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winter 1954

Coraddi

AS WE SEE IT

This is the last cry of an editor-bird. We have been an artist of sorts in this society of sorts for four years and our attentions and affections have been centered around this magazine, fondly called literary, for the same four years. During that time, some things have happened and we feel that there are some things to be said, some questions to be asked, some explanations and apologies to be given about changes which have occurred and about situations that have "always been that way." We would like to take this opportunity to give one last, comprehensive look at It All and then, finally, to get off the white horse, to throw away shield and banner and, at last, *Shut Up*. If this is climbing the stairs to the ivory tower, then here we (one editor, yours truly) go—buckety, buckety.

What situations? What changes? Frankly, we are at a loss to say. The best that we can do at this point, is to present rather inadequate, synoptic pictures of what things were like four years ago and how the same pictures appear to us now. We are *not* saying "Let's go back to the good old days"; we are *only* saying this is how it looks from where we are now standing. And we don't know, but we hope that we are talking about something a little more significant than sophomore disillusionment and its own resultant shallow cynicism.

For example and closest home: when we were freshmen there were around ten people at the meeting of those interested in trying out for CORADDI staff and there were almost that many try-outs submitted and there were a goodly portion of those same try-outs accepted. We talk and talk about our standards and not lowering them and on and on and on but there have been, in the past two years, no try-outs submitted (with certain few exceptions) of as high a caliber as those that were submitted then or as those which had been submitted in the years past. We think that this is significant. In connection with this same thing we think it is even more significant that there is a very minimum number of people who have been interested in trying-out for CORADDI staff in the past year and that, consequently, when this year's staff graduates there will be one (count them) remaining member of the staff—not remaining senior, not remaining member of the editorial staff, not remaining candidate for the editorship but one remaining member of the whole staff.

There is this, too: we are, in this issue, printing one story, a graduate story. We have, for the last year, had as a part of our policy not to consider graduate material simply because we have had, in years past, more under-graduate material of a printable caliber than we could handle and we felt that the under-graduate material should have precedence. This time, it is a different story. We had fewer stories submitted than we have ever had, getting hold of those was like stealing the golden apples, and having once gotten them, we found, to our sorrow, that for one reason or another we could not print them. Hence, one story, a graduate story. In looking over the contents of our fall issue, we realized that all the stories which were printed in it this year were actually written last year. After us, the deluge? We don't know whether the fault lies directly with us or whether this is simply the beginning of the seven lean years after the seven years of plenty.

Perhaps it throws some light on the situation or illustrates more fully the seriousness of it to mention here the exodus we have witnessed of some of our finest student writers. This exodus was caused, in certain instances of which we are certain, by petty intrigue,

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WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro, N. C.

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eleanor toy barksbale

BENJAMIN POE

It was late afternoon. The man stopped in front of the window. He looked at the name printed across the glass pane. BENJAMIN POE, LETTER SHOP.

He pressed his face closer to the glass and peeped in. The office was empty and lighted only by the late afternoon sun. He saw a small desk and an empty chair. In the corner of the room were two mimeograph machines. Several stacks of paper lay on the floor by the machines.

The man turned away from the window and walked down the street.

Benjamin Poe came out from a smaller room in the back of his office. He sat down at his small desk and stared out of the window. The sun shone on the glass in such a way that to him, the street, the buildings, the people who walked by in the sunlight seemed not real at all. He could hear no noises from the outside. It was the quiet time that precedes the summer storm. He pressed his small, ink-stained fingers together and sat with his face toward the sun.

When he got up from the chair, it was almost fifty-three. He took his coat from the rack in the corner of the room and locked up the little office for the night.

A few large drops of rain were falling on the sidewalk as he turned the corner of the last block. He saw the child, Nina, swinging on the iron gate in front of the boarding house where he lived.

"Hello, Nina," he said.

She did not speak but stared after him as he walked up the steps of the porch.

The girls, Sarah and Eloise, were still playing solitaire in the living room. They leaned sideways when they heard the screen door open.

"Who is it, Sarah?" Eloise asked.

"It's just Mr. Poe," she answered.

"Oh."

He walked quietly up the steps to his room. He took off his hat and coat and placed them in the white wardrobe in the corner. Then he lay down on the narrow white iron bed. He placed his hands upon his chest and closed his eyes. Down he sank and in the moments before being engulfed he heard the sound of a hammer from far away. Bam. Bam. Bam. Then, it seemed to merge into Bong, Bong, Bong. He got up from the bed. As he washed his hands in the basin, he looked out of the window and saw on the roof an edge of drying water.

He took his coat from the wardrobe and went down the steps to the dining room.

Nanma was at the head of the long table. The old man, Nanpa, sat beside her.

"Bless this food for the nourishment of our bodies amen," the old man said.

Nanma struck her glass with her knife.

"Before we start," she said, "Let me introduce Mrs. Rickquam here by Nanpa. She moved in today."

The boarders leaned forward. Mrs. Rickquam inclined her head towards them and smiled.

"We'll go around the table and introduce ourselves," Nanma said. "Nanpa and me. Eloise?"

"Eloise Pitman."

"Sarah Bradshaw."

"George Flynt."

"Benjamin Poe."

Mrs. Rickquam nodded each time.

When they had gone around the table, Nanma bowed her head.

"Blessing?" She turned to the old man.

He shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

"Bless this food for the nourishment of our bodies amen," he said.

He picked up the serving dishes. He heaped the food on his plate and bending close to the table, he ate.

They all ate quickly and in silence.

Benjamin Poe looked up at the new boarder. She was looking around the table as if waiting. He could think of nothing to say to her, and he glanced around the table at the others. Then he, too, bent his head over his plate and ate silently.

The evening was long and hot and sticky. Eloise and Sarah pushed the card table in the doorway to be in the path of whatever breeze might pass between the living room windows and the door into the halls. Nanma sat down at the piano which stood in the hall by the front door. She played When I Grow Too Old To Dream.

The other boarders went out on the front porch and sat with their chairs in a row in front of the railing.

The old man, Nanpa, sat by the steps. His stiff leg was propped up on the railing. He rested his head upon the back of his chair and sucked deeply upon an old pipe that followed the curve of his chin.

At nine o'clock the old man would get up and go into the house for his hat and cane. He would walk the three blocks to Hilliard's store. There he would sit for an hour drinking beer. Then, he would return to the house. He would sit down on the front porch, smoke one pipe full of tobacco after which he would get up and go to bed upstairs.

Little Nina swung back and forth on the iron fence. She chattered to Jimmy whom no one had ever seen. When a few drops of rain began to fall, she came up on the porch and sat down on the steps by the old man's chair.

"Jimmy went home, Nanpa," she said, pointing a small finger towards the iron fence.

The old man nodded and laid his head back against the chair.

Nina pulled the skirt of her little dress down over her legs and circled her arms around her knees.

"Jimmy's gone home because it rained on him," she sang.

Benjamin Poe sat between Nanpa and Mrs. Rickquam. Nanma was at the end of the little row.

"Mrs. Rickquam used to teach school in Pitt, Nanpa." Nanma leaned forward in her chair to see the old man.

He sat unmoved as if he had not heard.

"That's where Nanpa was raised. You may know his people. Davenport's? They used to be prominent long ago."

"John Davenport?"

"That's Nanpa's older brother. He still lives in the old home place. Their father owned one of the first tobacco factories." Nanma shook her head. "I don't know how they lost it all."

Eloise sighed.

