

FALL

1965



BOOKS

CORADDI

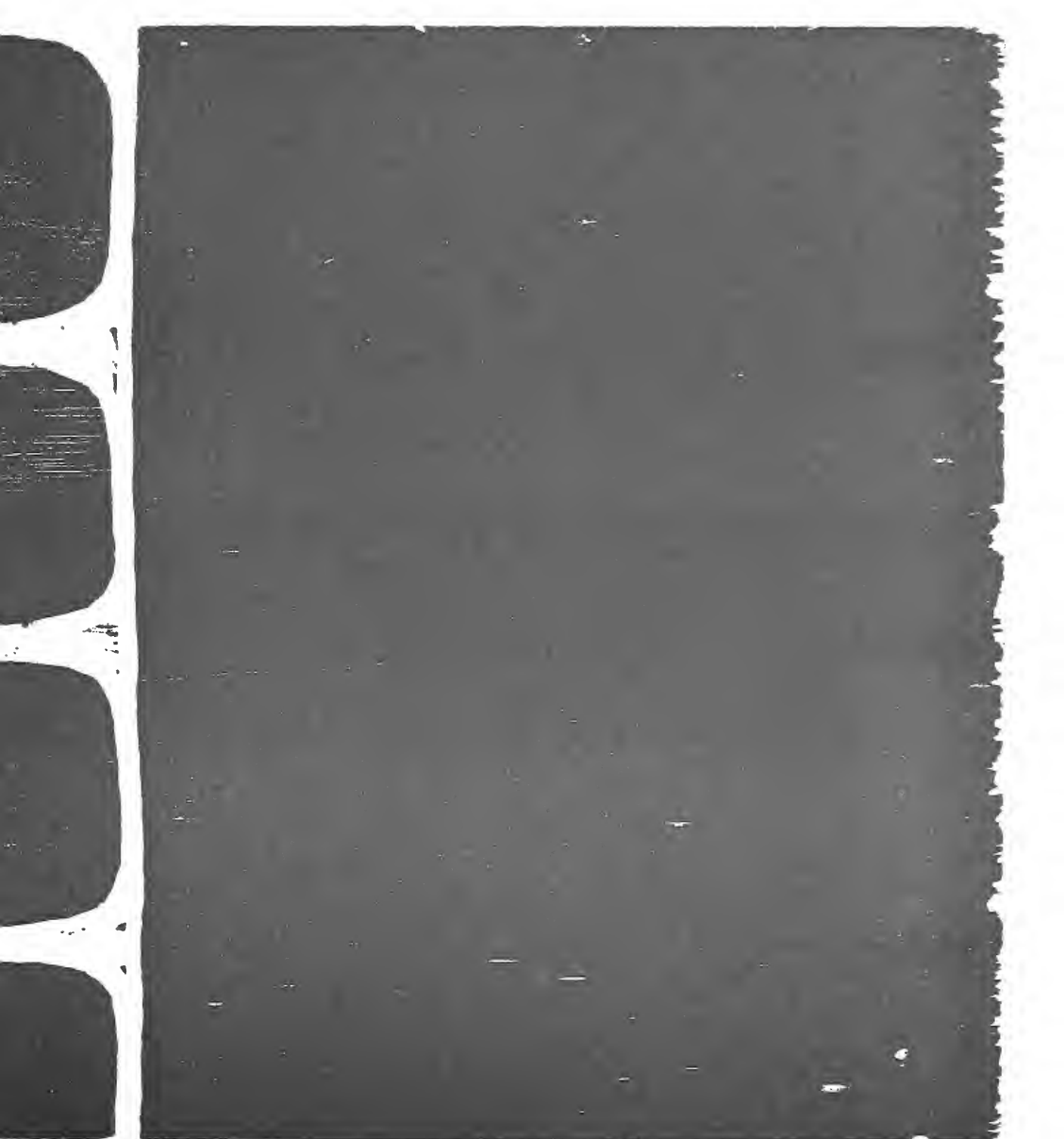
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
Fall 1965



