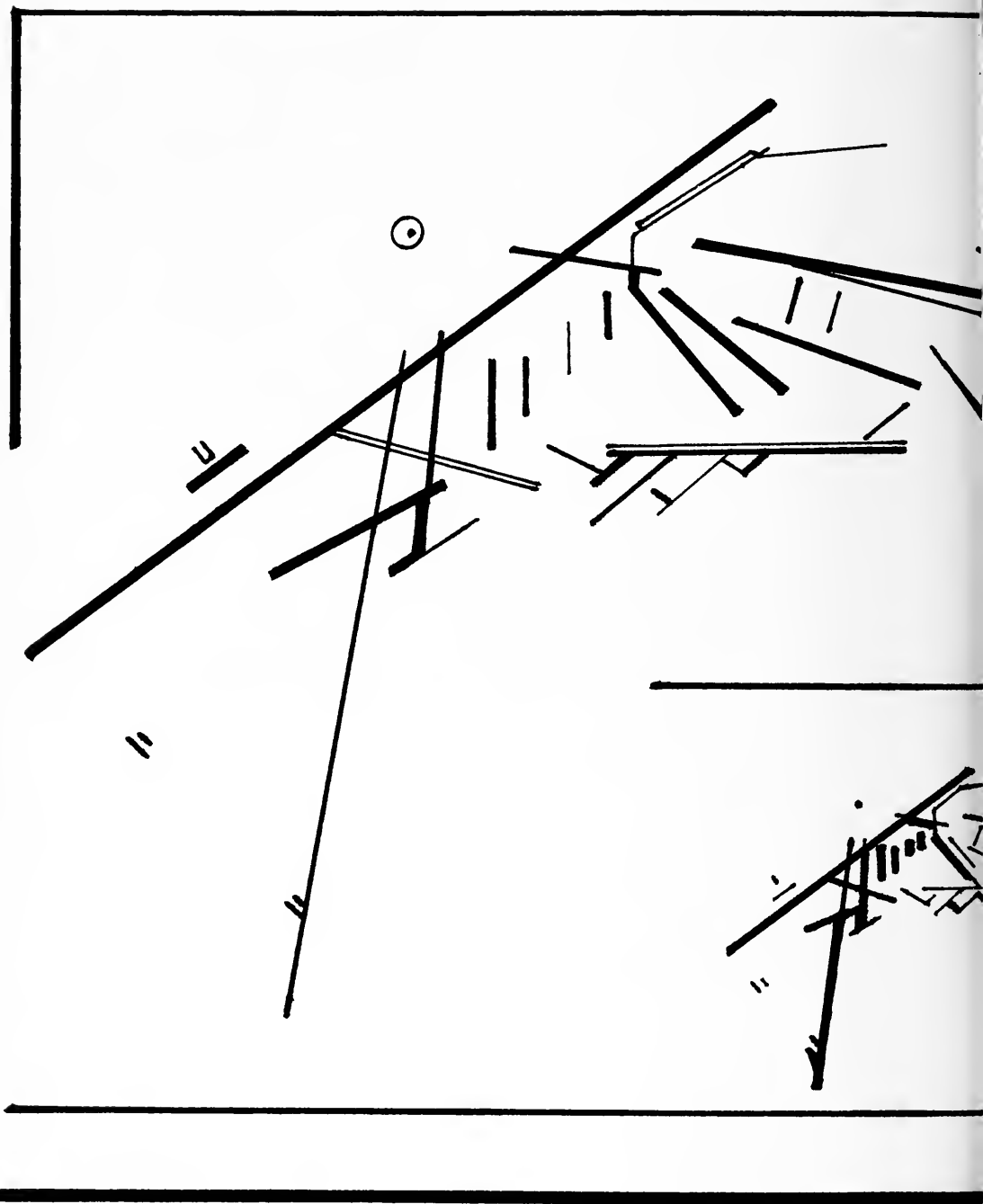
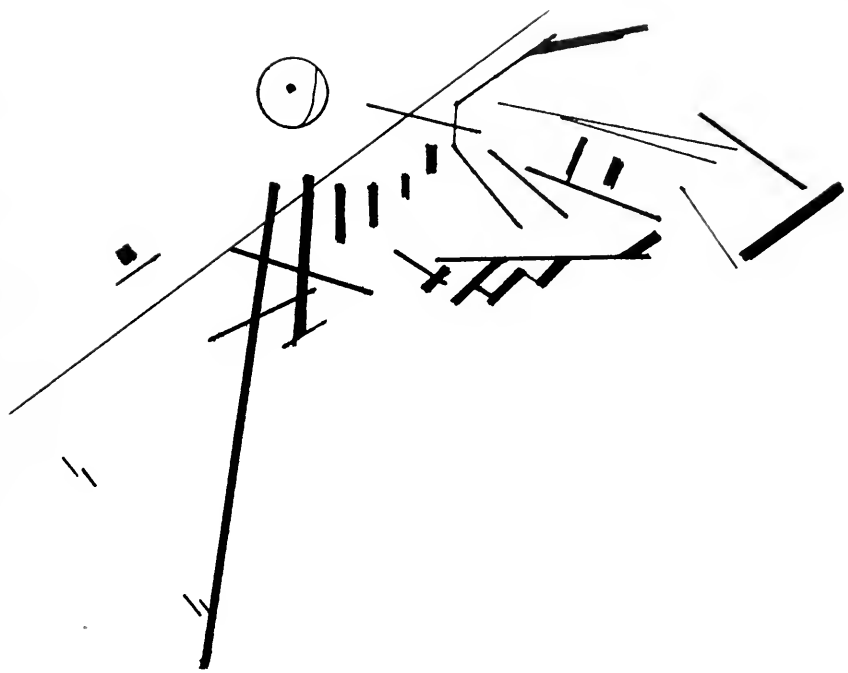


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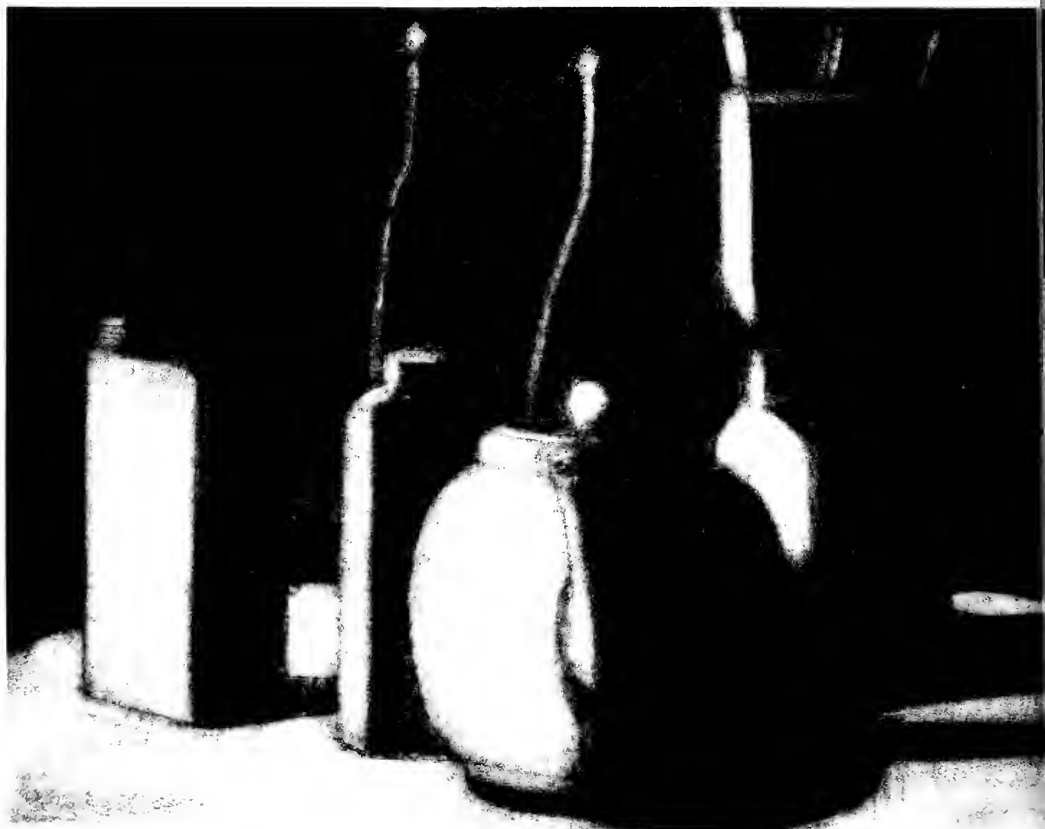
# CORADD

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the magazine of the fine arts at UNC

Fall 1984

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Dawn Latane

Still Life P

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The graphics for "How Much To Calvert Street?" are by Desiree Johnson. The graphics for "Two Scenes From A Mayan Village" are by Jim Clodfelter.

