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FEEL LOT

STORIES · ARTICLES
REVIEWS · POEMS

Contributors

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1934: A PASTORAL

When the policeman had got down to the corner he saw someone, hatless, trying to hide himself from the snow and wind in the corner of a stone wall. The policeman clasped his night-stick tightly and approached.

"Wotcha doing here?" he demanded. "Wotcha name? Whereya from?"

After the young man had stilled the chattering of his teeth he answered.

"Well, your honor," he said, "you don't mind me calling you your honor, do you? To such a multitudinous question I could best answer as once did Robert Burns, a Scottish poet of whom you may have heard, when approached on a bridge which he in crossing had utilized for the purpose of expelling certain foreign alcoholic liquids from his overburdened system."

At this point his teeth began to gallop down the stretch again. After he had reined them in, and while the officer gazed at him, a certain amount of wonder in his stare, he continued.

"To an almost similarly phrased question," he said, "the bard of whom I spoke, bowing very low said, 'Me name is Bobby Burns. I'm frae the Forth of Feeth. I've lost the key to me bottom. So I'm upping through me teeth.'"

"I guess you think yer a smart punk slinging all that educated crap at me," the policeman said. "I don't know wotcha driving at—you sound screwy—but I got some of them words you said and if you was talking to me, I gotta mind to pull you in and give you a guest chamber for to night. Now wotcha doing here?"

"Well, your honor," the young man said, "as one sensible man to another, let me in turn ask you: what *would* a man be doing here under such atmospheric conditions?"

Now the officer was used to men who could be classified as being among the dispossessed of the earth. Reacting to motives of want and hunger, they were easily recognizable and could be depended on to take a

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THE ELIOT

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THE ART OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Man is the sum of his experiences, someone has said. If he is bequeathed the gift of an impressionable mind, of feeling the glory and the pathos of life, the ability to express himself in music or with pen and paper, his art is a thing of himself—and nothing else. Meaningless are words such as, “free from obsessions, from delusions and from excessive egocentricity,” when applied to Katherine Mansfield’s work. It is nothing of the sort. She was keenly conscious of every phase of life; she was deeply in love with her husband; she was stricken with tuberculosis and because of her malady forced to live away from him, to wander about from one rest cure to another with the hope of recovery and the desire to possess the happiness of other people, but death was always before her. Marriages, births, loves, these “delusions, obsessions and excessive egocentricities,” at which so-called cynics scoff (who are usually soured on these subjects by particular experience) *do* concern Katherine Mansfield. But her life made her see beneath the mere patterns of these things, to lead away from the red-letter Hallelujah part of them which is delusion, to the everyday incidents in them wherein lay the

substance of life, filled with obsessions and excessive egocentricities.

There is an essential difference between an author seeing himself reflected in life and in seeing life as reflected in himself. Katherine Mansfield did the latter. It is this fact that enabled her to use as models, or accessories, or background any of the chance travellers she may have encountered with almost equal success. She was an interested spectator, impassive from without, but taking into her active mind the little obvious details of a person or an episode, weaving her stories with a déft hand and a deep insight.

This keenness of perception and her frank report of what she saw is the secret of the arresting quality of her writings. Like Chekov she points a word, a phrase down into one’s mind until it nestles there and takes on significant meaning. In the “Daughters of the Late Colonel,” Kate, the housemaid, snatches away the plates of her mistresses and slaps down a “white, terrified blancmange.” The word “terrified” strikes just the right point of mingled pity and humor. It is unnecessary to heap up instances, for every story is filled with this most characteristic element, the feeling of significant detail which is simply a keen consciousness of intellect to sense feeling. “To be simple enough, as one would be simple before God,” Katherine Mansfield says in her Journal. And with this ideal before her she seems to have arisen to a plane above conventional romance and sentimentality, above analysis and psychology. She merely sees clearly and reports honestly in her own way.

Katherine Mansfield’s work has been described as being that half-way mark between poetry and prose that is so difficult to obtain. She seems to get this effect by the use of symbolism, as a poet does, yet employing no rhyme, no

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IT WAS WORTH IT

Arnold Jones stood on his back porch and looked with distaste up and down the long row of back yards, all alike, and all with small green garages in the rear. He threw away his half consumed cigarette in disgust and walked slowly toward the alley. He gave a stray pebble a vicious kick as he passed it on the walk.