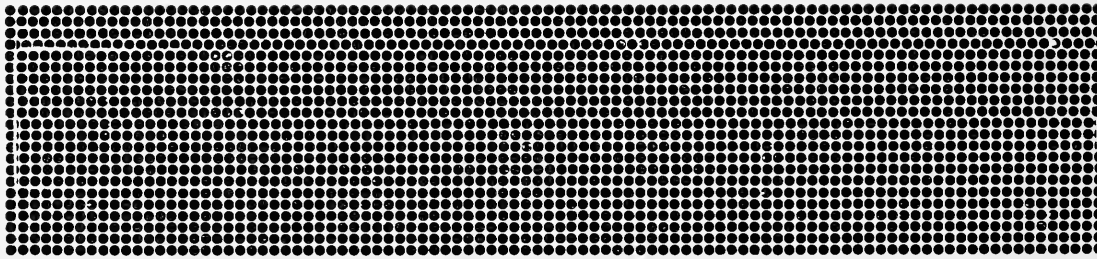
THE DEATH OF THE BALL TURRET GUNNER

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

RANDALL JARRELL 1914-1965



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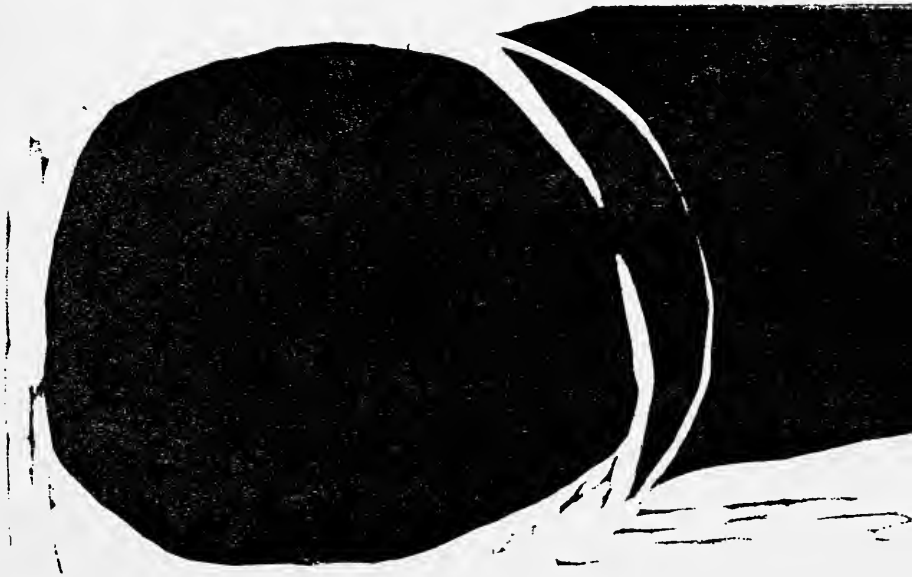
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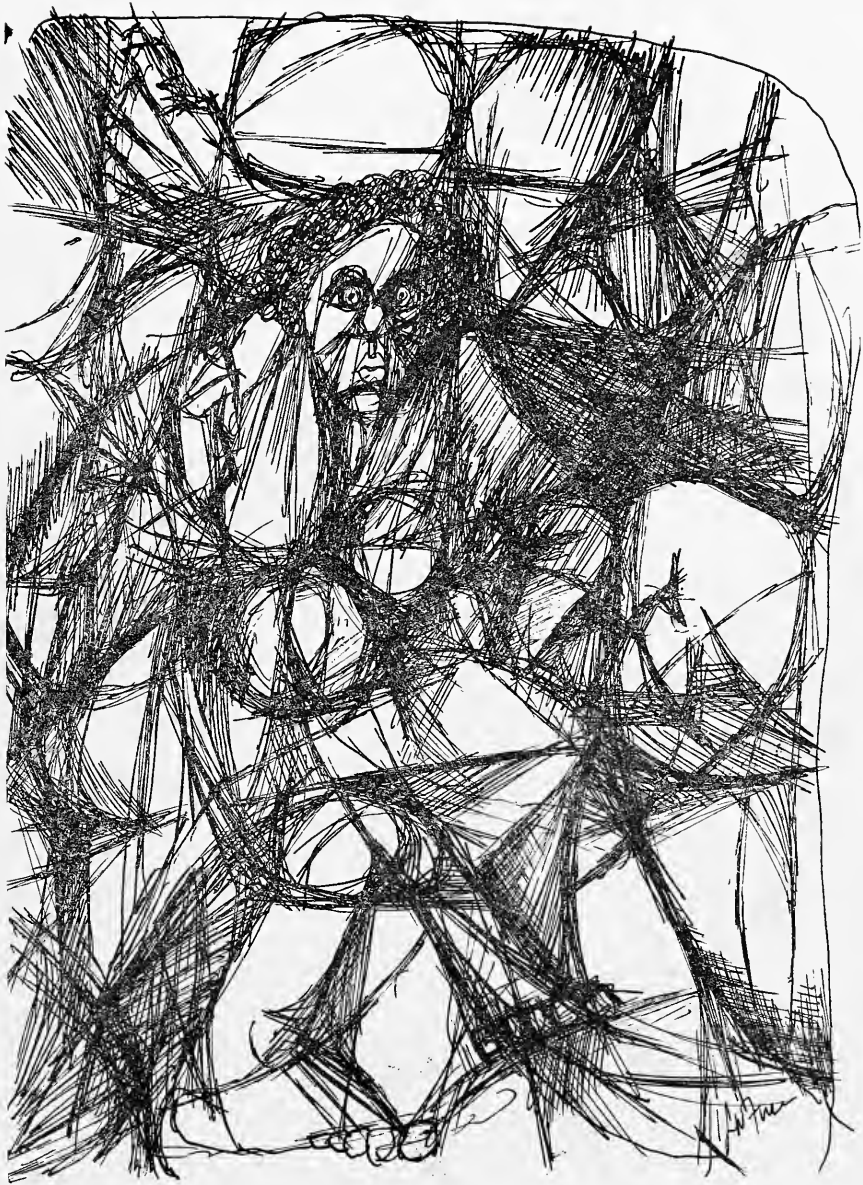
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Thoughts of One Who Often Translates from the Greek

