

THE CORADDI

Woman's College of the University
of North Carolina

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THE CORADDI

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Poet and the Moon

(A Fantasy)

At the left of the stage is a balcony over which great white single roses are growing. Below the balcony is a pool and beyond the pool lies a garden in which grow only night-blooming flowers. When the scene begins, it is dusk. The half-light darkens and then brightens again to a semblance of moonlight. As the Moon comes and goes, the light brightens and fades almost imperceptibly.

THE PRINCESS OF THE MOON: (*Walking in the garden, her arms slightly away from her sides, obviously looking for someone or something.*) Where is he, my lover, the Poet? Why has he not come? He would have come had he but known that I was here. All night long he makes sweet songs for me. All night he paces up and down the garden, nor does sleep with silent step and heavy eyes come upon him till I have left my balcony and gone away. Surely there was never before devotion such as this. True love is more precious than any other thing that is. Why does he not come to me? I have escaped the watchful eyes of the soldiers at the Gates of the Moon and have come to him. Why does he tarry?

Enter THE MOTHER TO THE MOON.

MOTHER: This is madness, my daughter. Are you not the Princess of the Moon? Do you not have all that is good and fair that is in the Kingdom of the Moon to pleasure you? Why do you walk through the misty evening in the Gardens of the Earth? Are not the valleys of the Moon lovelier than this? Are not the mountains of the Moon more beautiful?

THE PRINCESS: (*Walking with eyes lifted dreamily, not hearing.*) Though I am far off, he loves me still. Nor does it matter that he cannot know that I love him.

MOTHER: Why do you plant here the flowers from the valleys of the Moon? Why do you walk here in the evening?

PRINCESS: (*Still unheeding.*) He says that my hands are pale, slender lilies and that all night I weave bright nets with which to snare the stars.

MOTHER: You are mad, mad. You must cease thinking of a poet's foolishness. A poet loves only the far-away, desires only the unattainable. Your father has betrothed you to your cousin the Sun. And you can think of nothing but the pale, thin face of a poet. He does not love you.

PRINCESS: He has bright, fair hair, and his eyes are as dark as the pools of the moon.

MOTHER: (*Taking her by the hand.*) It is not you he loves, but his own foolish songs instead and his dreams of you. Come away.

PRINCESS: (*Starting awake and turning angrily, snatching her hand away.*) Let me be. I will not go. He loves me more than anyone has ever loved me. He says that I am more beautiful than all the maids of the earth. He sings songs to me all the night, making them carefully.

MOTHER: (*Angrily.*) You will go. I tell you to come. Your lover the Sun waits for you in his red gold palace beyond the mountains of the Moon.

PRINCESS: I want him not; his breath is hot against my face and his fingers scorch my hair.

MOTHER: The anger of your father is terrible. Come away. Would you leave the silver mountains of the moon for the silly songs of a poet? Have done with this madness.

PRINCESS: (*Resignedly, sunken again into dreaming, she leaves with her MOTHER.*) His eyes are dark and when I look into them, I see myself reflected there. He says my hair is a net to catch the stars and that the whole earth is subject to my spell.

POET: (*Entering.*) All night long her bright feet move up and down the valleys of the earth, gilding them with beauty. She is like a fair maid on a balcony. The clouds are like muslin curtains between her and me. The clouds are like muslin curtains, hiding her face.

He seats himself on the edge of the pool, staring into it. The PRINCESS comes onto the balcony, her reflection falling into the water.

POET: (*Staring into the pool.*) The shadow of the moon is only less beautiful than the moon herself. She walks upon the surface of the water with silent, swift feet.

PRINCESS: Such devotion is more precious than the green fire of emeralds, than *all* the brightness of red gold.

POET: Without her light, the beauty of the night is lost. Her face is more lovely than white roses. All day I long for her. All night I watch her as she passes across the sky.

PRINCESS: I will go to him. His love for me is more desperate than anger.

The reflection of the moon leaves the pool. The PRINCESS OF THE MOON enters the garden. She stands back watching him, not wanting to be seen. The POET walks oblivious to her, musing.

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POET: I cannot forget her beauty. Her eyes are dark, dark as night pools and her face is lovelier than a dream. It is a dream.

PRINCESS: He will be glad that I have come. He will turn to me and take me in his arms. He will sing his songs to me.

POET: (*Walking and saying poetry in a dramatic voice, obviously to himself. He still does not notice the PRINCESS.*)

The Pine Tree is mad for love of her.
He has caught her hair with his long thin fingers.
The jealous clouds have covered her face.
The Pine Tree is mad for the love of the Moon
But she loves only the Sea
And the sea lies restless in his bed between the two lands.
He turns restless in his sleep
And would arise and go to her,
But he is bound and cannot.
Twice each day he reaches out his long slow arm to her
And in the night still he remembers her.
He would answer her call, but he cannot—
Being bound.
What is she that the sea and the pines cannot forget her?

PRINCESS: He will be glad that I have come.

POET: That is good, very good. I think that it is the best of all my poems. The images are good and the rhythm runs like water across smooth stones.

THE PRINCESS *passes across the stage so that her reflection falls into the water of the pool.* THE POET *starts and exclaims at it.*

POET: When her shadow falls into the water, it is as though someone had struck a clear bell in my heart.

PRINCESS: He is glad because of me.

POET: But I am mad to love the moon. She is distant and haughty and proud.

PRINCESS *touches the POET on the arm, but he does not see her at first. Then he shakes her arm off, still dreaming.*

PRINCESS: He does not know that I love him. He is afraid of me. *She touches him again with her hand.*

POET: Let me go. I am busy. Can't you see I am making songs? It is most important that I be given quiet. Who can write poetry with someone talking to him? Go away and leave me alone. You disturb me.

PRINCESS: You are making songs . . . (*with more interest*) for the Moon?

POET: (*Seeing he has an audience.*) About the moon—and the wind. I will say you the one I made yesterday about the wind.

T h e C O R A D D I

PRINCESS: Do you love the Moon?

