

(scene to be inserted after Lola begins ageing)

Chae
directly

Write scene here for Lola's ^{attention getting} ~~attention~~ ^{age and continued drinking}

"Stop ~~this~~ truck. I ^{'ve} been wanting to ~~have~~ a look around ~~this~~ place," Lola said, suddenly becoming vibrant; pointing one rough ~~slow~~ ^{swollen} hand which tightly clasped a can of her favorite malt beer sloshing and foaming as the pick up truck jolted over the railroad crossing of the former turpentine still town. The young driver of the labor truck made a sharp left turn as Lola instructed while she sat up holding onto the dash with ~~her~~ free hand. The driver gave no signal for the turn, which was unnecessary because the once-booming town was practically unpopulated now since the relocation of the turpentine still to Valdosta some thirty years before, leaving only a few scattered families remaining.

"What ~~are~~ we doing here, anyhow?" the young boy sitting in the middle asked. "You gonna see. Come on", Lola ~~replied~~ ^{said} with an air of mischievousness which often ~~left itself~~ ^{surfaced} after a long day of arduous labor relieved by the alcohol booster.

Lighthearted and eager, she ~~xxxxxxx~~ made the drop from the seat to the dirt, then solidly planted her nearly emptied can onto the floor of the truck before closing the door. The two boys ^{indulgent} ~~placidly~~ hopped out on the other side following Lola as she carefully picked her way through the overgrown grass and weeds to the concrete steps of the vacant, square, two story building which still maintained a semblance of the intended white painted surface. Grasping one of the black iron poles which supported the porch structure, Lola stood looking expectantly at the entrance, partly out of reverence, but mostly for effect. The two boys, amused but curious, waited for her response. None forthcoming, she stepped forward and heartily shook the padlocked double doors. Undaunted by lack of entry, she then trudged the length of the slab porch, peering through large cracked, sling-shot target windows.

Chae. 13

Characters - Lola - two boys - Tom

Problems - ^{exhaustion} mid-life crisis - (attention getting schemes) - alcohol - loss of desirability) - love - lack of love and taking advantage of

2

Seemingly dissatisfied with the darkened view, she followed a narrow path, rain beaten from the rusting tin roof eaves above, along the side of the building to the rear with the skeptical youths at a safe distance behind. An open door revealed a dusky view, in the late evening light, of a flight of slanted stairs in obvious disrepair. The boys intrigued with her boldness waited, listening to the sounds of her heavy body on the dangerously creaking stairs. "Lola, you ~~can't~~ go up ~~here. That's the~~ Mason's house," said one of the boys., finally deciding to have no part of the risky game. "Get yall selfs up here", yelled Lola, the hollow sound echoing down the stairway. "Yall ain't skeered, ~~is~~ you", she asked, ~~beckoning~~ ^{baiting} the two with a sure bet. "Ain't nobody gonin' to find out", she ~~promised~~ ^{said} as she remained halfway up, waiting and leaning on the smooth unpainted wall of finely hewed pine. "We's coming up, Lola", said the other boy, both suddenly anticipating the mysterious ^{PRANK} ~~antic~~. The old Masonic Lodge had always been considered sacred grounds by both the blacks and the whites, but superstition ran rampant and few, other than the esteemed members, even dared venture past the doorway. The lodge membership was comprised mostly of the proposed middle-class and property owners, with few, if any, blacks ever qualifying. In reality the Masons were no more than a men's club; masonic membership a device for attaining social status and "pillar of the community" ~~imagary~~ ^{imagary}; although they did make generous, heartfelt contributions to hospitals and various other charitable organizations of their choice. However, the element of secrecy involved in the meetings, to which the Mason's wives were not even privy, lended an air of mysteriousness, and the monthly meetings held at night only served to create even more of an atmosphere of ~~XXXXXXXX~~ erieness. / Reaching the top of the stairs finally, breaking bravely through enormous cob webs, the floor

old fashioned

of the elongated room shook slightly with each firmly planted foot-step of the three in single file touching front to back in the chain. Several church-style, aged, grey wood ^{ben} pews occupied the retired meeting place, with a poetium on a raised platform at the far end. Long paned windows ran the length and width of the entire single room with kerosene lanterns backed by gold painted tin reflectors, for the purpose of providing additional light, ~~were~~ spaced off center between each opening. The smooth, natural-colored ^{thin} planked floor was ~~xxxx~~ littered with dues receipts and membership records from the past, many names familiar to Lola as they picked among the decaying, yellowing debris, with one of the boys straining to read the carefully scribbled names and other pertinent information. Lola was intrigued as she recalled various men who were mentioned and dared to reveal stories about some of them which gave her a feeling of importance as the spellbound youngsters ejaculated with "you ^{just a} joshing us" and "tell us some ^{more}." / According to Lola, ~~Elmer~~ Sears, whose name could have been Scars, if the ink had not smeared, had a whip which he used to beat into submission any black girl that he took a fancy to, if she refused his advances. He was a fat-jowled, double chinned, fellow in his fourties, with a pouch belly like a sack of potatoes because it had so many pockets of fat surrounding it. Although he considered the black girls to be ^{merely} "niggers," he still preferred them to bed rather than his humble wife or any other white women, whom he probably couldn't have had anyway. So after a day in the fields, he'd take his own workers home, saving one girl for last, and then drive on to a seclud-

