



# *Coraddi*

*summer issue*

# EDITORIAL

## ***As We See It***

*Coraddi* has fallen into new hands, inexperienced but optimistic. It is our hope that *Coraddi* will emerge a fine arts magazine worthy of its function. That function will continue to be the publishing of the best possible material on campus. Its further purpose is to encourage both creative and appreciative interest.

We, a new staff, feel our responsibility to every citizen of the college community. Because the magazine is a campus publication, its success or failure depends greatly on student support. We would sincerely thank you for this support. We are proud of this, our first issue, and hope you too can be proud.

One of our main projects for the coming year will be the correlation of the arts—music, dance, drama, art, and literature. The feature section can be a vital part of this program. In this issue, for instance, is an original composition by Frances Green. Two other features have been included in the hope of broadening the program. *Nocturne*, a translation by Mary Bivins, is extremely well written. Poetry so often loses much of its musical beauty in translation, but Miss Bivins seems to have caught the poet's original mood.

The book review, too, is of immediate, though slightly belated, interest. Flannery O'Connor was one of the guest critics for the Arts Festival. A story by Miss O'Connor was published in the Arts Festival issue of *Corradi* some years ago when she was still an undergraduate.

Suggestions for other feature articles along these lines will be greatly appreciated.

The second project will be that of bringing *Coraddi* closer to the student body. It is hoped that *Coraddi* Club programs and projects can accomplish this end. The club, for instance, hopes to sponsor student discussions similar to that of the Arts Festival. We welcome any suggestions for other type programs.

As for selection of material for publication, work submitted is discussed and criticised. Selection is accomplished by a secret ballot of the staff. The author's purpose and success in fulfilling that purpose is one of the main criteria for judging material. Space limits the amount of work which can be published. Decisions are sometimes difficult, and even very good stories and poems are sometimes eliminated because of slightly better material. Rejected material is returned with criticisms and encouragement.

Enough of purpose and function. We should like to bring your particular attention to *Marilla*, by June Cope and to *Circle* by Alma Graham. Both illustrate keen imagination. *Marilla*, as well as being a witty yet touching story of a dream, is a closely integrated character sketch. *Circle* is a powerful poem. Its last thought does carry a subtle hopeful note—the new circle is a larger one.

We extend our further congratulations to Gerry Kaplon, whose two poems appearing in this issue are soon to come out with other of her poems in a Bantam publication, *Campus Writing Today*.

As one last word, we want to thank those who submitted material for this issue. We wish to encourage submissions of material from all the Arts. Particularly, too, we wish to encourage the informal essay. The essay, certainly, should find its place in a fine arts magazine.

We, the staff, look forward to a year of renewed interest in writing and the arts.





# THE ARTIST AT HOME

gerry kaplon

Aldo was born in Syracuse, New York, of Italian parents. When he was about four years old, they moved back to Italy; Aldo studied art there. When he was about fourteen, they came back to Syracuse. Aldo learned English and graduated from a Syracuse high school. He won a scholarship to Syracuse University for five years and got his master's in fine arts. Though Aldo was born in America, he spoke English with an Italian accent.

He also wrote poetry and worked harder and more sincerely at his painting than a dozen artists.

Syracuse is an ugly city. Its colors are brown and black—even in the spring and summer.

The Syracuse University campus is no exception. The campus is only attractive along "fraternity and sorority rows." There are wide lawns and big trees there; the houses are set far back from the street and are well-kept, like the lawns.

The campus is bordered on two sides by wide-spaced houses thinning out to the suburbs of Syracuse and on two sides by first the ghetto and then the slums.

The dorms at the University are over-crowded; those who want freedom to move, do as they please, establish their own curfews, cook their own meals, entertain, etc., try to work around the university regulation requiring them to live on campus. Men have little trouble doing this, and an amazing number of coeds manage to find "relatives" to live with in the city to avoid living under university restrictions.

The oldest houses in Syracuse have three stories, one or two stained-glass windows, and wide, overhanging roofs that resemble the roofs on Swiss chalets. Like most of the houses in that part of the country, they are frame, because frame houses are easier to heat.

Literally all of the large houses on the fringes of the Syracuse University campus, between the ghetto and spreading into the slum area, have been surgically divided into one, two, and three room apartments. Most of these apartments are inconvenient, impossible to keep clean, and fire-traps. They are rented out to the students who do not want to live on campus.

South Crouse Street starts at the music building of the University that is called "Crouse College" and runs to the Columbus monument in the center of the Syracuse business district. Two blocks down from Crouse College, after you pass the camera shop, the sport shop, the Orange Grill, the florists, and cross one street, is a yellow frame house with a porch across the front with another porch on top of it for the upstairs. Next door to it is the only brick house on the street. It is trimmed with brownstone. There is a door in the middle of this brick house with an oval glass in it that has brown paper tacked across the inside. Before the door is a brownstone stoop.

Between these two houses is a gravel driveway; jutting out at the end of this driveway, almost touching the garage, is a small wing of the brick house that was once a side entrance and is now a separate entrance to one of the many apartments inside the house.

It has its own miniature brownstone stoop framed on one side by the side of the house and on the other side by the door in the wing that is perpendicular to the main house. At the one free corner is a thin, Ionic-topped column reaching up to the roof. The door is a peeling brown, has no oval glass, and has no screen.

This is where Aldo and Jim live. Jim is an art student, too, but he is seldom at home.

Aldo is always at home working at his painting.

When you walk through the brown door (it sticks, you have to push it) you walk into a small kitchen. The first thing you notice is a table—you almost fall over it; it cannot be avoided. Between the table and the kitchen equipment is enough space for a thin cat to walk, if she draws her whiskers back.

Under the one window in the room is a large radiator that is always cold. Beside the radiator is a green and white gas stove. On the wall opposite the door is a sink with white porcelain legs; beside the sink is a door that is nailed shut, because it leads to the back-porch, and the floor of the back-porch is rotted.

In the middle of the wall, across from the radiator and stove, is a built-in cupboard and a refrigerator with one of those coiled motors on top. There is a door to the right of the refrigerator; it is usually closed. This is Jim's room.

Jim's room is about the size of the kitchen and is painted a clean white. Its furnishings are a cot covered with a dark blue denim spread, a desk with a record-player on it, and an easel built onto the wall, because the room is not large enough for a studio easel. There's a low bookcase at the foot of the bed with books and records on the shelves.

In the kitchen, to the left of the built-in cabinet, is another door-way. This door is usually open and hangs at an angle because the top hinge is missing. On the floor, between the end-corner of the open

door and the farthest fringe of the door-way, is an arc scraped into the wood where the door drags when it is closed.

Through this door is a large room with windows on two sides. These windows have no curtains or shades of any sort; they simply let in the light. Low, along three walls of Aldo's room, are bookcases and orange crates holding heavy books of reproductions and all sorts of junk to use in still-lives. Leaning in front of, against, and between these bookcases, are canvases—most of them finished paintings.

The walls are a sort of yellowed color. Where Aldo's most recent sketches aren't hanging, you can see the drawings on the wall that Aldo and his friends put up to illustrate an idea or just make a joke.

Against the one bare wall is a single bed with only a grey sheet on it. The wall over the bed is reserved for reproductions of Aldo's favorite paintings. They are of all sizes and tacked to the wall in no balanced pattern.

Aldo's models sit on this bed, or in front of it on a high stool. This is where he sleeps and occasionally makes love to willing models.

In the wide clear space in the middle of the room is a studio easel facing the bed. On the right-hand side of the easel is a small table with a palette and a jar full of brushes on it. The shelf under the table holds tubes of paint, turpentine, rags, and a few sticks of charcoal.

