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# CORADDI

Winter Issue

1959

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## editorial

The winter issue of *Coraddi* is, in effect, our formal farewell to these groves of Academe with which we have more or less associated ourselves for the past three and a half years. Needless to say to any of you who are familiar with our particular insights into magazine publication, it is a joyous and a much longed for farewell. As long as we have been at Woman's College we have been learning slowly and painfully that ninety per cent of the life we have around us—both academic and non-academic—consists of the false smile and the gaudily painted mask of bigotry. We have found that when we asked for learning we were often shown pedantry and pre-digested formulae, and we discovered that the odors of the cooking classes were the most obscure factors in the poetry classes. Seldom did we discern the bright glance of unintimidated intelligence. Intimidated as we are, we still hold poetry more useful and shining than the most wear-*ever* copper pot. We have also found that in the name of lady-like behavior and for the appeasement of the illiteracy and political machinations governing higher education in this state (and many others, we understand) a great deal of unhealthy subterfuge exists in the lives of the young ladies themselves that will be unhealthy only as long as it remains subterfuge. Being humanitarians, naturally we believe in the worth of each human life and in its innate potential. To mention an extreme in the other direction, however, if it were ever necessary to provide brick or blood for the building of an adequate structure in which art majors could paint without fear of arrows through their canvases or washing machine suds upon their watercolors, we would not hesitate to claw each red stone from under a certain phony Greek facade or to gun down five hundred togetherness majors to offer the needed materials. Most of the elder artists and the elder students of this campus have learned recently, if not sooner than recently, that a tightly closed mouth and at

least a superficial adherence to an invisible but exceedingly obvious chalk line in their midst will get them degrees and plaudits while a knowledge of books is not necessary. We aren't sure if it's ever happened, but all signs indicate that if there were ever a choice between a disorderly Phi Beta Kappa (and we mean an *intelligent* Phi Beta Kappa) and a sweet young miss who learns her education and her rule book (and hasn't the imagination to question any dictum of either), the decision would most likely be swift and final, and need we be more explicit? From the gangling idealism of freshman year up to this rather exhausted farewell speech of ours, we have watched things more concrete than ideals drop dead into the cement. We have watched a theatre that dared ignore the sentiments of the barbarians in the out-lying province and produce plays of stimulating intellectual and artistic design acted and staged by young women of observable talent and intensity, disappear with a suddenness that only indiscriminating taste can effect. If either Pirandello or Shakespeare are ever seen again behind the two-bit Broadway tinsel that now dangles from the once-honorable Aycock, it will obviously be only when the term "permanent" in connection with the heads of human beings has lost its meaning.

In spite of all this, we shall indeed miss the *Coraddi* and every mentionable and unmentionable thing that its staff has ever quietly or raucously pursued; we shall miss leaving a battlefield with one arm dangling, shouting a few playful phrases of Socrates back at our opponents in honored memory of our spiritual forebears and for the benefit of our younger replacements. Naturally, it has all been done in the pursuit of some peculiar miracle containing the consciousness of the imagination, which is the brilliant good surmounting all evil intention. We retire in the beauty of this constant fact.

B. H. and C. H.

# THE MAP

South, sunsweet of the compass point,  
Bare skin bends to the water's palm;  
Eyes blink new against blue air brightness;  
Poetry is young, the map untraced, undated.

The road ran clean between  
Three oaks, amber.  
I met some wind fronds,  
Rich in sun juice.  
They held me up,  
Sniffed me down,  
Across the sea of sun adventure.

A bend, a twist, a turn of days,  
The map unfolds;  
Good dreams I mold  
Are gently breaking dawn.

Enhanced meridian primes the lip;  
Longitudes erase  
Before the sweet-crumbed nurture cake.  
Feed the wild rose,  
Increase the briar's escape  
From burning toes  
And wise flavor-nose.  
The crumbs are dusty  
But they prod me on.  
I know a bigger feast.  
Mapped banquet's taste is yet a haste  
Toward age's inevitable waste.

The distance varies from now to never-been.  
Some travel it in spiked shoes,  
But grass is sunnier, happier, buggier  
When caution-waits-a-minute.  
Profiles of night and day meet in clandestine hour;  
With hair caught high or damply down,  
I follow milestones of flesh flower,  
Beyond the here into the there,  
Counting toe tracks behind a dare.

A face is white shadow,  
A foreign peninsula of me.  
A laugh is red blaze,  
A cape of Good Hope lantern.  
The weather vane dances around his spire;  
I am no traveler of winds,  
But a wanderer of faces,  
Adventurer in grasses.

The map of sun is traced first by laugh wrinkles,  
Golden red and ripe,  
Then smeared and splotched  
By older convalescent's reach  
For childhood's wormless peach.

HEATHER ROSS

# It Came Softly Once

It came softly once  
like sleep  
or the shower of petals from  
flowering trees  
falling  
drifting  
drawing itself over the world  
like a counterpane  
warming and cradling the spring  
and the stir in the womb.  
Silently it covered the bones  
of things  
and the eyes of the dead  
and the tearing hands of the dying.  
And then as softly vanished.

But I can see only  
irony in its whiteness  
in its insidious silence  
that holds  
suspended  
distorted  
to every sense the smear  
of everything that falls  
and the stain of every foot  
that touches it.

NANCY HUNNICUTT

# Night of Grandmothers

They come in winter nightgowns,  
Long, snow-rags  
That scratch and bite and raw their chins,  
And curdle around their red toe-bones.  
“What! Who left this fire going?  
It’s a sin to burn wood while you sleep.”  
They claw at the hearth as  
Black ashes leap at the white flesh bags,  
And pigtail shreds greyly down their spines.  
“Get back in bed, child. We’ve washed your feet once tonight.”  
The snow falls across the thready quilts  
And my naked nails rake against  
The whisper of spider frost;  
Ghosts steam from a black fire skeleton,  
Smirking and chewing and pinching  
My nose through the cold buttonholes of night,  
As its wide black cudgel  
Rushes in from forgotten doors,  
Fiddling ice among the corners.  
“Move over. You let a draft in here.”

HEATHER ROSS

# The Wheel of the River Naked

The wheel of the river naked  
of fish shadow and reeds,  
burrows its dream flesh of water  
between the terraces of earth,  
gathering the forest to it like a kingly, innocent lion.

The white wall, the white wall of the sky,  
potted with such frozen blossoms,  
agonizes at the swaggering touch of the river,  
the singing, guileless river, and loosens its curve  
with a deluge of healing into the wounded, shivering trees.

But between them, the tightening branches and the whitening sky,  
no blood rings a tranquil bell of union;  
no sun is born celebrating the conception of leaves,  
nor is revealed a sparkling darkness  
concealing the trembling melon, the cloudy snail,  
and the dark heads of butterflies.

Only the river, the circle of river,  
chiming its pulse of water,  
brings the useful passion to the trees,  
filling the seed with sunlight.  
And instantly through the sudden spheres of sound,  
the delicate flicker of flesh is felt.

Through the water's climate,  
suddenly swarming breezes yield love,  
and the innocent sky bursts with pointed, breathing petals.  
The naked wheel of the river,  
clasping the terraces of earth,  
churns with coral reeds, transparent devious fish,  
and suddenly the breezes swarm with love.

BERTHA HARRIS



CAROLYN HARRIS. GEMINI. *Woodcut.*



# The Ever-Blessing of the Grasses

The ever-blessing of the grasses,  
the children, like the sun, will ever-appear through the trees,  
early arriving through blasts of branches.  
Endlessly they imitate the sun.  
Glowing and rising; burning, descending  
they ignite the days with the dreams of their nights.  
And bursting their houses into garlands of flames,  
they fulfill the evenings.

With morning, they approach the yards of day,  
shaking their luminous hair.  
Riding the weather like small horsemen,  
they construct its temper from the constant fantasy:  
arms strain upwards, waver, descend;  
London Bridges rise and fall.

The impulse of their tune contains their heat,  
sinks underground. It rises, and breaking earth,  
sounds the green of the various grasses.  
The shattered air rewinds itself  
within the weaving tongues  
and sings with them the ceremony,  
falling down, falling down.

And splitting the children's tune  
into countless inches of light,  
the day begins to sing its measure;  
the impulse renews its flow.  
Underground the earth is rising,  
building up, building up.

In the grasses growing greener, brighter,  
the children stretch long like late shadows  
and burn their images into the dusk  
while it falls, falls down upon their darkening hair.

And suddenly they rise  
into the final pleasure of their music,  
building, rising, rising up;  
and shaping the weather with a final fire,  
they destroy their houses with garlands of flames.

BERTHA HARRIS



MARNIE SINGLETARY. DRINKING COMPANION. *Brush and Ink.*

# A Russian Novel: *The Golovlyov Family*

by M. Saltykov-Shchedrin

Out of the library furnished by nineteenth century Russia came a group of novels with similar themes, the novels which treat of the society of the time. These dominate the early part of Russia's literary nascence and are closely related to the contemporary historical currents. The intelligentsia was experiencing an acute consciousness of the destiny of Russia and concern for her cultural identity. Artists freely used the social conditions as a subject, the official restrictions then being less formidable than those imposed by the Bolsheviks.

The novels appearing in the first half of the century reflected the complacency of a society stuck in its feudal ways and the ineffectuality of its disillusioned man. Critics seized the implication that Russia was doomed so long as this tradition remained unchanged. Belinsky—the tsar of literary criticism whose judgments of talent determined the fate of young writers—found in art a potent argument for “Westernizing” Russia; he even left the impression that the artist was dishonest who failed to represent the condition of society as unfavorable. Usefully interpreted, art was a fuel for propaganda. Critics found a reiteration of the plight of Pushkin's Eugene Onegin in the heroes of *Obломov*, *A Hero of Our Time*, and *Rudin*, the so-called “superfluous” men, men afraid of commitment.

