

## Autumn hike exposes brave naturalist to elements

By BRIAN SMITH  
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

The further we got from I-77, the narrower the roads became. The trees began to form a thick canopy over the Virginia asphalt, except where they yielded to grassy pastures with black and white Holsteins. We turned onto Va. 603 and passed horse trailers, horses and horseback riders. Down the road a small marker designated a rough gravel parking lot and access to the Appalachian Trail.

Mount Rogers National Recreation Area, a part of the 690,000 acre Jefferson National Forest, is located in southwestern Virginia. The recreation area includes Mt. Rogers, the highest point in Virginia at 5,729 feet above sea level, which is covered with dense conifers and is devoid of a view of the surrounding peaks. The Appalachian Trail winds its way 300 miles through Jefferson; roughly a quarter of that mileage runs through the 114,000-acre recreation area. Grayson Highlands State Park bellies up to Jefferson and the recreation area and offers short trails and several miles of the Appalachian Trail along a grassy, open ridgeline called Wilburn Ridge. We began at the Fox Creek trailhead; after about 1.5 miles, we passed the Old Orchard shelter, a three-sided lean-to with a hearty mouse infestation.

Shelters like these are located along the trail to provide comfort and shelter from wind, rain snow and the occasional bear. Inevitably, they house rodents who feast upon the cuisine left behind by overnight guests. At first the trail was bare, flanked mostly by rhododendron thickets. As we hiked higher, hardwoods replaced the gnarled bushes and suddenly the trail hid beneath a patchwork of yellows, reds and browns. Some trees were bare, some were at peak color, and some hardy poplars sported bright green leaves as if in purposeful defiance of the coming winter. With a full pack I had started sweating after the first 100 feet of the trail. By Old Orchard, my hat was damp. By Pine Mountain (elevation 5,000 ft.) my shirt was soaked through. I took my shirt off, laid it on some

rocks and took a nap on the soft grass. I woke up shivering later in the afternoon. The sun was already starting to slip away and, as it disappeared behind the mountains, the cold became more biting. Pine Mountain and adjacent Wilburn Ridge are open grasslands that were created by logging, forest fires and live-stock grazing. Great open views and wild, hungry ponies greet the hiker upon emerging from the hardwood forest (mostly sugar maples and birches) which covers the slopes of Pine Mountain. These balds give incredible views of Virginia and North Carolina. On a

clear day I once saw North Carolina's Sugar Mountain. But when the weather hits, it hits hard. With no trees to break up the wind or the fog and clouds, visibility and comfort become a distant reality. Thursday had been beautiful. The sky was a searing blue and the sun warm and yellow. Thursday night was clear and cold and I saw more stars than I knew existed. It was a cool, crisp autumn evening. Friday morning dawned like a perverted, hellish scene out of *The Sound of Music*. Gray clouds surrounded us and the wind howled like a banshee. Rain and sleet pounded my tent. (Actually, the weather wasn't that bad — I'm just overdramatizing to make you think that I'm braver than I really am for enduring such unimaginable hardships.) We knew that the next leg of the trip, the Pine Mountain Trail, would

be under siege much as Pine Mountain was. We traveled on down, covering quickly and effortlessly what had previously caused immense perspiration. The pack was lighter because we had eaten most of the weight. I had time to stop and drink from an icy spring flowing right out of the ground. There's nothing better than tasty, free spring water. If Evian tasted half as good, it might be worth paying three dollars for it. We emerged in the parking lot in a light rain that soon became a steady shower. The clouds thickened and the temperature dropped. We had made a good decision; under normal circumstances the thunderheads would have parted and the sun would have shone as soon as we left the woods. This time, at least, it was good to leave Pine Mountain untouched in the clouds.

## Sonic Youth exhibits art-rock grace at Ritz

By GRAY CRAWFORD  
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

Sonic Youth's Friday performance at the Ritz in Raleigh was a masterpiece as they centered on their new album, *Washing Machine*, and touched on every post-*Evol* album except *Goo*. Despite their auditory exploits, Sonic Youth did not overshadow the opening bands the Make-Ups and Harry Pussy. As Thurston Moore eloquently said later in the show, "What will you think of when you think of the summer of '95? Harry Pussy?" Indeed, the band's full-on sonic attack kicked off the evening with a bang. Upon walking onstage the female singer/drummer immediately began screaming "F—the police!", the only discernible line. The two male guitarists immediately launched into scattershot, hyperactive guitar licks. The rest of their set continued in the same vein, with the girl smashing the drums and screaming at the top of her lungs, and the guys smoking cigarettes and casting snide looks at the audience. As they were bombarded by spit and flying objects, one guitarist told the crowd, "You'll never know the joy of being booed by four thousand people." The Make-Ups, on the other hand, exuded pure class, clad in matching maroon-and-black satin shirts, ties and hip-hugging pants. The lead singer, who looked and sang exactly like Prince, backed into the corner of the stage and leapt into numerous James Brown dance moves as the band launched into the first groove. They could best be described as The Prince Blues Explosion, since the lead singer, unrestricted by an instrument, made even Jon Spencer look lame. Sonic Youth took the stage early and left before midnight. The early Friday show may have had something to do with putting Moore's and bassist Kim Gordon's baby daughter Coco

