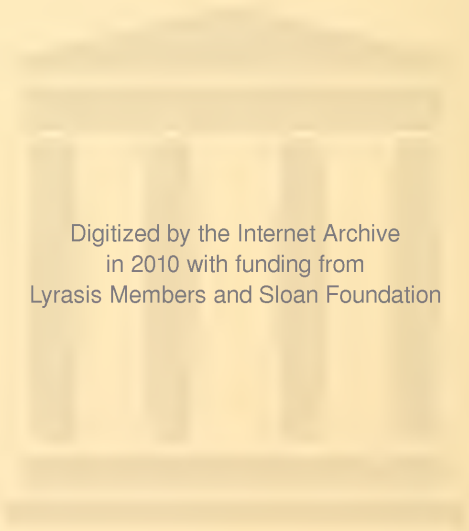




Corradi



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Coraddi

The Magazine of the Arts at UNCG

**Winter
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Cover: **Lori Lorion:** *Woman Dancing; 1993, monoprint*

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Robert Carter: *Reclined Nude Study*, charcoal on paper

Haiku 2x
Heidi Czerwiec

rain smashes into
concrete like crazy flowers—
tendrils climb from the

bright drops—the glimmer
of alchemy in your eyes—
sun from a bruised sky

Smithereens (For David)

Warren K. Humphrey

The stench of birds shearing
Flesh from my bones
Made me gag;
I heaved dry,
Nothing to show for my effort.
Lying deserted
In the pitiless sun,
Picturing Caribbean beaches
And dark lustrous tans;
I cooked slowly,
No one to take me
From the oven.
Bubbling and burning,
Feeling myself meticulously
Cleaned by scavenger's beaks;
I envisioned
Cement shoes pulling
Through the cool gurgle
Of deepening water,
Oddly refreshing.
I felt I would explode.
With that, the breath
Was sucked out;
Blown blue,
Like ever widening sky.

The Island, Summer of 1938

Aina Gerner-Mathisen

Newly-wed, windblown, they dock at the husband's island.
Solveig shivers, "I didn't know it'd be this cold."
The scissors of terns cross granite boulders.
Her husband's grip insistent on her arm, she insists on exploration.
Thrift, wild strawberries and grass edge the beach.
The sudden blue of bluebells surprises her by the well.
It's hard not to pick them, but touch is enough.
Nights, a fragrance of pink draw her from the bedroom
to cracks and stones, through washed-out shadows
of juniper and pine. Someone's told her honeysuckle's everywhere
if only you look close enough. The feel of moss
is coarse against her hand. It's easier to cry in the dark.
She takes to getting up early, dresses downstairs
before he comes down. He nods when she brings him his toast
that she never knows how much he wants done.
After breakfast, she's quickly out the door,
goes down to the beach. She fills her apron
with seaweed and mussels, dumps it all
in cracks and hollow hills. "It'll be earth soon enough,"
she nods to the wagtail flying to and fro her nest under the house.
Her husband passes with a rusty saw, an ax.
She watches blue veins bulge in his throat
when he struggles with the trees, the ever-multiplying aspen.
Day by day, the sun grows higher in the sky.
Midsummer Eve, she first sees the glowworms,
sparks from the bonfire turned to life in the grass.
Her husband drags log after sea-washed log up to the flames.
The aspen won't light. There's still too much sap.
She can't see his face behind the smoke,
but she knows the hard line of his mouth.
Solveig sees the first blow days before it happens.

She makes sure the toast is golden brown,
the coffee barely steaming, but his fist
is rock-hard and fast when it hits.
Saturdays she rows to the mainland for milk.
Solveig's sister Astrid and her mother-in-law welcome her visits,
but Solveig's of few words these days, they've told neighbors.
This Saturday, she rolls up her sleeves, pulls her dress
over her thighs. The bruises are already purple.
Astrid sees her out with seedlings and nasturtium seeds,
her mother-in-law with peony bulbs and edelweiss.
Crossing the fjord, she doesn't scream. Wind can't listen.
Back home, she bends low over hollow hills,
stuffs crevices with newspapers,
generations of dropping from the outhouse.
Her husband's eyes burn on her back.
She gathers wilted foxgloves in her arms.
Digitalis, she thinks, good for even the human heart.