POET: Poetry is very difficult to write. It is hard to find the right words. Words are like fog or mist that cannot be caught in one's hand.

PRINCESS: (*Putting her hand on his arm.*) Make me a song about the Moon.

POET: I will say the one I made yesterday about the wind:

The wind is a hatless woman,
Running in the rain,
Tugging at the trunks of the pines
And crying through the streets of the town,
Crying and seeking her own lost soul.
All day she runs barefoot through the town,
Rattling the windows with her frail thin fists,
But the people have closed their doors,
They have shuttered their windows against her crying.
Though she wander all night lost in the forest,
They will not listen to her.

Where will she go, the poor lost wind?
Open your doors, people in the town!
Let her warm herself at your fires!

PRINCESS: But the Moon . . . (*fiercely*) it is the Moon you love!

POET: (*Turning his head away, dreamily.*) Her hands are like pale white lilies.

PRINCESS: My hands are like pale white lilies. (*She stretches out her hands and places them in his. He drops them quickly.*)

POET: How cold your hands are! They are as cold as wet leaves that have blown into the gutter.

PRINCESS: (*Sadly, putting her hands up to her face.*) They are cold.

POET: (*Dreaming again.*) Her lips are thin, and fierce is her kiss, holding madness and fire.

PRINCESS: (*Holding up her lips and kissing him.*) Madness and fire.

POET: (*Pushing her away.*) How cold your lips are—cold, thin lips like the lips of the dead.

PRINCESS: (*Pressing her fingertips to them.*) They are cold . . . Like the lips of the dead.

POET: She is lovely beyond all telling, beautiful beyond aught except the music of words.

PRINCESS: (*Haughtily and wonderingly.*) I am the Princess, the Moon.

POET: No, you are not she. She is beautiful and proud.

PRINCESS: (*Angrily.*) I am she. I tell you I am the Princess of the

T h e C O R A D D I

MOON. I will call my father. I will ask my mother to tell you that it is I to whom you have sung your songs.

POET: The Moon has neither father, nor mother. She is proud and alone.

PRINCESS: I swear by the beautiful mountains of the Moon that I am she, the Princess of the Moon.

POET: (*Shaking his head.*) You are not the Princess of the Moon. She is more beautiful than the dawn. Her hair is twined with moon-flowers and pinned with stars.

The PRINCESS shakes him and tries to turn him toward her, but he does not look at her . . . he is dreaming.

PRINCESS: It is I you love.

Enter THE MOTHER TO THE MOON.

MOTHER: (*To the PRINCESS.*) You are mad. Come away.

PRINCESS: (*Angrily, to the POET.*) It is only the sound of your voice and your own silly songs that you love.

MOTHER: (*Taking the PRINCESS' hand.*) Your lover the Sun waits for you in his red gold castle. He is impatient with love for you. He walks up and down, calling to you.

PRINCESS: (*Proudly.*) And his kisses are warm and his fingers burn with love.

Exit the PRINCESS and her MOTHER.

POET: (*Still dreamily.*) Where she walks the sound of her silver sandals on the stones are like the sound of bells.

End

ARLINE FONVILLE



Poverty

Within this space I have squandered
Too many golden candle flames,
Too many gaudy dreams whose living colors died,
Too many words whose unsaid meanings have turned bitter now.
With these I could have bought much more
Than darkness, dust, and sorrow.

ANNE COOGAN

John Masefield in America

By JANE HOYLE

IN April, 1895, the British merchant vessel, the *Conway*, puffed into port in New York. Among the sailors on the boat, there was a young man, seventeen years old,—a tall, quiet youth with sky blue eyes that seemed surprised at the sight of the world, and “hair that stood up behind like a cockatoo’s feather.” He had come to love his ship and his shipmates, and he was especially fond of his sea adventures; but he had embarked as a sailor because he had to. He had to earn his living somehow, and work on the merchant vessel was the only job that presented itself. He was continually wanting to get away from it, because he longed to read, and on shipboard—well, his smile still ends in a grin when he recalls how poorly that literary desire mixed with the duties of a sailor.

The youth was John Masefield. He landed and wandered into Greenwich Village, New York, with five dollars in his pocket, a small chest of clothes under his arm, and a desire in his heart “to read all the books in the world.”

“Jack”—as those who knew Masefield then called him—was a shy, quiet, and serious youth who, in spite of his reserve, won people to him. He established himself in the home of an Irishman, Mr. Quinn, at 53 Greenwich Avenue, Greenwich Village, New York. He worked at any odd job he could find. He labored for a while on a farm; then he was employed in a bakery, a livery stable, and finally at Luke O’Connor’s saloon near Jefferson Market jail. There is a popular fallacy that Masefield served behind the bar of O’Connor’s saloon. Masefield was employed to sweep the floors and clean the cuspidors. The job would have been distasteful to almost any boy, but Masefield had no doubt been disciplined for it by the disagreeable chores on the merchant vessel. In all probability he had schooled himself to enjoy life even though his duties were distasteful. And Masefield observed with zest the varied life of the saloon of Greenwich Village.

One evening about four months after Masefield’s arrival in Greenwich Village, he came in from work to find that Mr. Quinn had a visitor, Billy Booth. Billy was a factory lad from Yonkers. Billy and Mr. Quinn were chatting about the good old days in the Old Country. Masefield came in and sat down on the foot of the bed and chatted with them for a little while. Billy was impressed with his refined accent and his appearance generally. The next day Billy spoke to Ricken, the foreman

of the carpet factory in which he worked, about John Masefield. Ricken thought they could take him into the factory, and so Billy went down again the next evening to tell him.

"Would you like a good job?" he asked Masefield. Masefield was always open to a good job. "I can get you one at \$1.05 a day," said Billy. That was bullion to John Masefield.

Masefield told O'Connor about his new offer and O'Connor released him. He left early one morning—four o'clock, to be exact—and hurried to Yonkers and at once began work in the factory. At first he worked with a tin-opener, a little instrument like a fork without tines, to keep straight the tin tubes on the spools of wool from which the carpets were woven. If this was not done, the carpets were irregular. Masefield used to do forty sets in a day, for forty carpets. Then he got a raise, and finally crept up to \$8.50 a week. And then he was made Mistake-finder,—that is, he inspected the work to see that there were no faults in the setting or design in the carpet pattern.