Entering later into this tradition, writing twenty years after social satires had appeared in abundance, Saltykov introduced *The Family Golovlyov*, concluding the string of social catastrophes. Saltykov's point of view is a striking break with the somnambulant mood of *Obломov* and the gracefully polite society of *Rudin*. His is a reality of ugly, brutal materialism and frank bestiality. Incapable of anything but bickering and dissension, the Golovlyov family, all spurts of possible change coming to nothing, finally wears itself to extinction. Three last generations of harangues and hostilities, from the death of the mother to the ruin of the nieces, are presided over by the dreadfully insensible figure of Porphyry Golovlyov, called Iudushka.

This Iudushka is related to the ineffective men like Obломov, always dreaming of a grand life but never overcoming his lethargy to realize his intentions, and like Rudin, flourishing an egocentric loquacity as if the world were no more than a dream. But Iudushka is a startling variation of the “superfluous” man theme. He is superfluous to the point of being inhuman. Compared with him, Obломov and Rudin, although unable to realize any purpose, are, nevertheless, harmless. Iudushka is more awful for his cruelty, a cruelty frightening because he is unconscious of it. Driving members of his family to their deaths, he never suspects himself responsible. He dismisses each evidence of his meanness, delivering, as automatically as a machine, some detached verbal humbug. Totally disconnected from humanity, when he visits his mother who has fallen ill, he is “duly grieved,” and before going in to mamma

warmed himself at the stove in the maid's room like a good son, so as not to bring any cold air into the invalid's room. And meanwhile he at once began to make arrangements; he had an uncanny flair for death. He asked if the priest was at home so that one could send for him “in case of emergency.” In every crisis his response is a ready-made aphorism or a memorized invocation before the ikons. He has thoroughly mastered the technique of praying and to this occupation devotes five or six hours a day.

That Iudushka is, however, not merely a caricature, but convincing as a character, is made clear in his eventual psychological breakdown. Isolated by his crimes, scourged by his peasant mistress, he becomes a recluse in his own house. In his insanity, remorse for the past is hinted as he asks, “Where are . . . they all?” Still overlaid with a terrible loquacity, it is doubtful that his awareness is fully conscious.

The curse of the Golovlyov family threatens to become monotonous. The dreary life of cabbage soup and kitchen fights is relieved by the adventure of the orphan nieces, Anninka and Lubinka, in the city to seek their fortunes. The life of a vaudeville actress, unbearable in its sordid vulgarity and coarseness, however, provides no escape from the blind raving of Uncle Iudushka. The sisters are forced to drink and self-destruction.

A quiet interlude in a story of unabated squalor occurs with Anninka's visit to the hut of the village priest, himself starving because of the paucity of parish contributions. Even here, in the house of charity, Anninka's life must be a morsel for peasant curiosity. She silently endures the recriminations of the priest and his wife. This short scene is a simple underscoring of Iudushka's hypocritical litanies before the Golovlyov altar. Anninka's visit is another stroke by which the author reveals that neither charity nor purity are to be found in Russia.

Part of the power of this novel is achieved through the relationship between the disintegration of a family and the descriptive emphasis upon the change of the seasons, the approach of winter. Ultimate destruction of the Golovlyovs is as inevitable as the coming of the Russian snow; a change in the process is as futile as a rebellion against nature. The image is that of death: “It was the end of November; the earth was covered with a white shroud as far as the eye could see.” Clouds gathered at the beginning. The snow starts and the intensity of the storm increases toward the end. But beneath the Golovlyov world of horrible animality and insensibility there lies the suggestion of an awakening of conscience. In his delirium, Iudushka's faint realization of his responsibility for the extinction of the family is a promise. The complete annihilation of the family is a relief; the storm has reached its climax and the way is clear for new growth. Significant artistically, this final comment may also be interpreted as representative of the Russian attitude of the time.

ELIZABETH EFIRD



LETITIA HUTTON. MONOPRINT. *Woodcut.*

# RED-NOSE

by Harriet Hilton Kennedy

The room was dark, mostly, except for a spot near the middle where light from the outside shone through three holes in the sweatshirt hung over the window. Only one end of the high table was in that light, and on that end lay a mirror, its sides rusty and cracked and flecks of its back showing where the coating had worn away. A man stepped from the darkness, grasped the mirror, and lifted himself onto the table.

It wasn't as if he were ugly, so ugly that people would shudder and shake their heads whenever they looked at him. He wasn't handsome, of course, he'd be the first to admit that. What bothered him, though, was the nose, the way it was big and scabby and red. Not brown like the rest of his face, but red. Not a bright red like he had a bad case of cold or the flu, but more a dull pink than anything else, like . . . . . like bubblegum! Like that piece of bubblegum he had chewed and chewed and blown into big bubbles. The lady down the street had given him the gum, the lady with the chickens . . . . . the bad lady who wouldn't give him any more bubblegum. She hadn't said so, but he could tell. She wasn't pretty at all, this one. Her face was greasy and her apron had purple flowers all over it and she was big, so big he hadn't been able to see around her when he had stood at her front door. She had been wiping her hands on the apron. . . . .

"O. K., Jeb, what is it this time?"

"I've got some pears here, nice, ripe pears. Won't be too many more what with fall coming on, so you best buy while you can."

"I don't know if we need any or. . . ." She was still wiping her large, round hands on the apron. "Aw, I suppose I can use a few." She had not looked at him until now. "I'll trade you some eggs?"

He looked at the tip end of his shoes for awhile before he answered, "Now that'd suit me fine."

"Well, come on back, they're in the kitchen."

He followed close behind her, past the large, fine mirror hanging in the hall and on into the kitchen. She pointed to a bowl on top of the cabinet. "Pick out any three."

He lifted the eggs out of the bowl and cradled them in his hands. "It sure is getting cold nights."

The big woman kept plucking away at a chicken in the sink, as though she had not heard.

"I guess I'd better. . . . ." Then his shoe hit the table leg and before he could catch onto the table the eggs were out of his hands and splattered all over the floor! She didn't say a word, just reached for that chicken and started swinging away for all she was worth, smacking him right in the face. He crouched and put up his hands, trying to turn away, but she kept on hitting him and slinging watery chicken feathers all over the room. Between smacks he managed a "Please, don't . . . ." but before he could say more she yelled, "I get so damn" . . . . . she shifted the chicken to her left hand. . . . . "fed up with your foolishness I . . . . . Oh, just get on out. Get on out!" She flung the limp chicken into his hands. "And get rid of that thing!"

He had run out of the house into the sunlight, the sun that was so round and bright. The sun that hurt his eyes, pierced, stabbed. Not like the room, not dark and warm.

The man threw down the mirror and jumped to the floor. Where was it? He had to have it before he left. He'd bought it just last night . . . . . Here. Now he was ready.

Outside, the man knelt beside a tall clump of grass growing next to the room. He parted the strands with care before placing the lettuce leaves on the ground, right in the middle of the clump.

Rabbit always ate the lettuce, every bit of it. Musn't forget his food.

While he was bent over the ground a breeze came up from the north, rippling the thin leaves and causing them to nod back and forth at the man as he hugged the gunneysack close to his body, shivering.

It wasn't long before he stood on the porch of the large white house. The front door was open so he knocked on the wooden part of the screen.

"Why hello, Jeb. Not too many pears fell last night, but you're welcome to all you want." The pretty lady smiled and turned away.

"Uh . . . . . can I pick up some for you?" Jeb moved closer to the screen.

"Oh, I don't guess so, Jeb", the pretty lady said. "We still have plenty on the back porch left from last week."

Jeb stood for a moment after she was gone, then walked into the yard and began dropping pears into his sack.

"Mind if I have one?"

He knew the pretty lady had a daughter, he'd heard her say so. He'd never seen her, though. This must be the one. She was so clean . . . sort of shiny all over. "Is this your house?"

"Yes." She was looking at him now, at his dirty pants and shirt, his face. "You must be Jeb."

She knew his name, she knew his name was Jeb. He'd find her the best looking pear she ever saw, yes sir, he'd give her a big, juicy pear. That one's too small, wouldn't near fill her up . . . . . This one's too hard . . . . . This one . . . . This one's just right. She'd like this one for sure.

He held the pear close to her face, grinning. "Here."

"Thank you, Jeb."

"Do you want any more? I've got some good ones in the sack. I'll find you a couple quicker'n you can say Jack Sprat. I always . . . . ."

"That's all right, I don't want any more."

"You sure you don't . . . . ." She was walking towards the house but he could see her face, enough to tell. He'd seen it before, that look, so he knew. He'd only walk over to the window since it was open and there were some pears right at the edge of the house.

". . . . . so scary. I didn't like hearing him talk. His voice is so raspy and it sounded like it must hurt him. And that red nose. Honestly, Mother, I don't see why you let him come here!"

The pears were heavy, so heavy Jeb felt he would drop them any minute. But he couldn't let go. No, the sack would get lighter in a little while after he sold a few more. What if the pretty lady's daughter didn't like him. No matter. He'd sell the pears, all the same . . . . . heavy pears. But soon not so heavy. The man at the big house on the corner had bought a dozen, and the new people who had five children, they said. And the others. No matter. The new people said they were going to make pear honey. It always is good in the fall after all the pears are gone.

"Have you got any left, Jeb? The wife wanted to cook a few for supper tonight so I told her I'd run out and catch you when you passed. How's business?"

Jeb looked up at the man who stood in front of him. "Yes, yes, I've got some of the best, juiciest pears you ever saw. Will nine be enough?" He handed him four, then five more. "Nine. That'll be forty, . . . . . thirty-eight, . . . . . thirty-six cents."

The man was holding out a fifty-cent piece. Jeb reached into his billfold for the change and dropped it into the man's shirt pocket. "Thank you, sir, thank you."

