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THREE STARS SAW

Martha Storek '37

THE STRENGTH OF THE hills and the depths of the stream were in the soul of Peter. They were a true part of him. He cleared acres and ploughed fields and sowed hard kernels. The house he called his own was built of sweat-hewn timbers. The chimney was wide and squat, but there were never thin fingers of smoke reaching out of it when Peter came home from the good, brown fields for there was no woman on Peter's land. He would come in smelling of burned leaves and spring-house dampness. The fire blazed up when he stirred it and the pot would swing slowly from its hook over the flames. Queer shadows would creep about on the rough walls when Peter moved among his things. Peter knew how to fashion high-backed chairs of sturdy maple. He had made a table, too, of maple boards wider than the smooth warm floor-boards. He had other things —in this house of his. Books, a few pictures, and four pieces of pewter leaning heavily against the chimney over the mantle. It was queer—this house of Peter.

* * * * * The last sacks of sticky walnuts had been stowed away with the red and yellow apples. In this cellar dark and clean was a fragrance of potatoes, onions, and squash. Peter was swinging across the field to his house. Thin fingers of smoke reached out of the squat chimney for there was a woman on Peter's land. She had the beauty of a young willow; her dark eyes seemed darker in her pale strong face. Her brown hair was sweet and smooth. Peter always kissed it when he came in from the fields . . . It was on Thanksgiving Day that Margot had come to Peter's lands. One

Thanksgiving Day after that first one Peter carried a small box of smooth maple to the great tree on the hill—their hill. Gently he laid it in a deep, cool hole in the earth, and gently he covered it over with hard ground. Peter looked off beyond his lands. The sky was clean of clouds; the sun had slipped away—it didn't see Peter's face. Each tree was black and shivering. He looked at his land lying beneath him. His red barns and his square brown fields and his squat chimney. Thin fingers of smoke were reaching up. Peter smoothed the tiny mound with broad, clumsy fingers. This was the Day of Thanks and the first fruit of their love lay in the smooth box of maple.

* * * * * Peter stood alone under the great tree. Many springs had thawed the ground and many falls had hardened the ground. There were two mounds now, side by side and covered with snow. The red barns and the brown fields and Peter's house were all there, but there were no thin fingers of smoke reaching out of the squat chimney . . . Peter flung wide his arms and cried out in harsh anguish. Three stars stared dispassionately at Peter; black trees twitched under the snow sky. A sharp wind crept out of the woods. Peter shivered and turned to go down the hill, but he drew back in the shelter of the tree again. A cloaked figure was coming slowly up the hill. Peter had never known fear—foolish of him to learn it now. He stepped away from the tree and walked firmly down the path. As he came nearer the figure it seemed to be that of a woman. They met where the path was narrowest and Peter had to stand aside so that she might go on. She passed close by him and looked into his face. Then she went on. Peter was numb—his brain cried out to him to run on down the path, but his feet could not. The night was very cold . . . Folks didn't often come near Peter's lands: they knew

little about him, for he rarely went to their village. Once or twice he had asked whether any of them had seen a woman in a dark cloak pass through their village. No, they had not. They decided that he spoke strangely and very unlike the Peter they once had known. He was getting old. * * * * * Peter stood beneath the great tree and looked beyond his lands. The sky was darkening. There would be snow tomorrow. Three stars threw their shadows on the hill and a bitter wind crept out of the wood. Peter stood as if waiting for something. He looked down the path and stiffened his shoulders. A cloaked figure was coming up the way. This time he would wait here at the tree and then speak to the figure. He knew it to be the same one. The woman. She came slowly—a field mouse scurried over his rough shoes. She had reached the tree. Peter wanted to speak, but his voice choked. Perhaps she would follow the way past the tree. She came to him—quite close to him—and looked up into his face. A wind was rushing through Peter's brain. The sky grew darker. The woman passed by him. Peter stood quite still and watched her go. Then a piteous passionate cry leaped from his throat. The woman turned. Peter stumbled toward her and fell—heavily. * * * * * Three stars threw their shadows on three snow-covered mounds. The great tree creaked in its limbs.

Spring came insistently, showing no mercy.
She prodded the Poetic Muse
Until he screamed and twisted.
And not a chosen few, but all the world
Heard him scream and felt him twist
As each strong sword of green
Pushed through the earth,
And pierced his senses, pierced his brain,
Plunged on until it pierced his soul.

There were so many million buds and blades of grass
No atom of the soul was spared a stinging twinge
Nor spared from swelling 'til it grew too great
To stay within the narrow confines of its cell.
And so the writhing woul of poetry burst . . . .
Ran riot through each deeply wondering man . . .

He wondered why he never knew before
That he'd been born a poet.

SPRING

Marion Zabriskie '37

Warm vapors rise from the veins
And near-bursting arteries of Earth.
Great streams of sweat
Course down her aching body—
Flooding her rough and erupted flesh.
She moans—and moans again
With each new pain
That passes from her taut, stretched womb,
Then leaves her gaunt and wracked.

And Watchers say,
"The Floods of Spring are here,
And the Winds of March."

April is not far from now, O Earth,
Then you shall bring forth the lives within you,
That burden you, and make you cry aloud,
And again you shall be lithe and gay,
Waiting to be loved and won anew
When June comes.

THE COSMIC JEST

Barbara Gordon Lawrence '38

I girded my treasure with sneers,
And crossed the river of ice.
I girded my treasure with scoffs,
And passed the forest of fires.

Alone, I reached the castle;
Alone, I stood inside;
Alone, I took the treasure out
To satiate my pride.

