



Winter 1968

Corrida winter 1968

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CORADDI - WINTER '68

The University of North Carolina at Greensboro

Linda Flowers
EDITOR

Susan Settlemyre
MANAGING EDITOR

Betsy Culbertson
BUSINESS MANAGER

EXCHANGE EDITOR: Jay Burton.

LITERARY STAFF: Georgia Barnes, Chairman; Mary Fond Daughtridge; Roberta Engleman; Margaret Hoffman; Helene Jacobson; Patsy Meacham; Marie Nahikian; Mary Sue Watson.

ART STAFF: Betty Cheek, Chairman; Mary Jean Hand; Judy Jarvis; Brenda Katz; Nancy Leichsenring; Dee Dee Peatross; Karen Smith.

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COVER

Mary Jean Hand

ART

4 OIL TRANSFER

Artie Markatos

6 WOODCUT

Lisa Mulenburg

8 INK DRAWING

Phil Link

10 WOODCUT

Lisa Mulenburg

15 WOODCUT

Julie Memory

18 DRAWING

Chris Moody

BACK COVER COLOR BLOCK

Nancy Leichsenring

POETRY

5 NIGHT ON A ONE WAY STREET

Margaret Hoffman

A STUDY IN SILENCES

Susan Settlemyre

9 THE HURRICANE LAMP

DECEMBER SUNDAY

Lorraine Norwood

12 THE SAND DOLLAR (A WISH)

Jean Goodwin

14 THE LOVE SONG OF MRS. J. A. PRUFROCK

Georgia Barnes

19 BEFORE EASTER

Georgia Barnes

PROSE

7 OCTOBER FAIR

Margaret Hoffman

13 IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE

Marie Nahikian

~~348105~~



A STUDY IN SILENCES

The park this fall will teach you silence, if
You need to learn. You walk in green-glass light
Of leaves that, without clamor, turn the light
To amber . . . because of sun and fall itself.
A few leaves float, as lazy and as slow
As dandelion fragments you once sent
Repopulating, when you only meant
To shatter with your breath their patterned globe.
(It broke in silence too.) The leaves conceal,
For they are patient of release, all shocked
And broken things last winter's icestorm left
For dead, who still can bloom. The ice was still
But where sap froze—unyielding trees were cracked
Like rifle shots, but now stoop, mutely cleft.

Susan Settlemyre

NIGHT ON A ONE WAY STREET

Slivers of silver sliced from the moon
Creep like opalescent fingers along naked walls,
Falling in rumpled sheets, over trash
In a street where the wind cries,
And the ruby-eyed rat comes running
On scaled claws, silent as night.
Where a boy who tried to forget
Sits drunk and sleeping against a closed door,
And on concrete steps three gold cans
Glisten in moonlight, reflecting a life.

—Margaret Hoffman



October Fair

Margaret Hoffman

The boy came from the sun. Small grey pebbles, disrupted from the path on which he walked, went flying downhill to the feet of a man carrying brightly colored balloons. The boy watched as a shredded paper swirled itself into a smoke screen of October wind and settled around his leg.

Crystal and Starlart's Carnival
Admission Price 50c

He rolled the printed paper into a ball and sent it downhill with the pebbles.

Threads of light, spinning across the sky, sprinkled shadows with gold dust. The movement of machinery came to the boy's ears in metal insect hums and, as his feet touched the sawdust ground at the bottom of the hill, faint smells of cotton candy and syrup-covered apples became visible. The boy breathed in surgar-coated excitement.

Somewhere, far away, dried leaves make a hushed clapping sound with the wind.

The boy turned suddenly. Facing him was the balloon man.

"First time at a carnival, boy?"

The boy nodded.

"I imagined so. Twelve years old, right?"

Again he nodded. The balloon man seemed familiar, as if the boy had always known him; but a certain uniqueness hovered over him, making his figure appear strange and different.

"Everything tells its own time," the man whispered. The sentence seemed disconnected with the boy. The man was looking up, over the hill. "Used to guess ages before I sold balloons, but ages aren't important. No one understands, do they?"

