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CORADDI

WOMAN'S COLLEGE *of the* UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, N. C.

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"Still Life" *by Faye Millican*

Awakening

by MARY IDOL

IT was all the same as when she had gone to sleep. The bow in the mirror made the washpan flat in the middle, and the drawer without a knob stood partly open. Outside the window the tobacco fields would stretch gray and dying as far as Wade's house, their naked stalks crumpling a little closer to the ground each day they stood in the sun. When they plowed them under, the earth would be the same color as the house, but with a sort of richness from taking nourishment at last.

She closed her eyes again. There had been a long room lighted by glass chandeliers, whose pendants tinkled and flashed pins of light just as the diamonds on the bare-shouldered women did. She stood in a gleaming dress on a platform, still feeling the throb of the song in her throat as she bowed before the roar of applause. Then there was the lawn with white bushes, ghostly in the moonlight, and the dark, thin man whose hands burned on her back as she flattened her breast against the front of his dress coat. She was about to raise her mouth to his lips when she saw the head. Her shoulders wrenched together . . . Oh, God, forgive me. Don't let me even dream such thoughts!

Jeannette leaped out of bed as the stairs screamed under Coyt's feet. Coyt's frame filled the doorway, his blood-stained slate eyes singeing her skin. "Your mother's ironing your dress."

"Oh! I didn't mean for her to do that!" Jeannette brushed past him and ran down the stairs, two at a time, into the kitchen. "I didn't mean for you to do that, Mother!"

"No, you didn't mean for her to do it," Coyt said, following her. "You thought it would just do itself while you sat on your fanny and daydreamed."

"It's finished now," Rose Chilton said. "Run get me a bucket of water, will you, Jeannette."

Jeannette took the bucket from the apple crate that stood by the door and carried it to the pump in the yard. She heard her mother say, "Jeannette needed the sleep. She was up late last night, studying."

"Oh God," she prayed, "don't let them fuss again because of me. Make me quit doing things to make him mad. He *has* been so good to me." She let her eyes follow the shelves of cloud that mounted rose and gold and deeper rose toward the flame of sun. Coyt came out of the house, walking toward the barn, and she wrenched down the handle of the pump. If she did not daydream so much she would not have such wicked thoughts. She heaved up the bucket and carried it into the kitchen.

"Is Daddy coming to church tonight?"

Her mother lifted her gullied face from the cloud of steam over the stove, brushing back a wisp of faded, pink hair. "No."

"I just wondered. I'm singing a solo."

"He's got to go over to Wade's early tomorrow. He's going to bed."

"Oh. Nancy's spending the night with Barbara Lou. She's going to come. She hasn't heard me sing before."

Rose turned back to the steam. "Are you still going to be in that play, Jeannette?"

Jeannette felt her breath catch. "I want to, if I get the part."

"Did you talk to Reverend Gibbs about it?"

"Yes, ma'm. He said if it didn't have any drinking or cursing in it, it might not be too bad."

Rose stirred the pot of turnip greens fiercely. "I guess you're set on it."

"I want to so much, Mother!" She counted the boards on the wall . . one . . two . . three . . four. "May I?"

Rose speared a piece of fatback with a fork and turned the greens into a bowl. "You'll have to get your work done up better than you've been doing."

"Oh, I will!" she cried, throwing her arms around her mother's thin shoulders. "Thanks a million!"

Rose put her arm around her waist for a minute. "You're sure it's all right, Jeannette? You're at peace with yourself about it?"

"Oh, I'm positive it's all right! It's a wonderful play, really."

Calvin shouted to the mule in the yard, "Woah, you damned she-ass!"

"He shouldn't talk that way!" Rose said.

John, his blunt, light face glowing through its crust of grime, bounded into the kitchen, bringing a track of red earth onto the scrubbed floor. "John! Get that dirt off you before you come in here!" Rose swatted at him, but he dodged, laughing.

"Wade's going to take us to tobacco market!"

"What day?" Rose said, going back, tight-lipped, to the stove.

"Friday."

"You can't go. You have to go to school."

"Daddy said we could!" John shouted from outside the door. The pump groaned as he grasped its handle and called to Calvin. The sound of their splashing was drowned as Coyt stamped into the kitchen, throwing a load of slabs into the wood box.

"Those boys can't go running off to tobacco market and just skip school," Rose said. "What did you tell them they could go for?"

"One day won't hurt 'em," Coyt said. "They get a damned sight more work done than some folks I know that don't live for anything but school." Jeannette laid a knife carefully beside a plate.

"Did you just forget about those chickens, Jeannette?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She started for the feed box.

"Well, it's just a little bit late to be remembering now. I fed them fifteen minutes ago; they've gone to roost."

"She is your sweetheart, too!" John shouted, darting away from Calvin's outstretched hands as he leaped into the room and slid onto a bench by the table.

"Oh, shut up," Calvin said, reaching for the plate of biscuits that Rose had just put down.

"Wait for the blessing!" Rose said, slapping his hand.

They all sat, and Coyt bowed his head. "Thank thee, Lord, for these and all thy blessings. Amen." Calvin captured the biscuits.

"Do you think you could bring yourself to work for Wade one day tomorrow?"

Jeannette picked up her spoon. "I—they're casting the play tomorrow, and I'm supposed to make a report in history."

"I'll work!" John said, sputtering biscuit. "I don't have no history report."

"I don't have *any!*" Jeannette said.

Coyt half rose. "You just keep your mouth out of the way we talk! All right, John. You're the one who'll get the pay for it, too,"

From where she sat in the choir, Jeannette could see only the back of Reverend Gibbs's head. She believed that he had had a haircut since last night. Not that he had much hair to cut — it occurred to her that the back of his head was like a ball of biscuit dough fringed with dark brown turnip greens. His shout jerked her mind guiltily back to what he was saying. Her thoughts about the biscuit dough were sacrilegious. "You'll have to give up all this going to picture shows and dancing and profaning the name of the Lord. Who makes you do these things? The devil! Oh, my friends, read of the joys of the Kingdom! Do you think you can get there with all these earthly vanities? No! you must sacrifice . . ." When she rose to sing with the quartet, she saw Nancy sitting toward the back of the church, smiling. The smile jolted on Jeannette's eyes. Was Nancy laughing at Reverend Gibbs? After the hymn she pushed down the aisle to the entry, where she could see Nancy's round, brown head bent to hear what Barbara Lou was saying.

"Nancy!"

Nancy ran to meet her and hugged her. "Jeannette, you sang beautifully! I didn't know — you *should* be taking lessons."

Glancing over Nancy's shoulder, Jeannette saw that Barbara Lou was talking to Homer Nicholson. "I would," she said, "but it ruins your style for popular singing, and that's what I really want to do, if I decide it's okay."

"You'll be good at it! Gosh, I wish I could do something like that."

Barbara Lou was still talking to Homer. "Tommy Dorsey came to the theatre when I was staying with Aunt Elsie, and he let me sing with his band. He said when I was a little older he wanted me to come audition for him."

Nancy's brown eyes glowed with admiration. "Gosh! How old were you then?"

"Fourteen."

Nancy sighed. "It must be wonderful having an aunt who's manager of a theatre. You get to see so many wonderful people in person. You'll be ready to sing with a band by next year, I'll bet you."

Jeannette saw Barbara Lou leave Homer. "Don't tell anybody about that," she said, squeezing Nancy's hand. "It's just between us."

"I won't, but you'll make it. Don't worry."

"You did fine," Barbara Lou said to Jeannette as she came up to them, pushing back her touseled, curly hair. "You about ready to leave, Nancy? We still have our homework to do when we get home."

"Okay."

"We can take you and your mother home, Jeannette, if you want to ride."

Panic seized Jeannette. "Thanks, but we'll walk. Mother likes to walk, and besides, we'll have to find the boys."

"Okay." Nancy smiled and made her fingers into a "V" at Jeannette as she went down the steps, arm in arm with Barbara Lou. Jeanette stood watching them. She felt dirty inside. The devil had possessed her when she told Nancy that about singing with Tommy Dorsey's band and Aunt Elsie being manager of the theatre.

As they walked down the dirt road past Wade's house, Jeannette studied her mother's face in the moonlight. That face with its pale freckles and faded blue eyes tore something inside her in the same way that Reverend Gibbs's sermons did. It was as if her mother were one of the people in those sermons, the good that stood against the devil in the torture of trial. "Mother," she said, "how do you get forgiven for sins?"

Her mother looked into her face for a long time and then turned her eyes toward the sky as if praying. "You have to repent, Jeannette, and ask God to forgive you."

"But what if you don't feel forgiven, even then?"

"It's a long road, and you have to suffer. But if you suffer enough and pray to the Lord and try to do everything just like he wants you to, then some day you just know."

The boys were ahead of them, almost out of sight, so that they could hear neither their footsteps nor their voices. It seemed to Jeannette that the only unpeaceful thing in the night was her heart. "Do you feel forgiven, Mother, for — everything?"

Rose lifted her lined face toward the sky again. "I've been forgiven. I've seen my Lord."

(Continued on Page 18)

The Blue Vase

by Virginia Lynch

MR. GRIFFEN, the real estate agent, stopped the car by the side of the road, and uncovered a sign.

"Is this it? Estate of Steven T. Lee?"

I told him it was; so we got out and started walking. The weeds and bushes had grown high along the drive and the wisteria had reached the top of the crepe myrtle trees.