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Our next issue will feature the results of the short story and photography competitions sponsored by CORADDI this fall.

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from CORADDI Spring 1963

Alice Davenport

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**this woman, this portrait**

**these little pockets of gems i've collected  
are my little histories that  
swallow me and hide in stuffy  
quiet. (voice is seldom weakest  
there.)**

**what is it so heavy, so cruel  
that my hour is a foolish glow.  
what scurrying cloud makes me  
instantly dark and shapeless. (if leaping  
only for a spring flower.)**

**face, you are going,  
a coward, fascinated in verticals,  
and gleaming with a look of oldest marble.**

**when this woman, this portrait  
of a half-creature this woman  
that is separate from every  
particular flesh, a critic and ghost of  
death, collapses upon  
me and falls and falls,**

**to any immediate dark i am grateful.**

**kerrie thomas**

# Dawn Latané



Myself in the Kitchen

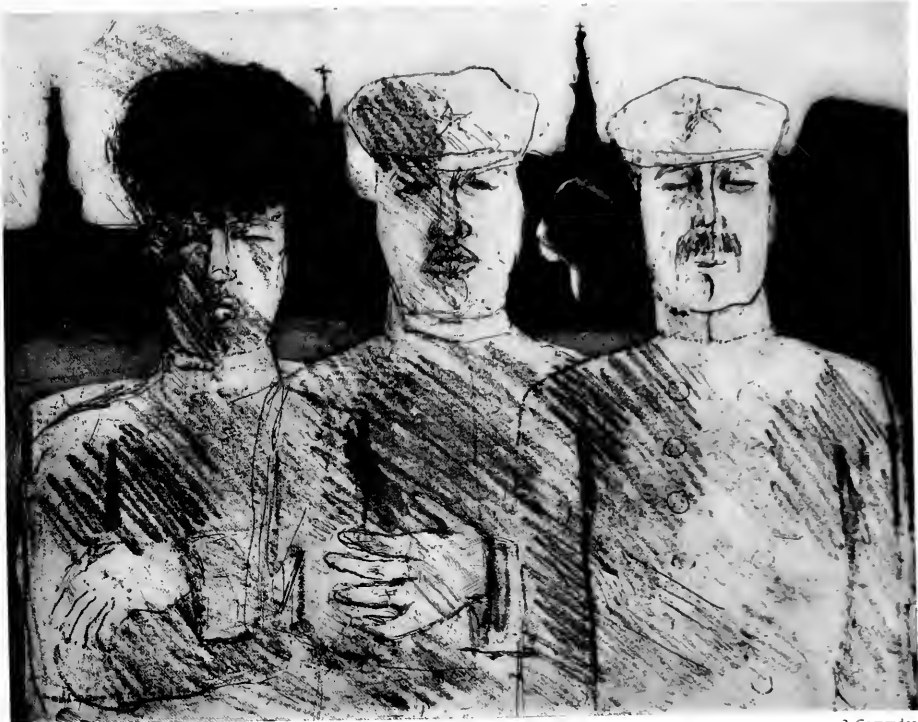








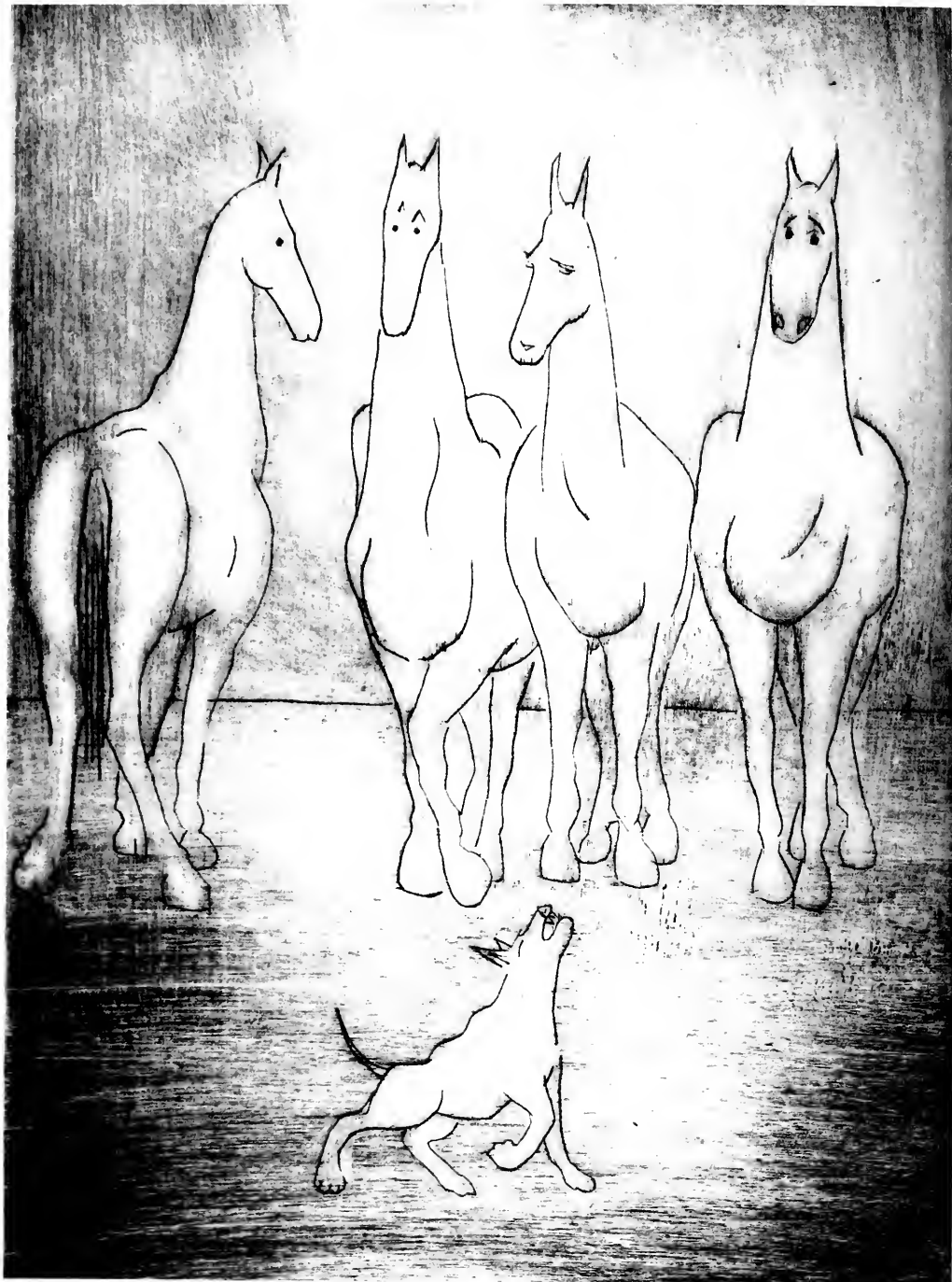
Two Gentlemen



3 Comrades







4 Horses and a Yodeling Dog

## D j a n g o

Django, Django!  
You never learned  
to read or write music  
& they had to forge  
your signature for you  
& you travelled as a gypsy,  
playing in the streets &  
low-life taverns,  
your djangologle arabesque.  
And when the \$\$ were divided  
you'd blow all you made on the dice games.  
"We'll start over next week!" you'd laugh  
and then walk miles home.  
Gypsy child, the uneducated genius,  
nearly going up in flames,  
2 fingers curled, useless on  
the left hand.  
But Man what you could do  
with those other 2 fingers.  
djangologledjangologle  
i'll see you in my dreams  
blue skies, rosetta  
boogie woogie out of nowhere  
& scatter brain jumpin at the woodside  
Dead at 43 of stroke  
Well, they say that's the average  
life span for a jazzman.

