



Tyson comes to Gerrard

Willie Tyson has been described as a "Lily Tomlin with a C&W guitar." She's the kind of performer who really thrives on an audience. Triangle audiences will get their first such opportunity at 8 p.m. Saturday Feb. 18 as Willie appears in a Chapel Hill concert with Susan Abod at Gerrard Hall (next to Memorial Hall). A Southern singer/songwriter, comic and musician, Willie sings country-folk and blues, with a touch of jazz, and plays an excellent 12-string guitar. Her primary focus, though, has been as a lyricist, and she's been shooting the music industry an armful of sharp satirical lyrics:

Bridal veils, wedding bells, / Three-tiered cakes and rice / Novice nerves,
highway curves / A honeymoon suite with lice / Kids, kittens, winter mittens /
Budgets, bridge, and rum / Divorce, remorse, a month in court / And right back
where you started from.

Willie loves "lyrics with a twist of humor and also with a twist of meaning, if I can manage it," and manage it she does on her latest album, *Debutante* (Urana Records). The title song features an outrageous mix-up that occurs in an unnamed Southern town when the debutante ball and the local cattle auction coincide ("The best cows on four legs and the prettiest gals on two"). Another cut takes off on Wall Street, and in "Levee Blues" she declares: "If they want white floors in heaven, you know, Jesus gonna have to keep 'em clean."

Appearing with Willie Tyson at UNC will be Artemis, a women's band from Greensboro. Admission is \$3 at the door, and childcare is provided. The event is sponsored by the Association for Women Students and is a Cerridwen Production (286-9452).

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'Cellar Door' on sale

Good-looking graphics

By CAROLYN JACK
DTH Contributor

Yes, folks, it's that time of year again. The Fall 1977 *Cellar Door* has arrived, marking the fifth year of the publication's existence.

Like most of the issues preceding it, this semester's *Door* boasts some undeniable glimmers of talent. Especially noteworthy is the unusual abundance of graphics; the black-and-white photographs of Allen Jernigan, Greg Hutchinson, and Alex Standefer deal with interesting subject matter and perspective. They are also remarkably un muddy. Contrast is well-defined, and images are indentifiable.

The prose and poetry fall into more predictable descriptive terms than the photography. What has held true for most undergraduate literature in the past is certainly applicable here: the pieces display both ambition and ability but are flawed in a number of ways.

The best of the prose works is "Well Water," by Clay Carmichael. Terse, effective dialogue and consistency of language bridge the several changes in point of view to unify the story. As well, Carmichael's unromanticized imagery and sensitivity for detail maintain the almost brutally realistic flavor of the piece. Those readers interested in plot may be disappointed by the cryptic nature of the story, but for technique and imagination, "Well Water" tops the list of this semester's prose selections.

The problem with incomprehensibility crops up in Bruce May's "Call Me Utah," a common plague of undergraduate literature due to young authors going overboard in trying to insure thematic depth. May's difficulties arise from the quality of his narration, a stream-of-consciousness that is too abrupt, disjointed, and loaded with capitalized theme words to adequately reflect the subtle workings of a mind. "Call Me Utah" does, however, exhibit a flair for brusque, sweaty imagery and no-nonsense dialogue; only in switching to the characters' thought processes does the rhythm of the story falter.

Dialogue and description appear high on the list of skills for *Door* contributors, the same being true of "The Guest," by Sally Stewart. Stewart falls into a stylistic snare though, as both categories wind too long, dragging down the tempo of the story. Unfortunately, too, Stewart fails to lend the intended significance of emotion to the trivial events of "The Guest," another casualty of the slowed rhythm in a too-detailed short work.

The remaining two stories, "February Quail," and "Nice Men," by John Alder and Marianne Hansen, respectively, show noble literary intentions but suffer from major problems. "February Quail" attempts a contemplative, pastoral mood but loses impact because of the repetitive action and excessive use of modifiers. Another disconcerting aspect of Adler's style is the inconsistency between thought and dialogue; what the hunter thinks is phrased



The *Cellar Door*, Carolina's undergraduate literary magazine, has arrived.

far differently than what he says. Adler has created the meditations of a George Bernard Shaw and the verbalizations of a Billy Carter. Hansen's "Nice Men" is marred by a similar incongruity, for her narrator, a Viet Cong prostitute, ponders her fate with the vocabulary of a college graduate. Moreover, while the message of the piece is a valid one, the horrors-of-Viet-Nam subject matter limps from overuse.

Theresa Wooddall leads the roster of poetry contributors in both the number and quality of her creations. Alternating between crisp, practical phrasing and an alliterative, lyrical tone, Wooddall manages to convey romanticism that is somehow very 20th century, an unsentimental sensitivity. "Jinny" and "The Proposal" are particularly effective, the first producing the sensation of images viewed through a lamplit window, the second juxtaposing the realistic and the rhapsodic in a modern woman's nature.

Other notable efforts include Kathryn Bowlin's "Offering," whose images are almost tangible although they are described in a rhythm that halts and wobbles. "14th St. Fruit," by Peter Hapke and "Eyes at Night," by V. H. Burns both refresh the senses with their un hackneyed perceptions and simple language; each piece reads clearly and with meaning.

Unfortunately, this is not true of Edna C. Brown's poem, "Untitled." With imagery reminiscent of Hunter Thompson on a bender while reading *The Joy of Cooking*, this piece founders in the mire of cute esotericism. Brown does have a nice sense of whimsy and has selected her images with care, but their purpose becomes muddled in the excess of fantasy; insufficient contrast in description loses the message in a morass. This poem could pass as a cluttered Randy Newman song entitled "Fat People."

The idea to bear in mind while reading *Cellar Door* is that any literature in it is the work of a budding artist, not an established one. The contributions may not be worthy of a Nobel Prize, but they are praiseworthy for having been written at all; exercises in developing a mature style and an innovative approach, they all required ambition and effort. The Fall 1977 *Cellar Door* contains its share of both skill and errors, but the mistakes are a valuable learning experience for both writer and audience, and its achievements are a delight. It is well worth your money.

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