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Woman's College of the University of North Carolina
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Cover		Night Song	22
Lelan Nunn		Thomas W. Clark	
Ann Arbor, Michigan		Ann Arbor, Michigan	
The River Changed	4	Southern Winter	23
Tina Hillquist		Jean S. Moore	
Woman's College		Belmont Abbey College	
The Yellow Snail	4	Hurt Not the Sea	23
Tina Hillquist		Martha Kerlin	
Woman's College		William and Mary	
Etching	5	The Trial	23
Emmy Mills		Pamela Ann Dodes	
Through a Glass Darkly	6	Vassar College	
Thomas W. Clark		Too Deep For Tears	24
Ann Arbor, Michigan		Elizabeth F. Devereux	
The Hunt	7	Woman's College	
Anne Eddy Daughtridge		Lost	27
Woman's College		Alli Nicholson	
Poem	7	A Game For a Dark Day	29
Anne Eddy Daughtridge		Edythe Schindler	
Woman's College		West Miami, Florida	
The Girl in the Gatto Bianco	8	Pencil Sketch	31
John H. Willett		Linda Rees	
Kenyon College		Poem	32
Woodcut	9	Anne Eddy Daughtridge	
Alice Davenport		Woman's College	
Woodcut	15	Compulsion	32
Alice Davenport		Tina Hillquist	
Salem, 1692	16	Woman's College	
Elizabeth F. Devereux		Etching	17
Woman's College		Rebecca Barham	
The Closet on the Top Floor	18	The Closet on the Top Floor	18
Dianne Oliver		Dianne Oliver	
Woman's College		Woman's College	
Dialogue	21	Dialogue	21
Nancy Bates Linn		Nancy Bates Linn	
St. John's College		St. John's College	
The Twister	21	The Twister	21
Ruth Johnson		Ruth Johnson	
The Merry-Go-Round	22	The Merry-Go-Round	22
Sylvia Eidam		Sylvia Eidam	
Woman's College		Woman's College	

The River Changed

I

In April the river went mad,
and we sat by it,
on an old boulder
that was damp and cool,
to watch the red water rush,
swirl over covered rocks,
and pull away what it could hold.

Our river never roared,
and we sat,
quiet as hidden beasts,
to hear its hoarse whisper
and little groans
that came
when riding tree parts caught
on the rocks under swirls.

There was the river smell
of liquid earth,
washed new every year,
good in the half-warm air.

So we stayed by the river,
strong and secret and mad,
until the weak sun went down.

II

In August we lay on the boulder
that was dry and rough,
and we saw that the river was dead.

The water was still,
around gray rocks
like giants' broken bones,
and there were no swirls,
and no whispers,
and no wild, stolen trees.

He threw a stone in the water,
and it made a brown cloud
and a heavy sound,
that was all we heard
until he spoke
and sounded like the stone.

We didn't stay long in August.
The river and I were dead.

TINA HILLQUIST
Woman's College

The Yellow Snail

"Though the day was green and young,
My thoughts were dull and brown,
When I saw the yellow snail,
A piece of solid sun, fallen to the ground.

Warm to my hand as its mother Sun
I held the shining shell and day,
Till the wormy body crept cold to my palm,
Edging my golden moment back to gray.

TINA HILLQUIST
Woman's College



ETCHING
EMMY MILLS

Through a Glass Darkly

At the first beat of the church clock midnight blazes.
The ice fills the trees like spider webs in heaven.
The old white cow in the church yard raises

His dull head to stare at the church steeple.
From the white fire on the branches leaps a needle
Of light through the window to the altar floor

Where Veronica sighs and pants heavy upon Ralph.
A spidery form fills the pulpit with itself.
Ice twitches on the branches and midnight blazes.

Fish roll and join in green water where the moon grazes.
Veronica and Ralph roll and drone in love once more.
In warm water slow waves curl upon the shore,

The dark shore breathes beneath the waves' embraces.
The form descends from the pulpit to the altar.
At the second beat of the church clock midnight blazes.

The snow drifts down and spreads about the trees
Like parts of the Holy Ghost's body shared out.
The old white cow stands gazing at the steeple.

On the altar a shaft of light settles down to freeze
Dark shadows of the branches on the startled floor.
Swimming in the central pool of light are two faces.

The spider eats Ralph. Veronica's on her knees.
The spider drags Veronica up into the trees.
The ice fills the trees like spider webs in heaven.

Full with one another fish fall asleep in water.
Silence like a bell glass covers cow and steeple.
At the third beat of the church clock midnight blazes.

THOMAS W. CLARK
Ann Arbor, Michigan

The Hunt

It is said
There was idiocy in the murmurs she heard
Blotting the pre-dawn dark,
And dark forms bent to the water-troughs
In beast-odor stables—
Forms swirling in savage motion
Or frozen in waxen poses, broken
Only by the blood beat.

The morning of the hunt:
And the sand and pine wooded land
Were clotted by ugly wind shapes.
She rode a black horse
Drifting through shadow
Riding in the hunt as one beast-shape
Stalking another

As if a burial procession
Moved across the silent land,
And squealing dogs spun
In long circles
As the dark forms of the wood watched
the game
That lingered in long morning shadows.

And then
To hear the rifle shot
Spattering the sand—
Seeming as stones indifferently tossed
In a day wind.

Long nights ago
She stared at old hoofs beating into the sand,
Monotonous silent hoof sounds against the sand,
Shadow poses merging in drifting
fading patterns
Until they became wooden things
Of every night, over over

And in the black, secret night
With the summer heat-winds gutting
The land, she hid her breast
In pale white gauze,
Her breath sighed in wind-ripples
As she stroked her husband's thighs
With dutiful fingers
As some long dead child.

ANNE E. DAUGHTRIDGE
Woman's College

Beyond the half burned tobacco shed,
Beyond the red mud banks that folded
Over the crop soil,
The old family grave-yard was swollen
With a new mound,
Small red mud grave.
And the boy sunk into the earth—
Spotting his over-washed trousers.

Yesterday,
It was yesterday when it happened,
When his uncle had used the gun
That flashed blue in sunlight—
The gun usually sheltered in quiet
Behind the wooden cabinet doors—
Like a snake stretched
quiet in the shade
To strike from the dark
In old stories.

Like summer lightning
That woke him from sleep some nights,
The sudden, crackling sound
Woke him from his afternoon nap.
And he had looked to the window
And blue streaks burned
From the woods in spiraling circles.

The squirrel wasn't really
his friend,
Old Cyrus, the stableman, comforted him
And told him of man and the hunt and
How squirrels fell every day.

And so he had stolen,
Not comforted or knowing why,
Into the wood-shed to take
The squirrel and place him where
Cyrus said was holy ground,
The small wet thing in wet earth,
And vowed not to forget to come,
Sometimes, to this ground
And not to visit his uncle
For dinner on Sundays.

ANNE E. DAUGHTRIDGE
Woman's College

The Girl in the Gatto Bianco

JOHN H. WILLETT
Kenyon College

For the third time I was returning to that beautiful island. To dissipate the old dreams she had given me by making new ones, perhaps that was why I kept coming back. Or then it may have been that something, in her or in me, was dying—not with bile trilling out between two cracked old lips, but slowly, gently, somewhere within a hidden vital principle. Standing on the bow of the boat I could see her clearly outlined before me — a somnolent jade in the twilight sun that seemed to have been created just for her. A verdant plain sloped down to Marina Grande, where the local shopkeepers had efficiently exploited all the available land, and then rose sharply to cliffs at the northern end. No slaves bounced off the rocks into the green water now; cruelty was a more refined thing, restricted to cabarets and palm-lined gardens. Soon, perhaps tomorrow, the curtains would part, the iron gates open, and I should find myself not seeking the secrets of my darling, but sharing them. Now I was alone, my spirits elated and my suitcase filled with tight shirts and thin-soled shoes. I came to her and left her, always alone in person and fantasy, for I knew that she would have it no other way.

The boat docked, and I arrived on the quai just in time to get a bus for the village of the plain. This was the first time I had come out of season, and I began to wonder if I had done the right thing. On top, the square was deserted, and many of the little shops closed; but it was seven o'clock, and they all might have been away, resting, preparing for the crystalline sins of a Mediterranean night. I sat down in one of the wicker chairs and ordered coffee and a brioche. Bearing the hues of a thousand different odors, a zephyr streamed across my face. I had been away for a long time, and she had sent this wind to welcome and reprove me at once. In a short while I should rise, seek my old hotel, and sink naked into a great cool bed, with no obligation except to hear her sighs, breathe her scents, love her because whether she tried to deceive me and would not, she was there, ultimately needing only herself, to seize and to adore.

I picked up my suitcase and strolled down Via Abruzzi to the walk that followed the upper border of a grove of olive trees. The sun-raked sky burned with a dying fury above the tops of the white-washed villas; through the trees I saw the sea slowly changing from green to black. At the end of the walk I turned left, up a worn flight of stone steps, and then left again into a narrow, high-walled alley. At the end of the alley was to be my hotel; but when I arrived, something had changed. Instead of leading into a garden, as I thought it would, the alley diverged and ran off in two opposite directions, still bounded by high walls. I was sure that somewhere I had made a mistake. I went all the way back to the olive grove to retrace my steps, only to arrive again at the same place. I followed both these alleys—one led back out to the square, and the other to a part of town that I had never seen before, with many new little villas and clean modern hotels. I remembered that my hotel had the same name as an American state—Florida, California, or something like that, and explained this to a man I found working in a garden.

"Ecco, *La Florida*." He laughed and sketched a little map on a slip of paper. I followed it to a hotel that I had often passed without noticing the name.

"I am looking for a small hotel," I told the clerk, "that has the name of an American state."

"Here, right here!"

When I told him that I was not looking for this hotel, he assured me that no other in the town bore the name of an American state. I was too tired to go on looking. I took a room for the night, deciding that I should continue my search tomorrow. It seemed ridiculous, having stayed in the hotel three times, that I was now unable to find it; but perhaps my island had ordained this, perhaps I was being at last put on the threshold of her secrets. I should wait and see how I felt in the morning. As I walked upstairs, I asked the bellboy if my room had a balcony.

"A balcony! It's got a great terrace facing the western shore. At eleven or so you will go out and look at our moon. Beautiful, beautiful. I'll bring you up a *Punt e Mes* and some ice, and you can sit in the deck chair and watch it for hours."

"No," I told him, "I'm tired."

"Too bad, you're going to miss a very serene moment."

"The moment will come again in exactly twenty-four hours."

"Not for you, it won't." The boy laughed merrily. "Look at it tonight while the love in your heart is shapeless, a vagary, a shadow."

"All right! Bring me the *Punt e Mes*. Tonight at eleven I will observe the moon."

Early the next morning I took a long bath, shaved, and phoned to have my breakfast sent up. It was brought in by the same bellboy, who smiled as he set the tray down on my night-table and asked me if I had enjoyed my sleep.

"Of course, how does one not enjoy his sleep?"

"Ah, if it is fitful, if the one who sleeps is beset by a thousand leering demons."

"Then it's not sleep; it's wakefulness."

"And of nightmares?"

I looked at this familiar little boy with his smooth brown skin and black eyes. He seemed a leering demon himself.

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, my mother has a small villa on the northern bluff. I have never been to the mainland in my life."

"Don't you want to go? Don't you want to see the mainland?" I was irritated with myself at having acknowledged an interest in him, at forgoing his presumptuous manner towards me.

"Why, no. Not at all. Sometimes I go down to the wharf and watch the boats leaving. But leaving for what? Everything I want that is not already here comes here at one time or another."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"You're a clever boy for your age."

