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winter issue



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WINTER
ISSUE

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CORADDI

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

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Marynda Hooff

Katherine Anne Porter

MARY ELLIOTT, NANCY SHEPHERD, and WINIFRED RODGERS

WITH the endless opportunities for publication offered writers today, thoughtful readers are becoming concerned at the lack of really good creative activity in the field of the short story. Even the stories published in our most reputable literary magazines are often disappointing. After having read so many "formula" stories, we automatically categorize each one as we read—Broadway-slick, Hemingway-tough, pseudo-social-conscious, or perverted-sex.

An outstanding exception to this trend is the work of Katherine Anne Porter. As has been said, "She commands in her work the most essential, exacting qualities of what constitutes good, as distinguished from experimental or esoteric style." This distinguished reputation rests on three slender volumes, *Flowering Judas*; *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*; and *The Leaning Tower*, published over a period of about fifteen years. These three books are consistently good, the last one being a refinement of her original style, by which she had immediately established herself.

One of the finest things about Miss Porter's stories is their finished neatness. There is a sense of completeness about them which is often lacking in contemporary short stories. This effect is created by her Chekhov-like qualities of swiftness of effect, selection of details, and extreme conciseness. Notice in "He" how quickly is established the relationship of each member of the family to the simple-minded son. Or, in "Old Mortality," the use of details which, building up, smother Miranda with a sense of the past. Miss Porter's conciseness is achieved in part by her economical and odd word combinations—"Maria, born sensible, had no such illusions"—a distinctive feature of her writing.

Another aspect of her style, impossible to illustrate with a sentence or two, is the incredible ease and suppleness which results in sentences of a vivacious and flowing quality. This facility and neatness could lead to stories notable solely for their cleverness. "Magic" and "Rope," in the hands of a less capable writer, could possibly suffer that fate. We can be thankful, however, that this is impossible since Miss Porter thinks through her stories carefully, over a long period of time. Interestingly enough, after a difficult beginning, she writes rapidly and makes relatively few revisions. The three novelettes in the *Pale Horse, Pale Rider* collection were each written in less than a week.

The success of her stories is due also to her understanding and proficiency in portraying characters. There is Maria Concepcion who "walked with the free, natural, guarded ease of the primitive woman carrying an unborn child. The shape of her body

was easy, the swelling life was not a distortion, but the right inevitable proportions of a woman." And Stephen, who observed the adult world around him and came to his own secret singsong conclusion, "I hate Papa, I hate Mama, I hate Grandma, I hate Uncle David, I hate Old Janet, I hate Marjory, I hate Papa, I hate Mama . . ." Then there is Uncle Jimbilly:

Uncle Jimbilly was so old and had spent so many years bowed over things, putting them together and taking them apart, making them over and making them do, he was bent almost double. His hands were closed and stiff from gripping objects tightly, while he worked at them, and they could not open altogether even if a child took the thick black fingers and tried to turn them back. He hobbled on a stick; his purplish skull showed through patches in his wool, which had turned greenish gray and looked as if the moths had got at it.

Miss Porter has a real interest in people and wants to know all about "everyone who comes within ten feet of her."

The refreshing treatment of the relation of the races is to be commended in Miss Porter's writing. What could be more delightful and real than the relationship of Dicey and Miranda:

Dicey lay down beside her with a long moaning sigh, which meant that she was collecting her patience and making up her mind to remember that she was a Christian and must bear her cross. "Now you go to sleep," she said, in her usual warm being-good voice. "Now you jes' shut yo' eyes and go to sleep. I ain't going to leave you. Dicey ain't mad at nobody . . . nobody in the whole worl' . . ."

or the silent communication of Aunt Nanny and Grandmother who had lived together so long that "they knew the whole complicated code of sounds, could interpret and comment on them by an exchange of glances, a lifted eyebrow, or a tiny pause in their talk."

~*~

According to Miss Porter she was, as a child, "precocious, nervous, rebellious, and unteachable." She was educated in a private school and from an early age showed interest in writing short stories. It is interesting to note that she began doing her serious writing without coming into contact with profes-

(Continued on Page 20)

Story

IVA LENNON

ALL the boards had been torn off the left end of the porch floor and had already been burned, so Cleve thought it would be all right to tear off the shingles and burn them in his stove too. If it rained, the water would just go through both holes and hit the ground underneath. Nothing would be hurt, so it couldn't make any difference. He wouldn't have to fix the holes. He was moving down the road to Mr. McDaniel's farm in three weeks.

Cleve pulled a ladder from under the barn and put it up on the beam around the top of the porch. He climbed up on the roof and started jerking shingles. Little slivers of frost still clung to the rough wood, making his short, thick fingers slide across the roof. He looked down the road and saw a black car. It was coming slowly toward him through the mud-puddles. Cleve climbed down the ladder and put it under the right end of the porch. He sat on the stump that he used for doorsteps.

The car crept up in front of Cleve's house and stopped. A tall man with a big knot on his chin got out and walked over to Cleve. Cleve stood up. Every time he saw the knot he thought it looked like those that grew on pine trees. He called the man "Dr. Single-tree," rather than "Dr. Singletary," when he was talking about him.

The Doctor took out his pipe and stood thumbing tobacco into its bowl. "This house needs fixing, doesn't it?" he asked. He struck a match. "Jud Pridgen should be ashamed, letting his tenants live in this kind of a house."

Cleve slouched against a post. "I re'kon th' house's jes' so ol' it's fallin' apart, Doc," he said. He looked at the smoke coming from the Doctor's pipe. "Us po' ol' niggers doan' never have nuthin' nohow."

The Doctor looked down at the ground. He knocked the frost off a weed with his heavy shoe. "I've brought Rosemary back," he said. "Don't know what's wrong with the girl. You let her stay in bed and rest a few days." He nodded toward his car. "She's out here now."

Cleve and the Doctor went over to the car. Cleve opened the door and looked at his daughter. She was lying on the back seat, her knees pressing her stomach.

"What's wrong with you, gal?" her father's lips quivered. Rosemary stared at him. The whites of her eyes had a yellowish tinge. Her flat nose looked to Cleve as if it had been pushed in and had spread halfway across each cheek. Cleve put his right arm around her shoulders and helped her into the house. The Doctor followed them. He stood against the door frame, blowing long streams of smoke into the "front" room.

"Cleve," he said, "I don't believe she's very sick. Had a pain in her stomach, so I gave her some pills.

She's been messing around with too many men, probably." He turned and started off the porch.

"Cleve!"

"Yessuh?" Cleve came out of the house.

"Know anybody who can cook for us till Rosemary gets well?" The Doctor looked over at Cleve's corn patch, still full of broken greying stalks, and then back at Cleve.

"Nossuh, Ah don't," Cleve said. "Seems lak everybody here's wukkin' in town these days, suh." The Doctor said "Well," and walked out to his car. He kicked at Cleve's two lank dogs who followed him. He got in and drove slowly back down the road.

Cleve went into the house and started talking to Rosemary. "Ain't many men lak Doc, is they, now, gal? He brought ya' home to yo' paw." He took a bottle of Sloan's Liniment from an orange crate standing by the bed and started to rub Rosemary's back. "I'll getcha' well, gal," he said.

Rosemary lay on the bed and seemed not to hear her father mumbling to himself. Cleve picked up a straw broom from behind the door and started sweeping. Rosemary didn't like dirt ever since she had been cooking for the Doctor. She didn't look down on her father, or anything, but every time she came home she said something to Cleve about how she wished he'd get Mr. Pridgen to whitewash the walls again. The peeling walls made the other Negroes look down on them.

Rosemary groaned and kicked the patch-work quilt off. Cleve went over to her and pulled it back up around her neck. Rosemary groaned again. She muttered, "Paw, Paw." Her eyes rolled from side to side, just like her Maw's did 'fore she died. Rosemary's hands were pressing her stomach.

