

CORADDI



Fall 1988

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CORADDI

UNCG's Magazine of the Arts

Fall 1988



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Journal of the Arts
UNCG

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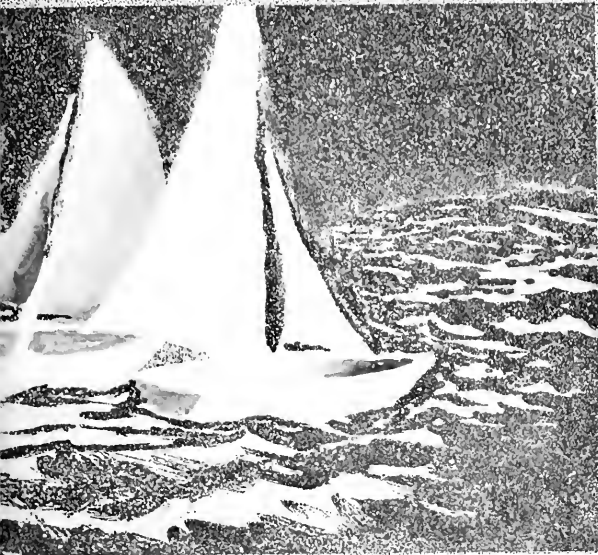
**On the Cover:
"Cat" by Michael Northuis**

"Usually before painting in my famous post cubo-primitive style, I like to mix up a poultice of Quakerstate and cow dung. Using Saran Wrap, I wind it tightly around my head in a counter-clockwise fashion (clockwise in the southern hemisphere). This poultice both lubricates and fertilizes the imagination.

"When I desire a more expressionistic product, I throw in a healthy dollop of Deep Heating Rub and a few strands of thorny vines into the poultice mix, which keeps me in that constant state of pain and nervous agitation necessary to sustain that expressionistic mentality."

Northuis teaches painting and drawing in the UNCG art department.

**See the Faculty Art section,
starting on page 34.**



Regatta Bob Keery



Self Portrait Andrea Comer

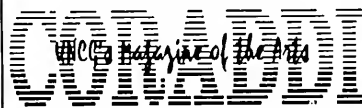


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The Centaur

By Sid Stern

The big man leans forward in his chair, pointing his forehead at her, smiling and lifting his eyebrows. He has done this six times in three minutes.

Is he trying to seduce her? Not exactly. He thinks he is wooing her support for an idea, an idea which he, the Athletic Department and the Board of Trustees hope will push the athletic program into a higher echelon of intercollegiate competition.

Her eyes shift past the coach, through her office door and across the hall. The glass in the door of her husband's office is dark. Her husband had not been the kind of man who used eyebrows to persuade. The tone of his voice discouraged disagreement. He would have told her what he wanted and she would have given it to him.

Her eyes dart back to the coach and then to the top of her desk. The tendons in her neck, made strong by years of athletic training, appear beneath her smooth tawny skin as she focuses on a photograph matted beneath the glass desk top. It is a picture of sculpture: a centaur ravishes a noble maiden. His thick fingers dig into one of the maiden's breasts; one of his legs, ending in an obscenely large hoof, snakes around her waist; his mouth strains open driving folds into his cheeks and splitting his forehead into a half dozen wavy-edged segments. The maiden's face is smooth and composed, almost dreamy. Her eyebrows may arch slightly more than usual, her jaw may jut an extra centimeter: these are the only expressions she permits herself.

"We want you to write a letter stating that, as

a member of the Classics Department and a former women's coach, you back our decision," says the man who sits in her office chair. It is a Chippendale which the Classics Department has provided. "We need the support of the faculty," he adds.

Looking up from the photograph, she notices his calves and thighs. They dwarf the legs of the chair. In fact, the chair legs are spread further than usual.

She considers asking him to get out of her Chippendale, but thinks better of this. She wishes she had said something before he sat down.

The corners of her mouth turn down almost imperceptibly. The huge young man hastily adds: "Write the letter only if you agree that *Spartans* is a better name than *Owls*." He opens his hands and pushes them towards her.

She slides to the rear of her seat. Her husband would not have conditioned his request upon her agreement. He would have said: "Spartans is the name our teams need." Then, louder, he would have demanded: "How can you justify calling our athletes *Owls*?"

She would have been hard put to justify the name *Owls* to her husband. She would have seen that the owl, unlike the lion or bull, is not combative and is therefore not appropriate as a name for athletes. And she would have had to agree that the name *Spartans* suggests endurance, discipline and teamwork.

She looks at the coach sitting on the other side of her desk. The thick folds of his stomach, straining against the largest shirt the athletic de-



partment issues, bulge over his belt. Hanging over his stomach, pushed out by his beefy masculine breast, is a tiny profile of Athena, embroidered in gold thread turned orange by moisture.

A glimmer in her eye, she places her elbow on the arm of her chair and leans forward.

"Why do you recommend the name *Spartans*?" she asks.

"The Spartans came from Michigan State University," he says, "We call it MSU. Super athletic programs. Outstanding won-loss record. Prestige-wise, they are up there with Ohio State and Notre Dame."

The Coach pauses for a moment as he looks at her and raises his eyebrows.

"The athletic Council and the Trustees figure the name *Spartans* will help us catch up with the big boys," he adds.

She presses her tongue against the inside of her cheek, a gesture she did not use during 18 years of marriage.

"The 'big boys'?" she asks.

"The larger universities in the state," he replies, nodding.

Her husband, of course, would never have used the phrase, "catch up with the big boys." But that was just a matter of form. In fact, he had regarded universities as paternal institutions, the larger the better. Barely moving his fleshy cheeks, he would have said: "The name *Spartans* befits the prestige of our college."

Outside the oak-framed office window, the November sun is setting, its final rays shimmering on the glass top of her desk.

She does not attempt to explain to the Coach that the name *Spartans* has roots deeper than Michigan State University, that the real Spartans were unfit for association with any institution of learning.

Nor does she explain her preference for the name *Owls*, based on her knowledge that in ancient times the owl was associated with Athena, patroness of wisdom. Athena's profile is the emblem of the College. For 90 years this profile has been pictured on the College seal, printed on all school publications and known to generations of alumnae.

She blushes, realizing that she has formed an opinion on a issue outside her area of professional expertise. Her husband had never hesitated to take sides on any issue, especially when the College was

involved. But he had insisted that she confine her energies to writing and teaching.

"I'm not sure I agree that *Spartans* is the best name for our athletes," she says, "I would not feel comfortable writing the letter you request."

The coach hoists himself out of the Chippendale and walks to the door.

The door slams. She does not notice. She is thinking about a baseball game she attended with her husband. The Baltimore Orioles had defeated the Detroit Tigers. Where is it written that teams must be named for ferocious animals?

She looks down at the photograph beneath her glass desk top. What is so noble about behaving like a maniquin while being attacked by a monster?

She stands up, pushes her chair against her desk and walks out into the hallway, where dim ceiling lamps provide round-the-clock twilight. Poster-sized photographs of ruins and personalities from the ancient world line the oak-paneled walls. Each is framed in bronze and lit by an individual lamp. Pedestals supporting replicas of Greek statuary stand between the photographs. The carpet is Persian. The overall effect, not unintended by the millionaire who furnished the building, is that of a British men's club.

She passes a photograph of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia. Fallen columns radiate from the base of the temple, the gigantic marble drums leaning against each other like slices of chopped carrots. The colossal statue of Zeus, once stationed in the innermost chamber of the temple, is nowhere to be seen.

She pauses beside an engraving of Alcibiades. Relieved of his command, the Athenian general stands alone on a beach. After 27 years of war with Sparta, Athens is almost finished. The flame of classical civilization is about to go out.

She steps across the hall to the chairman's door and pauses. She tugs her skirt straight and pushes a lock of gray hair off her forehead. Her heart beats rapidly. She knocks.

"Come in," comes the reply. It sounds as if the chairman has many things to do.

She opens the door and enters. She sweeps her skirt beneath her and sits on the edge of a couch facing the chairman. The wall behind him is covered with framed certificates: diplomas, memberships and statements of appreciation.

"Yes?" inquires the chairman, looking up from his paperwork.

"Oh, Dr. Batten," he says, recognizing his colleague. "We certainly miss your husband."

"Thank you," she replies automatically. For the first time in a month she has passed five minutes without thinking of her husband.

