



THE BUFF AND BLUE

LITERARY
NUMBER
WINTER
1957

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EDITORIAL

THE BUFF AND BLUE in 1957 returns to its old policy of presenting two literary issues during the season, the second issue to appear in May. We are pleased that student and alumni support has made this possible. And it is an encouraging sign for next year's literary staff that none of the student contributors to the present issue is a senior. There will again be proven talent on Kendall Green next year.

At the same time, we are a little disappointed with the small number of writers that we have heard from thus far in '56-'57. Among three hundred students on Kendall Green, hardly a half dozen have made contributions to the literary BUFF AND BLUE. We are proud of the work of those few. We hope they will contribute much more in the future. However, several other known writers, who have appeared in former editions, are still on campus, and we should like very much to hear from them. And many more students are here, who—we feel certain—have creative abilities which they simply have not yet discovered. We hope they too will write and contribute for publication.

Writing can be a hard and time-consuming job. But its rewards are satisfaction with a creative job well done, and recognition. And as every writer knows, those are big rewards. Cash prizes too are being offered this year for the best prose and poetry appearing in THE BUFF AND BLUE: ten dollars and five dollars for prose, five dollars and three dollars for poetry.

February

By CLAIRE FULLERTON, '60

February calls to me
Across the distant plain;
For often have I heard its voice—
But sought its source in vain.

It seems to me a plaintive voice
Of heroes who are dead,
Of Washington who lives again
To win the wars he led.

I hear the voice of Lincoln—
Calling out across the years.
And I see a little cabin
As my eyes fill up with tears.

E'er I hear Dan Cupid calling
As he aims his love-tipped arrows,
But, ah, too soon the echoes vanish—
And a March wind blows.

The Belated Letter

By ROBERT F. PANARA, '45

(Or, The Addlepatd Sailor and the not-so-sated Whale)

A ONE-ACT FANTASY

TIME: Midnight

PLACE: Ye Olde Mermaid Tavern

CAST: "Yank," a moon-struck sailor, and
"Pinky," a pink whale

"Yank" and "Pinky" are seated in a far-off corner of the barroom. On the table are two glasses and a bottle of rum.

YANK (*morosely*). And still I wait, and wait, and wait and wait. . . .

PINKY (*sardonically*). What ho, my lad! I thought you had a date.

YANK. I'm waiting for a letter from my girl. . . .

PINKY. Say that again—my head is all a-whirl!

YANK. I met her at the Servicemen's Canteen. . . .

PINKY. Where many a gob has met her times between.

(Yank downs another glass of rum)

YANK. I am so blue, I feel that I could cry. . . .

PINKY. No doubt, she's fallen for some other guy.

YANK. I've waited for a month to hear from her. . . .

PINKY. I feel so very happy for you, sir.

YANK. She promised me she'd weekly drop a line. . . .

PINKY. And you bit at her promises divine!

YANK. But, still, I've got no letter from her yet. . . .

PINKY. So what! Forget her—have a cigarette.

(Yank takes one abstractedly. Pinky refills their glasses and then, balancing himself on his tail, he begins to sing:)

Here's to the crew of the Suzy Q,
Here's to 'em true and blue!
Here's to the cook and his wieners, too,
Here's to 'em through and through,
 Yo ho,
Here's to 'em through and through!

Here's to the mate and the captain bold,
Here's to their health of old:
For, of all the hauls I'll ever recall,
They tasted the best of all,
 Yum yum,
They tasted the best of all!

YANK (*reflectively*). But, oh, she was so sweet and full of charm
 When down the Lido we strolled arm in
 arm.

PINKY (*wryly*). But now she is as moody as a clam
 And really isn't worth a tinker's damn.

YANK (*seeing the vision of his girl in the bottle of rum*). Oh,
 canst thou not recall the Golden Rule

PINKY (*smartly*). Recall? She never even went to school!

YANK. That says for you to do the same unto
 Your lover, as you'd have him do to you?
 You know that I did write to you each day?

PINKY. Aye, once a fool, then always so, they say.

YANK (*stubbornly*). You also know how I do love you so

PINKY (*pointedly*). Remember what occurred to Romeo!

YANK. But still you will not even write to me

PINKY. She's fallen for another, can't you see?

 (*Yank grabs the bottle and hugs it to his breast*)

YANK (*passionately*). I love you true,
 I love you blue,
 I love but you . . .

PINKY (*vehemently*). You awful *you*!
 And still you go and turn around
 And give this Yank the run-around!

 (*to YANK*) Oh, can't you see?
 You're all at sea!
 She loves not thee,
 Come, list to me:
 This much have I so often told—
 She's given you the shoulder-cold!

YANK (*doggedly*). "To err is human, to forgive divine"

PINKY. Aye, but that very beaten heart of thine
No longer is as weathered or as tough;
Methinks, my lad, that it has loved enough.

(From the corner of his eye, Yank catches sight of a pretty barmaid serving at a nearby table; a wistful look comes into his eyes)

YANK (*musefully*). But my love—she is so prim
And so trim!
And my love—she is so rare,
And so fair!

PINKY. But your love—she is as fickle
As the flipping of a nickel
That she never loved a sailor on the square!

(Pinky grins sympathetically and puts an affectionate fin around Yank's drooping shoulders. Warmed no little by this blubbery embrace, Yank begins to falter)

YANK. You think I made a blunder?

PINKY. I *know* you did, by thunder!

YANK. You think I ought to drop her?

PINKY. You hit the nail's topper!

YANK. You think I ought to sink her?

PINKY. Aye, hook and line and sinker—
She's nothing but a willy-nilly thinker!

(Yank fingers his glass gingerly for a few minutes, his head puckered in a deep frown. Suddenly, his brow clears, a wild light enters his eyes, and he pounds his fist upon the table)

YANK. You're right! I think I've stood enough!
She takes to love as if it's snuff
So if she doesn't write to me
By eight bells, on my oath,
Tomorrow morning I will go
To Deacon Davy Jones below
And ask him for my bride to be
His lovely daughter, Death!

PINKY (*endeavoring to conceal his joy*). Hey, fiddle dee dee
and ditty dum boop dee doo,
You really intend to wed his salty shrew?

YANK (*heroically*). Aye, ere we go sailing over the ocean blue,
I really believe I'll wed his salty shrew.

