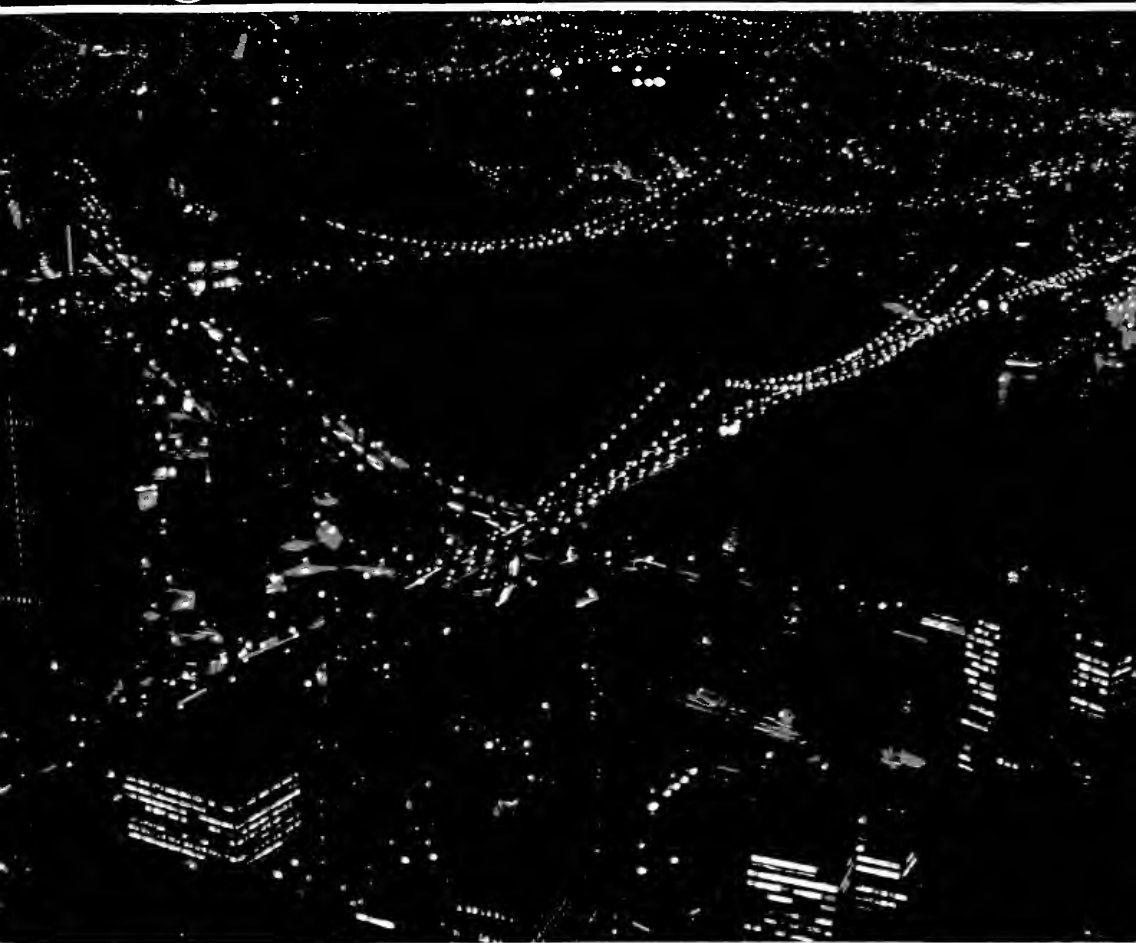


September 1978

CORADDI



The Magazine of the Arts at UNC-Greensboro



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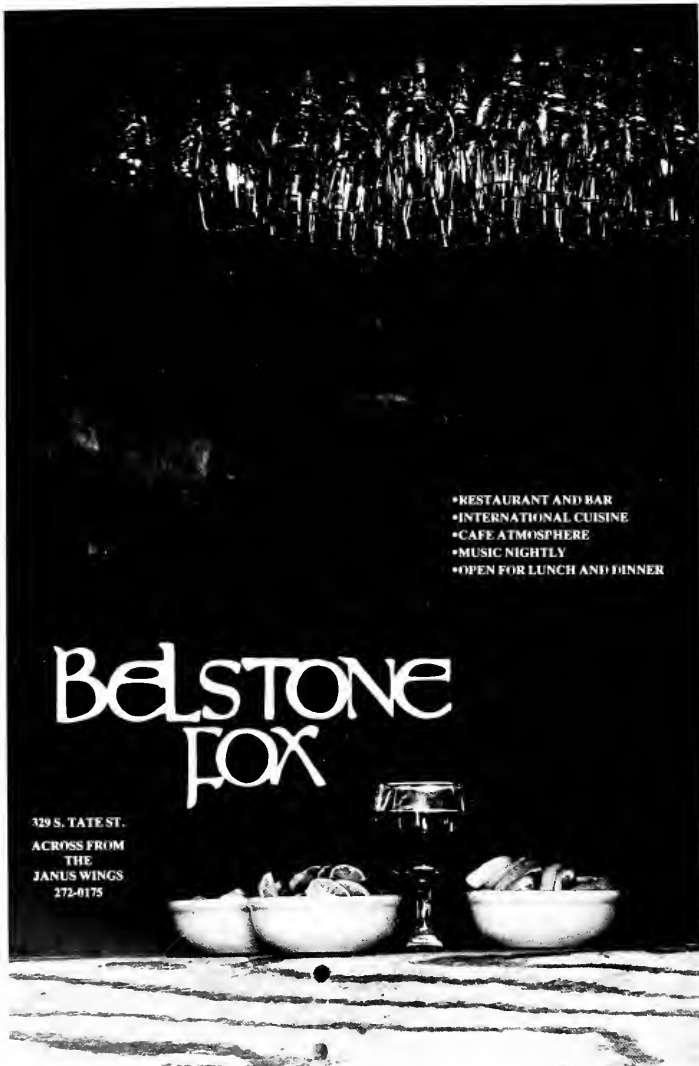


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CORADDI

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CORADDI

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A Note From The Editor

As the mysterious Delta Winged Butterfly of Malaysia emerges from the body of the slothful caterpillar, so too has the new *Coraddi Magazine* emerged in radiant splendor from what has come before. Perhaps, for those of you unfamiliar with the ups and downs and ins and outs of arthropods and arts magazines a few words of explanation are in order.

We began with the idea of creating an entity which might serve as a nucleus for the artistic community here at UNC-G and the surrounding area, based soundly upon the belief that UNC-G is truly a "School of the Arts". The *Coraddi* organization is appropriated XXX dollars each year (about \$9500 in 77-'78') to publish outstanding work by undergraduate authors and artists, at the total discretion of the editor. The basic idea is a good one, and has been in operation since 1896 when the thing began. Unfortunately, in the last few years the *Coraddi* has degenerated somewhat, and has become a source of very little in the way of quality or inspiration. What we have tried to do with this first issue of the new *Coraddi Magazine* is to simply point out what kind of potential we really have here, hopefully to encourage sufficient involvement to make it work on a regular basis.

It costs no more to put out a good quality publication than it does a poor one. It is solely up to the imagination of the individuals involved. This present issue of *Coraddi* cost far less than the last issue that came out last year. Not only that, but it has also generated a considerable amount of advertising income. At our present rate we shall be able to publish not only the basic *Coraddi Magazine* that you now hold in your hands but also a whole series of books of widely differing styles and areas of interest.

There will be those who wish to criticize, who feel that we are ignoring our role as an undergraduate literary magazine. To this I see no need to reply, because I believe that what we are doing will fill that role quite amply, and go way beyond it as a tool for communication and as a direct adjunct to the education of us all. We intend to set some standards here, and in so doing play a valuable role in the arts at UNC-G. Never before has it been possible for *all* of the arts programs here to be represented in *Coraddi*. In the future you will see dance, theatre and music as well as art and literature. Not only will the content be changing, but the realm of influence of *Coraddi* also, for it will be mailed to other universities across the country in an effort to stimulate interest in and increased respect for the truly outstanding departments and individuals that exist here.

To make it all happen, however, it is going to take involvement on the part of many individuals. This issue was put together by essentially four people. *Coraddi* can only be successful if there are many individuals involved, each putting a little bit of their own influence into it. Hopefully we have established a basic concept and have demonstrated what kind of potential we are talking about. Hopefully we have sparked an interest in *Coraddi* in the minds of those people out there who can and will make it work. Submissions, letters, ideas, articles, contacts, whatever, we can not exist in a vacuum. If we have reached you with this magazine, reach back and let us know. We need you.