"What can I do for you?" sputters the chairman.

Her heart accelerates, the adrenalin charge is pleasant.

"Do you know our athletic teams will no longer be known as the *Owls*? They are being renamed. They will be called *Spartans*."

"Yes, I had heard something along those lines," the chairman answers, his voice fading as he returns his attention to the papers on top of his desk.

Her cheeks flush. She cannot believe the chairman of the Classics Department is not interested in the name change.

She hesitates. Her husband had always said she worried too much. Owls. Spartans. What difference does it make? The important thing is exercise and camaraderie for the students. They will get that regardless of what the teams are named.

Without looking up from his desk, the chairman blurts: "The introduction to your husband's 'Herodotus'. How is that coming? Pelican is ready to go to press. We don't want to delay them, do we?"

Her teeth clench. Her eyes flash at the chairman. The deadline Pelican has set for her is a month away. The chairman knows that.

"I'm not here to discuss my husband's translation," she says.

The chairman does not respond. Sallow flesh hangs from his downturned face, concealing the line of his jaw. His teeth are hidden by bloodless lips.

"There is meaning behind the name *Spartans* and you know it," she says, raising her voice.

The chairman looks up from the correspondence on his desk. He covers a yawn, and she notices the knuckles bulging beneath the gliding skin. He looks back down at his desk.

"Black Sparta," she continues, her eyes widening. "Think of it: the secret police, the mass executions, the contempt for education, the failure for three hundred years to produce a single lasting work of art, the destroyer of Athens."

"They were fine soldiers," replies the chairman, fingering correspondence on his desk. "We're not going to adopt their political system, just name our athletic teams after them."

She pauses, then asks: "Twenty centuries from now, will we call our athletes *Nazis*?"

"Do you think this is worth engaging in a controversy with the Athletic Council and the Trustees?" the chairman replies. He has not looked up from his desk.

Her eyes are fixed on his fingers, set in identical curves. The yellow nails slowly rake the papers on his desk.

"I will write the Trustees," she says.

The chairman straightens in his chair. He looks directly at her. Three vertical lines appear between his eyes.

"Is that necessary?" he asks, clicking his tongue.

"It is," she replies.

"It may not reflect well on our department."

"It may not reflect well on our department if we allow the name change to proceed without offering a word of informed advice."

"My concern is that despite your good intentions, this protest you are planning could impact our funding. Without adequate funding, the endowment for your husband's chair, which you stand to inherit, may be reallocated."

She passes her fingers over the soft leather covering the couch. She pushes her shoes along the thick Persian carpet. The glimmer returns to her eyes.

"Are you suggesting that if I write to the Trustees, I may not be able to continue in the path my husband has set before me?"

"You may draw your own conclusions," the chairman replies.

She stands up and crosses her arms. She looks down at the chairman, directly into his eyes.

Then she walks out, composing silently: "Hated for aggressive wars and despised for repression of its own citizens, Sparta was known to ancient writers as the 'half-civilized, half-barbaric beast of the Peloponnesus'."

She has planned the rest of her letter by the time she reaches her desk. She smiles at the maiden in the photograph beneath the glass top and begins to write.

MARYSE LOERTSCHER

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE ARTIST



Artists have visions.

We visualize; we fantasize to create. Detail by detail, the work can appear in a vision in its own totality.

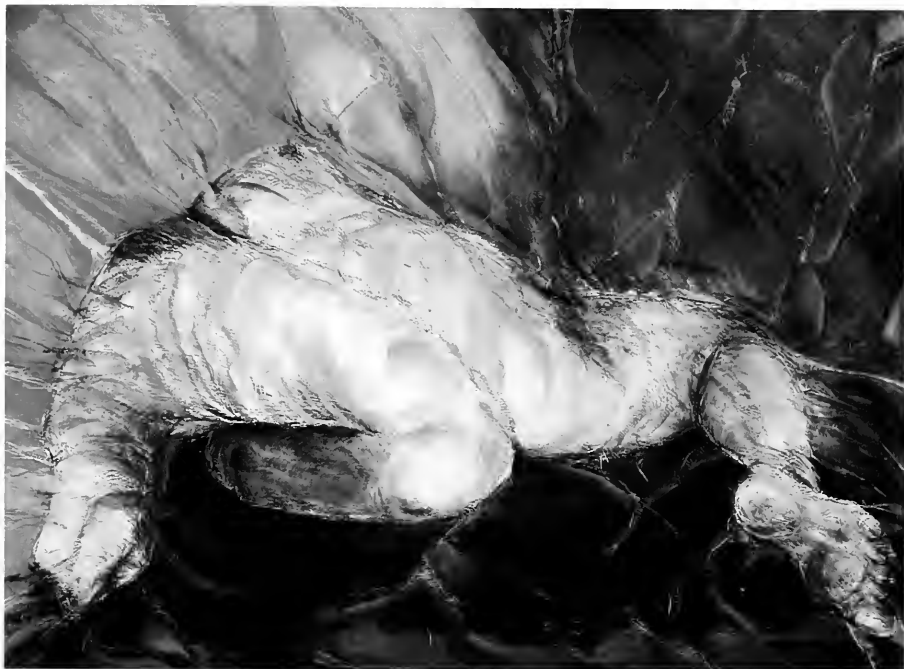
As we create and work with the concrete matter, the artwork starts to show its own identity; it escapes under the artist's pressure -- developing under its own identity.

Art has a life all its own. The art and the artist engage in a dialogue. The artist must accept the autonomous life of the work. The final state of the artwork may be totally unexpected.

In any creative work there comes a time when the artist has no power, no free choice. The only recourse left for the creator is to accept or reject the product.

--Maryse Loertscher





L'anatomie d'un Désespoir

What could you say about your early life experiences that affected your art?

I was born in North Africa. I grew up as a kid in the middle of the war. I don't think I really realized it until I was a teenager in France—that I grew up in the middle of a war.

What war was it?

It was the War of Independence in Algeria. It began in 1953 and ended in 1962. It was a long war—nine years.

What is growing up in a war zone like?

As a kid you don't see the whole scope of everything. When I was 19, I realized I was different from other people because of that experience, the war. I realized that I had a different view of reality and how individuals fit into this reality. Perhaps I see from a more distanced point of view.

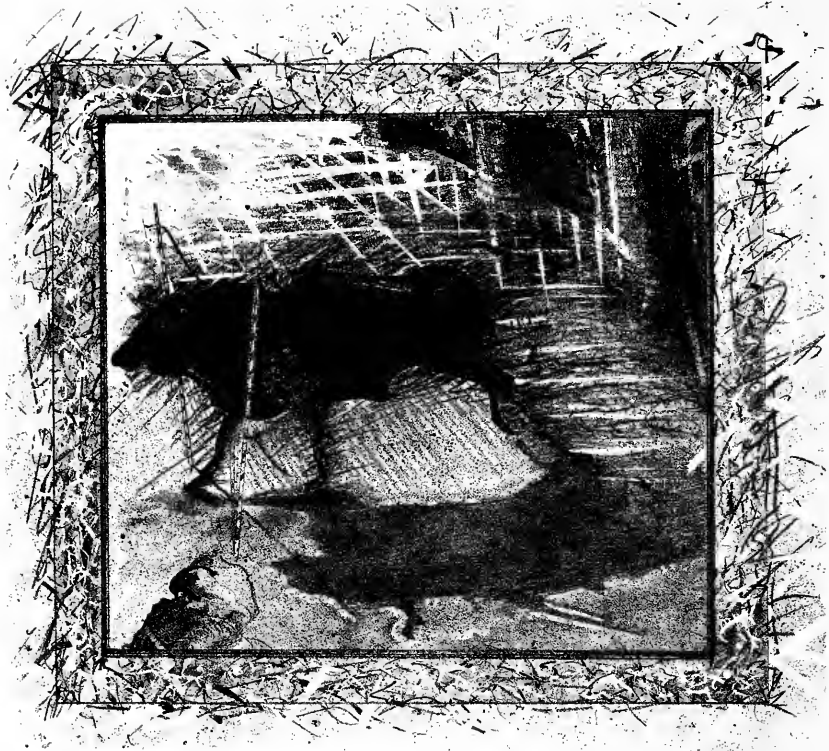
I went back to Africa in my early twenties and worked as a volunteer in something similar to the Peace Corps. It was a French organization. I was there in a time of drought, so I saw a lot of misery. I suppose that's also how my art is affected.

