

CORADDI



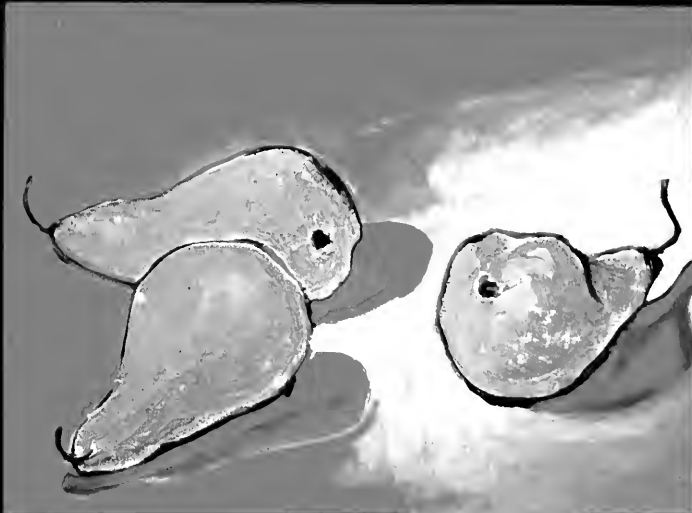
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Andy Warhol

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CORADDI

UNCG's Magazine of the Arts

Fall, 1987

UNCG Magazine of the Arts

CORADDI



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CORADDI

1985 Edition of the Year



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Part of Weatherspoon Art Gallery's
permanent collection.

ANDY



Malena Bergman

We must be prepared to accept that such great innovations will change all techniques in all the arts, thereby influencing creativity itself, and perhaps going so far in the end as to transform the concept of art itself in the most marvelous way.

Paul Valéry, about 1930. ¹

We will always remember Andy Warhol. Although it is difficult to predict what will survive our times, it doesn't seem likely that we could forget that Prince of Pop in the wig, with the strangely quiet yet commanding demeanor. We're not likely to forget his heroic attitude toward his subject matter: the Campbell's Soup cans, the car crashes and the lips of superstars. Who could forget his revolutionary escapades into alien worlds; the radical films, the rock music with the Velvet Underground, the documentary images of electric chairs and race riots? We will remember him as the one artist who used our entire society as his canvas. We will remember him as the one artist who could get away with playing practical jokes on our perceptions, the one who showed us that art can be found on the shelves of the grocery store or on the front page of the newspaper.

Andy Warhol is gone, but his legacy will live on for generations. He is certainly the most famous artist of our times. He could be recognized on the street by construction worker or dishwasher, as Mirô or Wyeth pass by unnoticed. His reputation as the wild renegade of art is universally accepted. Although it is easy to dwell on these characteristics, his fame and reputation merely reflect a sensationalized version of Warhol, the person. Far more provocative is the sensational work that he produced.

Warhol is most commonly known for his portraits. He "...succeeded virtually singlehandedly in the early 1960s in resurrecting from near extinction that endangered species of grand-style portraiture of people important, glamorous, or notorious enough - whether statesmen, actresses, or wealthy patrons of the arts - to deserve to leave their human traces in the history of painting."² We've all seen the portraits of Marilyn Monroe, Jackie Onassis and Marlon Brando - grotesquely made-up images that play up to every feature of their vacuous narcissism. Most of Warhol's portraits look as if they were produced with huge rubber stamps, and that is the point: the personalities he portrays are shrouded in media hype, so his portraits reflect the perceptions of the general public, rather than the subjects themselves. Who could imagine Marilyn without the

1 Paul Valéry, *Pieces sur l'art (La conquête de l'ubiquité)* (Paris, Gallimard, n.d.)

2 Robert Rosenblum, *Andy Warhol: Court Painter to the 70s*. (Whitney Museum of Art Publications, 1979.)

3 Barbara Rose, *American Painting, The Twentieth Century*. (Geneva, 1969.)

4 Paul Bergin, "Andy Warhol: The Artist As Machine," in *Art Journal*, no. 4, 1967, p. 362.

WARHOL

1 9 3 0

1 9 8 7

If you want to know about Andy Warhol, just look at the surfaces of my paintings and films and me, and there I am. There's nothing behind it.

Andy Warhol, 1968.

makeup, or Jackie without the tears, or Marlon without the tough-guy scowl? Our society presented Warhol with layer upon layer of superficiality, and he returned scathing representations of our own plasticity. Warhol's portraits "...will stand as an indictment of American society...as scathing as Goya's merciless portraits of the Spanish court."³

We are all indebted to Andy Warhol. His work widened our perceptions and redefined our notions of art.



Elizabeth Taylor is a commercial property, as commercial as a can of Campbell's Soup, albeit turned out by a different type of machine. She is a thing of our day, and whether we like her or wish for the old *National Velvet* girl, we cannot escape her, as we cannot escape soup or death. Miss Taylor is the person become machine product - commercial property - and Warhol's portrait of her is the final reduction of the theme of the machine, the central concern of all his work.

Paul Bergin, 1967. ⁴

MARIANNE GINGHER:

by Karen M. Carpenter

Marianne Gingher is recognized as one of the finest and most promising writers in the Greensboro area. Her first novel, *Bobby Rex's Greatest Hit*, and her short fiction have been published in such magazines as **North American Review**, **McCalls**, **Redbook**, **Seventeen**, **The Greensboro Review** and even **Coraddi**, where an untitled poem of hers was published while she was an undergraduate at Salem College. Critics have continually praised her work and she has won several awards including the P.E.N. Syndicated Fiction Award, a \$5,000 N.C. Arts Council Fellowship, citation in the *Best American Short Stories*, and most recently the Sir Walter Raleigh award for best North Carolina novel in 1986 for *Bobby Rex's Greatest Hit*.

Marianne has been writing all her life, starting in elementary school when she wrote three plays. However, she went to Salem College to receive a B.A. degree in art and literature so she could teach art in public schools. While she was teaching art to elementary and secondary students, her husband was a graduate student at UNCG. He had taken Fred Chappell's fiction workshop class and suggested that Marianne might enjoy it. She tried it out and after the first class decided she just might get some enjoyment out of the course. The first story she wrote for Mr. Chappell was accepted for publishing in the **North American Review**. From there it went on to become the source for her first novel. After this, she went back to school and earned an MFA in creative writing at UNCG. Now Marianne is a professional writer and also a professor of short fiction and fiction workshop classes at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and at Elon College.

One distinctive quality of Marianne's writing style is the way she glides through tales about people we all have seen and known as we have grown up in the South. Her characters are every day Southerners and she attributes this to writing what she knows about. Except for being born in

Guam while her father was in the military, she has lived in or near Greensboro all her life and she knows Southerners--and likes them. "Southern people are interesting. Every Southerner I know has a story to tell that can go on forever," she explains. And she tells those stories. She tells the story of 12-year-old Leon Mosely, whose brother Bobby Rex goes to Nashville and becomes a recording star; the story of Pally Thompson, who dreams of Bobby Rex until he makes a hit song about an imagined liason with her; the story of nine-months pregnant Kitty June Perdue, who is coming to terms with life, through her unborn child, and death, through her 98-year-old great grandmother; the story of Elly, who tries everything to get a boyfriend only to see that her grandmother's cousin got a man without even trying; the story of an impoverished black girl, who dreams of being kissed; and the list goes on.