Puzzled, the boy gazed at the balloons. Colors crowded the man's head like a million cracks in a dream, and each one shimmered separate in its own hue, as if it held a life.

"Go ahead, take one." The man shook his head, "No charge."

The boy picked a string.

The man waited, then turned. "You'll find what you're looking for," he said.

The boy clasped the balloon in his hands. It rose to its greatest height and then stopped.

Somewhat unaware of the fairground, the boy watched the man become smaller and smaller as he walked away, until there was nothing left but a small blot of brightly colored balloons.

Flying through a world of happiness, the boy rode on plum-colored horses, took sleek, glazed rocket ships up over white dust cloud to nowhere, stumbled over terror-stricken nightmares that came walking into cotton candy and lemonade.

The world of the fairground laughed and the boy laughed with it.

Now he stood still. A clear silence broke in the air as a head dropped on a platform above him. The boy stared into the eyes of "Marvelo," the greatest magician in all the world, and suddenly, without warning, the body of the woman on stage became whole again; the head on the platform had disappeared! The crowd applauded.

Marvelo's rough voice haunted the background. "Ladies and gentlemen, do not leave yet. I have more excitement in store. Behind this curtain, to your left, you will see some of the most amazing performances of all times. The hammer man, the electric woman, the man with only half a face, all are here waiting. We even have a clown for the kiddies. Only 25c to see the greatest spectacles that ever met your eyes. Only 25c . . ."

The magician's voice trailed off into nothingness as the boy became accustomed to life behind the curtains. He watched as the man with only half a face paraded around a small stage. He said he had been in about four hospitals but none could help. The boy couldn't remember too well.

Then a man entered the room with a hammer and nails and struck the nails into his ears. Again he hammered, this time down his throat. A small girl in the front row began to cry, and her mother lifted her up. "Shut your mouth," she whispered. The hammer man pushed another nail up his nose and the woman clapped.

A girl placed herself on the stage and lit cigarettes with her fingernails. Sparks flew from the ends of her

hair. After a few more feats of wonder, she left. The crimson balloon bobbed slightly in the air.

Twilight sifted a few strands of coral clouds across the sky as the boy walked along the sawdust ground. Lifting itself like a fog, darkness came in shadows over the tents. A few lights scattered over the rides and the fair-ground became an immense factory of human activity.

"Hey boy, come here."

The words stung the air with a sudden quickness, and the boy found himself turning towards Marvelo. The greatest magician in the world reeled his arm over drunkenly and threw a nickel into a ring covered with cut glass plates.

"Here, go ahead, throw one." The magician held out a coin.

The boy threw. The nickel swerved in the air, fell, and rolled off the thin, iced edge.

"No one ever wins," the magician moaned. The man held out more coins. "Go ahead, throw 'em. Here, have some more."

The silver fell into the boy's hand and clashed against the plates.

The man shouted to the sky, "No one ever wins."