Were painting and drawing a part of your life as a child?

Oh yes, a great part. In fact, I wanted to go to L'Ecole des Beaux Arts in France, but my parents didn't want me to do that because it's only fine arts—it is a very specialized kind of education.

Talk about coming from France to the U.S.

I got my degree in biochemistry in France in 1971, did the volunteer work in Africa and then married in the U.S. in 1976. After I married, I lived abroad in Mali, then in Haiti. In 1979, I returned to the U.S. I always wanted to get a degree in art so I



signed up for art classes at the University of Delaware. I lived there for 2 years and completed my BFA at the University of Alaska.

Looking at your biography, it seems like you got a head start by doing shows in Alaska.

Yes, I kind of regret not being there anymore, because I was already showing and having people collect my art. I was part of a visual arts center, a co-op where artists work together. For a minimal fee you can use the studios, the galleries, and participate in exchange shows. It was a good opportunity for me. I started fast, like you said.

Tell about the work you were doing there.

I've been consistent since I was in Alaska. My theme is Man and the way Man communicates. Not only Man but Nature, Man in relation to Nature. It was about how we are affected by Nature and how small we are relative to the universe. In Alaska you really feel the force of nature. You are affected by the weather—it's very easy to die. You feel like

you are a grain of sand—there are places there where no man has been yet. It is like an Arctic jungle, a huge forest. It is still very wild.

After you got your degree in Alaska, you went directly to Oman?

Yes, I went from zero degrees to a heat wave. We lived there for two years. Oman was like a fairy tale. I was almost living out of reality. The government paid our rent; they paid for the car. We knew it was not going to last, and we would have to come back here, into reality. I almost try to believe that it never happened, because I got really spoiled.

Did you do a lot of work in Oman?

Yeah, I had a studio, and I worked, but it was living in an ivory tower—totally isolated. The work I did, I didn't want people to see. They might have been offended, especially the Muslims. I was doing lots of figures—nudes. Portraying nudity is against the law there. In fact, all the magazines I received in Oman were censored. What they do is use a black

felt pen and cover each nude model one by one—each magazine.

Did you have models?

No, I drew from imagination. That was an interesting experience for me—totally different from the United States. Here you can be in touch with almost anything you want, but over there it's another world. Freedom of expression shouldn't be taken for granted.

So I take it that you couldn't show any work.

Oh no, I've never shown anything in Oman. In fact, when I left I said to one of my friends that what I might do is just do my work and take pictures of it—take records on slides and destroy the art, because I could not show them to anybody.

Did you do that?

No, I didn't. Besides, my work goes back and forth between doing abstract work and figurative work. I did lots of abstract work at this time, so they probably wouldn't have found it objectionable, anyway.

Did you feel restricted as an artist because of all this?

Yeah, but whatever is going to happen in your

life, you have to learn from it—take something out of it. From life, I always get positive experiences.

Did the fact that you were so isolated affect your work?

Yes. There was nobody that was interested in art, so I was totally isolated in terms of art, and I was never talking about it. Most of the people I knew there were geologists, engineers—really square people. I thought the better of opening my mouth and saying something that would blow them away.

From Oman you came to Greensboro to work on your MFA. How has your work changed since then?

When I got here a lot of people asked me "You came all the way from Oman? What are you doing here?", and I said "Yeah, what am I doing here?" I was depressed for a whole semester trying to deal with being a student again. I was by myself, and I already knew what I wanted to do. It took me a while to adapt and to decide that I still have a lot to learn. I realized I had a lot of things to learn about space, form and colors. I've always dealt a lot with colors. I'm more of a colorist than anything else. I



Salle d'Attente

had to go back and work on space—that's mostly what I'm doing now. I think about the amount of work I have to do to be where I want, and I'm still far away. The more I do, the more ambitious I become about what I want to do.

Do you have a definite goal or vision you are heading toward besides your M.F.A.?

No way! It is changing so fast that there is no way I can tell what is going to happen—even next semester. I think it's really hard to concretize ideas. When you start to work on it, the image starts to change in front of you. It's like entering the painting and not being an outsider anymore. It's like being in a trance. Sometimes when I work, it's almost like the work is going by itself. It's a weird feeling. I believe it relates to witchcraft, having visions. Artists are sometimes called prophets—they see things that have not happened yet.

How much longer you will be here?

I am already starting to work on my thesis. I'll be giving my thesis show this Spring. I also think my work will change quite a bit; I think I'm in a transition. The MFA is important to me, and I want to do my best. I really want to concentrate on that.

So you haven't really focused on your show yet. Are you still trying to fine-tune it?

Well, it's going to be something about human nature, about states of consciousness and how the mind is torn between paradoxes.

Is what you're going to do for this show along the same lines of your last show, "The Nature of Reality"?

Yes, definitely. Most of my work is a metaphor for states of mind. Mostly it deals with unpleasantness, stressful feelings or depression.

Does your work often deceive you?

No, but sometimes I see it and feel terrible

about having it out on the wall—thinking 'why did I put it there?', because it's totally different when it's in the studio. When you put it on the wall and the glass is covering it, it looks precious, and it's out of your own environment. Before it was all yours and suddenly it's detached and on the wall—it's like a piece of furniture. You look at it with entirely different eyes and lose the relationship you had with it. When you see it in the studio, it's yours, it's coming out of you and you have contact with it. But when you are removed from it you realize what doesn't work.

What is the

creative process like for you?

My work takes over at one point. There is a dialogue between me and my work. Sometimes I don't have so much power over it. The work is right in front of me and I have the choice to either let it be or destroy it. I can't compromise, it's one way or the other. Like I said before, it's a kind of witchcraft. I feel that something magical is happening, away from the material world, but then I'm not dealing with material reality in my work anyway.





Teapot

Jim Clodfelter

STUDENT ART



After Matisse

Malena Bergmann



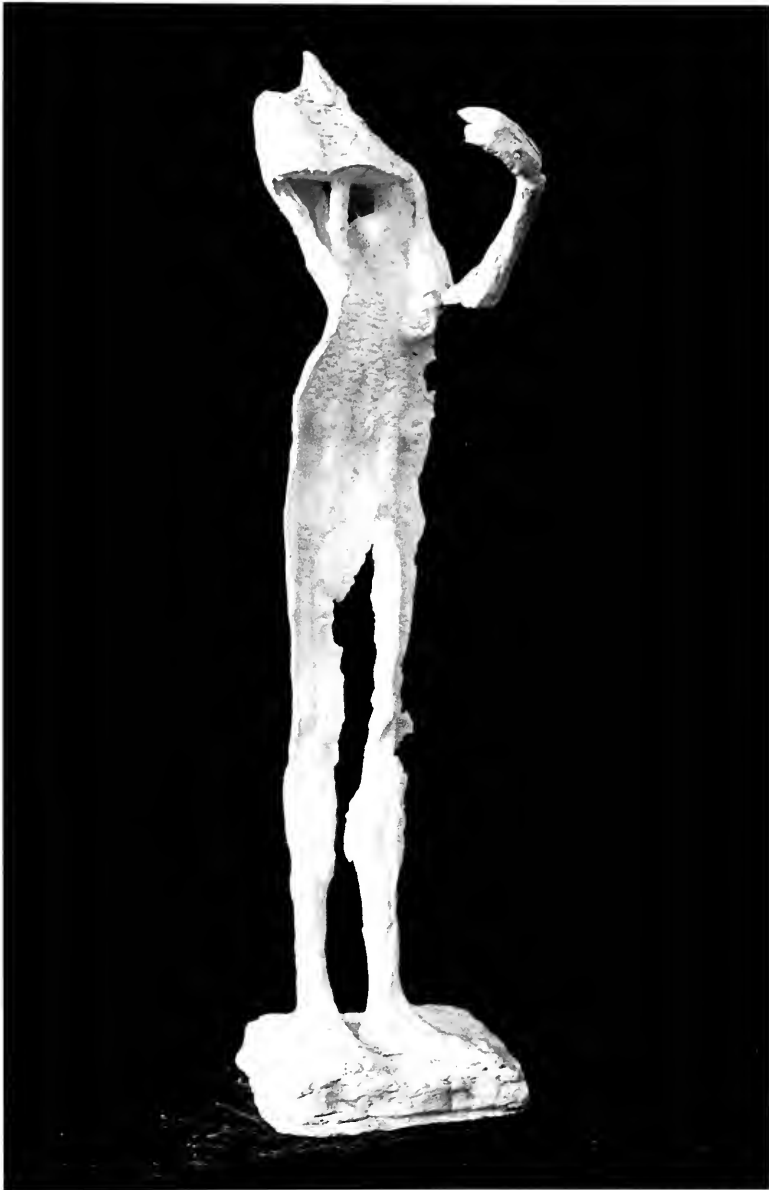
Untitled

Kevin Powers



Big Painting

Doug Brantz



Untitled

Jim Austin



Untitled

Amy Bobbitt



Untitled

Edwin Cheek



Leonardo Study

Doug Brantz



Explosion

Rebecca Weichinger

THE DEUCE

Night Cat and Iron Head were trouble looking for a place to happen. They stood on opposite sides of a crowded, dirty and littered subway car, en route from the Bedford-Stuyvesant housing project to Times Square, swaying with the rhythm of the side-to-side motion, oblivious to the reverberating roar of the train hurtling through the tunnel.