PINKY (*lifting up a toast*). Hooray for you,
You Yankee true!
I knew that you could do it, too!
Old Davy needs more men like you
To sail beneath the ocean blue!

(Both down another glass of rum for good measure, and then exit Pinky, spouting liquid fire happily and emitting strange noises which seem to sound like "Yum, YUM, YUMMY!")

YANK (*slowly, and with mounting vehemence*).

Oh, I've waited day and night,
And for afternoons on end,
For my lady fair to write
And a word of love to send.
But no answer I've received
And no word of love she gave,
So I'm warning her, "Take Heed!"
As I contemplate the grave.

(pours himself another drink)

Yes, I'm warning her, "Take Heed!"
As I contemplate the grave,
For no matter what Love's creed
Death alone deserves the brave!
As the poets still declare:
"Faint heart never won the fair,"
So, to Davy's lass below
I am not afraid to go!

(drains the bottle of rum dry)

So, if she lingers longer
I will be compelled to wrong her
And our breach of promise she will ever rue.
Let her tarry
And, by Harry,
Then 'tis Davy's lass I'll marry
And I'll bid her swift "Adieu" without ado!

(. . . . and as the curtain is being lowered to the stage, a mocking series of echoes is heard from off the wings, as though chuckling "Yummy, YUM YUMMMMM!")

Scholar

By J. R. GANNON, '59

I said, "Naw"
The prof. said, "Yes"
I said, "Naw"
The prof. said, "Yes"
So I said, "I guess
I must have quoted!"

Amusing Thought

By J. R. GANNON, '59

It is amusing—
 when people, one and another,
Upon seeing—
 a new-born baby, praise the mother
Overlooking—
 the father, who's modest and quiet,
Standing—
 near-by, sharing the sight.

One Human Race

By PEGGY GREENE, '58

There are many human races,
But to God there is only one.
A nation is ally or foe to another
Only God is friend to each.
He created men equal, in his image,
Desiring men to be equal.

What matters our color?
What matters our creed?
Each and all have one Father;
Each and all have one destiny.
Yet we heed God not, causing
Hatred and death in a cruel world.

Father, forgive us our trespasses.
Father, forgive us our prejudice.

Of Love and Reduction

By VIRGINIA WIGHT, '60

One night in the laboratory
I was engrossed.
I witnessed a reaction
That was really the most.
It took place between a lady's man
Who called himself zinc,
And a hot little acid,
Hydrochloric, I think.
They met in a test tube:
It was love at first sight.
Said the zinc to the chloride,
"Honey, you're all right."
So they kissed with such devotion
That the test tube grew hot,
And the poor hydrogen wondered
If they needed him or not.

The Coins To Dreamworld

By BARRY MILLER, '59

Since the days of my somewhat impassioned youth, mine has been a deep contempt for those banal "amenities" which comprise the greater portion of the social formalities; knowing my feelings, I hope you will indulge me my indulgence in informality and so allow me to introduce myself not as Mr. Noel David Farnsworth, Esq., but simply as Noel.

Thus provided with some slight insight into my character, you now can perhaps understand how it was I came to acquire an interest in narcotics; let this insight be your key to the following tale so that you will not be tempted to think it sordid.

To acquire an interest in narcotics requires an intellect unshackled by common opinion; such a free mind I was fortunate enough to possess, and that, along with my youth and my exaltation of one India Lee, led me to the subject.

Before I wholly enter my tale, I should provide background details. A native of Arizona I am; I was born on the 18th of September, 1932, on a farm some eleven miles out from Tucson; farmer-folk that my parents were, they were far from being intellectually simple; both had entered college yet had been prevented from graduating because their finances had been devastated by the Depression. After leaving college, they married, and my father brought my mother to the small farm which he had inherited from his parents, who were then deceased two years. My parents were widely read and, in their solemn-spacious old house, had built up a library of respectable proportions and contents.

So my childhood was spent in environs eminently conducive to the advancement of my intellect; I enjoyed that seclusion so lacking in most cities which is so necessary for anyone who wishes to benefit from his experiences by contemplating and drawing conclusions from them. Also I enjoyed the prodigal benefits of that library, and the benefits yet more prodigal given me by my parents; they managed my life in my formative years so that it was not so socially complex as to distract me from mental pursuits, yet was not so socially meagre as to deprive me of an

opportunity to observe my contemporaries and elders in order that I might form opinions of their actions. Nor was I conditioned by them into any dogmatic rigor of thought; themselves liberal, they assured themselves that I would become equally liberal, and so, by virtue of my mind's never having been tyrannized, I learned to think effectively and independently.

As a child I was precocious; my parents and their library rendered that inevitable. Yet, and again thanks to their perspicacity, my precociousness was not of such a nature that I felt it necessary to impress all those I met with my attainments. I had playmates from nearby farms, contemporaries whom I perceived possessed not a caliber of mind such as mine, yet I sensed no barrier between them and me; whenever they voiced what I positively knew to be a misconception, I felt no urge to rectify them; I inwardly sensed that only bother would result from any attempt at rectification; only when the issues at stake were vital to me or to those few ideals I so ferociously believed in, namely, Individuality and Love for All, did I trouble to offer opinions, which were without exception ill-received, and frequently resulted in my being roughed up. These childhood experiences with that innate obduracy with which humanity clings to those beliefs it cherishes prepared me well for those future days when I attended college. . . .

So swift had been the ascension of my mental star that I could have enrolled in many colleges when only fourteen, but my parents, exercising patience and foresight, advised me to work at a job for three years. And so I went out into the world to work, performing variegated tasks, none of which were steady or high-paying. These odd jobs presented me with an insight into human nature which gave me standards that enabled me to gauge my actions in personal encounters, so that I could conduct myself in a manner as inoffensive as possible.

I was well-prepared for my venture into College; I attended the University of Arizona, and for my first semester there, my existence, both social and academic, was as untroubled as could reasonably be desired; through tact I avoided making enemies and through not so much perseverance as a passion for wisdom I made the honor rolls. . . and around the twentieth of January I met India Lee.

When first I met her, I was but eighteen and she nineteen, and we both were freshmen; her mental caliber compared with mine, and hers was such a sibyllic blend of naivete and maturity as to

render her irresistible. She must have seen in me something comparable to that which I saw in her, for we soon became inseparable.

