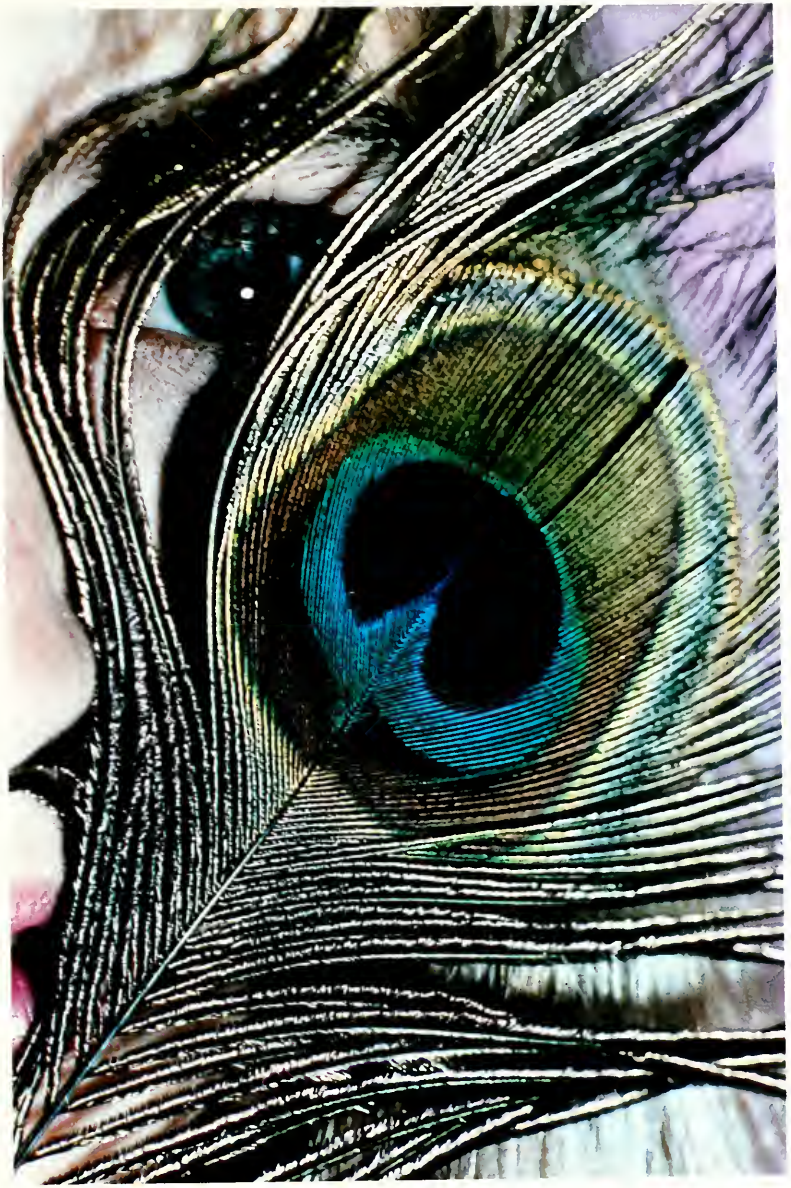

# CORADDI

Spring 1989

## Libation

Heaven is under our feet
as well as over our heads
Thoreau

Because mage are many,
we, blind, healers, regenerators.
Because I am an octopus,
lose limbs many times.
Because green as green can be.
Because I want to be preacher, madrigal, sober
daffodils on coffee tables.
Because in Spain is Mallorca,
a mountainous island,
I am putting these things in water
before they die.

Heaven is a liason
of your eyes and sky
feet and ground
hands on a back rubbing,
mouth and morsel,
state and nation,
flight and inertia.
About heaven I will sing no more
in this poem
after libation is given
on grounds that allow flight.
*Je ne sais quoi.*
After libation is given.

This is for those who refuse to heal themselves.
This is a ketch,
come sail, come sail!
This is not a lament, hurrah!
This is a hunt, hurrah!
this is a tin cup
in my hand,
a rattlin two coins.

I'm a mendicant man,
in mendicant's land,

putting these things,
at hand,
in water
before they die, hurrah!
Before Mallorca sinks in the sea,
before all preachers are drunkards,
all magi are many, most, me,
all daffodils are dead, hurrah!
all beggars tear the sky open,
all whales beach themselves,
and all boys go to war for pity.

Prior to
relocation,
I am putting these things in water
before they die.
*Je ne sais quoi.*
I am putting these things in water
before they die.
About the apocalypse I will sing no more,
in this poem,
after libation is given
on the grounds
that it be given back.
... and hurry withered flowers.
... and hurry serenaders.
*Yallah bissurae ya eammie,*
because we,
the living,
are theives in the night.

(come to steal. you're dead.
come to steal your ritual.
come to steal your blanket.
come to steal. come to steal)
your home entwined so reverently.
You gyrate pensive,
alone,
still considering the moon
an unqualified dance partner.

I'm a mendicant man,
in mendicant's land,

and this is for those who think they're lucky.
This is for wounded ballerinas
served subpoenas
by judges that never dance
for fear that they
might be the ass, the angel
the only judge, jury, beast
that bites the hand
of a mendicant man.

I'm in mendicant's land.

this is for many, most,me
This is not a fetter, hurrah!
This is an acquittal, hurrah!
This is olive
oil pouring from a pueter cup
onto your feet,
for you are guests in my home,
come to steal my death song.

Because I want a back rub.
Because the dead are noisy.
Because wisdom laughs.
Because in Spain is Mallorca,
a mountainous island,
I am putting these things in water
before they die.
*Je ne sais quoi.*
I am putting these things in water
before they die.

About receiving guests
I will sing no more
in this poem,
after libation is given
back.
... and hurry futile jailors.
... and hurry all you owners.
*Yallah bissurae ya eammie,*
because we,
the living,
are thieves in the night.
(come to steal. you're dead.
your reverence for moonlight.)

Gary McCracken

Sara Donovan untitled woodcut

# CORADDI

UNCG's Magazine of the Arts

UNCG Magazine of the Arts

# CORADDI

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Chad Cameron

# CORADDI

UNC's Magazine of the Arts

## TABLE OF CONTENTS



cover photo by
Michael Read

# John Rosenthal:

John Rosenthal received a B.A. from Wake Forest University (1964) and an M.A. in English from Columbia University (1966). He taught English at UNCG (1965–68) and at UNC–Chapel Hill (1968–71). In 1972, after living abroad for a year, Mr. Rosenthal left teaching to become a freelance photographer. His work has been exhibited throughout North Carolina and the southeast. His one-person shows include exhibits at Chapel Hill, Duke, Wake Forest, Salem, Hollins, the Asheville Museum of Art, and most recently, an exhibit entitled *John Keats and the World of Children*, at the School of Design at NCSU. Additionally, Mr. Rosenthal's work has been displayed in many group shows, juried and invitational. Mr. Rosenthal writes photography criticism for *Spectator* magazine of Raleigh, and has a weekly commentary on photography and related matters which can be heard each Wednesday on WUNC radio, an affiliate of National Public Radio.

John Rosenthal *John Keats. Mask.* 1985

# the ethics of photography

**Coraddi: You are a writer and a photographer. Do you feel that there are correlations between the two mediums? For instance, do your photographs ever inspire you as a writer?**

**John Rosenthal:** No, but the problems that are presented to me by the act of taking a photograph are problems that most writers have to deal with. For instance, the problem of privacy. That is, what right do you have as a photographer to take a picture of any human subject? And if you claim the right, then to what purpose? That's an important issue, since it's hard not to see that a photograph is an act of aggression no matter who is taking it. You're stopping someone from the flow of their life, you're cropping them from the space in which they live and have their being, you're juxtaposing them to something that they didn't know they were next to. You're objectifying them according to your terms, not theirs, for who would choose to be objectified? It's very complicated, but the fact is most photographs reduce us. They put us into contexts we didn't choose. You can see, for instance, how easily people in photographs are turned into symbols. If you're going to take a picture of someone, then you're taking a picture of them for a reason. And that reason usually has to do with the desire to make people represent something other than themselves. It's very easy to photograph a man and then say later, "This man represents the homeless."

**...it's hard not to see that a photograph is an act of aggression no matter who is taking it.**

**Coraddi: How do you deal with that? Do you feel comfortable in the role of aggressor?**

**John Rosenthal:** I don't feel comfortable photographing people anymore, unless I feel that I'm enlarging available meaning.

**C: So what are you left with, documentary photographs?**

**JR:** No, because documentary photographs invade privacy, only they do it in the name of "the document" or of "preservation." I used to go go to New York to photograph a lot. And I would ask myself, "Why am I photographing New York? Am I documenting New York? To what purpose?" Did it ever strike you that the act of making a document these days is the same thing as saying goodbye to something? Documentary photographs are generally about that which is vanishing. We photograph cultures that are becoming marginal—picturesque images of American Indians. We photograph cities that are disappearing in a new way—we are photographing cities with an eye towards their new, almost lunar, ugliness—for quite simply, to photograph a city with an eye towards its beauty is to make postcards. Technology is wreaking unbelievable visual catastrophe everywhere. If you go to the city to take documentary photographs, then that is the kind of issue that you have to address. The documentary photographer must always ask himself, "What is it that constitutes my subject? How can I present the subject in a truthful way?" When you photograph a city, whose city is being photographed? The lawyer's city, which is full of safe streets? Or the city of the homeless person? The fact is, what most photographers end up with are photographs of people who look very different from themselves. This is what Susan Sontag called "class tourism." The camera loves to tour in other classes, classes that are different from that of the photographer's.

**C: So what is really happening is that the photographer is merely photographing his own preconceptions of the city. He chooses subjects that illustrate his *own* vision of the city.**

**JR:** That's pretty true—I mean, even when we pretend to objectivity most photographs are about the inside of the photographer's mind. You can't escape from your own imperatives of taste. The trouble arises when we believe photographs are objective pieces of information. Once I had a show of New York photographs in Washington, and this woman came up to me—the kind of woman that, you know, I don't hang out with—and she said, "Boy, you really captured New York." I realized suddenly that what I had captured was a New York that had congratulated her sense of reality, of the city. They were the kind of images a lawyer could put on his wall and say, "*That's* my New York." With these photographs, I had created a mellifluous, tender, poignant New York—a New York that we all want to believe in. But what kind of serious person would go to a city like New York, and be content to make it look like a 19th century village? That's not a real accomplish-

ment. This is why I can't take my New York photographs seriously, although I do love them.

**C: "The city" *is* a huge concept. Is this why you take portraits of your son? Because you're trying to capture something that's closer to home, that's more comprehensible to you?**

**JR:** Well, first of all I felt I had more right to make mistakes about him. After all, I've *earned* the privilege to make mistakes about him. I gave him birth, I pay for his room and board. Somehow we're allowed to make mistakes about people we love, while we're not with strangers. I felt that my son was a legitimate subject. For one thing, I have closely observed him. I know who he is, since he's partially me. How could he help but be? But interestingly enough, I chose to photograph those elements in him which aren't exactly knowable. This is hard. Maybe I mean that I wanted the photographs of my son to suggest the ways he couldn't be known. I tried to photograph him sometimes as if I were photographing myself, and who doesn't appreciate their own complexity? I felt a lot safer doing that. I didn't choose to photograph him in a series of tableaus that represented childhood, such as a child playing in delight or licking an ice cream cone. Isn't it funny how when most photographers photograph children, they usually try to portray them as happy? People love pictures of happy children, for they reinforce an ideal of children in general. This, however, isn't a good enough stereotype of children, and it wasn't true for my son. It's a fairly fraudulent view of childhood.