"My father was so good to me. Sometimes I think, what if he could see what has happened to me."

Nanma sat for a few moments rocking back and forth.

"I've got to go count out the linen," she said. "Come see the rest of the house, Mrs. Rickquam."

Nanma and Mrs. Rickquam went into the dark hall.

The old man stirred.

"Let's go down to Hilliard's, Benny," he said.

He went into the house and came back with his hat and cane.

"Take me, Nanpa." Nina stood up on the steps.

"You can come as far as the corner."

The little girl ran in the grass along the opposite side of the iron fence until they reached the corner.

"Bring me a pretty, Nanpa," she called after the old man.

He walked with a limp. But from time to time he lightly swung his cane to the side as he talked to Benjamin Poe.

"It was poor management, Benny. Poor management. None of us knew how to run a factory, and John was the least practical of us all. After Papa died, nobody gave a damn."

In an hour they came back home. Benjamin Poe bought two boxes of popcorn. One for himself and one for Nina.

He would take the evening paper up to his room and sitting by the window he would read the paper and eat popcorn. When he had finished, he would go to bed.

Nina saw them coming. She ran down by the fence.

"That lady burned me," she cried. "Look here, Nanpa!"

It was too dark to see.

"Here, Nina." Benjamin Poe gave her a box of popcorn.

"That lady burned me!"

Mrs. Rickquam was sitting in the far corner of the porch. She rocked back and forth.

"See," Nina stopped inside the door and held up her arm.

Benjamin Poe rubbed a pink patch on the child's hand.

"She did it with a cigarette. She burned me there."

"Well, Nina, be careful," the old man said.

He went upstairs to bed.

Benjamin Poe sat by the window and ate his box of popcorn. Then, he lay down on the bed and watched the car lights circle the wall.

"I don't care for her," Eloise said.

"Why?" asked Sarah.

"She stares at you like a, like a, well, like a I don't know what. I looked up from supper and she wasn't eating. Just looking at us."

"Really? I'm out! Out!"

Eloise threw down the cards.

"Cheat!"

"Cheat? You can play by yourself!"

"I'd just as soon."

Sarah walked out of the room.

Benjamin Poe began to feel more uncomfortable at the evening meal. It became harder for him to eat. Every time he looked up from his plate, Mrs. Rickquam was staring at them all. It seemed that this made them lean closer to the table to avoid those little sharp eyes. And they ate faster and faster as if trying to get away as soon as possible. He got so that he could not eat at all. Only Nanma sat straight up in her chair.

On Friday as he was inking the two mimeograph machines, he suddenly decided that he would not go to the house for the evening meal.

At five o'clock he took his hat and coat from the rack in the corner and locked the little office. He walked down town to Hilliard's store. He ate supper, bought a box of popcorn, and started walking home. The evening was cool and he stopped at a small park a few blocks from the house. He sat for a long while watching the car lights coming up the hill. When he returned to the house, the line of chairs was empty.

He picked up the evening paper that lay in the old man's chair and walked quietly up the steps to his room. He sat in his chair by the window. He read the paper and ate his popcorn.

At twelve o'clock he lay on top of the bed. His hands were folded over his chest. There were long intervals before a car light flashed around the wall.

Down at the far end of the hall he heard a faint knock on a door. It grew louder and louder as if someone were trying to knock the door in. Then, he heard the old man's voice.

"Goddamn it! Open this door, Mrs. Davenport."

Bam. Bam. Bam.

"Do you want me to knock it in, Mrs. Davenport? Ugh!" Nanpa pushed his weight against the bedroom door.

"Lord, God," he sighed.

Benjamin Poe sat on the side of his bed. He heard a faint knock on his door.

Mrs. Rickquam stood in the hall. She was fully dressed. In one hand she held a book, in the other a pair of black horn-rimmed glasses.

"What is it, Mr. Poe?" she asked.

"He drinks, Mrs."

The old man cried out and banged his fist against the door.

"All right, Mrs. Davenport, why don't you get your father back from the grave then? He was so good to you. And I'll get brother John up here. He's such a great manager! You and your fine ways. We'll get 'em all up here."

He lowered his voice.

"How'll that be, old Mrs. Davenport? Christ, but she was a pretty thing!"

The old man dropped down on the floor by the door.

"Oh my God why?" he sobbed.

They could see his shoulders shaking.

Nanma opened the door. She stood in the light. Her grey hair fell over her shoulders as she leaned over the old man.

"Get up Mr. Davenport and come to bed."

The old man rose up and leaning on her shoulder limped into the bedroom.

"I am sorry," Mrs. Rickquam said. "All of us are caught in some way, I suppose. There is no sorrow that isn't our own."

She looked up at Benjamin Poe.

"I was going down stairs to make some tea. Would you like some?" she asked.

He went down the back steps into the dark hall. She cut on the kitchen light, filled a pan of water, and turned on the gas stove. Then, she sat down at the kitchen table across from him.

"I have been reading some lovely stories by Chekhov. Have you read any of these?"

She handed him the book.

"No. I don't believe I have. I don't read too much, only the paper in the evenings."

"Well, you would like these, I know. If I had ever taught writing in school, I would have had my children read Chekhov and Chekhov and more Chekhov.

It is a master. May I read you a very short one while we are waiting for the water to boil?

He nodded.

"This is called *A Day In The Country*."

She began.

"Between light and nine o'clock in the morning. A dark leaden-colored mass is creeping over the sky toward the sun . . ."

Benjamin Poe had never been read to before.

" . . . And no one sees his love. It is seen only by the moon which floats in the sky and peeps caressingly through the holes in the wall of the deserted barn."

That night Benjamin Poe, wide awake from drinking the tea, lay in his bed and felt a warmth through his whole being.

What a good story, he thought.

On his way to work the next

morning he stopped by the public library. He asked for *A Day In The Woods* by Chikoff.

The librarian found the book for him.

Several times during the morning he stopped printing letters and sat down at the little desk to read the story.

That evening he found Mrs. Rickquam sitting on the front porch.

"I checked this book out of the library today," he said.

"The Chekhov."

"Yes. I read this one today, too. *Vanka*."



phyllis birkby

"Oh yes. That's a poignant story."

She sighed wearily.

"I have quite a few books in my room that you would probably enjoy reading, Mr. Poe."

Nanna came out on the porch with a tray which she placed on the white table in the corner of the porch.

"It is so hot tonight, I thought some lemonade would taste good," she said.

She served each of them a glass and then passed among them with a plate of small, thin cookies.

Nina ran up from the yard.

"Me too, Nanna. Me too."

The child sat down on the steps.

"Where's Jimmy?" the old man asked. "Don't he want some?"

"No. He's swinging on the gate." Nina pointed to the iron fence.

The gate stood half opened.

Nina ran back into the yard.

They all sat on the porch until dark. Then one by one they got up and went into the dark hall. Nanna carried the tray with the empty pitcher and glasses into the house. Only the old man, Mrs. Rickquam, and Mr. Poe remained on the porch.

When it was completely dark, Nina came back up on the porch. Moist curls clung to her damp little forehead. She sat down by the old man. She pulled her limp skirt down around her legs.

Mrs. Rickquam leaned forward in her chair.

"Come sit in my lap, Nina. It's been such a long time since I have rocked a little girl."

The child stared at her.

"Please, Nina. Come sit here." Mrs. Rickquam patted her lap. "Don't you want to?"

"No!" Nina jumped up and ran into the house.

