Lord, it is time. The summer was too long.
Lay now thy shadow over the sundials,
and on the meadows let the winds blow strong.

Bid the last fruit to ripen on the vine;
allow them still two friendly southern days
to bring them to perfection and to force
the final sweetness in the heavy wine.

Who has no house now will not build him one.
Who is alone now will be long alone,
will waken, read, and write long letters
and through the barren pathways up and down
restlessly wander when dead leaves are blown.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

— *Autumn Day*

Cover photograph by Gwen Neiman

CORADDI

Fall Issue
November
1960

Woman's College
of the
University of North Carolina
Greensboro, N. C.

editors

Gwen Neiman
Barbara Little

business manager

Carol Culp

literary staff

Jane Abramson
Phyllis Cole
Stella Jefferson
Hilda Kenner
Kay Wallace

art staff

Melissa Bassler
Alice Pohl
Zora Benson
Lilly Wiley

circulation manager

Emily Leigh

circulation staff

Rebecca Lowe
Linda Heffner
Judy Wrape

CONTENTS

poetry

Nativity, *Stella Jefferson* 3
The Median Hour, *Teddy Knight* 4
Creation, *Charlene Markunas* 5
Benediction, *Stella Jefferson* 7
Les Fragmentations, *Evelyn Price* 8
If I Were Death, *Lyn Ashkenaze* 9

fiction

Joel, *Anne Eddy* 11

feature

Orestes in Modern Dress, *Jane Abramson* 13

art

Such is the Power of Sudden Love, *Melissa Bassler* 2
Honesty, *Zora Benson* 4
Adoration of the Magi, *Alice Pohl* 5
Jasmine, *Pat Sanders* 6
After the Rorschach, *Camille Collins* 8
Clown, *Zora Benson* 10
Wind Dancers, *Joan Fox* 12
Moon Grass, *Gwen Neiman* 15

2.

MELISSA BASSLER. "SUCH IS THE POWER OF LOVE." *Woodcut.*

Nativity

Morning is born on the river.
Without birth pains,
the Madonna gives up her firstborn
on subtle clouds of blanket-blue.
Only the whistle from a distant mill
blows thin and high and far away,
to tell them that in the shadowed stillness
lies the newly born.
Silently the trees take their places
on the riverbank,
reverently watching.

Too soon the indigo
gives way to lavender,
then the pink cascades into day,
scattering sunlight,
waking birds,
rousing the day sounds.
Busy river now, with fish and men,
but there is a sureness
that the morning will return.

STELLA JEFFERSON

255300

ZORA BENSON. HONESTY. *Brush and Ink.*

The Median Hour

Small and toasted, a noble fragment
Running through the diamond drops,
Turn your head and squeal again.
Make me feel that laughter.

Count to ten missing one or seven;
Throw your hands before your eyes,
"Here I come you ole wet water."
And jump the sprinkler high and wide.

Tell me how it's done—"Just like this,
Just like that" and "See."
Stop on your flight around and around
To soak my hand and squeeze it.
"I'll turn it off, I can do it;
I'm hungry; let's go in."
I wrap the towel and open the door
And watch the footprints spreading
Then silently back to the hose to end
The water's dripping.

TEDDY KNIGHT

Creation

"God said . . . and there was"
how simple—
"God said"

Every day in a sterile laboratory
a thousand scientists in white coats
measure exactly and mix
in test tubes
ingredients
to analyze one particle
of what happened when
God Said

The grass grows
Tadpoles wiggle in a deep forest pool
Acorns grow into forests
But not because man said

This is corn
It looks like corn
It tastes like corn
Every amino acid is in place
It will not grow

A puff of smoke grows
Into a mushroom cloud
When man speaks
Cities crumble
But the grass will not grow

Yet how simple
God said

CHARLENE MARKUNAS

ALICE POHL. ADORATION OF THE MAGI. *Woodcut.*

6.

PAT SANDERS. JASMINE. *Pencil Sketch.*

Benediction

I remember the day
when you put flowers in my hair,
and laughing in my ear
invited me to be your love.
Even the sunlight came
to dance upon my face,
but I could not think of proper words.
"Take me to wed?" I said,
and turned away
for that was not at all
what I had meant to say.
But you took my hand and smiled.
And in the evening
we sat upon a hill,
leaning against the sky,
and sure enough
I went to live with you.
And each day had four seasons,
each morning was a new Spring.
We raised peafowls and mushrooms
and gaily chased the sun behind the hill
in evening.
In the winter
you would come home
with crisp air in your pockets,
bringing frosty kisses
and cedar logs for the fireplace.
Then after the embers grew sleepy
on the brick-warm hearth
we talked of profound things
until the blankets hanging on the mantel
had been warmed.
And one time you told me
never to hold a wild thing in my hand
for its heart would burst;
never cry when a wild bird flies away
for it will sleep quite warmly on the wind.
This morning I saw flowers at your feet,
and picking one, I put it in my hair
and stood
looking up.

