"THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE" IS MAGNIFICENT

"It is beautiful, absorbing, exciting, touching and absolutely enthralling—a notable addition to the literature of our contemporary stage."
—Chapman, News

"Edward Albee has converted Carson McCullers' strange, tender prose poem, 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' into a play flecked with weird, halting poetry. Their art has joined to reveal the terrible and dim face of a shattered and unnatural love."
—San Francisco Examiner.

"We can say it here: 'Here is a Play.' 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' is an astonishment and individual story fashioned into a drama of matchless integrity. Long afterwards, when time has obscured the image and memory has let slip the details, someone will mention 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' and for the briefest moment, nobody else will speak. And almost inevitably, someone will smile in grateful remembrance, and sigh: 'There Was A Play.'"
—Oakland Tribune

"Albee's 'Ballad' sings. An enraging evening, a success for all concerned."
—McSweeney, Saturday Review.

"Edward Albee's 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' is a play of enormous fascination. All of his gift for stunning dramatic power is in it. A spectacular tour de force."
—Oakland, Calif.

"A shimmering poem of dark beauty."
—Los Angeles Times.

"A drama to be added to the must-see list."
—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"A strange, haunting and potent drama. It glows with compassionate insight that holds the viewer irresistibly. Edward Albee, Broadway's prize playwright, provides another absorbing, unusual experience for theatre fans."
—Green, SF

"Intriguing... Fascinating... presented in a well near perfect production, studied with first rate performances and perfectly directed. An interesting, provocative and most unusual play."
—California Women's Weekly

"The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe is a most important member of the still new season."
—Oakland, Calif.

"A quietly powerful and beautiful play."
—Cincinnati, Ohio Post, News.

"Strictly hitsville!"
—Kansas City News-

"VIRTUOSITY ABUNDS."
—Amos, M. T. & V. S. Sun

"Nowhere in production of veiled and startlingly brilliant perceptions has ALAN SCHNIEDEr's staging or the beautifully fused performance failed Mr. Albee or Mr. McCullers."
—Oakland, Calif.

"Directed with great understanding by ALAN SCHNIEDEr."
—Chapman, News

"COLLEEN DEWHURST... The new star of the season."
—N.Y. Post

"COLLEEN DEWHURST's performance is no less than heroic."
—Chapman, News

"Broadway's First Lady—one of our greatest artists, COLLEEN DEWHURST is phenomenal."
—Los Angeles Times.

"COLLEEN DEWHURST as Miss Amelia is triumphant."
—Washington, D.C.

"Excellent performance by WILLIAM PRINCE."
—N.Y. Post

"WILLIAM PRINCE has a compelling role."
—McClure, Jr.

"A fascinating performance by MICHAEL DUNN."
—Chapman, News.

"LOU ANTONIO is consistently fine and brilliant."
—Oakland, Calif.

"MOSCROE LEE BROWNE narrates the saga with casual charm."
—Oakland, Calif.

"ENID MARKAY has a fine range as the village gossip."
—Oakland, Calif.

"The people of the town are beautifully played. The rattleling nastiness and straightforward statements are vital comedy."
—Oakland, Calif.
THE MARQUIS INTERVIEWS

CARSON McCULLERS

Carson McCullers published her first novel, "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter," at the age of 22. It was a fantastic critical success. One critic went so far as to say that in the novel Mrs. McCullers had reached the apex of her form, and would be hard put to equal it. However, Member of the Wedding, Ballad of the Sad Cafe and Clock Without Hands attest to the fact that Mrs. McCullers has lived up to her early and usually high standard. Her own adaptation of the Member of the Wedding enjoyed one of the most successful runs in Broadway history. In Europe Carson McCullers is considered the greatest American authoress.

It happened that green and crazy summer when Frankie was twelve years old. This was the summer when for a long time she had not been a member. She belonged to no club and was a member of nothing in the world. Frankie had become an unjoined person who hung around in doorways, and she was afraid. In June the trees were bright, dizzy green, but later the leaves darkened, and the town turned black and shrunk under the glare of the sun. At first Frankie walked around doing one thing and another. The sidewalks of the town were gray in the early morning and at night, but the noon sun put a glaze on them, so that the cement burned and glittered like glass. The sidewalks finally became too hot for Frankie's feet, and also she got herself in trouble. She was in so much secret trouble that she thought it was better to stay at home — and at home there was only Berenice Sadie Brown and John Henry West. The three of them sat at the kitchen table, saying the same things over and over, so that by August the words began to rhyme with each other and sound strange. The world seemed to die each afternoon and nothing moved any longer. At last the summer was like a green sick dream, or like a silent crazy jungle under glass. And then, on the last Friday of August, all this was changed: it was so sudden that Frankie puzzled the whole blank afternoon, and still she did not understand.

