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Quarterly, Vol. 12 No. 2

Connecticut College

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7-12-1923

February 1923

QUARTERLY

QUARTERLY

FEBRUARY 1933

CONNECTICUT
COLLEGE



VOLUME XII

NUMBER 2

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THE TRUE UNIVERSITY

THERE is a general widespread acknowledgment that education in America is of a most liberal and advanced type. We are a progressive nation, and our education of the mass is but one step further in the process of the Americanization of the people. I heartily applaud the continued efforts throughout our country for higher education, yet it seems to me that our original aim, to establish an intelligent and cultural array of citizens, is being almost completely forgotten in the onrush of a civilization which has, as its badges of success and interest, wealth and power. Our realization of the importance of the mind and the intellectual worker is almost completely submerged by the prestige granted to wealth-getting and wealth-spending, to high standards of living, to the tendency for standardization in thought and production and thus the decline of individualism, and lastly, to the desire to construct visible evidence of success and power in our lives by material show and superfluous luxury.

These tendencies of American civilization are evident in the college of today. Education is primarily conceived of, in this country today, as necessarily a course of study which will train one to earn a living; or, to make a short story of it, education is considered as an economic asset only. True, it *is* of advantage as such, especially in a land in which one's wit must be matched against another's for one's very existence, but I would like to see education include also a deeper and more satisfying interpretation. I would like to see America, the land of dreams, conscious of its intellectual possibilities, and to see its "raw" edges smoothed by the culture and enlightenment of coming generations.

An example illustrating this tendency of American education to veer in the wrong direction, may I take a typical institution of higher learning? The university is a huge, complex affair today. It includes many city blocks, or a vast section of a suburb; its buildings are handsome edifices, denoting wealth and prestige. The campus is beautifully laid out by a landscape gardener, the gymnasium is scientifically equipped, the dormi-

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tories are modern, steam-heated, fire-proof buildings. Everywhere is evidence of the hand of industrialism. It is difficult to find the heart of this college, the true spirit, the search for culture, in such an institution. When the university began to take on the standard efficiency of a factory organization it lost its right to *educate*, as I understand the word. Only people from a certain class may take part in the opportunity of a college education because it has become such an expensive proposition; the common people are not partakers in this, the highest of education, although America is preeminently a democracy, and education is for all. It is only natural, however, that students entering every year from the same class in life should have approximately the same interests. The studies which would appeal to such a similar group of people are offered, and the result is a flux of students being turned out from the universities every year of a standardized type. This situation is comparable to standardization and mass production of manufactured articles in our industries of today. The university is hardly more than an efficient, prosperous American business; the only difference being that the workers do not strike, for their minds are in a helpless lethargy.

The university life of today is not conducive to a general culture. There is not an intellectual atmosphere to begin with. The basis for intelligence is grades; what is the necessity for determining intelligence? It is required that one pursue certain subjects, and this feature squelches individual interest by taking time away from literature, for example, and employing it for a science. In a constant effort to secure good marks one loses sight of the real material of the subject and cares only for visible evidence of intelligence. There should not be science in universities. Particularly organized schools should educate those scientifically inclined, while in the university there should exist a leisurely study of the arts and letters. Does the idea of mass community halls, of huge smoking rooms, of alumni buildings, and other such features of the modern institutions impress you as particularly conducive to an intellectual life? It is the keynote to the social and pleasure-bent tendency of our lives. We cannot pursue the interests of the mind in solitude, without becoming involved in a superficial gathering of people for what

is termed recreation. Recreation in a university should take the form of physical enjoyment, relaxation in music, appreciation of conversation, and of literature. Recreation should be, then, in such a college, merely another word for culture.

I can not see that it is necessary to wander so far away from the Greek ideal of a university. It is true that, as our civilization changes so must standards change; and while practical knowledge is essential, can there not be a more real and genuine interest cultivated in *belles lettres*? The ancient Greeks who pursued in a leisurely way their aesthetic tastes, in philosophy, in letters, in the training of the body, but mainly in the training of the mind, lived the true intellectual life. Why can not our efficient business-like, practical knowledge be accompanied by a deeper and more artistic appreciation? Is it because there is no inclination on our part to take any interest in other than material pursuits? Surely a land of dreams, of youth, and of spiritual composition must have a feeling of need for an intellectual life. The most natural way to bring about such a realization is, first of all, in the colleges of today, where youth, which will carry on *our* aspirations and inherited traditions, is to be found, and where as a group they may be influenced.