STELLA JEFFERSON

Les FRAGMENTATIONS

La lune, jeune mariée, tenue à bout de bras
par son amante la terre,
Regardant de près son voile vaporeux
Cherchant à écarter la dentelle de brocart.
Daigneusement, elle se cache le visage
derrière deux mains obscures.
Silencièusement, versant de longues larmes
de cristal.

La terre saignait quand la nuit fut arrachée.
Le sang coulait au ciel
Et s'étendait sur l'horizon.

Il fait magnifique ce soir! Il pleut.
Les courants d'air se mélent avec les nuées
De plus en plus proche, il pleut.
Je me repose au dos surveillant toute choses
qui promene là-haut et dans mon coeur.
Le même tumulte.
Je fuis des cieux, nulle part à l'abri pour moi-même.

The bridal moon, held at arm's length
by her lover Earth,
Inspecting her vapor veil,
Seeking to draw aside the brocaded lace,
and she disdainfully hides her face
behind two darkened hands.
Silently she weeps
long crystal tears.

The land bled when night was torn away.
The blood ran into the sky
and spread like a veil over the horizon.

It is magnificent this evening! It rains.
The currents of air mix with the mists.
Nearer, closer, it rains.
I lie on my back and watch all the things which
pass up there, and in my heart.
The same tumult.
From the skies I run,
But from myself, there is no place to go.

EVELYN PRICE

CAMILLE COLLINS. AFTI

E RORSCHACH. *Ink.*

If I Were Death

If I were death I would come
to those who wished me least.
I would take small ones
from this hell
and deliver them to eternal peace
and contentment; if not joy.
I would take those unspoiled ones
and they would be relieved of the anguish,
spared the agonies of life.

If I were death I would take the miserable ones;
the lonely ones.
I would not have to explain.
They would understand.

LYN ASHKENAZE

10.

JOEL

by

Anne Eddy

Joel noticed that the smell from the fish factory was particularly strong today—it always was, though, when the wind was whipping from the other side of the Great Salt Pond. He started to ask Grandpa what direction the wind was blowing from when it came across the far shore, but, remembering that just this morning Mother had asked him not to bother his Grandpa with so many questions, he remained quiet. And so the boy and the man continued in their silent walk, each dreaming secret dreams, each lost in a separate world that the other only vaguely suspected.

The reddish-brown cobblestones in the street were badly worn in uneven patterns, just as the tall colonial houses of the village were similarly in a state of degeneration. It seemed as if the village still existed within the nineteenth century; its wooden fishing wharves, its cool New England formality, its ancient yet proud men set Galilee apart from the world which raced on without her. Here most of the people were old and content to live in their unchanging, familiar community. Joel's mother owned the grocery and clothing store at the end of the street that ran parallel to the ocean. Her little store was the gossip-swapping nook of the village; it buzzed all day with stories of the lazy Kamalian boy—his poor mother was ashamed to be seen in decent hard-working society anymore, and the gaudy new bonnet that Mrs. O'Brien had seen Miss Katie Leeds wearing that very day—you could tell that she was trying *very* hard to catch a—well, you know what I mean—after all, she *is* twenty-six. And through all this chatter Joel's mother scurried about, smiling at the women clustered around the counters piled high with bright colored cloth and ribbons and asking them how they were feeling now that the colder weather was setting in when they eventually bought the plainer, more suitable (they always said), gray cloth. She, herself, had always thought of gray as natural for the New England months of gray mists and fogs—bitter weather, but somehow the women always seemed more cheerful when they could finger the brighter material that she kept displayed in one corner of the store. She smiled often to herself, also—she could see her Joel and papa roaming the beach, happy in their freedom. Those two had some bond between them that was only strengthened by the years that separated them. She just hoped that Joel would not grow too dependent on Papa.

