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Fall 1945-
May 1979

CORADDI

the fall of 1975

the university of north carolina at greensboro

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The *CORADDI* has undergone some sweeping changes with the publication of its Fall 1975 issue. Not only has the size of the pages been enlarged to 8½ by 11, but the contents of the *CORADDI* have been expanded to include material such as features, articles, reviews and editorials as well as the traditional poetry, fiction and original art sections.

The schedule of publication has also been revised. Depending upon the quality and quantity of submissions, the *CORADDI* hopes to complete at least one more issue this semester. Submissions are now being accepted for the next issue of the *CORADDI* which is tentatively set for delivery in the first weeks of November.

The cover photograph appears by courtesy of Nancy Reed, who is beautiful.

The *Coraddi* is published sporadically by the students of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. We welcome submissions from any contributor. The *Coraddi* is distributed free to students. The price for non-students is one dollar per issue. Subscriptions by mail are also available.

We would like to give special thanks to Nancy Reed, Nancy Davis, Francis Watson, Paul Braxton, and Bruce Clapper (of the Greensboro Printing Company) for their invaluable assistance in preparing this issue.

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HUNGER

Population Growth vs. Food Production

Dr. D. Gordon Bennett

UCLSIHEL5

Oct. 19 - HUNGER IN THE DEVELOPING NATIONS

Dr. Georg Borgstrom, Michigan State Univ., "Causes and Consequences of Hunger in the Developing Nations"

Senator George McGovern, "Policy Alternatives for Feeding the Hungry in the Developing Nations"

Today, four billion people inhabit the earth, one billion more than in 1960. By 1985, if present growth rates continue, another billion persons will be added to the world's population.

Can enough food be produced and distributed to feed the mounting millions? In a world in which over one billion people are suffering from chronic undernutrition or malnutrition, is it possible to feed the additional 75 million people added to the population each year?

If 10,000 people die every day from starvation and diseases related to undernutrition and malnutrition, can food supplies be increased fast enough to feed the six to seven billion persons expected to share this planet only 25 years from now? Who will survive in a world with limited food resources?

Problems Related to Increased Food Supply

Between 1965 and 1973, food production in both developed and developing countries rose by about 30 per cent. However, rapid population growth in the latter kept the per capita increase to four percent, while slower population growth in the industrial nations allowed a per capita gain of nearly 20 per cent.

Nutritional deficiencies contribute to numerous diseases, physical and mental retardation, increased weakness and fatigue, and emotional instability. The major cause of deaths to children under five in many developing countries is malnutrition.

The problem of adequately feeding

the world's billions is related not only to rapid population growth, but also to pervasive poverty and illiteracy, poor transportation in most developing countries, inadequate food distribution programs, international politics, inadequate resources for greatly increasing agricultural production, environmental hazards, and religious and cultural taboos.

Per capita GNP for Africa and Asia as a whole is under \$300, and in 45 of the countries under \$200. In many nations, families must spend between one-half and three-fourths of their incomes on food. When prices skyrocket, as they have during the last two years, they are forced to decrease their food consumption -- and many are already hungry!

The poverty of the people of the developing nations, which are usually one-half to three-fourths rural farm, restricts their expansion of irrigation acreage and their purchase of fertilizer, fuel, and pesticides. Thus, further increases in yields are stifled. National governments are too poor to supply these needs. However, if the extension of these technological advancements to farming on a broad scale were achieved, this could have serious ecological ramifications.

The difficulty of distributing food aid from the port-of-entry cities to the interior villages has been unsuccessful. Consequently, millions of people have poured into coastal cities from the countryside. But paradoxically, this has aggravated the feeding problem, with the mushrooming urbanities demanding increasing amounts of food from the

rural areas and foreign nations.

Unfortunately, food assistance provided by the U.S. is often influenced more by political considerations than by human suffering. Whereas the U.S. provided considerable food to the African Sahel and Bangladesh in 1973-74, the main recipients were six nations of Indochina and the Middle East.

Factors Related to the Present Crisis

During the latter half of the 1960's, grain-exporting nations which had amassed large surpluses began limiting production. However, developing countries where population was growing rapidly continued to draw on the surpluses of the developed nations. Simultaneously, rapidly rising income levels in the wealthy countries led to increased demands for grain to be fed to livestock.

Fortunately, major advances in high-yield varieties of rice, wheat, and corn began in 1967, particularly in the developing lands. Between 1965 and 1971 wheat production increased by three-fourths in Pakistan and doubled in India; rice production grew by one-third in Indonesia; and corn production rose by more than one-half in Latin America.

However, the successes of the "Green Revolution" were based largely upon increased rainfall and the use of more irrigation and fertilizer. And technology has not yet obviated the impact of the weather. Detrimental natural influences were decisive in causing declines in world food production in both 1972 and 1974. In those two years, 150 million more mouths

were added, most in the hungry nations; and rising incomes created additional demand.

Since U.S. food production decreased in 1972, along with that of many other countries, U.S. and world food reserves were greatly diminished. Thus, food was shipped to deficit regions to prevent widespread famine and to wealthy nations, including the Soviet Union and Japan, to feed livestock in order to satisfy the growing demand for meat. In 1973 and 1974, reserves were further reduced by increased demand in both years and declining production in 1974. A significant contribution to the lower food production this time was the scarcity and higher price of fertilizer, which cost more than twice as much as it had just two years earlier. Moreover, the price of fuel to run irrigation systems, farm machinery, and transport services rose.

The Future

A December, 1974 publication of the USDA Economic Research Service proclaims that "to close the nutrition gap (for the people of the developing nations) would take (an increase of) only about two per cent of world grain production". The Brookings Institution and *Current History* have propagated this statement, inferring a rather simple solution to resolve the hunger issue. But population and income growth push demand up by about three per cent annually. Thus, in order to close the gap, a minimum of a five per cent gain would have to occur in a year. This would exceed the average annual increase of the Green Revolution era. And this would not resolve the problem of malnutrition.

The United States, Canada, and Australia presently account for about two-thirds of grain exports.

Where will the food be shipped in the future? To feed livestock in Europe, Japan, and the Soviet Union? Or to feed the hungry of the developing lands? And when there is not enough in the larder, who will receive the food? In essence, *who will survive?*

Can irrigation, fertilization, and technological schemes develop fast enough in the hungry nations to

limit the need for food imports? Can population growth be curtailed rapidly enough to ensure per capita food gains leading to an adequate diet? What responsibility does the U.S. and other wealthy and surplus producing nations have toward the hungry?

Will the future bring the billions *feast or famine?*



Founder's Day 1975

Pam Blackburn

Founder's Day at UNC-G is a birthday celebration, remembering the founding of the State Normal and Industrial School in 1892 by Charles Duncan McIver. The university has grown considerably since those early years when North Carolina was still a rural state, and Greensboro was a small town. Now the celebration of the anniversary is as big and sophisticated as the school itself has grown in the past 83 years.

This year the celebration includes a nostalgic look at the days when the women students were trained to be teachers for the expanding public school system, secretaries for the coming industry, and the traditional role as housewives for the male-oriented society.

The celebration will begin Friday afternoon, Oct. 3, and there will be something going on each night in the weekend as well as during the day. Elliott Hall, the Alumni House and Associates, the Dining Service, the Faculty Wives, the Student Government Association, and other campus organizations will sponsor various events during the weekend.

Dean of Student Activities Cliff Lowery calls the celebration a "major college weekend." Although there is the look into the past there will be plenty of fun and games for the students to participate in, according to Lowery. He also talked specifically about the University Concert and Lecture Series events which have been scheduled for the weekend.

The traditional ceremony that caps the Founder's Day weekend will feature this year an address by editor of the *Saturday Review*, Norman Cousins. Cousins, who has been editor of the *Review* since 1942, has promoted world federalism in his many activities as a

lecturer and as an editor. The concept of world peace through world law is the guiding directive of the World Association of World Federalists, of which Cousins is president.

Cousins will speak Sunday night at 8:15 in Cone Ballroom. The University Chorale will sing a litany which has been composed especially for the ceremony. All members of the university community may attend the ceremony as well as the public.

Another UCLS event planned for Friday evening at War Memorial Auditorium is the performance of the Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan. The company of 65, which includes musicians as well as performers, is making its debut tour of the United States this year. The group performs acrobatic feats which combine grace and precision in a spectacle that stresses the ancient Chinese concept of harmony between body and mind.

"Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope" will be presented Saturday evening in War Memorial Auditorium by the touring production company. When it ran on Broadway, this all-black musical play won four Tony awards and two Obie awards. Director Vinnette Carroll conceived the play, and the music and lyrics were written by Micki Grant, another black woman. Choreography was by George Faison, who also choreographed "The Wiz." The play is lively and entertaining, but also presents a serious portrait of black life in America.

The Arts and Crafts theme of the Founder's Day celebration includes two activities which will take the campus back to the rural North Carolina that saw the beginning of the university. The Folk Life Institute of North Carolina will visit

the campus to demonstrate those domestic skills that were necessary to survive in the last century. The Faculty Wives are sponsoring an arts and crafts fair for local craftsmen. The fair will be set up between the Library and the Dining Hall on Gray Drive. Students are encouraged to display. Also during the Founder's Day weekend, the Student Union own craft shop will open at 520 Stirling Street.

A picnic in the Freshman Quad is scheduled for Saturday evening, sponsored by the Dining Service. The students and faculty will compete in the now traditional contests and games for little prizes for everyone. The Alumni Associates and other campus organizations will take charge of the activities that evening in the Quad.