Black Currants
Aina Gerner-Mathisen

Grandma and I
pick berries
for jam

Tiny mirrors
stitched on her shirt
sparkle with her moves

She smiles wide,
the bush thick
under her fingers

Black suns
shine purple
in her palm

*Look, she says,
twenty years ago
a seedling*

*planted
when you
were born*

*And these bushes
for Ma, myself,
your mother*

Bleeding berries
coloring
our mouths,

we carry basket
after basket
to the kitchen

The jam
must last
the spring

The rowan trees
show
it'll be cold

*Imagine Ma and me
stirring
on the farm*

She lifts my chin
*You look like her,
by God, you do*

*The eyes, the hair,
her in you
through me*

Bending close
I see
my face

reflected
over
and again

The berries
shine
in the baskets

She grins
*Girl,
we're immortal!*

Writing Letters
Warren Rochelle

the man writes the woman letters,
sometimes at his keyboard,
more often at his kitchen table,
bent over paper, his favorite pen in hand,
thinking: mind, heart, arm, wrist, hands, fingers, blood, ink,
as he carefully shapes each letter just so;
round, clear, clean,
and as carefully he selects each word,
as if he were plucking roses;
he ponders the sentences, the paragraphs,
how will they seem to her? what sounds will she hear in her head?
what meanings will she give his words?
he licks the stamp, another rose,
and sticks it upside down (someone once told him it was a code,
a symbol in some philatelic language of love)
he prints her name, address,
(or he carries it into the office to type)
not trusting his script to the mailman,
wanting to be sure the letter will go into only her hands;
he imagines the mailman scooping the letter up and
dropping it into a sack, into a pile, sending it down a conveyor belt
to another pile, through a machine,
in and out of strange hands,
or sometimes he imagines the letter in the air, a white bird, a leaf
riding the wind, a tiny magic carpet doing loops in the sky,
until the letter lands on her open palm
and her fingers close around it, open it,
and pull out the sheets, exposing his words to light.
he wonders if the ink will have faded or if the paper will be torn,
or catch fire when sun-touched,
and will she sit down right there and read every word

aloud to herself, her lips, her tongue shaping the sounds
as carefully as he wrote them;
he wonders if she will even open the letter
when she gets it (he knows his heart,
it is her heart he doubts, questions)
will the envelope carrying both their names,
the upside down stamp, drop from her hands,
like a fallen leaf, a dead bird,
into the trash: empty cat food cans,
junk mail, greasy bits of plastic, curling and twisting,
or will she read it over and over
and then put the letter away, a keepsake of his heart?
the man wonders what the woman's face will be like
when she reads the letter: open, light-filled, happy?
or dour, chagrined, vexed with each stroke,
each crossed t, dotted i?
the man wonders
at his kitchen table,
as he writes the next letter.



6

Bobby Gold: *Pigs*, pencil on paper

Fireflies in July

Joy Beshears

It's our anniversary.
You take me to a house
Under construction:
Only a framework of sticks
And planks to walk on,
A cement foundation with mud
Creeping up like ivy
Holding on with tiny pinkies.
The moon casts plaid shadows
On our balancing bodies;
Lends us light for our adventure.
We are explorers tonight.
Our feet stick to each 2x4
Like capable blue lizards.
We pull our bodies up on a partial deck,
The wood ending in uneven lengths,
A big box of loose matches.
I look up in the swell
Of towering pines to minute explosions.
One million thoughtful gifts:
We are an island in a sea of fireflies,
Our own tribe of flames.