Cleve threw down the broom. He ran out the front door and started up the road to Mr. Pridgen's. He wasn't gonna let that gal stay there and die. He'd move next week if she died. He wasn't staying where nobody died. Not even if she was his own daughter. His own paw had lived in a ha'nted house a month once. The ha'nts had run him out.

Cleve hurried along the road, muttering to himself. The sunshine had melted all the frost. He walked straight through the puddles. When he got to Mr. Pridgen's barn, he was running. He ran up to the back door and called him. Mr. Pridgen came out on the back porch. "What on earth do you want, Cleve?" he asked.

"It's Rosemary, suh. She's dyin'. Ah swear she be," Cleve said.

Mr. Pridgen looked annoyed. "She'll be all right, Cleve. Let her stay in bed this morning, and if she's not all right by dark, I'll take her to the doctor."

Cleve trembled. "Please, Mr. Jud, just come look

at her. Just look." His words stumbled over each other.

Mr. Jud stomped out of his house and got in his car. "I'll go," he said, "but I don't have time. You always come when I'm the busiest."

Mr. Jud walked into the front room of Cleve's house and looked at Rosemary. She was motionless, her face a greenish-yellow. He stared at her and then whispered to Cleve, "M' God . . . Put her in my car, Cleve."

At the hospital they took Rosemary into a little room and wouldn't let Cleve go in with her. He stood in the hall, his head bowed, and listened to Mr. Jud talking to a woman in a white dress. He heard him tell her his own name, and then Cleve's name, and they said some other things Cleve didn't understand. After awhile Mr. Pridgen came out. He asked Cleve if he wanted to stay with Rosemary, and Cleve said "No," because he was afraid of hospitals. He and Mr. Pridgen went out to the car and went home.

All the Negroes went over to Cleve's house when they saw him come home. He told them Rosemary was in the hospital. She was going to have her "appendis" taken out.

Louretta, who lived next door to Cleve, looked at him with amazement, "They gonna cut her open?"

"I don't know," Cleve said, "but they better be keeful, cuttin' 'round in my gal."

"Shine, you always die if they cuts you open, boy," Louretta said. "Them white doctors don't know nothin' 'bout the insides of us cullud folks." She looked at Cleve with contempt.

Cleve started shaking. "That gal better not die."

His neighbors gaped at each other. They shuffled out of the room. They walked solemnly down the road to Kenny's, Louretta's brother's house. They went in, knelt down, and prayed.

That afternoon a white man drove up to Cleve's house. Mr. Pridgen was with him. Cleve was next door, sitting on Louretta's porch, rocking. He had

Mr. Jud took his cigar out of his mouth. "Well, Cleve, they did everything they could for her."

Cleve slumped down in his chair. "O God!"

The man looked down behind the house at the pecan orchard. "They were just too late, Cleve. If she had gotten to a doctor sooner . . ."

Cleve sat still. "She was up to Doc's. He would've helped her if she'd been bad sick." He started rocking. "She weren't bad sick. It's them at that hospital. They don't know what to do fo' us po' ol' niggers." He rocked furiously. "Maybe," he said, rocking more gently, "maybe it was the will of the Lord. Doc would've cured her if she could've been cured." He stared at the two men. He stopped rocking. "That was it. It was just the will of the Lord."

The two men walked away. Cleve went on rocking. He still kept muttering to himself.

That night they brought Rosemary home and put her in the front room, at the end of the bed. Louretta brought her two lamps over to Cleve's so there would be more light. All of Cleve's friends went to sit up with him. They got there at seven o'clock.

The preacher came at seven-fifteen and shook both of Cleve's hands. "I see you gonna bury her right, brother," he said, looking at the oak coffin box.

"Yessuh, Reverend," Cleve said. "Rosemary been paying her qua'ter a week to th' Burial 'Sociation ever since she was twelve."

Cleve sat in the corner closest to the front door. The preacher started the praying. "O God, it is your will that you took this nigger up to heaven."

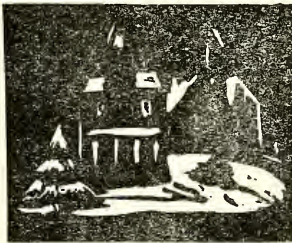
Cleve and his friends said "Amen."

"O God, we've been good to her," the preacher said. "Don't let her spirit come back to trouble us po' niggers . . ."

Everybody shouted, "Amen, God."

Cleve fell out of his chair and lay on the floor. Nobody noticed him. He heard hands clapping, voices moaning, chanting, crying. Louretta shrieked, "O God," whenever the noise stopped a little, and the others took up her screaming. The preacher frenziedly tore off his shirt. Sweat poured down his dirty undershirt. Cleve lay on the floor, muttering, "She's in heaven, ain't she, God? They'll be good to her there, won't they, God?" He heard Louretta shriek, "O God"; he heard the minister beseech the Lord, "Help us."

The next morning Cleve was stiff from having lain on the floor all night. After the funeral he hobbled around his house, packing his belongings. He got the frying pan his grandmother had used, but he left the bed in the front room. His one-horse wagon wasn't quite full, so he pulled the ladder out from under the porch. He put it up against the porch beam. He slowly climbed it. He jerked all the shingles off the left end, and decided to take a few from the right end too. He jerked half of them off, and put them in his wagon. Mr. McDaniel was a hard man. If he didn't carry enough wood to burn, his new landlord would have him out the next day, making him cut himself some.



Barbara Stoughton

been sitting on the porch all afternoon, muttering to himself. He wouldn't do a thing but rock and rock and mutter.

The man and Mr. Jud went over and stood in Louretta's yard. Cleve stopped rocking. "Good even," he said.

Cherokee Removal of 1838*

You have given me roots and taught me peace
By the white man's tools and God.
Now you push me to western hunting grounds,
And my mountains do not follow where I plod.

Yet would I die in some part of that code,
The honor to enemies known before the white man's clock.
As you drove us away I saw the fire
Take my cabin and the rabble my flock.

My wife had a spinning wheel and my nation a constitution.
A dismembered cur of a council and an imprisoned chief
Have led to a "treaty" and a general and a bayonet
A roundup to a stockade. The white man's justice be my relief!

She is old. She goes as fast as she can.
My sons, if we are buffalo, are we to be tame?
I, Tsali, call for a stampede.
They do not understand our tongue, nor our game.

* * *

Yet again would I do it and again.
The man who prodded my old wife died.
Berries and roots and starvation but in our homeland—
Thomas, you are welcome, Tsali cried.

"I have traded with you, Charley. I come from General Scott.
Utsala, leader of the fugitives, to stop the soldiers who pursue
You rock-stubborn Cherokee—For their lives, for their lands,
For a promise of peaceful possession, they have traded you."

Tsali looked at his sons, who had not heard,
And he regretted their death.
He, who had been expected to fight and run from boulder to rock,
He scarcely paused for breath,

"I will come in. I will not be hunted by my own people."
Tsali, a brother, two sons faced justice.
To make the savages' plight more pointed,
Indian prisoners fired the shots.

MARY ANNE CLEGG

* In its sum of death and misery the Cherokee Removal of 1838 surpassed the celebrated exile of the Arcadians. A treaty between the imprisoned chief and the United States government called for the removal of the Cherokees from their Western North Carolina land within a period of two years. When they refused to move, a detachment of soldiers under General Scott was sent to drive them off. The outstanding legend of the removal is that of Tsali or Charley. Unable to travel fast, Charley's wife was prodded with bayonets by the soldiers. Angered by this brutality, Charley signalled to his brothers and sons in Cherokee, and they turned on the soldiers, killing one. Afterwards they fled to the mountains, joining Utsala's group of fugitives. A trader, Thomas, who had the confidence of the Indians, was sent to ask the surrender of Charley and the other killers. Charley was promised that if he gave himself up the other fugitives would be allowed to live on in the mountains. Charley faced a firing squad composed of Indian prisoners.