No matter whose story she is telling, part of it is about Marianne. "There's some common ground with the character and myself--there has to be for me," she says. Most of her work is about young Southern females because she remembers what it was like to be a teenager growing up in the South. About the teenage years she says, "It's the one time of your life where you're most justifiably hopeful and most justifiably in a state of despair all the time. It gives a lot to write about, so I keep returning to first experiences." In fact, her next book will be a collection of short stories about teens entitled, *Teen Angel*. Out of the ten stories that will appear in this compilation, half will be original manuscripts and the others will be taken from stories that have been printed in various magazines around the world.

Perhaps it is this common ground that personalizes her characters, for after reading about them, they seem to be the readers' friends. Marianne says that some of the characters in her work are actual people she has known. For instance, in her short story "Teen Angel" she is

In The Southern Tradition



Mary Gay Brady

writing about a family she knew when she was growing up. But, she changes the events and adds and subtracts from the individual personalities so that the person whom the story was based on may not even recognize himself. Marianne says that her stories are a fusion of a person or people she's observed and an imaginary circumstance. The main reason for this is it gives her a frame for the story, she says.

As well as observing live people, she's examined people in the works of classic and student fiction writers. She particularly benefitted from the works of Flannery O'Connor, Eudora Welty, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne. She is quick to add that fellow students in her classes at UNCG helped, too. "I learned a lot from student writers at UNCG, both in discussion and reading other peoples' works." Before starting back to school Marianne began, unknowingly at the time, to develop her writing style. "I used to read a lot of Southern writers. I was very interested in the tale. I think one of the reasons I like Eudora Welty so much is that much of her fiction is reminiscent of fairy tales and myth." Marianne says her favorite story is Welty's "The Rob of the Bridegroom," which is currently being reissued with illustrations.

Marianne uses this idea of reading to be a better writer to teach the students in her fiction classes. "We read a lot of proven

short stories and talk about what makes them work. We look at them from the standpoint of being writers ourselves and look to see what the writers did to make them work."

Another strategy Marianne uses to approach fiction and to keep her writing fresh is to retain the mystery of the story as she writes it. "The best stories that I write I start out feeling passionate about some element of the story, but I won't necessarily know all the details. I find that if I try to aim the story towards a goal that I end up manipulating and building a story up on contrivances, so it feels false.

"I much prefer starting out not really understanding everything I'm writing about, trying to sort through the muddle. And this way I entertain myself as I'm going. I have more of a quest. If I know the solution first, the writing tends to get flat."

Marianne has accomplished the art of fresh and interesting reading in all of her works. Most significantly, *Bobby Rex's Greatest Hit* shows how well she can tell a tale and have the last page as fresh as the first. As writer and UNCG fiction professor Lee Zacharias wrote of Marianne's novel, "Reading *Bobby Rex's Greatest Hit* is a delight, as comfortable as listening to your best friend talk, as compelling as wanting to know whodunnit. In Orfax, North Carolina, the mystery is nothing more of less than the heart, the secret alliances that bind one to others, to polace, or to ambition and escape. This is a wonderfully refreshing novel, for it makes not only art, but sense."

Having been praised as the kind of writer she has said she respects the most is an accomplishment Marianne has worked for since grade school. For Marianne this leads her not to put down her pen (she never uses a typewriter or computer) but to continue perfecting her style and sharing more of herself and others. Today Marianne is either working on a book review for the *Washington Post*, driving to Elon or Chapel Hill, caring for her two young sons or researching for her next novel (which will be about a male teacher and will explore the conflict between adolescents and adults by looking at his relationship with one of his students and with his teenage son), or writing at her studio in the United Arts Council building. No matter what she is doing she will be radiating the same freshness and good nature that fills the characters she writes about. Marianne says that she likes Southern women because in them she sees "a genuine attempt to give praise, encouragement and enthusiasm." She exemplifies this definition, according to those who know her from personal contact or from reading her fiction.

UNTITLED

(This poem was written by Marianne when she was 20 years old. It was her first published work and appeared in Coraddi's 1969 Arts Festival issue.)

Beyond the gingham curtains he'd
brought her,
over the clutter of cans to be
emptied
and clotheslines strung
with phantoms of the family,
above the clap-board wall
where cats perform their
midnight acrobatics,
shadows leaping large into
the alley way below,
she watches
and she waits
as the sun rusts on the rooftops.

It's like a wound to her, the sun;
a cancer in the sky
that eats into the shabbiness
and warms the rats;
she would leave,
were it not for him,
the white man with his fine silk
coat
and gingham curtains
and promises;
she waits
and she watches
one of the midnight cats
chasing its tail in the sun.

Marianne Ginger

Videography by
Clint McElroy
Photography by
Michael Read



by
L.H.
JOHNSON

I got real tired of getting wet when it rained and being cold when it got cold, so I got an inside job. I work for the Seven-Eleven Corporation. It's not the greatest job in the world, but it keeps me in beer -- and best of all, I'm out of the weather.

Now, construction work isn't all grubbing around in the mucky weather; there are good days. It's just that when I turned 25 I began to look around at all the old men on the crew and they had wasted eyes. Bad weather ages you like nothing else can. I don't like the thought of getting old and crinkly -- withering up in the sun like wet leather -- getting hard and dry. If you don't think about it, you might go on thinking you've got plenty of time and put things off you don't want to do until later only to find you're out of time. I'm not old yet, so I came inside before I had to.

Last night I worked a double. The freaky chick, Irma, was begging off last week so she could see the **Dead Kennedys** in concert. I didn't mind working. When she came to work at this store last March, I wasted no time in asking her out. She just looked at me and winked. Then she said no. I immediately placed her in the sour-grapes category I reserve for girls who reject me. She was rather strange looking with that pink Mohawk hairdo, anyway.

I came in to work at seven. "Hey-Hey, Gus," Harry said, "I didn't realize it was so late. I got all the paperwork done except for the freezer inventory, so you got it dicked, man. You can sail. It's been real quiet today." I looked out the double glass doors at the occasional cars speeding by. From behind the counter you could still see the dark water of the Miami River making it's sluggish way to the bay.

Harry said, "You wanna borrow my Walkman?"

"Sure, if you don't mind," I said. "Did the magazine guy come today? I wanna see the new Handgunner."

"Yeah man, it's there behind the Slurpee machine. They got a feature on the new Ruger .357 mag," Harry said.

I looked out on the lot and it was almost empty. There were a couple of Cuban kids beating tin cans around with sticks, but they were far enough away that they didn't bother me much. I pulled out the piece I had been saving up for. "Check this out, dude," I said.

"Killer! Man, that's the one in the magazine," Harry said as I sighted the pistol in on the glass doors.

"Go ahead..." I said in my coldest voice.

"Make my day," Harry finished. "When can we shoot it?" he asked.

"I guess we could go down to Treasure Island next weekend. My cousin's got a houseboat out there," I said.

"We might even *accidentally* shoot a gator," Harry said. "The way you do it is you shoot it then go to the ranger station and report you saw a wounded gator. They usually give the finders the tail. Good eatin' right? Let me see that gat."

Harry took the gun and held it in one hand over the other in perfect military grip. Something about Harry's nonchalance about killing those animals turned me off. There are a lot of scumbags I'd love to waste, but I'd leave the animals be. Harry finished admiring the Ruger and handed it to me butt-first. "Sure is a honey," he said, "we gotta go shoot it real soon."

I looked out on the lot and it was empty except for Harry's tye-dyed El Dorado and my Chevelle. The Cubanos had gone. "Shelly and I are going to see the Dead Kennedys tonight," Harry said. It figures, I thought.