As he reached the alley, a car turned into it from the cross street many houses up, and Arnold watched it as it approached at slow speed. As it drew nearer, he noticed that its license plates were white and bore the words "Metropolitan Police" in heavy blue letters.

His body stiffened as he drew himself into the doorway of his garage. He flattened himself against the door and prayed he would not be seen.

The moment the scout car idled past, Arnold rushed into the alley and shouted "Help!" at the top of his voice.

A policeman leaned out of the window and looked back.

"Help, it's a hold-up!" shouted Arnold.

The car stopped and the driver jammed it into reverse.

Without waiting for the car to back up to him, Arnold wheeled and raced

into his yard. He rounded the garage and ran into the gangway between it and the one next door. He peered over the fence into the alley. The two police officers leaped out of their car with drawn revolvers and rushed into the yard.

Satisfied that they would investigate the yard for a moment, Arnold hurdled the fence and ran up to the car and climbed in. Slamming the doors, he raced the motor and roared down the alley just as the police emerged from the yard. Looking behind, he saw that one of them had raised his gun and was firing. Several bullets screamed by him and another crashed through the rear window into the windshield, missing his head by inches. Arnold ducked, knowing he would soon be out of range.

Pressing the siren, he roared the car into Columbia Boulevard and headed south. He quickly gunned the car to sixty miles an hour, the siren wide open. He experienced a thrill of pleasure as the other cars ahead of him obediently swung over to the curb to give him a wide berth.

He pushed his foot to the floor and

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UNDERGRADUATE PRIZE CONTESTS

The Eliot is sponsoring two contests, one in the short story, and one in the essay. Manuscripts should be handed to the editors, Cupples I, Room 202.

The two best stories received will be sent to *Story Magazine* as Washington University entries in the undergraduate contest they are sponsoring. Two prizes are offered by *Story Magazine*: one hundred dollars, and fifty dollars. The award in the essay contest will be five dollars.

Stories must be between fifteen hundred and six thousand words in length. Essays must be between twelve hundred and sixteen hundred words in length. *The Eliot* reserves the right to publish all material submitted.

Closing dates:

The Essay contest, March 31, 1934

The Short Story contest, March 20, 1934

JUST A CHILD

"Henry," said Mrs. Curtis with a slight lilt in her voice, "I went to see 'Alice in Wonderland' today." She giggled nervously.

"Uh," said Mr. Curtis, engrossed in trying to read the fine print on the stock market page with his glasses on the bureau upstairs.

"I'm still just a kid," said Mrs. Curtis wistfully.

"Uh," said Mr. Curtis, wondering whether it said $18\frac{1}{4}$ or $13\frac{1}{2}$, or whether that fraction was just a speck on the paper. He tried to brush it away. It was still there. Then he tried to scratch it off. His nail poked a hole in the paper taking the fraction and the 13 or the 18 (or maybe it was a 19) with it. "Damn it," he said.

"What, dear?" asked Mrs. Curtis, delighted that he was taking an interest.

"Nothing," said Mr. Curtis.

"Did you hear what I said before, Henry?" asked Mrs. Curtis.

"Sure," he said, looking for the editorial page. He always liked to read the letters from the people.

"What?" asked Mrs. Curtis.

"Uh," grunted her husband, having found it.

"I said, 'What?' Henry," repeated Mrs. Curtis, a little wearily.

"Oh," he remarked, finding his spirit in perfect attune with a letter signed "Indignant Taxpayer."

"Well then, what?" pursued Mrs. Curtis.

"What, what?" Mr. Curtis asked, as he finished the last letter. There weren't many tonight. He resolved to spend two minutes with his wife and then go to the comic strips.

"What did I say before?" said Mrs. Curtis.

"Don't *you* know?" asked Mr. Curtis, wondering what was the matter with his wife.

"Certainly I know. But you said you did too," explained Mrs. Curtis, with

something of an edge to her voice. Henry was exasperating sometimes.

"Why, you said—you said," Mr. Curtis groped, ". . . you said you played bridge with Alice today."