VERA WARDE, '34



AND YOU CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS

I find they sell unhappiness
Like apples in a cart
Or single pots of hyacinths
When all the Easter bargains start.
I just paid two dollars
For a broken heart.

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

CRUMBS

"COME in, child," my Grandfather would say in his gruff voice, and I would enter the library. This room was at the back of the house, and its tiny casement windows looked out over the bit of lake set in the cedars. It was a long room, lined with shelves, with a stone fireplace built at one end. Here Grandfather lived most of his time, and here I spent many a rich hour.

Grandfather was a scholar, and wrote learned articles for grave literary journals. I worshipped him; he was my god, my idol, yet he was very near me, and we enjoyed one another immensely. Literature was his pleasure, and his work. It was a great satisfaction to him that I shared his appreciation, that I revelled in books as he did, and that he could talk to me sympathetically of literature. I would sit on a stool at his feet for hours, listening to the wisdom that he poured from his rich store. I did not understand most of it at the time, but I tucked it all away to use later. I can see him now, as he used to sit in his great leathern chair, silvery head leaning back, grey eyes mellow and sparkling. When he wished to emphasize a point he would remove his pince-nez and hold them in one hand, keeping the place in his book with one slender old finger.

His shelves were treasure trove for the literary explorer. Massive tomes bound in cracking leather lined the bottom shelves, less stout volumes occupied the middle shelves, and slender books filled the top part. The bookcases went right up to the ceiling, and I had to use a little ladder to reach books on the higher shelves. Sometimes I would perch on the ladder, completely lost in some story I had found up high.

Grandfather was particularly fond of the sea. He had, in his youth, sailed to China on those beauties of the sea, the clippers. There was a Currier and Ives of the "Comet" over the mantel—a hair-raising picture of the clipper in a terrific Cape Horn gale—with sails torn to mere shreds—decks washed clean of anything movable—with foam-gnashed waves curling greyly over the straining ship. Many and marvelous were

the tales that Grandfather would spin of past sailing days! There were old books, too, crammed with sea-excitement. One especially impressed me, and I read it over and over again—"Twenty Years of an African Slaver," it was a most vivid chronicle of slave trade. There were yellow-paged logs, spidery with faded writing in the Spencerian flourishes of the doughty captains; there were volumes full of tinted plates of ships from all over the world, with their queer names—the bulky schuyts of Holland, the swift feluccas of the Mediterranean. On the mantel was Grandfather's pride, a minutely-detailed model of the "Flying Cloud" which Cappy Dave, an old seaman and great friend of Grandfather's, had fashioned.

I liked the library best on some wintry afternoon, when the snow was sifting against the windows, and the early darkness necessitated lamplight. Grandfather and I would sit in front of the fire, with the light flickering our faces into queer masks. And when we had finished reading some quaint story, Grandfather would bring out his tin of biscuits and a bottle of raspberry shrub. We would sit there silently, munching the flaky crackers, and sipping the wine-red drink from slender goblets. And I remember that Grandfather was always very careful to brush the crumbs from his lap, flicking them into the fire.

ANN D. CROCKER, '34

LIFE

THERE are tiny figures—each with a basket, dancing on the sunny grass, singing, laughing, running and creeping, with baby arms out-flung, all moving toward a massive building, toward an iron-bound door that stands half open, leading into a shadowy stone corridor. A few hesitate, lose their way, and fall asleep before the great door. They lie motionless—they do not wake. Their companions enter into a granite-paved courtyard. There are patches of grass with flowers, and sunlight; there are other spots that are gray and misty. They stay here for a time, moving from place to place, sometimes gay, sometimes silent.

Again they move—towards a flight of long, gray steps, disappearing downward into another corridor. This is darker than the first, narrower, the walls a little thicker. The figures are larger, quieter, their number is smaller. They pass down the hall—eerie in its dim hush—feeling their way, sometimes stopping to peer through a door at other figures in a dusty room—figures their size and age, who play continually and never move on—sometimes they stand in a shaft of light from an aperture in the wall, and listen to strains of music. They move a little faster now, they laugh and hesitate a little less. At intervals they ascend broad steps to a platform where they laugh and dance and sing again. But soon they drop their play, pick up their baskets—heavy now—and descend once more to the stark passageway.

