

## Introduction

AFTER ENOUGH COMPOSTING, it is difficult to tell a melon from a slice of bread, or bean tips from aspidistra. So it is with time. 1974 is now sufficiently decomposed that it has coalesced with 1973 and 1975, and the six or so years surrounding, leaving an undifferentiated temporal muck. Nevertheless, I know that it was sometime in the general distillates of the mid-1970s when I first met Christin Couture—at a house on a crossroads, adjacent to a field where a nubile farmer's daughter rode incessantly on a big tractor. Christin was often drawing in the living room. I didn't pay much attention—we hippies were always drawing, noodling on Pan's-pipes, braiding things, scribbling in notebooks. Then one day I looked.

Faye Wolfe was another who looked at about that time, and her story in the *Valley Advocate* was the first critical notice Christin ever received. In this issue we reunite painter and reviewer in a special art insert, where you can taste that elixir of joy and deep misgiving that only Christin mixes.

*David Lenson*  
for the editors

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