Mr. Curtis glanced complacently at his wife. Mrs. Curtis glared at her husband. "I said," she repeated, leaving a little space between each word, "that I went to see 'Alice in Wonderland' today."

"Oh," said Mr. Curtis.

"Besides," his wife continued, "I don't know any Alice, unless you count that Alice Williams. And I don't even hear from her any more."

"Well, I—" Mr. Curtis began.

"And, Henry, it takes at least four people to play bridge," she concluded. Then she saw that Mr. Curtis was about to turn to Ella Cinders, so she continued quickly. "I'm still just a child," she said, wistfully again.

"You are?" Mr. Curtis asked, seeing that she was waiting for him to say something. He looked up from Ella Cinders with a sigh.

"Yes," Mrs. Curtis said dreamily, "I'm just like Peter Pan. Eternal youth. I just felt I was in Wonderland with Alice today."

"You did?" said Mr. Curtis.

"Yes," said Mrs. Curtis. "I don't know when I enjoyed anything more. When Alice told Humpty-Dumpty his hair needed cutting, I almost died. No, it wasn't Humpty Dumpty, it was the Queen of Hearts. She said that to Alice. Anyway, it just shows you, I'm still a child."

"Yep," said Mr. Curtis, going back to Ella Cinders, thankful that his wife had finished.

"None of the girls wanted to go. I almost had to go alone." Mrs. Curtis had not finished.

Her husband looked up regretfully. He folded the paper and put it on the end table.

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THREE BOOKS

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas—Gertrude Stein—New York, Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.

Miss Stein here uses her secretary's name to write an objective autobiography and shows no hesitation in describing herself as the literary genius of the century. The book is more a record of the personalities and events surrounding her atelier in Paris than it is a record of her own life, but it will serve admirably to introduce the reader to Gertrude Stein's eccentric writing in its least eccentric form. The book, though brief, is an excellent record of the work of the Paris modernists in art and literature. It deals with such art figures as Picasso, Matisse, and Cezanne, and with such writers as Sherwood Anderson, Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway, and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The Bird of Dawning—John Masefield—New York, MacMillan, \$2.50.

Sixteen men in an open boat, the famous tea clipper races from China to England, and Mr. Masefield's flawless writing about his love, the sea, all combine to make *The Bird of Dawning* one of the best sea stories in many months. Authentic nautical terminology is found throughout, and the author has even seen fit to include a glossary for those whose knowledge of the sea is small. Although the plot is somewhat artificial, Mr. Masefield more than makes up for this lack by excellent, poetic writing and amusing, salty conversation among his characters.

Winner Take Nothing—Ernest Hemingway—New York, Scribner's, \$2.00.

More aptly termed "Reader Take Nothing," this book consists of a collection of short, plotless stories dealing with such choice subjects as prostitution, castration, inversion, and intoxication. The writing is realistic enough but the stories are uniformly purpose-

Katherine Mansfield

(Continued from Page 2)

meter, but short significant sentences. In "Bliss" and "The Escape," the idea of the story is embodied in a tree. The tree stands for an emotion, or a state of mind.

"And the two women stood side by side looking at the slender, flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed—almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon."

In other stories the symbolism appears in small revealing details, humorous at times, as in "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," where we see Josephine writing replies to letters of condolence, "and twenty-three times when she came to 'We miss our dear father so much,' she had broken down and had to use her handkerchief, and on some of them even to soak up a very light-blue tear with an edge of blotting paper." The very light-blue tear symbolizes the "light-blue" character of Josephine in just those words.

Katherine Mansfield in these later stories shows an amused cynicism of her fellow-men. In her first collection of stories, "In a German Pension," she wields the whip with a crack. Herr Rat and the other pensionnaires are lashed with a brittle sophistication when they speak of food, of their ailments and the begetting of babies, as though nothing else mattered. Even the titles of these stories, as, for example, "Germans at Meat," has a sa-

less, the one good selection in the book being reprinted from the author's *Death in the Afternoon*. If the reader enjoys Mr. Hemingway's special brand of realism and will not object to a slim, 25,000 word book full of slimmer stories, he may find *Winner Take Nothing* worth reading.

