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# The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 16, no. 2

John Carroll University

# CARROLL QUARTERLY

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UNIVERSITAS JOANNIS CARROLL
1886

# Contents

# Editorially Speaking

Let it be stated now that the *Quarterly* staff is grateful for the many comments received about our first issue. We hope that succeeding issues will also be provocative enough to warrant the same amount of interest.

In the issue in hand, you will notice that the footnotes which appeared in past issues, under the selections, have been dropped from the magazine in order to afford the staff an opportuntiy to remark about the majority of selections. We cannot single out every one because space does not permit us to. This method of presentation, we feel, will give our readers an insight into the reasoning of the staff in our evaluation of the assorted collection of material in this issue.

Looking at the prose selections, you will notice that a review, prepared by Edward J. Kazlauskas, a senior English Major and one of our Editors, entitled *Phaedra,* demonstrates a discussion of a problem which is not only ethical in scope but also tragic in its effect on the lives of those involved. This review calls our attention to the fact that life presents a variety of thorny paths, and, while we objectively view the entanglement, we, by no means, condone the action.

"Theatre Royale," by Tim Burns, a freshman, is his first attempt at creative writing for the *Carroll Quarterly.* The article is entertaining and presents an imaginative mind at work.

We are grateful to Mr. Bernard S. Jablonski, a full professor in the Modern Languages Department, for his interest in submitting such a scholarly work which should be of value to students of both English and French Literature.

A review by the editor of this publication calls to your attention a new novel by a very young author. We feel that this novel is a splendid reflection of youth as it achieves maturity. Those of you who are familiar with J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye,* will find that *The Temple of Gold* by William Goldman is a much more mature work and one that really displays an open message.

It is not often that one finds within the annals of film making two stars of equal merit sharing the same billing. This is the case with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in the film presentation of *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane.* For this reason, together with the obvious fact that the message of this film might very well be a portent of what could be a reality in regard to many old actresses' lives, we have singled out this movie and reviewed it.

John Covolo, a junior, will be remembered for his short story of last year, *The Starlings of Winter.* We have presently included another of his short stories which in its entirity is composed of a series of little

stories. The complete work mirrors an attitude of mind and develops the statement of Baudelaire which begins the selection—"O God! Grant me the courage and the fortitude not to be ashamed of my life."

Kevin Stroh, a junior English Major, makes his first appearance with an entertaining essay on a phase in the life of Mark Twain.

The article on *Othello* by C. Colombi is so designed purposely that it will prove invaluable when used by some to refresh their memories on the University Series production of the same name this evening.

Let's take a look at our poetry. If you recall, the last issue's preface made note of a predominence of religious poetry and spoke of a hope that the religious motif would be tempered with some secular outlook. We are happy to report that we received what we requested. To some of you, this attitude might be described more as pessimism than a secular outlook. Let's just say that it's winter outside and that we have just emerged from tons of snow—so let's be pessimistic, it seems safer than optimism in the long run.

It doesn't seem necessary to point out every author in our poetry section because they have all been frequent contributors. J. Stephens, C. W. Schroeder, and Diaz de Bivar are all assumed names of Senior English Majors. Our graditude is extended to Miss Lynn Murray, a teaching associate in the English Department, for her display of poetic talent. Anton Peter, a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly,* has been absent from our pages for sometime. We appreciate seeing his work again.

We would appreciate your attention to the fact that the *Quarterly* sponsored literary contest for essay, short story, and poetry, will close February 12, 1963. Please submit all articles to the mail box in the English Office and label all articles, "CONTEST."

Finally, it is the hope of the staff that the current issue will provide enjoyment and interest in the mingling of contemporary themes with your own experience and those of others in your association will prove to you that art and poetry are really things divine because they round out the truly educated man.

As always, your comments, criticism, and ideas for the continued success of the *Carroll Quarterly* are always appreciated and desired.

Michael E. Kilarsky
*Editor-in-Chief*

# Variations on a Theme

J. J. COVOLO

*O Seigneur, donnez-moi la force et le courage*
*De contempler mon corps et mon coeur sans degout.*

—Baudelaire

## I

In the hayloft there was the smell of rotting pumpkins and in the corner the hacked-up pumpkins lay like shards of crockery. They spilt their insides out onto the floor—a gush of netlike fibers and slimy seeds; and the juice ran crystal clear. The young farmer — Thorpe was his name—laid down his tool; it was a kind of machete. The wet blade of the machete had a foul, metallic odor and was gritty to the touch. Thorpe leant his tool against the base of a beam, digging its point into the soft wood floor. Then, feeling feverish, he went over to the far end of the hayloft and threw open the wide shutters that gazed down into the barnyard. A frigid blast of air flew up the sleeves of his flannel shirt, goosepimpling his thin consumptive chest. He looked at the skies; the month was November and the skies were somber. The sky looked like a dirty rag. It annoyed him; he looked away; he looked downward. Below him were the swine that would gorge themselves on the pumpkin mash; he got a whiff of their scent. Then, all in a flash, he thought he saw a gout of vermilion expectoration against the November sky.

He turned back into the hayloft and slashed the machete through his middle.

## II

There was a fat lady—her name was Madame Cochon—living in Juanles-Pins. She was in love with a youth who worked at the hotel and who had a hacking cough. She was rich; so rich that when her cigarette got foul-tasting and there was no ashtray, she would jam it into a jar of face-cream and make it fizzle out. She slept in a double bed with sixteen pillows. Fuchia was her favorite color.

Madame Cochon had a maid who spread malicious lies about her —lies that were in fact true. "The old sow" was the way the maid always referred (in private) to her mistress. The maid so hated her mistress that she often plotted to kill her. How she would like to snatch up Madame Cochon's ivory-handled letter-opener (shaped like a miniature machete) and let the old sow have it! But no, that was impossible. Besides, she'd be out of a job.

One day Madame Cochon was standing looking out through the French doors of her balcony. It was a sunny day in May; the sky was a

delicate blue with pink streaks along the horizon. The maid came up from behind and was seized with an almost irresistible desire to (as she put it) butcher the old pig with her fancy letter-opener and shove her rotten carcass over the balcony. *Mais non,* thought the maid, *c'est impossible.*

## III

The room—a coldwater flat in Earls Court Road—was awaiting its occupant. It waited like a live thing; like a faithful dog almost. The room was a mess. Unwashed teacups filled the sink; a litter of newspapers lay across a rumpled, unmade bed; huge brown stains covered the wallpaper and ceiling. The pattern of the wallpaper was a hideously ugly and ill-blended montage of autumnal symbols: withered leaves, hayricks, wild turkeys in full flight, squashes of various shapes and sizes, frosty pumpkins.

And the strange thing was that the room seemed to breathe in silent anticipation of its tenant. Nothing stirred (even though there was a freezing draught) and nothing (save for the synchronized dripping of the water tap) made a sound. A tomblike (or foetal) anticipatory hush; a million silent eyes staring from every corner of the room, waiting, waiting.

Everything waited. The nude, headless dummy in the alcove; the shelf of dogeared paper-covered books; a naked lightbulb hanging from the ceiling; on the upended trunk a bottle, almost completely drained, of cheap whiskey. And who was it they awaited? What was it? A starving, tubercular poet who would return and commit suicide in sight of these four walls? A sempstress, her back humped and her fingers arthritic, who would kneel on the bed cursing her stingy mistress? A drunken old lecher who spat tobacco juice? Who?

## IV

He remembered the story his father always used to tell him.

Daddy went out in the fields to look for punkin. He looked all over but he couldn't find a good one. It had to be a good one because Mama told him to go out in the fields and bring home a good punkin. Finally he saw a great big one. But every time he went after it, it rolled away from him. Daddy had to chase it all over the field. Once it rolled down a hill and Daddy went after it. He fought with it and stuffed it into the sack. Then he brought it home to Mama. Mama said it was a good one and Daddy said hurry up get the knife and cut it open. And Mama got the knife and was careful cutting the punkin and then Mama and Daddy looked inside the punkin and were so surprised and happy because there was a little baby inside it. Mama and Daddy were so happy because they were wanting a baby for a long time.

