

# The Rag & Bone Shop

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The University of North Carolina-Asheville

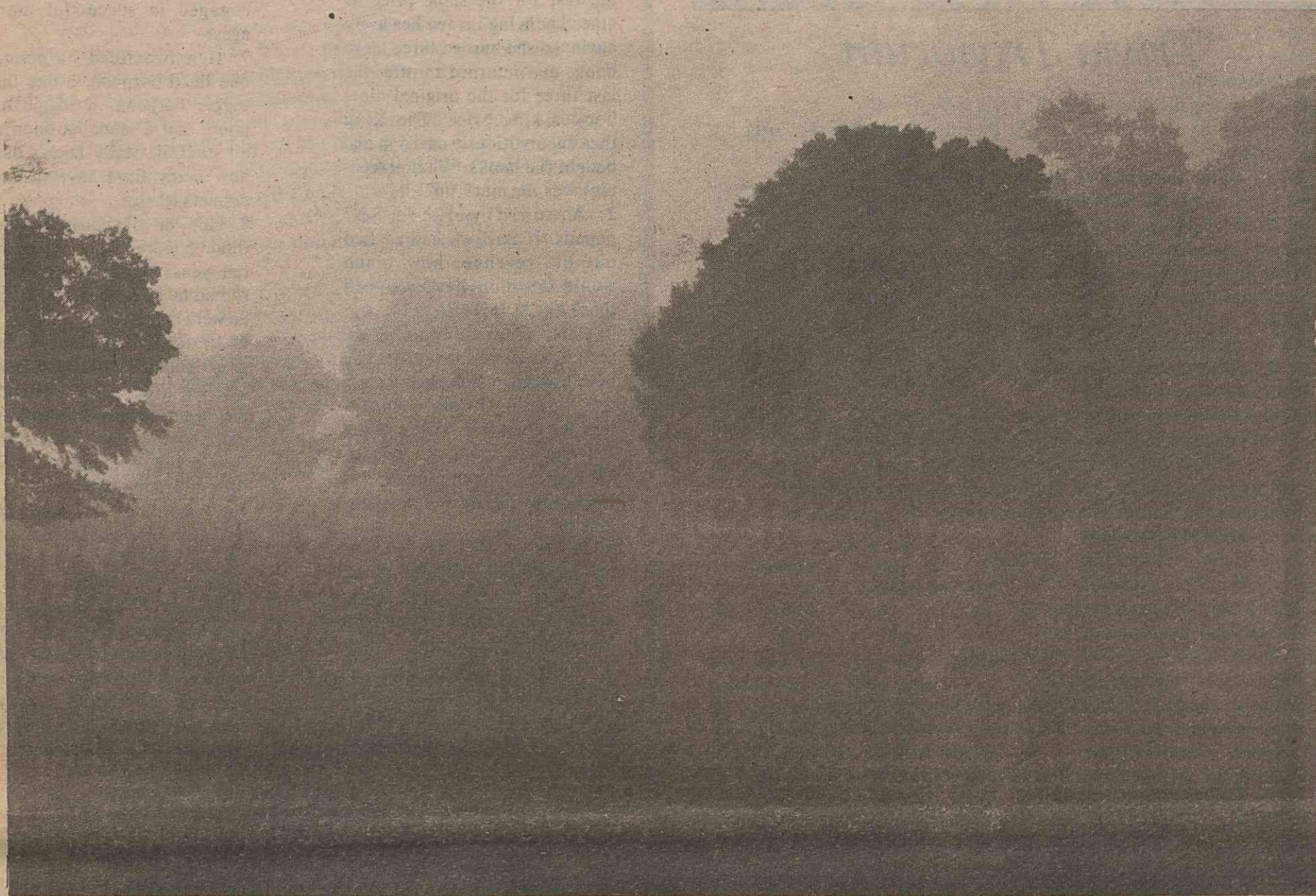


Photo by Loveeta Baker

## raison d'être

At one point, worried and well-meaning members of the University Publications Board asked me what quantity and quality of staff produced *The Rag and Bone Shop*. My answer was supposed to indicate the viability of future publications. They wanted me to assure them that hordes of dedicated writers, artists, photographers, and salespeople had been harnessed in an orderly, calm fashion to diligently compile all within their reach. I would like to have assured them of this. Instead, I blurted out something to the effect that *The Rag and Bone Shop* was a guerilla effort, staffed by three or four maniacs who crept out of the hills each month and decided to publish a paper in much the same way that Judy Garland turned to Mickey Rooney and said, "I know, let's put on a show! We can use my father's barn, and I'll bet my Mom'll make costumes if we ask her!"

However tenuous our grip on publishing *The Rag and Bone Shop* has been, the experience has been addictive, and it seems that lately our enthusiasm has infected others, too.

We are beholden to many contributors who provided us with the material in this issue. Kim Duckett, student at UNC-A, has written a sensitive personal view of her experience as a feminist, and of the University's growing awareness of the need for classes in Women's Studies. In a related article, Dr. Illeana Grams of the Philosophy Department has written a review of Del Martin's lecture on battered women.

Off-campus submissions include delightful cartoons by David Cohen, photography by Ralph and Brigid Burns, illustrations by Jean Penland, and poetry by Bettie Sellers, Robert S. Richmond, and Jonathan Clarke. A special thank-you goes to Richard James who, aside from his entertaining fiction, has provided us with such artful morsels as "Billy Resigns," "Psycho-Weather Forecast," "Daily Horoscope," and the "Math Test for Literature Majors."

Two articles by staff members promise to make interesting reading. Kristi Leatherwood, a graduating senior, has submitted a powerful interview with two UNC-A social science majors who have served time in North Carolina penal institutions, and are interested in seeing "Scared Straight" programs developed in the state. Also appearing in

this issue is Bill Porter's fine interview with Cleanth Brooks. Although Brooks is a distinguished American literary critic, I feel that the interview is of interest to any reader of literature.

Despite my insistence that *The Rag and Bone Shop's* staff was a renegade crew, the Publications Board has been of inestimable value in supporting and insuring the future of the publication. They have approved our format, staff, and budget for the coming year. With this in mind, I would like to announce to all members of the university that there are staff positions available and that we are already accepting material for the fall.

In these last two issues we have attempted to replace The Ridge-runner. If we have not quite hit the mark, we plan to next year. With the incorporation of articles from the journalism classes that will be introduced in the fall, and contributions from other departments on campus, we feel that the paper will more adequately represent the University as a whole. Because we feel that the university acts as a cultural center for the area, we will continue to accept work from off-campus sources. Our primary objective is to make *The Rag and Bone Shop* the best publication possible — one that will appeal to, and be enjoyed by, non-University readers as well as students.

An old friend of mine who has just moved to New York City to work with the *Times* told me that he would be glad to keep an eye out for any publishable material he might come across. He said, "I'll try to be selective. In fact, I know of some very interesting and arcane landscape poetry you might be able to use." "Excellent!" I sighed, thinking that *The Rag and Bone Shop* might soon have friends throughout the universe. "I think you'll like it," he explained. "Hm, yes . . . arcane landscape poetry . . ." "Because," he went on, "I could just walk into any restaurant or bar in the Village and whisper 'publish,' and every waiter, busboy, and customer within earshot would dump fifteen tons of manuscript on me, and before I was crushed to death would extract the name of the publication from my waning consciousness."

Thanking you in advance for your submission,  
Sincerely,  
The Editor