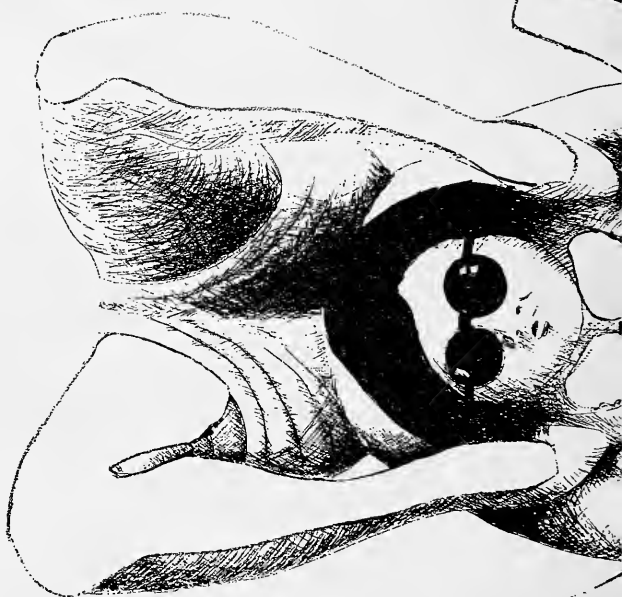
My work's laid out before me:
Some dull history
Which no one's read but scholars.
I dread the silent hours,
The long weeks, days to come
Before it's finished. I thumb
Through pages full of words
I never knew or heard,
Nor care to know. Lexicons,
Grammars, verb charts on
My table guide my work;
But surely they must smirk,
Beneath their clinical gray covers,
At all this dryness flatterers
Call Scholarship. Now, where was I?
O, yes, "*mothos, moira, Moirae* —
Battle-din; division, fate;
The Fates" — now to extricate
The proper meanings — "battle-din"?
(Is that Clotho there, who spins
My life, lurking on the page?
And Lachesis, determining my age?)
That must be it — "The din
Of battle rose above the men
In shining greaves" — (Where
Is Atropos, I wonder? There:
She is, behind the other two) —
"Twelve divisions fell" — (You,
Atropos, put down those shears!
Not now, Old Hag. My bier
Is not yet built. Another day,
Perhaps.) — "a wretched prey,
Fulfilling Fate, for dog and kite."
I shut my books, turn out the light.

