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magazine of the arts at unc-g

notes

Welcome back! I hope you enjoy the first *Coraddi* of the '80's. We have collected a wide range of writers, poets, and artists to give the first-time reader a feel for the arts here at UNC-G. Ric Marshall, last year's *Coraddi* editor, contributed an essay on New Music. Ric makes clear the new electronic approach to music. Pam Troy, a *Coraddi* staff writer, has contributed two book reviews and a short story. Pam is a senior, and we hope she will continue producing quality work for the *Coraddi* for one more semester. Ric Hodges, photography editor for the *Carolinian,* interviewed Dorothy Silver about last semester's interesting UC/LS performance by the Martha Graham Dance Company. MFA student Ann Shanabrook compiled an article about the Library Archives Series *Les Livres D'Artists,* a collection of illustrated books you will not want to miss. Tim Weiant's photographs appear in this issue. Tim, you will remember, did the cover photo for the first *Coraddi* issue of this school year.

This is our special poetry issue. Ann Shanabrook, our poetry editor, has filtered through all the submissions to come up the best poetry we could find. We have this poetry section illustrated by Hillarie Johnston and Mary Steltzer.

Coraddi has been actively promoting the arts every year since its conception. We begin the '80's with a very special publication for *Coraddi* and the students of UNC-G: the 1980 Chapbook Series. This series is designed to publish the finest poetry written by UNC-G faculty and students. The books were designed with respect to the aesthetics of printing. The books will be sold for $2.50 each. The revenues will go directly to *Coraddi* magazine to help for publishing the final issue in the spring.

The poets represent a wide range of literary experience. Robert Watson, the poet-in-residence here at UNC-G, contributed one long poem called *Victoria Woodhull,* representing the senior member of the series. David Rigsbee's book, *To Be Here,* reveals subtleties of thought and technical excellence in verse. David Rigsbee is an instructor in English here at UNC-G. Elizabeth Cox, a MFA graduate in writing from UNC-G, and Associate Editor of *Fiction International,* contributed *White Sugar Candy*. This is an example of mature thought and technical ability. Mary Parker, who is now working on her Ph.D. in English, has contributed many long and interesting poems in her book, *That Stumbling Ritual.* To round out the series, Vanessa Haley, an MFA graduate who has mastered poetic excellence early in her career by winning accolades from the literary community. Her book, *Horse Latitudes,* again exemplifies poetic excellence.

With one more issue left, we invite you, the reader, to submit and be a part of the long history of *Coraddi.*

Scott Dodgson

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book reviews

A Habit of Being

Flannery O'Connor was a writer of short stories and novels that have been described as "Southern Gothic" or "grotesque." Her fiction dealt with absurd incidents involving poor whites and Negroes of the Deep South. *A Habit of Being* is a collection of the correspondence of Flannery O'Connor, compiled by her friend Sally Fitzgerald. The letters in this book extend from 1948, when Miss O'Connor was just learning to deal with editors and publishers, to just before her death in 1964 from Lupus. In the introduction, Mrs. Fitzgerald explains her choice of the title *A Habit of Being.* It comes from a concept in Maritain's *Art and Scholasticism,* that is, the habit of art. "Habit in this instance defined . . . not as a mere method of routine but as an attitude or quality of mind as essential to the real artist as talent." Flannery O'Connor, writes Mrs. Fitzgerald, had not only the habit of art but "a habit of being," a deeply ingrained integrity that was reflected in her works, her letters, and her life.

Collections of letters are often difficult to read, perhaps because they deal so much with the banalities of the writer's life. Miss O'Connor's references to her life on her farm, Andalusia, may be dull to some readers, and her haphazard method of spelling may be irritating, but these problems (if they are problems) are alleviated by her humor and honesty. Throughout the letters, she pokes fun at sentimentality and affectation, describing the little old ladies of her home town, Milledgeville, Georgia; the literary clubs who invited her to lecture; and the young intellectuals who insisted on over-analysing her stories. It is with this last group that she seemed to have the least patience. In one case, an English professor sent her an outlandish interpretation he and his class had reached of her short story, "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." Miss O'Connor's reply, which is included in this book, begins with the sentence, "The interpretation of your ninety students and three teachers is fantastic and about as far from my intentions as it could get to be."

The letter goes on to explain the story and closes with:

> The meaning of a story should go on expanding for the reader the more he thinks about it, but meaning cannot be captured in an interpretation...too much interpretation is certainly worse than too little, and where feeling for a story is absent, theory will not supply it.
>
> My tone is not meant to be obnoxious. I am in a state of shock.

Sentimentality in religion is also something she complains about in her correspondence. This irritation with "obnoxious pieties" probably

Continued on page 12.

pam troy

The Stand

In his previous novels, *Salem's Lot* and *The Shining,* Stephen King has proven his expertise at frightening his readers. Slowly and subtly he builds up circumstances that culminate in some appalling event. The result is a sort of throat-catching horror that causes anyone who reads these books alone at night to look nervously over their shoulder.

In *The Stand,* King tries a slightly different tack. Here, there is less emphasis on frightening the reader and more on building suspense. Apocalypse comes in *The Stand* as a virulent flu epidemic. There is an accident at a chemical warfare plant, a leak, and soon a very contagious man-made influenza is decimating the United States and probably the rest of the world as well. After the epidemic has killed everyone who is not immune, the scattered survivors begin to divide into two camps of good and evil. Those on the side for good drift, led by dreams into Nebraska, where their leader, an ancient black woman called Mother Abigail, awaits them. The evil camp gathers in the ruins of Las Vegas, where they are led by Randall Flagg, a young drifter portrayed by King more as a demon than a man. Once settled, the two groups make ready for a final confrontation, a "stand" against each other.

The first part of the book, which deals with the outbreak and spread of the flu, is fascinating and believable. King keeps the reader's attention by presenting the situation through the points of view of many different characters scattered across the country. These include a Texan redneck, an unwed pregnant girl, a rock star who had just hit fame when the flu hit, and a deaf-mute wanderer. There is a mood established early in the book of foreboding and of the coming of a sordid evil. The flu is spread across the country in the battered Chevy of an infected serviceman and his family who have escaped the chemical plant. The followers of Flagg, far from being demonic, are victims or perpetrators of the type of evil we encounter every day, either in our own lives or through the media. There is Harold Lauder, a pathetic high-school misfit, a "nerd" whose frustration and humiliation drive him into Flagg's camp, and Lloyd Henreid, a weak-minded hood who was imprisoned shortly before the epidemic for going on a disgusting spree of murder and robbery. It is by showing evil on a purely human level, in a common, everyday ugliness that most of us are familiar with, that King makes the first half of the book so convincing.

It is after the plague that *The Stand* runs into trouble. Up to a certain point the pace is quick, the goal of most of the characters being to survive the epidemic and get to their destinations of Nebraska or Las Vegas. But once they get there, things slow down,

Continued on page 12.

interview

Illustration by Stan McCullouch

silver on graham

ric hodges

Martha Graham has devoted a lifetime to the art of dance. She is in a unique class of artists that truly can be called masters.

This last year, at age 85, Martha Graham was given a grant to continue her work by the National Endowment for the Arts. Her long and prolific career has produced over 150 dances to date.

She began her career with the famous Denishaun company, sometime in the second decade of the twentieth century (a fact she admittedly prefers secret). In 1919 she became an instructor at a school set up by the company's founders, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Martha Graham formed her own company in 1926, and in 1931 her first masterpiece, "Primitive Mysteries," won wide recognition.

She was married for only a short time to Eric Hawkins, a member of her company. The marriage ended in divorce.

In 1955-56 the State Department sponsored Martha and her company on a tour to the Far and Middle East.

Although she retired from dancing in 1969, Martha continues to serve her company as its choreographer and artistic director.

On October 26 and 27th of 1979, the Martha Graham Company performed at Aycock Auditorium. The program consisted of seven dances representing her career: "Diversion of Angels", "Night Journey," "Embattled Garden," "Ecutorial," "Errand into the Maze," "Frescoes," and "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Dorothy Silver is an artist in residence at UNC-G and was a Graham company member from 1946 to 1948. *Coraddi* asked her to share some of her comments and experiences:

Coraddi: Were the pieces you remember changed in terms of choreography?

Silver: "Diverson of Angels" has been changed somewhat. The signature movements are still there but as to what [choreographers] call material, that is different dancers, it has been changed to some degree. It had one more bog in it. I was in that one when she first choreographed it.

Coraddi: Where did the dance premiere?

Silver: That was at the First American Dance Festival at Connecticut College.

Coraddi: I've read that "Diversion of Angels" was eagerly awaited. Why is this?