Bruce Piephoff

# MARK THOMAS



*poems*



## BONE DANCE

An arrowhead on my desk,  
from a field we walked together.  
You might find four or five while  
I watch a chipmunk dive into  
the vacant eye of a cow's skull.  
Your earthbound eyes must be kin  
to the dusty-dim Tuscarora spirits  
who strew their stones at your feet.

Stones gathered from a furrowing field  
answer the gravest of my questions.  
Man-hammered fingerprints, signatures in flint,  
grow dumb in the viscous dialogue of erosion  
(time-talk between stones and water).  
The igneous energy of warm stones,  
recumbent in rocks and my cradling clay,  
is not the flashfire of imagination  
but the necessary, slow friction of stones which  
sculpts our own, ever-smoothing bodies.

Somewhere a stone reserves a place for me.  
Meanwhile this chiseled flake  
requites my needs.  
The metaphor of a marrow-filled stone,  
capable of a wound's red kiss,  
placates the bawling impermanence of my bones.

## On Seeing "Long Day's Journey Into Night"

Stirring. A morning slurred  
slows, but will not stop.  
Pride can prune hedges, but has no patience  
with drowners in dreams of whores and whiskey.  
Beware. The damned have crucified innocents  
for far less than thirty slivers.  
Impaled on a shiny, thin shaft of narcosis,  
this family bound by maleficent love:  
their legacy of disease  
waddles like afternoon hours on the edge  
of water. Mere time cannot  
soothe the itch of sitting so long  
and so lonely. Darkling, the objective fog  
rolls over water like the tides of the womb  
or consumed lungs' bloody flood.

## The Lewd Grammarian

We were collingual in our mingling  
and lingered on the meanings of a fine morphology,  
a most soothing language in your mouth.  
The crystalline chisel of your syntax  
sculpts forms admired by all,  
but soley my prurient ear approved  
the cliff-hung pitches of rippling diction on which  
your vocalic assonance swang.

## Elegy, for Patrick

Behind his greasy glasses, Patrick  
peered at a whirling guilt machine, the world.  
We sat, too drunk for any company but each other,  
in the Lion's Den and shared another round.  
Grinning that grin, he would speak  
some offhanded truth  
that cost him months of pain to learn:  
"I drag my alcoholic tail down the street.  
People trip over it. I apologize.  
Crossing at corners is a horror.  
Worst, it catches in the door,  
keeps me a foot—a half!—from  
the bottle on the bar."  
Pat could shoot pool to beat the devil,  
but a no-neck fullback thought he cheated.  
Astigmatic, Patrick somehow saved his glasses.  
He smiled when he told me this,  
and I gaped at his broken teeth.  
"A spasm of joy makes it all-  
the split-second between being drunk  
and knowing it. Ah, Mark, the addiction  
is the intoxication."  
Pain embraced him as if to prove a point  
and took him farther than drinks can travel through the brain,  
farther than I could call,  
hopped-up hands shaking with quarters,  
even if I could find a number in the swimming book:  
"Where the hell have you been?"

## Prufrock at a Singles' Bar

What an absurd name I have,  
whose alternating substantiation  
and substantiality  
meet in "Proof-rock."  
What evidence lies, undisturbed,  
in the durability  
and relative fixity of molecules  
that distinguish a stone  
from my heart, say?  
Proof is the child of argument,  
but I am not up to it.  
Should I have another drink?  
What would that lady think?  
She is beautiful,  
but there is a tedium about her  
that sedates my interest.  
She is lovely,  
but her boisterous companions offend,  
and the palisade of their backs assures defense.  
The relaxing of a taut string  
is fraught with disappointment.  
I should have been a swizzle stick,  
immersed in anaesthetic  
and discarded on a wet napkin.  
We have all met  
with the desire to melt  
and be confined to any container  
other than our own.  
Perhaps my celibacy  
is too subtle a revenge.  
Yet therein I find relief  
from the relentless stalking partner—  
my other half—  
who roams the world in search of me  
with her bloodhounds baying, "Alf! Alf!"  
My "perhaps" proves the point:  
I lose them in my nuance,  
and I loose myself  
in such a gestureless phrase.  
I'm always flinching from the shadow of the act,  
it's true. Too late tonight.  
The barman is adjourning from the bar.  
HURRY UP. LAST CALL.  
Besides, I'm afraid they would, in light,  
be seen for the sad, secretarial types they are.

## Ceramic Seraph

Caressing clay, hands carve curves the kiln will cure.

Easier than to say, or do, is to watch you  
molding new selves from formless mud.

Tiles pave your past, but you return to the turning wheel,  
where embracing is "throwing." There  
is a parental joy in creation and  
sibling sadness in admiration after stepping back.

(Hamlet might deduce that the dispersed atoms of Caesar populate each pot.)

I admit to joy and sadness, too, for much love lives here,  
and I have shared. My moving on is also a stepping back.

(The beckoning future will not wait.)

Convergent compass feet return at  
last together, the way thumbs,  
centripedal on the wheel,  
delving clay centrifugal,  
find the center by themselves.

## Creative Writing 201: Revision

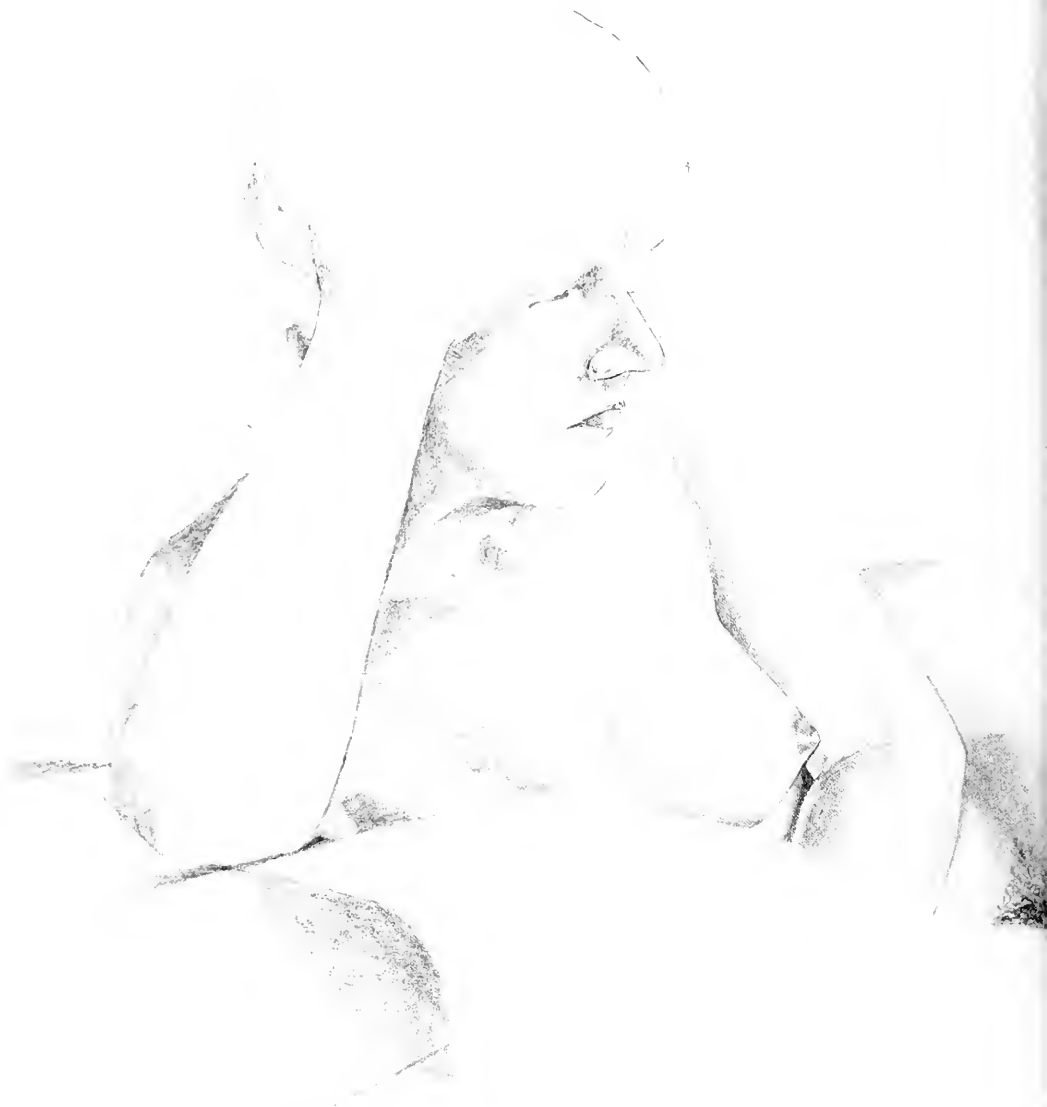
I read my own confession spilt out in the  
Hieroglyphic arm that holds this pen.  
Stigmata simulata. From the daze  
I remember feeling suicidal  
In the morning, storing guilt in my  
Commodious dromedary depths because  
The self-styled sentence wasn't carried out.  
The Deacon is right. Pain is not enough.  
(At best it is illegible.) Pain and ink,  
Perhaps, but consider joy, a random friend,  
Or love, if you will, and ponder wandering roads  
Weighed against the dead-end tunnel down.  
Prospectus infectus. Come back into the light,  
Where, if you cannot write, still you can see  
What would have been left unexpressed, even pain.

