all.

Student Health doctor, using his own experience, is helping others to win

By LAURA T. HAMMEL
DTH Contributor

A Student Health physician may have lost a few battles, but he is winning the war on his handicaps. And in winning his personal war, he has learned how to help others win theirs.

Donald E. Harris has suffered from diabetes for 26 years. In the past six years complications from it have seriously affected his life.

He is now legally blind. Unusually thick lenses save what little sight he has left. Because of poor vision, he has to depend on others for meals, transportation and daily insulin shots.

Damaged nerves in his hands and feet have made walking difficult and learning Braille impossible. Just this year two of his fingers were amputated and his meals were restricted after a kidney failure in January.

It is not surprising that Harris looks older than his 37 years.

Yet he does not give up. He is a health educator at the Student Health Service and acts as a liaison between the service and other University agencies. He enjoys his work most when it involves talking with students.

Harris draws from his own experiences to help counsel patients, especially those with chronic illness. He encourages handicapped persons to adjust to their disabilities and to accept the unknown without fear, just as he learned to do.

Harris counsels hundreds of students individually or in groups, wherever he can find them. Although he promises to address any question students raise from sex to sun-bathing, his underlying message is always the need for preventive health care.

"Good health is not just the absence of disease," he said. "I am trying to get students to accept responsibility for their own health and lives. I learned the importance of that from my own experiences."

As a UNC alumnus and Rams Club member, he is an avid Tar Heel fan. Although he does not see well enough to enjoy football he still sits in the front row for basketball.

"I can still enjoy those games with what vision I have left and the excitement of Carmichael Auditorium," he said.

Harris is also a faculty advisor for his old fraternity, Pi Kappa Alpha. "I have never been married and those guys are like a family to me, like my kids," he said.

"Anything in UNC I am interested in. It has been a part of my life for 20 years," he said.

Even his office at Student Health shows his devotion to the University. A ram's head frowns from a Carolina blue wall. Awards and mementos from his undergraduate and medical school years at UNC decorate the room.

"I was afraid of being rejected because of my blindness," he said. "I had to learn to open that door and ask someone to help me down the hall. Now if I run into someone's feet, I just excuse myself and sometimes ask them what their feet were doing in the middle of the hall."

"There was a time when I thought I would lose my leg. I started withdrawing from people for fear of being rejected again. My close friends finally confronted me and asked me why I was so arrogant as to think my leg meant anything to them. But it is something you have to learn yourself."

"We must not fear failure. Who has to be perfect? The problem is we grow up in a society that stresses perfection."

Harris has not always taken his own advice. He never married because he feared becoming a burden.

"I have regretted my decision at times," he said. "There have been some lonely times. But I made the decision and must live with it."

He credits his many friends with helping him through difficult periods. "My good friends are the reason I can still function, and the reason it is so important for me to give back to others what they have given to me."

"As long as I can be useful to others, my life is worthwhile," he said.

He even finds an advantage in blindness. "I found when I was blind my listening was better," he said. "The ability to hear joy, hurt or shame in voices is invaluable in my work."

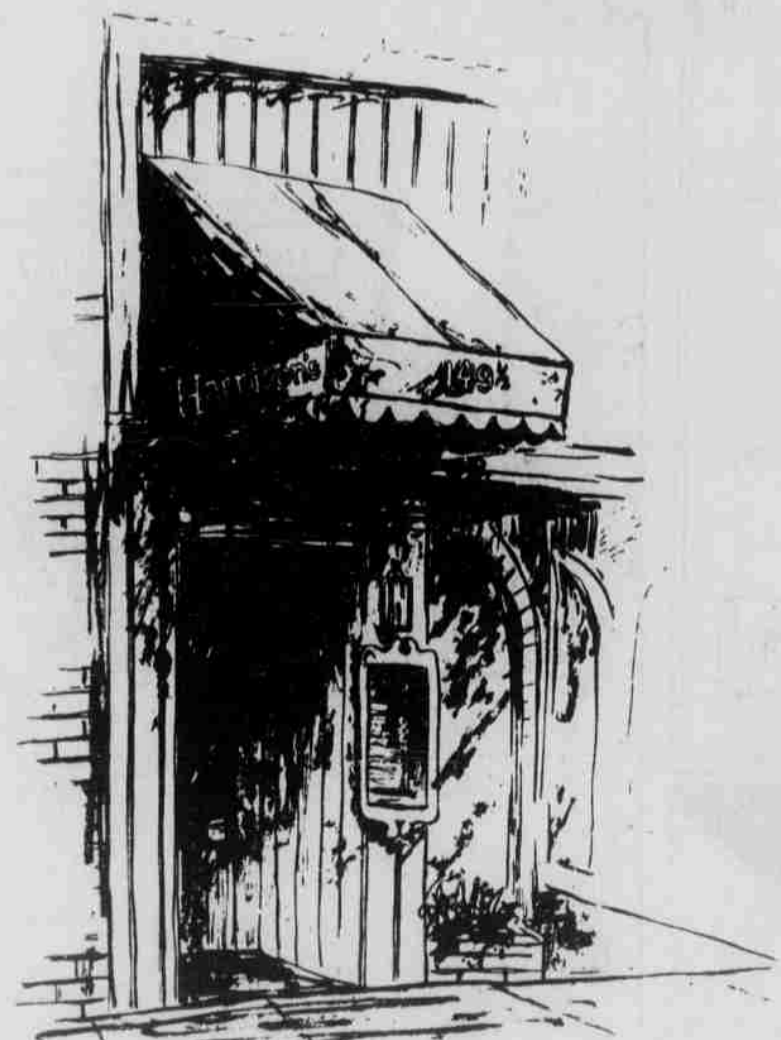
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