Pink Jade

GERNELL HUDSON

IN the middle of the teakwood table the pink jade odalisque sat smiling serenely, an enigmatic smile, perpetually promising. The light falling on its gracefully uplifted arms and delicately moulded body made the figure glow with a peculiar, mystic luster. The mistress of the house, Gloria Corday, sat in an easy chair looking at the statue, unaware of the voices that hummed around her. She started as she felt a light touch on her arm. Larry Dillon leaned over her. He was saying in a soft, half-whisper, "It is beautiful. No other woman could risk such constant comparison."

She moved her arm away violently. She felt the flush burning across her face. She looked around quickly to see if anyone had noticed. Her guests were busily engaged with glasses and broken streamers of conversation. No one was paying any attention to her. Relieved and annoyed with herself, she replied, "Yes, it is beautiful."

Without looking at him, she got up and moved across the room picking up filled ash trays. Over by the piano she saw her husband, Bob, surrounded by a group of men. She stood still, watching him. He was taller than the other men — tall and blond — her blond Adonis she used to call him. Handsome, but not too handsome, as Larry was. Dependable, her mother had said, the husband type. He was listening intently to what one of the men was saying with that incredulous expression she knew so well. She felt a wild desire to go to him, to push through the group and hear what they were saying, to stand near his strong protective figure. A bawdy laugh burst from the group. "They're telling dirty stories," she thought.

She passed near the odalisque. Helen and Frances were standing beside the table talking. As she approached they were silent. "They're talking about me," she thought.

Helen giggled her embarrassed little laugh: "Frances just can't get over your ornament, darling — a naked woman!"

Frances smirked: "Must have cost Bob a neat sum," she said.

The little warning signals began. She felt the taut feeling creeping up along her back. "It was a birthday gift from Mother," she snapped.

"Why, Gloria, I didn't mean—" Frances began. She turned abruptly and walked on toward the bar.

"God," she thought, "why did I do that? Must control—"

Bob was behind the bar. "More champagne, honey," he said. "Anniversaries come just once a year!"

He filled her glass and drew her to him. "How comfortable here," she thought. "How safe."

He raised his glass. "To the most beautiful girl in the world," he said.

"I'll drink that toast!" It was Larry. "...and to wedded bliss," he added sardonically. They drank.

"It's been blissful since she got her confounded odalisque," Bob said.

She looked at him quickly. "What does he mean?" she thought. "Why did he say that?"

"What's a bit of jade?" Larry drawled. "When a man's as lucky as you—"

Like the beating of a hundred little wings the fluttering began in the pit of her stomach. "Change the subject," she thought with sudden panic. "Laugh—do something."

The abrupt masculine voice of Aunt Emily broke in on her thoughts: "Nice party, Gloria, Robert. But time for old folks to go home."

"Aw, don't go, Aunt Em," Bob said. "Don't you like our new place?"

"It's fine, fine," Aunt Emily boomed. "Guess you struck it rich. A new house—and that pink what-you-may-call-it."

Bob laughed: "That pink object is Mrs. Corday's most prized possession. But I didn't buy it. Too rich for me. Gloria's mother donated the money for that."

"It's indecent," Aunt Emily snorted.

"Art," Bob said ruefully. "If she hadn't bought it, the Chinaman would have charged me rent for the time she spent in his shop just looking."

"Almost every day she was there," Larry said.

"Fool," she thought wildly. "Fool, keep still."

Aunt Emily looked at Larry quizzically. "Young man," she said, "from all reports you haven't reformed any. Scandalous goings-on."

"Dear Mrs. Courtney," Larry mocked, "you misjudge me. No scandal ever touched this humble person."

"Humph! You get away with it, though. Too much money, I've always said. Well, see me to the door, *roué*. Good-night, children." She started away, then turned back. "Don't forget the package center tomorrow, Gloria. We missed you last week." She went out with Larry.

"I thought you wrapped packages last week," Bob said.

"No," she stammered confusedly. "It was the only time I could get my hair done."

The little wings were beginning to chase one another again. The back of her neck ached intolerably. "Be right back, darling," she said. "Must powder my nose."

She went into the bedroom. "What must I do?" she thought. "This must end somewhere. Damn the pink jade — damn Larry!"

Millicent Green was sitting before the dressing table. She got up unsteadily as Gloria came in. "Hello

(Continued on Page 17)

Effect of Modern Culture

by ARLENE BATCHKER

IN dealing with a subject as potentially vast as the relation of modern life to its art in so short a space, it is necessary to choose one of many possible approaches. I am interested in the philosophical aspects of the relationship and shall not consider here the more specific subject matter, materials, or other technical connections.

There are certain basic influential forces in contemporary American life — democracy, the tradition of the common man, machines and materialism — which have their manifestations in art. Democracy means free expression; no authority setting rules, experimentation encouraged, no school of painting; anything may be considered, from non-objective to many individual sorts of abstraction, to surrealism and psychology, or to representationalism.

Glorification of the common man as he is, that is, uneducated outside of the mostly vocational training he receives in college, has led to a movement to simplify everything and to disparage that which requires meeting halfway — a general refusal to use the intellect and imagination, passivity (“popular” music and photographic painting). In order to avoid the disturbance of strong feeling, emotional reactions are generalized into sentimentality (Hollywood movies, “popular” music again, Norman Rockwell). The avoidance of looking beneath the surface of things due to combined laziness and fear, has led to superficiality. The general public accepts “modern art” only after simplification and vulgarization to “modernistic” (new Ford car, glassbrick and chrome plated atrocities of popular “modern” furniture and architecture). This spirit has invaded the art world in the form of a new generation of sensational, deliberately eccentric, soulless, facile painters who lack a sense of humor and take themselves too seriously, and who depend for their effect on tricks of technique or approach. (A recent visit to the Associated American Artists Gallery in New York and my fellow students at N. Y. U. this summer have confirmed this for me.)

The age of the machine has contributed by its emphasis on tangible knowledge and use of formulas as well as general presumption and lack of all humility, due to successes with mechanical things. Worst of all, materialism has determined our values and motives. The public’s demand in art is for the immediately understood and evaluated in the terms it understands. (The value of art objects is now estimated for television audiences.) The interest in science and mechanics has also taught us how to analyze, which constitutes the basis of cubism and certain types of non-objective painting that use only geometric shapes.

Such a society is not conducive to the production of great art because it denies a rather fundamental

if intangible element, soul. In order to produce anything important the artist today has to remove himself from the average and its mediocrity. Only through his reaction against it — introspection in an extroverted society, can he come to perceive the soul-quality, the personal-emotional understanding, the essence as well as the existence of things. Those contemporary artists whose work shows this fifth dimension are, to mention only a few: John Marin, Kuniyoshi, Feininger, Burchfield, George Grosz, Abraham Rattner, Max Weber — many of whom came from more turbulent surroundings than ours. Besides those working in America I should like to name two others in this connection, Marc Chagall and Max Beckman.