Silver: The reason is because it was the first piece she did without herself or Eric Hawkins, who was in the company and who was her partner mostly. It was the first piece she had choreographed for the company, and that's why it was kind of a first.

Coraddi: When you are living in a creative period, do you realize it most of the time?

Silver: No - when I was going through this, I wasn't aware there were going to books and books and books written about this, or I certainly would have been taking notes the whole time [laughs]. I was just doing what I did and didn't everybody?

Coraddi: Martha Graham has a reputation as a total director. How much of a dance can be controlled by its creator?

Silver: That's very difficult when you're handling live people and not something like a record which you can set, or even more as you have musical notation...

Coraddi: Or plays...

Silver: Yes.

Coraddi: So it's more of a stage-like thing?

Silver: Yes, for Martha. Yes, a choreographer is usually in charge of just about everything. Over recent years there have been lots of experiments where a choreographer has not played that vital part so much. Merce Cunningham, for instance, works in that sort of way. A lot of dancers in the 60's and into the 70's don't direct and aren't as involved as Martha. Martha usually did about everything but compose the music. The are some directors that compose the music like Alwin Nikolais, who composes his own music and does all his own sets and props and slides and does his own lighting. He's absolutely and completely in charge.

Coraddi: How much of the dance did Martha do herself?

Silver: Martha always set the movement, and she always did the costumes. Then she would talk extensively with a set designer, for instance, Noguchi, Isamu Noguchi, who has done many of her sets. He was a sculptor. Jean Rosenthal used to do her lighting — and all of these collaborative artists, as it were, would come in, and she would talk with them so they could get an idea or flavor of what was going on.

Coraddi: What do you think of Halston's costumes in some of the dances?

Silver: Well, Halston is such a name in his own right.

She would talk to him, and he would do the costumes. I thought the most exciting thing so far as something I haven't seen before, costume-wise, was the costumes for the mermaids. [In "The Owl and the Pussycat"]. It was such an innovative use...if you were going to choreograph for a mermaid, how are you going to make that believable? It was done with the costumes.

Coraddi: I've noticed modern dance seems more erratic that ballet, which seems to flow.

Silver: Well, that depends on what the dance is saying. In modern dance, the choreographer creates movement for the particular theme, idea or whatever. Sometimes the dancer will improvise movements. The movements are not necessarily in a coded vocabulary the way ballet is, although there can be free movement in ballet also. The Graham style does have a percussive or erratic thing, whereas other styles of modern dance do not. It depends, again, on the dance. "Diversion of Angels" is really quite a lyrical piece — much more than "Errand in the Maze" where you had this frenzied sort of, nervous sort of movement.

Coraddi: "Errand into the Maze" seemed to deal with the basic human emotions...

Silver: The basic emotion of fear, that's right.

Coraddi: Should dance stimulate our emotions or our intellect? Are we expected to analyze it in intellectual terms the way we would a play?

Silver: Well [laughs] you're really opening a can of worms. It goes back through the history of dance where the ballets were really telling a story. The intention was to communicate a story, really. The audience should be getting the story. Later on, dancers communicated emotions not necessarily with a story [but] . . . just with movement and what they called "music visualization." I expect if you go to something, you would assume, as an audience, to be touched or reached in some way. Dance, because it is done with bodies, and all of our bodies are essentially based on the same pattern, will [firstly make you] feel something kinesthetically — physically. Then there are lots of universal movements which come from universal emotions, and frequently these movements will communicate an emotion to you. Lots of times there is no intent of communicating emotions at all but only a decorative pattern.

Coraddi: Many of Martha's dances have strong sexual overtones. Is sexuality a common theme for her?

Silver: I guess it has always been pretty much a part of her work. She was very much into the psychological-Freudian idiom. But, of course, the material she chooses to deal with chooses to deal with that; the Oedipus-Jocasta legend ["Night Journey"], Antony and Cleopatra ["Frescoes"], all of them.

Coraddi: Adam and Eve ["Embattled Garden"]?

Silver: Adam and Eve.

Coraddi: I expected Romeo and Juliet to turn up at any time.

Silver: [Laughs] I guess maybe she feels that's been done. However, "Diversion of Angels" might be Romeo and Juliet three times over because it deals with young love and the seriousness of young love and young lovers.

Coraddi: Many of Martha's dances are based on myths and legends. How does she treat these stories through dance?

Silver: Well she's never told them, very much, in a linear way. She will frequently take a point in time and sort of explore what she called "exploring the inner landscape" which is really your soul, your spirit, or your unconscious.

Coraddi: Merce Cunningham's style is so different from Martha's that it's hard to believe they were as closely linked as they were.

Silver: Well, he worked with her quite a while, and she used him, did a lot with him [until] he was ready to go off on his own. He did take with him the principle of contraction and release although he doesn't call it that. He thinks of it more in physical terms such as "the rounded spine."

Coraddi: Was contraction and release a Graham concept?

Silver: Yes, it was. That's one of the principles of her technique; the breath impulse. It was also a principle of the Humphrey-Weidman technique. Martha talked about inhaling and exhaling, the tension of the contraction as you exhale and the release of the muscles. Doris Humphrey talked about the fall and the recovery so that the breath takes you up and away from gravity; breathing out, exhaling, takes you back to the earth.

Coraddi: Do Martha Graham's dancers ever try to make a social comment?

Silver: Oh yes. All of her sort of battles between men and women I think are particularly pertinent for our particular time right now. Earlier, she did pieces where the source was perhaps, the Spanish Civil War. She did a lot of what we call "Americana," things based on American themes.

Coraddi: What happens to a choreographer's work when he or she dies?

Silver: Well, you can look at the Limon company. Jose Limon died some years ago, and the company has been functioning without him doing his work. He had quite a body of work. You can't really tell because it has to do with so many different factors. One would hope that these dances [Graham's] will be kept; there are lots of people who know them well enough so that the Graham company, with just that repertory could probably function for a while.

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new music

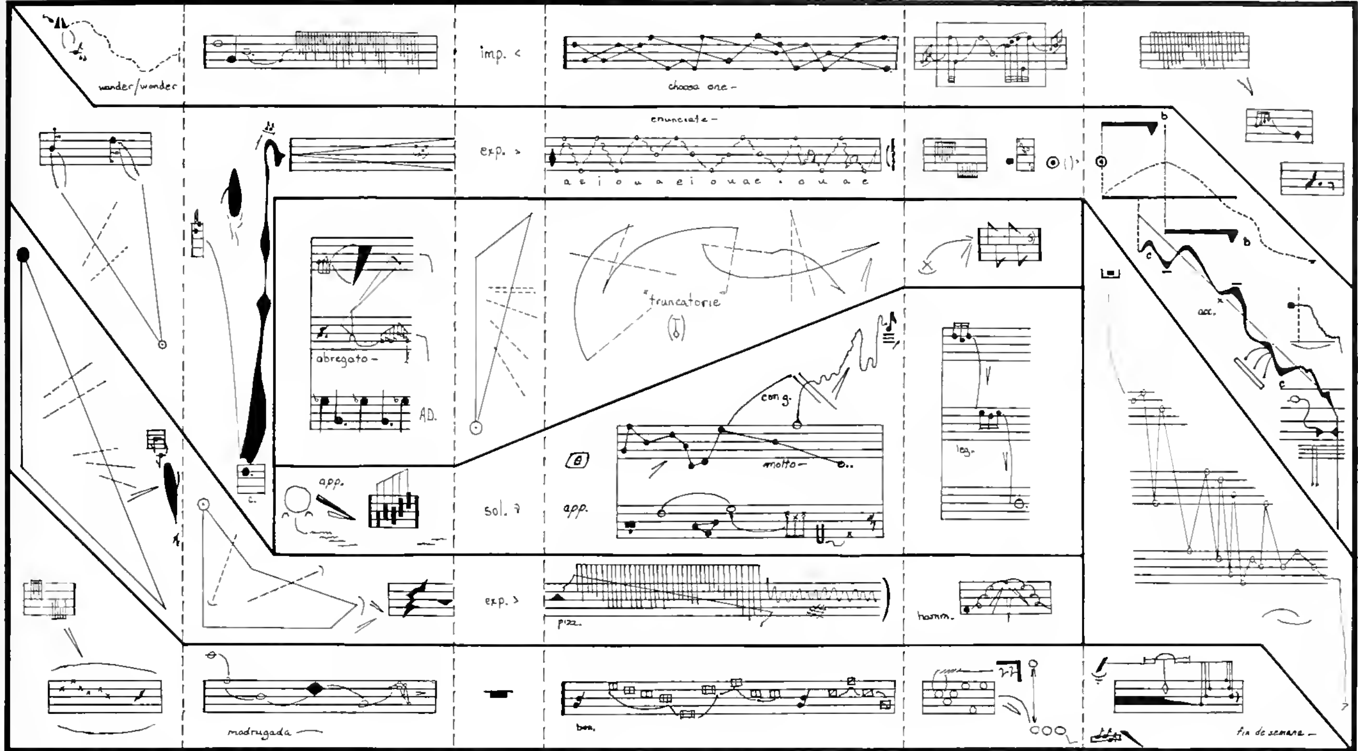


Illustration by Ric Marshall

ric marshall

What is "New Music?" New Music is the name we attribute to a particular form of contemporary Western man's music. It is characterized by the composer working from a musical "vision" unfettered by the totalities of traditional instruments or harmonic relationships. It is characterized by the use of sophisticated electronic recording and sound synthesis technology. It is characterized by the use of terms like "aural event," "frequency modulation," "attack and decay," and "timbral attributes." It is also characterized by a highly specialized and esoteric audience and by a body of criticism that is little concerned with understanding the true nature of its own development.