Other tentative plans for the celebration on campus are a soccer match featuring the UNC-G team, a coffeehouse in the union sponsored by the EH Council, and a dorm decorating contest. The EH Council will also sponsor a concert at the Saturday picnic by the Mission Mountain Wood Band, a folk music group. SGA has appropriated funds for a fireworks display which will light up the sky over the athletic fields Saturday evening.

McIver, whose founding of this school signaled the ushering in of a new era of educational advancement for women, began the institution on a ten-acre plot which has now grown to 140 acres in the middle of the metropolis of Greensboro. There are now over 9,400 students; in the beginning there were 223 students who were, of course, all women.

According to the authors of *A Good Beginning*, Joy Bechtold and Elisabeth Ann Bowles, the admission to the school for the young women was based on county representation

unless there were too many applicants for the admissions. Students were then required to take a test which evaluated their abilities in arithmetic, reading, writing, and to answer questions about English grammar, geography, and the history of the United States and North Carolina.

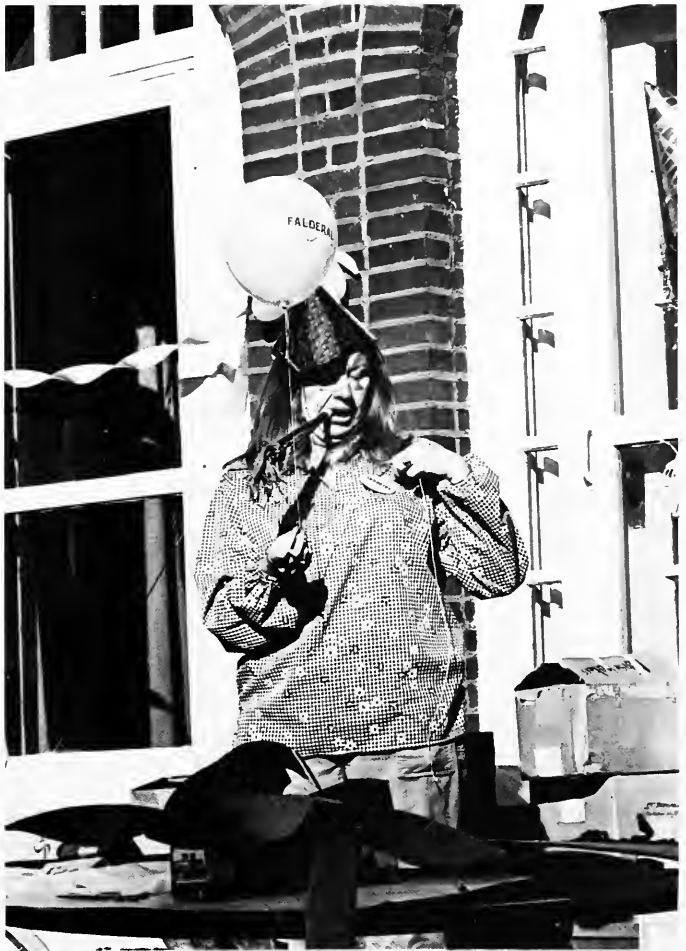
Expenses in those first years were \$40.00 for tuition, \$64.00 for board in the dormitories, \$12.00 for laundry service, \$5.00 for health services, \$5.00 for a book fee, and \$2.00 for miscellaneous. In the dormitories most girls were sleeping in double beds.

Students in the last century were required to perform duties to keep the school running, duties which are performed now by the paid staff of the university. Their responsibilities included washing dishes, serving food, and setting tables in the dormitory dining halls.

UNC-G had a tradition of sororities which included the *Adelphian*, the *Aletheian*, the *Cornelian*, and the *Dikean* Societies. However, these elitist societies were disbanded with the change of the university to a more democratic organization.

The Carolinian was founded in 1919 as a newspaper. Before that year the name had been used for the campus yearbook which included the pictures of the students as well as short comments about each woman. *The Pine Needles* became the yearbook after 1919.

The Coraddi was founded in 1924 by the Quill Club, an organization of junior and senior students who had done superior work in English. The members of the club submitted their original manuscripts to be published in the first number of the magazine which was edited that year by Maude Goodwin.



ALL JEALOUSY ASIDE . . .

So many cat claws
a spit and a purr
for her poems.

She makes no magic messages.

No wallowing in words
no juggling them up and down
or pummeling them around
the slick linoleum floor.

No finding them in cloud fuzz
or deep in waspy wells

Where are the pine smells
the dewfalls
the mothballs
and carousels?

Where are the Chinese silk
and parasols
the brown-edged lace
the old top hats?

Doesn't she have somewhere
an attic
full of words
some messages in magic
tucked away?

Call her a poet -
she has ideas, you say.
A spit and a purr
for her ideas.

Where are the willowy
the warbling
the whistling
the wanton
the wailing
the whacking
the
words?

Margaret Boothe

ENERGY and its Future

Within the past several months, the energy crisis has burst dramatically into the awareness of citizens throughout the free world. For many persons knowledgeable about environmental matters, the impending energy crisis has long been known and predicted; the only unknown was its precise timing.

The crisis is a result of a simple fact: we live on a finite planet. This means not only that space for additional people is limited but that all resources, both renewable and non-renewable, are present only in infinite amounts. It also means that the energy necessary to sustain our rich, affluent, and grossly inefficient life style is present only in limited, finite amounts.

Demands for electric and petroleum energy have increased at a fantastic and almost frenetic pace in the last several decades. With ever-increasing demands for energy coupled with finiteness of energy, demands will soon exceed supply. Clearly; the energy crisis is a result of western societies living beyond their energetic means. The crisis has now arrived, and our life styles will never be the same again.

The fossil fuel reserves have not yet been depleted, even though some immediate supply routes have been closed. Due to the conflict in the Mideast, most of the Arabian crude oil supplying the United States has been cut off by Arab leaders, principally King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. The Arabs owners of about 53 per cent of the world's known oil reserves, are attempting to impose economic sanction on the United States by their oil embargo.

The petroleum shutoff, however, may be of tremendous longterm benefit. First, we are now faced with learning to cope with some immediate oil shortages which will be sure cause some hardships and inconveniences. But learning to deal with the shortages before they become crucial is an exceedingly important lesson. Slowing the rate of crude oil consumption enables us to learn gradually to get along with less

petroleum energy in the future.

Secondly, it buys us some time in which technology may be able to develop alternate energy sources such as solar, hydrogen, or nuclear energy. The shutoff of crude oil is probably a profound blessing in Arabian disguise. A colleague has proposed that we erect a monument to King Faisal for jarring our society into the realities of a finite crude oil reserve. Had there never been a termination of the flow of Middle East oil reserves, our culture would be in another, more serious energy shortage within a decade or two due to dwindling crude oil sources.

One seriously questions the wisdom of a society that plunges headlong toward totally depleting its liquid petroleum resources with no consideration for the future or for the needs of future generations. We have a profound moral obligation to our grand-children and to subsequent generations to leave some petroleum resources for their use.

Many of our current energy needs may some day be supplied by alternate sources. But some processes, like the propulsion of jet planes, may not be readily adapted to another energy source; thus, they may always be totally dependent on petroleum products. Also, many drugs, chemicals, and products utilized by our society are petroleum derivatives; artificial synthesis of these may be impossible, or at best, difficult and cumbersome. Let's not permit all of our petroleum products literally to go up in smoke in the next few years while trying to maintain a life style which is not possible for much longer on a finite planet.

An especially insidious dimension to the current energy crisis is the mad rush to seek other energy sources regardless of the ecological consequences these efforts have on our environment. In recent weeks we have seen the approval of the Alaskan pipeline and heard about concerted efforts to ease the emission controls on automobiles, to increase use of coal with high sulfur content, to return to massive strip-mining efforts to produce

additional coal, and to relax controls on industrial stack emissions. In every case, these efforts are designed to help satiate our short-term ecological consequences.

For example, to have access to the rich oil deposits of the Alaskan North Slope, we ignore the severe ecological damages by potential massive spills, melting the permafrost, or interfering with herd migrations of arctic mammals (upon which the Eskimos so crucially depend).

One wonders whether society might be selling our corporate souls and ineed our long-term species survival for short-term energy gains. We cannot—we must not ignore serious and irreparable damage to our fragile biosphere while a few decisionmakers proceed recklessly to supply energy to the industrial complexes for greater economic gain.

Many different suggestions have been offered in recent weeks to help reduce energy consumption. The suggestions by President Nixon, Gov. Holshouser, the news media, even those proposed by energy-supplying corporations are all helpful and beneficial to an extent. Most all ideas, however, are only short-term measures and cosmetic in nature. Ultimate solutions to the energy crisis will be found only as each individual makes a deep, personal, long-term commitment to conserve and husband our current petroleum resources.

A radically different life style will undoubtedly emerge in the next few years based primarily on a plan of far more efficient energy utilization and reduced energy consumption rate. Many every-consuming luxuries we now enjoy will be permanently lost in the energy crunch. Radical changes will occur in our transportation patterns. Economy and conservation of petroleum energy will be a paramount consideration. Economy cars, less frivolous trips, more car-pooling, tremendous increase in the use of public transportation, development of extensive mass transit systems, and more walking and bicycling will soon become common

ways of life. Small electrically-powered vehicles will soon be widely used for local transportation.

