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# CORADDI



# CORADDI

## PHOTOGRAPHY · FILM SPECIAL

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*Coraddi*, traditionally, publishes superlative works drawn from "the arts" in its various applications. This issue though, centers on two specific areas of fine arts concern—photography and film, that have emerged from their respective departments at UNC-G as legitimate and vital aspects of a total fine arts composite. Consistently, outstanding examples of student and faculty work based upon these two genres are produced at the university. This issue is therefore devoted to photography and film exclusively, to recognize the nascent force of creativity and talent apparent within these areas here at UNC-G. The format of this issue has been adapted accordingly. Excepting this change, *Coraddi* remains true to tradition by featuring herein, works meeting standards of artistic and literary excellence.

Dawn Ellen Nubel in her article/interview, writes of Maya Angelou as a remarkable woman who has worked most notably as an author but has also served in her capacity as a successful writer, director, and producer of films. Writing interviews comes naturally to Ms. Nubel, she was formerly editor of *The Abstract Times* at the Governor's School of North Carolina in 1979, as well as

a staff writer for *The Brunswick Beacon*, a North Carolina coastal newspaper.

Matthew Phillips is currently the art director of *Coraddi* and previously served in this position in 1979. Phillips' cover photograph and inside feature of ethereal images were inspired from the account of the glory and demise of Fialta, a pre-Revolution Russian resort. Also featured in this issue is the work of John Menapace, who judged the *Coraddi* photography competition. Over 125 entries were received for this competition with 25 of the best of these being chosen for publication.

Short stories, written by Anthony Fragola, as a graduate student at UNC-G, were published in *Coraddi*. Now a professor here, Fragola is published in *Coraddi* again—this time an essay, *Borges and Film: Adapting "The Secret Miracle."* His assistance benefitted this issue. Ian McDowell, a student of Fragola's, wrote *The King's Bastard* as Part One of a six part series. His work appears in the magazine in condensed form.

The final section in this special issue, features a collection of still photographs enlarged and printed from tiny, eight and sixteen millimeter frames from original student films.



# MAYA ANGELOU

# PHENOMENAL

# WOMAN ”

*M*aya Angelou is more than a poet, playwright, author, actress on stage and screen, journalist, editor, singer, dancer, and lecturer—she is a dynamic woman whose every word and movement implies zest for life. Perhaps best known for *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, the first book in her autobiographical series, Miss Angelou is one of the leading voices of the Black Experience in America.

Miss Angelou is presently teaching at Wake Forest University. Her latest project is a book of poems, *Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?*. Last year NBC released a made-for-television movie, *Sister, Sister*, which she both wrote and co-produced. The movie, which deals with the problems and conflicts of three sisters in a middle-class Southern Black family, received acclaim from the critics and censure from the Coalition for Better Television, a national organization of churches founded by Reverend Donald Wildmon, who claims his organization was set up to fight “excessive violence, vulgarity, sex and profanity” on television. Wildmon asked the sponsors of the movie to withdraw their support because it was “an anti-Christian broadcast” before he had even viewed the film. Despite this negative publicity, Miss Angelou won an Image Award (given yearly to outstanding Blacks in the field of movies and television by the NAACP) for Best Writing of a Screenplay.

Miss Angelou is also known for her appearance in *Roots*, in which she portrayed Kunte Kinte's grandmother. Among her other television appearances (there have been more than one hundred) are several specials for PBS, many of which she hosted.

On the day of the interview, Dr. Linda Bragg, English professor, Fred Pierce and I were met at Miss Angelou's door by Guy Johnson, her son, visiting from San Francisco. We were shown into a large room decorated with striking examples of American and African art. Miss Angelou entered, bare-footed, wearing a black skirt and blouse offset by a string of pearls. She welcomed us in her rich hollandaise voice, sat down cross-legged in a chair and began to talk of her career.

DAWN ELLEN NUBEL

CORRADI:

When did you begin to write for film?

ANGELOU:

I suppose 1971. I was asked to write the screenplay for a film which was going to be shot in Sweden. I was offered very little money, but the chance to write the screenplay offered with it a chance to see how film was directed, and I was very interested in that as well. The form, the screenplay form, is not my favorite form, but I was interested in it . . . so I went to Sweden and worked with the directors and actors, producers and so on *for a while*. I also wrote the music for the film.

CORRADI:

Is this *Georgia, Georgia*?

ANGELOU:

*Georgia, Georgia*. I worked with them for a very brief while before I fell out of favor . . . for some reason. I know the classic position of the writer, you know, standing around going, "Agggg" as each line is read, but I never did that nor did I intrude on the director in anyway; what happened was that a kind of alliance between an actor and the director developed, and they together felt that if I was on the set I inhibited—just my physical being inhibited them and so, they wouldn't let me come on the set. Unfortunately—one of the characters was the glamorous Georgia who wore \$500 wigs and under the wigs her hair was in cornrows—that was a part of the character—when she would come down to herself she was very plain. But no hairdresser in Sweden knew how to do cornrows so, about 4:30 every morning I would get a cab across town to the location and would be allowed on the set long enough to braid her hair. And then they would not light the lights so I couldn't even tell how they had lighted the set until I had actually walked to the door, my hand on the door. But when I saw the film—nor could I see any of the rushes—when I saw the film in New York on opening night—the opening night was a benefit for Sickle Cell Anemia, which meant that Black society—intelligentsia, society, artistic—had come out in

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*I accept that we human beings are more alike than unlike and it's that similarity that I talk about all the time.*

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droves. I'm happy to say that my son flew out from Francisco, and James Baldwin called every hour and the whole family shored me up. When I saw the film it was nothing I had written. It was just so completely other was a surrealist piece and I have never written Surrealism—it is not an art form that I understand. The next day I went back to Sweden on my own and took a course in cinematography so I could understand something about film because, you see, I knew I had to learn how to direct. It wasn't enough simply to direct because I had to understand the machinery to direct. I would have to ask, for the most part, middle-aged White men to give me the feeling, to give me the sense of what I want, the aura. So I took a course in cinematography just to understand the machinery.

CORRADI:

How do you feel about your film, *Sister, Sister* has been delayed in some places?

ANGELOU:

Obviously, it was a pity. One could say alot, you know, and I suppose under other circumstances I might have said alot. But, I have a feeling once a piece of work is done—once I've finished it—I have done *all* I can do—finished! I mean I could beat my breasts and go on thumping the drum but it is not my, my nature.

CORADDI:

The Coalition for Better Television said your film was against Christian ethics. How do you respond to that?

ANGELOU:

Ridiculous. I don't respond to it. I don't suffer from it gladly. I just don't respond to that. My film won the Image Award of 1981-82—best film—best for Black writing—from the NAACP.

CORADDI:

Well, congratulations! What other film projects have you worked on besides *Georgia, Georgia*?

ANGELOU:

Well I wrote the screenplay for *I Know Why the Cuckoo Bird Sings*. I wrote ten one hour programs for a PBS series called *Blacks! Blues! Black* and it still plays around the country. I hosted thirty half hours of a series called *Humanities Through the Arts*. There are seven subjects: film, sculpture, architecture, music, prose, painting and drama.

The reason I wasn't upset with the statements fr

people who were for Christian television was that during that period my son had been in an accident and paralyzed from the waist down. *The New York Times* would call and ask, "What do you think about . . ." Please—that's the last thing I want to hear in hospital. So, the fact he is visiting me now—it's glory enough!

The thirty half hours with those seven subjects—there are four programs on each subject. The first of the four is an introduction to the subject, bits and pieces, and the second is a panel discussion with experts on the subject. The third is a kind of summary of the subject. That's the same for all seven subjects. It's quite an exciting piece. I do it after doing that, if I want some educating there's hope for me.

CORADDI:  
do you feel about your performance in *Roots*?

ANGELOU:  
It was interesting. I mean I didn't do it for the performance. I'm an adequate actress and sometimes there are even flashes of brilliance. But I can never be a great actress because I don't love it and you can never be the greatest without that. Unless you love it to the point where you are prepared to sacrifice almost anything! I don't do that way about writing. Almost anything—like a party, a party, a vacation or anything like that—that's not sacrifice at all. But I don't feel that way about acting.

Alex Haley and the two producers phoned, and kept asking me to do the drama. I thought one hand feeds the other and an equal distribution of labor was what they wanted to use me because of my name. That's why I worked very hard for it. I wanted something. I wanted to be considered to direct two of those serials which would have been very important. They said "We'll see." I said just put my name in the hopper . . . But a curious thing happened as a result of doing the film. I can't say I was on the screen all of five minutes or whatever it was, after five minutes of *Roots* I would walk down the street and people would say, "You're a great actress, what have you been doing all these years? Why don't you work more often?" It was good for that.

CORADDI:  
I'd like to ask you about the connection between directing and writing. We're curious about why someone, who obviously loves writing as much as you would put so much energy into directing, and how you see them fitting together?

ANGELOU:

Yes, that's wonderful! They are so linked. The only thing is that, in writing, one has words to act as—words as tools to create prose. So, in writing, I may take three pages to set up a scene. I would write about the morning—the crispness of the air, the three of you in my office, then the three of you finding your way here, then getting off the phone to my editor in New York, then how I anticipated your coming, but was on the phone so my son had to answer the door and how you came into the room and the lights not being on, where you sat, and so forth before we spoke one word. Now, but if I'm doing it in a film, the camera has to show me all of that—show the viewer—and so it's just transferring the medium—it's marvelous; now, I don't love it. I'm not about to say that. But it intrigues me trying to get the brain to shape you.