They were a street crew, one of many such crews roaming the streets of Manhattan, and the slang name had nothing to do with the repair of potholes.

Night Cat was the street name for Emory Johnson, and he had the sleek moves and arrogant grace that inspired his street name. His face was impassive, chiseled ebony. And over his sinewy lean frame he wore the uniform of the ghetto: sweat-shirt and faded jeans, with worn-looking Air Jordans, black and red felony flyers. He stood with one arm hooked around a hand-rail, and watched a young Latin in a Transit Authority uniform as he passed through the car. The Transit cops had to watch the homeboys, and were suspicious of all young blacks. The Transit cop passed by Iron Head with a casual sweep of the eyes and continued on to the end of the car, while Iron Head jiggled to unheard music, and stared at infinity with blood-shot eyes. His amber skin looked lumpy and coarse under the flickering lights, and his squat, muscular body jerked and twitched in a fantasy dance.

Both young men carried "throw-a-ways", distinctive plaid shirts that they would use during, and discard after a score, making identification and pursuit difficult.

The train thundered and screeched into the broad lighted station platform of Times Square, and Cat made eye contact with Iron Head. Silent communication conveyed the message: Be cool.

The doors hissed open, and the mass confusion of passengers jostling past each other began, with Cat and Iron Head bullying through the mass, twisting and lunging with their sneakers squeaking and slapping. They sprinted up the stairs, kicking aside scattered newspapers, and debris. They emerged

By Ed Medbury

from the stale air of the subway to the acrid smell of exhaust fumes, and the incandescent glitter of Times Square.

After the tomb-like atmosphere of the subway, the boxy triangle of Times Square was bright, noisy, and busy with cars and taxis. Amplified rock music blasted from the open door of an electronics shop, and people milled around the bars, porno parlors, and fry shops. Neon and the rotating lights of theater marquees contrasted with dirt encrusted, pigeon-stained walls. Beggars, street people, and prostitutes strolled and accosted likely-looking prospects, who studiously ignored them.

Cat and Iron Head stood at the corner of 8th Avenue and 42nd Street, the mecca of Manhattan hustlers. In street parlance: The Deuce.

Cat noted other street crews, home boys from the projects, and studied Iron Head, who was still wrapped in a cosmic drum-beat, and wondered if he could make him focus long enough to find somebody. Get paid. Get laid, too, if they could.

"Bro. Hey, Bro, you in there?" Cat waited a moment, then slapped Iron Head's arm. "C'mon down, slick, you gonna make me do all the work?"

Iron Head did a little heel and toe pivot, snapped his fingers and said, "You the brains, man, I the muscle. You pick it out, man, and we do it." Grinning. Grooving.

They fell into the flow of pedestrians crossing the street, and Night Cat sized up a man walking ahead of them, feeling the excitement spread through his stomach and tingle on his arms, his fingers. "Now, Bro, listen up."

Iron Head said, "Unh-huh."

"Check it out, Bro. That fat little dude there in the suit."

"Yeah, man, I see him. What we do?"

They plowed through a group of teens who were

giggling and pointing at a shop where a neon PEEPS sign glowed a faded red, and where nude pictures and posters were taped to the window. "Get up close, Bro," said Cat. "We hang on him 'till he turn off the Deuce, then we do it."

Cat had already seen the bulge of a fat wallet in the pants back pocket, just under the edge of the suit coat. His experienced eye registered it all in one half-lidded glance: elderly, well dressed, hands jammed in coat pockets, an awkward, unbalanced stride, eyes locked on the sidewalk. Sure enough, Cat thought, that dude is a born victim.

They followed their prey past a dark doorway with the smell of urine like sharp ammonia; where a drunk lay huddled in sleep and a vagrant bent over the sleeper, searching his pockets.

In the next doorway, a Puerto Rican kid in studded leathers took a half-step toward their target, and Cat jerked a fist at him and said, "*¡Conyos vamos, hombre!*" and stared him down as they passed.

At last, the target turned off 42nd Street, onto a street with fewer lights, and fewer people. The shops were dark and steel shutters covered the fronts. A steel and concrete canyon. Cat poked an elbow at Iron Head, it was time to close in.

As they turned the corner behind their prey, both Cat and Iron Head whipped out their "throw-a-ways", and pulled the bright shirts over their clothing. The man they followed walked on without a backward glance, troding the cracked pavement and grates. They began to close the distance with quick, silent steps, as they approached a dark alley entrance.

Ahead of them a Rastafarian apparition sprang out of the mouth of the dark alley in front of their quarry. He stood with arms and legs spread wide, an ankle-length black overcoat billowing around him. He was a towering image of menace.

"Everbody love New York," he said, his voice a rich lilting Jamaican baritone. "Hey mon, everybody full of love."

He was grinning, teeth like white dominoes, and his eyes shone yellow in the poor light. His black hair was bushed out in dreadlocks, and he seemed seven feet tall.

The old man stood frozen in mid-step, like a rabbit in the hypnotic eye of a snake, and he was overrun by the two followers in a brief tangle of bodies, and they fell to the pavement at the feet of the giant, who was still grinning and chuckling.

Unerring in purpose, Cat got a hand on the elderly man's pocket, and tore it away in a mean ripping sound, and grabbed the fat wallet in an instant.

Iron Head was trying to squirm out of the heap, and Cat was struggling to his knees when the black mountain of overcoat and spiky hair landed on top of them. He locked one arm around the neck of each of them, squeezing hard, and rolling on top of them. The mellifluous voice was booming with laughter, "Ha-ha, mon! Whooc!"

Cat and Iron Head struggled and clawed to get out of the man's grip while the victim lay immobile. Neither youth was able to break away from the vice-like grip, and were still thrashing on the ground when a black and white NYPD patrol car pulled up, siren going whoop!whoop! and blue lights rotating, bathing the scene in an eerie, blinking glow.

All other traffic in the street stopped, and pedestrians gathered to watch a scene that must have attracted, and repelled them, as blue-uniformed officers jumped from the car and reached into the pile of twisting bodies.

There was a distinct sound of steel ratcheting on steel. The encircling voyeurs were able to see both officers stand up, pulling coats and caps back into place, and the large man in the black overcoat stand; still grinning, and make the closed fist hand-salute of victory.

When the handcuffed street crew was locked away in the secured mesh-enclosed patrol car, the crowd drifted away, and traffic resumed its pace.

When Night Cat and Iron Head looked out through the mesh, the last two men left standing on the sidewalk attracted little attention. They were both making entries in small pocket notebooks. Then they parted with a little wave.

The grinning giant disappeared into the dark alley, and the elderly man ambled back toward the Deuce.

**"Iron Head jiggled to
unheard music and stared
at infinity with bloodshot
eyes."**

poetry ∞ contest ∞

Judged by Robert Watson

Since his arrival at the UNCG (then Women's College) English Department in 1953, Robert Watson has been a major force in bringing nationwide recognition to the university's creative writing program. He was one of the founders of the UNCG masters program in creative writing, as well as the program's national publication *The Greensboro Review*. Watson continues to teach advanced courses in the writing of poetry, although he officially retired from the faculty last spring. He is an accomplished writer of prose, but is most widely known for his many volumes of award winning poetry, including *Advantages of Dark*, a 1966 Pulitzer nominee. Coraddi is honored to have such a discerning critic to judge our 1988 Poetry Contest.