In homes, conservation of energy will also be strongly encouraged and practiced. Reduced thermostat settings will soon become a permanent way of life. Use of air conditioners will be discouraged and will become too expensive within a decade. Hot water heaters will be set at lower temperatures. Small appliances (toasters, frying pans, coffeepots) will gradually replace inefficient ranges and stoves. In general, we will probably give up those home appliances which consume the most energy (air conditioner, clothes dryer, food freezer, and range.) It might be interesting to note here that "self-cleaning" ovens use approximately 21% more energy than the range.

The energy crises will ultimately affect every facet of our life styles. Architectural plans will produce future buildings designed to conserve heat and utilize solar energy. Vacations and recreational plans will clearly reflect energy shortages. Consumers will find a reduced number of items from which to choose as the energy shortages affect industries. To conserve energy and our non-renewable natural resources, many different items and materials will be recycled. In short, the energy crisis will touch each of us in everything we do.

It is instructive and important to reiterate again that the energy crisis is not a temporary condition; it will become a way of life. While the crisis may ease from time to time, the overall crisis is with us permanently, and it can only get progressively worse in the future unless some unexpendable source is found. Perhaps energy obtained from the sun, the earth's core, nuclear reactors, hydrogen fusion, or the wind will be our salvation. But for now, the future of our energy, which is almost completely derived from fossil fuels, looks rather bleak.

Consequently, the alteration of our economic systems, based so heavily on fossil fuels as energy sources, will be one of the most difficult problems to solve. We are heading toward a simpler

form of life which consumes far less energy; in the long run we will be much better off for these profound modifications. As we experience some withdrawal symptoms from a prodigious rate of energy consumption, it will be easy for society to inflict serious environmental damage by seeking convenient, but ecologically damaging, short-term energy sources.

In the long run, we can do without much of the energy, but we cannot do without any of the environment.

Dr. Paul Lutz

This article appeared previously in the Greensboro Daily News and in the Alumni News. It is reprinted by permission.

Passed Times

Hey you
I'm walking through this room
Pretending to not notice you
But - perceive, now -
I a m s l o w i n g m y s t r i d e s

Sure wish you would grab my sleeve
I'd hug you again, for real this time,
And we'd walk through together
(I know you're not sitting either)
Making our own new space to think in.
Because we don't need to dust off
Those home movies in the corner
(The projector's damn rusty)
I'm tired of flick escapes.

Does only experience
Make spirit-talk?
Why not mere attraction,
To flow in one furrow together?
I'd give anything for a piece of your soul .

Now.

Nancy Brown



SHAW on films

Brian Shaw

The omnipotent directors of the film industry possess an innate characteristic of providing the film-going public each year with a particular type of film. The summer especially provides these magnates with the opportunity to indoctrinate almost one fourth of the population to their manner of thinking. Each summer has exhibited a trait continually exploited throughout the season. Violence, sex, and even Westerns have enjoyed a rejuvenation of interest. But this year, the public has been treated to what could be termed a "renaissance de comedie." Two films instrumental in this re-birth of the lost art of comedy are Woody Allen's *Love and Death*, and *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. Each film reflects an entirely different aspect of the comic mode and are easily contrasted to reveal not a re-birth of the comic medium, but rather a refinement of an art that is practiced by many, but mastered by few.

Woody Allen's key to success in comedy relies partly on his intentionally absurd countenance, but more essentially on his ability to parody any subject, (droll) as it may be. *Love and Death* is a combination of sketches on such untouchables as love, death and Russian novels, not to mention a brief, cursory take-off on Ingmar Bergman. Allen is at his best when dealing with seemingly sacred subjects. Love has become a standing joke with him, but this is his first cinematic attack on death. Many of his views on death can be seen in a sketch

entitled "Death Knocks" in Allen's first book, *Getting Even*. However, since that book did not enjoy a great deal of success, Allen hasn't risked being redundant. But the film is within itself. Allen has digressed to his former habit of one-liners superficially held together by a vague central subject. Although the subjects are diverse enough to hold our attention, the film exhibits a vacuity that would not be present with a solid central theme. The strength of Allen's best film, *Sleeper*, lies within the unity put forth by his extensive comments on society's eminent demise. Perhaps if Allen had zeroed in on one specific theme, love or death, the film would have had some semblance of continuity.

Another flaw present in *Love and Death* makes one too many Allen films for Keaton. In earlier roles, her bland personality played off Allen's hyperactivity perfectly. But now she has been reduced to such a colorless personage that at times it is difficult to discern who is being the fall guy for whom. Allen's comic heroine is due for death and possibly, with some modification, rebirth.

The American Birth of the English comic sextet, Monty Python can best be described as a miscarriage. The phenomenon of their success is curious indeed, but may be indirectly attributed to the vicarious release their sketches provide. "The Monty Python Craze", as it has become termed, is similar to the Professor Irwin Corey fad that swept the country in the late 60's. At best, Professor Corey is now a

bad joke, and if Monty Python could read the handwriting on the wall they would realize their own impending doom. Throughout their brief exposure to American audiences, the group has demonstrated little capacity or willingness to change and develop their comic style. Week after week, their television program is a re-hash of old jokes that get older weekly. Their film is representative of this stagnation and stays well within the Monty Python tradition.

Very little of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* is funny. Unlike *Love and Death*, *The Holy Grail* possesses a plot structure around which the film is built, but the end result is more chopped and piecemeal than the Allen film. The setting, Medieval times of King Arthur, provides a rich field from which a wealth of material could be drawn. But Monty Python seems content to stick to one type of humor, and never deviates from it. True, the essence of slapstick is indeed absurdity, which is amply expressed in this film, but equally important is the self-recognition and ability to see one's self in the comic situations. The slapstick of Monty Python, however, is laboriously redundant, and too obscure for anyone to identify with.

The quintessence of comedy affords us the opportunity to laugh at ourselves as well as the characters on the screen. *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* provides us only with laughs for these hapless fops that find themselves so amusing.

Vanity

When I view
this Personality On Paper!

A Self-Shining Through!

I see comfortably but with developing
Delight

And oh i love
you darling girl, that
You are that poet

and really the person I wanted
(Joyfully! though knowing that
this Better Self is the only
caressing
mirror

I'll ever find
still I an required to poke about restlessly)

I can feel your wisdom, know
Your wandering universal outlines true
Not needing them thesized.

And (oh, it's so nice to overhear someone
think of you this way

I know you'll sip sweetly on it
Nightly (dregs first) until

It's allgone, become wasting
Poison in its new nothing-taste,
Then thrown out with lingering half-life)

Your beauty is warm, for those
Tongues that thirst for blaze.
But you can not, will not
Be flushed down throats
Bland.

Nancy K. Brown

at the end of a faded
arcade a gypsy sits
flanked by rotting
palmetto, her pedestal
on broken tiles her glass
case scratched and clouded.
there the fortunes are told,
cards in a chipped hand
outstretch an offering
the other hand a benediction
the forthright gaze a challenge,
there in the sometimes
light of neon callippe crowds
gather to return
the gypsy's gaze to await
the signal
some indication of fortune
in the gesture of plaster hands.

GML

in memory of a superstar

somewhere in the midst of staring
cow eyes bleeding and a platinum head
Andrea pleads. I am a real woman
she says plunging a fork into her breast,
so many soup cans side by side young girls
flocking to New York to plunge forks into flesh burning
clean little Art Deco circles in their faces
with cigarettes, a herd of livid cow faces cowering
the art world a background for
row upon row of Warhol is a soup can
is a blond sex goddess is
mourning for the camera in a blood stained dress.
Andrea cries in the Factory unnoticed
until the superstardom is too much.
she springs from Warhol's placid brow
down eighteen floors to the sidewalk
to become passe.

G. Michael Lyndon

D. W. Griffith

the film maker

Film today is composed of a conglomeration of fundamental images that are often taken for granted. Occasionally, a new technical innovation (such as the seven minute take in Antonioni's *The Passenger*) will focus attention on aspects of film other than the actors on the screen. In reality, it is the technical proficiency of the production crew that make a film a success or a failure. Techniques have become so basic today that the audience hardly notices them. It is important to note, however, that without David Work Griffith the early film industry might have progressed at a much slower rate than it did.

D. W. Griffith made his first film for the Biograph Company in 1907. He had previously enjoyed a brief career as a writer and actor for the same company. His first film, *The Adventures of Dolly*, was not a tremendous success, but was important because it began a long

collaboration for Griffith with G. W. 'Billy' Bitzer, his cameraman. Bitzer helped Griffith introduce many of the innovations that were to become Griffith's trademark.

Griffith and Bitzer enjoyed early success with the effects of lighting on the actors. In *Edgar Allen Poe* they experimented with varying degrees of light and shade. *A Drunkard's Reputation* was the first film to simulate the effects of firelight. In 1909 Griffith introduced a technique that became immediately popular and still remains so. This device, cross-cutting, was first seen in *The Lonely Villa* to create suspense. It was later perfected in the Griffith classic, *The Lonedale Operator*. In *Ramona*, Griffith and Bitzer juxtaposed long-shots with close-ups for scenes of intimate action.

As Griffith brought his camera closer and closer, under the increasingly harsh lights, to the actor

he began to see the lines that make-up could not hide. Griffith then began searching for young actors and actresses for his roles. The discovery of Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess and Mack Sennett all re-enforced Griffith's position in the infantile film industry. This fresh talent worked well with his technical proficiency.