ed wooded area, drag out his whip, jump out of his truck, and jerk her over the side, threatening her with the whip or using it freely if she didn't relent. / The young boys were now totally in Lola's power and begged for more ~~risque~~ ^{delite} stories, pleased with the reinforcement given to their beliefs concerning the mistreatment of their race. Besides, the stories were good for creating excitement. But Lola was off exploring with her foot in a pile of strewn ostentatious garb. Upon closer inspection she found a black, red rimmed metal blindfold with flaps which flipped up and down on hinges. "Ooo, look ^{at this}, will you? I ~~done~~ ^{have} heard bout' ~~this~~ ^{from them whate'd in the} feilds, but I ain't never seed any before." she said with excitement she couldn't contain as she toyed with the flap, her eyes enlarged to twice their normal size. She had the boys full attention again as she snapped them open and shut.

"~~This~~ ^{them} be ~~them~~ ^{at they} thangs wha use for "neeshatin", she said. "Neshatin", they said together. "Yeh, yall know. ~~They~~ ^{They} puts ~~them~~ ^{them} on ~~the~~ ^{the} Masons, ~~then~~ ^{then} makes ~~them~~ ^{them} drop ~~they~~ ^{they} drawers and hits ~~them~~ ^{them} with ~~the~~ ^{the} belt on ~~the~~ ^{the} rump."

"~~Shate~~ ^{Shate} how ~~they~~ ^{they} gets to be members. ~~Shate~~ ^{Shate} neeshatin'", she said, glad to impart her knowledge ^{about initiation procedure} to her listeners. Both boys guffawed loudly at her excited manner and her illustration which ~~xxxxxxx~~ prompted her on to other ventures. Scavenging, Lola continued her tirade as it became darker in the room. She wove tales of Mason's riding goats, while reciting rituals in order to gain admission to the lodge, ~~while~~ ^{then she} showed ~~ed~~ ^{ed} them a closet-like room on one end which she aptly called the "goat room". On and ~~on~~ ^{on} she went until the boys ~~finaly~~ ^{finaly} lost interest and threatened

to leave her there locked in the goat room if she didn't get into the truck immediately. After much arguing, she finally followed them out, pleased with attention that the captive audience had provided on that special evening.

~~The~~ Lola's absence of youth and desirability ~~to~~ ~~propitiate~~ ~~to~~ infringe upon her friends and acquaintances more and more ^{attention getting} ~~leaving~~ ~~her~~ empty and unfulfilled and causing everyone to ~~ignore her~~ retreat from her presence or use her as a form of diversion ^{whenever} the occasion arose.
 this episode?

original Lola

As middle age approached, unnoticed by the frenzied Lola, she became grotesquely fat. No longer was she pursued by men but still felt the need to be desired of which she was long accustomed. She continued to visit the "jook" speaking loudly causing a scene to get attention. She soon became a joke among the men. She earned good money because she could still out work anyone of either sex. The money she spent on whiskey and men. She learned that although they didn't find her as attractive as before she could still have their attention by "loaning" them money which they never repaid. It was thus that she met Lem. Lola was romantically, hopelessly in love with him almost from the first sight of his handsome, weathered face. ~~(write scene with Lem in field)~~ She knew that if she stopped giving Lem her money he would leave her alone but couldn't bring herself to face the facts of the affair. He danced with her, made love to her in spite of his jealous, bitter wife and laughed at her behind her back to the other field hands. Cruelly he used her and lovingly blind, she ignored the truth as she wandered aimlessly ~~and helplessly~~ ^{FROM DAY TO NIGHT} through life thrilling at the prospect of the frequent roundauxs with Lem. Zeke, aware of what was taking place, out of pity or just simply to save face, demanded an end to the relationship with Lem. Lola laughed coyly, deceiving herself into believing that jealousy was the reason for his concern. ~~(write scene on Lem's back ground)~~ ~~(field scene with Lem)~~

Call back
first part
I made someone