## V

The city streets were wet with rain. But the rain had stopped with nightfall and the old man—his name was Fletcher—had ventured out, like some nocturnal creature, from his lodgings. He wore an old Army overcoat that had no buttons; a length of plastic clothesline, wound three times about his waist, held the coat closed. He smoked a clay pipe.

The season was either late spring or early fall. There was a mad rush of clouds in the sky, ragged tatters of cloud that scudded in the wind, uncovering, now and then, a reddish-yellow moon. The branches of trees—city trees: elms, maples, locusts—were heavy with drenched leaves. Tree-shadows bumped monstrously on the wet flagstones.

Aimlessly, sulkily, Fletcher walked through city streets. Presently he found himself standing in front of her house and he could see her inside. There was a birdcage hanging in the window, outlined in black against the warm yellow light of the parlor. Beyond the birdcage he could see her stretched out on the chintz-covered sofa, her huge body propped up by fifteen or twenty pillows. All around her, strategically arranged, were various articles stamped as personally hers: teacups, boxes of sweetmeats, packets of cigarettes, magazines, writing materials, lacy handkerchiefs, jars of face-cream, and a remote-control dial for the television set. Fletcher watched her, fascinated; it was as though he had known her in some former existence. And for some reason he felt himself in terror of her.

A swaying elm-branch dipped low in the wind, blotching out the yellow light in the window, the birdcage, the woman.

He seemed now to be seeing himself in different poses. It was snowing and he was huddled with a group of dirty bums in a cabmen's shelter, scrounging on the floor for cigarette-butts. He was lying in his bed in a drunken stupor; tears were falling from his eyes and there was a steady dripping from the water tap, while a naked lightbulb regarded him from the ceiling. Now he felt himself trapped in a great bright chintzy parlor and a great stout woman was, somehow, menacing him.

He arrived back at his lodgings. But instead of going up to his room he climbed down into the cellar. The decayed stairs practically crumbled under his weight. Broken glass crunched under his feet as he moved about. He reached up to the low ceiling and tried a rafter; it seemed sturdy enough. He unwound the plastic clothesline from his waist.

# Beethoven

LYNN MURRAY

*Locked in a soundless tomb of solitude*
*that begs for freedom to furl the genius*
*of a teeming brain, the proud man pounds the*
*prison of that senseless single sense.*
*Of all his gifts, the one he needs the most.*

*Then passed a period of pondering.*

*Lost in himself he finds himself and Him*
*who does not kill the grandchild melody,*
*but seals it off from salutations' sighs,*
*from noise and news and nothing sir ahem.*

*Caught—he soars free, trapped—he rears loose; lost—found.*

*His silence scorned the ties of time-clogged sound.*
*The lover needs to know his well-learned rule;*
*to give to get—the guide for man made whole.*

# The Song of Demitri the Fool

C. M. SCHROEDER

*O, dark is coming.*
*O, the moon is glowing*
*but the dark is coming.*
*Like the wispy cloud that thickens*
*and blots the shafted rays,*
*like the writhing willow*
*that clutches the air,*
*the dark slips quietly in*
*and covers the sky.*
*O, the dark is coming.*
*Like the wind that whips*
*the cold, lonely reed,*
*or the waters that creep*
*up the damp sea shore.*
*O, the dark is coming, as the stars go out,*
*wrapped in a silence like death.*
*O, dark is coming.*
*Come, I await.*

# *Othello*: An Analysis

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

"The tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice" is the excerpt from the title page of *Othello* in the first Quarto printed in London in 1622. Much more meaningful to the Elizabethan theatregoer than to us, this title, when read by the Elizabethan, brought to mind the basic conflict and the outcome of the play. To begin with, the word "tragedy" gave to the contemporaries of Shakespeare the knowledge that Othello was a noble figure and would be subject to a tragic outcome at the play's end, and the phrase "Moor of Venice" explained the conflict to the Elizabethan in the following terms: that Othello was a foreign element in the society implied by the word Venice, and that his unfamiliarity with this society would motivate the basic conflict in the play. Shakespeare uses the insidious and jealous Iago to take advantage of the noble Moor's unfamiliarity with the life of the ninth-century Venetian court, and to destroy the Moor with it, in the person of the innocent Desdemona, who is a symbol, in he actions, of the gentility of Venice.

Let us attempt to analyze, then, the craft with which Shakespeare weaves his tale and the artistic telling of the tale by the living, breathing players on his stage.

The play begins at night in the street outside Signor Brabantio's house (Brabantio is a Venetian of high station and Desdemona's father), where the wily Iago and the foppish Roderigo, who is a suitor to Desdemona, and who, incidentally, has been quite ignored in his suit by Desdemona, are setting the situation of the play. Iago reveals his hate for Othello, and for Cassio; for Othello, in his capacity as a general of the Venetian army, has promoted the untrained Cassio to a lieutenantcy under him, the same lieutenantcy which Iago felt he was in line for. Iago has instead been given the lowly post of "ancient"—a type of glorified sergeant. Iago, in his jealousy, swears revenge on Othello and Cassio, and reveals that he will have it by destroying the impending marriage between Othello and Desdemona, ironically using the same device which motivates him; jealousy will be Iago's instrument for evil, and he will poison Othello's mind with it. Roderigo is only too willing to help Iago, in the hope that with Othello out of the way, he might win Desdemona.

The pair rouse Brabantio with raucous cries: ". . . your daughter and (Othello) is tupping your white ewe (Desdemona) . . . your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with with two backs." Iago steals off into the night, while Roderigo stays to persuade Brabantio that something must be done before the black devil, Othello, uses magic to inveigle Desdemona into marriage.

Brabantio rushes to the Council of Venice to persuade the senators to back him up in keeping Othello and Desdemona from marriage. There

he meets Othello and forces Othello to defend himself while Desdemona is sent for. Othello has revealed his "elopement" with, and marriage to, Desdemona as having taken place, and eloquently defends himself from Brabantio's charge that he has used magic on Desdemona to make her love him. This is one of the most colorful speeches in the play, and indeed in all af the Shakespearean canon, as Othello says:

> . . . and of the Cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
> Would Desdemona seriously incline . . . .
> She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
> And I loved her that she did pity them.
> This only is the witchcraft I have used. . . .

Desdemona arrives and backs up Othello's plea of innocence, and Brabantio is forced to give in, especially since the Council needs to send Othello to Cyprus to defend it from the maurauding Turks, who are challenging the rule of Venice there. Othello takes the assignment on, and promises Desdemona a "honeymoon" on Cyprus as its new governor if he is victorious against the Turks.

In answer to the disappointed Brabantio's admonition, "Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see. She has deceived her father, and may thee," Shakespeare has Othello answer, and quite ironically, as the play turns out, "My life upon her faith!" Desdemona's life will be the price paid for Othello's *lack* of faith.

Othello and Desdemona arrive at Cyprus to reside in the gubernatorial palace, with the Turkish naval power dissipated by a storm, and not a Venetian lost in the victory. Here Iago begins to work his evil revenge. His chances to persuade Othello that the innocent Desdemona is being adulterous with Cassio are enhanced by two factors.

First, Iago's wife Emilia is the lady-in-waiting to Desdemona, and Iago has here unwittingly get a handkerchief, which Othello knows to be Desdemona's, for him to plant in Cassio's lodgings. Second, he uses Cassio's *naivete* in displaying the handkerchief which he has found while in his rooms, and Desdemona's *naivete* in being quite hospitable to Cassio who seeks her influence with Othello, who is already angry for a drunken brawl which Iago started to make Cassio look bad. Iago makes sure that Othello is eavesdropping in both these instances, and, capitalizing on the fact that Othello knows next to nothing of Venetian courtly manners, suggests to Othello that he put together all this circumstantial evidence and come up with infidelity. The handkerchief, and Cassio's appeal to Desdemona with her warm response, added to Othello's capacity for jealousy of Desdemona being as limitless as his love for her—all these factors weigh heavily enough on Othello to murder Cassio, and after him Desdemona, to assuage his wounded heart:

> I had been happy if the general camp,
> Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
> So I had nothing known. . . .