Many of the inter-relationships between art and the various aspects of life have been only hinted at here. So complex a subject cannot be dealt with in any detail in this introduction, the primary intention of which is to suggest connections with the forces operating on and resulting from everyday life, in the hopes that the reader will follow them through for himself.

by JEAN FARLEY

WHAT is the effect of modern popular culture upon contemporary art? Before that can be answered, certain of the definitive attributes of this culture must be resolved upon. First of all, there are basic patterns into which a man fits his regular occupations. If he lives in an urban area, crowds are a daily occurrence. He goes to work, has time for shopping, is allotted a vacation period, etc., in conjunction with a great many other people. His home is closely crowded in upon by other homes. If he lives in a rural area, physical crowds are not common, and there tends to be less daily patternization. However, there are certain standardizing forces. For economic reasons he must plant certain crops, and then tend them in a manner (*i.e.*, with a greater or lesser amount of mechanized aid, etc.) which is at least equal with the general level of efficiency of the area. His recreation is often taken in conjunction with the rest of the community. His health, his children’s education, and often his cooking methods are in some measure regulated by county agents.

On the whole, these standardizing forces have led to a number of mutually intolerant groups with separate aims and values, rather than a single group with a unified position. However, in one field, that of popular art (*i.e.*, movies; advertising; “hit” songs; *Saturday Evening Post* stories, illustrations and verifications; “best seller” novels) there is almost a unity of standards. There are a number of basic characteristics in all of these “arts.” The structure is smooth,

Jpon Modern Art

the component parts clicking together without too much complication or innovation. Sentimentality is honored and advanced. Either an easily grasped message (Crime Doesn't Pay, or Good Collies Always Come Home) is included, or else it is touted up as being "unashamedly risqué." But above all, there is no imaginative utilization of the possibilities of the medium itself. It is only a means by which the story or message is conveyed.

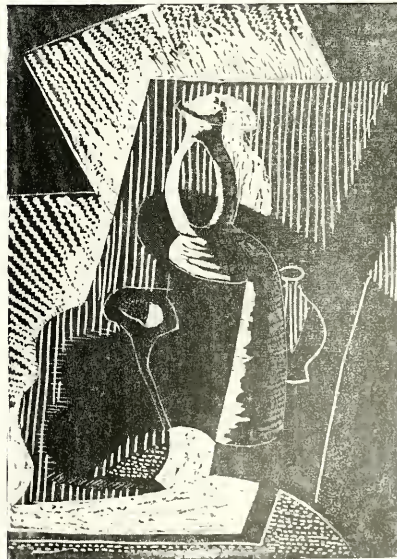
Now, what is the effect of this culture upon contemporary art? Of course it varies with each artist. However, a certain amount of grouping is possible. There are, for example, those artists who revel in their own rejection of and revulsion at modern man. Included in this group would be those who attempt to be different merely for the sake of oddness. The main trouble with a work created in this way is that it has no intrinsic creative value, because such was not the real aim of the artist. A closely allied brand of glorified revulsion is that art in which the main preoccupation is with absolute unhealthiness and obscenity in physical and mental man. A great many of the surrealists belong in these categories (particularly Tchelitchew in the latter). However, in spite of their rejection of popular culture, many surrealists have imbibed one of its main faults: the use of an art form for the communication of a message (often an oversimplified one) and little more. (What could be closer to modern advertising than Man Ray's painting "The Lovers"—a landscape with a huge pair of Revlon lips spread over it?)

Then there are many, quite diverse artists who may be loosely grouped together because all

are interested in subject-matter which centers about life in particular regions. Grant Wood, for example, portrays in a rather glib way a Midwestern life with a combined Puritan, "Main Street" heredity. Peter Hurd shows "Western pioneer strength" in terms that are almost that simple. John Stewart Curry and Hobson Pittman see a "Gone With the Wind" South. Ben Shahn is preoccupied with sere streets and mummified children in New York (or just a-large-city). George Grosz paints the crowding and mental standardization satirically (but there is no reveling in revulsion). The latter artist stands out as the most excellent of these. One important reason for this is that while he has taken a particular area of modern life as subject matter, he has not approached it with the idea of merely turning out a propagandistic work. He has realized the importance of the medium.

A somewhat unwanted position seems to have intruded itself here — the implication that Grosz is the only contemporary artist of any worth. On the contrary, there are a number of contemporary artists of equal or greater stature (*e.g.*, Picasso, Matisse, Roualt, Chagall, etc.). However, in the case of these artists, modern life is an indirect rather than a direct force. It is an intrinsic part of their art, coming out in the forms used, but the emphasis is upon aesthetic values rather than the acceptability or unacceptability of contemporary culture.

These are a few of the manifestations of modern life in modern art. They have many unmentioned ramifications, and, of course, there are numerous other manifestations. But a short paper on a large subject is necessarily abridged.



Jane Heald

"I Wonder What Became of Sally"

ELIZABETH HAWES

MAGGIE closed the door and leaned against the dull brown panels until the latch caught. She walked across the bedroom to the window, carrying some figs in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. She set the figs on the ledge outside the open window against the screen. They were ripe and faintly purple through green fuzz. The skins were puckered at the top, and the stems were pulled off, showing some of the tan, pithy meat, withering around the edges. They leaned together limply, the dents where her fingers had held them still showing. She carried her cup of coffee over to the dresser and with her left hand cleared a space on the corner and set the cup down on a pile of coverless movie magazines. She sat down on the bench in front of the dresser, but half pushed it back again as a knock sounded on the door. "What is it?" she said.

A woman's voice called, "May I come in for a minute?"

Maggie slid her feet into blue satin mules, and getting up, walked to the door. Her heels spilled out the sling-backed ends of the pumps, the yellow butterflies over her toes flopped as she went. She opened the door an inch or two and inspected the girl standing there, and then opened the door wider as she turned back to her dresser.

"Yeah," she said.

The girl clicked in on red heels, automatically twisting her black wool skirt into place as she came.

"Hi," she said. "Do you mind if I—" she stopped and smiled.

"No," Maggie said, "come on in."

"Thanks so much. Do you mind if I talk to you for a minute? I'm so lonesome!"

"Come on in," Maggie said, "have a chair."

"I oughtn't to bust in like this, but my Hubby's not here now, and I've never been without him, and I just must have someone to talk to!"

"Sure," Maggie said.

The girl giggled, her voice ricocheting from one little peak of laughter to the next.

"My name's Sally," she said, "Sally Baker, Sally Baker Simpson, that is." She giggled again and walked across the room to a straight-backed chair which had a leg missing and some of the caning in the middle of the seat. There was a pink girdle on it which was frayed and held together in places with safety pins, and she dropped it on the floor and sat down on the chair, still talking.

"I like this boarding house, don't you? It's kinda shabby, maybe, but it's nice. I guess I like it so much because Hubby and I have been staying here for a couple of nights on our honeymoon." She blushed, and the color outlined an old acne scar on her dark complexion. She wiggled in the chair to get settled more comfortably, and laughed at herself.

"I can't get out much," she said, "because Hubby and I are keeping our wedding a secret. We eloped because I'm only seventeen and we had to tell the J. P. that I was twenty-one. We fooled him, too! I think I look twenty-one, don't you?"

"Yeah," Maggie said, "yeah, sure."

Sally patted her hair into place and brushed dandruff off her shoulders as she talked.

"I don't know whether I'd like to live here all the time or not. Do you? I wish they wouldn't take the rent by the week, it's so inconvenient."

"It doesn't pile up so much that way," Maggie said.

"I guess not, but ours is due today, and that woman at the desk keeps asking me for it. I can't pay her, because Hubby has all our money."

"Is he away?" Maggie asked.

"He was called to Chicago on a business trip very suddenly yesterday, and it might mean something important. He was so excited he forgot to leave me any money."

"Couldn't you wire him for it?" Maggie said, opening a jar of cold cream and looking at Sally in the mirror.

"He didn't leave me any address," Sally said. "He said he knew I'd be calling him up all the time and interrupting conferences, and he thinks a woman's place is in the home. He's the old-fashioned type!"