—L. W.

tirical twist. In "Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding," she gives a passive yet a vindictive picture of bourgeois narrowness. The girl, Theresa, forced into marriage because of her illegitimate child, is baited by the wedding guests, who make her a mock gift of china twins in a cradle: "The hot room seemed to heave and sway with laughter as she lifted the lid, peeped in, then shut it down with a little scream and sat biting her lips." Frau Brechenmacher did not think it funny. "Na, what is it all for?" she mutters. At home she strips the mattress off the baby's bed to see if he is still dry. "Always the same," she says—"All over the world the same; but, God in Heaven, how stupid."

Katherine Mansfield's cynicism in these stories is a young cynicism (she was 19 years of age when she wrote them), but it is swift, and though stinging, is delightful.

She was not a pessimist. She was like white glass, reflecting the part of life held before her, but never coloring it. Her nature was too deep for her to have been unaware of the sordidness of the world. But an acute sense of humor mitigated her hatred of it, and that humor was in turn softened by her love of mankind, so that even while she strips the colonel's daughters bare to their warped "old-maid" souls, she presents them as two pathetic and gentle individuals. Had not death taken away Katherine Mansfield in early maturity, I think her writings would have again taken on that quality of cynicism which characterized her first writings.

—DOROTHY WEINER.

The Faculty Speaks Department

"Lichens sometimes look like gravy such as you find on rocks and trees in the woods."—DR. ROBERT E. WOODSON.

SIX HOKKUS

The obi
Which binds your kimono is gay,
Yet the lining is frayed.

High fences
Make homes honorable;
Is man dishonorable without?

Though wind
Among the bamboos cuts dainty patterns,
I forget to save them.

My wife has told my third son thus
to live,
Yet how could a woman know?

Last fall
I picked pistachios;
Now the almond tree is not bearing.

Water iris and statesmen
Seem to have no roots,
Yet live gracefully.

—WINIFRED DUNCAN.

Just a Child

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Now Mrs. Curtis, sure of her audience, continued at greater length. "You'd think they'd be interested in something besides cards for a change. None of them wanted to go."

Mr. Curtis reached for the paper.

"'You'd think,' I said to them, 'that you'd be interested in something besides cards for a change.'"

Mr. Curtis let the paper remain on the end table.

"Finally Lucille said she wanted to go. But isn't it terrible, though? Cards, cards, cards. That's all they ever think of. None of the finer things in life. Even Lucille didn't like it terribly." Mrs. Curtis stopped.

As she saw her husband reach again for the paper, she said dreamily, "I did though. I'm still just a child, I suppose," she said.

—GORDON SAGER.

1934: A Pastoral

question and answer it yes or no.

"Well," he said defensively, "they's lots of reasons why. You might be trying to break into one of these here stores for all I know. You might be waiting to murder somebody for his money."

"Your theses for my presence do you justice," the young man said, "but as a matter of fact, I am waiting for my wife."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. You see, my wife uses this corner as a transfer point from one car which takes her from work to another here which takes her home. She sometimes works late, and is naturally afraid to stand here by herself."

"I got a wife like that," the officer said.

"Like what?"

"She's scared wherever she is."

"Do you love your wife, officer?" the young man said. "Do you sometimes sit at table with the victuals all gone and the city outside burning and do nothing but appreciate her and digest her?"

As he said this his knees gave way a little. His eyes almost closed. His face turned green through the reddish burn of cold wind, and he might have fallen had the officer not caught him.

"Whatsa matter with you?" the officer said.

"Nothing," the young man muttered. "I'm sick with love for her."

"Love for who?"

"My wife! I'm hungry for the warm burning city where we shall sit."

"Jesus!" the officer said, releasing him, "you sure got it bad."

He departed on his rounds, grinning and shaking his head. The young man stood on his feet till the officer had turned the corner; then, slowly sinking, as beneath some heavy weight, he sat down in the snow.

The wind quit terrorizing corners now and strode boldly down the center of the street. It ran directly from

east to west and the falling snow fled before it like millions of white flies and the snow which had already fallen rose now and fled also before it in clouds. A street car came from the north, its headlight cold before it, and went to the south, but no one got off. In half an hour it went north again. And in slightly more than an hour it came south again.