At any hour of the day or night—no matter if Aldo is painting his model or making love to her—his friends drop in. The front door is always unlocked.

One evening, when Aldo was painting a still-life, he heard the knob of the kitchen door turn and heard it being kicked open. Bailey came to the door of his studio and stood on the threshold, a book in one hand and the other thrust into her blue-jean pocket. She was looking at her feet; her eyes, opened their widest, looked at him.

"Hello, Aldo," she said slowly and sadly.

"Hello, Bailey," he said. He smiled at her the way you smile at a child when you're busy.

"Don't mind me," she said, "I'm just lonely and thought I'd come over here so I wouldn't have to be alone. I brought a book to study."

She held the book up so he could see it. Then, she walked over to the bed, sat stiffly on the edge, and opened the book.

For about five minutes she was silent. Then she said, "Aldo, have you seen Malcolm lately?"

Aldo stepped back from his painting, looked at it a few seconds, stepped back up to it and dabbed at it with his brush. Then, he wiped the brush on one of the rags and put it back in the jar.

"Aldo, what am I going to do? I haven't seen him for three days. When I call him, he says for me to call back later. And when I call back later, he isn't home."

Aldo selected a brush, dipped it into the light green paint on his palette and turned back to his canvas.

"Don't you think I'm good to him? Don't I try to please him? You're his best friend, Aldo. He tells you everything. What's wrong?"

Aldo dropped his brush and stooped to pick it up.

"We've been going steady for six months. Why did he ever ask me to go with him? I haven't seen him for three days; I always see him every day!"

Aldo dipped his brush in the green paint again.

"He's really got his nerve treating me like this. There's nothing I wouldn't do for him, but what does he do? He ignores me for three days—doesn't even explain—doesn't even have the decency to call me or write me a note and tell me he wants to break up, if that's what he wants."

Aldo stepped back from his painting.

"Oh, Aldo, I love him!" and she began to cry.

He sighed, wiped his brush, put it in the jar, and walked over and sat down beside her. She put her head on his shoulder and sobbed. Then she said, "I'm sorry I'm being so silly."

Aldo went back to the easel and looked at the painting.

The kitchen door was pushed open and a voice shouted, "Hey, Aldo! time to stop work and party awhile."

Aldo and Bailey went to the door of the room. Malcolm stood at the end of the kitchen table with a grocery bag on one arm, a girl on the other, and an Indian student peering from behind his left shoulder. All three were smiling.

"I've got a treat for you," said Malcolm, "Rahm, here, is going to cook us a real Indian dish."

The Indian nodded his head vigorously and smiled more broadly.

Malcolm pulled a chair from under the table for the girl. She wiped her hand over it to see if it was dusty and then sat down.

"Oh say," said Malcolm, pointing to the girl, "This is Adrienne. Adrienne, that's Aldo and Bailey. And Rahm, here, is from India—studying statistics. He's going to cook us an Indian meal."

"Yes," said Rahm, "I will prepare a native dish for you."

Malcolm put the bag on the table and pulled out a white paper of meat, two green peppers, a loaf of bread, a stick of margarine, some small cans of spices, and a paper carton of milk. He took a couple of bowls, a frying-pan, and a knife from the cupboard and gave them to Rahm.

Rahm washed the peppers at the sink. He walked back to the table, smiling, and tried to cut them into a bowl.

"Do you want them cut into small pieces?" asked Bailey from the door-way.

"Yes," he answered, "the pieces will be small."

Bailey took the knife from him and began to dice the peppers into the bowl.

Aldo sat down at the table across from Adrienne.

"Say," said Malcolm, "what we need is some music."

(Continued on page 20)

*Editor's Note:*

*The Colombian, José Ausunción Silva (1865-1896) a rebelliously free thinker using free verse, was one of the precursors of modernism in Spanish poetry. Nocturne is known as one of his best poems because of its inner music and its subject, style, and metre new to his contemporaries.*

## Nocturne III

Jose Ausuncion Silva

One night,  
a night filled with murmurs, and perfumes, and the  
music of wings  
                  one night  
when fireflies fantastic flicked the moist and nuptial  
shadows,  
slow by my side, against me closely clasped, silent  
and pale,  
as if a presentiment of bitterness unbounded  
to the most secret depth of the life fibers shook you,  
over the flowery path that crossed the shoreless  
plain  
          you wandered;  
          and the full moon  
brimmed and spilled its stilled light over blue-cast  
heavens, endless and deep;  
          and your shadow  
          faint and languid,  
          and my shadow  
cast by the rays of the moon,  
over the sorrowing sands  
of the path joined together;  
          and they lengthened into one,  
          and they lengthened into one,  
and they were one long lone shadow,  
and they were one long lone shadow,  
and they were one long lone shadow  
lengthened into one  
          Tonight  
          I alone; my soul  
filled with the ceaseless sorrows and anguish of your  
death,  
separated from you by time, and tomb, and distance,  
by the bottomless black  
where our cries cannot reach,  
in my silence lonely  
along the path I walked  
hearing the howls of the dogs pursuing the moon,  
the pallid moon  
and the untimed  
chirurking  
of the frogs . . . .  
I knew a coldness. It was the coldness in your room  
of your cheeks and your temples and your beloved  
hands  
          between the snow-whiteness  
          of the mortuary sheets.

translated by

mary bivins

It was the coldness of the sepulchre, the ice of death,  
it was the chill of nothingness.  
          and my shadow  
by the rays of the moon projected,  
walked alone,  
walked alone,  
walked alone over the lonely steppe;  
when your shadow slight and slender,  
faint and languid,  
as in that night relenting in the face of the spring-  
death;  
as in that night filled with murmurs, and perfumes,  
and the music of wings,  
came up and moved away with mine,  
came up and moved away with mine,  
came up and moved away with mine—Oh shadows  
inseparable!  
Oh body-shadows that join together with soul-  
shadows!  
Oh shadows searching others in nights of sadness and  
of tears!

# Good Morning, Mrs. Doll

Sandi Norton

Jo-jo felt a tickle on her face. She brushed her hand across her cheek and kicked the sheet off of her brown legs. It was hot and sticky. Maybe it was the heat and the noise down the hall and the tickle on her face that had made her wake up like this in the middle of the night. She peeked through half-squinted eyes at the night light on the bureau. Maybe Stevie was awake too, then they could play "I See Something" like they always did before they went to sleep. She Jug her toes into the bed and raised up on her elbows.

"Stevie, - - - Stevie, are you awake?"

She looked at her brother who was lying stiff and still on the cot across from her. His straight straw-colored hair hung in his face, almost hiding his eyes.

"Stevie, I know you're not asleep, I saw your eyelash move just then. Come on, let's play something. — Stevie?"

She humped her back and kneeled straight up on the bed. Looking over at her brother, she scratched her tousled brown head and sat back on her heels. "I've got two pieces of licorice. Do you want some?"

"Where?" said Stevie, opening one eye.

"In the pocket of my shorts."

"O. K."

Stevie stretched, turned sideways on the cot, propped his feet up on the wall and hung his head over the edge of the bed.

"Don't do that," said Jo-jo, "you look awful upside down."

"I thought you had some licorice."

"I do. Let's play 'I See Something' and whoever wins gets it for the prize."

"No, that's a dumb game, besides you always cry if you don't win."

"I do not; anyhow you're not fair. You cheat."

"Liar," said Stevie, sitting up in bed.

"Yes you do. You say you see something yellow and when I name it you say that's not it. That's why you always win."

"You're just dumb, that's all. You don't know anything."