to bed, but whatever the case, Sonic Youth look and act older than ever before. Thurston told the audience that he and Kim were thinking about moving to North Carolina and were wondering where the best schools were. All four members looked like seasoned art-rockers, quietly moving from song to song, getting all of the intricacies and sticking remarkably close to the recorded versions. Indeed, as their past two albums *Washing Machine* and *Experimental, Jet Set, Trash and No Star* have shown, Sonic Youth have shied away from the Nirvana and Mudhoney rock sound of *Goo* and *Dirty*, reverting to their quieter sound which influenced bands like Pavement and Sebadoh. The quartet opened with perhaps its best song, "Schizophrenia," which has become every bit the classical piece of music live that it is on *Sister*. Like all the following songs, "Schizophrenia" was sensually enhanced by a light show featuring assorted colors, patterns, and, best of all, strobe lights. Drugs and Sonic Youth have always gone together, but sober audience members could still get a lot out of the show, thanks to the lights. Thurston Moore's big guitar-bending solo on "Washing Machine" backed by strobe lights almost knocked me down. With so many great songs to choose from, Sonic Youth did an exceptional job of narrowing them down to a ninety-minute show. They understandably focused on the newer songs, like "Starfield Road," "Saucer-Like," and "Washing Machine," but they also included some of the classics like "Tom Violence" and "Teenage Riot." Judging from their reception, Sonic Youth's place in music history now seems secured as one of the all-time greats. If hippies were cool they'd follow Sonic Youth around instead of Phish. Maybe someday they will, but until it's as simple as following the Grateful Dead around, see Sonic Youth whenever they're in town.

## NEGATIVE PUBLICITY

New photo exhibit sheds light on our pasts, looks ahead to our futures

By T. D. YOUNG  
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER



Courtesy of art department

Top: Photographer Francis Benjamin Johnston, whose probing, insightful and documentary photographs of historic North Carolinian architecture are featured in a new exhibit in the Scales Fine Arts Center, titled *I won't make a picture unless the moon is right...: Early Architectural Photography of North Carolina* by Frances Benjamin Johnston and Bayard Wootten. Right: Rural Retreat, a photogravure of a Rockingham county home taken by photographer Bayard Wootten in the late 1930s, is one of Wootten's featured pieces.



Thomas Young

LIKE ECHOES HEARD IN UNMARKED, TIME-worn graves, a series of photographs on display in the Scales Fine Arts Center endeavors to animate a time when North Carolina's past was still perceptible to the eye. The exhibit, titled *I won't make a picture unless the moon is right...: Early Architectural Photography of North Carolina* by Frances Benjamin Johnston and Bayard Wootten takes the viewer into places that no longer exist, the ancient structures of a state that is no more. The exhibit aims to combine the rediscovered works of two female pioneers in photography so as to allow the viewer to look at where we were, where we thought we were

going, and how far we've come. The collection consists of two extensive photographic essays composed by the two photographers during the late 1930s and early 1940s. Their assignments were simple enough; they were both hired to catalogue the various architectural treasures of the state of North Carolina for publications spawned by the rising interest in historic preservation. On that most fundamental level, their work was a remarkable success. During a time when their womanhood alone prompted skepticism of their abilities, the two women nonetheless created their own historical treasures, preserving for the future what the careless past could not. Some of what they photographed still remains or has been restored, but some has decayed or been replaced. We suffer great losses when we do not take care of what we have, and that is the central theme of the exhibit. Put together through cooperation between Preservation/North Carolina and the Visual Arts Center of North Carolina State University, the exhibit marks the launching of a new statewide preservation organization, the Bellamy Mansion Museum of History and Design Arts. Sixty years have passed since these photographers went to work, and the message they were sent to deliver is still making its way to the people. The photographs themselves do more than to catalogue what was; they also tell how it was. As long as this is not forgotten, the past will be full of vitality. How though, do we remember? The photographs in the exhibit help us along that road. Frances Benjamin Johnston and Bayard Wootten did not only freeze the images of the buildings for all time, but infused them with personal vision. These two women have two distinct See Photos, Page B6

## Symphony offers marked-down musical transcendence

By SETH BRODSKY  
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

In response to frustration with the limited pleasures one may eke out of *Melrose Place*, Budweiser and rigid conformity, I propose a wonderful solution: go to the symphony. The Winston-Salem Piedmont Triad Symphony is a fine orchestra which consistently presents well-rounded programs of classical music throughout the entire school year, granting all students half-price tickets. Led by conductor and music director Peter Perret, the Symphony is celebrating the 30th Anniversary of the North Carolina School of the Arts and will feature students and faculty of NCSA as soloists in many of its concerts. The orchestra will give seven concerts from