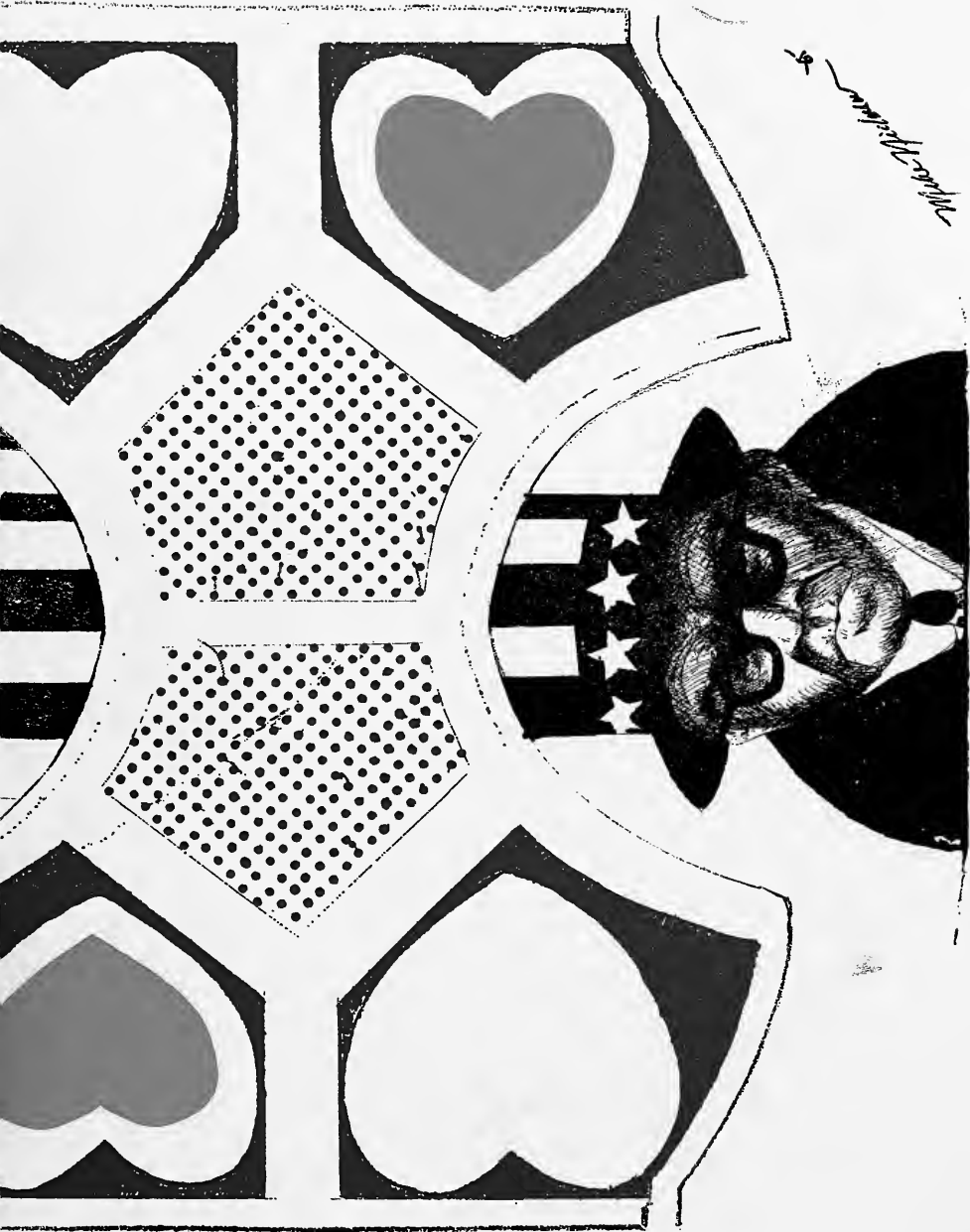
ELIZABETH F. DEVEREUX



THE AMY COMPTON REE

Love from Betty's track down year





Handwritten signature or name

Art proof #12



Madeline, On Spring

You went on Easter, emptying
The house of all that was yourself;
Took all your things: shoes, pen-knife,
Collections of rocks and shells, and left,
Being generous you thought,
Victorian furniture; and now
This hulk of house cannot contain my loneliness.

Today, dull rain left over from the holiday
Shouts hollow in the drains; in spite of spring
It's cold; beyond these narrow windows, the front walks
Which I, for watching, shame myself, are chilly green.

I hate all out-of-season weather, partings, difference;
Though you'd said, smiling tiredly,
"All things change", your proverb goes crab-like,
For even changing palls. It will be spring, it must
With warm rain settling wanton flowers, come;
And if, after lusty autumn, winter brings
Hard sleet and snow, as winters should,
Then you'll return.