D. W. Griffith is responsible for two of the greatest American silent films, *Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance*. These films have been hailed as classics for many years and contain some of Griffith's best work.

Griffith's stellar career was cut short by the advent of the talkies. His last film, *The Struggle*, was poorly received. Bitterly disappointed, he withdrew from films. He died in 1948.

Brian Shaw

There will be a D. W. Griffith Film Festival on the UNC-G campus, with film critic David Denby presenting a lecture on Oct. 8 at 8 p.m. in Jarrell Lecture Hall. Griffith films will be shown the weekend before the lecture, Oct. 3-5. Titles and times of films will be published later in the *Carolinian*.









Spring Street Rag

streetlights bite
with little teeth
sidewalks fill
with darkness, deep
houses contract
sandlets sting
shoe-struck rocks
like sirens sing
As Spring convulses
her blood runs
in gritworn shoes
through gravel, dung
and shattered glass
to Market Street where
nothing is.

we must fly now
from Godswrath Blue
into green country
by dirt avenues

to keep our youth
we must skulk beneath rocks
or old men will lock us
in their grey trinket box

with their goosquill pens
eyes angrily swollen
they add in grey ledgers
the seconds we've stolen

at night the hard city
seems a harbor afire
as old women gather sticks
for the deer's funeral pyre

we must fly now
from Godswrath Blue
into green country
by dirt avenues

Puppetshow 1956

*a shadowtight cone
lightblown, copperpulsed
enwombs the child,
alone in the empty
dark, alone but for
the puppetshow*

*photon strings flickerjerk
flatfaced puppets dance, obey:
mooneyed niggers chortle, strut
untouchables die ketchup deaths
half minutes go by on borax mule teams
then lucywomen conceive schemes
while the honeymooners moon*

*as beyond the walls, the breathing night
mothers moon and stars that shine unseen,
by slotted hours the evening drains
the greytone puppets march away
osmose through curtains behind young eyes
to live long lives without the strings*

Craig Miller

With shadows, I wait for the arm to fall
like a stone in the well of waxen dark
on the porchtop terrace, other shades wait
on rust, in moonlight, for the quiet to break

I breathe hot darkspun melodies
I filter their music to them through the screen
I think songs that no one sings
Their faces diffuse like memories in the screen

Silence strikes suddenly against the dark
My eyes are lost in the waxen well
They ask from the porch, Is there nothing else
while static quiet drizzles on the yard

Go outside, he says and turns from the door
stoops to the machine, lets music to the dark
In the yard now we see him through the screen
He looks like a thought that no one sings

*at the crossroads
the moon stills me cold
crystally washes through me
and space,
one blackwater,
the two of us
an instant fills me
and I feel
my heart beat
in light-seconds*

*then something starts
me thinking again,
my own voice
stains the full dark
space within
and the moonswell
tears evenly away,
seconds carry it
like a flashlight
free-falling
from my grasp while
beyond the crossroads
a police-band
armstrongs the silence*

*and the moon takes
no notice of me
and venus, none of her
while on uranus where
no heart beats,
all of us down here
look like stars*

druids you
got voices like black cloaks you
sing to dead stars sing to
black rocks sing to your
screaming daughters you
got voices like alter knives and you sing about
gods with sharp teeth and the
spaces between stars but hell
we can erase you too just like
that strip off your cloaks for
halloween flatten your altars into
parking lots pull your goatfaced gods down and
put Ours whoever we choose
up there and meanwhile not
worry about the spaces
between stars whats
that you say druid? what
about the spaces what speak up
goddamit i can hardly hear the
spaces between
spaces between the fingers
of trees? well, there's nothing in
them spaces when do you see druid wait
speak druid damn
you god
damn you?

I leaned in the frame of the door
the hallway dark was wet in my shirt
the kitchen light was wet on my face,
at the table Tim rode sentences afire
to places in the sky beyond known constellations
I stood washed in the wordfire for a few humming moments
while the room glowed up the spectrum, and beyond
where I found myself on a dark train
on a bedroom floor and when the music stopped
in a midwestern town in 1929, Eddie asked
Where are we, what town is this I said I don't know
but I'm getting out here Out Here was a bridge
above the tracks of a railroad in our own time
Mike and Genette hung over the top like bridge ghosts
that you're supposed to see on misty Friday nights
and we stood in the cool, listened to somewheres.
While railroad lights blew into our eyes,
we waited, waited for morning trains, feeling
like stars slowly forgetting how to burn.

CRAIG MILLER is a sophomore
at **UNC-G**, a former **CORADDI**
staffer, and an English major.





The Worms, Too, Eat

My life is done, much have I sought,
But now beneath the ground I rot.
Dry flesh the worms do quickly eat,
And taste a pleasure much too sweet,
For me to bear within the earth,
From whence I came upon my birth.

One day in the woods I picked a fruit,
And began to eat, but was left mute,
Surprised to find inside my pear,
A writhing worm existing there!

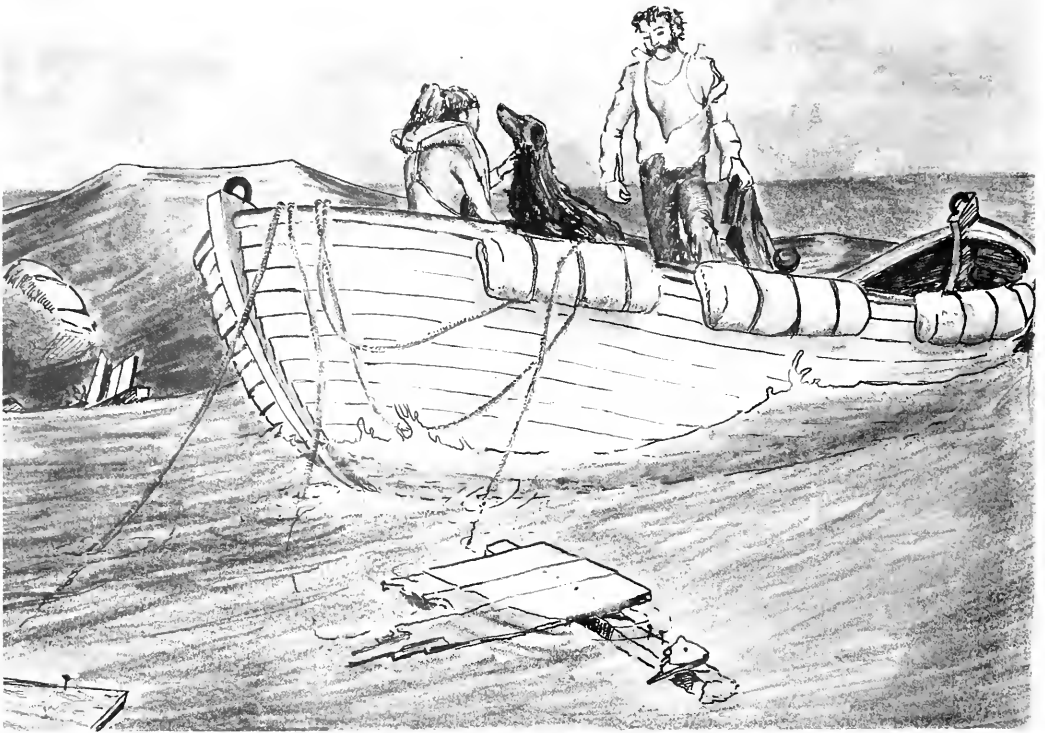
So in disgust, the fruit was thrown
Upon the bark, whence it had grown.
The other fruits were much too high
To reach, so there, wouldst I deny
The death the ugly worm deserved,
A punishment that was reserved
For gods like me to mete his fate,
A fate that I should also wait?

The earth doth also take the fruit,
A hunger which I shan't refute.
The earth feeds us, we feed the earth,
And so through life, it is from birth,
Until she opens up her jaws
To take us in with all our flaws
That must be dealt with in the after,
By God's sweet touch, or Satan's laughter.

And now I know, the worms, too, eat,
My selfish bones, my moistless meat,
And still I lie, and can't compete.

Ken Buckingham





IT MUST have been a little after three o'clock in the afternoon that it happened—the afternoon of June 3rd, 1916. It seems incredible that all that I have passed through—all those weird and terrifying experiences—should have been encompassed within so short a span as three brief months. Rather might I have experienced a cosmic cycle, with all its changes and evolutions for that which I have seen with my own eyes in this brief interval of time—things that no other mortal eye had seen before, glimpses of a world past, a world dead, a world so long dead that even in the lowest Cambrian stratum no trace of it remains. Fused with the melting inner crust, it has passed forever beyond the ken of man other than in that lost pocket of the earth whither fate has borne me and where my doom is sealed. I am here and here must remain.

The Land That Time Forgot

Edgar Rice Burroughs

After reading this far, my interest, which had been stimulated by the finding of the manuscript, was approaching the boiling-point. I had come to for the summer, on the advice of my physician, and was slowly being bored to extinction, as I had thoughtlessly neglected to bring enough reading-matter. Being an indifferent fisherman, my enthusiasm for this form of sport soon waned; yet in the absence of other forms of recreation I was now risking my life in an entirely inadequate boat off Cape Farewell at the southernmost extremity of Greenland.

Greenland! As a descriptive appellation, it is a sorry joke—but my story has nothing to do with Greenland, nothing to do with me; so I shall get through with the one and the other as rapidly as possible.