As acquaintances we knew each other for a month; as friends for another month, not becoming devoted and sensibly passionate lovers until another month and a half. This time sped past on soul-quickenings wings, and its passing was both ecstasy and agony when spent in the presence of India, so solemn-eyed and dusky-haired. . . .

It was only natural that by the end of the second semester we were engaged to be married upon our graduation.

Even so, knowing India for so long and closely still sufficed not for me to know her completely; I am certain that much of her allure inhered in that talent of hers for daily becoming brighter and fresher. In her refusal to be static in either mind or flesh, she became representative of the Dynamic, and so body and soul she was to me an embodiment of the very Spirit of Life. Yet, strange to say, lovely as India was, she had never been much sought after by men; with urgent voice she explained to me that for years she had been lonely amidst many, isolated by a wall of powerful but unguided intellect from any sincere participation in a society toward which she was now beginning to feel contempt. In me she saw a personality not only capable of stimulating hers but capable also of coping with the seething morass of human society she now feared to face . . . what was most important, however, was that in me she also saw someone to whom she could give of herself completely and who would give as completely of himself to her, so that mutually we might relish those strange glories treasured in our breasts for our One, becoming the caretakers of each other's egos to the extent that should one of us have suddenly perished, I am certain that the other would have also died—psychically.

Thus India, known by me and still unknown, always India but always unique, daily subject to fascinating moods and fancies. Fascinating, truly; her hobbies were more than legion, and the vestiges of many projects she'd planned but hadn't completed cluttered the large studio on the outskirts of Tucson proper she rented for the summer. It was within that strange eyrie of hers that she introduced me to her latest dominant fancy: a study of narcotics.

I was comfortable in an arm-chair in that suite of hers, and I was clad in no more than shorts, as outside it was an enervating 110° in the shade. She herself wore but a halter and khaki shorts,

and was relaxing on a couch. We both were sipping a concoction of mine created out of iced tea and rum, and were doing nothing but just living, when India lifted mirthful eyes to mine and murmured, using her endearing nickname for me, "You've often expounded, No-elly, on how individualists adore individualistic pursuits."

"So I have," I replied. "Don't tell me you've got another farflighted individualistic hallucination?"

"Far from far flighted, No-elly, and as a hobby it can be either individualistic or moronic, and it certainly produces hallucinations."

"Ring around the riddle! Solve it, Indie . . . it's too drowsy-hot to think!"

"Too drowsy-rummy, don't you mean? You certainly fashion strong drinks, No-elly."

"The riddle! We shouldn't just go away and leave the poor thing!"

"Of course not, darling. And now I'll coax it into talking."

"I'm waiting."

"No more. The riddle which is no longer a riddle is simply that I'm interested in narcotics. I've been doing a little research on them. I've some books from the Public Library you might like to read."

"Narcotics?" I asked mildly. I was used to India's round-about spontaneity. "And pray tell, Indie, what put this dreamy idea in your head?"

She shrugged a little-girl shrug and smiled a grown-woman smile, and answered, "What was it enthused Newton with Gravity, and spare the puns!"

"That's something I can't claim to know," I replied. "But, narcotics? Is this an honest, or should I say healthy, enthusiasm?"

With a gentle laugh she came over to me and kissed me; she said, "It's honest enough, No-elly, but as for whether it's healthy—well, judge for yourself." And as she concluded she picked a book off a nearby table and handed it to me.

That was my introduction to the broad subject of narcotics.

Swiftly the months of that brief summer passed; swifter still the months of the first semester of our sophomore year at the University, and each month in its dying saw in us a considerable acquisition of new knowledge about narcotics. So diverse the scope of this field, so broad, that I was soon as absorbed as India, and we came to clearly see that Man's

desire to flee the "mercilessness" of this "brute" universe he dwells in was almost limitless. Men had, we learned, been drinking alcohol for more millennia than we might have guessed; the Incas of old knew of a rare narcotic known as *ololioqui*; in fact, there appeared to be almost no civilization of Man which knew of no plant or brew with which to escape reality.

We learnt of great men who had been addicted to some narcotic or other; we read the opening lines of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, and marvelled that such a stanza was created by the influence of opium, and we read the writings of such men as Thomas De Quincey, who wrote a magnificent account of the hallucinations and psychic conflicts of an opium-eater . . . and innumerable were the exotic tales about hashish and marijuana we perused, tales originating in far-distant Araby.

After such readings, it was inevitable that we sometimes questioned the social viewpoint on narcotics. These questions led to further questionings which in their turn led to criticisms of society which, I assure you, should not be confused with the blind railings of many youths at an organization so complex they cannot comprehend it.

Often for hours India and I would simply relax and talk; a discussion typical of many we had went like this:

"No-elly," India would say, "we have read enough about narcotics to know that many of them are, relatively speaking, harmless; could it be that our laws are not entirely just as applied to drugs?"

"Perhaps," I would reply. "But the fact remains that any narcotic, when misused, can be a terrible thing; in overdoses it can cause death, and heavy doses can establish a dangerous habit."

"The same can be said of liquor," she would counter. "Alcohol is itself a narcotic in that it is a depressant. It will not establish a vicious habit so swiftly as most drugs, but it *can* establish such a habit, and in overdoses it causes blindness or death."

It was over points like these that we for so long mulled; we at last concluded that our nation's entire procedure of law was inadequate when it came to determining a person's majority. Who should be allowed to drink, to drive? We discussed possible solutions and our favorite one proposed that everybody be given *thorough* psychological examinations once a year;

should the examination certify a person as being intellectually and emotionally mature, said person should be at his liberty to do as he pleases. We advocated this concept above the arbitrary determination of maturity at age twenty-one, and often my mother and my father, whom I frequently visited with India, enthusiastically participated in these discussions.

But also we agreed that any such concepts should be planned with caution; even the greatest psychologists are only human and fallible. Risk is always involved when a populace decides to confer upon a group or an individual the power to determine the extent of its liberty. It had never been, we agreed, and probably would never be, sane to grant men the power to make moralistic judgments about their fellow-men unless they had minds as gods.

And then came the day India and I discussed narcotics in a sense other than philosophical.

We went out riding on horseback one long, languorous afternoon; it was Saturday, and we had ridden up a trail to "A" Mountain, which lies on the outskirts of Tucson. Soft pastels of soon sunset soared across the skies, and so enthralled I was with this shaping grandeur that I failed to notice the pensive outthrusting of India's lower lip as she prepared herself to give voice to a forming thought.