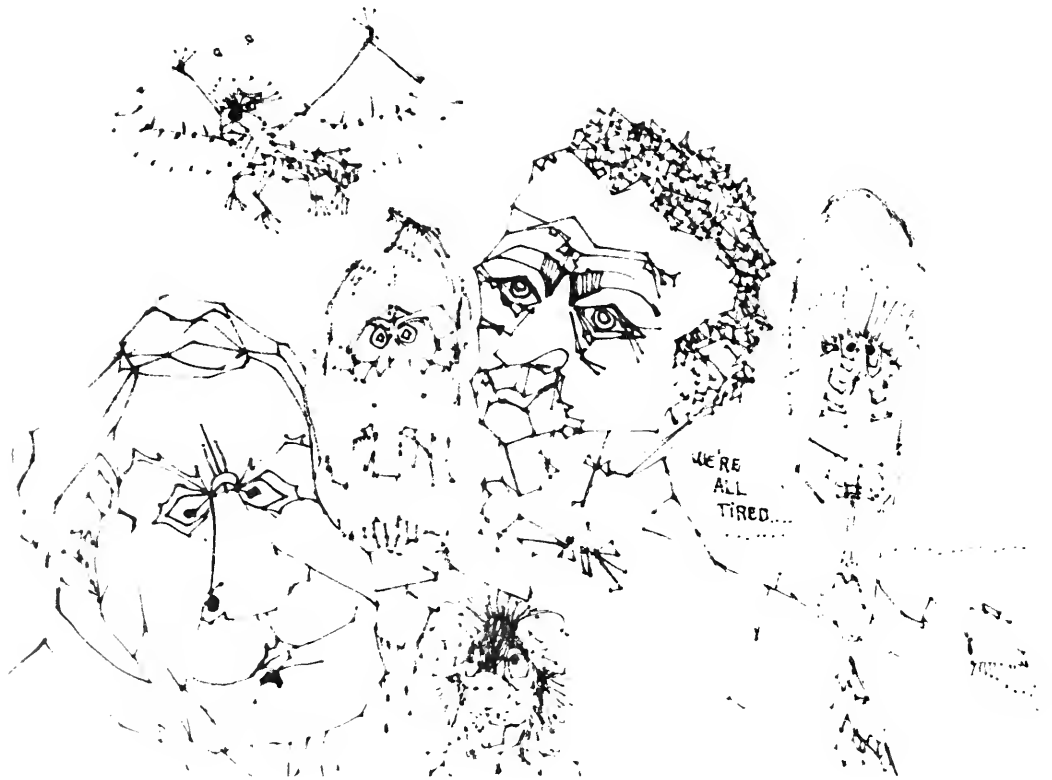
Slowly, the boy knew.

Music blared out into the night. Red suns, blue suns, yellow suns, swirled out and darkened.

"No one ever wins."

The boy ran.

Over the fairground fireworks shouted of the carnival, and stars fell like bombs. In the distance a small boy running over dried leaves and grass let go of a crimson balloon that melted in the clouds.



Lorraine Norwood

THE HURRICANE LAMP

Born with the passing of a soiled dollar,
Crumpled wetly in girl-hands; you entered.
And shining in fluorescence, cried "Look!—
Yours now." Tears of streaked glass ran to wick
And base, and drooling into kerosene pools,
Awaited the unsure light of the world.

And now cradled in a wooden corner,
Your distended belly-globe sits laughing
In its brassy innocence of newness—
Though not new for scars of a time before
Mar the metal facings and impart a
Collection of wisdoms born as Earth cooled.

Extended with the roundness of handles,
Your halo-arms hold aloft the harmony
Of craftsmanship. But growing in screw-turns,
You burn in flames of inner digestion,
And one of many, Patent 216, you
Vanish toward the chaos of numberhood.

DECEMBER SUNDAY

Laughter crowds echoes into
Cinder block walls.
Darkness slides under
Windowsills and
Grasping the edge of loafered toes,
Crawls upward until pupiled
Brownness expands to catch the last
day raindrops.
Laughter subsides to nylon strings,
companions of darkness,
And two voices sneak with strumming
sounds into four corners
And a hallway.
Leather creaks as a head falls slowly to
waiting multiples of two
And a cradled sternum.
Strummed songs sleep in the birth-
house of laughter and
As raindrops melt into established runways,
Breath-echoes of two sing the quiet to sleep.
Four hands, four eyes, two persons, one are.





THE SAND DOLLAR

(A Wish)

(Rainbows drifting on wet eyelids
Color the sea with shades of light.
Long dark hair floats with the froth
Upon the water; but somewhere beyond
Waves and troughs are rolling together.)

Somewhere beyond, thin echoes of icons
Are tumbling inside a plaster shell
When a master wave heaves and breaks;
Then from inside the broken shell
Five alabaster doves-of-peace
Fling to the tide eye-lash wings
To be cast by the sea, the rainbow sea,
To the sand, and the sands to the broken shell.