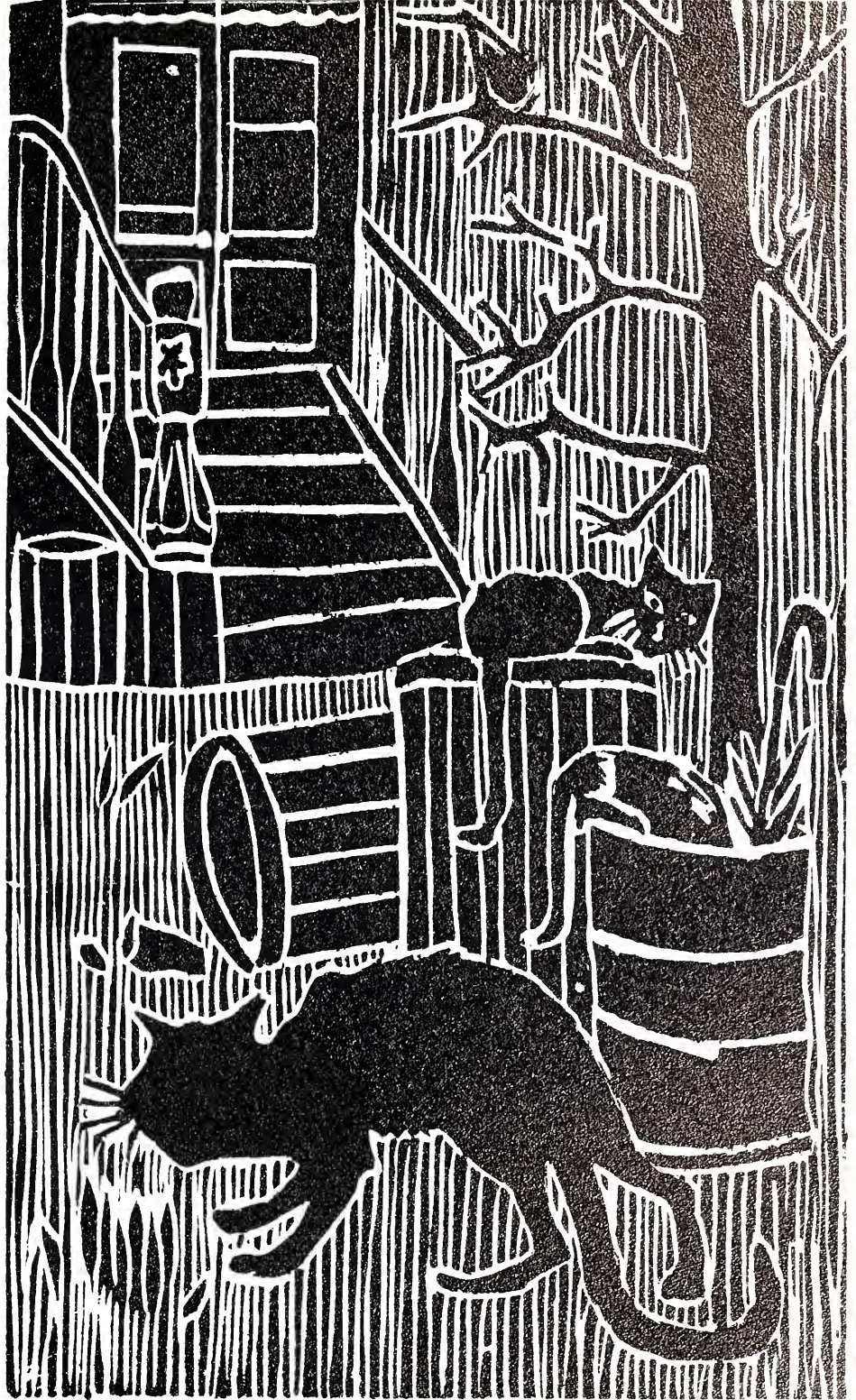
"Many have said that."

There was a moment of silence during which he looked at me keenly. Then his lips curled back over two rows of perfect white teeth.

"Is there anything else you want, American?"

I turned, dropped a lump of sugar into my coffee, and stirred it. "No, you can go."

"Then I suppose from now on you would prefer to have the German maid wait on you? She is young, nineteen or twenty, with skin like cellophane and small cheap jewelry around her neck."



WOOD-
CUT
ALICE
DAVENPORT

"Get out of here, you filthy little brat!"

Still smiling, he bowed out the door and closed it softly behind him.

Later I walked down to Marina Piccola and changed into my bathing suit. The pebbly little beach was crowded, but most of the people were speaking Italian. I was sure that they were the summer landowners who arrived every year after the host of tourists had gone. I wanted to spend the whole afternoon before the water, but I knew that I would burn myself if I did. After a couple of hours I left and walked back to the piazza. But not until four o'clock did it finally begin to fill up with people returning from the beach. They walked dreamily into the square with their brown necks held high, dressed in fantastically colored slacks and shirts, and letting their wooden sandals clack carelessly on the cobblestones. These people knew my island, and I could only get to her through them. There was something about the way they laughed, about the way they sat graciously with one hand hanging limply off the chair's arm, that told me this was their home, their land. Someone put his hand on my shoulder. Without the slightest movement of my body, I turned my head all the way around.

"What are you doing here, Connor? And why haven't you phoned me yet?"

"Guido!"

"Come on over and join us. I'm with my family, in the corner."

Without waiting for me to reply, he turned and walked away. Guido Scano of Staten Island, Florence, and my island, but mostly of my island. Besides a shoe factory in the North, his father owned the boatline that ran from the mainland. Four years ago I had met Guido on the beach and we had become good friends. We kept up an intermittent correspondence. As I never knew when I should find myself returning, I had never made any fixed dates to meet him here. On my last two trips I had looked for him at the family villa and both times found it abandoned. Now I was very glad to see him; perhaps the doors of his house would be at last opened to me. On the first trip he had come to the island by himself; but rather than take the trouble of arranging the villa for a single week, he had instead stayed at a hotel. I paid for my drinks and walked to his table.

Mrs. Scano smiled when Guido introduced me, either because she was used to smiling, or because instead of proffering my hand, I made a slight bow, keeping my eyes on hers. Mr. Scano had a Bronx accent, a broken nose, and a pearl stickpin in his tie. Finally there was Annunciata, his sister, who shrugged her eyes and turned away, as though I weren't worth the trouble. I had no sooner sat down than Mrs. Scano said something about leaving the children alone and left with her husband.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming?" Guido was sitting between Annunciata and me.

"I never know when I'm going to make it down here."

"You should have come earlier. We're leaving tomorrow morning."

My heart sank. They were the only residents I knew. "Why, where are you going?"

"Back to Staten Island. We've been here three weeks now."

"You came over here just for three weeks. I'm impressed."

"No, what do you mean? We were up North for most of the summer."

"Oh, I see. And what about you, signorina?"

"What about me?"

"Are you still in college?"

"No, I've been a bad girl. I was expelled for debauch-

ing the fifteen-year-old son of a mathematics professor."

"How medieval!"

"Not really. He had a back like steel and great dark eyebrows that grew together in the middle until I made eyebrows that grow together in the middle until I made him shave that part off."

"Guido, you have a very outspoken sister."

Laughing, he leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. As he did so a taut column of flesh ran from under his ear to the base of his throat. He looked wonderfully handsome and useless. For a moment I envied him for all the women he had surely had.

"Yes, she's a little bitch. But don't believe that story. The boy was twenty-three years old."

"But I still debauched him."

She stretched languidly and stood up. "Oh, nothing to do, nothing to do." Guido shook my hand and left also. For a moment I was very sad; but like any true artist, I could see that the fault lay perhaps in my tools, not in my method. As I hurried back to my hotel, I was even glad that he had been busy for the night. After all, the way was not unknown; I should surely meet others as I passed along.

Once in my room I lay down and fell asleep. A few hours later I awoke, showered and dressed. First there were the slender trousers with the small black and white checked design. I took everything out of the pockets so that they'd hang well. Next a loose black blouse with long sleeves which I rolled up to the middle of my forearms. And finally a little yellow scarf tied carelessly around my neck. I stepped out on the balcony and sipped my gin.

"You see how I preen for you. You see how I love you. Ah, God, but you're beautiful." The villas looked serene and lovely. Down in the bay I could see the fishermen returning from their day's sail. With my fingers I sprinkled a few drops of gin onto the island in a blessing.

A few more runs of the comb through my hair to make certain that it was swept back in the island fashion, that no part remained—and I was ready.

The barber gave me a wonderful shave, complete with hot towels and a face massage. He shaved me twice, once up and once down, rubbed a pumice stone over my cheeks and neck, and finally sprayed me with a fragrant tingling lotion that evaporated as quickly as it touched me.

For dinner I had *cannellone, melanzana alla parmigiana* and a rich *Malfino*. The bisquet tortoni for dessert was perfect. I had two cups of coffee and a brandy. It was eleven o'clock, the bars would be full. No mistake had yet been made. The streets were thronged with people walking about aimlessly. I turned straight up Via dei Perduti and walked into the *Gatto Bianco*. Mario was sitting at the piano playing "Anything Goes."

When he finally noticed that I was beside him, he jumped up and hugged me.

"You know that I can't stay away from this place."

"*Porca miseria, che fortuna! La mia ispirazione!* How long you gonna stay?"

"I don't know, a few weeks. Come on, let me buy you a drink."

"Later, later, Adrian. Now I gotta play. You sidddown. I join you, *vengo subito*."

I took a table in the corner near the piano. He was a short man with a stocky Neopolitan frame and a sharp, hawk-like nose. The waiter brought me a gin, telling me that Mario had asked him to send it over. I caught Mario's eye, bunched my fingers against my mouth, and blew them apart with a smacking sound. I knew he'd like that. I had nothing to fear from him in the bar—there were too many people around. I could not see them clearly—my eyes were getting bad at this time . . . but even with

glasses I should not have been able to distinguish very much in the dim little cellar. Mario came over a few minutes later, ordered two more drinks, and asked me what I had been doing.

"Nothing, going to school in Perugia."

"You're a good boy. And you look good. You look like a dago."

"I'm glad. I try very hard."

"I'm glad you try."

He was starting to ask me another question when a man appeared from the dance floor carrying a stool and sat down at our table. "Mario, my dear, good evening." He was dressed in green slacks and a yellow shirt and he spoke with a cold London accent. "I saw you talking with this delightful boy and just had to come over. Does he speak English?"

"Yes, he does," I said coldly.

"*Vai via*, David, this is a good friend.

"Is he straight?"

"Like an arrow, lover," I answered, looking over his head at a mural on the wall. A man behind the bar called Mario back to the piano, and I found myself alone with the Englishman.

"Straight, what a pity. You looked like a good trick."

I took the swizzle stick out of the drink and ran it across my tongue. "Try Savona, I've been told there's nice trade in the waterfront bars."

"Too rough. I'm afraid of that maritime stuff. Sure you won't come and have a drink at my place?"

"You're mad, fellah."

"No, I'm not. You ought to succumb. Strife is not nature's way of progress."

"Who said I want to progress?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Stagnate."

"You can't. We either go forwards or backwards."

"Are you trying to tell me that you represent progression?"

"Yes, if your staying here represents regression."

"All right, then, I'll regress."

He sat back in the chair and looked at me smiling. "What's your name?"

"Adrian."

"Look, Adrian, give in to me. Competition is not the law of life, but of death."

"Who's competing?"

"You are."

"You're outrageously presumptuous. In a minute I'm going to ask you to go."

"Afraid?"

"Hardly."

"Live a little."

"I am." I was on my fifth drink and beginning to feel very content. "Have you ever been to America?"

"Unfortunately yes. I went to college there."

"Then I must tell you of my work. I have finished both libretto and score for the first two acts of the greatest opera that shall ever be written. It's called *Panic in the Junior League*."

"How wonderful."

"The first act takes place at Choate on a dance weekend. Paul, the hero, has invited down a date. Her name is Phoebe, and she's a student at Chapin."

"What's that?"

"A school in New York where girls learn to stay afloat in vichyssoise."

"Go on."

"Paul is bird-dogged by the captain of the ski team, who later turns out to be a girl."

"Poor Paul."

"During the entire second act he spends his time trying to win her back. Under the clock at the Biltmore they sing a beautiful duo called, 'I Mean, You Know.' She wavers between the captain of the ski team and Paul."

"Do you know the third act will be?"

"Oh yes. Having failed to win Phoebe back, Paul stabs her to death with her circle-pin. Operas always end with the death of the lovers or their marriage. In the last scene, before abominating her body, Paul sings of the glorious time they shall pass together. You see, Paul is a necrophiliac. The curtain falls as he is pulling the tennis sneakers off her lifeless form."

"Not bad, not bad at all. What happened to the captain of the ski team?"

"She goes back to Choate. She was only a junior." As I finished this sentence two couples appeared in the doorway and stood there looking around the room for a place to sit down. One of the girls was dark, with black hair and deep black eyes. She was beautiful. "You must go quickly, old chap," I said to David. "Suddenly I loathe you . . ."

"My God, you look almost as though you mean it."

"I do. I'm not strong, but I'm drunk enough not to care. Get out, quickly."

He sneered at me and got up. I had to make room for these couples—I motioned to them that they could sit at my table, and they came over. The boy started to tell me in bad Italian that there were only three stools. "Don't worry," I said, "I'll get another." Of course they had no choice when I came back. They had to invite me to join them. I got a fifth stool and we all sat down. They were French, but fortunately they spoke English well. The black-haired girl was named Isabelle. A few drinks later I asked her to dance.