Benjamin Poe began reading her books. In the evenings after the meal he went up to his room. He sat by his window and read late into the night. Then he began to take the books to his office, novels and short stories.

Once during the morning and once during the afternoon he would stop printing letters and sit down and read a story. One morning he printed nothing. He sat at his little desk and read a complete novel.

On Saturday evening they were all sitting on the front porch. Mrs. Rickquam was talking to him about the *Lament* by Chekhov.

"I think it means that the world is such that it drives a man to seek comfort and consolation in the company of dumb animals. Not a complimentary commentary on us, is it?" She said.

"No, it isn't."

"But he writes it so beautifully."

The old man raised his head from the chair. He lowered his stiff leg from the railing.

"Let's go up to Hilliard's, Benny."

"Not tonight, Mr. Davenport. I think I'll stay in."

The old man stopped and looked at them. Then, he turned and went into the house. In a few moments he

came back with his hat and cane. The screen door banged shut, and the old man walked down the steps and up the sidewalk.

Mrs. Rickquam leaned back in her chair.

"Haven't you ever hated anyone?" she asked.

Benjamin Poe did not answer for a few moments. He stared out into the yard.

"No. I don't think I've ever hated anyone," he answered.

"You've never hated these people?"

"You mean these in the house?"

"Yes."

"I don't think so. No. I've never thought about it particularly."

"They are so apathetic. I fear for us all. The first night that I ate in this dining room, I was alarmed," she said.

He looked up at her.

"Why?" he asked.

"They lean over their food like animals."

He sighed.

"I feel no superiority. Please, it isn't that at all. It's that I feel a sense of responsibility. They are exploiting human potentiality. Mr. Poe, I believe so very strongly in human dignity. And I can't stand their kind of civilized crudeness."

Her sharp little eyes burned in the semi-darkness.

"Doesn't it bother you at all?" she asked.

"No, I guess it doesn't," he whispered.

He turned away from her and looked at the half-opened gate.

"I think it must be that I am like them. I mean, I'm used to it. I don't pay any attention to them."

"I don't think that you are. You are enjoying your books, aren't you?" she asked.

"Very much," he replied. "I finished *Crime and Punishment* this morning and I thought about it for a long time. I tried to think if there were any way possible for . . . how do you say his name?"

"Raskolnikov."

"Yes. Not to have got caught by the police. He really wasn't bad. He just didn't know. I guess he had to get punished, though. He did kill someone."

The old man, Nanna, came back from Hilliard's. He walked up the steps and into the house.

"Have you ever read any philosophy books?" Mrs. Rickquam asked.

"I don't think so," he replied.

"Let me give you one tonight. You can just look into it and see how you like it."

"What's it about?"

"Ideas. Thoughts on the nature of man, of society, of the universe."

He sat by the window and read a few pages. His eyes grew heavy. He did not understand what he read. He closed the book.

He sat staring out into the darkness of his window. For a moment he thought that he was in love with the woman.

(Continued on page 14)

THE SPIRITUAL IN ART

Lee Hall



Matter and energy can neither be destroyed nor created, but can be rearranged. Because of this everything belongs and relates; and creation becomes an organization in harmony with preceding orders. The human mind is tempted to limit all conceptions to creation and destruction, forgetting that creation is a continuous process.

This is particularly evident in the arts. The artist does not make something from nothing, but takes what is and reorganizes it. It is successful if it is in harmony with preceding orders, that is, the universe.

Sound, movement, rhythm, composition, color—these are all parts of orders taken directly from the universe. Man is not so civilized that he does not still consider the beauty and order and rhythm of stellar movement, tides, life. He is not so large-minded that he is able to “create”. He is still capable only of emulation and search for the beginner of it all.

Clearly, art transcends the physical world, making it impossible to realize (or understand) art except by a spiritual experience caused by listening, or looking, or reading—going directly to the source. What is heard or seen or read is least important of all. The implications of art as universal harmony, as personally symbolic of the spiritual, are real and basic and important.

This immediately places the artist in the paradoxical position of having the freedom of the universe, and—at the same time—being morally bound to abide by its already operating orders. This itself is quite in harmony since birth implies death, light—darkness, and maturity—decay. Contrast would necessarily manifest itself in any of man’s products for the same reason symmetry, balance, rhythm, or organization would—he lives with and is a part of them.

All forms of life are interdependent except man, who lives on other forms. Man appears to be the most awful of all the parasites until he begins to organize new harmonies and orders synonymous with beauty—a process of change, or evolution, which is again a part of the whole. It is here that art leaves craft or technique and here that it leaves the physical but actually unreal world. Here art becomes the essence of man at his best.

(Continued on page 18)

Or Ever the Golden Bowl

Silence—not the dim fade of much frequented
forests
Nor the worn and ragged image of black strangled
pinetree
Supposed-serene above brown masking mesh
Of needle and filigree filtered sun-stream hush—
Not this silence. Neither so quiet
Nor so still but stopped, held up whole
And moving. Where is something frozen,
Something cold in the moon, just melting?

The worn mind finds it rarely. It is
Breath held by a juggler's mind between cold teeth,
Teeth the martyr grinds, innocents whistle through,
Buddha never bares. In the sky on a summer night
Orange light prophetically leaps for dumb thunder
Unsounding on ready ears: this is silence—or
The steady echo of mute sand dunes repeats the image
Of the sea. Not to be sure but to see.

Nay, nay and yea, yea gives way to the wailing wall
But on the deaf page in the closed book the little
phrase,
Vinteuil's is still leveling alike time and desire—
Harmonics certainly heard without one lifted bow.
The craze, contentment, soft-needled forest floors,
Is a decay necessity goes on denying, demanding still
Something less sane, more wise, the bridging leap
Toward silence, the grave and golden vanity.

Barbara McLellan

Fragment

Glass bells are ringing with
Separate, clear notes
That tumble and shake like small birds.
They hang from silver chains
Laced over and under
A span of web etched glass.
In a cold morning wind the bells
Tumble like small birds
Like phoebes and juncos
Over and over in air,
In snowy alder.

Virginia Jane Harris

Change and the Seasonal Wind

Loves laugh their days into their close;
Hearts fall on plane-down wings of gulls
And slit the waters, golden washes of the sea.
The sycamore scales off white like bone;
There is one oriole in one black branch of one bare
tree.

Walls close in. Tiers of painted stone shut in or out
Dying flame that flares or, in your face, falls.
Clocks or shades of deepening winter dark mark
off the hours

With equal accuracy and just as little change.
The oriole finds it dull and sleeps in his shaken bowers.

There is only a slight unsettling of the sand
Between the leveled edges of our stone. With some ease
The leaves are re-arranged upon the ground and your mouth
Twitches almost not at all. The bird shifts his feathers
Against the wind, musing, absently, on going south.

Barbara McLellan

WE ARE printing in this issue of the magazine a statement by an art student at this college, concerning the nature of the artist's expression. The modern inquirer into the fact of the artistic experience has been unusually blessed in having at his disposal the writings of such artists as Van Gogh, Paul Klee, Kandinsky and others gifted in expressing this experience not only in form and color but in words. However, the creative artist, the performer of the creative act and the possessor of the creative experience, is somewhat rare in the human species; he is even in a minority in the ranks of those who live on art as their chief spiritual nourishment and who have learned all they know of a personal value from it. Art is, then, not only an act of hands and mind and spirit but also a way of knowing, even as science is a way of knowing.