When Masefield first went to Yonkers, he roomed in the family of a man connected with the factory. Early in September of the second year (1896), however, he moved into the home of a Mrs. White at eight Maple Street—the place where Billy Booth lodged. He was quite fond of Booth; in fact, Billy Booth remained his closest friend all during his stay in America. From that September on, Masefield was very happy. He was free from want, he had a few staunch friends, and he had some spare time for reading.

About the time that Masefield moved in with Billy Booth, he began to read poetry, to buy poetry, and to write poetry. Mr. William Palmer East had a bookshop near Mrs. White's. Friday was pay day, and on that day Masefield hurried to the bookshop to buy a book to read over Sunday. Speaking of this period Masefield says: "I did not begin to read poetry with passion and system until 1896. Chaucer was the poet and *The Parliament of Fowls* the poem of my conversion. I read the *Parliament* all through one Sunday afternoon with the feeling that I had been kept out of my inheritance and had suddenly entered upon it and had found it a new world of wonder and delight. I had never realized until then what poetry could be."

The next Friday he bought Keats and Shelley. He had read a poem of Wilde's on Keats, and once while he was browsing around in the bookshop, he had heard Mr. East speak of "the classics, Keats and Shelley." He bought them for seventy-five cents each. For a time he did not want any other poets. He read and reread the volumes he had. Then he bought Shakespeare, Swinburne, and Rossetti.

A few months after Masefield went to Mrs. White's, Billy Booth married. From that time on, Masefield had no real chum. He spent some of his spare time at Seamen's Mission on Fourteenth Street where he had made friends during his Greenwich Village stay. Often he took a bundle of books he had bought that he might share with his friends this new elation which he experienced from his reading. Sometimes in his deep and solemn voice he would tell them tales of his sea adventures, "how he and a few shipmates had fared in South America, where being penniless, they nearly starved. Once during a storm, they had fixed their jack-knives to their caps, hoping the lightning might strike them and put an end to their misery, so wretched they were." All the while, however, he spent much of his spare time browsing around in Mr. East's bookshop. He came to know Mr. East and his sister, Elizabeth, very well. It was Elizabeth who recognized the personality of the genius of the boy. Mr. East says that he had always had the faintest sense as "Jack" went in and out of the shop that he had some spark of genius in him. "I remember saying to Mrs. East, 'That boy has a something in him which will draw people's attention to him.' But it was my sister who felt it most strongly."

Most of his spare time, however, Masefield spent in reading. He had a veritable passion for books of verse. While he was devouring them, he wrote much verse, usually on Saturdays and Sundays. This verse consisted mainly of sonnets and sonnet sequences.

Someone once asked Masefield if they were good. "Were they good?" he repeated. "A pig may fly, but it's a damn unlikely bird. I imagine they were quite competent imitations of Keats and Shelley."

Some of the sonnets were written on cards in his small, already well-defined writing, and were signed in the lower righthand corner, in tiny letters, J. E. Masefield. But he soon dropped the "E" out of his signature. Masefield did not bother to keep these early sonnets, but Mr. East and Booth, to whom he gave them, have kept them.

During his stay in Yonkers, Masefield also started a novel. Concerning it, Masefield himself says that he never finished it, but he ended it—he tore it up.

After about two years in Yonkers, Masefield heard that Lawrence Hudson was planning an exhibition at Wolverhampton to show the important work being done outside the Royal Academy. Masefield immediately offered himself as secretary. He was accepted, and proved himself an admirable secretary and organizer. He wrote, too, an introduction for the catalogue. It was one of his earliest pieces of prose to be published. While working on the exhibition, he met influential people who

encouraged his adventures in poetry. The serious, romantic youth appealed to all who knew him. Everybody liked him and wished to be helpful. Chief among those who at one time or another encouraged him were Binyon, Yeats, and Cunninghame Grahame.

About the first week in July, 1897, Billy Booth received a postal card from Masefield dated from Seamen's Mission, July 4, 1897. Masefield wrote that he had secured passage under the *Conway* (his old training-ship) officers, and was sailing for England at once. It was written over a printed form which said, "Please attend a meeting of the Harlem Sunday School Superintendents' Association on Tuesday immediately after the close of Bible Class." The last of the message was, "Commend me to thy household and to the boarders adjacent." The card was signed "Macy." That was the name he had gone by in the factory.

And so Masefield left America as he had entered it, via the *Conway*.



Fisher's Wife

Long have I waited in this quiet room;
From my tired hand the shuttle falls,
And the colors of my web grow dim.
Long has grey twilight victor been o'er noon.
So long you have been gone,
So long I have not known
Reality, I am afraid of you;
Yet do I yearn to see you block the door,
With the sea and the wind in your hair.

ANNE COOGAN

Equal Rain and the Color of Olives

By MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

ARDEN GALE had hair that was red like wine—so dark that most of the time you forgot it was red. She curled it low on her neck, but it always blew out straight when she drove her car in the wind. When she swam, it clung to her skin and looked very black. Green made her hair red-brown. Only gold made it flame. She was wearing gold the first time Peter saw her. She was in evening dress and was wearing a large square ring. He remembered the ring because she lifted a glass and offered it to him. He remembered the taste of that particular highball with its strawberry cubes and bobbing limes. He remembered perfume, and a room crowded with people . . .

Arden was a multi-millionnaress. She would have had to be. No one but a rich girl can get by with everything. When you have enough money you can run away from college and elope with the captain of the football team. That is precisely what Arden had done two years ago. People had whispered. People had gossiped. If Arden had been anyone else, the act would have disgraced her for life. At least, it would have made her unhappy. But because she was Arden Gale, no one dared call it a scandal.