It was even darker than before in the room when Jeb returned, so dark that he stood for a moment in the doorway before he walked to the table and set down the sack of pears, now almost empty. The mirror lay on the table where he had left it, but in the faint light he could not see its cracks and spots. Instead, it seemed to be once again whole, perfect. He picked it up and lifted it until he was staring at his own reflection, rubbing the palm of his hand over the rough back of the mirror and feeling the holes and splinters that covered its uneven surface.

He wouldn't have to sell too many more pears, just a couple more batches, then he could buy a new mirror, one that he could hang on the wall and look at every day—a big, shiny mirror like the bad lady had in her hall. And there would be no more cracks and splinters to hurt his hands, scratch and tear his hands.

Jeb looked up at the window where his shirt flapped in the breeze. He walked to the window and looked out at the tall clump of grass where he had left the lettuce. It would be cold soon, so cold that the grass would die. And then where would he put the lettuce? Of course he could always leave it on the ground with a small rock on part of it to hold it down so it wouldn't blow away.

Something was bothering him, something that he couldn't explain. It was a worrystate feeling that things were not right, not as they ought to be. It wasn't the pears . . . . . or the room. Not even anything about himself.

And he knew what it was. Would his rabbit live through the winter—the long, cold winter?

The first stars were coming out as he stood by the window, watching. Already the moonlight was darkening the ground nearby with the shadow of the room, a solid, creeping shadow, as the wind blew stronger and the grass bent lower.



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慈母手中線  
遊子身上衣  
臨行密密縫  
惟恐遲夕歸

夜思

窗前明月光  
疑是地上霜  
舉頭望明月  
低頭思故鄉

Calligraphy by EN-YO YANG

IN THE QUIET NIGHT

So bright a gleam on the foot of my bed  
Could there have been a frost already?  
Lifting myself to look, I found that it was moonlight.  
Sinking back again, I thought suddenly of home.

LI PO

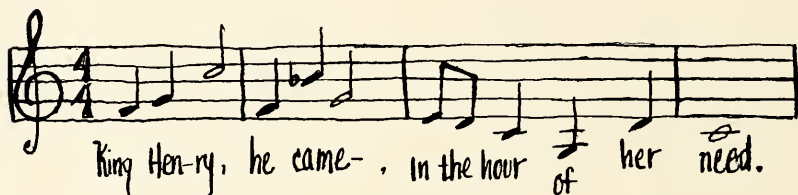
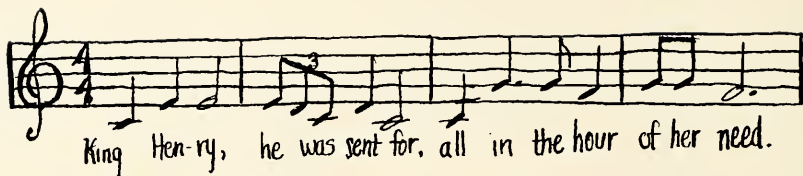
Translated by Witter Byner

A TRAVELLER'S SONG

The thread in the hands of a fond-hearted mother  
Makes clothes for the body of her wayward boy:  
Carefully she sews and thoroughly she mends,  
Dreading the delays that will keep him late from home.  
But how much love has the inch-long grass  
For three spring months of the light of the sun?

MENG CHINO

# KING HENRY



2

King Henry he was sent for,  
All in the hour of her need.  
King Henry, he came,  
In the hour of her need.

King Henry, he stood  
And kissed her on the lips.  
"What's the matter with my flower  
Makes her eyes look so red?"

"King Henry, King Henry,  
Will you take me to be,  
To pierce my side open  
And save my baby."

"Oh no, Queen Jane,  
Such a thing shall never be,  
To lose my sweet flower  
For to save my baby."

Queen Jane, she turned over  
And fell into a swoond.  
Her side was pierced open  
And her baby was found.

How bright was the morning,  
How yellow were the bed.  
How costly was the shroud  
Queen Jane were wrapped in.

There six followed after,  
And six carried her along,  
King Henry, he followed  
With his black mourning on.

King Henry, he wept  
And wrung his hands til they're sore.  
"The flower of England  
Shall never be no more."

Transcribed by Sophia White. The song refers to Henry VIII and his third wife, Jane Seymour, who died after giving birth to Edward VI.

# THERE WAS ONE

EDITH LEWIS

Beth came out on the back porch of the large, grayed house, clasped her hands behind her, and let the sun warm her face. As she stood there lost in thought, her aging grandfather's long gaunt form came to stand beside her. Beth leaned against the banister and smiled at him. Ellis bowed her. He seemed remote.

"And how is school, Beth?" he ventured.

"Fine," she offered.

Ellis squinted his eyes against the sun. "It's a good sunset," he said. "It'll be clear tomorrow."

"Un huh."

"Good day to go to church. I can't go any more when it rains—get's in my bones." He shifted his slight weight and softly rubbed one shrunken hand with the other. "Think I'll go sit on the front porch," he said. "Are you coming?"

"After a bit."

Beth watched him disappear into the house, feeling a pang of nostalgia. She pressed her hands against the railing. The place was run by tenants now, and they had let the orchard in the distance fall into ill repair. The large stables were ramshackle and the grass in the pasture was waist high. No hogs came to the edge of the pen to have their backs scratched. The old wagon rested in its shed, one wheel missing; and the door to the corn bin hung by one hinge. Beth was struck by the bare stalks of the tobacco field standing stark and lonely in the twilight. She made a mental note to ask about this year's crop, then, hugging her shoulders, she turned and went through the house to the front porch.

They sat there until it was quite dark, Ellis sitting in his old chair tilted against the side of the house. Did your grandmother tell you Linda and Donald moved?" he asked.

"No," said Beth. "When did they go?"

"Moved last week. Looks kinda lonesome over there now."

Beth pictured the little house in the middle of the field across the road. She thought it had always looked lonely. "How was Mr. Scott's crop?" she asked.

"Fair. The drought in July hurt it, but all told, he did all right. Prices are good this year."

Beth said nothing and they sat awhile in silence, watching cars go by. "I declare," remarked Ellis, "cars go faster every year." He had never driven over twenty-five miles an hour in the days when he drove.

"I think I'll go for a walk," Beth said abruptly and went out into the yard. The night was dark, the moon dwindled to a mere silver of light. She made her way, sure-footed, down the path, past the empty stables and the silent barns to the tobacco field where she lost herself among the naked stalks and wearily closed her eyes. She slipped off her shoes and dug her toes into the cool earth. Within, she felt herself shrinking in size, felt herself being transported to the back porch of the old white house. She looked out over the farm in the first soft light of dawn.

Beth could see her grandfather's head and great straw hat above the giant reaching green of the tobacco field. He looked toward the house and Beth waved enthusiastically before running down the path to meet him. She could hear voices calling from the barn and the snorting of impatient mules being hitched to slides in readiness for the day's work. Beth sped down the path and took Ellis' hand as he emerged from the field. Together they looked out over the farm.

In front of the barn two young boys were boisterously teasing Kit as they hitched her to the barlap covered slide, while behind them, Beck, Kit's partner and companion, looked mildly on as she munched on an apple. The juice dripped from her pliable lips. Beyond the barns and outlined against

the sky was the generous orchard: June apple trees bearing the remnants of a bountiful crop; trees of the wincap and delicious varieties, announcing plentiful pickings for autumn; peach trees, pear trees, cherry trees—and grape vines climbing the fence at the end of the orchard. Beyond this were fields of tobacco and ripening alfalfa, and woodland as far as the eye could see. Down the path by the edge of the field, came the khaki clad hands. Beth and her grandfather spoke to each man, woman and child as he passed. Then they gathered apples for everyone and walked to the barn, munching happily.

At the barn the women set up the stringer and began carrying in tobacco sticks. "Let's take in a load," said Ellis, and they began counting them off—two, four, six, eight, Ellis carrying fifty and Beth, twenty-five. She thought, "I could carry fifty, too," and decided to try next time. When plenty of tobacco sticks had been propped against the inside wall of the barn, the men and tow-headed Beth went into the field.

With her small, tanned feet Beth gripped the back runners of the slide, saying "Giddap mule!" and "Whoa mule!" when the men had finished priming an area of the field. From her precarious vantage point she watched the slide slowly fill with the luxuriant leaves. She tossed her pigtailed and sucked in summer air, then started as her grandfather spoke to her.

"Move her up a little, Kitten."

Beth hopped off the runners, kicked the slide and made clucking noises with her tongue and teeth, then watched proudly as old Kit leaned into her harness, gathered momentum, and ambled up the row. Beth fell into step with Ellis as he stooped, plucked, and tucked the leaves under his left arm.

"Let me prime some?"

"No, Kitten. We have to get through."

"You're just afraid I'll pull too high up," Beth returned petulantly.

Ellis smiled to himself. He was very fond of his only granddaughter, even when she pouted. He glanced up at shouts of "Whoa there" as Kit broke into full trot toward a grassy ditch.

"She's hungry," observed Beth. Her grandfather gave her some tobacco to carry.

"As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives. Every wife had seven sacks, every sack had seven cats, every cat had seven kits. Kits, cats, sacks, wives—how many were going to St. Ives?"

Beth stared at him wide-eyed. Then her short, freckled nose screwed up in thought. "Seven times seven is forty-nine. Seven times forty-nine is . . . How many were going, Granddaddy?"

"You think about it."

Beth wriggled her toes in the dirt and watched Ellis' supple body as he stooped and plucked his way up the row. When I grow up, she thought, I shall be a farmer, too. She wondered how many were going to St. Ives, and why they were going.

At noon, everyone went to the house for dinner. Beth ran ahead of the others, took the side porch steps two at a time and ground to a halt on the dining room threshold. Then her whole face grinned with anticipation. The table was laden with fried chicken and gravy, corn, squash, snap beans, mashed potatoes, ripe tomatoes, pickles, hot biscuits and homemade jelly—and three steaming apple pies. She sneaked a biscuit when her grandmother's back was turned and went back out on the porch where Ellis was running water into an enamel basin. Beth stuffed the biscuit into her mouth.

