

HUMOR



Frank R. Sullivan
(1908-1976)



Eugene O'Neill
(1888-1953)

Life Is a Bowl of Eugene O'Neills (1931)

My next dramatic work will be a sextology, so called because it will consist of six plays all filled with sex. The acting of it will require fifteen hours. There will be twenty-four different kinds of sex in it, an all-time record. Of these, seven are completely new and have never before appeared in any dramatic work not written by Earl Carroll. Of the seven, six were discovered last spring (in the love season) by the Sullivan-National Geographic Society Expedition to the summit of Havelock Ellis. The seventh is a new, rustproof, non-collapsible kind of sex, invented by myself after years of research during my odd moments; moments which grew odder and odder as my investigations progressed. This new variety of sex is made from goldenrod, and I call it Toora-loor-aluminum.

The sextology will concern the goings-on of a family named Baddun. The family consists of a Confederate veteran, General Baddun, who is hated by his wife, Alia Baddun, who in turn is loved by their son, Earle Baddun, and hated by their daughter, Alice Baddun, who is in love with her father and her brother.

As the sextology opens, the Badduns are discovered having a snack of breakfast consisting of creamed henbane, toadstools, *sous-cloche*, and Paris-green pudding with strychnine sauce. A percolator of Prussic acid bubbles cozily on the range. The favors are special suicide revolvers which, by simply pulling the trigger, can also be used for murdering one's next of kin. The Badduns sit there glowering at each other. Earle is staring at Alice. Alice shudders, and buries her face in a remote part of her hands, where she thinks Earle will never find it.

Earle: Nice weather we're having.

Alice: (sternly)--Earle!

Earle: What?

Alice: Why do you say that? You know it's not nice weather we're having. It may be nice weather for others, but it can never be nice weather for the Badduns. Why do you look at me like that, Earle, with desire in your elms? For God's sake, stop looking at me like that, Earle! Don't touch me, Earle!

Earle: All right, I won't--if you incest.

Alla: Life is just a bowl of cherries.

Earle: Mother, may I be excused from table?

Alla: Why, my son?

Earle: I want to shoot myself. I'll only be gone a minute.

Alla: But why do you want to shoot yourself, my boy?

Earle: It's all so horrible, Mother.

Alla: What's horrible, dear?

Earle: Life, Mother, Life. When I was in the army, every mother I shot seemed to look like every other mother I shot, and every mother looked like you, Mother. And then every other mother began to look like me, Mother, and I felt that every time I killed somebody's mother I was committing suicide and every time I committed suicide I felt I looked like every other Eugene O'Neill.

Alla: Life is just a bowl of Eugene O'Neills....