with apologies to Ann Deagon

# JOHN MARSHALL



Light Sleeping









dry as dust  
the feather that is my brain discomposes  
falls  
a porch light collects moths like thoughts  
my eye is envious  
somewhere an ear crumbles  
rabbit run!  
there is field across my house  
i saw a cat there yesterday  
    the mouse will pay  
a penance for adventure  
aggressive pawn!  
the pebble that is my will crystalizes  
preens  
reflects in reconstructed light  
my rapacious ray.

Marianne Allen



The child woke to the sound of angry voices. Light from a neon sign across the street played on the wall at the foot of the child's bed. A doll on the bureau blushed red in the glow.

The voices in the next room grew louder. There was the smack of flesh on flesh, and a woman screamed. A door slammed and some one banged down the apartment stairs. The child jumped as glass shattered against the wall like the clamor of Grandma's wind chimes torn by a coastal gale.

Footsteps shuffled past the door of the child's room, hesitated, then returned. The door was flung open and a man staggered into the room. The smell of liquor hung on the stagnant summer air.

"Carlie, you awake?" He stood in a pool of red light.

"Yes, Daddy," the child answered.

"Your mother's gone and good riddance to the bitch." Droplets of sweat glistened on the black hair of his chest. "Says she's gona jump off the Calvert Street Bridge." Laughter wheezed upward from deep in his gut. "Hell, why Calvert Street? Fourteenth Street is closer! She wouldn't even have to take a cab!" The afterthought only made him laugh harder.

He tripped over the trash can on the way out of the room, scattering the used-up pages of the bridal paper doll book Grandma had sent in the mail. She could see the perforated outlines of the punched-out bride and groom figures silhouetted against the tile floor.

She had heard her mother mention the bridge when times were not good, but it had always been just words. Now the Calvert Street

bridge became real. She closed her eyes and tried to see it on the giant screen in her mind where endless reels of smoky dream played into the night. If it was a bridge, it must cross something.

The Potomac? The C&O tracks? Calvert Street? The child saw her mother's broken body sprawled below the huge span, illuminated by a single street light. She shuddered in the stifling heat of the July night.

She heard the toilet flush, and then the creak of the box spring in the other bedroom. Her alarm clock with the Day-Glo dial said five of one. The deep black dark of the hallway lurked like the gaping mouth of a cave. Hollow footsteps echoed from the alley below, nighttime footsteps that seemed to exist only as sound, nothing more. A bus passed slowly on the big street a block over. She imagined it empty, coming from nowhere and going nowhere, a ghost bus just passing through. The cries of fighting cats under her window brought her thoughts back to the bridge.

She crept out of bed and found her Girl Scout flashlight. The glow was weak, but it at least made a dent in the wall of darkness outside her room. She pulled on jeans and tucked in her flowered pajama top. Her feet slid into flip-flops while she dug some coins out of the half-empty jar on her dresser. Folding herself into the darkness of the hallway, she synchronized her movements to the rhythm of her father's symphony of snores like some weird ballet. It started out as a low purr and built to a frenzy of high-pitched snorts and gags, but the noise covered her leaving sounds.

The stench of bourbon in the living room invaded her nostrils



## How Much To Calvert Street?

Barbara Frediani

A piece of glass crunched under her foot. She picked up a dark fragment of glass with the letters A-S-H on it. She was confused a moment until she saw the rest of the souvenir plate from the store laying at her feet. WASHINGTON, D.C. was spelled out around its rim. The small triangular fragment she held fit in like the last piece to a jigsaw puzzle. Some Elmer's would fix it, she thought, laying the plate carefully on the coffee table.

She glanced at the empty space in the shadow box. The other clock-knacks were in their places - the Washington Monument salt and pepper shakers, the wooden plaque painted with pink cherry blossoms, and the tea cup and saucer with the embossed capitol building - all those Mother's Day gifts from earlier years gathered dust on the shelves.

A minute later, she was out of the building and hesitating on the stoop. Her mother was somewhere out here in the dark night. Soft rain was falling as she crept down the steps and onto the sidewalk. She walked the few yards to the end of the block and stopped at the corner. The yellow caution light blinked on and she waited for the red to cross, although there was no traffic. Words of the safety song her mother had taught her when she was in kindergarten echoed in her mind "...and at the corner, I stop my running feet..."

The steaming pavement gave off a swampy smell. Its wet surface reflected the darkened apartment buildings and stores looming up on each side. The street was a river flowing between great cliffs. A new '59 Chevy convertible with the top down lay anchored to the curb like a boat. Raindrops gleamed like jewels on the wax-

ed blue metallic finish. Water ran down the white vinyl seats and puddled on the floor. A large pair of spongy, oversized dice hung sodden and heavy from the rear view mirror.

The car belonged to Mrs. Gallagher's grown son, Jimmy. He had a good job at the Government Printing Office and worked odd hours. The last time his car had flooded during a sudden shower, Jimmy had paid her a quarter to help him dry it out. Her mother had chided her for it. "If people are lucky enough to have such nice things, they ought to be able to take better care of them than that," she said disgustedly.

From across the street, the lights in the Round-the-Clock Diner shown forth like a beacon. The chink-chink of forks to plates echoed in the empty street. A cab was parked out front. Looking both ways, she flip-flopped her feet through the stream to the other side. She could see the driver inside perched on the stool, shoveling food into his mouth. He was talking loudly to a policeman, who laughed and sipped from a steaming cup. The waitress moved between them and a large man who sat alone at booth, reading the newspaper. Elvis crooned from the jukebox, "Love me tender, love me true..."

She counted the change she had brought from home. Seventy-four cents. How much to Calvert Street, she wondered. She'd just have to wait until the cabbie came out and ask him. It hadn't occurred to her what to do if it wasn't enough.

