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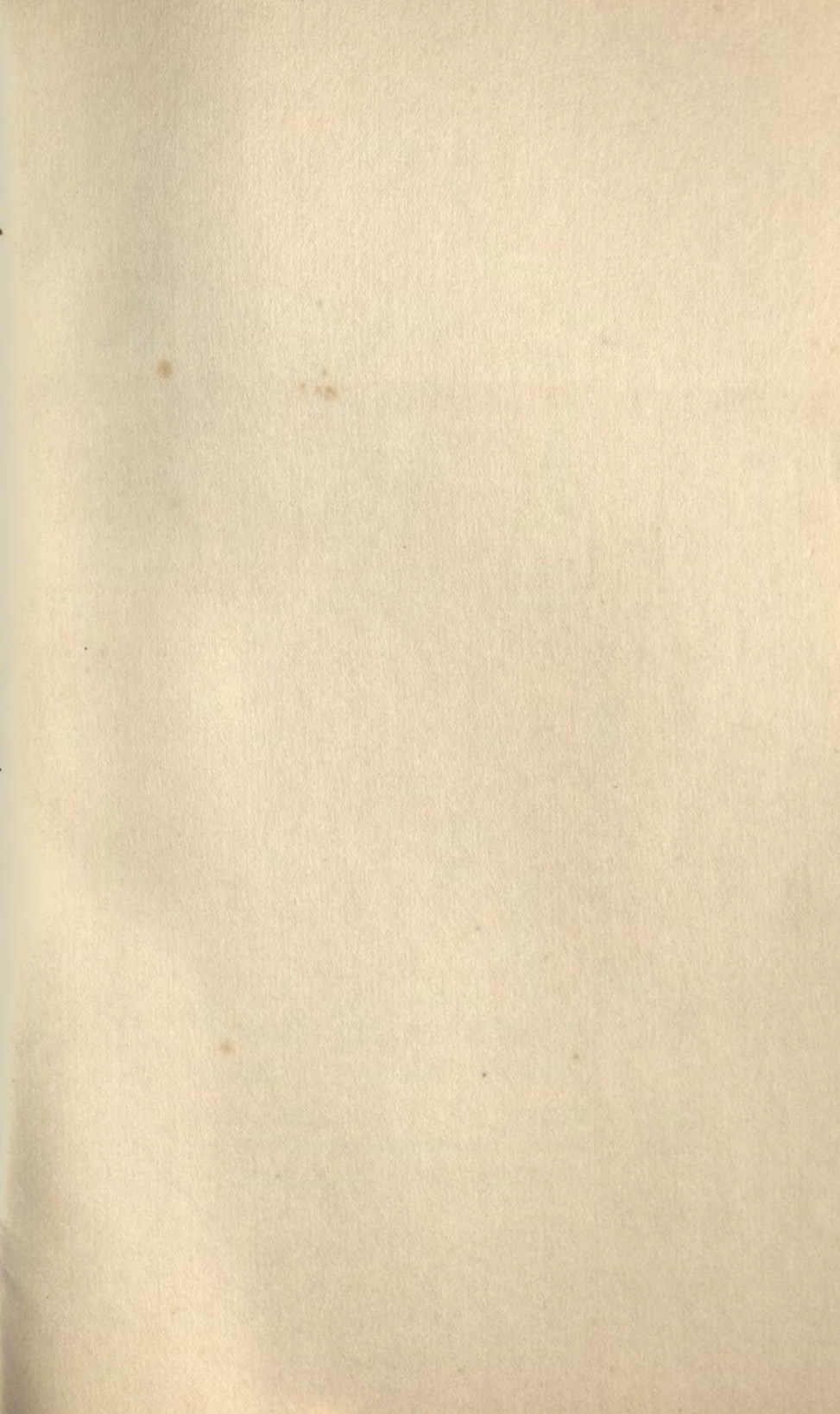
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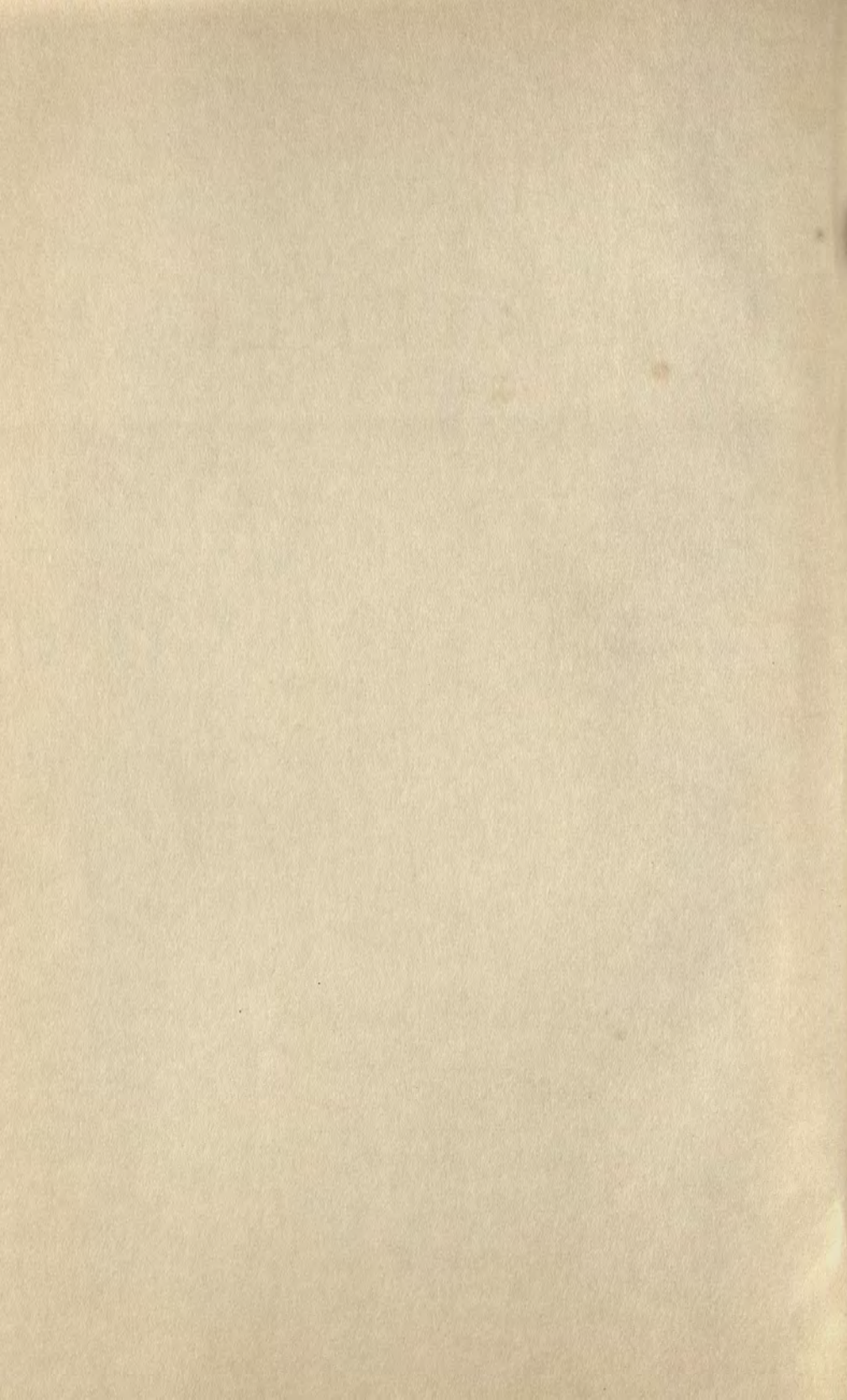
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Ruth Bradhead
Heintz