She looked around the room curiously. Her eyes stopped at the double bed, which took up most of the space in the room. It was iron, and the Dresden blue enamel was chipped off to show patches of naked white underneath. The flannel-filled comfort at the foot was stained and faded, and one corner which was trailing over the side had a long piece of grey lint hanging from it. The bed clothes were rumpled and there were ridges of dirt on the creases of the sheets. The pillows were heaped together in the middle of the bed, one case stained faintly with lipstick, the other with tobacco juice.

Then she noticed the battered, hand-wind Victrola beside her.

"Does it play?" she asked, and leaning over, she looked at the record inside. "Oh look, it's my song," she cried. "How did you ever happen to have it?"

She cranked the handle several times and set the record going. She danced a few steps, humming the tune, "I Wonder What Became of Sally," and then she stopped and said loudly over the music, "What do you do? Do you live here all the time? Are you married?"

Maggie looked at her for a moment in the mirror and then reached up and deliberately scratched a fleck on its surface with a dirty fingernail, scraping over it until her forefinger doubled back under the strain and a quarter-inch of crimson polish broke raggedly.

"Godamn," she said, "Godamn it all anyhow." She glared at the mirror, pouting her underlip and narrowing her eyes. Then she noticed Sally's expression and laughed and put her finger to her mouth, carefully chewing off the broken nail, spitting the bits off the end of her tongue. When she had smoothed out her nail, she looked up at Sally and said, "No, no, I ain't married."

"Oh," Sally said. She went over and stood behind Maggie, looking at herself in the mirror. She brushed her eyebrows in place with her left forefinger, twisting her hand so that her rings caught the light and gleamed brightly.

"You ought to be married," she said, "I bet you could be if you wanted to, you're not so old looking, honey. Why, I bet you could have half a dozen men if you wanted them. What do you do all the time?"

Maggie picked up the white china cup and avoiding a chip, drank her coffee.

"I work," she said.

"Oh," Sally said, then, "golly, the record!" She ran over and lifted the needle off, tripping on an oval throw rug as she did so. She bent and straightened the rug with the pink and red rose spread over the center, its symmetry disturbed where tufts of cotton had pulled out. She turned back to Maggie.

"What do you do, for work?" she asked. "I was a clerk in Woolworth's before I quit to get married. I don't want to go back, but I suppose I'll have to. Wonder if I could get a job in some store here."

"There aren't many jobs open in the summer," Maggie said. "Trade slacks off in the summer."

"Oh," Sally said. "Well, Hubby'll be back tomorrow. But I sure would like to earn some money, and pay off Mrs. Bighton downstairs. She keeps giving me dirty looks."

She wandered across the room to look at a picture of Saint Andrew on the wall. It was painted in dark browns and blacks, and he was looking over his shoulder, his eyes hardly distinguishable in his face, his clotted hair straggling off unevenly above his shoulders. The glass over the picture was dusty and one section of the narrow frame had come untacked and angled tiredly away from the rest.

"What church do you go to?" Sally said. "At home Hubby's a Methodist, but I'm a Baptist. I wanted to have a church wedding, but we couldn't because Momma didn't want me to get married. I'm going to see to it that my daughter can get married when she wants to, and have a formal wedding too. I hope she'll have a dress with a long train and a sweetheart neck and lots of little buttons. And I hope she marries a man as sweet as my Hubby!"

She stopped and looked fascinatedly at Maggie, who was leaning close to the mirror, stretching her skin tightly over her cheek

bone to see a festering blackhead. Looking down, she pulled a large match box out from under a powder puff on her dresser and opened it. She rummaged in it through the bobby pins, loose buttons, and earrings until she found a needle. She picked at the pimple carefully, lifting the top off fastidiously and pinching the skin until the sore subsided somewhat. She picked up the powder puff and dusted over her face thoroughly, trying to cover up the blemish and the marks of her fingers on her face.

Then she looked at Sally and said, "Don't you have some pictures of your husband? Why don't you get them to show me?"

"Oh, that's a wonderful idea," Sally said, "I'll be right back, they're in the suitcase under our bed." She ran out of the room, and Maggie's eyes focused on her reflection. She stretched a little and winked slowly at herself. She put her hands behind her on the bench, leaned back, and looked at herself with pleasure. Then she scowled. She looked at her bodice and stabbed viciously at her night gown, which was spilling through a large tear beside the zipper down the front of her shabby house coat. The robe was quilted rayon, with a coffee-splashed white background and a large black and maroon dahlia printed over all.

She stood up and pushed the stool to one side, and watching herself in the mirror, began to undress. She unzipped the robe and stepped out of it, leaving the cloth humped grotesquely around an empty space. She pulled the night gown over her head, threw it on the bed, and was getting into her underclothes when Sally knocked and entered without waiting for an answer, her pictures in her hand.

"Here they are," she said, holding them out, "here's one of us together that his brother took Easter Sunday. Don't you think he's handsome, though? He's got the prettiest eyes."

"Yeah," Maggie said, "he's nice and tall. Did you say he's coming back tomorrow?"

"He didn't know exactly," Sally said. "I think he will, though. Then you can see him in the flesh." She laughed, her lips stretching tight over her teeth, the corners showing where her lipstick stopped.

"If he didn't love me so much, I'm afraid he'd forget all about me for awhile. When he gets interested in something he can't ever remember time."

"The absent-minded professor type, huh?" Maggie said.

"Oh Law, yes," Sally said. "I have to look after him just like a baby. He'd forget his shirt if I didn't remind him. We had an awful fight, and I think I must have hurt him terribly, because he left town and I didn't hear from him for ages." She counted on her fingers for a minute. "It was in December, and he didn't

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Beulah Beatty



Jane Banner

Reunion

WINIFRED RODGERS

THE deviled eggs, covered with a napkin, were on a corner of the table; and the beaten biscuits were stacked in a neat pile in a box. Everything had been done, it seemed. Annie inspected the kitchen carefully — the full wood-box, the clean bread board, the shelves covered with fresh paper. They would be eating in the yard, but Emily might bring little Emily in for a drink of water; and she wanted everything to be like a pin.

"This is silly," she scolded herself. "Forty years, and I'm behaving like I've just married into the family." It had always been that way when they came, and they were conscious of it as much as she. As soon as one of them set foot in her hall, an odd sort of pride took hold of her; and hard as she tried to conceal it, it showed in everything she said or did.

She leaned over heavily and reached for the copper kettle in the cupboard. With her apron she rubbed a spot from its side and then placed it on the range where it caught a glint from the morning sun shining in the square window beside the stove. Richard's mother had given them the kettle when they were first married, and she had always liked it. Besides, they would notice. They would say, "Did you see? She had out the copper kettle Mama gave them." Annie saw how their eyes looked for things. Janie's picture with the pince-nez and the big nose had bothered her when she first lived there, and she had taken it down; but when Emily came to visit, she had talked about Janie — "not beautiful, but glowing with an inner light" — and had let her eyes wander over the wall as if she were looking for something. Next day Annie had put the picture back. After all, it was a small thing to do to please the family.

Richard never said anything about things like that. He had plainly told her that she could do what she wanted to to the house, but she had let it stay the way it was. She felt at home enough in it. It was only when the rest of the family came that she felt uncomfortable there — just when she wanted most to feel right. Today would be different, she hoped. They hadn't been there in a long time, not since Richard, Junior, had been killed, and they had all come for the memorial service. That day they had brought food and taken over in the kitchen, and for once she hadn't minded feeling like a stranger. She watched them with their quick movements and their uneasy smiles, and they hadn't mattered. Even Richard hadn't mattered then. It was a strange way for her to feel, almost as if she were watching herself in her own pain and silence. Richard had talked about his grief and turned to them, and she had let him. She wasn't jealous of him then, not even when Sarah was around.

