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'Quarterly': quality, diversity

by LEWIS LEARY

This university has reason to be proud of the *Carolina Quarterly*. It is more than a campus publication. It is a national magazine with an international reputation, attracting contributors from all parts of the United States and sometimes from abroad.

Some of the best known literary figures of this country have contributed to it. Some of the best known have submitted fiction or verse which has not been accepted, for the standards of the *Quarterly* are high, although sometimes eccentric.

The present issue is a case in point, particularly in its fiction. "The Visit," by Steven Winn of the west coast, is an appealingly brief portrayal of an old man who is bothered by descendants who consider his whims strange, which they are. It is simply and poignantly told.

The "Winter's Tale," by Daniel B. Marin from South Carolina, however, seems pretentious and overwritten, requiring of its reader some knowledge of literature and great sympathy for the hard lot of that most depressed of creatures, the graduate student who

depends on a wife for support. The appeal of such a tale, however skillfully presented, is narrow, though its appeal to the editors of the *Quarterly*, who are graduate students themselves, can be understood. But Marin lacks the deftness and quiet humor which controls Winn's briefer narrative.

Overwritten in another sense is "The Student," by Charles Brownson, whose language and images ("a dingly mill town, stranded beside a river with its mouth open, like a dead fish") are so arresting that a reader is likely to pay more attention to them than to the story which is told.

"Heat," by Stephen Dixon of New York, is a *tour de force*. Interesting rather than compelling, it is clogged with long introspective paragraphs of a young man suffering in an apartment (in New York City, of course) which is quite too cold.

"Finn at Sunset," by John Surowiecki of Connecticut, tells of a lascivious old man, living in a retirement colony, whose desires reach far beyond his ability to do anything satisfactory about them. California's Marjorie Kemper seems to me quite too young to write, in "Rose in Bloom," about a 50-year-old lonely maiden, but she does it well.

Perhaps it is because I am an aging old goat, but Surowiecki's comic tale and Winn's subtly devised portrayal of amiable senility appeal to me more than the quick but mannered accounts of bumbling younger people. To each his own.

In all, the poetry in the present issue seems to me superior to the prose. I cannot give high marks to former National Book Award nominee Albert Goldbarth, whose excerpts from what I presume to be a long poem called "Waving" contain more words than sustained meaning. But David Axelrod's brief description in "Contact" of a girl who "rubbed everything in life . . . rubbed the universe to keep it warm" presented a person — the poet, not the girl — whom I would like to know better.

It warms the cockles to discover that two of the better poets presented are chairmen of English departments, and another, perhaps more sensibly, is a former chairman. From Chad Walsh,

the former chairman and clergyman also, one would expect religious overtones, and in "Elysium's Psychedelic Spell," one gets them, and more besides.

But to discover my own chairman making poetry, however quizzically ironic, out of "The College of Cardinals" and to discover him doing what perhaps everyone should be doing — founding his own religion (the Harmonites) in "The Institution of Hypocrisy" — is heartening indeed. However, I would trade in either, or both, of these characteristically incisively wide-ranging commentaries for his "Totem Motet" which seems incisively better.

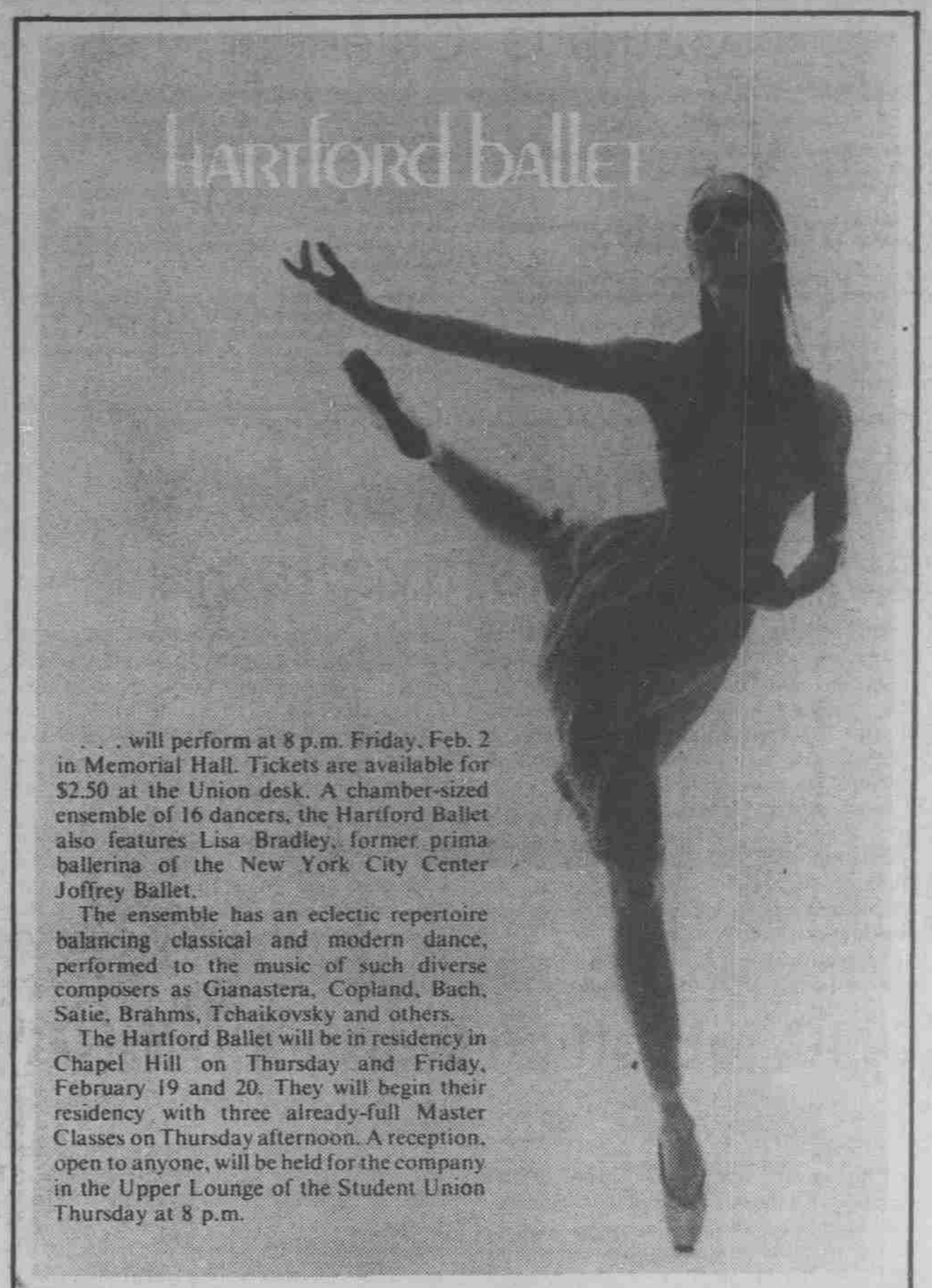
The other chairman, G.T. Wright of the University of Minnesota, writes in "Encore" more sedately, as perhaps a chairman should, of sitting at his desk in early morning watching another day arrive which will continue the anguish of a chairman's "muddled life." His brief poem can be read with the same quiet interest that W.S. Di Piero's "Soldier," Douglas A. Madson's "There is Nothing in North Dakota," or Henry Goldstein's "On a Country Road" can be read.