"Can I share with you?" she mumbled to Ellis, seeing that all the basins were in use. He raised one eyebrow at her and handed her the Boraxo.

"You're eating tobacco gum," he said. Beth kept on chewing.

Continued on Page 14



ANN RUNCAN

elaster

Five Men on a Voyage

# FRENCH ROMANTIC PAINTING

ANN DEARSLEY

For the sake of needing a beginning it is safe to say that Romanticism sprang up directly from the chaos of the French Revolution of 1789. The Revolution itself sought at first to turn art into a confession of political faith, and there was pressure to change art from a privilege of the leisure class into a purposeful teaching and improving in accordance with the principles of the Revolution. It must be pure, true, inspiring, and contributing to the general happiness of the public. With these demands in mind it is easy to understand why it has often been asserted that the Revolution itself was artistically sterile.

The sentimentality of the 18th century gives way to a new interpretation of the idea of artistic freedom even in the immediate post-revolutionary period. Such freedom is no longer the privilege of a few; it is the right of every artist and individual. The beginnings of Romanticism denied the validity of objective rules of any kind; all expression became unique, irreplaceable and able to bear its own laws and standards. This was a war of liberation against all the principles of tradition, authority and rule, and was the Revolution's greatest contribution to the romanticism of all "modern art" up until the present. From this time on the artist was alone with his work, knowing himself to be different from his companions. The epoch had ended in which the artist appealed to all society. While the Revolution had demanded that art fulfill certain social functions and implications, the rising new voice spoke of self-expression, a method by which one individual speaks to whomever cares to hear him. Works of the artist are then necessarily in a state of tension and opposition towards the public, and there is a lack of continuity in the relationship between art and the public.

Full-blown Romanticism did not appear until almost twenty years after the Revolution. In the meantime a hybrid appeared which was a fusion of the new outlook with the old classical principles of David. The work lacked new forms and principles, and was revolutionary only in relation to its subjects and ideas; never-the-less the spirit of Romanticism lurked beneath its classical veneer. Working in this period were Gros and Girodet, both of whom had been pupils of David but were able to combine two existing trends of opposite character. Such contradictory trends as might show up can be attributed in part to the conflicting political and social doctrines of the time, for the Empire as set up after the Revolution was attempting to solve the problem of reconciliation of the democratic achievements of the Revolution with the political forms of the monarchy. Old and new had to be combined, and there were such problems as new wealth, social levelling and so on. In an effort to come to some solution the Revolution was forced to drop the principle of "equality" so that achievements leveled themselves off to a civic freedom of person, equality before the law, abolishment of feudal privileges and, for the artist, the freedom to give oneself completely to the mercy of one's talents. This did not satisfy all of the people, however, and the inevitable anti-revolutionary atmosphere appeared, culminating in a political reaction under the Consulate.

For the artist, optimism was short lived, for immediately after his first sip of freedom there was a clash between the idea of liberal optimism, freedom and equality. Suddenly the idea of coercion, limitation and despotism to any degree was felt to be a paralyzing one; before this time the greatest works had been executed under such restraints. Napoleon's prizes, gifts and distinctions were no longer sources of inspiration, and to the artist at the time the Revolution seemed to have given him very few concrete contributions. There was, however, a stabilization of relations between consumer and artist

and the end of the dictatorship of the Academy. There was the (financially doubtful) blessing of the end of the monopolization of the art market by the court. Art gained a new public of amateurs with aesthetic interests; the public increased, the prices increased and soon critics complained that there were too many artists, and all of this was still before the outburst of true Romanticism.

The Romantic spirit in classical disguise appeared in such paintings as Girodet's ENTOMBMENT OF ATALA, which violates classicism by using a personal emotionalism, dramatic lighting and a non-classical religious element. (A religious renaissance was running parallel with the political reaction.) The painting sought an emotional response by using a foreign subject matter; placed in far-away America with half-breeds and Indians the picture tells the story of a girl who would rather give up her life than her virginity in marriage. Such paintings as OSSIAN RECEIVING THE GENERALS OF NAPOLEON illustrate literary derivations popular at the time (from the Ossian forgeries by James Macpherson), subordinated naturalism, the interests of Napoleon and the emotional receptivity of the age. The swirling composition was badly received at the Salon, and Girodet never attempted anything like it again.

Napoleon found in Gros a personal favorite, and Gros himself was genuinely impressed with death, suffering and the vulnerability of man to error, confusion and violence. He was allowed to attend the wars in a "not too dangerous" position, and as a result painted pictures such as THE PEST HOUSE AT JAFFA (placing the hospital scene in a mosque) and NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF EYLAN. In these and other war pictures there is an insistence on exact detail and outspoken realism and strong lighting contrasts; Napoleon is invariably shown in some Christ-like pose. Gros wanted the dogmas of classicism but employed the movement of Michaelangelo, Rubens and Van Dyck. His color was thick, rich and applied with ease. Gros could not reconcile the classical idea he wanted to believe in with the Romantic one he could not help but believe in, and committed suicide as a result.

As the Romantic movement progressed, the French painter believed more and more in beauty without order and the Rousseau idea of man's naturally good nature and the triviality of society compared with this nature. He recognized the governing conventions of former times and was determined to throw them off to become personal and unique. He assimilated other cultures and viewed history as disturbing and complicated. Violence was treated as an ever present aspect of life which was wild and extreme in incident but neither transcending nor retreating from life. Increasingly, there was a stress on death with a violent rather than a rational imagery. Even landscapes depict the hostility of indifference of nature to man and his works.

Gradually Romanticism draws close to its climax with a closing of the "psychical distance" between the viewer's world and that of the artist. The painter moves from learned themes to subjects of general interest, accepting the glamorous and exotic to narrow the gap between daily life and the painted picture. The spectator was subject to anticipation, involvement, immediacy and shock; "complex conventions" gave way to a directness of purpose. No impression, mood, lyricism, exhibitionism or other attitude today does not have some basis here. The "occasionalism of romanticism" dissolves reality into a series of stimuli; there is a surrender to the moment and the chance occurrence. The artist, free from all authority still felt menaced and endangered, and out of this over-compensation comes the best of Romanticism.

Continued on Page 18

## METAMORPHOSIS

I was a sprite-like creature of the dawn  
who raced unbounded  
over dewdrop sanddunes  
along the shores of day.

I and alone were one  
with night our companion  
ever searching  
but finding  
only  
the neverending haze  
of needing-to-be-conquered  
days and years

But now I am changed

Your eyes play leapfrog  
with my senses,  
Your hands play havoc  
with my heart;  
The fences of my practicality  
are jumping over themselves  
and running, barefoot-free,  
amuk

You go your way  
your day unchanged,  
unseeing,  
oblivious;  
But no longer  
do my toes  
wear rings of dawn dew,  
alone and I have parted  
and  
night is still searching,  
but  
now  
I am changed.

STELLA JEFFERSON

## WAITING FOR THE WINTER SEASON

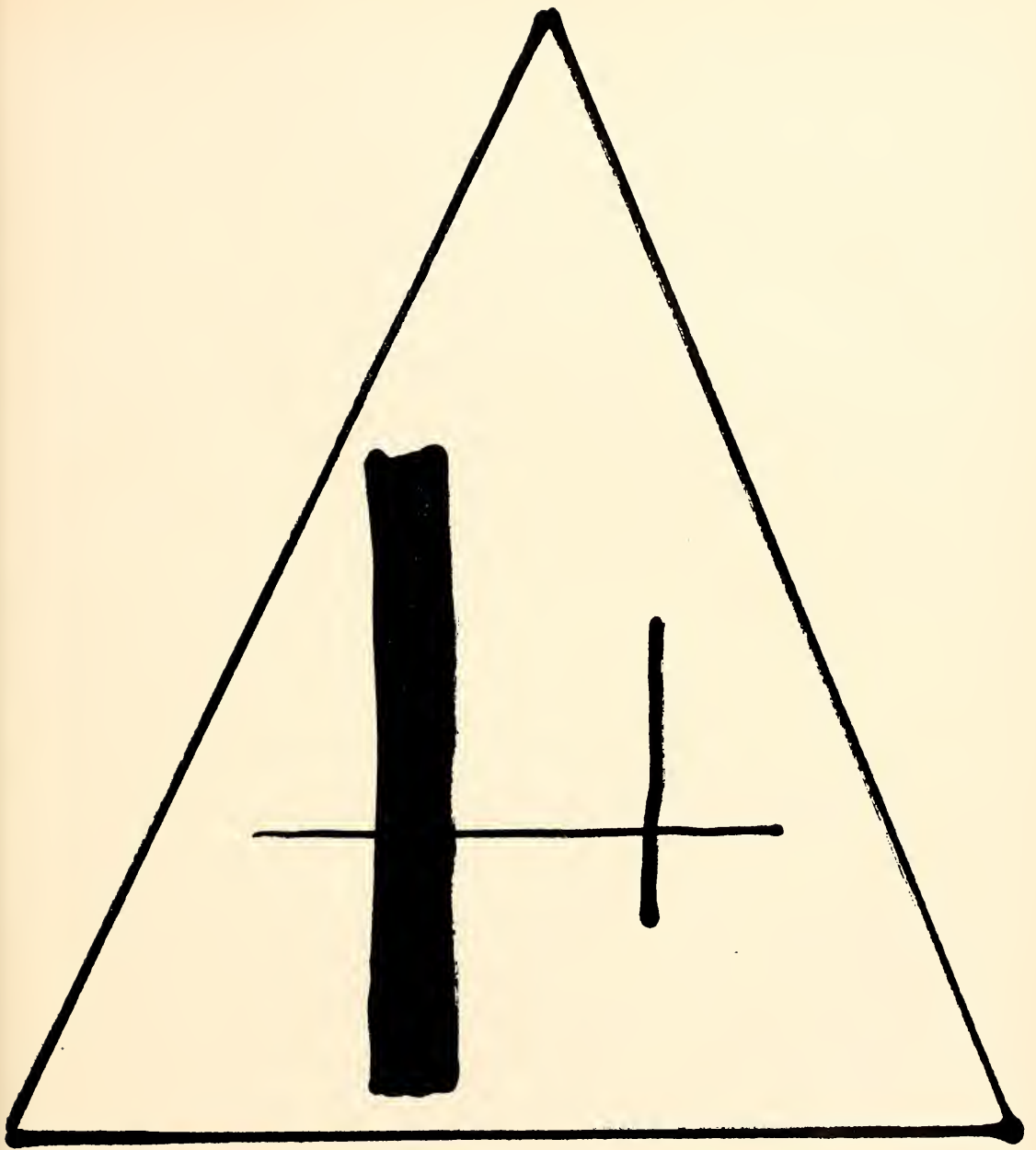
Fly by swiftly days of longing  
Let breezes blow and cool desire  
Let leaves fall and grass die  
Let Winter in again.

