

# Connecticut College Alumnae News

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 4

FALL 1970

## Contents

- The Noble Rise and Tragic Decline of the Truffle by Elizabeth C. Peer '57 2  
No Moral Judgments by Adele Francis Toyne '35 5  
Liberal Arts Education in a Brazilian Milieu  
by Heliodora Carneiro de Mendonca '43 9  
Commencement 11  
Reunion 14  
In Memoriam: Professor Gerard Edward Jensen by Gertrude E. Noyes '25 17  
WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY? 19-25  
We Are America Kathleen Doer '70  
The Result of Past Debate Ernest David Frawley  
The Time Has Come Bernice M. Wheeler '37  
The College and an All-College Assembly F. Edward Cranz  
I Am No Pacifist Charles E. Shain

COVER and pp., 1, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 designed by Sarah Hargrove Sullivan '57

PHOTOGRAPHS Philip Biscuti pp., 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19

EDITORIAL BOARD: Helen Haase Johnson '66, Editor (Mrs Roland H. Johnson) R.F.D. #3, Box 300, Norwich, Conn. 06360 / Marion Vibert Clark '24, Class Notes Editor / Helen L. Brogan '52, Business Manager / Elizabeth Damerel Gongaware '26, Assistant Editor / Margaret Royall Hinck '33.

ADVISORY BOARD: Barbara Snow Delaney '44, Gertrude E. Noyes '25, Editorial / Sarah Hargrove Sullivan '57, Graphics / Betsy P. Frawley '72, Student Affairs / Roldah Northup Cameron '51, Eleanor W. Tyler '30, ex officio.

## EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

President, Roldah Northup Cameron '51  
First Vice-President, Jane Muddle Funkhouser '53  
Second Vice-President, Justine Shepherd Freud '51  
Secretary, Lyda Chatfield Sudduth '27  
Treasurer, Helen L. Brogan '52

Directors-at-Large, Catherine Warner Gregg '39, Cynthia H. Enloe '60, Eloise Stumm Brush '42, Elizabeth Hood Wilson '60 / Alumnae Trustees, Eleanor Hine Kranz '34, Elizabeth Rockwell Cesare '52, Martha Boyle Morrisson '43 / Chairman of Alumnae Annual Giving Program, Jane M. Gullong '67 / Chairman of Nominating Committee, Mary Elizabeth Franklin Gehrig '42 / Chairman of Finance Committee, Barbara Berman Levy '41 / Chairman of Scholarship Committee, Martha Boyle Morrisson '43 / Chairman of Personnel Committee, Hortense Alderman Cooke '32 / 1970 Representative, Anita H. Laudone '70 / Executive Director, Eleanor W. Tyler '30.

Communications to any of the above may be addressed in care of the Alumnae Office, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut 06320.

All publication rights reserved. Contents reprinted only by permission of the editor. Published by the Connecticut College Alumnae Association at Sykes Alumnae Center, Connecticut College, New London, Conn., four times a year in December, March, May, August. Publication Office at 1501 Stratford Avenue, Stratford, Conn. 06497. Second-class postage paid at Bridgeport, Conn. 06601. Send Form 3579 to Sykes Alumnae Center, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. 06320. AAC Member.



**TEATRO NACIONAL E COMEDIA**  
 DO SERVICO NACIONAL DE TEATRO  
**TEMPORADA OFICIAL DE 1957**  
 APRESENTA  
**O TELESCOPIO**  
 DE JORGE ANDRADE  
**JOGO DE CRIANCAS**  
 DE JOAO BETHENCOURT  
**PEDRO MICO**  
 DE ANTONIO CALLADO  
 ESTREIA: 10 SETEMBRO  
**TEATRO REPUBLICA**  
 AV. GOMES FREIRE 474 TEL. 22 0171  
 LOCALIDADE: CR\$ 30.00