It was round and soft and thrilling;
It was tender and unscarred,
But my fingers could not sense it,
For they were stiff and charred.
It was virgin bright, and shining
With the tones of melted gold,
But my eyes could not enjoy it,
For they were glazed and cold.

With weary care I raised it,
And placed it on an altar;
In mortal faith I kept it.
My purpose would not falter
As crouched in aching solitude,
I watched for time to lift
The years from off posterity,
And lead her to my gift.

* * * *

Long beyond, her foot step fell;
Long beyond, she came,
And desperately I strove to rise,
With body aged and lame;
And desperately I strove to speak,
With voice time rent and numb,
To tell her of the treasure,
To show her why she had come.

She stared in fascination
At my wild, imploring glance;
She watched my ugly impotence;
Then went away, askance.

And in the vast, white silence,
That cloaked my prize and me,
My ancient, withered mouth grew strong,
And howled a blasphemy.

RHADAMANTHUS

Sonia

Rhadamanthus, close your eyes awhile,
That I may run the valley with the fawn,
And drink the waters of a thousand brooks,
And climb the hill to kiss the crimson dawn;
I cannot keep within stern Duty's bounds,
Nor count the flying minutes of the day,
My heart is bursting with a new-found song,
My feet are freed of coldly-clinging clay;
For Spring is coming, wanton, soft, and deep;
Turn, Rhadamanthus, close your eyes and sleep.

BEAUTY

Sonia

from *La Beaute* of Baudelaire

I am beautiful, O mortals, like a dream in stone,
And my breast, where all men bruise themselves in turn
Is fashioned to inspire a poet's love
Endless and mute as the stone-stuff.

I sit throned in the blue like an enigmatic sphinx;
I join a heart of snow to the whiteness of swans;
I hate motion that displaces line
And never do I weep, and never laugh.

The poets, before the stately attitudes
I seem to borrow from still prouder monuments,
Wear out their days in austere meditation;

For I possess, to fascinate these docile lovers,
Crystal mirrors which make all things more beautiful:
My eyes, my great eyes of eternal clearness.

EVOLUTION

Harriet Mendel '39

THIS IS THE STORY of an unfortunate woman. When she was four, she recited "elocution pieces" and acted in little plays, and her mother's friends and especially her mother and her aunts too, but rather grudgingly, clapped and laughed and said she had talent. When she was eight, her mother took her abroad because she was worried. She was afraid that Lorraine was insane because she was brilliant, but the psychiatrist who examined Lorraine said that she wasn't (was not insane or brilliant—only very slightly manic-depressive and well above the average in intelligence). But her mother was still worried.

When she was twelve and when she was sixteen she was busy thinking of boys and clothes. She went to Wellesly where nothing happened. She married a man who wasn't "worthy of her" and took to drinking and having babies. She stopped both before either could become a serious menace.

Her husband carelessly fell on his head, and his neck broke. Lorraine thanked God that his death had been quick and not painful. Fortunately for her gesture, Lorraine's neck had never been even almost broken. She went home to her parents and became a writer of passionate and sentimental verse. She read before women's clubs in green chiffon and black velvet and gave sad, mysterious interviews and friendly interviews about her children, and brave, hopeful interviews telling how she rebuilt her life after her overwhelming grief at the death of her husband.

When she was beyond telling her age, a truck hit her quite delicately in New York. She died of surprise, and her

body was cremated, and the ashes were lovingly placed in a jade and silver urn, as was fitting. But her inspiring spirit lives on in her lovely poems, as a feature writer said—and I am sorry.

CONFLICT

Frances Walker '38

I CANNOT ABIDE SYMBOLISM or Mysticism or anything of the kind!, said the Mind.

Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight, I wish . . . wished the Body.

What do you think you are going to gain by that? demanded the Mind.

Oh, I don't know, replied the Body. Sometimes, after I have wished long and hard enough, I wake up suddenly and find that I have what I wanted. Without my watching it, it just comes.

Such listlessness! such non-resistance! exploded the Mind. How long do you have to wait to get what you want? Why don't you go out after it, rather than sitting back and stifling all your energy in patience?

Now don't excite yourself, soothed the Body. I don't depend on stars for everything. It is merely that its fun to think something else is sharing part of my responsibilities. I don't feel nearly so concerned about a desire after I have seriously wished for it.

Self-deception, retorted the Mind. There is no connection between a star and your whims and you are fooling yourself to think so.

Of course, my wish was insignificant, granted the Body; but I don't blame the star if it doesn't come true. If I really need assistance it never occurs to me to waste time wishing on a star.

You pray, supposed the Mind.

Yes, answered the Body. When people are backed up against the wall they pray. They *have* to seek aid outside of themselves.

I believe in self-sufficiency, stated the Mind. When odds are against me I do not press my hands over my eyes and depend upon a Magnificent Symbol to make everything pleasant again.

That is because you have no faith, said the Body.

I have faith in my own powers, asserted the Mind.

Who doesn't, queried the Body, but your powers are limited . . . . You know, I think there is an element of power in being able to pray.

Meaning that you have acknowledged your confines? scoffed the Mind.

In a way, assented the Body. But more than that, it means recognizing something far greater than oneself.

How strangely you have done it, muttered the Mind. You could not see this that you have placed so much faith in, so you shaped it into Symbols, glorifying them with the imagination.

You make them sound hollow, accused the Body.

They *are* hollow, answered the Mind, so hollow that you had to muffle their clanging in the heavens, behind the clouds.