"I do too, I bet I know more than you do. Besides you get 'C's' and 'D's' on your report card and that proves you're dumber than I am."

"Aw, shut up. Come on, let's eat the candy."

"Say please."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Then I won't give you your piece."

"I don't care, I hate licorice anyhow."

"Then I'll eat your piece."

"Aw right, dumb. Please, please, please, pu-leeze!"

Jo-jo rolled out of bed and took two dusty sticks of licorice out of her shorts that were lying in a bunch on her chair. They sat quietly on the beds pulling the licorice into long black strings with their teeth.

"Stevie, do you hear something funny?"

"What?"

"I mean before. I heard Daddy talking."

"What's so funny about that?"

"Well, I don't know except I thought I heard Mother crying."

"That's just how dumb you are. She's sick, dopey."

"Oh," said Jo-jo, half-surprised. "What's the matter with her?"

"She's having a baby, stupid."

"Oh."

Jo-jo lay on her back and bit off a large piece of licorice.

"Does that make her sick?"

"You always ask such dumb questions. You'd better be quiet or Daddy'll be in after you and then you'll be sorry."

"I'm quiet. I just asked a question."

"Well don't. Go on to sleep."

Jo-jo lay very quietly for a long time, listening and wondering. The stars moved past her window slowly. She sucked the licorice and watched them go by.

The sun stood high and white in the morning sky. Jo-jo looked up at it and sneezed. She was up before anyone else, playing in her garden. She liked to be up early to see how much had happened since the day before. Her tomato looked a little bigger today; maybe tomorrow it would be big and red. Then she would pick it and eat it without any salt. She frowned at the lacey green leaves of her carrots — partly because she didn't like carrots — they gave her the hiccoughs — and partly because she had wanted to plant sweet-peas instead, but her father had spilled all the seed in his own garden and there wasn't any left for hers.

"Jo-jo," called someone from inside the kitchen.

"Jo-jo, come in and have your cereal."

Jo-jo was troubled. The voice did not sound like her mother's. Maybe she was still sick from getting the baby. Jo-jo slipped open the screen door and tiptoed into the kitchen. Her mother was not there. It was Mrs. Kennedy instead. Jo-jo pulled her tall stool up to the table and poured cream on her cereal.

"Oh, hello there, youngster. Your mommy asked me to stay with you for a few days. Won't that be fun?"

Jo-jo stirred her cereal slowly, all the time thinking that Mrs. Kennedy looked just like a big fat smiling cat.

"Where is my mother?"

Mrs. Kennedy stopped scraping at the piece of toast she had burned and said brightly, "Why, Mommy's gone to the hospital, honey, to bring you back a little brother or sister. Won't that be lovely, now?"

"I don't want a brother," said Jo-jo, "I've got one of those already."

"Well, then, maybe she'll bring you a sister. You could have fun with a sister. How about that, eh? Now you'd better call your brother. It's high time he was up."

Jo-jo climbed down off her stool and went upstairs to the bedroom. Stevie was sitting on the edge of the bed, pulling on his faded dungarees. Jo-jo stood in the door-way, her hands deep in the pockets of her yellow shorts.

"Mother's gone, she went to get the baby and she made Mrs. Kennedy come to take care of us."

Stevie put his sneakers on his brown feet and began to lace them.

"So what?"

"Nothing, only Daddy's not here either, and Mrs. Kennedy burned the toast."

"Well, what am I supposed to do about it?"

"Nothing. — — How long does it take to get a baby?"

"How should I know? Why don't you go down and eat, instead of asking so many dumb questions?"

"I don't ask dumb questions and anyhow Mrs. Kennedy says you'd better get down stairs and eat your breakfast before she comes up after you with a stick. She told me to tell you."

"She didn't say that, you big liar."

"Well, anyhow, she said you'd better get downstairs pretty quick."

"Aw, go on out and play in your dumb carrot patch."

Jo-jo closed the door and went downstairs. Her father was in the kitchen talking to Mrs. Kennedy.

"Oh, as well as can be expected. So far so good," she heard him say.

He poured himself out a cup of coffee and drank it down in three gulps.

"Where's Mother?" asked Jo-jo, coming up behind him.

"At the hospital, honey. Now, go out and play."

"But I didn't eat all my cereal yet."

Jo-jo ate quietly and watched her father light a cigarette.

"What kind of baby is she getting? I hope it's a girl."

Her father threw the match in the sink and blew out the smoke in short puffs.

"Jo-jo, please go out and play, Daddy's tired."

Jo-jo pushed off her stool and went out into the back yard.

The pebbles in the driveway were gray and hot. She squished them up between her toes and began singing a *song* she made up as *she went* along.

The sky was covered with thick black clouds; Mrs. Kennedy had made Jo-jo come in.

In her room Jo-jo was squatting on the floor in back of her doll house.

"Now, children it's time to get up," said Mrs. Doll. "We are going to have a very busy day today."

"What are we going to do, Mother?" asked Little Girl.

"We are going to go shopping, dear. But you must not come, you must stay home and take care of the house."

"But I want to come with you, why can't I?"

"Because your father and I will be gone all day shopping for a baby. We are going to get one for you for your birthday and you must not come or it wouldn't be a surprise."

"Oh, I see," said Little Girl. "Well, I like girl babies better than the boy babies, so could I have one, please. Girl babies are not at all mean and they don't cheat at 'I See Something' either."

"We'll see, but girl babies cost much more, you know."

"Did I cost more than Stevie then?" asked Little Girl.

From behind the door came a snickering sound. Jo-jo stiffened and jumped to her feet, hiding Mrs. Doll behind her back.



"Stevie—is that you?" she said weakly.

Stevie leaped from behind the door, landing in the middle of the floor in a half-crouch.

"Boo!"

Jo-jo took a step backwards.

"Don't," she said in a half-frightened, half-laughing voice.

"Mother's going shopping for a baby. Ho, ho! I bet that's really what you think, isn't it?"

"It is not, either. I never said that anyhow."

"You did so. You were talking to those dumb dolls and you said it."

"They're not dumb and I was not talking to them."

"Ha, ha. Jo-jo's crazy, Jo-jo's crazy. Talks to herself. Jo-jo's crazy."

"I'm not. You better stop."

(Continued on page 18)

# Revolution Of A Sun

*Nancy McWhorter*



*Frances Crews*

Noon  
Tosses fuel chunks  
At growling mechanisms  
Locked in a kennel  
Parking lot.

Afternoon  
Walks leashed poodle cars  
Along sidewalk thoroughfares,  
Beset by the shrill barking  
Of indignant mongrels.

Evening  
Lifts the gates  
And sends greyhound vehicles  
Racing a circular track  
After a mock white ambition.

Night  
Unlooses wolfhound automobiles,  
Snarling and leaping,  
White paws stretching out into the darkness  
Followed by rows of glittering chromium teeth.  
A cross-eyed mistress draws in the leash,  
Drives off the yelping pack  
With red streaking light.  
Defeated pup  
Comes whimpering home,  
Tucking his red hind feet  
Beneath his steel body,  
And crouches, one ear cocked,  
Until sleep fastens the chain.

Morning  
Shakes herself in silence,  
Yawns and stretches  
As if waking from a bad dream,  
And fondles the litter of housebroken toys.

Harcourt, Brace, and Company  
1952

It has been years since anyone has had the nerve to write a satire on modern America. That is exactly what Miss O'Connor has done in her first novel. In an age when literature is not considered literature unless it has sex overdone and religion underground, it is indeed a pleasure and a shock to read a novel treating realistically our life and attitudes. At first, Miss O'Connor's novel reads like other novels full of sex and sin in order to sell well, but gradually the reader realizes that here is a novel which is trying to show us our society as it is. Unfortunately, Miss O'Connor's intentions are too evident, thereby causing her characters and plot to be totally unreal and sacrificed to her theme and satire.