The shafts of light are becoming farther apart, the music heard more faintly; the mist that once was barely felt, rises oftener—sometimes in lazy tendrils of pearly gray, sometimes in smoky clouds. A figure here and there drops behind, loses its way for a time; the others, their baskets fuller, plod onward. They come to another door through which they can see flowers again, hear voices, joyous and young, feel the warmth of the sun; they hear, too, faint cries of pain. Some enter here for a time, to join the others later.

The corridor is growing darker now, only far-away gleams of light—dimmed by rolling waves of mist and fog. It is damp and chilly. The

figures move slowly, groping at the dank walls, stumbling, murmuring, dragging their loaded baskets. Some fall to their knees and crawl; others run a few steps, then slow to a shambling walk; a few try to rest in the staggering rays of light, but are forced on by those behind.

Now they approach another door. It has a glow around it as though there were lights on the other side. There is a formless shadow near the door—motionless. It, too, seems to glow—with a bluish light—but the air around it is still and cold. The figures, scarcely moving now, approach the door and the shadow. One by one they drop their bundles, and enter. A beam of rosy light flashes out as the door opens, but the figures in the black hall cannot see within. The door closes—the shadow does not move—life is over.

LOUISE BARRITT, '35



THE FOUR SEASONS

(In imitation of a type of Japanese verse called "Hokku")

Spring leaps through the woods,
And the flowers jump up in surprise.

Fall—The last bird kissed the tree goodbye
And the leaves blushed.

Winter—A bare tree stump points an accusing finger at God—
And the sun smiles back coldly.

Summer—Water-falls—Greedy monsters,
Licking the rocks with their foam-coated tongues.

JANE RECHT, '33

TEACUPS

DR. LANSEN and I were waiting for our tea. We were in a large, dark tea room, which boasted a noisy orchestra that played intermittently. We had spent most of the afternoon together and had reached that stage in conversation where confidences are often exchanged even by not old friends. We were quiet, not consciously listening to the music. Tea was brought and after a few minutes Dr. Lansen said with his cup halfway to his lips, "This room gives me an odd feeling as if I had been here before." He set his cup down and said, "I wonder if you'd mind if I tell you why." "No," I said and lit a cigarette so that I might listen more carefully. Dr. Lansen told this story, peering every now and then into the tea leaves:

The teacups glistened casually in the great, dark room where they seemed almost out of place. Their fragile shapes looked meekly out into space and they quivered ever so slightly when the gypsy shook them to settle the tea leaves in a new position. "There's an 'M'," she said finally. She looked up and said after a pause, "Does your name begin with an 'M'?" Merle admitted the fact. At this point the orchestra in the tea room started to play and the gypsy looked up and smiled as if this were a signal for which she had been waiting. Merle, watching, shivered a little with a sudden, unpleasant cold. The gypsy's smile was not very cheerful, she thought. "You'll have power," the tea-leaf gazer went on, "the power of making people unhappy. No, not people," she corrected herself, "but you will bring a great unhappiness to one man." Merle stood up drawing her thin blue cape about her. "That's all," she said and hurried out of the room. The orchestra crashed a finale and the teacups quivered again as the door swung after her. It occurred to her on the way to the hospital that the gypsy spoke English clearly and well, and the thought was a curious comfort to her.

When she reported for duty that evening at eight o'clock the supervisor asked her to go to the accident ward. Merle was glad. Grant was

interning there and she liked to work near him. She was sent to receive a badly damaged person. He must have been rather ugly even without blood streaming over his eyes and mouth. She was curiously drawn to this accident case, however, and wished mightily that he should pull through. She stayed with him and from his delirium learned much of his life. Discounting the fact that he was raving, she gathered that it was, for the most part, unhappy. When the man was silent Merle thought of the gypsy.

