

Canada

Editorial

The artist, momentarily working apart from the society which has in one way or the other given him all his ideas and inspiration, is a rarity. There has never been a preponderance of people working in the fine arts field, for the artist is a forerunner of his time, and in general populations are not composed of individuals concerned with the poetic truth of the future or even with the present. This is, however, the primary concern of the artist who finds that it is necessary for him to state his interpretations of these truths.

This is the basic reason for the scanty number of artists on this campus. It is not the fault of student government, sports events or courses in home management. If the artist is present, and if these are hinderances to him, he simply turns aside from these particular elements. Even if they seem mundane, uninteresting and uninspiring to him they are still not responsible for the lack of creative work.

If the artist can not turn aside from them he is free to struggle with them to arrive at his statement. If he can do neither of these things he is not an artist.

Coraddi wishes to act as a helper in this struggle for it is not always an easy one. The magazine wishes to reflect the best artistic efforts available from students. It does not, under any circumstances, wish to set itself up as an unobtainable "ivory tower". The writers and artists who contributed and whose work is not presented in this issue were turned down for no other reason than they simply did not meet the standards required to best reflect, but in many cases they were not far away. *Coraddi* wishes to nourish and care for these rising standards. Only when they have been raised can the truth be stated, and the artist prove that he is a "singing creature".

A. D.

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The War Cloud

What is war?
It is one of those afternoons upstairs,
With boxes and banks and shelves,
Full of browning, smiled-up yesterselves;
It sits in the rocking chair
With blue eyes,
Full of vacant sky,
A doll left out in the rain.

A long afternoon of boxes,
Stairstepping through dust peels,
Frames of faces and dislocated promise places,
We folded fingers and eyelash corners;
And in all the bee-bruised bliss
Of deepening summer,
Not one of us heard the stealth
Of big trees in the forest.
Not until one of them,
Full of leaves and nests and hummingbird unquietness,
Hovered short
Before the window of wedding,
The hasty talisman threading,
And fell.

We hung the raincoats in a closet,
And put the pigbank on a shelf
With pinkness and dust
Nimble above its ear;
Then moved the rocking chair
Beneath a window.

War drops fall quietly
On our grasses
With such a charming silence
Of clover sweets and small thorns
That we forget
The afternoon of memory net,
Rocking to sleep
In the jealous, laughing lightning
Of children and tears,
Waiting, nervous,
Until the big sky clears.

Then we will go out in the yard,
Sniffing the wet, summer shine
Of clean colored branches and birds,
Flicker rain beads on our toes
And whistle Jack-be-nimble
Through a nose.
What is war?
It is a big rain,
And afternoons of window waiting
For an openness.

HEATHER ROSS

The Wolf---Herman Hesse

Translated from the German by

EVELYN MATHESON

Never before had there been such an uncomfortably cold and long winter in the French mountains. For weeks the air was clear, sharp, and cold. By day, under the dazzling blue skies, the wide, sloping snowfields lay dead-white and endless, and at night, the small, clear moon passed lightly over them, a grim frost moon with a yellow glare, whose strong light became blue and heavy on the snow and looked like Frost personified. People avoided all roads and especially the high ones; they sat inactive and complaining in their village huts, of which the little windows, red with fainting light were smoky dull next to the blue moonlight and soon appeared to go out.

This was a difficult time for the animals of the region. The smaller ones froze to death in great numbers, the birds also were killed by the frost and their haggard corpses fell as prey for the hawks and wolves. But these too suffered terribly from cold and hunger. Only a few wolf-families lived here and their want drove them to stronger union. During the day, they went out individually. Here and there one wandered over the snow, thin, hungry and vigilant, as silent and timid as a ghost. His lanky shadow glided close to him over the snowy surface. Sensing, he lifted his pointed nose in the wind and let out a dry, continually tormenting cry. But in the evenings they move out completely and penetrated around the village with their hoarse howling. There the cattle and poultry were well-guarded, and behind the solid window shutters lay rifles in firing position. Only seldom, however, did a small prey fall to them, a dog perhaps, and two of the pack had already been shot dead.