Hazel Motes, the main character, returns from the war certain that souls are non-existent, that Christ died in vain. Unable to conquer his previous desire to be a preacher like his grandfather, Hazel sits on the nose of his rat-colored car and preaches the Church Without Christ. It is not long before another inspired prophet decides to make money on Hazel's new idea; Hazel, objecting to this insincerity, kills the money-mad prophet. Miss O'Connor's satire here is on the church as a profitable business rather than a soul-saving institution. Hazel Motes gets his idea of preaching on the street from evangelist Asa Hawks, who has blinded himself to prove his faith in God. Later Motes learns that Hawks is not really blind, that Hawks had lost his faith at the last moment. Ironically enough, Hazel Motes really blinds himself in order to prove to himself that he does not believe in souls. Yet, toward the last of Motes' life, he reverts back to the self-punishment which he had used as a child when he had done something offensive toward God. Thus it is that the reader is left with the opinion that there is really no denying of religion and that men never really know what they believe.

Also involved with Hazel Motes is a young man who is alone in the big city and has no one to speak kindly to him. This boy, Enoch Emery attaches himself to Motes, hoping to find the love and happiness which he has missed in life. He found for Motes a new Jesus (a museum relic) for his Church Without Christ. Enoch finds his own true Jesus in a fake gorilla movie star who shakes hands with people. Enoch, seeking this false admiration and love for himself, kills the gorilla and becomes his own Jesus. Interspersed among these events are the usual sex scenes prevalent in modern fiction (no offense is intended for those who like these scenes). The author presents these scenes without the beauty that many readers seem to think this sort of thing has.

It cannot be said that these characters have any semblance of reality; they do not live; they are merely instruments to speak for the author. It can be said, however, that they are not stock; in fact, they are

# Flannery O'Connor

## Wise Blood

*a book review*

*by Jo Gillikin*

quite unusual. They remind one of the patients one would find in an insane asylum. All of these characters are completely evil, having no human qualities of understanding, pity, or love. It is this lack which makes them so unreal. Miss O'Connor's use of short, direct sentences makes the novel read like a case history of a mentally disturbed person. The reader expects the author to say at any moment that these characters are all lunatics, and what can one expect from lunatics? At times the author's language is poetical. Although it seems out of place in a novel depicting the drabness of shanty-town people, it is quite a relief.

Typical of Miss O'Connor's wit and general tone of the novel is the following passage, describing Enoch Emery's room:

"The only other piece of furniture in the room was a washstand. This was built in three parts and stood on bird legs six inches high. The legs had clawed feet that were each one gripped around a small cannon ball. The lowest part was a tabernacle-like cabinet which was meant to contain a slop-jar. Enoch didn't own a slop-jar but he had a certain reverence for the purpose of things and since he didn't have the right things to put in it, he left it empty. Directly over this place for the treasure, there was a gray marble slab and coming up from behind it was a wooden trellis-work of hearts, scrolls, and flowers, extending into a hunched eagle wing on either side, and containing in the middle, just at the level of Enoch's face when he stood in front of it, a small oval mirror. The wooden frame continued again over the mirror and ended in a crowned horned headpiece, showing that the artist had not lost faith in his work."

In spite of the unreality of the story and the characters, this novel has a certain integrity and wit that makes it well worth the reading.

# Suite for Flute and Piano (First Movement)

I  
Fran Green

Allegretto  
♩ = 96

4p  
p  
cresc.  
cresc.  
rit. p  
f a tempo  
rit. p  
a tempo  
cresc.  
cresc.  
f rit. p  
poco piu mosso  
f rit. p  
poco piu mosso

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves have a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music features various dynamics and articulations. The first staff includes markings for *rit.*, *p*, *f*, and *cresc.*. The second staff includes *rit.*, *p*, *f*, *ff*, and *cresc.*. The third staff includes *rit.* and *cresc.*.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the three-staff format. The first staff includes *accl.*, *cresc.*, and *rit.*. The second staff includes *accl.*, *cresc.*, and *rit.*. The third staff includes *rit.*.

Third system of musical notation. The first staff includes *a tempo*, *ff*, *p rit.*, and *rit.*. The second staff includes *ff*, *p rit.*, *p*, and *rit.*. The third staff includes *rit.*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The first staff includes *f*, *cresc.*, *a tempo*, *cresc. poco poco*, and *rit.*. The second staff includes *cresc.* and *rit.*. The third staff includes *rit.*.

# MARILLA

by June Cope

Marilla found herself walking hurriedly down a long, dark, and empty street. Now and then she would start as the echo of her footsteps crept up on her, and cast sharp, shifting glances at the lurking shadows behind her. She began to hum softly, nervously, under her breath, "Ain't no bea-ers out to-night,

Daddy killed them all, last night!"

She reached the little, round, yellow moon marked Bus Stop and sighed. Safe! The street light was on, but looked sick, and gray-faced. Marilla felt like the street lamp looked. She didn't like to be out alone this late at night. Oh, why hadn't she stayed home with her parents, she kept saying to herself. There were all those English papers to grade; and she could have had a nice exciting game of ping-pong with her father; sometimes they won; and her mother would probably have made some fudge. Marilla thought of the fudge and smoothed her dress over her hips. She really should have stayed home, she told herself. The movie hadn't been worth seeing, and the popcorn was almost as bad. She stood and puckered her face in memory. She would never have gone if the girls had not gossiped about it so. Why, the clothes the leading lady wore, or rather the lack of clothes, was disgusting.

And the idea of a man that old making love to a young girl! Why he must have been sixty if a day. It was repulsive. She remembered seeing his age in one of the *Intimate Screen* magazines which she kept tucked under her mattress for interesting reading. Marilla pursed her lips. She would never let a man that old make love to her! She turned and squinted into the dark glass window of the store behind her, giving her girdle a sharp tug as she did so. Somehow she felt as if someone were watching her. She turned around, excited. It was almost like being in a movie. She knew someone was watching her! Suddenly something chill ran up and down her spine. It felt like the tiny cold feet of little white mice. She shivered and put her hand down the back of her collar. It was little white mice! She pulled them out and held them dangling before her by their dainty, silk-thread tails. There were two of them, tiny, and baby-pink-white, one with a blue, and the other with a pink ribbon tied neatly around its neck. They hung up-side-down and grinned at her. She stared at them a long time, not knowing what to do.

After a few minutes, one of the mice began to swing slowly back and forth. With every swing his tail stretched longer and longer, until he had finally

reached the ground. Marilla swallowed hard, and watched fascinated while the second mouse did the same thing. When both mice had reached the sidewalk, Marilla tentatively began to walk them around the bus stop by their long tail-leashes. Someone said, "She looks like the Queen-Mother." She turned to find the Corset-Lady beaming at her. Marilla didn't know whether to be flattered or not. "Exactly like the Queen-Mother!" exclaimed the Corset-Lady nodding and nudging her companion. "Don't you think so, Hortense?" The Salvation-Army Lady nodded silently, and peered nearsightedly at the lamp post. Marilla blushed and felt hot all over. "Thank you," she murmured.

"Yes, indeedy! Just like the Queen-Mother," came the faint echo as the Corset-Lady and the Salvation-Army Lady disappeared down the dark street on their bicycles. Marilla watched them fade into the night and turned back to the bus stop. She longed for the bus to come, and looked at her watch. But the hands had already curled themselves up into a tight little bud for the night.