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***I'm an adequate actress and sometimes there are even flashes of brilliance. But I can never be a great actress because I don't love it and you can never be the greatest without that.***

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CORADDI:

That's twice you've mentioned you don't love the medium. With television, specifically, do you have any negative feelings?

ANGELOU:

Oh, no, no. I didn't mean that. I meant that just in the same way that in order to be great at anything, you must love it. That's all I meant. I have no aspirations to be a great director because I'm not prepared to sacrifice, really *sacrifice* for it.

CORADDI:

Do you have any aspirations of more of your work being televised?

ANGELOU:

I will continue to work in film and television and do a capable job and maybe again, you know, with luck, and with my own craft, there might be flashes of brilliance. But I can't, I could not, hope for greatness. I would do my best—do an honorable job. I would not sacrifice

writing for television or painting, yet I would sacrifice those to write.

CORADDI:

What so you see as your mission in writing? What makes you want to write?

ANGELOU:

Let me look at one question first. I think that from years, when I was young, of being what is called a voluntary mute, for almost five years, I developed a love for the human voice. I loved the sound of it and I still do. I love to hear all voices, all sounds, all of them, all races,

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*During those years when I didn't talk, literature meant everything-- poetry and singing, Black music-- it was*

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all accents. So from that, probably, I transcribed auditory love to words. Probably. I'm trying to give you as good an answer as possible. I'm always looking, I'm always trying to make the translation between what I think and what I see, what I feel, what I think, to words. No writer ever succeeds—nobody has ever succeeded—it's impossible. Because by the time it leaves my mind onto my hand it's something else. By the time you read it, it's something else again. And, well, by the time you translate it to a friend, it's something else again. So it's never exact. But I write to try to get as close as possible to exactness.

If I have a mission I don't know it. It's awfully presumptuous to say one has a mission. It's not presumptuous to say one has ten or thirty!

During those years when I didn't talk, literature meant everything—poetry and singing, Black music—it was just fruit cake, ummmm, chocolate ice cream, and big blobs of peanut butter—it was just delicious. And I memorized without, seemingly without, selection. I could call forth whole passages of Shakespeare, Paul Laurence Dunbar, James Irving Johnson. It just made life possible especially when people used to go about, not implying, actually saying that I must be crazy—that Mrs. Henderson's granddaughter was retarded! Yet I would recite ten pages of *Hamlet* by myself, inside myself. It *was* madness! They were absolutely right!

CORADDI:

Could we ask you to finish your statement about several missions and one mission?

ANGELOU:

The writer of filmmaker or poet or preacher—any person might say she or he has ten things, ten topics, but truth, one always has one theme but you can't say you have one *theme*. I do know if I start to write about art cooking—which I *love*, or motherhood—which I think I did fairly well at, or romantic love—in which I have succeeded and failed in abundance, I will always come back to the same theme—survival of the species. That's what I'm talking about always, in every way.

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*just fruit cake, ummmm, chocolate ice cream, and big blobs of peanut butter-- it was just delicious.*

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CORADDI:

About survival as your main theme, we're aware that you write most deeply about the Afro-American experience. How do you connect survival of the species? Are you speaking of the survival of Afro-Americans or are you speaking of how survival of Afro-Americans related to the survival of all human beings?

ANGELOU:

The latter. I'm talking about *all* people. I write through the Black experience—that's what I know—but I'm always talking about the human condition. So, if it's possible for me, Maya Angelou, me, myself to feel thirsty then I know it's possible for you to feel thirst. And if my tongue dries up with thirst, then I know how your tongue must feel when there's no liquid. And if my body itches from aridness, I know how you must feel too. So accept that we human beings are more alike than we are unlike and it is that *similarity* that I talk about all the time. Yes, not just surviving... but thriving with passion and compassion, and humor and style, and excitement and glory and generosity and kindness...

*She threw her head back and laughed.*

ANGELOU:

... and *smarts*.

# John Menapace











# FIALTA



Matthew Phillips







# BORGES & FILM

Adapting "The Secret Miracle"

ANTHONY N. FRAGOLA

There is a sense in which Jorge Luis Borges's *ficciones* need not be relegated solely to the genre of the short story; they may be also regarded as essays which explore, refine and rework such favorite themes as the interplay between the self and the alter ego; the inscrutability of life; the reality of dreams as opposed to the non-reality of life; and the refutation of the concept of time as a succession of moments, impressions or events.

Yet some of Borges's pieces are ideal for consideration as another unexplored and neglected genre—that of the film treatment. The film treatment is usually written with the express purpose of enticing a potential producer or director to undertake the production of a film based on the essential concept, plot and characters presented in the treatment. Although it is not Borges's primary goal to have his works turned into film we cannot ignore the marked cinematographic intent of his writing. Borges admits that film, especially the work of Joseph Von Sternberg, has influenced his writing. Two of Borges's books, *Los Orilleros* and *El Paraíso de los Creyentes* were first written as film scripts in collaboration with his fellow Argentinian, Bioy-Casares. Whenever a producer expresses interest in turning one of his stories such as *The Dead Man* into film, Borges encourages him, but asks only that the story not be padded; otherwise it will be a failure. This, says Borges, has already happened with *Hombre de la*

*Esquina Rosada* and another of his stories whose title he cannot recall. Far better, continues Borges, to retain his original version and do two other short films based on stories by such other notables as Cortázar or Bioy-Casares.<sup>1</sup>

Borges does more than encourage producers and directors to make films of his stories; he invites each reader to act as a director, to participate visually and audibly, to expand and elaborate in the mind's eye what he has succinctly committed to paper. A written treatment must first undergo the metamorphosis from a short written narrative to script and story board, and then be filmed, edited and released before it can be fully realized. Borges intends his work to be amplified in a similar way, albeit one full of short cuts and instantaneous associations and impressions which are edited in the mind's eye to create a montage of the reader's elaborated version of the original. Borges, openly inviting the reader to participate in this active, directorial role, concludes *The Book of Sand* with the following statement: "I hope that these hasty notes I have just dictated do not exhaust this book and that its dreams go on branching out in the hospitable imaginations of those who now close it."<sup>2</sup> The message is clear. Borges considers his work as a starting point, as a way of releasing the reader's imagination in order to create more elaborate works from those he has written—much in the manner of a film treatment.

1. Richard Burgin, *Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1969), pp. 82-83.

2. Jorge Luis Borges, *The Book of Sand* (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1977), p. 125.

This attitude of Borges regarding similar functions of film treatments and fiction is consistent with the theory that film is an extension of the narrative art of storytelling.

*If one considers literature as the art of words, that is to say, if it is letters or words that give literary activity its peculiar and distinctive character, then of course, we should have to say that film is obviously neither literature, nor even literary, certainly not in the silent era and only marginally or collaterally in the sound era. If it is the primacy of the word that creates or allows literature, then one would have to be content with saying that the film is at most analogous to literature, having, as it does, its own pictorial vocabulary and its montage for syntax. But if one is willing to shift the focus a little, and to describe literature as being, in the main, a narrative art, intent upon creating images and sounds in the reader's mind, then film will appear much more obviously literary itself. This description would seem to argue that the film is only an extension, but a magnificent one, of the older narrative arts.*<sup>3</sup>

If one can accept this theory, then film treatments and narrative fiction are not necessarily opposing mediums, and Borges's attitude and his filmic style whereby he rapidly presents characters, themes and plots support this view.

It is both Borges's style and the complexity of ideas present in his fiction which especially attract the filmmaker. For Bertolucci, Borges's story *The Theme of the Traitor and The Hero* provided the basic concept for *The Spider's Strategem* and possibly clarified for the young director certain personal emotions of Oedipal rivalry which he felt towards his well-known father. For my colleague, Mark Smith, and me, Borges's work provided a different attraction. We were especially intent upon observing how the original values of the prose narration could be best transferred to the medium of film. Part of the difficulty and challenge of realizing *The Secret Miracle* into film was to create visual narrative counterparts for a work which is inherently internal. Another problem we faced was to create and maintain tension in our film, for the story is essentially non-dramatic. Towards this end we first viewed the film adaptation of Ambrose Bierce's *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*, directed by Robert Enrico. We knew that Borges was familiar with Bierce and that Borges was often prompted, even driven, to write a story in the vein of some of his favorite authors such as Robert Louis Stevenson, H.P. Lovecraft and Chesterton. Obviously, we studied the film not to copy or parallel its techniques, but to avoid duplication of style and to study how a similar theme had been translated into film.

After viewing Enrico's adaptation we set to work to transpose Borges's story to film script. In order to accomplish this task while at the same time preserving the essential quality of Borges's narrative, we had to decide what was the key element of *The Secret Miracle*. We concluded that the story relied for its impact mainly on the intellectual play of the concept of the relativity of time which stresses the autonomy of the moment. We believed that film was ideally suited to explore this notion and to alter our normal, limited perception of time.