FIRST PRIZE

THANKSGIVING FEAR

Once a year we'd go down to the pigs
and throw them hard apples that had fallen,
turned brown on the side facing down.

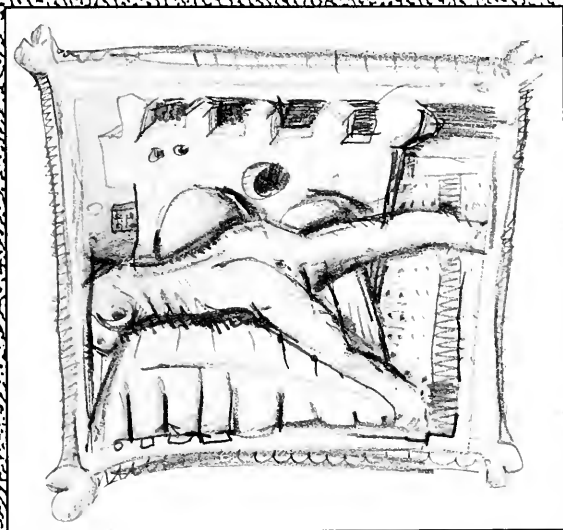
The pigs lumbered up
from mud gone dry to gobble them.
The hollow crunch, crisp as the air,
followed us down the path
where the mean pig eyed us
from his own separate pen.

We heard he ate piglets
(and children too, we worried).
Once just outside his pen a piglet lay dead,
his body mashing a clearing in tall grass
that crunched as we stepped near,
craning to see.

His eyes had gone milky,
blue veins mapped skin
thin and taut enough to pop with a toothpick.
We didn't know what killed him,
but scurried past while the mean pig stared,
fat folds swallowing his black eyes,
hair as coarse as the wire that kept him from us.
We reached the end of the path,
the Esso station and general store,
where we spent our change on penny candy
bagged by a dull-eyed man
missing three fingers,
hand stubbed like the pigs' knuckles
pickling in jars on dusty shelves.

KELLI LOGAN





SECOND PRIZE

MAKING THE BED

No matter how well
or worse the sleep
someone must take
the four corned world
and set it straight.
Two can do it better,
take turns with edges,
coverlets, shams,
blanket and bolster,
wait in turn.

You can do it in the dark,
by feel, familiarity,
plumping feathers or foam.
You know your own scent,
shallow spots your knees
seek, the ah place you
fall into, dark and faraway,
taking you back or forward
like a train, all scenes
lighted cars you can look into,
out again. You hear the engine
that goes nowhere, the solitary
shriek as daybreak unrolls,
all wrappings out like flowers.

We go on with our lives.

RUTH MOOSE

THIRD PRIZE

HARVEST

no more than the corn-silk dolls,
their faces painted and flaking,
tending the african violets
on the windowsill:
this was never her home.

the leer of a jack-o-lantern, set
eyes of the man-in-the-moon: beyond
both, a flame
clear autumn skies and the scent
of burnt pumpkin.

the children pressed leaves
in wax paper,
but her photographs
are blurred, out of focus.
the glass preserves, jars
full and round, sweetness
held to the sun:
a memory of peach
light on the skin.

she learned the truth
of corn, how the ropey roots
pierce the crust,
force the stalk upright,
let the green stagger out.

the drought comes later.

RICQ PATTAY

HONORABLE MENTIONS

ST. MARY, IN THREE PARTS

I

I can taste myself in you, St. Mary—
I am full of stone as you
I stand apart
observing your unfocussed
marble countenance

I can taste your stone in my spit.

I

your eyes are dull and grey
staring lidlessly away
your eyes are dull and grey
staring lidlessly away

III

A place for you to haunt:
Windowpane stain the air
the heavy glass stretched
like soap on a wand,
ready to be blown.

The beams of tinted light
illuminate ethereal motes,
displaying their uncertain
quiet movements.

Stone floors are
slowly being ground to sand
by the steps of the devout.

DAVID JARRELL

THE MERMAID'S SUICIDE

the kiss of a wave: the surf
rolls in, a thunder

beats the shore, its echo pulses
beneath her breasts,

moist with salt. the memory
is of his face,

the touch of his skin, dry
and warm: sand molded

under their bodies and movement
created at dusk.

dawn brings rain and footprints
deep inland;

her loss is unspoken, the words
sputter into foam.

she hangs her hair from bleached wood
and looses her heart,

the memory adrift.

RICQ PATTAY

BEARING WITNESS

Lemme jes tell yeh he said
Dey aint no troof
Butten walkin
He stood erect, head and shoulders
Thrown back with his hands
 On his hips.
While I stood there,
Slack and speechless, he walked past
Striding over well-woven fences,
Deftly animated against a still resonance
of a cow round moon round earth
When he spoke was gone
Me left muttering
At my archless feet
Shaped dully to the slim curve of earth.

DAVID PEACOCK

DAYS FOR DIGGING

The sky is dark, almost grey in old
and dusty photographs kept hidden in
albums. Its weight is pushing down like folds
of mourner's heavy veils. Clouds group like kin.
The misty rain is soft and cold. It falls
like whispers spoken during eulogies.
This weather pales the world and makes it all
a somber place. Drops beat their litanies.
The ground is giving way beneath black shoes.
It's loose as if it's ready to be sown,
perhaps with flowers tinged with greys and blues,
but it is weak. Here, nothing can be grown.
For these are days for digging up the dead
and poems, like old ghosts, fly through my head.

THEDA LEATHERWOOD

ANIMA, ANIMUS

You tell me to look at the sky,
that she is like those cirrus clouds,
gallant and gay.
You smile as we watch the wind
carry them off.

The one I'm coming to know is dark,
like you.
I'm drawn to him
and I fear that, like a wolf,
he will devour me.

PATRICIA BLACK

EARLY SNOW

Mornings on the path I take
flowering roses make
me slow to look.

They have me hooked.
"Winter roses," I name them, walking near,
because they bloom late in the year.
I wonder who ties and trims them so
and if the blooms will see the snow.

Then early snow halts my musing
as if accusing
me of hurrying it on.
It looks as if the snow has won.
To get back at June
it gathers on blooms
in mounds and bends them down
as if to snub their faces in the ground
and spoil their charm.

One bud unharmed
points to the sky
as if to defy
this pushy November.
Stem and bud together
form an artful arrow,
upright and narrow,
that the snow can't find.
This bud doesn't mind
the change in climate,
tightly wrapped and clever
as I am against insistent weather.

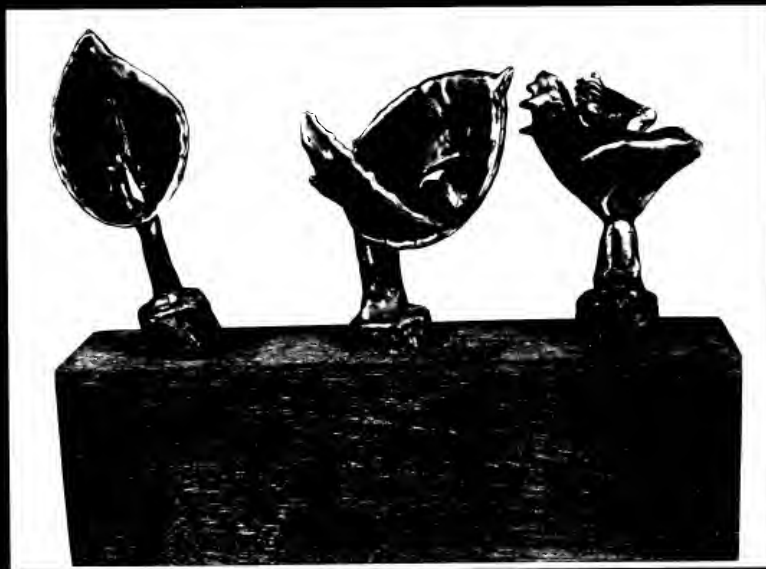
KELLI LOGAN



Plums in a Glass
William Collins

FACULTY ART

The major resource of any art program is the faculty. UNCG's art faculty represents a wide range of practitioners in the various branches of contemporary visual arts. Approximately half of the faculty are artists of national reputation, and all members are actively involved in their fields of endeavor outside of the classroom. Faculty achievements include work in national museums and prominent private collections; awards, prizes, grants and commissions; invitations to jury important shows and to conduct special workshops, and to appear as visiting artists and lecturers.