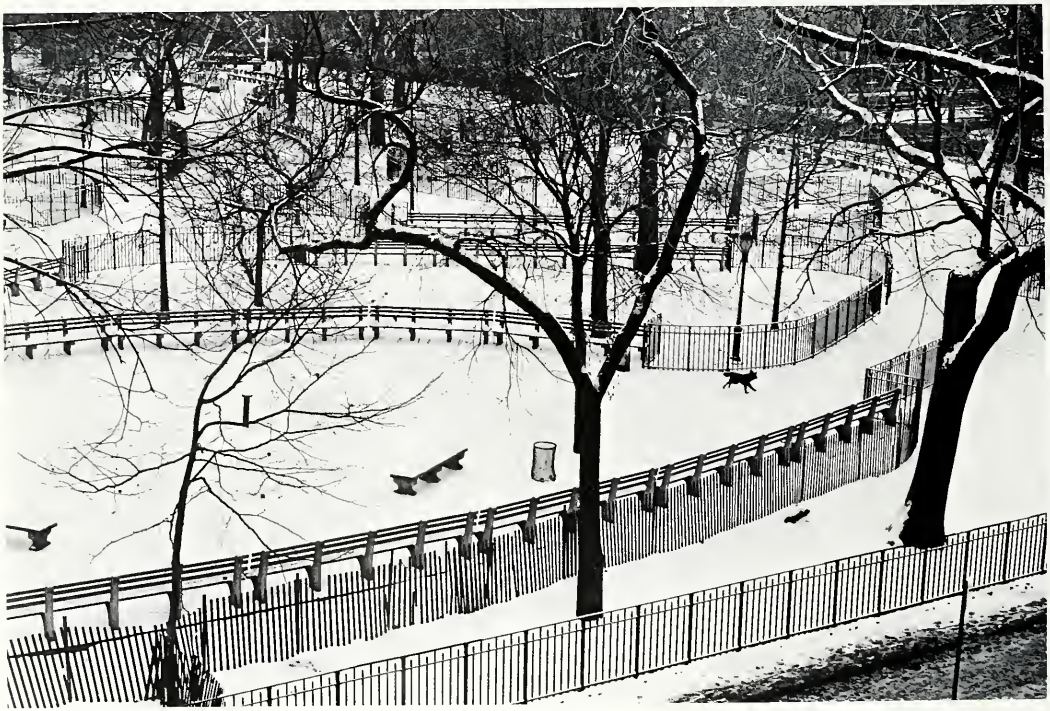
So what *is* childhood, and what *is* your own child? Photographically, I decided that my child was, among other things, a kind of vegetable and mineral substance: a beautiful, flowering, growing, and changing flesh—a person. I wanted to photograph respectfully that substance—without imposing any glib psychological understanding. The photographs of him are more like clues than artifacts.

**C: Does the significance of these clues reveal itself to you when you view the final image, or are you aware of it before you even take the picture?**

**JR:** No. I learn from the final photograph. When you are raising a child you are in a relation with him which is dynamic and moving—ever changing. A photograph enables you to stop what is happening and look closely. If you feel it is a good photograph then you believe that you stepped out of the dynamic. Life is dynamic and a photograph stops the dynamic. You can't really predict what a dynamic looks like when it's stopped.

**C: When you photograph your son, do you ever think about a preconceived notion of him in your mind and set out to illustrate that?**

**JR:** I do now, now that he's 16 years old and more obviously part of a society than the mineral world. That means that the terms on which he's dealing are familiar to me,whereas a six year old doesn't have those same terms, and is therefore more mysterious. Now I photograph my son in relation to the society he's a part of—a person with expectations and masks. "What is a person" is a good question to ask of someone who has become a person—but not a great question to ask a six year old. This is to say that I'm now taking different photographs of my son. When he was younger and I photographed him I would try to invent a new category. I would stand in front of him and separate him from an environment which he would flow in and out of, and I would look through the camera until something happened that I



John Rosenthal *Tompkins Square, NYC*

liked and then take the picture. Then maybe later on I would try to figure out what I liked. What I was after was a portrayal of my great respect for the luminosity of his young being. But as time goes by what is luminous about a child grows a little bit dimmer. Being an adult is an intellectual experience, even when you don't want to admit it. That's when you get into the Post-Modernist game of being and meaning and masks. Now I photograph him in masks almost entirely. It is perfectly agreeable for me to photograph him in masks, since what grown-up doesn't wear masks? To some extent we are the masks we wear. In a sense this is a way of saying we can't be known. I like saying that. I believe it's true.

**C: How does he feel about the photographs? Do they ever serve to make him feel uncomfortable?**

**JR:** Well, because of that consideration, I rarely photograph him anymore. I haven't photographed him in a year out of respect for his feelings, his adolescent self-consciousness.

**C: This discussion had made me think about Sally Mann's photographs. She photographs her children. I think she tries to capture the cruel and brutal side of childhood. Her work is very powerful, though questionable. She has a photograph of her son whose face is bleeding. I have to wonder about her seeing her son injured and immediately grabbing her camera rather than attending to him. Is she is doing the right thing by portraying her children this way?**

**JR:** Some photographers don't care to think about the problems behind their work. They believe that there is a God-given right to take photographs in the name of art. But art has to live in the world where other things exist, such as compassion and the rights of others. If you are interested in those problems then taking a photograph means something very serious. But when you get interested in the politics of photography itself it slows you down. Think about war photography. War photographs end up selling magazines—ultimately somebody is making lots of money. Does the photographer think about that when he captures his earnest war image?

What does a photograph mean? Does it reveal truths about the world or does it help to continue a system? It is a serious problem. Meanings are so interconnected these days. I don't want to take a photograph that is so good that it will make a person pause long enough to read the advertisement next to it. There are difficult problems attached to magazine photography. It is all difficult. The older I get the harder it is to take photographs.

**C: Nonetheless, you have obviously retained a deep joy in your art.**

**JR:** That's true. Taking photographs is one of the joys of my life. I love walking through the world photographing it. It is that ambulatory gesture which is at the heart of everything I love about photography. I am a person who doesn't have to have an office. My job is to walk through the world with a camera. And I must admit, I really feel elevated and at my best when I know that a great photograph is about to happen.

Photography remains a wonderful mystery, for no matter how prepared you are for a photograph, you are never quite prepared for what's in it. It's the translation of a three- dimensional world into a two-dimensional image, and you can never be sure about how it will translate. Some exciting events don't translate or they may have been done so many times that they don't warrant another translation. Although you may think you know your own motives, sometimes you find that you've taken a picture out of emulation for some hero of yours. That's fine, but that usually means that your photograph will not be as effective as it could be. Naturally, photographers inspire each other. We are inclined to emulate the power of someone else's images in our own work. After all, a major reason that someone would take photographs in the first place is because they love other photographers. But we have to use that love up a little—we have to use it up so that we can discover our own voice. Frequently when a photograph doesn't work it's because it's a celebration of a hero through whose work we haven't evolved.

**Some photographers don't care to think about the problems behind their work. They believe that there is a God-given right to take photographs in the name of art.**

**C: But the emulation is useful to build on?**

**JR:** I think it is the only thing to build on. William Blake said that admiration is the first principle of knowledge. I don't know that we do anything good except out of admiration. It's very easy to be mediocre nowadays, uninspired. You can make a lot of money not being excellent. So why strive for it? Only because you admire someone who did.

**C: When did you start taking photographs?**

**JR:** I was over thirty. A friend and teacher at UNCG introduced me to the camera.

**C: Did you decide at some point that what you really wanted to be doing was devoting a lot of time to photography?**

**JR:** Yes, because it was probably the only activity that didn't bore me. I wanted to be a writer, but that didn't come naturally. I had *too many* heroes. On the other hand, I didn't know much about photography and I felt my own creative stuff pour through. I was not restricted by admired formal structures, because I wasn't aware that they existed.

Being ignorant of photographs I was saved from knowing what was trendy. This was helpful in the beginning. But it also meant that in my enthusiasm I would photograph what others had long discovered about the modern world. I was very creative but like most

John Rosenthal *John Keats in Valle Crucis, N.C.*, 1979

beginners I wasn't very interesting, except to myself.

**C: As a photographer myself, I sometimes feel that I was a much truer and better photographer when I was just becoming interested in it. I have entertained so many ideas and concepts about what it *should* be that I feel more muddled now.**

**JR:** There is no way, unfortunately, that we can be good photographers without having some formal knowledge. When we're young we want to photograph our authenticity, but authenticity itself is just a bore unless you can find a form proper to it.

For instance, how many student writers end their story with a suicide? They want to express their despair and confusion which is specific to their age and experience, and yet not knowing much about writing they frequently resort to this solution of suicide. As you get older you discover there are many ways to end a story. The advantage of knowing something is that you can take an enormous feeling of self and make it interesting. That's the point after all. If you just want to express yourself, go ahead, but you might not be interesting. You're not going to be interesting if your ignorance dooms you to repeat everyone else's mistakes.

Something else, though. We have to be somewhat attuned to the trends in art because there is a some kind of consensus out there about what is happening in our society. And in order to have conversation or dialogue with other people you have to acknowledge these trends. You can't pretend that history stops with you. For instance, Norman Rockwell may have thought that he wouldn't pay attention to things going on in the art world such as abstraction. He wanted history to stop. But those kids he painted perched on their father's barber stool probably became alcoholics later on, trying to deal with the confusion of being alive in America. Americans have broken traumatically with their past and we should acknowledge that. Art at its best isn't nostalgia, it's a way to experience the buoyancy of that ambiguous new freedom. Art is truthful, and any artist who would suggest that America in 1980 is like America in 1910 doesn't really know what was going on in 1910.

**C: In addition to being a photographer and a writer, you also are a commentator on public radio. What sorts of issues do you deal with in your commentaries?**

**JR:** My radio commentary deals with photography a great deal. Right now, for instance, I'm writing a commentary about why I sympathize with people who don't want their photographs taken. It struck me the other day that those people don't want to be disconnected from the context which they created. Most of us require a thousand things to make our point. We require our energy, our laughter, our charm, our eyes, our hands, the way we nod our head, our capacity to hear someone. The list is endless. But a photograph merely captures our physical characteristics. Well, for people with certain physical characteristics that might be great, but not for the rest of us. We feel cheated. We've done a lot to create our own context in the world. A photograph deprives us of that context, and most of us don't want to be deprived. It's in the nature of modern experience to deprive people of their context. Photography often is just another example of that tendency.

**C: So where does that leave the photographer?**

**JR:** Figuring a way to possibly rephotograph the damage that's been done. Consider this. On the cover of People magazine a few weeks ago was a picture of Robin Givens and Mike Tyson. The photographer had set up the shot. Givens sits there with cheeks in her hands, a self-conscious pose, and around her temples Tyson's hands are gripped. The article is going to be about the tragedy of this marriage, the break up, etc. The photographer was obviously trying to do a couple of things. She was trying to suggest that in the hands of this man, Givens' skull could be crushed like an eggshell, which is symbolic information about their marriage and about his tendency to be violent. And her vanity in the face of all this danger is a comment about her and her position in this world of show-business and marital theatricality. They were photographed in the midst of their problems. The photograph was nothing but a symbolic portrayal of what the public understands as the beauty and the beast. But how can we accept that information as being enough? This is cheap, specious information and it is the kind of information that photographs convey. Anyone who looks at Tyson or has heard him speak knows he's a very complicated person—and it's not hard to figure out that his life is very complicated right now. But this photograph conveyed only low-grade information. It served to keep the public stupid. It kept the public on the surface of his dilemma. If he wasn't such an innocent fellow, he wouldn't have been used like that.