He died the next morning. With him died Merle's desire for hospital work. She couldn't explain it—it was a mild obsession no doubt. Mild? As a result she gave up her work and went home to brood. Grant married her some time later. He was in love with her, you see. After they had been married about a year and Grant was beginning to hope for a practice, she asked him to build a house of their own. Grant's folks were only too glad to help them out financially, and plans were started. She had picked out a weird spot to place this house—out in the country somewhere and facing a tiny modern cemetery. Grant thought it rather odd at the time, but he was so in love with her he only offered a mild protest or two and there the cottage was built. It was one of the typical newly-wed kind, and for a while they were quite happy alone by the cemetery.

After a time Merle went back to her brooding habit. She would stand by a window and watch the moonlight shine down on a tombstone which faced that window directly. Grant was worried, but did nothing. He didn't know what to do. Perhaps there was nothing. She fell ill that winter and the night before she died she tried to tell him her trouble. He couldn't understand, poor blundering fool, but he managed to gather that there was a letter under the blotter on her desk. He read it by the window where she had stood so often. It said:

GRANT:

You seem so wise, can you answer me a riddle? I don't love him, Grant, but he has a queer hold on my mind. He is that accident case—maybe you don't remember . . . But that's his tombstone. Grant, if you are standing by my window, look out and see it. I'm afraid to die and I'm afraid to live. Why, he never saw me even. Isn't it strange that he should have such a hold?

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There was more, but it was too personal to tell in a story. Grant looked up at the moonlit tombstone.

They buried her the next day. They took Grant to a sanitarium. His mentality was awry, they thought. They were wrong. It wasn't a case of mad with grief, either. He was grieved enough, of course, but the real reason for his mental incapacity was that he felt at the moment that he was infected with the unhappiness which was part of his wife. She had relayed it, in some strange manner, to him. After a month or two Grant went back to his work. He was all right again except for a faint, nostalgic unhappiness which has followed him all of his life.

Dr. Lansen killed his cigarette. "Thanks for listening. I felt I had to tell someone." It occurred to me then that Jon Lansen was Grant. I looked into my teacup at the tea leaves. "Fortune, lady?" asked the gypsy happening by.

"No, thank you!" The orchestra crashed a finale and the teacups quivered again as the door swung after us.

GLORIA K. BELSKY, '35

PAGE FROM AN UNNAMED DIARY

THEY'VE gone at last. It's funny. I wanted them to come so badly that I was almost ready to carry them over here; and then, the minute they got here, I had to be alone. Why should I have to be alone? I'm afraid of myself—I'm afraid of the wind—I'm afraid to think! And yet I have to do it. When nobody's here I keep thinking that if I only had some one to talk to I'd be all right. When some one *is* here

I keep thinking that if I could only be alone I'd be all right. Well, I *am* alone, and— Oh Hell! What's the use? I'm not all right.

It's pretty bad on rainy nights. I've told myself there's no sense in it, but somehow I can't stop. I wonder if I'm a little crazy? Can you be crazy and still go on doing your work? I think you can. But can you think when you're crazy? I've got to stop this!

I know I was right, but somehow being right doesn't seem to make a lot of difference. I keep saying, "You couldn't help it if he caught pneumonia. It didn't have anything to do with you." But part of me doesn't even listen. I think, "He raved about you. His mother wouldn't let you go near him. You killed him!" Oh God! Did I kill him? I couldn't go on that way! The baby's life would have been wrecked. I owed her something. Was it my fault? I couldn't help not being what he thought I was. I couldn't be anything else. He was a man. He should have been able to take it on the chin!

It's a ghastly night. I'll have to find things to do on nights like this! If I don't I *will* go crazy, and then the kid—

I keep wondering if he really was dead. Suppose they buried him alive! But they can't do that now. I'm sure of it! But suppose being dead is just not being able to move. Suppose you see and feel and hear things. It's horrible! If he's lying out there half frozen, listening to the wind— He must be scared. He probably doesn't know he can't talk, and he's calling me—wondering why I don't come! Not scared—just puzzled and hurt. He never got things straight. He was always puzzled.

Oh Hell! I didn't love him. I know it! I just felt sorry for him somehow. I did what I could! Why do I have to think these things? He's dead. He's in Heaven. There must be a Heaven! There must be a God! Why doesn't He *do* something? He must know I did my best!

I wonder if they got him comfortable in the coffin. His legs were terribly long. Suppose he's cramped, or they rolled him over on his face when they moved it, and now he can't help himself! Do they do anything about those things? Can he be as bewildered as—

Damn that wind! Now the kid's awake. I'll have to find something to do on nights like this!