**ACTUALITES SPECTACLES**

**THEATRE - PARIS**  
 ELVIRE POPESCO  
**LA CONTESSA**

**GYMNASE**  
 JACQUES DEVAL  
**LA VENUS DE MILO**

**LES MAXIBULES**  
 MARPESSA DAWN  
**CHERIE NOIRE!**

**COUCOU**  
 ROMEO CARLES

**U'LA DIN... VOSTON**

**MIMI PINSON**

**DANS LA JUNGLE DES VILLES**

**FOU RIRE**  
 THEATRE DES CARICONS  
**ENFANTS DU COEUR!**

**ANIE CORDY**  
 LUIS MARIANO  
**VISA POUR L'AMOUR**

**IVANOV**

**Alhambra**  
 ROGER PIERRE  
 JEAN WEST  
**TRIBAULT**

## Liberal Arts Education in a Brazilian Milieu

Heliadora Carneiro de Mendonça '43

Ever since I received the invitation to write for the *Alumnæ News*, thoughts about the advantages and disadvantages of a liberal arts education have been turning in my mind. To try to reach a formal judgment would be rather hopeless; consequently, I have decided just to let things get written as they come into my head. I am sure that Miss Oakes would have the gravest objections to such a lack of method. And I shudder even more at the possibility of others saying that this is an obvious manifestation of that most detestable of all arguments to justify the unjustifiable, a "Latin temperament." In my ramblings I will refer to "temperament" which I personally consider—when termed "Latin"—to be a lame excuse for incompetence because most often "the fault, dear Brutus, is not in" a liberal arts education, but in ourselves.

My interest in the theatre has always been great. After graduation when I returned to Brazil, however, it was a long time before I had any real connection with it—marriage, children, no immediate economic need of going out and getting a job. But eventually I started doing a bit more than just seeing plays. Now and then I wrote articles for literary supplements. I even had the experience of acting in amateur performances, but I was definitely not an actress, and I realized very early that I was not at all interested in being one. Still, the little acting I did taught me about the theatre in general, and more and more this seemed to be my forte. So after a good many years

of sporadic activity, in 1957 I became dramatic critic for the *Jornal Do Brasil*, Rio's leading morning newspaper.

For nearly eight years I reviewed plays, wrote essays about problems of the Brazilian theatre and about authors and plays, and lectured on the history of drama. In addition, I was president twice of the Rio Drama Critics' Circle, and was largely responsible for the planning of the yearly series of lectures organized by that same group. The object of this organization is to educate the public in drama and theatre.

While writing for the *Jornal Do Brasil*, a pet subject was the denunciation of the perpetual mismanagement of the National Theatre Service, the federal agency which was supposed to aid the theatre in Brazil. When in 1964 I was invited to become its director, I found myself in a tight spot! I did not want the position, but wondered whether I had the moral right to refuse it after having written critically about it for so long. After some thought I took the job, and continued to hold the office for three years. Even though there were terrible limitations to the budget, and conditions generally were most difficult, I managed to make things work. Not as well as I wanted, but certainly better than before, and most certainly better than the debacle that has occurred under two incompetent political appointees since I left in 1967.

My pride and joy was the Drama School which had existed in dire condition for nearly twenty years under the auspices of the agency. After three years, it really began to look like a school. I begged, cajoled, and used emotional blackmail, but somehow managed to bring high-quality professionals to teach in lieu of the sad gathering of ageing or aged incompetents I found there when I first arrived. Since all education in Brazil is government controlled, I had to work at getting laws passed in Congress which would give the school a clear professional status. This legislation laid the foundation on which our dramatic schools now stand at long last as respected members of the education world. I am very proud of having accomplished this although there is still much more work to be done. After I left in 1967, the school rather went to pieces, but since the proper legal structure had been established, it began to get back on its feet again last year, and thankfully it is no longer a part of the National Theatre Service.

---

### From the Author:

... I was overwhelmed by memories of Connecticut; I have been so completely cut off from practically everyone for so long, and just the idea that so many old friends might read my words made an almost unbearable emotional impact on me. ... I have three absolutely wonderful daughters: the eldest, Priscilla, already married, is a secretary; the second, Patricia, works in a school during the day, and evenings goes to Drama School (I feel at the same time very proud and rather sorry that one more in the family has caught this terrible bug); the third, Helen Marcia, is in high school and early this year, at the bright age of 14, had a one-gal exhibition of her drawings and collages—and sold quite well!