That is, no one but her sister, Mary. Mary would have called anything a scandal. She was writing a book *The Rape of Life* in which her personal views on questionable subjects were manifested. Arden, of course was heroine, and her sins were scarlet. In the last chapter she met with a bitter end. Mary, undecided as to exactly what kind of an end, was waiting to see how Arden's marriage turned out. It had all the symptoms of being a failure. Arden, herself, was young and careless. Bruce was clumsy, unsympathetic, and lazy—according to Mary's description of them in her novel. She would have given almost anything to have known exactly how the elopement was carried out, and precisely what took place. Of this much she was certain: Arden had planned everything herself. Bruce lacked the initiative. His thoughts were too conventional. He was not the eloping kind.

With these facts in mind, Mary proceeded with *The Rape of Life*. Her greatest difficulty was the absence of a third party to make a triangle. So far, there had been only Arden and Bruce. You cannot write a book with just two characters. But Mary did not give up hope. She was waiting for something to happen—and it did.

It seems that it happened at Mrs. Longworth's party—and the young man's name was Peter. Mary was not there but she heard enough about it afterwards. It was more fun not to have been there, for then she could imagine things.

She could imagine Arden dancing with Peter. Tall and dark, he towered above her. What was that remark Bruce had made? "It was positively revolting! Everyone thought you two had grown together."

Arden and Bruce had an outburst of anger almost as soon as they got home from the party. They came in very late, making lots of noise. Arden went straight to the drawing room to warm her feet by the open blaze in the big grate. There were radiators in the house but she ignored them because they were too conventional. Bruce followed her into the drawing-room, but she seemed unconscious of his presence. She stood before the fireplace, lifting first one foot, then the other. Her right arm rested carelessly against the mantel. The firelight shimmered on her gold satin dress, and flickered on the small jewel pin caught between her breasts. Her hair stood out, bright and child-like. Her eyes were dark and thoughtful.

Bruce lit a cigarette and dropped full length on the divan. Mary was watching everything through a keyhole. She knew Bruce was going to say something. His brows puckered thoughtfully. She knew he was going to say something, for she could hear him breathing. His nostrils swelled, and he looked like a blond beast. That was a good simile, Mary thought. Blond beast. She stored it in her mind for future use in her novel.

The novel was her only justification for her present conduct. She should not have been watching those two. It was very late. Her little square watch said three. Arden looked tired, unresponsive. Mary watched her reflectively. How would it feel to be married to a man who acted like a beast, and breathed loudly when something made him angry? Well, Arden had brought it on herself. If she had not been so infinitely impetuous she might still be in college, having her freedom, loving life, instead of being tied down to an objecting husband.

"Look here, Arden," he turned his head suddenly toward the fireplace where she stood. His eyes were young and baffled. There was something almost boyish about them. "Look here, Arden, you made me unhappy tonight."

"Did I? I am sorry." Arden went on warming her shoes.

"I mean about that fellow Peter. You acted as if you liked him a lot—and it's just the first time you've seen him."

"Well, I don't like his way of looking at life. He's disillusioned."

Bruce swallowed hard and moved the position of his body. He looked intently at his wife, loving her silently with his eyes, trying to understand, questioning her without further use of words.

"He said life was the color of olives," Arden remembered suddenly, "the color of olives . . . I'd never thought of it that way."

"I guess not. Nor has anyone else," Bruce groaned. "Of all the crazy ideas! My good woman, must you hang out with maniacs at every party we attend?"

"Well—I don't know." This was not an answer. It was a meaningless phrase.

It made Bruce mad. He got up and extinguished his cigarette on the nose of a green goddess balanced on top of the smoke stand. Black ashes streaked the face of the goddess and fell into her lap.

"Now, look here—" Bruce started to say something, but he suddenly thought better of it. He stopped. What could he say? He loved Arden. He was married to her. She was young and beautiful, and she had her own philosophy of life. He could not change it. They had not argued before. Why begin now? After all, she had done nothing except dance with Peter all evening.

What authority had a mere husband? Bruce realized that he had none at all. Was he supporting his wife? He looked around at the drawing-room, and for the first time, saw it with detachment. A millionaire's room: Heavy rugs, shining floor, softly lighted lamps, jade and silver statues, leather books, carved fireplaces, velvet hung draperies . . .

A red coal fell suddenly from the fireplace, and Arden kicked at it with her foot.

"Watch out! You'll burn yourself."

"I like to play with fire." A slow smile crept across her face. "I played with fire when I married you, Bruce. I wasn't ready for marriage."

"I told you that."

"Yes, but I didn't believe you."

"Lucky for me that you didn't."

"I'm not sure that I believe you now. If I hadn't married you, I'd have married someone else. Someone like Peter, maybe."

"He isn't your type."

"Probably not." Arden's voice sounded unconcerned, and slightly bored.

A novel that she had been reading was lying on the mantle. A purple book with red lettering. She picked it up and fingered it absently.

"Peter ought to read this book. It might change his philosophy." She held it up. *Equal Rain* by Lloyd Robinson.

"I've read that book," Bruce said. "Isn't Robinson the fellow that believes life is a fifty-fifty proposition? So much sunshine and an equal amount of rain?"

"Yes, it's an optimistic point of view compared to Peter's. He thinks life is useless. He grabs what he can get and lets the rest go. It's an interesting theory in a way. But it seems so futile."

"Yeah. It does."

"Bruce, what would you do if I should run away with Peter?"

At this point, the aspiring authoress, behind the keyhole, thrilled inwardly. Here was drama! Mary prided herself on being able to recognize the vital spot in a story. She waited, breathlessly for the climax. It was up to Arden and Bruce now to make a good climax. It was their duty! She would never forgive them if they failed her!

"You wouldn't run away with Peter."

Now that was a dumb statement for Bruce to make, and Mary hated him for it. Would this story be a flop, after all?

"Peter needs me. He needs me much more than you do. He has been hurt—dreadfully."

"And you want to run away with him?"

Arden opened the book and began turning the pages. "I'm not sure that I do."

"Are you sure of anything?"

"I don't know that I am." She was reading the book now—a paragraph somewhere near the middle. "If Peter needed me——" she added.