ESTHER TYLER, '33

"YE OLDE DITTY BOX"

I WAS walking down Ship Lane not long ago, when I chanced to see one of the new shops that had just opened. Ship Lane is full of queer old houses and tumbledown shops, and the ambitious moderns have clutched the quaintness of the place in their clumsy fingers. Over this particular shop hung a sign, announcing in blue and green letters that it was "Ye Olde Ditty Box." The fad for "ye's" always disturbs me, but the shop had a familiar look about it that I could not quite place. I entered.

Such a display of nautical objects as met my eyes! I felt almost seasick. The ceiling was very low, but the proprietor, thinking no doubt, that the tall species had vanished from the earth, had hung lanterns, chains of wampum, and all manner of ship's flags from the low beams. There were innumerable maps on the wall; faded, curling charts, blatantly modern picture maps of Cape Cod, children's maps with bloated winds puffing at tipsy boats, and sedate grey maps of channel markings in Boston Harbor. The room was filled with tables, bearing wobbly bric-a-brac.

I stood bewildered, until an energetic old soul in a black serge middy and skirt came up to me.

"My dear child, do come in. What can I do for you? Don't you just love this old shop? The old man who had it died ages ago, and I just found it. Do you love boats, too? I'm sure you must. D'you know, my father was a sailor, and I think I have the very sea in my veins! Well, I really shouldn't chat so much, dear. What can I do for you? Don't you think this little ship model is just too cute for words?"

I was still bewildered. The old soul had paused, gaspingly, for she had said everything in one breath. I had caught one word in her rapid monologue, however, that made me realize why the old place had looked familiar. "Ship model—" oh, yes, old Cappy Dave and his little shop—but again the energetic soul was babbling. I must get out. I hastily bought some nautical doodad or other, and hurried out, followed

by another breathful of "Do come again's," and "Please tell your friends."

Ship model—that was it. When I was a mere child my grandfather had often taken me down to Cappy Dave's for the afternoon. Cappy Dave and Grandfather were great friends. Near a little iron stove they would sit, pipes clamped in their teeth, chair a-tilt, and tongues a-wag. Long and marvelous were the tales they would spin, for Cappy Dave had been a whaling man, and Grandfather had sailed to China on a clipper ship.

"Oh, lassie, it's too bad yer warn't a lad in thim days," old Cappy Dave would say, tipping back his chair dangerously, "yer could of sailed in thim voyages, then—goin' ter the North, and catchin' the whales. Dirty work it war, but excitin'—"

"Your generation will never know the glory of the great sailing vessels," Grandfather would break in, waving his pipe for emphasis, "those beautiful clippers, with their clouds of canvas, and their sleekness of line—"

Then the two would forget about me, and go off into deep discussions on dead reckoning, and day's logging, and other subjects beyond my comprehension. But Cappy Dave made ship models, and there was enough in his shop to keep me occupied for a long time.

The room was low-beamed and small. All around the walls were shelves filled with tiny ships, of all ages and nations. One shelf was devoted to books, however, queer yellow-paged logs, filled with faded writing, histories of the navy, histories of boats; all were nautical except for one small tattered Bible.

How Cappy Dave's great clumsy fingers could ever fashion such perfect wee models, I never could understand. Every model, from a simple Egyptian galley up to a full-rigged, gilded Elizabethan ship, was absolutely perfect. There were minute pulleys, with holes so small that it seemed a magic drill must have bored them; hair-like ropes, in what seemed to my innocent eyes as a chaotic mass; tiny sails; wee hatchways, with infinitesimal ringbolts. There was a Lilliputian glamor about them all. I moved from one shelf to another, taking in every detail, sometimes spending hours on one model.

THE C. C. QUARTERLY

Then it would grow dark, and Grandfather would remember that we must get home for supper. We would leave Cappy Dave lighting the lantern that hung in front of his shop, and would walk hand-in-hand up the old lane, where all the shops blinked and twinkled in the dusk.

So Cappy Dave has gone now, and his models with him. I shudder when I think of the present shop. "Ye Olde Ditty Box" indeed—the profanity of it!

ANN D. CROCKER, '34

You asked me for a song,
As readily as one would ask
For apples in a market place
Or in Bourgogne, wine
Or in Brussels, lace.