Mr. Griffen walked ahead. "Yes sir, it's a shame you couldn't get home for the funeral. Never seen so many people and flowers. Funny him being sick so long like that and then her going first."

The weeds had smothered the violets and jonquils that grew in the border along the walk.

"They say Preacher Langley came up here to see the doctor and he wouldn't let him in. Said he didn't want to see any preacher. I kinda thought he might break down after losing his wife and being so helpless himself. He was as hard as nails though. You couldn't break him. Yes sir, hard as nails." Mr. Griffen shrugged his shoulders, "You never can tell about people."

We made another turn in the walk and I saw the house, big and bulky with the wing that jutted out. It was not dazzling white as I remembered, but dirty-white except the side with the sun on it. There you could hardly tell the difference. The front steps were still sound, but the porch was full of scattered leaves and trash, probably blown there by the wind.

The front door was locked, but Mr. Griffen had a key. The door opened with a whine. The air inside was thick and stale, and the afternoon sun slanting through the lace curtains highlighted the dust on the tables and chairs and on the floor. Every chair, every what-not was just as I had remembered. I walked through the back hall which was always dark in the afternoon, to the back livingroom. Mr. Griffen followed me with short shuffling steps. He said that he believed he would sit down and rest a minute. It was a hot day to take much exercise. He fanned himself with his straw hat.

"Guess it seems kinda strange coming back after so long, don't it?" he said. "Is everything like you remembered it? Do you remember much about the Doc?"

Yes, everything was just as I had remembered it. The high ceilinged rooms, the dark woodwork, the cuckoo clock, and even the worn places in the rug. I remembered one evening Dr. Lee was playing solitaire. My aunt, Miss Susie, as he called her, was reading her Sunday school lesson. I was pretending to study my Latin. Frisky was asleep on the hearth, but every now and then he would whine and look up at Dr. Lee until he got a piece of peppermint candy. Sometimes Miss Susie would say that he shouldn't waste candy on a dog, and Dr. Lee would only wink and go on playing cards.

"Jimmie," he had said to me, "want to try a hand of set-back?"

Miss Susie put her Sunday school book down, but Dr. Lee didn't notice. He made Frisky beg for a piece of candy while I dealt the cards.

She said, "Jimmie, have you studied your Latin?"

Dr. Lee picked up his hand. "He's studied enough tonight." He patted Frisky on the head. "Hasn't he, Frisky?"

Miss Susie opened the desk drawer behind me and put a pack of Rook cards on the table. "Let's all play a nice game of Rook."

Dr. Lee gathered up his cards, and shuffled them. "No, Miss Susie, we don't want to play any Rook."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe with the head like a skull; then pushed his chair back, and got up. He wound the clock on the mantle, and went upstairs.

Miss Susie picked up her Sunday school book again, but she didn't read it. "Jimmie, your uncle's really

"MEN" *by Anne Pollard*

a good man." She ran two fingers up and down the crease in the book.

The light from the lamp over her head brought out the red in her graying hair. Uncle Lee had told me once that when he first saw Miss Susie he was at Myrtle Beach. He said that he had never seen such pretty red hair in his life. It was loose and hanging down her back. Somebody had told him that she was in school preparing to be a missionary. Uncle Lee said he just couldn't see all that beautiful red hair wasted on the heathens; so he decided to marry Miss Susie. Once I heard her say to my mother, "I was such a child when I married." Then in a lower voice, "It was a shock that I'll never get over."

When I came to live with them Miss Susie insisted that I take piano lessons. One night Dr. Lee brought home the music to "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss."

"Try this," he said to me. "Somebody left it in my office."

Miss Susie picked up the music and her small freckled hands shook as she stared at it. "This used to be our song." She turned to Dr. Lee, but he had already gone upstairs. She got as far as the foot of the steps, and then stopped. "It's time to start supper, I guess."

I learned to play the piano, but every time I played it while Dr. Lee was home he said that he wanted to listen to the radio.

Every summer the Methodist church had a revival meeting for a week with an out-of-town preacher. This time an old school friend of Miss Susie's was coming and she wanted to invite him to supper Sunday night. Dr. Lee said that suited him all right, but Miss Susie wanted him to go to the service afterwards. He said he wasn't going. The day of the revival Miss Susie whimpered all through breakfast. I was afraid to look up from my plate because I knew Dr. Lee was harrassed.

"Can't you wait until after breakfast?" he said.

"If you loved me you'd go to church tonight." She talked between sniffles. "You don't love me, do you?"

He threw down his napkin. "My God—No," and left the table.

The night of the revival meeting I stayed home with him. We didn't play set-back that night. It was hot, so we sat out in the lawn chairs. Dr. Lee talked about his school days at The Citadel. One night he waked up and his tent was full of water, and some of the boys had taken his blankets. He told me about the hikes, and about the sewing kit his mother made for him that he still had. Once, he said, they were alerted for an earthquake, and nearly all the boys stayed up all night waiting for it, but he went to bed.

"I knew that if my time had come, sitting up wouldn't change it, and if it hadn't the whole building could fall in and it wouldn't bother me, so I went to bed."

As we sat in the dark and watched the stars and listened to the bullfrog in the ditch across the road and the crickets in the grass I wondered what he believed in. What made him so strong? Where did he get his security? I thought that night that he would never die, that he was as indestructible as the big oak tree at the side of the house, or the house itself as it stood half exposed in the moonlight.

When Miss Susie came home we went inside. She said that it was such a wonderful service, and that Reverend Langley sent the Doctor his regards. Dr. Lee took out his watch and said he believed he would go on up.

Miss Susie and I went back to the kitchen to fix the cats for the night. She told me about the revival meeting while I ate a peanut butter sandwich.

"If Dr. Lee had heard him," she folded the clean dishtowels, "he would appreciate a smart man like Mr. Langley."

She put the milk and peanut butter back in the refrigerator. "Did you notice how well they got along at supper tonight?"

I couldn't answer her because my mouth was full, and I didn't want to meet her eyes, so I bent over to fix the tongue in my oxfords.

My bed with the high carved headboard and cool sheets was always reassuring. I like to stretch to see if I could reach the end of the bed, then I would ball up in a knot because the bottom of the bed was always cold. By the grey half-light from the window I could distinguish the outline of the row of family pictures on the mantlepiece, and the mirror over the old-fashioned washstand in the corner. It started raining and the wind rattled the windows, but I wasn't afraid because I felt that the strongest wind couldn't blow this house down, or anything ever be changed here. I heard Frisky bark on the back porch and I went to sleep.

My first year at Prep school Miss Susie wrote me that Dr. Lee had had an operation that had set him back somewhat. He spent right much of his time in bed and around the house, but he expected to be back at his practice soon.

Christmas, when I came home for the first time, Miss Susie met me at the station. From my window I saw her standing alone on the platform bundled in her good brown coat with the fur collar.

"Where's Dr. Lee?" I asked. "Why didn't he come?

She unlocked the trunk of the car for my bags. "He wasn't quite up to it tonight, but he's waiting up for you." I couldn't believe that I was really home again. After all these weeks everything would be the same. I could forget that I had ever been away.

Dr. Lee was sitting in his easy chair by the radio. He didn't get up when I came in, so I went over to him. Then I saw how white his hair had gotten, and how sunk-in his face looked. He told me to stand

out so he could see me in my uniform. Now I felt strangely guilty and embarrassed because the weeks of drilling had made my back so straight, and because I was just so disgustingly young and healthy.

He wanted to know if any of my teachers at Porter were old Citadel men. We talked about Charleston, and he laughed when I told him I thought biology was hard.

After a while Dr. Lee said, "Guess we'd better turn in." Miss Susie took his arm, "Let me help you."

"I can make it." He took short halting steps from one chair to the next without any help. I didn't want to stare; so I traced a pattern in the rug with my foot. When he got to the door Miss Susie said that they had moved to the downstairs bedroom, but I still had my same room.

I sat on the side of my bed in the chilled room for a long time, not bothering to undress. The whole upstairs of the house was dark and quiet. My suitcase in the corner looked out of place. I said over and over to myself that I had come home. I was home again.

By summer Dr. Lee only got out of bed for an hour in the afternoon. He would sit up in the bed with his legs dangling over the side while Miss Susie put on his socks and bedroom shoes. The first time I saw his feet I wanted to run from the room, but I couldn't move. Miss Susie gave me a hard look because I was staring at his feet. They were swollen and thick and his ankle bones stuck out under his white skin. Miss Susie would put her arm around his waist and they would take slow steps over to the chair by the window. This was the hour that I stayed to watch him. I knew that he resented being watched like a baby, so I tried to make up a not too obvious excuse for being in the room every day. One day he said, "I know Miss Susie put you in here to nurse me, so you don't have to pretend to read that book." After that we just talked about the New Deal and Roosevelt, or about what he did when he was a boy and lived in South Carolina. He told me about the time he and another boy were sitting up at a wake and a man sitting with them told a story about a corpse getting up and walking out of a room. Dr. Lee said the boy with him got scared and ran all the way home, but it didn't bother *him*.

The afternoon sun mellowed the room, and shone in spots on the faded rug. Out the window Dr. Lee could see Miss Susie working in the flowers. "Miss Susie looks like she's digging worms, doesn't she?" he said.

Dr. Lee always went fishing every spring at Little Pee Dee Landing with Robert Crawford. This year he was in Chicago on business. But one day Miss Susie came home from the post office with a special delivery package from Robert Crawford. Dr. Lee started untying the string, but his fingers were slow and swollen at the knuckles. Neither of us offered to help him. Finally he gave it to Miss Susie to open. It was a set of fishing bait, bright-colored flies and worms.