The inadequate boat finally arrived at a precarious landing, the natives, waist-deep in the surf, assisting. I was carried ashore, and while the evening meal was being prepared, I wandered to and fro along the rocky, shattered shore. Bits of surf-harried beach clove the worn granite, or whatever the rocks of Cape Farewell may be composed of, and as I followed the ebbing tide down one of these soft stretches, I saw the thing were one to bump into a Bengal tiger in the ravine behind the Bimini Baths, one could be no more surprised than was I to see a perfectly good quart thermos bottle turning and twisting in the surf of Cape Farewell at the southern extremity of Greenland. I rescued it, but I was soaked above the knees doing it; and then I sat down in the sand and opened it, and in the long twilight read the manuscript, neatly written and tightly folded, which was its contents.

You have read the opening paragraph, and if you are an imaginative idiot like myself, you will want to read the rest of it; so I shall give it to you here, omitting quotation marks—which are difficult of remembrance. In two minutes you will forget me.

My home is in Santa Monica. I am, or was, junior member of my father's firm. We are shipbuilders. Of recent years we have specialized on which we have built for Germany, England, France and the United States. I know a sub as a mother knows her baby's face, and have commanded a score of them on their trial runs. Yet my inclinations were all toward aviation. I graduated under Curtiss, and after a long siege with my father obtained his permission to try for the Lafayette Escadrille. As a stepping-stone I obtained an appointment in the American ambulance service and was on my way to France when three shrill whistles altered, in as many seconds, my entire scheme of life.

I was sitting on deck with some of the fellows who were going into the American ambulance service with me, my Airedale, Crown Prince Nobbler, asleep at my feet, when the first blast of the whistle shattered the peace and security of the ship. Ever since entering the U-boat zone we had been on the lookout for periscopes, and children that we were, bemoaning the unkind fate that was to see us safely into France on the morrow without a glimpse of the dread marauders. We were young; we craved thrills, and God knows we got them that day; yet by comparison with that through which I have since passed they were as tame as a Punch-and-Jusy show.

I shall never forget the ashy faces of the passengers as they stampeded for their life-belts, though there was no panic. Nobs rose with a low growl. I rose, also, and over the ship's side, I saw not two hundred yards distant the periscope of a submaring, while racing toward the liner the wake of a torpedo was distinctly visible. We were aboard an American ship—which, of course, was not armed. We were entirely defenseless; yet without warning, we were being torpedoed.

I stood rigid, spellbound, watching the white wake of

the torpedo. It struck us on the starboard side almost amidships. The vessel rocked as though the sea beneath it had been upturn by a mighty volcano. We were thrown to the decks, bruised and stunned, and then above the ship, carrying with it fragments of steel and wood and dismembered human bodies, rose a column of water hundreds of feet into the air.

The silence which followed the detonation of the exploding torpedo was almost equally horrifying. It lasted for perhaps two seconds, to be followed by the screams and moans of the wounded, the cursing of the men and the hoarse commands of the ship's officers. They were splendid—they and their crew. Never before had I been so proud of my nationality as I was than moment. In all the chaos which followed the torpedoing of the liner no officer or member of the crew lost his head or showed in the slightest any degree of panic or fear.

While we were attempting to lower boats, the submarine emerged and trained guns on us. The officer in command ordered us to lower our flag, but this the captain of the liner refused to do. The ship was listing frightfully to starboard, rendering the port boats useless, while half the starboard boats had been demolished by the explosion. Even while the passengers were crowding the starboard rail and scrambling into the few boats left to us, the submarine commenced shelling the ship. I saw one shell burst in a group of women and children, and then I turned my head and covered my eyes.

When I looked again to horror was added chagrin, for with the emerging of the U-boat I had recognized her as a product of our own shipyard. I knew her to a rivet. I had superintended her construction. I had sat in that very conning-tower and directed the efforts of the sweating crew below when first her prow clove the sunny summer waters of the Pacific; and now this creature of my brain and hand had turned *Frankenstein*, bent upon pursuing me to my death.

A second shell exploded upon the deck. One of the lifeboats, frightfully overcrowded, swung at a dangerous

angle from its davits. A fragment of the shell shattered the bow tackle, and I saw the women and children and men vomited into the sea beneath, while the boat dangled stern up for a moment from its single davit, and at last with increasing momentum dived into the midst of the struggling victims screaming upon the face of the waters.

Now I saw men spring to the rail and leap into the ocean. The deck was tilting to an impossible angle. Nobs braced himself with all four feet to keep from slipping into the scuppers and looked up into my face with a questioning whine. I stooped and stroked his head.

"Come on, boy!" I cried, and running to the side of the ship, dived headforemost over the rail. When I came up, the first thing I saw was Nobs swimming about in a bewildered sort of way a few yards from me. At sight of me his ears went flat, and his lips parted in a characteristic grin.

The submarine was withdrawing to the north, but all the time it was shelling the open boats, three of them, loaded to the gunwales with survivors. Fortunately the small boats presented a rather poor target, which, combined with the bad marksmanship of the Germans preserved their occupants from harm; and after a few minutes a blotch of smoke appeared upon the eastern horizon and the U-boat submerged and disappeared.

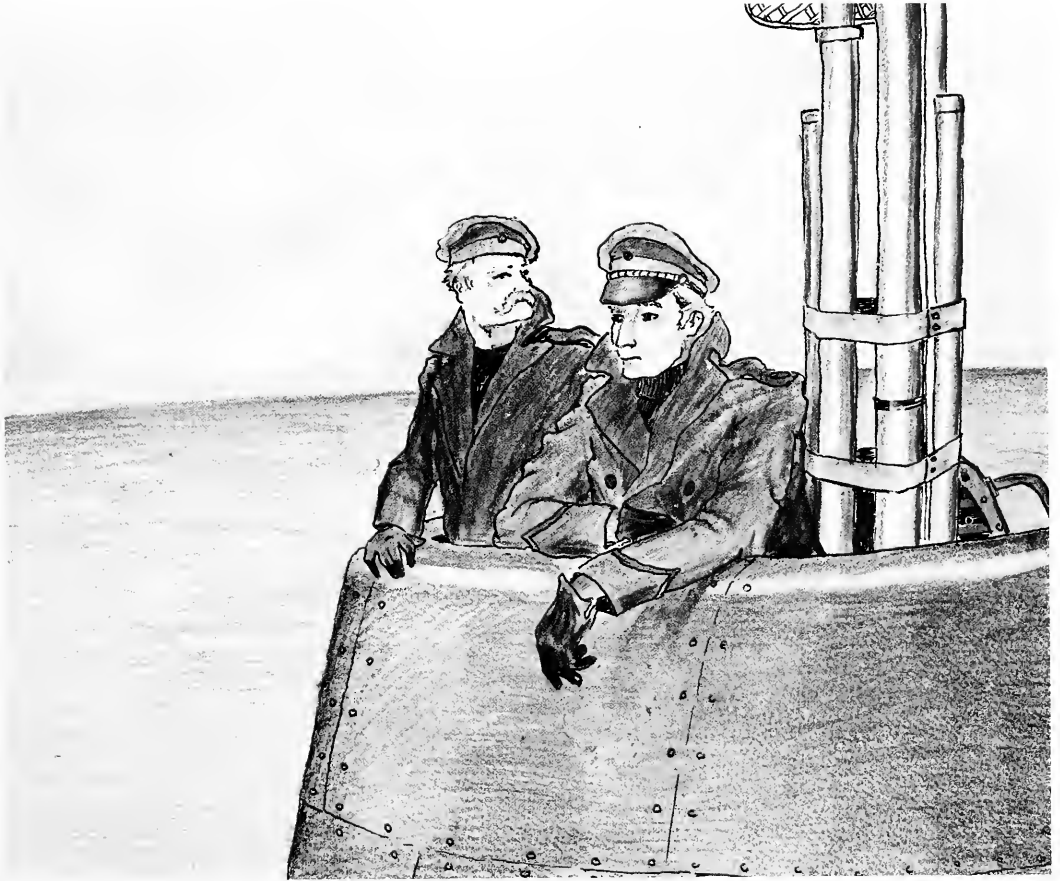
All the time the lifeboats had been pulling away from the danger of the sinking liner, and now, though I yelled at the top of my lungs, they either did not hear my appeals for help or else did not dare return to succor me. Nobs and I had gained some little distance from the ship when it rolled completely over and sank. We were caught in the suction only enough to be drawn backward a few yards, neither of us being carried below the surface. I glanced hurriedly about for something to which to cling. My eyes were directed toward the point at which the liner had disappeared when there came from the depths of the ocean the muffled reverberation of an explosion, and almost simultaneously a geyser of water in which were shattered lifeboats, human bodies, steam coal, oil, and the flotsam of a

liner's deck leaped high above the surface of the sea—a watery column momentarily marking the grave of another ship in this greatest cemetery of the seas.

When the turbulent waters had somewhat subsided and the sea had ceased to spew up wreckage, I ventured to swim back in search of something substantial enough to support my weight and that of Nobs as well. I had gotten well over the area of the wreck when not a half-dozen yards ahead of me a lifeboat shot bow foremost out of the ocean almost its entire length to flop down upon its keel with a mighty splash. It must have been carried far below, held to its mother ship by a single rope which finally parted to the enormous strain put upon it. In no other way can I account for its having leaped so far out of the water—a beneficent circumstance even in the face of the fact that a fate far more hideous confronts us than that which we escaped that day; for because of that circumstance I have met her whom otherwise I never should have known; I have met and loved her. At least I have had that great happiness in life; nor can Caspack, with all her horrors, expunge that which has been.