I wish that I could trade
As easily as one would there
Apples or wine or lace for pence,
Full measure for your confidence.

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

PICTURE IN GRAY

FAR across the bay out of the gray mist of an autumn morning rises a jibbering flock of ducks—blown on the cold and ghostlike wind of the dawn as a handful of leaves would rise to the sky in a fitful but harmonious gust. Their wings seem to synchronize as if motivated by an unseen power.

Far out beyond the bay stretches the sea as gray as the sky above it. I shiver and yet I am strangely fascinated. No sun will rise today. Everything is the same color. In back of me the rocky shore stands in a silence that is almost ominous. I should not sit in the dampness of the early morning, but the old man who lives all alone at the top of the cliff told me that it would surely snow this morning and I must wait and see the white melt into the gray.

Trembling, I pull the collar of my coat about my throat. I can smell the snow as it comes riding on the north wind. I am not disappointed. As I look toward Heaven the flakes begin to sift down in an unending circle. The only things that are living now are the sea and the snow. As I watch I wonder which is the greater, for the snow comes from above only to be absorbed by the sea.

But it is cold and I cannot stay any longer to watch. In back of me rises a thin curl of smoke from the house to which I must go. Why is everything so gray? Why is it so cold? Because I do not see the sun to-day will I not see it tomorrow? Slowly I walk back to the house, and slowly I realize that I am witnessing and feeling God's cooling hand upon the fevered brow of this confused earth.

MARGARET ROYALL, '33

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

UNTIL recently I had been laboring under the impression that the present generation had been so steeped in sordid realism as to be no longer shockable. Corpses, murders, ghastly war pictures, lewd sex stuff—we have come to view them all quite calmly, almost indifferently. I was under the impression that no subject existed on the stage or in literature that could thoroughly disgust and horrify me. Then I witnessed a performance of Eugene O'Neill's trilogy "Mourning Becomes Electra".

Now I have never had much sympathy with the ways of our Victorian grandmothers. I have little patience with the fair damsels and courtly gentlemen whose world consisted of a long list of unmentionables. I see nothing indelicate in discussing important things and I see no reason why a thing that is important should not be treated on the stage, in literature, or anywhere with perfect frankness. But in all my limited experience I have never witnessed anything more disgusting and repulsive than Mr. O'Neill's play.

I have followed the developments of murders, incests, and all their playmates on the stage without blinking an eye. However, seven hours of the said subject is just a bit too much. "Mourning Becomes Electra" depicts in one family no less than five abnormal sexual relationships, two murders, and two suicides—all this in one evening. Mr. O'Neill assuredly intends that his point shall not escape us.

The play is modeled after the Greek tragedy of Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Orestes, and Electra. The plots are practically identical. The setting, transferred from the Greek palace to the New England home, is magnificent. Like Agamemnon, Ezra Manon returns from the war to find his wife in love with another man. Like Clytemnestra, Christine murders him for the sake of the man she loves. Like Orestes, Orin kills his mother in punishment, goaded on by his sister Vinny, the Electra of the Greek story. The boy finally kills himself, driven mad by remorse. So far we follow the Greek.

Then O'Neill goes a step farther to prove conclusively that mourning is the only possible fate for his Electra. Setting and plot are carefully worked out. Through the whole runs the terrible force of punishment for sin—the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. This idea too belongs to Aeschylus. Nevertheless, there is all the difference in the world between the two playwrights.

The characters of the "Orestina" are never condoned or excused in their guilt. They sin and they are punished, and the author wishes it to be apparent that it is right that they should be. He makes his case strong by making the sins tragic ones and hence the punishment tragic. Like Othello, they act according to their best impulses and in accordance with the noblest qualities of mankind. The theme is exalted. Not so with O'Neill.

O'Neill has taken an overdose of modern psychology. He gives us very detailed incarnations of all the complexes diagrammed on the blackboard of a lecture room. But he does not give us human beings. We have a convention of perverts on our hands—a lovely collection of scientific specimens. Vinny stalks rigidly across the stage, instigating death upon death, and stonily announcing that it is justice. At least one member of the audience was of the opinion that a well-placed bullet between her eyes would have been quite gratifying. Aeschylus gives us the tragedy of real nobility. O'Neill gives us examples of psychological terms.