Together, Joel and his Grandpa climbed up on the breakwater; Joel had to help his old friend over some of the larger bolders. Lately he seemed forced to wait for Grandpa to catch up with him on their excursions. At times he became impatient at this slowness, but he quieted his frequent impulse to yell at Grandpa to please hurry. When they reached their usual spot on the black flat rock overlooking the harbor channel the ship was already in sight. Every afternoon they came to this place to watch the big fishing ship cut her way through the ocean swells, slapping aside the white spray, towering over the other boats—toys compared to her; she was more powerful than the sea itself. At least Joel felt sure that she must be. Grandpa told wonderful and sometimes frightening tales of the days when he had sailed with her crew. He told of days at sea when the sun burned your body until it was as black and rough as bark; he told of horrible winds and dark whirling skies that tossed men into the waters to be sucked to their deaths. But he also remembered marvelous things—strange lands where children could go swimming every day of the year, where people wore no clothing, where there were no dreary gray winter months. Together, grandfather and grandson entered these exciting lands- - -.

II

The days were growing shorter, and the cold was so penetrating that the people of the village spent as much time as possible around their living-room fireplaces. But this day Joel begged Grandpa to come with him to the ocean. It had been almost a week since they had gone to sit and look at the winter seas—the dark, nearly black color of the water, the powerful, angry churning of the foam around the jagged rocks that lined the shore.

Joel liked to watch the clouds form over the ocean; he and Grandpa took turns deciding what ships the clouds resembled. They sensed the fate that their ships must meet and would watch regretfully as two gallant schooners often crashed headlong into each other, merging into one mass of destruction. Then they would draw figures in the damp sand, making funny faces and sad faces. Grandpa always made better drawings than Joel; but he took much time with his, drawing each line as perfectly as he could, frowning and muttering at his work until he grew too tired to try any longer. Joel knew not to interrupt Grandpa when he squinted his eyes and tightened his mouth like that.

But today Grandpa had a tired expression on his face, he didn't smile at Joel when he pleaded with him to come to the shore. He just sighed and told Joel to go on alone—he was very tired.

III

The dark now settled down on the village around five every afternoon. Night was thick and cold and lonely. Joel had hunched himself up on the hearth of the red brick fireplace, listening to his Grandfather drone on and on from the tattered Latin book he held propped in his lap. The story was not of the sea but of a lion who had befriended a slave sentenced to death for running away from his master. But soon Joel found that he was not hearing the ancient words any longer; his head nodded until his chin rested on his chest. Behind him the flames lept across the wood, playing on it, taunting it, and then eating it. The dim light given off by the fire flickered on the pages of the love-worn book, and Grandfather carefully smoothed down a wrinkle that hid some of the precious words from his sight. Not noticing that sleep had ended the story for Joel, he continued to read until Joel's mother closed the book and tenderly told him it was time that they all slept.

IV

Joel sat on the flat black rock overlooking the channel alone today. Grandfather was still sleeping; Mother had said he was too tired to go with Joel—she had said he must go alone from now on. The sea heaved in black rolling swells; spray mixed with the air, pelting Joel's face in hard stinging gusts of wind. Joel licked the salt from his lips and wiped the salty water from his eyes. It was lonely on their rock; Joel shuddered with the wind and turned to look at the sky. Rolling in to meet the foam were two gallant schooners, but this time Joel did not watch to see them flounder and die. He closed his eyes and breathed in the gray fog that was Galilee.

JOAN FOX. WIND DANCERS. *Ink.*

ORESTES IN MODERN DRESS

by Jane Abramson

Jean Giraudoux is a playwright characterized by precise and penetrating intellectualism combined with rich poetic emotion. Jean-Paul Sartre is known for his inordinate attraction toward the torment of life and his ability to translate pessimistic concepts into concrete symbols.

Dissimilar though these modern French dramatists may be, each has found the need to resort to the Oresteian legend as a framework for his art. Giraudoux's twentieth-century rendition appeared on French and American stages as *Electre (Electra)* and Sartre's as *Les Mouches (The Flies)*. The great attraction of this Greek tragedy for the modern playwright may be accounted for in several ways. Firstly, the legendary theme is one which has enough authority to bear up under its own merits; it does not require masses of realistic detail to make it convincing. Secondly, if treated as a version of the Greek myth, a contemporary problem such as the emphasis on material power and possessions can be worked out to a solution which is poetic and uplifting. Moreover, the Electra legend is not only simple in outline, but suggestive in content. Thus, Sartre was able to deal with the problem of resistance to an unjust but irresistible authority more safely and broadly than with a contemporary plot. Furthermore, modern writers are aware of the fact that one element of tragedy is the audience's foreknowledge of the coming disaster. By employing a framework familiar to the viewer, the author is able to incorporate this element into the modern production.