Three Graces
Carl Billingsley

Pat Wasserboehr



Setsuya Kotani

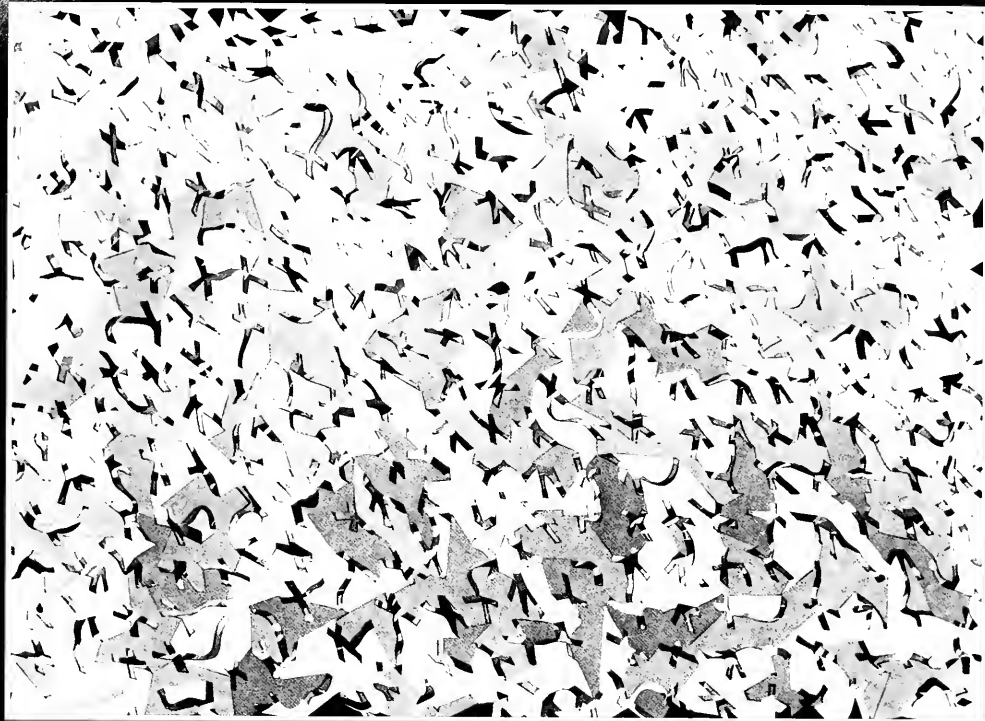




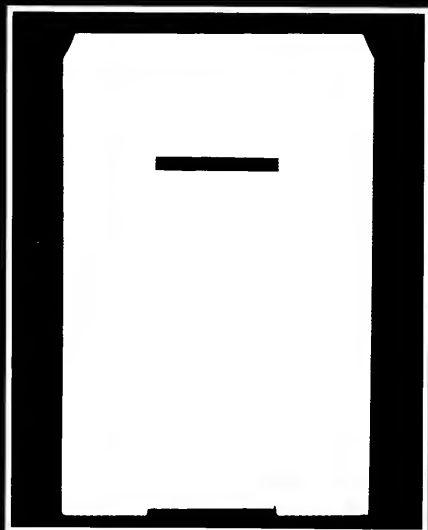
Afternoon in Oaxaca Jo Leeds



Andrew Martin



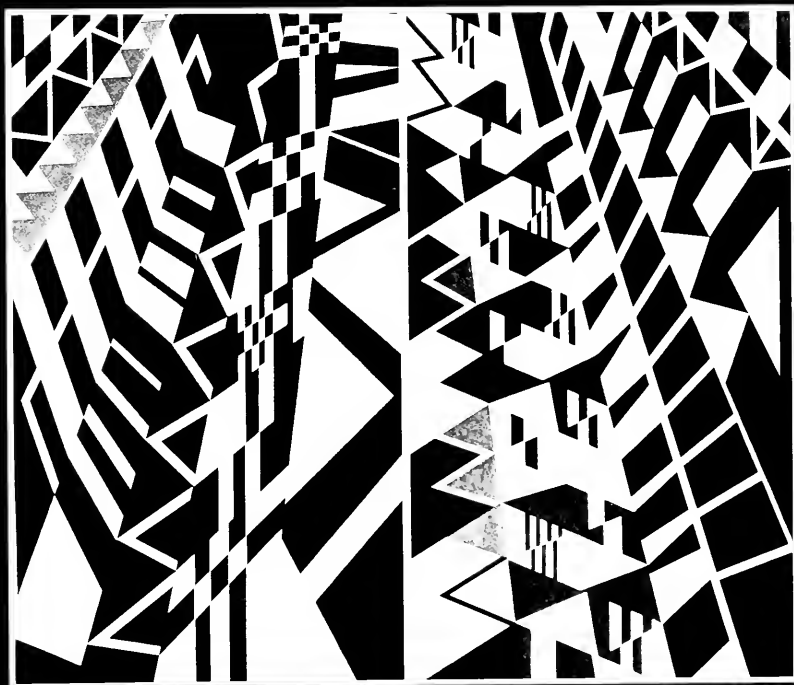
John Maggio



Billy Lee



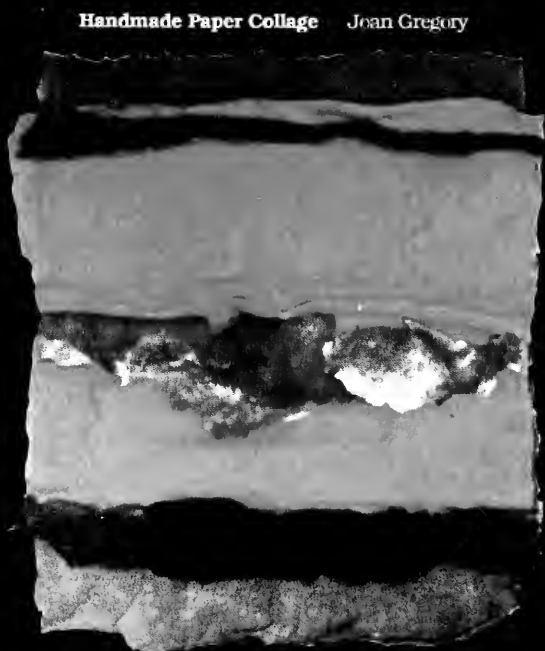
Roberta Rice



Robert Gerhart



Amoria Arch 02 Cynthia Laymon



Handmade Paper Collage Joan Gregory



From the series: **Opposites and Similarities** A. Doren



Carl Goldstein

The Schism at Skitter Creek By Karen Cox

Folks in Mingo County still can't believe it. Even Cuzzie Marcum the fortune teller was upset that she didn't predict it would happen in her yearly forecast. She prided herself on being accurate. It was an unusual occurrence—that was for sure.

You see, about a year ago the Skitter Creek Baptist Church was looking to build an addition because the congregation had grown too large for the existing building. One Sunday, the Reverend Jediah Hockenberry thought he'd better address the situation. Padding back and forth like a polecat in the pulpit, he gave the most energetic sermon the Skitter creek congregation had ever heard. His chest heaved as he took in large breaths. The perspiration flew from his brow showering the most pious members of the church who always sat up front.

Sister Emma Thacker, who sat behind me, caught the spirit, jumped up and screamed to the top of her lungs, "Praise the Lord!" just about knocking me out of the pew.

"The Lord has called upon me and you," said

the Reverend Hockenberry, his voice fluctuating between high and low pitches, "to do His will and enlarge His home, so that the flock may flourish and have a place to gather in His name!"

"Hallelujah!" yelled Sister Marcum. Sister Marcum's first name is Lizzie. She is a cousin of fortune teller Cuzzie Marcum. Lizzie goes to church twice on Sunday and on Wednesday nights. She often prays that Cuzzie will, some day soon, give up that devilish work of telling fortunes. Anyway, Sister Marcum is head of the Women's Auxiliary, and she caught the spirit from preacher Hockenberry and immediately began to think of ways the Women's Auxiliary could help raise money for the church's new addition. They would have bake sales, raffles, and rummage sales.