Harry got behind the wheel of his land yacht and screeched away. I put one of his unmarked tapes in the Walkman and was treated to a song about "the lunatic fringe." Nobody came in for the first hour or so, then business was steady for a while. Mrs. Bannerman came in with her three or four kids. (I never can tell how many of them are hers and how many are just hangers-on -- they look like a bunch of mutts with no distinguishable features to speak of.)

I guess she wanted to talk to me again about how her husband was drunk again and had spent all their money on his gambling; what a louse he was, and why couldn't anyone do something about him... blah, blah, blah. I think she did all this talk, talk, talk trying to talk

herself into doing something about him.

I wasn't in the mood to have my ear bent off over a problem like that. I kept the Walkman on and she got the hint. Not that I'm not sympathetic, you understand, but if she really wanted out of that situation, she'd leave him flat. That alkie husband of hers doesn't deserve to have it so easy. He collects disability for a back injury he got back in '72, but I've watched him change the tires on his T-Bird by himself. Yeah, he drives an '83 Thunderbird and I'm driving a piece of shit '64 Malibu... and I'm working. Go figure!

At 9 o'clock things began to slow down again, which was a good thing because José was staring at me through the glass doors. He usually stares until he's certain he has my attention, then he comes in. When he comes in it usually clears the regular customers out. He smells funny. It's not really an offensive smell -- he smells like burnt fish or something deep-fried.

"Mornin', Gus," he said, after looking at the clock over the Coors Beerwolf display.

"Hey, old timer," I said, "Are you looped again? Where did you get the money for the juice?"

After a few seconds he refocused his bloodshot eyes on me and said, "Man, I'm so fat it's unreal." I call José "old-timer" because he looks about 60, but he's probably not much older than I am.

"Where did you get the dough? Somebody die and leave you a pile?" I asked. Later on I wished that I hadn't asked him this, 'cause I liked old Joe.

"Yeah," he said, "My mom died. I went to a place on Flagler in the beach and a white guy give me this note and this."

He handed me a dirty brown paper-wrapped bundle. "Jesus, man, that's a lot of cash."

"Yeah," José said, "I brought it here 'cause I can trust you. Let's count it up."

I had already started.

José said, "That white man said I should let him have it to keep and he would give me some of it every week, but I said, 'Fuck that, it's mine, ain't it? I don't need you to give it to me but once. I can't be draggin' myself down to the beach every time I want some of it.'"

I counted for about 20 minutes: Forty-eight hundred twenty-three dollars in tens, twenties, fifties and ones.

"Read the note now," José said.

I had figured out a long time ago that José couldn't read.

"Dear Joe," the note began, "I wanted you to have this when I am dead because it belonged to your daddy. I never spent none of it cause he

tole me not to. I dont think he coming back for it cause he been gone since president Johnson was in the White House. I think he dead now and it safe to spend, boy.

Please do good with this bad money and don't be mad cause we been broke for so long. Member I always said you was my best child now you my onliest. I love you. Momma."

José looked at me blankly when I had finished. He looked like the world's oldest child. "I don't know what I'm gonna do with all this money," he said, "somebody will get it away from me surely, Gus."

I thought about what I could do with forty-eight hundred twenty-three dollars. I mean, here is this derelict who never worked a day in his life and a fortune drops in his palm. What kind of justice is that? I thought about how nobody would miss this bum if I wasted him. My hand brushed the .357 in my pocket. I had everything I needed -- gun, motive and a victim that would never be missed if he were to disappear. I could drop him in the Everglades and no one would find his body for months.

José looked at me with those red eyes. He was begging me to take his problem from him. So I did.

"Here, Joe," I said, "take my key and go over to my house and crash. We'll go out tomorrow and set you up with a bank account. You'll be safe then. You can get one of those cards and get your money out of a machine any time you want and nobody can take it away from you. Here's the dough. Take it with you so I don't have it here. I could get robbed any time, y'know. And one more thing," I said as he headed for the door, "take a bath or shower or something. I don't want Chelsea getting fleas."

"Thanks man," he said and walked out.

I began to plan how to bump the guy off, but I was soon covered up with customers. It was nearly time to lock up the beer coolers and the beer rush was on.

Around 2:00 a.m. trade dropped off, but I couldn't concentrate on my plan. There was this

kid hanging on the Deathrace 2000 video game. He had only put in a single quarter since he came in so I figured he didn't have anything better to do. After an hour of the bleeps and synthesized screams from the machine, I began to get a little irritated. I watched him closely to make sure that he wasn't lightfingering.

He was definitely wired on something, I thought. This guy looked real freaky -- dangerous maybe. I didn't want to get too close. His hair was spiked up into points all over except one side of his head was shaved to show his tattoo: a winged syringe with blood on it. He looked at me as the machine ceased to ping. The machine laughed at him and taunted him to try again. That machine never did know when it was beaten.

I knew something was wrong from the way he lurched over toward me.

"Give me some change," he said and held out a 20.

Very smart, I thought. He knew I would have to use the safe key to break a 20 and he was gonna get it out in the open before he tried anything.

Of all the times that night was the worst, dammit. I had always hoped I would get the chance to blow one

of these no good punks away, and I couldn't. That would kill any chance of making Crazy Joe disappear. The cops would be all over me for days asking nosey questions and all. Damn my luck!

I said "Sure," as I reached into my pocket and pulled the .357 out and pointed it at his waist. His eyes bulged and the butterfly knife he was holding clattered on the tiles. He coughed once and then puked some yellow gunk on the floor.

"Just get the fuck out of here, asshole." I said. "This is your lucky day."

He left without taking his eyes off the cannon in my hand. I put the knife in my lunch box. I finished cleaning up the mess, got my paperwork out of the way and turned the Walkman on. I thought about the money while the Go-Go's sang "Vacation" in my ears.

(turn to page 24)





Read

A Conversation With Shirley Anders by Linda Fox

Two years of study at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in the early 1950s nurtured Shirley Bowers' intrinsic interest in writing. She had the good fortune to take a course from Lettie Hamlett Rogers, whose teaching and encouragement underpinned the way in which Shirley Bowers Anders, having put her writing aside for two decades, came back to it with earnest concentration and enthusiasm. That dedication has brought recognition from many quarters.

Anders' booklength manuscript, *The Bus Home*, received the 1986 Devins Award, which included publication by the University of Missouri Press. An earlier collection of her poetry became the chapbook *Palaemon One*, the first in the Palaemon Press series of contemporary poets. In addition to appearing in numerous literary magazines and journals, her poems have been included in a variety of anthologies and special editions.

Her poetry observes and explores strangers, friends, associates family and self with a toughness and a gentleness gained in large part outside the halls of academia. Born in 1934 in Winston-Salem, Anders grew up here and attended the public schools. After spending her freshman and sophomore years at the Woman's College, she completed, in

1958, an undergraduate degree in history at Salem College. During the next four years she worked in New York City and Shreveport, Louisiana as a legal secretary. Anders returned to Winston-Salem where, while holding down clerical/administrative staff jobs at area firms -- including Roadway Express, RJR Archer and Bowman Gray School of Medicine, as she reared to two daughters.

Administrative secretary at Wake Forest University from 1975 to 1986, Anders took that opportunity to do considerable course work in English. At 40 she "picked up her words," as she says, and began to write again. In 1985 she became the first graduate in poetry of the MFA Writing Program at Bennington College in Vermont.