When studying the relationship between the story and the film, one notices some major changes and shifts of emphasis. The story is written in the third person point of view, while the film is in the first person perspective. We did this to suggest Borges's theme of duality of the self, the ego and the alter-ego, living at different times in history, and yet simultaneously. The pace of the story is tranquil, ours is fast, except for two notable exceptions, the cell scene, and the final play. In these two scenes our goal was to emphasize Borges's theory that time is not necessarily separated in two widely divergent states, psychological on one hand, linear in terms of days and hours on the other, but similar, in that there is no absolute realm of time with which to compare them. Borges's tone is ironic, ours very serious, for we wanted to preserve a unified concept which in a short film might appear diffuse with too many variant tones. Borges characters are one-dimensional, with little or no physical description. In the film the characters are necessarily fleshed out and Hladik's relationship with them is stressed.

Borges's half-ironic tone was the one aspect of the story which we reluctantly changed. There are some ironies which defy visual duplication. For example, Borges's wonderful statement that Hladik's execution was delayed "owning to the desire on the authorities' part to proceed impersonally and slowly, after the manner of vegetables and plants,"<sup>4</sup> and that "like all writers, he measured the achievements of others by what they had accomplished, asking of them that they measure him by what he envisaged or planned"<sup>5</sup> could have been preserved only by voice-over narration, which would have undermined our shift to the first person point-of-view.

Even the way Borges describes Hladik's deaths is somewhat mocking. In the story the imagined deaths are infinite. More importantly, Hladik is terrified of death by a firing squad, so we stressed this fact. We discussed at length how many deaths to portray;

3. Robert Richardson, *Literature and Film* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), p.12.

4. Jorge Luis Borges, *Labyrinths*, eds. Donald A. Yates and James E. Irby (New York: New Directions, 1964), p. 89.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 90.

ultimately, the decision was based on a sense of timing, with the added emphasis of Hladik's real self always confronting his imagined self, the two figures not being separate, but, like The Baron and his assassin, one and the same.

Our main problem—the one that delayed the completion of the script before we could go on to prepare the storyboard, was how to depict the play that Hladik is writing, which is briefly described about midway through the story. To us the play was central to another theme of the story—that man, like Prometheus, strives to find truth and that historical forces, primarily evil, embodied by the Nazis, move to prevent man from finding it. On the most simple and literal level the miracle is that Hladik is granted a wish that will ensure for him a type of immortality. However, the real miracle is not so much that Hladik has been granted time, or that time is frozen for a year in the linear duration of a moment, but that Hladik has been granted the means of finding a certain truth which is contained in the form of a classically constructed play. Before the miracle, the ideal arrangements of *The Enemies* and the perfection of its hexameters are known only to God. When God grants Hladik his wish, God is not handing Hladik a finished manuscript. God is allowing the author the opportunity to work towards that perfection, to discover its truth. It is unimportant that the viewer cannot fathom the completed version of *The Enemies*. Among the infinite possibilities that the play can assume, there is one ideal form which is complete and unique only to Hladik's perceptions. When Hladik has completed his play, he has shaped it into that ideal, abstract form known previously only to God. Hladik's existence has been given validity. The satisfactory completion of his play "held the possibility of allowing him to redeem (symbolically) the meaning of his life."<sup>6</sup> Ultimately, the viewer is to relinquish the forces of ratiocination and allow himself to be carried away effortlessly by the visual images of the play, like time flowing downstream, in timeless time.<sup>7</sup> Ideally, this phenomenon should occur at the point where the lap dissolves begin, where images blend together to create this sense of timelessness.

To emphasize this primary importance of the play and to give our film unity, we chose to intersperse the play throughout the film. When Hladik awakens from his game of chess, we can see that he is working on a manuscript which we later find out is his newest draft of *The Enemies*. Hladik's whole being and energy are directed towards finishing the play before his death. Hladik's unseen opponent is not the Nazis, but death,

mortality. During the interrogation we are transported in and out of the play twice; in the cell Hladik's prayer is to finish the play. As Hladik is marched out images of the play flash through his mind; these images are in the so-called present, but refer to past labors, future possibilities and an abstract ideal. Each image is equally valid in any of these time periods. In short, they are timeless. Each scene is linked directly or indirectly to the play.

We tried to capture the essence of the play by recreating some of the details. Borges says that Hladik worked the third act twice. We repeated the scene with the conspirators. Borges says that nothing hurried Hladik. Our pace is at first unhurried. Like Hladik, we omitted, condensed, amplified. We did change one essential feature of the narration. In order to retain the viewer's attention and interest we had to create a growing tension. Gorges's description of Hladik's methodology of writing takes approximately half a page. Although Hladik is unhurried, the story is nevertheless rushing to its conclusion. To develop this tension we employed music written by Roy Prendergast, whose book on film music demonstrates his fine theoretical understanding of the subject.<sup>8</sup> The tempo of the music increases until it rushes headlong towards its climax during the final montage of rapid stills. And instead of having Hladik open his mouth in a maddened cry, which we thought might seem melodramatic, we emphasized the word "Fire" by the officer and surcharged the intensity of the ultimate gunshot to give a sense of finality to the film.

Of all the forementioned themes, it was the relativity of time which we most wanted to capture. It is the absoluteness of temporal, linear time which Borges refutes in this story. Borges states that in writing *The Secret Miracle* he was interested in "the idea, common among the mystics, of something lasting a short while on earth, but a long time in heaven, or in a mind's mind."<sup>9</sup> Borges agrees that *The Secret Miracle* ties in with his ideas of time expressed in his *New Refutation of Time*. In this essay, or as Borges calls it, "the feeble artifice of an Argentine lost in the maze of metaphysics."<sup>10</sup> Borges postulates that he has gone beyond Berkeley and Hume to the inevitable consequence, its *reductio ad absurdum* of their doctrine. Borges says: "Hume denied the existence of an absolute space, in which each thing has its place; I deny the existence of one single time, in which all events are linked as in a chain."<sup>11</sup> For Borges each instant is autonomous, unconnected to another in succession. Concepts such as present, past and future

6. Ibid., p. 91.

7. Borges, *The Book of Sand*, p. 109.

8. Roy Prendergast, *A Neglected Art. A Critical Study of Music in Films*, (New York: New York University Press, 1977).

9. Bargin, p. 38.

10. Borges, *Labyrinths*, p. 217.

11. Ibid., p. 222.

are meaningless. Time is one moment multiplied, each moment being a complete entity. Each moment we live exists, but not their imaginary combination.”<sup>12</sup>

Like the story, our film begins with a dream. We can characterize a dream as a fusion of the traditional concepts of time in the historical past, the evanescent present and the anticipated future. A dream, since it exists only in the mind of the dreamer, is outside of time, outside of space. The dream is both the summation and negation of temporality. Hladik's dream of a chess match against an unseen opponent, in comparison to his arrest, is long suggesting that a timeless state is as real as the conventionally conceived present. Yet is the present only the present? We hear the voice of the interrogator—"You are Hladik" while the victim faces his captors. We cut to find that the voice is coming from the future. This fusion of two time periods has the effect of destroying, however fleetingly, the distinction between present and future.

During the interrogation scene, we shift out of the reality of that experience to another reality which exists only partially on paper and even more so in Hladik's mind and in the mind of God—Hladik's play, *The Enemies*. Like a dream, *The Enemies* is also timeless. But we shift back and forth, from the interrogation room to the late nineteenth century, to Hladik's mind—that is, from the idealized, timeless concept of the play to the reality of one of the last afternoons of the nineteenth century, to the *present* of 1943, which ironically—and to prove Borges's point—is the past for today's viewers and readers. When discussing the structure of our film, I, like Borges, "am not unaware that it is an example of the monster termed by the logicians *contradictio in adjecto*"<sup>13</sup> to refer to time as present, past, or future, for it gives validity to the very notion the film attempts to destroy.

Let us allow the contradiction to stand and continue the discussion of structure in the film. From the interrogation scene we are transported into Hladik's cell and mind by means of a dissolve. Soon we are catapulted into the future with a series of imagined deaths—imagined, but no less real, and perhaps more real to Hladik than his mortal death. Once Hladik gets up off the floor the pace of the cell scene is deliberately slowed down to emphasize Borges's concept of the primacy of the moment, of the eternal present. Shots of the clock indicate the passing of linear time, a concept which must be indicated if it is to be destroyed. We also have a prayer, said in the present, asking of God something in the future (the concession of the miracle)

for something timeless—the miracle itself. We encounter the blind man in a dream—timeless time. Then we are brought back briefly to linear time as Hladik puts on his jacket before the future intrudes on this action; the future is represented by the door being opened by Hladik's executioners and by the marching out to an ethereal music. What we are striving for is to show that "every now within which something happens is therefore also a succession."<sup>14</sup> This proposition is compatible with what Borges expresses in his essay.

Hladik is now being marched out, a concrete, temporal action punctuated by the muted sounds of marching, but the music is that of a dream, reflecting Hladik's mental state, and it is his mental perception of time which is the true essence of time *for him*. As he is being marched out images of the play flash before him—images which are, as it has already been demonstrated—timeless. In defying distinctions between time, these images are the visual correlatives of Borges's autonomous moments of time. Then, after the most rigid and systematized actions, relentless and precise as the inner mechanism of a clock. Hladik is lined up while the soldiers execute the commands—thus returning, only momentarily, to conventional time. Suddenly time is frozen. The viewer, like the reader, is transported into yet another mental state. From this state we are projected back into the play, only now Hladik is present, suggesting yet another temporal realm. And then the play, with its repetitions, its blending of images, its alteration of pace set to music whose tempo is rigidly controlled by a twenty-four frame click track, creates the impression of timelessness within time. Unexpectedly we hear the officer yell "Fire" and the gunshot follows. We see Hladik fall. There has been a suspension of time. A year of psychological time has passed by in a mere fraction of a second. Thus no scene is ever exclusively in one realm of time, a technique we employed for the express purpose of illustrating Borges's concept that there is no single, absolute time, that time is not strictly linear, a mere linking of successive moments.