SUMMER

QUARTERLY





The
QUARTERLY



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THE WHITE FEATHER

Dorothy P. Wadhams '37

SHE ASKED FOR LIFE and it was denied her. He asked for life because of her, and it was granted him, and he awoke in his high white bed to ask for her. It was evening when he learned she would not come again, and he turned his face to the wall to pray for death. It was evening when they took her away, and the sunset glow reached in through the open window, smoothing away the pallor from her cheeks until they almost thought she lived again, but she had asked for life and life had passed her by to stop at the bedside of him who prayed for death. He tried not to live, and hand in hand with death, he tried to escape from life, but life put her strong arms about him and held him fast, and death, withering under her bright glance, released him slowly.

They pitied him, and were long in telling him he would be blind, always blind; but when they did tell him, he smiled a sad sort of a smile and waved a dismissing hand. They hesitated to leave him alone with his problem, but they need not have feared life had become of so little value to him; that he lacked even the interest and energy to destroy it. He sat all day long in his wheel chair, sightless eyes on a vacant skyline. Friends came and went, and ceased to come. Nurses and doctors who knew in which direction madness lay, tried to rekindle some spark of eagerness within, but they had failed and failed again. At first, if he spoke at all, it was to ask if she had suffered; later it was to blame himself for the accident or to heap curses upon the driver of the other car, and finally he only asked pitifully, "Why . . . why, why?"

On bright days they wheeled him to the solarium, as though perhaps the warm sunshine might absorb his apathy. The other patients would request to leave the solarium when he came, all but one of them, and they never gave that one an opportunity to request, making some excuse to take him back to his room. He was a sober-faced boy in his early twenties, and he would look half-sorrowfully, half fearfully, at the blind man as their respective nurses wheeled them past each other in the hall. But one day there was a new nurse who did not take her patient to the solarium, and the boy, tired of his room, propelled himself along the corridor and out into the bright sunlight. He saw the blind man there, his head resting wearily against the pillow. He thought the man slept until he saw his lips moving soundlessly.

"Good morning, sir," he said then, cheerfully.

The man started, and turned stiffly toward the boy. "I thought I was alone," he answered.

"No, sir, do you wish me to go?"

"Why no, I guess not . . . no, sit down."

"I am down," laughed the boy, "on one of these infernal wheeled contraptions."

"Oh, I see," muttered the other absently.

"Will you be leaving soon, Mr. Payson?"

"Leaving . . . leaving?" was the vague retort. "Leaving for where? I hadn't thought about it, but I suppose so, not that it matters much. Who are you? You seem to know my name."

"I'm the boy across the hall from you. I . . ."

Payson turned on the speaker angrily. "You, you?" he thundered, and then sank back again, wordlessly.

The boy, who had heard of his companion's queer ways

was not easily discouraged. "I hope to leave soon. In a day or two, I guess. I'm quite excited about it."

"Yes," muttered the other, "you will leave, well and full of life, while she—she was killed! Well . . . why don't you say something?" stormed the man, his face pale. "You can't, can you? You have ruined my life. I'm blind, blind! Do you see? . . . and she . . . she . . . I never even saw her after that . . . and you and the rest talk smugly about life and living! Why not? You're sound and young, and what does another life and love matter to you. I advise you . . . leave me . . . get out before I . . . I hate you, do you hear me? It's your fault I'm like this!"

"I didn't know it was you," whispered the boy haltingly. "I . . . Oh, my God, was it my fault, was it?"

"I don't know, I suppose not, but what right have you to be alive when . . . oh for the love of heaven, leave me alone, can't you?" Payson buried his head in his hands. What had he said? What was he saying? He must be mad . . . his head felt hot, his mouth dry. If he could only die! God knows he didn't want to live. It was so quiet. The boy must have gone, but he hadn't heard him go.

"Why do you let life do this to you, sir? Never mind, don't answer me now, but I want to say something to you before I go, and then I'll never cross your path again, for I can understand how much you hate me, and I almost don't blame you."

Payson felt a momentary pang as he heard the young voice break, but pride and self-pity would not let him speak, and he remained morosely silent.

"Why do you wreck your life like this?" repeated the boy.

"What do I . . . I? Do you think I asked for this? Do you think I want to be blind all the rest of my life? Did

I want her to die? You sit there and ask me that, you blundering fool! You have had enough to do with wrecking my life; now go back to your college, play your football, and run your races, and in the meantime, learn something about human pity."

"You're wrong," went on the boy relentlessly. "You're not the only one in the world who has trouble. You can't think only of yourself. Other people have their own worries, and you can't expect them to sit down and feel sorry for you. It isn't the quitters in this world who get anywhere, and your life isn't over yet."

"No, oh no!" sneered Payson, his hands trembling. "What do you know about life . . . the only dealings you've had with it is to take it."

The boy winced, but he lifted his head and plunged on. "Life isn't a force from without, but something we create for ourselves from within. We can make our lives what we wish them to be . . . it's all up to us. We're invulnerable from without, because life comes from within."

"Did you learn that in school?" retorted the man.

"My father taught me that before he died," said the boy, and it was my mother's philosophy too. Life isn't a black mocking devil waiting to destroy its victims. It is an attitude, a philosophy if you wish, and . . . I've heard you write, sir . . . well, why don't you . . ."