(While echoes of laughter
Tumble inside this hollow shell
Delicate castles drop into place;
Rainbows waft the hair and the froth
Like graceful alabaster doves.)

—Jean Goodwin



If I Should Die Before I Wake

Marie Nahikian

"981 . . . 982 . . . 983 . . . 984. Well, I guess that's all of them. Who does that make our winner?"

The tension rose as the clean cut, all-American young man, shuffled through the remaining tickets. "Yes," he said, with his sexiest disc jockey voice, "We do have a winner . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, we are proud to announce that Alma Boone is the winner of the five year's supply of TruTone Record Duster . . . the magic spray that keeps your records in tip-top shape. The correct number of broken pieces of records in the trunk was 984, and Mrs. Alma Boone was the closest guess of 987 pieces. Congratulations Mrs. Boone. We will contact you by mail within the next week about where to deliver your prize. And don't forget, Radio Audience, there is a new . . ."

Sam switched off the radio, walked through the dinette into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and got a beer. Flip-popping the top, he walked back through the dinette and carefully placed himself in the same chair. Checking the weekly television schedule, he remotely turned on the color television.

"And now, here's your host of TEA FOR TWO, Art Dixon." The applause was thundering, as Art Dixon himself appeared on the stage. After carefully showing his full profile to the audience, Art Dixon reminded the audience that today's program was made possible by SWALLOW Detergent. "This is the show you've all been waiting for folks. After our panel plays our TEA FOR TWO game, you in the TV Audience will have your chance to play. We've gotten thousands of entries and the winner might just be you! So stay tuned, and now let's play TEA FOR TWO"

Sam switched the station where another show was already in progress. "No use watching the unnecessary

things," he thought. He got up and headed for the kitchen to get another beer, and then heard the postman on the porch. He turned toward the front door, and opened it.

"Nice weather today, huh Mr. Wretch," commented Sam.

"Sure is Mr. Boone," the postman replied, handing Sam the mail. "Sure are a lot of letters here for Mrs. Boone. Let's see here's one for Alma Boone, and Mrs. Alma Boone, Mrs. Sam Boone, and Mrs. A. Boone. People sure do have lots of ways for writing her name."

"Yheah," Sam said with little enthusiasm.

"Say," the postman continued, "is your wife still winnin' those contests? Why, I remember when the American Legion was givin' away that new Mustang last year in that raffle, when Mrs. Boone put her name on a ticket, they couldn't hardly sell the rest of them. Everyone knew she would win."

"Yheah," Sam replied.

"Well, I'll be seein' you Mr. Boone," the postman said as he started down the walk.

Sam took the mail inside, continued to the kitchen and opened his beer. Drowning his slight irritation at Mr. Wretch with several successive swallows, he began to look through the mail. Leaning against the sink, Sam thought to himself, "not bad for a Tuesday, should be more results though on Thursday."

Just at that moment there was a terrific crash outside. Flower pots jarred off the window sill into the sink, beer from the can in Sam's hand slopped onto the floor.

(Continued on Page 16)

THE LOVE SONG OF MRS. J. A. PRUFROCK

No! I am not a housewife, nor was meant to be;
Am an attractive lady, one that will do
To progress a swell, start a scene or two,
Advise a man; no doubt, an easy tool,
Preferential, glad to be of use,
Polite, conniving, and meticulous;
Full of high hopes, but a bit obvious;
At times, indeed, almost forward—
Almost, at times, the Flirt.