We have labored through the labyrinth of time to find Hladik suspended in the autonomous, timeless moment captured by the frozen frame. And who can tell: Perhaps that tear is the result of the final truth which is revealed to Hladik—that there is no play or execution. Hladik has never existed. Like the dreamer in the *Circular Ruins*, Hladik, "with relief, with humiliation, with terror, he understood that he, too, was all appearance, that someone else was dreaming him,"<sup>15</sup> and that he will cease to exist the moment the dreamer ceases to dream. ■

12. *Ibid.*, p. 223.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 218.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 225. Borges cites Josiah Royce (*The World and the Individual*, II, p. 139).

15. Jorge Luis Borges, *A Personal Anthology* (New York: Grove Press, 1967), p. 74.



# Coraddi Photography Competition



Steven Lautermilch, *Child and Lake*



Caroline Cornish, *Window Wall, Isleta*, '82



Herbert Gambill



Mary Gay Brady, *The Royal Arcade, London*



John Rosenau, *The Netherlands, Summer 1978*



Herbert Gambill



Gale Reid, *Been Here and Gone*



*Grand Prize*



Jordan Montgomery, *Trees and Flowers*



Carol Witherspoon





Mary Gay Brady, *Tired Tourist*



*Second Place*

Herbert Gambill, *Diana Photograph*





Nancy Geyer



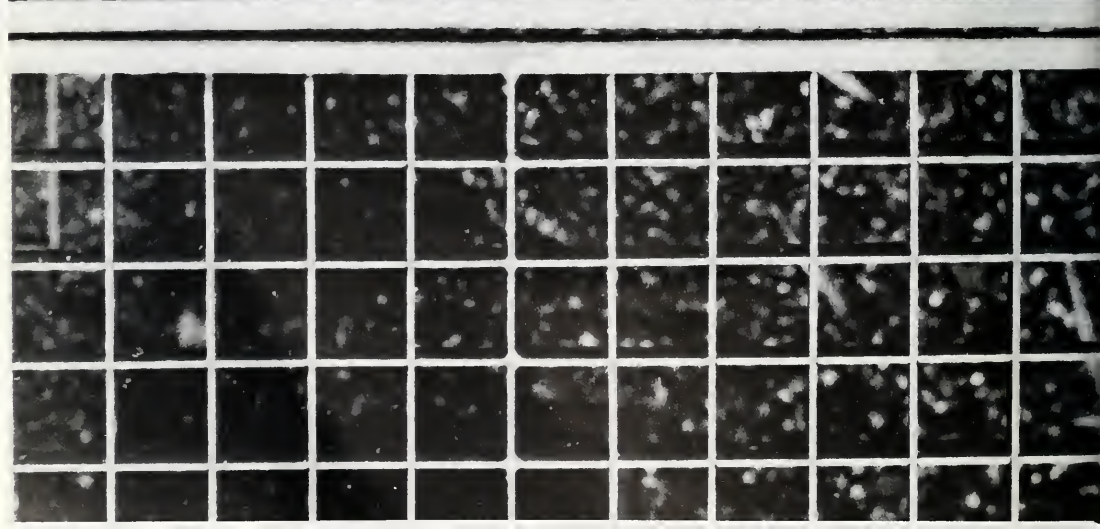
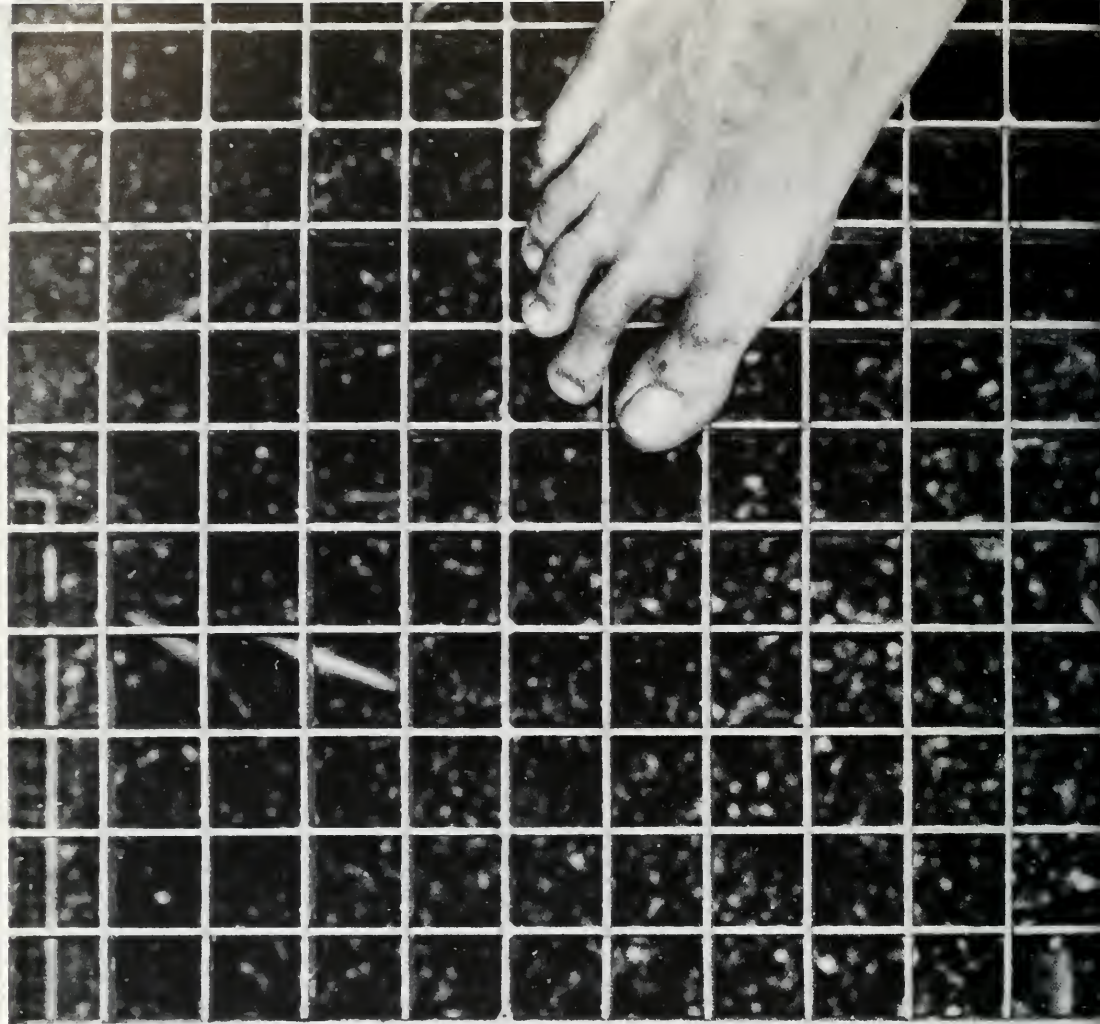
Marcia MacDonald, *Tiny*

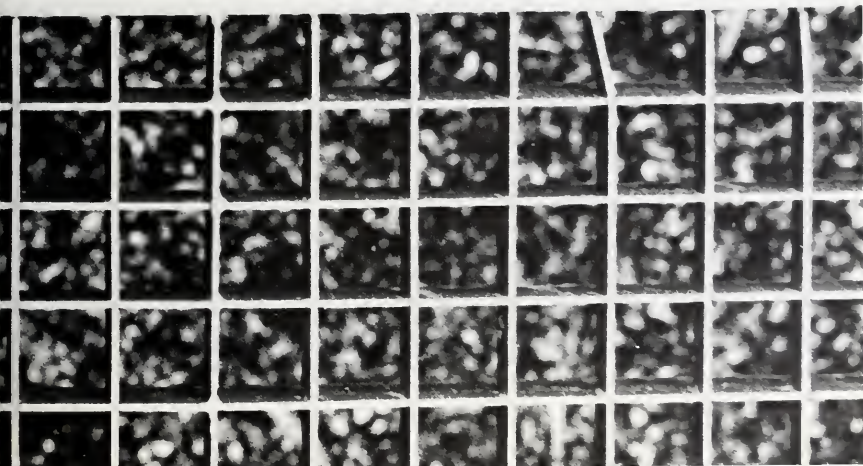


Uli Schempp, *Closet Punk*



Mary Gay Brady, *Girls, Girls, Girls*





John Rosenau  
*The Netherlands.*  
*Summer, 1978*



Jordan Montgomery, *Peanut Shells*



*Third Place*

Herbert Gambill, *Robin Whiteside*





Carol Himes, *October*



Quinne Fokes



Kathleen D'Angelo





Donna Tooty



Caroline Cornish, *Pot Wall, Taos '82*

# The King's Bastard

## PART ONE: SON OF THE MORNING

IAN MCDOWELL

EXTERIOR—CORNISH COAST—DAY

The waves roll up on the jagged rocks. The aftermath of a battle litters the narrow beach: corpses, scattered weapons, bits of discarded armor. The tide is coming in, and the foam turns pink as it touches the bodies and debris. CLOSE-UP of a broken crown lying at the edge of the surf. Under the TITLES, the crimson water surges around the shattered crown.