Although Giraudoux and Sartre are indebted to the Greek master for the framework of their plays, they are not content to remain rigidly classical. Each dramatist, for example, relates the tragic plight of Electra and Orestes in modern prose which mounts into poetic imagery or descends into vulgarity and slang. The unities of time and place are observed closely but unobtrusively; the unity of action is strictly followed. The Chorus which appears in all of the plays does so only vestigially. In *Electra*, the three little girls who serve as the Furies also function as the Chorus in that they offer malicious commentaries on events and forecast disaster. The beggar, whose speeches symbolically reveal the theme of the action, may also be regarded as a kind of one-man Chorus. In *The Flies*, it is more difficult to determine which characters assume the duties of a Chorus. Certainly, Zeus is present to summarize the events which have taken place before the arrival of Orestes. He does, as well, indicate the destinies of Electra and her ill-fated brother. In addition to the god, however, the townspeople of Argos are present in the role of a Chorus as they reflect the changes of attitude toward the leading characters.

Although the playwrights followed the basic outlines of the imitated play, they made full use of their ingenuity to prevent the reinterpretations from becoming remote and archaic. Giraudoux, for example, depicts the Eumenides as young children who gradually grow into maids, and then into tall powerful women while the revenge of Orestes and the play itself approach maturity. In *The Flies*, Sartre envisions the Fates as flies which, like weakness and cowardice, annoy, weaken and, en masse, terrify, but never kill.

In style, characterization and philosophy, the two playwrights suddenly diverge from their common path. Each attempts to remodel the values, motives and results of the Aeschylean tragedy to fit his conception of contemporary life. Each, a masterful psychologist, as well as a skilled artist, formulates original and believable motives for the actions recorded in mythical tradition. Finally, each reflects in his work the values and dramatic tradition of the society from which he comes.

The Orestes whom Sartre presents in *The Flies* is neither the avenger of his father's death, the challenger to a throne, or the holder of a sword which will rid Argos of its tyrants. He is an abstract figure who represents man in search of his essence as he flounders like a mite through his existence. Brain-washed by the sceptic intellectualism of his tutor, he congratulates himself for being unattached to the blood-guilt city of Argos, infested with a plague of flies. Suddenly, he realizes that disassociation is not freedom but the breeder of anguish. Theology offers not freedom, but bondage through superstition, fear and self-abasement. God, like the gashed face of the statue of Zeus, revels in the weakness and cowardice, the guilt and the penance of man. Deprived of church, state and skepticism as anchors for his faith, Orestes realizes that only through commitment can he be free. By acting upon his conviction, by losing freedom on a lower level to achieve the freedom of the world, he would gain his essence. Electra, however, seeking only for revenge and not freedom, becomes imbued with guilt and a need for expiation for her part in the regicide-matricide. In chains within herself, she is unable to cast off the yoke which has been placed upon her by others.

The message for the French audience was obvious. Guilt for collaboration with the Vichy government hung over their heads as it did over those in Argos. Those with heads bent in penance could only survive the German-flies if, with energy and decision, they killed some, drove others away and ignored the rest. Soon a liberator would come to bring real freedom to France.

Situation, then, rather than character is the dominant force behind *The Flies*. What gives the situation force, however, is the language of the playwright. Unquestionably endowed with talent and a

flair for devising potent dramatic scenes, Sartre chooses to employ them in the interests of ugliness. His imagery, for example, reflects a disposition to metaphors and similes taken from the processes of digestion. A sample of his repelling language is as follows:

> "I stink! Oh, how I stink! I am a mass of rottenness. See how the flies are teeming round me, like carrion crows . . . That's right, my harpies; sting and gouge and scavenge me; bore through my flesh to my black heart. I have sinned a thousand times; I am a sink of ordure, and I reek to heaven."

It is true that the audience is in sympathy with the Fates-ridden Electra and Orestes. One might add that the viewer not only sympathizes, but gags with the hero and heroine. If, as Aristotle stated in the *Poetics*, tragedy is "a representation of an action . . . made beautiful in different parts of the play . . . acted, not merely recited; and by exciting pity and fear gives a healthy outlet to such emotions" Sartre's play would not be a tragedy. The speech is offensive and vulgar; it elicits not fear and pity but nausea.

Giraudoux, like Sartre, is part of the French dramatic tradition of raisonnement or the disquisition upon an abstract theme. Each is concerned primarily with the spoken word rather than the action, the conflict through words rather than through histrionics. Here, however, the similarity between the two playwrights ends. Whereas Sartre wishes to transfix his audience (if indeed through horror) in an attempt to hammer home a philosophy, Giraudoux continually reminds the viewer that he is observing a figment of the imagination even though the fantasy is one with a moral. Having girl-Furies mature by the moment in front of the audience's eyes is one technique which Giraudoux employs to make the fact clear that he has created illustrative action rather than pretense of reality. In another portion of the play, Giraudoux presents an interlude entitled Gardener's Lament in which this figure firmly states that he is no longer a prominent personage in the play, but rather the spokesman for love and joy in life. Giraudoux introduces this character not only to suggest a facet of his philosophy of life, but also to wag a finger at those who may have forgotten that *Electra* was a vehicle for the author's intelligence and imagination, not a slice of life.