The brothers in the church, who called themselves "The King's Men," also wanted to help. They weren't really used to doing anything for the church besides showing up on Sunday. They just met once a month to eat a big meal, prepared by the Women's Auxiliary, after which they sat around

picking their teeth and talking about their vegetable gardens—either what they raised this past summer or what they'd raise the next.

Two of the King's men, Otho Spurlock and Otto Crook, knew as did the Reverend Hockey (as he was sometimes called behind his back), that the Sunday plate collection and the funds raised by the Women's Auxiliary combined would not be enough to complete the church project. Yet they wanted to see it come to pass.

Otto Crook, whom my grandmother thought was the ugliest mortal ("Why, he could eat a punkin' through a knothole"), was a single man and seemed to always have a lot of time on his hands. It was he who came up with the money raising idea that would cause the schism at the Skitter Creek Baptist Church.

Otto had made his living like his ancestors—by making moonshine. It was one quick, sure way that the church could get its new addition. Although they wouldn't admit it, people in these parts love a little corn squeezin's now and then even if it did "knock you down and part your hair on both sides." So Otto decided to put his plan to work. He didn't want a lot of people in on this project, so he only asked his friend Otho Spurlock to help him.

Brother Spurlock, who was never seen in anything but overalls and brogans, had been a 'shiner a long time ago until he got tired of having the revenuers bust up his stills, or maybe it was when he got religion. Anyway, Otto knew he could use Otho's expertise.

"Are you crazy?" Otho exclaimed at Otto's suggestion of distilling that ever powerful concoction.

"Nope. How else do you think we could raise the money for the church?" Otto responded. "It ain't like people 'round hyer are strangers to the stuff."

"I know Otto, but think of it," said Otho, "if we'uns was ever found out we'd be in a whole heap of trouble."

"C'mon, Otho. Ain't nobody goin' to find out because I've figgered out the perfect hidin' place for the still."

"They ain't no place 'round these woods that ain't already been sniffed out by revenuers. Just wher do you think yer goin' to put it," said Otho.

"In the church," said Otto, grinnin' like a possum.

"You ain't got all your chairs up to the table Otto. Besides, that's sinful," Otho replied.

"I'll tell you what's more sinful, and that's not gettin' that new addition fer the church. Now let me tell you ex-

actly wher I'm agoin' to put the still."

"Wher?"

"Behind that big pitcher of Jesus Christ downstairs right before you turn down the hall to wher the Sunday school classes are. Ever since I was a child I've been skeered of that pitcher, and I know people won't come near it because they are too. I dint think you was supposed to be afraid of Jesus, but that pitcher of him with those sad eyes and the blood running down his forehead from the thorny crown used to be more'n I could take. Not only that, the pitcher covers up a door to a room that used to have a supply of old pine coffins fer when folks in the congregation would die. It ain't been opened up in years. Even Reverend Hockenberry won't go in there."

"Neither am I!" shouted Otho. "That pitcher scares the life out of me too! I remember when I was a kid and had to go downstairs to the bathroom, there'd be Christ giving me that look as though he were going to step out of that frame and come after me. I learnt to go to the bathroom before I left home."

"Now Otho, ain't nothin' goin' to get you if you help me with this one. Just think, we'll be doin' something good fer the church."

"Lord, help us", Otho sighed.

"Don't worry, He will," said Otto as he set off for the church to clean up the room. Reverend

"Lord, help us,"
Otho sighed.

"Don't worry, he
will," said Otto.

Hockenberry was out of town visiting his folks in Bluefield, so Otto took advantage of this time to install the copper contraption, which he ingeniously figured could be heated with a Coleman stove.

Meanwhile, Lizzie Marcum rounded up her girls to organize a bake sale. She called her most faithful helpers, Wanita and Emma were both widow women and they devoted all their time to church affairs, so when Lizzie called them they were more than willing to help.

Lizzie's house is the perfect Baptist home. The window in her front door is shaped like a cross and the first thing you see once you get inside is a black velvet portrait of Jesus. It isn't as scary as the one at church. One wall of her living room is covered with symbols of her faith. There is a set of praying hands, a cross-stitched verse from the Bible, an autographed poster of the Reverend Ernest Angley which she got when he came to Mingo County, and a picture of an old man praying for his daily bread. Being Baptist is rewarding for Lizzie.

"Come on girls," says Lizzie glowing with excitement. This is the biggest project she's ever worked on besides the church's annual home coming supper.

"Ya'll want ennythang to drink?" she asked. "I've got some sodey pop in the Icebox. Emma?"

"None fer me. I always get gas when I drink that stuff," said Emma.

"Wanita?"

"Well, if it's no bother," said Wanita. Wanita always answered any such offers with "if it's no bother."

Lizzie began by telling the girls that the A & P Grocery Mart said it would be okay if they set up their stand in front of the store on Saturday. "That way, we can catch everybody comin' in and out. Wanita, I want you to call all the women in the Auxillary and make sure they bake somethin'. Emma, I want you to borry card tables from the church so that everthang will be set up nice and proper."

"All right, honey. You can count on us," said Emma.

"I'll be there all day Saturday to make sure we sell ever' last crumb," said Lizzie.

That Saturday, the weather was glorious and Lizzie was in her element. She sold cakes and cookies left and right and by the day's end the Women's Auxillary had raised nearly five hundred dollars for the church. On Sunday, Reverend Hockenberry made special notice of their efforts as Lizzie beamed with pride.

Otto had reason to be pleased himself. He and Otho

had managed to escape the Reverend's notice while they snuck in and out of the room where their still was kept. The fruits of their labor would soon bring in money for the church.

"How do you plan on explainin' wher the monny come from?" questioned Otho, who was eager to call off their project so he didn't have to come face to face with the big picture of Jesus.

"Easy Otho. I'll just make anonymous donations. That way, no one'll have to know."

The money began pouring in on Sundays and each week Reverend Hockenberry would thank the Women's Auxillary and thank Jesus for the anonymous donations. "It looks like we're gonna get that church addition." He never questioned who the donor might be, preferring to call the money "one of God's miracles."

Lizzie began wondering, though. Whoever it was making those donations were outdoing the Women's Auxillary and she intended to find out. It was Emma Thacker who came up with the first piece of evidence that Lizzie could use.

Monday after the bake sale, Emma had gone to the church to return the card tables. On her way out she ran into Otto who, it so happened, had been sampling his recipe.

"What are you doin' hyer?" Emma inquired, noticing Otto's tell-tale breath.

"Oh, howdy Emma. I just thought I'd see how

"I knew I shoulda stayed out of this," cried Otho. "The Lord is goin' to strike us dead."

Brother Hockenberry was doin'," he replied. "What are you doin' hyer?"

"I was returnin' the card tables we borried fer the bake sale," Emma snapped back.

"Well, you did a fine job there, Emma darlin'," said Otto. Emma thanked Otto for the compliment and made a bee line for Lizzie's.

"You say *what* happened?" asked Lizzie in disbelief.

"I said, whilst I was over to the church I ran into Otto and he smelt like a still. Why, his breath coulda wilt flowrs!" Emma exclaimed.

"What was he doin' in the church in that condition?" Lizzie wondered. "Everbody knows that Reverend Hockenberry goes visitin' on Mondays."

"I don't know," Emma replied. "Somethin' ain't right."

From that day on, Lizzie and Emma kept watch on Brother Crook. They noticed that he and Otho Spurlock were always seen coming and going from the church when the church wasn't even having services. One day, Lizzie and Emma decided to hide out near the church to see what Otto and Otho were up to.

Late one Tuesday afternoon, Lizzie and Emma waited for the men to show. Sure enough, they came traipsing out of the woods behind the church looking like Buffalo Bob and Mortimer Snerd. Lizzie and Emma waited until the two had gone into the church before they followed.

"It won't be much longer and we can get rid of this thang," said Otto pointing to the still.

"I hope so," Otho replies. "This whole mess has made me plum jittery."

About that time, Lizzie and Emma opened the door. For a second, both women just stood with their mouths open shocked by the scene inside. "What in heaven's name is goin' on hyer?" shrleked Lizzie as if she didn't know.

"Why, Lorrddd!" Emma remarked as her mouth remained agape at the sight before her.

Both Otto and Otho were startled speechless at first. Then, Otto spoke up. "Now ladies, thar's a good explanation fer all this."

"In the house of the Lord, no less," Lizzie continued.