EXTERIOR—MONASTERY—DAY

On another part of the coast, some miles down the beach, a stone monastery totters high atop the windswept cliff. SOUND of monks CHANTING KYRIE ELEISON. OFF SCREEN, MEDRAUT begins to speak.

MEDRAUT

They've brought me here to die. How ironic. I'll plummet like an acorn into Hell with the sound of sanctity still ringing in my ears.

INTERIOR—MONASTERY—DAY

The CAMERA TRACKS down a narrow corridor, past the chapel where the hooded monks are SINGING.

MEDRAUT

Ach, enough of that. I've too much tale to tell to be wasting time brooding on the afterlife. My story is more important than my soul.

The CAMERA rounds a bend in the corridor and glides past cells where MONKS are praying.

MEDRAUT

The pain has stopped. I haven't bled for hours. A less experienced warrior might think he was going to live.

(beat)

But I've seen too many men pierced deep in the guts not to know what will happen. I won't live. Not, at least, for long.

The CAMERA glides towards a somewhat larger cell at the end of the hall.

MEDRAUT

So set down my tale, Brother Fergus, plain and unembellished, exactly as I tell it.

INTERIOR—MEDRAUT'S CELL—DAY

A plain stone room, with light seeping in through a single narrow window. MEDRAUT is lying on a straw bed. He is a short, trim man in his late forties, with dark hair and a sharp, clean-shaven face. He wears only a pair of woolen breeches, and his midriff is bound with strips of

brown-stained linen. BROTHER FERGUS, a nondescript and completely impassive monk, sits before him, taking down his story stylus and parchment.

MEDRAUT

I may shock you, Brother. But remember this: no matter how profane my testament, it is nothing but the truth, and truth always holy.

CLOSE-UP on Medraut's face.

MEDRAUT

(VOICE-OVER)

Truth? Sometimes I think everything I know is a lie, a lie compounded of dreams and dead hopes and all the wishful tricks of memory.

(beat)

Gods, what a Latin education does to a man! Would I were an unlettered barbarian untroubled by educated doubt.

A silent pause. Fergus waits impassively. Finally, he coughs.

MEDRAUT

Yes, we must get on with it. I'm the only one who can properly tell the story. Without my testament there will be nothing left but legends. And legends are just another kind of lie.

*Medraut recounts the course of events from the period beginning with the "death of Rome." With its last legion of soldiers marching off to Gaul, never to return, Roman Britain is rendered defenseless and open to invasion. The abandoned territory is infiltrated first by the Picts and then by the Saxons who are intent on driving any remaining Britons from their ancestral soil. The Saxons are met with resistance, though, from a force of armored horsemen led by Ambrosius Aurelianus, half brother of Uthyr Pendragon, self-proclaimed "High King of all the Britons."*

*Mortally wounded in a minor skirmish, Ambrosius chooses his successor from among the ranks. It is Arthur, a young soldier apparent without lands or title to his credit, who Ambrosius selects as **Imperator Bellorum**, War Duke of Britain. Consequently, Arthur and his cavalry defeat the Saxons at Badon Hill. Medraut concludes his preface by remembering that his mother, Queen Morgause (Uthyr's only legitimate child) and her husband, King Lot of Orkney expected Uthyr, as he lay dying, to name Lot his royal heir. However, Uthyr reveals to them that Arthur is his son and thus points him King of Cornwall, High King of all the Britons.*

EXTERIOR—OCEAN—DAY

The CAMERA races over the white-topped swells. An island grows into the distance.

MEDRAUT

(VOICE-OVER)

Orkney, Lot's kingdom, the cold island where I was born and lived for almost fifteen years.

The island fills the horizon. The CAMERA rises, and we see a rocky headland projecting out into the sea. The Royal Palace squats on the leeward slope.

MEDRAUT

(VOICE-OVER)

It was a stark homeland, all wind and rocks and cold grey ocean, naked beneath the indifferent eye of God.

EXTERIOR—ORKNEY CLIFFS—DAY

YOUNG MEDRAUT perches on the edge of the cliff, scanning the horizon. He is about 14.

MEDRAUT

(VOICE-OVER)

had worshiped my Uncle Arthur from the time I was four years old. Indeed, Gawain, my brother and my senior by many years, served on the mainland as one of Arthur's Companions and had even fought at Badon, and his tales of the Companions' exploits had invested our uncle with the aura of a heroic demigod. Now, in the year of my fourteenth birthday, three years after he'd been declared the British High King, Arthur was coming on a state visit to our shores. My heart was near to bursting with eager anticipation.

Medraut straightens up and shields his eyes with one hand.

ERIOR—OCEAN—DAY

Medraut is approaching the island.

ERIOR—CLIFF—DAY

MEDRAUT LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND GOES DASHING INLAND.

Medraut leaps to his feet and goes dashing inland.

ERIOR—PALACE—DAY

The palace is a two-story stone and timber hall, surrounded by an earthen bank and a ditch. Clambering over the earthwork, he dashes across the earthen bank bridge.

ERIOR—COURTYARD—DAY

The courtyard is full of mud and dung. Honking geese, grunting pigs, barking dogs, squawking chickens, and bustling serfs all mill about, but no one scatters as Medraut charges through. As he approaches the doorway, Lot appears in the doorway.

MEDRAUT

There, it is here, the ship is here!

LOT

Winnanan and Lir, but you're a filthy mess. Change before the feast tonight, or you'll eat in the stable.

(to servants)

Prepare a royal escort!

OLD MEDRAUT

(VOICE-OVER)

How I loved my uncle like the sun, I did not have the same regard for my nominal father. King Lot had all the warmth of an impoverished baron's tax collector.

Medraut gives the King a respectful berth and enters the hall.

ERIOR—HALL—DAY

Medraut crosses a large room with a huge fireplace and approaches the King.

ERIOR—STAIRWELL—DAY

Medraut dashes up the stairs, taking them two or three at a time.

ERIOR—UPPER LANDING—DAY

Reaching a corner, Medraut almost runs smack into his mother.

MORGAWSE

(mildly)

How do you're all over mud.

MEDRAUT

Mother, Arthur's ship, it's here!

MORGAWSE

Is it now? Well, you'll have to wash and change, then.

MEDRAUT

I know. Father told me.

MORGAWSE

Yes, I expect he did. Don't hop about so.

MEDRAUT

I can't help it. I can't wait to see Uncle Arthur.

MORGAWSE

You really ought to call him by his proper title, now that he's the High King.

MEDRAUT

Ach, he won't stand for that. You should know.

MORGAWSE

(smiling)

Aye. The day my brother stands on ceremony is the day there'll be fishes in the trees.

MEDRAUT

Not like father at all.

MORGAWSE

No. No, he's not.

Medraut perches on the ledge of a narrow window.

MEDRAUT

Do you think he'll take me into his service? As a warrior?

MORGAWSE

You're too young for that, my love.

MEDRAUT

I won't be too young forever.

(sadly)

MORGAWSE

Sage words. No, you won't. You'll be far too old too soon, and not happy for it either.

(beat)

Medraut?

MEDRAUT

Yes, Mother?

She walks to him and sits on the ledge. A pause.

MORGAWSE

Nothing.

MEDRAUT

Yes it is. What?

MORGAWSE

No.

(beat)

Yes. We have to talk, I think. But not here. Not now.

MEDRAUT

All right, if you wish.

MORGAWSE

Run along with you, lad. I've a feast to prepare for.

With a backwards glance at his mother, Medraut continues down the hall. HOLD on Morgawse.

OLD MEDRAUT  
(VOICE-OVER)

My mother was a very unusual woman. She'd been raised by her uncle Ambrosius, for my grandfather had been quick to abandon his one legitimate wife and child like cast-off shoes. And so she'd received a proper Roman upbringing and a Latin education, affections she was later to pass on to her sons.

INTERIOR—MEDRAUT'S ROOM—DAY

Medraut changes to a fresh tunic and breeches.

INTERIOR—STAIRS—DAY

Medraut plunges down the steps.

EXTERIOR—COURTYARD—DAY

Medraut comes running out of the hall. He stops, frozen. REVERSE ANGLE. A company of horsemen come pounding under the main gate. It is Arthur and twenty of his Companions escorted by Lot's guards. Arthur bounds from the saddle and claps Medraut on the shoulder.

ARTHUR

Hello, laddy-buck. You've become quite the man since I saw you last.

MEDRAUT

Thank you, Uncle. But it's said that Gawain got all the growth and I'm the puny one.

ARTHUR

A lad's growth is measured in more than the distance from his head to his heels, and that's the truth of it.

MEDRAUT

Did you bring my brother with you?

ARTHUR

No. Gawain's squadron is manning the Wall, keeping any eye on our Picti friends in the North.

Lot approaches

LOT

Medraut, get out of the bloody way! This is a matter of State.

ARTHUR

(cool civility)

Give you good day, My Lord of Orkney. I see you are as pleasant as ever.

