

Arts & Entertainment



L'art
pour
L'art

Viking Davis

There is no doubt about it. The South is a very strange place to be. Magnolias, hospitality, and Mint Juleps only tell part of the story. Like it or not, the South remains segregated between those who always had "the where with all" (a Southern colloquialism) and everybody else. The problem for those not born or married into the "Genteel

Set" is that the best of everything remains socially out of bounds. This comes as quite a shock to those from other parts of the nation where the green of money has been the great equalizer in recent years. When in Manhattan, provided that one looks trendy enough (\$20 and a gold card), there is a chance of getting into a quality club. Despite the plastic and de-

grading "selective door policies" of New York, it is possible to rub elbows with the New York elite. This is not true down south. One would sooner get into Buckingham Palace than into a local country club dining room.

"It's not what you know, but who you know." This cliché has never been more applicable to one region of the country. Like the clubs of Dixie, the galleries are private. Many of those elegant old plantation houses have galleries full of America's best artwork. Unless "cordially invited," you will not get to see them.

Not more than an hour from here, I have seen a private collection worth millions. It had examples of Ramanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, Rococo, Cubism, and Primitivism. I met the owner quite by chance at an exhibit at the North Caro-

lina Museum of Art, in Raleigh. The owner was gracious, and eager to share art, conversation, and quality bourbon.

Thirty-five miles from St. Andrews is the resort community of Southern Pines and Pinehurst (Golf capital of the world). It is the retirement home of former ambassadors, generals, and many multi-millionaires. Some of these collect excellent paintings and other "objets d'arts." It should be interpolated here that Moore County is the home of some very famous artists, including James Twitty and D. Jeffrey Mims.

Before going "ballistic", remember you must be invited to private galleries. However, there is one notable gallery open to the public. Campbell House Art Gallery, located at 482 E. Connecticut Ave., across from Weymouth. It shows a

lot of retinal, traditional type of art. The average prices ranges from \$150 to \$2000. Although affordable, it is not very progressive. Avante garde? No! I don't think so.

Pinehurst is a long way from Greenwich Village, but it is surprisingly cosmopolitan for its size. It is not uncommon to meet people from all over the east coast there, and more recently, a Parisian. I recommend "The Coves" (upscale bar/restaurant) located in the village itself. The very famous Pinehurst Hotel, the Holly Inn, and the Pinehurst Library are excellent places to be, and to be seen. There is excellent shopping as well. It is helpful to look the part, and to have lots of cash. But being gracious is a necessity. Remember the private galleries are by "invitation only."

"O tem pora! O mo res!"

Professors Read at Forum

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On Thursday, September 21, at least eight hundred people braved the winds of approaching "Hurricane Hugo" to hear Professor Ron Bayes and Professor Thomas Blackburn at the Writers' Forum. The program began with Ron Bayes, who earned his Ph.D at Eastern Oregon College, and was also schooled in Colorado, British Columbia, and Ireland. Bayes was a "Woodrow Wilson Fellow" at the University of Pennsylvania.

The first two poems read by Bayes were entitled "Well I Last" and "To a Friend Who Walked Girders." Both were by request. The first was very short, but hilarious. Bayes is known to have an excellent sense of humor, and he credits the lady who raised him for it; his grandmother. The second poem was described by Bayes as a "teaching poem." It was a sensitive poem about a former student. It left the audience hushed.

Before reading one of his

longer poems, Bayes warned that some have asked him if he were on LSD when writing them. "No," he said. "I didn't need it." He then proceeded to read a troubling poem that told of Yeats, Ireland, and Vietnam.

Professor Tom Blackburn was the night's second guest reader. He earned his Ph. D. at Harvard, and attended Carlton College in Minnesota before that. Blackburn, whose specialty is short stories, jovially claims that they come from "good dreams."

Blackburn's first works were a potpourri of Shakespeare and Perestroika. There is a thread of sophisticated humor that holds his works tightly together.

The highlight of Blackburn's repertoire for the evening was "Looks Eternal." This piece employed the voices of Professor Carl Walters, Professor Beverly Bloch, Kate Blackburn, and Professor Blackburn himself.

ing articulate work that took on a transcendental mood when five voices, in and out of unison, communicated like a religious antiphonal reading, the conscientious and the "self" all chanting at once.

Open Mike followed, with Robert Dempster reading three poems. One line of the poem "E.E." mentioned a dried "Wet spot...if you can run your hand over it, it is still there." Powerful imagery! Freudian, too.

Pam Williams read an untitled short poem where the "want of nourishment" caused delusional visions of food during Professor Edna Ann Loftus' class.

Bobby Musengwa, a native of South Africa, read some political poetry against Apartheid. "It's a Myth" was a poem directed at those unenlightened souls who believe that Blacks are "not creatures of God."

Professor W.D. White read two very short poems that he wrote as an undergraduate



in East Texas. As at least one very lovely and optimistic line from White's youth is worth repeating: "Give me an empty Heaven to fill..."

Cheryl Heingartner read two poems, "The World's People" and "Poverty." These were written after a trip to the impoverished country of Colombia. Obvi-

ously Cheryl was struck by some cruel realities there. These impressions have given her a moral agenda that she expresses through her poetry.

The evening closed with five books, *Giotto's Circle* by Barry Gifford, going as door prizes. Few lingered afterwards because of the approaching storm.