The time on the Round-The-Clock Diner sign was 1:25. A tanker truck pulled up to the traffic light and turned toward the Esso station on the next block. The treads of its giant tires left a pattern

on the glistening street. She took shelter in a doorway facing a row of shops with apartments above them. Dim light glowed from storefronts so the cop on the beat could peer inside on his rounds.

Empty fruit stalls stood side by side under a wide green awning in front of Errtter's Groceries. She was in and out of there on errands every day. When her mother sent her to pay on the bill, Mr. Errtter always gave her a dime to spend on the way home. She'd stop in at the drugstore soda fountain two doors down for a cherry smash and a Twinkie. The old German grocer always cautioned her to "stay out of harm's way." She had to ask her mother what that meant.

The Chicken Delight carry-out and delivery shop stood on the corner. It also sold pizza and subs. Her favorite was the two-piece, dark meat chicken dinner. The drumstick and thigh were crisp and tasty, and there were french fries and cole slaw. The dinner came in its own little red, green, and white box, with napkin and plastic utensils wrapped in a cellophane packet. Sometimes her parents ordered the two-piece dinner for her when they were going out and she was sent to Mrs. Gallagher's for the evening.

She heard the waitress carrying on with her customers and wondered how nighttime people could be so lively. She wished the cabbie would get back to work, so she could ask him how much it was to Calvert Street.

Campbell's Cleaners and Laundry was on the corner opposite Chicken Delight. Their motto, printed in red letters on the front window, invited customers to "Let us have a shot at your spots." Mr. Campbell and his wife were friends of her parents. They played bridge together, very seriously. One time, her father and Mr. Campbell had almost come to blows over the card table that was set up on Friday nights in the living room. The women had separated them, but not before the table had tipped over and all the cards had slid to the floor.

Mr. Campbell was very proud of his family, which he called the Campbell Clan. He went to the library and wrote letters to old cousins, hoping to find some connection to kings and queens and presidents, but instead, her father told her, he had found a relative who had been hung as a horse thief in the Old West. Mr. Campbell always left that part out when he talked about his family tree.

They had a daughter, Linda, who went to school with her at St. Gabriel's and played hopscotch and jumprope with her on the streets of the neighborhood. On rainy days, they hid under the front steps of Linda's apartment, singing the Top Ten from Hit Parade Magazine and giggling at the bewildered second glances of passersby.

At last she heard the cabbie saying, "See ya tommorrow night, gang," and she was on the sidewalk to meet him. His eyes widened in surprise as she approached him and asked, "Hey mister, how much to Calvert Street?"

"Whatcha doin' out his time-a-night, girlie?" he demanded. He stuck his head back in the diner. "Hey, Fishy! Lookit this here kid." The policeman came out and stood on the sidewalk. She recognized him as Mr. Fishman, the cop who had come by for an off-duty drink after Midnight Mass last Christmas Eve. It had been her first time at Midnight Mass and afterwards, she had been allowed to stay up with the grownups. Later, her father had stumbled and fallen on his way to the kitchen for a refill, and the cop had helped him to his feet. Now, she did not want to meet Mr. Fishman's eyes.

The brass buttons on his blue uniform caught the light from the diner windows. "Well, what have we here, young lady? Where do you belong?" His wide mouth smiled down at her. "I just want to know how much it is to Calvert Street," she said softly. The driver chewed on a toothpick and shifted from one foot to the other. "It's okay, Frankie, I'll take care of this," the policeman said. "You go ahead." She watched as the cab slid slowly away from the curb.

"Aren't you Buster and Frances' girl?" he asked her. "Yes, murmured, "And I need to find her." "Find who? Your mother?" The girl nodded and looked down at the spot where the cat had been. Gasoline drops on the wet street made little rainbows of color against the black pavement. "She's gonna jump off the Calvert Street Bridge," she whispered. The cop looked startled. "Why you get an idea like that?" "Daddy said." A huge grin spread across his face. "What's your name, honey?" he asked. "It's Carrie." "Well, Carrie, I know your Daddy, and he likes to talk a blue streak. Let's just go see what this is all about. Probably just a misunderstanding." She smelled Aqua Velva as he leaned in and patted her shoulder. The scent tickled her nose and she snuggled.

He chatted with her as they walked the block and a half to the apartment, asking if she went to a Catholic School and what grade she'd be in next September. "How do you like Sister Mary Teresa?" he asked. She shrugged. "She's okay, I guess." "What are you about eight or nine?" "Nine and a half." "And a half, huh?" Mr. Fishman laughed out loud. "Well, at my age, we forget the halves!"

They walked past the alley that ran behind the buildings and the washed-out remains of a hopscotch game chalked on the sidewalk. Her hula-hoop leaned against the brick wall like a fat cat. The rain had slowed to a fine mist as they climbed the steps to the apartment house. The policeman paused in the vestibule and looked at the panel of mailboxes. A bare bulb glared down on them. "You're number 202, right?" "Yes, sir."

They creaked their way up to the door on the left. Her hand pounded as she counted the steps in her mind - twelve, thirteen, fourteen. She felt like a visitor to her own home, standing on the threshold while the policeman lifted the knocker and let it fall three times. The door opened a crack and her father peered out. He closed it to slip the chain off and then stood facing them. "What the hell, Carrie, what are you doing out there? Fishy, what's going on?" stepped back to let them enter.

"No problem, Buster. Your girl here was just looking for her father. I found her outside the diner talking to a cabbie." Her father stepped at her. She looked down at the rings on the braid rug. "I just want to know how much it was to Calvert Street," she told him.

Someone came forward from the shadows of the dim room. Her legs felt all rubbery as she looked up to see her mother fanning herself with a Huntemann's Funeral Home fan. "Carlie, how old are you? You're old enough to know better than to pull a stunt like this." The child gaped. The fan moved briskly back and forth in rhythm with her mother's angry words. "Now thank Offense Fishman for bringing you home and get to bed."

Carlie couldn't will her feet to move. She stood frozen on the narrowest ring of the braid rug. "But, Mom..." "This minute!" her mother insisted.

Carlie mumbled a thank-you to the policeman and moved quickly down the hall to her room. She could hear the adults agreeing that it was all a misunderstanding as the front door closed. She undressed and laid on the bed. The pillow felt cool against her hot face. Her eyes fell on the Holy Family calendar tacked onto the wall above her desk. She already had the month of August showing a red crayoned circle around the date she was to leave the city to visit her grandmother at the beach. An image of the half-full bucket of shells she had collected last summer popped into her head. Next month it would be filled to overflowing.