Every age, I suppose, has its "new music." Still it seems somehow appropriate that the coming of the electronic age and its resultant effect upon music should be graced with that title. Indeed, what we call "New Music" today is precisely that, totally and irrevocably "new," and its prime tenet is to take in everything, to explore without limitation the nature of aural phenomena, and to change even the very definition of the word "music." Suddenly what we call "music" includes sounds which assault our minds and ears to the same degree that a Chopin nocturne might soothe and caress them.

Electronics first had their effect upon music with the advent of the tape recorder, causing a breakdown in the traditional ways of examining a musical work. Prior to this, at least in the Western tradition, while the composer was present at the heart of a musical performance, the individual symphonic directors and performers contributed actual life to the work, and every musical performance had its own unique qualities, be they good or bad. Improvisation, always important in Western music, was charged with a very special kind of energy, existing as the roar of a volcano, now raging, now quiet, never to be heard again.

With the coming of tape recording, suddenly the performer, and in classical music especially, the conductor, found himself or herself playing a very different role. A tape recording of a particular performance establishes *that particular interpretation* as a fixed, unchanging experience that may be repeated again and again. The listeners and critics of music are then faced not only with the original score, which has been worked and reworked to some state of perfection by its composer, but also by a particular in-

terpretation of that composition. Although the earliest recordings of classical compositions were simply tapings of live performances, it did not take long for the symphonies and recording producers to capitalize on this fact and begin to work and rework their particular performances to a state of artistic perfection in much the same fashion that the composer had developed his or her score.

Tape recording also changed the critical nature of improvisation. Suddenly a listener could examine the methods and feelings of even a particular performer, could study them again and again, and could establish a true artistic development in the performer's work that could be examined and reinterpreted by others with equal ease. This, more than any other factor, made possible the development of jazz as we know it today. Most certainly it has made possible the tremendous growth and development of rock music as well.

Perhaps more importantly, however, tape recording stimulated a whole new generation of musical composers. Certain techniques made possible by the tape recorder came to be explored very quickly by those seeking to expand their musical expression. What might happen, for example, when one records two or more musical sequences on top of one another or re-records the same sequence on top of itself but delayed by a number of measures as if it were a round? One might even go so far as to chop up one's recording, be it Beethoven or be it the sound of a train whistle, and splice it back together in a random but rhythmically spaced manner. These possibilities opened up a whole new way of making and listening to music and greatly expanded its definition.

The next major electronic development was the musical synthesizer. Although the earliest attempts at this were quite crude and limited by today's standards, they opened up the possibility that a composer might be able to create and control every aspect of his or her composition, from score to performance and that the tonalities at his or her command might be limited only by the imagination. Where previously the composer had been more or less limited to the timbres and harmonic relationships of traditional instruments or naturally occurring sounds, the composer at the synthesizer might build any tonality or kind of scale and explore and amend these without end through use of the recorder.

Critically this forced a reexamination of the concept of music. Paralleling similar developments in painting and the visual arts, composers began to experiment with the freedom of true aural abstraction. The musical equivalents of the visual Dadaists could create a type of total silence or a tape of factory noises and present it as a work of art. How can one analyze and appreciate such

the new music at unc-g

Though it may come as a surprise to the many students (and even faculty!) who never bother to find out about such things, UNC-G possesses a fine electronic music studio of itsown. The facility is operated by Dr. Arthur Hunkins of the UNC-G School of Music, and includes an extensive Moog studio set-up, an ARP 2600, two Revox ½ stereo decks, a Teac four-channel recorder, and a number of miscellaneous Electrocomp and other accessory units. The studio also contains equipment such as an ocilloscope and a digital frequency counter, essential aids to both teaching and compositions.

Dr. Hunkins, chief electronics wizard and seasoned veteran of electronic music instruction here at UNC-G, is also a fine composer in his own right, and plays the somewhat more traditional cello in the Greensboro Symphony as well.

The UNC-G School of Music has a second exponent of electronic composition in the person of Dr. Frank McCarty, head of the composition department. Dr. McCarty has played a major role in the advancement of "New Music" here in Greensboro, both in his own work as well as in his sponsorship of such past guests as Allen Strange and the Electric Weasels, a nationally know group of musicians and composers from the West Coast. McCarty recently presented a recital of his own compositions in the Music Building Recital Hall, a concery earmarked by experimentation, humor, energy and provocation.

Much of the work done in the Electronic Music Studio also finds its way into other academic area, particularly dance and film. Both Dr. Hunkins and Dr. McCarty encourage students to experiment with multi-media presentations, and a number of past dance and theatre performances have used student compositions or tape assemblages.

For more information regarding student access to UNC-G's Electronic Music Studio, please contact Dr. Arthur Hunkins through the School of Music.

abstraction?

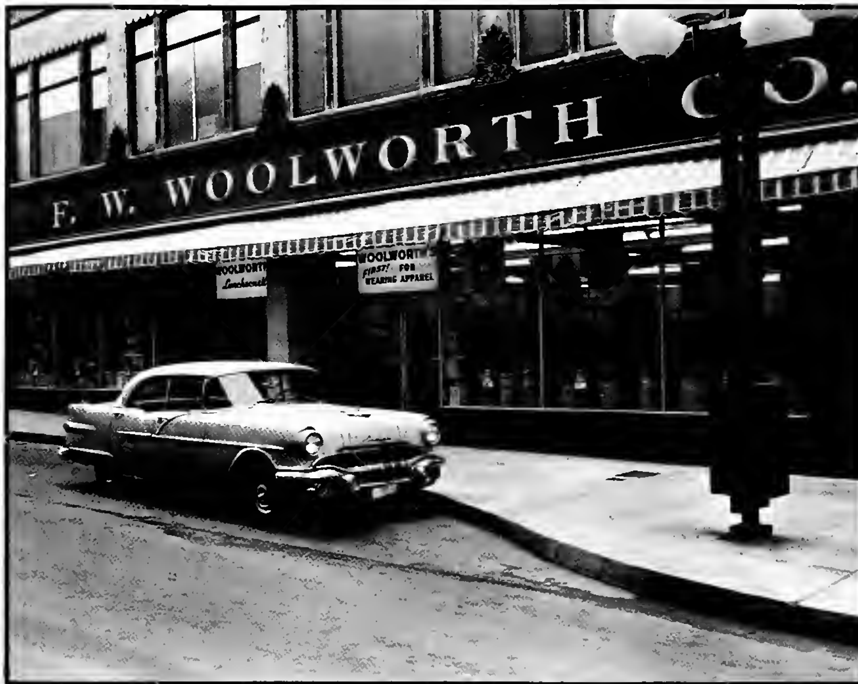
At the same time electronics created other, more subtle changes. As it was no longer necessary to attend an actual performance to be exposed to music, the nature of the musical audience was changed as well, particularly through the medium of broadcasting. Music began to be listened to not as the center of one's attention but as background for other activities, be it driving one's automobile or shopping for Christmas presents. Certain contemporary "composers," individuals like Brian Eno (*Coraddi*, Vol. II, No. 2), have taken this notion to its extreme, creating music entirely for this purpose while simultaneously posing as an "artist." Even in the case of live music, this question has arisen, as increased exposure to Eastern philosophies of music has lead to "concert" situations where meditation or spiritual closeness are "assisted" by musical accompaniment or even audience involvement. Much of modern day jazz, it is suggested, is music for the benefit of the performer not the listener. If this is the case, then the notion of "audience" may be said to have disappeared altogether, at least in these instances!