Poetry by
John L. Jones

Captive Lines
In a Cracked Vase

I am the shaper of the mold that shapes
And I the namer of the name that sings.
Forgive my heart the bleeding which it brings:
Staunch the wide wound with a sop that stings.

I am the namer of the name that sings
Signal disquiet bursts the singing flame
Singe not the appellation's tearful shame,
Senseless the syntax yet loud the exclaim.

I break the quiet of a singing flame
Exerting rhythm in a watery flow
And slowly breast my path to pools below
Where flame its cooling pureness can bestow.

Exerting rhythm in a watery flow

I am the shaper of the mold that shapes
And in the quiet of a singing flame
The eyes of mind may hear a silent name.

Clyde & I

Teddy's furtive birds surround us daily:

We, first fruit of rotten buried seeds

We the slightly pompous guests of deeds

Which steal upon us from behind. Gaily

Trip the various walks of sleep between

Our fingers; grasping squeezing we massage

Our nervous juice into their strange collage

Of energies and dead spaces. But seen

From our perspective these lives are not sad

Just sleeping. Yet the strain does wear a bit

As back and forth again the same old shit

Parades its tiny purities and fads

Before our captive eyes our nervous hands

And we must nod and sigh and start again

Accepting buried sweets beneath the skin,

Seeing the questions back of these demands.

Mad

**This stupid poem
will wrinkle paper
breathe sighs
and swallow them
rub red eyes
to glare with
to stare with
share with anything it touches.**

**screw this poem
it steals feeling
(sneaking reinforcements from any old grudge)
listen: this poem can
rip away a living limb
strip it naked
claw its bark away
(o transforming poetry)
-raw club from leafy bough.**

**this silly poem
can seep away
through the day
cooling spray of ink within
this poem.**

Finding Loss

The self does not strangle quietly

open ended mutters

the wallowing corpse

pain framed in sharp features

blond and fuzzy blue

dead caves without gates

without lichens

atomize the universe

seep through the geometric point

if the glancing devil misses his moment

seize it yours

Beauty Shy

I met a woman secret as a stone

Whose quiet watery ways were pebble smooth

And how she came my ragged fears to sooth

Her secret rivulets of love alone

Can tell. She is as secret as a stone

And yet her step is bird light through the grass-

I swear small flowers leap up where she may pass

And spring smells cling to her and her alone.

Such magic seems, I'm sure, a bit too much

And yet this girl is real -- she thinks and breathes:

So well convinced am I my body seethes

With feeling when I undergo her touch.

I met a woman secret as a stone

Whose hidden jewels are mine and mine alone.

If there's anything more difficult than writing about a poet it's got to be writing about a poet who is also a friend. When I first asked Kenton if he would write about Gary Lilley he expressed some misgivings that he might be too close to the subject to do him justice. I told him to write what he felt, to not even attempt to hide behind the cloth of journalist. Over the last month or so of the summer he visited Gary in High Point several times talking about poetry and Gary's past. The following article came out of that period, and reflects not only the intensity and talent of Gary Lilley, but also that of Kenton Augrabright Robertson, who agonized over it as Gary would his poetry.

gary lilley

article by Kenton Augrabright Robertson

"It was more subtle things than they (the police) beating us (the Black Panthers) up. Now, when I got arrested, that was brutal to me. It was in High Point and the Party was very organized there. I was in charge of the breakfast program for children. Everybody in the Party, back then, liked to come to High Point. It was a place that we could come to and people would know us, be real good to us and help us out."

"Well, me and this other guy were selling Panther newspapers on the streets. These two plainclothes cops came up to me and started harassing me verbally, trying to start a fight so I would act out of order. They rattled me for a half an hour. But, they were careful, though. They never called me 'nigger'. But I knew this so I was trying to keep my cool. So I said to this one guy, 'Your mother would be ashamed of you if she heard you talking like that.' And then he arrested me. He put the cuffs on me so tight that it cut my arms and then shoved me in the car. My friend came up to me and said, 'What is happening to you, man?' And I said, 'They are arresting me, man.' And the cop says to my friend, 'We're arresting you, too.' And threw him in the car."

"We went to court and the cops lied. They said I was on the street cursing and they approached me and I cursed them. They found us guilty but the judge wouldn't give us a fine, he gave us thirty days in jail."



He is Gary Lilley... a poet. We, that is Gary, myself, and a friend, sit in a park some where in High Point. A park where kids play and winos drink side by side, back-dropped with a view of the downtown. We are both unsure, and perhaps a bit afraid, wondering how Gary will portray himself, and how I will capture that on paper.

He speaks of his past carefully. His time and place in life weigh heavily in his work, for his inheritance has included the turmoil of the civil rights and peace movements and the cultural revolution of the sixties.

"Everything I have done has affected my poetry."

He was born in 1950 in a small town on the North Carolina coast called Hobbsville. Most of his early memories, however, stem from New York City, where his family moved when he was three. They lived in the Queens borough, and Gary grew up in the desegregated public schools of the North.

As we sit in the park, Gary laughs about getting into trouble in the city. "I guess I just didn't have anything else to relate to. You know, kids be impressionable!"

"I got into a lot of trouble at first but then it straightened me out. I happened to find the right people." Ironically, at that point the "right people" were the police.

After school he would hang around with the kids on the block. His parents both worked all day and placed no control over where he went or what he did with his time. He started swiping things from the local stores, mostly to offset his boredom. He was caught by an undercover policewoman.

Instead of running him in, she asked him where he lived and took him home. "She sat down with my people and talked about the problem. She talked with me for about an hour. But, she didn't take me in, though. I used to see her in the same district all the time and I used to talk to her, trying to keep myself straight. I was very lucky, because at the time they were going to send me away to reform school. But it could have happened the other way. I was glad I ran into someone who didn't antagonize me."

Winters linger
like roadside frost
on dark young men
who wait long nights
with a bottle of bourbon
and banjo blues
for the first licks
of morning sun.

Reality fades back in as a bus roars by. We can hear the tinkling bell of an ice cream truck in the distance. We all seem to reach for a cigarette at once, inwardly laughing at ourselves. An old wino comes up, mumbling about the heat. "Hey, you got a quarter?". We all look at each other. He asks, "Anybody want a drink?"

Winters are as lean
as road signs
to dark young men
who fast toward warmer days
and drinking in spring
on southern highways.

It was the return to the south, back to Hobbsville, that was the big thing for Gary, some time around the middle of the seventh grade. There he ran headlong into the all black and all white schools and the racial prejudices of the South. Things he had known very little of in the Queens.



"When I came back they put me in a remedial class. The principal said, 'The record says here, you have poor conduct. Now anybody can have good conduct, if you can't do that then you don't need to be in the class.' We were labeled in that class, it bothered me. I couldn't deal with it. But we had the best girls and the best athletes."

"There was this one girl in the remedial class and she was beautiful, smart and athletic. I used to flirt with her, feel her and shit, then she would slap the hell out of me. She used to ride my school bus. I was in love with her."

When I sat in back
Of Miss Ninth-Grade Teacher's
Suppose to be remedial class
Courting Backrow Debbie
(Who I loved more than anything)
Ole teacher wanted us
To write poems on how we loves
And feels being black.



Hobbsville had two schools, both on the same road and less than a quarter of a mile apart. A simple/complex contrast: a "black" school and a "white" school. The white schools had the money and the materials with which to teach. "We didn't even have a glass beaker." The origins of civil rights and the roots of Gary's "revolutionary" ideas came out of that atmosphere, educational inequities forming the foundation upon which all else rested.

Almost vehemently Gary begins to speak of racial inequality, slavery, and the oppression of his people. The birds in the park around scatter, sensing his mood, and I wonder how I might have reacted, had I grown up in his place...

"That was it. 1954 in Arkansas and the thing about education. That was the basis for it. Retribution! That is what it all came down to. That is the cause of all these landmark decisions in the past and they were needed."