Anders has been poetry editor of *The Crescent Review* and has served as a trustee for the North Carolina Writers' Network, of which she is a charter member. She contributes criticism, essays and reviews to various journals and newspapers. Her awards include a 1985 Artist's Fellowship from the North Carolina Arts Council. During the 1986 Fall term, she taught at UNCG as the MFA Writing Program's visiting poet. She currently teaches at Guilford College.

CORADDI: While holding down a full-time job in North Carolina, you earned the MFA degree from Bennington College. How did you manage those two distant, energy-consuming activities at one time?

ANDERS: The particular constitution of the Bennington Program, which was set up to be accessible to people who can't free themselves for standard semesters, made it possible for me. The program required attendance at two four-week summer workshops, a short-term residency in January and closely supervised work with a committee by mail and telephone during the intervening year. I was interested in Bennington for many reasons. Dave Smith, a poet that I admire very much, was there, and I knew I would like working with him. He is at Virginia Commonwealth but has coordinated the Bennington poetry MFA Program from its inception.

CORADDI: What other workshops have you participated in?

ANDERS: A two-week workshop with A. R. Ammons and another with a North Carolina poet who I admire, Emily Herring Wilson. For that matter, the Bennington experience itself included workshop with Dave Smith, Stephen Sandy, Carolyn Kizer and Grace Schulman. There were also private conferences with Stephen Dunn, Richard Elman and Nicholas Delbanco.

CORADDI: You have also formed writers' groups outside the official workshop scene. Would you describe one or two of those?

ANDERS: My Winston-Salem group, people interested mostly in prose writing, has been going on three or four years. We have all worked on our own critical language. I don't know that anybody's writing has been improved, but certainly we've learned to read a lot better. Perhaps the most helpful to me has been the voluntary group that stayed together after the Critz, Virginia workshop with Archie Ammons back in 1980. Its participants were an astonishing group of people. We still get together several times a year, keep in close touch by mail and exchange work. I depend heavily on these people for that honest, integral and critical response you must have. We have tried to be hard on ourselves, tried to see to it that we don't lose that perspective. I owe to the Critz poets more than anybody can say.

CORADDI: You write both fiction and poetry?

ANDERS: Yes, I *write* both fiction and poetry. I *publish* poetry. (Laughter)

CORADDI: Do the two genres conflict or do they play off each other in positive ways for you?

ANDERS: For me, so far they've worked positively together.

CORADDI: Do you revise much?

ANDERS: Oh yes, a lot, a lot.

CORADDI: How do you cope with writer's block?

ANDERS: Try not to worry about it and feel secure in the knowledge that if there is something I need to say, nothing will stop me, when the idea is clearly formulated, from going ahead and making the statement.

And the same idea might work in either poetry or fiction. I think I'm sure in that belief because I went so long without writing, and when I was ready to write, I wrote. In my family we do things that way. As a young woman, my mother worked in offices in the early 1920s-- the way one did if one were an adventurous female. Then she married, had children. Then, past 40, she had to go back to work -- it was a matter of necessity -- and the skills were still there. I think it's the same thing exactly, *exactly*. Skill is skill.

CORADDI: You were born and raised in the Piedmont. Have the geography, politics and history of this area influenced your writing in ways that you recognize as particularly significant?

ANDERS: I'm aware of the geography, the climate and the *social* history of the area. In my writing -- not in my life, but in my writing -- I'm almost indifferent to actual politics. Geography is enormously important to me. The shapes of the land, the look of the sky, the kinds of vegetation that are natural to the state, the kinds of vegetation that have been introduced, for good or ill, like tobacco and kudzu, the rocks: they're all important to me. And next after that, maybe the patterns people have dropped on the land.

CORADDI: Do you feel a part of a Southern literary tradition?

ANDERS: I don't know. Certainly I feel tied to the region, and I think that regional writing is the clearest expression of the American idiom we have, now or any time. Look at this country: it's just too big to have a common national feeling for its literature. Or maybe that is the flavor of its literature: the sounds of the various languages we speak in North Carolina and in Iowa and in Southern California and in Alaska. I'm not sure that my flavor is particularly Southern because I'm not sure what that means. But because I must speak from my own experience, I speak a regional language.

CORADDI: When did you publish your first piece of writing?

ANDERS: From what I regard as my real adult life? That would be in 1976, when *Cimmarron Review* accepted a poem of mine.

CORADDI: Had you been submitting your work very long?

ANDERS: No, but I sure had a long dry spell after that. (Laughter)

CORADDI: Your book-length manuscript *The Bus Home* received the 1986 Devins Award. What does that kind of sudden national recognition, after years of writing and submitting, do for a writer?

ANDERS: Oh, it just makes you feel wonderful. You feel as though nice warm oils are cascading all down your body. You feel that you've been doing something right. It gives you confidence. It gives you the real pleasure of having a book to hold in your hand. Somehow it tells you that your name is real.

CORADDI: How do poems come about for you? How does a poem start?

ANDERS: For me, it's usually a combination of

words, a combination of sounds -- sounds below the level of words, like "mmmmm" or "ahhh." And then I start building words around the sounds. They may be happy sounds, grunts or sounds of dismay. That's at the most basic level. Immediately after that, and I guess maybe preconsciously, the sounds start getting wrapped around an idea.

The poem has to come out of experience that I feel deeply, sometimes experience that I've repeated a number of times and that, for whatever reason, may take on associations that don't make much sense to anybody else. Let me give you an example. It will mean more than my hypothesizing.

I have a poem, "Late Summer in North Carolina," that I wrote last year while teaching at UNCC. I have a special admiration for the Russian poet Anna Akhnatova. Driving back and forth from Winston-Salem to Greensboro early in Fall 1986, at the end of that drought, I became cognizant -- without realizing I was aware of it -- of the sudden flare of color along the side of the road when the drought finally broke. The wildflowers that had not had a chance to bloom grabbed the opportunity. One day I realized that a couple of phrases were boiling around in my head about just that experience of driving east from Winston-Salem to Greensboro and seeing the wild flowers after the drought. At the same time I had been rereading Akhnatova and I thought, Hot dog, I've got two poems working here. And it gave me that wonderful feeling of freshness after a drought that you get when you realize that you're going to turn out a poem. I got busy and laid the groundwork for the two pieces. But then I realized that they were inseparable in my mind. I wanted to combine them, which didn't seem to make much sense at all: the Western North Carolina late summer post-drought landscape and my admiration for Anna Akhnatova. Then I saw, yes, it *did* make sense. Akhnatova was a tough woman who wrote when she had a chance, no matter how rarely that chance came, no matter under what adverse conditions the chance arose.

CORADDI: You mentioned, in a 1982 letter to me, that you felt your work suffered at times from obscurity because you feared that being explicit might result in hurting someone's feelings. You added, "I should not sacrifice clarity." How does one cope with setting out his or her view of things when that could well make someone feel uncomfortable or hurt?

ANDERS: I think I would phrase it differently now, again speaking of myself: I *must* not sacrifice clarity. If I do, I sacrifice the poem. The poem dies the minute it stops being clear and stops being true. I know this: you can't wait until everybody else who's involved is somewhere else or dead. If you do, you risk being somewhere else or dead yourself before you write.