"Never mind the sermon! Can a blind man write? What do you know of suffering? Have you ever been alone, so alone that you felt suffocated? Have you ever felt desperately lonely in a room full of people? Have you ever known one moment of fear in a dark room?—Suppose you were faced with a lifetime of darkness? Suppose everything and everyone you loved had been taken from you! Everywhere I go I shall feel people staring, whispering. Why

should I think of others?—What will friends care for me? I won't have them around . . . they can't bring back . . . Sometime life may strike at you, my fine philosopher, and when it does I'll wager all your pretty little theories will fly out the window, and perhaps then you'll learn a few things. Only take my advice and don't ever grow to love anything . . . or you'll lose it. Hate life and it pays you well, love it and . . ."

"You can't go through life hating, sir! Love is the greatest thing, and it never dies, even though the object of our love is taken away. My father once said that the man who shut love out of his heart was as good as dead, for he claimed love to be the source of all happiness and faith."

"Then perhaps if I shut love out of my heart as you put it, perhaps then the good God will have the mercy to let me die. Heaven knows I don't want to live. Go, will you, boy, and stop tormenting me! You're just wasting your breath. You don't know the meaning of suffering, and your philosophy is empty."

"Did it ever occur to you," went on the boy quietly, "that I might have suffered too? Youth is not invulnerable, you know, and sometimes it is even harder for us. It is true that accident you say I am responsible for seems to have wrecked your life . . . Well, when I leave the hospital, I shall not go back to college to play football or run races . . . I shall go out on . . . crutches . . . with a . . . a . . . wooden leg!"

The man and his dog were nearing the village. The man was white-haired, and carried a cane with which he tapped the ground ahead of him. But he did not walk hesitatingly. Now and then the dog would look up at him and rub his pointed nose in the man's idle hand. A strong

comradeship seemed to exist between them. They walked as if they loved walking, and the dog took great ecstatic sniffs of the clear air and bounded off now and then into a thicket, only to return again. Suddenly the man spoke, and his voice had a glad ring. "It's spring again, boy, and that means many a day like this." The dog would have barked assent had not an approaching car pulled up at the side of the road.

"Is this the road to Cornwall?" inquired the driver.

"Straight ahead, and the village is your first turn to the left." The driver hesitated, then started his motor, thanked his director and drove on. Turning toward Cornwall village he was puzzled. Where had he seen that man's face before? Could it be . . . yes, it must be the man he was looking for. He was blind, and the author was blind.

As he registered at the Cornwall Inn, the stranger made inquiries.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Payson has a house about six miles from here on the Cornwall Valley road . . . beautiful old colonial place too. He and his secretary live there alone. His wife is dead, I understand. That probably was Payson you passed this afternoon . . . he takes a walk with his dog every day that the weather is good."

"Rather a lonely life for a man to lead isn't it?"

"Might be, if he didn't have so much company and so many friends, but he has guests nearly every day in the summer, and as often in the winter as the roads are open to permit traveling. He just lets them have the run of the place and amuse themselves when he wants to write."

"He seems to get about surprisingly well for a blind man."

"He doesn't seem to mind it much. You hardly think

about his blindness after you know him. He's really quite a sociable chap too. Room with or without bath, sir?"

"With, please. Has he lived here long? Payson, I mean."

"Well, he's been coming here summers now for about ten years, and then three years ago he had the place fixed up for all year 'round quarters and had heat put in. He was abroad last winter, 'tho."

"Must add quite a bit of local color to have an author around here. The rustics must get quite a thrill. I suppose it helps the hotel business too . . . Mr. Payson is a pretty well-known figure in contemporary literature. But I suppose this is quite an artists colony up this way anyway."

"Yes and no. Yelping Hill is the real arty settlement, but that's twenty miles north. We hardly realize Mr. Payson is famous anymore. He's just one of us. At first he was rather strange—kept to himself pretty much. Then he did so much for the town . . ."

"Philanthropist, eh?" Doesn't he object to the publicity?"

"Not much of that sort of thing around here. We live a rather simple life and are more or less secluded. Here is your key, sir. Number 103."

The man smiled and wondered what the talkative manager would say if he knew that the new occupant of room 103 was one of the publicity men of which Cornwall could boast so few, and furthermore that he was bent upon an interview with the author!

Mr. Payson seemed pleased at the newspaperman's interest in him, and asked if they could dine together at the author's home. Over the demi-tasse, Payson remarked, "Do you know, I've been pretty clever about steering clear of you publicity men, and this is the first interview

I've ever granted. Of course, we don't get much of that around here, as you've probably gathered, and I'm only a second rate author who has luck enough or crust enough to bulldoze an editor now and then, but somehow, I have the feeling that this evening is an occasion, a milestone, almost. I hope you'll bear with a sentimental old fool, sir. You see, I have just put another book on the market, and am about to start still another. I feel satisfied, yet eager to go on, if you follow me. There's always room for improvement, you know. I feel positively jovial and at peace with the world."

At this the dog, who had been lying contentedly still before his master's feet, wagged an apologetic tail and yawned.

"Dear me, I'm even boring you, am I?" smiled Payson, stroking him reflectively.

"This may be a bad admission to make, but I have always had a soft spot in my heart for sentiment . . . a spot no hard-hearted newspaperman would understand, I guess, and all this can't interest you, sir."

"Please go on, Mr. Payson. Quite to the contrary, I am more than interested."

"Well, I knew a boy once who was sentimental. He was a courageous lad, and he had a philosophy of life. He talked to me upon one occasion as I've never been talked to before or since, and if I could have, at the time, I would have throttled him."

"That's rather a strange contradiction, Mr. Payson."

The author seemed lost in reverie and spoke as though from a great distance. "You see, there was a brief period in my life—I suppose we all have them—when I could no longer see any purpose in going on. I was bitter and full of hatred, and . . . to make a long story short, that boy taught

me that just because I was physically blind, I didn't have to grope in darkness forever. If it hadn't been for him . . . well, suffice it to say that I consider myself a reasonably happy man."

"What could a mere boy have said to you to help you?" asked the other.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. He didn't realize he had helped me at all. I didn't realize. I thought I hated him. He symbolized, or I thought he did, all that I wanted in life and had lost. I even tried to blame him in a measure for my misfortune. It wasn't until much later I discovered that he had planted the will to live in my heart. His words took effect only slowly, and I have only just fully realized all that he said. He said we are invulnerable from without because life comes from within, and that the man who shuts love out of his heart is as good as dead, for love is the source of all happiness. I believe I am nearly quoting him."