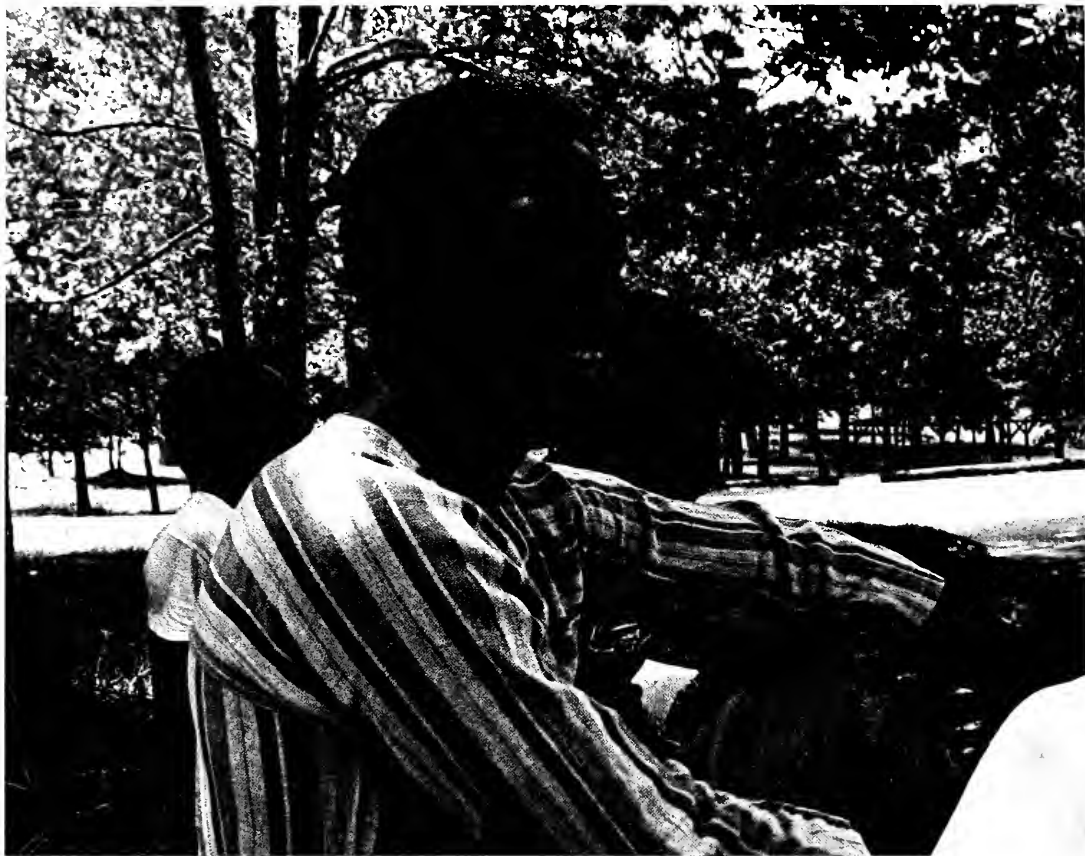
"I mean, look at me. You need all these math and foreign languages to get in college. I had one math and no foreign language in public school. I was not prepared. That is one of the things I see wrong with the black school system. It couldn't prepare everybody because of the lack of materials. I'm not discounting the black schools, mind you. I miss it to tell you the truth, but it just didn't have the materials or the money."

In the all black schools of North Carolina and forced into remedial level courses, Gary began to lose interest in the classroom pretty quickly. Rather than spend all his time in class, which he considered a bore, he turned to the library, spending his time reading and, occasionally, writing.

"I used to cut classes and go to the library. My teachers would come and say, 'What you been doing?' I was reading the whole time and they said, 'OK, you can stay as long as you come and take the tests.' So I spent all my time in the library. I would go to the class and take the tests and do pretty well, too."

After graduating from high school he went to Elizabeth City College. He went mainly to prevent being drafted. "You forget what year that was. It was in 68' and 69'. I wasn't really into school at the time but there was a war going on and I did not want to go." After two years, though he joined the Black Panther Party and decided not to go back to school.

A peace-sign ain't worth nothing now
in Washington Square Park
(you hardly see 'em anymore).
Most of the vets look
just like everybody else
and the Village is crowded
with tourists who come to watch
the krishnas dance
and to take pictures of winos sleeping.



Gary saw in the Panthers something that might satisfy his needs in life. The party was fighting for what they believed in. They were feeding people, setting up clinics and day care centers, educating and organizing. Most of them lived in communes, where everyone learned to deal with each other and assume responsibilities. In the communal environment every adult was a parent to all the kids, and they in turn grew up relating to all the adults and not just their parents.

"I had been into Civil Rights the whole time I was in school. Then I started doing some work for the party. At that time the movement was non-violent. People were marching peacefully, but they (the establishment) were not to us. I mean really they used to beat the shit out of us. At that time to me I saw the Panthers as the only group that was actually doing anything for the people."

"I saw the Panthers as being revolutionary. The Panthers were coming from a different angle. What they stressed from the start was to put an end to police

brutality and control of the destiny of their own communities. There was no way they would have put an end to that without defending themselves."

"The Panthers never vamped anybody, they got vamped on. They never attacked, nothing like that. But they preached self-defense and that was the difference."

Gary left Hobbsville and went to Winston-Salem and the state Party Headquarters. In a couple of years Gary was made Officer of the Day with duties like caring for the children, running the desk and answering the phone. It was the perfect symbiotic relationship, him teaching and learning at the same time.

"Everyone in the Panthers had to read four hours a day. We had classes, too. They taught us self defense. Every Communist Party's ultimate goal is to overthrow capitalism. I'm tired of capitalism! I think now, I'm more

of a socialist. But I'm the type of person who if it was a socialist government and it wasn't working, I'd still be bitching! The Panthers could not have started a new government here, but they could have lead to a new one. This government looks good on paper. You look at what's going on now. Carter talking about human rights and Andy Young get's up and says, 'Look at all the thousands of political prisoners here,' and it's true, he is not lying. Look at the Wilmington Ten and the Charlotte Three, that is a pure case of oppression. And then you turn around and look at the NRA (National Rifle Association) trying to lobby Congress for army surplus guns, 290,000 of 'em."

You can see the sorrow in Gary's eyes as he drinks from the winos bottle. And the wino says, "You gonna have a bottle, next time I'm down here?" Gary says, "Sure man, I'll have one." Shit man, you lying." The wino slurs his words.

"Here in High Point, the Party later set up an office. This was right before I got thrown in jail. The Police attacked the office. You see the police went and told the landlord that we were Panthers. And the landlord tried to get us out. But we had a lease, so he couldn't get us out. So the police said, "We are just going to evict you." It happened about 5:30 in the morning and they had the office surrounded. They asked them to all come out and they would not come out. They started firing into the house and this guy got shot up. They just raided us simply because we were Panthers."

"There is nothing happy about being a drunk."

Before returning to High Point, I did some research into the Panthers and the transitions it went through in the early 70's. A change of image led to Gary leaving the Party. Huey Newton, founder of the Party, had beaten a murder charge for which he had served two years. (In 1967, Newton's car was stopped by two patrolmen. Newton testified that while he was being searched one of the officers stuck a gun in his genitals and called him "nigger". Newton was then shot point blank in the stomach. In the ensuing incident one officer was killed and the other wounded for which Newton was charged with murder. This controversial scene created support for Newton and the Panthers.) When Newton got out of jail, he proclaimed that the Party was going to get away from the image of violence, citing little support and too high a cost in lives. Instead he set up what he termed, "survival programs pending the revolution." The Panther money began to flow towards Panther schools, free health clinics, food giveaways and sickle cell anemia testing. It was during this period that Gary decided to leave.

"The Panther Party was going through a transition period. They were getting away from the gun image and more towards community involvement. Everybody could relate to that, but it seemed to lose some of the spirit. My brother was in jail then, so I just decided to split to raise the money to get him out."

The next time I went down to High Point neither Gary nor myself could get into hashing all this out. We sat back at his place, got a little high, then grabbed a basketball and took off to a local court. It was shaded and fenced in, and there were kids by the dozen having a tremendous water fight. We got through the kids unscathed, and after a furious session of one-on-one, we headed out into the country to talk.

What Gary did between the time he left the Panthers and the time he came to UNC-G last year is still something of a mystery. It seems once he got his brother out of jail he headed for New York to "bottom out." Depression hits everyone at one time or another, but for some it is an ongoing thing. Once he bot back from New York, he bummed around Winston-Salem for a while living with whoever he could. He also started to drink.

TWO HAIKU

1.

Junkie coldsweating
Alone. Shadows fade into
The gallery wall.

2.

Winos gaze upon
The sun through green pint bottles.
Darkness flows smoothly.

"I was an alcoholic. I still am probably. They say you never recover from alcohol. But I just don't know how to define alcoholism, I guess some people just want to drink. It shows in my poetry, too. I don't know what to do about that."

Brown child sleeps dayplay's past,
lovers kiss, some drunks laugh
shake hand on the whisky glass
of clear cool gin,
night is where dark begins.