"No-elly?"

Drawn from my reverie, I murmured, "Yes, Indie?"

"What do you know about mescal buttons?"

I knew something about them, as they'd been among the many narcotics we'd studied in the past months. They were not common as narcotics went, yet were not themselves extraordinary; I wondered why India asked me about them.

She told me: "I was wondering...did you know that mescal buttons can be bought across the border, in Nogales?"

"No," I replied, "tho I've imagined they could be. Why ask, Indie?"

"I assume," she said, "that we are sane, that we possess a certain minimum of good judgment, and that we are interested in narcotics. You yourself have often told me how interested you were in the heightening effect some drugs have for the mental faculties. I am very curious; I was wondering whether we could try mescal buttons. Of all the drugs we've studied of a potency comparable to theirs, they are the safest."

Nor was she mistaken; normal doses of mescal buttons were conducive to strange intellectual experiences. That much we'd learned; yet there remained a lot about which we knew nothing.

Mescal buttons were themselves not exceptional. They were obtained from mescal cacti, and these cacti fell into two classes: *Lophophora Williamsii* and *Lophophora Lewinii*. They were native to the extreme southwestern United States and to northern Mexico. The cactus itself resembles a turnip, and its greater portion grows underground, but those portions of it growing above ground bear fleshy lobules, thick and triangular, whose centers are masses of bristling white hair which partly conceals small pink flowers.

For centuries, certain Indians of Northern Mexico had sought these cacti to cut off the fleshy lobules. Once severed, they dry quickly in the desert air, and in the process of drying, they shrink into button-shaped disks one to two inches broad and from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick.

In these "buttons" exists a combination of three powerful alkaloids: *mescaline*, *pellotine*, and *anholomine*. These alkaloids are responsible for the reverence in which those Indians held mescal buttons; yearly they had religious ceremonies in which the clan or tribe would gather around high-spearing fires, and, swaying to the music and flame, would chew mescal buttons. Would chew and chew, swallowing all the juices in their mouths but not swallowing the pulp of the button. After chewing it for some minutes, they'd spit the pulp out and take another. And one more.

Then for three hours they would sit before the flames, rocking to the music, waiting for the prized gift from the gods to manifest itself. First they would feel talkative, eminently loquacious; their mental functionings would be enhanced, and, talking, thinking, exhilarated, they would eagerly await the consummation they knew was coming... hallucinations in which visions of incommunicable glory, horror, beauty and tragedy would visit them; visions so grand as to exalt their beings.

From that stage they would pass into slumber tranquil, and, with the coming of the dawn, they would awaken and be none the worse for their experience; no hangover, no after-reactions, only an exhilaration and a lovely memory being the reminders of the ceremony.

"Yes," I said slowly, very slowly, "they are the safest. You mean you wish to try them?"

"I would want your approval, No-elly. I have great faith in your judgment. Do you think we . . . no, it is not a matter of *should*; it is more a matter of a search after experience . . . could?"

Out to the sunset I gazed, to the Brobdingnagian pennonings upon pennonings of the colored, burning clouds. And from my heart my being wrenched free, to flee up to them, so that I seemed to look down upon myself and India, so small against the bulk of "A" Mountain, so human, so alone in the vastness of the desert and of the vaster desert of Space and Time. And I was frank with myself for I acknowledged to myself that I really knew very little, and that I was sincerely fascinated by the idea of taking a drug. To think with narcotic-induced clarity . . . what, O what, would it be like?

Perhaps I was selfish.

Perhaps not.

But I was only human.

And I told India so. "Maybe," I murmured to her, "this is a Temptation we are succumbing to. We, as individuals, should surely have enough faith in ourselves and love for the world so as not to need the balm of drugs. We must use them as experience, not as a psychological crutch. So let us get experience.

"But remember . . . We must be ever vigilant lest this experience actually become such a crutch!"

Slowly she nodded. "Thank you. You're right, No-elly."

When we arrived home, only the afterglow limned the horizon.

I need not bother you with an account of how India and I obtained mescal buttons in a little Mexican town somewhat south of Nogales. We purchased a quantity of them, and brought them back to Tucson. At the time we no longer lived on the University campus; we both, in a search after independence and privacy, had agreed to share expenses on a nearby apartment. And so there we lived in mutual adoration and respect. Yes, *respect*; in view of our unmarried status, this was imperative, and we were the first to recognize that.

So it was that on a cold and solemn-skied day in January we found ourselves with an excess of spare time and together agreed to proceed with our planned experiment.

Our apartment had no fireplace, only steam heat. We felt that without a fireplace something was lacking, as the ceremonies of the Indians always included a fire. But I brushed aside this minor deficiency and told India how we should prepare our experiment. I would, I explained, be the first to try the mescal buttons. If I remained calm, and suffered no ill-effects, once I recovered from the drug's influence, it would be her turn to try it with myself as her observer.

We dimmed the apartment lights and sat before the living-space windows; light cheerless and gray filled the room while outside massive clouds drove across the sky. India regarded me with anxiety as I put the first mescal button in my mouth. It was extremely dry and coarse, and not at all easy to chew. But as my saliva softened it, the chewing became easier, and I noticed that it had a very bitter tang. For fifteen minutes I chewed, and the button became a viscid stringy pulp in my mouth not unlike celery. I spat it into a waste basket and commenced chewing the second. Finishing that, I went to work on the third and last.

Sullen, indeed, the sky now was, its gray gleamings reflected back to me as anxiety from the dark eyes of India. A slow and subtle exhilaration was stirring deep in my breast. Gradually it seeped through the whole of me, through my body and mind. I felt exalted. Also my vision acquired a clarity of perception I could not have imagined possible; I saw all in infinitesimal *detail*, and my mind, as if possessed, rampaged with speculations and ideas.

How swift that flow of thought! How brilliant and enhanced my perception! Ecstasy foamed in tides through me, each tide a mightier one than the last, each bearing me resistlessly toward some Consummation I dared not imagine

To India I looked, and could not halt my speech; I told her of my millions of ideas, sweeping in swift turmoil through my mind, and I felt like crying, so impossible it was to check that current so that each individual, priceless concept might be recorded and remembered

Quickly she scribbled what I was saying in a notebook; quicker still my speech came, and eventually my uprearing intellect recognized how futile was this speech; I stopped talking, and only watched and *thought*; to *think* was all I then wanted from the world.