So for the thousandth time I thank the strange fate which sent that lifeboat hurtling upward from the green pit of destruction to which it had been dragged—sent it far up above the surface, emptying its water as it rose above the waves, and dropping it upon the surface of the sea, buoyant and safe.

It did not take me long to clamber over its side and drag Nobs in to comparative safety, and then I glanced around upon the scene of death and desolation which surrounded us. The sea was littered with wreckage among which floated the pitiful forms of women and children, buoyed up by their useless life-belts. Some were torn and mangled; others lay rolling quietly to the motion of the sea, their countenances composed and peaceful; others were set in hideous lines of agony or horror. Close to the boat's side floated the figure of a girl. Her face was turned upward, held above the surface by her life-belt, and was



framed in a floating mass of dark and waving hair. She was very beautiful. I had never looked upon such perfect features, such a divine molding which was at the same time human—intensely human. It was a fact filled with character and strength and femininity—the fact of one who was created to love and to be loved. The cheeks were flushed to the hue of life and health and vitality, and yet she lay there upon the bosom of the sea, dead. I felt something rise in my throat as I looked down upon that radiant vision, and I swore that I should live to avenge her murder.

And then I let my eyes drop once more to the face upon the water, and what I saw nearly tumbled me backward into the sea, for the eyes in the dead fact had opened; the lips had parted; and one hand was raised toward me in a mute appeal for succor. She lived! She was not dead! I leaned over the boat's side and drew her quickly in to the comparative safety which God had

given me. I removed her life-belt and my soggy coat and made a pillow for her head. I chaffed her hands and arms and feet. I worked over her for an hour, and at last I was rewarded by a deep sigh and again those great eyes opened and looked into mine.

At that I was all embarrassment. I have never been a ladies' man; at Leland-Stanford I was the butt of the class because of my hopeless imbecility in the presence of a pretty girl; but the men liked me, nevertheless I was rubbing one of her hands when she opened her eyes, and I dropped it as though it were a red-hot rivet. Those eyes took me in slowly from head to foot; then they wandered slowly around the horizon marked by the rising and falling gunwales of the lifeboat. They looked at Nobs and softened, and then came back to me filled with questioning.

"I—I—" I stammered, moving away and stumbling over the next thwart. The vision smiled warmly.

"Aye-aye, sir!" she replied faintly, and again her lips drooped, and her long lashes swept the firm, fair texture of her skin.

"I hope that you are feeling better," I finally managed to say.

"Do you know," she said after a moment of silence, "I have been awake for a long time! But I did not dare open my eyes. I thought I must be dead, and I was afraid to look, for fear that I should see nothing but blackness about me. I am afraid to die! Tell me what happened after the ship went down. I remember all that happened before—oh, but I wish that I might forget it!" A sob broke her voice. "The beasts!" she went on after a moment. "And to think that I was to have married one on them—a lieutenant in the German navy."

Presently she resumed as though she had not ceased speaking. "I went down and down and down. I thought I should never cease to sink. I felt no particular distress until I suddenly started upward at ever-increasing velocity; then my lungs seemed about to burst, and I must have lost consciousness, for I remember nothing more until I opened my eyes after listening to a torrent of invective against Germany and Germans. Tell

me, please, all that happened after the ship sank."

I told her, then, as well as I could, all that I had seen—the submarine shelling the open boats and all the rest of it. She thought it marvelous that we should have been spared in so providential a manner, and I had a pretty speech upon my tongue's end, but lacked the nerve to deliver it. Nobs had come over and nosed his muzzle into her lap, and she stroked his ugly face, and at last she leaned over and put her cheek against his forehead. I have always admired Nobs; but this was the first time that it had ever occurred to me that I might wish to be Nobs. I wondered how he would take it, for he is as unused to women as I. But he took to it as a duck takes to water. What I lack of being a ladies' man, Nobs certainly makes up for as a ladies' dog. The old scawlag just closed his eyes and put on one of the softest "sugar-wouldn't-melt-in-my-mouth" expressions you ever saw and stood there taking it and asking for more. It made me jealous.

"You seem fond of dogs," I said.

"I am fond of this dog," she replied.

Whether she meant anything personal in that reply, I did not know; but I took it as personal and it made feel mighty good.

As we drifted about upon that vast expanse of loneliness it is not strange that we should quickly become well acquainted. Constantly we scanned the horizon for signs of smoke, venturing guesses as to our chances of rescue; but darkness settled, and the black night enveloped us without ever the sight of a speck upon the waters.

We were thirsty, hungry, uncomfortable and cold. Our wet garments had dried but little and I knew that the girl must be in grave danger from the exposure to a night of cold and wet upon the water in an open boat, without sufficient clothing and no food. I had managed to bail all the water out of the boat with cupped hands, ending by mopping the balance up with my handkerchief—a slow and back-breaking procedure: thus I had made a comparatively dry place for the girl to lie down low in the bottom of the boat, where the sides would

Nobbler came and lay down on the thwart beside me, his back against my leg, and I sat staring in dumb misery at the girl, knowing in my heart of hearts that she might die before morning came, for what with the shock and exposure, she had already gone through enough to kill almost any woman. And as I gazed down at her, so small and delicate and helpless, there was born slowly within my breast a new emotion. It had never been there before; now it will never cease to be there. It made me almost frantic in my desire to find some way to keep warm and cooling lifeblood in her veins. I was cold myself, though I had almost forgotten it until Nobbler moved and I felt a new sensation of cold along my leg against which he had lain, and suddenly realized that in that one spot I had been warm. Like a great light came the understanding of a means to warm the girl. Immediately I knelt beside her to put my scheme into practice when suddenly I was overwhelmed with embarrassment. Would she permit it, even if I could muster the courage to suggest it? Then I saw her frame convulse shudderingly, her muscles reacting to her rapidly lowering temperature, and casting prudery to the winds, I threw myself down beside her and took her in my arms, pressing her body close to mine.

She drew away suddenly, voicing a little cry of fright, and tried to push me from her.

"Forgive me," I managed to stammer. "It is the only way. You will die of exposure if you are not warmed, and Nobs and I are the only means we can command for furnishing warmth." And I held her tightly while I called Nobs and bade him lie down at her back. The girl didn't struggle any more when she learned my purpose; but she gave two or three little gasps, and then began to cry softly, burying her face on my arm, and thus she fell asleep.

The Land That Time Forgot, one of Burrough's best science-fiction novels, was made into a motion picture which was released this summer. It will be continued in later issues of *Coraddi*.

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Instant Karma

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Captain Bodisattva's riddle for the kiddies: Why did the first Patriarch come from the West?

Answer: Three pounds of flax.

Ingredients: The True Cross, Milk from the Churning of the Ocean, Kalki's mane, the Music of the Spheres, the teeth of six assorted prophets, Christ's foreskin, The Tablets, Muhamat's wife's ear.

Æthelstan Colgate

Penny Luck

Ken Buckingham

On an early April Friday afternoon after classes, Allen and Andrea walked about the university campus enjoying the unfamiliar and long-awaited warm weather. Without books or responsibility, they were like children. The immaculate sky, void of any clouds, save three or four cirrus feathers, revealed several crossing jet streams, undisturbed for lack of winds.

"Persephone has returned to earth!" Andrea announced as she stopped to admire some white azaleas. They walked on the red brick sidewalk that paralleled old dormitories on one side and young, blossoming magnolia trees on the other. Several girls sunbathed on the grass on the side of the street opposite the dormitories, people slowly pedalled bikes, and cars passed on the street with windows down.



"Let's go to the top floor of the library tower and look about the campus," suggested Allen. Andrea agreed, indifferent. Allen loved heights. They rose above all else, leaving the every-day beneath. Allen looked up to the top of the library tower and wished he could stand there. To grasp visually the entire campus was like grasping knowledge. He wanted to stand on the top and look down to feel very omnipresent and omniscient while everyone below saw so little.

The library tower was near. They walked on the red brick side walk between two rows of healthy green bushes of six feet in height and approached the library entrance. They climbed the white marble steps to the entrance that stood under an open domed marble canopy supported by smooth white pillars.

The heavy brass plated door opened, and warmer, stale air rushed outside. Allen and Andrea walked inside. As the door closed with its subtle "swoosh", the front door watchman turned his head, ignoring them, and savored the revealed outdoors in the few seconds before the door closed again. Here he sat imprisoned behind his small wooden desk and authoritative blue uniform, reading a magazine.

As the day was so warm and lovely, the library was mostly deserted and so more quiet than usual. Allen and Andrea walked quickly past the reference sections and main desk to the elevators as if in a march, unnoticed.

The first available elevator announced its arrival with a sharp “ding” and an abrupt opening. Allen pushed number nine and started counting, “One, two, three, four. . .” Andrea interrupted him, “Why are you counting?” Allen raised his hand in response to ward off further interruption and countinued, “seven, eight, nine, ten. . .” Each floor number flashed on and off as the elevator ascended, “eighteen, nineteen, twenty!”

As the door opened to a small lobby, Allen asserted, “It takes twenty seconds for the elevator to ascend nine floors.”

“Why did you want to know *that*?” she demanded.