The philosophy toward life as expressed in *Electra* may be summed up in the words of the gardener:

> "Granted that things never go well—that nothing ever turns out right—now and then you must confess that things turn out admirable . . . not for me . . . or, rather, for me . . ."

In general, Giraudoux has confidence in man and prefers to leave him to search for his own solutions through debate and an appeal to the intellect. He does not believe that we live in the best of all possible worlds, but he does not exclude the possibility that we could. The Beggar-God in *Electra* voices the author's cynical appraisal of human idealism. Electra is as hard as she is truthful, she hates her mother and Aegisthus as much as she loves her just-found brother. It is women like her, "*femmes à histoires*," implacable, relentless, who, according to the President, make hell on earth, destroying families and nations in their pursuit of abstract values. The Eumenides are never far from such heroines and at the end, the mature Furies point out her lonely future to Electra, leaving her only the consolation of knowing justice has been done to the criminals who slew her father. She still remains sure that her fatherland can be saved only by pure hands, like hers, and this conviction brings her some comfort. The desolation that surrounds Electra as she is seen, alone at last, in the light of her burning city as all hope of peace vanishes there, are symbols of human tragedy; it is a graphic picture of the contradiction between human aspiration and the chaos brought about by our murderous, revengeful drives toward destruction.

Jouvet, the actor, once said of Giraudoux that his dramatic conventions were made from poetry, grace and nobility. Indeed, Giraudoux felt that his duty as a writer was to reintroduce style to the theatre. That he achieved his intent may be seen in *Electra*. Technically, Electra and Orestes have little dimensions as human beings other than the fact that both share vague childhood memories and, after a time (though with reluctance on Orestes' part) hatred of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra. As superficial as these characters may be, however, they mouth some of the most intensely poetic lines in modern drama. In the second act where Aegisthus is confronted by Electra, for example, the following exquisite lines appear:

> ". . . This morning I was given my city for eternity, as a mother her child, and in agony I asked myself if the gift were not even greater, if you hadn't given me far more than Argos. In the morning God never counts his gifts: he might have given me the whole world . . . My thirst was not like that of those who quench it in the great, warm rivers flowing through the desert, but I discovered I could quench it at any icy spring . . . That's what they gave me this morning: me, the wastrel, the parasite, the knave, a country where I feel myself pure, strong, perfect; a fatherland; a country where, instead of being a slave, I am king, where I swear to live and die, judge and save it."

Although Sartre and Giraudoux write with an abundance of imaginative power, fiery conviction and philosophical depth, they are unable to duplicate the intensity of emotion with which the characters of Eugene O'Neill breathe. Intent upon creating disquisitions upon abstract themes, they often fail to depict a simple fact of nature—that human beings are great and terrible creatures when in the grip of great passion, and that the spectacle of them is not only absorbing but at once awe-inspiring.

GWEN NEIMAN. MOON GRASS. *Brush and Ink.*

Signet
6-pc. place setting $43.75 Fed. Tax incl.
Yours alone . . . your initials styled in your own hand-engraved monogram create the pattern design.
KINGSLEY
6-pç. place setting $39.75 Fed. Tax incl.
...a new concept in table setting harmony. Kingsley by Kirk combines the perfect form in sterling with a floral design that beautifully matches America's most popular china patterns.
Old Maryland Engraved $49.95
Cynthia $37.50
Repousse' $35.00
6-pç. place settings Fed. Tax incl.
America's oldest silversmiths create Kirk sterling for those who appreciate the best. Necessarily limited in quantity, you'll find it only at the finest dealers in your community.
Write for your "Silver notes from Kirk" and name of Kirk dealer nearest you.. Dept. B, Baltimore 18, Md.
Kirk Sterling

Write for literature and your free copy of "The Bride's Registry Of Table Appointments" to: Lunt Sterling, Dept. C-1, Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Salem refreshes your taste — "air-softens" every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff...it's Springtime! That's what smokers say about Salem, because its smoke is as softly refreshing as the air of a springtime morning. Salem's special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. And its fine tobaccos make Salem the rich-tasting cigarette that refreshes your taste. Smoke refreshed, pack after pack...smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company