After a while the flow of my ideas had become so rapid and turbulent that it tended to suffuse my whole reason with an incoherency; I was in the grip of a Maelstrom soundless, invisible, rushing, rushing, whipping me around and ever around with velocity unchecked and never slackening, plunging me inutterably deep into Realms of Forms rising terrible out of an endless black . . . with a shock of brief sanity I realized I could no longer see my apartment or India

Back down into the night and the Maelstrom! Back down into violence and terror! I shall never know how many fearful eons I spent in that ravening place; they are beyond computation I screamed out my fright and a feeble scream it was, with me only a mote beaten by a crashing ebon immensity and flung out into spaces where the winds of the stars eternally roar

And then as an explosion came a revelation of Beauty!

Face of my India it was, my India transformed, her loveliness somehow augmented, her image somehow sanctified, the whole of her wonderful countenance blazing as a pyre to Astarte in the immense black; I cried out in my awe, my reverence, and implored to that mute Face for salvation

And her huge eyes, larger than the very stars, rested upon me and pitied me, and those flawless lips fluently framed the sole word: *Return!*

And with ripplings, with visual rustlings, there indeed was a *Returning*; dust of diamond and emerald and ruby trickled into, wavered across the gargantuan dark; flowed and swirled and spread out into celestial patterns, inscribing across the night the spirals of galaxies, coalescing into the jewels of gigantic suns and the jewels yet smaller and lovelier of planets and moons; and across all a vast, vast, inconceivable *sighing*; the birth-cry, I fancied, of an entire universe, composed of the symphonies of the birthing spheres and the furies of the flaming galaxies . . . struck dumb mind and soul I was with the very colossitude of the unfolding spectacle and the yet greater impact of its utter Beauty

The face of India which filled full half the new firmament looked again to me with eyes within which was the moistness of tears; once again those lips framed the word: *Return* . . .

Ah, celestial Sorceress! Barely had she completed the word than I was seized by resistless Forces which hurled me through mists of fury and eternity, so that the panorama of the infant Cosmos was lost seemingly forever; on this tempest of unknow-

able violences limned with lashes of psychic lightnings I was borne, until, with grinding thunders which by the sound of them had verily trampled Infinity, I was hurled over the brink of a chasm of oblivion.

And for an age I therein fell, an inanimate spore, a husk containing the seed of life. And as if from the summit of Eternity, my India's strange voice pealed to me once again: *Return!*

Plunged into a primal sea I was, by that omnipotent command; a sea everywhere seething with the spasms of an infant world, while down from the skies incessantly cascaded deluges of rain; my brothers of the warm shallow depths were unicellular, darting about in a world of jagged stony beauty, and out to them went my heart for I somehow knew that here, *here* were the first primeval progenitors of Man.

Up through the ages I followed them, impelled always by the insistent commands of my Goddess India to *return*. And the entire magnificent panorama of Evolution revealed itself before my encompassing eyes in all its glories, its savageries, its inutterable ferocities and indescribable ecstasies; reeled before me visions of Herculean amphibians and Titanic reptiles, and bounding across the lands and the millennia came the most terrible creation ever Earth gave birth to, *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, in all his magnitude, his power, and his slaughtering insanity.

And yet even his reign came to its termination, and I saw that chaotic twilight of the reptile lords, as the walls of ice moved in from the north and south, grinding forest and hill and plain into dust.

Then came the dominion of the mammals and ultimately Man, and now how eager were the murmurings of my Goddess, whose face filled the whole night sky and whose voice whispered over all Earth, for me to *return*; She appeared to undergo a quickening of Her illimitable soul, and in instants she revealed to me all the wonders and tragedies of the rising and falling civilizations of Man.

Near now was my Homecoming, and I shared in the crescendoing exultation which now possessed my Goddess; some Thing was about to transpire of which I had not the least inkling

Then I was looking across a medley of human faces, and I caught a flicker of the features of my mother and my father . . . there was a sibilance as of seeping waters and rapidly there arose a wall of darkness which engulfed the whole world, and as it bore inexorably down upon me I heard the cry of my Goddess: *You are Returned!*

And before the descending night claimed me, I cried, "I AM!"
Then quietude.

I awoke out of a restful sleep to be greeted by the odor of the breakfast India was cooking; I got off the couch where I'd slept, cleaned myself up, and gave her a cheery good-morning in the kitchen.

Over breakfast she told me how she had watched me throughout half the night, occasionally speaking to me to see whether I had come free of the effects of the drug; failing to rouse me, she had covered me with a blanket. As my breathing and pulse had been normal enough, she had thought me safe and so gone to bed.

I told her how grateful I was for her care, and was glad to see her regard me with her own gratitude and love.

A month later, India tried mescal buttons while I acted as observer, and her outward reactions were not dissimilar to mine, although when she awoke I learned her hallucinations had been of a different nature than mine.

The years rapidly passed, and we both finished college. We had not tried mescal buttons since we first took them, having neither the time nor the need of them. Our experiment was over and we were fully satisfied. And we were married.

The University faculty considered my work meritorious enough to get me a research position under them. This job paid well, and enabled me to live comfortably and in security with my bride India in a modernistic home not too far out from Tucson. And so life was, on the whole, as happy and contented as could be reasonably desired. More so when India told me, after we'd been living a year in our new home, that she was with child. We spent long, wonderful nights trying to decide what to name the shaping new human; we at last decided that if he were a boy, he would be called Dion, or if "he" turned out to be a girl, she would be named Suzanne.

Then there came to me the most hateful and despairing night of my entire life.

India went to a small social; I would have attended but for the pressing work I had to complete that week. Since I was unable to drive her over, and she was unwilling to drive now that she was in her seventh month of pregnancy, we called a

friend of ours who we knew was going to attend the small gathering, and he agreed to take India there and home again.

Only she never came home.

Returning from the social, she met with disaster.

A drunken fool was driving along the middle of the dipping highway at a hundred and twenty miles an hour.

Rammed his car head-on into the one bearing India and our friend home.

Of both cars nothing was left but shredded and agonized wreckage; shards of steel and human flesh had been hurled hundreds and hundreds of feet, and fierce consuming flames of gasoline had left nothing identifiable.

The police notified me; India's purse had been flung clear of that hideous collision, and they had found it.