"Do you know what your name means?" I asked her when we found ourselves in the middle of the dance floor.

"Yes, I know. I was born here."

Keeping her in my arms, I stopped dancing for a moment and looked at her closely. "How long did you live here?"

"Five years. I moved away before I really learned any Italian, though. Such a beautiful language, it's a shame."

"Do you still live here?"

"I come back every now and then, but we sold our house long ago."

I started dancing again, holding my head back a little so that I could see her face. Her eyes, her brows, her lashes, all black. Her hair was piled up in a mass on her head. I wanted to pull the comb out and let it fall down.

"I'm a little drunk, but will you believe me if I tell you that you are the most beautiful, wonderful girl that I have ever met in my life?"

She looked into my eyes. Her smile might have meant anything.

"Will you believe me if I tell you that I may have gone half-way around the world to meet you?"

She laughed.

"And finally, will you believe me when I say that I'd rather dine with no one than you tomorrow, and the day after and the day after that?"

"I should like nothing better, but I'm afraid it's quite out of the question."

"Nothing is out of the question unless you make it so."

"Come now, banality doesn't suit you here."

"Please have dinner with me. Just once. Then I'll

never bother you again."

"You're not bothering me now."

"Then why won't you let me take you out?"

She squeezed my hand and laughed. "Because nothing will come of it but sadness."

"For whom, for me?"

"Why yes, I think so."

"Might you not be investing yourself with powers that you don't have?"

"I have a feeling that you're not a very resilient person."

She was not smiling anymore. I averted her glance by reaching for my cigarettes. "I wish you didn't speak English so well."

"What are you doing here?"

"What do you mean? Here on this island?"

"Well, yes."

"Oh, I'm vacationing, I suppose."

"Are you here alone?"

"Yes."

"Then I tell you what. Be in the piazza tomorrow night at eight o'clock. You can come and have dinner with the rest of us."

"I'd love to. With more time I'll be able to prove my resilience to you."

"Perhaps." She stepped back from me a bit. "Perhaps you will. And now why don't you ask the piano player for a Latin American dance. I haven't done one in a long time."

We were standing just beside Mario. I leaned down and whispered into his ear. He grinned at me.

"She's nice. You like her, huh?"

"I adore her."

"Ah, what a pity. But I'll play your song anyway."

She twirled, sidestepped, dipped and bowed until I finally just stopped dancing to watch her. Mario started to play faster and faster, but she kept right up with him.

"It was a bedbug, that found his way into all that treasure

That bug—sure was lucky to find that area."

She was so fresh and wonderful looking—a thousand dreams not two feet away from me. I would not make a single mistake—to smile secretly at the comments of her friends, speaking only often enough to show them that I knew; to move slowly, making every physical and verbal gesture effortless. That was all it was going to take. I congratulated her and asked her to teach me the dance.

"It's not at all difficult," she said as we walked back to the table. "I'll teach it to you tomorrow."

We hadn't been sitting more than a few minutes when one of the boys said something to her in French, and she told me that they were going to leave.

"Oh, not yet. Please. You've hardly been here a half hour."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but these are my friends."

"Tell me, what beach do you go to? Why don't we go swimming tomorrow?"

"I don't go to the beach," she answered, smiling yet.

"But you must, look at how brown you are."

"That's just my face and arms. They're exposed anyway."

Before I could speak, she had risen and was walking towards the door with her friends. I started to get up and follow them, but slumped back down almost immediately. What was the use?—I'd see her tomorrow at the piazza, decked out and preened for my beauty like a courtier. Time stretched out before me like a desert. I ordered another drink and leaned back against the wall. No evil could come to me here, in this little cavern on my island. Maybe no good, either. Well, so what, neither was involved in the situation. And perhaps I shouldn't have cared even if they were.

The next day I stayed at the beach only long enough

to get a little sunburn. I knew that in the evening it would look like a tan. Back at my hotel, I was just falling asleep when someone knocked at the door. I hardly managed to get the sheet over me before the bell boy came in.

"Listen, my rude boy, one knocks and then he waits. Do you understand?"

He smiled. "We are both men. What's the difference?"

"It's just impolite, that's all. Now what do you want?"

"I came to see if you needed anything."

"I have everything I could possibly wish for."

"Yes, I believe you do. Did you meet somebody nice last night?"

I was amazed by his perception. "Yes, as a matter of fact I did. Why?"

"I knew you would, that's all. Are you going to see her again?"

"Tonight. I'm having dinner with her and her friends. That reminds me. You might polish my shoes."

"You see, you did need something."

"Had you not come in the room I should have left without their being polished. I'm just taking advantage of an opportunity."

"Yes," he said staring at me intently, "there are so many that we miss."

"You're too young to philosophize. Now take my shoes and go."

"What color polish do you want on them?"

"What color are the shoes?"

"Black."

"So?"

"People often put ox-blood polish on black shoes to give them a more subtle hue."

"Oh, for God's sake. Put whatever you want on them. Just have them back by 7:30."

"Yes, my lord," he said in English.

I laughed. "You really are an amazing child. Someday I may take you on as my valet."

"That would please me immensely," he said, walking out with my shoes.

I called when the door was almost shut, "And tomorrow you can send up the German maid." I saw the door start to open again; but then he must have changed his mind about saying something, and it closed softly.

At eight o'clock I was on the square, wearing my striped slacks instead of the checked ones on the night before, and a dark maroon shirt with a black kerchief around my neck. She and the others were already there. I could tell immediately from the way the two boys were dressed that my selection of clothing had been perfect. For an hour or so, mostly ignored by the other three, Isabelle and I talked about what we had done that day. She was just finishing a book on Margaret of Burgundy and her sister.

"You know," she said, "often they would invite a beautiful young man to their bed, pass the night with him together, and the next morning have him decapitated and dumped into the Seine."

"Yes, I know. It must have been a delightfully . . ."

I stopped short. Drawing slowly into the square was a great open car with a chauffeur and a bull of a man slouched in the back seat. Cars never entered the square, it was too small and tightly packed with tables. I watched as the waiters, after asking certain people to get up, moved the tables that were blocking the passage. As it crept on, the car hit a table that had not been pulled back far enough and knocked it over. The man in the back stood up and started swearing loudly. He soon became red in the face, coughing and stuttering. After a moment he fell back down into the seat. One of the waiters apologized, moved the table, and the car passed on slowly and disappeared down a narrow alley. After some commotion the tables were moved back and the people sat down.

"Who the devil was that?" I asked, feeling that I had

to after showing so much interest.

"He owns many hotels here. He's got some disease and can't walk. I'm surprised that you haven't seen him before."

"Why doesn't he just get a wheel chair?"

"Who knows? But as I said, the island is half his, so I suppose he's entitled to do as he wishes."

We had dinner in a restaurant next to the olive grove I had passed on my first day. Isabelle's relation with the others puzzled me. The two boys seldom spoke to me, yet they did not seem to resent my presence; and one of them even asked me if I should like to go water skiing with him the next day. While we were waiting for dessert, I wondered if I could ask her to take a walk in the grove with me. It might just be going too far. A couple of times during dinner the boy next to her had placed his hand lightly on her arm when he asked a question. But I was giddy from the wine and decided to ask nevertheless. She said something quickly to the others in French and nodded. A moment later we were walking slowly through the olive trees. The moon shone down lightly. If we stood very still, we could hear the sounds of people shouting on the wharf far below. I pulled some olives off a branch and gave her one. She took it out of her mouth almost immediately.

"It's bitter. They're not ripe yet."

"Sorry, I wouldn't have given you one if I'd known that."

"It's all right. How could you know?"

She looked so beautiful. I grabbed her two hands and kissed them. "How long are you going to stay here?"

"I don't know," she said, taking her hands gently out of mine. "A week, maybe, ten days."

"And then where?"

"Back to Paris to finish my studies."

For some reason I did not dare tell her that I too should be there for the coming year. Perhaps I wanted to save my arrival for a surprise.

"Who are the other two people you're with? Sometimes I feel awkward before them; they hardly ever spoke to me during dinner."

"Frederique and Alain are engaged."

"And you and the other boy?"

"Robert? I've known him for a long time. We're very close."

"How do you mean?" I said, turning away from her to look out at the sea.

"I don't know. We're very close, that's all."

"Are you in love?"

"I love him. I don't know—I don't know how he feels about me really. He's changed so much in the past year. I love him."

There it was. I did not know quite what to say. Suddenly the orchard, the sea, and the moon might have been a dirty back-yard. Could it really be that I did not stand a chance all along? I walked a few paces away and leaned against a tree. Minutes passed when neither of us spoke. Finally, in a happy voice, she asked me what I was thinking about.

"You know perfectly well."

"I'm sorry. Perhaps it was wrong to ask you to dinner."

"You should have taken me at my word last night."

"What do you mean?"

"I told you that I'd travelled half-around the world just to meet you."

"You had drunk too much."

"But it just made me a little more outspoken and frank." I approached and looked straight into her eyes. "Before you leave this island, will you let me make love to you?" I did not feel like a fool even when she laughed.

"No, of course not."

"Don't refuse so flippantly," I said, laughing now myself. "You might help everyone involved—"

"Oh, and how?"

"Your friend would become jealous and come back to you; and I'd have a beautiful moment to cherish forever."

"What if my friend leaves me instead?"

"He won't. He loves you. You've got to jolt him a little, that's all."

"And how will it help you to have a beautiful moment?"

Lightly I brushed a small green caterpillar off my sleeve. "Love is like the universe. As it grows, matter is always being created. The proportion of matter to space always stays the same. Do you see this?"

"Yes."

"But some say that as the universe grows there is no new creation of matter. The stars just get farther and farther apart; the universe gets emptier and emptier. As I get further and further from where I started experience, my loves get more and more distant, more vague. My life gets emptier and emptier. By giving me yourself, you keep the ratio of love and life steady. The proportion of love to life stays the same."

"But how will that help you?"

"Do you want my life to be empty?"

"But what of compassion?"

"No, that doesn't enter the picture at all."

She tipped her head slightly, "But who's to determine the correct proportion? Maybe one to a lifetime is all it's supposed to be."

"Maybe," I said, "but no one can say. I'm inclined to think it isn't."

"Have you had many loves?"

"Not as many as I should have had."

She said nothing.

"You're not mad at me, are you?"

She turned to face me and smiled. "No, of course not." With her hand on the back of my neck, she pressed her cheek to mine and whispered in my ear. "Of course not. There's just no room for me in your universe."

Before I left that night I asked if I could see her again.

"No" was all she said. I tried to hold her but she slipped away and ran down the road after her friends.

The days passed slowly. I would start my search for her every evening about eight, going first to the restaurants, and, later, to the bars. When I went to the *Gatto Bianco* I avoided Mario. I did not want him to know that she was no longer with me. The *Eden Rock*, *Quisisana*, *Il Pipistrello*—I tried them all. Eventually I even began passing the afternoons by the funicular, hoping that she might be going down to the wharf. The island was so small, but she seemed to have disappeared. The beach, the piazza, the little shops on the Via Abruzzi. It was impossible. On the morning of the ninth day after I met her I prayed to the island, "Don't hide her, don't take her." Late that night as I was walking back to my hotel from the piazza, one of the little buses that goes up to the village on the northern bluff went by. Framed in the window of the bus, her head bowed, her hands resting on the seat before her, was the answer to my prayer. I rushed to a taxi, jumped in, and told the driver to take me up the mountain as fast as he could.

"An extra thousand lira if you make it before the bus," I promised. The car was almost identical to the old man's which had entered the square—long and open, like an old touring car. The only difference was that the taxi had a canopy on it that ran up to the windshield, a little green roof with tassles that hung down from the edge. The road followed the cliffs, twisting around and around as it went up to the summit. When I looked out I could see the sea all sparkling and black below. The air cooled slightly as we went higher, but I felt nothing except a nervous elation. Suddenly, after rounding a sharp turn, the bus careened into sight. "Don't pass the bus. I'll give

you a thousand lira anyway." She was there, just ahead of me, I had nothing to worry about. What a fool I had been, never giving a thought to the northern bluff. Few people went there. I knew there were some pensions and small hotels; but they were mostly for people from the mainland who came out only for the week-ends. Strange that she would stay there.

When the bus stopped at the top, the taxi drew up behind. I stepped out on the opposite side to the passenger door of the bus. The taxi turned away and disappeared back down the mountain. I did not dare raise my head for fear that she would see me as she was getting off the bus and realize that I had followed her. After the bus pulled away, I raised my head slowly. She would be there, troubled, disturbed by my reappearance.