Let rain glide down the barks of trees  
Let earth smell earthy  
Let bitter cold enfold me  
And take away the fire.

Let Winter bleakness  
Fill my heart with snowflake dancing  
And frozen forgetfulness.

CHRISTINA BENNETT





7

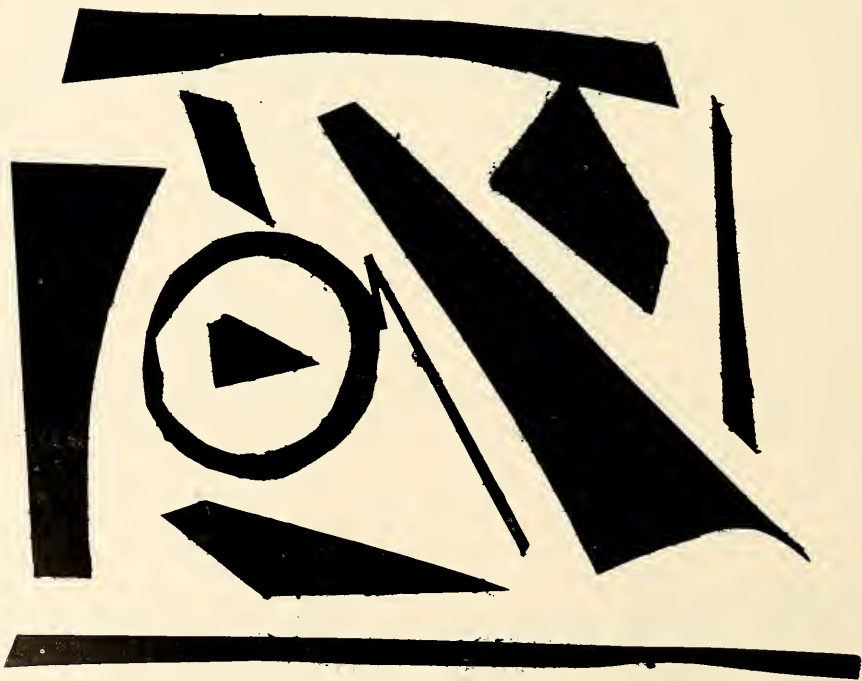
MARGIE CARTIN

**CORADDI PRESENTS:** **10** FRESHMEN DRAWINGS



JANE FRORATH

8



SONJA DOUGLAS

## A Cruise Going down Positive

kisstickle me, brown eyes,  
christen me  
for my voyage over sunlight love-oceans  
where champagne morning rivers  
dump their loads  
of littlegirl like  
from tripdribble streams.

weave a shipsail  
of satin daydreams  
about  
sweet blue midnights,  
and tie it  
to a silver mast

while  
sungold patterns  
of butterfly wings  
taunt and tantalize your mouth  
into a salient smile,

and we gypsy mariners  
sail away  
for lands of day with shores of dawn.

STELLA JEFFERSON

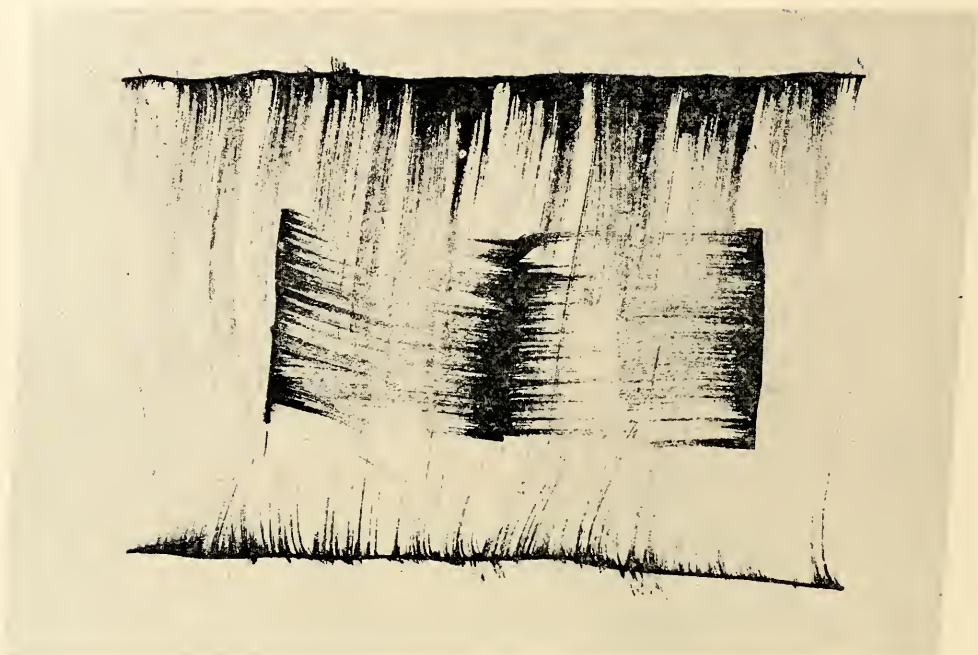
9

## RETROSPECT, 1945

It was somebody's car horn on the hill,  
Ringing, ringing,  
The tight tongues of tin teeth stinging,  
All day and all night.  
When it stopped,  
People ran in and out of doors,  
Firecrackers leaped on the docks,  
Stones fell away,  
Men appeared,  
I lost my bed, my iron, and my ears,  
But stillness was cleared.

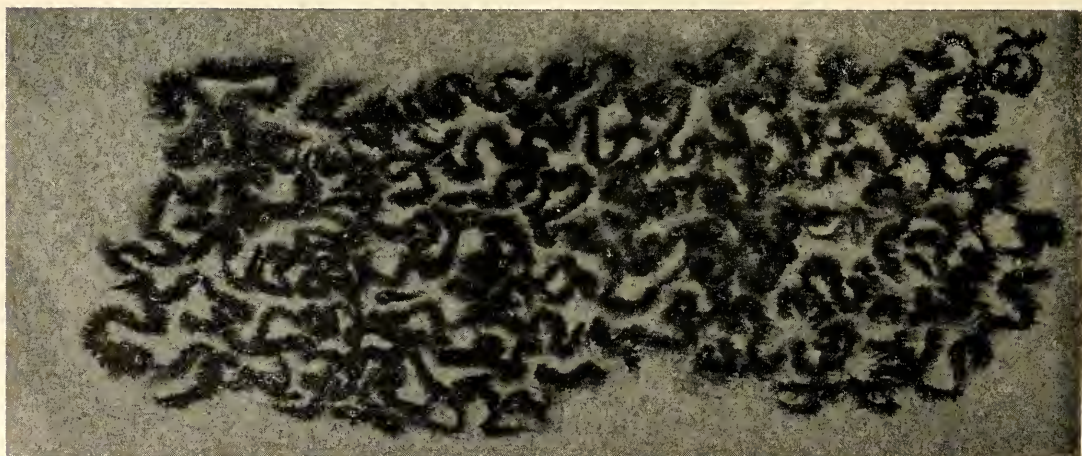
The stopping,  
The autumn dawn, squirrel-shadow dearness,  
This vacancy was the experience.

HEATHER ROSS



10

SONJA DOUGLAS



JANE FRORATH

# THE CHILDREN'S NIGHT

A.L.D.

On the evening of the Most Hallowed Field Saint the children wailed and called to one another in the night. The bare trees rattled high in their branches and the yellow leaves raced over the frost white ground. Blood-red laughed the moon while the porch candles spit out fire.

All evening the children walked to and fro through the village, stopping at each door to hold up black mouthed burlap sacks as they begged for fall apples. Each was dressed as a field spirit after the Saint of their father's fields. In the candle light through lantern glass they leaned against the clean painted door posts, their shadows climbing up over the slat-board house rickety edged. To each I handed an apple all streaked with ruby colors. When they wailed and made bone rattling noises with dry gourds I pretended to be frightened and closed the door to a crack, shaking the brass knocker in fright. Then they would laugh and I would open the door again to guess who had come to beg of me. It was impossible to tell who lurked beneath the grass so I said to them "You are a blackberry spirit, and you are from the rose haw. You are of the waterfall and you are of the deer." and each laughed as he was named. Then they said "Thank you" shyly, grateful for the covering between us, and each told me that before night ended the apples would lie at the feet of the painted saint who stood in the field and who made sure that the fall harvest and the winter wheat would ripen and be brought in safely. Every year the offer was made and the wooden man stood upright with stern mouth as the fruit was laid around him. Great piles made the grass red, turn brown in time and was cleared by cows in late winter. "For a good year" I called to each of them as they scuffled through the leafy ground with sack humped backs out towards the field edges. I could hear them calling slow and high as night birds in the cold, and then their sounds faded and the rattles and whispers, the clicks and ticks and owls filled up all the emptiness.