You see, photographs attach us to the way things look, to appearances, but that is a very modest claim to understanding. Words are needed to explain how things function or work. Photographers need to learn how to accept the modesty of what can or even should be done with an image. They need to be modest, otherwise they're going to make too many specious claims on experience.

John Rosenthal *Morro Bay, California* 1989

For instance, what do you know when you see a photograph of war? What is conveyed? The horror of war? The romance? What romance? Why pretend that your images aren't designed to sell newspapers, or to wake up stale bourgeoise? But that *is* your function, to excite people who otherwise might buy another paper!

**C: You've spoken of photographs as a means to sell papers. What about as a means to sell opinions?**

**JR:** Photographs are always propoganda of some sort. I think they function wonderfully as straight out propaganda, like when they excite a nation to go to war. A photograph of an enemy is really quite effective. Photographs also confer dignity when there is none, which is also propoganda. For example, George Bush would probably never have been elected president if someone had not discovered a way to photograph him and make him look presidential. Now when you try to make someone look a certain way which they really *aren't*, then that's propaganda. You're creating a false piece of information to get something done in the world. Any photograph that made Bush look like a normal citizen was irrelevant, because the electorate, which has been so degraded by television, didn't want just a normal man to vote for. They wanted somebody with stature and far-sightedness. But the only way Bush or Dukakis, who are just barely interesting people, could be given these qualities was in a photograph. Now that's propoganda. It's very effective propoganda, too, since we managed to have a presidential election which seemed credible, when in fact it was just a joke that was barely funny.

**interview conducted by Michael Read**

# Joe

## by Carole Luke

illustrated by Kevin Fitzgerald & Andrew Olson

Scott sat in his uncle's ten-year-old, red and white pick-up in the middle of the interstate, waiting for the oncoming traffic to clear. He looked out at the barren trees on the left by the highway and thought about how, over the years, he had come to take this ride for granted. He checked his watch and wondered if his grandfather would be ready or if, instead, he would find him napping in his swaybacked armchair by the cold fireplace. He turned up the radio, blew on his fingers to warm them, and concentrated on the football game.

Out at the farm, it was quiet. Joe sat back a bit on the mattress, pushed the faded red baseball cap from his head, and looked around at the now empty room where he and Elsie had slept for forty-three years. They had raised three children, married two, and buried one. They had grown wheat and corn, raised sheep and dairy cows, and had even managed to pay the bills until last fall when Elsie had gone. Now all that was left was the bed, an old chest of drawers that stood off in the corner by the window, and Joe's wandering memories. Forty-three years, a mattress, and what was left in these drawers—a few shirts, some socks and underwear, three pair of pants, and an album with pictures of his wedding day, the children's birthdays, a hunting trip, and Mark somewhere near Tay Ninh, mugging to the camera, his nut-brown arm around one of his buddies.

A bottle of Ten High and some back issues of *American Sportsman* sat on the floor. Joe pushed on his knee with one hand and rocked himself forward. Every day was more of an effort, not just because he was old or drunk as he was now, but because, every day since he'd put Elsie in the ground, he had to come up with another reason to get up at all. And, in a few hours, Joe thought, this farm and everything else he had lived for would also be gone. He swayed a little, put out his hand, and grabbed the corner of the chest just in time to keep himself from falling back down.

The wide, snow-filled fields flew by as Scott headed toward the farm. Interception. The Michigan safety had made it all the way down to the end zone before anybody could touch him. Damn, he thought, what was he doing out in this wasteland, freezing to death, instead of sitting by the fire in the den watching the second half of the game. As he turned right into the old mud-cracked road a mile from the house, the truck lifted and bucked over the frozen Iowa ground. His hands stiff like ice on the wheel and his breath coming out in sharp, white puffs, Scott scrunched deep in his coat and wished once more that his dad could have been here to take Joe off the farm.

Joe studied his face in the stained, oval mirror above the chest. Every line, every crevice, every burn was a testament to what this place had cost him. He took off his cap and smoothed his hand over his scalp. His dark, brown hair, now almost gray, was cut neat and close. Even though he didn't have much left for a barber, he still went once a month out of habit. He had never liked looking like a bum.

Using the chest of drawers as a way to steady himself, he made it over to the window and looked out at the barn below. It stood about a hundred yards from the house and hadn't been used at all for the last year. The paint had peeled and cracked and all that was left of the livestock were some field mice and the stray cats that fed off them. The light of winter was bright against the old barn and Joe shielded his eyes. Before he fell softly back onto the bed, Joe remembered the taste of salt on his upper lip. Then, it got quiet and still.

* * * * * * *

It was late afternoon, hotter than a pistol, Fourth of July. Joe pounded his glove and waited for the last hitter from the other team to come up to bat. Two out, bottom of the ninth, Chiefs ahead by three. Joe laughed to himself. Just get it over with, he muttered, get in that batter's box and pray you can hit the ball so you don't look like a fool striking out in front of your whole team.

He could smell the hot dogs and hamburgers cooking on the grill over in the grove of trees behind the diamond. Elsie sat in the stands with Mark on her knees. He knew if he looked at her, she'd smile and wave.

She always did that, just like when they were in school, and it still embarrassed him even though she was the best-looking woman for miles. Joe kept his eyes on the batter. He swung. Strike one! The pitcher let another one go. Strike two! This was going to be easier than he'd thought. The sun was hot and hit hard on the back of Joe's neck as he waited for the pitch. Again the ball whistled over the plate but this time, the crack of the bat charged every nerve in Joe's body.

Pop fly and it was heading his way. The adrenalin opened every pore in his skin. He shielded his eyes and watched as the ball soared down through the air, straight out of the sky, and into his hands. Before it had even smacked the palm of his glove, he could hear Elsie and all the others yell and scream and stomp their feet on the bleachers. He jumped up high and threw his glove to the ground, letting out a whoop they could have heard in Des Moines and the smell of those hot dogs and burgers hit him so hard, it nearly knocked him over.

* * * * * * *

It must have been the sound of the truck driving up to the side of the house, the engine cutting off suddenly, that woke Joe. He looked around, dazed for a minute, and tried to remember what had happened. By the time he'd stood up and had found his cap, he could hear someone downstairs yelling his name. It was Scotty. By God, what was he doing here so early, Joe thought. He wasn't due here until noon. Joe checked his watch but it had stopped.

"Hey, Grandpa. You ready?" Scott said from the door.

Scott was at least six inches taller than his grandfather, but to Joe, he still looked like a boy. He had hair the color of good oat straw and his eyes were always jumping and warm, just like Mark's had been. He was a good kid, Joe thought. Square. Like his dad. Joe's eyes clouded over and he leaned into the wall.

"You okay, Grandpa?" Scott held out a hand.

Joe brushed himself off and pulled his cap down as if he'd just missed a step. "Sure I'm okay. What's the matter, don't I look okay to you?"

They started down the stairs. Joe checked back over his shoulder every once in a while as if he were trying to take pictures of what had been there.

**"Sure I'm okay. What's the matter, don't I look okay to you?"**

"We don't have to go just yet if you don't want to," Scott said. Nobody will be here until three." He watched his grandfather.

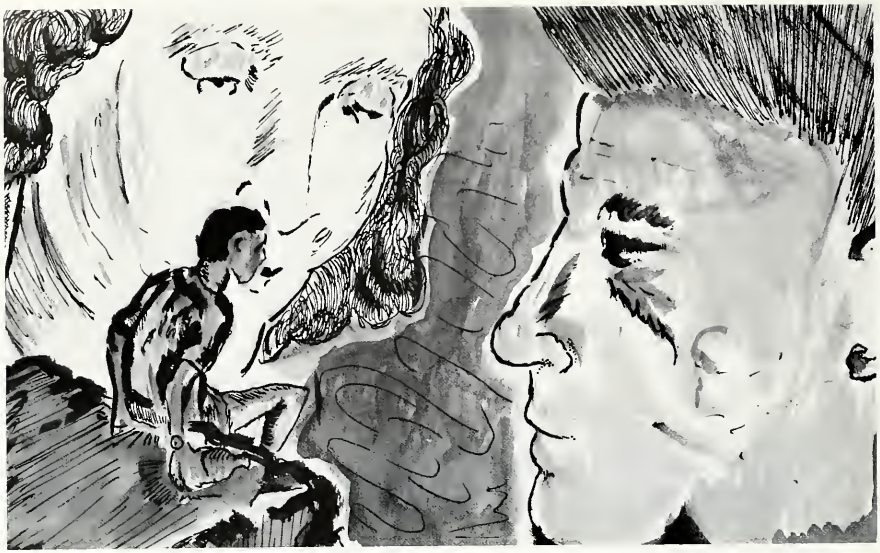
"Let's get down to the barn," Joe barked, his voice harsh and clipped, his eyes now staring straight ahead.

Although it was February, the air had warmed a little. It had lost the raw, freezing bite from this morning. Scott couldn't understand how his grandfather could sleep out here with almost no heat and only a couple of blankets. They broke the mold after they made him, he thought. The snow crunched under their boots as they walked in silence, side by side. Joe slid the large door open, flooding the barn with noonday light. A couple of mice scurried across the floor.

Joe stood in the center of the barn, breathing deep, seeing it all as it had been. There were his old milk cows, tethered for the night, chewing on hay and oats, steam rising from their nostrils. And the dozens of bales neatly stacked in the corner. Mark, crouched just behind them, shielding his right hand with the catcher's mitt he'd gotten for his tenth birthday, practicing the signs Joe had taught him.

It always came down to Mark, Joe thought as he felt the tears starting to sting the corners of his eyes. He coughed once and took out his kerchief. Damn, he thought, he hated being old. He focused hard on the tip of his boot and swallowed, hoping he could choke it off before Scott turned around.

But Scott had forgotten his grandfather. He'd wandered back toward the tack room, thinking how many hours he'd spent here when he'd still been in school. Everything stood as it had been. He traced his finger in the layers of dust that covered the once-well-oiled table on which they'd laid out the rabbits and deer he'd shot with his dad and his grandfather. He'd really felt like one of the men when he'd come back with them, the meat still warm, slung over his shoulder. His grandma would scold him as soon as she caught sight of him, blood staining



his shirt. But to him, those stains were as valuable as stripes earned in combat. They were proof of his manhood to his friends and to those girls that stood off by the drinking fountain at school, giggling to each other behind the backs of their hands. Those stains and the flint burns he got and the bruises in his shoulder were the war wounds that came with a good hunting season.

And in the end of summer, when he sat by the lake with Tina Marie, the girl who'd become the girl of his dreams, and their bathing suits dried in the late, orange sun, she'd circle those bruises very gently and delicately with the tips of her fingers. She traced her compassion around them, touching them in a way that indicated he'd suffered and survived and hadn't complained. And at least in Tina Marie's book, that was what men—real men—those that she daydreamed would hold her, moon up above, dark pines behind—that's what they'd do.

Scott looked down at his hand. Without realizing it, he'd written her initials and outlined a heart in the dust on the table. He wiped it away quickly and walked back toward the stalls to find Joe. They needed to get to work if they were going to be out in the next couple of hours and Scott knew his grandfather wouldn't want to have anything to do with the realty people.