What do such changes tell us about music? Music is a form of communication which uses audible symbols (sounds) to transmit feelings from its composer/perfomer to its listener. When we attempt to critique the work of a given musical artist, we must make certain abstract or conceptual analogies between their work and the feelings that it may or may not express. We may say, for example, as has been said by many critics, that music performed solely for the performers' own enjoyment is nothing more than musical or artistic masturbation, thus drawing an analogy between the abstract concept (not the physical, sexual act) of masturbation and the specific composition or performance of the specific artist in question. Yet we must remember that such analogies, while interesting and useful when discussing the efficiency of a particular work, tell us little or nothing of the social or cultural *validity* of a work or its generative philosophy. Is musical (or artistic) masturbation a positive or negative development? Is New Music on the leading edge of an artistic direction that is good or bad? As in the visual arts, as in literature, indeed, as in philosophy itself, is our direction genuinely worth our time and effort?

It is my contention here that no matter how attractive, intellectually or otherwise, this New Music may be, it is the ethical and moral responsibility of composers and critics alike to examine the underlying philosophy (or lack thereof) of their own artistic activity. What *is* New Music? What is *music*? What does it mean? Is it a positive thing for an art form to become so esoteric? Is this not intellectual elitism?

Photo by Ric Marshall

Dr. Frank McCarty (standing, left) takes a well deserved bow for the audience at the conclusion of his October 30 recital.



WOOLWORTH'S

pam troy

It was chilly in Woolworth that day, for in August the air conditioners were always on full force. A damp metallic smell like wet sheets had settled over everything. The clerks were leaning on their elbows across the counters and drawling in low spiteful voices to each other, when one of the doors opened, and three teenage girls came in.

One was dark and broad-shouldered, with a handsome face. The other was slightly shorter and rather tired looking, with a blonde ponytail. A small girl in a blue plaid skirt trailed behind the two. Her brown hair was pulled into a bun as tight and round as a ping-pong ball.

The head clerk, a bony, gum-popping woman with a beehive hairdo, glanced at her watch and nodded. It was 3:45. "Saint Celeste girls," she said to a check-out girl. "I guess they would have opened about now." She strode over to where she could get a good view of their doings. These days, she reasoned, people did not send their children to boarding school for nothing, and she intended to keep a sharp eye on the merchandise.

The two bigger girls were looking over a few scarves while the little one (whose name was Berdine) stood behind them. At first she had been relieved by the coolness of the store. It had been a long walk from the academy. Now she was beginning to feel chilled, and she rubbed her upper arms as she looked around. She was confronted with a maze of counters offering keychains, shirts, shoes, stale candy, make-up and plastic handbags. Her eyes lit on a lunch counter, and she opened the purse draped over one shoulder and dug around clumsily in it. Emerging with some change, she nudged the blonde girl. "Hey Anne," she said. "Do you want a Coke or something? I'm going to get one."

"No Birdie," said Anne in a voice that implied what an effort it took for her to be patient. Berdine touched the dark girl on the shoulder.

"Mia?"

"No," said Mia.

Berdine walked over to the lunch counter and got a Coke. It was in a tiny paper cup and half water, but it tasted pretty good. On the stools next to her sat a fat woman in curlers and her little boy. He was about eight and had a runny nose, a crew-cut, and very grimy bare feet. Berdine glanced at him and saw that he had twisted around on his stool to look at her. When she smiled, his face broked into a wide jagged grin.

After putting down the Coke, she

began to walk around. Surely she had seen a bookrack . . . yes, there it was. She wandered over and looked at the sign over the rack which read, "Inspirational Reading" in fancy script. Most of the book covers had either Billy Graham or Anita Bryant smiling off into the distance. There were a few romances, but Berdine had read them all. No, there was nothing she wanted here. Nearby was a table of records, but an investigation revealed only a few country albums.

"Berdine!" It was Mia, standing with Anne at the door. "Come on, we're leaving now."

Berdine walked to the door, glad to be getting out. Perhaps there was a bookstore nearby. She was half out when someone seized her shoulder and whirled her around back into the shop. To her confusion, she found herself staring up into the face of a thin, middle-aged woman with hair teased up into a bouffant. The woman's eyes were hard, and she said something.

"What?"

"You heard me. I said open your purse."

Feeling frightened, although she wasn't sure why, Berdine fumbled open her handbag.

"Take it out."

"What?"

"I . . . said . . . take . . . it . . . OUT!"

After looking desperately into the clutter of her purse, Berdine suddenly saw what the woman wanted. The back of a paperback was visible in the depths, wedged between some kleenex and her make-up kit. Shaking, Berdine took it out, a shiny new novel with a purple cover and the title *Wicked, Loving Lies*. "That's my book," Berdine said.

The woman simply looked at her. The lady and her little boy stared from the lunch counter. Mia and Anne had returned and stood in the doorway, gazing in astonishment at the tableau. Still without a word, the woman turned Berdine around and gripping the girl's arm, marched her towards the back. Mia and Anne followed closely behind. "What's happening?" asked Anne in a low voice. "Did she do something?"

"It's my book!" Berdine insisted. "I tell you, I bought it yesterday in another store. I carry it in my purse so I can read it when I have to wait for the others."

The back office was dark, and for a minute Berdine couldn't see. A fat, red man sat at a scuffed desk, and he looked up when the woman slapped the book down in front of him. "I found her leaving the store with this in her purse. One of those big bags. It looked kinda bulky so I thought I'd better check."

The man looked at Berdine without expression. "What's your name?" he asked.

Berdine was white. "It is my book," she repeated, her voice trembling. "I bought and paid for it at the Safeway yesterday. You can go ask them yourself." Her knuckles stood out as she clutched her purse, trying to keep her hands still. She was beginning to lose control as she always did when faced with an angry adult.

"What's your name?"

"I DIDN'T STEAL IT!"

"I didn't ask that; I asked your name."

"Berdine Rush," she said miserably.

There was a pause as the man wrote something down on a yellow notepad. From the corner of her eye she could see Mia and Anne standing at the door of the office, watching. Berdine drew a shaky breath and counted to ten, trying to pull herself together.

"Portia," the man said, his eyes still on Berdine, "go look and see if we carry this book." He glanced down at it and made a face. The cover had a picture of a man bending over to kiss a woman. Portia walked out, and Berdine heard Anne and Mia say something. Then the voices faded, and she was alone with the man.

"I suppose," he said, his tone cold and quiet, "that you all think it's a game. You come in here, slip something in your purse, and snicker and brag about it to your friends."

"No!" Berdine cried, "I don't think it's a game. I never . . ."

"*You don't?*" He seemed about to rise from his seat. "Then just what *do* you think missy? Do you think at all? I know your type. You punks in that school. Carpeted room, air conditioning. I bet you even have your own T.V. Your Daddy's rich enough to send you there, and you come down and steal from us. We're a God-fearing people, we don't have money, and you think you can cheat us, and it's so cute."

She was crying now. She felt her face crumple, her lower lip turn inside out, her nose begin to run. Opening her mouth to speak, she could only let out a long thin wail. She wanted to tell him that her father wasn't rich, that she didn't have a T.V. Fighting the tightness in her chest, she managed to say, "We're not . . . we never . . . we don't steal . . ."

"Well, that's mighty funny," he continued, "because we caught a couple of your classmates last year lifting a few things. And we don't like it, not one bit. And let me tell you what I'm going to do. In a minute I am going to call the police, and you are going to have a record, little lady! Because you punks have got to learn that you can't get away with things like that."

By now she had given herself over completely to tears. She stood there, dripping and sobbing and hating herself for it. The man, after a minute, shoved a kleenex at her. She snatched it from him and buried her face in it, her shoulders shaking with fury. Dimly she remembered a voice, her father's, shouting, "Goddamnit, you've got to have more control! A girl your age doesn't cry like that! What are you, a baby?" Now it was the manager's voice again, hostile and condescending. "Maybe if your folks had smacked you a couple of times, I wouldn't have to do this."

There was a breeze, the smell of

Continued on page 12.

A Habit of Being

stemmed from the fact that she took her own Catholicism very seriously. Her letters reflect a faith that was genuine and well-thought-out. In her letters to Dr. T. R. Spivey, Cecil Dawkins, and especially a young women known to the reader only as "A," she argued about and discussed her Catholicism and the effect it had on her work. In one letter, she wrote:

> The religion of the South is a do-it-yourself religion, something which I, as a Catholic, find painful and touching and grimly comic. It's full of unconscious pride that lands them in all sorts of ridiculous religious predicaments. They have nothing to correct their practical heresies and so the work them out dramatically.