Some of our finest insights into the creative experience and the epistemology of art are found in the writings of the French philosopher, Jacques Maritain. This article will attempt to present these insights as the approach of one non-artist to the comprehension of universal essences through contemplation of what lies behind the artist's creation.

Maritain defines art in a limited sense as the work itself, or the work-producing activity behind the work. Poetry, on the other hand, is defined in a broad sense as being "that intercommunication between the inner being of things and the inner being of the human Self which is a kind of divination." The artist, then, must be a poet in this sense of the word. This poetry that precludes art has its origin in the preconceptual life of the intellect, and must be considered apart from rational thought or logic, and its discoveries are not those of a logical piecing together of facts or even concepts.

Art lends itself first to the comprehension of nature and the beauty contained therein. Without the mirrors worked out by generations of painters and poets, what would our aesthetic penetration of nature be? asks the philosopher. Nature is beautiful to man because man has endowed it with his own unexpressed

emotion, and because it draws him to a deeper knowledge of itself and of himself. In art, man knows things through his own subjectivity and himself through the objectivity of things.

The relationship of the artist to Things has undergone considerable mutation through the centuries. In the arts of the Orient, the Things themselves were of primary importance, and the subjectivity of the artist nil. The Oriental artist was intent on capturing the essence of Things and communicating this essence to others, and to achieve this purpose attempted to identify himself with his subject. But, like every great art, this art rose above realism and discovered the hidden spirituality of Things, until the Things became symbols for the nonindividualistic easterner who never says "I".

Greek art, while giving due tribute to the inherent power of Things, was striving for something more; the intelligibility of Things, and their relation to a world ordered by reason. And their beauty, the beauty and reason of the human form. But history willed that the Word become flesh, and that the Byzantine and Gothic artists discover the mysteries of nature in

Man and begin to express their own subjectives.

During the Renaissance, the sense of the human self and its subjectivity went through a process of internalization, and passed from the object depicted to the method or mode of the artist depicting it. And through a natural process of evolution we come to modern art; the depicting of the internal experience itself, and a purer act of creation. Says Maritain: "It has become a commonplace to observe that modern painting has freed itself from the dominion of the subject and, by the same token, from the requirements for objective and rational consistency in the externals of the things shown. The object henceforth is uniquely the work. Painting is concerned with painting,



phyllis birkby

and not with measuring itself to anything possessed of a separate value-in-itself."

But creative subjectivity cannot come to a knowledge of itself except by a kind of communion with Things. All painting is about something, even if its subject is a preconceptual vision, a kind of serenity

with which the Things of world meet the life of our dreaming and become one with this life. This kind of knowledge could have no expression except in the work of the artist. The deepest contemplation needs no subject; Li Jih-Hua writes that "it is indeed in a state of emptiness and tranquillity that most ideas are conceived."

The speculative or philosophical intellect knows only for the sake of knowledge, while the practical intellect knows for the sake of action. Art is what Maritain calls "a virtue of the practical intellect," but distinguished from moral action in that it seeks the good not of the man but of the artifact itself. It seeks to produce not only concepts but a work of matter and spirit, as a man himself is, and containing a manifestation of the soul of man. But the beauty to be manifested is itself a sea, and the creative intuition but a mirror no bigger than the soul of the artist himself."

To achieve his purpose, the artist is forced to be forever searching for new and fresh modes of expression, for new rules to follow, and his abandonment of some of the old rules is bound to bewilder or irritate his followers at first. But it is not for the artist to concern himself with avoiding these things, but only to love his object, the work itself. "At the summit of artistic activity, and for the one who has long traveled along the road of the rules, finally there is no longer any road. For the sons of God are under no law." But this is not a total, blind lawlessness, for art can only realize itself through intelligence and knowledge, enlightened by insight and contemplation.

Eric Gill has written: "What is a work of art? A word made flesh . . . A word, that which emanates from the mind. Made flesh; a thing, a thing seen, a thing known, the immeasurable translated into terms of the measurable." The "word made flesh" of modern art is different from that of early Christian art; the word is not nature, not God-made-man; but poetry in its fullest sense, which gives art the freedom to transform the things it uses. And where does this poetry come from? According to Maritain: "We must recognize the existence of an unconscious or preconscious which pertains to the spiritual powers of the human soul and to the inner abyss of personal freedom, and of the personal thirst and striving for knowing and seeing, grasping and expressing: a spiritual or musical unconscious which is specifically different from the automatic or deaf unconscious. It is in the free life of the intellect which involves a free life of the imagination, at the single root of the soul's powers, and in the unconscious of the spirit that poetry has its source." And things and the self are grasped together; this is poetic knowledge.

Artists are born, not made, and no learning or discipline can acquire for the would-be artist the gift of poetic intuition. It depends on the soul's natural freedom and the strength of the intellect and the imagination. The artist is not a self-centered ego, but one constrained to spiritual communication from the

JACQUES MARITAIN

on

The Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry

night of his own soul and from his love for the Things that have become part of him. "Poetry's 'I' resembles in this respect the 'I' of the saint, and likewise, although to quite other ends, it is a subject which gives." So the poet, the artist must by nature be disinterested. The artist reveals himself 'for the very work's sake.' (And, says Maritain, how humbly and defenselessly!)

The man who knows beauty through works of art knows through intuition and delight. And the delight is in the very act of knowing—this in the kinship of art and philosophy. "It may be said that Beauty is the radiance of all transcendentals united." But beauty is not, as the Greeks thought it, perfection. "A totally perfect finite thing is untrue to the transcendental nature of beauty. And nothing is more precious than a certain sacred weakness, and that kind of imperfection through which infinity wounds the finite." Just as Jacob limped after his struggle with the Angel, wrote Thomas Aquinas, the contemplative limps on one foot, for having known God's sweetness he remains weak on the side that leans on the world.

The error of the Surrealists was the forsaking of beauty, a real knowledge, for a magical knowledge. Art contains no black magic; it is connatural to us. Maritain deeply believes that "one of the vicious trends which outrage our modern industrial civilization is a kind of asceticism at the service of the useful, a kind of unholy mortification for the sake of no superior life. Art in this connection has an outstanding mission. It is the most natural power of healing and agent of spiritualization needed by the human community."

The object behind every work of art worthy of the name is the attainment of a state of being which transcends the moment of time, and enables the human soul to function more near to the divine order. The poet Shelley has written: "Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." And poetic work reveals a fragment of this divinity. But the reader or viewer must take seriously the intention of the poet or artist, else he can never see beyond the surface of the work. Communication is a double en-

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The Summer People

The various turns old before their eyes
And these perennially aging sons and daughters
Of the sun, leaving wisdom to the wise,
Born bone sure, brown, burned younger by the
turning season
Are children in their many, similar deaths.

Pale and unrelated faces plague them
Accusing in spondee, Unclean. Accusing them
Of what they are, Leaf shapes lift them
Into meditation, and the bright confusion
Of sun on water leaves them alone
With an internal and unexpected enemy.
Each death is an end to wonder,
And the fulfillment of the burned bone.
The full half-heart turns home
And burns again.

In the beginning of the year the snow falls.
an age is snow in a dark wood slowly
The sons go down to the turning depths
Where there is no fire. A waking dream
Disturbs the comfort of cold.
Music of snow dripping down from a tamarack,
Tamarack dreamed in a tamarack grove
Comes down, and they rise to the light precision
Of spring. Beech leaves turn penny-red
Over the birches, and summer, monotonous,
Sharp monody of cicadas in dry shells
Rattling a dry shell
against the summer night and fear of days and
autumn.
Fear has no place. Fear surrounds the daughters
In their houses of bone, burns them bird light
To autumn and the winter sleep.