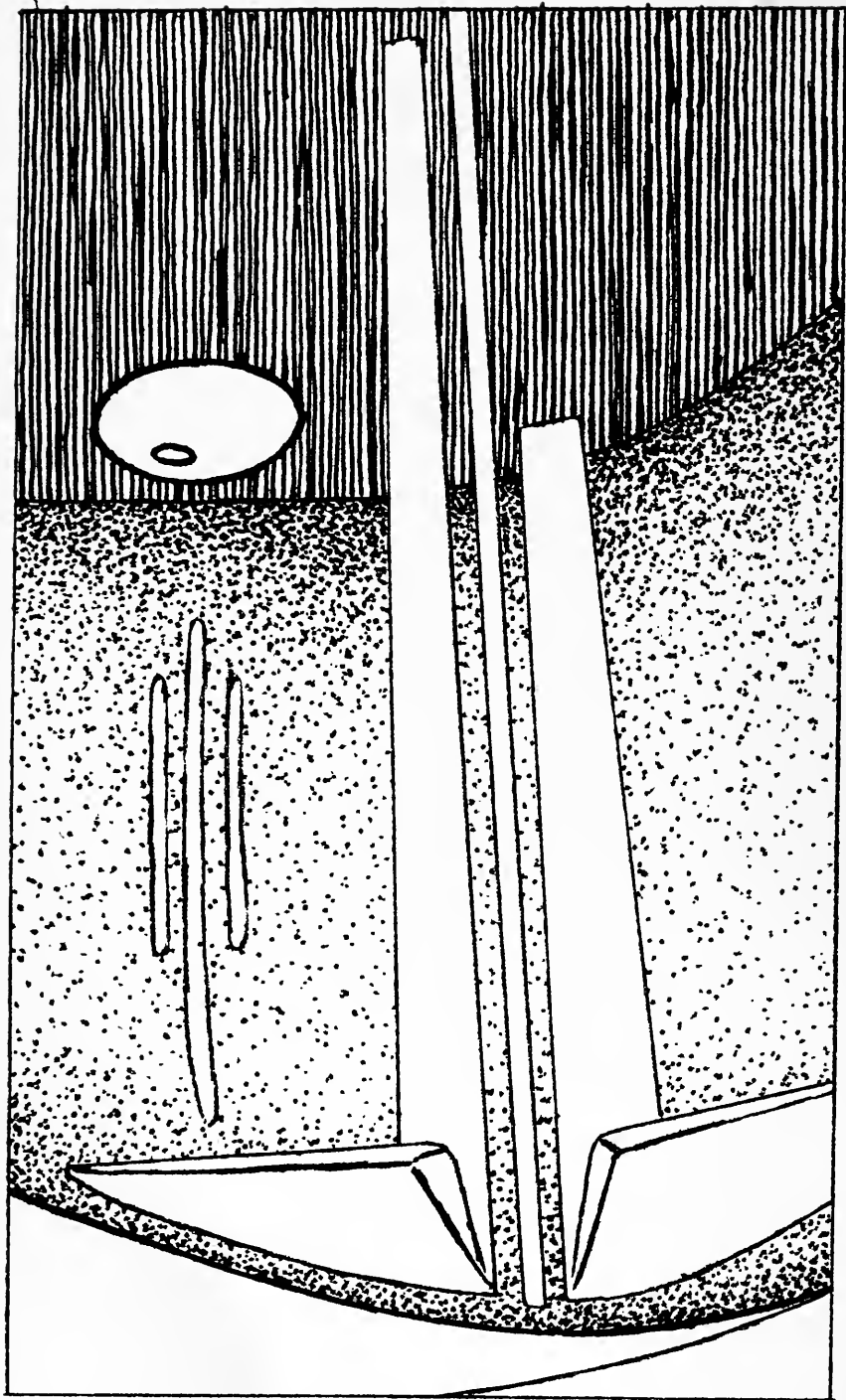
The red glow of the neon sign ebbed and flowed against her wall. She closed her eyes, listening to the night noises crowding through her opened window. She heard a dog bark and a baby cry. A sirens wailed its way mournfully into the distance.

From her parents' bedroom came the sound of the box spring creaking rhythmically.



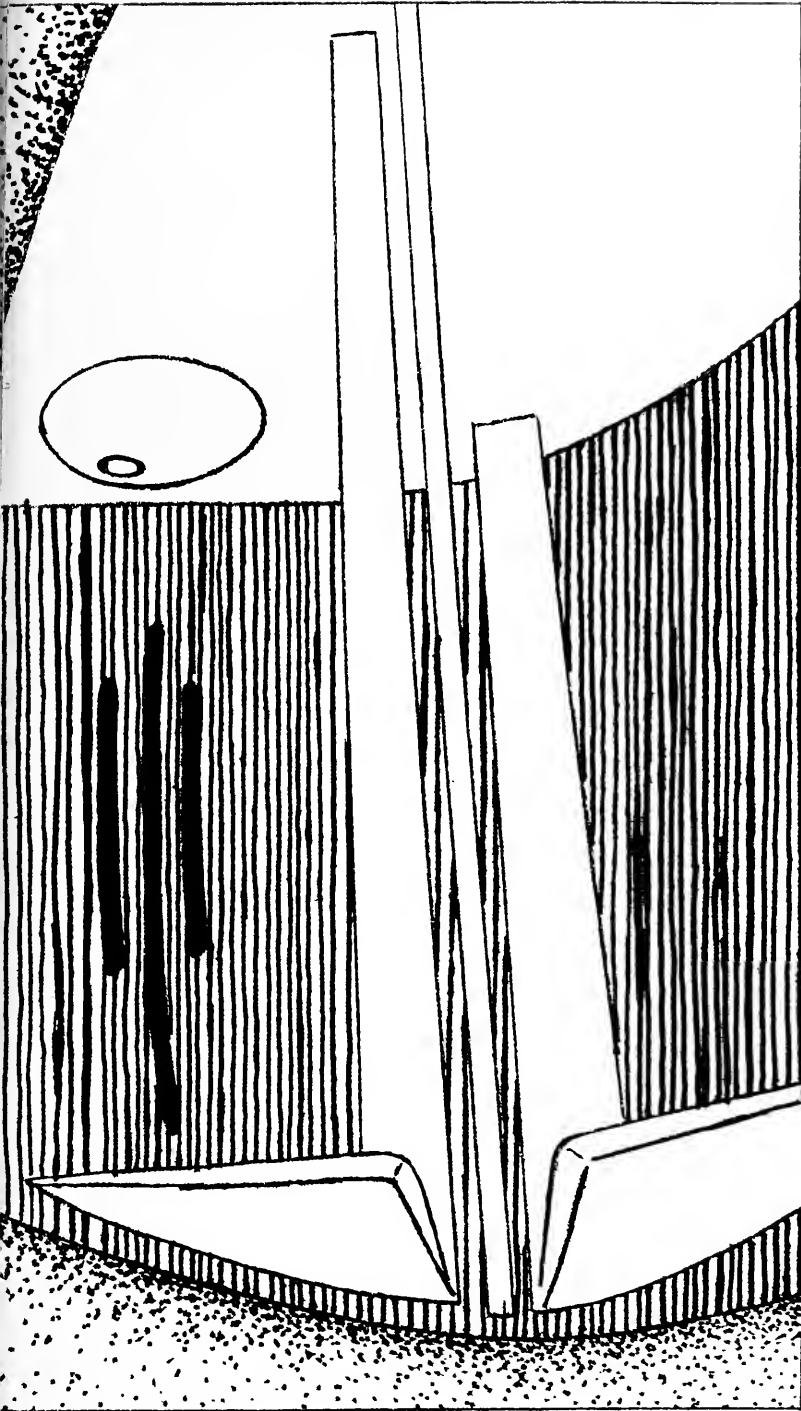
Desiree Johnson

Judy





# Van Hinnant



Changes Pending... (Study For Relief Sculpture)

Checking the nets at sunset,  
the final ritual.  
The fishermen who knew Jesus  
still work their skill,  
cut out against the twilight,  
thinking of warm meals and home.  
I watch a flock of gulls  
circle above them like a halo,  
calling into the sky,  
then twisting away  
through the hard cold night.

Winter spoils are hard to hold,  
Especially by the lifeless icy water.  
Yet these ancient fishermen  
can feel.  
Communal, alone on the sea.

And I, blocked from the cold,  
watched from the balcony,  
Afraid to let too much go.  
I hear the call of the water  
but logic denies it.

I bet they can walk on the river  
so complete is their secret.