"Lizzie, if you'll give me a chainch, I can explain," Otto repeated.

"It's Mrs. Marcum and never mind explainin'. You'll hafta answer to the Lord fer this, not to mention the congregation and the Reverend Hockenberry. Come on Emma. Someone has to let the Reverend know about these hyer goin's on."

Lizzie and Emma struck out for the Hockenberry home while Otto and Otho began disassembling the still. "I knew I shoulda stayed out of this," cried Otho. "The Lord is goin' to strike us dead."


"But it was fer a good cause Otho. We almost raised enough money fer the church addition. 'Sides, we dint mean no harm," replied Otto.

Word spread quickly through Mingo County that Otto Crook and Otho Spurlock had been making the Devil's brew in the Skitter Creek Baptist Church. On Sunday, they confessed their sins to the congregation and asked for forgiveness. It was then that the members of the church discovered where the anonymous donations were coming from.

Half of the congregation, of which Lizzie Marcum was part, felt that the money shouldn't be used because of the way it was earned. The other half, although they felt what Brothers Crook and Spurlock had done was wrong, believed that the money should be used. After all, "their hearts was in the right place."

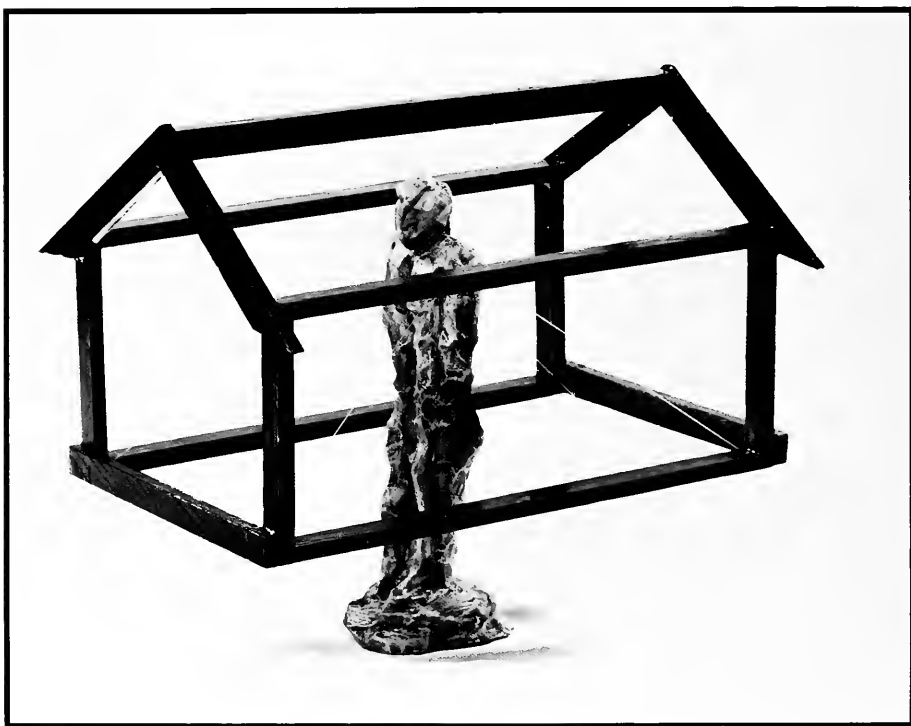
It was the King's Men who decided that the money should be used and when they did, Lizzie and her group left to attend the Flinty Knoll Primitive Baptist Church. "They may bark and roll in the aisles," remarked Lizzie, "but there ain't no fear of such tricks as that critter Otto Crook pulled."

So there was the Skitter Creek Baptist Church with half a congregation (Reverend Hockenberry decided to stay and heal the problems of the church), and money for a new addition they now did not need.

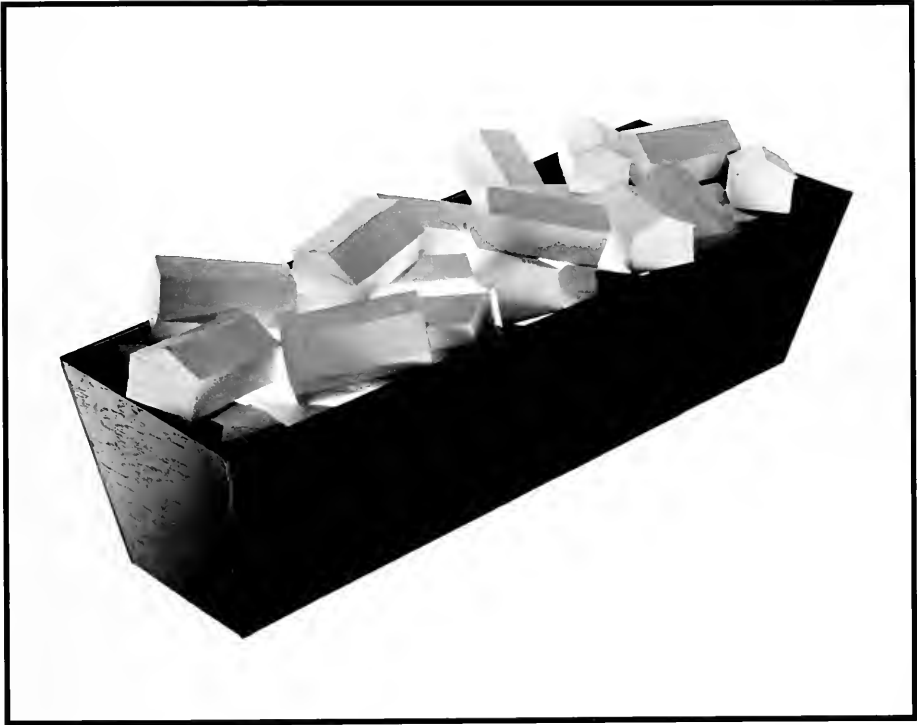
It's going to be okay, though. This year, Cuzzie Marcum predicted that the Lord will forgive Otto and Otho, and her cousin Lizzie, being the good Baptist that she is, will also forgive them and return to the Skitter Creek congregation. 

CHARLIE NESTOR

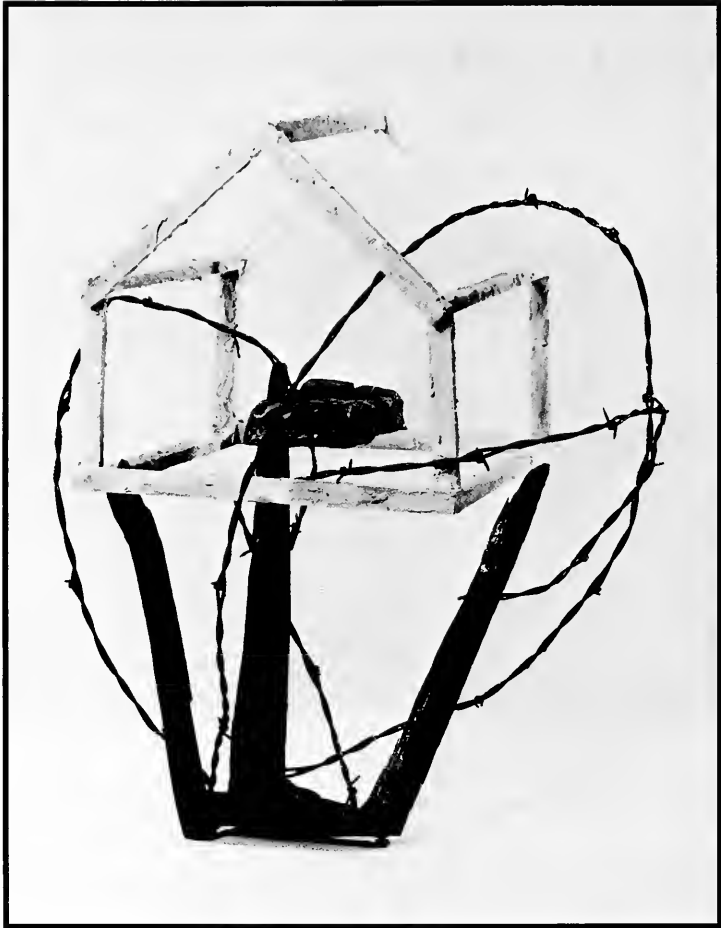
SCULPTURAL OBJECTS



Atlas Shrugged



Rites of Suburbia



Untitled

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