MOLLY HUGHES

The Elgin Marbles

In phosphorescent light this sterile room
Has one door only—"Please close tight, the air
conditioner is feeding intravenously"—
For earphoned spectators told case histories;
They stare pale eyed at exiled Dionysus,
Reclining awkward without hands or feet;
Or headless goddess, disembodied arms;
But would I rather see the buckling of this floor,
And Mediterranean come flooding in,
These walls crack warm for air, abrasive sand
Along the ceiling sting?
Outside, self-memorable time has rubbed his back
Against the wall and laughed for centuries.
He will, for all curators, wear it thin,
And take the stolen marbles back again.

MOLLIE HUGHES

Regents Park Canal

In my mind I somehow have confused
The texture of these London slow canals
With the ones remembered from old Venice . . .
Canals Napoleon blocked and left behind . . .
Solidity of reeking green come down
As part of an Italian mystery,
An aura that comes with life in Venice.
But in my mind the green and solid water
Of Regents Park canal holds greater charm,
A charm perhaps less easily discovered,
Congealed in years of English, failing grey
Instead of being heated by the sunlight
And nurtured by the sighs of Italy.
An opaque crust not made by modern trade,
But by a commerce rich in contraband,
A history full of gypsies and of dreamers.
Yes, I would be just such a drifting conjuror
And live by wandering out from this canal
Into the rocking, time-slowed countryside
Where bits of ancient recollection wait
Left there as plunder for a fleeing mind.
Then traveling out of London by canal
On narrow boat all strewn with painted roses
And gypsy castles drawn from memory
By an anxious transitory mind,
A mind that now goes seeking out of time
With freshly painted crest of castle and of rose
Still full enough of gypsy and of dreamer
To claim this stagnant heritage as mine.

CAROLINE HORTON



Death
Sevens
Ground

one forked
Shadow
Blood
floating

Beneath

Attempts
to hide

The Candidate For Sacrifice: Dionysos

My river Lethe is tumbling down,
Is breaking trees for staffs to stroll
Along the streets and climb the roofs;
To lame the jigs of reeling youths.

My fairest maid, your jowls like pigs',
Your nails, the horns of cows and harts;
You plunder life, my tongue is rent,
You take my thighs for nourishment.

I count the stars, with tangled face.
I count the grass with fingerblades
As once your eyes I told, your teeth
Also, mouth warm and breached.

Two leaves drop hot upon my eyes,
Sly thumbs which press the lids to plant:
Around the moon hop bull and sow
While vines wheel out against my brow.

Twelve seasons old, by goddess born,
You virgin, drew me forth with fire;;
I am what's past, the hallowed child,
And what's to come, a spring reviled.

SYLVIA EIDAM

Clearing Off

They're unsoldering the house, dear,
plank by plank, noisily. Pigeons
are running on the roof, chasing
down the slant where we took
our sun without our clothes.
Over there, see, the saws are nibbling
at those four dark trees, who
altogether are like a horse
which runs in imperceptible gallop,
its coat green frothy, its tail flaired out
and stuck with burrs,
a towering horse with spindly legs
whose hooves are always lost
in grass, are very large, and move
more slowly than its head.

