

# Photographer shares wealth of his art

By CATHY SCHULZE  
DTH Staff Writer

Photographer Harry Callahan is generally regarded as inarticulate by scornful art critics who have tried to interview him. But in his hometown of Providence, R.I., which has fostered the likes of Aaron Siskind and Diane Arbus, he is known as the Grand Old Man of Photography.

Why should he have to explain to people who prefer not to see themselves a picture more beautiful than words can tell: of solitude, a woman, his wife, in an empty room by an open window?

The Duke Museum of Art, on the east campus of Duke University, is exhibiting through Sept. 27 60 black and white prints taken between 1941-1976 by Callahan, who has been called the most published photographer in America. Even on a hot Sunday afternoon when the Duke campus was generally empty, the exhibition sponsored by Hallmark Cards was filled with people admiring Callahan's work and perhaps wondering how he could make pictures like these.

The whole range of styles and subject matter that interest Callahan is present in this small exhibition. Unlike many photographers who acquire a style and

then simply proliferate it, Callahan tries not to stop looking at the world in different ways.

"I don't like the idea of a style," he said. "You just repeat yourself like a butterfly collection. I think that people who find a style and get classified as some kind of special type of photographer, those people end up imitating themselves."

Callahan differs in his basic approach from photographers like Siskind, who made a name for himself by photographing torn signs on walls and architecture, and Arbus, who photographed freaks.

The exhibit displays the full range of Callahan's strength: nature photographs of ferns and grasses, an intriguing multiple-exposure of a tree that seems to be spinning, beach photographs with and without people, as well as multiple-exposure city scenes of cars and alleyways, houses in Providence, close-ups of women on the street and photographs of pedestrians that incorporate the city in the background.

And then there are the photographs of his wife Eleanor and daughter Barbara. These photographs are so well-loved that Callahan said the next book he prints will probably be photographs only of his wife and daughter.

Callahan has said that he didn't want to photograph just any model, so he photographed his

wife because it gives him a "vicarious thrill." His photographs of Eleanor are more than the nudes of photographer Edward Weston, who compared the female nude to green peppers and sand dunes. Callahan's nude photographs of his wife are of someone loved and watched in eager anticipation.

One of the few close-ups of Eleanor is a picture of her sliding into the water with her eyes closed, her long hair floating around her breasts. It is one of the best-loved Callahan photographs and it is commercially one of the most valuable; this portrait gently draws us into its peaceful feeling. With her eyes closed, she eludes direct contact with us, safely sealed away in her own dreams on a piece of paper.

Callahan's daughter Barbara has grown up, and now runs a photographer's gallery, but when young she also served as one of his models. The most becoming portrait of Barbara shows her unself-consciously examining a leafy tree that protects her nudity.

"I hate the idea that some rich guy can have a painting and nobody else can ever see it," Callahan said. "Photography reaches millions of people, same way with writing and music."

And that seems to be the point of this show — to share the wealth.

## Skaggs in concert

# Album debuts well

By TOM MOORE  
Arts Editor

Over the past few years, Ricky Skaggs has emerged as one of the most vital presences in country music. As a member of Emmylou Harris' Hot Band, Skaggs, who plays a number of instruments including fiddle, guitar and mandolin, was largely responsible for the brilliance of Harris' best two albums: *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues* and *Roses In The Snow*. Now Skaggs has come out with his first album on a major label, *Waiting For The Sun To Shine*, which is the best pure country album to come out in some time.

Like *Cowgirls* and *Roses In The Snow*, *Waiting For The Sun To Shine* reaches back to older country music for its source of songs. Though the songs are old standards, Skaggs doesn't perform them in an old-timey way. Yet he doesn't rock 'em so much that they lose their original charm either (the way groups like The Earl Scruggs Review do). Instead Skaggs delivers them in a smooth fusion of the old and the new that makes the tunes refreshing.

Skaggs began his performing career with an appearance on the Flatt and Scruggs television show at age seven, and at 15, he became a member of the famous Stanley Brothers group. He incorporates these early influences into two of the album's best cuts: "If That's The Way You Feel," written by Ralph and Carter Stanley and "Don't Get Above Your Raisin'," which was written by Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, and is the best tune on the album.

But don't think the album is bluegrass, because it's not. These two tunes and the heartbreaking "Your Old Love Letters" are the only real bluegrass tunes on the album, but even they aren't really performed in bluegrass style. Bluegrass is merely a springboard to something else.

Skaggs also incorporates the influence of western swing (and Bob Wills) on "Low And Lonely," honky-tonk on "I Don't Care," folk on "Waiting For The Sun To Shine" and even blending in a few new songs such as "You May See Me Walking."