Iago is appointed by Othello to kill Cassio, but Roderigo, instead of being able to help Iago, botches the job, so that Iago is forced to kill Roderigo and make Cassio think that Iago had nothing to do with the attack.

Meanwhile, Othello goes to the bedchambers to slay Desdemona, and does so by smothering her until Emilia discovers them (but it is too late for Desdemona to gather enough breath to live) and forces Othello to admit to murder. Emilia's cries bring everyone running; Othello defends himself to all, citing the handkerchief as evidence of Desdemona's unfaithfulness with Cassio. Emilia realizes Iago's subterfuge, and implicates him in front of all of the household. Iago kills Emilia to silence her and escapes, but the damage has been done. Shakespeare has him recaptured offstage, and brought back on. Othello draws a concealed dagger and slays himself at the feet of his innocent wife. Cassio is given rule of Cyprus, and Iago is consigned to full torture in an agonizing death.

Thus is the "tragedy" of *Othello* played to its unavoidable end, and, as the Moor says poetically of himself, he was "one that loved not wisely, but too well."

# The Wolf

RODRIGO DIAZ DE BIVAR

*White wolf winter*
*comes swiftly*
*leaping through vacant vines,*
*vaulting empty orchard boughs,*
*streaking through the onyx night.*

*Watch his shiny coat*
*shimmer in the moon's*
*shivering pallid light;*
*see his sleek head drop;*
*feel his panting silver breath;*
*mark his icy eyes;*
*then listen*
*for his eerie*
*pensive howl of death.*

# Protected

STEVEN J. LAUTERMILCH

*There was no reason;*
*the tree was there,*
*and I merely walked to it.*

*That it lay across the snow and wind-swept field*
*was of no great matter:*
*the torn and twisted path of life to reach it.*

*Yet at that tree*
*I found Him.*

*I found Him on the orchard scene*
*that lay at rest before me,*
*in the fields and pastures farther down*
*the gently sloping landscape.*

*I saw His power in the winds*
*that swept the newly fallen snow*
*banshee-like before them.*

*I saw Him in the brush and wood*
*that dotted the hillside still farther on;*
*I saw Him in the tufts of snow*
*the wind nudged gently from the limbs of trees.*

*I felt Him:*
*the biting wind cutting my face;*
*the massive bulk of the tree I leaned against,*
*the massive bulk that protected me.*

*The Almighty overpowers our puny minds too soon;*
*I returned.*

*This time*
*my path across the field was straighter,*
*quicker.*
*The air had lost its sting somewhat.*

*Before I entered the building*
*I stopped at the foot of the steps.*

*Like tumbleweed*
*the wind was playing with a small sprig*
*of a barren strawlike plant.*

*Around and around it was swept.*
*Then suddenly*
*it clove off to the right, assuming a straight path.*
*It too was watched, cared for.*

# I Believe You, Euripedes!

MICHAEL E. KILARSKY

*Within the coming months, you will be hearing more and more about a new novel,* The Temple of Gold, *by William Goldman. This brilliant young author has been compared to Salinger and Fitzgerald in what he does for his generation with this first novel about today's angry, rootless, seeking young men and women.*

Raymond Euripides Trevitt is a great guy. I really like him. You can tell the minute that you meet Euripides that you're going to like him because he knows a lot of things. Knowing a lot of things can be confusing, especially when you don't quite understand why the things you know turn out the way they do. What's worse—why did these things have to be at all? Let's face it, Euripides has a right to be confused at certain places in his life because life doesn't hand out easy scripts to be played on its stage. Now Euripides isn't the type of guy who would follow the script without a fight for something better because he doesn't like the play he's experienced so far in his own environment. So what's left: gradual rebellion, gradual breaking under the struggle. I guess it was Hemingway who once said that life breaks the strong of spirit first because they challenge it more often. If you can't see that life hands out quite a bit of bunk through this world of ours, seemingly without reason at times, then you're in worse shape than Euripides because at least he saw that much. It was his looking everywhere but in his own soul that made things really difficult.

Euripides told me that all he remembers about his father is that when he was asked a question he'd wrinkle up his forehead and grunt, "Indeed." I guess that it's sort of hard for a Euripidean scholar and teacher like Mr. Trevitt to understand his son, seeing as how he was forty years old at the time his boy was born. It sort of gripes you to think that such a very distinguished man would want to label his own son with the very thing that had absorbed and dominated his life for all those years—EURIPIDES! Anyhow, that was the reason for Ray's middle name and since everybody calls him by it, I will too.

Mothers are a bigger part of growing up than fathers, but this area of discussion isn't any brighter for Euripides than the memory of society. It wasn't that he didn't like society because there have to be people like Mrs. Trevitt or society would crumble. The greater problem arose when all her social events crowded him into the background.

I know that Euripides loved his parents because after he mentioned all these little things he ended it all up by saying:

If I have treated them unfairly, I didn't mean to. They were a good family, as families go, and I have no complaints. What I am, I suppose, I am either because of or inspite of them, which amounts to the same thing. And if they were not the parents

I would have picked, had I been given the choice, I know that I am not the son they would have chosen. So it all ended even.

So you see, love is a thing you can't cage and look at just when the going gets rough. Love takes all sorts of forms and means different things to different people.

This was the family section of Euripides' memories. You can see as well as I did that the family situation was getting out of hand. It seems that by the time some parents get up in years and their children become teenagers, there is no understanding left—no common ground anymore. You know that sort of old cliche type things: You can never go home again after your farewell to innocence. I guess that was one of the hardest things for Euripides to come to grips with. When he couldn't come to an understanding about his parents' attitude, the cycle was complete. That's when Zock, the ugly kid next door, and Euripides became very good friends. It was the mutual give and take of such a friendship that made confidence and understanding and trust a very special thing for each of them. It's like that old saying: you have to be one to know one.They were so much alike that in the things in which they differed, they found no obstacles. Crazy? Maybe, but I guess that's why the older generation thinks our generation is mixed up. Perhaps if they could try to remember what it's like to be waking up to life instead of just succumbing to it, they could help us take the knocks it gives a little better.

Then there were the girls! Miss Twilly, Harriet, Anabelle, and Terry. It's hard to say just which of the faces mentioned launched the ship this time. I'll let you decide that question for yourself. However, the result was the same: war. You know, that personal type of war that brings love, takes love away, and leaves ruin, hate, and more disenchantment with life in its wake.

I said that Euripides had many memories and a lot to tell a friend. This is true because we all have a special file full and really they are personal to some extent. The special kind of person, who can make you feel like you've known him all your life when you've just met him and will retell his lifetime experiences in a grown up manner, is the type of person that you know you're at ease with. He's not a phony, in other words! The hardest thing to do is be honest with yourself and tell the good with the bad. Euripides is this kind of person. I came to that realization when he told me what happened to Zock, about the accident and all. How it was his fault and secretly he felt that he had to live with it because it was his fault. Right then I knew he'd never find the temple of gold. Right then I knew that we all spend whole life times looking for it but never find it. Why? It isn't easy to answer that, but I think it's because we all place the tragedy in our lives to a certain extent. No matter what degree of it, it all has the same effect depending on what we're made of. Funny thing isn't it, what we choose because we feel it's the best thing for us, always turns out hurting us the most.