You are getting excited, warned the Body. Those Symbols only jangle in the ears of people who cannot accept earthly evidences of their fullness. . . . . Surely there have been times when you have felt your own limitations?

Yes, agreed the Mind, there have been times when I felt my limitations so deeply that I prayed. But afterwards I could not see where I benefitted by it. I did not even know to what I was praying—I had to find aid within myself.

Now you aren't making sense, laughed the Body. You prayed because there was no aid within you.

I prayed because I had lost confidence in myself, con-

tradicted the Mind. I became panicky and plunged for the nearest refuge, unstable as it was.

You admit that it was near, though, reminded the Body.

Near because the whole world is saturated with strange conceptions of your Symbols, retorted the Mind. All my life I have heard about them. People tried to teach me passive acceptance of them, and now not even my skepticism can tear out the entity of the influence.

But I do not understand why you foster your skepticism so intensely, puzzled the Body.

Because I do not understand why you shroud everything in mystery! replied the Mind. Nor why, when you know that you have limitations, you are content to ease the pressure of their confining by suppressing what you have in a faith where everything tangible stands for something intangible.

I do not suppress what I have, argued the Body, I augment it!

You inflate it, corrected the Mind. No matter how it seems to increase there is still nothing being added. Are you afraid to face Life in its reality? Do you have to mask it and tell symbolic tales about its source and complexity because you are conscious of its greatness?

If I gain a vaster comprehension of Life through this Mysticism you disparage so heartily, why aren't I augmenting my resources? asked the Body.

That is what I mean by inflation, explained the Mind. You humor yourself into thinking your insight is greater; it is the same principle as wishing on stars. You have not gone out after anything; you have not really utilized the possibilities that are inside of your limitations. You are too ready to lose your identity in something external.

That is not fair, complained the Body. I maintain my identity as completely as you do, but I am not selfish with it. You remain aloof and skeptical. Don't you ever become cold without the warmth of sharing?

Now you are evading the issue, accused the Mind.

No, said the Body, but I had a feeling that you would not understand. I mean that even in the earthliness with which you would explain Life, I am happier when I do not dwell too much with myself. I am warmed when I share with someone else.

Well, I am warmed when I feel the light of knowledge radiating within my confines, defended the Mind.

Then you do not comprehend when I find new powers awakened within myself by the strength of another whose hand is in mine, who is always with me? urged the Body.

I realize that you are sacrificing your independence, grumbled the Mind, that some day you are going to be lost and perplexed because these things mystical and earthly that take you out of yourself will be gone.

Will there never come a time, wailed the Body, when we can cooperate in some measure on our separate approaches to life? I do not know you; you do not understand me; and yet, we must live together always.

I may not understand you, admitted the Mind, but I am very conscious of your presence.

Perhaps that is why we are so often in conflict, ventured the Body.

Of course! snapped the Mind. Too many times your thoughtless ways have intervened when I have been in a definite pursuit of the truth, of Reality.

But I never mean to, insisted the Body.

I know, granted the Mind. It is just that you become so enthusiastic about someone who is with you, or so involv-

ed in your stubborn faith that I find myself feeling with you. It is very irritating because I know you do not discipline your emotions.

All you want is to be left alone, to pursue your own interests, concluded the Body. I am sorry I get in your way.

I wonder if you should be sorry? mused the Mind. . . . . Sometimes I almost think that I shall have to understand you before I can find Reality.

PHANTOM FIORDS

Margaret Ball '38

IT WAS TWO O'CLOCK. The sea-mist caught on the fuzz of our steamer robes and dampened stray wisps of our hair. My hands inside my gloves felt moist and cold. The deck was wet with the sleekness of scrubbed wood, and the deck-chairs stacked against the salon windows were the only evidence of the possible existence of other passengers.

The fog-horn sounded and the walls and caverns of the fiord pushed back the sound in uneven echoes. The engines and the passing water blended into a quiet undertone, and the grey towering rock moved slowly by. The silence was the quietude beyond monotones and stirrings. We spoke, but the silence remained intact.

A persistent wind blew through the heavy, drizzling air and tangled those dampened strands of my hair. We rose and leaned on the railing, staring into the thick, dark atmosphere. The massive formations on both sides of the black water were partitioned by thin, white waterfalls, whose vapid roar went trailing down inlets.

Adjusting our mufflers, we moved to the bow. A Norwegian pilot was in command on the bridge. He kept our bulky liner to the channel and the canyon walls rose on either side, threatening and beckoning, looming sharp and smooth in the new dawn dimness. Below us the bow ripples receded and flattened, before us the land-locked water opened still another passage and behind us drifted the jagged remains of the brief night-time.

We pressed close against the canvas bow shelter to avoid the whipping wind. With lips half parted and hair blown straight back, we looked toward the fog-blurred glow

of the northern lights. We watched the black rock turn to dark brown and green. We listened and a gull's cry diminished into the stillness.

The ship's bell struck, the fog-horn bawled, the huge rocks passed—we shivered from the cold and the smallness of ourselves in the fog-softened carvings of ancient glaciers.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Helen Feldman '38

QUEEN ELIZABETH, THROUGH THE centuries, has gained so much from historical legend that the real woman has been embroidered in the veil of years. She was the impelling force of that great age in which sonnets flourished, able commoners could achieve astounding success, adventuring and piracy at sea were common, and forks were a queer novelty; it was the age of Shakespeare, Raleigh, Bacon, and Drake. And Good Queen Bess, at the head of the government and the people—what was she like?