Miss Susie laughed, "They're pretty, aren't they?"

Dr. Lee picked up a big fly and turned it over slowly in his hand so the light shone through its yellow wings, then he put it back in the box.

"Just put them on the mantle, Miss Susie, and I'll give them to John Roberts next time he comes."

One morning Dr. Lee had not slept well and Miss Susie's minister called and wanted to come to see Dr. Lee, and play some recordings of his sermons that he thought sick people would be especially interested in.

Dr. Lee said, "I'm not gonna listen to any sermons. I don't care if they are on a record."

She said, "I don't know what to tell him."

When I came down to breakfast that morning she talked about transplanting some marigolds, and having the garden weeded, but I could tell that her eyes were red and swollen. I asked how Dr. Lee was, and she dried her hands on a dishtowel.

"He didn't eat his breakfast again this morning."

At the end of the summer, just before school started again, I came home from the tennis courts about dark one afternoon. Dr. Lee was propped up in bed with his new striped pajamas on. Miss Susie was sitting in a straight chair next to the bed with a present wrapped in tissue paper in her lap. I asked her what it was. She glanced over at Dr. Lee, but he was filling his pipe.

She giggled, "This is a little anniversary present for the Doctor and me."

I told them I would go on up and get ready for supper, but she told me to stay. She handed him the large round package, and read the card: "For the Doctor and Miss Susie." He let her open it and she unwrapped it, and held up a blue glass vase.

"See," she said. "It's something we both can enjoy. I can put flowers in it for the Doctor on the table at the end of his bed."

I didn't look at Dr. Lee, and Miss Susie kept talking. She turned to Dr. Lee. "You can see the flowers in the blue vase without moving—all day long." She held the vase up to the light.

Mr. Griffen looked at his watch, and said that he was rested now. If I would select the things from the house that I wanted to keep he would arrange to sell the rest with the house.

"This blue vase is all."

"Surely you want some of the furniture. You could get a lot for some of these antiques. Some people will give a lot for a piece of old furniture."

"I have no place for them," I said. "Just the blue vase."

(Continued on Page 22)

College: The Writers' New Patron

by Anne Powell

In the past few years in colleges and universities throughout the country where creative work has been given some attention and its study and development encouraged, a new force has come into existence. Its impact is being felt upon the literature of today. This new force is in the form of a growing movement of major writers of today to return to campuses where they teach classes in writing and work with and advise young students of writing. Today the Woman's College is caught up in this movement as it plays a major role in the South in encouraging creative work.

For many years there was a system of patronage whereby outstanding literary figures were "subsidized" by patrons of the arts, encouraged and financially aided. This allowed them to devote all their time to their creations, but was available chiefly to those who had already acquired some degree of acclaim. At the end of this system many promising writers buried themselves in garrets where they worked under adverse conditions, or took up hack writing as a means of subsistence. Most of these writers were recognized either late in life or after their deaths, and most of them were only able to do their best work late in life.

Today the university has more or less taken the place of the patron for many writers. Over the country, major novelists, poets, and short story writers have taken positions on the faculties of colleges and universities. Here they find congenial working conditions and library resources at hand, and they have a certain amount of leisure time to devote to their own creative work. In many cases this contact with the young writers, getting their fresh approaches both in style and outlook, has proved stimulating.

Benefits mount, too, on the other side. For almost the first time, young writers have available the advice and criticism of older artists. Instead of struggling along with the trial and error method, through conference and seminar systems, they have the excellent means of having their mistakes pointed out at the beginning, their better qualities guided in the right directions, and a first hand ready source of answers. The merits of this system are borne out in the amount of literature being produced by young writers today, for the students of this system are producing literary creations at an earlier age.

This has now been going on long enough for at least two generations of writers to have made their influences felt through their students, now also teachers; the students of today benefit from this accumulated knowledge in teachings and writings.

The first resident writers to come to Woman's College were Allen Tate and his wife Caroline Gordon, who began teaching poetry and writing workshop in 1938. They were followed by Hiram Haydn, author of *The Time Is Noon*, and *An Account of the Renaissance*. After Haydn came Peter Taylor, student of Allen Tate, Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, John Crowe Ransom, and Randall Jarrell. Mr. Jarrell, student of Tate and Ransom, and one of the most outstanding poets of his generation in America, began teaching courses in poetry. When Peter Taylor left in 1949, Lettie Hamlett Rogers, student of Hiram Haydn while he was at Woman's College, and author of *South of Heaven*, took over the writing workshop. The writing school was increased when Mrs. Rogers returned in 1950 after a leave of absence; and Robie Macauley, young critic and writer, student of Ford Madox Ford, took over the writing workshop for a year when Taylor was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship. This is a striking example here at home of the advantages of the system.

It was the Tates who first began the Arts Forum. Although it was not such formally, they invited the first visiting artist, Ford Madox Ford, to come and speak to their writing classes. He was the first of many outstanding people in the field. Under the program of Arts Forum, Woman's College has been host to Robert Penn Warren, Robert Lowell, Isaac Rosenfeld, Lionel Trilling, Richard Blackmur, Jean Stafford, Richard Wilbur, John Crowe Ransom.

With this emphasis on the fine arts it is hard to realize that until recent years there has been little or no place for creative work on the campuses. Learning was the objective, and the struggling artist had to go it alone, virtually unaided. It is even more amazing to realize the importance of the creative arts program at Woman's College, in the South; for the School of Fine Arts is one of a kind in this area. The students here have a rare opportunity to exercise their talents under such guidance. It is a part of a new outlook, a new recognition of the place of art.

Another inheritance of the students of today seems promised along a more personal line. Peter Taylor was introduced to his wife, a former student (Eleanor Ross), by Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate; and they were married in the Tates' home. Later, Taylor introduced his friend Robie Macauley to the woman he married.

The Coraddi in this issue reviews three books, two by its resident writers and one by a former writing student. Robie Macauley has written an introduction to Ford Madox Ford's tetralogy with a keen understanding of the man and his perspective. Taylor's first short novel adds to his growing reputation as a writer with a new approach to the South. Margaret Coit, student of the Tates, has done a remarkable job in her biography of John C. Calhoun.

A Long Fourth, a book of short stories by Peter Taylor, was published in 1948 and was followed by *A Woman of Means*, his first short novel, in the spring of 1950. Taylor, a member of the Woman's College faculty, was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1950 and is at present on leave of absence doing creative writing. His first published work, a poem, appeared in the *Kenyon Review* and was followed by three stories in the *Southern Review* the following year. Since that time he has had work in the *Sewanee Review*, the *Partisan Review*, the *Southern Review*, and the *New Yorker*. One of his stories was included in the *New Yorker* collection of best short stories and another in the O. *Henry Prize Stories of 1950*. Taylor was married to Eleanor Ross, a former Woman's College student, in 1943. During the war he served in the army and was stationed in England.

A Woman of Means

by Peter Taylor

Harcourt Brace, 1950

A Woman of Means is a brilliant first short novel by Peter Taylor. Like many of his short stories, much background material is taken from his native state of Tennessee, but the story takes place in St. Louis in the mid-twenties. Also characteristic of Mr. Taylor, the story is not primarily one of the period or of social surroundings, but of character. Against this background of a modern city in a noisy era is set the elaborate Italian villa-type home of Ann Lauterbach, into which come her new husband, Gerald Dudley, and his twelve-year-old son Quint. The story, written in the first person, is told by Quint, who has spent much of his life until this time in the insecure worlds of a traveling salesman father and the Tennessee farm home of his own mother's mother where he had brief and disappointing summers.

The novel is necessarily one of the urban middle class of the South, unlike the Faulkner-Caldwell-Capote school of Southern writers which chooses the more striking features of the South to write about. Himself growing up in a period of unrest and change between the two wars, he has lived among the traditions of the South and watched their decline. This new approach is found in all of Mr. Taylor's writing and lends to this transitional period a note of optimism.

The character of Ann Lauterbach, divorcee, dominates the story and the lives of all other characters as she seeks happiness for herself. A woman of means, she has come to mistrust the love of even those closest to her: her independent daughters who spend the money of their father freely in their gay, sophisticated activities, giving little thought to her own feelings except when they concern their well-being; her husband who, she becomes convinced, has married her for her money; Quint, the son she has always wanted, who grows away from her gradually. The change in her from the understanding wife and mother to the selfish neurotic which she becomes is so gradual that the reader is unaware of it until almost the very end of the action. This climax comes as a surprise to the reader and has been called too sudden and melodramatic by reviewers, but it is rather a mark of skillful character development on the part of the author.

The essential problem of the short novel is one of economy. The writer is faced with presenting complete action and characters within a limited space. As in the novel, the whole picture must be shown to the reader, with every implication plain, every action well motivated. The choice of words and phrasing must therefore be carefully chosen and well placed. This is what Mr. Taylor skillfully handled in his development of the character of Ann.

With subtle writing, Taylor presents the story through the child who sees though cannot understand clearly what is happening in his home. For this reason many clues leading to the climax are left to be interpreted by the reader. Ann's lapses into her pampered past and her life with her father, her suddenly intensified interest in keeping the boy with her a great deal, even against his will, her flare-up with complete disregard to Gerald's loss of his job after she has modeled clothes (one of the stronger scenes), her moments of staring—all are given to the reader matter-of-factly as the child sees them. It is not until her collapse, possibly not even then, that Quint is fully aware of her sickness. Close reading clearly shows its presence from the beginning.