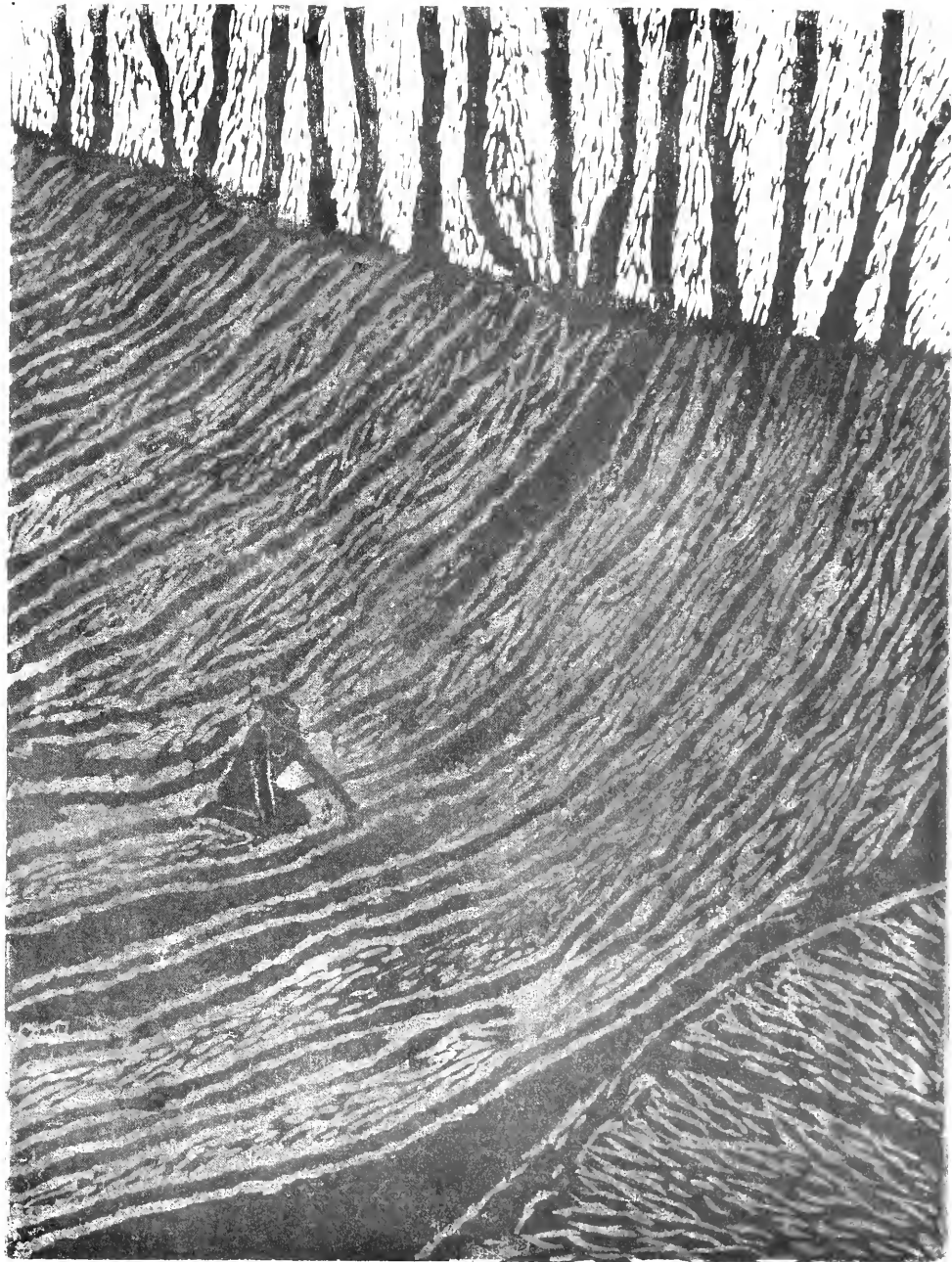
I look young . . . I look young . . .
I shall wear my brown hair blonde.

Shall I part my hair behind? Or does it look better on
the side?
I shall wear white denim jeans and walk upon the
beach.
I have heard the beach boys singing, each to each.

I know full well that they will sing to me.
I have seen them riding shoreward on the surfboards.
Combing their bleached white hair as they go
When the wind blows the sand toward me.

We have lingered on the blankets on the shore
By life-guards wreathed in sun lotion white and
with Red Cross bands on their sleeves
Till husbands' voices wake us and we leave.

Georgia Barnes



IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Damn that woman, she's done it again," Sam cursed aloud.