Physically, she was of medium height and slender. Elizabeth had fiery, piercing black eyes which dominated her face even when it was furrowed and ridged by wrinkles. Her head was topped by an elaborately-curled red wig. I should bluntly label her nose as hooked, but one contemporary put it more delicately—"somewhat rising in the midst".

Much has been written of Elizabeth's astounding beauty. This erroneous "fact" has probably descended to us from the tongues of her ardent contemporaries who valued their ears and their heads more than their immortal souls. Considering the actual known facts, it is impossible to find Elizabeth beautiful. She usually looked emaciated, was bald at thirty-one, and was near-sighted. She never had red color in her face. Not only were the whites of her eyes grey, but she had a thick net of blue veins criss-crossing her temples and a noticeable lack of eyebrows and lashes.

Suffering from minor ailments that resembled serious ones, she was a weak woman most of her life. She had chicken pox, whooping cough, and finally small pox, which left her face badly marked. She once retorted furiously that the marks on her face were not wrinkles but small pox marks,

"and though she might be old, God could send her children." In addition, her teeth tortured her, became yellow, and later black. After many of them fell out, it became difficult to understand her when she spoke. Elizabeth's health was further menaced by faulty corsets, and more so by tight lacing. The supports of her petticoats impeded free respiration.

Elizabeth's terrible vanity finally caused her to lose dignity. She felt badly about her wrinkled face. Above her necklace her throat was wrinkled; below, she had a fine white skin of which she was very proud and which she frequently displayed in inverted decolletage even when she was almost seventy.

Yet Elizabeth knew that she was not beautiful. She heartily disliked mirrors, although no record of this antipathy in her youth is to be found. She had an ugly profile, so much so that she once ordered a coin-maker who had reproduced it too faithfully to destroy the die. Perpetually desiring admiration, she was very conscious of her physical self.

The Queen absolutely refused to give way to outward signs of physical weakness. For example, she condemned furs as an aid to keeping warm, and in winter always dressed in summer clothing. Once, stricken with a terrible cold, she refused to go to bed, until she was finally forced to her knees. Even then, for four days she remained sitting upright on her cushions and would not lie down under any circumstances. When she was quite old and more or less confined to her room, she would walk back and forth endlessly in her private chamber. At this time, her clothing became disorderly, and she would often not change it for days at a time. Anyone who annoyed her was sworn at and reviled. When she received bad news she stamped her feet; or, if in a great rage, she thrust her rusty sword into the tapestry that covered the wall.

Chamberlain, with the advice of excellent physicians in writing his book, says that Elizabeth remained a virgin because of life-long debility. She had neither the instinct of a mother nor that of a sweetheart because of her body, although much evidence shows that she played at love.

Elizabeth commanded respect; her dignity was an inseparable part of her (except when it clashed with her vanity). She once stated, "I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a King of England, too." She couldn't be forced to do anything. On one occasion, she said to Parliament, "I am your anointed Queen. I will never by violence be constrained to do anything. I thank God, I am endowed with such qualities that if I were turned out of the Realm in my petticoat, I were able to live in any place in Christendom."

The Queen was also conscious of social position in those persons whom she accepted into her favor—she was not like Louis XI of France who made an Earl out of a barber. Once she told her perrenial favorite, Leicester, that "if he were a prince, she would marry him tomorrow." She even insisted that greater respect be shown to her than Queen Mary had ever exacted. At one time Leicester had insulted a gentleman of the court, Bowyer, who fell at Elizabeth's feet and asked whether "my Lord of Leicester was King, or Her Majesty, Queen?" Elizabeth blazed back with her usual oath: "God's death . . . . . I will have but one mistress here and no master". Age had only enhanced the remarkable dignity of her physical appearance.

Elizabeth's stinginess was painfully apparent to her contemporaries. To have regard for the "Queen's Purse" was always considered the greatest favor anyone could do her. Her servants she paid partly with money, the rest with grace. To Mary Stuart she showed miserable miserliness,

sending Mary only dresses that were worn out and out of style. In order to save money, Elizabeth used to board with her nobles about six months of every year. The nobles with whom she stayed had to room and board not only Elizabeth but her entire court. Even for rewards she was chary of handing out money; she usually granted "Leases of Offices" or places in the "Judicature".

Plowing her way through to additional knowledge was a passion with the Queen. Before she was seventeen, she knew Latin, French, and Italian, and had a fairly good knowledge of Greek. Years later she picked up Spanish and some German—mostly bad. She also sang and played on the lute and virginal. On one occasion she gave the Polish ambassador a hearty tongue-whipping in extemporaneous Latin and regretted that her darling, Essex, was not there to appreciate it.

Elizabeth hated Puritans, loved dresses, fancy ruffs, silk stockings, and fans. Amusement and flattery were her staff of life, and her favorite amusement was bear-baiting. (One Puritan said, "What Christian heart can take pleasure to see the poor beast to rent, tear, and kill another, and all for his foolish pleasures".) A Spaniard reported of Elizabeth that the head of the English and Irish church was to be seen dancing galliards in her old age. She loved playing; "flirtations, hunting and hawking, choral shows, and ludicrous entertainments" filled her days and nights. When she went visiting, the length of her stay depended on the quality of one thing, the beer. At one place the quality of the beer was appalling. As a result, the Queen was all out of sorts and her entire company suffered. When a better brew was discovered, everyone sighed a heartfelt "God be thanked, she is now perfectly well and merry".