"Are you sure he needs you?"

"That's just it. I'm not sure . . . Bruce, did you say that you had read this book?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing." She remained silent for a few minutes. "Bruce, do you know who wrote this book. I mean, do you know the author personally?"

"No. Why?"

"Nothing. I just wondered."

"He seems to be a pretty good fellow. Sort of gay-hearted and all that. I imagine he'd be interesting to talk to."

"He is."

"How do you know?"

"I met him tonight."

"Did he tell you about his book?"

"No, we talked about something else."

"Oh, I see . . . Well, young lady, it's about time you were in bed; don't you think so?"

"Yes . . . I suppose it is. I'm going now . . . Bruce?"

"Yes?"

"Would you be sorry if I left, you?"

"Of course I would."

"Do you need me very badly?"

"You know I do."

"Well, then, I don't think I'll run away with Peter." She spoke with amazing finality.

"I don't think he needs me as much as you do."

"But a fellow with a philosophy like that——"

"You mean 'the color of olives' stuff?"

"Uh-huh."

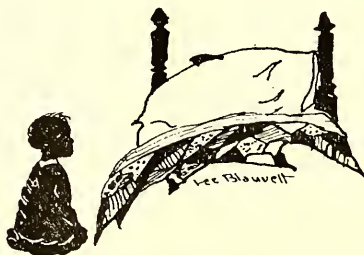
"Oh, that's all bunk . . . Bruce?"

"Yes, darling . . ."

"Peter wrote that book *Equal Rain* himself. He told me so."

Behind the keyhole, Mary was frantically jotting down mental notes. Yes, Arden would be running away with Peter tomorrow if he were the disillusioned man she had wanted him to be. But a man who could write a book like *Equal Rain* wasn't disillusioned, and Arden knew it.

Peter had played his trump card wrong.



The Only Constant Thing Is Change

The only constant thing is change.
The springtime comes, the winter goes,
So silent that it seems not strange.

Dawn turns to day, and twilight grows
Soft along the mountain range.
The only constant thing is change.

The hawthorne fades, the lilac blows.
Each pattern time can rearrange
So silent that it seems not strange.


Love is not lasting, each maid knows,
And bitter words hurt or estrange.
The only constant thing is change.

And while the farmer reaps and sows
Decay falls on his drowsing grange
So silent that it seems not strange.

Time lays on spider and on rose
His alt'ring curse, like some grim mange.
The only constant thing is change,
So silent that it seems not strange.

ARLINE FONVILLE





AS WE SEE IT

THE main trouble with college life as an aid to mental growth would seem, on the surface, to be a lack of conflict of ideas.

We go to classes, take down as nearly as possible what comes from the notes of the professor, and at some later date hand them back to him in whatever form he chooses to ask for them. If at any moment in our career we have doubted, or wanted to challenge the truth of certain statements, or even to ask "Why?", such unheard-of rebellion has been promptly suppressed. That was not offered in the course.

We have learned that in the life about us here on campus there are certain formulæ for conversing, none of which depend on having any ideas which might conflict with anything.

But here and there about us we see a few people who are never without conflict of some sort, involving both mind and emotion. These are the few who never read a book or watch the rain, but that their minds are filled with endless questioning. There are a few, even on a college campus, whose whole inner being is torn apart by the beauty that slips in and out of their daily lives. These few are the ones who live intensely; and those who are, too often, the most inarticulate. They have learned that it is easier to fight anything human or inhuman than to fight blank uninterested silence. The silence they almost invariably meet with upon publicly expressing an idea.

Some of these people write, and keep hidden what they write for fear of being dismissed as "queer" or "silly." We need more "queer" and "silly" ideas. We need writing that will stir discussion—and we need, even more, people, "queer" or "silly" enough to discuss it.

Strength comes from conflict; and growth. We are looking for the people who want to express their own ideas in their own manner, and then we want all the rest to rise up and shout in indignation, "How do you get that way?" "You are wrong!"

We want a battle royal of ideas.

Notice

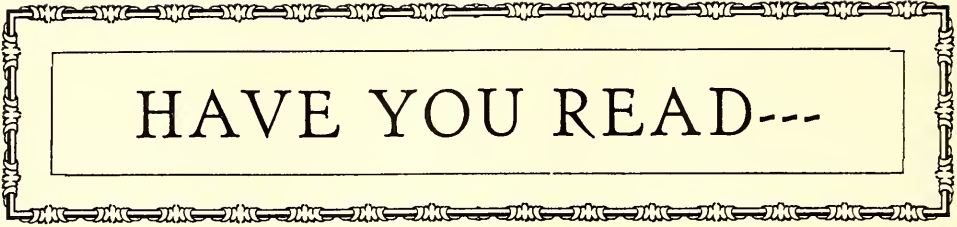
We have heard it said of ourselves that we editors are too much influenced by the weight of a name, that the old writers have a better chance than freshmen and those who have never tried before. Therefore, to ease our own mind and that of the readers, CORADDI is sponsoring an anonymous issue. All material submitted for the next issue of CORADDI is to be read without having any names placed on it. We are doing this to encourage new writers. We hope you will not read CORADDI less carefully because you do not know who wrote it.



Comment

CORADDI must admit that the article on the college poetess strikes home. All the choice bits of verse were culled from our own pages, and even the editors have cringed before the criticism.





HAVE YOU READ---

THE SHELTERED LIFE. *By Ellen Glasgow.*

Ellen Glasgow's *Sheltered Life* has the three virtues of a readable novel—unusual characterization, interesting plot, and delightful style.

Miss Glasgow had used these powers in this book to give, as Emily Newell Blair says, "a tenderly satirical account of how the ignorant innocence of a simple young girl furnished the fuse that set off an explosion in three lives." She pictures in many humorous and yet tragic scenes the code of the Virginian Victorians as that of evading facts.

Sweet little Jenny Blair Archbald grows up from the age of make-believe to innocent youth always singing in her heart "I am alive, alive, alive, and I'm Jenny Blair Archbald."