The barn was empty. Scott called out his grandfather's name but there was no answer. He shivered. Now that the livestock was gone, the barn seemed dark and large. Joe had probably gone back inside where it was a little warmer, Scott thought, maybe to get a nip. The drinking had always been there, but lately, it had been more of a problem. With his hands stuck deep in his pockets and his chin stuck down into his coat, Scott walked out into the hard, winter sunshine and headed back toward the house. He wondered if either team had scored in the third quarter.

But Joe had gone to the shack behind the barn where he'd kept his tools and the odds and ends Elsie wouldn't let him store in the house. He'd already sold or given away most of the tools, but he still held onto some personal things like the helmet he'd worn in '42 and his old baseball uniform and the first fishing pole he'd gotten from his dad which had been broken for at least fifty years. He had meant to fix it and give it to Scott, but it had always been a project for later, when he would have had time to do it right. It was still a good pole, Joe thought as he turned it over in his hands.

Joe lifted some harness and an old horse blanket from the dark army footlocker. It had the initials, "M.B." on the front by the lock. Joe wiped off the dust with the side of his hand. Normally, Joe thought, a man wouldn't get back more than his son in a box, but he'd managed through one friend and another to get back the footlocker with some of Mark's things. At first, they had stored it in Mark's room as a reminder that, even though he wasn't alive, at least he'd come home.

But last fall after Elsie had died, the same afternoon he'd buried her, Joe had come back to the farm alone and sat in Mark's room until dusk, packing what was left of his son in the locker. He had lugged it all out to the shack to collect dust alongside the other things he had tried to forget.

Joe fiddled with the lock until it creaked and finally sprung loose.

There, neatly folded, just as he had left them, were Mark's papers and books, his nice silk shirt, the mug he'd used for his first beer and—laying across the top—the Winchester Joe had given him the Christmas before he'd gone overseas. Joe slipped it out of its case. Mark never used it. Not once. It was a beautiful rifle. Joe turned the gun in his hand. The wood was oily and dark and the barrel had survived the damp winter months with no sign of rust. He slid the bolt back and checked the chamber. Then he took four cartridges from the box he'd stored next to the rifle and pushed them down until he heard them all click into place.

Scott came back downstairs. His grandfather was not in his room or anywhere else in the house. He went through the kitchen and slammed the screen door on his way back to the barn. He called out Joe's name, hoping his grandfather had just wandered off out of earshot. The only response was the jabber of starlings, perched on the telephone wire, fighting over food, their feathers flecked like new snow. He called again and headed around to the western side of the barn. Maybe the old man had slipped on some ice. Maybe he lay unconscious or he'd had a stroke. Scott walked a little faster.

Joe brought the rifle up to his cheek. If he looked hard enough, he could see a field full of deer. They stood grazing in the open part of the meadow just in back of the pond. The sun was well behind the pines and the threat of snow chilled the air. Mark lay on his belly in the reeds next to his dad and they shared what was left of the whiskey they'd brought with them. Then, just as Joe sighted the biggest buck in the group and had him in range, he heard something behind him. Afraid that the deer would scatter, he fired. He jerked back the bolt and fired again and again until all four empty casings sat on the floor by his feet.

Scott stood frozen in the doorway. He'd reached the side of the shack just in time to get out of Joe's line. He walked very slowly toward his grandfather, reached for the rifle, and lowered the barrel to the floor. Joe never even noticed. All he could see was the train pull up in Grinell and the freight car door slide back to reveal a six-and-a-half-foot coffin wrapped in an American flag. A hero, the major had said as he handed Joe and Elsie the medals. A tribute to our country. And Elsie, in black, all faded and withered, standing next to the freshly dug grave of her son. And the brightness of that winter morning. The air had been cold, the light clear and sharp.

Scott put a hand on Joe's shoulder. The old man shook just once, then pulled out the blue, cotton kerchief from one of his pockets.

"You okay, Grandpa?"

"Come on, boy. Help me with this stuff. Let's get it into your truck before those sons-of-bitches show up to take it all from me." Joe handed the rifle to Scott. "Here, hold on to this. It's a fine piece of work. It belonged to your Dad."

Scott looked at his grandfather whose face showed no more emotion than usual. He wanted to say something, thank you, or I'm sorry, or Goddamn it, you old coot, you nearly got me killed, but Joe was already lifting and pulling his things from the shack. Scott gently put down the rifle, grabbed one end of the footlocker, and dragged it out to the truck.

For the next hour, the two men worked in silence. Later, they'd have time to talk, Scott thought. Later, he'd take the old man out for a beer and they could plan where they'd go in the fall.

# Gypsy

## by Ellen Häfele

illustrated by Sara Jane Mann

Imre had imagined that he would feel pride and a sense of accomplishment in showing the blue U.S. passport embossed with the American eagle to his parents. It was something to show after 15 years of absence, his letters sent and not always received by his worried mother and puzzled father. The explanations and descriptions of his mysterious disappearance from the small Hungarian village were closely scrutinized by the officials, and more often than not, confiscated.

Driving up the silent dirt road toward the white-washed farmhouse, Imre's knuckles turned white on the steering wheel of the rental car. The silver green leaves of the poplars alongside the road trembled from the rising noon heat; otherwise the air was still. He drove at walking speed, suppressing his burst of expectation. His foot trembled on the gas pedal. A tiny, white cloud hung high and far on the blue sky, looming above the flat land. He had not spoken Tsigan, his mother tongue, since he had left the village barefoot one night in 1958.

He wondered if his parents knew that he was coming, for he had not received a response to the letter announcing his visit. He also wondered what they knew about him at all. They did know that he built die-casting machines in a plant in Detroit. His father had written him back, asking what it was like, working indoors. Imre had answered with a question: what was it like for his father to till the earth? Knowing that it would not make sense to his parents, Imre had tried to describe the factory, the machines, the tools, the sound of metal upon metal, the smell of oil, the strange-feeling days rolling by, punctuated by pay checks. Never did he mention the rough times he had in New York City after his arrival from Italy, sleeping in shelters for the homeless in that vast concrete desert, washing dishes, scrounging up enough money to go to Detroit. Someone had told him that anyone could make a decent living there.

His living had become decent enough. Another concrete desert. Still, it had been hard to build machines, to save up the money for a round trip ticket to Europe to visit his family. No, he never wrote to them about how hard it was to make a living in America, much harder than in Hungary before the invasion. Why worry them? They had trouble enough adjusting.

They must have heard the car. A small, wiry woman in a brown peasant dress came hobbling out of the house through the courtyard into the road. She clasped her hands above her head over and over again.

"Imre, my darling, Imre, Imre, my little star..." she called out in the old Tsigan tongue.

Imre was half way out of the car when she touched his bearded cheeks with dry, wrinkled hands. She cried and laughed at the same time, clasped her hands, stroked his hair. As he hugged her, tears welled up in his throat—his mother, once buxom and strong, was now no more than a handful of kindling twigs.

Limping slowly, leaning on a cane, his father finally came. The only hint of dare-devil left in him was the thick, filterless cigarette hanging loose and crooked out of the corner of his mouth, which bore a trace of a once willful, dominant smirk.

Imre smelled the strong, cheap tobacco and coffee on his father as their cheeks brushed in a long, hard embrace. His mother continued saying his name and countless endearments of the sort only a mother can come up with.

Inside, in the kitchen, however, even his mother fell silent. Flies buzzed around the earthenware pot of cooked chicken on the woodstove and the strands of dried, reddish-brown paprika hanging from the walls. The stove had a low fire burning, making the small room unbearably hot. The windows had no panes, no shades nor curtains, and the sun fell brutally on the dirt floor, which had been sprinkled with water to keep down the dust. A faint smell of moist earth mingled with the scent of chicken stew.

Imre put down his travel bag, squatted down in his jeans and boots. He rummaged through the bag. Squatting, he could see blood stains and chicken down mixed in the dirt. His mother must have prepared the chicken this morning, anticipating his arrival.

He put the passport, a pretty pink china bowl with sugar cubes, and a digital watch on the table. His parents took their presents, marvelled, thanked him, and put them away in a kitchen drawer. It seemed to Imre that they ignored the passport for the longest time.

Now his mother sat at the kitchen table, her head topped with a lilac gypsy kerchief. Snow-white strands of hair escaped from underneath the kerchief, framing her worn brown face. His father stood behind her, his hands resting on her frail shoulders. His face, as was hers, was covered with lines, some deep like the furrows he was forced to plow, some tiny, like the silver thread his mother had used to embroider his vests back when they were free.

Finally they looked at the passport. "I guess you're lucky, son," his father

said and sat down in a chair beside the old woman, who stared at the passport with the embossed eagle with vacant eyes. She looked up and dreamily fixed her eyes, now shiny and black, on Imre.

"Imre, Imre, my sweet little star," she said with tears in her eyes, smiling.

"Mother!" Imre answered sharply in Hungarian. He could not bear to look at her now, her tiny withered body, the dry hands clasped in joy. He turned.

An old trunk stood by the door. It was huge, eye-catching. Imre remembered. He felt a burning desire to throw open its heavy, gaily painted lid and look at the costumes he hoped were still inside. His parents used to wear the embroidered clothes and do tricks on the streets; dance, juggle, panhandle. His father had stolen chickens sometimes. He and his brothers had done most of the panhandling. He had been the favorite of all, enticing more people to part with their spare change than anyone else. He was mother's little star, angel-faced, child-poet, always a touching phrase on his lips, speaking of horses, grass, fire.

"What's in the trunk?" he asked, afraid to hear the answer. His father shuffled his feet and cleared his throat of smoker's phlegm.

"You know..." he said.

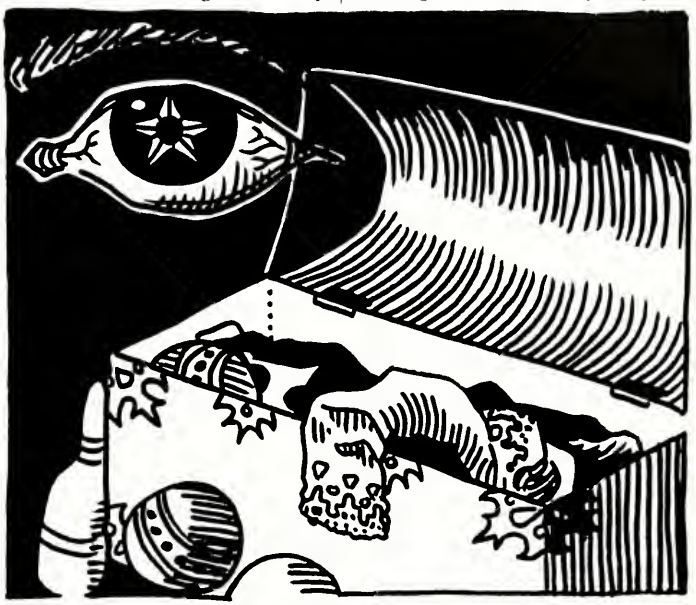
Imre nodded and smiled. He breathed in deep, smelling the lingering odor of garlic, earth, tobacco and paprika. Now there was no need to look inside. He looked out the door instead, scanning the vast expanse of wheat fields beyond the little fenced-in courtyard where sparse puszta grass clustered around the well.

Two big farm co-op combines crawled slowly across the fields. Their metal frames glistened in the sun harsh and blue, like the tip of a blow-torch. Their engines hummed ever so slightly in the distance, and occassionally Imre could hear a metallic crunching sound. He knew they were built from cheap sheet metal and aluminum and that they were made in factories of the sort he worked at in Detroit. Men in blue work coats meeting schedules, eating lunch with greasy black fingers. Men in bars after work, tired but exhilarated. Days rolling by, punctuated by paychecks.