LOT

I beg pardon, Your Highness. Welcome to our shores.

ARTHUR

Much thanks. I'll need lodgings for my men and mounts.

LOT

Of course. My grooms will see to it.

ARTHUR

I'll see to it, if you don't mind. I shall return shortly.

Arthur and his men follow the GROOMS towards the stables and barracks. Morgawse emerges from the hall.

MORGAWSE

(a chuckle)

I see he's still more the soldier than the king.

LOT

(watching the Companions)

See their mailcoats? That's where all our taxes go, to keep his private army in expensive armor. What good does it do us breaking our backs so the High King can put on a fine show for his mainland subjects?

MEDRAUT

It's more than that, father. He's kept the Saxons down for years.

LOT

Be quiet whelp. Don't speak of matters of which you stink with ignorance. Tell the men killed by that bastard Cerdic how Arthur has kept the Saxons down.

MORGAWSE

Even the Companions can't be everywhere at once, husband. If it weren't for my brother, Cerdic Colgrimsson would be more than just a pirate making scattered raids. He'd be lord of all the North, and you know it.

LOT

Faugh! Am I to plagued with women as well as children? Keep your own counsel, wife. I have no need of it.

Arthur returns from the stables.

ARTHUR

As I thought, your grooms know nothing of the proper care of horses. You still have no chapel, I take it.

LOT

We're hardly Christians yet, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Aye, I'd thought as much. I'll pray in my room, then.

LOT

(bowing)

Yes, My Lord. The chamberlain will show you to your quarters.

Arthur claps Medraut on the shoulder, bows to Morgawse.

ARTHUR

Pardon me, Sister, I did not see you. I trust you are well.

MORGAWSE

As well as ever, Arthur. I look forward to the honor of your presence at the feast tonight.

ARTHUR

Much thanks for your gracious hospitality. Good day to you.

Arthur exits.

*That evening at a feast given in his honor, Arthur and his retin are entertained by Fergus, "a flashy gamecock of a man in crims and purple" who sings of Arthur as "a warrior bold . . . shining like t rising sun . . . standing fast against black waves and blacker shores. During the course of the festivities, Arthur briefly tells his hosts fighting the Picts, then the Saxons and of longing to be a simple soldin once again. Lot and Arthur suspect that Cerdic and his Saxon raide in the North, are seeking alliance with the Picti tribes. The W Saxons, meanwhile have begun referring to Britain as England as their neighbors as Welshmen. Arthur vows to build a new Britain to ruled by the principles of Roman law and Christian virtue.*

*In Arthur's chamber that night, Medraut requests he be allowed return with Arthur to the mainland to serve in his court as Gawai his older brother did, Arthur agrees, with the consent of Lot at Morgawse.*



ause, after dreaming that a spirit rose from the sea and spoke to  
ing. "The boy must know," is compelled to tell her son that it is  
but Arthur who is his true father. She explains how fifteen  
p during a Yuletide feast at Colchester, being "very tired of my  
le stick of a king," she disguised herself as a serving girl and  
a "drunk" and "very handsome" Arthur.

These advises Medraut to contain their secret so as not to risk  
a burden on Arthur's Christian soul. She reassures her son  
Arthur does indeed love him—as a nephew, but is uncertain  
or not he would continue to love him as a son.

ing homeward, Arthur's ship is approached by a Saxon  
it with Cerdic in command. The two men, meeting for the first  
gard one another with an equal amount of contempt. In order  
Arthur "be rid of a future threat," Cerdic challenges him to attack.  
Cerdic's challenge and the restless nature of his own crew, Ar-  
daunted, refrains from attacking his adversary.  
ghthful, Arthur's ship is wrecked in a raging storm. He and  
t manage to stay afloat by clinging to a broken spar. The two  
shed ashore into a country they suspect is Pict and Saxon  
d. He can determine for certain that the land is Faerie  
y upon recognizing a rounded mound capped by a stone circle  
ie work.

en travel inland and camp in a town, "a crumbling Roman  
deserted for centuries." Arthur discusses the "struggle" of  
one's self pure in an unclean world and confesses that he him-  
pped off the path of righteousness" once, drunk, at a victory  
ion at Colchester.

ollowing morning, before abandoning camp, Medraut displays  
nts as marksman using a spear Arthur has just made for him.

RRIOR—MOOR—DAY

highlands, hard and wild, with hills like the skeletons of moun-  
Medraut and Arthur struggle along under a lowering sky.

MEDRAUT

ver thought to ask. Where are we going, anyway?

ARTHUR

athelyde, of course. The northmost British port.

MEDRAUT

How far is it, do you think?

ARTHUR

way to tell. It's ten leagues south of the Wall, but how  
the wall is, I cannot say.

pauses.

MEDRAUT

hat is it?

ARTHUR

sh!

as Arthur unslings his shield and draws his sword, FIVE PICTS  
rearing from the heather. They carry bronze spears and short  
words. One springs towards Medraut, who instinctively throws  
par, catching his attacker in the chest. Arthur parries a spear  
kicks one attacker in the groin, and cuts another across the  
er. This gives him time to slip his shield over his arm. As another  
nges at him with a shortsword, he parries the blow and brings  
el rim of the shield into savage contact with the Pict's face.

MEDRAUT

thur, look out!

SE RIDERS come charging over the next rise. These are Cerdic  
vo other Saxons. Clumsy horsemen, they dismount and join the  
injured Pict. Together with the one kicked in the groin, who's

now recovered, they surround Arthur and Medraut. Medraut has  
recovered his spear from his dead foe.

ARTHUR

All right, who dies first? Come on lady, where's that wanted  
Saxon bravery?

CERDIC

We don't want to kill you, Arthur.

ARTHUR

How did you find me, Cerdic?

CERDIC

Wreckage washed ashore near the Pictic village where we were  
waiting out the storm. Our allies looted by their five best  
trackers, plus the only three mounts they had in the village.  
They can run like the wind, the Picti can but we English are not  
so fleet of foot.

(drawing his sword)

Surrender, Arthur. You can't win.

ARTHUR

Two Picts and three Saxons. The odds are nearly even. I'll not  
be giving myself meekly over to the bloodiest reiver in the Nor-  
th. Not free of charge.

SAXON

(harsh and guttural)

Lord Cerdic, let me take him. I'll bring the pig down alive.

CERDIC

(sighing)

All right, Beorgrim, he's yours.

BEORGRIM charges. He brandishes a two-handed axe, the blade of  
which is balanced by a hammerlike maul.

BEORGRIM

Ha, Arthur!

Arthur ducks under the swing, but his sword glances off the Saxon's  
armored midriff. With incredible speed and control, Beorgrim whips his  
heavy weapon around in a backswing. The bludgeoning end of his axe  
smashes into Arthur's shield, crushing the steel boss and splitting the  
thick wood. Arthur staggers back, his shield arm numb and useless.  
Beorgrim lifts the axe easily with one hand.

BEORGRIM

They call me Skull-splitter, Welshman. Can you guess why?

Arthur just manages to bring his shield up, and once again the heavy  
maul crunches into the wood. But this time he's ready for that impact.  
Spinning with the blow, he lunges and drives his point into Beorgrim's  
thigh. The Saxon stumbles to his knees. Arthur cuts at his neck and he  
slumps out of the shot. While Arthur's blade is lodged in the offscreen  
Saxon, a Pict lunges in, stabbing with his spear. Arthur is struck along  
the ribs. Knocking the spear aside, he wounds the Pict in the shoulder.  
At that moment the third Saxon slips up behind Medraut and lifts him  
in a bear hug. A Pict tries to gut Medraut, but the Saxon kicks him  
away.

CERDIC

Yield, Arthur, or my man will break the brat's back.

Arthur reluctantly drops his sword. He is shoved to his knees and his  
hands are tied behind his back with his sword belt. The Saxon does the  
same with Medraut. Of the four Picts, the one Arthur smashed in the  
face is dead and two more are wounded. The nameless Saxon puts  
Medraut in the saddle of his own horse and mounts, motioning Arthur

to take Beorgrim's steed. The unwounded Pict, who's been tending his fellows, steps forward.

PICT

Mac dubb-grath kern! Castli fain, utros.

With that he leads the horse to his injured fellows, who mount.

CERDIC

Our allies begrudge you the use of one of their nags. Get up behind me, Arthur.

Arthur does so, his face impassive.

EXTERIOR—MOOR—DAY

They ride northward, along the ridge. The sea shimmers in the distance.

ARTHUR

Kill me and be done, Cerdic, but allow the boy to go.

CERDIC

(laughing)

Now how could I do that? You treated me honorably when I approached your ship in peace. Besides, you're more valuable alive. And the boy will take the news of your ransom south.

ARTHUR

Ransom?

CERDIC

Of course. The Companions worship you. They'd bleed the country dry to raise the funds to get you back. Whereas, if I kill you, they'll just raise another in your place. I am not a fool, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Nay, you're not that. You're very clever for a Saxon. And you speak our language like one born to it.

CERDIC

I was. My mother was a princess of the Summer Country.

ARTHUR

Kidnapped by raiders?

CERDIC

Not at all. She married King Icel of Kent as part of a short-lived treaty with the West Britons. Yes, Arthur, my blood is somewhat more royal than your own. And I was legitimate.

ARTHUR

Kidnapped by raiders?