The frost still held on. Often the wolves lay quietly and brooded together, each warming the other and listening uneasily in the dead solitude outside, until one, tortured by fierce hunger pangs, sprang up suddenly with horrible roaring. Then all the others turned their noses toward him and broke out together in a terrible howl, threatening and complaining.

Finally a smaller part of the pack decided to wander away. Early in the morning they left their holes, congregated and sniffed excitedly and fearfully in the frost-clear air. Then they trotted away, swiftly and uniformly. The ones who stayed behind looked at them with wide, glassy eyes, and trotted up behind only a few dozen steps away, stood still, irresolute and perplexed, and slowly returned to their empty holes.

The emigrants separated from each other at noon. Three of them started east, toward the Swiss Jura, the others pushed further south. The three were beautiful, strong animals, but dreadfully emaciated. Their drawn in bright bellies were as narrow as straps, their ribs protruded pitifully from their breasts, their mouths were dry and their eyes wide and filled with despair. The three who came far into

the Jura, on the second day, captured a ram, on the third, a dog and a foal were pursued from all directions by furious fowl folk. Their fear and aversion for the unusual intruder spread throughout the small villages and towns of the region. The post sleighs were armed, no one went from one village to another without a gun. In the strange area, after such good fortune, the three animals felt at the same time both timid and self-assured. They became foolhardy as ever they had at home, and in broad daylight, they broke into the stable at a dairy farm. The roar from the cows, the cracking of the wooden stalls, the trampling of hoofs and the hot panting breaths filled the narrow warm room. Some men came between them this time. There had been offered a reward for the wolves which doubled the courage of the farmers, and they killed two of them, the one, with a rifle shot through the neck, the other was slain with an axe. The third escaped and ran for so long that he fell half dead in the snow. He was the youngest and most beautiful of the wolves, a proud animal of powerful strength and supple form. For a long time he lay panting. Blood-red circles whirled in front of his eyes; now and then, he expelled a hissing painful groan. An axe which was thrown had hit him in the back. But he recovered and could get up again. Not until now did he see how far he had run. There were no men or houses anywhere to be seen. Densely before him lay an enormous snow-covered mountain. It was the Chasseral. He decided to go around it. Thirst was torturing him, and he ate a small bit from the hard frozen crust of the snow's surface.

On the other side of the mountain he came at once upon a village. It was almost evening. He waited in a thick pine forest. Then he slinked carefully around the garden wall, following the smell from the warm stables. No one was in the streets. Shyly and greedily he winked as he marched between the houses. Then a shot fell. He threw his head in the air and had started to run, when a second shot fired. He was hit. His whitish undercoat was stained with blood that trickled down in thick, viscous drops. Yet with great bounds, he succeeded in escaping and in reaching the other side of the mountain forest. Listening, he waited there for a moment, and heard voices and steps from both sides. Fearful, he looked up the mountain. It was steep, covered with trees and would be difficult to climb. Nonetheless, he had no choice. With panting breath he climbed up the steep mountain side, while below a confusion of curses, orders and lantern light moved along the mountain. Trembling, the wounded wolf climbed through the half-dark pine forest, while from his side the brown blood trickled slowly down.

The cold had yielded. The westerly sky was misty and seemed to give a promise of snowfall.

Finally the exhausted wolf reached the heights. He was now in a large, lightly inclining snowfield, near Mont Crosin, high over the village from which he had escaped. He did not feel his hunger, but a

dull, throbbing pain from the wound. A faint, sick barking sound came from his drooping mouth, his heart beat, heavy and painful, and he felt the Hand of Death like an unspeakably heavy burden pressing upon him. A broad-branched pine tree, standing alone, lured him over; there he sat down and stared gloomily into the snowy night. Half an hour passed. Then a dim red light fell on the snow, soft and strange. The wolf raised himself up, groaning, and turned his beautiful head toward the light. It was the moon which was rising in the southeast, huge and blood red, and was slowly climbing higher into the dark sky. For many weeks now it had never been so red and large. Sadly the eyes of the dying animal hung in the dim disk-shaped moon, and again a weak howl, like a death rattle, painful and toneless, sounded in the night.