The combines left big dust clouds behind, which quickly diffused in the haze. A small, white cloud rested high up in an otherwise blue sky. It was a very small cloud, smaller than the combines way out on the field, which seemed to stretch on forever. Imre remembered that all this land had once been wild puszta grassland. He recalled the fiery chestnut stallion who used to carry him faster and faster across the flat earth, wind streaming in his face, blinding his eyes. Now his brothers tilled the earth out there just as his father had done.

Imre had left as soon as the tanks began rolling in, back in 1958. He had left five days after they had burned the wagons. He had never seen his father till the earth. He could hardly imagine it—a gypsy farming nationalized land.

"I guess they're lucky to be alive, just as I am," he thought, "but why



didn't they just run?" It pained him to think, though, that his parents thought him free. Didn't his father say that he, Imre, was lucky?

The sun began to set, illuminating, as Imre knew, that other part of the globe, his Detroit apartment with plumbing and electricity and television. It grew dark softly, suffusing the air with pleasant lilac warmth, a relief from the heat. Imre felt his parents smile at him even as he sat staring at the tabletop, heavy-headed.

"And what about a nice woman?" his mother asked him, tugging at his shirt sleeve.

"Ah, mother, you know, I..."

"Take them as they come, hahaha-hah," a raunchy male voice suddenly bellowed.

It was followed by a second voice: "Soft and not too big around..."

They stumbled into the room, smelling of vodka, their boots pounding the floor. One was forty, the other thirty-six, and both were strong and muscular, with tight, glistening olive skin.

"Little brother! Imre, why imagine that!" cried Bela, the older brother. In an attempt to hug him, he lost his balance, fell over, and took Imre, the chair and himself for a tumbling dive to the ground.

Stefan, the other brother, shook his long, black curls and laughed. He kicked Bela in the butt, which was sticking out as Bela's body hung over the fallen chair. "Let me hug little brother too, you idiot," he said. Soon the three of them tumbled to the ground.

"How happy they are," the mother said, head askance, smiling at her husband who smirkingly puffed on his cigarette.

Imre laughed, continuing to roughhouse with his grown, drunken brothers. They kept him from thinking about everything: the stupid women he frequented, the factory, the shocking old age of his parents, the painful memory of freedom, horses, the endless puszta. He boxed Bela's ear, then kissed it, did the same to Stefan, avoiding the heavy black work boots. Their blue overalls smelled of sweat

and wheat dust; he smelled of aftershave. He hoped they would not notice.

"You guys are terrible," he panted, getting up and wiping his jeans legs, which had gotten muddy and dusty.

"Here's something to change your mind, baby brother," Bela said, pulling a half full bottle of vodka out of the kitchen cabinet. The table shook as he jammed it down hard.

"I did not know that was still there," Stefan shouted, and took the bottle before the liquid inside it had stopped sloshing. He took a hard swallow, then handed it over to Imre. "Drink, little one, drink to your soul's delight!" he said.

"It's the only joy in this life, is it not?" Imre replied and took a small sip. "But think of our poor mother," he added, but she was laughing.

Bela took the fiddle off the hook on the wall and began playing. The first sounds were so faint and delicate that it sounded as if they were coming from far, far away, or from a place inside the mind, like a dream. Each note took forever, like the imagined eternity of a heartache. As if by surprise, however, another followed slightly louder without ever really displacing the note before, but rather augmenting it, like the throbbing of a sore tooth. Imre shivered and closed his eyes, pressing his lips together sharply. The violin, soft and sweet, was like the anticipation of a junkie ready to indulge in the drug of his choice after a long period of withdrawal. On the back of his eyelids, Imre imagined seeing a large, majestic bird soar in blue sky, dipping sensuously in the wind. He could almost feel the wind.

**Each note took forever, like the imagined eternity of a heartache.**

But then Bela stamped his foot, breaking the sweetness and the unbearable anticipation. "Hussa!" he cried. Imre drank. The bird in his vision had rammed a tiny white cloud. The cloud was hard, like "hussa." The bird flapped its wings, then fell head down toward the unknown. The violin strings squeaked low and high, frantic, ecstatic, passionate. The vodka felt hot in Imre's throat.

Stefan began humming, deep and rumbling like a brook in a deep cave. He began to sing, holding his arms up high and snapping his fingers sharply:

"Brother mine, brother, brother of the puszta,

"Horses are gone, the songs still come..."

Imre cried, tears streaming down his face.

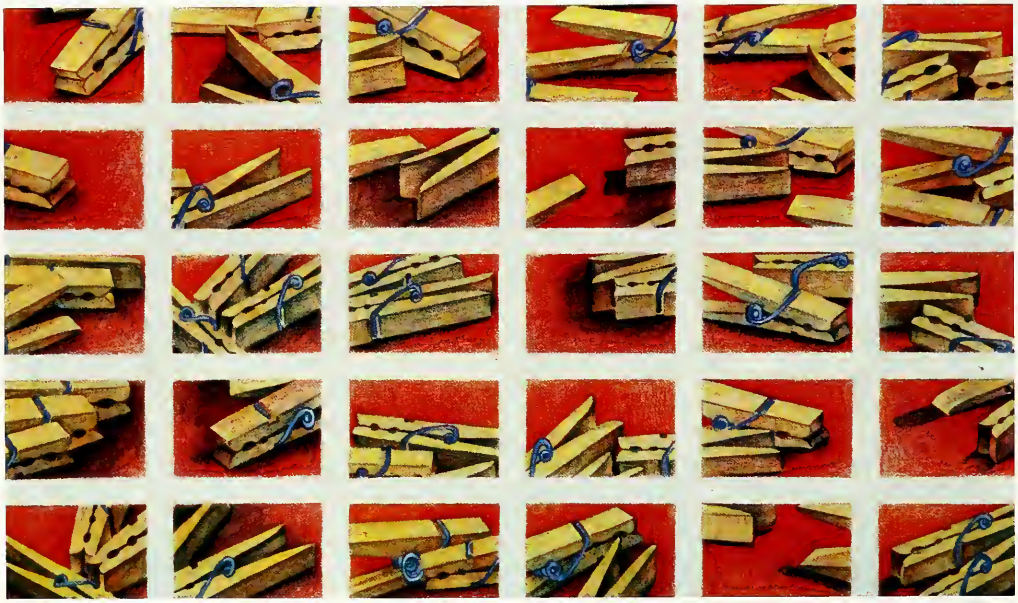
"Got vodka, got music, got life..." Stefan composed. He sang, dancing wildly, stamping his feet and throwing his head back.

The night was purple. Imre, suddenly nauseated, lept into the inky outside through the open door, ran through the courtyard, jumped the fence, and continued running through the wheat field. He could hear them laughing, singing and playing as he ran; the sound would not subside with the distance. It was like a dream: no matter how far he ran, he could not get an inch further, judging from the sounds he heard ringing in his ears. Looking down, he saw the wheat. It was up to his belly, which burned with bad potato vodka. But it was a different sort of burning that hurt his very being, like pity and weakness making the skin tremble, an openness like raw flesh.

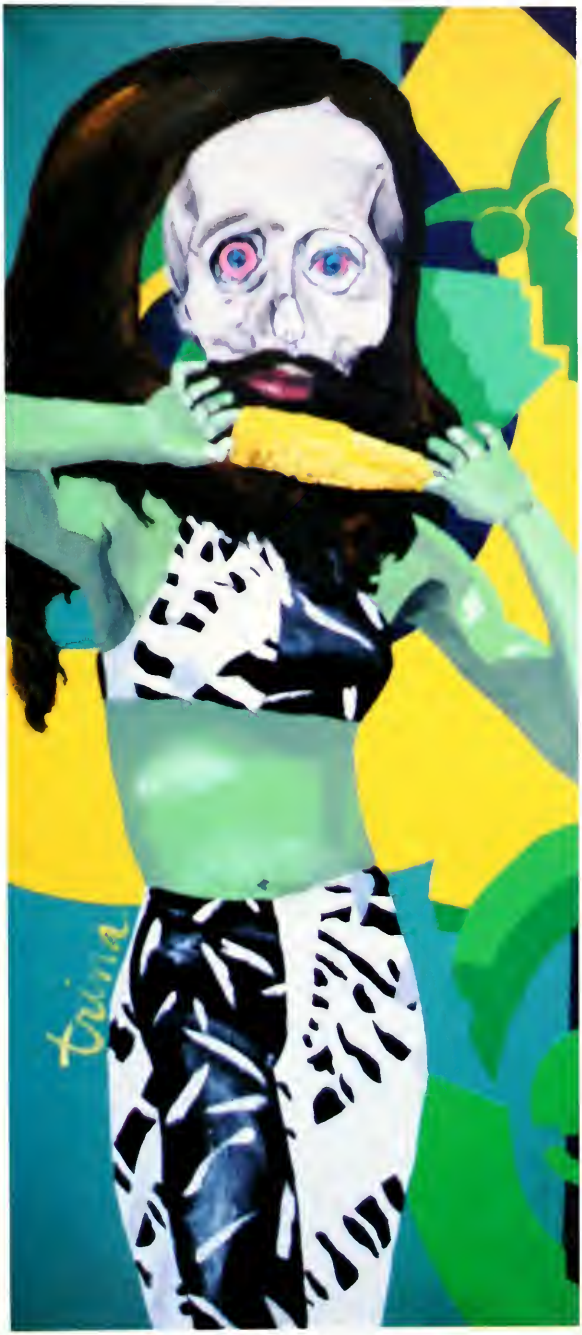
He shook his clenched fist into the purple night, cursing without words, cursing this world which kicked its only true sons squarely in the ass—gypsies.