But she was not there. Three old women and a fisherman carrying his nets were saying good night. Dumbly I looked after the bus as it gathered speed. "Hey!" I called softly at first, and then "Hey!" again much louder. "Wait! I want to get on!" Then I broke into a run, a steady desperate dash after the bus that was taking her away. I ran and ran, down the palm-lined road, past gated villas and dark orchards. I ran even after the bus was out of sight, holding my head high and clenching my fists. The change in my pocket was shaking and clinking; I pulled it out and threw it onto the road. I ran and ran—my lungs started to hurt and I had a sour taste of tobacco in the back of my mouth. I ran and fell and jumped up and kept on running. My hands stung from the fall; my white pants were ripped in one knee and I could see blood soaking through them. Then the bus passed me coming back, empty. I could not be far. I must have been running five minutes more before I arrived at a little square. I stopped and gasped for breath. The only roads leading off it were dirt ones. This had to be the bus terminus. I tried to call her name, but I just started coughing and choking. I fell down onto a bench. Finally I regained my breath. I stood up and screamed as loudly as I could, "Isabelle!" I cupped my hands to my mouth and screamed again "Isabelle, Isabelle." A light went on and a man leaned out of a window to tell me to shut up. There was nothing else to do. I started walking slowly back down the road. In fifteen minutes I arrived at a little bar called the *Red Lantern*. I entered the bathroom immediately, cleaned up, and went back out to have a drink. It was three o'clock, but a few couples were still dancing quietly. I sat at the bar so that no one could see my torn and bloody slacks. The cool gin soothed my throat.

"Do you know most of the people who come in here?" I asked the bartender.

"Most of them."

"Do you know a French girl, a beautiful French girl with black eyes and long black hair piled on her head?"

He called to a boy on the dance floor, who came over to the bar. He was a short, blotchy-faced boy. I recognized him from the bars below. The bartender asked him if he knew the girl.

"I think I know of her. She usually stays in a pension up here with some friends."

"Another girl and two boys?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"Where is the pension?"

"I don't know the name, but you follow a dirt road leading off Piazza Tiberio."

"That's up the road a ways?"

"Yeah."

"Which dirt road do I follow?"

"The one just opposite this road where it leads into the piazza."

"Thanks, thanks a lot. Do you know the girl's last name?"

"No. A friend of mine was here a few days ago and tried to make her. Isabelle, I don't remember the rest."

How could he talk about her like that? I thanked him and left.

"She's nice stuff, *uno pezzo*. I don't blame you," he called as I walked out the door.

The next morning I cleaned up, took a bus to the Piazza Tiberio and followed the dirt road which that blotchy-faced little stinker had told me to. I got to the pension. It was at the very end with a little wooden sign stuck in the garden. The owner, an old woman, told me that Isabelle and her friends had left around seven o'clock to get the early boat back to the mainland. When I asked for her last name she looked at me suspiciously.

"Why, don't you know her?"

"Oh, yes. But I want to write her a letter and I'm not sure of the spelling." I'd find her in Paris, all I needed was the last name.

"What's her name?" she asked, narrowing her eyes.

"Why, uh . . . Isabelle."

"Her last name."

"Well, you see, I'm not sure, that's what. . ."

"Isabelle's friends know her name," she said and slammed the door shut.

I couldn't believe it. After all that happened, was this dirty old hag to come between me and the one I loved? For five minutes I pounded on the door with my fists and tried to explain, but she would not come back.

I stayed on the island another week, vaguely hoping that she would just appear, on the piazza or walking through the door of a bar. One night I got drunk, went back to the pension, and told the woman that I had to find her.

"I love her," I pleaded, "where is she?"

On the evening I was to leave, the bell-boy asked me if he might carry my bag to the boat.

"I can do it myself, thank you."

"It's too bad that you never got to meet the German maid."

"Perhaps you're right. Next trip."

"Ah no, she goes back to her lover in Germany next month."

"A pity for me."

"Yes," he said with an impish smile. "It is."

The island was deserted now, except for the residents. I had a coffee on the wharf before getting aboard. As the boat pulled out I stood in the stern and looked back to the island. The sun was setting behind the far side, and a halo of red hung over the northern bluffs. I thought I had known her so well, my island. Why did I not go up there in the first place? Now it would be a long time before I could return, and who knows what might be changed. Had I gotten closer to her? I could not tell. Maybe the secret did not lie in palm-lined gardens at all. Isabelle—surely she had the secret, was the secret. I stood on the stern for a long time, facing the island so that no one would see the tears running down my face.



Salem, 1692

Elizabeth Howe fell before her earthly judges,
proclaiming her innocence,
While Salem bitches writhed upon the floor.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live",
came from their self-righteous mouths,
"Thus the Lord commanded."

Goodwoman Howe denied the charge,
and her accusers fell and foamed,
Screamed the name, "Witch, witch!"

"What say you of them that accuse?
Can you deny their affliction?
Confess, Wife of James, of Ipswich!"

"God knows I am innocent."

The wild accusations came forth more strong.
The judges frowned.
The bitches rolled.

Mercy and Mary fell into fits;
Ann and Abigail shrieked in pain;
The judges pressed Goodwoman Howe:

"And can you still deny, seeing your
accusers thus, prostrate
And falling at your feet?"

Are you not a disciple of the Devil,
baptized by him at Newbery-Falls,
And servant of Satan all your days?"

"God knows I am innocent."

"And you dare to speak of God!
By all that's sacred, Woman,
Let not your lips defile His Name!"

"Confess, Witch, confess!"
The bitches screamed in pain,
While twisting on the prayer-house floor.

Elizabeth Howe bowed her head and wept.
"God knows I am innocent.
I know nothing of what you accuse."

"She killed my mare!"
"And my sow!"
"And my child!"

"And what say you now,
Elizabeth Howe,
Wife of James, of Ipswich Farms?"

The accusers stood before her,
panting, sweating,
Condemning now with their silence.

"God knows I am innocent."

"God? What God knows you innocent?"
Frantic, raving, raging, crying,
Goodwife Stafford came forth.

Goodwife Stafford of many miseries
came forth to point her finger
At the one whom God knew innocent.

Goodwife Howe was taken back:
"You praised me once,
And called me 'Saint'.

Why now do you accuse?
Dear God! Dear God!
Deliver me from this madness!"

"Ha! I was mistaken!
You bewitched me and my child!
I was mistaken!"

Bewitched! Unholy Woman!
Elizabeth Howe
Bewitched her child!

A praise repealed now stands as Evidence.
"The accused will rise
And face the Bench."

Elizabeth Howe, Wife of James,
Mother of daughters,
Daughter and Sister, stood.

"Do you yet deny?
What say you now to this charge?
Admit you are a witch!"

"If it was the last moment
I was to live,
God knows I am innocent!"

"Admit! Confess!
Repent! Renounce!"
Elizabeth Howe swam in a sea of voices.

James Howe, the Witch's man,
dried his blind eyes
On the sleeve of his farmer's coat.

Two daughters clutched at,
tore at their mother's skirts,
And wept.

"Death! Death!
Kill the Witch!"
Elizabeth drowned in a sea of voices.

"Elizabeth Howe, Wife of James,
The penalty for Witch-craft
Is Death by Hanging."

"I know not of what you speak."

"You still deny the charge?
You say you are not guilty
Though your neighbors swear you are?"

"God knows I am innocent.
God will forgive my neighbors."

ETCHING
REBECCA BARIAM



"Blasphemy!" her neighbors cried in unison.
"Elizabeth Howe",
The judges roared,

"You are guilty of Witch-craft.
This court has found you so,
After due Trial.

Before tomorrow's setting sun,
You will be led to the gallows,
And hanged by the neck until dead."

The sentence was pronounced.
Elizabeth Howe, Wife, Mother, Sister, Daughter,
Bowed her head and wept.

"Though you afflict and torment my body,
you cannot hurt my soul.
God knows I am innocent."

Elizabeth Howe was led out of the room
which served as God's House on Sundays.
Elizabeth Howe was a Witch.

ELIZABETH F. DEVLIN
Woman's College

The Closet on the Top Floor

DIANNE OLIVER
Woman's College

The people watching from the third story windows could see them unloading the car. Since it was raining, they all had on raincoats, but hers was a kind of pale blue, making her stand out in the drizzle. She evidently didn't know that everybody on campus wore white raincoats, or at least oyster-shell color. But at the time she was too busy to worry, trying to move her luggage to the seventh floor of Wingate Hall. And she was getting angry too. Out of all of those noses pressed against the windows, not one had offered to come down and help her move in. "Looks like that's it, Chicken," her father said. She watched the heavy man reach into his breast pocket and magically produce a handkerchief, which he slapped into his face. God, she wished he wouldn't be so, so open. No one else insisted on calling her "Chicken," and none of her friends' fathers would be caught wiping their faces in public. She felt herself tightening up, and tried to remember the breathing exercises the doctor had prescribed for her. "Thanks, Daddy," she said. "I think they'll have someone to carry up the rest of my bags." She leaned over and kissed the man.

"Now, Winifred, you be careful." The person belonging to the voice was invisible until a head reared up and a woman's face poked through the side window. "If you need anything, call home. For heaven's sake don't wait like you did last time. We can afford the telephone bill." She was quiet for a moment. "I'd love to see your room, dear, but climbing those awful steps wouldn't be good for my headaches." Then, as slowly as it had risen, the head sank down on the foam rubber pillow and pastel yellow sheet spread on the back seat of the car.

"Well, that's it, Chicken." Her father slipped a check into her hand and adjusted the steering wheel. "Don't forget to write Aunt Millicent, she worries about you." Good Lord, first Chicken, now Aunt Millicent. She suddenly wished the car would go home. "O.K. Daddy, I won't forget." He turned the key, and the motor choked. "You get out of this rain," he said, talking over the noise of the car. "Don't want you catching cold." He stepped on the gas and turned into the street, but not before a chubby hand rose from the back seat, stopped in mid-air, and fell down again.

Winifred watched the car turn the corner, picked up her portable hair dryer, and walked toward the dormitory steps. The people who were still watching through the windows saw a kind of short girl with brownish hair, squeezed into her raincoat. What really caught their attention was the stuffed pink dog resting in her arms. Anyone looking closely could see that the pink dog had dull orange eyes.

All students registered for classes the day after Winifred came. After two weeks, she knew her way around campus and did not get lost quite so often. Her roommate's name was Norma Parker, and she'd had the room all to herself until Winifred and the pink dog arrived in time for the beginning of the second quarter. Now she let Winifred have the room most of the time. Norma didn't like animals and her roommate moved in with a whole zoo. Aside from the dog, there was a small tiger with leopard spots guarding the dresser, a yellow bunny three feet high named Mandy, a green duck, and a fuzzy lamb.

That afternoon Winifred was sitting at her desk with her history book exactly eight inches from her eyes as the health books specified. There was not any reason for her not to get this chapter read. She had even gone so far as to underline the title in red ink. The only problem was that her eyes were continuously drawn to the red ink. For the past fifteen minutes she had read only, "Thomas Jefferson and the Federalist Papers." She read the title again,

stopped, and quickly closed the book. Now why of all times did she have to remember him? How could Doug Thomas and Thomas Jefferson get mixed up? She was always remembering things she didn't want to. But she might as well admit it, she'd never be able to forget this day, regardless of the scientific forgetting methods she tried.

Earlier in the day, around ten o'clock, Winifred had gone down to get the mail and found a letter from Daddy. While she was climbing the steps, she saw a newspaper clipping stuck in the envelope, describing State's basketball game with TIK. And Doug's picture with the words "Sparks Team To Victory." were printed underneath. Doug Thomas was the big man on TIK's basketball team. She had met him once—well, not really met him. After the Christmas tournament last year, he had come out of the locker room and stopped to talk to a girl sitting right behind her. When he was leaving, Doug looked down and smiled, and said, "Hi." Winifred thought he was just wonderful.

She was still reading the clipping when she came to 708. Norma and Ellen were in the room, sitting on Norma's bed. "Somebody's got some mail," Ellen said. "I'll bet your father's sent you another article." She must have blushed, because they both began laughing. She should have suspected something then. A few minutes later she casually mentioned that she'd like to date Doug. "But Winifred," Ellen said, "I thought you knew." And her eyes looked really serious. "Doug's married."

Winifred smiled. "O well, by the time I'm ready to get married, there won't be anybody left."