The story belongs as much to Quint as it does to Ann, for his character is developed simultaneously with that of hers in his new and complex relationships. It is ironical that the first security of her love is what leads him to develop the new independence and social consciousness which become the things that lead him away from the attentions of his step-mother. Disliking what he is becoming, he feels rather than

(Continued on Page 17)

JOHN C. CALHOUN:
An American Portrait

by MARGARET L. COIT

Houghton-Mifflin, 1950

Margaret Coit's *John C. Calhoun: An American Portrait* is a sympathetic treatment of the man and of the South he led. An attempt has been made to capture the spirit of the environment as well as that of the man himself. In portraying Calhoun and his age Miss Coit colors her material — gathered from extensive research in letters, documents, literature of the time, and later historical works — with highly fictionalized description. She even dares to guess what people thought in various situations where evidence is lacking. On other occasions she includes incidents of very questionable authenticity when they help create the impression she is striving for.

The descriptive details in this book are remarkably well done. The reader feels as if he has actually walked through the streets of Charleston, seen the House Chamber with its "floor a litter of discarded newspapers, letters, quills, and novels; the 'Turkey carpets' stained with pools of tobacco juice." He feels as if he has met John Randolph, that strange man who is described as: "from a distance still like a fragile boy of sixteen, and at close range with his fever-parched lips and dry sallow skin clinging to the bones of his fleshless fingers." In places, Miss Coit loses control over her vivid descriptive detail and allows it to attain predominance over the main threads of her story. This is especially true of the first chapters of her book—they are too close to romantic fiction and create the impression that Miss Coit is not seriously trying to present historical facts in an interesting way but is using them when they fit into the story she is telling. Such passages as the following one speak for themselves: "Here black pines stand in blurred masses against the hard blue sky . . . Here great shoulders of granite push their way through blood-red slashes of clay, the red clay of southern Virginia, North and South Carolina. Clay prophetic then, reminiscent now of that scattered American blood laid waste by American arms on American soil." In the parts of the book where this tendency is subdued, Miss Coit's writing and arguments are more convincing.

John C. Calhoun emerges from Miss Coit's book as a human being. He is not presented as a faultless idol but as a truly great man in spite of his faults. His life is presented with special attention to the forces which influenced his development into a staunch defender of the liberty of minorities. Miss Coit maintains Calhoun's first love was for liberty. In early childhood his father exerted an important influence on Calhoun. Miss Coit relates that Calhoun remembered his father's saying that the best government was that which allowed the individual the most liberty "compatible with order and tranquility." Responsibility for the operation of the plantation was early thrust upon Calhoun, and here he strengthened his love for the agrarian life.

Calhoun attended Wadell's Academy—one of those amazing schools of the South preparing an aristocracy of talent for leadership—Yale, and Litchfield Law School. "The startling fact is that every principle of secession or states' rights which Calhoun ever voiced can be traced right back to the thinking of intellectual New England in the early eighteen hundreds . . . Not the South, not slavery, but Yale College and Litchfield Law School made Calhoun a nullifier." In the South

(Continued on Page 22)

A student at the Woman's College, Margaret Coit majored in English and edited the CORADDI in 1941. She first became interested in John C. Calhoun in high school and had already begun work on the book, or material for it, while in college under the guidance of Dr. Kendrick. She studied writing under Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate during this time also. Her brilliant biography, *John C. Calhoun: An American Portrait,* was published in April, 1950. Miss Coit lives at Newbury, Massachusetts, where she does some writing for newspapers and magazines.

Robie Macauley, at present teaching Writing Workshop at the Woman's College during Peter Taylor's leave of absence, has published in *Vogue,* the *Sewanee Review,* and the *Partisan Review.* A student of Ford Madox Ford at Olivet, he has written the introduction to Ford's tetralogy, *Parade's End,* the first publication of the four books in the same volume. Macauley taught at Bard College in New York and from there went to Iowa State University. Caroline Gordon has called Robie Macauley's introduction brilliant.

Parade's End

by FORD MADOX FORD

(Consisting of *Some Do Not . . . No More Parades / A Man Could Stand Up — The Last Post*)

With an introduction by Robie Macauley

Alfred A. Knopf, 1950

In the spring of 1938, Ford Madox Ford spoke to a Woman's College writing class. This was Ford's last formal appearance, his last speech; for Ford, whom Caroline Gordon has called "perhaps the last great man of letters in the nineteenth century style," died in 1939. The man who had once collaborated with Joseph Conrad and who had written one of the masterpieces of his time in his tetralogy, *Parade's End,* was brought to the campus by Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate, then resident writing teachers here. It was to Caroline Gordon's novel class that Ford, looking like a "large white whale," spoke of his years of experience with the novel, a sphere in which his literary influence has been widespread and pervasive. "We are only now beginning to realize how [much]." Now, twelve years later, a young writer who studied under Ford Madox Ford at Olivet College, Robie Macauley, is teaching writing at Woman's College. Mr. Macauley has written a brilliant introduction to his former teacher's book, *Parade's End.* In *Parade's End* are brought together for the first time Ford's four war novels, the "Tietjens series." This had been the intention of Ford, and *Parade's End* was his own choice for the title.

When the Ford novels were first published shortly after World War I, they were received as novels of war experiences and were very popular. "The reaction came," Mr. Macauley says, "when Ford's readers discovered that what he had actually given them was not another *Under Fire* and *What Price Glory?* but something complex and baffling. There was a love story with no passionate scenes; there were trenches but no battles; there was a tragedy without a denoument . . ." This, however, was no mistake on Ford's part. Ford was "the best craftsman of his day." It was, instead, the fault of an almost universal misreading of the novels. "A little afterward," Mr. Macauley writes, "some of us went to war ourselves and later, coming back, took Ford's novels down from the shelf. . . . It seemed impossible that we could have been so wrong. . . . We are a little older now and . . . have been living a little longer with the great, enveloping tragedy Ford set out to describe. Perhaps in this edition we can take a second look at the Tietjens story and discover that it is less about the incident of a single war than about a whole era, more about our own world than his."

Taking a second look — or taking a first look for some of us — we discover that Christopher Tietjens, the hero of the novels, is not the hero of a story of war "experiences." While protagonists of other war novels "see villages wrecked, Tietjens sees a civilization going to ruin." He is viewing the ruin of a world in which there is truth, where there is possible one systematic idea of the "good life," where there are

(Continued on Page 21)

Perspective

by Montae Imbt

Beneath the tranquil stare of eyes I lie
Eyes above—and eyes below my feet
Eyes that encompass all
And burn into reflection.
Do you perceive, O eyes,
The briefest recollection
Of an unregretted moment?
Eyes beyond,
Your nearness is possession.
Take my hand within these shadows;
Lead me to the unremembered land.

A Country Revival

by Julia Moore

The preacher comes too late or soon.
All who attend have plenty of room.
The piano is slightly out of tune.
The choir sings loudly to hide its boom.

The young fry get the first three benches,
And in voices sounding less like finches,
More like squeaking of monkey-wrenches,
Serenade, while the true ear winces.

The sermons are neither great nor deep,
And most of the church's pillars sleep,
While the regular pastor his watch he keeps,
And the visiting hopes a harvest to reap.

The visiting pastor preaches his best
To stir the soul in every breast;
Yet when at last there comes the test,
The shaken are only those at rest.

Seven long days of meditation,
Thirteen hymns of invitation,
Thirteen pleas for rededication,
Not a soul to add to his reputation.

Still, what can a poor pastor do?
When the only one unsaved sleeps through
His sermons no matter how loud or true!
—The best a ten-year-old can do.

And yet each year the Revival returns,
And some new preacher, with new zeal burns,
Telling the Righteous what righteousness earns,
To taste of failure as the Revival adjourns.

Dietz
1/17/50

"Mother and Child" *by Carolyn Dietz*

Doll House

by Corinne Bissette

JENNY pulled open the heavy door and entered the barn shed. She carefully set the bucket of water down on the rotten plank between the cracked china plates and the stack of rusty pots and pans, turned and walked through the opening of the strings. The two strings the length of Jenny's arm separated the kitchen from the bedroom. She sat down on the floor beside the miniature pile of straw where the bottles lay.

The larger blue one was the papa of Jenny's bottle family. He had a black mop of cornsilks for his hair while the others had auburn ones wedged into their tops.

Jenny went from one bottle to the next taking them out of bed and dressing them in the little clothes that she had sewn for them. "Now I reckon I better sweep the floor, bein's it's Sunday," she thought, and took the large worn broom from the corner and started sweeping the grits and trash from the hard packed earth.

"Jen-ny, Jen-ny come to breakfast!" She called back, "I'll be there in a minute." Jenny carefully placed the broom in the corner; then she went over to the bottles and said, "I got to go see Mr. Mann now but I'll be back pretty soon." She latched the heavy door behind her and started up the hill to the house. "I'll come right back just as soon as I finish breakfast," she thought. "This is the prettiest doll house I ever had. Always before I had 'em right out in the broilin' sunshine, at least that's what Papa calls it except when he wants me to tote water to the primers in the fields. Then he always says the sun will do me good to put meat on my skinny bones. But now I got my playhouse down here he won't never be able to find me."