"Did you ever see the boy again?" ventured the other.

"Never, and that one thing has caused me more pain than I can say, for, you see, I was so angry and hurt and ill that I said a great many things I would give my life to unsay. I hope I shall run across him someday, and be able to talk with him again. He was crippled too . . . they had to amputate one leg. Think of it . . . starting out in life at twenty-three with a handicap like that! It must have been hard."

"Hard, yes it was, very hard," murmured the reporter as a silence fell over the room.

POEM

Sonia

I saw her mount the frosty mountain top at morn
To greet the sun;
She stood, a daughter of the gods,
Upon a sharp grey rock
And sang so sweet a song
That from her heart, not from her lips,
The clear notes rose above the wind.

So lovely, she, upon the mountain top at morn,
So perfect in her woman's beauty,
So free, such deep serenity within
And shining in her eyes,
I knew her not.
How could I know this new-found loveliness, my soul,
Since you have come ?

DEBBY WADE

Mary C. Williamson '39

"AND LISTEN TO THE LATEST", Paula had scrawled. "It's a howl. Remember Debby Wade? Well, she's back home from college. Her aunt's spreading the story that she has to rest for a few months to avoid a nervous breakdown. Breakdown, my hat! She's tearing around as usual, raising the devil. We call her the cradle-snatcher; all the fellows her age are at college or working, and she's reduced to high school kiddies. I think she got in some mess at college—She's having a good time now, but I doubt that she's enjoying herself, if you know what I mean."

The characterization of Debby was perfect. Having a good time, but not enjoying herself. I had not quite realized it before.

Debby had been in my class since kindergarten, but we had not been particularly good friends and since graduation I had not seen her. There was no reason for us to be very close; we had nothing at all in common. I never will know Debby, but I have often wished I did. Though I did not know why, I felt a little sorry for her, the laughing, skeptical girl so far above pity.

Debby had at least satisfied the town. In a district where the word "divorce" is said as if it were spelled with a capital, Debby's parents had been Divorced. She lived with an unmarried aunt in an apartment—another difference from the rest of us. So the town said Debby would be wild, and she was.

What I knew of Debby, or what I best remembered of her, was but a series of disconnected episodes. Episodes

in the life of a girl who had a good time. Episodes in the life of a girl who did not enjoy herself.

The last time I saw Debby Wade was on graduation night. Like all the girls, she wore a long white dress with a short sleeved jacket, and even so, she stood out among the others. But then, Debby has very dark eyes, very light skin, and very curly reddish hair; she can not escape attention even if she would. However, at the Graduation Prom, it wasn't because she couldn't help it that Debby was noticeable.

Of course she still wore her graduation dress, but she had taken off her jacket and added a huge black sash, black slippers, black hair-ribbon, and a single gardenia fastened to one wrist by a black bow. The effect was striking, too much so, perhaps, for it made even Debby's absence noticeable. She disappeared at intervals during the dance, and Paula remarked to me with relish, "Debby'll get caught for sure; the faculty likes nothing so much as enforcing rules, and nobody's supposed to leave the gym during the dance. She's been out in the cars with half the stag line by now."

Later in the evening I saw the principal march across the floor with a coat and an evening wrap. The dancers parted before him as if he were plague-stricken, and by the time he'd reached the door, the whole crowd knew that Debby Wade and Dave Stevens had been found coming in the side entrance and had been told to leave.

"Gladden just stood by the door as they came up," Paula was telling eager listeners, "and told them they couldn't come in. Dave sort of swallowed—I guess he felt funny, being a class officer and all—and he said, 'I'm sorry, sir.' Gladden said, 'I'm sorry, too.' Then Debby piped up with, 'I'm afraid we'll have to get our things before you

cast us out into the cruel, cold world.' Gladden said, 'I'll get them.' When he brought their coats, he handed them to Dave without a word and went on in. Dave stood there a minute, not saying anything. Debby said, 'Phew! Short and sweet! Where do we go from here? Lord I'm getting cold'. So Dave helped her into her wrap and they went on out."

The next day everybody was talking about Debby. And Debby laughed.

* * * *

I wished Mr. Gladden would hurry. He was talking to a parent, though, and there didn't seem to be much hope. I had to speak to him about an article submitted to the school magazine, which we strongly suspected of being a plagiarism. As I had to see him then, there was nothing to do but wait.

The outer door opened.

"Hi", said Debby, sauntering over to a reasonably comfortable chair. "What're you up for? I'm on the carpet for smoking—can you beat it? Nothing like being broad-minded. Great life, too, living with Aunt Margaret. Poor soul, she disapproves of me. Wish I had a cig."

It was Debby's first day in school after her father's death. I said something awkwardly, no doubt, to the effect that I was glad she was back.

She laughed. "Lord, so am I! I've been moving over to Aunt Margaret's—some job. She breaks down and weeps now and then. It's ghastly. She thinks I'm cold and heartless. I just lack imagination. Lord, I didn't see Father any more than she did. We never knew what the other was doing, and cared less. Oh well, he enjoyed himself in his quiet way. What do you suppose he's spent the last fifteen years doing? Writing a book about some old

jewelry or something. My Lord, fifteen years! I swear I don't think he ever ate half the time. Gladden's finishing now; I can tell from the reassuring, final tones. Do you suppose I could persuade him I needed that cig this morning to quiet my grief-shattered nerves?"

The principal's secretary opened the door for me. Debby grinned sympathetically.

"Good luck!"

Noon hour I heard her shrieking with laughter as she regaled her table with the tale of how she fooled old Gladden.

The teacher was reading the roll call slowly, with many mispronunciations. We were too meek to correct her; it was our first high school class, and we felt small and lost.

"R. Deborah Wade," read the teacher.

"Here."

We looked at Ruth Wade in amazement. 'R. Deborah Wade'! An undercurrent of whispers and snickering commenced, so pronounced that Miss Archer rapped on the desk for quiet.

"Deborah, you will take the second seat in that row."

Ruth said, "Please, Miss Archer, won't you call me Debby? It's much better than Deborah, don't you think?"

Miss Archer's precise lips imitated a smile.

"Why, certainly, Debby." The smile widened. "Don't we people with long names have a hard time? My friends call me——" She cleared her throat and coughed. "Ah—the next is——"

When the bell rang, Ruth was bombarded with questions.

"Don't kid me," she said. "It's not funny. Father likes it; that's what he calls me. It was my mother's name and it's my middle name. And if you don't call me that——"

All the teachers called her "Debby", and all the pupils who hadn't known her before. By June nobody but Paula thought of her except as Debby Wade.