"I'll donate a cousin to the cause," Norma said. They laughed but the joke didn't come out too well. Winifred had a headache for the rest of the afternoon and after Norma went to the Kampus Kanteen, she took the scissors and all eighty-four clippings out of her desk drawer and cut each column into shreds. Each clipping could be turned into five pieces of newspaper print with three strokes of the scissors. She spent the rest of the evening trying to sleep off the headache.

Winifred woke up the next morning at 6:50, as she always did, with a vague notion that something should be wrong. Unable to remember what bothered her, she pushed back the covers, found her bedroom shoes, and checked the calendar on her desk to make sure of the day's date. With the date pressed into her mind, she carefully buttoned her robe, made up the bed, and began her usual seven A.M. procedure. She opened the top dresser drawer, found her underwear, and arranged the pieces on the bed. She tiptoed to the closet—Norma never got up before eight—and brought back a green pleated skirt, a green blouse, and a green sweater. She put these clothes on top of the underwear, but not before she carried the bar pin from her jewelry box and pinned the clasp on the blouse collar. Quietly she picked up the soap and towel, opened the bedroom door with just two squeaks, and walked down the hall.

The dormitory lights had not yet been turned on, and the porcelain on the water fountain almost glowed as the light from the end hall window shone across the surface. "Good," she whispered. She would have the middle shower. She always took great pleasure in using the middle shower first. The first week of school she had tried all three showers, and the one nearest the door had a broken soap holder. The soap slipped through, fell on the tile, and melted under the force of the water. The shower on the other end sprayed the water too fine, and she disliked the peppery streams of water shooting into

her ears, so she had decided always to be the first one in the middle shower every morning. And she had too, she thought happily, removing a shower shoe from the little beach bag that accompanied her to the shower. Except that one time when Millie Roddey got up early to study for a biology test and beat her to the shower. Thinking of Millie Roddey upset her and Winifred stayed in the shower three minutes later than she meant to. So she had to rush back and comb her hair to get to breakfast by 7:40. By the time Norma awoke, Winifred was sitting in the basement of the library between the bound copies of *Social Forces* and the *American Journal of Sociology* studying French.

Winter came, and on campus the number of camel-colored boy-coats with raccoon collars increased by one. One Sunday in November, Winifred was standing on a chair in the closet trying to decide which hat she would wear to church. The pink-plaid hat box was overflowing with hats, so it was a terrible decision. She was still standing on the chair when Ellen and Norma came in the room. They obviously had been discussing something for a long time and they didn't see her or the missing chair, because Ellen said: "It's not that she doesn't look nice in brown. Heavens, anybody can wear camel, or beige, or whatever you call it. But with that raccoon collar, nobody can tell where the collar stops and her hair begins.

"Oh now, her hair is hopeless, so there's nothing we can do about that, but she could take the collar off," Norma agreed. "You look at her going down the street and all you see is a brown blimp."

"Well, stop calling her names, she'll be here in a minute and you'll hurt her feelings."

Winifred, who was leaning on the top shelf, almost squeezed the color from the black felt hat she had decided to wear. They were talking about her. Why hadn't they told her? Noiselessly she pushed the felt hat back into shape and clutched it in her hands until Ellen and Norma decided to find Bonnie for a three-girl game of bridge.

When she was sure they were gone, Winifred gave the half-shut closet door a sharp push with the chair, being careful not to drag her boy-coat on the floor. With the scissors from the right side of her desk drawer, she began clipping stitches. The next day there were the same number of boy coats on campus, but one less raccoon collar. That evening in the cafeteria, Ellen said she noticed something different and she bet Winifred had washed her hair. And Norma said yes. She herself had to roll up her hair after supper because Pete was coming over. Nobody ever said anything else to Winifred about the collar.

The boy-coat disappeared into spring and was replaced by a gleaming white, double-breasted English raincoat which her parents had sent out from the store. Nobody ever met Winifred's parents. The hostess would call her name over the intercom every third week-end and she would just disappear into the back seat of the beige car. If she didn't go home, they usually took her out to dinner and bought her a cake, or some cookies, or something to take back to the room. But she always came back looking unhappy. Ellen and Norma thought she really missed her family. And they were impressed. For a long time, they didn't know about the cake and cookies her parents were buying, because Winifred was always in bed when they came back from the movies or their dates. She never said anything about where she had gone or what she'd done, so Norma never asked her.

She went home sometimes for a weekend. At least that's where Norma supposed she went. Winifred never volunteered any information and Norma never remembered to sneak down and check her filed permission slips. She would come back from Friday afternoon classes and

all of Winifred's bags would be packed except the largest suitcase. She evidently preferred to carry home the two weekenders and the pink-plaid hat box. On her bed in a neat bundle, ready to be carted down-stairs, were her radio and steam iron. The air pores of the iron had been closed up and painted over with finger nail polish. Winifred said that the steam iron had been a mistake. Her mother ordered a dry iron but the store sent this one, and since she didn't want to upset her mother or the store, she refinished the iron herself. On the bed, too, were her clock, dictionary, and bottle of Christian Dior perfume. Now it made sense to Norma for her to take home the perfume — even she didn't trust herself with Winifred's perfume — but the iron, radio, dictionary? This was too much. Once curiosity overcame her and she had to ask why. "Yes," of course we have an iron," Winifred told her, "and a radio and a clock." But I just like to use my own." Norma looked at her, and went down to the basement to watch the television and drink a coke. As she told Ellen later, she didn't have the heart to ask her about the dictionary.

One night when Winifred was going out with her parents, Norma decided to stay in the room and study. She was lying on the bed reading her chemistry book when Winifred came in, took two aspirins, and began undressing for bed. For some odd reason, Norma thought she smelled chocolate cake. Of course it must have been her imagination. Then she happened to see Winifred on her knees, feeling around in the bottom dresser drawer. She watched her take out a suitcase key on a long black ribbon. Winifred picked up a square white box that had been hidden under a blue sweater on the bed. Softly she tiptoed to the closet, pushing the desk chair in front. Norma watched over the edge of her chemistry manual and finally stopped reading altogether. She heard a key turn in a lock, and a suitcase snap open. In about five minutes with an almost pleased expression on her face, Winifred came out of the closet and began brushing her teeth. Norma absent-mindedly counted the swishes of the toothbrush. She had memorized the pattern, ten swishes to the right, then ten to the left, and then the bottom row all over again. In a few seconds a curious gargling sound would be heard. Watching Winifred brush her teeth always fascinated her roommate. Ellen wouldn't believe Norma when she told her Winifred brushed each fourth of her teeth exactly ten times, three times a day. The mysterious rhythm of the toothbrush reminded her of the box hidden in the closet. Norma looked around, trying to think over the hum from the toothbrush. She could get that key, but no, that would not be ethical. The honor policy stated specifically — no girl is to rummage through her roommate's bottom drawer. She tried reading her chemistry assignment, gave up, and decided to go drink a coke in the basement recreation room—with people.

By the time Norma had located a dime, Winifred was turning back the sheet and fondly patting the two blankets. She placed one pillow at the foot of her bed for her feet, and another pillow at the head. That done, she pulled the bed from the wall and tucked the cover on each side securely under the mattress and away from the floor. "Bugs come off the walls," she had explained, "and the floor gets awfully dirty with you walking all over it." That "you" always bothered Norma. She was never certain whether "you" meant people collectively speaking, or just "you" Norma. Anyway, she preferred to be out of the room when Winifred performed the ceremony to the God of the two white pillows, who protected the bed from bugs. Besides, it upset Norma greatly to see that poor pink dog with orange eyes covered up for the night in a plastic drycleaner's bag.

The late show was over when Ellen and Norma returned from watching the television in the basement.

"Come in and look at her," Norma whispered. "Would you believe it's 86 degrees outside?" Ellen crept over to the blanketed hunk in the bed, swelling strangely at both ends. "Golly," she breathed, "do you think it would pop if we touched it?" "Shh-h," Norma cautioned her. "She could be awake under all of that cover, staring up at us right now." With that thought, they suddenly were overtaken by a fit of giggling. The body in the bed came up and went down with the regularity of a breathing exercise.

"Say," Ellen said between giggles, "did you ever see what was in that box you were talking about?" Norma shook her head. "Well, come on, let's find out." Norma, who was hesitant at first, finally gave in and they spent ten minutes looking through the bottom drawer for the key. Norma carried a chair to the closet, and they tried all of the suitcases until they found a lock the key would fit—the Pullman on the very bottom of the shelf. Ellen grabbed the pieces of luggage on top, while Norma pried open the Pullman lid. Ellen spoke first since balancing the other suitcases against the wall prevented her from seeing: "What is it? Hurry up, before I drop these things!"

Slowly, Norma raised the top. The fumes coming from the suitcase full of small white cardboard boxes reminded her of a stale bakery. Quietly, she lifted the top of the first white box. She did so smell chocolate cake. Norma was so excited she nudged Ellen in the ribs, almost making her drop the suitcases. They opened a few of the other boxes and found a dozen chocolate-chip cookies and a whole mince-meat pie. "How could she ever be hungry?" Ellen moaned. "And she's probably counted every little chocolate chip in the cookies." Finally, the suitcase was shut and the key was hidden in the pocket of the lavender pajamas in the drawer. They went to bed.

Winifred packed her radio, her steam-iron, her clock, and the dictionary every three weeks all year. One time when she came back with a sweet potato pie, and climbed up to store the dessert in the suitcase, she could have sworn that some of the cookies had been tampered with. And it worried her all day to think that somebody knew about the suitcase. She knew Norma wasn't in the room long enough to find out. But, just to make sure that nobody bothered her suitcase, she started staying in the room all day, between classes and meals. At night she would crawl between the covers and lie awake, waiting to hear footsteps approach her suitcase.

In the middle of the third quarter, Norma moved two doors down, with Ellen and Bonnie. Three-girl rooms were illegal, so of course she had to sleep in her own bed in 708 with Winifred. Anyway, she moved all her books and some of her clothes into 712. Winifred never seemed to mind, she even held the door open every time Norma left with another bundle.

Now, most of the time, Winifred lived in the room alone. She immediately arranged the furniture the way she wanted to arrange the furniture. She pulled her bed away from the wall — permanently. At any hour of the day, the cover was tucked under the mattress army style.

And since most of Norma's clothes were no longer on the rack, Winifred began studying in the closet. This really made a lot of sense, because there were no windows in the closet and she didn't have to worry about catching cold. She thought about moving the bed in too, but both the bed and the desk wouldn't fit, and she didn't want to close the door completely. When they asked her later, Norma didn't know how long Winifred had been living in the closet, because after a while she persuaded Ellen and Bonnie to put their beds together, and she slept in 712.

Everybody supposed Winifred was getting along all right. They never really saw her any more. Then the third weekend rolled around, and as usual, the hostess called her name over the intercom, but Winifred didn't come down. Well, how was she supposed to know she had company? Nobody can hear the intercom in the closet. When Winifred didn't answer an all-call, the hostess sent somebody upstairs to try and find her. It was a short search, she was always in the closet.

A few days after the all-call, they decided Winifred needed a rest. The house mother told her she was straining her eyes reading in such bad closet light, and sent her to the infirmary. Before she was half-way unpacked, they gave her some silly picture tests, the Name the Story kind everybody gets sooner or later in the infirmary. And this one doctor kept coming in and asking her whether she liked the college and whether Norma was her friend, and why she hadn't been to class in such a long time. Silly questions really, but she decided that the best way to get around the doctor was to ignore him completely and pretend that she was in her own closet—alone. So whenever he started infringing on her thoughts, she pretended she was cutting the closet light on again, then off, then on—which made his interviews pass very quickly. She finally discovered that if she'd make up stories for their pictures, they'd stop bothering her. So she did.

Winifred was sent to the infirmary on Thursday. The following Saturday, she was ready to go home. The girls on the front side watched her bring her stuff down from the seventh floor. Moving took a long time, because she herself insisted on carrying the big suitcase. All of her father's hints that she was too weak to carry heavy objects and calling her "Chicken" wouldn't change her mind one bit. Winifred walked down the stairs carrying the big suitcase and the dog. Of course, riding the elevator would have taken less time, but she almost hated to leave her closet. She didn't have a chance to say good-bye to Norma and Ellen. By ten-thirty they had not come by the room, so she just didn't bother to walk down two doors to 712. Besides, the stairs were at the other end of the hall.

After twenty minutes, all of the luggage was packed in the trunk of the car. "Well, Chicken, this is it," her father said, slamming the trunk top. She looked at him and placed the pink dog in a corner of the rear view window. Her father held the car door open, she crawled into the front seat, and he locked her in. The beige car turned into the street. Only the orange eyes of the pink dog looked back at the girls watching from the front windows.