Grandfather Archbald is a kind lover of women, who has lived his life without having his real love. He is not embittered, for he has the things that make life comfortable. He just goes on living.

One woman he loves is Eva Birdsong. Eva, although lovely and attractive, ruins her own life. She always consciously tries to be beautiful, because it is for her beauty that George married her.

George in his turn tries to live up to her ideal of him but is forever falling by the wayside. His rough, attractive nature is capable of real deep love for his wife—his ideal.

Aunt Etta, who just was not born to be a beauty, finally sinks into an invalid's life. This life of seclusion probably started, because she was a wall flower at a dance.

All the characters have a charm about them. Miss Glasgow has really made you become acquainted with them—has made you see their good and bad qualities. As she moves the characters about in their life of the eighteen nineties, she gives forth many psychological truths and profound lessons of life in that most enjoyable book *The Sheltered Life*.

The book, however, makes a different appeal to people of different ages. Older people see the discouragement in the lives of the characters who never get what they want. Younger people, who are themselves still striving, probably would not realize that the characters, just from

the nature of their temperaments, would never achieve what they want. It is probably this difference of appeal which makes the book interesting to both old and young readers.

THE LIFE AND MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON. *By Genevieve Taggard.*
Knopf. 1930.

This interesting and stimulating book takes its place proudly with the "new" biographies so prominent just now. It is a psychological study of the life and mind of Emily Dickinson with main emphasis on the mind. In treatment it is true to the new biography in this respect. Motives, emotional and otherwise, are interpreted in detail; and character, as the guiding element, receives much attention. Regardless of Genevieve Taggard's skilled appraisal of the poetry of Emily Dickinson, the keenly sympathetic attitude of the author toward her subject must be taken into consideration. The influence of Emily Dickinson's writings may be seen clearly in much of Miss Taggard's own poetry. Although Emily Dickinson's poetry is criticized by a poet well-qualified to do so, one is inclined to wonder if the author was not too well-qualified to give us an entirely unbiased picture of Emily Dickinson herself. Does too much of the author's own interpretation make even more evasive the already elusive Emily? This consideration leads to another point of importance as to method or treatment. Miss Taggard assumes that the mind of Emily Dickinson is Emily herself. Some reviewer has refused to take her mind instead, no matter how minutely scrutinized. Emily is skilfully appraised by being shown against the intellectual background of her age through sketches of her contemporaries: Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Hawthorne, and the Brontës.

The book is extremely stimulating. For one thing, the enthusiasm due to Genevieve Taggard's own interest in Emily Dickinson is interest inspiring. Perhaps this is too animated an account. It is said that Miss Taggard in some phases of her interpretation seems abstruse because at times she leans slightly toward the metaphysical. It seems that the main emphasis is placed correctly on the dominant part played by Emily Dickinson's father in directing the events of her outer life. One receives the general impression of incidents and character analysis well-blended so as to result in a most convincing interpretation. Although it may be that the author is insufficiently critical of Emily Dickinson herself, the same can not be said of her treatment of Emily Dickinson's poetry.

J. Allsbrook

EARTH HORIZON. By Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1932, \$4. Literary Guild, 1932, \$1.75.

In her autobiography *Earth Horizon*, Mary Austin taps an almost unlimited fund of memories to relate her rich and varied experiences from the time of her childhood in Illinois through years of struggle and difficulty until she reached the position that she occupies in the literary world today. The picture that Mrs. Austin sketches of the child Mary is especially sympathetic—a little Mary who found it hard to distinguish the stirring tales she had heard about pioneer days from the actual events of her own life, who persisted in confusing her rosy day-dreams and ambitions with reality. At a very early age Mary decided to become a writer. When her father asked her what kind of books she intended to write, she declared largely, "All kinds." In the latter part of *Earth Horizon* Mrs. Austin tells how she fulfilled this ambition. Of especial interest is the description of the time she spent in the "Land of Little Rain," and the account of her contact with the outstanding writers of America and Europe.

Perhaps Mrs. Austin's chief characteristic, manifested even in her early childhood, has been the consciousness of self—her feeling of personal identity, and her need for self-analysis and introspection, which she terms the "I—Mary" feeling. In writing her autobiography, Mrs. Austin wished to demonstrate above all the powerful influence of heredity. It is doubtless from her pioneer and Indian ancestors that she has inherited her adventurous spirit, her profound knowledge of human nature, and her indomitable will.

Unfortunately, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the author was growing up, the conquest of the American continent had been completed. For Mrs. Austin and other women who possessed a surplus of energy seeking outlet in vigorous action there remained only the world of the mind to conquer. So these women demanded equal rights, birth control, and prohibition. They obtained many of the things they demanded; it is a pity, however, that Mrs. Austin was not born a generation earlier, for her spirit is essentially that of a pioneer woman.

In the introduction to *Earth Horizon*, Mrs. Austin declares that she has written of "the totality which is called Nature," of the "quality of experience called Folk," and "the frame of behavior known as Mystical." But by her American readers at least she is most esteemed as a writer about America. In her autobiography she portrays very faithfully the

Middle West of her childhood and a people to whom the word "culture" signified Longfellow, the Chautauqua, hair wreaths, wax-flowers, and the what-not in the parlor. *Earth Horizon* breathes forth the very spirit of America. By virtue of her Indian and pioneer heritage as well as by her own keen observation of her people and her country, Mrs. Austin is amply qualified to write of America. She is probably the most American of all modern writers.



Grandmother

For three generations she held the reins,
Austere and confident within her hands.
Her mind has placed its stamp on all their plans,
And turned to suit her ways their growing pains.
Each heretic she forced back to the fold,
Making him bend his ways to serve her god,
Who punished with a hard and fearful rod
All those who followed truth to reach the goal.
I who broke free ten years or more by now,
And ceased to fear her threat of lasting hell,
Feel instant shame in looking at her bow,
Unint' rested to note the neighbor's bell,
Or that a truck has stalled upon the hill—
Oh fearful age to *break* so strong a will.