Then there came lights and footsteps. Farmers in thick coats, hunters and young men in fur caps with heavy, awkward boots tramped through the snow. Cheers resounded. They had discovered the dying wolf, fired two shots at him, both of which missed. Then they saw that he already lay in death and they fell upon him with canes and cudgels. He could no longer feel it.

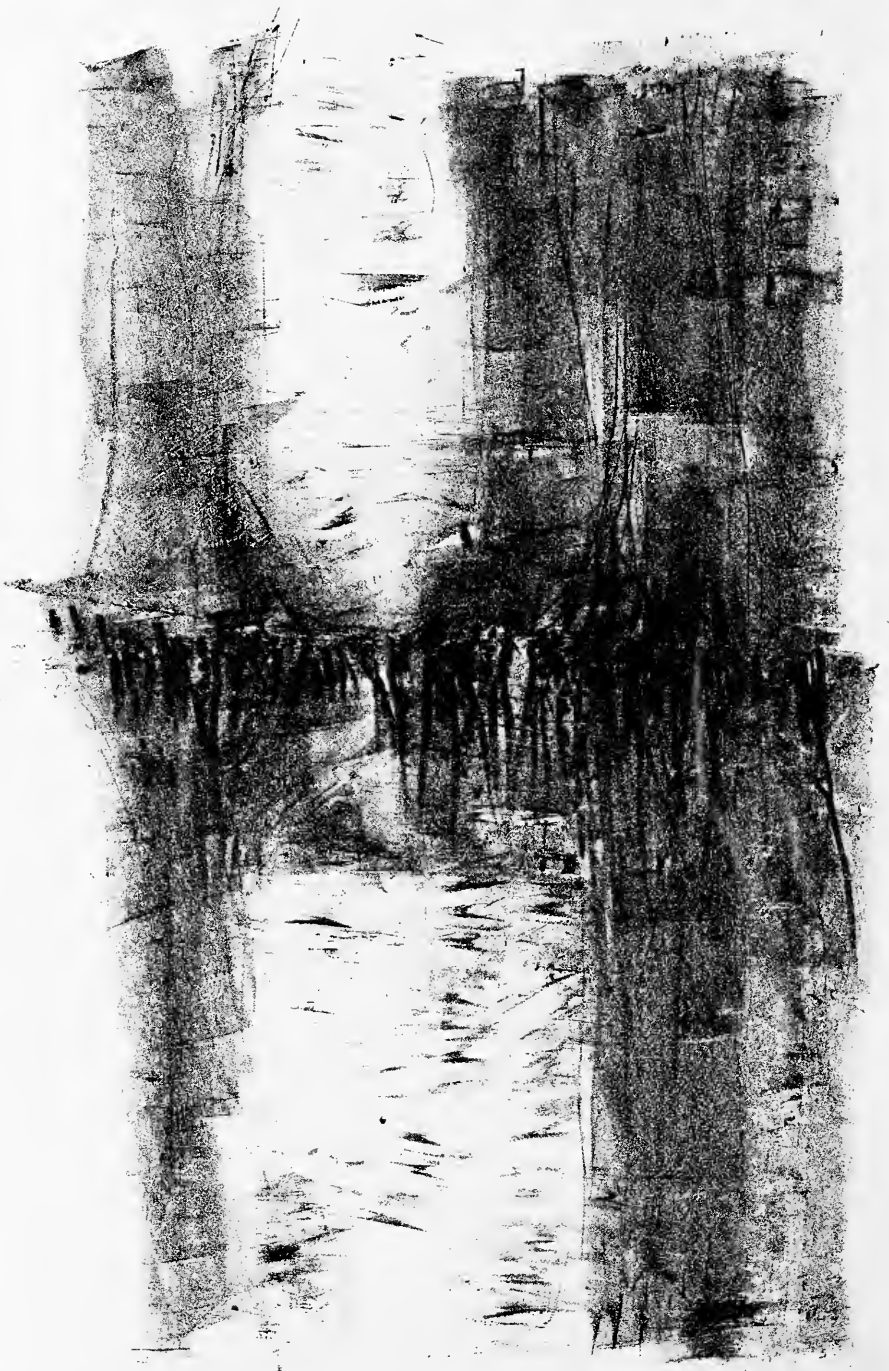
They dragged him, with his limbs broken, back to St. Immer. They laughed, they bragged, they celebrated with whiskey and coffee, they sang, they cursed. No one noticed the beauty of the snow-covered forest, not even the splendor of the tableland, not even the red moon, which hang over the Chas-serial and whose dim light was reflected on their rifle barrels, on the snow crystals, and on the broken eyes of the slain wolf.