THE TWISTER
ETCHING
RUTH JOHNSON



Dialogue

- It's something like a pigeon's neck
 he said
 all colors of the wheel to catch
 the sun this morning
 (a formidable magician)
- somehow like a medallion my grandmother
 had
 (long before she died)
 making her cheeks smooth and
 rose-tint soft
- The very young and very old he said
 full of worn phrases of love
 and despair
 kissing me slowly
- my grandmother died and
 her medallion
 (won for an unknown honor,
 bought for fifty cents,
 ages ago)
 was buried with her
- The sun he said does not touch the
 dull gray of graves, not
 in winter
 nor spring
 nor summer
 nor fall
just pigeons' necks he said
 kissing me

NANCY BATES LINN
St. John's College

The Merry-Go-Round

I.

The glowing infants hopped on quickly;
The wooded platform rang with their steps,
And though some tripped to the curdled mud
In their attempt, all steeds were lightly filled
As the caravan set off.
Dear parents held the little ones
Strongly in their ornate saddle trappings;
While then the journey made a start
To noble cadence, escort of these troops:
Marching to crusades far, to towered castles
In crimson-gilded lands above the studded clouds.
Circling up the silver-glossed coil,
The proud bright things pranced
Ever higher, with massive beating sides,
Until in echo, a marine light wild broke through the saw-dust mist
And the children rode alone.

II.

And so they laughed, and so they sang,
Free growing gulls, now, pumping high;
They could not see for eye-filled joy
But still, they thought, their horses knew the way.
These children, so swept on by faith
Were blind to know that favored ponies'
Eyes grew slowly blank,
And steaming mouths were ringed with rime.
No longer warm, fierce, blood-filled beasts,
Who faced a bawling tide, unturning,
But plaster-cast, fragile chipped-out dolls,
Whose backs had shrunk quite small.
One boy found thus in quick surprise
His feet could scrape the planks,
And all began at once to tell
Their frozen four-hoofed rides ran deadly down and down.

III.

Some whined in dread, clutched at the hard-wrought bleached necks,
And tried to turn them up, but all in vain they pushed.
The prism torch had flickered out and swarthed the burnished path,
Become a rock-raft, tumble road of nothing but descent.
In a sudden rush of despair
Several flew, it seemed, over the side,
And many fainted, lost their sweaty grip, then fell.
And as the wheeling demons slung
Along the rim of their numbing orb,
Only a few remained: Three wound
Tightly about the spinning steel-rigged poles.
And only one in saddle sat,
Tried to hold his finching courage firm.
A wrenching jerk, It stopped, he crouched and dared, at last, to look;
The lights were blackened, all drumming chords turned away,
While in a side-strung mirror there, he saw one dying man of gray.

SYLVIA EIDAM
Woman's College

Night Song

The water glistens
jet black
like a taut
tin drum head.
Our oars beat
like muffled
pulses, pad like
animals' feet
soft on the dark
water.

At the end of
this river
the ocean lies
foaming
and black under
a cool moon.
Combers wash
the white beaches.
The sand is cool
and white.

In the dark
thick branches
over the river
birds are sleeping
but floating
fat like a dead
log our boat
moves down stream.
On the water
the oars
pad like muffled
animals' feet, the
oars dip and
beat, beat
like dark
pulses on the
soft black
water, like cool
snow
flakes softly
on the dark
water sinking.

THOMAS W. CLARK
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Southern Winter

A hard freeze
in the South creates
paradox:
Spanish-moss-like icicles strand
the oaks;
A lonely train
hoot trembles
through the organ pipes
of echoing space;
Along the porches empty
rockers sway with ghost-like motion.
Rising mists
amid the swamps
are frozen
gasps of children,
Skating
through the swamplands on red
ice.

JEAN S. MOORE
Belmont Abbey College

Hurt Not the Sea

Hurt not the sea:
Only Xerxes ever tried,
And—the bomb testers.

And if man suffers—
Illegitimately in a non-tragic age—
And the sparrow falls,
Like a dry leaf deprived of wind momentum—
Nature,
Being neither compassionate nor fallacious,
Will not weep.

Leave the crystals of seven years' bad luck
And the pin of a day's good fortune
On the floor—symbols of superstitious
Societal constriction.

Whither thou goest I will go, but first—
Put money in thy purse
And passion text-books of curare-darted Eros.

The universe lies in wait for man
With nothing so much as disinterest—
unless some sharp eye discern
The small lone creature quivering
in the corner of the Box.

MARTHA KERLIN
William & Mary

The Trial

The day has declared itself
Guilty of a passion
For bittersweet chocolate and eavesdropping
On secrets between mother and child.
The prosecution can ascertain
From the slow defensive burn
That a false dawn
Has caused delinquency inherent
In the careless play of a serious game
And the sunstruck reason of a child.
All the evidence points to
A conflict between day and night,
A prejudice for fantastic imagery
And a madness for climbing trees.
Thus, for this lack of discipline
The bright circus-tent must close down;
And for this verdict
The sun goes down,
Goes, lining the sky's hunched brow with red,
And the face of twilight quakes.

PAMELA ANN DODES
Vassar College

A: Why are you standing there, with that stupid look upon your face. Stand up, man! Stand up straight! Look alive! It's a lovely day.

B: But it's raining.

A: Ah, yes. But a rainy today will make you appreciate a sunny tomorrow even more. If we didn't have rain you wouldn't even know what sunshine is.

B: I never thought of it that way.

A: Of course not! I didn't expect you to.

B: Then why do you mind if I stand here with a stupid look on my face?

A: I don't really.

B: Oh, (assumes the afore-mentioned expression) stance)

A: My God, man! Why are you standing in the rain anyway? Don't you even have enough sense—

B: —to come in out of the rain?

A: My very words.

B: Yes.

A: "Yes", what?

B: Yes, I have enough sense to come in out of the rain.

A: What in hell are you talking about?

B: You asked me if I had enough sense to come in out of the rain and I answered "Yes".

A: I never asked that. I started to, but you interrupted me.

B: What difference does that make? The question was still asked.

A: But I didn't ask it. I might have said, "Don't you have enough sense to come in out of the sun? Only mad-dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun, you know." I might have wanted to say that, but I never would have gotten the chance because you interrupted me.

B: But why would you have said that since it's raining?

A: Say what?

B: What you said.

A: What the hell are you talking about?

B: "Don't you have enough sense to come in out of the sun? Only mad-dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun, you know."

A: What do you mean, I don't have enough sense to come in out of the sun? And even if I didn't have enough sense to come in out of the sun, what difference would it make? It's raining.

B: I know it's raining.

A: Then why are you standing there? Don't you have enough sense to come in out of the rain?

B: I'm beginning to wonder.

A: Wonder, wonder everywhere, nor any drop to drink.

B: I beg your pardon?

A: I said, "Wonder, wonder everywhere, nor any drop to drink."

B: That's what I thought you said.

A: Then why did you ask me to repeat it?

B: I just wanted to make sure.

A: Sure about what?

B: Sure about what you said.

A: Oh? What did I say?

B: You said, "Wonder, wonder everywhere nor any drop to drink."

A: I said that?

B: You did.

A: Funnv. I don't remember it.

B: Remember what?

A: I don't know. I forgot.

B: Oh.
 (Pause in conversation)

A: You never answered my question.

B: What question?

A: "Why are you standing there?"

B: Will you please stick to the same subject?

A: It is unnecessary for you to use the word "same".

B: I'm sorry.

A: You're forgiven.

B: Thank-you.

A: You're welcomed.

B: I'm waiting for the bus.

A: What?

B: I'm waiting for the bus.

A: What?

B: I'm waiting for the bus.

A: Why do you keep saying that?

B: Because you asked.

A: I asked what?

B: You asked me why I am standing here.

A: I did?

B: Yes.

A: That's odd.

B: Why do you say that?

A: Because I don't care why you are standing there.

B: Then why did you ask?

A: I don't know.

B: Oh.
 (pause in conversation)

A: I'm J. P. Longfellow, of Longfellow, Smythe, Hinson, Snodgrass, and Ouackenbush.

B: Nice to meet you. (Extends hand, presumably for hand shake)

A: Is it really?

B: Is it really what?

A: Nice.

B: Is what really nice?

A: Is it really nice to meet me?

B: I don't know.

A: Why not?

B: I just met you.

A: But you said it was.

B: Was what?

A: You said it was nice to meet me.

B: I said that?

A: Yes, you did.

B: I must have said it some time ago. I actually don't recall saying it at all.

A: It wasn't really too long ago.

B: What wasn't.

A: It wasn't really too long ago that you said it was nice to meet me.

B: It must have been because I don't usually change my mind about things like that.

A: You've changed your mind?

B: Not really changed it. I'm just not sure that I really meant what I said the first time.

A: About it being nice to meet me?

B: No. About the rain.

A: What rain? It's not raining.

B: That's what I mean. It's not raining.

A: Then why did you say it was in the first place?

B: Because it was.

A: Yes, it was, wasn't it?

B: Yes.
 (pause in conversation)

A: What time is it?

B: I'm sorry, I don't have a watch.

A: That's too bad.

B: Yes.

A: Everyone should have a watch.

B: Why do you say that?

A: Everyone should have a watch so he would always know what time it is.

B: I don't have a watch and I know what time it is.

A: But you said you didn't.

B: I said that I didn't have a watch.

A: That has been established.

B: Why do you ask?

A: I didn't ask anything.
 B: You did.
 A: What?
 B: What what?
 A: What did I ask?
 B: You asked what time it was.
 A: But there's no sense in knowing what time it was. I want to know what time it is.
 B: What do you men there's no sense in knowing what time it was?
 A: I mean, once the time is passed, what's the use of knowing what time it was where it was here.
 B: A lot of use.
 A: What use?
 B: When were you born?
 A: I was born at two twenty five a.m., October twenty-first, nineteen hundred and seven.
 B: That's the use of knowing what time it was.
 A: What's the use?
 B: So when you die, they will be able to calculate exactly how long you lived, to the second, assuming of course, that they know exactly what time, to the second, you died.
 A: Oh, I'm beginning to see.
 B: I thought you would.
 A: When is your bus coming?
 B: What bus? I don't own any buses.
 A: The bus you are waiting for.
 B: Oh, that bus.
 A: Yes. Is there any other bus?
 B: I'm sure there must be.
 A: Yes, you're right. There must be.
 B: Thank-you.
 A: Thank-me for what?
 B: For saying I was right.
 A: Oh, you're very welcome.
 B: In about half an hour.
 A: What?
 B: In about half an hour.
 A: What in about half an hour?
 B: My bus.
 A: What bus? You said you didn't have any buses.
 B: I don't. I mean the bus I'm waiting for.
 A: Oh, are you waiting for a bus?
 B: Yes.
 A: What time do you expect it?
 B: In about half an hour.
 A: Good.
 B: Why do you say that?
 A: Say what?
 B: Say "good".
 A: Because I'm waiting for a bus too, and it should be here in about half an hour.
 B: How do you know that?
 A: Because only one bus ever goes by this way, so you must be waiting for the same one I'm waiting for and if your bus, or the one you're going to ride, is coming in about half an hour, then the one I am going to ride must be coming in about half an hour also.
 B: Did you ever take Geometr?
 A: Yes, as a matter of fact, I did. Why do you ask?
 B: Deductive reasoning.
 A: Beg pardon.
 B: Deductive reasoning.
 A: Come again.
 B: You used deductive reasoning.
 A: When?
 B: Just a few sentences ago.
 A: I did?
 B: Yes.
 A: Are you sure?
 B: Positive.
 A: Then I must have used it.