# Artworks

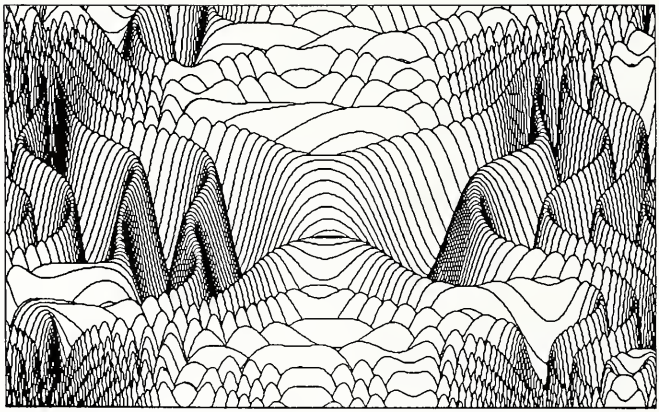
Kevin Powers *Performance* woodcut



Sister Soledad Aguilo untitled prismacolor pencil

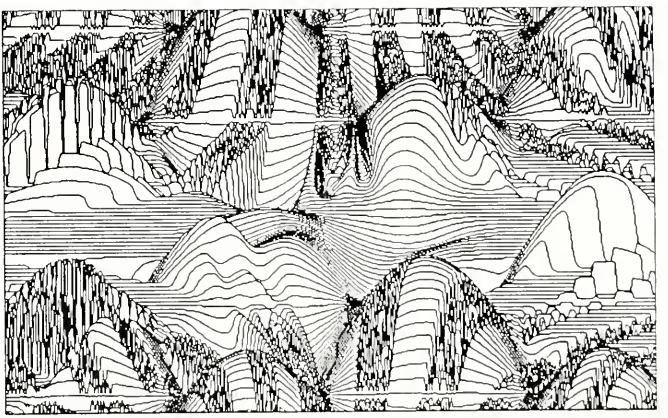



Trina Ferguson *The Last Supper* acrylic

Daniel Boeringer *Invention No. 15* Macintosh® & Apple LaserWriter®


Malena Bergmann untitled woodcut



Daniel Boeringer *Invention No. 13* Macintosh® & Apple LaserWriter®

Talley Hipp *Orchis I—Wrath* oil

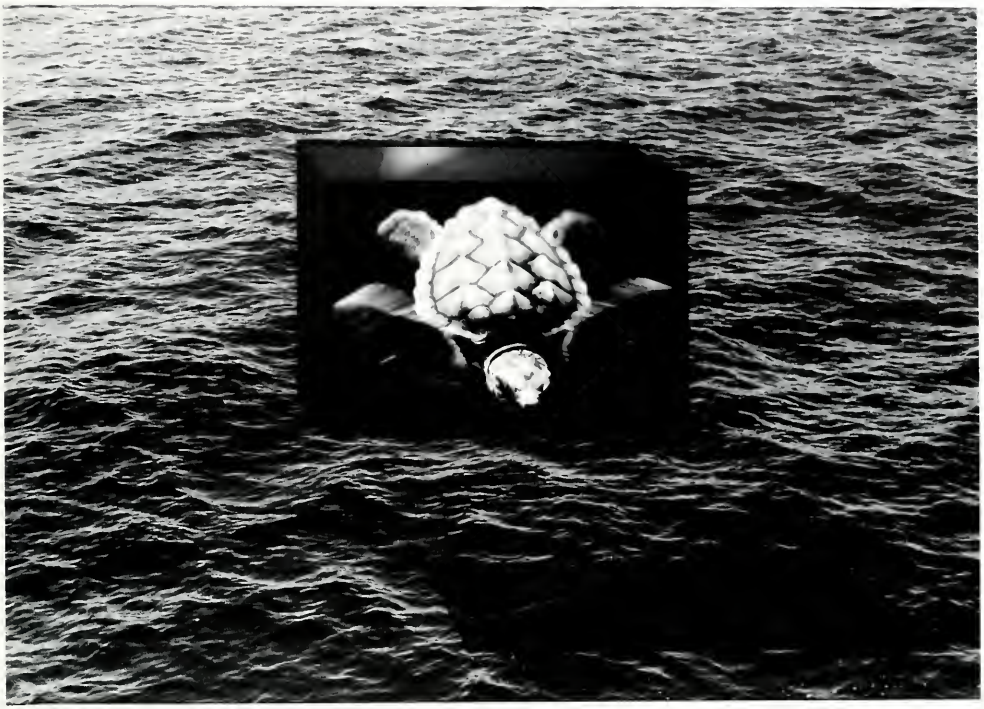
Jim Austin untitled oil

# Photo conte

# st & Poetry

A. Marchese •First place

Shannon Bannister •Second place



Todd Rotruck •Third place

**Reflection on Dry River**
(upon the photograph of a lost friend)

The midday sky over Dry River looms,
hurls a jagged wedge of silver splitting
forest green. Haze fades to black
beyond the bank where pines bend back
for the scant flow of a stream.
Slate-grey, the basin radiates

August against shade, shears
a halo of mist into which
two women nestle on flat rocks
worn smooth by time.

Beneath them, calm water spreads
a silver surface, liquid glass that steals
their image in cloudless heights
of blue illusion. Unnoticed

in the foreground, rocks
rise like slow reptiles. Behind
sparse camouflage of summer
grass the silent stones trace
the water's edge, approach in the veil
of deep afternoon shadow.

**Beth Williams Baldwin**

**Father Once Before I Woke**
(for Robert Watson)

Falls
like sweet dream
into my darkness the unexpected

morning. A door opens
onto the strange study I know
is not empty and stepping forward

I say *I am here*
as if it were someone
among these books who called me

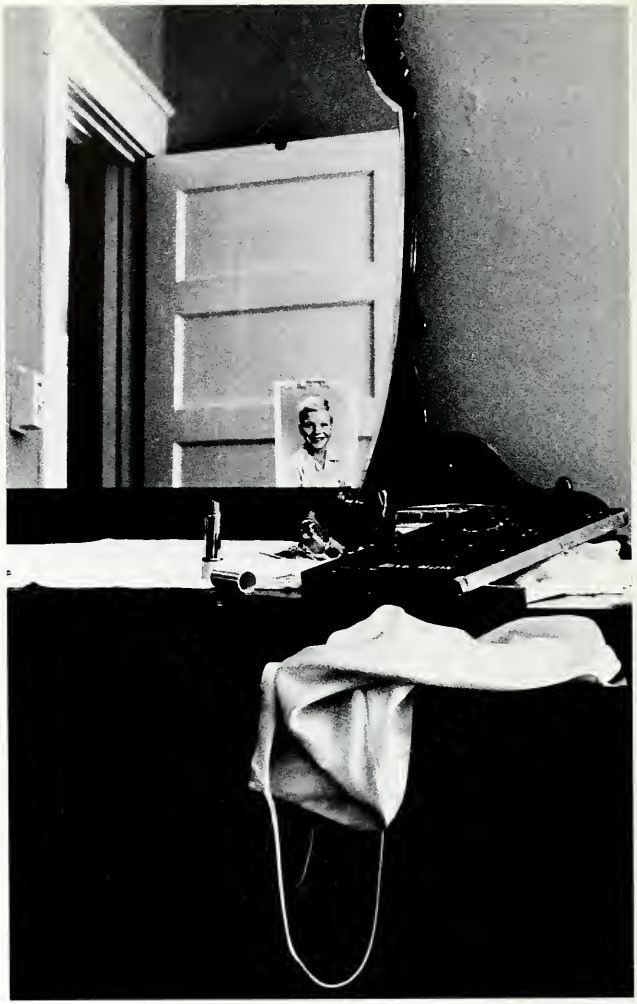
out of my wandering. Here
light through crystal panes immaculate
in silence divides the shadow.

I squint but cannot see
discriminate form in its shade
beyond such glare.

Then from blind of sunlight
the tall man moves, and saying nothing,
smiles. At last

I am received without question
into the wide open
arms of home.

**Beth Williams Baldwin**



Susan Allen •Honorable mention

**partial review of the Salvador Dali Museum**

In St Pete Fla there is
a warehouse with pictures
of food on the wall—
ill-lit reactionary paintings
by a boy who looked forward
to convalescences:
the people of the state seem grateful to me,
grateful for these framed rectangular
cutout frozen
paint-and porridge,
sexy cristobal colon
sexy censorships,
phone-in-a-fruit-dish,
the right-handed orgasms
of lost bullets:
I stole 8 postcards & a book from the giftshop

**David Andrew**

Michael Traister

Michael Read

**Vampire**

Fluttering gently
down the trellised wall
the shadow reached the floor,
but paused to gaze
through the window panes.
Ah...such a sight—
lovelier than before.

Then checking the lock
as for invitation—
called the breeze to service
the door.
Innocent white—
night's bride in sight
—then paused—
held by memories
once more.

The change—the crosses
fear and fire.
Grief saltily lowered his head
then snapped back regimentally,
tossing midnight locks
and focused on the bed.
So, he warmed his hands
and tested a tooth
then laughed—

Bela Lugosi's dead.

**Amy Buchenberg**

A. Peter Miller •Honorable mention

Renée Grafton

outside
the brothers are talking
talking god Damn
well God damn
they yell at cars
honk and blow
no one rings doorbells
they honk outside vacant houses
rev their engines hard
each weekend
I lay here
until shadows
and music start
sounds like cars honking at cats
fighting
I sigh to stand humped shuffle
like my grandmother
  used to sigh
say never to wish nothing
on nobody cause the cow died when she was a girl
and she wished it
I sit with lit cigarette and black and white
not causin no griet
not wishin at all
With butcher knives and sitcks
they throw their sweat around
tall and proud
thier girls pull out hair
yell loudest
laughing goddamn
usually blue lights
come slow and long
dance off my walls
my brow
raised with new listening
doors close feet walking
sun burns brown through drawn shades
raising the dust with it
and the children scream run wild
and me
downstairs
i crack the door squint
and check the mailbox

**Evan D. Smith**

A. Marchese

Mimi Huffman

## to bring forth

the rain falls to this earth
this orb
this ball of wax of water
of leaves in decay
of purebred dogs barking at wind
it falls through the night
gentle and acidic
dependable
generous with watershed dreams
and the hidden memory of the womb
it is the first
sound of feeding and we cherish it

We dream of dreams of wax of water
we don't warrant or want pain
that prodding and probing and vacuum
We want to be touched with hands rain soft
like opium sleep
we want sometimes
but it is not always needed

camera crews run about in the rain
speechmakers entranched
in myth
dogpaddle through currents
of newfound emotional wisdom
while the radicals
wait quiet bombs for us
to promote life

We realize rain will fall
unneeded and necessary.
there is no high ground
nothing
but our womb

Evan D. Smith

Todd Rotruck

**Lost in Kenya**

Walking in the hot sun
Skin dried and cracked
Like stones in the desert.
White glare in my eyes—
Too bright to see.
Wind whips round me like a
Canvas sail on whitecapped waters.
Dust blows in my face—my instinct
Guides me mindlessly along this
Terrain of death,
Like a blind man in a world of eyes.

**Kirsten Pedersen**

**Trip past the frontier**

Coming out
under the trees
chirps hang in the air above
Kites diagram the sky
On the wind you can feel it
floating above you
mating your thoughts with flowers
It loves you with the jungle, the savannah, the violence
Emerging from mechanical bonds, you sing.

**Suzannah Alexander**

If I dared, I would be
devout unto the night
and dress in African funeral white.
I would refuse
pale face process and mayonnaise,
nor would I take
bananas from the ape.
A knife could unshape
and cure my animal fright,
pare civilized fingernails
that cannot catch or hold the light.
I could cut and I could shiver
like the moon bending backwards for the night.

**Amy Wilkinson**

**understandably so**

never a salamander in a fire
or mother's back broken
by fault of a stepped on crack,
but no one saw ether either,
and more conspicuous elements
exiled all things lighter than air
to logical islands.
leaving no sweet, sickening taste
in my mouth
in my earth
in my nether neither.
communion slipped solemnly
under tongue.
slowly, like superstition
concerning black cats
that become belief
when too many
crossed my road,
cursing my four creatures.

never a nymph in a river,
or a sea turned green meadow
from calenture.
never a broken bone
in jumping from ships
into jaded waters,
into mirrors,
into fevers we flee.
never a word of it.
no, not me.

never a sylph slice through air
or a man take to woods
seeking the banshee's moan,
but bards are communicating,
canticling the wooded mutters
of doomsayer.
singing of wind
like a breathing body.

never a gnome
preying for pranks
and mischief on eath,
or a drunk demon leading the blind
to treasure,
but dug for earthworms.
found them the keepers
of convincing soil.
supposing they hid
shiny jewels in catacombs,
cathedrals under our noses.

never understood easily
how men might have imagined earth
inhabited by guardian spirits,
water by Challiot's women,
air by secret, mourning vixen,
fire by unburned lizard.
intending to see
while trying so
to name and honor
a master of disquises.