Richard Dankleff's "Liferaft" and Thomas Johnson's descriptions of "The Tune" and "The Beach" are greatly more than competent, as is the translation by former UNC graduate student Luis Quiros Varela and UNC Professor of Political Science Lou Lipsitz of Pablo Neruda's "Ode to a Watch in the Night."

But, again, to each his own. Terry Kennedy's "Schizophrenia" may be, after Harmon's "Totem Motet," the most effective poem — whatever it is that a poem is made to affect (the reader probably) — in this issue. The graphic art by Darcy Jewett is striking, although it is, I suspect, better executed than reproduced. Of the cover design, perhaps the less said the better: it is not a web (basketball net?) into which I would care to be drawn.

But, as is said, it's what's inside that counts, and the university may continue to be proud of the *Quarterly*. The quality of its contents remains high, and decently diversified — something for almost everyone.

Lewis Leary, William Rand Kenan Jr. Professor of English, will retire this year after 28 years of teaching, including eight here at UNC.



will perform at 8 p.m. Friday, Feb. 2 in Memorial Hall. Tickets are available for \$2.50 at the Union desk. A chamber-sized ensemble of 16 dancers, the Hartford Ballet also features Lisa Bradley, former prima ballerina of the New York City Center Joffrey Ballet.

The ensemble has an eclectic repertoire balancing classical and modern dance, performed to the music of such diverse composers as Gianastera, Copland, Bach, Satie, Brahms, Tchaikovsky and others.

The Hartford Ballet will be in residency in Chapel Hill on Thursday and Friday, February 19 and 20. They will begin their residency with three already-full Master Classes on Thursday afternoon. A reception, open to anyone, will be held for the company in the Upper Lounge of the Student Union Thursday at 8 p.m.

Brubeck to play twice tonight with original Quartet and sons

Tickets are still available for the original Dave Brubeck Quartet and Two Generations of Brubeck concerts tonight at 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. at Memorial Hall.

The concerts are the only North Carolina performances of the Quartet's silver anniversary tour, celebrating the formation of the group 25 years ago.

The two shows will each be divided into two parts, one reuniting Brubeck with fellow Quartet members Paul Desmond, Joe Morello and Eugene Wright. Brubeck will also perform with

Two Generations of Brubeck, the group which features his sons Danny, Darius and Chris.

Tickets are \$5, general admission, for both shows.

Brubeck's double performance comes after Two Generations of Brubeck played to a sold-out Memorial crowd last year. With Dad on acoustic piano, Danny on drums, Chris on bass and trombone and Danny on electric keyboards, Two Generations offered a mixed bag including everything from swing to A train blues to modern electric jazz.

The concert was one of the highlights of last year's concert schedule and tonight's performances can only be better with the even greater combination of young and old talent being offer

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For me, that time is tasting the wine. The Chablis is so clean and pure, right away you get the aroma of those grapes in the glass, a promise of what is to come. Then when you taste it . . . it's like a kiss from someone you love.

Carlo Rossi Chablis is made for you to enjoy as much as I do. Try it, and let me know -- if you're willing to kiss and tell.

Ciao,
Carlo Rossi

Carlo Rossi Vineyards, Modesto, Stanislaus County, California