“To see how fast the elevator is travelling. Considering that the main floor is twenty feet high and that every other floor is ten feet high, we see that we have ascended 100 feet in twenty seconds. Therefore, we travelled at five feet per second.” He took a pen from his shirt pocket, unfolded a clean piece of white paper, and quickly wrote on it.

“What are you figuring?” Andrea asked, a little irritated. He ignored her and continued to write.

“There we go,” Allen confidently announced with finality. “We ascended at a speed of approximately three and one-half miles per hour. Of course, a fluctuating velocity might be involved here. We might have travelled at four miles per hour for the first four floors, that being one-half the entire altitude, and then three miles per hour for the rest of the ascent . . . of course-”

Andrea grabbed Allen’s hand and led him away from the table where he had made his calculations. Now deserted, the piece of paper lay there for anyone who might take notice of it.

Yes! The janitor will find the piece of paper, Allen mused to himself. The janitor will find it and study it. He will decode my scribble and discover my computation. And he will discover that he is travelling in an elevator each day at only three and one-half miles per hour.

Allen amused himself with these absurd thoughts and wishing to share them said, “That janitor will find that piece of paper and will be disappointed in the slow speed of the elevator. And I know that janitors care about the speed of the elevators they travel!”

“Whaaat?” Andrea asked, perplexed.

“I said that janitors care about the speed of the elevators in which they travel.”

“Huh? Why do you say that?” she asked raising her brows and grinning slightly, expecting a punch line.

“Well, what else have they got to care about?” he asked for lack of anything else to say to support his statement.

“They have their jobs to think about,” she answered, disappointed that he might not be joking.

“No,” he said very seriously, “I disagree with you. If they thought about their jobs and what it meant to be a *janitor*, or really thought about what they were doing, they would go crazy in the knowledge of it. If they really knew what they were doing, they would kill themselves,” he said with authority.

“Well, you’ve worked washing dishes in a restaurant before and you seem to have kept your sanity.”

“Yes I have, and it can be disgusting work, but at the time I knew that I wouldn’t be doing that all my life. I could keep reminding myself that I would soon be through working there and that I had a better future ahead of me. But janitors don’t. Neither do garbagemen. There are a lot of working positions in this world that are just like that. And worse yet, there are people who always have been, always are, and always will be in that position.”

“But they don’t always kill themselves like you’re saying.”

No! That isn’t what I said! I said that they don’t think. If they thought, they would realize their predicament, see the hopelessness of it all, and kill themselves. Therefore, the fact that they don’t all just kill themselves is proof that they don’t think.”

“Okay, okay,” he said making a motion with his hands to tell her not to get so excited, “we all have our dreams, but subconsciously those people know that nothing better will ever come of them. They are stuck. They know it. They suffer.”

“In that case, if it is the case, it would seem that their only alternative to suffering would be suicide.”

“That’s right,” he said, thinking he had won an argument.

“But *Something* keeps them going!,” she said.

Allen now wished that he had kept his thoughts in his head. “But they still suffer,” he said.

“Okay, okay,” Andrea gasped with exhaustion, “have you any solutions?”

“No. No new ones anyway. Karl Marx had a solution for that problem.”

“Marx’s doctrines don’t go over very well here, though.”

“Obviously. But I wonder if there will ever be an overthrow of the Bourgeoisie by the Proletariat in this country. Things do change and something has got to give sooner or later.”

“Okay, things change, but what are *you* going to do?”

“I’m going to continue as I am and allow multitudes of others to suffer in order to keep the balance so that I might better enjoy my life.”

“And what becomes of the janitor?”

“Oh, one day he will become old and have to quit work. and then—”

"Then what?"

"Then he'll die, but it won't matter because they will have gotten a new janitor by then."

"You're a bastard!"

"A bastard? No! I'm just telling you how life is."

"But I know how life is! So why tell me about it? It does no good. You talk of janitors as if they were animals. They're not. They're human too, and—and. . . they have feelings too," she said, trying to think of other things to say.

"Yes," he began slowly, "they do have feelings, but they are dulled. And they do have the ability to think, but they don't. They can't afford to. If they thought about their life's work, they would choke and then vomit in the agony of it," he finished, using such dramatic phraseology to describe what he thought it must be like, or what he wanted to believe it was like. Allen's voice reached a crescendo on the words "choke" and "vomit". He looked about to see if his impromptu speech had disturbed anyone. There was no one on the floor to disturb, save one girl engrossed in her reading in a carrel. She appeared to have been uninterrupted.

Andrea decided not to perpetuate the argument. She could have mentioned that happiness was only relative and that he couldn't really know how the janitor felt since he had never been a janitor, but any further argument would have been futile for her. He seemed to always be right.

They left the small lobby where they had been arguing and walked down an aisle between two walls of books. Quick glances at the series of books induced her to remark, "This is the psychology section." Allen glanced at the books and shook his head in affirmation.

They approached a wall, turned left, and entered a stairwell behind a black door marked "stairs" in clean, white letter. Upon entering, the door closed with a thick, dull, low noise that resounded throughout the stairwell.

From this top level, stairs descended to lower and lower levels. This level of the stairwell measured about five by seven feet and ten feet high. It had a cement floor with a small drainage hole, and smooth, white brick walls surrounding three sides, and stairs leading down from the side opposite the door.

Allen looked down from the stair railing, down, down, down, down, down and imagined an infinite depth. To fall into such depth and to be wondering if a bottom might suddenly materialize would be the orgasm of terror.

Suddenly a door opened and shut on a lower floor and they could hear fast, heavy footsteps. Allen was irked to think that there was another person in the stairwell. It made him forget that the stairwell was bottomless. Another door opened and shut. They were alone again.

On the left and facing south there was a steel grillwork window. One could see the campus and much further beyond. From this point, one's sight took command of nearby campus buildings shrouded by blossoming trees, streets busy with traffic, students walking to classes, people at leisure, houses, distant radio towers and water tanks dispersed about, and finally the thin violet band of light on the low horizon.

He noticed a structure that vaguely resembled a windmill. It made him remember a time on his uncle's farm in Nebraska when he was twelve years old. It was July and very hot and he stood with his father and uncle out in a large, flat, sparse grassy field of grazing cows. The wind was blowing fast and it was caught by the windmills that turned quickly, translating the wind's message.

"It was summer, it was hot, Some wind went on while some was caught. . . "

Allen mumbled, playing carefully with each word.

"What," Andrea asked.

"Nothing."

"If only people were as nice as the sight of this all," she said, gazing outward with unfixed eyes.

"Oh, by the way! Two more girls were attacked behind Raeford Dorm last night!"

"Really?" she said, forgetting her pleasant thoughts, "Who?"

"I don't know either of them. Jerry Landing of WKCF campus news told me about it today. I'm going to write a letter to the editor of the newspaper complaining of the lack of security around here."

"What are you going to say?"

"I'm just going to complain with a—well, see—it's a poem I've written to send to the paper."

"How does it go?"

"Well I don't have it with me but I can remember a few lines." He began anxiously,

"Her eyes are open, her skin is white,
Discovered here one April night.
She must be dead far more one week
Decided by the putrid reek,
And skin so cold—"

'Oh that's enough!" Andrea interrupted, "why are you going to send such an atrocity to the editor? It's horrible!

"What's wrong with it? It will catch people's attention to the fact that the security around here is so incompetent that we're all in terrific danger," he defended himself, "and a poem will be a novelty. You usually see letters in the column. A poem will stand out."

"But it won't be taken seriously. First of all, it's so trite that it's funny, and you *do* want to be taken seriously. Secondly, a more intelligible complaint such as a serious letter would be more appropriate."

Allen just stood there quietly, listening.

"A two-bit poem shan't suffice," she mocked as she laughed.

"Two-bit poem? What makes you think it's a two-bit poem? You couldn't do better!"

"Yes, you're right," she mocked, "your prolificacy is inimitable."

Allen was so irate that her sarcasm went unnoticed.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"I said that your prolificacy is inimitable."

He thought for a moment and said, "Oh! You mean to say that I am so prolific that I can't be imitated?"

"No, I didn't mean to say that you are so prolific that you can be imitated. I meant to say what I said—that your prolificacy is

inimitable."

"But they mean the same thing!"

"Yes, I know that."

"Then why didn't you just say that I am so prolific that I can't be imitated? You sound pretentious!"

"Because if I say that you are so prolific that you can't be imitated, I express a thought using fourteen syllables. But if I say that your prolificacy is inimitable, I only use twelve syllables, and save time."

"Save time? How asinine!" he laughed.

"Well, you seemed to be concerned about the velocity of that elevator! You can know the speed of the elevator, but you have no power over it. I can manipulate my oral expression. I have more power over my concern than do you."

"I was just curious. Aren't you ever curious about anything?" he asked.

"Yes. What time is it?"

"It's four-twenty."

"Thanks."

A long while passed in silence. They both put their faces to the window grillwork so that it would not obstruct their view, and gazed outside, ignoring each other. Perhaps their dreams would materialize through the film of air that lay between themselves and the world below.

Shadows on the ground lengthened.

Allen turned his gaze and looked about the walls that enclosed them. The walls were clean white, and undefaied. He thought about graffiti and wondered why no one had written on them. Perhaps very few people used these stairs, or even knew about them. He had a pen in his shirt pocket but he would not write on these walls. They were too clean. But people did write on walls, and all walls are at first clean and free of scribble. All it took was one person to write on a clean wall and then others would soon fill it with their writing. He wondered what kind of people were the first to write on clean walls.