Ralph Connelly Sits Another Evening

Lorrin Harvey

He sits in the old chair, leaning back,
waiting for the clouds to take shapes,
as they did when he was young.
He feels the wasps of time,
like the ones burrowing into the old barn,
a stain of red is all that's left from his father's paint.
His boots have left soft shuffles in the dust.

She'd died bitter, said all she wanted was one day alive
without him.
He tried to hold her hand, but she
jerked it free.
He had stood outside, hip jutting against the white porch rail
watching the sun set past clouds mute in their uniformity,
and the tree whispered silence he didn't want to hear.
He'd known so many by name, to only
trace the letters on stone
church hat held in hands the color and texture of tobacco leaves.

He tries to remember to put the tractor in the barn when it rains.

He shells peanuts
scattering husks about him like so many offerings.
The wind will come later in the evening
to sweep them away.

He'd worked on tractors, fitting parts,
eased a lamb from its mother,
But he had been unable to touch her . . .
His voice had turned rough like his hands,
and their eyes no longer met.

The tree he knows
should probably be cut
before the winter gales blow its skeleton top into the house.
The boughs creak in the wind,
it is a conversation they often have.
The shells from the nuts drop lightly at his feet.

From the harvest stubbled field, crows flee.

After dinner he should feed the cows,
or were they sold last spring at the fair?
He hears them lowing in further fields.
He cannot tell so much between habit and reality,
and flakes off bits of paint with his thick nails.

At night he mentally probes his joints and flesh
for that rough pearl his body surely is crafting.
Now headlights flash through his window at night
throwing the branches into the room,
a shadowy game of pick-up-stix.

Past the moon the clouds are passing, passing,
the wind has come to sweep the shells away.

Hope for the Turtles

Curtis Walker

When I was six
and Jimmy was eight,
I found him one morning out in the barn
with a turtle
a fork
and a hacksaw

he said
he was just wondering
how a turtle would look
without that big shell to drag him down.
Maybe he'd be quicker,
sly and slippery
He wanted to find out
if there was any hope for the turtles.

Now I'm forty-six
and he's forty-eight
and now he has a beard
and carries a pipe
and he never mentions it
to a soul except me,
but at night he stays up
wearing surgical gloves,
still trying
to set free the turtles.

Untitled
Curtis Walker

Don't call me
to say
what you're having
for dinner.
Please don't call me
At all.



Lori A. Lorion: *The Forest*, 1993, line etching and aquatint

The Cheater
Mark Guard

The old man sharpened his eyes. "You're a cheater,
Mark, you know how to cheat."

I nodded a smile to him and he to me.

I can't teach the merging parallelity of Brunelleschi;
it would take too long and there's no profit.

I can't show a perfect trueness on any edged and planed board,
but I can see the curve and check, and the quirk and warp.

We call that crown. Crowns go up for settling.

God's planks.

Doesn't that make them perfect?

Each timber moves and sways, bends and flexes
in deep warm distresses,

and when put together, through time and weather, to form a shelter,
they sing a fabled hum,

with a gentle creak,

like a lumbering arthritic reach

to shield and merge with the pulsated breath
from flabel winged crickets in moonlit nests.

Houses breathe low and hollow.

They are not perfect.

I take crooked boards, and with a scribed fit,
join one to another.

But there is the critical eye which I must dodge.

The observer watches me with God.

I set half the mistake to one side, and divide the other,
whether out of plumb, or not level, or with a little bow,

or a soft, gentle crown and natural settle,

I cheat

to fool the watcher, the looker, the sayer, the payer,

so they find no way to form definition

of mistakes in perfect boards.

Untitled
Evan Smith

Air thick, honeysuckled enough to build a breeze. Birds snatch mulberrys which litter the sidewalk, fat with rainwater, stain shoes crimson & blue. There's a lady who hangs dozens of potted plants on her porch, above stuffed furniture, benches and a brown picnic table. In her yard are white painted tires with dirt and flowers rounded in them. The next yard is three Dobermans and across the street—a small dog chained in the grass alley—a lab mix.