Suddenly one of the mice turned, and before she could stop him had swallowed the other one whole. She was horrified.

"Stop it!" she cried. "Stop, you beast!" And then, in her best "classroom-authority" voice, "Give it back! . . . immediately!"

The mouse squatted, looking morosely at her, his sides bulging in all directions. Then he opened his mouth, and the inside mouse crawled out. They stared a moment at Marilla and then, joining hands ran laughing into the darkness.

Marilla felt weak, and leaned up against the lamp post. It leaned back. She whirled to find a tall, angular black-cloaked man towering over her, and let out a squeak. He started back, surprised. His thick gray hair fell in tousled curls over the smooth forehead of his rugged, baby-pink face. He stood with an air of awkward dignity, the picture of a "man of distinction" from the top of his leonine mop to the tips of his big bare feet.

"Oh," gasped Marilla, startled, "I thought you were a lamp post!"

"Grrnt!" he grunted, and grinned at her strangely.

As he opened his mouth, one of his teeth fell out and rattled to the ground. He seemed completely oblivious to it.

"Pyorrhæa," Marilla thought. "Yes, pyorrhæa!"

"Yes," echoed her mother. "If you aren't a good little girl and brush your teeth, they'll all fall out like Aunt Sophie's did."

Aunt Sophie grinned at her with a toothless grin, and disappeared.

Marilla nudged the stranger shyly and said, "You dropped a tooth."

"Oh," he replied with a wave of the hand, "That's just an imitation. I keep my real one here." He patted his vest pocket, and caught Marilla staring at him with narrowed eyes.

"Your eyes are too small," he said with concern. "Here," he broke off one of his little fingers and held it out to her.

"Eat this," he said kindly. "You must be hungry."

Marilla stared, fascinated, at the chalk-white finger before her and stammered, "What! You mean I should eat this?"

He shrugged his shoulders and broke off his middle finger, handing it to her in exchange for the little one.

"You shouldn't be so greedy!" he said, sounding peeved. He turned away from her and quietly ate the finger she had just handed back to him.

Marilla felt ashamed at hurting his feelings. She put the finger to her mouth and nibbled at it, looking thoughtful. It was crunchy, like a carrot, and tasted just like licorice.

"Yes, doesn't it?" said the man, who had turned to her, beaming.

"Doesn't it what?" she asked guardedly.

"You know," he replied with a sly look.

Marilla felt guilty and blushed. He arched his eyebrows at her, laughed, and bit her on the arm.

"Stop it!" she said, drawing away from him.

He stopped, abashed.

"Why did you stop?" She felt strangely disappointed.

"You told me to," he replied, surprised.

"Well, I meant it!" she added lamely. She turned and walked away from him, agitated. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she stormed at him. He chuckled and moved toward her, his arms outstretched.

"Aha!" he said knowingly.

"Leave me alone, Tommy Whatkins!" she shouted. "I'll tell my Daddy on you!" With this she picked up the Bus Stop sign and hit him in the face with it. When it came away the words Bus Stop were printed across his forehead in bright bold red letters. Marilla looked at him and laughed. He glared at her, and started rubbing the words off with his handkerchief.

She began to feel uneasy. "I wish the bus would come," she thought. When she turned back to the lamp-post man again, she noticed him staring at her oddly, with a spiteful grin on his face. He was slowly growing a beard! She watched, awed, as it swung leisurely down to his feet and then, started ambling in her direction.

"Don't you dare!" she whispered hoarsely.

He grinned and kept on growing the beard. Marilla got mad and snatching hold of it by one end, she tugged at it until it suddenly came off with a loud barking. The thing writhed in her hands, screeching and spitting like a cat. She had to drop it, and watched it slide down the street chased by a big brown dog who caught it and started swallowing it. The man sighed, and going over to the dog, he poked the whiskers down its throat with his cane until they were all tucked neatly inside, while the dog sat patiently. Then the man closed the dog's mouth, and nodded.

The dog rose, bowed, and trotted into the darkness.

About this time the bus chugged by. Marilla shouted and waved frantically at it. The bus driver grinned at her, waved back, and drove on.

Marilla turned to find the man standing behind her. He had shrunk two feet, and grown heavier. She was afraid of him. She walked nervously away from him, pulling out a cigarette. He walked away from him with her.

"Stop following me!" she said, annoyed. She couldn't find her cigarette lighter and had to ask him for a light.

He smiled knowingly, and whispered, "I don't smoke."

She noticed he had little fingers growing from his other fingers like the buds on a hydra, and felt cold.

"I must go!" she said frantically, throwing her cigarette down.

"Ah, but stay," he whispered gently, handing her his real tooth.

Marilla felt flattered, but wouldn't take it. He pressed it upon her.

"Oh, but I can't," she primly replied. Her feet hurt. "My mother told me never to take things from a stranger," she continued, taking off her shoes and rubbing her corns.

He looked interested.

"Besides," she said, "You're so much older than I am."

"I am?" He looked surprised. "How old am I?"

She hesitated. "I'm just this side of thirty," she lied.

"I don't mind!" He stretched his arms wide to her.

She looked at the tooth which lay glinting in his outstretched palm. "It is beautiful." She wavered, and took it. "But," she paused, "I suppose it is all right. I know you," she smiled coyly at him, tucking the tooth into the side of one jaw.

"Do you?" he replied, pleased, arching his eyebrows and grinned slyly at her. His voice flowed like water over her senses. He moved slowly toward her. She felt warm, turned her back on him, and said, "I wish the bus would come."

Suddenly a window above her flew open and the bus driver and the brown dog leaned out.

"The bus can't come, ma'm. It's sick," the bus driver said with a worried look, and drew his head back in the window.

"Oh, dear. What am I going to do?" she asked tiredly. "Here I am. A poor, defenseless school teacher, stranded in the middle of the night on a dark street with a strange man, and nobody to help me, Oh, what will my principal, Mr. Barnhill, think? George C. Barnhill." She sighed.

The dog coughed politely, and vanished back into the room, closing the window behind him.

The man grabbed her tightly in his arms and kissed her passionately on the nose.

"Stop it!" she said, breathless.

"Why?" He looked at her, amazed.

*(Continued on page 20)*

# CIRCLE

The thing is like a circle, curving back  
Into a somewhere that has been before.

We walk it; we have always walked it so . . .  
Pass into Now and through it, and around—  
To Now again—walk heavy in ourselves,  
Bulking of parts that die but will not drop,  
That coffin death piecemeal into our flesh.

We do not stop to listen or to wait,  
For only silence is a new sound here,  
Throbbing the high unchanging of our voice;  
Waiting would loose the tightness of the line  
And syncopate the rhythm of our feet.

And what is there to wait for or to hear?  
We are the world, and we can only walk.

But suddenly, an awful something new  
Stings up into our nostrils; thing not guessed,  
Thing light and pungent, rushing, rushing in

Through a slight break—it must be fixed—in circle,  
Scrapes on our throats in one quick aching gasp.  
What? But it's gone—the crazy tingling air,  
Gone back into the crack, back past the crack.  
Now we must rush to keep the Tuesday curve.  
We cannot think of it . . . Oh horrid hint!  
Can there be elsewhere? Is there someplace else?

Around again—our heavy, dying limbs  
Will carry us around but never out—  
Around through years, wondering for a wind  
And aching in an unbendable circle.

Something is rushing at us—the sharp air  
Flows into us, goes deep into our chests,  
Pushing them up and out: they strain, then fall,  
Then lighten; and within us something beats;  
And something loosens—all the old, dead parts  
Roll out into the air and are dissolved.