Sarah. She sighed. Her starched skirt rustled as

she moved across the worn floor of the kitchen and sat down on the woodbox. She tucked a stray hair into the bun at the back of her neck and looked out over the yard, past the chicken houses and the barn, to the fields beyond, the land which she had been so proud to become a part of when she had married Richard. "Sarah was between us even then," she thought. Not that they saw her much. Sometimes she didn't come near the house for a whole winter. It was the summers Annie dreaded because it always happened that she and Richard met Sarah, and usually quite by accident. They would visit the same afternoon at Emily's house outside of Anson Court House, or they would see each other after services in old Fulton Church; or, like today, they would be together at family reunions because Sarah and Richard were third cousins. ("Second cousins once removed," Annie's daughter-in-law would say emphatically, trying to get the family relations straight in her mind.) If Sarah had only planned those meetings she would have been able to get mad, but it was always quite by accident; and she would see their faces light up with surprise and happiness. They spoke of each other in the fondest way, and never attempted to hide their feelings. It had almost driven her crazy when she had first married Richard, this delight of theirs in each other's company. That was when Sarah was still single. After she had married Annie had breathed a sigh of relief, but Sarah was left a widow five years later; and a very pretty widow, Annie had to admit, although she always *had* considered Sarah's nose a little thin. Once she had foolishly tried to blame Sarah for something, but Richard had looked at her so sternly and told her so firmly that she was wrong that she had been afraid to say anything else about it. (What was it about? She couldn't even remember now. She had known it was untrue at the time.)

Hush! There was a car coming. She got up quickly from the woodbox and gave the kitchen one last hurried inspection. Through the entry door she saw two cars coming into the yard. Richard was smiling and waving and directing them where to park. He had been up since five — so excited — just like a little boy. She watched him walking between the rows of boxwoods to the car — tall, stooped, with fine, thick, grey hair, and with a proud, intelligent look. That was what had made her watch him so much at that first house party when he was walking with Sarah — that proud look, and she had resolved then that she would have him. She had even been foolish enough to confess to Emily that Richard was the man she wanted. Emily had just laughed and said, "Sorry, but he's taken. Can't you see the way he looks at Cousin Sarah?" Sometimes she wished she had listened to

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The Baptism of Charlie

The muddy river spreads its Sunday way
For the church people who gather,
The red-haired Charlie stands full grown
But they whisper that he is not yet grown,
Into His likeness,
Their buzzings come to Charlie's ears
But no knock comes to his heart.

Are these the voices he had heard
A boy before the morning breadfasts?
For then his wild feet in their running
Were holy, purging themselves
With drops of blood upon the briars.

Charlie now is tall, but weakening
And the buzzings ring in his ears.
With nimble wits hidden, he lies on the bank
On the crusted pine needles,
Restless as a Fakir on his bed of nails,
Like the others, he is waiting his turn at the waters.

The whispers come
Loud as the water tops,
Charlie hears —
The murmur, "Cast him into the sea,"
He moves, re-collects his fears
While once again they pray
With open eyes and angled heads,
And throw up their arms
For his salvation.
Buried to the waist in the waters
The preacher stands with God's great three
And warns
That the purgers of sin perhaps will come
Shaking their copper wand upon the waters
And restoring
Those with withered souls.

Lying feverish in his effort
To look pious, Charlie sees,
The large ancestral eyes, turn, glance
And back into their drying skulls —
He stays helpless at the water side.

The blowing wind toys with the waters
They roll again, the shores look, bounce at him
And dare to cite the dieties; they call
"Charlie, man and swimmer fused, come"
He lies, still unwet, the eyes of many on him
And he sees no one.

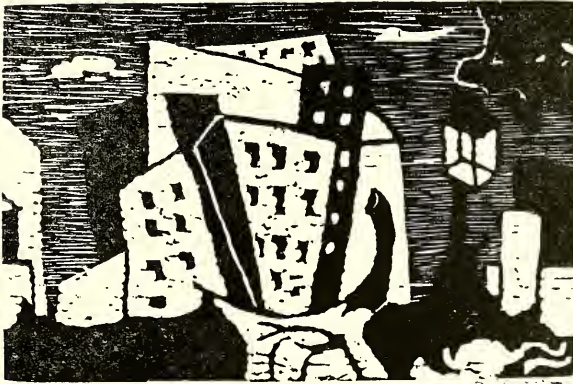
That one great moment spends itself
With the same last gasp for breath—
Words, then the emersion.
Does he look the same?
Charlie wades back, a new conversion
And slumps to his river side stall
With only the passing after-moment
Left for his recall.

Dripping on the pine crusted grass
He lies, listening
But the silent voices rasp
No tales of heaven's descent,
No chorous that came circling in,
No bright blue hand
Stirring the waters for his withered soul.

The people leave
With their hats,
Charlie lies on the prickly needles
Watching for those he had feared.
But no bright arm juts from the waters,
Only the inflections and reflections
Of a well settled lake —
Glares sent across
The water path say
Some bus or car moves on —

Charlie's damp shoe strings tighten
And he runs against a playful wind
Scratching against the pine prints on his mud-brown
legs.

Barbara Westmoreland



Davilla Smith

"I Wonder What Became of Sally"

(Continued from Page 11)

come back until the end of February, after Pop's funeral."

"How did you get back together again?" Maggie said.

"Oh, he just came to me and told me finally that he didn't have any real excuse the world would accept, he had to concentrate on one thing at a time so hard he forgets everything else. And he said if I couldn't understand his moods any better than I pretended, well, I just didn't love him enough. And right away I realized that I wasn't being fair. He's so emotional—he paints, you know."

"That must be fun," Maggie said. She began pulling the bobby-pins from her hair, going methodically around her head from left to right, leaving her bangs until last. Then she combed out the limp curls carefully and fluffed her hair out around her ears. Quickly she spread rouge on her cheeks, smearing it on with her hands, licking her fingers, working damply over her skin to get the color even.

"Does your husband paint for a living, Mrs. Simpson?" she said.

"Oh, please call me Sally! Hubby calls me Sal-Gal, but that's his special name. No, it's just a hobby. He's floor manager for Woolworth's in our home town, and he's next in line for sales manager. He's so clever and he gets ahead so fast, we're going to buy our own home in a couple of years." She giggled, and stood up to pull her blouse down under her skirt all the way around.

"It's wonderful to be married, you ought to try it some time!" she said. She bent down to look in the mirror again, carefully licking lipstick off her teeth with her tongue.

"Do you pose for your husband, Sally, when he paints?"

"You mean, without any clothes on? Goodness, no, I couldn't bring myself to be so common. Hubby says I've got a good figure for it, though!"

Maggie touched an eyebrow brush to a cake of mascara and began to shape in her brows carefully.

"It's too bad you feel that way," she said, "because I know where I could get you a job modeling, if you really need the money."

"Oh, do you really think I could? Well, I mean, of course I never *would*, but it's flattering to know I've got the requirements for it." She laughed, and put her head to one side, catching her hair back and holding it behind her head with both hands.

"I really am broke," she said. She took the bobby-pins out of her pompadour and began to twist it up more tightly in place.

"It's none of my business," Maggie said, "but Mrs. Bighton doesn't let anybody stay here if they don't pay their rent two days after it's due."

Sally was opening a bobby-pin in her mouth, and

it slipped and scratched across her teeth when she looked up at Maggie.

"But she couldn't put me out in the street," she said. "I don't know anyone here, and I can't afford to go back home. Hubby has his money and all that Pop left me, in cash. He said he might get a good chance to invest it in Chicago."

"Oh well," Maggie said, "he'll probably be back by tomorrow, don't worry."

"Sure," Sally said, "sure, I won't worry; he'll be back." She sat down in the chair, slipped her right foot out of its pump, and crossing her legs, began to swing her foot back and forth in the air.