Paula called her "Ruth" long after she was "Debby" to the rest. It was Paula who found an old clipping:

"Born, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wade, a daughter, Ruth Doris. Mrs. Wade is the former Lila Martin."

"And," said Paula triumphantly, "the Wade's cook told our cook that it was scandalous, the way Mr. Wade never sees his daughter from one month to the next. She says he never even talks about her; she thinks he can't even remember her name."

Not everybody liked Ruth Wade, but everybody enjoyed her. Nobody knew what she'd do next. She was always ready to play a part or take the lead in any deviltry, and she got in one scrape after another. Even her father heard about it after a while and apparently tried to do something with her, for Ruth kept us in laughter for days with imitations of his lectures. Paula tried to get in a few nasty remarks, but Ruth was always before her. When she herself said what, from Paula, would have been cruel, it was merely a joke. Nothing escaped Ruth's laughter, herself last of all.

Suddenly we began to think a great deal more of dances than games. Girls whose athletic skills had made them popular before were forgotten for their formerly-scorned, more delicate and graceful friends. Paula was in her element. But so, she found, was Ruth. For Ruth was pretty; she was a good dancer; she was still fun. And other girls had to be in by eleven or twelve, but any time was all right for Ruth.

"Oh," she would laugh, before Paula could say it, "Nobody cares what I do!"

The first day of kindergarten we were all assigned seats in a circle of small chairs. A good many of my friends were there, so we were quite at home. But the little girl next to me seemed to be all alone. I liked her, but nobody paid any attention to her, although she was as pretty as my family wished I were.

The teacher assigned our section of the circle to play in the sandbox. The little girl next to me came over and just stood there.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Ruth Wade."

"Is your mother here?"

"No," said Ruth. "Nana brought me."

"Who?"

"My nurse."

Some of the other children crowded around. Nobody else had a nurse. We found other surprising things about Ruth. She didn't know her mother—she could hardly even remember her. But she didn't think her mother was dead like Paula's. And Ruth didn't even know her father well either, although he was, amazingly, home all the time. We began to think her queer. She wasn't even fun to tease.

The first birthday party of the year was a big occasion; the whole class was invited. Ruth didn't do much but watch the others. I heard somebody's mother say it was a pity about that darling little Wade child, so I suppose they saw she wasn't having much fun.

When Paula was five, her grandmother gave a party for her. Paula brought little white envelopes for everybody but Ruth. "Grandma says she won't have that Divorced Woman's Child in our house, and I'm not to play with her," she volunteered primly. We all looked at Ruth; she didn't seem to care.

The day after Paula's party we talked about nothing else. Ruth didn't ask anything about it; apparently she had no concern or interest in it. As quiet as ever, she watched the others talk and play.

During recess the class played tag. Ruth was looking on; then all of a sudden she began to laugh and ran in among us. "Ruth's It'!" somebody shouted, and she began to chase somebody. And we discovered that Ruth was fun.

After that she always played with the rest, and often she was the leader. She was no longer solemn and quiet; she laughed all the time. She had children over to her house and was asked to theirs until only Paula was not her friend. Sometimes the curious would ask about her secluded father, her vanished mother. Ruth told us all about them often, and how her father played with her and took her to see her mother, and how nice her mother was. Paula noticed that the stories rarely coincided, and Paula knew that Ruth and Mr. Wade really hardly ever saw each other, and Paula knew that Ruth's mother was a long way off and Mr. Wade wouldn't see her if he could. But when Paula said so, Ruth would laugh and tell another story. Ruth was lots of fun.

Ruth's mother had been a very young girl and Mr. Wade a man well past middle age when they were married. The town was scandalized: Lila Martin had been recently orphaned, and plainly she had married the elderly bachelor for at least a temporary security. It wouldn't last.

However, for several years the town seemed proven wrong. Lila Martin had been a gay, flighty girl; Lila Wade was a calm, happy woman.

After Ruth was born the Wades were even happier. They spent their quiet days together playing with her. She was a lovely child and they were inordinately fond and proud of her.

By the time Ruth was three, the Wades had the name of a devoted couple. Then suddenly Lila was seen with anyone, anywhere, anyhow, anytime. In a short year she managed to tear her reputation and her husband's to tatters.

Mr. Wade divorced her. The town said it didn't blame him. Still, a man who would do that—And they say—No one called on him again.

Very soon Mr. Wade hired a housekeeper and a nurse and retreated to his study. He rarely saw Ruth at all, and few others did. She played alone; until she went to school she had no friends.

THE "PLURAL CHARACTER" OF
HEINRICH HEINE

AND SOME OF THE MOST DISPUTED INFLUENCES ON IT

Harriet Mendel '39

IT IS NOT mere appreciation of clever antithesis that makes one agree with Heine's description of himself: "I am a Jew, I am a Christian, I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one; a Greek; a Hebrew; and adorer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton, a beast, a devil, a god!" Heine was all of these things at different times and many of them at once. His faculty of understanding all sides was so great that at least one critic has believed that he "passed his life in a state of chronic half-heartedness". When an acid reacts with a base, a salt and neutral water result. When two strong conflicting ideas reacted in Heine's mind, the result of the violent inner conflict was toleration—but it is anything but "half-hearted" to be able to be enthusiastic about both sides of a question.

Heine's parents were quite as different as the Hebrew-Hellene ideals of their son. When Samson Heine first entered Dusseldorf, he was a handsome young man with a taste for horses and hunting dogs, cards and actresses. After his marriage to energetic, intellectual Betty (Peira) Von Geldern, of the prominent Von Geldern family, he became a settled, respectable, even pious merchant. He has been called vulgar by some critics, but his manners were refined, and his aesthetic sensibilities highly developed. The poet in Heine is probably derived more from his ineffectual father than from Betty Heine, the Deist and rationalist. Heine says

in his *Memoirs* that his mother was a Latin scholar and profoundly read in philosophy and poetry, but this is probably an exaggeration. A letter written by her reveals that she had no adequate knowledge even of German—the letter being written in Judeo-German and in Hebrew script. Undoubtedly she was better educated than her husband. But she considered poetry less than worthless, and she wanted Heinrich to become a great general, a great banker, or a great lawyer. It is because of the amiability of Samson Heine and the sternness of his wife that we can believe Heine when he says in his *Memoirs* that he loved his father more than any other human being. His calm affection and consideration for his mother approximate impersonal admiration.