Reading a book of letters can be like listening to only one side of a conversation. The reader must divine from the answers what was said in previous letters. In this case, particularly in the theological discussions Miss O'Connor had with some friends through the mail, her premises are put forth so clearly that the reader can easily tell what had been said in the mail Miss O'Connor received. Through her letters one can follow the events in the lives of her friends. The emotional breakdown of Cal Lowell, the ups and downs of Cecil Dawkins' writing career, and A's brief conversion to Catholicism are all described in letters that show a real interest in their well-being. Even in the correspondence of the last year of her life, there are only brief, oblique references to her own nearness to death. "I do appreciate your prayers," she says in a letter to Father John McCown, and in a letter to Janet McKane, "Thanks for the prayers, I do need them." A last note, written just before her death, shows more concern for a friend's safety than her own serious illness.

The reader may not always agree with the opinions on religion, writing and civil rights expressed in these letters, but *A Habit of Being* remains a very valuable book. It is to be recommended for anyone who wishes to write, who wishes to study her work, or who has, at some time, read her fiction.

The Stand

and while the story does not become dull, it is by no means as interesting. Some flaws in the characters become a little more obvious. The pregnant girl, Frannie Goldsmith, is too wry, too full of smugly cute remarks. This seems to be a problem with several of King's sympathetic characters. Another example is the character of Glen Bateman, an ex-college professor who is every inch the merry-eyed cynic, sprinkling chuckles and wordy epigrams everywhere he goes.

Believability is also a problem in the second half of *The Stand*. In the beginning, when the characters' contact with the supernatural is limited to strange dreams and yearnings, it is a little more credible, but once the camps are divided, an intimacy with God develops which King does not make convincing no matter how hard he tries. There is one scene that is especially unconvincing, in which a retarded man who is hypnotized speaks intelligently, identifying himself as "God's Tom." What's more, as the book nears its end, self-righteousness begins to close in, and King starts to employ overblown Biblical prose. One chapter ends with the sentence, "and the righteous and the unrighteous were consumed in that holy fire."

In short, the first part of *The Stand* is good, fast reading, while the second half declines into cheap moralizing. As a whole it's a pleasant book, something to be read for enjoyment, nothing more.

Woolworth's

hairspray. "We don't carry this book," said Portia, "and the friend here says she saw the girl reading it last night."

"Well," the man said slowly. "I guess you can go now. I just hope you've learned something from this."

Unbelieving, Berdine stared at him over her Kleenex as she felt an arm go around her shoulders. "Come on, Birdie," said Mia, "they don't want our money, and we don't want their kind." The three girls, with Berdine in the middle, walked out of the store.

Outside under the warm sun Berdine's sobs subsided into a weak case of hiccups. "White trash," she kept saying. "White trash."

"That's just what they are, Honey," Mia said. "Are you all right?"

"Maybe if we got her a soda," Anne said. Berdine shook her head.

"No. Thanks. I'll be O.K. MY BOOK!"

"I got it," replied Mia. Then she giggled. "And look what else."

They stopped and crowded around Mia's triumphantly opened purse. In it were two scarves, a key chain, and a compact.

"What did *you* get?" she asked Anne.

They walked back to the school, the two tall girls laughing and talking over Berdine's head. She had stopped crying and was staring straight ahead, her face scarlet.

Poetry/Fiction Readings
At St. Mary's House

Feb. 22	Michael Gaspeny & Chuck Sullivan
Mar. 14	Teo Savory
Mar. 28	Pamela Postma & Becke Roughton
Apr. 11	Richard Gess & Doris Hardie
Apr. 25	Karen Pool & Jeff Bryant

8:30 p.m.

WUAG follow-up

In our last issue, *Coraddi* examined the future of WUAG, the campus' radio station. Much has happened in the intervening months since that article was published, so we asked David Isreal, Station Manager of WUAG, to bring us up to date.

In the past several weeks, I have been approached by individuals who ask how WUAG's power increase is "coming along." The answer which most of these people received was, "It's not." The usual reaction was a quick accusation of myself or the WUAG executive board for inaction — this is not the case.

On May 12, 1972, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting petitioned the Federal Communications Commission for a more efficient means for us of the FM educational band. On April 23, 1976, official government action was taken before the FCC, and the proceedings may be found in that day's *Federal Register.* In brief, the new ruling stated that all applications for power increases must be filed no later then January 2, 1980 at 5:30 p.m. After this date, upon the expiration of the station's license, if an application for power increase had not been filed the station would become a secondary broadcast outlet, subject to interference from other, more powerful, stations.

The administration has let WUAG fall into this position (the trustees hold the license, not the students). There are no indications from my talks with those who have been involved with WUAG in the past that there was any action taken by Chancellor Ferguson, other than appointing an Ad-Hoc Committee in March of 1976. From my own experience, the actions of Chancellor Moran have been ill-timed and inappropriate. With a deadline of January 1 on the horizon, a management consultant was hired by Chancellor Moran to study the future of WUAG, instead of a more critically needed technical consultant to find a clear frequency to increase the radio station's power.

In short, WUAG may soon be a radio station without a frequency. While newcomers WQFS in Guilford College and WNAA from A&T State will be going up in power, WUAG, Greensboro's oldest educational radio station — will become a secondary outlet and may soon cease to exist as a free-radiating FM outlet. The students at WUAG have volunteered countless hours, to make the station suitable for the total community, not just the students. It is hoped the inaction of the Administration will not have wasted those efforts.

THE GREENSBORO SUN

ALL THE NEWS YOU NEVER SEE ANYWHERE ELSE

special poetry section

art by

hilarie johnston

14-28

mary steltzer

30-32

James Wright

Banana Heart

Don't squeeze
I bruise
I've laid here for a month
Me and the grapes
and the grunge
of stuff you never touched
in a chorus of reek
we stink sweet
so why do you reach for me now?
bruised and black
and barely yellow
my peel can only repulse
So leave me alone
and let me rot
my black pulp heart
is all I've got!

Caesura Park

Sometimes
I live in the park
Where still pools
suspend orange goldfish
in dark shades
beneath tree fingers.
Held between the arms of the city
the office, shop buildings
press with double-doored lips
a kiss of air-conditioned warmth
and innocent window eyes
open, flourescent
wonder what this was.

A lewd moon rose on satin sheets.
Gibson bought a keg of beer, and
"Do I want . . .?"

No.
I must wait to hear the song about a park
where people stand around green pools
vacantly watch the orange goldfish
and wonder what they are,
where midnight tree fingers
draw black lines
severing here from there
as stunned someone whispers
"What was that!"

But no,
there is no song
to soothe a severed night,
only the faint rattle
of dried black leaves
as one, then two
crack off and settle
through the inaudible sigh
of a negligible breeze
into some satin shadows
burned beneath the trees.

Kay Leigh Ferguson

Mirror Voice

you have a mind like Antigone's
beaming your brain on a thing
      white light before the storm
until it blooms or burns

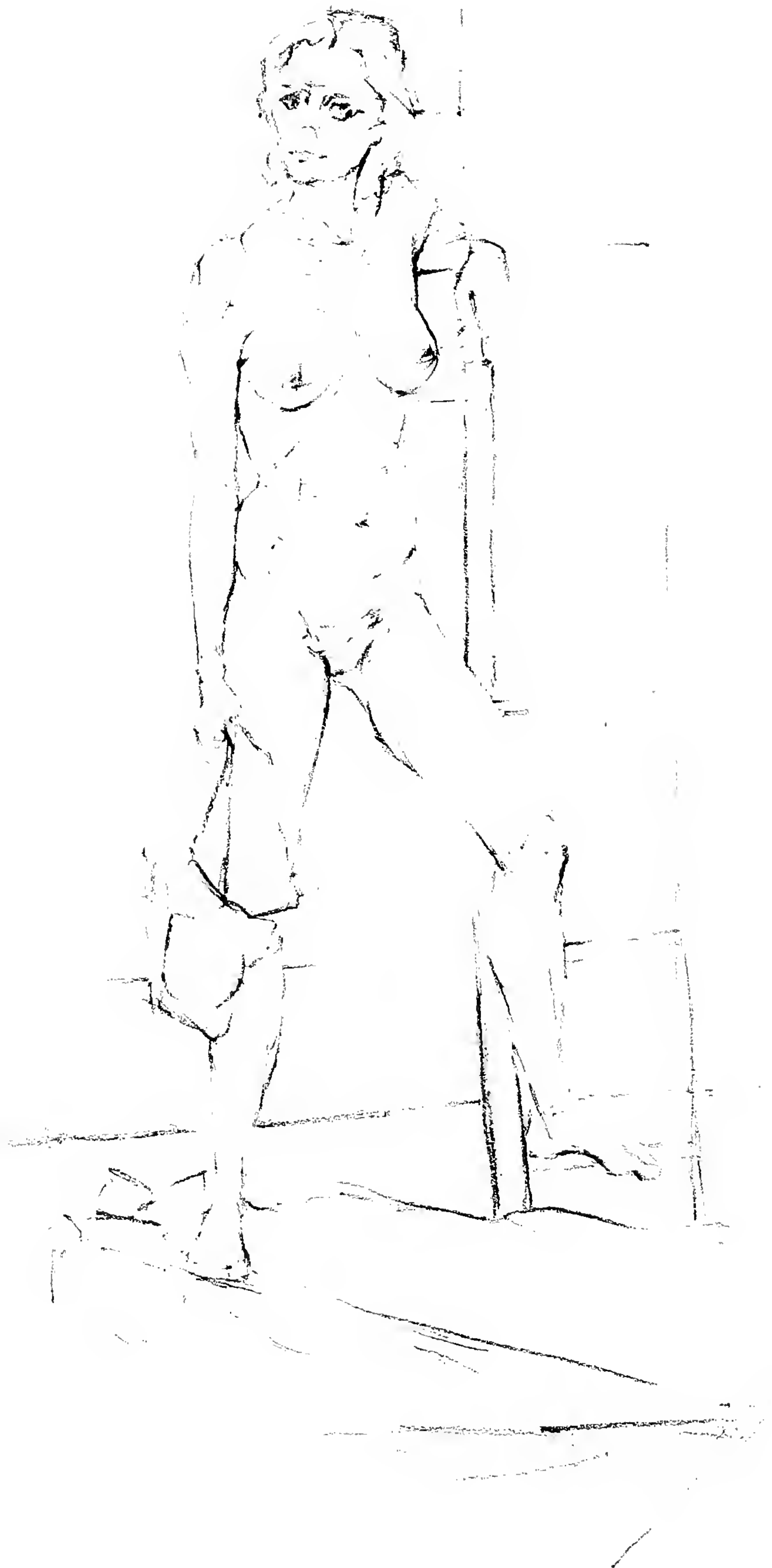
shaking a day like prey, fussy
impatient jaws locked, nose primed
for the essence, blinded
when the bursting light gives