B: That's what I said.
 (pause in conversation: an old man has come on stage, a large pack on his back, picking up sticks and twigs)
 A: Who's that?
 B: Who's who?
 A: That. Him. That man over there.
 B: Over where?
 A: Over there.
 B: OOhh. Over there.
 A: Yes. What did you think I said?
 B: I didn't really think about it.
 A: That's the trouble with society today. It doesn't think.
 B: I think I agree with you.
 A: Good. That's a step in the right direction. Yessir.
 B: I wonder what he's doing.
 A: Who?
 B: That man over there.
 A: That one?
 B: Yes. The one with the bundle on his back.
 A: Oh, that one. Yes, I see him.
 B: Well, what is he doing?
 A: How should I know?
 B: Well, why don't you ask him?
 A: Ask him what?
 B: Ask him what he's doing.
 A: But I might miss the bus.
 B: I'll wait here and call you if it comes.
 A: Alright.
 (moves slowly in the direction of the third party, then comes back)
 I'm frightened.
 B: Why?
 A: He might see me.
 B: He's supposed to see you.
 A: Oh. Why?
 B: So you can ask him what he's doing.
 A: Why don't you come with me?
 B: Who'll wait for the bus?
 A: We'll ask him to.
 B: Alright.
 (they walk to the third man)
 A: Well, go ahead and ask him.
 B: Ask him what?
 A: What he's doing.
 B: That's your job.
 A: Are you sure?
 B: Yes, now get to it.
 A: I'm going. I'm going.
 (walks to C and taps him on the shoulder)
 I beg your pardon —
 C: Granted.
 A: Thank-you.
 C: You are most welcome, I assure you.
 A: Please pardon me for interrupting you —
 C: Oh, I'm not doing anything, just picking up sticks.
 A: Thank-you for your trouble.
 C: Oh, it's no trouble, I do it every day.
 A: Do what every day?
 C: Pick up sticks.
 A: Oh, I see.
 (walks back to B)
 He's picking up sticks.
 B: How noble of him.
 A: Why do you say that?
 B: Because it is.
 A: As good a reason as any, I suppose.
 B: Yes. Did you find out why he is picking up sticks?
 A: No, I didn't think to ask.
 B: That was foolish of you.
 A: Why do you say that?
 B: While you were taking the trouble to ask him what he was doing, why didn't you ask him why he was

doing it as well. It would have saved you a trip.
A: But I didn't ask him what he was doing.
B: Then how did you find out?
A: He told me.
B: You mean he told you without your even asking?
A: Yes.
B: Ah ha! He must be up to something!
A: Why do you say that?
B: People don't volunteer information unless they are nervous. And they aren't usually nervous unless they're up to something.
A: But what could he be doing?
B: Laying mines.
A: Ah. I never thought of that.
B: Of course not, you're stupid.
A: You're the one that didn't have sense enough to come out of the rain.
B: But it's not raining now, so what difference does it make?
A: None.
B: Well then, just go back and ask him why he's picking up sticks.
A: But what if he's laying mines?
B: Don't be foolish. Why would he be doing a thing like that?
A: I don't know.
B: Just go ask him.
A: Alright.
(goes back to C)
Pardon me again, but why are you picking up sticks?
C: Why am I picking up sticks?
A: Yes.
C: For firewood.
A: I see. Why do you need fire wood?
C: So I can build a fire.
A: Don't you have a furnace?
C: If I had a furnace, why would I be picking up fire wood? It's not easy work, you know.
A: I don't know. Yes, I know.
C: Make up your mind. Don't contradict yourself.
A: I wasn't.
C: You said, "I don't know. Yes, I know".
A: I know.
C: Well, what do you mean by that?
A: I mean, I don't know why you would be picking up fire wood if you had a furnace, and yes, I know that picking up fire wood is not easy work.
C: Oh, I see now.
A: Good. No hard feelings?
C: No hard feelings.
(A returns to B)
A: He says he's collecting fire wood to build a fire.
B: What kind of fire does he intend to build?
A: I didn't think to ask.
B: That was foolish.
A: Why was that foolish?
B: What if he meant to build a fire under you?
A: Why would he want to do a thing like that?
B: I don't know, but if he suspected that you suspect him of laying mines, he might not want you running around shouting his secrets.
A: Do you really think he's dangerous?
B: I don't know, but it's your duty to your country to find out.
A: Why isn't it *your* duty?
B: Because I have to stay here and run after the bus in case it comes. There is no one watching for it you know.
A: No. I had forgotten.
B: When you go to ask him what kind of fire he is going to build, why don't you ask him if he would mind looking out for our bus?
A: Good idea.
B: Yes, now run along.
A: Alright.
(A returns to C:)
Pardon me again, but we were just discussing you, and we wondered what kind of fire you intend to

build?
C: How many different kinds of fire are there?
A: I haven't ever counted.
C: I thought not. There are many kinds of fires I could fire to burn their young bodies as they die in winter or a fire to warm the weak broth they must cat or a when the ground is too cold to dig in. I could build a fire in my heart, the fire of passion, the fire o flove, to keep me warm when the winds blow. I could build a greedy fire to melt down all the gold I do not have, so I could spend it on all the things I do not want. I could build a fire to lay waste cities and fields and homes and families, because I am jealous of them. I could build a fire to burn offerings to God. Or I could add my wood to the fires of hell. There are many different fires I could build.
A: And which kind are you going to build?
C: I am a long way from home, and the winds will begin to blow soon, so I will build a fire to warm my hands so that I may work and return home again. I will kindle the flame in my heart for those who are now far from me. I will build a little fire to warm the food that warms my stomach, so that I may have strength to continue.
A: And how much wood does it take to build a fire like this?
C: Not very much.
A: Then why do you keep picking up sticks? You seem to have plenty for those needs.
C: I am collecting wood to build a bigger fire also. The fire of love in all men's hearts. I need many sticks to kindle brotherhood. It will take a long time to gather that much wood.
A: Yes, I guess it will.
(pauses as C continues his endless task)
I hate to bother you, but could you stop long enough to watch for our bus?
C: Watch for your bus?
A: Yes, the one we must catch shortly.
C: I suppose so. Where do I watch for it?
A: Over there.
(C shoulders his bundle and moves to bus-stop; A returns to B)
B: Well what did you find out?
A: He is going to watch for the bus.
B: Good, good. What kind of fire is he planning to build?
A: He told me many kinds.
B: Such as?
A: It was all rather confusing.
B: That is not for you to decide. Tell me what he said.
A: He told me that there were many fires he could build.
B: Well, well, go on, go on.
A: He said he could build a fire to burn his children, or to destroy cities and people. He said he could add to the fires of hell.
B: Ah ha. See. You are very brave to talk to such a man.
A: I am?
B: Yes, man. He could have killed you.
A: Killed me?
B: Yes. Can't you see that he's dangerous. We've proved it. Burning children and cities, what more could you ask for? That man's a maniac. We must do something.
A: Do something?
B: Yes, Yes. Don't just ask stupid questions, think of something.
A: Think of something?
B: Yes, that's what I said, think of something.
A: I heard you.
B: Then think, by God, think!
A: I'm thinking.
B: Good.
A: What time is it?
B: How should I know. I don't have a watch.
A: Oh yes, you don't have a watch.
B: Why do you want to know what time it is?
A: I was wondering how long it would be until the bus comes.
B: I don't know. Besides he's watching for it, isn't he?



LOST
LINOLEUM BLOCK
ALLI NICHOLSON

Alli / 62

A: Who?

B: What do you mean, "Who?"

A: I mean, who's watching for the bus?

B: The man, the maniac, the murderer of his own children and countrymen!

A: Oh, the wood gatherer. Yes, he's watching for the bus.

B: That's what I said.

A: Yes, I know.

B: Damn! You're hopeless! Here we are in the presence of a murderer and you keep trying to change the subject. Hopeless.

A: Yes.

B: What are you mumbling now?

A: Nothing.

B: We've got to stop him.

A: Pardon?

B: We've got to stop him.

A: Stop whom?

B: Him!

A: Oh, him.
(pause while they think; the wood gatherer hums some original tune)

B: What's that?

A: What's what?

B: That noise?

A: The wind? He said the wind would come soon.

B: What on earth are you babbling about? Ssshhh. Listen.
(pause while they listen to the humming)
I think he's humming a death song!

A: Who? Oh, him.

B: Yes, him. Look at him. Not so obviously. Out of the corner of your eye. There. Listen. He's plotting something.

A: All I hear is some humming.

B: That's what I mean, stupid. Murderers always hum when they're plotting something.

A: Maybe he's just wondering when the bus will come so he can go back to picking up sticks.

B: We've got to stop him.

A: From picking up sticks?

B: No! We've got to stop him before he murders us!

A: You mean he's going to kill us? Him? I never would have thought so from talking to him. He doesn't seem the type.

B: Of course not. You don't think he'd advertise it, do you?

A: I guess not. Do you really think he's planning to kill us?

B: Of course. We know his plans.

A: What plans?

B: To destroy the world!

A: Destroy the world?

B: Yes, yes. He said so himself. Don't you remember?

A: Sort of.

B: Of course you do. There's only one way to stop him.

A: Stop him? Why do we want to keep him from picking up sticks?

B: Because he's going to kill us!

A: If he's going to kill us, we must stop him.

B: Yes, yes. We must kill him.

A: Kill him? Kill him? Why don't we just call the police?

B: Because there is no phone.

A: We can wait till we get off the bus to call them.

B: We'll never live to get on the bus. Don't you see?

A: Yes, we must kill him.
(pause)
How?

B: How what?

A: How are we going to kill him?

B: We can beat him to death. There are two of us.

A: But that's so messy. With our bare hands?

B: No. With sticks.

A: But he has them all.

B: We'll buy some from him.

A: Do you think he'll sell?

B: Of course. Obviously he needs money.

A: Yes. Obviously.

B: Listen. The humming has stopped. We must work

fast. Come on.
(They go to C)
We were wondering if we might buy some sticks from you?

C: Buy some sticks from me?

A: Yes, buy some sticks from you. Big ones.

C: But why do you need sticks if you are waiting for a bus?

B: Don't evade the issue. Are you going to sell us some sticks or aren't you?

C: Well, if you really want them, I'll give them to you. They were free to me.

B: No, no, we must pay for them. That's only fair.

C: Here, take the ones you want.

A: Here's a good strong one. (he swings it in the air)

B: (aside) Don't be so obvious.

A: Who's being obvious?

B: You are!

A: Oh, I'm sorry.

B: We'll take these two.

C: Fine. They were a little large for me to use anyway.

B: Oh?

C: Yes. It's sometimes hard to get the big ones buying.

B: Yes, yes, you have a point there. Yes, a good point there. (Whispers to A) See what did I tell you. He's a murderer.

C: Pardon? I didn't catch the last part of that.

B: It was nothing, I was just commenting to my friend what nice sticks these are.

A: Yes, he just said what fine sticks these are. Fine, fine sticks.

C: Well, thank you. Now if you'll pardon me, I have some work to do.
(he reaches down to pick up his bundle. As he is swinging it onto his shoulder, the other two mistake it for an aggressive movement and retaliate by striking him again and again until he lies motionless at their feet)

B: There! What did I tell you? He tried to kill us. Thank God we were prepared.

A: I never killed a man before.

B: What? What?

A: I said I never killed a man before. I've never seen so much blood. Look all over me, all over you, all over the ground, all over everywhere. All I see is red, RED. I don't even like red!

B: Thank God. Thank God, we're safe. If I had listened to you we'd be lying there instead of him.

A: Yes, we'd be lying there instead of him. We'd be lying there instead of him.

B: Quit crying. Be thankful you are alive.

A: Yes. Be thankful that I am alive.
(pauses) He's dead isn't he?

B: Yes. He's dead.

A: He's dead and cold. He said that it would be cold soon. I wonder if he knew.

B: Knew what?

A: Knew that he would die today?

B: How should I know if he knew?

A: When he was talking about fire, he said that he had a bigger fire to build than the one that could destroy cities.

B: My God! He was going to burn the whole world!

A: No. He said he was collecting sticks to build a fire of brotherhood and love.

B: What?

A: Brotherhood and love.

B: Oh.
(Long pause; rain starts)
It's raining.

A: Yes.

B: Perhaps it would be better to go home and wait for the bus tomorrow.

A: Yes. Tomorrow might be sunny.

B: Yes. And we can appreciate it because we have seen the rain.

A: Yes.
(they remain in silence)
The rain is warm.

B: Yes. Like tears.

A GAME FOR A DARK DAY

By

EDYTHE SCHINDLER
West Miami, Florida

"Ham, ain't you coming out?"

The small voice sounded sulky. Ham leaped to the door and flung it open, exposing a quivering, saturated landscape and Gloria Amanda Southworth. She looked so awful white against the dark, washed-out day, her thin little face beaded with separate plops of rain, her yellow hair and the fuzz on her long white arms and legs plastered flat. She was standing on the rickety porch, dripping all over the place like spilled milk.

"Well, ain't you?"

He shook his head very fast and very gravely and when he was quite dizzy, he stopped.

"Why?" And it was inevitable that Gloria Amanda would flutter her long eyelashes.

"Cause." His mouth opened wide. He stuck out his fat little tongue and with the greatest of ease rolled it over, leaving the underside sticking out all slippery and pink as a baby's behind. And he didn't even have to twist his mouth to do it.

She stared at his tongue.

"Jeepers, jeepers," he said, brushing some spit off his chin with his sweater sleeve, "My poppa is coming home today."

"Can't. He's in jail."

"He's not. He can."