My old job as critic was waiting when I left public service, but I decided that I did not want it. For one thing, I was exhausted and needed rest; for another, I wanted to work nearer the theatre itself. In the meantime, I had been translating plays (from English and French) and books (from English), and when there was anything I desperately wanted to say, my old paper was always ready to publish it. But I definitely did not want to review plays in performance anymore.

In early 1968, I directed a play professionally for the first time. It was Peter Shaffer's *The Private Ear and the Public Eye*, and even though the results were pleasant enough, it did not click. In November of the same year, I did a piece of work which delighted me: a rehearsed reading of the uncut *Hamlet* translated by my mother who is a poet. Over a period of two months, I worked with seventeen professional actors who gave their time as I did for the benefit of a charitable organization. For the first time in Portuguese, *Hamlet* really flowed, and had vigor and dramatic force; the critics gave us rave notices.

A year later, I directed another Shakespeare play, *The Comedy of Errors*, my own translation (in verse, yet!). It ran for three months in Rio which today is an exceptionally good run. That success was followed by an abominable *Miss Julie*. When the state of Minas Gerais had invited me to direct the play, they promised to have professional actors waiting for me, but it turned out that they were rank amateurs with no experience to speak of. It was extremely frustrating.

I was invited early this year to again join the school I had helped to reorganize. I had taught dramatic literature when I was there before, but this time they asked me to teach a class in acting which I enjoy a great deal. But as I write, I have had a new request to take over dramaturgy. So there I go again. . . .

Meanwhile, on a few and very gratifying occasions, I have given vent to my everlasting passion for Shakespeare by contributing to the *Shakespeare Survey* in England (three times), and to the *Shakespeare Quarterly* in America (once). These days I wonder when I will ever have time enough for another Shakespearean venture, for at present I have more commitments than I care to think about: teaching, scheduled lectures, writing and taping nineteen introductions to a series of plays to be given on Educational TV in São Paulo, etc.

Let's see what is left to be said about this liberal arts-educated Brazilian. I have been invited twice to speak about Brazilian arts to new personnel arriving at the American Embassy, and I have represented my country at theatre conferences in Edinburgh, Caracas, Santiago de Chile,

New York, and Montreal. And I have been made *Officier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres* by the French government.

I must have cursed my liberal arts training at least a thousand times in my life. Most of these occasions were connected with thinking in terms of money-making propositions. Perhaps this will always be the strongest argument against that type of education: that it does not provide one with a highly specialized profession which is the easiest way to get a job. In my own case, other elements must be added; I majored in English in the United States and returned to live permanently in my own underdeveloped Brazil. The underdevelopment factor is extremely important. Development is the major aim of my country, and a specific profession (preferably technical) which makes an obvious contribution to the economy is the crying need. It is when considered from this angle that I have my greatest doubts about the type of education I had.

On the other hand, when considering the many things learned at Connecticut College that I must be grateful for, my thoughts go back to the words of Miss Bethurum (sorry! Mrs. Loomis). At my graduation in Harkness Chapel (there were only two of us graduating at the end of that summer in '43), she reminded us that, in a period when science and technology were of such prime importance, it was also necessary that there be people who planned to work in the field of literature and the arts. So if at times I feel terribly useless. I think back and become more clearly conscious of the fact that my field is not ineffectual, and that in these troubled times one may still make a contribution in non-scientific, non-technical fields without drifting into sterile aestheticism.

If for a while I did not make a real career out of my activities, it was not the fault of my training, but of my own temperament. It was quite comfortable being a dilettante. When I finally came to face the problem squarely, I discovered that there were a number of jobs that I could really do, from being a free-lance professional to teaching full-time. I doubt that a different type of schooling would have been more helpful to my career. Certainly I have worked in a field that for my own tastes and talents offers more attraction than any routine job might do. My liberal arts education gave me the right sort of curiosity about the world in general so that I never stop feeling that I want to learn more.

Maybe nothing of what I have said adds up to a very clear picture so I will state it in another way: if I had it to do all over again, I would still take a liberal arts education, but given the chance, I would try to discipline my temperament so that I could get still more done than I have.