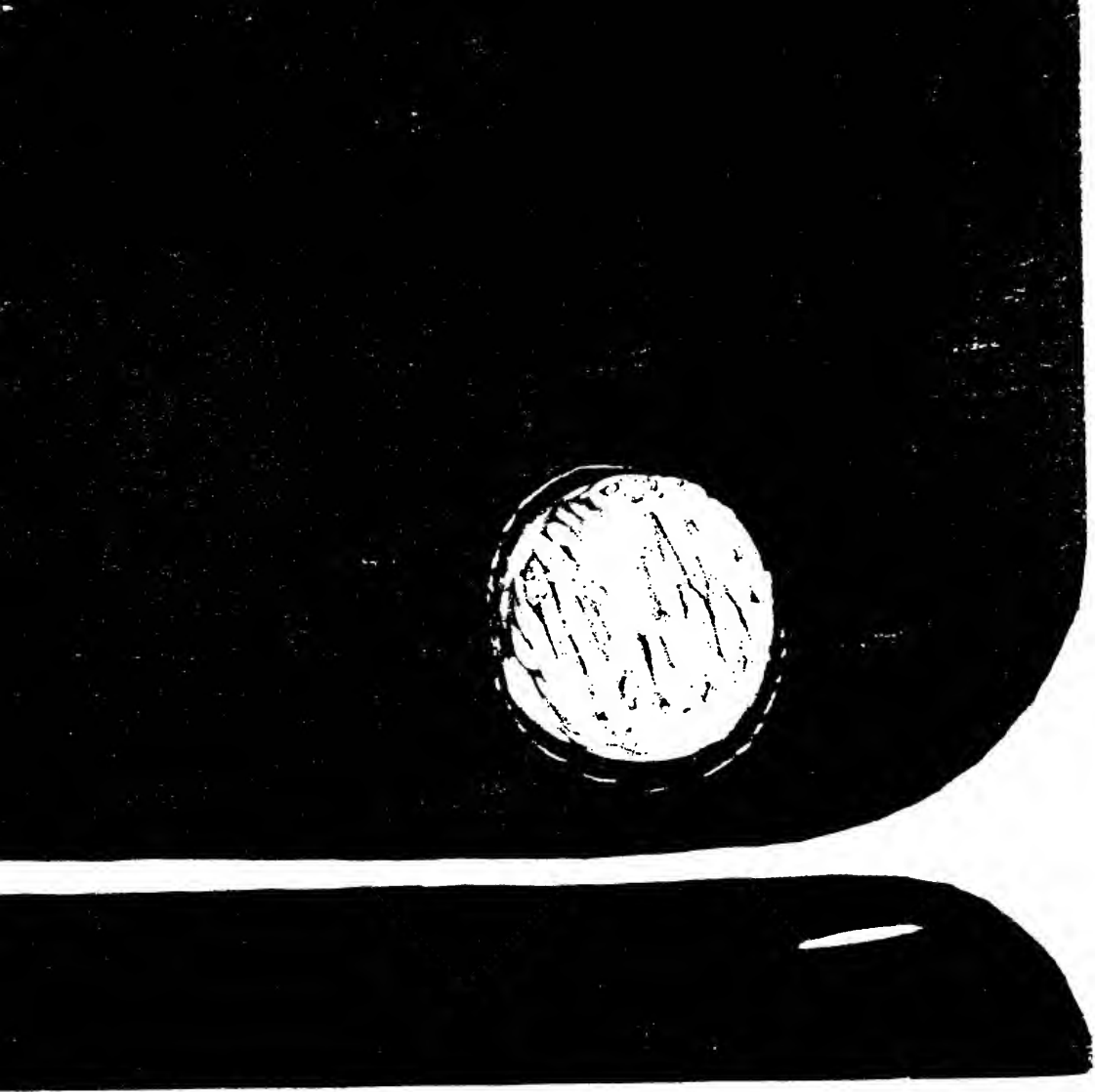
This morning in our new house
we take orange juice in the bed
and watch the quick unbuilding.
We'll have to take our sun
elsewhere. Then shall we ride our horse?
No, we've outgrown such bovine things;
but at least he won't be all a waste.
We'll keep his bones to stoke
our fire next fall, to keep us warm
while aging, as he kept
us cool when young.

SYLVIA EIDAM

The Chalk Farm Flat

Here in this London Chalk Farm Flat
Where zoo sounds hang about us in the night,
Confusing sounds, mixed with the music played
Can not confuse our shadows on the floor.
We drew each other down from separate chairs,
Forgetting gestures made in one lost breath —
A breath the curtains breathed when we did not —
While our shadows paused because we paused
And lingered with us trying to recall
The last time they had come upon us here
In music room and living room all one.
Our shadows now more frequently can find us
In kitchen or in bathroom three flats share,
Or sitting quite apart in separate rooms,
Or on cold nights no longer sleepless
Our backs turned toward each other in the bed.
But tonight the zoo sounds could remind us,
And so our shadows find us here and wait
For us to feel each other's closeness, or the floor.
And in that closeness is our London life,
The early breathless months we had together;
But all we can remember now is time
And that we have no pennies for the bath.
The floor grows hard, we stir apart and rise
And sadly then we wander off to sleep;
But in the morning searchings for a match
To light the stove or just a cigarette,
We see each other, remembering how it was
And smiling we reach out to touch a hand,
Then growing timid, take a piece of toast.

CAROLINE HORTON



SUBMISSIONS DUE DECEMBER 1