In the last years of his life, Heine wrote in his *Memoirs* that Sefchen was the orphaned granddaughter of the executioner of Goch, a wild child of “dishonorable” birth, who lived in the shade of the gallows with her aunt, the widow of an executioner. He described her as being tall and slim and remarkably graceful, with long hair the color of blood and a beautiful pale face. She may not have been at all the strange wild creature he remembered forty years later, but she could sing weird folk ballads, which awoke the poet in Harry. The earliest poems, the *Traumbilder*, have a gloomy accent which can be traced to the songs Sefchen sang:

Was treibt und tobt mein tolles Blut?
Was flammt mein Herz in wilder Glut?
Das Blut ist toll, und gart und schäumt
Weil ich den bosen Traum getraumt.

Das war ein lustig Hochzeitfest;
Zu tafeln sassen froh die Gast'

Und wie ich nach dem Brautpaar schaut',—
O weh! Mein Liebchen war die Braut.
Das war mein Liebchen wunnesam,
Ein fremder Mann war Brautigam . . .

Der Braut'gam fullt den Becher sein
Und trinkt daraus, und reicht gar fein
Dar Braut ihn him; sie lachelt Dank,—
O weh! Mein rotes Blut sie trank.

Die Braut ein hubsches Upflein nahm,
Und reicht es hin dem Brautigam
Der nahm sein Messer, schnitt hinein,—
O weh! Dar war das Herze mein.

Together with the "blood-shadowed" dream poems are the "sadder sweeter" poems, influenced by his unrequited adolescent love for his cousin Amalie.

Heine's "apostasy", like his love for Amalie, has been exaggerated in importance by most critics. Certainly he was self-critical enough to realize that he had never believed in traditional Judaism and that he would never believe in Lutheranism. The curses which he heaped upon himself in his writing were mere affectation. He wrote to Moses Moser that it was an indifferent affair, not important even symbolically. "Still I hold it a disgrace and a stain upon my honor that in order to obtain an office in Prussia—in beloved Prussia—I should allow myself to be baptized." What disturbed him most was the seeming treachery to his Berlin friends in the *Verein für Kultur und Wissenschaft der Juden* and to the crowded, unhappy Jews he had seen in Poland. Yet we can be sure that his only real regret was that the act was unnecessary, for he did not receive the appointment

for which he was seeking. Years later, when mocking laughter was the dominant impulse, he could treat the matter in his accustomed spirit of raillery, saying: "Judaism is not a religion but a misfortune".

Heine's variety of moods and conflicting tendencies are best seen in the *Buch der Lieder*—of the poems— and the *Reisebilder*— of the prose. The former, the best known collection of Heine's poems, is animated by the spirit of phantasy that characterizes all his early work. It begins with the weird, grotesque Sefchen poems and the sweet, sad lyrics about Amalie, runs through the light grace of the *Lieder*, moves slowly through the gloomy, impressive *Romanzen*, laughs again with the cynically humorous *Wahrhaftig* (*Wenn der Fruhling kommt mit dem Sonnenschein*), sings through the lovely *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, is weird again with the tragedies, *Ratcliff* and *Almansor*.

The German language is well adapted to the variations in rhythm and mood in poetry— but Heine proved that it is possible to be sparkling and witty in "heavy" German prose. The wit in some of the later writing is sharper, more delicate, and more polished, but nowhere is there such variety and such light swiftness as in the *Reisebilder*. The first book of the *Reisebilder* begins with the *Harzreise*, which opens with a derisive description of Gottingen, "beruhmt burch ihre Wurste und Universitat" and continues in a strange mixture of sentimentality, vulgarity, erudition, wit, and poetry. And through everything run Heine's originality and cynical humor which have made him incomprehensible even to those who try hard to understand him.

TO ONE WITH A CREW CUT

Marion Zabriskie '37

I loved each single curl, lad,
And I thought for those curls alone
My heart played tricks with my throat, lad,
And my back lost all its bone.

But you cut your curls away, lad,
No ringlet decks your brow,
And still my heart plays tricks, lad,
As it's doing even now.

Someday they will all be back, lad,
Each curl with a glory new,
But I'm glad they are gone, for I've learned, lad,
I love not the curls, but you.

BALLADE DES PENDUS

Francois Villon

(Original French Version)

Freres humains qui apres nous vivez,
N'ayez les cueurs contre nous endurcis,
Car se pitie de nous povres avez,
Dieu en aura plus tost de vous mercis.
Vous nous voiez cy attachez cinq six:
Quant de la chair, que trop avons nourrie,
Elle est pieca devoree et pourrie,
Et nous, les os, devenons cendre et poudre.
De nostre mal personne ne s'en rie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veuille absouldre!

Se freres vous clamons, pas n'en devez
Avoir desdaing, quoy que fusmes occis
Par Justice. Toutesfois, vous savez
Que tous hommes n'ont pas bons sens rassis;
Excusez-nous, puis que sommes transis,
Envers le fils de la Vierge Marie,
Que sa grace ne soit pour nous tarie,
Nous preservant de l'infernale fouldre.
Nous sommes mors, ame ne nous harie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veuille absouldre!

THE BALLAD OF THE HANGED MEN

(translation) by Marion Zabriskie '37

Human brothers, who live after us,
Set not your hearts in hate against our name.
God's way with you will be less perilous
If you have grace to pity our ill fame.
You see our bodies dangling here in shame
Without the flesh that once earned our acclaim;
Dank mold and rot have won their horrid game,
And now our bones in chalk dust start to fall.
In our behalf we hear no man exclaim;
But pray to God that he shall save us all!

If we call you brothers, your disdain
For us, whom Justice killed, ought never be
So great, for you are wise and you are sane,
And well you know that all men do not see
With your sound eye. Repeat our plea,
Since we are dead, to the Son of our Marie,
So his grace towards us flows free
When we approach the fiery hall.
We are the dead; no man dare disagree;
But pray to God that he shall save us all!

La pluye nous a debuez at lavez,
Et le soleil desschiez et noircis:
Pies, corbeaulx, nousont les yeux cavez,
Et arrachie la barbe et les sourcis.
Jamais nul temps nous ne sommes assis;
Puis ca, puis la, Comme le vent varie,
A son plaisir sans cesser nous charie,
Plus becquetez d'oiseaulx que dez a couldre.
Ne soiez donc de nostre confrairie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veuille absouldre!

ENVOI

Prince Jhesus, qui sur tous a maistrie,
Garde qu'Enfer n'ait de nous seigneurie
A luy n'ayons que faire ne que souldre.
Hommes, icy n'a point de moquerie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veuille absouldre!