**Gary McCracken**

Renée Grafton

**bathers, on a sand flat**

the ocean laps the grey sky in
and out
when the water diffuses away
from its film on the smooth sand
it is the same as ink absorbing into paper
there are two bathers on the beach
and they make cardboard-cut
reflections in the sand-puddle mirrors
the two grasp wrist to wrist,
fling each about the other
grabing and kissing with warm mouths,
swirling insects
delicate and graceful
where they run there is
no lasting impression
the beach half-grudgingly
fills the holes
of their paces
their squeals are interfered
by the noisy ear-boxed wind
that blows sand over
love-scattered clothes and
fastens grime onto briny wet skins
but the water has more salt

**David Andrew**

Judy Hageman

Philip Boland •Honorable mention

She wore
bright green

leather and fish-nets
crawled black down her legs

garnished by spike heels
silver loop earrings

hair scared white
on the ends
every strand stands
erect

attired not for impression
like shoes in soft mud
but casual

**Suzannah Alexander**

A. Doren

A. Doren

**Cheers, Mr. Bentham**

Humbly I light
a toast
to the man
of the hour
Mr. Jeremy Bentham

Most honored
among Lunatics
He has managed much
in hanging on
these last
170 years

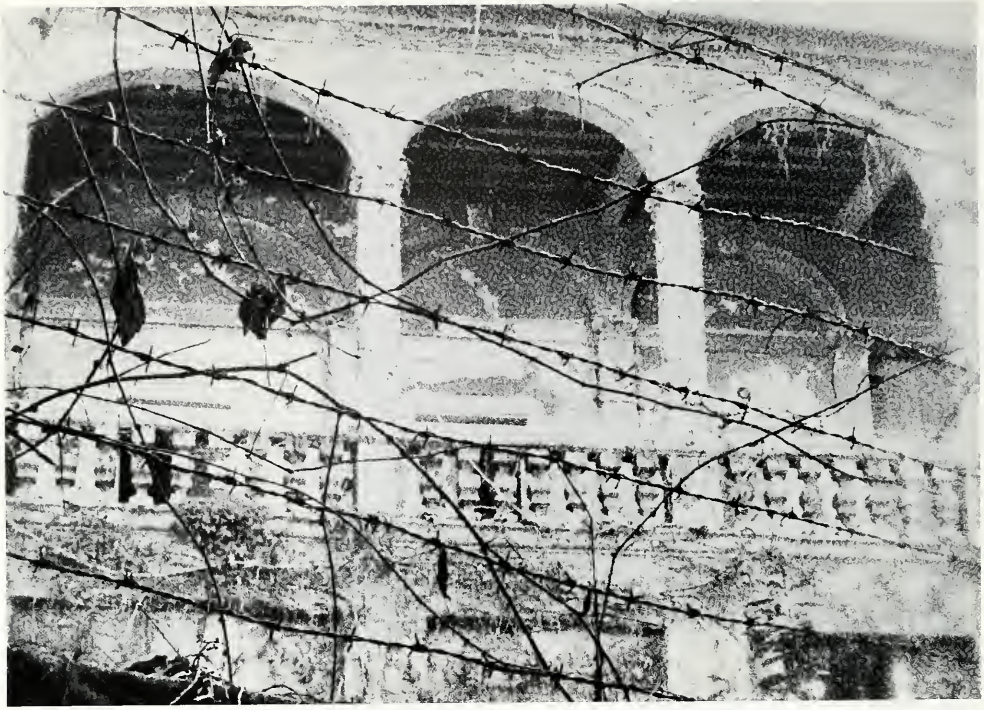
Unknowing
we doff
our intellect
collectively
and daily
to your bizarre
eccentric genius

Every time
we pause to question
amidst the
placating imagery
which surrounds
us all
we grin at
our cleverness
smiling at
Bentham
and he smiles right back

Smiling his
waxen smile
from behind
the walls of
a glass grave
like a benign pharoah
He is always there

For such a man
languishing
in a wormy churchyard
would never do
For there is
no felicity among
the worms
except
for the worms perhaps

**Chris Hiatt**



Cathie Somers *Spring's Opposition* •Honorable mention

Michael Miserendino

Susan West

Elizabeth Osborne •Honorable mention

# Jaycee Warlords

## by Sid Stern

Illustrations by Chad Cameron

**Editor's Note: In the last episode of *Jaycee Warlords*, gorgeous highly-sexed Bozene warrior women led President Bob Maxwell and State Director Dick Needle into the steaming recesses of their settlement, built like catacombs into the slopes of Mount Nyrangongo. Here, Maxwell immediately caught the eye of an especially beautiful Bozene, who promised to lead the Jaycee officers to Susan Batten, the girl they had come to rescue. In return for her cooperation, the Bozene demanded that Maxwell engage with her in activities of a most intimate and sensitive nature. This agreement, made solely to secure the cooperation of the Bozene, proved inconvenient for Maxwell, who, upon looking into Susan Batten's chamber, discovered the sleeping, angelic form of his fiancee, Zim.**

* * * * * * *

### Episode #17: Maxwell Hangs Tough

It is always a shock to have your wife or fiancee turn up when you are not expecting her—especially when you have just agreed to sleep with another woman.

No matter where you are—at a routine Jaycee project, at a National Convention or even at a Ramada Inn off Interstate 40—this kind of situation can be difficult.

But it can be extremely difficult when you are in central Africa held captive by a Bozene warrior woman who expects you to hold up your end of the bargain regardless of the presence of your fiancee.

This, indeed, was the situation revealed to President Maxwell when our Bozene captress flung back the zebra-hide curtain over the entrance to what we had thought was Susan Batten's chamber; and as to whether violent trembling which started in his fingers and spread to his arms was the result of seeing his fiancee or two days in the Bozene settlement without a drink, I can't say. I do know, however, that the present dilemma was no tougher than other problems he had solved as a Jaycee.

Wasn't it Maxwell who, when our annual fish fry left half the town constipated, called in Ed Fannenbahm? A former Jaycee, Fannenbahm had made quite a name for himself out in L.A. with his comedy show, "Sit On My Face." I think the jokes he broadcast at Maxwell's request over the local radio pretty well solved whatever problems the fish fry had caused and showed the community what Jayceeism is all about.

And wasn't it Maxwell who, when our outstanding Vice President, Tim Stinnywade, got picked up on those sodomy charges, persuaded him (on my advice) to start the chapter down in Huntsville? I don't have to tell you that Stinnywade went on to become U.S. Jaycee President and has done a damn fine job up there.

But the immediate problem for Maxwell was to stop the shaking in his arms. His complexion had turned greasy white. Beads of sweat were popping up around his mouth. To me, he looked rabid. I figured the Bozene, now turned away from us and peering into the chamber, might reach the same conclusion and run her spear through him. I was on the verge of grabbing him when, after rolling his eyes so that only the whites were exposed, he extended his arms in front of him. He clenched his fists and squeezed them until the knuckles turned white. After several seconds, the trembling stopped. That's Maxwell. Like some old boxer who's had the hell beat out of him for fourteen rounds, he'll find a way to come back and win the damn thing in the fifteenth.

The Bozene let the zebra-hide curtain to the chamber drop. She glanced at Maxwell, narrowing her eyes and smiling. Then she strolled past us, back along the subterranean corridor toward our chamber. We followed.

Vague light projecting from phosphorous deposits in the rock walls revealed the trim, athletic physique beneath her tunic. With each step her backside quivered like the yolk of a fried egg does when you throw it onto your plate next to the grits and gravy.

When we arrived at our chamber, the Bozene lifted the giraffe-hide curtain over the entrance and motioned for us to enter. She let me pass without a glance, but she gave Maxwell the kind of look a woman will give you when

she wants you to call back or send flowers or show her some kind of consideration. I think we all get that kind of look from time to time, but not so often from a woman pointing an iron spear at us. The Bozene jabbed the spear point once into the cave floor and walked away.

"Needle," Maxwell said, pushing his thumb and forefinger against his eyes, "What do I do?"

Although I had closed my law practice years before as it took time from my Jaycee work, I still remembered a few pointers. I tried to analyze Maxwell's predicament in legal terms.

Maxwell's situation was a lot like that of a college athlete, who, while under contract with one school, agrees to play a game for another school.

"Maxwell," I said, "Suppose you were some kind of stud-hoss football hero at one of those big universities out there in Ohio or Michigan."

"Sounds good," he replied.

"And suppose you had agreed to play one game for another school," I continued.

"Well, then I might want to break that agreement as it could cost me my salary at my own school," he replied.

"But what if you knew that the alumni from the other school would take back the Cadillac they had given you if you didn't play the one game?" I asked.

"Then I'd probably suit up for the one game, but fake an injury at game time so that I would not actually play," Maxwell said.

"And what if you knew that the alumni from the other school were connected with the Mafia?" I added.

"I'd make the injury look convincing," Maxwell responded.

"Do you have your answer?" I asked.

Maxwell nodded.

At that moment, the giraffe skin hanging in our doorway swung inward and the Bozene stepped inside.

As the single garment she wore slipped to the floor, I heard a couple of clicks. This may have been the ivory buttons on her tunic striking the rock floor, or the sound of Maxwell's eyes snapping back into their sockets. She was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, and I think there were a couple of reasons for this. For one, she came from good stock, if, as Susan Batten and Maxwell's fiancee were trying to prove when they were captured, the Bozene were descended from Amazons who sailed up the Nile into central Africa several thousand years ago. Anyone who has seen those old Greek statutes knows the Amazon warrior ladies were lookers. And second, I think the outdoor life—hunting in the rain forest, sleeping on tree brances, bathing in mountain streams—goes a lot farther towards producing the kind of firm, tanned, graceful body that most of us like than all

the sunlamps and exercise equipment in Hugh Hefner's mansion.

I knew that Maxwell, if he were going to succeed in "faking an injury" was in for one of the most difficult mental challenges of his life. But I knew that if anyone could do it, it was Maxwell.

Maxwell had always been a determined individual, but since he had been elected Jaycee President he had shown a good deal of self control. You didn't hear so much about the gambling and the drinking; and he had cut down a lot on the fights in bars. I don't think he had stolen a city bus since the day he took office.

**"...the brotherhood of mankind transcends the sovereignty of nations..."**

**To keep his mind off the beautiful woman in bed with him, Maxwell was repeating the Jaycee creed.**

I lay back on the elephant hide which served as my bed and wondered how Maxwell was doing. There was no sound coming from his bed.

Then Maxwell began to speak very slowly. His voice was tense and controlled, like the voice of a government official trying to explain why a plane has crashed or a maniac is being paroled or something which is supposed to have been done hasn't been done. In fact, he sounded a lot like the striped-tie motherfucker at the State Department who told us that the U.S. Government could not help with Susan Batten's rescue, as the Zairoise might regard such assistance as a "police action." Or the empty suit up on Wall Street who didn't want to jeopardize "half a billion dollars worth of oil business" by getting involved with the rescue which was "nevertheless very admirable and necessary." It was a tone of voice which you don't hear a lot coming from Jaycees.

At first I could not understand what Maxwell was saying. Then I began to hear the words:

"...purpose to human life. That the brotherhood of mankind transcends the sovereignty of nations. That economic justice can best be won..."

To keep his mind off the beautiful woman in bed with him, Maxwell was repeating the Jaycee creed. I had no idea whether this procedure was effective as I immediately fell asleep.

After what must have been half an hour, something soft and silky smelling like a campfire pressed against me. Hell, she was on my bed now.

I instantly realized the overwhelming difficulty of what Maxwell had tried to accomplish. I was still unsure as to whether or not he had succeeded; I knew, however, that it would have been impossible for me to have accomplished what Maxwell had attempted, even if that had been what I wanted to do, which it was not.

To my surprise, the Bozene spoke to me in English.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Dick Needle," I replied.

"Who's that?" she asked, pointing at Maxwell, "Dick Noodle?"