Allen did not feel powerful, much less confident as he usually did at such heights. For the first time, his sight revealed to him just how small a micro-organism he was. But size is only relative, he thought. Consolation could always be found in relativity. If one made a comparison to the right thing, solace might be found he wondered whether a relative view was a sign of weakness or an indication of an open mind.

Allen had never considered this perspective before. At such heights one might feel omniscient as he looked out everywhere and saw everything that lay before him, but he now had a different outlook and it pained him.

He tried to guess what Andrea was thinking, but her facial expressions seemed always to escape interpretation. She continued to gaze out the window.

He looked out the window again and saw a couple in their early twenties walking on a sidewalk by the library carrying books. He made a conscious observation of the way in which each one carried their books. The man carried his books under one arm, while the woman carried her books raised to her right breast, using both arms. Then again, if the reverse situation did actually exist, it would be the normal activity, and in turn, the reverse of that would seem absurd. But he refused to attempt any resolution of this social phenomenon and his thoughts adjoined.

His mood had changed and his thoughts were now directed towards the girl standing beside him. A girl, he thought, who must have a great deal of patience to bear so many arguments he imposed. He could never quite understand whether her tolerance of him was one of passivity by her nature alone, or a wisdom that she hid as parents sometimes do from their children, unassumingly. Perhaps he didn't listen to her enough or show her enough concern.

His affection for her suddenly compelled him to put his arms around her, bury his face in her neck, and ask imploringly, "Are you mad at me?"

"No! Why do you always ask me if I'm mad at you?" she asked, turning back and forth as if trying to free herself from his grasp. "No," she continued, "I'm just disappointed."

"Disappointed in what?"

"Disappointed in your measure of quality. Don't you see the difference between a hack poem and a sincere, well-written letter?"

Allen felt that he should defend that of his which she had just termed hack, but decided to remain silent and pacify her. He smirked and shook his head in agreement.

"Well then," she continued, "Don't just do the easy or the funny thing. Do what you truly believe to be the right thing to do."

Allen had heard all of this before. From mother, from father, from teachers, from politicians, from friends, and from nearly everyone else who was hell-bound in spreading their knowledge and philosophical views around. Besides all this, what if one felt that doing the easy or funny thing was the right thing to do? He remained silent and listened.

"And it appears that you always hold yourself to be the judge of other's lives. How do you know what the janitor feels? You can guess and maybe it's a fairly accurate one, but you don't know for sure." She put particular emphasis on the words "know for sure". She continued, "You think you are one of such superior status that you can transcend the everyday person, see beyond them and judge them. You behave like a half-baked sociologist with ants in his pants over a recently earned doctorate."

Allen laughed at her description as he imagined a surrealistic scene in which a man dressed in a cap and gown and holding a diploma, had two manacles around his ankles joined to two stakes in the ground on opposite sides of a red ant hill.

Andrea tried to hold her angry expression with hands on hips but Allen laughed louder, mimicking her facial expression and yelling, "Half-baked sociologist with ants in his pants!" She lost her rigid demeanor. Her arms became weak with laughter and fell to her sides and she, too, laughed louder.

Allen fell back against the grillwork window, grabbed one of the thin metal bars of it, and keeled over with laughter. The stairwell was filled with resounding laughter. Andrea remembered that they were in a library and though that their laughter might be heard by others and disturb them.

"Be quiet!" she commanded half-seriously, still laughing, "we're in the library!" Allen turned and faced the window, inhaling just enough air to continue laughing, this time projecting it outside. His image disappeared and his laughing subsided. She had stopped laughing too.

Allen gazed out the window again. Andrea leaned against the wall at a right angle to the window and wondered what was now on his mind. There he stood staring dumbly. She knew that he wasn't one to stand there, staring thoughtlessly into space. His mind was always wrestling with some problem. He must be in search of some answer, or maybe he just needed a change of scenery. She couldn't be sure, though. She was bored of this place and debated whether to suggest leaving or to wait quietly

until he made the suggestion.

Several minutes passed. Allen moved his head to the far right side of the window and strained his eyes to see off to the left. He could see the shadow of the library. It was long and he became aware of the time of day. He imagined a time lapse image of the library and its changing shadow throughout a day. He imagined it over and over and over again, each time moving faster and faster, and he became dizzy at the combination of the altitude and his thoughts.

He turned away from the window and saw that she was bored. "Do you want to go?" he asked. She shook her head in affirmation. Her shoulders were slumped over, and her hands were in her jeans' pockets.

She turned to reach for the doorknob and he commanded, "Wait!" He pulled a penny from his left pocket and motioned her to the window saying, "Look. Let me try something here before we go." Both at the window now, Allen put his fingers close to the grills so that the penny could fit through, and threw it. The penny made its way through the window and it could be seen falling for a few feet but then it disappeared from sight.

"Damn!" he blurted.

"What's the matter?"

"The penny!"

"What's wrong with the penny?"

"No, not the penny! It's these bars that are in the way! You can't see the penny when it hits the ground!"

"Why do you want to watch it hit the ground?"

"I want to time its descent."

Andrea curled her upper lip in irritation, rolled her eyes, and said nothing. She would let him carry out his experiment, unhindered. She decided to make a suggestion, "If you throw it and then quietly listen for it to hit the ground, you can time it."

"But there's grass below," he struck back, "and the penny won't even make a sound!"

She thought of suggesting that they just leave now and let this mystery of science lay at rest for a time, but she knew that he would invariably pursue an answer until it was found. She thought for a moment as he stood there helplessly and said, "Well, why don't you figure it out on paper?"

"I don't have any more paper with me!" he said.

She thought of suggesting that he go ask the janitor to return the piece of paper, but she was not going to be sarcastic and make him any angrier.

"You can figure it out in your head," she suggested, "you know the free fall velocity equation! An object dropped in our atmosphere will fall thirty-two feet per sec./sec. until it reaches maximum wind resistance. Considering that you are dropping a penny from approximately one hundred feet, and it falls thirty-two feet the first second from release, and then sixty-four feet after the next second, it has fallen a total of ninety-six feet. You can disregard the four extra feet, can't you?"

"I don't know," he replied, irritated that she had made it all sound so easy, "but the equation does not allow for wind resistance," he continued, trying to defeat her computation, "and its only accurate use is in a vacuum."

"Oh, c'mon! It's not going to be affected by the wind enough that you could measure it. Besides, you only have a wristwatch. It's not a good timing device for such experiments as this."

"Okay," he said helplessly, "maybe I can't measure it as accurately as I'd like to, but I just want to see it hit the ground."

Andrea couldn't understand what could make him want to observe such a thing so badly, but she was going to let him indulge himself.

"Maybe if..." he began, "maybe if I heave it hard enough I can hit the sidewalk out there!"

"How many more pennies do you have?"

"Don't worry. I've got enough."

"You'd better throw it hard. The sidewalk is about forty feet from the side of the building."

He said nothing and pulled another penny from his pocket. He was quite sure that this one would make it. He swung his arm with his palm outstretched with the penny resting against it, and slapped his hand against the metal. The edge of the penny struck part of the grillwork, spun, and fell straight down.

"Damn it all!" he shouted as he seethed. Andrea stood in a corner watching, already regretting what the fate of his last penny might be. He quickly pulled another penny from his pocket. He brought his arm back slowly, saying under his breath, "Fly, damn it!" and heaved it. The penny made it through the grillwork and flew straight out away, then fell straight down. As the penny spun, Allen watched the alternating reflections of sunlight off its bright surface.

Something attracted his attention from the corner of his right eye and he glanced to the side and saw someone walking by on the sidewalk with books under one arm. The penny struck the sidewalk several feet ahead of the student with several "plinks". The student looked around to see what had made the sound he had heard and his eyes finally met the penny. He walked towards it and picked it up. He examined it and then looked around to see where it had come from. No one else was in sight.

Allen suddenly realized what he must be thinking and said, "Andrea! Some guy just picked up the penny!"

"So he's one penny richer and you're three pennies poorer," she replied, tired of his childish antics.

"No! Don't you see? Come here! Look at this!"

Andrea walked to the window, looked down, and saw a tall, thin, dark-haired man holding a few books under one arm, and holding the penny to his face, staring at it.

"So he's one penny richer and you're three pennies poorer," she said again.

Allen laughed and said, "That guy thinks he just received a penny from heaven! Just watch! He'll put it in his pocket and carry it around with him for the rest of his life believing that it will bring him luck, or that it must be some kind of omen! And he'll tell his friends that he walked by the library today and a penny dropped from the sky in front of him!"

Yes, he knew what he would do. This was a unique experience. At least, he had never read or heard of anything like this happening before. Yes! He might write a story or maybe...Yes!...maybe a novel about someone finding a penny. Yes! And he might one day be famous for it. Or maybe he'd write a play about it and he could act in it and - no, he couldn't write a play about it. His instructors suggested that he not go into acting. He thought about his Oscar Award that he would never get.

Allen was fascinated to think that someone would revere *his* penny for the rest of their life. This person, who had walked by here this afternoon, would always worship the penny that he had thrown out this window.

Now Allen felt omniscient. Here he stood, a god. He looked down upon the man and felt superior in the knowledge that he had him fooled. Allen felt himself to be the wiser. He liked to feel that way.

The student put the penny in his pocket and walked into a nearby building. With the penny he had just found, he now had enough change to buy a coke.

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