Every turn of sun the same, every turn of world
The same; the children are companions in their similar
deaths.
Routine is their religion. Faith is only
Known things and necessity.

But who knows what we know,
And who knows our routine?
Chaos self-created requires
A self-created order, chaos understood, of course,
As mother of those titans we shall birth,
The saving word, Pretend.
The oracle peers through the
Black linear confusion of dry mast and sheet
But does not know our language. We are not sure
That she has anything to say.

I am afraid in the evening
When the plucking of birch branches
By wind begins, and the birds heel over
In an off-shore breeze, at night,
When lighted water spills on
The stone petals of a rose fountain,
at night,
and in the morning,
With the songs of morning loud
When the heart mounts up to morning,
Then, and in the noon.

The various turns old,
But living and dying are not the same things
Never. And they prefer to live and die
According to their nature.
The sons are and the daughters are
They are as they are.
Living with love and fear,
They build, in this bright land,
Wasted land, broad desert,
Against the accusing face,
With sand.

Virginia Jane Harris

The Pogo Papers

by Walt Kelly

Simon and Schuster

1953

a review

In this age of reactionary conservatism, when the real liberal is *rara avis* indeed, found only in secluded growths of academic ivy, and *America the Beautiful* begins to sound depressingly like *The Lost Chord*, almost the only place left where a respectable liberal can safely express, among other things, his pungent opinion of such national calamities as a certain pair of Senators and of television, is in the comic strips.

Which is exactly what Walt Kelly in his latest collection of Pogo strips, *THE POGO PAPERS*, does. Simon and Schuster, accessories after the fact, have performed the public service of putting said comic strips between cardboard covers and offering them to the nation at large at the price of one dollar (roughly \$.57). The following is a somewhat wandering appreciation of their common product, a loose-jointed, rump-sprung satire, political and otherwise, on the American Dream, Edition of 1953.

THE POGO PAPERS, and Mr. Kelly's other books, *POGO* and *I GO POGO*, are perhaps the best topical satire which this generation has produced. It, *in toto*, bears a vague surface resemblance to the work of Mark Twain and Jonathan Swift, to pick a pair of unlikely comparisons, but for the most part, resembles nothing so much as Walt Kelly looking down his pointed nose at America, and finding much that is good existing side by side with that which is political.

Kelly is definitely an intellectual. His language, a hodgepodge of colloquial and Elizabethan misspellings, borrows from the best literature, and, with his drawing, is as rich as a nut cake and twice as digestible. Also a poet of considerable ability, he writes nonsense verse as well as Lewis Carroll. He rewrites Christmas carols . . . "Good King Sauerkraut looked out . . . on his feet uneven . . . Deck us all with Boston Charlie . . . On the first day of Crispness . . ." and sometimes accomplishes a poem as moving as Porkypine's masterpiece:

"There's a Star in the wind
and the wind winds high,
Blowing alight
thru fog, thru night.
Thru cold, thru cold
and the bitter alone . . .
There high in the wind
rides a Star, my own.
And the Star is a Word . . .
of white, of white . . .
And the Star in the wind
is a Word."

THE POGO PAPERS is about the Pogo people, who live in the Okefenokee Swamp, Georgia-side. As the book opens, Pogo, the only really rational character except perhaps Porky, has just returned from the political conventions, unburdened with the presidential nomination (refer *I GO POGO*), and more pleased than otherwise. He finds that his friends, who do not know yet of his lack of success, have provided him with a prospective first lady in the person of the delectable lady skunk, Miss Hepzibah, and with a

party slogan. "Not the Old Deal, nor the ½ Deal, nor the ordeal! We Will Be The DOUBLE DEAL!"

Soured on politics by all this hooraw, he makes off into the hinterlands with Beauregard Chaulmoogra Frontenac de Montmingle Bugleboy (i. e., The Noble Dog), the pair disguised as Little Arf an' Nonny, an orphan-and-dog team renowned in another comic strip. This is the beginning; what follows is the unfolding of the funniest view of contemporary swamp life extant.

Throughout the book Mr. Kelly manages to make acid comment on 1) turncoat Communists (the two cowbirds who insist they are now innocent doves), (2) wash-day products and soap operas (Uncle Baldwin thinks up a million dollar business dealing in a very new packaged product. "Ain't NO use havin' soap an' water is you ain't got MY ingredimint . . . I'll whisper it . . . it's *dirt*, get it? D-I-R-T dirt!"), (3) isolationists (The Hon. MacCarony, a semi-blind mole with a large flit gun for fumigating the territory of un-Americans), (4) Senators from Wisconsin, (5) television, (6) bookburning, and (7) all the other things worthy of acid comment. He also casts a kind eye on human beings as they are, on loyalty, generosity, faith, the love of freedom, and friendship.

The book ends on a note of not so subtle bloody cruelty, when the Hon. MacCarony and the other Senator—import tar and feather one another and depart chasing one another with axe and gun into the depths of the swamp. A few moments later Sarcophagus Macabre, the natural-born buzzard, emerges from the same swamp, borrows a knife and fork from the picnicking swamp folk, and returns to the swampy darks to his own picnic. Which would seem to point up the shaky truth that tyrants cut one another's throats, and that the common man, though a little strained around the mouth and perhaps sporting a new ulcer, will survive.

This matter of survival is one of the most interesting things about *THE POGO PAPERS*. Today's political intelligentsia are beginning, it seems, to take
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Benjamin Poe

(Continued from page 6)

"How good she is," he whispered. But she was much older than he, he thought.

He looked down at his hands. The short fingers were stained with ink. For a moment he rubbed them trying to remove the black color.

He took off his clothes, placed them in the wardrobe. He got into his bed. A heavy despair covered him, and he stared at the white ceiling.

On Friday afternoon Benjamin Poe closed his office at three o'clock. With two books tucked under his arms he walked home.

From a distance he saw Sarah, Eloise, and Nanma standing on the front porch. As he came up the walk, he heard Eloise say, "She's dangerous. I tell you she was trying to kill Nina."

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Your friend's crazy," Sarah said. "Tell him what you saw, Eloise."

"I came out here on the porch just a little while ago to get the paper and saw her. She was trying to beat Nina's head against this table."

Eloise pointed to the little white table in the corner of the porch.

"When she saw me, she let Nina go quick."

"Are you sure, Eloise?" Nanma said. "What did Nina say?"

"She's too scared to say anything. I said to Mrs. Rickquam, 'What are you doing?' And she just stood there staring at me. Then, she said that she was sick and wanted to lie down."

"Eloise, you must have made a mistake. Where's Nina?" Benjamin Poe spoke hoarsely. "Where's Mrs. Rickquam?"

"In her room," said Sarah.

He went upstairs and knocked on her door.

"Mrs. Rickquam?" he whispered.

"Come in," she said.

She sat in front of the window. There was an opened book lying in her lap.

"I'm sick today," she said.

"I'm sorry," he replied.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No. I don't think so. Thank you. It's just a bad headache. I'm going to lie down a while."

She stared out of the window.

"Do you ever feel that you must simply fall into the grass and stretch your arms over the whole earth? This is from *Renascence*. 'God, I can push the grass apart and lay my finger on thy heart!' Let's see. I have that somewhere."