The policeman, coming from a saloon, met the young man, who was now lying prone with his arms clasped around himself. The policeman jerked him to his feet and after shaking him and slapping his blue lips awhile made his eyes almost open.

"Me name," the young man mumbled, "is Bobby—" but before he could finish his sentence and long before the policeman could drop him in order to call an ambulance, he was dead.

—J. S. BALCH.

It Was Worth It

the speedometer registered "70". That was the car's limit but it was fast enough for Arnold.

He grinned as he dashed across a busy intersection. The traffic cop held the cars back and waved him through. Arnold waved back.

The radio which had been silent suddenly burst into life. "Calling all cars!" said the voice of the announcer. "Scout Car 107 stolen from Columbia and Hawthorne. Heading south on Columbia. Catch it! That is all."

It wouldn't be long now, thought Arnold. But it didn't matter, he would give them a race for their money!

He slowed down to fifty as he swung into a side street and headed for the Park. As he passed a playground, the children rushed to the sidewalk and watched him speed past. He pressed the siren to a scream for their benefit.

"All cars hurry!" said the voice of the radio announcer. "Stolen Scout Car 107 last seen headed west toward Park. Hurry and you can catch it there!"

Arnold glanced into the rear-view mirror and noticed a motorcycle cop a block behind him. He gunned the motor and swung left into the Park, his tires screaming as he rounded a corner. As he did so, another scout car swung in from the other direction.

He hit seventy again and opened the siren. But there was little traffic in the park and small chance to escape the pursuing cars. It was only a matter of time, for the motorcycle was gaining on him.

The scout car just behind was firing at him and, though no bullets came within range, Arnold decided to give himself up. The game had gone too far for safety. He jammed on his brakes and came to a shrieking halt.

The motorcycle sped past, turned, and stopped in the middle of the street. The cop dismounted and ran toward Arnold with drawn revolver. The pursuing cars drew up behind and stopped, the policemen jumping out.

Arnold got out and raised his arms. The cops formed a circle about him. A fat sergeant pushed his way through the group and began to frisk Arnold for weapons.

"What the hell's the idea?" he

roared, finding no evidence.

Arnold said nothing.

"Damn it, speak up, fella! What'd ya steal the car for?"

"I'm a filing clerk," said Arnold.

"Huh?" bellowed the cop. "What the hell's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," said Arnold. "Can you imagine being a filing clerk?"

"Come on. Cut the comedy! What'd ya steal the car for?"

"Well, try to imagine you're a filing clerk."

"O. K.," grunted the cop in disgust. "I'm a filing clerk. Now go ahead and tell us why you stole it."

"Well," explained Arnold, "I've been alphabetizing and filing index cards for two years without a break. Day in and day out. I couldn't stand it! It drove me crazy! I had to have some excitement and I got it."

The sergeant stared at him in amazement. "Well, buddy, I don't know how true that is, but it looks like your little spree's gonna cost you about sixty days in the Workhouse."

"I don't care," said Arnold, his eyes shining. "It's the first real excitement I've had for two years and it was worth it."

—LEIGH WHITE.

CALENDAR

February 19—"The World's Fair," Burton Holmes travelogue, *Odeon*.

February 20—"With Byrd to the Bottom of the World," W. U. Association lecture by Larry Gould, *Soldan*.

February 25-26—Ted Shawn, dancer, *Artist's Guild*.

February 26—League for Industrial Democracy lecture by Norman Thomas, *Soldan*.

"A Mediterranean Cruise," Burton Holmes travelogue, *Odeon*.

February 27—Dusolina Giannini, soprano, Civic Music League, *Odeon*.

March 4—Cryptic Club Repertoire Plays, *Artists' Guild*.

March 5—"Seeing the East Indies," Burton Holmes travelogue, *Odeon*.

March 6—"Masters of Modern Sculpture," W. U. Association lecture by Mary Powell, *Soldan*.

March 8—"Lost Kisses," Little Theatre play, by Andre Birabeau, translated by Thomas B. Sherman, *Artists' Guild*.

March 12—"A World Cruise," Burton Holmes travelogue, *Odeon*.

March 19—"The New Italy," Burton Holmes travelogue, *Odeon*.