'It is so very queer,' she said.
'The way it all just happened.'
'Happened? Happened?' said Berenice.

John Henry listened and watched them quietly.
'I have never been so puzzled.'
'But puzzled about what?'
'The whole thing,' Frankie said. And Berenice remarked: 'I believe the sun has fried your brains.'
'Me too,' John Henry whispered. Frankie herself almost admitted maybe so. It was four o'clock in the afternoon and the kitchen was square and gray and quiet. Frankie sat at the table with her eyes half closed, and she thought about a wedding. She saw a silent church, a strange snow slanting down against the colored windows. The groom in this wedding was her brother, and there was a brightness where his face should be. The bride was there in a long white train, and the bride also was faceless. There was something about this wedding that gave Frankie a feeling she could not name.

Berenice dealt the cards for three-handed bridge. Berenice had been the cook since Frankie could remember. She was very black and broad-shouldered and short. She always said that she was thirty-five years old, but she had been saying that at least three years. Her hair was parted, plaited, and greased close to the skull, and she had a flat and quiet face. There was only one thing wrong about Berenice — her left eye was bright blue glass. It started out fixed and wild from her quiet, colored face, and why she had wanted a blue eye nobody human would ever know. Her right eye was dark and sad. Berenice dealt slowly, licking her thumb when the sweaty cards stuck together. John Henry watched each card as it was being dealt. His chest was white and wet and naked, and he wore around his neck a tiny lead donkey tied by a string. He was blood kin to Frankie, first cousin, and all summer he would eat dinner and spend the day with her, or eat supper and spend the night; and she could not make him go home. He was small to be six years old, but he had the largest knees that Frankie had ever seen, and on one of them there was always a scab or a bandage where he had fallen down and skinned himself. John Henry had a little screwed white face and he wore tiny gold-rimmed glasses. He watched all of the cards very carefully, because he was in debt; he owed Berenice more than five million dollars.

From The Member of The Wedding
THE INTERVIEW

Carson McCullers lives in a rambling billiard style house next to the telephone company and just down the street from the business section of South Nyack, New York. It was not without difficulty that we finally arrived there in the dusk of an early October afternoon. From the very moment of Mrs. McCullers acceptance of our interview plans we had been proud of the organization of our venture. We assiduously reread all her novels, background material was hunted up, past reviews of her work and critical studies were researched. On the appointed day we left Easton in what seemed like plenty of time to make our three o’clock appointment. On our first attempt we proceeded no farther than Center Square where, while buying tapes for the recorder, one car died from under us. It was another hour of misplaced keys, broken garage door windows and frantic calls to friends before we were finally on our way. We had telephoned ahead and plans had been altered to accommodate our unfortunate circumstances.

Once in South Nyack we stopped at the first bar and had a few beers to aid in collecting our thoughts. At the bar we asked directions to the McCullers house and receiving them from a plumber proceeded there with little trouble. The home of Carson McCullers is far removed either from the road or from the center of town. The first floor is partially hidden by clusters of forsythia bushes on either side of the dirt path that leads to the porch. We parked the car, gathered our equipment and went to the door. Our knock was answered by a large colored maid in a chic black uniform who after asking our names and business promptly closed the door in our faces. When she had validated our credentials with Mrs. McCullers the maid ushered us into a fairly large living room. Carson McCullers sat as small as a bird, much like a sandpiper with its thinness of legs, in a chair next to the fireplace. She was dressed in a blue dressing gown and because of a stroke suffered years ago she shook our hands but did not rise to greet us. She asked us to sit where she could see us clearly and sent the maid for two coca-colas. After a few awkward remarks, we set up the tape recorder and the interview began.

At the outset of the interview Mrs. McCullers seemed to be afraid of our tape machine but she became progressively more at ease as we talked. She spoke in a small, tremulous voice that nevertheless mirrored an inner hardness and a strong willed mind. Her only movements were to shift the position of her legs, to light a filter cigarette, or to take a sip from a small silver cup by her side.

The Marquis: Mrs. McCullers, how did you come to put Ballad of the Sad Cafe on the stage?