It is like criticizing someone else's work: speak the truth in a spirit of generous humility and be harder on yourself than on anybody else around, and then you won't have anything to apologize for. Maybe I've been lucky in the belief that we write out of the experience,

out of the recognition that it is *always* particular and *always* universal -- that is to say, our own pain, misfortune or unhappiness is an index of the pain everyone shares. The honest record is the right and the responsibility of the writer. The clear and honest poem, while it may be painful to the writer, and maybe to the reader, is also cleansing. It has its own beauty.

CORADDI: You attended the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in the early 1950s. The creative arts graduate program was in its infancy then. Randall Jarrell had been here for several years. Lettie Hamlett Rogers had been here for over a decade. Robert Watson joined the faculty as a young instructor in 1953. What do you recall about the writing courses and about the environment here? Was there anything special in the air?

ANDERS: Oh, there most certainly was. I was very young and very sour-minded, with a dumb interest in writing. I felt completely inarticulate, yet I knew that I enjoyed writing. In the second of my two years here, I was put in Lettie Rogers' fiction class, and having been put there I became aware of some of the other people, certainly of Randall Jarrell. With a friend who was enrolled in it, I once sat in on one of his writing labs. That was an education, to see him at work. But more fun, I think, was to see *him*. He was newly married at the time and did not yet have his beard, and it was such fun to see the pair of them scampering around the campus looking glamorous and artistic.

Lettie Rogers was for me such a good experience. I realized that only as years passed, when memories of her and of those things she had said would come back to me. They made me comprehend reading much more clearly. What I was reading between the ages of 25 and 35, I read more thoroughly because of Lettie Hamlett Rogers. She was a good teacher.

CORADDI: Tell me more about Lettie Hamlett Rogers. What effect did she have on students and young writers?

ANDERS: She is, as a teacher of writing, my hero. She was *never, ever* proscriptive. She was always helpful in individual conferences. Her method of presenting information in class was designed to make everybody a little better off without putting anybody on the spot. She would do anything to avoid embarrassing a student. Her precepts began with good grammar and good spelling, and she worked up from there. Although Lettie Rogers was a fiction writer, she would keep an eye out for good candidates for the poetry workshop. Her eye was just about flawless. After I had turned in my second story to her, she suggested that I try my hand at writing a poem. She thought I could maybe bring it off. And it was as though somebody had suggested that I write in Martian. It was not that I felt snobbish toward poetry, it was that the genre was absolutely foreign to me. Poetry was something that, as far as I knew, had been written before 1850. I think she saw from my expression that it wasn't the right time. So she quietly backed off and took another story

from me.

But I never forgot that Lettie Rogers had said I might be able to write a poem. When I did resurrect my brain 20 years later, I was less surprised than you might expect to find that the expression I chose was poetry. I trusted Lettie's good eye and good ear enough by that time -- and she had been dead for years by then-- to dive into a genre about which I still was ignorant, but to which I had become attuned.

CORADDI: What is the writer-as-teacher able to do for young, or relatively inexperienced, poets?

ANDERS: You can make the learning of creative writing more easily available to young writers. That's what Lettie Rogers and the best of my other mentors have done for me. That's what I think one should try to do. I think once you try to teach -- *to teach* as an active, assaultive verb-- you start imposing your own notions, your own approaches and probably your own moral compulsions on people. That is a big mistake.

The best thing you can do is ride herd; suggest valuable reading; keep the students reminded that their own responses are just as trustworthy as those of most of the critics they're likely to read; lead them through their first tentative steps in critical evaluation of one another's work, stressing the necessity of the generous spirit in criticism as in writing. The first precept ought to be that of the Hippocratic oath: do no harm. In working with their actual writing, I try to keep hands off, other than to do the obvious things like helping people to see their own excesses, helping people to see repetitions that don't serve, to learn the terminology. I try to bring them to a recognition that even the well-crafted poem about an inadequate or insufficient subject maybe shouldn't be written and certainly is just an exercise, that what they ought to be up to is scratching for their own moral imperatives and beginning to write them out.

CORADDI: Any thoughts on the contributions women are making to 20th century poetry?

ANDERS: Some of the most vital poetry being written in our century is being written by women -- not only in this country and not only in this language. The women in Latin America, the Russian women and other Central European women poets are doing work that is going to color the literature of all our languages.

CORADDI: Do you detect any differences in the poetry men write and the poetry women write?

ANDERS: I think the differences are artificial, but I think they are real. That's not a contradiction. They are not as great now as they have been in the past, and that delights me. If there is still a generalization that I think is valid, it may be that women tend to write a poetry that strives for coherence, for cohesiveness, for a special clinging. Women tend to know what goes into the creation of human life. Whether women as individuals give birth to children is irrelevant. The bodies of women are the channels by which human life occurs. Women, it seems to me, tend to be persuasively aware of just how complex a thing human life is, and

how precious a thing. Our poetry seems to me to be protective perhaps more than that of men has been.

There are a lot of male poets writing now in whom I see a real expansion of the self. Some of them are accepting qualities in themselves that 50 years ago, suffering maybe under the Hemingway curse, they would have been terrified of showing. Robert Hass is a man who is willing to explore all the qualities of gentleness and domesticity he can find in himself just as he explores those qualities when he finds them in his wife. All those qualities turn up in his poetry and they are wonderful. His poetry is expanded because of them.

We have made traditional and stereotypic generalizations about subject matter of poetry. We say that poems of women are likely to use domestic images for metaphors. I think that is because of what women and men have done with their time, because of the kinds of lives, the kinds of compartments, that people's lives have fallen into. As our lives have more opportunities, our images are going to change. We see them changing now.



First Snow, with Sunlight for Betsy Gregg

When the crows came
flurrying, hissing "Listen!
It will be winter soon.
What have you done?", we dropped our hands,
dropped our tools, hurried
through the snowshower that caught
the early light like gold
leaf gleaming, Byzantine, priestly.
Indoors we saw
how blind we had been,
how we were not ready. The draggled greens,
things that would not keep--tomatoes, eggplants--
littered the table.

One of us thought to bring
inside the rattling walls
the single cyclamen that had lived
absurdly, beyond its right span, in a pot,
to cheer us, or for its own sake, or
for no reason:
we stood close and, through old windows, watched
the tough-skinned beasts, and flying things
with feathers, even the bristling
conifers, breathe a harsh air
free of us, rise to the light
that broke, yellow and nude, where cold
gathered, over the hill to the east.

Shirley Anders





Amy Falstrom

CORADDI POETRY CONTEST
1987 WINNERS

Judged by
Shirley Anders

DIMENSION

Visible in the vapor -
blue sky,
green leaves like
hands,
palm easy breeze,
wave on slender
stems
hinged to limber shoots'
tender ends.
Free-bending,
back-turning to supple
twigs
fullblown
with summer sap,
a thousand young
spines
sprout down, root
to last year's limbs. Firm arms
fixed with fine skin
fastfall backwards through
main branches to
the hardened core,
a collection of
conducting vessels
connected cross-grain.
The silent humming mass
moves matter, drops
through the huge trunk
whose girth bursts bark
below the lowest limbs.
Then,
abruptly branching,
gnarled
gray
knuckles grope,
search.
A larger part
disappears
into
solid
deep

Beth Williams Baldwin

2nd place

Cross Your Heart and Promise Not to Tell

the black spider crawls inside my head hurts
will heal with time runs endlessly until it
is inside outside my daddy calls me inside

Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as

the dead afternoon "now can I take a bath and
change clothes?" must be washed but I never fold
his under "our father's love". . .What does that
mean?

and still the shadows are left for me to let
my spider web across.

