

The Rag and Bone Shop

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The University of North Carolina-Asheville



Photo by Ralph Burns

INSIDE:

Poetry, Fiction, News, Essays, Trivia

raison d'être

This publication did not have humble aspirations. Actually, it wanted to be UNC-A's established art and literary magazine, *Images*. *Images*, however is in a state of bankruptcy this year and all that's left of it can best be described by the name of its replacement—*The Rag and Bone Shop*.

The title is taken from a line in the poem, "The Circus Animals' Desertion," by William Butler Yeats. In it, the poet reviews characters and symbols he had used throughout his literary career to find that they no longer work for him. In discarding his familiar body of imagery, the poet wonders where he will find new inspiration, and finds it in his ravaged heart.

Those masterful images because complete.
Grew pure in mind, but of what began?
A mound of refuse or the sweeping of the street,
Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can,
Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut,
Who keeps the till, Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag and bone shop of the heart.

Although the material within this issue could never hope to fully qualify its lofty title, I think you will find some of it excellent and most of it at least competent. This is no apology. We are a student publication and are proud to be part of an artistic process.

In the future we would like to present a more thematic selection of poetry and prose accompanied by critical material and more coordinated and extensive artwork. This means we need more submissions. Students, faculty, staff and community members are urged to respond. We'll assemble it, if you just get it to us . . . handwritten, typed, glyphed, and even on paper napkin via carrier pigeon.

The entire UNC-A Literature Department has been of considerable inspirational help in this venture, especially the workshops and classes conducted by Nelljean McConeghey, Paul Rice and Michael Gillum. Those of us most involved with this publication have developed our literary sea-legs under the direction of this department.

In seeking a way to publicize student interest in creative writing, it seemed that without the financial backing of *Images*, we would have to resort to mimeographed hand-outs, at one point. However, the editor of the student newspaper Maureen Bigelow, enthusiastically offered us monthly space as a supplement to *The Ridgerunner*. This generous offer fostered an exploding number of possibilities best exemplified by the following conversation:

RR: Here's your filing cabinet and desk.

RB: Oh. Thank you, that's really good. I thought perhaps I'd be working out of my car and have to ask for submissions care of N.C. EPC663.

RR: The layout tables are downstairs.

RB: Layout?

RR: Yeah, after we get everything composed, we use the big room downstairs with the long tables and take about a day or so to . . .

RB: Exacto-knives, rubber cement. Oh God. The roar of the greasepaint: the smell of the crowd.

RR: What's wrong?

RB: Well, I've never really done this kind of thing before, you know. I mean, worked closely with the technical aspects of a publication. The closest I get is typing term papers and they're usually returned with suggestions to proofread more carefully.

RR: Don't worry. We'll help with layout. Now, about graphics. I have a list of about two-hundred typesets you can choose from for headlines.

RB: I was more thinking about one simple easily identifiable print—something elegant, but not pompous; artistic, but not artsy—you know, like the *New Yorker*.

RR: Yeah. Well take a look at these though. You can use, say, typesets like: "Playbill" or "Broadway" for theatre reviews . . . "Hairpin Hairline" for humor . . . "Microgramma Bold" for features, in any point size, of course . . .

RB: Yeah, and "Folio Light" for poetry or maybe "Parisian" . . . ooohh isn't that nice! . . . point size?

Not only did we find support on campus, but in the community as well. Jean Penland, of *The Arts Journal* has not only contributed artwork, but offered to accompany me to the printers to act as a buffer between my ignorance and their technology. Ralph and Brigid Burns of *Iris* photographic studio have offered photographs and invaluable layout advice. Mr. Jim Bily, the typesetter rendered calm, professional patient assistance in the face of my fish-mouthed incomprehension of typography.

Before closing, I would like to digress. I have always been astounded at the power of words—intangible as they are, they have caused people to kill, to build, anger, soothe and sometimes love. As children, my brother and I would disagree. They were usually boundary disputes. ("This is my half; cross this line and you're dead.") After a violation, my brother would defend his position with physical brutality and I with verbal brutality. I would couple his name with ignoble rhymes and chant, ". . . moron . . . moron," at him. He has not forgotten the words, and I can barely remember the punches. So, give us your words—poetry, short stories, short plays, essays. The Rag and Bone Shop is open for business.

The Editor