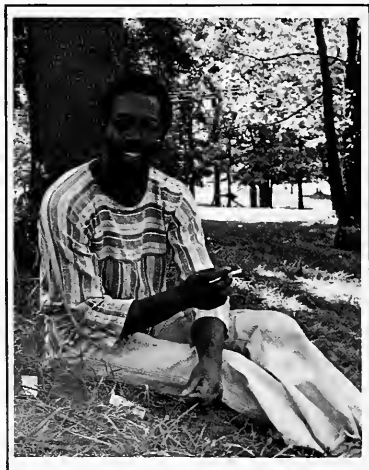
Within a year or two of leaving the party, he met a woman, older than himself. She has two kids from a previous marriage. Gary was reluctant to talk about it, but somewhere in this period they were married. They moved to High Point and lived there working in a Blacksmith's shop. Gary says they have separated before and were separated when he went to school at UNC-G. As we sat in the country talking, I picked up one of his poems and began reading it. It was about his wife and separation, but he asked me to put it back down because it was unfinished and he did not want it printed.

BLACK POEM

When I sat in back
Of Miss Ninth-Grade Teacher's
Suppose to be remedial class
Courting Backrow Debbie
(Who I loved more than anything)
Ole teacher wanted us
To write poems on how we loves
And feels being black.

Now I ain't ever seen
No black poem before
Because the books never say
Just what shade the thoughts were
And you never know what color
The poem-writer is
Unless they say so.

But my hand roam
All over Backrow Debbie,
Across her behind as soft
As the dandelions we picked
In the evening Summer rains,
And I thought black
Must be something nice
to lay down in at night
And forget just how hard the day was.



We began to talk about his poetry and his year at UNC-G. He says that one of his best instructors was Bob Watson, who took one of his poems (Black Poem) and published it in the *Greensboro Review*. The man who influenced him most, however, was the poet John Beecher from Alabama, who he met here last year. "You could never tell if he (Beecher) was black or white by reading his poetry. I like that point, he just came down to Earth."

"One night, I was having a discussion with some people about poetry in general and then Black Poetry. To me it's all poetry with different poets. They were saying, 'Well true, but then there are also Black Poets.' This is true. There are poets who are black, but it's just a matter of syntax."

Gary's year at UNC-G was not easy. I met him through some mutual friends who were also having it rough. Though I hadn't really noticed until he told me about it this summer, Gary had reverted to alcohol. Somewhere along the line he just quit going to classes. When the year ended he had flunked out. For his poetry, though, the year had been his most productive. Nor has he given up on school; he would like to eventually get his MFA and teach. "I want to get my opinion in, too. I also want to start a Reader's Theatre with poetry and music, where poets and musicians can come in and perform. But, I'm laid back and in no hurry."

"I tried lots of different things with my poetry. I tried meter, rhythm, and stuff, too. But I like free style the best. If I have a line that is one word, and (laughs) one that is ten, maybe twenty words, that is the way I see it. I wish I could read my poetry, the way I write it in my mind. That would be terrible, though! I see it in my mind's eye, I live it."

I went to see Gary for a final time and we went out and shot basketball. I knew I would not see him again for awhile, because he is moving to Richmond, Va. He has been working all summer at his old blacksmith's job and he feels things are getting a little old there in High Point. He has a cousin in Richmond and he's heard it's a good place to live, so he's taking off for a change of scene and by the time this is published will be living in Richmond.

I could say lot's of things about Gary that I haven't, but I think his work says it far better. I could say he is great or outstanding, but there is poetry and then there are...poets.

"Take people like they are. That's what my momma used to say."

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FROM THE TAYLOR THEATRE AT UNC-G



"I am not a writer first," said Tom Huey in an interview with the Greensboro Sun (March edition, 1977). "I don't think anyone can come to grips with writing that way. You get so goddam literary that, you know, it's literary oneupmanship. You become so involved in where you stand in the great scheme of books that you lose your soul."

Tom, a recent graduate of UNC-G's outstanding MFA program in writing, could hardly be accused of such a thing with his latest work, a novel entitled, Sixteen People Who Live Downtown. The book is set in Old Greensborough, and its incredible realism denies the fact that it is entirely the imagination of the author. Still in manuscript form, this is the first publication of any part of the book, and Coraddi wishes to thank Tom most wholeheartedly for the chance to use it.

Prince Albert Roy Flannagan

by

Tom Huey

One day not long back I took this here boot strop an I walks down Greene out there an I walks down to where Office Jagger was. He was down there in Hamburger Square an he was up gainst the bench down there an I got up to him an I say, "You want shine?" an he looks at me an says, "Lissen -- you give me shine an I give you dollar if you tell me where you name come from."

I say, "You don't have to do that, Office Jagger, I tell you an shine that shoe for fifty cent."

An I tell him my daddy chaw that old crimp-cut shit, Prince Albert, an when I was due, when I was come, he was down there where Office Jagger was, and he known I was to come pretty soon, an he had him some wine or some Old Crow or somethin, an he say to that elm out there, "What you think that child should be call?" An the elm look at my daddy and he say, "Call him what you spittin out, man," an my daddy look at his chaw, his crimp-cut what he should have lit all tolong, an he say, "Okay, elm, I call him P. A." An Mr. Elm look at my daddy an say, "Lissen, just outta curious what that stand for?" An then my daddy holds that red tin to the arc light an he tell Mr. Elm, "Why, I see this whisker man in a band uniformed." An then I come along an I become Prince Albert along with Roy, my daddy's name, an I don't find out till I take histree what Prince Albert was, Prince of England.

So my frien call me Prince, P. A., Pal, Parflan, Flannel, Prince Al, Prince Albert, Mr. P. an Hey, You! but nobody in this goddamn town recogrize me to own Wales an the body of royal, my Queen.

I been here, in this shoe-place, since I could spit. Now that come close onto forty year. When I could crawl I took notice of a bad shine an I told myself, "Prince, you do better than that!" Now, you stay here all day you won't find no better shine than me. You say you want hear me talk? Okay.

I most don't like this beebop nigger kind of punk-man who does he thaing with he 'fro brush in he back pocket. He type come in here an see me spittin it on an he just sneer. He thin, "Look that nigger, beebop bro! He ain't cool like me! Look he frizz, that short shit! He ain't run a 'fro brush through he hair since he had it! He got cement-spine from spittin polish an a yassuh all day long! Man, he sure deserve what he get!"

Now they come in here an say that off an on after school. Now school's out they got better thin to do like drinkin wine with the winos out there an coughin up pennies to gon in the Frisco Circle.

Frisco Circle? That's when you throw in you change to the drunks down there in Hamburger Square then they all go off to the olden TV Lounge an drink it all in. I done that. I done lotsa thin. But I work, goddamnit, an I get by on the up an up by an by you damn right I do!

Had this high coll', this preacher of the Cadolack Church in here, who was black, you see, an wore he coll' backwards like all them does. He come in here an sits up where you is an I take on his patent leather New York tap-dance shoes an shine 'em on down to

spit an polish so good he could have done military suspicion on parade grounds. I done all that an he say, "Don't you go down to the Bethel Chapel?"

I say I do.

He say, "Maybe you tell me what church you all come from."

I say, "It's up on the sign on Market for you an anybody to read."

He say he know that sign an that why he ask.

I say it say, "Bethel'on top in big red letter. On down it say, 'African Episcopal Methodist Church of All Who Pray Regardless of Color.'"

He say he know what it say, he want to know what it come from.

I say, "What it matter what it come from, how I know what it come from?"

He say was it a case of us just gettin together?

I say, "That about it."

Then he ask me have I been to Africa.

"What I want go to Africa for?"

He say, "Well, I have been to Africa and I have not seen no African Episcopal Methodists over there."

I say, "Well, man, why should see African Episcopal Methodists over there when we all over here on Market Street?"

"Don't you thin there too many little churches?" he say.

"No, sir, I do not thin that," I say. "I am washed in the blood of Lam," I say, "an He wash in all kind church, little, big an in the middle."

He one of these New York Nigger who get he coll' an come down here an walk around with talc on he barber shop shave an strut around smellin like petulias an patent-leather an angel food cake an he don't know one verse cause he too busy rubbin he smooth black face an talkin bunch of jive.

You take that coll' off he neck an put him on the street he be pimpin in a Detroit Bomber felt hat fore he Cadolack Church.

String that mofo up is what.