There was a bang as the back door slammed. Alma Boone strolled assuredly into the kitchen. She carefully placed a large stack of papers on the counter, and looked possessively around the gleaming coppertone kitchen. "Yes," she thought aloud, "that ammonia sweepstakes was well worth my time." Her strong gray eyes continued to travel around the room, and then her eyebrows arched into artistic perfection when she saw Sam still standing demurely against the sink, his unbuttoned shirt now drenched with beer.

"Good heavens, Sam Dear, however did your shirt get so wet?" Sam stood for a moment longer, then went toward Alma and kissed her on the cheek.

"Oh, I spilled the beer when I was opening it."

"Really, I do wish you would be a little more careful. This kitchen is always a mess when I get home," Alma said over her shoulder as she gathered her bundle of papers and started for the living room. Sam followed close behind. "Oh, yes," she continued without taking a breath, "I have those entries from the television place on Vine Street, did you get the ink for the rubber stamp?"

Sam still stood behind, not saying anything, seemingly lost in deep thought. "Yes, Dear, oh, I mean No. I didn't. They didn't get the car finished in time for me to go. But don't worry, I'll do it tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, I KNOW you'll do it tomorrow, but I need the stamp for these entries tonight. And, you must remember to take my car to have the fender fixed tomorrow."

"Yes, Dear, I'll remember to take care of it all," Sam replied.

"Where's the mail?" Alma asked.

"I'll get it," Sam said as he jumped toward the kitchen to retrieve the mail he had left there earlier. "The winners list from *SuperSport Magazine* Sweepstakes came, but I didn't open it."

Well," Alma continued, "Why don't you fix us some soup while I read the mail. "I really must see the results of that contest, I could sure use a vacation. I haven't been to Las Vegas since the Bridge Club's Doorprize two years ago."

Sam opened the cabinet and stood for a moment gazing at the cans on the shelf. "hmm," he said to himself. "think I'll fix tomato. I know Alma would rather have something chicken, but I get damn tired of always having chicken soup." Decisively, he took the can from the cabinet, attached it to the electric can opener, and turned toward the refrigerator. Stooping so that his head was entirely inside the door, Sam took the milk out and without looking set it on the edge of the counter. Suddenly there was a loud Bam! as the forgotten can of tomato

soup fell off the can opener, and hit the sink. Sam jerked up and jumped for the can of soup as it bounced toward the floor knocking the milk off the counter with his elbow. The red paste from the can mixed with milk on the floor. Sam just stood there, as if in awe of the fact that he had actually created the mess. Slowly he took his foot and placed it squarely in the middle of the mixture and then placed his other foot beside the first and began to dance wildly around. Tomato and milk swirled through the room, as coppertone became mixed with red and white. Sam became more and more frenzied, but never uttered a sound . . . he just continued to dance madly.

Just then Alma, now changed into a fuzzy green bathrobe, walked into the kitchen, still reading the mail. As she reached the doorway soup and milk splattered all over her . . . she looked to see Sam still in his frenzy. Her mouth dropped open, and her glasses fell off her eyes, crashing to the floor. For a moment she stood in stunned amazement . . . "Sam," she screamed, "Sam, what in the hell are you doing?"

Sam stopped his mad chorus just as abruptly as it had begun. Sobering, he looked at Alma, "Why nothing at all Dear, nothing at all." He reached for the dishcloth on the sink . . . "Alma," he said "please get the mop for me."

"Sam Boone! Have you gone crazy . . . what were you doing dancing around like the go-go girl of the year . . . and what is all this mess all over my kitchen?"

"Alma, just get the god damned mop, will you?"

"I'm not doing anything until you tell me what in the world is wrong with you," Alma continued staring at Sam.

Sam looked at her a moment longer, and then went to the back porch for the mop, making footprints all the way across the floor. Returning with the bucket and mop, he reached in the cabinet under the sink for some cleanser. Alma still squawked, "Sam, you are listening to me. What in the name of heaven is happening?"