They told me what had happened, and in the telling I felt as if the foundations of the world rocked beneath me...and when they said India was dead, those foundations collapsed and the whole world fell in upon me, so vast my agony. Demon-possessed, I drove to that unbearable scene, and once there my tears burned to my eyes when I realized that India was forever gone.

In the light of the still-wild flames, a part of me died.

To the heavens I cried out, "Dion . . . ? Suzanne . . . ?"

All that was, all that would have been precious to me . . .

In a single searing instant, obliterated!

The remainder of that insufferable night I could not at all sleep; in my bed I twisted and groaned and wept so fiercely my pillow became damp. I was not ashamed of my weeping; my soul was torn.

Shattered as a man, the next day I resigned from the University to become a figure of desolation, aimless because the reasons for my existence had vanished. I took to wandering as a vagrant throughout Tucson, neglectful of myself and my home, drawing upon the money in my bank account to buy seas of alcohol which I hoped would carry me once again to India.

Those seas scorned me, bore me not to India, and presently friends of mine from old found me. With words placating and empty they managed to draw me somewhat out of my apathy, enough so that I could once again manage myself, yet their greatest efforts could not fill the cold desolation within me.

Once again I lived in my home, daily trying and always in futility to blind myself to its many reminders of India. My life was the life of a recluse, spent studying quaint, purposeless

books. Thus I planned to spend the rest of my days, a shade of a man wasting steadily away into a ghost. Thus I would have spent my days had I not found the box of mescal buttons India and I had—eons ago it seemed—bought in Mexico. As I held it in my hands, I was overcome by unutterable nostalgia and sorrow, but I opened it.

I stared at those withered greenish-brown objects. So like coins, so pregnant with memories bitter. *I remembered the Goddess!*

With shaking hands I fed myself three mescal buttons.

Followed a veritable Aeon of bliss, of ecstasy, of exultation frenzied and free with India. I danced with her across continents and centuries, made love to her in valleys of jewels ringed with mountains of fire, wooed her over heaving oceans of crimson and sapphire and won her out among the aloof stars...

In a way my soul had been saved; India was returned to me!

A transformed man I was; I resumed my old position at the University. They were amazed and pleased at my sudden change, and congratulated me for being of so mighty a will. And that was the Beginning. Came twelve years of addiction to mescal buttons. For there passed never a night that I was without India.

Because all things pass, my era of bliss also had to pass, and what brought about its passing was my noticing that I was spending a truly undue amount of time under the influence of mescal buttons. The temptation to use the drug every possible minute had so encroached upon me that my work suffered, and I knew I would either have to halt my consumption or again resign from the University.

In shame at my weakness, I asked for a year's leave of absence.

For seven months, hardly a minute passed in which I was not roaming around in dreamworlds; my health suffered, I was so negligent of it

During the eighth month, I dimly realized I would have to do something or perhaps die. I had lost fifty pounds, and was very weak; I was eventually compelled to call a friend in Tucson and have him make arrangements for a maid to work in my house, to clean it and to prepare my meals.

She came and I saw that she was efficient and not unintelligent, and of course she quickly saw that I was in thrall to a narcotic. Weak as my reasoning powers had become, I could

perceive that she was concerned over me and wished to aid me, yet was either so shy or discreet that she never openly brought my problem into our conversations.

One night she brought me a book of Japanese legends and asked me to read a tale from it, a tale she had found quite strange and interesting. To humor her, I read it, and indeed strange it was; it told of Yuki-Onna, the Lady of the Snow, who comes and departs as snow-mist and whose kiss is a kiss of death which will suck away the soul of a man, leaving him frozen and dead.

I read of how Yuki-Onna came upon a man and his master one wintry night, of how the man saw her lean over his master, all white beauty, and kiss him so that he stiffened; how she had arisen from his master and, with eyes terrible in the darkness, come toward him only to pause and tell him she would spare him, provided he never revealed the incident or her name to anyone.

The man had fallen asleep in terror and woken up only to find his master frozen and dead; shaken to his heart, he had left. Years later, he met and wedded a lovely woman, and had children by her, and one snowy eve a decade later he told his wife of his past frightening experience, only to see her face grow horrible as she reared in wrath and triumph over him, hissing to him, "*Fool! You have told! I am Yuki-Onna!*" And thus he died.

I put away the quaint tale and was mindful of thanking my maid for bringing it to my attention, but she was nowhere around so I indulged myself in some mesal buttons....

And the ensuing hallucinations blasted my soul.

No visions of beauty that night for me; I found myself on a desolate icy plain. . . a plain which stretched flat and featureless to the far, lamenting horizons. Black clouds and blacker winds drove a biting spindrift of sleet and snow into my naked form. I was very cold and very miserable. I wept only to have my tears become ice on my cheeks.

For a thousand years I trudged across that wailing plain, enduring the lashings of a perpetual Storm. And I came to slowly realize that *that plain was symbolic of my life.*

With realization came dissolution; away faded the plain into a grey murk; looming shapes resolved themselves, merged into a....

A Wood quite bleak, quite gnarled. Everywhere was dusk, and I was still naked, alone and afraid. Through that leering

land I fled, and the savage trees ripped at me; above them shrieked and raged an invisible Storm, which battered them so that they bent, scraped and moaned, their twisted boughs clawing hideously down at me. And to the crescendoings and the diminuendoings of the music of the Storm a high piping shrilled; through the wood there poured a mist glowing ghastly and ghostly blue; it eddied into a multitude of frowning Forms dancing a solemn slow wraith-dance of madness, their eyes eyes of emerald hatred glaring at me, *at me*

And they pointed and they shrieked at me, so that my terror reached a pitch which made me collapse to the fetid forest floor, and curl into a foetal position, all the while whimpering

I-dared not guess what horrid symbolization was therein embodied; I wished to remain forever in the soft womb I found myself in, which had neither beginning nor end. *A womb of the gods*, I thought.