Perhaps—we hesitate . . . then run . . . then reach  
The curve of circle . . . stop . . . touch it with hands,  
Finger the break, and with a shouldered prayer  
Edge into someplace wider, place of wind . . .

And yet—yet the wind passes as before.  
We stay within, holding another circle.

By Alma Graham

# Joan Van Sise

Bertha sat down heavily on the top of the stoop, her dress pulled above her knees, laying bare her large varicose veined legs. She took a crumpled handkerchief from the arm of her house dress and passed it slowly over her sweat-stained face, laid it down on her lumpy knee to smooth it out and fold it carefully. She devoted several minutes to the folding, and pressing, and refolding of the worn piece of cloth. Finally, Bertha blinked her eyes in surprise and pulled her large disfigured body onto its feet, wiping her moist hands over the wrinkled dress.

She grunted, "God, it's hot," and started for the door.

An old car groaned its way up the winding hill. Bertha stopped and turned, but continued through the door when she saw that it wasn't Joe's car.

The chair with the frayed arms seemed to welcome Bert's weighty body and creaked only slightly as she lowered herself into it, to take up her usual vigil.

She thought, as she looked out the window, "You can never tell about that Joe. He might come home at six, seven, or even nine, or he might not come home till real late. I should be getting supper ready I guess, but God this heat — just can't muster up enough energy to do anything. Think I'll make Joe a nice little meat loaf with nice baked potatoes. No — guess maybe I'll do that tomorrow night, have to use up the left-over ham. It's too hot tonight, a cold supper will be better."

She looked out the window and watched Mr. Clayton kiss the Mrs. good-bye. "Guess he's working the night shift this week. Well isn't that cute, he's kissing her again. Lord, you'd think they'd been married two weeks. Guess I'm getting old. Come to think of it, I'm not much older than either one of 'em, and Joe never kisses me good-bye, but then he's kinda shy that way."

She watched the Claytons every night, and by this time she gave no thought to the strange feeling that crept up her spine. She'd just reach out and stroke her cat. Of all her four cats — Claudia, Michael, Martin and Buzz — she loved this one the best. She named it Buzz after the little boy next door. He was a cute little boy, and Joe loved him. She knew it would make Joe happy if she had a cat named Buzz. Mr. Clayton said it would be perfectly all right with her, and it wouldn't offend her in the least.

She drew the cat close to her and felt its smooth hair on her face. "Let me see, the Clayton's got their '54 Dodge in March, and pretty soon it'll be a year old. Joe says we're goin to wait till '55 for the Chevy. I just know everyone thinks that ole puddle leaper is the funniest thing, but I'll be around to see their faces when we come up the hill in the new car. Yes siree, we're always one step ahead of them all.

"Buzz," said Bertha, squeezing him too tight, "ya Mamma's goin to get ya a nice new leash—a red one. Buzz—come back here, where you runnin' to? You wanta get out? Sure you do, sure honey I know, and when ya get out don't just stand there, play with Claudia and Martin."

Bertha sighed and went back inside. "Now maybe I'll get something done." She eyed the pile of greasy dishes, went to the sink and turned on the faucet. "No hot water again today. Joe has got to remember to make that fire in the morning or I'm just lost the whole day." She carefully wet the dishrag and for a second vigorously washed the kitchen table. "Might as well brush these loose crumbs on the floor and just sweep everything up later. What on earth is this stuck to the table. Looks like dirty egg yolk. That Joe can be so sloppy. Well I'll tell him about it. Gee, he should be home right about now. Think I'll turn on the radio and get the time, this clock is always fast." She turned the dial no further when she heard strands of "Begin the Beguine." "Oh, will ya listen to that music."

She left the dishrag in a clump on the table, straightened her dress and began to sway. She stopped, ran to the radio and turned up the volume. With a few clumsy leaps she moved her big body past the unmade beds and into the living room. She picked up a framed photograph of herself and waltzed around the room, not in time with the music. She would lift one leg in right angle fashion, put it down, lean forward and slightly extend the other leg behind her. Her eyes were shining, and the sweat was running down her face in a steady stream. There were a series of timid unbalanced positions, followed by awkward leaps which ended in hard thuds on the floor. Her whole massive body quivered and vibrated with each step. Hearing the last strands of the music, she twirled, stopped to regain lost balance, and flopped into her favorite chair, still holding her picture with one hand.

Woo, I didn't know I still had it in me. Kinda like that music." Holding the

picture out, he looked squarely into the face of a beautiful young girl. A mass of curls covered her head, and a few of the stray ones turned toward her eyes accenting their coquetry.

Nicely shaped lips were pursed demurely. "I was awful cute, now wasn't I? Look at them dimples, pretty neck, too. Seems like ages ago since this was taken. Think it was right before the firemens' ball. I'll never, never forget that night. I was so pretty in the chiffon. Honestly, all them boys were flocking around me the whole time. Sue Mae was madder'n hell, and ole Dwain Merrick was fit to be tied—only danced once with him. Oh God, for those days

## O LOST

again. Oh yes, Bill Kritzer asked me . . .”

The mournful wail of a cat startled Bertha, and the look of illusion faded as she pulled herself awkwardly from the chair and lumbered to the door. When she saw Jamey in the process of separating Buzz from his tail, she screamed, “Get away from that cat you goddamn Clayton brat. You hear me, get outta here. I don’t want to see your dirty puss in my yard again. Go on — scat.”

Jamey looked rather stunned for a moment, but as if accustomed to such abuse, gave the cat a good kick and waited expectantly.

“Why you little blubber face,” said Bertha as she quickened her steps and moved flusteredly down the stairs. “If I get a holda you, I’ll pinch your nose off.”

“Jamey,” called Mrs. Clayton indignantly, “Come home where you belong, and stop bothering the cat. Come along.”

“He’s going to kill my baby some day,” cried Bertha going to the decrepit fence. “I wouldn’t mind so much, but Jamey can’t be nice, gotta be torturin’ ’em all the time.”

“Well, I’m sorry, but he’s a little too young to understand and slapping doesn’t do the least bit of good. I’ll just have . . .”

“Mrs. Clayton,” Bertha interrupted excitedly, “did I tell you Joe and me are gettin’ the Chevy or rather the Buick just as soon as I’m ready to pick the color. I just can’t decide though, and we might even get a convertible ’ceptin’ it’s impractical.”

“How nice,” said Mrs. Clayton with lips turned upward in a smirk.

Bertha continued, “Haven’t seen you in so long I can’t keep track of what I’ve told ya — so much housework and all. We’re thinking of redoing the house too. Won’t that be nice. Some of my little nieces are coming from Georgia this summer and we want everything reaaal nice. We tend fixing up a little kiddy play room for them. I guess you never heard the likes — all this for kids but we do love ’em. When we get a little more settled, we just might adopt one.

“I think that’s wonderful. Joe must have gotten that good job you were telling me about,” said Mrs. Clayton anxiously trying to get back to her housework.

“No, no he didn’t get it yet, but that’s because he’s had a better offer. This last offer is gonna pay better, but it means commutin’ and Joe don’t care for that too much. You know since he stopped drinking all kinda good things have been happening. I used to say ‘Now, Joe, you can damn well stop when you want to.’ And sure enough when the doc said he’d have to stop, he did. Been almost three months now and everything’s just fine. I keep telling him, ‘See, Joe, you can do it.’ Why don’t you come in and have a nice cold glass of ice tea with me?”

“Well, I’d love to,” said Mrs. Clayton apologetically, “but I’ve got to get Buzz some supper and go to the

laundry before six. Thank you anyway. Do you want anything from town.”