"Is too. He stole. Don't you know nothing, Ham boy?"

"Did not." He looked beyond her to the gate, open and swinging wide in the rain, as if he really expected that longed-for figure to clump down the path, scoop him up and march right into the empty house with him, leaving Gloria Amanda, all wet and alone, outside.

"Did too. My momma says she really put herself out to get your poppa work on account of your momma's gonna have a baby and all. Don't pay, my momma says, to help colored people."

"Docs too."

"She says your poppa, he's not God fearing."

Ham shivered. "He is too afraid."

"He is not, not, not. So there. You coming out, Ham, ole Ham bone, or not? Why are you staying home anyway?"

"My momma made me promise. Too wet out."

"She's not here, is she?"

"No. Went to work."

"Well?"

Ham turned and looked hard and long into the dingy empty house. Then very carefully he closed the door behind him. He stepped off the porch into the wet, soggy day and shuffled silently behind Gloria Amanda down the twisty path leading to her house on the edge of the lake. The black earth squooshed under his feet. It smelled strong. Then he saw the lake wriggling, all dimpled yet lonely in the rain which had been pelting it for almost three weeks now.

"How come your momma let you out, Gloria Amanda?"

"Dumb bunny. She's playing cards. In the afternoons, all mommas play cards and talk about the ladies who aren't there. Then they eat tiny, little sandwiches with big fat olives on them. Everybody knows that."

Ham said, "Jeepers, jeepers." He longed to be like Gloria Amanda and almost eight and know so many things. He longed for his momma to eat big fat olive sandwiches and for the rain to stop and for his poppa to come home.

"Why you want to play with me, Gloria Amanda?"

"Nobody else can get out, dopey," she said flatly.

"Oh. Well, what do you want to play?"

They had reached her house and the shelter of the big double garage filled with old furniture and Gloria Amanda's broken toys. He hurried over to the hot water heater which stood all shiny and white in a corner next to the beat up ice box the Southworths weren't using any more. He rubbed himself up and down against the heater and its warmth felt good. Gloria Amanda found a big towel in a laundry basket. She draped it over herself and squirmed all around in it. Her hair began to dry and screw up into long, springy curls that made him think of snakes.

"I know," she said.

"What?"

Gloria Amanda giggled. "We'll play laundry and you'll be a sack of dirty ole clothes. I'll put you in the washing machine and spin you around till you get nice and clean and white."

He frowned nervously. "You silly. Besides," and his eyes were round and solemn in his brown face, "I could never ever get nice and white."

"Well, what shall we play?"

"Dunno."

"You never have any good ideas."

His mouth opened wide.

"There goes your tongue again!" Gloria Amanda was yelling.

"Now I won't tell you the game I thought of."

"Who cares. Probably some big ole fat lie of a game anyway."

"I wasn't."

"Bet it was, was, was."

"Jeepers, jeepers, your momma's gonna hear us."

Then Gloria Amanda was quiet and he knew she was thinking. She stalked around the garage. He began to feel excited. You never could tell what Gloria Amanda would come up with. He saw her glance at a pile of neatly stacked newspapers. She walked over and looked at the top page. He went and stood next to her. She was studying on a picture. But since he couldn't read, he fixed his eyes on Gloria Amanda instead. Her eyes were narrowed and looked like tiny slits of grey sky. Her little lips were silently shaping words. They must have been hard for her because she was crooking her face all up and was even sweating a little. He could smell it. He followed her eyes and stared at a mean-looking grey-black cloud.

"Let's play atom war," she said.

"Atom war," he echoed.

"Yes, stupid. I bet you don't even know what atom war is."

"Do too."

"All right then. Tell me."

He opened his mouth, and his tongue rolled over.

Gloria Amanda yelled, "You're gonna tell a whopper. I knew it. I knew it. You don't know." She danced around and shrieked in an ecstasy of being right. Finally, she fastened her eyes on his and intoned, "Atom war is when the world comes to an end."

Dazed, he stared at her. Then he let out a hoot and holler. He doubled up, all twisted with giggles and snorts. When he could squeeze out the words, he said, "Now who's dumb. The world comes to an end when Gabriel blows his horn."

"Oh yeah," she hollered. "If you could just read, I'd prove it to you. It's all right here in the newspaper."

He stood very still.

"In an atom war they drop this here bomb that's worse than all the other bombs in the world put together. There's a big crash and then a big light. And that light is so bright and hot, it can even kill the sun, and anyone who looks at it will for sure die, right on the spot."

"From the light?"

"From the light. And if the light don't get you, there's this here dust from the bomb. Even if you're a

thousand miles away, the dust will kill you. And if you're like maybe five thousand miles away, it will just make your blood stop running and your eyes fall out and your nose falls off."

He shrugged and a knowing smile relaxed his tense face. "Dust can't kill you."

"Shut up." She walked away from him to the window and stood looking out at the dreary rain. "And the rain, the rain will carry this here dust wherever it will go. And the rain will carry the dust all over the world."

Ham wished the rain would stop.

"Even little babies not born yet, why when they are born, they'll come out all funny with no noses and ears like goats and feet like ducks and tongues like snakes and . . ."

"Liar!" he screamed. "Big fat liar. My new baby is gonna be pretty. My momma told me."

"Oh yeah. Listen, you want to play or not."

"I guess so."

"After the atom war all the food will be dirty and all the animals dead and," her voice got thick and round and rolling, "all life on earth will end."

"All?"

"All except," she grinned wisely, "Them that's got a shelter."

Ham made a decision. "We got to have us a shelter."

"Right."

"How about that storage ledge up there for a shelter?" he asked, all the time worrying about his momma and the new baby and, of course, his poppa and all the people in his poppa's lodge and the preacher and all the Southworths.

"Stupid, the dust will get all over us up there. We need something better than that."

"Oh."

He looked around the garage. "I know. I know."

"What?"

"Your ole ice box."

Gloria Amanda looked doubtful.

"It's just right. Nothing can get us in there." He ran to the ice box and began pulling out the rusty old shelves. Then, warming to the game, he said, "We should bring in some chickens and two birds and two fish and two . . ."

"Oh for goodness sake, you're thinking of the ark. This ain't it." Gloria Amanda was disgusted. "Now get it straight, else we can't play it right."

"I know how, you'll see," he said. He climbed up the ice box. "Come on, Gloria Amanda," he yelled, pleased that at last he had contributed to the game. "We can both fit."

Gloria Amanda came slowly toward him and climbed inside the old ice box next to Ham.

Before she could stop him, Ham pulled the door closed. And as he did he happened to glance out the garage window. There, in the late afternoon sky, he saw the beginnings of a rainbow.

The ice box smelled rotten. Gloria Amanda was taking quick big breaths like she'd been running fast or was scared. He shrank away from her, curling up tight in his corner. He could feel something awful hanging in the still, heavy air all around him. Then, in the same moment and without exchanging a word, they both began to push and yank and pound on the door. But it wouldn't budge. He could feel Gloria Amanda's eyes on him, hating him, blaming him. And all the time she was whining that it was all his fault they were locked in the ice box—all his fault they were going to die, die, die.

Die. Me, oh no, he thought, no. An icy spot of terror ripped through him. He was afraid, so afraid.

"Momma," he sobbed. "Momma, I don't want to die. I don't want to die with Gloria Amanda Southworth."

Ham clawed at the door and cried hard and wished he had listened to his momma. He swore to himself that if he ever got out of there, he would never ever break a

promise again. He would never listen to Gloria Amanda again. He wouldn't care any more that his momma had to work all the time and couldn't play cards in the afternoons like Gloria Amanda's momma did, and he wouldn't care so much that his poppa didn't come home every night like Gloria Amanda's with a box of strawberry ice cream from Carter's Drug Store downtown. He would be very good and help his momma, and he would even listen to Preacher Hardman on Sundays instead of trying to hit his shiny bald head with spitballs.

Gloria Amanda cried and yelled as hard as she could. She beat at the door and kicked at it and groaned. When finally her voice got weak and her thrashing about slower and slower, she slumped back in a gasping, weary heap.

Ham felt tired too. He let his head drop against Gloria Amanda's shoulder. She tried to shake him off, but couldn't. Great big tears tumbled off his face. He could feel them sliding down his arm. Gloria Amanda was crying too. In the awful quiet in the ice box, the sound of their tears was the last sound he remembered.

He must have fallen asleep because soon he was dreaming or knowing somehow that the atom bomb had dropped and that they stayed in their shelter for a long time. Afterwards he found out that Gloria Amanda, was right, after all.

"Gloria Amanda," he was saying, "It is the end of the world all right and everything and everybody is most gone."

But she didn't answer him.

He wanted so badly to tell Gloria Amanda everything, all he was knowing and seeing. Most of all he wished she would look at him because his tongue was all straight inside his mouth where it belonged. He wanted her to see he wasn't afraid any more.

"Gloria Amanda," he said, "You know what? You know why I'm not afraid any more? You know who all is left? Well, there's no dogs or chickens or birds. And there's no white people left around any more at all. Not even any Southworths. Jeepers, jeepers, all that's left is colored people."

But she still wouldn't answer him or look at him. Wasn't that just like Gloria Amanda?

"You know what else Gloria Amanda? This'll really get you. Well hold on now. But I know what God looks like. I really do. Honest. I'm not fibbin'."

Something was snatching him back and away from all he was knowing. Something was pressing down on him. Was it hands, thick heavy hands pressing down harder and harder? Now he heard the sound of tears again. Wildly, he flung out his hands to hold on to his dream, but someone grabbed them and pulled them up and down, up and down. He had to heed that force; he wanted to heed it, yet there was something in his dream he wanted to be sure to never, ever let go of, something that sort of evened things up between him and Gloria Amanda.

He gulped and greedily, longingly, just as his poppa strained at a bottle of shine, swallowed down great gobs of sweet air. His chest ached and he felt sore all over.

There was a voice saying, "Well, here he is now. We've got this one back too."

The voice sounded tired and weary, yet glad.

"Gloria Amanda," he whispered.

Someone said, "She's here son. She's doing just fine. Now don't you fret none."

He sat up. "Gloria Amanda." She had to hear him. "Hey listen, please. I saw God. I really did. And you know what? You know who He looks like? Jeepers, He looks just like my poppa. Gloria Amanda, God is colored."

He heard her, faintly at first, and then her voice became loud and shattering. Gloria Amanda Southworth said, "God is not colored. He is not, not, not."



PENCIL SKETCH
LINDA REES

It's been a month of snows
And each day comes quieter than before
As if the land is choking
On the black smoke that winds from
Country fires around here.
Yesterday, when it was nearing supper-time
I sat by the front window watching
snow geese rustle together
Like old corn stalks in a field
As they paddled in drunken circles
By the swamp.

Lately the nights seem thick
As if the soot from neighbors's fires
Was covering the land worse than the snow.
And I dream the same dream
Night after night when it's black
And I fall asleep before the burned out fire.
A lonely white bird drifts
Before me
And white specks wind in circles
Behind the lone bird
Until the dark is blotted by
Thousands of wings
Beating the air.

Once, I remember, there was a flash fire
In the swamp. Rows of trees
Glowed with white fire
Until they fell into the mud and
Only a few stumps rose as dark men
Keeping watch over the purification
Of the land
And the air was filled with black smoke
everywhere and it seemed like
Night at mid-day

And I heard the cries of the geese
As they spiraled above the swamp.
Thousands of forms climbing
From the smoke until some
Fell burning from the sky
As if they had flown too near
the sun.

It's been a long time
Since the geese came
And most of the people that
remember are gone
And I had forgotten how ugly they
look as they stretch out across the snow.

ANNE E. DAUGHTRIDGE
Woman's College

Compulsion

She doesn't want to follow,
But the snake is making a path.
The snake is green,
The trees are green,
The sun drips through,
green too.

She wants to stop,
But the path still parts.
The grass is green,
The shadows green,
The leaves float down
to green the ground.

She must return,
Because the path slides in a lake.
The moss is green,
The water green,
Where snake stems wave,
her green mouth is a cave.

TINA HILLQUIST
Woman's College



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Each year CORADDI, the fine arts magazine of the University of North Carolina Woman's College, invites contributions from university campuses throughout the country. The poetry and fiction chosen for publication in this issue will be discussed by a panel of critics on April 24, 1963, at 3:00 P.M. in the Virginia Darc Room of the Alumnae House. The Twentieth Annual Arts Forum Committee is sponsoring as panel members Peter Taylor of Ohio State University, Adrienne Rich of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Randall Jarrell, Robert Watson, and X. J. Kennedy of the University of North Carolina Woman's College.

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