LEE BLAUVELT

Pen Feathers

The Dickens of a Christmas Carol

YESTERDAY a Christmas package came from Aunt Tilly and Uncle Abner out on the farm in Iowa. We could hardly wait for the whole family to get together before James, the handy man, opened it. We always let James open packages from Aunt Tilly and Uncle Abner, for we really never know what to expect. Ever since they sent us a litter of young Gila monsters that they found in Texas we have been discreet and retiring about opening their parcels. Uncle Abner has such a naive sense of humor.

As soon as the entire family was present, Father armed with a pistol, Mother holding her broom in a manner that would be sufficient warning to any creature that might be inside the package, my brother and I standing ready by the side of a trench mortar (we always have a trench mortar handy), and the little sister safely hidden in the closet, James warily undid the string and loosed the wrappings. I would ask you to imagine our surprise when a lad of ten years or so stepped out of the box, but I think that would be a poor request. In the first place, I am not at all sure that you have any imagination; and in the second place, it is my duty to tell you how surprised we were. Suffice it to say that we were surprised to no small degree. (If the truth be told, we were surprised to a very large degree. An exceedingly large degree with pink side-whiskers and a bulbous nose. But, you know, it's the truth that hurts.)

The boy stepped from the box and looked around. Evidently he was amused at our gaping mouths and unbelieving stares, for he chortled with glee:

"Chortle, chortle."

"What makes you chortle with glee?" asked Father, who by now had recovered his composure, which he had thought lost. It had rolled under the bed into a corner, where it huddled, very lonesome and miserable. Composures do not like to be lost. It makes them sad, and makes them wear out quite fast. "What makes you chortle with glee?" repeated Father. "Who are you, anyway, and where are you from?"

"Oh," replied the stranger, "I was born on a farm down in Ioway, a flaming youth just put there to fly away——"

"Sounds a little goofus to me," murmured my brother.

"That all might be very well out in Iowa, young fellow," said Father sternly, "but it won't go here. I'll not have any flaming youths

in my house. The fire hazard is bad enough as it is. James"—this to the butler, for James had donned his white coat and was prepared to battle should the need arise—"James, show this intruder to the door, sneeringly. And mind you sneer well."

So James opened a fresh box of sneers—made in Bloomington, Ill., by the Sneerlyrite Co.—(Adv.) and slipped one on over his head. James wears sneers awfully well. Sometimes he doubles for Claude Gillingwater. As soon as the sneer was adjusted to his satisfaction he started after the boy.

"Stop!" said Mother, who until now (as you have probably gathered) had been silent. "'Tain't a fit night for a man nor beast out yonder in the cold, James. You shan't put this boy out, and as far as I'm concerned, you and your whole family can go to Helena, Mont."

"Yes, mum," replied James humbly, gathering up his family and retiring to Helena, Mont.

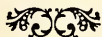
"Madame," the boy's voice sounded strangely mature—"I am not the homeless waif you thought me. I am the Spirit of Christmas, and I shall reward you for your kindness. Behold!" And he drew from his pocket a Christmas tree, fully lighted and decorated, with a huge star on top; a turkey, stuffed with oyster dressing; and a host of presents for everyone in the family, even for Father.

Father took his packages, and remarked: "I suppose I might call these presence of mind?" The barrage of scathing glances that followed electrified the atmosphere which was shocking to the neighbors.

"Let's sing!" suggested the little sister.

So the company assembled rendered Handel's Messiah amid the ringing of bells and the fanfare of trumpets.

By Parleduc



While Holding the Sack

Men being the vacillating creatures that they are, it will almost inevitably come within the range of every young girl's experience to support the sack, or in less figurative connotations, to be "stood up," or to be made to "hold the lily." For the benefit of the neophytes, perhaps I had better say that I am speaking of being at an appointed place at an

appointed hour in the expectation of being joined, and then in some unaccountable and strange way, I find that I have not been joined.

Such a state of affairs has been strongly suspected of bringing on nervous breakdowns, violent rages, embarrassed coughs, blushes, and foot-shifting. That we of the fairer, and might I add, more constant sex should have to put ourselves in a position admitting such treatment is deplorable to use a mild, uncensored term. It should indeed be changed, but as there are no indications of such a departure from social law, you might as well make the best of it.

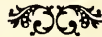
There are, of course, various and sundry ways of making the best of it. Some prefer to laugh it off. Personally, I always found that the strain on my vocal organs or whatever it is you laugh with, was too great to permit such a lengthy and dramatically hearty seizure of laughing, and that the strain on my sense of humor practically extinguished that useful exercise. Be it as you will, however, and if you can laugh it off, your book on "How to Ha-Ha Haughty Hes" would almost overnight enable you to indorse Pond's Cold Cream, Lucky Strikes, and Simmons Bed Springs.

I have known some who employ the interval between the should-be magic moment and that moment of disillusionment when shoulders and heart droop and hope is crowned by a tombstone, in putting on the finishing touches. This is done by taking down and putting up the hair five or six times, each time getting more of the dollar wave out; or by powdering and repowdering the nose until it has to be cold-creamed, and once more repowdered. Some fidget around and drum on the desk, breaking a finger-nail or two. A few write letters to their numerous admirers, ending them with "Well, I'll have to stop now and dress for my date. Wish it were going to be you," or write home and give a heart-breaking account of the hard work and terrible food the daughter of the house is being subjected to. A card enthusiast will while away those harrowing hours with a soothing game of solitaire or tell her own fortune and crib just a bit to make it come out right. I've seen some poor unfortunates who sit on the side of the bed and go into a trance. They stare off into space, taking on a desperate fireman-save-my-child hand clench, and can be moved neither by well-aimed pillow nor the aroma of Junior-Shop sandwiches. Such cases may be dealt with by a gentle but effective blow over the head, which brings on a condition of unawareness, and which enables the roommate of the subject to stuff her between sheets and go about her business without having that creepy feeling caused by someone's looking at you and not seeing you. The more tender ones dampen

the pillow with ineffectual tears, and next morning have to say "Oh, I have some sties coming." A vicious attack on chewing gum and a shrug of the shoulders is sufficient outlet for the feelings of the hard-boiled, more experienced lady.