Jenny tiptoed into the kitchen and sat down at the end of the table. "Maybe they won't notice I'm late," she thought. Her father and Charlie had already started eating. Mr. Williams had hired Charlie right after Jenny was born to help them with the tobacco priming and somehow he'd managed to stay on. That was the same year that Mrs. Williams had died.

Charlie finished breakfast before the others. As he left the table Jenny started to leave also. "I'll go play until dinner time," she thought, "'cause I'll have to go to church after that." As she started out of the room Mr. Williams said, "Come back here and finish this fatback. You ain't eat hardly nothin'. That's how come you're so skinny. Always havin' to follow that no 'count Charlie ever'where. He's bound straight for the bad place. You want to go there too?"

Jenny walked slowly back to the table. Just as she finished eating, her father said, "I seen that mess you made down there in that shed room an' I want you to clean it out. I got to put hay in there tomorrow. An' I don't want that rubbish heap moved out in the yard either. Ain't goin' to have this plan'ation lookin' like a nigger's place." "But Pa, they're my play things." Mr. Williams' face turned red; he screamed, "Don't you talk back to me. I said for you to get rid of that rubbish pile an' I mean it. I'll give you till twelve o'clock. Now remember—twelve o'clock!"

Jenny walked slowly into the front room. She sat down in front of the old organ. She didn't try to play it as she usually did; she just sat there staring into space, her father's words going over and over in her head, "Git that rubbish out . . . Git that rubbish out." It was the first time anyone had ever called her bottles rubbish.

Her father came into the front room. Jenny sat very still. She thought, "I can't let him see me." She remembered how he had never let her play in here because this room was kept for company. He suddenly saw Jenny crouching on the organ stool. His brown eyes grew larger, and he rolled them over in the corners and screamed, "You get outer here, you little rascal. You're gettin' just a little too big for yer breeches lately. Somebody's goin' to have to take you down a notch or two, and I know who that somebody's goin' to be. You ain't goin' to hang aroun' in here and pout about that ol' rubbish!"

Jenny rushed out of the house. The bright sun made her eyes hurt. They were beginning to water. "What if I'm going blind," she thought. "Then maybe Papa will be sorry he's making me tear up my doll house."

She saw Charlie sitting on the ground beside the tobacco barn. "He never screams at people," she thought. He called, "Miss Jenny, how come you wanderin' aroun' so slow, and what're you doin' with the corners of your mouth dropped down? Has your pa been hollerin' at you ag'in? Come here, honey, and tell Ol' Charlie about your troubles."

As Charlie moved the brown paper bag that was beside him she heard something sloshing inside it. Jenny sat down where the bag had been. She noticed that his face was red, and that his eyes had red streaks in the white parts. He still had on the sweaty-smelling overalls he had worn in the fields the day before. "Maybe he don't like to dress up on Sunday," she thought. The sweat was running down his leathery face. He slowly stroked her brow with his right hand, which was too large for the rest of his wasted body, the tired eyes relaxed and half closed.

Jenny wanted to tell Charlie that her father had been mean to her; she wanted to tell him she wouldn't have a doll house after dinner time, and most of all she wanted to cry. Her throat was dry and hurting because she had kept the tears back too long. She

opened her mouth — she was going to tell him — but no, no, she couldn't. "He's always treated me like a big girl," she thought, "and if I cry, he'll think I'm just a skinny, little one."

"What did you start to say?" Charlie asked. Jenny squirmed and then blurted out, "I — I, well, I was goin' to say — it's mighty hot, ain't it?" She hadn't exactly told him a story, she thought, because it was hot. The sun was beating down on the tin roof of the barn shelter — that same sun that was to her always hot and always shining.

Charlie hadn't answered her. "Maybe he knows I ain't been thinkin' about the hot sun," she thought. "He mustn't know, not ever, how much I like my doll house that Papa calls a rubbish heap. He'd think it was silly to play with bottles." Finally Jenny said, "Mister Charlie, ain't you gettin' kinder hot? Don't you think we ought to move under that oak tree over there?" "Maybe he'll like that," she thought. "He's always talkin' about oak trees and things like that."

Charlie still hadn't answered. Jenny made another attempt. "Mister Charlie, ain't you goin' with us to church today? Papa says that the Bad Boy's goin' to get you if you don't start goin'." Charlie cleared up his throat and said, "I'll be back in a minute," and took the brown paper bag and went around behind the barn.

Jenny wondered if Mr. Charlie knew that she had told him a story. Did he think he was going to the Bad Place when he died? Maybe she and Mr. Charlie would go there together because she'd stolen some of her play things from Mr. Ander Carlyle's junk pile. All the neighbors said he was going there because he cussed. Her papa had always said that no matter who Mr. Charlie was working with by the day, when dinner time on Saturday came he would quit work and declare, "I'm goin' to Zeb'lon before that ABC Store closes if ever' damn leaf in this field burns up!" "And Papa said," she thought, "that Mr. Charlie would march right out of the field just like that, making them have to work longer to get the tobacco in. Sometimes it would be nine o'clock that night before they had gotten their Saturday night bathing over with. One day when Papa had got real mad with Mr. Charlie he'd said that Mr. Charlie was bound straight for hell."

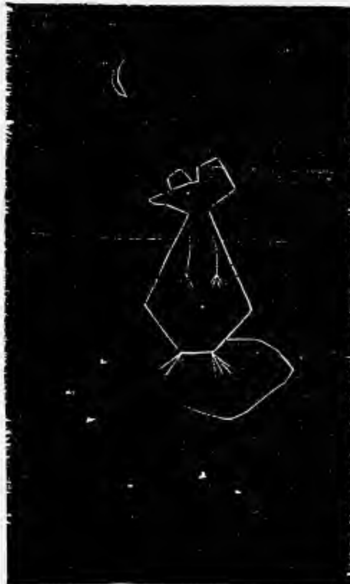
Charlie was coming back now. She noticed that he didn't walk very straight, and the skin on his face looked like red-colored leather. "Red leather, yes," she thought, "just like that on the hard chair that I sat in one time in Dr. Harris's office in Zeb'lon. That was the time that Aunt Carry was big and fat and was going to the Doctor every week. Papa made me go because he'd said that I'd been actin' kinder puny. Dr. Harris had pulled up my dress and punched me and said I had stomach worms, and give me some bad-tasting medicine to take. I was ashamed and had cried because Papa had always told me that I couldn't ever let a man see my dress up, and havin' worms seemed like a dog or something. But then Papa held me in his lap and called me his baby girl, and wiped my runny nose with his handkerchief. Then he took me to a drugstore and bought me some chocolate ice cream. That was when I saw them pretty bottles behind the counter and told the nice man that brought the ice cream that I liked his bottles and he give me five. They were all different colors and shapes and they smelled just like cape 'jesemas'."

She thought, "Aunt Carrie had decided she wanted to do some shopping and Papa hadn't had any more money after paying the doctor bill and buyin' the medicine and ice cream, so we rode home with Mr. Ander Carlyle in his green pick-up truck. I didn't like riding in a truck because people that have a lot of money always ride in cars and even though Papa don't have much I like to play like he does and ride in cars. But that was when I was eight and still a little girl, but now that I'm nine, I won't be settin' in folks' laps and crying anymore. No, I won't cry anymore. He can make me tear up the only good doll house I've ever had and make me break my bottles, but he won't make me cry."

Charlie looked down at Jenny and said, "You know, Miss Jenny, you can almost see that 'bacco out there turnin' yellow. We sure will be kep' busy nex' week. I think it's a damn pretty come-off when fo'ks get so pushed up that they have to put little girls like you at the scafle. Your arms is too weak to help tote them heavy sticks to the barn, and I'm goin' to tell your pa what I think of it too. Here, take this nickel and git yourse'f a Pepsi tomorrah."

Jenny smiled. "He ain't mad with me," she thought. Mr. Charlie mumbled something under his breath, something she couldn't quite understand. She noticed that he was sweating more now and one of his bare feet was almost covered by the black dust under the shelter. He was beginning to snore. She thought, "Maybe he didn't sleep good last night."

Jenny decided that she had better leave. If her father happened to see her sitting beside a man asleep, especially Mr. Charlie, he wouldn't like that. She remembered how he was always saying



"Mouse" *by Bill Beulauker*

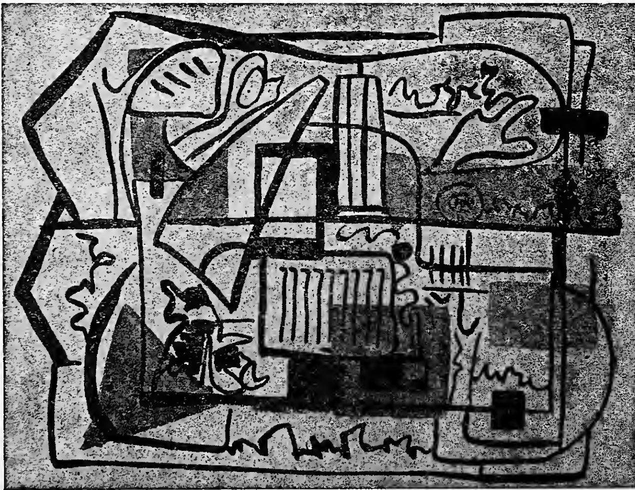
that Mr. Charlie would never get anywhere the way he handed out money to all the young'uns in the neighborhood and spent his money for something to drink. Papa always said that the Lord wouldn't bless Mr. Charlie because he never paid any money to the church.