at a party, *tra la la*
pressing the point, spine against wood,
under the talk like a weightlifter,
the Atlas of cocktails.

behind your eyes transformations
      houses to castles to skin
      lovers to gods to men
      time to images shuddering as maple seeds

in the mornings your feet hit
the wooden floor, flat.
your march, the search begins
begins, nothing ends for you
or rests a dusty rest.
a drug perhaps is needed
to slow, to tone, caress

you kiss yourself in the mirror
promise your lips success.



Shells

Our bed is full of shells.
How it clacks and chimes.
The black clams break
and fall open breathless.

In the sunlight by the pond,
we lay naked.
Our hair thrown together
Gleams like the turbo's heart.

I come into a room and find
you inside your shell,
or notice my own dry house,
When we break at these walls,
our fists become water.

On the beach we run, finding,
And beat by the waves
I offer you all my shells.
You string and hide them.

At times my ear holds your chest
like a conch.
I hear the old rushing,
Breathe to the old beating
and sleep deep as coral.

Baker's Beach

I walk the beach across a country from you
and find you with me still.
This bloom of you has folded a petal
each day of my journey.
And now hard and hearty as a bud
has the patience for long winter.

The trees describe the wind from the water
sweep up the hills, bare their faces
to the sea, listen for the lines
of their branches.
The sand moves to follow
and here I write this name of yours.

The bay breathes upon it, blows it all astray.
The ocean sings, it does not slumber.
It drowns the call of love, yet speaks
speaks it to the sky, a gift,
a roar, a yawning murmur.

The rune is gone.
The power does now wander.

Parking

We wake on Sundays unanswered.
Take the kitten outside for the first time.
Leave her near the oak tree.
She huddles at first before the wide world.
Then crosses the bars of orange sun to us.
So soon brave.

It is not that we don't look.
We go to the woods of the park
where an oak wraps in its own roots.
Where a sign talks of war when you press a button.
Here Cornwallis just blew everyone.
His own men dying surprised,
where the Hawaiian Punch can now lies.

You want to stick your hand in things, hunt sticks,
pick crawdads out of the creek.
I make a gathering of dried grasses,
slowly, asking which to take.
Shaking them before the sun.
I turn to see you yipping, brandishing
a spear over your shoulder.
I sweep my grasses before me as I walk
towards you the spear falls.

It is not that we don't look
We turn up logs, half ground half tree.
We find: two grubs, a beetle missing one leg,
three white elf penises dreaming in the rot.

You work to put the logs back.

Salvatore Salerno, Jr.

All In A Dream

p'sstlove,

listen or
rather don't
listen
but watch:remember

thunder
rumble never
hurt a soul

child, pay no
heed to noise
but watch:remember

love, lightning
strikes some-
times with

not a warning
and leaves
all dead

to the world:
stand at awe,
child,

if you dare

to stand at
all:
p'sstwatch!

for the swell
of storm approaches:
p'sstwake

this sleeping joy,
my love,
rise!

o rise
to this breath,
my lightscattered son!

Ann Sigafoos Hill

Miss Emily

One maiden, no more,
can touch the cheeks of a thousand
friends
with the door closed in that porcelain house,
that frail head
with the china-blue doll's eyes that press shut
as tightly
as the door beside her bed.

Inside, there are
a thousand nights and days
of that safe love
that arches breathless all alone.
Lover inside lover,
no separation, no delineation, that continuum
that never ends
and is never quite begun.

Unless, for visitors,
the door is jerked open and out tumble
jumbles of tangled friends who
pick themselves up and laughing,
attach themselves noisily
to all those appropriating bodies that suddenly,
with flowers and effusive charity,
cover her floor.

But never mind.
They'll leave them all behind.
And she'll roll them up as neatly as hankies,
with cool, superior fingers,
put them pack inside her head.
And with the implacable, practiced patience
of one who's done all this before,
she'll turn out the lights
and pull shut
the door.

For Michael
(who was always three)

and who
at six a.m.
lay curled in my bed like a rolled anchovy while
the bright gray dawn urgently pushed its way in around the bedroom
curtains and slid up the walls in celebration of our morning and
prematurely mocking our insouciant laughter
which would rise up through the morning's
warm air like
its own indulgent
daybreak.
Sleeping,
he was private.
Crowded into himself like
an expectant multitude with no place else to go,
he lay rolled as if from nine month's practice in my womb,
while those tiny, possessive fists gathered in urgent folds the sheets
up to his chest like we held those careless, exuberant mornings
in those three years when he was here and when
we rolled out our time like ripe peaches;
we were luxurious,
we were always young.

Mid-Winter in Central Park

Love comes,
you noted,
every spring.
Nodding gravely,
i knew
that just to have you touch my hair
i would gladly fling heavenward
armfuls of old snowflakes
to restore them home,
and squatting to warm the frozen ground,
extract the gentle new grass,
like baby's hair,
with tweezers,
one-by-one.

Opting instead
for that same safe slush,
i nodded again
and turned to go,
leaving all those empty footprints
to follow me in the snow.

Teaching Grandma To Play Frisbee

My snap is sharp,
and the frisbee splits
the windless air in two,
speeding, spinning
directly toward her,
then curving away
from her confused, waiting hands.
Grandma tries to imitate me,
but there is no flick
in her wrist.
She thrusts the frisbee forward
like flinging dirty water from a pail
and laughs.

I release the frisbee again;
it floats slowly in the fluent air,
hovering above her
as she struggles to grasp it,
to spring off the ground
like a child reaching for a doorknob,
before it pulls up suddenly
and drops in front of her.
Grandma laughs
her high-pitched, silly laugh
that means she can't understand
what you want from her.

Ann Shanabrook

Throats

Streptocarpus flowers
like violets
with long pale throats.

Streptococci.

Delicate tissues exposed,
germs bud in moist medium
and spread lungward.

A strep infection,
and I imagine
my throat blooming with purple flowers.

Corner of Midnight

Dark
except for the shell white smoothness of your face
eyes that gleam as deceptively as wet shiny streets,
you disappear as a shadow into the house
with a rude slap of the screen door
that creaks on its stiff spring
pausing in a slice of awkward space.

Do you wish that I return?

No,
I stand on chunked concrete,
a pale form with blue lips
transfixed by the street light's hum
and witness
a disdainful flick of a curtain,
a dim light from the back of the house.

You think you are alone.

I turn to walk on broken pavement,
past more drawn curtains,
avoiding cracks and tufts of grass,
sand and broken bottles,
I pass into my own darkness.