ANN DUNCAN

Kneeling Figure.

Drawing



MARNIE SINGLETARY

Lithograph

A Legacy

Come now, old ones,
Let us join hands in a square.
The tavern of winds is a good place
To begin the noise of our going.

I've had my share of those casual curiosities,
The think, toad blink
Of afterdinner,
Conestogas and Benjamin,
Kites and keys,
Nights in windy apple trees,
And a slender, reaching ribbon snake
Of inching, pinching Chance-to-take.

Now, the blood falls among the warm adobe ruins,
And I would like to watch the ocean.
Stuffed on the bread of years,
Shortening and unleavened,
I grew and gave with the country,
Stretched myself upon it
Like a rug before the fire.
Red hypnosis leapt along my fertile vision,
And all the hour short, I felt those tugging
Mittened fingers behind my ears,
And still the tickle lingers.

I am drunk; good, hard, homemade and hammocked drunk.
Laugh it down.
That's wine for a draughty heart.
The land brews bubbles in old stump kettles,
And lets me lick the rim.

Yes, I've had my share.
Put loves and wars in candlebooks
For you to burn
Late some night when God returns.
Even now, the sun grown stout,
Fun-bullets slice the air,
Adam sits on a dare,
And Eves go out.

So, take off your boots, old ones;
Give the devil a dancing damn and find the fiddler a coin.
Time and wine
Plant deep behind
Those seeds of beggar's loin.

HEATHER ROSS

The Fir Tree

One sometimes wonders why fairy tales and myths, among other art forms, are shared with children. Perhaps it is because they are so well enjoyed by the adults who read them. Or again, perhaps it is because the child's world is a special kind of world, the "blessed Creatures" behold "the light and whence it flows" in a different way from our adult worlds of mind and time, category and space, and rationale. For to Adam and the little child, the world is like himself. There is no distinction between other and me; if I see and smell and feel and say, the Serpent and the Fir Tree do, also. The living world and I are one. Thus, in the fairy world of the story of mankind, the ridiculous and the incongruous only assert the absurdity of our lives—and desires.

Hans Christian Andersen's story is probably as old as human experience. Indeed, it is concerned with the very basis of human consciousness—the constant restlessness of unfulfillment; the ever surging for the next moment, the next experience, the golden age. The never satisfaction of the conscious mind is *felt* and *described* by man, but it is perhaps only in death that "as if" or "when" are either real or unreal, and not the vague urge to be whole and fulfilled. It may be that only in the depth of desire that man exists fully—that we "are" when we desire most passionately "to be". At any rate, it may also be only during a few rare moments crowning rampant desire that one is content in his present "being".

"The Fir Tree" is a small epic of the restlessness of the human spirit as it seeks constantly its wholeness and unity, the knowledge of its fullness. Almost every sentence in "The Fir Tree" should be discussed in regard to its significance within the unity of the whole tale. However, several passages which are especially significant for the meaning of this "tree of life," will be discussed here.

We meet the fir tree in the typical world of the young child. Even the first sentence is striking because of its unassuming quality. "Out in the forest stood a pretty little fir tree". One enters the story like the mature person who is quite casually, perhaps somewhat paternally, speaking of a familiar child. "Next door there once was a little child." The child-tree is placed in the security of place, sunlight, air and comrades. There was even a desirable variety of environment, "pines as well as firs." Much of a child's experience is in immediate perception; likewise, growth is one of the strongest immediate experiences of youth. So the little tree, like little children, was so eager to grow up physically. It is not yet even at the point of distinguishing its immediate surroundings, for it "took no notice of the peasant children". To the little child "other" objects are not noticed or appreciated. They *should* be here because they *are* here. The little fir tree did not notice differences until much later—until there were "children" and he was "older". But for now, the little fir tree, like a small child, hated those older folk who fondled his ringlets and condescendingly said "How pretty and small you are!"