In my opinion our great modern is possessed of a diseased mind and a perverted genius. There is no denying the power of his work. There is no denying his ability to dramatize. And there is no denying that his concept is utterly inhuman. We see glimpses of what he might have done when, in spite of himself, he permits touches of infinite pathos to creep into his treatment of the conscience-ridden boy Orin, or into Ezra's home-coming. In the minor character of Adam, the sailor lover and cousin, I think, lies the only human characterization in the whole play. Adam is obsessed with the hope of revenge, and he is carrying on an illicit love affair with his cousin's wife. But he is not a psychological

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term. He is a man. In one of the most effective settings in the play we see a man and a sailor bidding farewell to his ship and the sea for the sake of Christine. "Then it's farewell to you, Flying Trades," he mutters. "And you're right. I wasn't man enough." That is not only human, but further, it is really fine.

However, its impression is immediately destroyed when in the next breath the avenging children dispose of him quickly with a single shot, and Vinny, standing over the dead body of a man she was supposed to have loved, sternly importunes God to have mercy on the soul of her cousin Adam Manon. That one speech ruined the play for me once and for all. Vinny was sufficiently important in the author's idea to carry the title of his play. But through two-thirds of the play she was not important enough to be given lines that could possibly make her more than the mouthpiece of an avenging fate. The pathos of a girl spurned by her mother and, through her mother, spurned by all the persons she has ever loved is completely demolished. O'Neill must have genius to have accomplished that feat.

He is guilty of several little technical breaches. Having in the above mentioned scene effectively convinced us that Vinny felt nothing for Adam, he proceeds to strengthen that impression with several hours of incident. Then he puts Vinny in the arms of another lover in a very frenzy of passion and has her exclaim, "Hold me closer, *Adam!*" He has attained an instant's melodramatic effect at the expense of the whole character of his main person.

Seth the Manon gardener, takes the place of the Greek chorus in advancing action, presenting exposition, etc. He starts the play with a lengthy harangue at some townspeople, and I have seldom seen anything more artificial. Throughout the play, there is too much going on for an audience to sit quietly through whole scenes devoted to pure exposition and Seth's carousals with his cronies. In places O'Neill's mechanisms creak with age and scream of objectionable obviousness.

I did not enjoy "Mourning Becomes Electra". I consider it an odious distortion of a great theme—a specimen of psychology gone wild. It lacks reticence, taste, and decency. It utilizes old, worn-out theatrical

devices. It is inhuman and unappealing. It is impossible for a normal audience to feel. The characters are so exaggerated as to be almost ridiculous. It lasts on and on beyond the limits of endurance, utilizing the simple process of wearing the audience down. Its obvious power has flown wide of the mark. I am forced to think that its author is either a devil or a madman. I would suggest that the next time Mr. O'Neill feels such an urge coming on he take a strong bromide and go to bed!

ESTHER TYLER, '33



I've kissed a thistle to a star
If it could fly but fast and far
A million miles enough to gain
From Past and memory and pain
A sepulchre there in its flight
To look down from exultant height
And whisper to immensity
The stillborn song of life to be.

DOROTHY LUER, '34

WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?
THAT WAS NO LADY: THAT WAS MY WIFE!

(In the manner of Aldous Huxley.)

RONNIE, my boy, you detestable old Socialist, what do you mean by denying your heredity in this undeniably Capitalistic manner? There are times when you're bearable, old fruit, and then there are moments when the dull miasma of middle-class morality seems to obscure your vision. What would the governor have said if he could have seen you last night? Ronnie, I fear that you fail to appreciate that your father was one of the most amoral men England has ever known. Pity he drank himself to death before his example could have penetrated your aura sufficiently so that you might derive the benefit inherent therein. Your father, my boy, never said a true word in his life. He was profligate; he never did a day's work; he was utterly debauched, and even, in a sense, perverted. In short, he was a glorious example of devotion to the ideals of his age. And in the face of such a record you have the consummate crust to appear at so simple an amusement as an open-air concert with a girl who is patently bourgeoisie—her class, or the lack of it, simply irradiates her stupid, healthy, happy face. You even appeared to be enjoying yourself. O tempora, o mores! xz/bwIOxx (Insert here any Greek quotation.) Do you realize that, no matter to what heights of vice he ascended, your father never for a moment stooped so low as to enjoy life?