Lissen: don't tell me no equal right shit. I was down there at that restaurant fourteen year back. Oh yeah. I was there. I stood around with Mr. Reverand Jackson an them fine college student from A & T who come in here on the Greyhoun with they val-packs an come down here an say, "Hey, we professional intidatites! You got you a water fount with 'White' on it? Hey, you show us that water fount an we take our val-packs over there an we liberate that water fount, alright? All right! An, hey! You got a restaurant here that don't serve colored? Hey, we know what goin down! We just come from Mr. Maddox' place in Hot Lanta an we cool with he number! Take us to that restaurant an we sit our asses in! We have a goddamn sit fuckin in right there with our val-packs by our side an our patent leather shoes on our feet! An we sit our asses in an have ourself a pray an then we take our val-packs an our patent leather shoes an hightail it back to the Greyhound, bros an sisters, cause we got a water fount up to richmond that need liberated an a restaurant up to Galax that need to



sat in an don't think we leavin you here with the problem, Greensboro! We hav solved the problem, Greensboro! Now you can go to that liberated water fount an drink all the white man's water you want! Cause that's free water! It won't get you rich drinkin it but it free! An you go on down to that restaurant an sit there natural as you please! Oh, you may not have no money for no meal but that's a liberated restaurant, bros an sisters, an you can sit there all afternoon! Right on! Bye-bye!"

Then one them say to me, say, "What you do?"

I say, "I shine."

He say, "That nigger work. What you do nigger work for?"

I say, "Hey -- who shine you patent leather pump, man?"

He don't say one fuckin thin. He gone. You know who shine he patent leather pump? Some nigger like me who takin he jive in a fuckin bus station an don't even get tipped cause the tip is he advice, "Don't do nigger work, man! Go out an drink you some liberated water an everythin work out!"

Now you know what happen to that nigger who take he advice? He go out an drink he some liberated water in he best Sunday suit an he get hosed down an throwed in jail an lose he stand at the bus station. That what happen.

But I got more cool than that. I fuckin live here all my life. I go back to that restaurant every week for fourteen year. I get throwed out every fuckin week for two year. I keep goin back. Waitress come an waitress go. I know that menu backward. Then I get my meal. Twelve

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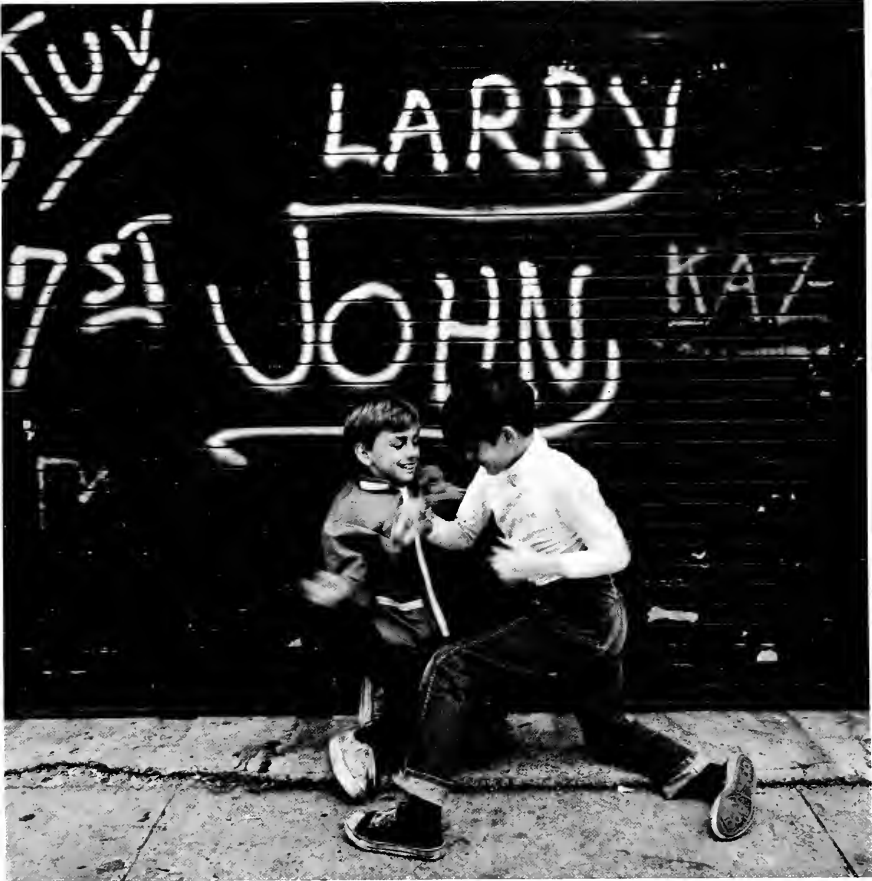
A. Doren

The long wait for a full time photography instructor at UNC-G has ended at last with the arrival of A. Doren, a working photographer from Manhattan's Lower East Side. His work has appeared in *Aperture*, *Photographing children* (from the *Time-Life* Series), and numerous other books, and he has placed collections in several national galleries including the Museum of Modern Art. Doren is in the process of building a small gallery and study room in his new home near the campus, where he hopes to establish regular "bull" sessions to stimulate interest in the art of photography.

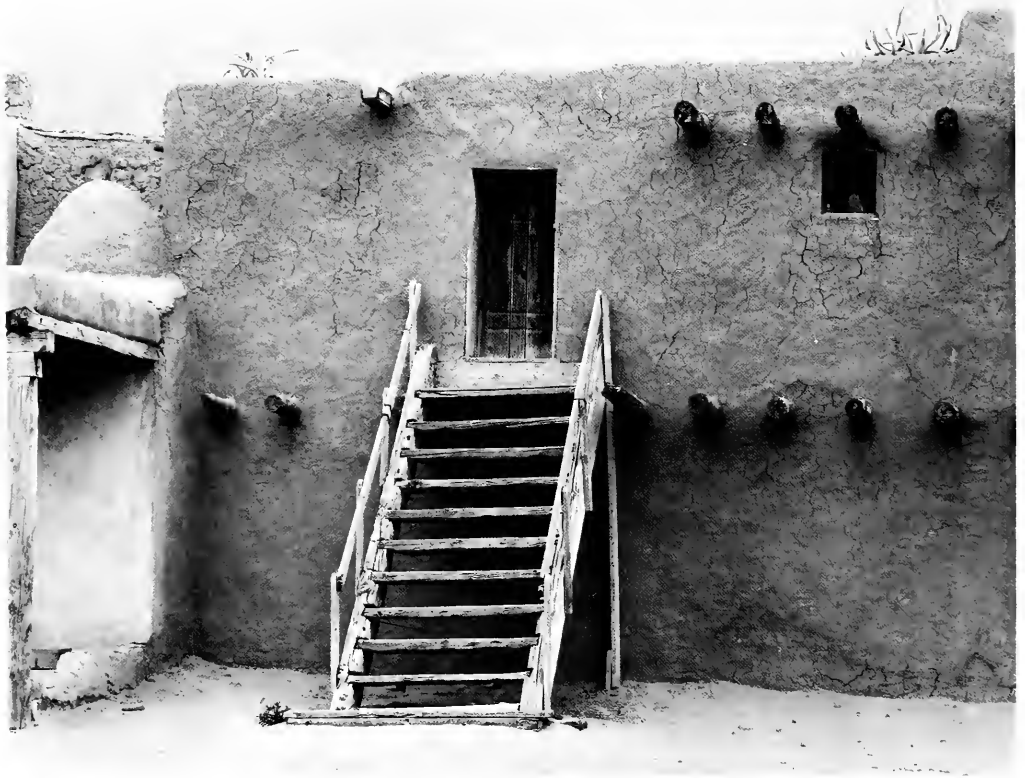
He has graciously consented to the publication of some of his work in this premier issue of the new *Coraddi*. The following photographs amply demonstrate the range for which he is noted.



From the book proposal, *A Raindrop Itself*, a book of photography and personal haiku poetry.



Kids fighting on the street; from the book proposal, *Americana Faces*, 2¼ X2¼.



Pueblo in the Southwest; from the book proposal, *Americana Faces, the Land and its Structures, the People and their Undertakings*.



The wife of the marionette keeper; from the series, *Stills from the Godfather II Set*.

Points of Interest

Points of Interest is an irregular feature of the new Coraddi Magazine. It will appear whenever the need arises, its goal being the "spreading of the word" so to speak about places, people and things of potential interest to Coraddi readers. This issues Points of Interest column centers around some of the lesser known and possibly more worthy local small merchants in the Greensboro area. It is not intended to be all inclusive, nor should it be taken as an unqualified recommendation for the business listed; rather it is simply a list of suggestions, suggestions which may lead the reader in a place or even an area of thought where he, she or it has never been before.