Elizabeth adored the admiration of all men, though she inherited some of the Tudor sternness. She was an habitual coquette to the end of her days. It is disgusting to realize that, in years, she could easily have been the mother of one of her suitors, Alencon. When Alencon made violent love to Elizabeth, she whimpered "you must not threaten a poor old woman". Her vanity was insatiable and if one did not play up to her he could not long stay in her favor. This vanity she showed in many small ways such as traveling with eighty wigs, all of different colors. She once said to the Archbishop of Saint Andrews, "I am more afraid of making a fault in my Latin than of the kings of Spain, France, Scotland, and whole house of Guise, and all their confederates".

It can easily be seen that Elizabeth was human, with characteristic human weaknesses. She wrote a love letter to Leicester which began, "Rob—I am afraid you will suppose by my wandering writings that a mid-summer's moon has taken large possession of my brains this month, but you must needs take things as they come into my head, though order be left behind me." Still, her public avowals were always against love and marriage. After the Alencon episode, she said, slapping Sir William Drury on the back, "I shall never marry, but I will bear good wile and favor to those who have liked and furthered the same."

The Queen usually preferred joking to business. Her humor occasionally took a malicious form. Her favorite joke was threatening the councillors with her return after death to see Mary Stuart making their heads fly from their shoulders. This uncomfortable joke made the councillors squirm considerably, for, in Elizabeth's reign, the Duke of Exeter's daughter set a record for popularity, and the highest noblemen were in daily danger of their lives.

But Elizabeth's good spirits were not always vented in malicious ways. When Dudley was made Earl of Leicester, the ceremony was performed with great solemnity by every one but the Queen. Her sense of humor got the better of her, and, when the new Earl bent gravely before her, she leaned over and tickled his neck. Even when she was very old, Elizabeth could rival any of her contemporaries in being a scapegrace. She stayed up late, chattered and joked incessantly. One of her favorite jests was to tell some Lord that he had "smut" on his face and then offer to wipe it off. One of her choice indoor sports was to daunt men she didn't know by a sort of inquisition. She would deliberately stare at the chosen gentleman until the color came and went in his face. Once the tables were turned on her. She was crossing the gangway to board the Pelican. One of her purple garters fell down and trailed behind her. A gallant Frenchman seized it to send to Alencon (negotiations for Elizabeth's marriage to Alencon were then under way). Elizabeth begged him to give it back because she needed it to prevent her stocking from slipping down. The Frenchman refused to part with it unless she promised to return it later. She acquiesced, he gave her the garter, and she put it on her leg in his presence.

Elizabeth possessed a certain amount of innate courage. One stormy day, when she was about sixty-eight, she was hardly able to sit upright. Lord Hunsden gently admonished, "it was not meet for one of your Majesty's years to ride in such a storm". Elizabeth retorted in a rage, "My years! Maids to your horses quickly". She completed her journey and refused to speak to the poor lord for two days.

In the face of real danger from Spain, Elizabeth turned warrior. Donning a metal corselet and metal helmet, she rode among her troops, reviewing them like a general. After-

wards, to celebrate the Armada victory, she vigorously consumed great quantities of roast beef. Because Elizabeth favored soldiers, her courtiers interpreted her attitude as an invitation to win honor. Montjoy, however, she refused to allow to go to war, and when he sneaked off after her express refusal of permission, Elizabeth sent a messenger after him. When Montjoy was brought into her presence, she was so angry that she reviled him: "Serve me so once more and I will lay you fast enough for running. You will never leave it until you are knocked on the head, as that inconsiderate fellow, Sidney, was. You shall go when I send you; in the meantime, see that you lodge in the Court where you may follow your Book, read and discourse of the wars."

There are many more examples of Elizabeth's notorious temper. She was of fickle temperament. Her quick smile that would inspire happiness in the recipient would suddenly flash into anger. When she was really angry, she would pass the limits of decency and decorum, and rage and swear. Once her anger caused her to weep with rage, and another time, to faint. When her maids of honor irritated her, she beat them. Her impulsiveness and violence earned Essex a box on the ears in the presence of the Council. Always afraid of a Spanish invasion, she mistook a chance shot on the Thames as a sign of Walsingham's deceit. She removed her slipper and hurled it in his face. Mary Stuart, with her constant intrigues, proved a constant nuisance to Elizabeth. One day the Queen and her councillors were in an agony of fruitless ingenuity, trying to find some way to render Mary harmless besides beheading her. The solutions of the councillors became absurd. Elizabeth snarled at them in Latin, "The mountains are in Labour; a ridiculous mouse will be born."

Yet none of these characteristics—dignity, stinginess, education, courage, anger—was instrumental in attaining her phenomenal success as a queen. The characteristic which was probably most important was a negative one. She absolutely refused to commit herself. Being a secretive person, she took few into her confidence. Sir Robert Tyrwhitt wrote of her, "She hath a pretty wit and nothing is gotten out of her but by great policy". She found difficulty in arriving at a decision; when she finally did, she was prone to change it twenty-four hours later. This proved to be a valuable asset, however, because it allowed her to gain time and to keep clear of entangling or compromising herself. The Spanish Ambassador at Court stated in disgust, "but the spirit of the woman is such that I can believe anything of her. She is possessed of the Devil, who is dragging her to his own place."

Other characteristics rounded out her vigorous personality. It bothered her not the slightest that she sent men out to die on their own responsibility. She knew when men of ability were needed, and she found them; and for them, her wily councillors, she probably takes most of the blame and the praise in history. She was never concerned over the fact that there was a noticeable gap between her promises and their fulfillment; she never forgot good turns, nor did she scorn the information of "mean" persons; making use of everyone, she committed herself to no one. We may state Queen Elizabeth's formula for success in these few words—"I was made of the pliable Willow, not of the stubborn Oak."