Euripides says he likes books. That's really funny because when he got back from the army and his knee was all cut up from the shrapnel

he caught, he was ashamed to go out of the house and there was nothing left to do but read all the books he could get his hands on. There were a lot of them because his father had a whole library full. Euripides thinks that if the author makes you want to know him as a person after you finish reading what he has to say, then he's really reached you. I think that what Ripper means is that, more important than words, is the person behind them. No matter how great language is, it can never compare to the person and his sincerity in using that type of communication. I mean things like loving, hating, eating, drinking, and trying to cover up really being hurt by taking to the bottle. Taking to the bottle is exactly what Euripides did to cover up his failures and the result was even more failure. So you see words convey a certain amount of meaning, but they're not the real thing. It's the person behind them that really counts. I guess that's why Euripides is such a great guy because he comes out from behind his words and lives and feels and hurts and laughs just like you and I, right before our eyes. After all, whether we want to admit it or not, isn't that what we're looking for in all our friends: that truthfulness and sincerity that makes us feel like coming right out and saying no matter where we are. "I know this is the truth. As sure as God makes green apples, I know this is the truth and what a relief to know that I am the fortunate one to possess such a grand friend." All it takes is a problem and someone looking for an answer to it, then you really find out what people are made of. I guess this plus more confused things make the world go round. It seems you can't expect more than just that. I guess Ripper is right though, it sure would be nice to get off for awhile.

You who don't believe in such people as Euripides Trevitt, keep smiling smugly and blindly, but no matter how far you run from this ever present reality, you can't run far enough because the truth of the matter is that he represents an enlightenment that will win in the end anyway. Perhaps then our society, the Parents who make up Society, and everyone around us will be a little more understanding and realize that interest, foresight, and love can help a great deal in aiding our young people stem the tide of the overwhelming script they must play upon the stage of life.

I've told you about Raymond Euripides Trevitt because I like him. He's a great guy. All it takes is a belief in his memories, a little time, some interest, and then I know you'll like Euripides too!

# Today's Special

A. B. PETER

*There is the time of sparrows feeding,*
*and all in a rush*
*the bird-destroyer cat*
*holds a bloody feather.*

*Fresh from the litter,*
*sleek from birthslime,*
*defenseless, groping,*
*licked, sucked milk,*

*And killed.*

# Love Like Lost Is

J. STEPHENS

*. . . the searching for an ideal—*
*a refuge from life's endless struggles.*
*Lost desires a home warm and bright and*
*Loving. Love seeks out another*
*Human*

*heart, mind and soul.*

*Lost and loving helplessness seeking*
*Out a Human Home.*

# *Phaedra*: A Review

EDWARD J. KAZLAUSKAS

The Phaedrian legend is probably one of the most provocative themes found in classical literature. Jules Dassin, the director of the motion picture *Phaedra*, went back to these classical writings and attempted to unfold this type of high tragedy in a contemporary setting. The contemporary movie plot centers upon Phaedra, an alluring Dior-clothed Greek aristocrat, and her unnatural passion for her stepson, an immature Bohemian whose "girl" is a fancy sports car. The husband of Phaedra and the father of Alexis is a rich ship-builder whose business requires him to engage in a never-ending cycle of travels. He loves his wife, but the cannot be a companion to her; he loves his son, yet a true father-son relationship is impossible. The necessary companionship which Phaedra fails to receive begins the action of the film. She demands companionship and in her attempt to fulfill this need she is attracted to her stepson. It is in Paris that they find themselves alone. It is here where Phaedra seduces Alexis. Soon Alexis' enthusiasm lessens and Phaedra is thrown into a state of mental torture. Ever present in the background is Anna, Phaedra's mannish maid, a person who attempts to give Phaedra the companionship she lacks with her husband and which she invites from her stepson.

In the movie the fall of the characters comes rapidly: the *S.S. Phaedra* sinks with many lives; Phaedra declares to her husband that she and Alexis have been lovers. The weight of these two blows fall heavily upon him and he calls his son in and beats him viciously. Alexis runs off in his sports car with the radio blarring Bach organ music, and as he screams "Phaedra, Phaedra, Phaedra," his car veers over the cliff and he is killed. With his death any realization of a satisfactory solution is thoroughly extinguished. After the crash, Phaedra's silent death by sleeping pills seems anticlimatic compared to his loud exit.

Early in the movie one senses that the characters are victims of a relentless fate: a fate which is tentatively sealed by Phaedra's tossing of her huge diamond ring into the Thames River and by her statement to Alexis that she would do anything, anything at all, for him.

The modern movie version is abundant in its various likenesses to earlier classics. Two can be used for consideration, namely, the *Hippolytus* of Euripides and the *Phaedra* of Racine, a masterpiece of French

neo-classicism. In the Greek play the main character is Hippolytus, who appears as an unendurable prig. Our sympathy goes out for Phaedra, who has not as yet evolved into the central figure, and more especially for Theseus, her husband. In Racine's play Phaedra has climbed to the center. The action develops around her; her love, not the rivalry of goddesses, is the cause of the conflict. Dassin seems to have taken this last element, that is, the love of Phaedra, developed it into unbridled passion, and has this as the cause of the conflict.

Similarities exist between the movie and its classical counterparts in respect to the general outline of the plot, the social status of the characters, the role of Phaedra's maid, and the love interest between Alexis and a young girl. These similarities are naturally quite apparent, yet in the various more individual incidents Dassin takes the classical elements, improves them and thereby gains an element of superior mastery. The death scene of Phaedra can be cited as a specific incident to substantiate this element. The movie version of the cause and manner of Phaedra's suicide is more closely aligned to Racine's *Phaedra* than to Euripides' *Hippolytus*. In the Euripidean play Phaedra, afraid that her secret love will be revealed, hangs herself. In the movie version and in Racine's play Phaedra commits suicide after a confession of her lilicit love relation with her stepson. The reason for this suicide is that Phaedra believes everything is lost. The only way out for her is through suicide. In Racine's play the cause of her suicide can directly be said to be the death of Hippolytus. In the movie version, Phaedra commits suicide simultaneously with Alexis, each one, however, unaware of what is happening to the other. This somewhat ironic touch contributes to the tragic tone and presents a more unique handling of particularities.

The entire action of the Dassin movie tends to gain more credence than its classical counterparts because of its employment of realism, that is, through the abstention of the use of mythological figures, the movie becomes more synonymous with actual life. Realism triumphs over the use of a type of supernaturalism, that is, the use of practically a *deus ex machina* device. Both classical plays used a sea-monster to rid the action of Hippolytus—Hippolytus is not directly responsible for his own destruction. On the other hand, the movie version by having Alexis responsible for his own destruction creates a better tragic atmosphere.

The one outstanding fault of the character of Phaedra in the film is her beylistic attitude toward life. Our sympathies go out to her in respect to her failure in securing a true love relationship. However, the manner in which she does attempt to gain love and companionship tends

to repulse the viewer. This ability to both attract and repulse sympathy is one of the most effective attributes of the film. The classical elements coupled with the simultaneous arousing and repulsion of the sympathy make this an effective film, in which is achieved true and typical modern tragedy, that is, a tragedy which results from a victory of passion over reason.

# A Naturalist Who Became A Mystic

BERNARD S. JABLONSKI

Joris-Karl Huysmans died on May 12, 1907. It may seem presumptuous to try to unravel the intricacies of the power of Divine Grace, as experienced by a man who died a little more than a half century ago, but he himself cried out in his agony: "Do not let them say that I have only made literature." The true significance of this plea will become apparent later on. Many who study the works and strange life of this man, are invariably moved by his story and remain inspired by the way in which he transcended literature. Unlike Proust who is static in his novels, Huysmans is dynamic. Although he may have slid back to his evil ways on several occasions, he succeeded also in moving forward. Proust is usually considered as being a mirror of an epoch and a suffering sensibility. Huysmans, on the other hand, is a struggling soul contemplating himself. But he does not remain simply a spectator; instead, he moves constantly forward, at first not even realizing the force that was ever driving him on to his eventual destiny. Referring to his writing capabilities, Leon Bloy describes his unorthodox style by saying that, "he could drag the image by the hair or by the feet down the worm-eaten staircase of terrified syntax."

Joris-Karl Huysmans made his debut as a naturalist, by producing a novel under he title: "Marthe: I'Histoire d'une Fille." The reviews were anything but enthusiastic. The most complimentary thing that was said about this novel about a prostitute, was that it was written in the style of "Naturalisme." Its subject matter was such, that no Paris publisher cared to print it, since they had just recently had an unpleasant experience with the Law, after publishing a work by Richepin and at about the same time Zola had provoked a public scandal by one of his own works.