Mrs. McCullers: About two years ago, Mr. Albee came to me and Lew Allen, who had been associated with Member of the Wedding, so I knew Lew, and of course I knew Mr. Albee. Mr. Albee said he wanted to adapt the Ballad of the Sad Cafe: It took me a long time to wonder whether I should have him do it or not. Then, when I read his work and talked with him, I told him ‘yes.’ From then on it was his ‘baby.’ I haven’t even been to rehearsal yet.

The M.: Has he talked to you about it?

Mrs. McC: No, he hasn’t. I read some of his script, his earliest script, but I haven’t seen the final one.

The M.: How about some of your earlier works? You were 22 when you wrote “Heart is a Lonely Hunter.” Is that the first novel that you had ever written?

Mrs. McC: No, I had written several things, plays, and short stories and some others and then when I was 19, I began “Heart is a Lonely Hunter.” It had not fixed in my mind. I didn’t understand what it was all about. All these people were talking to another person and I wondered why. Suddenly it came to me—why he didn’t ever answer them, didn’t say a word, it just came to me suddenly—why he is a deaf-mute. And, from there on it just clicked. I understood the portent of the story, why he couldn’t speak and why they were speaking to him. Because he could not speak. Could not respond to them.

The M.: How did you come to submit it to New York to a publisher?

Mrs. McC: Oh, about that time, I had heard that there was a contest, a story contest at Houghton-Mifflin, a book contest. I had already finished about five chapters, so I sent them directly to Houghton-Mifflin. They took it.

The M.: How did you feel when the book became the critical success that it was?

Mrs. McC: Well, I was very pleased.

The M.: Richard Wright said about your novel, in the New Republic Continued on Page 20
INTERVIEW WITH
EDWARD ALBEE

Edward Albee is the new shining light of the American theater. He began with two off-broadway successes, "The Zoo Story" and "The American Dream," and in 1962 scored a tremendous critical and financial success with the provocative Broadway play—"Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf." He followed this with the highly acclaimed adaption of Carson McCuller's novella—"The Ballad of the Sad Cafe," which is currently preparing to go on the road.

The interview with Carson McCullers having worked as smoothly as it did we thought that we should attempt something else in the same vein. Edward Albee became our second subject for three reasons: he is a name in contemporary theater; he was in the first stages of rehearsing his adaption of McCuller's Ballad of the Sad Cafe to the stage; and we had a connection that would enable us to see him later.

We repeated the same preparations that we had used prior to the McCuller's interview for Albee's. This time we journeyed to New York where Lewis Allen, the co-producer of Ballad, had arranged for us to meet with and interview Albee. On our first trip we were only able to meet Albee and set up a date for the interview. It was during the preview of the stage play of Ballad, and Albee was busy with last minute revisions. Ben Edwards, co-producer with Allen, and set designer for the play very generously gave us tickets for the performance so our first attempt was not a total loss.

Our date with Albee had been set for a weekday afternoon but upon arriving in New York, we were beset by mishaps that rivaled those of the McCullers interview. Albee could not be found in the afternoon, and we were told to waylay him as he walked to the theatre. Until Ballad's curtain time we wandered around the city. We returned to the theatre, the Martin Beck on West Forty-fifth Street, about eight o'clock and with the help of the theatre manager set things up for the interview. Albee arrived and after cornering him we received a promise for one half hour just after the opening scene of the play. We were in the process of testing the tape recorder when to our chagrin we discovered that the theatre building carried only D. C. current. The tape recorder blew a fuse and we were forced to take the interview by hand in an upstairs office. The three of us had to whisper because of our proximity to the stage.

Our immediate impression of Albee was that we had seen him many times before, possibly in Brook's Brothers or in the cocktail lounge of the Biltmore Hotel. He wore a neat grey tweed suit, a button-down shirt with a print tie, cordovan shoes, and his greying hair was crew cut. He looked youthful, slim, and

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not unlike dozens of other young men one sees in New York. The crisp sure tone of Albee’s voice and the intensity of his obsidian black eyes belayed out first impression. There is nothing sophomoric about the man. As we talked he smoked an occasional Kent cigarette and broke into frequent smiles. Sometimes at our questions and sometimes at his answers.