Eric Hause

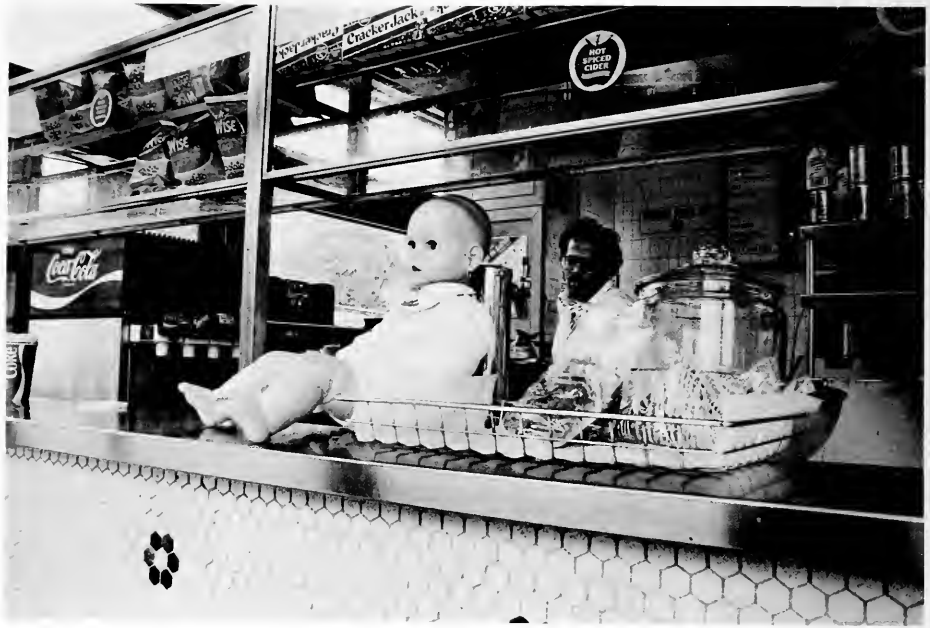
# BABY IN VINYL



Michael Read







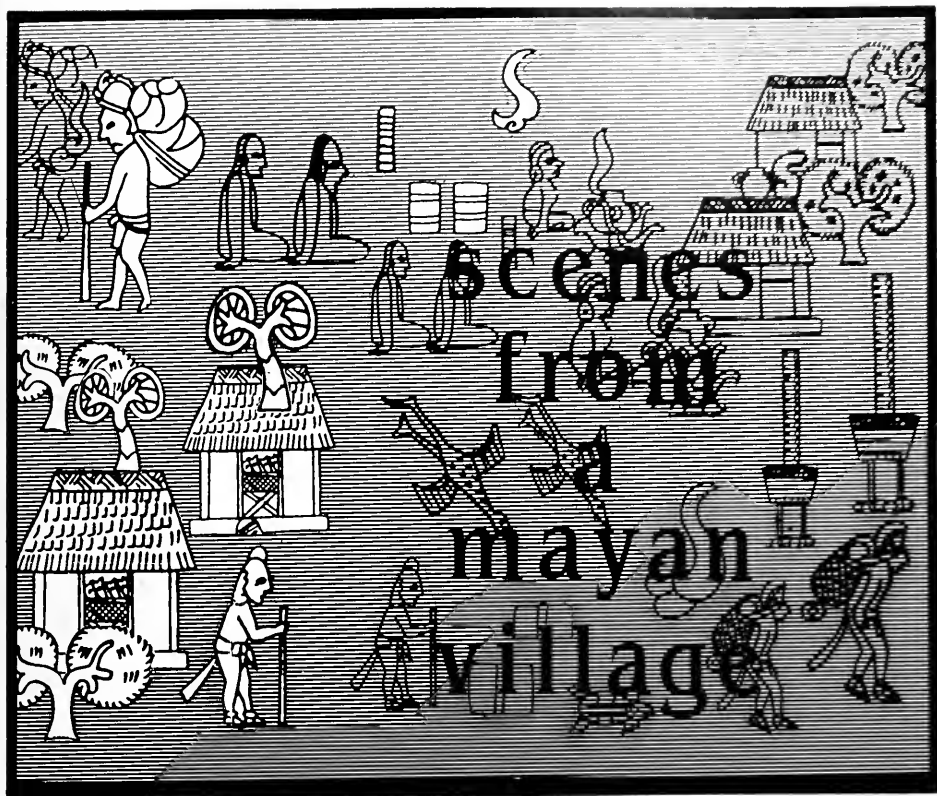












Jay DeVane

### I. Se Fue (It Went)

Willie was sitting on a bench outside of the village store in Michimila. The bench was located at the building next to the road. A skinny Maya Indian less than five feet tall with a pockmarked face walked up to them. He was wearing a baseball cap and western style clothing that looked like it came from K-Mart's bargain basement. He held out his hand.

"I need to buy a bus ticket to Tampico so I can go see my wife. Can you give me ten pesos?" he asked. Ten pesos at that time were worth about twenty-five cents.

Willie thought, "Ah, what's ten pesos." He took out his bag of change. Then a dry, leathery, barely audible voice said in Spanish "Don't be stupid."

Willie looked over his shoulder and saw an old man, perhaps eighty, leaning on the corner of the building. The brim of the old man's hat was pulled down low but he held his head high. They did not hear him approach. "Esse es un localo," the old man said, pointing at the little Indian with his chin. "This guy is a crazy one.

I wouldn't give him a centavo." But Willie already had his change bag out and he gave the little Maya ten pesos.

"Pendejo," the old man whispered scornfully. "Fool." As the little Indian got the ten peso piece in his hand he said to Willie "Give me twenty pesos."

Willie looked at him in surprise and thought "Yep, pendejo. That's me." Then Willie said, "Give me back the ten and I'll give you a twenty."

A twenty peso piece is large, silvery and attractive, one of the most attractive coins minted anywhere. The little Maya's eyes lit up and he gave back the ten. Willie dropped it into his waiting change bag. Then he carefully closed the bag and put it back into his pocket. The little Indian was left standing there with his hand out. A puzzled look came over his face.

"Where's the twenty," he asked?

"Se fue," Willie said. "It went."

The runt stared at him. "What do you mean *it went*?"

"It went. It flew away." Willie smiled and gave him the French salute.

"Well what about the ten?"

"Se fue tambien." Willie said. "It went too."

The old man began to laugh. "Localo y stupido," he cackled. "Crazy and stupid."

The beggar shot the old man a dirty look. His face was narrow eyed, tight jawed, hostile. "Why do you want to screw with me old man?" he spat.

The old man laughed again even harder. The beggar began to shift his weight from one foot to the other. He looked at Willie and asked, "So that's the way it is?"

"That's the way it is," Willie said pleasantly.

The little Maya's mouth opened slightly. He began turning his hands in circles. All he could think of to say was "So that's the way it's going to be?" His voice had become tight, constricted.

"That's the way it's going to be," Willie said in a flat tone but still smiling and crossed his arms and legs in a gesture of finality. The old man threw back head and laughed loudly.

The beggar took a couple of steps backward, balled his fist and shook it at the old man. "Dried radish!" he snarled, meaning: "You have a thousand wrinkles."

The old man laughed in his face. The beggar turned and walked rapidly across the road, hands in his pockets, shoulders drooping, neck bent, head down. The old man's derisive laughter continued until the beggar went around a corner. Then the old man looked down at Willie and said with quiet dignity, "Real Maya don't beg." Then he said, "When I was young there were real men around here. Now there's nothing but a bunch of fools and ne'er do wells." Then he raised his head and his eyes took on a faraway look. He thought about the old days. He thought "Se fue."

## II. White Man's Magic

Jake was lying in his hammock taking a siesta in the half-rebuilt hut made of poles and woven saplings. It was the peak of the dry season and one-hundred-and-ten degrees at 3:00 p.m. Jake heard a foot crunch lightly on gravel and then a little giggle. He cracked one eye and saw two pairs of eyes peering at him through the hut's wall. He just lay there and watched them through his lashes. The best way to get kids to like you is to ignore them, Jake thought. No, that's not exactly right. Let them know you're aware of their existence, but don't go out of your way to talk to them or amuse them. That scares them off or spoils them. Kids and primitive people are a lot alike. Hell, Jake thought, kids are primitive people. When they accepted you, they would approach you.

These little girls had accepted Jake and they were coming through the four-foot break in the wall of the hut, but coming very cautiously, wide-eyed and solemn. Their little brown bellies were distended and their navels popped out like little fingertips. The oldest silently sidled up to Jake, touched him ever so lightly with her fingertip and jumped back with a sharp intake of breath, her hands over her mouth, trying not to giggle.

Jake laid still as if sound asleep.

Again the oldest girl, whose nickname was Parrot because she jabbered so much, crept up to Jake and pressed the tip of her finger against Jake's ribs. She pressed until she was sure he could feel it, then jumped back and ran for the break in the hut wall, her sister scampering ahead of her. Jake continued to lie as if he were a corpse.