Sam still ignored Alma. Placing the bucket in the sink, he poured in the soap, and then turned the water on full, drowning her out completely. He watched the bucket fill, as the foam of the soap edged toward the top. Sam turned off the water.

"And why in the world did you open tomato soup," Alma still chattered like an irate bluejay . . . "we never have tomato soup . . . who bought the tomato soup anyway? You know tomato soup irritates my ulcers . . . and"

"If I was your ulcer, I'd be irritated anyhow," Sam said to no one.

Placing the bucket on the floor, Sam took the mop and placed it firmly in Alma's hand. Picking the car keys off the counter, he started toward the door. Alma stood still talking, completely unaware that she was holding the mop. "I'm going out to get something to eat," he said, as the door shut behind him.

Sam got into the car, started it, and began to back slowly out of the driveway. He drove leisurely, looking at the houses of Rolling Roads, the neatly clipped lawns, the shining automobiles, and then headed for the cross-town expressway. Traffic was heavy tonight, but it didn't bother Sam . . . for once he was in no hurry. Taking the Southside exit, Sam maneuvered knowingly through the narrow back streets, and then pulled up at the curb, in front of a small tavern that winked beer in the window. "Well," thought Sam, "here it is . . . haven't seen the inside of this place for seven years . . . looks the same."

Sam got out of the car and walked inside. He stood for a moment adjusting his eyes to the dim haze. "There it is," he said aloud, "there's the number three booth . . . all empty like it was waitin' for me." Sam walked over toward the booth and sat down. He looked appreciatively at an overflowing blond in a green dress swung around on the bar stool just opposite his booth.

"Hey Mac," the bartender yelled at him from the other side of the blond. "Whatcha have?" Sam didn't answer, still looking at the blond . . . "Buddy," the voice insisted, "you want somethin' or are ya gonna stare all night."

"Huh, Oh yea, short Blue will do," Sam answered finally realizing the voice was directed at him.

Sam sipped his beer, watching the people around him. The blond on the bar stool had turned another right angle and was now talking to a man beside her. One elbow on the bar sustained her weight while the other arm was propped suggestively on her outthrust hip. Sam noticed a rip in the dress under her arm.

The sound of "These Boots are Made for Walking" had begun to stomp through the room when Sam finished his third beer. Tossing some money on the table, he slipped out of the booth and walked toward the door. Standing on the street again, Sam looked for his car keys. "Same as it was the last time I was here," thought Sam. Starting the ignition, Sam eased back into traffic, much lighter now, toward the East Side of town, and the suburbs. When he reached the bricked entrance to Rolling Roads Estates, he turned and drove toward home.

Sam awoke early. He had a lot to do. He rolled over and noticed Alma's bed was already empty. The covers had been pulled off and tossed into the arm chair beside the door. Sam knew the sheets were to be changed today.

He pulled himself up and walked into the bathroom. Alma was standing before the mirror, twisting her hair back into its provincial bun at the back of her neck. As Sam turned on the shower, Alma turned around and looked at him.

"Where is your robe, Sam?" she asked, "you know I don't like for you to walk around without any clothes on." Sam ignored her, slipped off his shorts and stepped into the shower. "Sam, I just don't know what's wrong with . . ." he shut the glass doors.

When Sam finished his shower Alma had already gone downstairs. He shaved, and went into the bedroom, pausing in the hall to yell down the steps. "Alma, I want sausage with my eggs this morning."

"You want WHAT . . ." he heard her return, as he shut the bedroom door.

Sam dressed carefully. He put on the dark green suit Alma had won last spring when J. P. Handley opened a branch store out at the plaza shopping center. Alma had always hated the color, but they had let him pick it out.

Sam walked into a kitchen smelling of frying bacon. He walked over to the stove, picked up the pan, walked out the back door, and dumped it in the garbage. He returned and handed the pan to Alma, and said, "Three pieces of sausage will be enough . . ." He sat down at the table, added sugar to the steaming coffee cup sitting there, and picked up the paper. Alma still stood with the frying pan in her hand, watching him . . .

"Sam," she said stupidly, "that was my coffee."