Zola had proclaimed the doctrine of "Naturalisme" in 1876, when Huysmans was only 28 years old. He was already in rebellion against the romantic writers of the period and eagerly embraced this new doctrine of "Naturalisme", which to his mind seemed to mean, a process of exact description of preferably sordid scenes chosen from the seamy side of life. Huysmans had not yet met Zola, but he had expressed a great liking for the latter's "Le Ventre de Paris," written in a kind of naturalism he could appreciate. In order to get his "Marthe" published before the Goncourts who were working on a similar novel, Huysmans was put in touch with a Belgian publisher who was willing to undertake its printing. In this way, he was able to send a complimentary copy of "Marthe" to the Goncourts, before they had even finished the manuscript for their own novel.

It was through the efforts of Ceard, that Huysmans finally met Zola, who he had admired for some time. To Huysmans, Zola seemed like an older brother, who would be able to show him the way in naturalism. They both had a lot in common. They lived in very poor quarers early in their careers. They were both very zealous about their documentation and careless about any real plot. Huysmans was meticulous about detail and he could do with words what his Dutch ancestors, many of whom were artists, could do with their paints. Here is the way he describes the carcass of a cow hung up outside a butcher shop:

> As in a hot-house, a marvelous vegetation flourished in the carcass. Veins shot out on every side like trails of bindweed disheveled branchwork extended itself along the body; an efflorescence of entrails unfurled their violet-tinted corollas, and thick clusters of fat stood out, a sharp white, against the red medley of quivering flesh.

Never having enjoyed normally good health, Huysmans developed an outward attitude toward humanity, which reminds one of Alceste and his ideas about hypocrites, as expressed in Moliere's "Le Misanthrope." He was in Paris during the Paris Exposition, and was disgusted by the hordes of visiting foreigners. He gives vent to his irritation in the following manner in a letter to Redon:

> What the blazes do they want here, all these people? There were hundreds of them at the Lourve yesterday, exuding a ramp canine odor and polluting the pictures with their filthy breath. One of them, a bald and obese monstrosity, was explaining what the paintings were about, to his frumpish wife; and she was standing there with her hands folded on her belly, rolling her mucilaginous eyes, and murmuring: 'Ah, but them pictures is old, very old!' Oh, for a bloody massacre!

In September of 1889, he was no less violent in a letter he wrote to Paul Verlaine, who was at the time confined in the Hopital Broussais:

> You can count yourself to be lucky to be shut up just now: you are at least spared the sight of a city taken over completely by South American gigolos and English tourists. It's enough to make one vomit. And the frightful, podgy and squealing balls of fat produced by foreign spermatozoa are simply beyond belief!

It would be unfair to assume at this point, that Huysmans was a violent misanthropist. He had many friends whom he liked as individuals but he disliked crowds and groups of people. He had a strange fascination for women of various types and some of these were to cause serious problems for him after his conversion. He gradually developed a dislike for them which almost developed into misogony.

Although at first he wrote as a penetrating naturalist, who belonged to Zola's group, he chided the latter for his lack of spiritual substance in his naturalistic novels. Huysmans was convinced that there must be more to naturalism than just an enumeration of sordid details among

which degraded mankind groped. Phychological forces must be considered. When he wrote "A Rebours," in which he portrayed the internal struggles of his hero "Des Esseintes," Zola accused him of having dealt a mortal blow to naturalism. This Huysmans did not deny and from then on he became even more introspective, delving into such realms as occultism, satanism and other spiritualistic areas.

Some years later, Huysmans admitted that his conversion must have begun while he was writing "A Rebours," although at the time he was not aware that Grace was already at work in his soul. Certainly "A Rebours" cannot be considered an edifying novel, although a few intellectuals were influenced by it sufficiently to be converted. But this in itself is not such a unique situation. Many before Huysmans, were haunted by the devil as much as by God Himself and some rose to the Divine after having first plunged into satanic gulfs.

Huysmans, according to his own account, had tasted most of the forbidden pleasures of life both in fact and fancy without finding the contentment he imagined would be in them. He confessed that all they did was evoke in him feeling of disgust and shame. In January, 1891, he was already so concerned about his soul, that he declared:

> But what phenic acids, what copper solutions could cleanse the great sewage tank into which my carnal iniquities are still pouring? It would need casks of carbolic, barrels of disinfectant—and then what Milleriot could handle the pump powerful enough to draw the residual waters from the old sewers? The bread of divine pumpmen who rejoiced in such labors is extinct.

One of the stumbling blocks to his conversion was the fact that he could not make himself accept the validity of Christian dogma. He claimed that it required the complete repudiation of common sense. This he was not yet ready to do. However, he gradually overcame his intellectual scruples, resembling in this respect James Tissot who was converted to Catholicism after attending a spiritualist seance. He was converted by a sort of inverse logic. This is what he wrote on one occasion to Baron Firmin Van den Bosch:

> It was through a glimpse of the supernatural of evil that I first obtained insight into the supernatural of good. The one derived from the other. With his hooked paw, the devil drew me towards God.

But if Huysmans expected his conversion to be heralded by some blinding flash of Grace such as St. Paul experienced, he was to be disappointed. In his "En Route," written after his conversion, he states that, "It was something analogous to the digestive processes of the human stomach, functioning without one's being aware of it . . ." The Abbe Mugnier, who first directed Huysmans' steps in the right direction also stated that Huysmans' conversion was "a very slow advance towards a logical and necessary end." When Huysmans first met the Abbe Mugnier, he explained that the reason for his desire to speak to a priest was that

he had written "La-Bas," a satanic book, full of Black Masses. He now wanted to write another which would be "white," but he wanted to whiten himself first, something which only a priest of the Church could help him do. "Have you," he asked, "any chlorine for my soul?"

Those who knew Huysmans as the author of "Marthe," "A Rebours" and "La-Bas," were not aware that he was on his way to a complete break with his old sensuous, dissolute life. His keen, naturalistic style of writing was to be his to the end of his days, on whatever subject he wrote. Those who noticed that he had developed a habit of visiting different churches, especially those that had good choirs using Gregorian chant, ascribed this to his desire for seeking material for a new novel. They were partly right. What they did not know, was that he was becoming deeply interested in Christian mysticism. When rumors spread that he was reading the works of medieval mystics, a storm of criticism broke over him. Even some of his acquaintances accused him of being an arch-hypocrite. That he was sincere in his intentions will be amply demonstrated by the way he spent the last years of his life, when he suffered excruciating pain from cancer of the jaw. During the slow progress of this disease, he never faltered in his acceptance of suffering as a mark of Divine love. In "En Route," the first of his Catholic trilogy, to be followed by "La Cathedrale" and "L'Oblat," he stated:

> I cannot conceive of Catholicism as a lukewarm, faltering faith, continually warmed up by a water-bath of bogus zeal. I want no compromises and truces, no alterations between sacraments and sprees, pious and immoral shifts; no, I want all or nothing, a complete change or no change at all.

After two years of mental strife, Huysmans finally asked the Abbe Mugnier if he could recommend a religious house where he could make a retreat. The Abbe suggested Notre Dame d'Igny, a Trappist monastery. It was situated in a beautiful natural setting, but since Huysmans cared little about nature at this time, the Abbe simply told him that the monks of Igny were famous for their manufacture of chocolate. Characteristically, his reply to this was: "The chocolate doesn't worry me, provided that they have some potent bleaching waters and some extraordinary benzines with which to clean me up." Once he was at Igny he found it very difficult to prepare himself to make a good confession. His first attempt was a failure. Fortunately for him, the monk who was assigned to hear his confession was a very patient and understanding man who advised him to relax; he should not try to rush this act of penitence, but should return on the following day at an earlier hour. This time he succeeded in unburdening his soul and the 16th, of July, 1892, saw him "bleached" to the degree he had desired. Now, he was really "en route."