Long after the children had turned away from the village towards the statue I opened the door onto the porch to blow out the light of the candle. It was very late and I had thought that the begging of apples would have ceased long ago and that the children were all in bed with the empty sacks over the foot of their beds and the red fruit piled up against the feet of the field saint. But as I pinched out the candle wick I heard a blowing and rustling and a grass headed figure stepped onto the lowest stair of the porch. He was dressed as the children except that his cape went over his thin body completely, hiding even his feet. He was very tall in comparison with the other visitors of the night and I stepped back into the doorway with the latch in my hand, more ready to fasten it quickly than I had realized. The figure held out a burlap sack just as the others had done, and feeling ashamed of myself I turned to the table just inside the door and found two of the fall apples for the visitor. They were the first two to be placed in the sack. "Thank you" he said from behind the grass, and the far away sound of his voice so startled me that my hand remained motionless, outstretched over the burlap so that he reached out and grasped my wrist before I realized what had happened. His grasp was as hard as oak wood. "Thank you" he said again. "You are the only one who has given me my due this evening." He spoke through lips stretched taught, and his voice sounded as if it were coming from a cavern or from a great hole in the earth.

"Everybody is in bed," I said. "You are late in your rounds and the other children have long taken their apples to the Field Saint who stands about a mile from here and returned to their beds. All the while I twisted my arm for freedom but he held me fast. Without the candle the porch was dark, for the moonlight fell beyond the steps.

"You are wrong," the grass face said. "Not everyone is in bed, and I should not have to beg for apples in the night. But you have been kind, and I will reward you."

At this I started to protest and pulled towards the door, but I was held tight. Suddenly the door shut of its own accord. "To reward you I will show you the future of ten young children of the village. You must be curious to know of their welfare."

Without further explanation he pulled me from the porch out into the moonlit path, holding me all the time. Astonished, I followed fearfully, unable to do otherwise. He moved rather stiffly, as an old man not used to exercise, and his cloak jerked and pulled around his square shoulders while the two apples weighting his sack bounced against his shoulder blades. After a brisk walk he suddenly stopped in a clearing in the woods which I recognized as being half-way between the painted wooden saint and the village. I had come this way many times, for it was a favorite place for evening walks.

The hollow voice spoke once again. "Now you know the future of the young ones of your village" it said, and a straight arm raised up the cloak to point to a dark and jumbled pile on the ground ahead of me. Afraid of what I might find I stepped forward slowly, and then cried out with relief, for it was nothing more than the coats and grass masks of the children who had earlier called and wailed on their way out to the field. The children had set them aside on the trip and had forgotten to gather them up to return home. Tomorrow morning there would be scolding over the breakfast table as to where the coats had been left, but that was all. I felt relieved; the cloak and grass figure let go of my wrist, and knowing now that it was only a joke such as is often played on the evening of the Most Hallowed Field Saint, I even laughed. My companion laughed too. The voice still sounded far-away, but it, too, was unburdened. I fancied that this older boy had been goaded into his midnight trick and was glad that it was now over. I thought that perhaps he would walk back to the village with me, but without unmasking he set out in the opposite direction towards the field of the Saint.

"Don't you want to go back now . . . ?" I called out after him.

"No. You go back. You are the one who knows the future of the ten young children."

He was still playing his uneasy game. I watched him stiff walk over the earth, the sack with only two apples jouncing up and down. Then I turned back to the village, hurrying through the black night shadows and whipping hedge-vines.

In the morning there was a great rushing in the streets, and all the women were calling and running to and fro, crying and weeping into their husband's arms. In the centre of the moving group stood the children of the previous night's apple begging with tears running down their faces, shaking and holding to each other's hands. Over and over they said "We don't know where they went," and meant that they could not help to find the ten youngest ones who had been with them in the night before.

"The children said 'They were with us when we sat down to eat the apples. We know that they were, because they were the ones who were tired and needed to rest.'"

"So you never took the apples to where they belonged," all the people asked.

"Next year the children will stay in the house," cried a woman from the crowd.

Continued on Page 12



JANICE DAWSON

Continued from Page 11.

"And then what happened?" asked a man in a worried voice to a boy with hair falling across his forehead.

"We ate the apples and felt sleepy because we were full."

"And then . . .?" insisted the man.

"A man passed us a long, long way off. We hardly noticed him. Then we turned home to go to bed."

"And how did the man look?" probed the villager.

"Oh, he was far off," said the boy, "so we could hardly tell. He had a cape which covered him up too, and long hair which fell over his face. But he was far away."

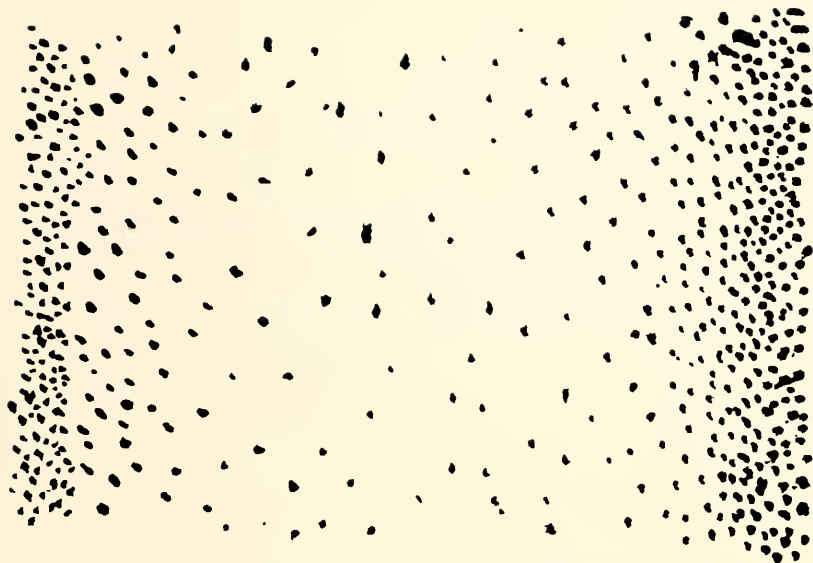
"Very well then. Since you didn't go all the way out to the wooden saint we must start looking between here and the meadow where you rested."

The men agreed to start searching at once, saying to the women, "Soon the children will be found; they are only sleeping in the wood."

I ran ahead to my house and quickly pulled a coat around my shoulders. If the children had stopped to eat the apples the seeds and apple centres should be over the ground and the coats and straw wigs besides them. I hurried out into the wood, following the way the strange figure had led me the night before. His words kept coming to me out of the tree

tops. "You are the one who knows the future of the ten young children." Perhaps it was not a joke. Who would have guessed that after such words the children would actually disappear. I did not want to know the future if there was to be no future, if the children were to be forever missing. I hurried on with the wind whispering around me until I came to the field where the two of us had seen the coats and grass masks of the night before. But there were no such things here now. The pile which had been black on the ground was gone; it could never have been there. I dropped to my knees with hope and disbelief. Where had they gone to? I stared and suddenly saw the cores and seeds of apples littered between the grass. The children had stopped here. They had eaten the apples of the most Hallowed Field Saint here. They had forgotten to take him his due.

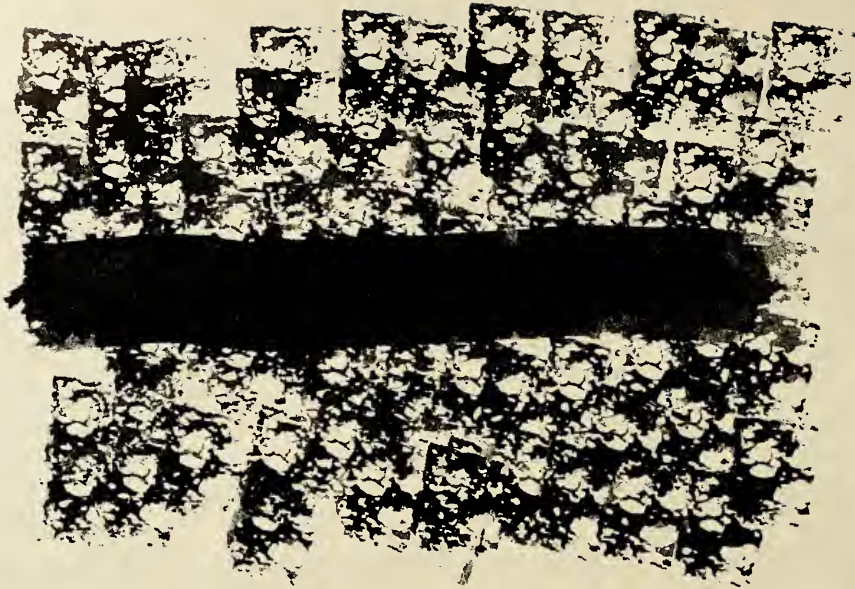
Slowly I rose from my kneeling position, seeing the cores of the fruit and seeds. They made a circle of light and dark fragments in the grass. Then I looked out towards the standing wooden Field Saint. He was black and rigid against the winter light horizon. I ran across the ploughed earth towards him, knowing that I would find nothing, but having to make certain. Closer and closer came the statue, and the mouth was as stern as ever. But there were grass blades across his painted hair and shoulders, and two apples were at his feet.



SONJA DOUGLAS



ANGELA TALTON



SONJA DOUGLAS

Continued from Page 3.

14 They plunged their arms into the water and rubbed them thoroughly with Boraxo. They rinsed and repeated the process, tossing the water from the basin out of the door and into the yard. Ellis could toss the water through the screen, but Beth always spilled half of it when she tried. They dried their hands and went in to the table. Everyone sat down when Ellis did. He looked at Beth.

"Say Grace, Kitten."

"Grace," said Beth. They all laughed.

That afternoon they went back to the barn where Beth handed leaves with dexterity. When they had finished stringing and housing, the flue pipes were put in place and fire was lit in the flues. After supper Ellis, Beth and her older cousin went to sit by the barn.