On *Waiting For The Sun To Shine*, Skaggs limits himself to acoustic and electric rhythm guitar and mandolin. He is expertly backed by a host of sessionmen that includes fiddler Bobby Hicks, who is a veteran member of Bill Monroe's band and Buck White on piano. The sound on the album is a slick one, reminiscent of Emmylou Harris' last three albums. But it's a slick sound of perfection — the funkiness is all there — and not one that simply embalms all the music like the over-done Nashville Sound that was popular several years ago.

Skaggs sings lead on albums cuts. He has a small, but pleasant, voice that has just a touch of the South in it. And he uses it to squeeze all the right emotions out of the songs on *Waiting For The Sun To Shine*; even though the lyrics are sometimes a bit trite for some of the album's songs, they never sound that way when Skaggs sings them, which is the true sign of a good country singer.

*Waiting For The Sun To Shine* falls a little short of Skaggs' finest work with Emmylou Harris; it somehow lacks the impact of *Even Cowgirls* and *Roses In The Snow*. Though Skaggs has recorded several albums on smaller labels — his best previous work is on the Durham-based Sugar Hill label — this marks his first real introduction as a solo act to many people. So though it may be stretching things to say that this is the best debut album, not just in country but in all popular music, to roll around in some time. I'll call it that anyhow.

Ricky Skaggs along with David Grisman will appear in concert at 8 p.m. today in Memorial Hall.

## 'Positive Touch'

# Sound gives album a negative undertone

By TIM MOONEY  
DTH Staff Writer

It was not earth-shattering news, but the Undertones' 1979 debut album was a knockout. Complete with charging power chords, catapulating rhythms and irrepressible enthusiasm, here was Ireland's pop band of the 1980s.

And their looks! The first album cover portrayed five goofy-looking kids (the oldest was 22) wearing jeans shrunken to midshin and wool sweaters five sizes too large. The Undertones possessed great

potential. Best of all, they were such a refreshing change from the typical punk European bands of the time.

*Positive Touch*, the Undertones' third album, is sadly a disaster. It represents an attempt at making a new sound, and absolutely everything goes wrong in the process of trying to attain one. The lighter, thinner production is a change for the worse that only does injustice to the Undertones' ability.

Guitars lit, tiptoe and strum gently rather than crash. Singer Feargal Sharkey sounds as though he is singing a lullaby on

half of the songs. Mickey Bradley's drums are barely pitter-patters in the distance. Saxophones, such as in the solo on "It's Going to Happen," are needlessly added for a sour, jazzy effect. What is sought for the music is an aesthetic delicacy and softness, but it simply fails in every way.

Inventive lyrics never have been the Undertones' specialty. But the first two albums were danceably silly; who even listened to the words? Without the careening energy and beat, *Positive Touch* forces you to listen, and the songs now are just

plain silly.

Perhaps people who haven't been exposed to the Undertones' material may like "Positive Touch" for study music. But the fans who loved previous sonic attacks such as "Male Model" will gag upon hearing "Sigh and Explode" or "Your Welcome," easily the two worst songs the Undertones have ever recorded.

The only encouraging note is that now the oldest Undertone is but 24, giving the band a long time to correct this mistake of an album.

# YOUUnion Day to provide fun activities

The rigors of class already getting to you? Tired of the monotony of trying to keep up with all your reading? Escape from the doldrums of your everyday existence with Carolina YOUUnion Day, a cornucopia of frivolous frolics going on from noon until about 4 p.m. today in the Pit.

All sorts of fun-filled activities will be going on. To release that competitive urge, scheduled events include: a pie-eating contest, new-wave musical chairs, a pizza-eating contest for which there is a \$1 fee, simultaneous chess, College Bowl and a film trivia contest where winners will receive a movie poster.

And for those who don't look like Robert Redford or Catherine Deneuve, there will be an ugly face contest where contestants are urged to make their ugliest face.

If such things aren't sensual enough, body painting and Hot Tub antics will go on all day. But if all this sounds too adult, there will also be clay modeling, a waterballoon fight and graffiti scrawling on the infamous cube.

For students who bear grudges against certain campus celebrities, there will be a dunking booth. Those with a good throwing arm can soak Larry Ellis, Jim Hummel, Carol Zielinski, John Goodwin, Scott Norberg, Mark Canady and ElChino Martin.

Those interested in knowing the evils of drug addiction can watch *Reefer Madness*, a propaganda film produced in the 1930s that warns about marijuana. *Reefer Madness* will be shown at noon, 1 and 2 p.m. in the upstairs lounge of the Carolina Union.

Other things scheduled for YOUUnion Day include music by Don Merz on guitar and fiddle and by John Root on flute, an ARA ice cream booth, a pep rally at 3 p.m., a photo display, a demonstration of Tai Chi Chuan and basketball fun with some of the UNC Varsity team. Come on down and join the zany antics.

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