Robin O'Neil



Todd Owens



Amanda Durant

Embarkation: Mt. Pisgah Campground

I felt odd,
packing the car with only
sleeping bags and tent.
The trunk lid eased up like a motel clerk
behind his desk, eyebrows smirking
"All your luggage?"

As we rode I tested how
quickly you got each
chip to my mouth, the proper angle
of handing the drink can.

The tent rose on its gravel mattress
like a bright church. We toasted it
with pink wine, laughing
at our loose mooring of the fly.

We began that night under sailcloth.
The tent breathed and swelled out
like the ocean, steady. I lay
as on the open deck of a boat
and stared into the orange canopy,
a deep, enclosing sky, seeing in it
a destination, distant, and a course.

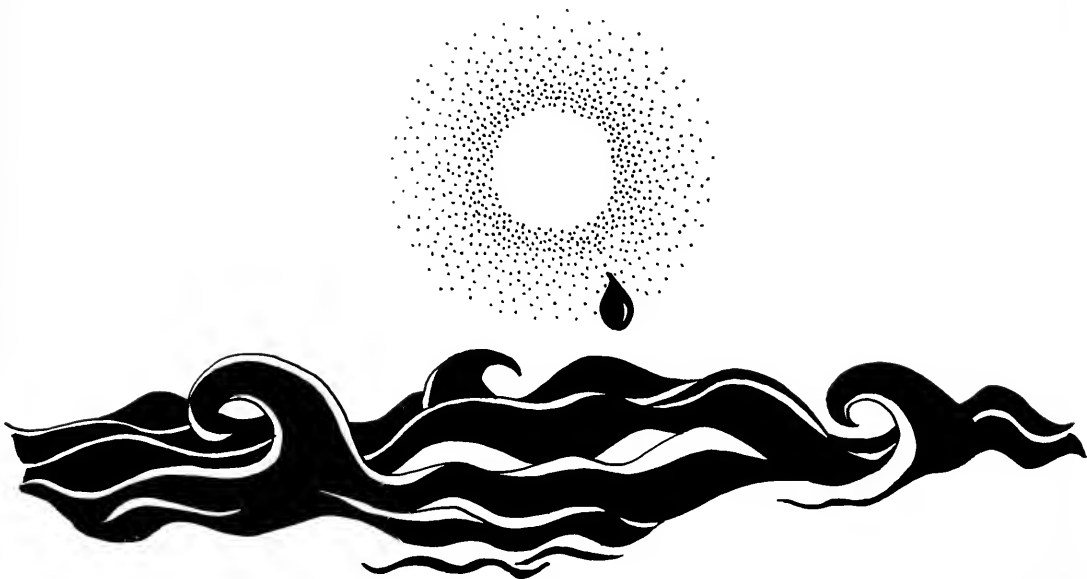
Ken Chamlee

JAMAICAN LAMENT

where are you, bobby? you of the
tossed-back hair, goldy-tooth
grin -- where the hell
did you go? you
lived a little more, loved
a little more, looked half-assed
and raggedy, sure, drunk and
oversexed -- where

the hell did you go off to
bobby? jesus help me i
still miss the quiet mornings.

M. Brannon



IMPOTENT TEMPEST

in a narrow alley
you paused--
busily waiting
for some other figures
to pass by
in the singlelane
slenderness,
they were slow
so you poised
in the ballerina repose:
head tilted sidedown
to avoid
some distracting familiar look
with one leg slightly fore
and heel raised
below a sloping knee
as if the sun were raised
also ready to unwind
and hammerthrust forward
your mouth withdrawn lips
at once, embodied mother
and daughter
setting a singular,
most feminine composition
of impervious petulance

David K. Peacock

FATHER

grew to miss me
long before I was able
to be gone - crows
carving their gnarled feet
deep into the edges
of his German blues
each time they flew,
by some accident or impulse,
across my rumple
of denim and hair.

For I had faded
from the child's holiday
photograph he kept inside
his wrinkled wallet
and no amount of touching
up would set us back
into that cracked
and yellow frame.

Wil Gehne

Honorable mention

JUST WATCHING

wind shouts down trees
fields bow away
seeks shelter
against ground
hard ground
holds on
then releases
water patterns
that trace wind's way
farther out
and farther still

Brad Arnold

ZAGORSK

- I. They are four, squat on the church steps,
like fat pigeons.
"Babushkas," we call them,
and take their pictures.
We like their obesity,
faces spun with webs of wrinkles,
their scarves and swollen ankles,
thick stockings for supporting varicose veins.
They get up to drink from the holy spring.
- II. Heading a procession the old man appeared:
in a thick black robe and bronze cross,
too heavy for his quivering neck,
sagging skin and soft, purple veins,
sparse hair that hung in oily strands
from underneath his skullcap.
Leaning on a wooden cane,
he disappeared into the church
of the blue and yellow cupolas.

The tears of the babushkas shone sideways
across their creases.

Kelli Logan



Amanda Durant

so anyway,

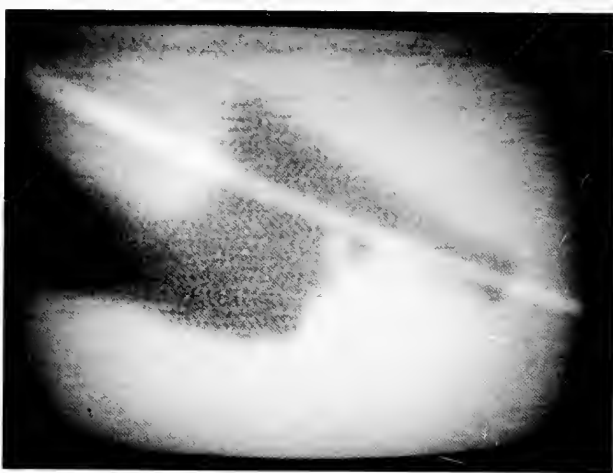
i'm down by the river
floating a line
God drives by
in a powder blue mustang
i wave
he makes one of those gestures
that can only be made
with two arms
and an omnipotent countenance
i laugh
he hurls an empty can at me
and misses
he laughs and waves
then melts into the road
and comes up about a half mile away
going straight up
God--
what a guy

Brad Arnold

Self Definition

I open to the sun - a morning glory
I close myself to the spirit in the night.
My words are the water that flows from a fountain's head
Washing over this illustrious earth -
Who captures them in her empty canyons.
My words to reverberate in this loneliness.
My song - the silence of the moonlit sky
My dance - the fluttering of a butterfly
atop a driftless cloud.
Not even I can feel my dance upon
the weightlessness of my fury.

Lauren Katz



“ On my way back to the living room, I checked the loads in my Ruger. I stood over José with the gun on him. ”

continued from page 11

I must have dozed a bit. I heard Yvonne drive up in her ragged out Chrysler. She mooosed her way out of the massive piece of iron and jiggled her 250 pounds into the store. I looked at the clock. It was 7:15 a.m. Saturday. She was always late.

“Hi, Gus... how’s it goin’?” she said.

I made the usual non-conversational babblings and headed for my Chevy.

I thought about Yvonne. She was so fat, I couldn’t imagine anyone getting off on a buffalo woman like that. She was real nice, though. Some guys might go for the hefty type, I suppose. Maybe an Eskimo, or someone from the colder parts of the planet.

On the way home I stopped in at a U-Totem, one that I never go to way over in Miami Springs. It’s set off the road a ways and looks like a space ship or something, all lit up with chrome and neon. I bought a 12-pack of beer and a fifth of Wild Irish Rose. I figured to get old José tanked and then take him for a ride.

