



This piece of Mexican folk art is part of the collection of Francine Prose, a novelist. It was purchased in Woodstock, New York, a few months after the Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill hearings. The Spanish phrase above the mirror translates as, “By majority of votes: C. Thomas”; the phrase on the base reads, “Please show me your credentials.”

[Editorial]

THE CD AND THE DAMAGE DONE

From “Digital Is a Huge Rip-off,” a guest editorial by Neil Young in the May issue of *Guitar Player*. Young’s most recent work is *Arc-Weld*, a three-CD concert album distributed by Reprise.

We are living in the darkest age of musical sound. When they started capturing music on records a long time ago—on 78’s—the sound was pretty shaky. Then it got a little better, and from that point on, right up to the beginning of digital recording, everything that was done was better than the digital recordings that are being made today. Digital is completely wrong. It’s a farce.

They’ve improved digital technology to the point where you can at least say, “Hey, that’s music.” But your brain and your heart are starved for a challenge, and there’s no challenge, there are no possibilities, there’s no imagination. You’re hearing simulated music. Your brain is capable of taking in an incredible amount of information, and the beauty of music should be like water washing over you. But digitally recorded music is like ice cubes washing over you. It’s not the same.

My album *Everyone Knows This Is Nowhere* is

now available on CD, but it’s not as good as the original, which came out in 1969. Listening to a CD is like looking through a screen window. If you get right up next to a screen window, you can see all kinds of different colors through each hole. Well, imagine if all that color had to be reduced to only one color per hole—that’s what digital recording does to sound. All that gets recorded is what’s dominant at each moment. I would like to hear guitars again, with the warmth, the highs, the lows, the air, the electricity, the vibrancy of something that’s real, instead of just a duplication of the dominant factors. It’s an insult to the brain and heart and feelings to have to listen to this and think it’s music.

There’s a certain emptiness in the air these days. You think that it might be today’s music, because it just isn’t as heartfelt as yesterday’s. Everybody says, “Well, business came in and took over, and they ruined music,” but that’s just an excuse. The real reason is technical. It’s not that people don’t have souls anymore. All these bands have got huge souls and can’t wait to play; they just can’t figure out why their albums don’t sound as good as some of the things they used to hear.

I’ve been making records for twenty-six years, and I’m telling you: from the early 1980s up till now, and probably for another ten or fifteen years to come—this is the darkest time ever for recorded music. We’ll come out the other end

and it'll be okay, but we'll look back and go, "Wow, that was the digital age. I wonder what that music really sounded like. We got so carried away that we never even really recorded it. We just made digital records of it." That's what people will say—mark my words.

[Study]

GUESS WHO'S SLEEPING THROUGH DINNER

From "Sleep-Related Eating Disorders," a study by Carlos H. Schenck, Thomas D. Hurwitz, Scott R. Bundlie, and Mark W. Mahowald, in the October 1991 issue of *Sleep*, the journal of the American Sleep Disorders Association and the Sleep Research Society. Schenck and Hurwitz practice at the Minnesota Regional Sleep Disorders Center in Minneapolis; Bundlie and Mahowald teach at the University of Minnesota Medical School.

During a five-year period (1985–1990) nineteen adults came to our center for evaluation of involuntary sleep-related eating. Most patients also reported histories of complex and injurious non-eating nocturnal behaviors, including sleepwalking.

During their sleep-related eating episodes, the majority of the patients binged on high-calorie foods and often prepared entire meals; others ate modest snacks such as cold cereal. Impaired judgment and sloppiness were common, as patients ate raw or cooked food with their hands, poured food on themselves, attempted to drink ammonia cleaning solution, dropped food on the floor, or took items out of the freezer and scattered them around the house. They also indiscriminately put large quantities of sugar or salt on food, and ate butter and sugar by the spoonful.

The impulsive consumption of very hot beverages or oatmeal led to scalding injuries. Several patients lacerated their digits while cutting food. Frenzied running to the kitchen resulted in collisions with furniture, doors, and walls. Disinhibited eating extended to peculiar concoctions having non-nutritive ingredients (e.g., cigarettes).

Dreamlike mental imagery could accompany such activity, as with one patient who carried lettuce around the house while dreaming of finding a safe place for it. Another patient dressed up for a dinner party and then ate while dreaming that the guests had arrived.

[Essay]

DRAWING FROM LIFE: A MODEL'S VIEW

From "Subject Matter: Models for Different Media," by Elizabeth Hollander, in the Fall 1991 issue of *Representations*, a quarterly journal published by the University of California at Berkeley. Hollander was a professional art model for eight years; currently she is a graduate student in English at City University of New York.

Artists' models, like actors, public speakers, and prostitutes, have a special investment in their appearance and, even more, in their ability to present it: it is essential to their work, not merely to their success, to produce the spectacle of themselves. Every model occupies a space defined partly by her own bodily authority and partly by the point of view of the artist. If a model's pose constitutes in some sense the emanation of the model's presented self, the meaning of that emanation depends on how, through what medium, the artist addresses that space.

My own introduction to modeling was a three-hour drawing class. At the start of each twenty-minute session I was told how long the poses were to be: two, five, ten, or twenty minutes each. Then I was on my own, to choose, hold, and time the poses myself. As the students drew, the teacher went around the room to each of them. "Look at what she is *doing*: her weight is on the back leg... You can see the gesture, it's very strong—the whole pose sweeps *that way*."

As I listened to the teacher's murmured comments, I began to gain confidence, not only in my ability to pose but in the way I thought about each pose. Asymmetry was significant in one, balance in another; here a shift of weight, there a change in direction made a difference; the relationship between my shoulders and hips was always important. Every five minutes I could literally pose a new problem. I began to feel responsible for what was happening. They were looking at me, but more important, they were looking at my poses.

During the break between poses, I took a turn around the room. What had they seen? Up there on the stand, I'd felt the important aspects of each pose from the inside. I'd been doing something—offering them different circumstances of weight and volume in space and light; now I wanted to know how they'd taken it. When I looked at their work, I recognized bits of myself—the shape of my head here, the distinct proportion of my leg and foot there. These spots of identity were fragmentary, like the details of a remembered journey. More consistently, though, I recognized the poses.