Huysmans never lost the literary drive that caused him to notice everything around him. His experiences at the Trappist monastery were to be incorporated in "En Route," published in 1895. This book was instrumental in bringing about several conversions, principally because the Abbe Mugnier recommended it to everyone he knew and it satisfied

a mystical thirst among some of the intellectuals of this time. This in spite of the fact that some Catholics joined with some of the freethinkers in Paris in attacking the book as being a frivolous account of the operation of Grace in a man who was already beyond redemption. But Huysmans had become accustomed to this sort of criticism since similar attacks were made at the time he wrote "A Rebours." His one fear now was, that he might revert to his former kind of life, and thus prove his critics right. But the Abbe Mugnier kept in close touch with him and guided him skillfully through various uncertainties which sometimes assailed Huysmans.

The news was spreading that Huysmans intended to become a monk. Rene Doumic however, was not convinced of this, having known Huysmans' reputation before his conversion. In "La Revue des deux Mondes" he wrote:

> Nothing of the kind! All his devotional practices have been turned to the greater glory of literature, for M. Huysmans has been merely collecting documents. Is there any need to point out that Christianity doesn't enter into it?

Interestingly enough, Paul Valery sensed the real spirituality of "En Route" and the growing mysticism in Huysmans. After reading his book he wrote to Huysmans:

> You have hurled the contemporary novel where it belongs—into the cauldron of the lowest fairground of hell—and you have created something which recalls the masterpieces cast in the great literary foundries of old; something rugged and primeval with a mighty current running strongly through it; something which one would have thought could never be produced in this era of bits and pieces . . . .

Huysmans was well aware that in intellectual circles in Paris there was a great deal of unrest and he hoped he could direct some of this mystical unrest into genuine conversions. He sincerely hoped that "En Route" might serve as the catalyst.

Huysmans was always fascinated by art and music of which he was a discerning critic. He had a deep respect for plain chant which he considered the most appealing way to communicate with God. He never cared much for all the trimmings of specialized devotions, pilgrimages, etc. In this he resembled somewhat Mme. de Sevigne in the seventeenth century, who was horrified by pilgrimages and by the cult of the Virgin Mary practiced in Provence. In her case it may have been because she was somewhat tinged intellectually and sentimentally with Jansenism. Before he had completed writing "En Route," he was already gathering documents for another book which would describe Christian symbolism in great detail. Concerning his plans for this book he wrote:

> I must also deal with all branches of medieval symbolism: the symbolism of ecclesiastical forms, of painters' colors, of stained glass, etc. . . . If I could succeed in doing this, I should have expressed the very soul of the Church in its totality—mysticism, symbolism, liturgy, and literary, pictorial, sculptural, musical and architechtonic art.

The Cathedral of Chartres was the one he chose to describe and use as his focal point. He felt most at home there and maintained that he was conscious of the Divine Presence there more than at Notre Dame, which he compared to the concourse of a railroad sation with many people always milling about and gaping around. When "La Cathedrale" appeared, the country was seething with the Dreyfus affair, and it was thought that the book had no chance of success. However, during the first month, 20,000 copies were sold. It took "En Route" four years to reach such a figure. Although Huysmans had poured his new zeal of a convert into "La Cathedrale," unmerciful criticism was heaped upon him by a number of the clergy; led by Abbe Fremont, a group of them even denounced Huysmans to the Congregation of the Index at Rome. One of his accusers declared that no matter how much Huysmans insisted that he was a Christian, "Durtal," the main character of the book, exhales a spirit of intense and infectious unbelief. What precipitated such antipathy was probably Huysmans' attack on the prudery of some zealots who pasted a piece of paper over a medieval representation of the Circumcision. He could not tolerate the defacing of a work of art in this way. Early in 1899, Huysmans reecived the glad news that the Vatican had no intention of placing "La Cathedrale" on the Index.

The thought of entering a monastery, which he considered the only place in which he would be capable of living the ideal life, still troubled him. Some of the priests he knew advised him against it, knowing his restless nature, his urge to continue writing and his need to move about freely. As a substitute, he bought a small property, on which he hoped to establish a sort of lay institution for himself and several of his friends who hoped to become Oblates. This plan was never to be realized, because of the religious turmoil of the period. Religious orders were being banished from France, and Huysmans feared he would not be able to live close enough to a monastery in order to participate in the chanting of the Office and other monastic activities. He did eventually become a postulant, and shortly before the end of his postulancy, when he was preparing for the ceremony of his clothing as an Oblate novice, he wrote to his old friend the Abbe Mugnier: "The fun will really start the next time I come to Paris. When they see I'm not wearing a monkish robe they'll say: 'What did I tell you? He's been unfrocked! It didn't take long . . .'" The ceremony of his clothing took place on March 18th, 1900. He was a very happy man now, spiritually. But physically, he was starting out on his purgatorial route which would end in death, seven years later. A bad tooth forced him to undergo an operation, performed by a surgeon with such ferocity, that Huysmans was unable to swallow or sleep for weeks. He had continuous pain and it was no doubt the beginning of a fatal cancerous growth.

In spite of his pain, Huysmans was trying hard to complete a work on which he had been gathering data for almost two years. He was especially eager to complete this book now, because through his own sufferings he hoped to inspire courage in other sufferers as St. Lydwine de Schiedam had done. He believed that an account of Lydwine's appalling sufferings would give him an opportunity to achieve that "mystical nat-

uralism" or "supernatural realism" which he had so admired in a portrayal of the Crucifixion by Grunewald. Huysmans described the sufferings of Lydwine not in the milk-and-water fashion of most hagiographers but in a way that was more harrowing than many descriptions of diseases in medical dictionaries. He tells how the most horrible ills assailed her, while she lay bedridden for thirty-five years. Her wounds festered and worms bred in her putrefying flesh. She still thought herself too fortunate and entreated God to allow her to expiate, by her sufferings, the sins of others. It was largely because St. Lydwine of Schiedam was one of the leading medieval exponents of the doctrine of mystical substitution that Huysmans had chosen to write her life. In doing this he demonstrated to what depths the sincerity of his conversion had descended. Before his conversion and his first retreat at Igny, he thought he would never be able to accept some Catholic beliefs. Now, as Remy de Gourmont remarks, "not only was there no hesitation or heresy in the faith, but he sought out, in the most obscure corners of his religion, everything that was most extraordinary, most extravagant, most impossible. Recognized mysteries and acknowledged miracles did not suffice him."

In the meantime, Huysmans' sufferings were getting progressively worse and many of the best medical men of the time were treating him but without any real hope of arresting the progress of the vicious cancer. He lost his sight for a time and almost miraculously regained it on an Easter Sunday. by now the roof of his mouth was perforated by the growth, without eliciting any complaint on his part. He kept whispering "fiat." He even refused to accept any more morphine which the doctors wished to administer to ease his pain. Shortly before his death, he asked to be buried in the monastic habit. Some of the books he wrote early in his career as a naturalist he burned, together with a later one on Notre Dame de La Salette, because he feared it might stir up some dissension among the clergy. In his methodical way, overlooking nothing, he even dictated the invitation to his funeral which took place on May 15, 1907. The full import of his plea, given at the beginning of this article, "Do not let them say that I have only made literature," now becomes clear. He was more than a writer. He did not write novels, he wrote one novel, the hero of which was himself. Des Esseintes in "A Rebours" and Durtal in "La Cathedrale" and "L'Oblat" were Huysmans himself, struggling through the mire of human corruption to reach the mystical state, which finally gave him the contentment he had been searching for.