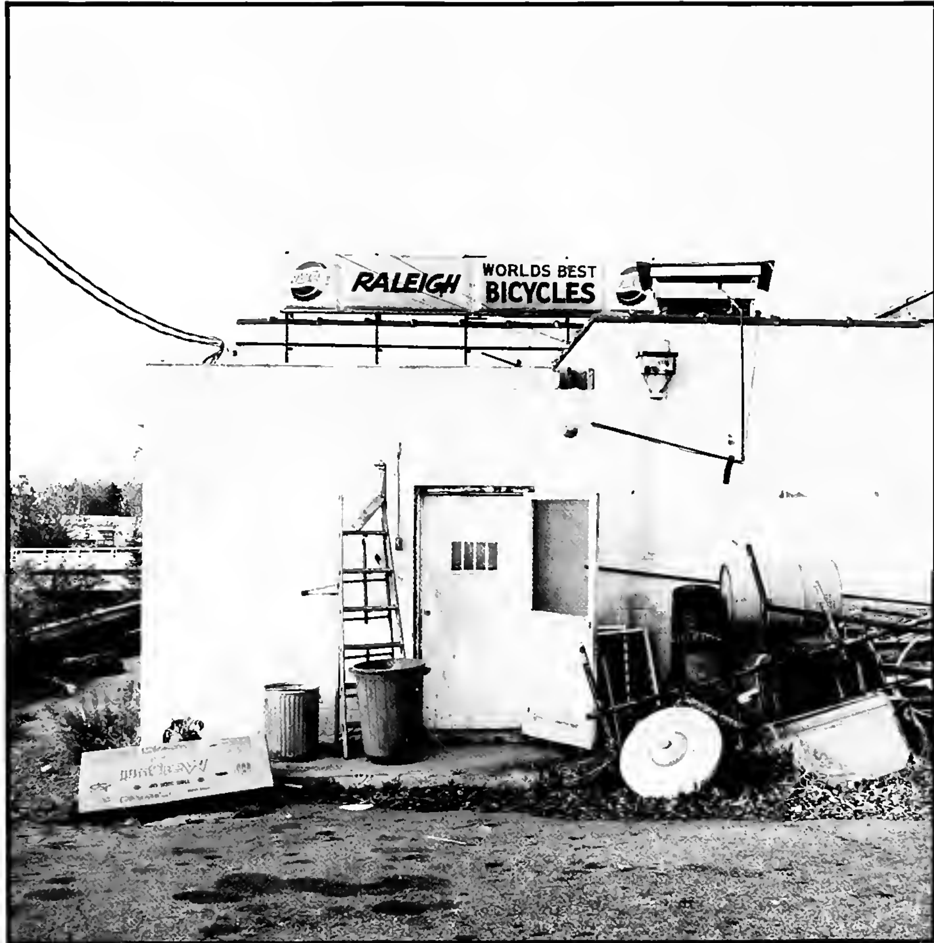
Melinda Morris

Chuck Newman

walk past this night
pitch grey light black trees
        beams from some far towers
fog
below the hill
night brings the fog out
and smoke to meet us
night draws fog
        draws smoke quick behind
a smell of smoke a grey of fog
below the hill
        lying black
burned timber bones
black roof dead
square patch ghosts — dead lot
below the hill
walk past

PHOTOGRAPHS

TIM WEIANT



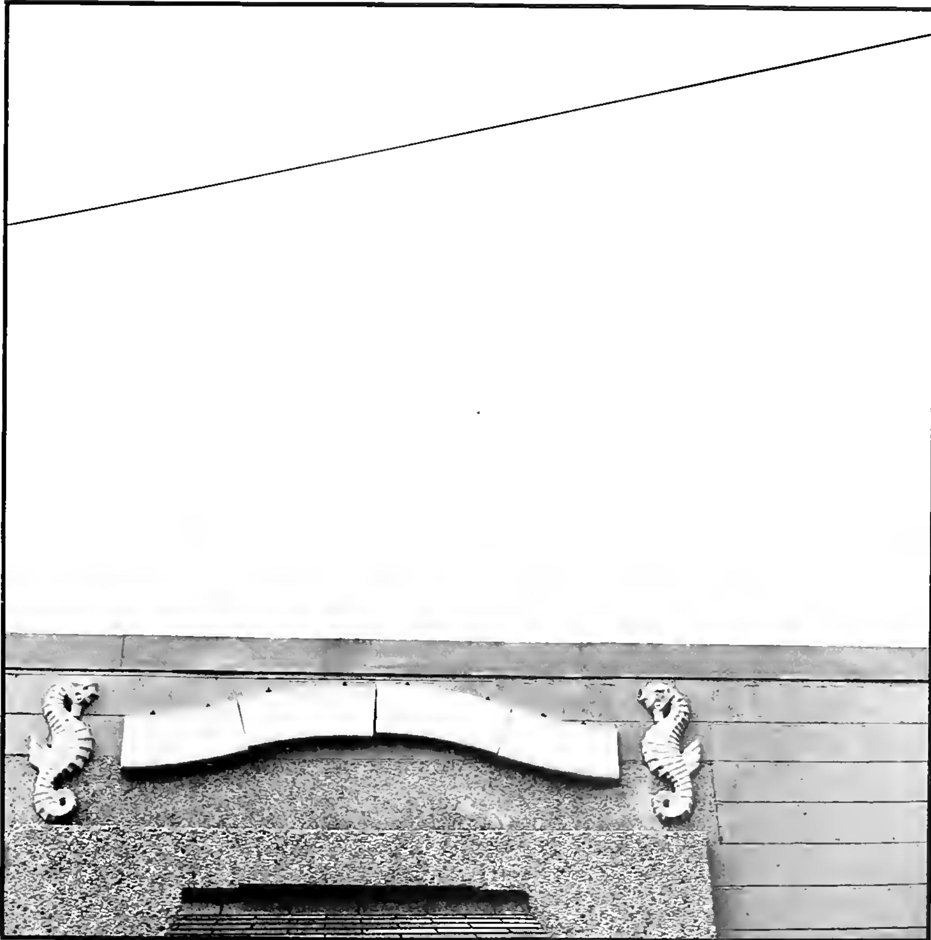
Behind the Bike Shop

Sunbeam

John

Gas Station

Orr



Seahorses and Sky

les livres d´artists

ann shanabrook

In 1890, Ambroise Vollard arrived in Paris intending to study law but was so overwhelmed by the art work he found in the shops and bookstalls of the Latin Quarter, that he immediately began collecting prints and drawings and set up a small gallery. Vollard writes of himself, "I was hardly settled in the rue Laffitte when I began to dream of publishing engravings, but I felt they must be done by 'painter-engravers.' My idea was to obtain engravings from artists who were not engravers by profession." Acting on this idea, Vollard and other publishers who followed his lead produced a new category of book called "les livres d'artists" or simply "artists' books" — volumes of poetry or prose illustrated by artists whose main occupation was not illustrating. By 1950, many modern painters and sculptors, such as Chagall, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Moore, and Rodin, had illustrated books, and examples of these are now on display in the Special Collections Room of Jackson Library in a five-part exhibit entitled "The Artist and the Book in the Twentieth Century."

There were, of course, several prototypes to these deluxe volumes: in 1828 Delacroix published an edition of *Faust*; during the middle of the century, Daumier illustrated many popular books; and Manet in 1875 drew designs for *Le Corbeau* (Mallarme's French translation of Poe's *The Raven*). But the real beginning of this new form came in 1900, when Vollard released Paul Verlaine's *Parallelement*, illustrated with over 100 original lithographs by the painter Pierre Bonnard. The abundance of the arabesques scattered in the margins and the disdain for lithographs by bibliophiles of the time made the volume a bold departure from tradition, and it was not well received by the established art critics. But Vollard's thoughtful conception and his insistence upon flawless printing and painstaking execution assured that this volume, as well as the other twenty-odd volumes that he published, would be among the finest artists' books ever produced.

Vollard's introduction of the artists' book opened up an important new vehicle of expression for modern artists. It enabled them to distribute their work freely among a greater number of collectors than ever before. A popular idea, then and now, is that an artist is somehow lowering himself by doing book illustration, by making his art conform to the writer's subject matter. But the majority of the volumes show none of this expected conflict between artistic creativity and the restrictions of book illustrating. In fact, the artists seem to have collaborated enthusiastically with literary men. The illustrations display as much creative genius and freedom as the artists' individual work; there is no trace of a feeling of shame or compromise or working at a disadvantage on their parts. Rather, the artists seem to have viewed illustration as an exciting challenge and an opportunity to become proficient in another area of art.