Immediately we are able to accept the symbolic quality of the tree, because it assumes physical, human attributes. First there comes that marvelous "joint", the woody sinews that, like yardstick measures on the kitchen wall, proclaim a record of growth. The joint is a physical landmark, a part of the little tree's desire for birthdays! There is also the delightful instance of the little tree's first taste of physical power, when he suddenly realizes his relative strength over his playmate, and the hare must go *around*.

But then the little tree is initiated into the dark mysteries of the adult world. At the height of childhood, he had just shouted: "Oh! to grow, to grow and become old. That's the only fine thing in the world." One feels that the next event is almost like a ceremonial puberty rite. The woodcutters come, like old savages, to the forest depths, and "felled" a few of the largest trees. And like an annual ritual, those came who were "largest" and "well grown", and they "shuddered with fear" for the tribal circumcision meant that suddenly Adam was denuded—he was without leaves. The tree has "eaten" of life, and begins to "know" that he is "naked, long, and slender" because "their branches were cut off." With strange feelings, and new awareness of bodily changes, the little tree began to ask more questions and compiled his knowledge with that of his peers, the birds. And the stork avoids a detailed discussion of the fate of trees, because "It would take too long to explain all that". And then in the love play of youth, he was kissed and wept upon and yet "did not understand that". He did not know all—only the vague terror of what might be, now that he had begun to question the world and his destiny.

However, there were those strange and lovely young trees that were plucked in their youth, but in the same manner disappeared, retaining the glory of their branches. And they, the fir tree would later understand, were like young eunuchs who at first would joy in the splendor of the royal court, but later would realize that they had sacrificed their seed, and in impotence and disillusion, would realize that they have only served as useful decorations.

But the sparrows eagerly relate their incomplete observations of the fate of the tree in its glory. Unfortunately, they, too, have seen nobility from afar, and only know the lovely time of "gilt apples", honey cakes and playthings—the time of the "incomparable" event. And in response the little tree cries poignantly of all the unrest of the human body and mind: "There must be something grander, something grander still to come, but what? Oh, I'm suffering, I'm longing!" But yet he says "I don't know myself what is the matter with me!" And failing to enjoy the beauty of the present moment, the time of "grandeur" comes; the human marrow of the little tree is cut, and the great delusion is initiated.

Ironically, in the grand manner of the noble traveler, it is carried by servants. Then there is that

continued on p. 11



Terminus

The pines in bending toss
Their cones upon the soil
And scatter guardless seeds
Whose terminus is birth.

By worthy feet of strength
That rush along their paths
Without a halt, the cones
Are flicked aside or smashed.

BECKY HAYWARD

Le Professeur de Geographie

M. Henri Marquis
Ph.D. Paris
in his
continental
air
of
savoir faire
struts
into class
takes his seat
and talks smugly of
Lisbon and
Alsace
He knows all the
big
places

HEATHER MACDONALD



marvelous passage which shows so well the rationalizations and emotional vacillations of one who perceives himself elevated. "And the fir tree was put into a great tub filled with sand (and as an after-thought) "but no one could see that it was a tub" . . . (And in further self enjoyment) it also "stood on a large many-colored carpet." Basking in its glory, it is trimmed with, among other things, that fated symbol of discord, golden apples. These are only instruments of delusion for the tree. They will be like the images of real people—dolls—that emphasize the absolute falsity of the situation.

Perhaps an amusing and quite human touch is the fact that in the midst of all its desires for more and more power, glory, and experience, and the little tree expresses a desire to be seen by the folks from home: "I wonder if trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the sparrows fly against the panes?" And then, enjoying this exalted position, and desiring continued security, he says, "Shall I grow fast here, and stand adorned in summer and winter?" The tree misinterprets all the glory around it, and thinks that the children dance and sing at its feet because of its own special glory. Actually they were wild with his appearance—not him. The fir tree's contribution to the holiday eve had been "what was required of it." In other words, this was entirely functional. Yet there still runs throughout this the same haunting refrain that points to the most significant point in the story—the desire for tomorrow, assumed to be a time when there would be more time, more stories, more splendor and less trembling.