BULL IN ANTIQUE SHOP

Marion Zabriskie '37

A MONOLOGUE

THE OWNER OF THE shop is speaking. He is young and attractive, usually sincere with all of his customers but he has his limits.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bishop, how are you today? You haven't stopped in to see me in quite some time now, and you've missed some real treasures, my dear lady, some real treasures.

"So you're looking for a Staffordshire Tea Set? Well, I hope you realize that's a pretty big ambition for a person to have—to be the owner of a genuinely old Staffordshire tea set. They're mighty hard to find nowadays, especially when you're looking for them. But the gods must be with you, Mrs. Bishop. I have one—a beauty! I picked it up at an estate sale only three days ago. It's in excellent condition and absolutely complete.

"There now—isn't that a honey? Look at those colors! Have you ever seen a softer, mellower shade of rose in your life?

"You say that set doesn't match? Well, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bishop, but it most certainly does match! Why these dishes have been in the Gedney family of Nyack for over a hundred years, and far be it from the Gedneys to have a tea-set that doesn't match!

"But Mrs. Bishop, can't you see that some pieces are a little darker than others because they have been used more? Look at these two cups. There isn't a chip out of them, but they're several shades darker than the other dishes. And

why? Probably because Mr. and Mrs. Gedney had their afternoon tea from these same two cups for the past fifty years. Fine tea in fine cups for fifty years—I love that thought, Mrs. Bishop, don't you? And with all the retinue of servants in the Gedney household, I'll bet not one of them so much as touched a saucer of this set. Old Ella Gedney believed that no one but a born and bred aristocrat knew how to handle fine china correctly.

"No, I don't suppose that all my talk does make the color of the cups the same. But their value isn't decreased any by that difference in shade, Mrs. Bishop. Any real collector would prize the set even more highly because of the condition that it's in. It would give him a story to tell in the bargain. Chips and cracks are the only things that he avoids in buying his china.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Bishop, I didn't mean that you weren't a woman of very fine taste. Why you have one of the most attractive homes that I have ever had the pleasure of entering. And you certainly have the keenest of eyes for color.

"By the way, Mrs. Bishop, there may be a chance that you would find the shade of rose that you're looking for in Macy's great stock of Staffordshire reproductions. I'm sure that every cup and saucer and tea-pot and sugar bowl and cream pitcher would match *perfectly* if you got them at Macy's—and you'd be saving your husband's money, too.

"Oh, don't mention it, Mrs. Bishop, don't mention it.

"No, you're quite right, there really isn't any other store in the world quite like Macy's.

"Yes, it certainly *does* solve many, many problems.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Bishop. Stop in again some time. I always enjoy your visits so much——"

THE TISSUE-PAPER HAT

Janet Thorn '37

MRS. BUNDSBY'S DRAB LIFE had resolved itself into a succession of trite phrases. She had been, in turn, a cunning baby, a darling little girl, a sweet maiden, a blushing bride, and a model wife. After Mr. Bundsby's unfortunate demise, following an acute attack of D. T.s, she plunged into the sixth stage of her conventionality. She became a merry widow.

When Mrs. Bundsby's mourning clothes shouted style instead of murmuring sadness, her friends said that it was wonderful how dear Emma was able to conceal her true feelings. Her enemies said it was too bad Mrs. Bundsby *couldn't* conceal her true feelings, but then, the world is full of malicious people who have nothing better to do than to go around distorting things.

Mrs. Bundsby didn't realize that she was again being conventional. Far from it. She thought she was being wicked and daring to use the money which Harold had left her for one brave fling instead of living quietly and luxuriously on it for the rest of her life.

She had thought it all out, one dreary afternoon after the funeral. Sitting dolefully before the triple mirror in her bedroom, she had said to herself, "Emma, are you going to be a moth or a butterfly?" The question was symbolical, you understand. As a moth she would live on a comfortable income in a comfortable house. She might even have a fat, purry cat to make the comfort less lonesome. As a butterfly, she would be gay. She would fill the house with gay people at gay parties. It all boiled down to comfort versus gaiety, moth versus butterfly.

Mrs. Bundsby's conclusion is foregone.

It smacked a bit of the psychological, too, although Mrs. Bundsby had never had the time to go very deeply into Freud and those people, and Harold hadn't approved of the "Psychologic Living" book she had brought home from the library. But from 'way back in the sweet maiden and the darling little girl stages—perhaps even as far back as the cunning baby stage—Mrs. Bundsby had had a funny ache in her throat and an excited feeling in her stomach when she saw people dancing and dining in the midst of evening shine and glitter. Or when she and Harold "went out for supper" and sat next to boisterous party-tables where people wore tissue-paper hats that slid off their heads without anyone's noticing. One time when this had happened, she managed to drop her napkin and pick up the flimsy, pink, cocked-hat without Harold's seeing. She had it still—a sort of symbol. Until her widowhood, it had been a symbol of the unattainable butterfly world. Now, however, she thought, still allegorically, she was to don the paper cap and unfold her lovely rainbow-tinted wings.

With her first big party, her wings, still moist from the cocoon, showed potential colorings that shocked her friends who had been Harold's friends too. They were stodgy moths, themselves, who showed no hope of ever reaching the light. From this, you will see, it was inevitable that Mrs. Bundsby should seek new companions in gaiety. It was not long, therefore, before her parties included none of the Hemingshaws, the Collinbrooks, or the Stanleighs. Their places were filled by the Doyles, who were a young dancing couple appearing at the Casino, and the Michael Bushes, who did clever things in interior decorating, and Lois Graham who did nothing but follow Jim Peters around. And then, of course, there was Mr. Waters.