October through May, with its first concert of the season scheduled for 8 p.m. Saturday and Tuesday and 3 p.m. Sunday at the Stevens Center. The program is intriguingly varied: it will feature the *Jubilation Overture* by Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Robert Ward and the *Hary Janos Suite* by Hungarian Zoltan Kodaly. The brooding Russian Sergei Rachmaninov's hopelessly Romantic Third Piano Concerto comprises the second half of the performance, with NCSA senior Dmitri Vorobieff as soloist. November 12 and 14, Perret will conduct the orchestra in a concert of Brahms' genial *Haydn Variations* and his hauntingly autumnal *Alto Rhapsody*, Vaughan Williams' pastoral *Flos Campi* with solo viola and Beethoven's good-humored 8th Symphony. January 6, 7 and 9, the Symphony will perform a

concert showcasing soloists from the orchestra's wind section; the program will include a Rossini overture, Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat Major*, Berlioz' *Nuits d'Été* and the funky *Three Latin American Sketches* by Aaron Copland. In what may be the highlight of the season, the Symphony will perform a joint concert with the North Carolina Symphony on Feb. 4 and Feb. 6. In addition to Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 15, the program will include Benjamin Britten's intensely evocative *Four Sea Interludes* from his famous opera *Peter Grimes*, and, finally, Richard Strauss's late German Romantic paean to modesty, *A Hero's Life* (he's the hero, you see). There will be three more concerts: a program of songs for bass and orchestra by Mozart, Verdi and Ravel, featuring bassist John Cheek, on March 9 and March 10;

the world premiere of North Carolina composer Lawrence Dillon's Violin Concerto and Tchaikovsky's 2nd Symphony on March 31 through April 2; and, to close the season, a concert featuring Brahms' Symphony No. 3 May 18 through May 21. Beautiful music performed by a solid orchestra and a dedicated conductor for a very low price (as little as \$5) is certainly not to be overlooked, and many a wistful Sunday afternoon can be spent with a nice cup of coffee and the mellifluous strains and kaleidoscopic timbres of an excellent classical ensemble. The Stevens Center, located on 4th Street, plays host to all the concerts. To purchase discounted student tickets at the concert window, arrive at the theater a half-hour before performance with a student ID in hand. For more information, call 723-7919.

## University press brings hard-to-find Irish poetry to populace

By MICHAEL JANSSEN  
ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR



Courtesy of WFU Press

Poet John Montague, whose upcoming reading marks the printing of his *Collected Poems* by the Wake Forest University Press.

A tiny room wedged into a nook of Carswell Hall seems an unlikely headquarters for a press renowned on both sides of the Atlantic for its devotion to publishing Irish poets. But the Wake Forest University Press, established in 1975 by Professor of English Dillon Johnston, has earned the university a far-reaching fame, perhaps to the surprise of a student body largely unaware of the press. "It's hard for people to believe that in some places Wake Forest is not best known for last year's college basketball team," said Candide Jones, manager of the press. "If you go to London, Dublin, Paris or even New York, people say, 'Oh, the Wake Forest Press.'" Johnston started the press when he found it difficult to satiate his personal and scholarly interests in the works of Irish poets within the

strict confines of the U.S. borders. "I wasn't trained in Irish poetry; I just became interested in writing about it and found there was no decent publisher in this country of some very good poets," he said. With the help of Provost Emeritus and poetry enthusiast Ed Wilson, Johnston designed a proposal for the press and submitted it to Ralph Scales, the president of the university at the time. After several revisions of the proposal, it was approved and the publishing venture was born. Since its origins, the press has published approximately 50 books at an average of five or six a year, according to Jones. The small size and narrow focus of the Press is unusual, especially for a university press and particularly at a time in which blockbuster paperbacks and book-to-film projects are in vogue. "I think that you have to be still for poetry," Jones said. "To me, the language is so dis-

tilled and concentrated and so much the essence of our lives that by necessity you can't read it quickly. Every word has a subtext this long," she said, creating a gulf between her hands. Johnston echoed such sentiments. "There's more reading in a thin, portable volume of poetry than in most fatter novels," he said. This is particularly true of the poems that Johnston selects for publication, including the poems of such revered Irish poets as Ciaran Carson, Paul Muldoon, Michael Longley and Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin. For instance, Carson's 1989 collection *Belfast Confetti* is characterized by lengthy lines and prose poems; the haiku of such Asian masters as Buson and Joso interspersed throughout the volume point to the dense construction of Carson's tributes to his home. "There is, in Irish poetry, a sense of a submerged story," Johnston said, citing the

rich history of storytelling and folk tales which distinguishes Ireland. "The poets know the narratives very well. That distinguishes it from most English poetry, where what's there is what's there." "They're wonderful at telling tales," Jones said of the Irish poets published by the press. "In some of them there's almost this pre-Christian, ethereal consciousness that comes into everyday language. And because of their strong love of language, it's extremely oral." Jones contrasted the richness of Irish poetry to the stark abstraction of French poetry, which the Press also publishes in a series edited by former professor of romance languages, Germaine Bré. "The language is very spare," Jones said. "It's been carved away almost to try to take language out of it, to make it almost pure thought." The Press's most recent endeavor, a See Press, Page B6