“No, I think I might go down later on. Well — bye. Come over some night and watch T. V. with us. What?” asked Bertha though she knew Mrs. Clayton didn’t answer.

She walked heavily around the cluttered yard calling Buzz. When she found him she cried mournfully, “Come here, precious. Oh, what has that little beast done to you. Does your little tail hurt, honey? Come to mama. That’s a boy.” Then maliciously, “Why didn’t you scratch his bloody blue eyes out? Would have served him right. Mommy is gonna give you some warm milk after she fixes Daddy’s supper. Come on in,” coaxed Bertha holding the door for the cat.

It scampered up the steps and the door slammed shut behind it.

At seven-thirty, dishes were still piled high in the sink, beds still unmade, floor still unswept, but Bertha was very busy fixing Joe a nice cold plate. She picked two of the cleanest dirty dishes, ran water over them, and gave each a quick shake so as not to drip the water on the floor. A place was cleared on the table to set the ham down so a few slices could be cut. Bertha placed the slices neatly and slowly on the plates. “Wish he’d come home. We might even catch the late show. Never do much anymore. Just can’t understand it. When we were young no one could separate us. All the time goin’ here, goin’ there. I think I liked the first years after we were married most,” Bert patted the meat slices quickly. “Then all this talk about kids, right away gotta have kids. I was so nice and slim and pretty and all. You only have a nice shape once. But I think good ole quiet Joe kinda understood when I’d explain things. He used to say ‘Well, tomorrow Bert, there’s tqmorrow, so don’t worry your pretty head about explaining.’ Yep, I liked them days best of all. When you start getting older and a little heavier, you gotta be more stately like, you can’t have all that fun. Besides I was too young to know about babies. I had to learn to be a good housekeeper and all. I’d just as soon have a half-way grown kid anyways. They’re more fun when they can do things together with ya.”

Bertha started at the clash of an ash can against a car fender. “Must be Joe.”

From outside Joe’s deep bass voice could be heard singing, “Swing low, swing Ca-dil-laac, coming for to carry me home. Swing low, swing Ca-dil-laac . . . Then he yelled, “Hey, fats, is that you peeking outta the winda. Well, fats, baby, your ole man is home and he wants his supper. Ha ha ha ha.

“Joe — zat you Joe?” asked Bertha questioningly from a half opened door.

“It’s me, honey, your Daddy’s come home.”

“Joe you been drinking, you been drinking,” screeched Bertha as she watched Joe weave and stumble up the front lawn. “You get in this here house, you get in here right now.”

“Hell, I’m just a startin’ to live. I just come home

for my money and my tie, and then I'm going out on the town, baby."

At this she slammed open the door and like a hurried old lady on ice came down the stairs as quick as possible. Joe saw her coming. He turned to go back to the car. She grabbed his work shirt by the sleeve and screamed maniacally, "You come back here! You ain't goin no place. You ain't getting no money, no tie, no nothin! You're gettin in this house and stayin! After all I done for you and you treat me like an old shoe. Well, I won't have it. I can't take it any longer. Tomorrow, I'm goin to call the lawyers."

Joe yanked his arm free with, "Will ya be quiet for God's sake."

"Help! Help! Don't you hit me! Don't you dare!"

Joe whined, "Bertha, I wasn't goin to hit you."

"I saw ya, I saw ya!" Don't you come near me, you drunken sot, or I'll call Mr. Clayton."

"For Christ's sake Bert, shut up. Now I'm not goin to touch you, I just want my money and my bottle," said Joe quietly, reasonably, as he started up the stairs with Bert on his tail.

When Bertha saw that the usually quiet Joe was paying no attention to her, and not jumping at her commands, she started sobbing and whimpering, "All right, all right go ahead, but first eat the nice little supper I fixed for ya."

"I don't want anything to eat."

"Joe, please. I took a lot of time from the house-work to fix something nice, so just eat a little and then go."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha — I bet ya did. What crap did you scrape together for tonight—moldy meat balls?" Then softly, "Ahh, honey, give up."

"Why I oughta smash ya one for that crack, you, you drunkard."

Joe started for the door, "See ya, Bert, Daddy's going to get all warmed up tonight."

Quickly Bertha's distorted face changed to a puppy dog look, and she whimpered, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. Please, please, please just eat, and then go. I won't try and stop ya. You know what the doctor said, and I don't want ya to have stomach troubles again."

"O. K., O. K., O. K.," surrendered Joe. "Anything to keep Fats quiet for five minutes. I'm eatin, then goin."

"That's it, now you just sit and watch T. V., and I'll fix it all up on a little tray and everything."

Joe picked at the cold slices of ham and pushed the tomato slices around his plate. Finally, as if exhausted, he slowly laid his head back on the chair and fell asleep. When his mouth dropped open and he started snoring, Bertha managed to get him on his feet and move him the few steps to their bed. As she took off his shoes, she cried loudly, "Just can't take this any longer. Gonna have a nervous breakdown. And he didn't touch a drop in three months." She finished in barely a whisper, "What made him do it? Oh, God, help me, God help poor Bert."

She put on her too tight night gown. She grunted as she snuggled herself comfortably between the covers, still sniffing. "Oh, well, maybe it's just today. "There's tomorrow and tomorrow."

Bertha was just about sleeping when she felt Joe's hand fumbling awkwardly at her thigh. She tossed it off fiercely and sat up just long enough to say, "I told you before, keep your goddamn hands to yourself."

## wanton

Mother, close the window for the wind is stampeding  
the curtain.

Child, the latch is broken; the window will not stay  
closed.

Father, repair the latch, for the curtain is bucking  
like an unbroken colt.

Child, I cannot repair the latch nor corral the wind;  
let the curtain carouse.

The rod will hold it in place.

*By Gerry Kaplon*

# Good Morning, Mrs. Doll

(Continued From Page 7)

"Crazy, crazy, crazy, crazyeee, dumb Jo-jo."

"I am not. Oh, I hate you!" screamed Jo-jo at the top of her voice. She picked up the hairbrush off the dresser and heaved it at her brother with all her might.

"You get out of here, I hate you."

She stood in the middle of the floor crying and panting. The hairbrush caught her brother sharply on the left cheek and fell dully to the floor. He roared in anger and lunged for his sister.

Jo-jo kicked and scratched and bit. In a moment she felt herself being hoisted into the air by her elbows. Her father, very red in the face and very, very angry set her roughly on the bed.

"For heaven sakes, can't you kids keep quiet for one day, just this one time. I'm glad I'm not home to listen to this everyday."

"He said I was crazy, and I hate him."

"Yeah, well how would you like someone to throw a hairbrush at you? If I get a black eye, boy you're going to be sorry."

"If you don't shut up, both of you, you're going to see more of the hairbrush than that. Now I'm sick and tired of this damned fighting all the time. That's all you know how to do. I hope the next one isn't like you two. Now get into your beds both of you."

Jo-jo *got into* bed and turned her face *to* the wall.

At dinner that night Mrs. Kennedy talked a lot. Jo-jo sat quietly and watched her father, who was sitting in the living room drinking from a glass. She didn't like to see him there; he looked puffy and dumb. Mrs. Kennedy hollered at Stevie because he was naughty and wouldn't eat his beets. He had awful manners she said because he picked up his hamburger with his fingers to get it on his fork.

After dinner Jo-jo went into the living room, sprawled out on the floor to read her book. It had pictures of God, who was old and wrinkled and had white whiskers like her grandfather. There was a picture of an angel in it too. She would ask her father to read it to her because he was good at reading, and sounded very much like God.

"Daddy, will you read me my book, please."

"Ask Mrs. Kennedy, Jo-jo, I'm busy."