Now boldly Parrot walked around the wall of the hut and up to Jake. Her sister was close behind. They grinned at each other. Now the smaller child, clad only in a diaper, dirt stains around her mouth, pressed her finger against Jake's leg and jumped back, screaming with glee. Jake didn't move, but he was having a hard time repressing a grin. Growing frustrated, Parrot slapped Jake across the arm.

She slapped his arm again with a grunt that ended in a squawk. Jake couldn't suppress a grin any longer and popped open one eye; he stared and jutted his head at Parrot. Both little girls ed up their arms, screamed with glee, and quick-trotted out to the first big tree and cut behind it. But within a minute were back by the hut wall, prattling Jake's arms and legs and talking to him in Spanish but they were too young to understand. They looked at him and smiled and prattled in Mayan. Parrot asked a question. Jake listened, smiling with his eyes, but did not answer. Parrot repeated the question, this time more slowly and distinctly. Jake cocked his head slightly sideways and said with apologetic pleasantness, "Lo siento chiquita, no comprendo." "Sorry, girl, I don't understand."

Parrot repeated the question one syllable at a time, her voice growing louder with each one.

"Choy Oyel Sin loi Minoi," Jake said with a silly grin on his face. "Heavens! I'm sorry, honey."

Parrot's mouth closed, her head cocked sideways, and she gave Jake what is known as 'the strangest look.' He hadn't spoken Mexican-Spanish or in Mayan. It was another tropical language where the village people lived in the same manner as the Mayan when they could, that is. He hoped that those people were dead all right now.

Parrot saw Jake's eyes change as they looked inside. She stopped at attention, completely straight, her arms held by her sides. Her face was a mask of seriousness. She took a deep breath as she pressed her knee almost to her shoulder and brought her foot down to the stamp, screaming the question as loudly as she could.

Jake looked at her a moment and burst out laughing.

This seemed to infuriate her and she screamed the question three times without a break, her little sister joining in on the last time and carrying into a fourth. This, however, stopped short when she realized she was screaming by herself.

To stop the screaming, Jake decided to show them a little magic with his hands. It was one his childhood dentist had used to stop Jake from crying whenever he needed to have a cavity filled. Jake folded his hands together like a child does when saying a prayer. Then he folded the second finger of each hand and twisted his right elbow out and his left elbow in; this brought his folded hands parallel to the ground, right palm up, left palm down. The second finger of his left hand was above the back of his right hand, and the second finger of his right hand was below the back of his left hand. When he bent his fingers back, the two fingers appeared to be continuous, double-tipped finger stabbing through the plain of his hands. Now he rapidly folded and unfolded the left hand's fingers bending left and the right hand's fingers bending right; they seemed to be something alive and separate from his hand, something flitting back and forth trying to free itself, something like a thick worm hooked in the middle.

Both girls froze staring for a full five seconds, their eyes wide as mouths growing as wide and round as possible. Then they withdrew, flinging their arms above their heads and raced off shrieking in terror all the way back to their father's house. When Willie, Jake's guide, came back from the village square, Jake told him what happened. Willie looked surprised, then amazed, then he started laughing.

"Why do you think they reacted like that?" Jake asked.

"You tell me," Willie said. "You're the anthropologist."

"And you're the guide who gets ten bucks a day."

"Well," Willie replied, grinning, "they thought you were performing some kind of spell on them. They thought the screaming had made you annoyed and you were hexing them with white man's magic."

# *JIM AMASH*







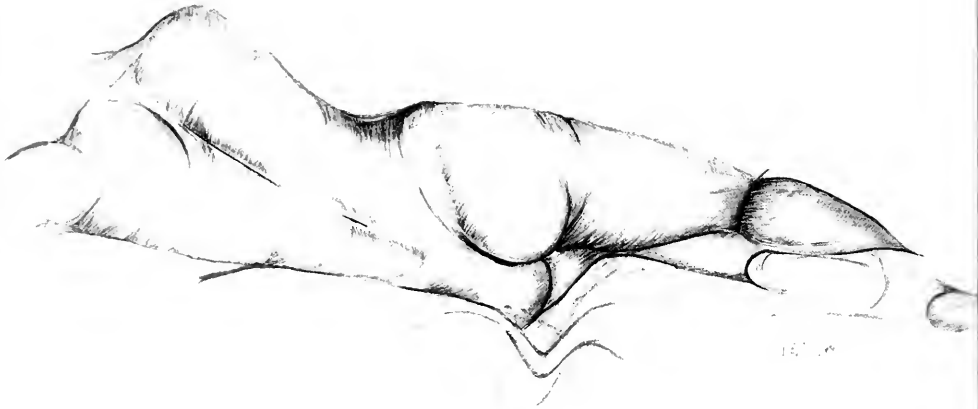




## To Come Remembering

Of an evening came I  
up the last, long, steep incline,  
up towards a place that I had only lately left behind,  
closed and left behind  
me of a morning only lately past,  
only lately passed into remembrance,  
there only lately falling—calling  
in from the deepening cool-damp of quietness  
those soft and sentient mists to swathe  
the plummet of an evening  
into past  
and thus past calling—falling there into my memory  
as a far peak, steep and forlorn,  
rises up, up through the cool-moist,  
up through mists diffuse with somehow-knowing,  
somehow leaving,  
somehow,  
and thus with concealment swathed,  
of a morning only lately come.

David Herman



Desiree Johnson

## CONTRIBUTORS

Marianne Allen is a junior English major who grew up in Europe. Her favorite pastime of Marianne's is riding bareback on her horse, Colorado Twister.

Tom Amash, a graduate Art student, works part time at Acme Comics in downtown Greensboro.

John DeVane was born and raised in Fayetteville and spent two and a half years in the Army. He has traveled over most of the United States, including Alaska, and parts of Canada, Mexico, Jamaica and Iran. Jay is an Anthropology major.

Barbara Frediani, a senior English major, was born and raised in Washington, D.C. She has lived in Greensboro for fifteen years. She is married and the mother of two teenagers. When she graduates in May, she will have also earned a minor in Communications.

Eric Hause has been published in CORADDI twice before. Eric is also news editor of the CAROLINIAN.

David Herman is a senior double major in English and Philosophy, with a Greek minor.

John Hinnant is a new graduate Art student in sculpture. He did his undergraduate work at A & T State University. Elliott University center owns a piece of his art, an acrylic on canvas, titled "Paths to the Infinite." He also had a show in Elliott Center during Black History Month in 1981. Van is a native of Greensboro.

Resiree Johnson is a senior Art major from Fayetteville. She received her Associate Degree in Fine Arts from Brevard College, and she is the design assistant for CORADDI.

Dawn Latane, a graduate Art student, received her first training

in art at Moore College of Art in Philadelphia. She has a degree in Art History from the University of Vermont. In her work she is interested in the subjects of history and political satire and hopes to eventually use these themes in her painting. Dawn is an American History buff.

John Marshall is a graduate Art student from Sewanee, Tennessee concentrating in painting and drawing. He has a show up now in the Pickering Gallery in Nashville and had a Landscape Show in Elliott University Center earlier this fall. He says, "My paintings are about a personal color relationship that represents a specific time of day, but time of day is not the subject. The subject is more the light that I see and feel during this period of the day. I try to evoke a mood within these paintings—a spiritual movement within myself. These pastel colors represent the spiritual, however spiritual is defined. I'll leave the meaning open."

Bruce Piephoff is presently married and living in Greensboro with a baby due in April. He is painting houses, teaching through the Arts Council and performing as a musician in the area.

Michael Read is a freshman English major from Chapel Hill. He studied at the Parson's School of Design in New York this summer. Michael is an amateur diamond cutter and an expert on precious gems.

Kerrie Thomas is a senior music major with an emphasis in composition. Kerrie is a runner and a film buff. This is the second time he has been published in CORADDI.

Mark Thomas is a graduate student in the Creative Writing program. Last spring he won both first and second place in CORADDI's annual poetry competition. Mark was married this past summer. In the spring he will teach a section of English composition on the literature of addiction.

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