# Failure and Damnation

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

*i scratched my brain*
*and dandruff fell*
*all out upon the desk*

*i picked my soul*
*and scab came up*
*against my fingernail*

*i gouged my heart*
*and blood pulsed out*
*all on my clean white vest*

*i registered*
*and took the course*
*and then came in the rest . . . .*

# The Mask of a Lady

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

*Reality or farce,*
*Ragged lord of the broad field*
*Your identity is*
*Most closely concealed.*

*Others speak, but you are silent*
*There is no key.*
*Through the day's mockery:*
*To the house of your being*
*You may not stop this staring,*
*Sign truce with your eyes, for surely*
*Only tall men*
*Gape so dourly.*

*You are the demon discovered*
*Doused in the golden masquerade*
*Of the dram's*
*Light-headed parade.*

*Aloof and furtive puppet,*
*Master-man of crops,*
*Dangling as a summer wind*
*Snores in the tree tops.*

*But you might talk,*
*Out of a hullabaloo,*
*According to the seeth of secrecy*
*Within you.*

*Conspiring with yourself*
*In plots that disappear*
*Like these casual clouds*
*In their sky-romping career.*

*Never being yourself—*
*Always losing your grip—*
*You must perpetuate*
*This split impostorship.*

*Power, with tipsy fingers,*
*Brags your gait:*
*With mocking gesture*
*The patchwork days conglomerate.*

*Perhaps your life's a hoax—*
*Or unreality,*
*Blown through blonde-eggshell brains,*
*The true reality.*

*Maybe you remember*
*Wobbling and elusive towers,*
*And wild orgies*
*Tossed down hiccupy hours.*

*So you creep up a long sleeve*
*Of silence—then, frisky,*
*Dance out of the glass*
*Of your roaring whisky.*

# *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane:* A Review

THOMAS F. WOODS

*Sister, Sister, oh so fair,*
*Why, oh why is there blood on your hair?*

Thoroughly gruesome, the above little rime is intended to make readers think *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane* will be a combination Gothic-and-Hitchcock, a goulish, bat-flitty thriller with psychological overtones. And so it is—up to a point.

Starring Bette Davis as Baby Jane and Joan Crawford as her crippled sister, this film records the story of two old spinsters bound together in a curiously twisted relationship of responsibility and hate brought about when Jane's fame as a vaudevillan fell while her sister's rose as a movie actress. Clinching their mutual dependence was an automobile wreck which one sister deliberately caused though both are victims.

Snarling, slovenly, and alcoholic, Jane has been caring for her wheelchair bound sister for twenty-five years. Because dreams of her days as a child star still haunt her, she resentfully opens and reads here sister's mail, scrawls smut on it, and throws it away. When her sister's films are run on television, Jane refuses to let her watch them. When her sister tries to contact a neighbor and a family doctor, Jane rips out the telephone, suspends the cripple by her wrists, and tapes her mouth. When the cleaning woman discovers the cripple's plight, Jane ends her surprise with a hammer blow to the skull.

Losing more and more contact with reality, Jane decides to revive her old vaudeville act in which, as a six-year-old, she sang a cloyingly cute little song about sending her daddy a letter in heaven using kisses instead of postage stamps. She goes so far as to advertise for a piano player for her act and runs through a rehersal for him. Dressed in a reproduction of her child star costume, her face masked with flour-like make-up, her mouth heavily drawn with lipstick, sixty years old and fat, Jane waltzes through her cute little routine in a scene that is quite funny. And here lies the film's problem.

Director Robert Aldrich was attempting one of two things: either to show seriously the bizarre pitifulness of a demented mind in order to arouse compassion, or to be deliberately funny in order to relieve the horror of such incidents as Jane's serving the cripple a rat for dinner. In the former, he failed, for the scenes are undeniably funny. There

are enough camera tecniques available, however, to have skillfully shown the awfulness of Jane's condition and further contribute to the horror of the film. That these techniques were not used leads to the conclusion that the reheasal scene and others like it were deliberately humorous, in which case they were in poor taste. Irony would have been perfectly permissible, but purposely to elicite laughter at the grotesque behavior of the insane is shoddy and cheap. Whichever the case, unintentional or deliberate, the scares are interspersed with laughter producing a mixed effect which is highly disconcerting.

Failing to mount steadily in tension from one awful incident to another coupled with a stock twist ending makes *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane* fail as a horror movie. The acting, in contrast, must be commended. Joan Crawford, as good as she ever was, strikes precisely the right notes in her role as the tortured sister in a wheel chair. Bette Davis has a meatier role and more time on camera; she uses them in a *tour de force* that is always effective and completely dominates the movie. Had its director been up to the level of its acting this would have been a superlative movie. As it is, finding out what happened to Baby Jane is not quite worth the price of admission.

# Theatre Royale

TIM M. BURNS

If one's imagination is unleashed and his thoughts are permitted to wander freely, he can readily picture a man before a huge concert hall, perhaps gazing up at the names in lights. The man's name is A. Bond Paper, and he has just emerged from a taxi. He is immediately approached by a Marginal Guide whose job it is to direct Mr. Paper to the right entrance. If the guide were to fail in his capacity, Mr. Paper's position would be completely askew and he might miss part of the production. Since the Guide's position is a rather uncertain job, several attempts are made on a trial and error basis, to get Mr. Paper in by the most exact entrance. Once the Guide gets Mr. Paper in the right direction, the doormen, dressed in their black, cylindrical uniforms, continue to usher Mr. Paper to his seat. If the doormen make an error in showing Mr. Paper to his seat, Mr. Rollero Release approaches Mr. Paper and adjusts his position. Then Mr. Paper is left to wait for the performance to begin.

At this time there is chaos back stage. The girls in the chorus line are posing a kind of strike. It seems as if the Correctors, who possess a position high above the stage, have made matters difficult for the girls in the chorus line and the girls have been insulted. The Correctors, whose job it is to see that only the good "characters" are allowed on the stage, have let some dirt and dust fall on the chorus line. The girls demand that the Correctors come down and help the girls clean up and scrub their faces as well as sweep and clean off the stage. Finally, since curtain time is quickly approaching, the Correction Crew consents and last minute details are completed before the show begins.

The huge curtain begins to move slowly to the side and is held in position pulled back at the sides of the stage by the Marginal Stops. The process is very unique when they take their places to hold the curtain back. They both enter from upstage center and proceed to their respective positions. Along the way, they stop several times portraying a kind of "where do we go?" comedy routine. Soon someone calls from the wings that they should stop right where they are, and they freeze in their positions at the sides of the stage.

At once, the lights from high in the balcony are focused on the left side of the stage as the performance is ready to begin. As a last minute precaution, Mr. Tab Clear, one of the actors, makes a dash across the stage to remove any stray pieces of scenery that might be in the way of he dancers as they make their entrance. Just behind stage and in the wings, Miss Space A. Liner, the director of the chorus line, makes last minute adjustments to see that the girls all stay the same distance apart. Meanwhile, Miss Ri-Bon, the first girl who will lead the chorus line, is trying to decide what color she should wear for the performance. A second later, she slips on her sleek black costume and the show is underway.

The chorus line opens the show with the traditional "Can-Can" formation and each individual girl leaves an imprint on the audience. The girls step crisp and kick high causing the image on the audience's minds to be clear and sharp.

The music begins with the click-clack sound of drum sticks on the sides of a drum, to give the girls a rhythm to dance with. Everytime the girls dance too far to the left side of the stage, the conductor of the orchestra rings a tiny bell to inform them that they're at the end of their line.

The show continues until the last act is finished and the curtain closes. The audience is again ushered out of the theatre with the entire performance imprinted on their minds. People like A. Bond Paper will always retain these impressions received at the performance at the Theatre Royale.

The only sounds that penetrate the stillness of the otherwise quiet theatre are the voices of the actors and the chorus girls removing make-up, changing clothes, and putting everything away. When they are all finished, each returns to his own chamber and retires for the night.

The performance was a success and there were very few errors. As each member of the crew lies on his back contemplating the performance, he falls asleep thinking of the possible ways of improving the next show.

Stillness overshadows the theatre as it is covered by a plastic shawl of darkness. All members of the cast rest quietly until another time when the theatre will be opened for another Command Performance.