"Jen-ny, Jen-ny!" Mr. Williams called. Jenny knew that he wanted her to bring in some of the stovewood that had sawdust on it. The sawdust would get down from between the pieces of wood and scratch her while the bark would make big red dented places on her arms. It was much worse bringing in wood in the summer time than in the winter. In the winter time it only made her itch. Mr. Williams was calling for her again—maybe she wouldn't answer and let him bring it in for himself. Then, she thought, he'd see how bad it was to have to bring in wood.

"Jen-ny, Jen-ny, come here this minute!"

"Well," Mr. Williams said, "what you doin' movin' for one time without lookin' like dead lice was fallin' off of you? Git me some stovewood. Have you done away with all that pile of bottles and junk? If you ain't you'll be mighty sorry. Dinner'll be ready in about thirty minutes."

Jenny was stunned with anger. For a moment she couldn't move. "How come he has to keep on reminding me of this?" She turned and ran to the stovewood pile and quickly gathered sticks of wood, not walking slowly to the pile in her usual way. "I don't even care if I step on a snake," she thought, "I know this pile is full of 'em. Maybe if a great big highland moccasin crawled out it would make him forget about the doll house."



Malynda Hiott

Jenny made her way over to the barn shed and slowly opend the door and went in. "I got to do it," she thought. "Dinner will be ready in a few minutes. I got to take my furniture back to the junk pile where I stole it from and I got to break my bottles." She stooped over and picked up the blue one and started stroking his hair.

Mr. Williams was calling Jenny to dinner. She thought, "I'll have to wait until after dinner to tear up my doll house. Maybe he won't know it if I wait until then.

Jenny walked slowly back to the house. Her father was eating dinner very fast in order to get to church on time. Suddenly Jenny noticed that Charlie wasn't there and asked, "Where's Mister Charlie?" He didn't answer. "Maybe," she thought, "I'd better not ask again or Papa will tell me that I shouldn't hang around him so much. Why can't he like somebody that I like? He's always saying that Mr. Charlie is killin' hisself drinkin' so much."

They were having chicken for dinner today but it didn't taste as good to Jenny as it usually did. She was scared he would ask her if she'd torn down the doll house. "What can I say if they ask me? I wish Mr. Charlie was here!"

Jenny decided she wouldn't go to church today. She'd stay here and just sit in her doll house until time for him to come back and then she would tear it down. She had reached the back door when Mr. Williams called, "Come back and wash your face and feet while there's a extra wash tin. I recken you thought you'd sneak out and not go to church."

Jenny scrubbed her face and feet with a piece of flour sack and the homemade soap. They had some "store bought" soap but they had to save that for her father to shave with. Jenny slipped the fresh organdy dress over her head. Her father shoved her around in front of the mirror without speaking and started hastily combing her hair. "He always hurts when he combs," she thought. Jenny noticed in the mirror that her dress was faded. When it belonged to her cousin Dorothy it had been a bright shade of yellow. "But now," she thought, "it's kinder tan lookin'. Why, it's the same color as my hair and skin."

They walked up the road in silence, Jenny in the rear. She never seemed to be able to keep up with him. "Maybe," she thought, "it's because he has on shoes." The hot dust and the little rocks made walking on the road more painful for her than usual. It seemed worse to be in the rear today and the little rocks stuck in her feet.

After church was over Jenny didn't wait around where the other little girls were whispering and giggling as usual, but instead, she rushed on ahead of them. "I'm scared!" she thought. "What if Papa has beat me home to the shed." She walked faster, then ran down the road. Finally she reached the little shed. Jenny threw open the heavy door. She threw her china outside, next the china closet, then

the pots and pans, the beds, her walls — and the people went last. She rushed through the doorway— found a rock too heavy for her small body, and forced it with all her strength against the cluttered pile of bottles. They shattered into more than a hundred pieces.

She slowly realized what she had done—the crime she had committed. She stooped to the earth to gather the remnants of the broken bodies. She tried in vain to make them whole again. The blue bottle was almost together when a small shiver slipped and cut her fingers. Now they were bleeding.

Jenny's fingers ached, and she was lonely. She wanted Mr. Charlie, but she couldn't call him. "I can't let him see my crying," she thought. She stood alone in the midst of the rubbish pile and sucked her cut fingers. She thought, "Fingers cut with my broke bottles."

A Woman of Means

(Continued from Page 9)

knows what it means until the end of the story. Here he has a mixture of feelings: disbelief, indifference, fear of his mother, and a passiveness to return to his old life.

Gerald Dudley is shown as a pathetic character, deeply interested in giving to his son everything he can. At the same time he tries to improve his social poise in order to make himself acceptable as a true father to his stepdaughters, Laura and Bess, much more secure socially. They, in return, merely toy with him as a novelty for a while and then become insensible to him.

Taylor has given here the picture of a woman who holds to a past when she could be the chief concern of the people around her; when she was not involved in the world outside her society; who refuses to accept a new age when isolation from the world of men and business cannot be possible; a woman who holds to this until she brings her own ruin.

The effect has been marvelously achieved by having all the action take place in the house incongruously set in the midst of modern St. Louis and at Harbor Point, exclusive resort where the same life is continued. Here we see Ann as she has always been, in the midst of change, unchanged. Against it the development of Quint is drawn in flashbacks to the farm and early traveling and contrasted with new situations he cannot understand. By clever handling, Peter Taylor has managed to present the whole complex situation through the eyes of the boy without the too common error of giving him adult insight.

In a few sentences he is able to create the atmosphere of the house, the farm, the Country Day school in the time in which the story is set. With just as little effort, the action moves rather rapidly from one episode to the next, carried along by dialogue which presents the teasing, childish nature of the woman, the slangy, sophisticated behavior of the girls, and the boyishness of Quint.

Held tightly together by the characters, the novel leaves the reader feeling he has been very close to these people, living with them in a confined area for some time. At the same time, Taylor uses description and references — glimpses into the newspaper story of Lindbergh's flight, the girls' visitors from school and chatter of society, night-club life, and New York to set the story in its age—and the reader feels as if he has seen the prolonged death of a way of life.

A. P.

Awakening

(Continued from Page 4)

Jeannette felt an ache of remorse and love rise in her throat. "I wish I were like you, Mother — good, and peaceful inside."

Rose pressed her hand. "I hope you never know it the way I did."

Before she went to bed, Jeannette prayed, "Make me better somehow, Father. Take away my vanity and my envy and my awful lies, and let Mother be proud of me."

The mirror made Jeannette's face long and stretched her mouth into a lewd heart. She threw the lipstick tube down in despair. She simply could not get any more out of it; she would have to start borrowing Nancy's again. Even the mirror could not make her hair ugly, she thought, as she stroked the comb through it. It fell to her shoulders in a smooth sheet of bronze that turned softly under, not too curly like Barbara Lou's or straight and limp like Nancy's. She put a ribbon in it and went down into the kitchen, where her mother was frying eggs.

"The boys have already left," Rose said, putting an egg on her plate. "They both went over to Wade's."

"Mother, I need a new lipstick. When will we get the money we made this summer?"

"Friday, I guess. You better spend it for something that'll last longer than lipstick, though. Daddy won't be able to buy everything for you." Rose went to the stove to fill her own plate. "I declare, it does look like a body's own cousin—. But I guess that's the way the Lord wants it."

The school bus rattled over the road from Wade's. "Oh, Mother, the chickens!"

"I'll tend to 'em this morning," Rose said, "but you've got to start getting up when I call you."

Jeannette pecked at her mother's cheek. "Have you got my lunch money?"

"Oh, honey, I forgot!" Rose cried, standing still with the plate in her hand. "Daddy didn't leave any— I forgot to ask him."

Jeannette bit her lip as the horn of the school bus screeched for the second time. "I guess I'll have to borrow it then. Please get me some to pay it back."

She dashed across the road to the open door of the bus, which was almost full, and pushed her way among the legs of the children sitting on the aisle seat to where Nancy and Barbara Lou had saved a place for her. "Thanks. Nancy, may I borrow your lipstick? I didn't have time to put any on."

"Sure," Nancy said, digging into the square, leather purse that she always carried. "This is fun. I wish we'd lived far enough from school some time for me to ride the bus." The bus lurched to a stop, throwing them all forward as a crowd of grammar school children clambered on, fighting for the remaining side seats. "Well, it *was* fun," Nancy said, laughing, as they rumbled on again.

Jeannette opened her notebook and scanned her notes for her talk in history. She liked oral reports. When she stood before the class, sure of her subject and poised, she always felt a lift of pride at her superiority even to Nancy, who, like the others, shuffled in embarrassment and hunted though her notes for matter that was not there.

When they hurried into their home room, Miss Overman was arranging dahlias in a glass vase. "Have you decided on the parts yet?" Nancy cried, running ahead.

Miss Overman placed the final dahlia and stood back, smiling at her work. "Um-hum. But I don't think I'm going to tell until everybody's here."

"Oh, Miss Overman!"

Miss Overman twisted the diamond ring on her right hand and smiled smugly. "Don't look so distressed. You all got parts."

"Which ones did we get?" Nancy cried, hugging Jeannette. "Please tell!"

Miss Overman shook her head. "You'll know in ten minutes."

Jeannette sat down in her desk and with half-closed eyes watched the room fill. Sometimes she thought she would like to be a teacher, to spend the rest of her life with the smell of new books and chalk dust, always learning. Sometimes it seemed better, even, than the stage—and Mother would approve.