COLLEGE DATE

Anonymous

HAVE YOU EVER been on a date with a Yale man? After a deal of frantic phone-calling and wild yelping about the halls, you and your roommate, Betty, have been singled out as Fate's Own. Her date, Skip, is coming up with a very cute Yale man, one Bud, schooled in all the niceties, a good sport, in short, a smoothie.

Finally, after you have spent the better part of a Saturday in getting yourself properly groomed, your buzzer rings. You start, you pale; your hand flutters to your throat. And though you have never been readier in your life, you wait for a discreet interval, and then are sent off with the dire reminder that if you spill any gin on the borrowed coat you are wearing, you had better not come back.

At last you find yourself zooming toward Izzy's with a properly introduced Yale man in the rumble beside you, and you say inaudibly, "Can this be I?"

When you next take note of your surroundings, you discover that you are seated at a bleak little table at Izzy's with four glasses of gin fizzes dripping circles on it. You accept a perfunctory cigarette which has been shoved under your nose, and proceed to abuse your lungs. Dimly you realize that Betty is making (1) Witty remarks, (2) Eyes at the men, and (3) a Fool of herself. You venture a half-hearted remark or two, only to have Bud leer at you and staccato, "Hey-Hey".

He grunts up and belps over to the counter, flourishing a dollar bill, and returns with a fist full of nickels. Gaily he carols, "C'mon", and seizes your wrist and hauls you over to the phonograph. After having been duly cajoled,

the machine blasts forth: "Two Together, Two Alone, TwO ToGeThe——"

You dance; you drink;—you exchange dances; you exchange drinks.

Bud slays you with an elaborate account of last weeks' drunk, when he breathed alcohol into the face of the Vassar Dean and tried to date her up. You marvel politely; Betty looks up glassily from her fourth Gin Fizz. She burps. The men howl. You blink.

The watch hands indicate a blurry one o'clock. You murmur casually, "My God, it's one o'clock," and you all sprawl into your coats. A waiter appears apologetically; the men bicker over the bill.

The fresh air socks you and you are very short with Bud as you assist each other into the rumble seat. Lights streak past. The car lurches; Bud meaningfully wraps a heavy arm around you and murmurs uncertainly, "Gee—honey." You do not listen because you know just what he is saying. You think, "Who is this Person? Has he no home?"

Curious, you look into the front seat, and Betty is nowhere to be seen. Glumly you sit—and at twenty past one the car scrunches to a halt. Bud's eyes are upon you; your goal-sets have a correlation of zero. You steel yourself, and eventually he abandons his dogged advances. Now you sit stonily, waiting for Skip and Betty to finish saying goodnight. At last, with well-intentioned inebriety, the men reel you to the door——.

We have feebly attempted a portrayal of the typical collegiate Saturday night intrigue. No mere pen could ever hope to present a really accurate picture of this enervating phase of American life. So——we will cut this short here

and now. Ladies and gentlemen, we retire, tongue in cheek,
hands folded, and eyes lifted to the hills, from whence
cometh our strength.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

Ruth Hollingshed '38

I

Soulless village of haunted life,
Of raucous women,
Of feminine men,
Dowdy village of artists and loafers
Who waste away in darkened rooms—
Who waste away into poverty,
Callous and friendless.

II

But then—
I have seen the village in winter
After darkness has come—

Snow falling softly, quietly,
Twirling and entering the arcs of the lampposts;;
Dim lights in the studio skylights,
Single chain of footprints on the sidewalks,
Deserted echoing streets
Filled only by falling snow.

And at Anne Miller's
Weary villagers, eating dinner
With Anne's Greek husband there to supervise.
Earnest talk, laughter and bright tablecloths
Muddling to shut out
Visions of the cold and snow.

III

And too—
I have found that spring comes
Bringing color to the Square—

Pushcarts of sweet smelling, fresh spring flowers
Line the dampened sidewalks;
Pushcarts of gardenias and of daffodils.
April rain has flooded all the gutters;
April rain that ripples gayly
As it hugs the curb.
And the spirits jabber in the doorways,
Hating to go back inside.

IV

Haunted Village!
Village of Names!
Waverly Place and McDougal Alley;
Barrow Street.
Haunted Village!
To stay so quietly and long
Tucked away between the Uptown and the Down-
town—
Between the skyscrapers of the Greatest City.



BOOKS , , *Old and New*

WHERE LIFE IS BETTER

An Unsentimental American Journey

James Rorty

REYNAL AND HITCHCOCK \$3.00

When an admittedly radical journalist travels 15,000 miles across our country and back again to find out what the score is in the consensus of American minds, we might expect almost any kind of result. That we are facing the menace of war is no news. That he says our cries for peace and our touchy neutrality act are all in vain so long as America is still capitalist makes us narrow our eyes in shrewdness and say "that's what he thinks because he is a Socialist." But after we have read James Rorty's report on the attitudes of traveling salesmen, people on relief, labor organizers and tenant farmers we look shrewd because he has made us stop and think. But do we really think? — he even makes us wonder about that. Rorty accuses us of living in a Century of Evasion. Why else did we stage the magnificently flattering Century of Progress exposition if

it was not to forget for a while at the dramatization of our increasing power over science a bewildering social and economic dilemma? Why else did the movies suffer less than any other industry during the depression? He extols Hollywood as the colossal manufacturer of our dreams; he blames it for frittering away the energies of artists and culture-conscious intellectuals on an adolescent pseudo-art. It is too easy for us to find retreats from realistic thinking. Mr. Rorty is inclined to say that is why so many of the people he picked up, who were going his way, were convinced that the only way out of the dilemma is another war. They have overlooked the heart-break, the blood-shed, the irreparable damage of the last war, and only remember the boom of prosperity which followed upon the heels of the Armistice. In the midst of the favorite American dream, Get-Rich-Quick and Something-for-Nothing, they are deaf to the few peace criers with morbidly realistic memories.

Taking the pulse of America, Rorty found tensions, conflicts, fear. He saw the unthinking evaders being encouraged in their dreams by the half-informed politicians who make powerful leaders by virtue of their personalities. Huey Long is the most pertinent warning we have had so far of the clay-like softness of certain factions in the hands of a demagogue. But because one man, unassuming and never explaining, stepped forward with a gun, do we expect assassins to always save us from the men who will imitate Huey, wildly wielding his same quasi-fascist principles? This socialist author says our culture and economy has reached the "bread and circuses" stage. The acquisitiveness of Capitalism has become too confined to profit in the governing class and sheer subsistence in the labor class. Consequently we have today the domestic situation "of a progressively deteriorating social and economic anarchy, with a definite drift toward fascism." The 'planning' attempted by the present administration gets its vaguely humorous and decidedly confusing aspects from the one-sidedness of the planners—all on the capitalist-dreamer side. The plans are technically excellent, the executing problems cleverly solved, but the financial questions, the wage and labor questions are left for time and the most powerful labor factions to answer. Competition and playing the suckers is too much a part of capitalism to make for successful planning without the backing of centralized power. Socialism, says Rorty, would do away with such inadequacies.