"Daddy, when do we get the baby?"

"Please, honey, don't bother Daddy."

"How much did I cost — more than Stevie? Daddy can we please get another girl instead of a boy — Daddy are you sick too?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Stevie told me getting a baby makes you sick, and you won't read to me so you must be sick too."

"Well, don't you pay any attention to what Stevie says. He's only a little boy. Nobody's sick, now don't worry. Where's your book, I'll read to you for ten minutes and then you run along to bed. O. K.?"

Jo-jo settled down in her father's lap and held the book for him.

"Once upon a time, before there were any people on earth —" he began.

The telephone rang shrilly, interrupting the story. Jo-jo was on the floor where her father had set her. She looked up surprised. In the hall he was talking in low, worried tones. Jo-jo could not hear what he was saying. She heard the receiver click down and saw her father go out the front door without even taking his hat or saying good-bye.

She lay down on the floor and began reading her book and *talking* to God.

Mrs. Kennedy made Jo-jo go up to bed early that night. That was probably because she didn't know that on Saturday nights Jo-jo was allowed to stay up an extra half hour if she was good during the week. It was hard to sleep in the heat and Jo-jo lay in bed in her pajama bottoms, drawing turtles on the wall with her finger. She didn't know how long she had been in bed when she heard the car pull into the driveway. She was at the door to meet her father when he came in from the garage.

"Hi, Daddy, did ya get it yet?" she said. Her father walked past her without answering. He went into the kitchen and stood there, staring into the empty sink.

"Daddy? — Did you get the baby yet?"

"Yes," he said quietly.

"You did? Oh, boy! I bet it's a girl, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a girl!" He slammed his fist down hard on the tile counter. "A goddamn girl. Now are you satisfied? Your mother's gone, but you've got your goddamn girl. You didn't ask for her, nobody asked for her, but you've got her now, and she killed your mother. Your goddamn girl killed your mother - - - Get out of here. Oh, for God's sake, get out of here. I don't ever want to see you again. Get out!"

Jo-jo took a step backwards, then turned and ran up the stairs as fast as she could. She was crying when she reached the bed, little shaky tears. In a moment she stopped crying.

"Stevie," she called in a whisper, "Stevie, are you awake, Stevie please be awake."

Her brother's left leg kicked a little but he did not answer. Jo-jo could tell that he was really asleep, not just playing.

After a while Jo-jo slipped out of bed and padded across the floor to her doll house. It was dark but she could still see a little with the night light. She picked up Mrs. Doll and stroked her thoughtfully, then:

"Hello, children, Mother is back. Have you all been very good? See what I got for you. A baby girl, do you like it?"

"Oh, yes," said Little Girl, "I don't think Daddy does, though. He says he doesn't like girls. I guess they cost too much. How much was ours?"

"A hundred dollars."

That's probably why Daddy doesn't like them. They cost lots of money. Girls always cost that much, don't they? I bet I cost at least a hundred dollars, too. That's why Daddy's mad, isn't it? And besides you were at the store and Mrs. Kennedy had to come make dinner. Daddy wouldn't eat that dinner cause we had beets."

"Yes," said Mrs. Doll, "he hates beets, but I will make something special tomorrow, and he will like it. I will make him some nice rice pudding with

raisins, and then he won't be mad anymore. He won't ever be mad again because I will make him that pudding instead of beets."

Jo-jo sat down on the floor and began to sing a little song to Mrs. Doll.

"Good morning, Mrs. Doll. I love you," she sang softly.

The next morning when Mrs. Kennedy came into the room, she found Jo-jo fast asleep on the floor, in back of the doll house. Mrs. Doll was there too, sleeping soundly in Jo-jo's outstretched palm.

# *Birth and Copulation and Death*

*a play on one act*

*Enter (stage right)* begging bodies  
passing caresses like goodies at a party  
bending to pour piping syllables  
flavored with three teaspoons of sugar

*(moving stage-center)* like a raised drum-stick  
hopefully hovering  
downward diving  
rhythmically riding  
creating crescendo

*Exit (stage left)* begging bodies  
totally toneless  
simply sleeping

*By Gerry Kaplon*

# Marilla

(Continued From Page 13)

"Mr. Barnhill wouldn't like it!" she replied.

"He wouldn't?" he asked, his eyes wide.

"No! It's wicked!" she retorted.

"Yes, isn't it?" He wiggled his eyes at her seductively.

She pushed him away and looked at him with suspicion. "Do you mean to marry me, John Cubby?"

"No," he slowly replied, embarrassed. Then added quickly, "But I'll be good to you."

"The very idea!" she snorted.

"I thought it was a good one," he added lamely. Then he bent over and nibbled at her ear, laughing.

"Why, Mr. Barnhill!" she gasped, delighted. Then she grinned slyly at him, wickedly, she hoped, and threw her arms around him. He felt surprisingly soft and vaguely familiar. He whispered something into her ear, and as she bit him on the neck, two of her teeth fell out, and danced down the sidewalk, hand in hand, like two blissful grasshoppers.

## The Artist At Home

(Continued From Page 4)

He went into Jim's room.

"Do you go to school here?" Aldo asked the girl.

She reached up to feel if her earrings were still there and said, "Yes, I'm a special-education major."

The Indian had melted some of the margerine in the frying-pan and was cooking the ground meat. He stirred in the peppers and some red and brown powders.

Bailey put down the knife and wiped her hands on her blue-jeans. Malcolm had put on *The Pines of Rome*, and was coming out of Jim's room. Bailey glared at him, and he glared back. He stood behind Adrienne's chair and put his hands on her shoulders.

The girl tipped her head back and smiled at him.

"Are you new here?" Aldo asked her.

"Sure," said Malcolm, "Adie's letting me show her the place. Nothing like a fifty-cent tour to start you off right at a new school."

"Pardon me," said Rahm, "but I need an onion."

"Got an onion?" Malcolm asked.

"No," said Aldo.

"How about you going around the corner and picking up an onion?" Malcolm said to Rahm, holding out a quarter.

"I will do that," he answered. He smiled at Bailey and pointed to the frying pan. Then, he pulled the door open and went out.

Bailey picked up a fork and stirred the concoction on the stove.

"Say, that music's great, isn't it?" Malcolm said to Adrienne.

"Yes, it's nice, but don't you have something more soothing?"

"Why sure, I'll go and look."

He went back into Jim's room.

"That's a strange ring you have on," said Aldo, moving over to Adrienne's side of the table.

"It was my grandmother's," she said holding out her hand and looking at the ring as if she'd never seen it before.

Aldo took her hand in his and looked at the ring, too.

Bailey scraped the bottom of the frying-pan with the fork.

Malcolm had put on Schubert's *Eightb*; he came back into the kitchen.

Aldo let go of Adrienne's hand.

"You know," scowled Malcolm, "Rahm's taking an awful long time to get that onion. Don't you think we'd better go look for him?"

"If you want to," said Adrienne.

She stood up, and she and Malcolm went to the door. He tugged it open, and they stepped out onto the stoop.

"We'll be back in a minute," he said, closing the door behind them.

Bailey threw the fork. It splattered grease on the linoleum and against the bottom of the door.

"I hate him!" she said.

Aldo walked back into his room.

Bailey turned off the gas under the frying-pan and followed him.

He looked at the painting he had been working on, shook his head, picked up his palette knife, and began to scrape off the paint.

"Bailey," he said, "How would like to have your portrait painted?"

"Okay, I guess," she put her hand up to smoothe her hair.

"Good," he said, "Just pull that stool over in front of the bed and sit on it. But wait a minute, before you do, how about turning off that damned record-player?"



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