"Even if I didn't have to use it, it would be nice to have some extra money," she said.

"Well," Maggie said, "whatever you say. I wish I could ask you to take in a show with me tonight, but I'm going out. Look under that chair, will you, and see if you see a hair clasp on the floor?"

Sally leaned over and looked, and then said, "No, I don't see it. And thanks, but I'd better stay close to home, in case Hubby comes in about then."

She got up and looked over Maggie's shoulder curiously as Maggie yanked open the dressing table drawer. It was filled with torn hair nets, unmated stockings, jewelry, and half-filled bottles of cosmetics.

"What are you looking for, honey?" Sally said. "Maybe I can find it for you."

"That's all right," Maggie said, "I'm just trying to find that damn hair clasp—it's in here somewhere." She pawed through the mess, and finally pulled the drawer all the way out and set it on the bed. She leaned down and looked along the grooves where it had rested. At the back was a bent silver clasp, some crumpled paper handkerchiefs with lipstick blots on them, and an orange card. She pulled out the clasp and the card, and putting the barette on the dresser, read the close black print on the card. She began to laugh then, soundlessly, but harder and harder until she had to lean against the wall to keep her balance. She held the card away from her with both hands and looked at it, turning it over and holding it first lengthwise, then sideways. Laughing and leaning against the wall, she looked at Sally and then she stopped laughing. She handed the card to her, holding it out at arm's length. Sally looked at it. It was a pawn ticket. The description ran:

"One plain gold wedding band, inscription on inside Joe and Maggie, Dec. 4, 1939."

She handed it back to Maggie then, and moved away a little, her face colorless, her right hand mechanically twisting the rings on her left. She stared at Maggie and followed her as she walked to the window, bending the card between her fingers. She watched as Maggie slowly tore the card in half again and again and threw the pieces out the window to sift down two floors to a dump heap below, landing

on tin cans and dead clinkers. She started to turn back into the room and then stopped. She looked at the three figs Maggie had put on the window sill. They were swarming with ants, the skins rotting away with the weight of thousands of them, and a steadily moving line of little red insects was carrying away the sweet, pithy-ripe meat bit by bit.

Pink Jade

(Continued from Page 7)

Beautiful," she said thickly. "Whyn'tcha push Larry out—an' give th' rest uv th' gals a break?"

Gloria sat down abruptly. "What do you mean?" she said.

The girl stood weaving in front of the mirror. "You know. 'S quaint lit'l threesum'—you—an' Bob—an' Larry—always th' same—you an' Bob—an' Larry." She laughed jaggedly. "Push 'im out, Glory ol' girl—an' giv' th' rest uv th' gals a break."

"I don't know what you're talking about! Are you suggesting . . ." Gloria heard her voice rising hysterically. The wings were beating faster, faster. "Millicent, you're drunk," she said finally.

"That's right." She moved toward the door. "Good champagne . . . Good party . . . Good night." The door closed behind her.

Gloria sat before the mirror, her hands clutched tightly before her. She looked at her reflection. There were violent shadows under her eyes. "Millicent," she thought. "She knows. Of course she doesn't. How could she?" She forced the beating wings down, but the thought kept buzzing 'round and 'round. "She knows; she knows." She got up suddenly. "I'll tell him . . . now." She ran out of the room.

She saw Larry saunter through the doors to the terrace. She went quickly after him. She glanced over her shoulder. "They're all watching me," she thought. "Must walk more slowly." She saw his white shirt front on the far end of the terrace. He was alone. She ran toward him, and he turned. "Darling,"

he murmured, putting his arm around her. She pushed him back.

"Take it back, Larry, take it back!" Her voice was a hoarse whisper.

"Take what back, my dear?" He was surprised.

"The odalisque—the pink jade. You must take it back!"

"What a droll idea!" he began, jokingly. "And what should I do with it? No, Gloria. It is yours. Remember how terribly you wanted it?" His voice sank to a smooth, intimate whisper. "It's a part of you, my dear. So much like you."

"No, no!" The wings were beating faster, faster—louder, louder. In the darkness she felt him shrug. He took a cigarette from his case and stood tapping it.

"I don't know what's wrong with you tonight, Gloria," he said. "Tired, I suppose. Tomorrow you'll feel better. I've planned a wonderful afternoon . . ."

"I can't come," she choked. "I have to wrap packages."

He snapped the lighter. His handsome face was untroubled. He looked at her and smiled. "Of course you'll come," he said.

She turned and fled away from him, back to the sanctuary of the lighted room.

The guests were leaving. She stood with her husband bidding them good night. At last only Larry remained. He walked with Bob into the foyer. She heard him suggesting a yachting trip: "Bit of sea air will do all of us good, old man," he said.

She heard Bob answer evasively: "Sounds great. But I'm not sure I can make it."

She leaned back and closed her eyes. Brilliant pink fingers of light probed tortuously around her lowered lids. She raised them wearily. The odalisque smiled at her secretly. The pink haze grew brighter, blinding. The odalisque lurched crazily, leered at her. "I hate you—hate you!" she thought. The pink mist disappeared with a loud crash—she heard Larry's mocking laughter—then silence. The pink jade lay on the white tile hearth; the pieces shimmered in the lamplight, the detached head stared up at her dreamily, seductively.

The Individualist

I look with derision on kings,
and at kings
the ignorant masses revere,
I sneer.

And if there are gods who are stern
and we burn,
though death be too real to deny,
what care I?

I walk the road nobody knows;
my toes
turn inward or out as I please.
Yet I sneeze.

Dolly Davis

Reunion

(Continued from Page 13)

Emily; but she wanted him so, and he needed her. She watched him help Sarah from the car, placing her shawl back on her shoulders when it slipped off. "I *have* made him happy," she whispered to herself. "I've been his strength — the strength he lacked."

As she started out the door, two more cars drove into the yard. Everyone was kissing everyone else and laughing when she came up. Emily's husband, John, pretended to get mixed up and went around twice and then laughed about getting two kisses from Annie's pretty new daughter-in-law who was so confused about all the relatives that she didn't know whom she had kissed. Finally they were all sitting down under the big elm. Richard had brought some straight chairs from the parlor because there weren't enough rockers, and Emily's two grandsons sat in them, straight and stiff, not knowing what to do with their big, red hands. Annie had brought out some old China dolls for Sarah's grandchildren, but the little girls left them face downwards on the lawn and went off to climb the holly. The older people were all talking about the place and how well it was kept up.

"You'd never know this place had been here a hundred years without any repairs to speak of," Emily said. They all turned and studied the house. No one said anything for several minutes. Finally, John cleared his throat and commented loudly, "Remarkable how it's preserved," and it sounded so strange and forced in the quiet that no one knew what to say. Richard scraped his chair around and got comfortable. In the silence they heard the little girls screaming to each other from the branches of the holly tree. "Why, we ought not to eat for a half hour," Annie thought impatiently, "and they've already stopped talking like they're waiting for something." Just because this was the first time they had let her have the reunion, they weren't going to ruin it.

"It looks as new as it did the night Richard and I were married, and we had the reception on the lawn, doesn't it?" There. She had said it, and they hadn't thought she would. It was silly. She had been married to him forty years, and she hadn't been able to talk about those happy times to any of them. It was cruel what they had done to her. They had no right to make her keep it locked within herself all these years. Now they were all looking at Cousin Sarah almost involuntarily, but Sarah didn't seem to notice.

"That was a lovely night," Sarah said. "I remember Aunt Susie had strung Chinese lanterns all across from the porch to the elm here. And how we danced that night! I'll never forget it." They all started talking about it then. The ones who hadn't been there listened. The children knew stories like these so well that they listened, feeling almost like *they* had been there. Annie leaned back with a sigh. Sarah hadn't minded. She had almost seemed glad. Why, they

had said — she had heard some of them talking in the kitchen one day — they had said that Sarah refused to dance with anyone that night and went into the garden and cried and cried, and she wouldn't have come back except to keep Annie from feeling bad. How perfectly silly!