Slydell, old fellow, don't come down on a man so. You mentioned my heredity. A most interesting problem. Whatever faults you have ascribed to me did not originate in the homunculus that was I. They came to me from my mother. Believe me, Slydell, I speak with utter conviction when I say that, contrary to every expectation, my mother was completely sane. What is more, there was not so much as a trace of dementia praecox in her family. Think of it, man, she was completely normal. I have as much faith in you as I have in any man, which is to say, none, but nevertheless I will confess to you in this connection in

order to prove my point that she even believed in a God. You see how I am handicapped. Not only that, but I was educated at the best schools. I was brought up to be healthy and believe in good. Perhaps you begin to comprehend how hard the struggle has been to follow in my illustrious progenitor's footsteps. With a healthy body and a sound mind, little can be achieved. The taint of normalcy is almost ineradicable. As for the disgustingly sensible and happy state in which you happened to see me last night, I can offer no explanation except to say that it was a whim of my wife's. Yes, Slydell, there you have it—My Wife! I wasn't Hedonist enough to live with, enjoy, and defame a woman—I had to marry her! Dear old man, let us discuss this painful subject at no further length. I shall try to pull myself together. Perhaps some day I shall be able to deceive my wife and then poison her, but at the present time I am too weak to find pleasure in anything except the purchase of some daffodils. She adores them.

JEAN B. NEAL, '32

QUARTERLY BOOK REVIEW

THE WELL OF LONELINESS

by RADCLYFFE HALL

THING of tragic beauty, of a loveliness pregnant with sadness is this "Well of Loneliness". For the average person, of course, much of its significance, many of its ramifications of thought and feeling must of necessity be lost; probably none of us fully appreciate the tragic intensity of this book, even though the heart is vaguely moved at the same time that the intellect coldly criticizes. However that may be, it is manifestly out of the question, for any lover of truth and beauty, to condemn this book simply because it portrays, very frankly and with real feeling, a phase of life unfamiliar and perhaps objectionable to the greater part of society.

"The Well of Loneliness" is a study, partly psychological and partly subjectively emotional, of Stephen Gordon, one of that lonely band of warped souls who live in the eternal sadness of the no-man's-land of sex. As the study of a great soul, of a person exceptional by virtue of a superior intellect and a keen emotional sensitivity, it is one of the finest things in the realm of contemporary literature. One follows Stephen from the time of her birth, which causes a great disappointment to her parents because of the fact that she is not a boy, to the terrible moment when she realizes that, despite her tortured efforts, happiness is not for her. One sees her unhappy childhood, distorted by the undefined, nebulous suspicion that she is not as other children, and by the vague antagonism of her mother—the terrible significance of the utter loathing that clutches her soul and body when a man proposes marriage—her first love affair, when she is finally forced to the acceptance of her own peculiarity—the final relationship with Mary Llewellyn, which ends in complete disaster and a realization of final hopelessness.

For the most part, the book is consistent in that it expresses, in the maddened soliloquies of Stephen, the paradox that this "abnormal" manifestation of sex is, after all, inherently natural and normal; Nature herself has created it, and, even though it is beyond the comprehension of any mortal mind, there must be a definite place for it in the scheme of universal life. Stephen, in accordance with this, leads her life as she sees it must be led, facing the world unashamed and unafraid; a really great writer, she forces the world to recognize her through her work. Hers is a truly great soul, hidden in the queer body she cannot understand. However, at the very end of the book, Radclyffe Hall strikes a false note, I think. At the moment of utter tragedy, when Stephen is left alone with the great wound in her heart, she slips from her throne of idealism and grovels at the cold feet of the world, crying out against the God that could have created such a creature as herself. It is a concession to the world, and one foreign to the spirit in which the book was written.

Taken altogether, this "Well of Loneliness" is a strange book, a sincere one, and a very lovely one. It has treated a delicate subject with a keen insight and a sympathetic touch, and has created a character of strength and strange beauty that compels at once admiration and pity. And one reads the book with a sense of profound sadness, and feels the sin of intolerance slipping from him—for after all, in the words of Stephen, "Who is to judge?"

ERNESTINE HERMAN, '34

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