A couple walks towards me. In the sky are a few muted stars—red Mars is a dot of anger near the moon, waiting to drop. The couple passes and I want to tell them of the sailor who jumped out of his boat, on the horizon, to scoop feta cheese out of the moon—who fell in love with him rising fast to steal him from earth. He was a merchant. He fell. I want to tell them how beautiful he was—the shape of his nose, his forearms—how she made it easier for him than any of the others anchored on the horizon. I grab my knife in my left pants pocket, my wrist barely inside, and pass.

Fences

Evan Smith

I've lived near by picket
fences, iron fences, stone walls,
brick walls, chicken wire, & chain-links.

White wooden fences with fresh paint
look like a wall—strong, bold. They enclose.
Tall, rough wood ones—tan or dark brown—
look soft, but are sturdy, simply
separate—not enclose or push out,
but divide. Stone walls are as if the house
and town were built well afterwards—
as if ordained by the rocks. Stones care
nothing for town or house. Brick walls
are a house that wants to be a road.
Confused—longing. Leftover bricks
wandered from the house, but did not venture
into the street. They do nothing
but brood. Chicken wire keeps in animals.
It laughs, teases—made mostly of air—
but works, sweats as much as anything.
Chain-links do not enclose at all.
They push out—keep out. The town
and road put chain-link up to keep
it far away from the house. The house
is not safe from the town. The town
is safe from the house.



Robert Carter: *Seated Nude Study*, charcoal on paper

Untitled

Elizabeth A. Schools

I would be the one
to fall off the porch
and scrape my shin on the cement step,
right in front of him.
I wasn't really drunk,
I just don't walk well in heels.
But it was nice when we went to the memorial park
and he climbed the huge pedestal
of the general on horseback,
to find they were hollow.
And we walked in the woods
and beside the cemetery,
behind the chain-link fence.
He would come over late, after work,
climbing in my window a few times,
because it was amusing.
He doesn't always like me,
but still comes around sometimes.

Strange Hours

Jim Zola

*Most of the beauties of travel are due
to the strange hours we keep to see them.*

—William Carlos Williams

1.

I draw a line in the cool brown dirt,
dirt fertilized by rotting figs,
crabapples, the blood of centuries,
and cross it and draw another line
and cross it and draw a third.
So begins my life-long
journey to solitude.

2.

A singing toad makes me think of sleep. Love spent, I explain
how my father couldn't sing a lick, but sang,
opening my mouth wide to demonstrate. Reincarnation
was my father's soothing bandage. At dinner we took turns
choosing—horse, willow, loon—then gave a reason. Between bites
we changed our minds. Tonight your deep breath is song
against my neck, the heart's ovation too quick to forget.

3.

Here is the first shore, the blue tongue
where birds have no names and others
write their names in the wet night sand.
One morning you are gone.
The wind makes it impossible to follow.
Everywhere I see signs of winter.
Here and here and here.

4.

Sunk to this level, assume you like it, assume
the world is your movie titled "sublime,"
that the ticking of heat pipes is music
you believe in, that the night is cool and almost
quiet if you ignore the too close snare
of semis leaving behind a highway
of mystery, a whirlwind of feathers.

5.

I would make my peace laughing in a stranger's throat,
a believer. What is simple is believable.
I once believed that all I saw was a movie, that my eyes
were cameras, that I could edit with a blink. Every stranger
was a saboteur, every woman a lover, a traitor.
Christ in leather, subtitled, foreign. Somewhere
there's a classic, unfinished. Lost Weekend, this life.

6.

You say Eskimo pick lice from their lovers' hair.
To prove our love we suffer at strange hours. A slow moon
rises over the roof of a factory. Someone calls
from the loom of streetlights, drunk, happy. I think of Kandinsky
—A Landscape With Two Poplars, 1912. Squinting,
I see trees beside a road leading to town or away.
Even if I were born there, I would be foreign.

7.