She got up and went to her bookcase.

"Here." She handed him the book. "Read it tonight."

"Thank you Mrs. I will. I hope you feel better by tomorrow."

He closed the door and walked back to his room. From his window he saw Nina standing on the iron gate. He went downstairs and out into the yard.

"Nina, come here," he called.

"What?"

He walked over to the gate.

"Did anyone hurt you, Nina?"

The little girl ran to him.

"Look! That lady tried to break my head in!" She bent her head over. "See?"

Benjamin Poe pushed the little girl away from him.

"No!" he said. "No! No, she didn't."

At supper Benjamin Poe looked at Mrs. Rickquam's vacant seat.

"She's not feeling well," said Nanma. "I took her up a tray."

"Oh, it was awful," said Eloise. "She was trying to beat Nina's head in."

The boarders leaned over the table and did not look at one another.

It's true, he thought. They are like hungry animals.

At one o'clock in the morning Benjamin Poe woke. He heard a low cry from the far end of the hall. He got up and walked to the window. He heard something strike against a wall. He opened his door. The boarders were all standing in the hall. They stared at the door to Mrs. Rickquam's room.

For a few minutes there was no noise. Then, the beating started again. From the other side of the door they heard her voice.

"Oh my little dear. You must be good, Mother doesn't mean to hurt you. Forgive me for being so mean. But you must be good!"

The beating started again. They heard her heavy breathing.

Benjamin Poe started towards her room. The old man grabbed his arm. "Don't go in there! She'll kill you! the old man said.

"Who's in there with her?" he asked.

"Nobody. She's alone. It's the bed she's hitting. She thinks it's a child."

Benjamin Poe sank down on the floor. He placed his head against the wall.

"Where's Nina?" he asked.

"She's asleep," the old man answered. "In our room."

"She's crazy," Eloise said. "It's awful. You see, I was right, don't you?"

The boarders stood for an hour listening. Then, everything was quiet. They waited and listened.

"Is she dead?" said Sarah.

"No. She's all in, that's what," Nanpa said.

Still the boarders waited.



linda carroll

"Would you all like some coffee?" asked Nanma. "Let's all go down to the dining room."

They all passed quietly down the steps and through the dark hall. Nanma went into the kitchen. In a few moments she came back into the dining room and sat down at the head of the table. She shook her head.

"Poor thing," she said.

"What do you suppose made her act like that? My God!" said Eloise.

The old man whispered hoarsely.

"Do you remember that nigger girl we had, Nanma?"

She nodded.

He turned to the others.

"We had a nigger girl working for us once. I'll never forget it. I was sitting on the porch one afternoon and all of a sudden I heard this hollering and screaming coming from the back of the house. I went around to see. I've never heard a noise like it in my life. That nigger was sitting in the chicken house on the floor, just gone crazy, screaming her head off."

"What did you do?" Sarah asked.

"Well June, the yard man, was here that day and he got her out of the chicken house. Then, Nanma called the doctor. He gave her a shot that put her to sleep. They finally had her shut up in an asylum."

"I'm scared of her, Nanma," Sarah whispered. "The best thing would be to ask her to leave."

Benjamin Poe went back to his room. He lay awake staring at the ceiling. He remembered the night that Nina had been burned. But Mrs. Rickquam was not mean. Oh, everybody was mean. Sometimes Raskolnikov was not mean and he killed a woman.

He did not see her again. But when he came home from work the next day, he found her books by his door. He went to her room and knocked on the door.

"Mrs. Rickquam. Mrs. Rickquam," he whispered.

He found Nanma in the kitchen.

"Where is Mrs. Rickquam?"

"We called some of her relatives and they came for her this afternoon. They've taken care of her before."

He sat down by the window in his room and opened each book. When he had finished turning their pages, he placed them in a little stack on the table by his bed. He looked out of the window into the yard, and he thought of his childhood.

He remembered a small scene that happened long ago. His mother and sister were going to town, only for a little while, but he did not want to be left alone and he cried.

"Now, Bennie, don't cry," his sister had said. "I'm going to fix you a surprise behind the door to play with while we are gone. But you can't look until we are out of the house. Will you promise not to?"

He had waited until he could see them walking away down the street before he peeped behind the door. He saw a box of crayons, a box of colored pencils, and little stacks of paper which his sister had cut into different sizes. Then, he had run to the window and cried. It was so lonely in the house.

He took his books back and forth from the house to his office. He sat at his little desk and read all morning. On a Wednesday afternoon he sold one of his mimeograph machines, and then he went back to his office and sat looking at the empty space where the machine had stood.

Two weeks later he sat at the dining room table. His food was untouched. He stared at them as they leaned over their plates.

Oh I don't want you to be like this, he thought. What was the word? Apathetic? Phlegmatic? Bestial? That's what Mrs. Rickquam called it.

He stood up and beat his small fist upon the table. They all looked up at him from their plates.

"Please," he said. "Not, not bestial!"

He felt their eyes upon him. He beat his fist again and again upon the table. He looked around the table at their faces. Then, he ran out of the room. He hit his thigh against a chair, and he stopped and looked at their faces again.

After that evening he seldom ate in the dining room with them. He seldom sat on the porch during the September evenings.

He ate in a small restaurant near his office. When he came back to the house, he went quietly up to his room. He took off his hat and coat and placed them in the white wardrobe. He lay on his bed with his hands resting on his chest. He lay there and listened to the sounds of a summer dying. Loud, low rubbing of cricket wings and an ice cream man far away calling down some street. The ice cream eaten on the steps in the evening. And he heard little Nina.

"Ain't no bears out tonight! Daddy killed them all last night!"

As he lay on his bed, he watched the gold sunlight press through the yellow shade. The long shadows came and fell across the floor and finally, automobile lights running quickly around the four walls. It was night. He got up and undressed and lay back down again.

On Friday night he ate at the restaurant. He walked back past his office and stopped for a few moments. BENJAMIN POE, LETTER SHOP. He peeped through the window. There was a white rectangle on the wall where one of the mimeograph machines had stood. The other one looked like a great, dark animal too large to hide in the corner.

He really did not need two machines, he thought. One was enough to run all the letters.

For a moment he could not remember what had become of his other machine. Oh, yes. But the machine was worth much more. He remembered.

He knew that he had lost.

He took off his coat and carried it on his arm as he walked home. He met Nanma in the hall with the linen in her arms.

"I just wanted to see you," he said. "I want to pay up through this week."

"Good," she said. "It's so hot tonight, isn't it? There is ice in the kitchen if you want any."

She put the linen down on the chest.

"Yes it is," he answered.

"Going to your room?"

"Yes."

"Then you can take your linen."

In his room he sat down by the window. He opened one of the books which Mrs. Rickquam had left him. He read.

"I sit and look upon all the sorrows of the world, and upon all oppression and shame . . . all these, all the meanness and agony without end I sitting look out upon, see, hear, and am silent."

He closed his eyes. Hadn't he beat his fist in protest? And they lifted their faces from their plates in amazement. He made them look up. They would never be the same again. Not bestial. They'd remember that when they leaned down low over their food. What a strange thing he had done.

His eyes were heavy and he could not understand all that he read.

He thought to himself, I will just lie down and think about these things and read in the morning when I am fresher. He closed the book. He undressed and lay down on top of the bed. He watched the light reflections go around the room, and then he went to sleep.