They sat around the low fire in the flues, Ellis in an old wicker-bottomed chair tilted against the barn and her cousin on the ground. Ellis took Beth on his knee and bounced her up and down—buckety, buckety, buck—even though she was too big for that sort of thing. As the night grew, Beth imagined that there were hobgoblins playing hide-and-go-seek in the shadows of the orchard and sliding down the great logs of the woodstack. She listened as the men talked about the people they knew: old Mr. Cole was in the hospital again; Mr. Johnson had rented extra land this year; Mr. Reed's farm had been hit by hail and nearly half his crop had been destroyed; Mrs. Terrell's cow had come fresh last week; Miss Lizzie's hens were not laying properly. Beth loved to hear them talk this way.

She gently pulled her grandfather's ear. "Tell us a story," she begged.

Ellis twisted his shoulders, relaxing them, then tightened his arms around Beth. "Well," he said, "just a short one."

Beth watched him expectantly.

"One day," he began, "a man was hoeing his tobacco when a storm came up. I'll finish this row, he thought, before I go in. All of a sudden, lightning struck a rock six feet in front of him. He said, 'I'm Comin' Lord' and scatted for cover."

"That was a short one," Beth said. "Was the man you, Granddaddy?"

"No, but I knew him."

After a moment Ellis set her down, rose, and went into the barn. Beth followed him. As they entered, a blast of heat struck them in the face, and the aroma of curing tobacco filled the air. Beth thought this the most wonderful smell in the world. Ellis studied the thermometer. "We'd better put another log on," he said. "Come help me, Kitten?" They left the barn, closing the door behind them, and went to the woodstack. Ellis selected a medium sized log and each carried an end.

"How many were going to St. Ives, Beth?" her cousin asked.

"I don't know," she answered.

Ellis smiled. "She'll figure it out. That's a lot of numbers to keep in your head at once." He sat down and took Beth on his lap again. She yawned and heard the murmur of voices in the distance. Before she went to sleep, she looked up at Ellis.

"Granddaddy, how many were going?"

"One, Kitten."

"Oh," she sighed and laid her head against her grandfather's shoulder.

It seemed to have happened yesterday—a long ago yesterday. Beth swayed dizzily and opened her eyes to regain her balance. The sharp night rushed toward her, engulfed her. The field was no longer green gigantic. It lay painfully stark in the starlight. Wandering across rows, Beth went toward the house, realizing her grandparents must be asleep by now. She could barely distinguish the gray house against the night sky. She looked over her shoulder at the outline of the nearly barren orchard, almost taking a step in that direction. She reached out one hand toward the naked stalks. Suddenly, she dropped down in the field and scooped up cool, damp earth in her hands.

Edith Lewis



## THE DOLLHOUSE

The wooden soldiers march  
In my birth town.  
Where is the steadfast tin?  
Gone—  
Gone with the rainbow fish's fin,  
Gone in last year's garbage.

I have three rooms and the stair,  
A ninepence cat,  
Seven leans and no kind,  
And one door that breathes "BEWARE."  
In nighttime, slighitime,  
I lasso in the gonetime.

A birdie with a yellow bill  
Hopped upon my windowsill.  
Birds don't talk.  
Not to old people, anyway.  
Alphabet of birds  
Is short and brethreend,  
Like barefoot blood of Christian children.

The chimneysweep and chinachipped Bo Peep  
Caress the empty window pane  
Of broken KEEP OUT darkness.  
A black-eyed boy sitting on the mailbox  
Peels out the wild-warm grapestone  
And sings.  
"I eat little girls with mustard,  
And drink their toes in a custard,"  
In his black-eyed, red-toothed tone.

Gnats glitter in the leaves,  
Green canopied thieves,  
Distilling sunbrew.  
The old, yet older moon,  
Blue strained across the sky,  
Will fall to making bargains  
Before its spell is by.

The wooden soldiers march,  
The building block logs arch,  
And what am I on this Santa stage?  
Steadfast tin,  
Black-eyed boy,  
Babbling bird,  
Or smutty, blue-capped china toy?

HEATHER ROSS

gee i like to think of dead it means nearer because deeper  
firmer since darker than little round water at one end of  
the well it's too cool to be crooked and it's too firm  
to be hard but it's sharp and thick and it loves, every  
old thing falls in rosebuds and jackknives and kittens and  
pennies they all sit there looking at each other having the  
fastest time because they've never met before

dead's more even than how many ways of sitting on  
your head your unnatural hair has in the morning

dead's clever too like POF goes the alarm off and the  
little striker having the best time tickling away every-  
body's brain so everybody just puts out their finger  
and they stuff the poor thing all full of fingers

dead has a smile like the nicest man you've never met  
who maybe winks at you in a streetcar and you pretend  
you don't but really you do see and you are My how  
glad he winked and hope he'll do it again

or if it talks about you somewhere behind your back it  
makes your neck feel pleasant and stoopid and if  
dead says may i have this one and was never intro-  
duced you say Yes because you know you want it to  
dance with you and it wants to and it can dance and  
Whocares

dead's fine like hands do you see that water flowerpots  
in windows but they live higher in their house than  
you so that's all you see but you don't want to

dead's happy like the way underclothes All so differ-  
ently solemn and into and sitting on one string

dead never says my dear, Time for your music lesson  
and you like music and to have somebody play who  
can but you know you never can and why have to?

dead's nice like a dance where you danced simple hours  
and you take all your prickley-clothes off and squeeze-  
into-largeness without one word and you lie still as  
anything in largeness and this largeness begins to  
give you, the dance all over again and you, feel all again  
all over the way men you like made you feel when they  
touched you (but that's not all) because largeness tells  
you so you can feel what you made, men feel when, you  
touched, them

dead's sorry like a thistlefluff-thing which goes land-  
ing away all by himself on somebody's roof or some-  
thing where who-ever-heard-of-growing and nobody  
expects you to anyway

dead says come with me he says (andwhyevernot) into  
the round well and see the kitten and the penny and  
the jackknife and the rosebug

and you say Sure you  
say (like that) sure i'll come with you you say far i  
like kittens i do and jackknives i do and pennies i do  
and rosebugs i do

## Whee I Like To Think Of Bored

whee I like to think of bored it means together yet apart  
because with at the same time not since maybe like the musty  
cedar chips in the corner of the doghouse it's too pretty  
to be beautiful and too big to be important but it's  
smart and yellow and way out there man, any old thing  
stuffed with fleas and dirty socks and puppies and dollars  
they all jump around together so glad they've met because  
long time no see

bored's more even than how many kinds of chipping off your  
nails your polish has in the afternoon

bored's clever too like CLAK goes the stop light changing  
and the little policeman having the best time making every-  
body late so that everybody just puts their hands on the  
horns and they blast the poor thing all full of red

bored has a grin like the nicest man you always meet who  
maybe asks you who painted that in a museum and you say  
you don't but really you do know and you are yes how  
sorry he asked and hope he'll go away

or if it's cocktail parties but no cocktails just smelly  
whiskey and too much louverly whiskey and people you like  
so much you can't stand them and men touch you and pretend  
not to and then it's so late nobody cares so they touch  
you again and you don't want them to do you had a  
nice time

bored's fine like heels do you see that catch in gratings  
but they walk up on the sidewalks over you so that's all you see  
but you don't want to

bored's happy the way rubber boots All so properly smelly  
and indy and sitting in a row on the front porch

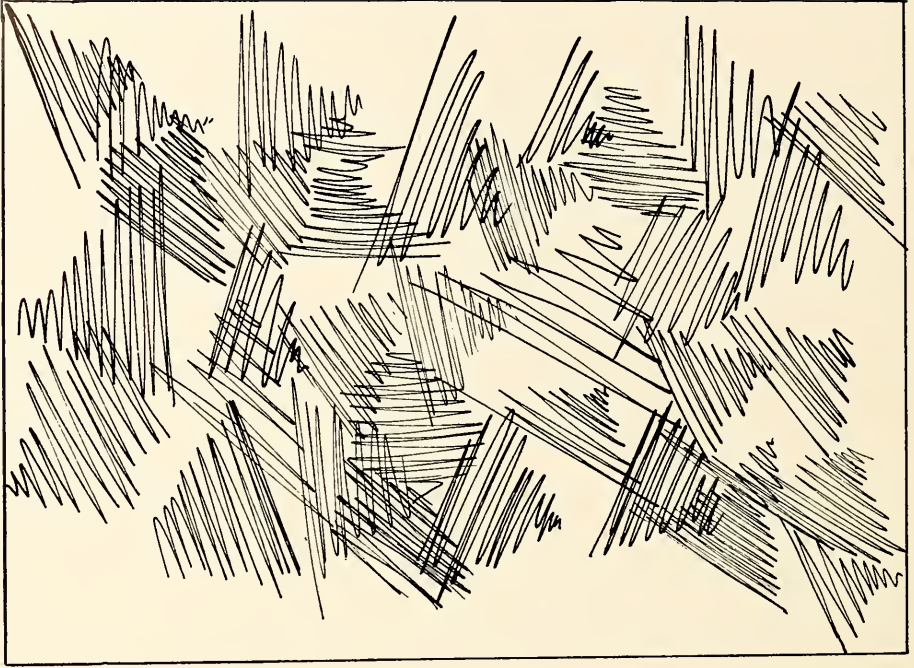
bored always says my dear, You must join the redcross and  
you like red and for everyone to do their bit that can but  
you know you won't and why have to?

bored's fun like coming home tight and you peel  
off your itchy girdle and bulge-into-littleness without  
one sight and you lie still as anything because you're  
drunk getting smaller and smaller until you're bigger than  
anybody and float off the better to eat them with cheese  
and olives and that nice man from John's office, you will like,  
feel all over again, the nice nasty man with ten hands, and sweet  
John, kitchen kissing (but that's not all)

bored's sorry like a hammerheavy thing which goes crashing  
away all by himself on somebody's toe or someplace where  
whoever-heard-of-going and everybody expects you to anyway

bored says come with me to the Casbah he says (and why evernot)  
into the doghouse and see the puppy and the dollar and the  
dirty sock and the flea

and you say Hell you say (like that)  
the Hell i'll come with you for i don't like puppies  
don't and dollars i don't and dirty socks i don't and  
fleas i don't



MARISE RIDDELL

Continued from Page 5.