# Samuel Clemens of the *Enterprise*

KEVIN STROH

The Confederate cannons boomed loudly and the rifle shots of the artillery men cracked the silence of the muggy night. Lieutenant Samuel Clemens, sleeping in the hayloft of a deserted barn, was awakened by the crackling of flames and clouds of stifling smoke surrounding him. Springing to his feet, he leaped to the earthen floor of the barn, and in doing so he painfully sprained his ankle. This unfortunate accident plus a half-hearted belief in the cause for which he was fighting removed him from the Southern scenes of the Civil War.

Sam's opportunity to go West arose when his brother, Orion, was appointed Territorial Secretary of Nevada. Entering upon various mining activities, Sam worked ardently for the cause of lining his pockets with silver. By late summer of 1862, however, the only addition to his pockets were holes, but spirit was certainly not one of the things he was lacking. Although he was almost penniless, Sam had a rich imagination, and used it to write (under the pen name, "Josh") far-fetched letters about mining camp life to the *Enterprise*. The staff liked his exaggerated humor and printed his reports.

His time spent writing was far from wasted, for one day he received an invitation from the staff of the *Enterprise* to come to Virginia City for three months to replace an absent reporter.

Indeed, no college could have offered him the curriculum of human nature furnished by his job on the *Enterprise*. As a reporter, Sam was to fill two columns daily with local news. In general, he wrote about mines, murders, and desperadoes. His articles about mine cave-ins, those made wealthy because of mine productions, wildcat mines that would someday prove to be profitable, etc., impressed the gullible people of Virginia City.

The hard days he spent in the Esmeralda camp gave him the knowledge of frontier life needed for his work; moreover, his pilot's memory proved to be an asset as far as accuracy in details were concerned. Sam, indeed, possessed many qualities of a writer, yet he was certainly no exception in the field of journalism. Because he hated solid facts and enjoyed writing human interest stories, he always managed to slant his work toward the imaginative or reformative. For this very reason Sam handled feature stories.

The extravagance of Western humor hit Sam "right between the eyes." Discarding the quiet style that he had once thought so highly of, he plunged into paper warfares and utilized burlesques and hoaxes of various kinds. In all types of Sam's humor, three characteristics are prominent: the irrelevant beginning, the pause for suspense, and the

dramatic line. His personal claims to a matchless gift of phrase "made his vehicle of expression ideal."

All his sketches held evidences of the previous statements. Among them were: "Petrified Man," a rollicking burlesque aimed at the stupidity of a Humboldt coroner; "Those Blasted Children," a satirical sketch that disclosed the ideals prevalent among the younger generation; "The Lick House Ball," a satire directed at the pretensions of the newly rich nabobs of the West.

Sam's interests were not confined to writing alone. Affairs of government always fascinated him; therefore, he was sent to Carson City in 1863 to cover the proceedings of the territorial legislature. Reporters at the legislature were usually considered commonplace persons, but Sam Clemens became a marked figure there, and members of the legislature feared the ridicule his pen was known to produce. As Sam himself says: "I was there every day . . . to distribute compliments and censure with evenly balanced justice . . . over half a page of the *Enterprise* every morning; consequently I was an influence."

The above quotation hints quite strongly at Sam's self-confidence in himself and his pen. His arrogance could not be denied and the sharp tongue in his head could cut deeper than any knife. In a letter to his mother and sister he described himself as "the most conceited ass in the Territory," an opinion widely held by the entire population of Nevada. His egotistical personality tended to involve him in entanglements with other journalists that ended in minor civil wars.

In spite of these shortcomings, Sam Clemens was a very popular young man. It's not hard to believe when his wonderfully strange sense of humor and warm way are brought forth for consideration.

Joseph T. Goodman, editor and part owner of the *Enterprise,* was among the "victims" of the "marvelous magnet." He understood the hardships Sam experienced, for he himself had been working his way to the top since his boyhood. Originally he had come to California as a younster and had labored as a miner, explorer, and printer.

With their similarities in mind, Goodman decided to give Sam an opportunity to prove himself literarily. Thus it was from the considerate Goodman that Sam got the chance to live by his pen and use the force of informed, fearless writing.

Another friend quickly acquired was William H. Wright, better known by all as Dan De Quille. It was because of his temporary absence from the *Enterprise* staff that Sam held a job on the paper at all. Within a short time after his return Dan and Sam became fast partners, and although they differed in every aspect except for the humorous language they spoke they made a magnificent local team.

De Quille was reputed to be the best humorous writer on the Western coast, a careful, honest, and hard-working reporter. He always strove to present the details to his readers just as they were. In follow-

ing the unique De Quille style, Sam began to achieve success beyond the local boundary.

Sam was noted not only for his literary abilities, but for his oratorical eloquence as well. This was due primarily to the influence of Artemus Ward. This "genial showman," as he was popularly known, arrived in Virginia City at the time he had reached the height of his career as a humorist and lecturer. He planned to stay only a few days; but upon his acquaintance with Sam Clemens, the days stretched into weeks. He was impressed with Sam's humorous mind and abundant supply of stories, and was certain that Sam could win fame and fortune by lecturing. With this in mind, Ward exerted a double influence upon him: first, he demonstrated how a first rate humorist successfully delivered a lecture, and secondly, he offered good, sound advice, which Sam had the good sense to follow.

Unfortunately not all Sam's relations were so amicable. At the time Joe Goodman went to San Francisco for a week's holiday, the job of temporary editor fell into Sam's hands. One feature of the job was to write the daily editorials. Discovering that his column had begun to lag, he decided to liven it up with some jest-making aimed at a benefit sponsored by a charitable organization of women. First he had only to contend with the incensed ladies of the town, but soon afterwards Sam involved James Laird, editor of the rival Virginia City *Union,* by making a verbose attack on him on the editorial page of the *Enterprise.* Laird retaliated with some of the same vitriol.

This exchange of insults called for nothing less than a duel. Although Sam, a hopeless shot, was opposed to the idea, members of his staff promoted the challenge, and before long, Laird, an excellent marksman, reluctantly accepted.

On the day scheduled for the duel, the rising sun became witness to Sam's miserable target practice. He was just about to despair when Lady Luck tapped him on the shoulder. It seems that while Steve Gillis, one of the promoters of the duel, was demonstrating a shooting technique for Sam, he shot off the head of a sparrow. Laird, who had been practicing in the next ravine, ran over the ridge inquiring as to the claimant of such marksmanship. Steve, calmly lying, told him that Clemens was the expert shot. Declining to fight a duel with a man having such deadly potential in his trigger finger, Laird bid the two men good morning and headed for home.

Sam's crown of unchallenged marksmanship, however, was soon knocked from his brow. It seems that a brand new law prohibited the sending and carrying of duel challenges and threatened anyone who violated it with a two-year penitentiary sentence. A message from the governor stated plainly that if Sam Clemens and Steve Gillis were still in Nevada Territory the next day, they would be arrested. The two culprits took the blunt hint and left for California on the four a.m. stage.

Thus Sam's career on the *Enterprise* came to an end, for never were the bars of the Nevada prison meant to confine such a dueling duo.

# With These

LYNN MURRAY

*Years erode skin wrapped*
*loose around flesh, pulled*
*taut on swelled knuckles.*
*Nails—pink flutes half mooned*
*now cragged yellowed talons*
*Grasping unneeded wanted*
*work.*
*To be of use*
*Be sure to take every 3 hours—*
*You know how she forgets*
*We love you Dear.*
*You know how it is*
*Time slips and falls*
*crash*
*Dreams run down*
*Time out.*
*Doesn't she look good?*

*hands mounted like marlins*
*To her honored dead.*

# O! Felix Culpa

C. M. SCHROEDER

*Fall's fallen leaves rise high above*
*the golden dust and silvered dirt,*
*beyond the rocks, above the clouds that paint the sky,*
*past rosy-colored atmosphere, the gassy sea;*
*They fly*
*Beyond the storm-tossed, stifled earth, and towards the stars,*
*That, freed from crashing thunder's false and earthly cry*
*And caught within the whirlwind of the galaxy,*
*And may die.*