"Well," he replied, "pour yourself some more."

They ate in silence, Sam with his nose buried in the daily ads . . . there was a grand opening of the B. F. Goodrich Store, and also the discount house on Summit was giving away another color television.

"Alma," he said, finally breaking the silence. "I want you to go with me down to the Ford place and we'll get the Mustang . . . and then you can wait while they fix the fender on your car. Let's hurry, because I have a lot to do."

"Sam Boone," she said, "I don't know what in the world is wrong with you, or who or what hit you in the head, but I've had just about enough of your nonsense. First, you spill tomato soup, and I don't even eat tomato soup, and then I walk in and find you . . ."

"Shut up, Alma" Sam said getting up from the table. "I want to leave here in ten minutes."

He went into the living room, opened the desk drawer and pulled out an array of rubber stamps and pens. Returning to the kitchen, he found Alma standing with her purse ready to leave.

They drove in silence . . . when they reached Galaxy Ford, Sam took the car back to the service department, showed them the dent, paid the bill on the Mustang, and got the keys. Stopping where Alma stood by the door, he said, "They should be finished in about two hours, you pay for it. I'll be home later."

He walked out to the parking lot and got into the car.

There was a bang as the back door slammed. Alma turned around to see Sam stroll assuredly into the kitchen. He paused a moment, surveying the room, and then placed a large stack of papers on the counter. "Alma," he said, "where's the mail."



GANTH
MANRE
WALL

BEFORE EASTER

Georgia Barnes

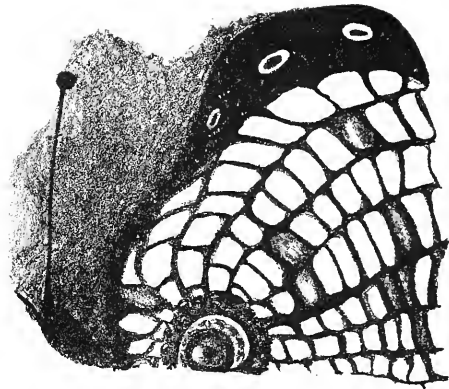
Zeus told Hera
She was a bitch
And she replied
"You fool."

And so he made
The night so long
That Alemene
Never knew
That Hereules
Was son of the Sun
Not of her husband true.

Hera—beloved wife of Zeus
Gave hell to his bastard son
And he went through
Twelve labors till
His life was won.

And when his time was over
And he was about to die;
In grief yet exultation
This he did reply:

"Father-Mother-God
Loving me,
Guide my little feet up to thee."



The Twenty-Fifth Writers' Forum Submissions and Awards

Coraddi is pleased to invite your participation in the Twenty-Fifth Writers' Forum, to be held April 4-5. At that time, a group of distinguished writers and critics will discuss the poetry and fiction published in that issue of Coraddi, and will speak in a series of public lectures. Cash awards of \$25.00 each will be made for the best poem, best prose work, and best art submitted. All judging will be done by the invited speakers and by a representative of the Art Department of the University. The awards will be presented at the Critics' Panel during the Forum.

ELIGIBILITY

1. Graduate and Undergraduate students of any recognized institution of higher learning in the United States are eligible.
2. Only submissions that have the author's name and complete address will be considered.
3. Members of the Coraddi staff are eligible to submit work, but no staff member is eligible for a Cash Award.

MANUSCRIPTS

1. Clean, first copies, double-spaced, typewritten, are preferred.
2. Verse of any length and complete prose pieces of not over 8000 words are acceptable.
3. Manuscripts should arrive at the University not later than March 1, 1968, addressed to Coraddi, University of North Carolina at Greensboro, Greensboro, North Carolina 27412.
4. Manuscripts will be returned only if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

We will consider works which have been published or are to be published in other literary magazines. Notations should be made if the work is previously published, magazine and publisher. Those students whose work is selected for publication will be notified by March 15. All selections will be made by the Coraddi staff and are final. The Deadline for all submissions is March 1, 1968.