Then is a rather nice little drama with the mice. The mice think of a heaven of all sorts of cheeses and hams. The mice at least know what *they* want. Whether one dances on tallow candles or streets paved with gold, they at least have visualized their desires. They have a definite conception of the heaven they desire. Now, the only heaven the little tree can describe is the *past*, for he can never foresee the future. He waits, but he knows not what he wants.

"And then it told all about its youth." Now we are sure that the little tree is growing old, and there is almost a wistful sigh as it recounts its life, but protest hopefully "I'm not old at all." And then there is truly the most tragic statement of all. "I'm in my very best years." The tragedy is that he doesn't actually believe this. He doesn't realize that he has uttered the greatest tragedy on earth—I am here—waiting, aching for the vague spring—unaware that the best years are *really* now—unaware of the meaning and importance of the very words, "I am, now."

And then appear the symbols of those wretched people who lack imagination. Because the tree's tale was not of the things in which *they* delighted, the rats thought, like uneducated grandmothers looking at Picasso, that the story was really not pretty at all. And the mice who had warmly responded to

the lovely tale, decided that their evaluation of it must change if the great rats had expressed such disapproval.

"I did not think how happy I was," said the tree, regretfully. But it is not until the next statement that the tree begins to perceive the real nature of things. This time he sees how the minutes just passed were also unrecognized, but very good. "It was very nice when they sat round me, the merry little mice (like the earlier hare), and listened when I spoke to them. Now that's past too. But I *shall* (emphasis mine) remember to be pleased when they take me out." The little tree has even now picked the very time in which he will be satisfied. But the servant reappears to aid in the removal of the tree in ironical contrast to the former grand entrance.

Hope is revived and the tree feels that life is beginning again. Suddenly the tree "forgot to look at itself" as it feels the impact of nature, which it had ignored in its youth. Too late, in unknowing, absolute impotence, the tree *finally* declares "Now I shall live". Yet this is still expressed in future tense. Never yet has the tree said: "*Now I am* living.

Yet there is the wish, after he hears that he is old and ugly, to return to the past. If one does not retreat to dreams of the future, he can always desire the warmth of the past. So the little tree shouts from the Precious Present: "Past! Past!" "Had I but rejoiced when I could have done so! Past! Past!" Ironically it thinks of the tale of Humpty Dumpty—a tale of hope, which has not been fulfilled for the tree.

And in a huge and horrible cremation the tree is burned. Like the nonchalant ploughman as Icarus falls into the water, the innocent boys played on in the Garden. Now the youngest child had the star on his breast and the tree watches this as a lame old father chances upon his young son playing battle games, his young breast shielded with his father's purple heart of years ago.

The last sentence in the story is truly the most magnificent. The story of the little tree meets with our compassion because it is our story. "Now that was past, and the story is past, too. Past! Past! And that's the way with all stories." One suddenly realizes that he has experienced, in the reading of the story, the same sensation that Andersen emphasized with the little fir tree, representing human life. The reader or the listener, like the tragedy of the fairy tale, avidly followed the story through to its climax. The tree never met its climax, but constantly was discontent with *life* in the present. There was only that strange ache for something in the future. Now we feel that in Andersen's art, we, as readers, have been engaged in the very problem of our lives. Through the story we have psychologically experienced the constant search for the other and the beyond, curiosity for the "point", the "solution", the "climax"—and when we reach the other, and the beyond, we, like the tree, will only be *Past! Past!*

MARGARET UNDERWOOD



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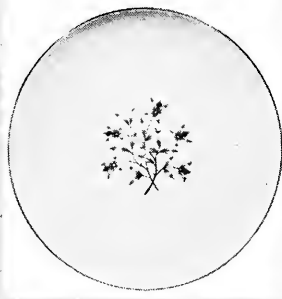
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