A womb where I was required to wait a million years. But those eons were not in vain, for She whom I sought did come. . . . She, Mother, the Goddess who was my only consolation

Mother India, I whined, *you have come back to me. . . . Take, O take me away from this awful place; take, O take me back to your comfort and passion; dance, O dance with me in the lands of loveliness and harmony; press, O press me to your bosom, and again and again, to your bosom so warm, so soft, so filled with forgetfulness . . . forgetfulness*

O, so far away she was! O, so slowly she approached; O, graceful as a waving willow and whiter than white snow, my India, of midnight hair and midnight gaze . . . come closer, come quicker, float faster on your murmurings, your whisperings, to me, I who have waited a million years for this, a million torments

Oh! So strange you are, my India, so white, save for your vermillion perfect lips, save for your silken hair of ebony; what is it that sinuously drifts around you, about you, that stands out in mad contrast with the endless black

It is snow! It downs you, finer than finest gossamer, clothes you and wafts you as a cloud, a tenuous cloud, with tendrils plying and playing with your hair far-streaming, flecked with flaming little snow-fingers

You are closer, O my beloved! Oh! Oh! Such eternities have we waited for this consummate moment . . . my darling, embrace me with your arms, your hair, your eyes

Your eyes . . . !

They have no pupils!

They are as white as your outlifted arms!

Your terrible arms!

O, Mother, what is this has befallen you . . . ?

Her ensanguined mouth writhed while her blind glare burned at me. A stream of vilest profanity issued from it as it twitched into a grin so hideous I shrank back in fear. I screamed, "*Yuki-Onna!*"

She nodded a nod which was pure terror for me.

And she embraced me.

With her cold hair.

Her cold arms.

Her cold eyes.

And her writhing, ravening lips sought mine. I could only remain rigid in a frenzy of agony as she drew me remorselessly against her, and *sucked*.

I would have given my life could I have only screamed.

Then she tautened, was as ecstatic fire of ice against me; her blind eyes blazed as a haze of silver and gossamer lifted out of my body to swirl in a fury of loathing into her

I knew then Death was upon me.

With a demonic ululation of triumph, she cast me from her; with dimming sight I watched her brazen form stamp in an insane expostulation of joy; she had my soul!

Oblivion surged to my succor in merciful gray tides which upgushed beyond even the black infinity, rearing in frothing wave-crests unimaginably high above the prancing blind fiend-ess, then thundering down in a rush which I thought would annihilate the universe. . . .

And before it claimed me as its own, I thought I saw in it the forgiving features of my maid

It required two weeks for me to recover from the shock of that ghoulish dream: two weeks in which my maid, Muriel, tenderly cared for me. So tenderly that I could not help loving her. . . and when I understood I *could* love her, I was a reborn man.

That I could love her meant that I was *free*.

Free of those terrible chains the spectre of India had bound around me over the long years.

Free of the abject thrall-*ldom* to the Goddess.

Truth had been revealed to me, had been revealed in that final hallucination. The desire for the memory of India had been shown for what it really was. . . a vampire leeching upon my

initative, my soul. Revulsion with myself was so great that for a week I entirely renounced mescal buttons.

A habit of such long duration cannot easily be rejected, though; I felt in my body a craving for the drug, and was not able to fight it wholly. I took mescal buttons in moderation, and the inspiring sight of Muriel helped me in this contest of the will with the body.

I hoped that eventually I would no longer find need to take the coins to dreamworld.

Yet across the years, one little incident has caused me much wonder. It concerns that book of Japanese legendry in which I read the tale of Yuki-Onna. On its flyleaf, in gay feminine handwriting, is written:

INDIA LEE

The Lone Seashore

By CLAIRE FULLERTON, '60

I sit alone upon the shore
Beside the sea we loved so well,
And dream as idle hours pass
Of memories broken hearts don't tell.

Ofttimes as day fades in the west,
And moonlight floods the sea—
The echoes of your voice seem here,
Your love comes back to me.

The misty-blue of skies above
Reflect the splendor of your eyes,
And as of yore they seem to be
My guiding stars—to Paradise.

I listen for your voice once more
To whisper thru' the silent night,
And as of old it seems to speak
Of love, and hope, and heart's delight.

I crush you to a broken heart
With memories of that yesterday,
I fold you in my empty arms—
Until the dream has passed away.

Memories drifting with the tide
Haunt me by the ocean here,
Where time has never healed the heart—
Nor stemmed a falling tear.

Ah love! The days and years go by
Until life's hopeless dream is o'er,
But there'll ever be a lonely heart
Besides the ocean's sad sea-shore.

Alone

By CLAIRE FULLERTON, '60

As I walk alone in the moonlight,
As I cry alone by the sea—
I dream of the love that was mine
The love that is forever lost unto me

So I walk all alone
And alone do I cry,
As alone shall I be
On the day that I die.

This love of mine was pure and true
And yet so frail and so unfree—
I knew it could not last;
But still I suffer of love's malady.

So I walk all alone
And alone do I cry,
As alone shall I be
On the day that I die.

Whispering Pine

By CLAIRE FULLERTON, '60

Oh, whispering pine
 Spicy, yet not still
What secrets of mine
 To the wind did you spill?

Oh, needless to say
 Whispering pine,
I've heard you at play
 With secrets of mine.

I heard you whisper
 On that still night
And tho' I miss her
 It's still my delight;

To hear you whisper
 As you softly wave,
Of my dead sister
 In her cold grave.

You knew of my sister
 And her babyish deeds
Is that why you whisper
 Of her, now among the weeds?

Maybe she went to Heaven,
 Or maybe to Limbo,
Of months she was not seven
 But you seem to know—

You're gnarled, old, and bent
 Your secrets then are true,
And all the years you've spent—
 Have brought secrets back to you.

Arsenic and Old Lace

By DOROTHA SUE SCOTT, '55

With that memorable evening on the stage of the Fulton Theatre on Broadway, Gallaudet College was on its way to fame. There had never before been such an enterprise in the history of the deaf.

Sunday evening, May 10, 1942, was indeed a remarkable night for the Dramatics Club. To Erick Malzkuhn, '43, it was the culmination of a life-long ambition. Appearing on Broadway was no longer a dream; it was a reality.

That Sunday evening, something new in the way of plays hit Broadway. It was the 558th performance of *Arsenic and Old Lace* at the Fulton Theatre, to be sure, but it differed in the manner of its presentation. Never before had theatre-goers seen anything like it. Joseph Kesserling's comedy, for one night only, was presented in the sign language of the deaf.

The Gallaudet College version evoked acclaim from both hearing and deaf audiences. The first two showings, at the College, made the little old Chapel bulge and creak. Respect for the dead was destroyed when the Chapel rocked with irreverent laughter over the death of twelve friendless and forlorn men.