CERDIC

Not at all. She married King Icel of Kent as part of a short-lived treaty with the West Britons. Yes, Arthur, my blood is somewhat more royal than your own. And I was legitimate.

ARTHUR

(sourly)

Then why aren't you ruling in the West?

CERDIC

(lightly)

I was exiled when I split my brother's head. We were quarreling over a woman.

ARTHUR

I see. Despite the smooth manners, there's still a barbarian underneath.

CERDIC

Don't speak of barbarians to me, you butcher. The West will not remember your first campaigns.

ARTHUR

(a beat)

As will I. It is a shame I will bear throughout my life.

They ride in silence for a time.

ARTHUR

And what mischief are you making among the Picts, Cerdic?

CERDIC

(calm again)

An alliance by marriage, if all goes well. Did you know the monarch's dynasties are traced through the female line? By wedding the right princess, I could become King of all the Picts

ARTHUR

A Saxon-ruled Pictdom?

CERDIC

Yes. It is a pleasant dream.

ARTHUR

(grimly)

For you, perhaps.

(to Medraut)

Buck up, lad. You heard them: they'll let you go. You'll have fine tale to tell your grandchildren.

Medraut just broods. Suddenly, a short tufted arrow sprouts from throat of the Saxon he's riding behind. Another takes out the unwounded Pict. About 12 BOWMEN have risen out of the heather, as silent as cats. They are shorter than the Picts and slim where the Picts are beefy. Although the Picts are dark-skinned but caucasian, the newcomers appear almost Oriental. They wear sheepskin vests, leather kilts and thong-laced boots. Along with bronze-headed arrows they carry bronze shortswords and bronze-studded wooden clubs. vaning, they surround their captives.

CERDIC

Odin's blood, the Elf Folk!

Medraut

I've never seen men like this, Uncle.

ARTHUR

Few have. They're Faerie. The Old Ones I told you of.

Five Faerie surround Arthur, Cerdic, and Medraut. The others shove the wounded Picts off their horse. Brutally, they club them down. Drawing bronze knives, they kneel over the bodies. CUT TO:

Cerdic's horrified reaction to what's going on off camera.

CERDIC

Frey! What are they doing?

ARTHUR

Taking trophies. They believe dried male organs make powerful magic.

Cerdic's hands are tied behind his back. On foot, the Faerie lead the mounted captives.

EXTERIOR—BEACH—DAY

erie and their prisoners pass along a stretch of stony coast and  
ove inland.

#### RRIOR—MOOR—DAY

ound is higher now. There are more trees, but the slopes are still  
y wooded. Yellow gorse and other flowers bloom amid the pur-  
ther. The procession moves on.

#### RRIOR—VALLEY—DAY

ocession mounts a ridge that looks down on the Faerie village. It  
lection of low huts surrounding a central fire pit. The huts have  
of undressed stone but are roofed in wattle and daub. Off to one  
a ring of standing stones. In the middle of this circle tower two  
monoliths capped by a horizontal slab, forming an arch.

#### RRIOR—VILLAGE—DAY

aptives are led through the village. Women and children peer at  
rom huts. Dogs bark at them. Goats mill about.

#### RRIOR—STONE RING—DAY

are led inside the ring of stones. The villagers assemble. There is  
g chorus of moans and wails. THE MORRIGAN appears within  
one arch. She is moderately tall—very tall for a Faerie. Her face  
y slightly lined, but there are grey streaks in her long black hair.  
wears a gown of grey wool and a cloak of feathers. There is a  
of holly on her brow and serpentine gold and silver circlets on  
are arms.

MORRIGAN

ail, Arthur, King of the Britons. Hail, Cerdic of the West  
xons.

ARTHUR

ou know us, then.

MORRIGAN

ye. I am the Morrigan, Queen of the First Folk. I have the  
ight. I know all.

ives a high keening WAIL, almost a whistle, and spins like a der-  
With a circular dancing motion, she approaches. Arthur crosses  
elf. Cerdic pulls an amulet in the shape of a hammer from his

CERDIC

witch! Thor protect me.

ARTHUR

here is only One who is all knowing.

MORRIGAN

here is only one, but He has many names and aspects.

ARTHUR

ou speak British well, Lady.

MORRIGAN

hen I was but a babe I was captured and taken as a slave to  
the court of King Maelgwyn Gwynned of Strathclyde. I was his  
et "Faerie Princess." One dark night I escaped, cutting many  
roat ere I had gone.

CERDIC

What do you want with us?

MORRIGAN

Ay, the Saxon speaks. You are far from your own realm, North-  
nan.

CERDIC

My quarrel is not with your folk, Lady, but with the Welshman  
only.

MORRIGAN

Welshman. That word means "strangers," does it not?

ARTHUR

Aye. Strangers. And in our own land, too.  
Hissing like a snake, she turns on him angrily.

MORRIGAN

Not your land, not your land! We were here before you! We  
were here before Saxon, Roman, Celt, or Pict.

(regaining control)

But now we are nothing, less than the last faint embers of the  
guttering fire, less than the snow that melts before the sun. We  
are few now, and the Picts and the Welshmen are many and the  
Saxons more numerous still.

ARTHUR

Everyone is small if he is alone, Lady. But if we stood  
together . . .

MORRIGAN

Celt and Faerie together? Against the Saxons and the Picts?

CERDIC

Don't listen to him, Lady. We are not your enemies.

MORRIGAN

All tall-folk are our enemies. But what of you, boy? You have not  
spoken. What is your part in this?

MEDRAUT

I am on my uncle's side.

She looks at him sharply.

MORRIGAN

Your uncle?

Her expression becomes trance-like. Making a high TRILLING  
SOUND, she spins dervish-fashion around Arthur, then freezes.

MORRIGAN

Aye he is that. And something more besides.

(normal again)

But there are other matters at hand, of more importance. I give  
each of you a chance to win your freedom and your life.

CERDIC

(eagerly)

Yes, Lady?

MORRIGAN

You will fight. Here. With the weapons you bore when you were  
captured.

ARTHUR

My sword?

MORRIGAN

Is your own again.

She claps her hands and a WARRIOR tosses it to Arthur. Another  
hands him his shield.

ARTHUR

Those are fair terms.

MEDRAUT

Uncle, no! You can't accept.

ARTHUR

I must, Lad. It will be in Jesu's hands.

MEDRAUT

Your shield—it's cracked. And you wear no mail!

ARTHUR

There's no help for it, lad. My God defended Pardriac against the serpents of Ireland and Columba against the dragon of Loch Ness. He protected Daniel in the lion cage and gave needed strength to little Daffyd's good right arm. He will not fail me, not if I'm the man I must be to call myself a king.

Arthur and Cerdic face each other in the center of the circle. They hold their shield in front of their upper bodies with their left arms and work their way over the tops and around the rims of the shields with their rights. An occasional blow gets through to the body. Cerdic is unharmed due to his ringmail, but Arthur receives minor cuts. And under the persistent hammerings of Cerdic's long iron sword, his shield begins to disintegrate. The crack lengthens until it runs the entire length of the oval wooden panel. Only the iron rim holds it together. When that is sliced through, it falls apart. Severely disadvantaged, he retreats, only to trip over a root and fall. Cerdic looms over him, sword raised.

MORRIGAN

Cunedag!

A Faerie WARRIOR throws his wooden club. It bounces off Cerdic's helmet. He falls to his knees. Before Arthur can seize the initiative, warriors spring forward and pull the combatants apart.

CERDIC

(groggy)

Treachery! You gave your word, witch!

MORRIGAN

I gave my word that the victor would go free. You have your life, Saxon.

She claps her hands. Cerdic's horse is brought. Hooting, laughing Faerie lift him up into the saddle.

CERDIC

But Arthur—his life is mine!

MORRIGAN

No. I never granted that. I gave no word that the loser would not be spared as well.

In the middle of the derizive crowd, Cerdic is hustled out of the stone ring.

EXTERIOR—VILLAGE—DAY

Cerdic's horse canters past the huts. Women and children follow him shrieking in derision, pelting him with stones and dung from the milling goats. CLOSE-UP on his grim face. He will remember this.

EXTERIOR—STONE CIRCLE—DAY

Arthur and Medraut stand before the Morrigan. The horse medraut had ridden is brought forth.

ARTHUR

(cold)

Why have you spared us?

MORRIGAN

Can you force the King of Strathelyde to grant us land of our own south of the Wall?

ARTHUR

Land?

MORRIGAN

Each year the Picts drive us further North. Someday we will be pushed into the sea. But if we were granted British land . . .

ARTHUR

You shall have it. I give my word.

MORRIGAN

And I think you will keep it. If I did not trust you I would have let Cerdic take your head.

She comes forward. Her face once more glazes over, like a mask.

MORRIGAN

I must warn you, Arthur. In return for this boon you will grant us, I must warn you.

ARTHUR

Yes?

She is circling Medraut now. Once more, she goes into her spinning dance. Once more, she makes the keening sound.

MORRIGAN

This boy . . . he is not just your nephew. He is your son as well.

Medraut blanches.

MORRIGAN

You know, boy, do you not? Aye. See his face. He knows. Can he deny it?

Medraut stutters, but nothing comes out.

MORRIGAN

Can you?

He says nothing.

MORRIGAN

Aye, he knows the truth of this. You are his true father, Arthur Pendragon.