INSIDE/OUT

Located on Eugene st. in the downtown area, Inside/Out just might be the finest place to eat in Greensboro. Not only is the food 100 percent natural, it is always fresh and properly prepared in a manner that rivals the finest of French Chefs. Specialties of the house include Broccoli Mournay, Whole Wheat Lasagne and Quiches of all types. Be forewarned, however, there is not a speck of refined sugar in the whole place, nor is there any meat served in any of the dishes. Right now Inside/Out is open for lunch only, but if the demand becomes intolerable they just might open up for dinner. They also run a small Health Foods store in the restaurant which offers an extensive selection of Celestial Seasoning Teas. 273-0360

ED'S VARIETY STORE

Ed has the finest selection of

purchaseable junk this side of Raleigh. His store is in the heart of Olde Greensborough, on Elm St., and easily the best place in town to buy an alarm clock. If you are offended by the sight of stripped TV sets, though, do not enter. 272-8882

FRIAR'S CELLAR

Ask Mr. Jackson about wine. He knows of what he speaks, and he is always in a mood to help. Friar's Cellar carries a good selection of wine, beer, munchies and assorted freshly baked pastries. Some cheese and imported delicacies as well. On Tate St. 272-0411

THE ART SHOP

Although it's located quite some ways from campus, The Art Shop is just about the only place in Greensboro that carries a good selection of art supplies. They also have a very nice little gallery and offer everything from original oils to inexpensive prints, not to mention expert, if somewhat expensive framing. We shop there. 855-8500

THE BROWSERY

The Browsersy is one of those places you can go to and forget all about whatever plans you may have had for the rest of the night. Located behind the Music Barn on Mendenhall St., The Browsersy operates on what can only be called "flexible" hours, extending from sometime in the early evening till whenever. If the light is on they're open. Inside you will find a huge selection of used books, including a healthy number of rare books and first editions, all at bargain prices. Be sure to say Hello to the

proprietier, Ben Matthews, who generally will offer you a cup of finely brewed coffee quicker than you can say "William Blake". 273-7259, nights only.

JOEL TULL DECORATORS

Jade plants for 55¢? And right down on Tate St. Check this place out, the prices on most things are amazingly low, on everything from plants to prints to an interesting collection of real Polish Circus Posters. 373-0524

IRVING PARK DELICATESSEN

This is the *only* place in Greensboro to get really good Italian cooking. The atmosphere is great, the beer is cold, and the food excellent. Directly across from the Janus Theatres off Battleground Ave. 273-8284

HOPE HARBOR VARIETY STORE

Although not as close to the campus as it used to be, Hope Harbor is still within easy walking distance and still has an occasional bargain in second hand clothing of high quality. The selection changes everyday, though, so you have to get down there a lot to really find anything, but the clothes are always clean and always priced as low as is humanly believable. 275-8711

THE CAROLINA THEATRE

The Carolina Theatre has only recently been salvaged from abandonment by the United Arts Council and turned into a top-rate live performance theatre in keeping with its original style. The decor is

bulous, from the seats to the gantic chandelier that hangs from s ceiling. For years the Carolina as the largest movie house in the rea, complete with a special side ntrance, back stairway and upper alcony for "Negroes". Today it ouses a number of the Arts Coun- l's functions and serves as the ain focal point for community reatre in Greensboro. Just down e street from the Government laza and Police Station. 272-2739

THE GREENSBORO HISTORICAL MUSEUM

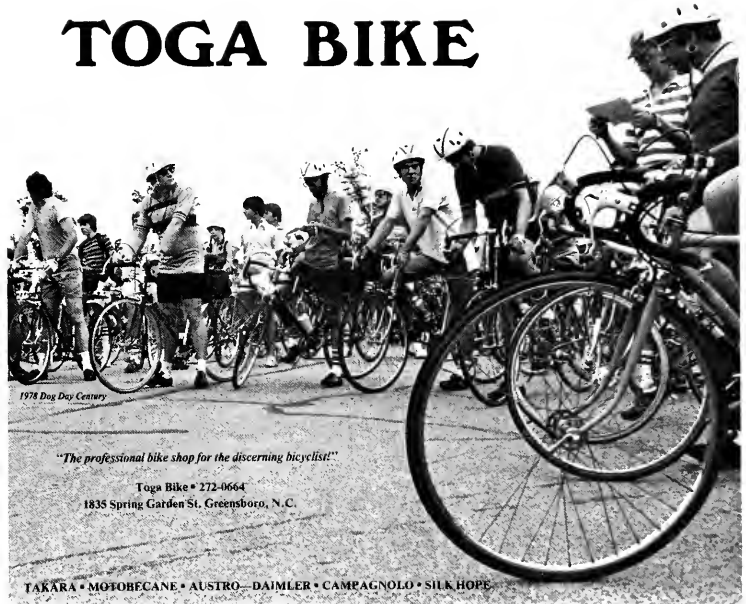
Downtown beside the Y, the Greensboro Historical Museum is worth a visit. It's amazing the number of people who live here all their lives and never see it. On the other hand, there's not really a whole lot to it, but it's free, so... 373-2043

HONG KONG HOUSE/JUICE BAR

The Hong Kong House is one of the most unique restaurants in this area. Their food is a mixture of oriental cooking styles and readily available American meats and vegetables. Peas and carrots in sweet and Sour Pork may not be everyone's idea of good "Chinese" cooking, but it certainly does make a satisfying meal. There are Luncheon specials everyday of the week for just a dollar, and the soups and eggrolls are cut in price at lunch also. The Juice Bar is an integral part of The Hong Kong House, and serves every kind of fruit, vegetable or yogurt drink you can imagine, all freshly blended while you wait. On late St. 274-2019

CONTINUED PAGE 30

TOGA BIKE



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STUDENT COURT NEEDS YOUR HELP!

UNC-G's Student Court has the potential to become totally autonomous in the administration of justice for students on campus. This is real student power. But we need active student participation to realize this goal. Take the initiative and become a part of the Student Judicial System. Applications for Defense Attorneys, Prosecutors, University Associate Justices, Superior Court Associate Justices and Court Clerks are available in the Judicial Office, 257 EUC until September 8. Call 379-5720 for further information.

JUSTICE!

The Carolinian

you can...
read it,
line birdcages with it,
write for it,
eat watermelon on it,
line old boots with it,
make patterns with it,
sell ads for it,
stuff your bra with it,
read it.

Join *The Carolinian*.
Organizational meeting
August 28 7:00pm
Alexander Room, EUC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

year back. I fuckin get it, man. An you know what? My old daddy cook better than that an all he do pour shit out a can. That's liberated food for you.

I got seven chile an four wife an nineteen granchile an forty-four kin. I got places to go when I want to go. I got yard work in Irvin' Park with three house when I want it. I ain't never not work an I ain't never not own one man one red cent. I got friends white an black an even yellow man down to Lotus House in the kitchen. I fought World War Two in France. I put my two who wanted it through A & fuckin T on what was called nigger shitshine money. I got women to dance. I got money to drink. I got church to pray. I got my fuckin respect most. That's right! R-E-S-P-E-C-T, baby what you doin to me!

I don't cater no trash. I don't buy no skin. I don't break no fuckin law no way. I seen friend come an friend go. I seen friend shoot another friend in the head with a zip gun over two fuckin table dollar. I put my three in the fuckin ground. The fourth one she left me cause she say I won't buy here the thins she want. I say, "Get you some fuckin dress money with some ironin." She say she don't iron for no fuckin dress money an that was my job. I say, "Lissen, woman. I put enough food an wine in your fat mouth to fill four dress at the same time an all I askin is you iron to get you one dress. You iron to get you one dress I buy the other three an you can wear em all at once you want!"

She say she don't have to take that, she ain't gon take that, she don't take that, an she solid gon two hour later. She gon. She don't even give me time say, "Fuck you" so I says it to the homosote wall where she gon an ripped off all her Ali an Ella picture an lef me there holdin my dick like I done been blue-ball. But not over her, see. No fuckin way, man. What I do? Thank Lord she gon is what I do so now I can get me some peace an quiet.

Like I say, I bury my first three an ate my fourth dust, but it ain't no big thin, see, cause I ain't bout to bury my se'f over three year of grief, I'm on live now, an that what I do.

You fuckin A!

Lissen. I live in a free house! I live down there on Freeman Mill an my door is open twenty-five hour a day an I ain't never been rob. Why what? There ain't nothin fuckin there is why!

I sure want that sun come out on Mr. Elm. Mr. Elm say, "I seen nuf gray last my limb a month!" say "I can't live much long on wino talk an good will!" say, "come on out, Mr. Sun an shake my ass up!" say, "Who that see over Ron Shine Shop?" say, "That Prince Albert?" say, "Come here, boy!"