Death! This little play, with its intricacies of mingled horror and humor, concerned the lives of two spinster sisters, Abby and Martha Brewster, who lived in a gruesomely cozy mansion in Brooklyn. With them was their harmless, lunatic nephew, Teddy, who fancied himself Teddy Roosevelt. The Misses Brewster were well-known for their benevolence in the neighborhood, but no one ever dreamed they were living a quiet life of homicide. It took another nephew, Mortimer, to discover that a dozen men had already been assassinated and ceremoniously buried in the cellar, where Teddy was building his "locks" for the Panama Canal.

The horrified nephew was even more thunderstruck when he was suddenly confronted with a long-absent brother, Jonathan. Jonathan too had been leading a homicide-studded life.

He had a full dozen victims to compare with those of his aunts. The curtain fell with Jonathan being sent to prison and the two aunts playing up to their thirteenth victim with: "Well, Mortimer, for a gallon of elderberry wine, I take a teaspoonful of arsenic, and add a half-teaspoonful of strychnine, and then just a pinch of cyanide."

The plot was perfect for deaf audiences with its limited dialogue and abundance of action. Eric Malzkuhn, the Business Manager of the venture, decided right off that: "Here is a comedy that has everything. It is just right for us—only one set and good parts for our actors." Yet, little did he realize then just how truly "right" it was for the Gallaudet players.

"Malz," as he was called, wrote to New York for permission. The Dramatists' Play Service read his impassioned plea with interest and amusement; then sent it direct to the Fabulous Twins—Producers Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse. The result:

"Of course you can have *Arsenic and Old Lace* for your Dramatics Club, and there will be no royalty charge. We are sending you a mimeographed copy of the play, and we wish you all the possible luck with it... Better still, why not give your performance in our set and our theatre in New York as a benefit? The audience would be much larger here, and we feel you might raise a good sum of money. Let us know immediately what you think of this idea, and we will try to work things out. And if we can help in any way, don't hesitate to call us."

Malz was drafted into seeing the play on Broadway first. Filled at first with misgivings, he had the good fortune to talk with Ben M. Schowe, Sr., who laughed away Malz's nervousness with his favorite phrase—"Don't be afraid of them, son; they pull on their pants one leg at a time the same as you do."

Malz recalled later: "When they talked with me, they talked as to an equal. They were so earnest, and interested in everything, and so busy seeing that everything was satisfactory for everyone that they had no time for conceit, no leisure in which to develop an egotistical personality. Maybe that is why they are so famous; because they are so completely aware of their own humility."

May 10 was the date chosen for the performance, if the faculty would give the "go" signal. Once given, the Dramatics

Club got down to business. At first, Malz was to have played the role of Mortimer, but after he viewed the play on Broadway, it was decided that his talent was needed for the role of Jonathan, since it would make or break the play.

The roles of the two poisonous Brewster sisters were ably acted by Julia Berg and Frances Lupo. Leon Baker portrayed Teddy Brewster, and Raymond Butler was cast as the nephew, Mortimer.

Since there were no understudies, Director Frederick H. Hughes and his assistant, Archie Stack, '44, held their breaths every time Teddy went thundering up the stairs with his magnificent "charge" of San Juan Hill. Leon Baker, as Teddy, was an inspired comedian with a sincere love for his work, but he had two fragile knees. Whenever he charged up the stairs, the odds were that his knees would buckle under him and everything would have to be cancelled. However, Lady Luck was with them throughout the entire venture.

After intriguing the audiences at Gallaudet on May 2 and 3, the cast journeyed to New York City on the sixth to prepare for the performance at the Fulton Theatre, 46th and Broadway.

The final polish came from the regular director, Bretaigne Windust, who learned a good number of signs with almost phenomenal quickness. The Gallaudet cast were all surprised, but the Broadwayites never batted an eyelash. . . . They had long ago stopped being surprised at the almost fabulous accomplishments of Princeton's gift to the American theatre.

The Broadway version had Boris Karloff in the starring role. So interested was he in the Dramatics Club venture that he volunteered to make up Malz, who played his role, and who, according to the script, was supposed to look like Karloff. And, as Malz enthusiastically said: "He's even going to let me use his 'lucky shoes'."

How all this came about is an amusing anecdote. When Malz first visited backstage after seeing the play, Karloff decided it wouldn't be too hard to make him up. He then offered his wardrobe and shoes—"if they would fit." Malz said later: "I asked him what size he wore, and he gave me a smile tinged with embarrassment and extended his hands eloquently. However, I picked up one of the shoes and held it against my shoes for comparison. They fit, to a "T!"

With no costume or set worries, there was perfect harmony backstage. Windust ordered his cast to watch the facial ex-

pressions of the deaf; knowing full well the advantages they would get from this. However, one difficulty arose in the scene where Teddy had to carry his aunts' latest victim to his "locks" in the cellar. How could a deaf audience comprehend this on a darkened stage? This was solved when there came a suggestion that Teddy wear gloves covered with luminous paint.

Opening night found the theatre packed. Even Burns Mantle, who had reviewed the play unfavorably, found it refreshing: "There was not much applause of the handclapping variety, but the intermissions were filled with an exchange of comments that were plainly complimentary. You could tell that from the flashing eyes and delighted grins of the crowd.

"The scene was so much more interesting than the gabbing and crude gesticulating of a normal theatre intermission crowd, I found it restful to a degree."

When the play was finally over, sometime after eleven p. m., Authors Lindsay and Crouse, along with Boris Karloff, appeared with the thirteen resurrected cadavers, much to the delight of the audience. Karloff was in his stocking feet, and the cast later felt that he was trying to point out literally that Malz was figuratively acting in his shoes.

Arsenic and Old Lace brought about a queer sort of change in the students towards the cast. For some time, thereafter, many went out of their way to avoid the players. Said Malz, who was from New York: "I tried to get a job in a mince pie factory this summer, but they wouldn't hire me when they found out I was deaf. I have a nasty suspicion that they were afraid I learned a little too much from those two elderly, amateur toxicologists, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair (who were Aunt Abby and Aunt Martha in the Broadway version.)"

Perhaps, for the company, it was merely a random shot, but it reaped a rich harvest for the deaf. It also gave the college prestige, and drew the attention of the outer world to the inner world of the deaf.

Such a venture happens only once in a lifetime; in this case, only once in an age.

ODE

E. MALZKUH N

*How lovely it was!
Clippings by the box,
Karloff in his socks,
The time I went to Panama,
And never saw the locks.*