My hand was shaking a little when I reached for my change. The cute chick behind the counter looked at me strangely and asked if I was okay.

“Sure... I’m just a little tired.”

She smiled. I smiled back and left with the bottles clattering in my arms. I felt a bit chilly inside.

When I got home, my German Shepherd, Chelsea, was running around playing with her Frisbee. The door to my place was wide open and José was passed out on the floor. The TV was full of religion. The preacher was shouting something about how we all had to help those poor bastards in El Salvador find the right and

true path to Jesus.

“Give ‘em a .45 bullet in the ass and they can find Jesus on their own,” I muttered.

I stepped over José and went into the kitchen to put away the beer. On the way back to the living room I checked the loads in my Ruger. I stood over José with the gun on him. Chelsea came in and ran right up to José and licked his hand.

I had to sit down for a minute. I tried to aim the gun, but it suddenly seemed heavy, too heavy to hold steady. Sweat ran into my eyes, and my vision blurred. I put the gun back in my pocket.

Chelsea wouldn’t understand if I blew that ‘old dog’ away.

“It’s gone, all gone,” he said. “I was on my way here and stopped in the park to rest. Some freak with a bird tattooed on his head was tryin’ to get it from me and I woke up and bashed him with my bottle. He was all over me then. My money, Gus. What are we gonna do now? Man, I had it made -- now it’s gone.”

He began to cry for what he had never had and couldn’t ever hope to have, except maybe to hold for a few minutes for the amusement of whatever whimsical gods.

I went outside and spat on the ground. The sky was steel blue and cold over my head. I stared upward, feeling chilled through to the bone.

Pretty soon I heard José cough. He came out on the porch and sat down. Chelsea came over and nuzzled José’s hand.

José looked at me and said, “I’m sorry, Gus.”

“Fuck it man -- let’s go get us a beer,” I said, punching him lightly on the arm.

PERFORMANCE!

Interviews by Clint McElroy, Michael Read and Lara Smolev



Read

When we at Coraddi were planning for this issue, we were trying to think of a way to express the true essence of performance in a magazine format. Not an easy task.

Performance is art with immediacy. A performer's every action is subject to the critical reasoning of the audience. A performer knows that as soon as the performance is over, or even during the performance, the audience will give its response.

The response of the audience to their performance is what these people live for -- whether that response is acclaim, money or simply the thunder of applause. However, the performer responds most fully to his or her own

internal response to the performance. In many cases, the performer is most fulfilled by the feeling of accomplishment that comes from the fulfillment of personal artistic goals.

It is important to remember that, to many performers, success is not measured by financial gain.

All of the performers that we have spoken with have expressed a great need for the spiritual satisfaction that they get from performing. Every one expressed a tremendous need for self expression. In order to fulfill that need, these people have had to vigorously dedicate themselves to the pursuit of their respective arts.

For an art form to provide a performer with self satisfaction,

that performer must be good enough at what he or she does to elicit the desired reaction to their art. The people featured in this series of profiles are all determined that they will someday achieve their personal goals, if they have not already.

In a nutshell, the one word which best describes the essence of performance is idealism. This idealism pervades every aspect of a dedicated performer's life. Their artistic idealism becomes one and the same with their personal idealism, and the result is a tremendous love for what they do.

This love for what they do rings loud and clear in the words of these performers, and their idealism is certainly something to be greatly admired.

CLINT MCELROY

James DeFiglia, Michael Fowler and Mark Freundt - Jazz musicians.

Smoke writhed like a serpent casting shadows in front of low-lit spot lights. Smooth tunes reminiscent of Oscar Peterson, Thelonious Monk and others cut the air with sexy nuances and rhythmic blues. The ambiance was staged in a nondescript wood paneled room, stripped of all pretensions.

During the jazz session, Michael Fowler (drums), Mark Freundt (piano), and James DeFiglia (bass), exchanged inspirations as soloists, and as musicians in a group.

Michael Fowler: "Improvisation is like a searching. You go through your highs and your lows, until you find a comfortable synch. I am very fusion oriented. I think about that a lot when I am playing. Of course I have a feeling for what I am playing, but

it is always accompanied by visions, anything in abstractions...shapes. Especially triangles.

Mark Freundt: "Jazz is like going out on a date. There has to be chemistry to converse. If you open up to your fellow players and you have good vibes, then you know your stuff is working out.

"Playing in front of an audience is scary. You are crying out to them, hoping to get in tune with their needs. If there is no feedback, it's a downer. Music block is just like writer's block, just more embarrassing. For jazz to work, you must be in a mind-lock, exchanging cues.

"Jazz is something automatic like driving a stickshift. You get to know the vehicle you are driving. The form would be the road and the vehicle would be the tune. The music grabs you. It's sheer delight because it's an instantaneous creation.

"Jazz is a self-analysis where you learn about yourself. Each style evokes your mood. It's an overcoming of your own personality. You have to live funk to play funk."

James DeFiglia: "The difference between jazz and classical music is the difference between the poem and the recitation. There is a specific form, and you try to keep within the perimeters of the outline, but you try and stretch the form to the absolute limit.

"It's an expression of a feeling without words. Jazz has an undue reputation of being a form of music played by drunks. There is a discipline involved -- an idiom. Jazz is a craving you must satisfy like eating, drinking and sex. It's a needed release. It's a part of existence."

L.S.



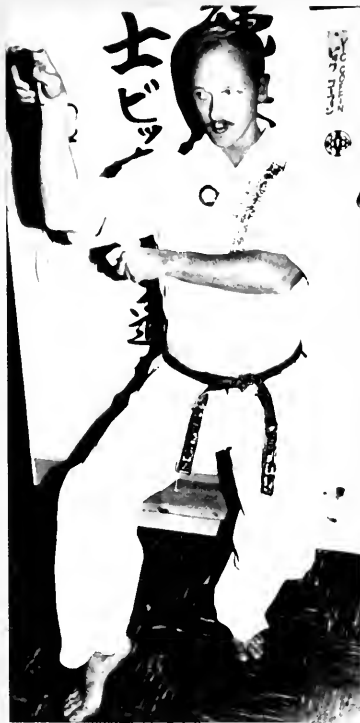
Vic Coffin - Seventh Degree Black Belt

"Karate is a self-healing process. That self-healing process is continuous. The spirit of karate-do is the spirit of truth. In order to pursue the truth of karate you must build from inside yourself. For me to be a teacher of karate I must give of the spirit of karate-do, not my own spirit.

"To perform karate in the proper way you must perform as if you were naked before an audience of 10,000 people. If the audience sees the naked human on the stage, then your karate is full of ego or fear. If the audience sees Karate technique in its purest form they will never see you naked because the spirit of karate is alive in you.

"The physical aspect of karate is a secondary extension of the greater whole of it, the morality of it. The pursuit of karate is a pursuit of truth, the truth which is your true self. That truth is different for each individual person."

C.M.



Read



Read



Becci

Liza Woods - Actress

"It feels wonderful to perform. I feel that I am doing the right thing by performing....that God has given me a talent and I am doing the best I can with it. It's basically instinctive.

During auditions you have to take chances. You may look stupid, but not taking those risks is wrong. The anticipation of it all is worse than the actual acting, unless you are in La-La Land. You must be continually observant. I went home and watched my mother bake to prep for the role in *Sweeney Todd*.