Gericault's *RAFT OF THE MEDUSA* illustrates the pre-occupation with cruelty and morbidity which was a spirit of the times. The raft was a result of the shipwreck of the Medusa. Set adrift from the officers' more stable craft, the raft originally held over 150 people. When it was found the number had been reduced through death and cannibalism to fifteen. The painting is composed of an upward rush of figures to the right corner of the canvass, with the wave of emotionalism intensified by irregularities, broken lines and hollows. Here was the Romantic idea of beauty in ugliness, if ugliness revealed the soul. There is a 17th century Italian composition which is similar, and critics charged that Geircault not new historically.

Delacroix, by the standards of "swooning emotionalism and self-indulgence" was not a Romantic at all, but a highly objective and analytical painter. His Romanticism is theoretical and calculated, for he regarded himself as a classicist, understanding the classical idea of generalizing into universal symbols the elements of human experience. He meticulously invented a pattern by which to produce spontencity; his color theories were advanced and shocked the academies. Such coloration was not so evident in early works such as *DANTE AND VERGIL IN HELL*, but flowered in *SCENES OF MASSACRES OF SCIO*, when Delacroix reworked a painting already accepted by the Salon after seeing an English landscape of juxtaposed color by Constable. Each brush stroke was left visible, rich and textural. There are two versions of the *DEATH OF SARDANAPALUS*, one from 1827, the other completed in 1844 after dissatisfaction with the first work. The last version was spontaneous to the point of emotional fervor, although seventeen years in the rendering. The

story is that of a ruler's death wish that all he enjoyed in life was to be destroyed so that no-one else could take the same enjoyment. Delacroix was exposed to life in Morocco, where he gained new images of a strange way of life to which to refer constantly.

Ingres was another painter who could not prove the validity of the dogmas he defended, for while wishing to paint in any direction but that of Romanticism he was unable to see that light, shadow, action and broken color were not the only components of the Romantic movement. He painted *MADAME RIVIERE* while trying to hold to classical dogmas, much to the distress of his sponsors and perhaps even himself. A graceful, swirling line picture which came to the point of abstract patternization it was labeled "Gothic, bizarre and revolutionary": Ingres promptly moved to Rome. Here he became involved with a number of abortive love affairs which marked his work with a curious sexuality. This may be seen in the *BATHER OF VALPINCON*; classical in pose the simplicity of the flesh contrasts with the bunched cloth around the arm and the turban. This is one of the "Roman" paintings which reach a climax with *JUPITER AND THETIS*, which embodies curious distortions, assurance of design and the sexuality which had developed earlier. *THETIS* is a "modern" picture if painting may be taken as an outlet for emotions and the idea on the artist's part that the public may take his message as it will.

Thus a quick review of French Romantic painting which established many of the attitudes and ideas to be found in contemporary painting today in many countries other than that of France.

# IN MEMORIAM

MARY MEEKINS GILBERT

"Lovey, may I watch you paint?" Alice disliked calling her grandmother Lovey. But Mother said that Grandmother didn't want anyone to think she was old, and that you should call her Lovey. And you did so because Mother said to, even if Lovey wasn't very pretty or nice. "Lovey, may I watch you paint?"

"Yes, Alice, you may watch. Don't upset my paints, though. Move around to the other side; you're standing in my light."

"Lovey, did you just put green in Sister's hair?"

"Yes, of course."

"But why? Sister's hair is blonde, not green. It's not green. Why did you put green in it? Grass is green, but not hair."

"It has green lights in it."

Alice looked at the portrait for a few minutes and tried to make the green strokes look like hair. They looked like green. For several more minutes, she watched the slightly shaky hand applying color to the canvas. Then, slowly, she walked across the room to a mirror. She looked at her own hair very intently and began thinking to herself that maybe Sister's hair did have green in it. Hers did not. Green hair. That was silly. But, you don't think that Lovey is silly. Mother is old and she knows best. Lovey is Mother's mother and she must know more than best. You don't question either one. They are old and can tell you what to do, even if you don't like it. When you get old, you won't tell anyone what to do. You'll remember what old people were like when you were so little that your feet didn't touch the floor when you went to concerts. You'll never tell anyone that you know best. Grass is green, not hair.

"Lovey, may I paint some? Lovey! May I please paint some?"

"Don't bother me now. I'm busy painting Sister's portrait for your father's birthday."

"But, please, Lovey, please. I want to paint."

"Not now. You're too young. Go play with your toys."

Alice thought she'd come to Lovey's to play with her, but Lovey wouldn't play. It wasn't fair. When you play with friends, you take turns. When you play with grownups, it's always their turn. That's why you can't be friends with them. They never take turns.

"Over the river and through the woods

To Grandmother's house we go . . ."

But Alice didn't have a grandmother. She was a Lovey. When you tried to sing Lovey in the place of Grandmother, the song didn't come out right. That was another thing, you had to keep explaining to people who Lovey was. When you said you were going to see your Lovey, grownups always laughed and asked who your Lovey was. People just didn't understand how difficult it was to have a Lovey. It would be nice to have a real grandmother, the way other people did.

The stuffed dog had played the song several times when Alice suddenly ripped him open, jerked out the music box, and threw it across the room into the fireplace. It kept playing. She ran and pounced on it. It stopped with a whine.

Alice was almost sorry that she'd hurt the dog, because now he wouldn't play music. It was nice to scrunch down in bed with Friend beside her. He'd play the grandmother song and she would imagine that they were going to see a grandmother. It would be a grandmother all her own. They would ride in the cold air and finally see the grandmother's house. The only trouble was that they never got to see the grandmother because Alice always fell asleep and couldn't remember what happened. Now that Friend didn't have to play that song all the time, maybe they could talk. Well, it would only be sort of pretend talk, but it would be fun. She talked with Friend until Father came to take her home.

She didn't want to have to go back in Lovey's room and tell her that she loved her and that she would come back soon. Father told her to do so, though, and she did. However, she mumbled so that Lovey couldn't really understand what

she was saying. Besides, Lovey didn't really listen because she was busy looking at some pictures in a big art book. As she left the room, Alice stuck her tongue out at Lovey and Lovey didn't see her.

When Lovey gave the painting to Father, he didn't say anything for a long, long time. Then he said thank you very fast and smoked a cigarette. Alice walked over to the portrait and looked at it. The green was still there.

"Lovey, may I paint some? May I draw? Please?"

"Well, if you must, you must. I suppose you're old enough to begin. If you must learn to paint, I'll teach you. You have to learn to crawl before you learn to walk, and you must learn to draw before you can learn to paint. Get some paper. It's there—on the second shelf. Get a pencil while you're over there. Now, put two dots on the paper, a few inches apart. No. Yes, that's better. Now, connect them. No, use only one line. Don't keep going over your work."

"Lovey, is this drawing?"

"Alice, this is the way I learned to draw. You have to have control. Your hand must do everything you want it to do. Therefore, you must practice. Now, put down two rows of five dots each and connect them. Be sure to keep them evenly spaced. Finish the paper in that manner and do a page a day. Next week, you may do curved lines, and after that you will probably be ready to do circles and squares. Meanwhile, keep working on that page and don't bother me, I'm going to work on my landscape."

Alice kept putting dots on paper, trying to space them well. It was not much fun and the paper got smeared, but Lovey had said it was how to learn to draw. After she broke two pencils and smudged the paper, Alice began watching Lovey. Lovey was surrounded by her paints and was peering into the art books. Sometimes she'd look through a stack of photographs from travel magazines. She'd look at one of the pictures for a long time and then add a stroke to her painting. Lovey was busy.

Alice crept across the room to the shelves and took down three tubes of paint, a brush, and some crinkly paper. After opening each of the tubes, she let a little of the paint ooze out onto the paper. She spat on the brush and smeared the paint until it began to look a little like the vase on the third shelf. After licking the paint off the brush, Alice took her painting over to Lovey. Lovey was furious! She was angry not so much because Alice had tried to paint before she could draw, or even because Alice had used her best watercolors, but because Alice had startled her. Lovey had made a blot on her painting.

Lovey made Alice fix her a cup of tea, and as she handed it to Lovey, she began to scold. "You have no business trying to paint. You can't even draw. In your first lesson, you decide you want to paint. I told you that you have to learn to crawl before you can walk. Don't you know that the Old Masters did things slowly? Alice, you must make haste slowly. I refuse to waste my time with anyone who has no appreciation for real art. You must not bother me any longer. Go home, but before you go, fix me another cup of tea."

After fixing the tea, Alice left. All those silly lines had nothing to do with painting. She'd show Lovey. She'd paint a beautiful picture that everyone would like, nobody would tell her that it was bad, except maybe Lovey, if she were alive then. But Lovey didn't count.

Old Masters. That was all Lovey knew. Alice liked her picture that didn't look real. It was hers, because she had done it all by herself. Old Masters. She had heard her parents' friends talking about people like Klee and Picasso. She'd even seen some of their paintings and she liked them. All Lovey ever did was to ask her to fix tea. It would be nice if Lovey died, because then she could have all the paints and use them any way she wanted. She wouldn't copy anything, and she'd throw that Old Masters book away. That would be for sure.

But when Lovey did die, she left Alice nothing but that terrible portrait of Sister. She couldn't have left me her books thought Alice, or her silver, or that carved chair, or the china. Alice got the damned portrait Father never liked. He told Lovey once that the curls looked like corkscrews and she got angry and took it back. Alice took the portrait home and hung it over the kitchen sink.

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