"Let me copy your geometry, Jenny," Homer Nicholson said, sliding into the seat in front of her.

"I can't, Homer. You know we're on our honor."

"Aw, be a sport!"

She hushed him as Miss Overman began to read out the cast of the play. "Cecelia Edwards—" Jeannette held her breath; that was the main part. "Nancy Thomas."

She felt a lump expand in her chest and struggled to keep the film in her eyes from turning into tears as she reached across the aisle to squeeze Nancy's shoulder. "Congrats!"

"Aunt Cornelia—Jeannette Parrish." She smiled weakly as Nancy pressed her shoulder. It was the stage she wanted, not the schoolroom.

It was wrong, she knew, but when the bell rang for geometry, she stayed behind so that she would not have to congratulate Nancy any more. Miss Overman called to her as she started through the door. She came back to the desk.

"I got some more word on that scholarship, Jeannette," Miss Overman said. "Dr. Cummings seems to think you're in a pretty good way of getting it. You're supposed to take a test December seventeenth. They liked your themes."

"I still haven't gotten Daddy's permission, you know," Jeannette said, picking at a torn edge of her notebook.

"I know. I'm going to talk to him about that. Mr. DeFoe said he would, too."

"Golly, I hope you can convince him."

"We will. Your family's got to realize you're college material, even if none of them did go. I wanted to talk to you about the play, too, Jeannette. I guess you wondered why I didn't give you Cecelia."

Jeannette felt the lump in her chest again. "I guess Nancy just did it better."

"No. She does it all right, but almost anybody could." Miss Overman placed her slim, veined hand on Jeannette's shoulder. "Aunt Cornelia's a character part, though, and it's going to be kind of hard to handle. Well, frankly, I think you're about the only one in the class who can do it."

The lump was gone.

"Also—" Miss Overman twisted the diamond. "Well, Cecelia has to have two evening dresses and some other hard-to-obtain clothes. Nancy either has them or can get them easily."

"I see," Jeannette said, shifting her books and looking toward the emptying corridor. She wanted to be there, alone.

"Nancy, may I borrow twenty cents off your meal ticket?" Jeannette asked as they took their places in the cafeteria line. "Mother didn't have any change this morning."

"Sure," Nancy said, fishing the ticket out of her pocket. "Gosh, there's just thirty-five left on it. I'll tell you—I've got some money in my pocketbook. I'll save your place while you go get it out of there. It's in my desk."

The room was empty. Jeannette found the pocketbook and took a half-dollar which was in the change compartment of the billfold. As she replaced the billfold, her fingers touched something hard and cold. She shivered and drew Nancy's lipstick out into the light. Nancy had everything, she thought, as she held the tube, looking at it. She could get all the lipsticks she wanted. — What was she thinking! That would be stealing—sinful and wicked. She dropped the lipstick back into the purse and zipped it, but still she held it in her hand. Nancy didn't really need it. Nancy could get another. She unzipped the purse again and slipped the lipstick into her pocket.

When she woke up there was sweat on her forehead, and her body quivered with cold. Her eyes searched the dresser top—she thought she saw it, but it was only the comb. She got up and tiptoed across the room, standing still to listen for the even breathing of the boys on the other side of the curtain that cut the room in two, before she slipped her hand into the open drawer. Satisfied that it lay there where she had put it, in the box under her underclothes, she tiptoed back to the bed and lay down, but she could not stop sweating. Why had she taken it? Nancy had not even suspected — she thought Jeannette was entirely honest. Oh, Lord, what would become of her? And the dream, that same awful dream — the wrinkled, ageless head with the one coil of oily, white hair, the eyes, sunk deep, as always, that oozed moisture from their sockets, the mouth that gaped open in retching agony. She choked her mouth against the pillow. She wanted to be sorry. Could God believe her? Nancy had so much; but it was wicked, wicked.

Jeannette sat quite still behind the flat with the fountain painted on it, trying to think of a way to pay her share for Miss Overman's corsage. Coyt had not given her her tobacco money, and she already owed Nancy a dollar. A group of girls, cut off from her by the flat, came into the room behind her.

"Is she wearing a single thing of her own in the play?"

"That's a good question. She borrowed a dress from Rosemary for the first scene and a suit from Miss Overman for the second act. She's wearing your jewelry, and she asked if she could use my mother's good hat. Get that! Mother's *Sunday hat*. Has she asked for anybody's underwear yet?"

Jeannette went rigid. They were talking about *her*.

"Honestly, Nancy, I don't see how you put up with it. She's borrowing from you all the time."

"Well, it does get sort of annoying, but honestly, I feel a little sorry for her. She's got all sorts of big ideas, and I don't think they have anything at home."

"Have you been there?"

"No, she never would take me, but Barbara Lou's told me about it. It's all kind of sad, really — the whole mess."

Jeannette, with the grip of nausea in her stomach, got up quietly and went behind the cyclorama on the stage. She tiptoed down the steps into the hall. "You can't do it;" she told herself as she turned into the room where they changed costumes, "it's not worth your soul." But her feet kept on moving in the same direction. She stood for a moment in the doorway and then went to the rack where the coats were hanging. In one pocket she found a comb, in another a compact, which she put, with the earrings that she needed for the play, into the pocket of her own coat. Miss Overman's pocketbook lay among a heap of trinkets on a table. She went through the trinkets hurriedly, taking a ten-dollar bill and a quarter for the corsage from Miss Overman's coin purse. Before she went into the room where the other girls were, she stood for a moment in the hall, her hand over her pumping heart.

On the morning after the play Miss Overman called Jeannette out of history. "Mr. DeFoe wants to see you in his office," she said.

Jeannette's heart stopped for a minute and then flailed against her ribs like a hammer. Miss Overman put out her arm as if to support her and then dropped it. "You'd better go right now."

Jeannette forced the words through her throat. "What does he want?"

"Don't make me talk about it, Jeannette, please!" Miss Overman said. She turned and ran down the hall.

Jeannette made her legs carry her to the door of the office, where she stood, silent, waiting for Mr. DeFoe to turn in his swivel chair. "Come in, Jeannette."

She sat down in the chair opposite him. "Miss Overman said you wanted to see me."

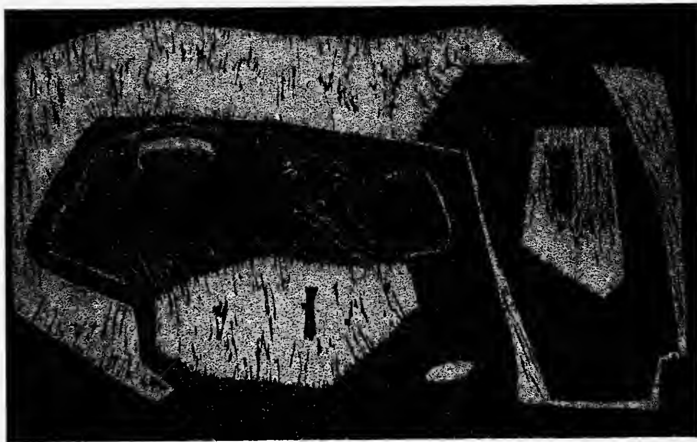
Mr. DeFoe opened the drawer of his desk. "We might as well come to the point right away. These things were found in your desk." He laid the comb, the compact, and the lipstick in front of her. She was paper all over, except for the tears which would not stay behind her lids. Mr. DeFoe scowled at the things on the desk. "I don't understand, Jeannette—a girl of your ability and standing among your classmates."

"You're not implying that I took them?"

"Jeannette, don't act like a fool. You're already in deep enough."

"I didn't! I didn't!" she cried, letting the sobs tear out of her throat. "Someone must have put them there."

He waited for a moment. "Look here, get hold of yourself. Hysterics aren't going to change a thing."



Mary Gibbs

She gripped the arms of the chair. She had to think of some way to deny.

"We have conclusive evidence. The property's been identified and some of the girls know when it disappeared."

"I didn't take it, Mr. DeFoe."

"All we want you to do is bring the rest of the things here so they can be returned to their owners. If you'll do that, there won't be any publicity. If you won't do it, I'll have to go to the authorities."

The truth that he knew she had taken them, that everyone would know, began to seep into her brain. She sat, staring at her lap.

Mr. DeFoe went to the telephone. "Does your cousin have a phone?"

She nodded.

"I'll have to call your mother. I was hoping you'd tell her yourself."

Jeannette lifted her eyes from her lap. "I will. I'll bring the things tomorrow."

Through the rest of her classes Jeannette felt as if fifty eyes were on her, each one labelling her: Jeannette Parrish—thief. But what hurt was the shame that her mother would feel.

She had expected to find Rose alone in the kitchen. When she saw Coyt without his shirt, scrubbing his chest at the basin by the door, her speech dissolved. She ran up the stairs and took all of the things from the box in the dresser, piling them on the bed. There were a silk scarf, an artificial gardenia, and an imitation gold brooch besides the earrings and the ten dollar bill. She looked at them and threw herself down on the floor. "Oh Father in Heaven, forgive me! Forgive me! Not only for myself, but for the shame on Mother and Daddy. I don't care what happens to me—I want to repent and to suffer. But please, forgive!"

When she told them, at bedtime, her mother cried and talked of the iniquities of the fathers being visited on the children, even to the third and fourth generation. "Yes, I did it!" she cried to Coyt. "I told you four times I did . . . I did!"

