

PATHETIC POSTLUDE

Eugene O'Neil on C I A Campus

Place: Lowry dining-room.

Time: 6:15—and naturally Saturday night.

Characters:

Bewildered young man, assuming nonchalance that would never do credit to a Murad.

Damsel fair, overdoing that protective graciousness.

Sea of faces (composed immediately of ten other table occupants.)

He—Lovely school! (How'd I ever get dragged into this dump? Wonder how many girls there are here—Looks like millions—All eyes—Never saw a bunch stare so—Gosh, it's hot in here—And I'll bet they eat for hours—)

She—Yes, it is nice. (I hope that little gad-about Mary James can see him. She thinks her snub-nosed date's so much. How can I make him remember to stand till they return thanks? I'm afraid to kick

him. Good grief! His nails are black! And he's not half so good-looking as he used to be.)

He—Nice and cool. (I'm roasting.—She looks hot too and her nose is shiny.—Funny how much more you notice things like that when you put 'em with so many others.—Now that blonde across the table, for instance!—She's not half bad!)

She—Yes, it is. (Why doesn't he wake up and pass the glasses? You'd think he was scared to death. And heavens! He's using his salad fork for his meat. I wonder if the hostess sees him—)

He—Steak's good. (Gosh I hate to keep cuttin' this stuff. Nobody else seems to be having much trouble. I don't see why they give a guest the worst piece.— There comes that bread again.— Why don't these fool girls set somethin' down once in a while?)

She—Yes, it is. (Isn't he ever going to stop eating? Everyone's been through for hours! I wonder if I'd better kick him—)

He (realizing the painful lack of companionship) — Steak's good. Too good to leave. (Gosh! They must be going to a fire or sompin'. I never saw girls gobble so—But she needn't have kicked me—I'm no horse!)

She—It's been nice having you. (Of all the pains! He'll never get another date with me!)

He—It's been keen for me too. (Of all the pains! She'll never get another date with me!)

'34

Jack and Jill went up a hill
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back,
One eye was black;
His pal, you see, had lied.

—Skipper.