These or various other methods may be employed to tide you over a trying time, for I am sure that all will agree that they are trying times. Of course, I hope you understand that I am not speaking from experience on this humiliating subject but I'm sure any suggestion you might have on the matter would be rather helpful.

Ruth Owens



The College Poetess

Rise up, some bard of by-gone days, and sing again the praises of a noble subject! Search your boundless store of golden words, and frame with skill your most felicitous phrases; for here, ah here, at last after countless barren years, there comes one worthy of a Sappho's fire—a Homer's eloquence. Bend low, for she arrives in state: 'Tis the college poetess.

None other than a Keats or a Shelley should attempt the eulogy of so exalted a creature; yet I brave the anger of the gods and breathe the sacred name: College Poetess! Was ever creature so rare, so remarkable, so—well, was ever creature so? Has ever breathed a poet who could, with such sheer grace, say absolutely nothing in groups of charming but, alas, meaningless words? Ah, no, you answer in awed tones, and are struck with the wonder of it all!

So am I—struck to the point of speechlessness. In fact, such beauteous bits as the following leave me incoherent:

Long ago you stopped mattering,
Very long ago;
The driving rain against the house
Shuts out the memory
Of how long ago it was.

Beautiful, it is not? But these unsurpassed lines are as naught. Not incoherency, but a strange babbling condition is brought about by the perusal of such thought-provoking melodies as this:

The CORADDI

Wind-whipped surf in smoking spray
Beat and surge in deep abandon.
Dead town, dead bay, wild sea and I
With singing joy about me.

Never until this young college genius brought it so forcibly to my mind had I remarked the striking similarity of sound between *spray* and *I*—between *abandon* and *me*. There is, however, something beautifully suggestive about those words *abandon* and *me* when seen in such proximity!

Would not Tennyson and his flower from the crannied wall have turned a delicate jade hue in the presence of this—again from a college pen?

The withered flower on the vine
Smiled at the fresh one being picked,
The fresh one smiled back.

Picture it! What philosophy, so naively revealed! How charmingly rustic! And then this:

I saw you once in the gray dawn.
The rain smothered
My heartbeats; and you
Did not know.

The tragedy revealed in these short lines would have shamed a Shakespeare. 'Tis more than passing strange that my mind seizes hold of that word *smother* and lingers over it fondly, instead of feeling duly impressed with the sadness of the gray dawn!

Many more of these choice flowerings of verse are to be culled from the garden of weeds that flourish in the typical college journal. If time and continued sanity permit, I shall seriously consider the gathering of such gems as a life vocation. The monetary proceeds from the publication of said collection will be used to endow a Home for Ex-College Poetesses, over the door of which will be carved, in true collegiate style:

Things
Are deceiving;
From a distance
This looks like
Poetry.

Julia Watson

The Adventures of Rodney Everton

Isabel had a birthday six weeks ago, and since the family custom is to give books, I betook myself to town to find something that a ten-year-old would like. Near the door of the shop, I was confronted with a large stack of books marked as desirable reading for boys and girls. They were all books of the sort that I had borrowed from my friends when I was young, and which Mother had tried to discourage me from reading. *The Bobbsey Twins*, *The Six Little Bunkers*, *The Camp Fire Girls*, *The Boy Scouts*, they were all there but *Elsie Dinsmore*. I shuddered and walked past.

On the way home, I stopped to think how easy it would be to write a book of this kind. If I wrote a lot of books perhaps everyone would buy them. Then I would be rich. First, I must pick a pen-name, something youthful, appealing, and innocent, like Edna Irma Maye. I need not worry about plot or characters. This sort of story takes care of itself. For example, we will name our hero Rodney Everton. Rodney has been brought up in the country, is twelve years old, and the only support his mother has in her advanced years. She is, perhaps, thirty-five, almost senile. Rodney is honest, courageous, disgustingly fond of telling the truth, and "the kind of boy that the wiles of the wicked city cannot corrupt."

There, we have the whole story. You, of course, know the rest. Rodney, since he cannot be corrupted by the city, must needs go there to prove it. He lives through adversity, and temptation, rescues a woman in a tenement fire, finds an enemy in the person of one Joe Toolin, who works where Rodney does, and who is always attempting to steal Rodney's glory. Virtue is triumphant, however, and Rodney rescues the millionaire's baby daughter from being kidnapped by a band of desperadoes to which Joe belongs in a minor sort of capacity. The millionaire turns out to be an old friend of Rodney's father and wants to give Rodney some money, millions, that the millionaire made on an invention of the senior Everton. Poor boys' fathers are always inventors.

Rodney's mother marries the millionaire in order to look after his poor, motherless daughter. In our last scene, located in the library of the palatial home, we see the millionaire, smoking an expensive cigar, gazing with approval on the picture before him. Rodney is earnestly reading a scientific treatise of some sort, his mother, "simply but tastefully clad," is occupied with needle-work, while little Rosalie Ermentrude plays gleefully about the floor with an expensive toy. Her golden curls gleam in

T h e C O R A D D I

the sunlight, her dress is a simple imported, handmade, white model, which on any other child would be in rags by now.

It's very easily done. I'd be a millionaire in no time. I would need only to change the age of my hero, a few minor details throughout the story, and I could sell it to a magazine. Of course, the movie rights would bring in a lot more money. I could endow the college.

* * * * *

Oh, yes, I bought Isabel an anthology of verse, and she has been writing me enthusiastic letters about it.

By Mrs. Ponds



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?

While peering through a
microscope
Bacteria to see,
I wonder if I seem as queer
To them, as they to me?

—Gertrude Magill

?

A CURIOUS CHILD

A curious child is the wind:
He peeps in my window
And then comes in.
He reads my letters and papers
And leaves them scattered about.
He whistles a tune at my window
Like a child in the dark,
Or he strides in my room with a
roar,
Puffing the curtains out.

—Susanne Ketchum

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