It had been difficult, at first, for Mrs. Bundsby to arrange her parties in even numbers. Her guests were all in couples, and until the advent of Mr. Waters, she had had to rely for escorts on bachelors younger than herself. It hadn't been very satisfactory until the Michael Bushes had introduced her to Mr. Waters. From then on, Mrs. Bundsby and Mr. Waters had been a guest-combination the same as Lois and Jim. It was a happy combination, Mrs. Bundsby thought. Mr. Waters was the perfect companion. He could tell stories that brought tears to people's eyes from laughing. He drank like a gentleman, and his manners were flawless. He was the only man Mrs. Bundsby had ever known who could look manly in a dinner suit. And dancing with him, swooping and gliding, brought her figurative butterfly wings into reality.

Mr. Waters' surname was Alby, but on their first meeting she had declared with wily coquettishness that she didn't like it. Mr. Waters was enchanted. He hadn't liked it either. Whereupon Mrs. Bundsby had re-christened him with wine from her own slender-lined glass. "I christen thee Ronnie, because that is my favorite name," and everybody had laughed, and clapped, and cheered, and toasted Mr. Waters and his new name. Then Ronnie had made a very witty speech and they had laughed and clapped again. It had been hilariously noisy.

So things stood on the night of Mrs. Bundsby's champagne dinner. That night the colors of her wings were so bright as to be positively garish. She had never been gayer. Her joyousness was contagious. Soon all her guests were wearing flimsy paper hats and toasting their hostess. Mrs. Bundsby was wearing the very same pink hat that she had picked up long ago under poor Harold's unsuspecting nose. She told her guests the story of her metamorphosis and

pointed to her hat with a final gesture that was truly dramatic. Then everyone laughed until the table shook because the hat had slipped off and gone under the table a long time before. Then Mrs. Bundsby herself laughed until she was weak and Mr. Waters had to take her outside to get some fresh air. The evening air was cool and refreshing on her flushed cheeks. Little spasms of giggles still seized her occasionally, but after awhile, she stood silent beside Mr. Waters on the little porch, and looked at the lights. Mrs. Bundsby was squinting her eyes at them to watch how her lashes made rays spurt out from each light when Mr. Waters asked her to marry him.

It was so sudden that Mrs. Bundsby almost did the conventional thing again and said "Yes", but instead she opened her eyes wide and looked at the lights. Then she looked at Mr. Waters and he kissed her.

When they went in and told everyone, they were showered with congratulations and arch "Well, it's about time's" which latter surprised Mrs. Bundsby very much because she had never even thought of marrying Mr. Waters. But now that he had thought of it, she was as happy as though she were going to blush again as a bride. No longer would her parties be host-less. Now, she and Ronnie would stand together at the door receiving guests. Now, they would arrive together at other people's parties. Now, there would be the precious intimate discussions of the evening after the guests had gone, and the laughing again, together, over the jokes and the fun.

They were married the next week, very quietly, at the City Hall. The new Mrs. Waters wanted to invite everyone in for a wedding supper but Mr. Waters wanted to be alone with his Emaline—he had called her Emaline ever

since she had confessed to him that she thought it was much prettier than Emma.

It was that way every time she began to plan a party, until, finally, at the end of a month, she realized that she hadn't had a party since she was married. Not that she wasn't happy. Ronnie in a smoking jacket was even more satisfactory than Ronnie in a dinner suit. One night, however, instead of making vague plans, she definitely announced to her husband that she was going to have a party.

Things came to a head. Ronnie told her that he thought married life should be more than going to noisy parties with giddy people, and that he'd rather read his paper at home with her beside him than laugh at all the pointless jokes in creation, and drink all the wine from all the grapes in the world. Moreover, he said, he was tired of parties anyway. At this point two things happened. First, the golden wings slipped away from Mrs. Waters' shoulder blades just as a tissue-paper hat slides off your head without your knowing. Second, the ghost of Harold Bundsby rose up in front of the fireplace and laughed a very sardonic laugh which changed to a tender smile when he saw Mrs. Waters kiss her husband, murmuring weakly that she agreed with him.

After a while the Hemingshaws and the Collinbrooks and the Stanleighs and the rest came to call. They all liked Ronnie just as they had liked Harold.

And after a longer while Mr. Waters began to call Mrs. Waters Emmy instead of Emaline, and she called him Alby instead of Ronnie and they were both very happy.

BOOKS . . *Old and New*

THE LAST PURITAN

George Santayaana

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS $2.75

Since Marcel Proust the psychological novel has been popular. We have grown accustomed to having characters presented to us in terms of their complexes, repressions and neuroses, while the subconscious ruled supreme. Now, George Santayaana, a philosopher who taught at Harvard in the days of William James writes a novel concerning the life and background of one of his students, and he interprets his character in terms of philosophy.

The result is *The Last Puritan,* a memoir in the form of a novel. No mere novelist could have written this book for it is an example of applied philosophy in which Santayaana's preeminence as a philosophy scholar is clearly visible. He has taken the fruits of years of study and given them concrete and striking form by incorporating them in real people who are intricately and well drawn from the point of view of philosophy. *The Last Puritan* is so rich and packed with Santayaana that one must be able to bring a great deal to it in order to get much out of it.