"You little bitch!" Coyt said, hitting her across the face. "That's what I get for taking you in and treating you like my own child while you acted so high and mighty and so much better than the rest of us!" He hit her again on the temple. "I ought not ever to have married you in the first place!" he shouted to Rose. "Yes sir, that's real gratitude!"

A red and black mosaic swam across Jeannette's eyes. "Don't you touch me again, Coyt Chilton!" she cried, pulling herself to her feet. "Gratitude — for what? For your kindness and your understanding and your generosity? You can't blame me because you're a failure!" She ducked beneath his arm and ran up the stairs.

When she awoke the moon was shining in through the window, casting a ghostly, gray light over the bed. There was the familiar sweat on her forehead, and she drew the quilt up over her shivering body. Before she went to sleep she had tried to pray again, but all she could feel was anger. She wept because she had been stupid, but when she asked for forgiveness, the words bounded on the blank walls of the room and came back to whisper in a different form

about her ears. At first she said, "Oh Lord, I don't mind suffering if I can be forgiven." But the words came back, "Why should you suffer? You've done nothing wrong—ever."

When she went to sleep she dreamed, but the dream was different from before. There had been the head with its sunken eyes and open, caving mouth, but it had been on her body. She was standing in the middle of a field, and gray, tentacle-like ropes were coiled around her from her feet to her shoulders, where the head drove down into her breast, killing her. She thrashed her arms free and hit it as hard as she could. It burst and rolled away in hundreds of pieces, but there was nothing red or warm on them; each jagged fragment was crusted inside with the cracked earth of the field. At the sound of the explosion, the tentacles snapped and hissed away from her to the edge of the horizon and out of sight.

She lay, feeling the sweat dry from her forehead and the quivering go out of her limbs. Could it be true — the head was broken, the ropes gone?

Parade's End

(Continued from Page 11)

standards and security. Christopher Tietjens is, in fact, "the last English Tory," symbol of an ordered, bounded, and harmonious past plunged into a changing world where these things no longer count.

The Tietjens story begins with a journey. The time is just before World War I, in a world that is excellent, comfortable, predictable: Tietjens and a friend—young men of the English public official class—are sitting in a "perfectly appointed railway carriage." The train runs as smoothly (Tietjens thinks) as "British gilt-edged securities." He and his friend are "of the class that administers the world." Ford writes—"If they saw a policeman misbehave, railway porters lack civility, an insufficiency of street lamps, defects in public services or in foreign countries, they saw to it either with nonchalant Balliol voices or with letters to the *Times,* asking with regretful indignation, 'Has the British This or That come to *this?*'" The irony is that these men "do not realize that their train has got on the wrong line."

Actually, Mr. Macauley writes, their train "is not running from London to Rye as they think, but from the past into the future, and ahead of them on their one-way journey is a chaotic country of ripped battlefields and disordered towns . . . the good furnishings of the train will get worn and broken, the schedule will go to pieces. And, experiencing all this, Christopher Tietjens will learn to expect that somewhere . . . the tracks themselves will finally disappear into the dry sands of the wasteland."

Ford's development of Tietjens' personality along this journey has been called "one of the most elaborate and singular accomplishments of modern writing." Tietjens' character, his steadfastness in a changing world, are of heroic dimension. He is a "fine fellow," as Caroline Gordon writes in the New York *Times* review, "but for all his virtues he is not at peace with himself . . . he has made a bad marriage. Sylvia Tietjens, his wife, is a *belle dame sans merci.* Tall, beautiful, wealthy, she alternately hates and loves her husband and is hell-bent on his ruin. When she is not tormenting him she suffers from boredom. She is too fastidious to take a lover and, instead, practices on men 'every variety of turning down.'"

The story moves in the course of the novels to the consummate tragedy in *The Last Post* with the selling of the Tietjens' estate and the death of Christopher's brother, Mark. The Tietjens' "curse," which has always implied a future, is now removed. Mark's last statement "presents both a summation of the Tietjens' case and a reconciliation with its destruction. Both their strength and their failure lie in the fact that they have been true to something in a world where no one is true to anything. They are an anachronism and, as an anachronism, must disappear. It is inevitable that one theory of Truth, one systematic idea of how man may lead a 'good' life, will be swallowed up in a world of Untruth. . . ."

Ford Madox Ford who saw, with an immense sense of tragedy, "the long and splendid procession of the Western nations coming to an end," made of Tietjens "the ghostly voice of the adjutant at the final disbanding." He says, "There will be no more Hope, no more Glory. Not for the nation. Not for the world, I daresay. *There will be no more parades.*"

Parade's End is without question a masterpiece of our time and an excellent book for re-discovery or discovery.

J. M.

John C. Calhoun

(Continued from Page 10)

Carolina Legislature, Calhoun was engaged in the effort to compromise the struggle between the frontier western and eastern "aristocratic" sections for control of the state. The solution was a "concurrent rather than numerical majority."

Having established the roots of the main trend of Calhoun's philosophy in his earlier life, Miss Coit turns to his entrance into the national scene as a "War Hawk" in the Congress of 1811. Miss Coit attempts to show the fallacy of Calhoun's classification as a nationalist in his early career who turned sectionalist in later years. She states: "His goal was constant: to preserve the Union, and to hold back all forces which might rend the Union apart." His actions are treated as the natural course of a man who realized that the welfare of the Union depended on the well-being of its component parts. Thus she explains his support of the early slightly protective tariff to aid the young northern industries and his support of internal improvements to aid the development of the West. His political ambition was a factor in these stands. To him consolidation was an evil. The Constitution had established a federal system. Thus "Calhoun pitted states' rights against consolidation because states' rights were the cornerstones of the federal system and only under a federal system could the true Union, and the South within it, be preserved." Later, the states' rights stand was not sufficient to withstand the pressure of the trend toward consolidation and the South's position as a minority was becoming more evident. The majority, whipped by Abolitionists' fervor and coming more and more to represent the spirit of industrialism, seemed ready to impose its will on the slave-holding, agrarian South. Calhoun then formulated his doctrine of "concurrent majority with each major group in society having a voice in legislation affecting it." This analysis and solution of the problem of minority rights in a democracy is considered by Miss Coit as Calhoun's major contribution to society. This and not his defense of slavery of which Miss Coit says "had he devoted the same time and thought to a possible solution [possibly gradual emancipation] that he did to his defense of slavery his claims upon the gratitude of his country would be far greater." By choosing slavery as the issue upon which to base his battle for minority rights, Calhoun encountered "the outraged moral idealism of the nineteenth century." Calhoun did not live to see the outcome of this struggle.

On the whole, Miss Coit's treatment of the life of John C. Calhoun in this book, which has been called "the best single-volume life of Calhoun we have," is good. While there are reservations from the historical viewpoint, it is certain that the book represents an achievement in the biography of southern statesmen.

LAURAH DOBSON

The Blue Vase

(Continued from Page 7)

"But surely—" he gestured with his hand around the room. "Some of this is good stuff, and that vase isn't worth——"

I only half heard what he had been saying. An insipid-looking cherub was clinging to the blue vase—then it was lying in pieces on the hearth, and the cupid's head had rolled over on the rug.

"That's right," I said. "That blue vase wasn't worth a thing—until I broke it."

Mr. Griffen shrugged his shoulders, and followed me out the door.

Photograph by Do... B...

Under Cover

The Fall Issue of CORADDI is something of an embryo. Academically we are starting all over again; and in the creative arts, birth seems a particularly painful process. CORADDI in this issue brings you, nevertheless, the best that has been produced on our campus this fall. True to its literary tradition (and looking over fifty-five years of changing CORADDIS, "the best" would seem to be its only tradition continuing from the Normal school days, when it played the double role of newspaper and literary magazine, through the days of Margaret Coit's editorship, when photography was introduced, until now . . . .)

The theme of the current issue is centered about ANNE POWELL'S introductory feature, "College: The Writers' New Patron." Three Woman's College products of the system are shown in the book reviews—books by Peter Taylor, Margaret L. Coit, and Ford Madox Ford (with Robie Macauley's introduction to Ford's book). LAURAH DOBSON, history major, publishes for the first time in CORADDI with her review of *John C. Calhoun.*

The fiction—MARY IDOL'S story, "Awakening," is her second to appear in CORADDI. It is the story of a talented poor girl, not wholly a sympathetic character, who wants to be an actress and who envies her friends' wealth. VIRGINIA LYNCH'S "The Blue Vase" is a suspense story, not in content, but in the sense that, during the course of publication, it has constantly been revised; and we—the editors—are not quite sure what it will be about when it is finally published. CORINNE BISSETTE'S "Doll House" is a revision of her first short story, written last year for advanced composition. Both she and Virginia Lynch publish for the first time in this issue.

The poetry—MONTAE IMBT is a new campus poet, a sophomore. Her "Perspective" is the quest of the young person, growing in awareness and questioning. JULIA MOORE, a senior, published in CORADDI her freshman year. Her poem is a commentary on the country revival.

The art—a mixture of abstract and realistic—is the work of Wendy Ward and her art staff, who have brought together a representative selection of student work.

Thus, CORADDI brings you in this issue the work of a largely new group of student writers and artists coupled with reviews of the work of those who have succeeded professionally under the college patronage system. . . . The Winter Issue seeks further to discover new writers and the wishes of all students through publication of the campus choice of best short story and poem submitted to the "Campus Creative Contest." We hope you will express your choice here; and if you are interested in the works of modern authors, will come to meetings of the CORADDI'S new club.

J. M.

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