What's left? Maybe some trees
on a hillside, or the dense flour
of deepest sleep, there where the world
is turned inside out, to go along
dying and singing, and to baptize
the darkness with warm and damp hands
that smell of cigarettes.

Estevanico's Tale

Jim Zola

I was your secret weapon, darker than a month
of moonless nights. Those we met along the way
trusted me or feared the legends. They said the fire
within was more than berry red. You let me walk
shoulder to shoulder, let me become your intermediary.
You learned to scramble naked through the new world
bramble, to breathe vespers through autumn's mud. I lost
sight of the spirits, demanding wide-hipped women
and turquoise so plentiful it had to be buried.
When they did me in, my secret ran red in black dirt
to the roots of plants so newly christened.

The Other Alphabet

Jim Zola

If spoken behind a hollow wood door,
or from the other side of glass,
consider it discounted coup. Mumbled,
the sounds remain, the way the highway rents
darkness, and dogs howl beastly harmonies,
while I stew in my sweet loneliness.

What I need to say is between us,
like speaking underwater, or from within
the reassuring grip of sleep, like one
who remembers before they could speak.
I stick to the things I know, the cliché
of silence, that never ending alphabet.

When I say stone, I mean passion,
what can't be said.
Ca-ca. My son's first words.
Later he sent his grandmother's hand
to her mouth with a single "damn-it".
And so began his long drive to shock.

Though we hit our peak at seventeen, the smell
lingers. Crows across the street caw-caw
all morning, all afternoon they are chased
by sparrows, elm to walnut. The dog
circles and sets, bothered by sore hips.
When he finally sleeps, all four legs work

little steps against air. He thinks the world
is right. The crows haven't a clue. My son
learns new taboos, daily, gems as precious
to him as sea pebbles that dazzle wet,
but dry a sad grey. I listen
to his hushed curse, to the dog's

sleeping whimper. I put pebbles
in my mouth and begin to speak.



Lori A. Lorion: *Masks*, 1993, aquatint/monoprint

Calendar of Upcoming Arts Events

Poetry and Fiction Readings

- March 1 Lee Smith, Alumni House, 8 pm
March 18 Alston Russell and Tom Saya, St. Mary's House, 8:30pm
March 24 Marly Swick, Faculty Center, 8 pm
March 31 Stephen Dobyns, Faculty Center, 8 pm
April 7 Joanna Scott, Faculty Center, 8pm
April 15 Juliana Baggott and Tammy Hale, St. Mary's House, 8:30pm
April 22 Quinn Dalton and Julie Funderburk, St. Mary's House, 8:30pm
April 28 Seamus Heaney, Faculty Center, 8pm

Dance

- March 17-19 Improv Concert, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm
March 20 High Risk Benefit, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm
March 30-April 2 Graduate Thesis, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm
April 13-16 Faculty Concert, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm
April 28-30 Senior Thesis, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm
May 1 End of Semester Showing, HHP Dance Theater, 3pm

Visual Arts

- February 25-March 18 Non-juried Graduate Show, McIver Gallery
March 13-April 24 Senior Juried Show, Weatherspoon Gallery

Film

- March 22 *Sugarbaby* (German), McNutt Building, Room 11, 7:15 pm
April 13 *Moscow Doesn't Believe in Tears* (Russian), McNutt Building,
Room 11, 7:15 pm
April 19 *Metropolis* (German), McNutt Building, Room 11, 7:15 pm

Coraddi

- March 17 Visual Art Contest Deadline
April 27 Coraddi Gallery Show Reception, Sharpe-McIver Gallery

About the Judge

Christine Garren

Christine Garren received her BA degree and her MFA in creative writing from The University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Her poems have appeared in *Blue Pitcher*, *The Greensboro Review*, *TriQuarterly*, *Shenandoah*, and other journals. Her first book of poems, *Afterworld*, was published in 1993 by the University of Chicago Press. It was a finalist for the 1992-93 Los Angeles Times Book Award.

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