We go over minute. You know, one mofa come I here an say, "Prince, you ain't no Uncle Tom you Uncl Remus."

You know what I say? Say, "What fuck wrong with that?"

Why a Coraddi?



CORADDI BECAUSE CORADDI REPRESENTS A CHANCE. A CHANCE FOR PEOPLE TO COMMUNICATE ABOUT THEIR ART, AND A CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING. CORADDI BECAUSE CORADDI CAN HELP BRING TOGETHER ALL THE VARIOUS ART DISCIPLINES HERE AT UNC-G. POETRY AND FICTION. DANCE. THEATRE. FILM AND VIDEO. MUSIC. ART. PHOTOGRAPHY. EVERYONE SHARING IDEAS AND FEELINGS.

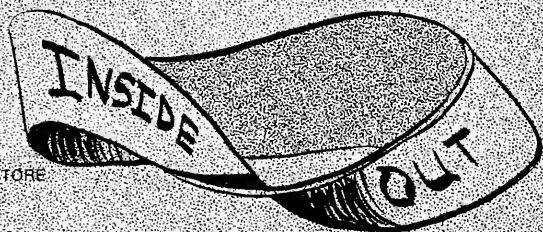
CORADDI BECAUSE CORADDI CAN MEAN A FEW NEEDED CHANGES MIGHT HAPPEN SIMPLY BECAUSE PEOPLE BEGIN TO SHARE THEIR THOUGHTS AND THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN THROUGH THAT SHARING IN A NATURAL PROGRESSION OF CIRCUMSTANCES. NO POLITICS, NO BULLSHIT. JUST ART. CREATION. CONFLICT AND RESOLUTION. ART.

THE CORADDI NEEDS INDIVIDUALS WHO CAN ASSEMBLE INFORMATION IN THEIR RESPECTIVE AREAS OF INTEREST AND COMPILE THEM INTO USABLE COPY. WE ALSO NEED INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN LAYOUT, ILLUSTRATION AND DESIGN. WE NEED TYPESETTERS. AD SALESMEN. PEOPLE WITH IDEAS THAT NEED A PLACE TO GERMINATE.

IF YOU THINK THERE MIGHT BE A PLACE IN THE CORADDI FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOURSELF, CALL US AT 379-5572, OR COME BY THE OFFICE AT 205 EUC. BRING SOME OF YOUR WORK. BRING A FRIEND. THE DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE IS OCTOBER 1. IF YOU HAVE AN IDEA FOR A WHOLE VOLUME OF WORK, BRING THAT UP, TOO. O. K.?

IT'S
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NATURAL

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

HAM'S

Ham's is like a fixture in Greensboro. It is a restaurant, a cheese shop, a beer and wine shop and a basket shop. It does an extremely good job in each area. The sandwiches are infinite in variety texture. At Friendly and Aycock, a straight shot across the golf course from the campus. 272-6721

BLUMENTHAL'S

Blumenthal's is another Greensboro fixture. Right across the street from Hamburger Square, it certainly has its share of interesting characters. As a store Blumenthal's carries everything you could ever need in the clothing line. Particularly work style jeans and "different" hats. Elm St. 272-6363

TOGA BIKE SHOP

"We sell bikes but specialize in repair." And if a good attitude isn't enough, they also carry just about all of the best brands of bikes and bike parts, and there only a few blocks from the campus at Spring Garden and Chapman St. 272-0664

DEEP ROOTS

Next door to Toga Bike Shop Deep Roots is a Greensboro centered health food co-op. It is open to the general public, but the prices are discounted considerably if you become a member. The food is always fresh and well cared for. 273-9216

SHOW US YOUR FACE!



Photographs for the 1978-79 Pine Needles will be taken September 18 through October 13. Sign now for your appointment at the EUC main desk. There is absolutely no cost to you for this service and no obligation to buy. There will, however, be a raffle for

those who keep their appointments.

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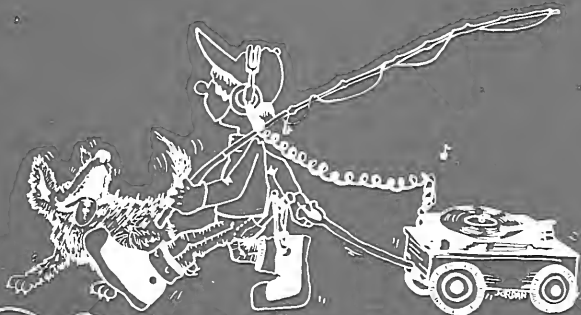
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Weatherspoon Art Gallery
University of North Carolina at
Greensboro

Eight German Theatre Poster-Makers. In the outer gallery, Aug. 27 -- Sept. 10

Robert Marks, Photography Collection. Includes prints by Alfred Stieglitz and Margaret Bourke-White Sept. 3 -- Oct. 1

SECCA
750 Marguerite Dr., Winston-Salem

William A. Keen (Greensboro), Sculpture. July 8 -- Oct. 15
Printmaking, Group Show. Ten Southeastern Printers. Aug. 15 -- Oct. 11
Ben Owen, Pottery. Aug. 18 -- Oct. 9

UNC-G School of Music 

Billy Taylor Trio. *Master Class TBA. Aycock Auditorium, Sept. 8, 8:15 p.m.
Emanuel Ax. Master Class TBA. Sept. 1.
Phyllis Tektonidis, mezzo-soprano. Faculty Recital. Recital Hall. Sept.

UC/LS

Emanuel Ax
September 1
F. Lee Bailey
September 13
New York City Opera Theatre
October 21
***Trinidad Folk Festival**
October 22

PRESENTING

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alendar

Southeast Seven II. Exhibition of National Endowment SECCA Fellowship Grant Recipients. Sept. 9 -- Oct. 11

Irwin Kremen, Collages. Sept. 9 -- Oct. 22

James G. Hagan, Sculpture. Sept. 9 -- Nov. 29

Ralph Cox, Sculpture Process. Sept. 20 -- Nov. 20

Realists Invitational. Southeastern show of painting, drawing, sculpture. Oct. 18 -- Dec. 3

Annual Craft Show. Southeastern craftsman. Oct. 28 -- Dec. 17

Robert Howard, Sculpture. UNC—Chapel Hill faculty member Oct. 28 -- Dec. 17

Robert Maki. (Seattle) Artist-in-Residence. Oct. 28 -- Dec. 17

N.C. Museum of Art
Raleigh, N.C.

Collector's Gallery. Conceptual art by Ben Sarao of Chicago, Henry Stindt of Greenville. Through Sept. 3.

Barn Dinner Theatre

South Pacific. Sept. 13 -- Oct. 29.
120 Stagecoach Trail: 292-2211.

Joseph Banowetz. Recital Oct. 2, 8:15 Recital Hall. All day workshop Oct. 3.

Hello Dolly. Aycock Auditorium. Oct. 4-8. Co-sponsored with the Dept. of Communication and Theatre.

John Weigand, clarinet. Faculty Recital. Oct. 10, 8:15 p.m. Recital Hall.

Don Baker, percussionist. Oct. 11, 8:15 p.m. Recital Hall. New Faculty Member.

Judson Griffin, viola. Roman Lavore, piano. Joint Faculty Recital. Oct. 12, 8:15 p.m. Recital Hall.

University String Quartet. Marla Mutschler, David Moskovitz (violin), Judson Griffin (viola), Edward Dixon (cello). Oct. 22, 8:15 p.m. Recital Hall.

Wesley Bulls. Composition Recital. Oct. 23, 8:15 p.m. Aycock Auditorium.

Manuel Lopez-Ramos. *Masterclass. All day Oct. 25. Register with the Office of Continuing Education.

Symphonic Chorus and Women's Choir. Oct. 29, 3:00 p.m. Aycock Auditorium.

Royal Winnipeg Ballet
November 2
Merca Cunningham
November 4

The Act Company

Jacques Brel's *Alive and Well and Living in Paris*, a musical, is being presented at the Carolina Theatre. Sept. 15-17, 8:15 p.m., Sunday Matinee at 2:15 p.m.

Greensboro Symphony, guest Anna Moffo. Arias from *Trovatore*, *Monon*, and *Fledermaus*. Co-sponsored by UNC-G School of Music. Sept. 20, 8:15 p.m. Aycock Auditorium.

Greensboro Symphony with Little Orchestra. Fuchs presents "Baroque to Jazz," starting with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto I and ending with featured soloists, Ray Gariglio Jazz Quartet. Oct. 3 at the Carolina Theatre.