The story itself is negligible. Oliver Arden is the scion of a wealthy old Boston family. He was killed in the war at the age of twenty-five or -six and his background and life up to that time are told with special emphasis upon the inner struggle born of the conflicting philosophies in him. Inherently a Puritan, he was brought up to love and understand Goethe's paganism by his German governess. But throughout his life his sense of duty and seeking for truth dominate him.

After graduating from Williams, Oliver went to Harvard and it was there that Santayaana became interested in him because of a philosophy paper that he wrote.

Oliver, his father, Lord Jim, and Mario Van De Weyer are the most outstanding characters in the book. Santayaana was evidently far more interested in the men that he wrote about than in the women, for the mother, governess, and two fiancees were comparatively flimsy and devoid of depth.

The Last Puritan, however, can scarcely be criticized from the point of view of a novel. Its merits lie not in the work as a whole, but rather in the elements of Santayaana's thoughts which go to make it up.

D. S. '38

ABYSSINIA ON THE EVE

Ladislas Farago

There exists on the Red Sea shore an extraordinary rock fortress that is Ethiopia—a fortress which, as grim old Menelik told the powers in 1901, "has withstood all attacks as a Christian island in a sea of pagans for these 1400 years." Today, all of us are watching that plucky country as she pits her resources and strength against the well-trained, modern troops of Italy. Will the ultimate result be the humbling of the green, gold, and red flag of the Abyssinians which carried Menelik II on to victory and established him as the most highly-esteemed monarch that has ever reigned in Africa?

Abyssinia has been revealed to us in recent years through the medium of films and books, and the perverted reports that are published are the cause of the almost total ignorance of Europeans of Abyssinian affairs. Moreover, such knowledge as does exist has been

impaired by misunderstandings. Ladislas Farago, a newspaper correspondent, has endeavored to depict the real Abyssinia, the black and white land of a thousand and one moods, in his book *Abyssinia on the Eve.*

The racial question is one of this land's most weighty problems, and religious differences are the basis for the internal dissention. The ruling class in the Black Empire are the Amhara. They are the aristocrats of Abyssinia, with a culture which claims to have as its patriarch, Menelik I, the child of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. "In no other country, save America, is the negro more deeply despised than in Abyssinia," writes Farago. The Amhara call them "Shankala", or nigger slave, which is the most insulting word in the language. Larger than either of these races is the Gallas, whose movements are slow and deliberate, a factor which accounts for their defeat at the hands of the comparatively small numbers of Amhara. As for the Guragis, they are the workers of Abyssinia. Supposedly descendents of white slaves brought out of Egypt 3,000 years ago, these men will put their hands to any work—whether it be farming, masonry, or carrying loads. The Amhara are Christians, and their religious disputes are often the cause for political strife with the Fallashas, an unknown race of black Jews who were converted to the Jewish faith by missionaries, thus leaving the ranks of Amhara.

The individual races hate each other, while the Amhara expect tribute money from all races as is fitting defeated vassals. Abyssinia's future depends upon the solution of this racial problem and the subordination of personal desires among these heterogeneous groups for the good of the country as a whole. Foreign invasions have tended to shelve this internal problem and introduce pacifism among the dissenting groups, but the racial question still remains as the first problem of Ethiopia.

Farago peppers his book with facts such as these—the one strategic railway to Addis Ababa (correctly pronounced Ahddis Ahwawa) runs only two trains a week; taxi-driving is the native's passion, and they beg from every foreigner only to spend the money immediately on a drive; Abyssinia is a country where fresh water costs more than beer; in the town of Jibuti, which is strictly Mohammedan, the Koran forbids photographing. "How on earth did Mohammed know 1,300 years ago, of the modern invention of the camera? He

really does seem to have been a genuine prophet!" remarks Farago.

Ladislas Farago believes that there are really two Abyssinias—one a backward, uncultured country, the other a modern Abyssinia personified by the Emperor, Haile Selassie I. He is the State, but the Church is the real ruler, for every fourth Abyssinian belongs to the priesthood. The 30,000 regular soldiers that Haile Selassie commands and pays out of his own pocket are his only opposition against the "army" of the church, which numbers more than 2,000,000.

Nothing can happen without Haile Selassie; he is the prime mover behind everything that takes place. Through his efforts, State schools of education, hospitals, and recreation centers have been established, and the commercial and industrial life stimulated. At present the Emperor is a veritable Don Quixote, for he has to fight a triple enemy—the Church, the petty kings, and the Italians.

And has Ethiopia a chance to withstand the onslaught of Italian troops? Ladislas Farago feels that Italy will meet her Waterloo when she attempts to cope with the five problems that face Ethiopia. These are, first—an acute shortage of water, next, the nature of the country, which offers only sand deserts, stone deserts, bush and steppeland, upon which dwell fierce men and wild beasts (Nature is not kind to her European guests.) The third problem is the inhabitants themselves, who lurk hidden in the grass, reveling in their country which offers infinite possibilities for camouflage. The few Abyssinian chiefs who are bribed by the Italians introduce the fourth problem. These men are enemies of the Emperor, hopelessly irreconcilable, and their motto is—"Rather Italy than Haile Selassie I". When the skies open and the rain falls in torrents for weeks upon end, one realizes the fifth problem that the Italians will be forced to meet.

The Ethiopian's war code is a fierce one. If he cannot find a human adversary, he will fight against hyenas and elephants. But an Ethiopian belongs, at all times, on the field of battle. Whether this will be a field of ultimate victory or defeat remains undetermined. "Adieu, Abyssinia", concluded Farago, "Who knows whether you will still be a free land when I return."

W. H. N. '38