The next morning it was raining. His feet were wet by the time he reached his office. He hung his damp coat on the rack in the corner. Then, he sat down in his chair and looked at the soles of his shoes. They were worn through. He sat and examined the shoes for a long time. Then, his eyes found the white spot on the wall again and he felt lonely, as if he had come back to an empty house in which he had once lived.

I have to have some shoes, he thought.

At noon he walked through several stores. In the basement of one, he found some tennis shoes on sale for a dollar. He bought them and walked back to his office.

He ran a few letters through the mimeograph machine. Then, he stopped. He inked the machine and tightened the screws.

About three o'clock he locked his office and walked home.

He sat in his chair and read for a while. It became a pattern of thought in which he read and read and thought he knew what he was reading. He was deeply absorbed in each statement which he could not grasp at all. He could not recall what it was that was so absorbing.

Page after page. Then, he understood something of this.

"We actually breathe the air of a theoretical world in which scientific knowledge is valued more highly than artistic reflection of a universal law . . .

The 'Deus ex machina' takes the place of metaphysical comfort . . ."

That was true. Yes. He read it over and over again. Then, he repeated each sentence out loud until he could say the paragraph word for word.

"The 'Deus ex machina' . . ."

He closed the book and lay down on the bed to think.

At six o'clock he woke up. He washed his face and hands. He carefully unwrapped the tennis shoes. He changed his socks and put on the tennis shoes.

He passed the dining room where the boarders were eating. He walked down town and ate at the restaurant near his office.

At the corner of a building he saw a man sleeping on the sidewalk. He walked home again.

From the street he could see them all lined up across the front porch. Nanpa with his stiff leg resting on the railing. Even Eloise and Sarah were out tonight. The "bears," he thought.

He sat down in a chair between Nanpa and the girls.

"You know," he said. "There is something about this time of year, this time of evening that gives me a hint of eternity. Maybe it is the stillness or the goldness. Just like it is right now. Do you notice?"

"I notice it's goddamn hot," the old man said.

"We couldn't even stand to sit in the parlor and play cards," said Sarah.

"Well, we'll all have to make pallets out here on the porch and sleep, I guess," Eloise sighed.

The old man looked at Eloise with bright watery eyes and smiled.

"Why don't somebody go make some lemonade, Sarah," said Eloise.

"Why don't somebody?" she answered.

"No this isn't eternity." He shook his head. "When I was walking home, I saw a man sleeping on the sidewalk."

"I can't imagine being able to sleep on anything as hard as a sidewalk," said Sarah.

"Sidewalk's probably cooler than a bed. That's where cats and dogs sleep in the summer, stretched out on the floor. Hot air rises," the old man said.

"Mrs. Rickquam told me that when she was in New York she saw people lying on the street all the time, and that most people who passed got so they didn't think anything about it at all."

"Mrs. Rickquam had a loose screw," said Sarah. "I'll never forget the night she went off. You couldn't of paid me to go in that room."

"I thought she was funny when she came here," said Eloise. "She stared at you so hard. I don't like people looking at me funny. It's a wonder she didn't kill Nina."

"She tried to," said Sarah.

"Oh, you're wrong. You're wrong. She would never have hurt anyone. I believe she was the kindest person I've ever known. You didn't know her, Eloise, or you wouldn't say that," said Benjamin Poe.

"Why don't somebody go make some lemonade?" Sarah said.

Benjamin Poe sat silently for a few moments. Then, he spoke.

"We actually breathe the air of a theoretical world, in which scientific knowledge is valued more highly than artistic reflection of a universal law . . . The 'deus ex machina' . . ."

The old man started laughing.

"Jesus Christ!" he said and laughed. "Did she tell you that?"

The girls laughed too.

Benjamin Poe sat there for a while longer looking out into the yard. He watched a lightning bug until it disappeared into the grass.

Then, he got up.

"Well, good night," he said.

"Going in?" the old man asked.

"Yes."

Benjamin Poe opened the door and went into the house.

"Tennis?" She stuck her foot into the air.

He did not cut on the light but lay down on the bed in the still light of evening .

He lay on his bed and listened to them as they sat on the porch still laughing and talking.

How can they not know that up here a man is miserable and yet they can sit there and laugh as though there were no world existing beyond that front porch.

Well, he thought, we do live in a world in which scientific knowledge is valued more highly than artistic reflection of a universal law . . . the 'deus ex machina' takes the place of . . .

Oh, no more! No more. Now who said that? "the 'deus ex machina' . . ." which one of those books?

It was Nietzsche. He sighed.

He raised his arms straight up and brought his fists down on the bed. His loneliness was unbearable. There was no comfort in that small, hot room. There was no longer any comfort for him lying on his bed with his eyes closed.

The lights of an automobile crossed the walls and in that instant his mind was ready for the idea. It was not a vision that came to him, not an inexplicable revelation. All events, all thoughts, all conversations had led up to it step by step until it could be no other way. He was ready at just that moment to know. He spoke out in the dark.

"Are there no ideas in me?"

It is true. I am not an original man, he thought. The others on the porch did not know that they and he were in this group.

It was not until he was shown the poet, not until he heard the great thoughts that he wanted to have the vision. It was then that he knew that he could never speak so that they would listen. He thought, I have nothing to say because I want to say great things.

At eight-thirty he left his room. Only Nanpa was sitting on the front porch. The old man's head was thrown back against the top of the chair. His eyes were closed. His mouth was opened slightly.

Nina was swinging on the gate, singing a little tune as she rocked to and fro. He went by her on down the sidewalk. As he started up the street, she jumped off of the gate and ran along the opposite side of the iron fence. She ran ahead of him and leaned over the fence.

When he was close to her, she asked, "Mister, are you the old Booger man?"

"Nina," he said. "Do I look like him?"

"I don't know. I just wondered. Jimmy thinks so."

She jumped off of the gate and ran back into the yard.

"No. I'm not," he called. "I'm not!"

He stopped at a filling station on the corner and bought a gallon can of gasoline and a fudge sickle. He walked several blocks to a small park. He sat down on the bench and ate his ice cream.

For a while he sat on the bench with his hands folded together. From the bench he could see the cars

passing on the street. Then, he got up and went deeper into the park towards the creek where the trees were thicker and the air was damp. The primeval forest.

He opened the can of gasoline. He took a small box of matches from his coat pocket. He sat down on the ground. Then, he stood up and took off his coat. He poured gasoline over the coat and struck a match. The coat burned quickly. Benjamin Poe sat back down on the ground. After a few moments he got up. He screwed the top back on the gasoline and placed the can up against a tree.

When he returned to the house, the old man, Nanpa, had gone. Benjamin Poe looked down the long row of chairs next to the porch railing. He went into the



evelyn griffin

house, passed quietly through the dark hall and up the steps. Sitting down on the side of his bed, he took off his tennis shoes and placed them under the bed. He undressed, folded his pants, and put them away in the wardrobe.

He lay down on his bed. The car lights crossed back and forth over the walls. He heard a knock on a door down at the far end of the hall.

Bam. Bam.

"Open this door! Christ Jesus. Shall I get 'em all up from the grave, Mrs. Davenport? Open this door,

goddamn you. Open it!"

Benjamin Poe sighed. He folded his ink-stained fingers over his chest. He closed his eyes.