It would have the authority and strength of a central planning commission, and there would be men like Harcourt Morgan of the T. V. A. committee, who has devoted a lifetime to planning, to accomplish long-range programs that would furnish solutions to our national problems. In fact, Rorty regards the T. V. A. project, rough as its road has been, as a "definite threat to the whole theory and practice of planless acquisition under capitalism".

It is interesting to observe, too, what a radical thinks of the role of college students in a country where life might be better, but isn't. "In fact she was utterly indifferent to any aspect of the social struggle"—and she wasn't from the Connecticut College campus, either. The girl he speaks of lives in California, yet she had the same attitude that is prevalent in the East. He lay part of that apparent apathy to absorption in a specialized field of training, and to the gap between college life and the real world. And when the students get out into the real world? Without jobs, idle, or evading the issue in F. E. R. A. or W. P. A. 'made jobs' what good has their training done them? Rorty merely remarked that they went fascist in Italy and Germany.

It is a pessimistic light that Rorty casts upon America. He writes well in a clear, journalistic style, honestly seeking the truth. He sees the nation propelled by some inexorable force towards a great upheaval. Will it be a revolution, another World War? His book is very much of the moment, valuable for the enlarged perspective in which it considers the conditions of the contemporary scene. Socialism rings the optimistic note throughout, yet, James Rorty says himself that the radical movement is notably deficient in its synthesis of doctrine. "Our radicals and revolutionaries . . . have not yet geared themselves effectively to the task of enlightening and moving the American masses."

F. M. W. '38

THE WOODEN PILLOW

Carl Fallas

THE VIKING PRESS

It is good to come upon a book that is filled with beauty—beauty that is not hidden nor too subtle, but clean and fragrant as wisteria and fresh earth. To few writers is given the gift of the seeing eye. It is this that makes any bit of writing endure. Carl Fallas has such an eye and through it we see his Japan—a tiny land of loveliness, and his Japanese people living life as it comes to them—quietly, gracefully; not without sadness and not without wit.

The story grows out of the traditional theme: a lonely man in a land far from his own, the loveliness of a girl and the aching tenderness of a love that must end; he to return to his world forever and she to go on living through her thousand years of sadness. There is not disturbing, consuming emotionalism but quiet, deep sincerity born of true love. The theme does not dominate the book; otherwise it might be meagre reading but for the beauty of the language. The characters are genuine—always a bit removed in their dispassionate philosophy of life. There is Grier. A tall, blonde Englishman possessed of a keen delight in life. He had loved many until he saw O Kaya San and in “the warmth of O Kaya San’s affection he individualised that emotion”. Grier swam in cool, blue waters and listened to the evening bells, of an ancient yellow temple. Twice he heard the white night owl. He knew the House of the Playful Kitten; there he listened to the stories and singing of the geishas. He watched sunsets touch the multitude of blue-tiled roofs of Yokohama and he stared at the eternal Fujiyama. Grier spent amusing hours with Mr. Okada, ‘who, dictionary in hand, pursued the English language with fantastic persistence’. He drank “sake” and learned of the wisdom of his friends. He strolled down Theatre Street gay with lanterns and loud with the clack of thousands of feet and the cries of the ricksha-men. With Mr. Okada he attended ‘the theatre of a thousand pits’ and—‘This was not a theatre, Grier reflected, but a cheerful festival in a large hall. And even after they had been settled in their own pit for some time, and much of the general movement though not the talk had subsided, there was no sign of

life upon the stage. Leaning nearer to Mr. Okada, and suiting his voice to the buzz of talk still going on around, he asked: "How long does the interval last, Okada San?" The landlord needed this question explained. Then he replied that this was not an interval at all. "But when does the play resume?" "Resume!" He looked Grier full in the face, with a patient smile, as if the passage of time did not matter. "Begin again," Grier said hastily. "When does it begin again?" "Ah, resume, begin again . . . resume, begin again." His smile had changed to expressively indulgent gravity. "The play is still going on. Do you not hear the rain?" "Of course! That IS rain. I did not realize it." Mr. Okada nodded. "Very heavy rain." He cocked his ear to catch the pattering sound better, as though the density of the downpour meant something to him. "How long does the rain go on?" Grier asked. "Until the end of the wet season," answered the landlord lucidly. "You see, summer is over." It was now nine o'clock and they had entered the theatre soon after eight. But this remarkable dramatic storm had nothing like spent itself yet. In the play it had been raining for a fortnight, and there was still fully another week to go. The landlord made this calculation after a careful study of his programme; he looked quite solemn when Grier suggested he had been wise to bring his large umbrella.

The story is pervaded with a real sense of the tragic, which becomes deeper as the chapters go on, but it is never permitted to become too oppressing—it could not with the many bits of whimsical humor, the delightful episodes, the enchanting tales—tale of the fox-girl and of the young lovers who could not live together so they died together at the foot of Fujiyama.

When the morning came that the steamer was lying in the harbor . . . the steamer that was soon to set out on its journey across the Pacific, going east by way of Honolulu. O Kaya San stood beside Grier . . . The day was sunny, the harbor water a little choppy, and the vessel now and then lifted ever so lightly and then seemed imperceptibly to find its bed again, and lay still at its easy anchorage . . . When the shrill warning call of the siren sounded again, she had shaken the last tears out of her eyes. They had not run down her cheeks; that would have shown to Grier in these last moments too little, too little self-control . . . Standing in the rowing-boat O Kaya San turned and grasped the gang-

way rail, where Grier stood on the bottom step . . . Sayonara . . . Next morning he rose early. In the night he had wakened several times; perhaps because of the novelty of being at sea again. Opposite to him, on the shelf, stood O Kaya San's (wooden) pillow, and each time his eyes had opened they had fallen upon it, and he had regarded it with, perhaps, the same steady contemplation as he had last gazed at Fujiyama . . .

And so ends this story of young love, wistful and deep. There is nothing but beauty here and for beauty we do not weep.

M. S. '37

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