They were all talking now, even Emily's shy grandsons with the red hands. She got up to slip off and see about everything. "Can't I help you?" Emily whispered. "We brought a few things. They're in the back of the car." Why wouldn't they ever let her do it by herself? They always had to help, and she didn't want them to. She had told them not to bring anything. "You shouldn't have done that," she scolded, trying not to sound as put out as she really was.

Dinner went off fine. They finished up with pecan pies and three kinds of cake, the boys stuffing a little of each because they couldn't decide which. They talked for awhile about the children and what they were doing in school, and John bragged about John, Junior, being first-honor graduate from high school; but soon they were talking again about the old days.

Richard smiled broadly and said, "When was it that John fell . . ." he laughed outright with cake crumbs all over his mouth, ". . . John fell . . . *he, he, he . . .* fell . . . *he, he . . .* fell in the pig pen." They were all laughing before he finished because they knew the story well, and it never failed to amuse them and set off a chain of reminiscences. John pretended to be offended and said that he still believed that Richard had pushed him. He had been accusing him of that for forty years now and they never got tired of it. Annie said before she thought (later she wondered why she said it, but she supposed she did because it was there in her heart), "That was the house party when I met Richard." And they stopped laughing. They all remembered.

"So it was," John said and started talking about something else. They all remembered. It took so little to remind them. Didn't they know that she knew she had done wrong and was tired of suffering for it? The thing she had told Richard had been so little at the time. How could it have blown up in importance like this? Besides, it was really true. Sarah did have a touch of consumption. At least, the doctor had warned her to be careful. Richard had been young and strong and Annie didn't want him to marry an invalid. It all seemed foolish now. Sarah had lived a long life, and a healthy one, but how could *she* have known? "Richard's weak," she thought, "but they don't blame *him*. He was afraid to marry Sarah when I told him, but he soon saw how foolish he had been. He didn't have to marry me."

Emily was telling her something about little Emily's report card, and she listened and felt drawn back into the group. They weren't still thinking about it. Only she. Maybe it had always been that way. They didn't think of it. Just she.

Richard was in a cane-bottomed chair leaning back

(Continued on Page 20)

On Contributions and Contributors . . .

In this issue, the *Coraddi* presents some of the more finished work being handed us. The *Coraddi* encourages experimentation, however; so do not hesitate to send us your latest efforts in creative writing.

Features

In JEAN FARLEY and ARLENE BATCHKER's modern art articles, written for Mr. Ivy's History of Modern Art and requiring research not only in the library but in juke joints and department stores, the authors deplore certain trends in contemporary painting. . . . POLLY ELLIOTT, NANCY SHEPHERD, and WINNIE RODGERS, in their article on Katherine Anne Porter, also regret disturbing trends in the field of the short story. The authors cite Miss Porter's work, however, as the happy exception to the rule.

Poetry

The story of Cherokee Charley was a childhood legend to MARY ANNE CLEGG. She has worked it into a dramatic, narrative poem, and in it has done some experimentation with rime. . . . BARBARA WESTMORELAND does an intellectual treatment of an emotional situation in her poem, "The Baptism of Charlie." . . . With a humorous poem, "The Individualist," DOLLY DAVIS, a junior, appears in the *Coraddi* again.

Fiction

Here is another IVA LENNON story, and for lack of a better title she calls it simply "Story." Iva has unusual understanding of the situation and sympathy for her characters. . . . "Pink Jade," you will find, is a well-put-together story with a touch of symbolism. GERNELL HUDSON, the author, who, incidentally, is doing fine work, has never published in the *Coraddi* before. . . . BETSY HAWES, a psychology major, in her story, "I Wonder What Became of Sally," has presented almost clinically a study of cheap-boarding-house people and the hopelessness of their lives. . . . "Reunion," by WINNIE RODGERS, is a story about old people, a subject seldom found in *Coraddi*.

Art

The unusual cover arrangement is by the *Coraddi* art editor, ARLENE BATCHKER. JANE BANNER has provided the excellent photograph of Grace Methodist Church.

Arts Forum Issue

The *Coraddi*, whose aim is to foster creative writing, considers it a privilege to print the best creative writing submitted for the writing panel of the Arts Forum. The Forum provides the impetus needed for better creative effort not only at our school, but throughout the South. Watch for the Arts Forum Issue of *Coraddi* coming soon.

W. A. R.



Jane Head

Katherine Anne Porter

(Continued from Page 3)

sional writers or aligning herself with any particular school. This probably accounts for her acquiring and retaining her own unique style. It was not until much later that she became associated, at the University of Louisiana, with a group of Southern writers of which Robert Penn Warren was a member. Miss Porter traveled in Mexico, writing hack articles to support herself. Her early short stories such as "Maria Concepcion," "That Tree," and "Hacienda" use Mexican materials and background. In 1931, after the publication of her first book, she was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship and traveled in Mexico and abroad. The European setting was utilized in "The Leaning Tower," a novelette dealing with the problem of nationalism. Miss Porter is now teaching at Leland Stanford University in California. In March, she will visit our campus as leader of the writing panel at the Arts Forum.

Katherine Anne Porter cannot be dismissed as one of the "genteel school of Southern writers." It is probably true that she would gain more readers if her language were more hearty and her stories more raw. Readers nurtured on the baldness of Hemingway refuse to see that underneath Miss Porter's delicate sentences there is an implicit strength and honesty.

Reunion

(Continued from Page 18)

against a tree, with his old eyes blinking slowly. Sarah was lying on the cot they had brought out for her, with her shawl around her feet, telling him about some cousin's wedding. She looked at them and wanted to feel something. Did their eyes meet? She watched to see. Richard with his eyes closed chewed on a stick; and Sarah coughed a little, drew the shawl over her knees, and went on talking. She said something funny, and they both laughed. Annie had heard, even before she met Sarah, "Cousin Sarah has a sharp wit." Now Richard looked at Sarah tenderly and smiled. Annie watched them and without knowing why, suddenly, she smiled a little too. The feeling of bitterness was gone, and in its place there was a feeling of immense sadness. She didn't really care if they laughed together. They no longer cared either, for neither one glanced over at her as they used to when they talked and laughed together. She wished that it mattered. She even wished that the old, throbbing flow of jealousy would come over her as it had so many times before, but it didn't. Now they weren't even talking to each other but were listening to what John was saying about hybrid corn. They didn't care about her, about each other. The tears started to her eyes. "Are we all so old," she thought, "so very old?"

QUESTIONS

- A** My clues: a white mitten, two cartons of cheer;
I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.
- B** Socked in the green and partly concealed,
My last five of twelve is a meadow revealed.
- C** At Christmas time a famous slogan with
central word revised,
I emphasize the pleasure of giving a gift
that satisfies.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word Milder which is underlined (and is in comparative degree) in the phrase "I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder."
- B** The twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet is Y. Add e MAN and you have Y-MAN, or WYMAN.
- C** Mec (or Mc), and "a pin to join two pieces" (dowel) gives you McDowell, with which name you may win.

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Esther Samuelson | 4. Hester Bizzell | 7. Betty Townsend |
| 2. Mary Lela Saunders | 5. Virginia Albritton | 8. Marilyn Cohn |
| 3. Dorothy Strother | 6. Mary Hawthorne | 9. Anna Harmon |

Winners may get their carton of cigarettes from Martha ("Pete") Regener at McIver House. Please mail entries for next contest to Martha Regener, Local.

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Arthur Godfrey*

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