Chinqua-Penn Plantation House
(near Reidsville) Wed. -- Sat. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sunday 1 to 4:30 p.m.



Lee Adler, Paintings and Prints. Sept. 3 -- Oct. 1

Selections from the Permanent Collection. Sept. 3 -- Oct. 1

Christopher Cairns and Jonathan Silver, Sculpture. Sept. 10 -- Oct. 1

Leonard Bocour, Gifts to the Permanent Collection. Oct. 8 -- Nov

Stanley Boxer, Drawings. Oct. 22 -- Nov. 12

Community Theatre of Greensboro

Auntie Mame by Jerome Laurence and Robert Lee. Presented in the Carolina Theatre. 310 South Greene St. Oct. 12-14.

Green Hill Art Gallery
712 Summit Ave, Greensboro

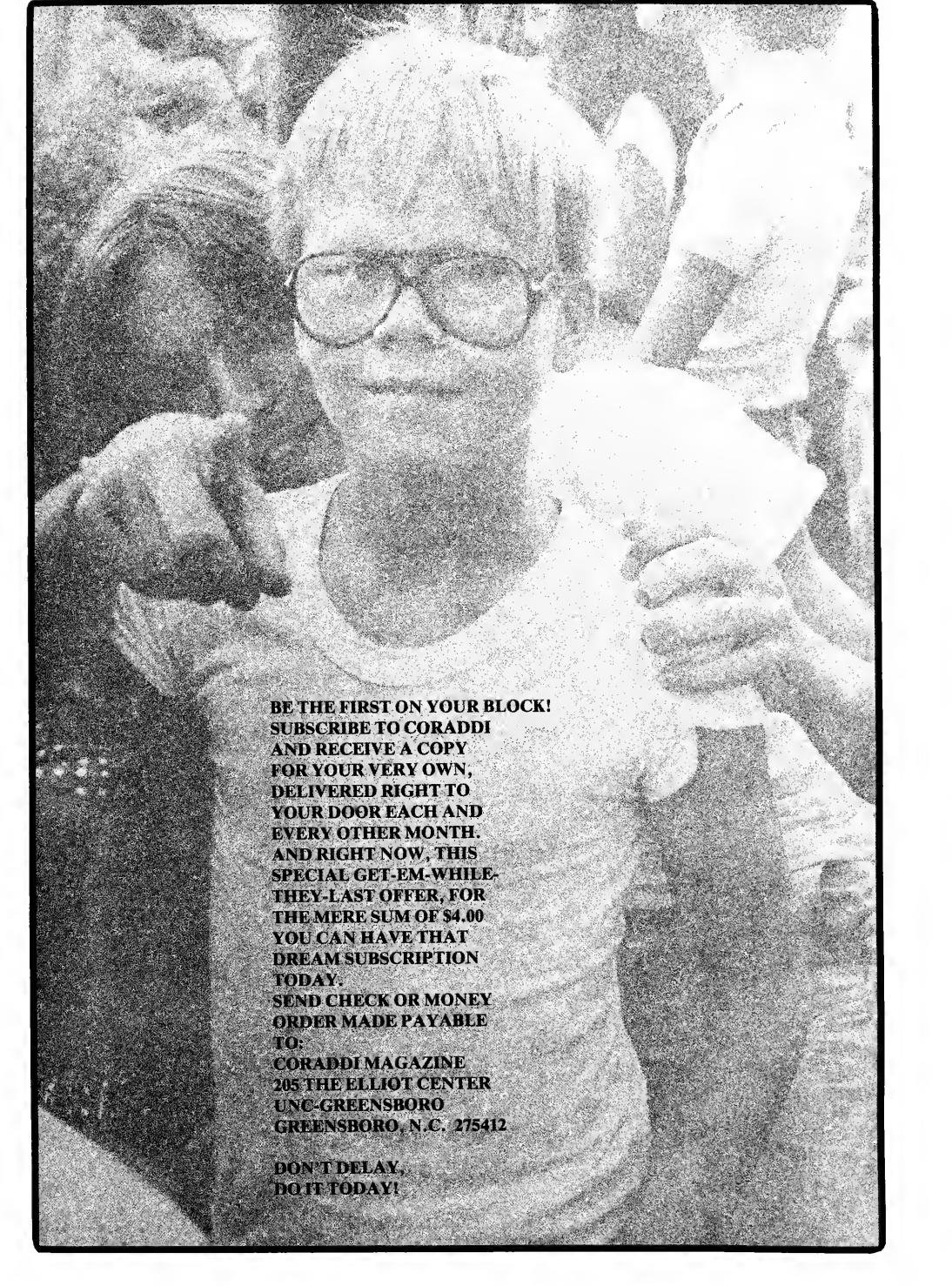
"Two Photorealists and a Photographer." Shelia Bocock, Sam Reynolds, Arts Johnson. Sept. 1 - Oct. 22. Also ceramics by Susumu Ikuta.

"Close Surface Space and Patterns." Gina Gilmore, Laura Grosch, Jack Stratton. Blown Glass by Jack Brewer. Oct. 1-27



NOTICE

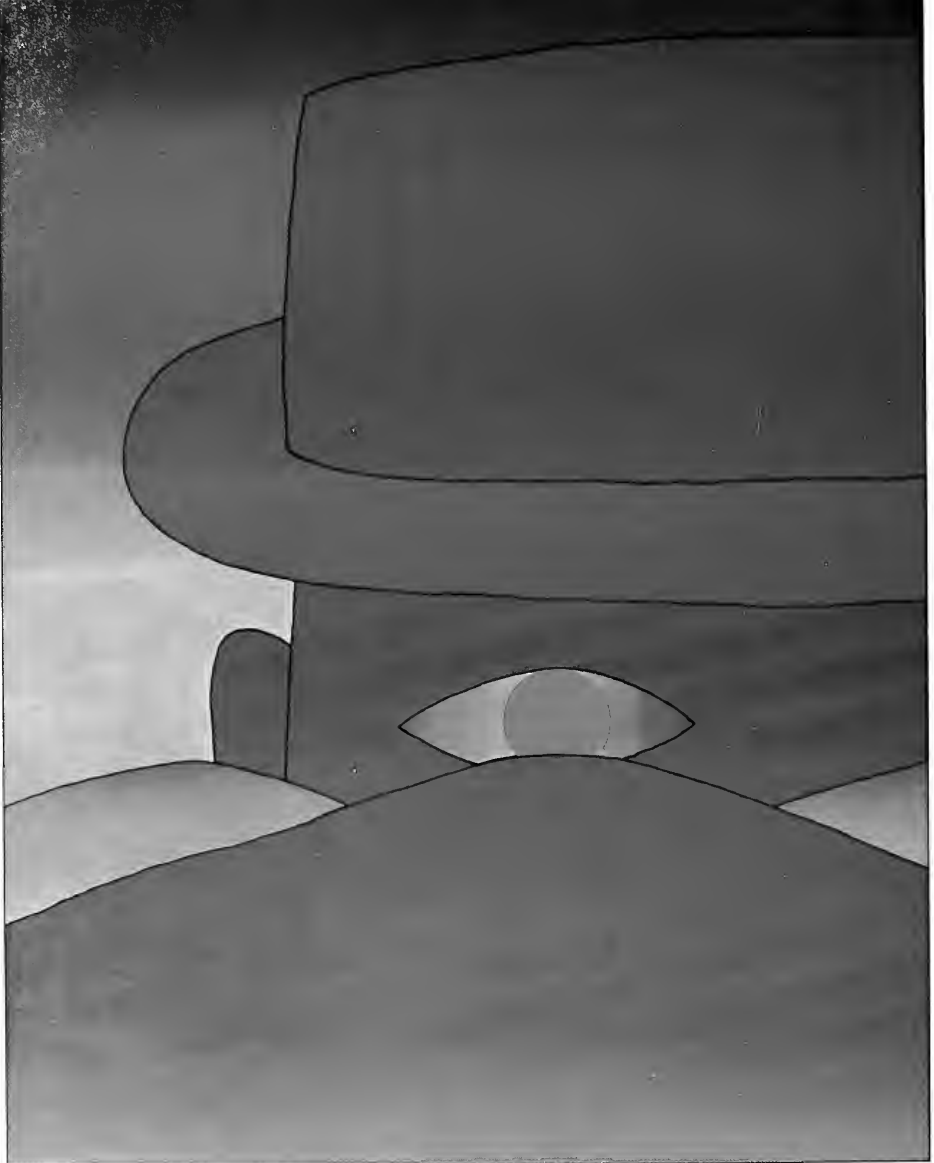
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