The better publishers also took care that the artists' work would not be betrayed in reproduction. Traditionally, the illustrator merely turned in sketches, which were then transferred by an engraver onto the appropriate block — often with considerable freedom and often losing the forcefulness of the original drawing. Vollard allowed only the most expert engravers to work on these books. He assigned Maurice Potin the task of reproducing a large portfolio of monotypes by Degas called *Scenes de Maisons Closes.* Degas had done them in regular printer's ink on copper plates and later touched up the prints with pastels. Potin was instructed to make a plate faithful to the original that could be printed in a regular edition; it took him close to six years to complete the portfolio. He often made three or four different plates of aquatint etching in order to capture the effects of Degas' originals.

However, rather than have an engraver do this critical work, many of the artists were stimulated to learn and master the techniques themselves and thus be sure that the most distinctive, most admired features of their work would not be lost. Because the artists demanded special effects that were essential to their styles, a majority of these volumes represent some kind of experimentation or technical difficulties in printing. For example, after Rouault's drawings for *Reincarnations due Pere Ubu* had carefully been made into woodcuts by the engraver Georges Aubert, it was found that manual pressure was not strong enough to make high-quality prints on an ordinary press; the prints came out too pale. So Vollard had his printer, Aime Jourde, construct a special press that supplied a surge of electricity at the moment of printing to obtain maximum pressure. The sensitive mechanism of this press allowed Jourde to print an extended scale of shading. Matisse also required a special press to supply extra pressure to deepen and darken his images to achieve the mosaic effect he desired. When he was illustrating Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs Du Mal,* summer heat prevented him from completing the lithographs, and he was forced to have the drawings photographically reproduced instead.

The prints for these volumes were made by various methods, including lithography, etching, woodcutting, and silk screening. Some of the artists developed quite unusual and unconventional means of preparing the plates. Rouault's etching technique serves as a good example. His preliminary drawing was reproduced on a copper plate by the photo-mechanical process of heliogravure. He achieved velvet-like textures by using a com-

bination of engraver's tool and etcher's acids. Deep engraving was done with a burin, and then shading was added with a roulette, a rasp, or emery paper. Smooth, solid blacks were obtained by applying acid directly to the copper without using a brush or without any covering of wax. Antoni Clave, a Spanish painter, made lithographs by applying large amounts of lithographic ink to the stone and then using a gasoline-soaked rag to wipe away the ink and leave white spots. Gray areas were made by scraping off the ink with razor blades, and details were added with nails.

The quality of most of the volumes, especially those produced in France, is exceptional. Many of the books were published during wars and times of great hardship when there were a lack of money and supplies, but the high level of craftsmanship was maintained throughout, and as a result, the market for them never died. Most of the volumes were published as limited editions (usually fewer than 350 copies and sometimes as few as 50 or 100) and printed letterpress on expensive handmade paper. The French editions were usually left unbound by the publisher, who instead issued them in a box or in slip-cased loose folded sheets that could be left as they were or bound by the purchaser in a specially commissioned cover. France, Great Britain, Germany, and the United States are most noted for their artists' books, although the United States is relatively late in the development of the concept of the artist and the book, not publishing its first volumes until the 1940's.

There are three types of illustrated books. A book that is the joint work of an author and an artist who are contemporaries is considered to be the ideal. Although in practice the text usually proceeds the picture, the reader is given the impression of simultaneity, of *seeming* collaboration. When the artist is the writer's contemporary, he may work in his natural style without needing any archaism or fearing that his expression will be inharmonious with the text. Despite their differences in medium and style, "they speak a common language without even meaning to." In the second type of book, a classic is illustrated by a modern artist; just as there is a need for old texts to be rewritten into language appropriate for each age, so, too, new attempts must be made to revisualize these mythologies. Thus, in the first half of this century, publishers produced several illustrated editions of Virgil, *Daphnis et Chloe* with lithographs by Bonnard, and Chagall's etchings of the first five books of the Old Testament which were printed but never released. The third type of illustrated book is called the album-type. In this case, the text is

In the early twentieth century, Ambroise Vollard and other publishers introduced a new type of book called "artists' books." These books of poetry and prose are illustrated by artists who are not illustrators by profession. Some of the world's most celebrated painters and sculptors — Degas, Picasso, Calder, Rodin, etc.—have worked in this medium. Artists' books were produced with great technical expertise and were published in elaborate limited editions on handmade paper. These facts, together with the fame of the contributing artists, make these volumes very beautiful and very rare. Examples of artists' books are now on display in an exhibit entitled "The Artist and the Book in the Twentieth Century" in the Special Collections Room of Jackson Library, located on the second floor of the main building. The library has quite an extensive collection of artists' books—one of the better in the country—and the librarians will be happy to show you around and talk to you about the exhibit.

The schedule for "The Artist and the Book in the Twentieth Century" is:

Feb. 4—Mar. 3, 1980 Part IV: The Artist and the Book in America, 1962—1977.

Mar. 10—Apr. 4, 1980 Part V: The Artist and the Book in Europe, 1900—1975.

K I N

combined with drawings that were never intended to illustrate it. Overzealous publishers make use of miscellaneous drawings from an artist's studio or works that turn up after the artist's death and combine them with any more or less suitable text — nude studies with love poems, for example. There are several fine examples of this type of book, such as *Elegies Amoureuses* illustrated with drawings by Rodin, but the possibilities of error are so great that, on the whole, this type is less successful than the other two.

One of the most interesting features about artists' books is that we should be surprised at their existence and success. Why should we think it unusual that an artist masterfully illustrates a book of poems? Today we tend to think of painting and literature as separate, almost opposite arts. Yet, long ago during the beginnings of the written language, drawing and writing were used simultaneously as nearly identical forms of communication. Eventually, certain pictures became alphabets and words. Even after language had become quite elaborate, pictures were used as an alternate but equal vocabulary. Medieval paintings and sculpture depicted religious scenes to enable people who couldn't read to understand the Bible. In early printed books, woodcuts were used to provide a parallel version of the story, to make the text more vivid. Now, it is rare to find a book that is illustrated with substantial drawings that are good enough to stand on their own merit. With the exception of scientific and instructional books, most books are only illustrated for embellishment's sake, without any real thought of including a visual counterpart that can significantly add to the text. If it is generally assumed that artists lack the necessary literary culture, then artists have not been given enough credit, for one has only to look at Bazac's *Le Chef-d'Oeuvre Inconnu* illustrated by Picasso or Bonnard's *Daphnis et Chloe* to realize that these artists had extraordinary literary sensitivity and have added valuable insights through the designs they have drawn. The artists' books give reassurance that the dichotomy between the arts is more apparent than real.

It is a melancholy object to those who walk
through this great town or travel in [this] the
country, when they see the streets, the roads,
and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of
the female sex, followed by three, four, or
six children, all in rags and importuning
every passenger for an alms. These
mothers, instead of being able to work
for their honest livelihood, are forced to
employ all their time in strolling to beg
sutenance for their helpless infants:
who as the grew up either turn thieves
for want of work, or leave their
dear native country to fight for the

mach nichts

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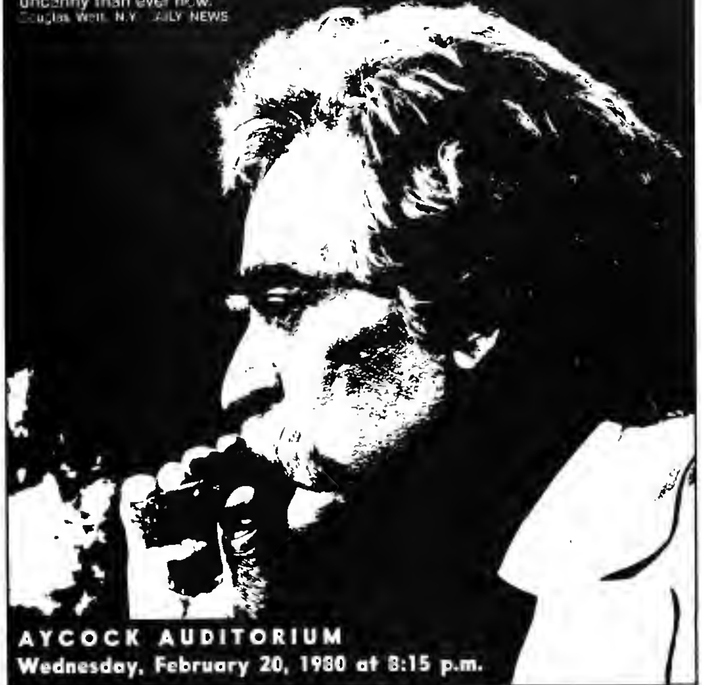

If you are looking for the calendar, we opted not to run it. We decided to omit the calendar for two reasons. Most art events are scheduled two months in advance and due to our printing time we can offer you only one month. We also felt that two more pages of the arts would be more entertaining.

Submission Deadline
for March/April Issue

March 14