Another spin and wail.

MORRIGAN

The day will come when you will rue his conception. I am sorry. You are a good man. I would it were otherwise.

The fit leaves her.

Morrigan

Forgive me. I did not ask for this gift. The god who granted me the sight, the one god with many names, allowed me to glimpse this truth, so that I might pass it on to you.

Medraut is stiff with shock. Arthur says nothing, but crosses himself. He looks at Medraut. Medraut says nothing, but simply looks away.

ARTHUR

(almost a whisper)

Is it true?

Medraut moves away from him.

ARTHUR

(louder)

Is it true?

Medraut retreats before him.

ARTHUR

(savagely now)

Is it true?

bs Medraut by the arm.

MEDRAUT

r turns stiffly and walks away from him.

MORRIGAN

e warriors will escort you through the Pictish lands to the  
all. From there, you can ride safely into Strathclyde.

r is facing away from her. His expression is a pained mask.

ARTHUR

(a whisper)  
uch thanks for this courtesy.

ERIOR—MOOR—DAY

an's Wall looms in the distance. Arthur and Medraut appear,  
ed by a party of WARRIORS. Arthur's wounds are bound he is  
ced on the Pictish horse. Medraut is on foot.

MEDRAUT

ucle . . .

ARTHUR

es?

MEDRAUT

n sorry.

ARTHUR

ou knew. You've known all this time.

WARRIOR

ere.

(he points at the wall)  
ou safe. We go Now.

melt into the heather. Arthur and Medraut are alone.

ARTHUR

l this time.

MEDRAUT

es.

ARTHUR

ow?

MEDRAUT

other told me.

ARTHUR

o. I meant how did it happen?

raut does not answer.

was the night of the feast at Colchester. The night I was drunk.

MEDRAUT

es.

ARTHUR

remembered her. All these years I'd thought it just a sinful  
ream. But I remembered her coming to my tent.

MEDRAUT

She did not know you were Uthyr's son. Neither did you. It  
wasn't her fault.

ARTHUR

No, for she's a pagan and lost anyway. Like you.

(a beat)

Like me. All damned.

MEDRAUT

Don't say that! It wasn't anyone's fault.

ARTHUR

It's always someone's fault. Always.

(a beat)

No wonder I lost today. My own mistakes watching me ~~rotted~~  
in bastard flesh.

Medraut is stung by this. His face flares crimson.

ARTHUR

We've a long ride ahead of us. Get up behind me.

MEDRAUT

No. I'm not going. Not with you.

ARTHUR

Don't be foolish lad. I won't leave you here. No matter what you  
are.

CLOSE-UP on Medraut's face.

OLD MEDRAUT

(VOICE-OVER)

"No matter what you are." Words that have haunted me all  
my life.

Medraut stoops, grabs a rock, and hurls it at Arthur's horse. I strikes  
the animal's flank. It rears.

MEDRAUT

Go on with you! I'll come to Strathclyde in my own time.

ARTHUR

(controlling his mount)

Very well, Medraut. As you wish.

He wheels the horse around and spurs it down the hillside. Medraut  
watches him for a moment, then runs after him, halting atop a rise in  
the ground.

MEDRAUT

Damn you, da, it wasn't my fault either.

LONG SHOT from above, showing the boy, the retreating rider, and  
the surrounding wasteland. The CAMERA PULLS BACK until the  
figures are lost in the barren landscape.

OLD MEDRAUT

(VOICE-OVER)

It was a very long walk. A storm swept in off the sea and I en-  
ded up getting drenched.

EXTERIOR—MOOR—DAY

Medraut walks beside the breaking surf, down the coast toward  
Strathclyde. Mist creeps across the low hilltops.

OLD MEDRAUT

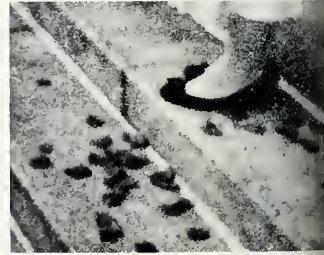
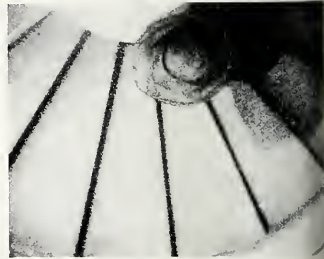
(VOICE-OVER)

And so, an end and a beginning. I didn't hate him, not then, not  
the love was all dried up. I'd never asked to be made the  
symbol of his own imagined sin.

# Q

# QUARTET

STUDENT FILM STILL





## Memory

*Marks Lane*

*Memory*, set to Bach's *Ave Maria*, is based on *Rhapsody in Windy Night* by T.S. Eliot. The film, approximately ten minutes in length, involves a dream-like progression occurring between midnight and four in the morning at which time the protagonist's memory is solved.

## The Stranger Within

*Tommy Dorsett*

*The Stranger Within* is an exercise in technical style. The film, in the horror genre, experiments with lighting, camera movement, editing, and composition. It works to create an atmosphere of impending doom.



### **The Glance**

*Herbert Gambill, Jr. and Jamie Eng*



Spectator within the text meets "the absent one." Or, *I was a teenage voyeur*. Optional homage to *Meshes of the Afternoon*. Super 8mm, silent, 7 minutes. With Janice Ribet.



### **Tonio Kroger in America**

*Herbert Gambill, Jr., Tommy Dorsel  
Ric Hodges.*

Or, *A Child's Garden of Filmmaking*. A satiric view of every film student's adolescent dream of becoming a great film director before they get out of film school. 16mm, optical sound, 11 minutes. With Neil Linnel.



## ures

by N. Fragola is an instructor in the Broadcasting/Cinema ment. He teaches film production, writing, history and various In the late '60s he had two short stories published in *Coraddi*, which won first place in a fiction contest.

tenapace judged the photography competition sponsored by i. He is active with Duke University Press and exhibits his raphy through-out the area.

Dowell is a graduate student in the MFA Creative Writing m. He has sold three short stories to *Arés* and *Fantasy Book* reesently working on a novel based on Arthurian legend.

Ellen Nubel, Associate Editor of *Coraddi*, is a junior majoring ish and Religious Studies.

w Phillips is the art director for *Coraddi*. He talks about Fialta nks about Berlin.

## ography and Film

Bo Andrews graduated from Chapel Hill with a degree in Art y. She is a native of Greensboro.

ay Brady is a perennial senior at UNC-G. Beginning in the Art ment four years ago, she hopes to graduate in 1984. Encouraged work by family and friends, they have become the subjects of f her photos.

ne Cornish, long-time New Yorker, is now a Greensboro resi- After six years of watching Doren shoot and work in the dark- and listening to his enthusiastic conversations about photo- %, she finally picked up a camera and began.

D'Angelo is a senior English major from Philadelphia. In he won second place in the *Coraddi* photography contest. She is sted in children's literature.

y Dorsett is a UNC-G graduate. He did graduate work at Ohio rsity for one year, then moved to Winston-Salem. His film, *ger Within*, won honorable mention at the Rochester Amateur Festival and was exhibited at the Athens Internation Film al and others.

Englund received her BA in Anthropology from UNC-G. She is dly working in Asheville.

ie Fokes is a 1981 Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Sweet Briar Col- with degrees in Studio Art and English Literature. At Sweet she was presented the Martha Von Brieson Photography Award.

given yearly to a graduating senior. She is now a graduate student UNC-G pursuing an MFA in Painting.

Herbert Gambill is a graduate student in Broadcast Cinema at Winston-Salem. He has been previously published in *Coraddi*.

Nancy Geyer is a part-time sophomore at UNC-G. Her photographs of her daughter and a friend was taken for her first semester at UNC-G as an assignment for Doren's class to show the relationship between the people. She was very inspired by the course and interested in a career in photojournalism.

Carol Hines is a mother of three and a sophomore at UNC-G. She plans to enter the Interior Design Program here and is interested in history, architecture and costume design.

Ric Hodges, 1982 graduate of UNC-G, has his BA in Broadcast Cinema. He is currently living in Boston.

Marks Lane is a senior majoring in English and Communication Studies. He plans to do his graduate work in Film at UCLA or USC. He commented, "I did not know I wanted to go into film until a year ago—now it's an obsession!" His favorite directors are Alfred Hitchcock, Frank Capra, Alan Pakula and Roman Polanski.

Steven Lautermilch teaches in the English Department. His photographs have appeared in *Carolina Quarterly*, *Southwest Review*, *The Louisville Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Phoenix*, and *Pravda Schomer*.

Marcia MacDonald is a junior majoring in Art Design. Her hometown is Reston, Virginia.

Jordan Montgomery is photography editor for both *Pure Needs* and *The Carolinian*. He is a senior Design major with a concentration in photography. He is thankful to A. Doren for all his help and advice.

Gale Reid is a senior Design major from Kernersville. She hopes to make photography her career. She says, "Six years ago I was taking photographs, now I make them."

John Rosenau is a senior English major from Westport, Connecticut. His interests are photography, biking and reading.

Uli Schempp is a senior Design major with a concentration in ceramics. His photo, "Closet Punk," was taken in his first photography class. He is a citizen of West Germany.

Donna Tooly is a graduate student from Charlotte. She received her BFA from UNC-G in Painting and Printmaking.

Carol Witherspoon is a junior Biology major.

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