"I've always tended to play bitches, loonies, mothers or schizos. I would like to do more

serious work, but it makes me feel vulnerable. I am afraid of playing someone who is a lot like myself. Like a character who is shy and uneasy about her looks and sexually wary would be hitting too close to home. Like Glenn Close, she always played the Quaker mother and look at her now! It's something I have to work on. Right now, I'm most comfortable with big, broad roles. I don't have stars in my eyes. Fame is not a goal. If it comes -- fine. If not, that's okay, too. But it really is a double-edged sword. I just can't throw this all away. I can't stop. You find yourself going to audition after audition. It's a disease."

L.S.

Ronnie Garvin - National Wrestling Alliance World Heavyweight Champion

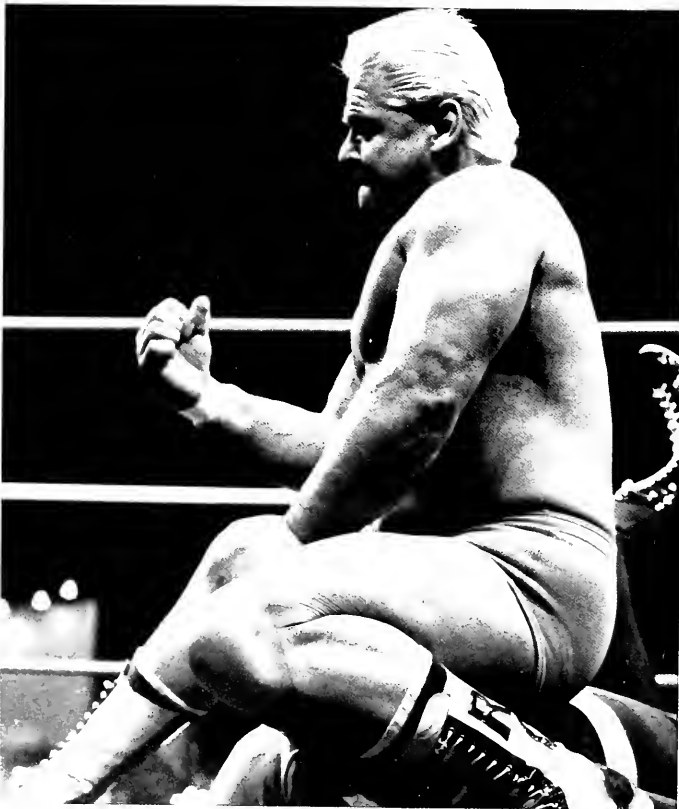
"How do I prepare for a match? I get scared. Everytime I fight somebody I'm scared. It makes me dangerous. Adrenaline is everything.

"Dedication and determination got me where I am now, but just because I've made it to the top of my profession; it doesn't mean I can let my guard down. There are a lot of great wrestlers in the NWA. If I ever let down I would make mistakes. You can't make a lot of mistakes and expect to win in this league -- the competition is too tough.

"Conditioning is a key factor in a person's wrestling ability. Strength is important, but agility is more important. That's why you'll see a smaller wrestler beat a much bigger opponent a lot of the time. It's because the smaller guy can move with more control.

"You can tell if you have a mental edge over an opponent. You can feel it. Being the champ gives me an edge. You've got nothing to prove when you're the champ, except to show that you're worthy of the title. That edge doesn't mean I'll always win, everybody makes some mistakes, but it does help."

C.M.





**Francee Schloesser -
Dancer, student of UNCG's
MFA dance program.**

The curtain will soon go up. Francee Schloesser sits behind it on the floor of the stage, in the half darkness of the prep lights, preparing to dance.

On the other side, the audience talks and rustles their programs. Francee does not hear. To her left, the stage manager is barking instructions into a microphone. Francee does not hear. She is performing her dance, step by step, in her head. The stage manager taps her lightly on the shoulder. She stands, and assumes the initial position of the dance. The curtain slowly rises.

"That time alone before the performance," says Francee, "is absolutely crucial. Whether it's on the stage before the curtain rises, in the dressing room or

even in a room full of people, I must have time to pull all of my perceptions inside myself, and to just be alone with the dance that I am about to perform."

When Francee performs, she attempts to block the audience out of her mind as much as possible, so that she can be consumed by the dance. "If you let the audience preoccupy your thoughts, then you can lose the dance," she says. "If you think about a difficult part that's coming up, then fear can destroy what you're doing.

"Performing dance is very much an intuitive process. If you approach it as a matter of simply learning the steps, then the audience will just see 'steps.' On the other hand, if you allow your imagination and your intuition to enter into the process, then the audience will perceive the emotion and the passion that should be there."

M.R.



**Anton Bradshaw -
Rhythm Guitarist for
Burning Spear**

"Playing reggae music make I feel irie, you know? It's not hard to get into the feeling of the music when you're doing it for a purpose. The message of reggae is what I feel as the truth, the truth in I and I life. A man's religion is the way he lives his life, not just what he says he believes. I live life as my religion, my truth. That's what we are doing with Jah music, letting people hear the truth. No person can make another person believe something, but they can give them an idea and let them decide for themselves what the truth is.

"When I play music it's all or nothing. If I couldn't give everything for what I know to be the truth, I wouldn't be worthy of the spirit of the music. When I play reggae music I am fighting for everything I believe in. What could be more powerful than that to make you give it everything you got?"

C.M.

**Flonzo Camack - The
Sax-Man, a former big band
musician who is now a
self-styled minister of the
street.**



Read



Read

"I played with Duke Ellington's band after he died. His son was the band's leader then. I used to make good money, but I would spend it all on wine, women and song.

"I wasn't as serious about the music back then. I was good at playing, but I was into all kinds of monkey business. When you really become a man you quit the monkey business and go after more important things. I have more spirit, feeling and purpose in my life and my music now.

"I play blues, jazz and gospel music to win souls for Christ. You really have to play all types of music to win all types of people to Christ. God is using my talent for his work.

"I used to play for money, but now I'm playing for greater riches, spiritual riches. I used to make eight times as much money before, but I am a richer man today because I have a purpose in my life."

C.M.

The Sociopaths - Greenboro's drinkin', stinkin' rock and roll outfit.

The first gig. The night was May 1st, the band was The Sociopaths: three scraggly deviants that had scrambled their brains and their guitars together for the first time only six days before. They were a little uneasy - could they pull it off? Could they give the scraggly deviants that were their audience what they were hungry for? Could the sociopathic stew that is their music satisfy the crowd's need to thrash?

Britt "Snuzz" Uzzell stepped up to the microphone and set fire to the first chord. In unison, Bill Greene's bass emitted beatful moans and Mike Fowler's drums spat out their intricate and perfect rhythms.

By the third beat, the crowd had rushed the stage.

The band looked out at the gleefully convulsing audience. They were a success. "That was the finest moment of our career," Bill says. "That first song at that

first gig. It's an incredible feeling when we can work the crowd into total rapture with what we're doing on stage. They're with us every move we make, and we're with them. I'm not quite sure how to describe it."

"Performing is a spiritual orgasm," Snuzz interjects. "It's as simple as that."

The Sociopaths say that when they are performing, it is not their objective to lay down some heavy moral message. "We're not up there to indoctrinate our audience. We're not up there to explain to folks what is right and wrong. We're a band of opinions, not ideology," Snuzz remarks.

"When we're on stage," Bill continues, "all we're trying to express is the power of our music. Our only message is rock and roll, man."

M.R.



Read



THE SNEEZE



photography by KITTY STAATS

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