She was irritated, but not really angry. Maxwell's Jaycee experience had seen us through. We had nothing to fear from either the Bozene or Maxwell's fiancee.

# CORADDI

## A Retrospective

Mary Tuttle (from *Coraddi* 1942)

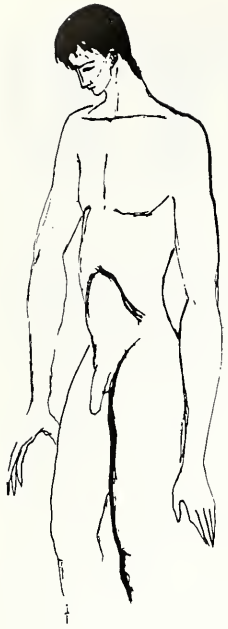
In 1898, when our school changed its name from the State Industrial School for White Girls to the State Normal and Industrial College, the *State Normal* magazine was first published. The magazine was a literary forum for undergraduates, as well as a documentary of events on campus and a vehicle for airing editorial views of faculty and students alike. Although illustrated, the magazine was unpretentious in appearance and content.

Thomas Jefferson once remarked that for a country to remain pure, it should have a revolution every 20 years. The *Coraddi* has had revolution and uproar about twice as often. In the early 1900's, courage on the part of the editors was often quite notable, and the magazines of this period are a testament to this fact. In those days the only acceptable professions for women were marriage or teaching. Reaching so far as to publish articles about careers for women in journalism or even medicine were steps which some perceived to be "dangerous." That did not stop *Coraddi* from promoting these careers for women, however.

At the turn of the century *Coraddi* published excerpts from the commencement address of Walter Page Hines, which called for co-educational universities (a radical concept at the time), and deplored the state of higher education in North Carolina. The administration and faculty were incensed over the audacity of the editors...to print such heresy! This sort of uproar has been a hallmark of the *Coraddi* ever since.

In 1913 editorial efforts were turned towards helping to establish a student government. Eleanor M. Phillips, the 1914 editor, found herself in President Faust's office and was told "very sharply" that she didn't have the right attitude. Her article was censored and was not published.

In the twenties the name was changed to *Coraddi*, an acronym from the first letters of the three literary



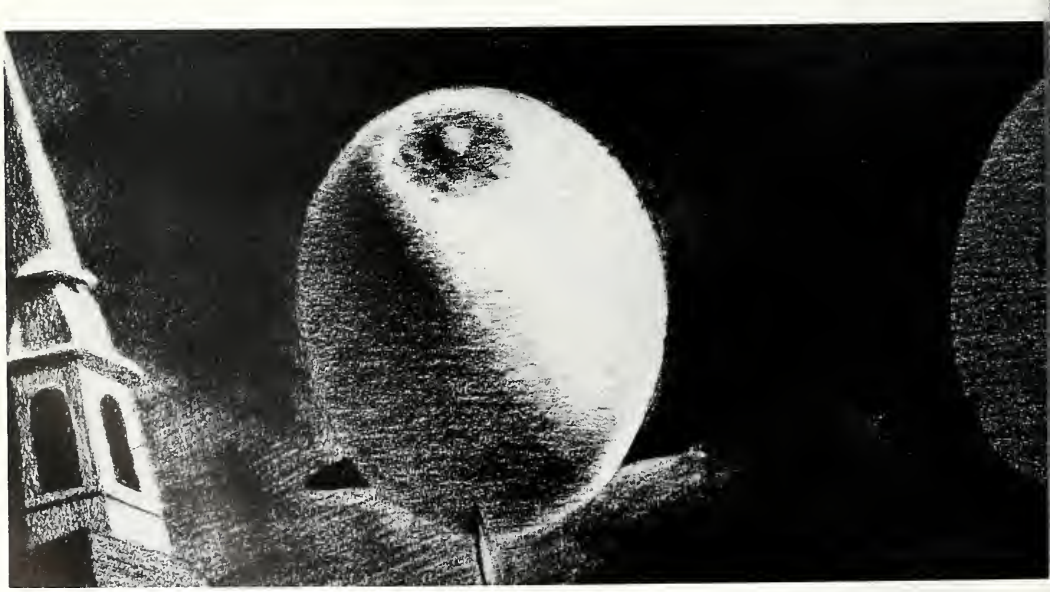
**The censured drawing of the 1954 penis controversy.**

societies on campus: the Cornelian, the Adelphian, and the Dikean. The magazine began to stabilize into a 24 page student magazine. In the late twenties, the magazine declined and student interest waned. "When I came to the school as a freshman, it was a great jolt to me to find out what most of the student body thought about the *Coraddi*—absolutely nothing!", remarked Roberta J. Steiner, who was editor in 1932. The chief problem in those years was not in choosing among the submissions, but in getting them.

Under the direction of Arnett Bonds, the *Coraddi* was again in an upswing by 1940. In this year, an entire section devoted to work contributed by the Art Department helped bring *Coraddi* to a third place national rating by the National Collegiate Press Association, a fact duplicated in 1988 by editor Michael Read. *Coraddi* was attracting multitudes of contributions. Among those were works from a struggling young author, Margaret Coit, who would go on to receive a Pulitzer Prize for her writing.

A special Arts Forum issue was first published in the spring of 1943, drawing national attention and participation. Over the next five years, by taking chances on relatively unknown undergraduate authors from other schools, *Coraddi* earned the distinction of being among the first magazines ever to publish works by people who are today considered to be giants of American literature. Writers such as James Dickey, Robert Agee, William Pitt Root, Silvia Wikerson, Flannery O'Connor, Oscar Williams, and Mac Hyman. In one fiction contest, the judge was Robert Penn Warren.

The fifties began a new plateau of excellent performance as a student literary magazine and, of course, the *Coraddi* was not published without controversy. In 1954 the staff of *Coraddi* was censured, but the magazine was not censored. The incident which caused the furor was the publication of a pen and ink drawing of a nude male by a member of the *Coraddi* staff, Lee Hall. The ensuing debate was reported in newspapers as far away as New York City, in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Chancellor Edward K. Graham issued the following statement: "As Chancellor of the Women's College I find it my inescapable duty formally and officially to censure the staff of the *Coraddi* for having demonstrated in its fall issue bad judgement and irresponsibility in an undergraduate publication in the name of the Woman's College....It is my considered judgement that even under the most liberal of interpretations, the issue of *Coraddi* in question clearly exceeds the limits of good taste."



Within hours of the announcement by the chancellor, a reply was released by editor Debbie Marcus. "The *Coraddi* staff feels that good taste in a fine arts magazine is the same as good taste in art, and that anything that is suitable for drawing and writing is suitable for printing or exhibiting. Therefore, the entire *Coraddi* staff believes that in the future, consideration of political expediency will, because of censures such as this, have to be of prime consideration. And since the *Coraddi* staff members are not politicians but students of the arts, they believe their resignations are in order."

The resignations did not end with the student staff. English faculty member Lettie Hamlett Rogers, a key figure in the development of the MFA program, resigned shortly afterward "in protest of administrative action..." Although the student legislature at first confirmed the censure, it then reversed itself and voted against the action. The chancellor, however, felt that he had to stand by his convictions and the censure held.

The fifties was a golden era for the *Coraddi*, even with some tarnish. An increased budget and experimental layout design were new infusions which turned the magazine into a modern, artistic forum. Futuristic color designs decorated the covers. More

Patsy Faires (from *Coraddi* 1966)


Mazzotta (from *Coraddi* 1974) *Milk Run*

emphasis on art and poetry gave the first clues as to where the *Coraddi* was headed. The Arts Forum continued to gain momentum, recruiting such noted authors as Randall Jarrell and Flannery O'Connor to lead panel discussions on literature.

As the sixties opened many doors in civil liberties, the Women's College of the University of North Carolina opened its doors to men and became UNCG. *Coraddi* got its first male members. A new liberal approach to layout resulted in innovations such as modern sketches on the covers, and pen and ink sketches of nudes. A number of vibrant, sensuous modernistic poems lacking any discernable form, eschewing dadaism, were published. During this period, campus issues of a non–literary nature were left for their proper forum, the *Carolinian*, and the editorial debates of the past were no longer seen in the fine arts magazine. Elizabeth F. Devereaux, the 1965 editor, said, "There are some who will, no doubt, be shocked that we have broken a tradition of almost seventy years, and something is to be said for their complaints...but one must never confuse tradition with triteness, which is what the old format had evolved to."

*Coraddi* staffs in the seventies took even greater steps of innovation. A wave of experimentation with bold color layouts, freeform verse and material in styles not yet accepted by literary circles broke on the shores of academia: *Coraddi* printed it all. Experimental forms had their brief shining moments in these issues and, like some scientific experiments in late shows, grew to be monsters.

The *Coraddi* today bears only the slightest resemblance to the *State Normal* magazine of nearly 100 years ago, and that is as it should be. We should all honor the inspiration of its contributors and the spark of enthusiasm and ambition of its guardians throughout the years who have maintained the *Coraddi*, and allowed it to grow.

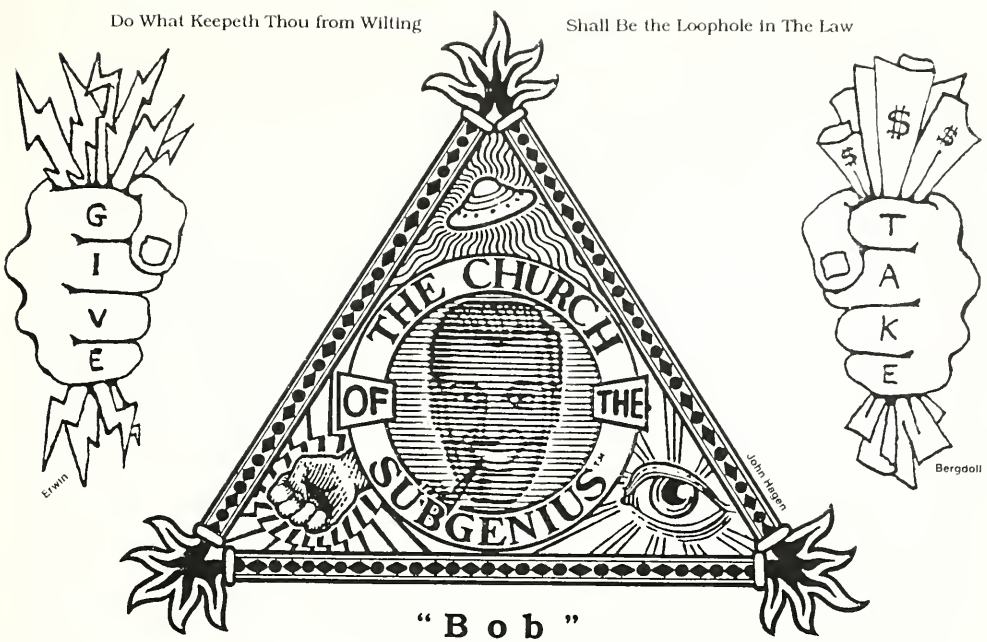
For those interested in seeing just exactly how the *Coraddi* has evolved over the last eighty years, past issues may be found either shelved in the stacks in bound form, or in the Archives, second floor main, in the library.

**The *Coraddi* staff of 1924...**

**Times have changed since then.**

*The **Coraddi** staff of 1989, pictured from left to right: Pyro, Malena Bergmann, Michael Read, Clint McElroy and Wil Gehne.*

*Not pictured: Chad Cameron and Natalie Carey.*

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GOOD
DAY