The next morning a man passing by Benjamin Poe's office stopped for a few moments and peeped through the dusty glass window. Two white areas stood out upon the dirty wall. Except for a small desk, a chair, and a coat rack in the corner, the office was empty. The sunlight coming through the glass filled the room with a golden dustiness that made it seem an ageless place and set apart.



evelyn griffin

SPIRITUAL IN ART

(Continued from page 7)

The highest plane of living seems to be that of reorganizing, or making harmony — sometimes consciously but most gratifying when unconsciously, or naturally, because the accidental or uncontrived harmony of the work denotes the spiritual harmony of the worker. Life of any sort has order and meaning. This probably most clearly seen in the simplest types of life. Perhaps there is an innate realization of this simplicity in man's attempts to found order, religiously, scientifically, artistically.

Living with the beauty of order surely influences individual lives. The order of birth and maturation are experiences man is unable to escape. The artist is probably supersensitive to these and, instead of living peacefully with them, takes them apart and puts them together again with parts of himself—in a new and just as beautiful relationship, including in it himself and his personal spiritual world, his experiences, and the universe as he lives it.

JACQUES MARITAIN

(Continued from page 11)

deavor, and art must be loved to be understood so that it may teach us its ways.

The English scholar Joad has said of art: "In the appreciation of music and pictures, we get a momentary and fleeting glimpse of the nature of that reality to a full knowledge of which the movement of life is progressing. For that moment, and so long as the glimpse persists, we realize in anticipation and almost, as it were, illicitly, the nature of the end. We are, if we may so put it, for a moment *there*, just as the traveller may obtain a fleeting glimpse of a distant country from an eminence passed on the way, and cease for a moment from his journey to enjoy the view. And since we are for a moment *there*, we experience, while the moment lasts, that sense of liberation from the urge and drive of life, which has been noted as one of the characteristics of the aesthetic experience." And to those of us who can never create, this is what art must mean.—T. B.

THE POGO PAPERS -- review

(Continued from page 13)

a dim view of our situation, are beginning to turn a mouldy and despairing green in spots. Mr. Kelly's attitude toward the American Dream, although a trifle ambivalent, is encouraging. He believes in it still as he and in spite of all and sundry, believes in it still as he sees it mistreated and mangled in this best of all pos-

sible worlds under this best of all possible administrations. He presents you with the mangle, but he also says in his introduction, with a not-so-hopeless shrug of his shoulders,

"Resolve then, that on this very ground, with small flags waving and tinny blasts on tiny trumpets, we shall meet the enemy, and not only may he be ours, he may be us."—V. J. H.



AS WE SEE IT

(Continued from inside front page cover)

by pressurers to conform to a standard not necessarily wise or best, by unrealistic girl-scoutism, and finally by the student writers' own disapproval of the workings of our own Student Government. We are not saying that these artists "had all the facts." Maybe they were right, maybe they were wrong: the fact remains that they are gone that there are fewer exceptional students here than there were last year. There have been times when, if we could have afforded it, we ourselves would have been delighted to leave, attentions, affections and literary magazine notwithstanding. What does this mean? Well, maybe it means that student writers aren't worth having around and nobody wants or needs a literary magazine. We don't know.

We are beginning to believe that there are a lot of literate people on this campus but very few literary ones, a lot of arty people, but few who are artistic. What we have is, of course, never as much as it should be, never as much as it could be—but right now it is so much less, to the point of being shallow and quite superficial. Which brings us, directly, to another point, one we've already made, but would like, just for the record to make again. We had hoped that General Education would some way, somehow provide a much needed stimulus and a new and improved way of approach toward *serious*, integrated scholarship—and we mean serious, meaningful scholarship. We are fully aware of the great ease with which such a program could evolve as a mere continuation of the shallowness and superficiality we

mentioned above. If it does, it will of course be valueless—but it is our belief that the program *can* be handled in a manner which will prevent this possibility from becoming an actuality that has made us go out on a limb in full support of a General Education program at the Woman's College. We are still out on that same limb and we like it that way. We said what we meant and we mean what we said.

Somebody is bound to be saying at about this point, "Well, speaking of basic lacks, and qualities, all this does seem like over-serious, wide-eyed student peace-and-light idealism. Where's your nice mature equilibrium and stride? Where, little one, is your sense of humor?" We'd have to answer that we are darned if we know what has happened to our sense of humor but that we do devoutly hope that in the event that Coraddi does become a humor magazine next year, *some one* will think it's funny.

To return more specifically to the academic program, we are talking about something that we have only recently been able to define for ourselves. We have been, it seems, more naive than we had thought.

A large percentage of the courses we have taken in the past two years seem to fall into two categories—those which require creative thinking and those which don't. The ones that don't, we have always been aware of and have managed to go through certain required motions in order to get something valuable or at least a grade from them. We have a constant complaint with them and always have had; this is nothing new. What is new with us at least is the distinct impression that we have had of late that

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AS WE SEE IT
(Continued from page 19)

these other courses, the ones with the large view, the ones which are designed toward relating knowledge are, in some cases beginning to be set up around freshmen-tools as the end product rather than the means they should be. When one is taking 300 or 500 courses, she should be able to begin at a higher level and not *still* have to spell *everything* out for an instructor who evidently assumes no knowledge whatsoever on her part. If these courses begin to stop short, to miss The Point, then any one who can take notes or remember catch phrases, prospers and shines; the serious student finds herself totally unable to "get through." In other cases, we are finding that the basic sincerity of a student who has somehow managed to achieve similar "large views" is questioned on grounds of parroting. If what she presents as her own thought is disbelieved on those grounds, then the student is defeated before she starts.

The important thing, it seems to us, is not to "be original" or to be new and different. The important thing and actually the only important thing, is to have the experience of creative learning. There is an immense distinction

that must be made between merely parroting, theoretically knowing and understanding, passing tests, making grades—between this and truly knowing, perceiving and really experiencing theoretical knowledge so that it no longer remains theoretical but becomes a dynamic, active, vital part of the individual thought processes, a part of the inseparable, constant fiber of the mind. This is a rare thing but when it happens, it is education. Perhaps in the present educational set-up it is an impossibility for a teacher to know exactly the caliber of the student's learning experience and to truly evaluate it. We aren't really so sure that this mass education is such a red-hot thing. For those who are after The Truth we think the rabbi-disciple relationship is probably far happier way for everyone.

Which brings us, finally, to the whole point of this diatribe: Knowing and Ways of Knowing. Academic pursuit is a Way. Art is a Way. This is why we have printed in this issue the feature about Jacques Maritain. Rabble-rousing is not a Way, nor is politicking, nor is talk-talk, nor is propaganda. And this is why this is the LAST cry of the editor-bird.

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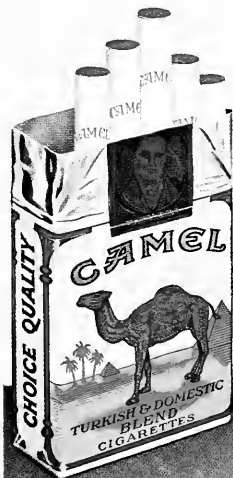
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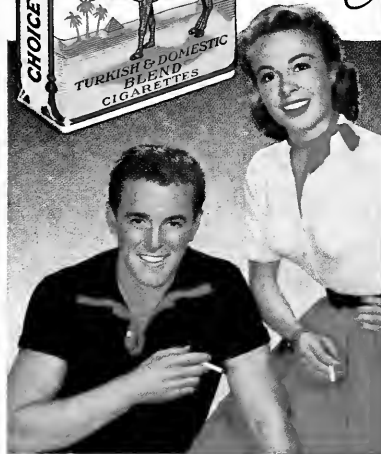
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