Albee had decided to adapt Ballad of the Sad Cafe as long ago as nineteen fifty-two: “I read it in nineteen fifty-two, six years before I started writing. Before I ever wrote plays I thought I would like to do the Ballad. It struck me as visual and dramatic.” When Albee finally got around to the ballad he had already made a reputation with The Zoo Story, Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf? and other plays. This past summer he spent seven weeks on Fire Island and, working four hours every morning, wrote the entire adaptation although he said; “The way I write, I knew pretty much what I am going to do a year before I get to the typewriter.” The Ballad of Albee’s several weeks on Fire Island was not to be the final version, for in rehearsal he altered the play cutting it down by over one hour. We asked him about the process of adapting: “One has to work within the parentheses set by the original. Form and style are co-determined; they must be natural to the particular scene. I acted as a stage realizer, a transferer rather than a transformer.” Would the Ballad be a success; “I have been watching the Ballad for a month now and I don’t know if it is a success or a failure. It would be nice if Ballad is received well but the work is now finished to a point where you have gotten as close to your intention as you possibly can and that is it.”

The contemporary theatre has provoked a full quiver of slings and arrows from outraged critics in the past few years. Albee clearly expected us to ask for his opinions and when they came they were off-handed but pungent. “I see a great many plays, too many, about fifty last year and most of them were not very good.” Albee likes the work of Tennessee Williams — “when he is good, he is very good as in Oedipus Descending and the stage play of Suddenly Last Summer,” Thornton Wilder, Beckett, Genet, and Brecht. “Today’s theatre audiences are lazy. They seem to have the opinion that they run the theatre. Most hacks and producers are catering to this.” The repertoire company of Lincoln Center has been proclaimed as one antidote for the sickness of the American people. Albee sees the Center as a “mess;” “This popularization of culture is bound to produce a les-sening in esthetic level. I am not against the idea, but the Center is too commercial with money men like (Elia) Kazan and (Robert) Whitehead running it.”

Mrs. McCullers had had a great deal of difficulty in explaining her method as a writer. When we put questions to Albee concerning the act of his work, he was very ready to answer. “I don’t write thesis plays. I don’t concern myself with what the play says. The actual job of writing a play is realizing a previous experience. I concentrate on the reality of the characters and their situations, no time to be interested in the implications of characters for if one becomes interested in implications then the characters are not three dimensional. My characters are terribly real to me. I knew how the characters in Virginia Woolf would behave in any situation.” He added: “someone once said that everybody who writes, has something he writes about all the time and someone else said it is best not to examine it.”

As our conversation unraveled we noticed a few similarities between McCullers and Albee. McCullers had found the discipline of music instrumental in helping her form the discipline for writing. At one time Albee wanted to be a composer, and he maintains that; “The play form and that of the sonata are the same. Music is very close to the theatre.” Both Albee and McCullers write with a type-writer and both like to work in the
mornings.

Today Albee is considered to be one of America’s few young playwrights with talent. In four meteoric years he has gained great critical as well as financial success. As with any writer he has projected his work far into the future; “Now I am working on a novel and have several plays in mind, sometime I might like to adapt James Purdy’s Malcolm.” To a recent report that he might allow a movie of one of his plays Albee said; “I like lots of controls that they won’t give me, actor control, cutting room control, script control. I wouldn’t consider a film until I was an accomplished film director or photographer.”

Albee is a new constellation in America’s galaxy of stars. He has been the subject of feature stories in periodicals as diverse as the “Paris Review” and “Newsweek.” We wondered if this new fame had interfered with Albee’s life. His reply was a sharp no, and he sensed the quality of this fame to be “dumb.” Is Albee content with his career as a writer? “I intended to be a writer since I can remember. It seemed to be easier than working but it isn’t.”

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COLLEGE HERITAGE

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arts center, the renovation of Van Wickle for Geology and Archives, and the renovation of Markle Hall for administration. Money will also be put to these endowment needs: library books, faculty chairs, scholarships, and a lecture-concert series.

Lafayette’s tradition and the facts of its life have convinced the Ford Foundation, and should convince us all, that Lafayette is a first-rate institution. As President Bergehton pointed out in his Opening Convocation speech, our quality is based largely on past achievement. To continue this achievement, we must develop what he termed the “Lafayette style.” Our collegiate style is the attitude of the whole college in action. It consists only partly of academic excellence. It is the philosophy of education we define through our initiative to better ourselves and our actions toward others.

We have received part of this style from our predecessors. In this, as in our traditions of scholarship and good facilities, we merely inherit the good done by others before us. We students must give effect to another part of the Lafayette style through our own actions.

It is easy to see what we have inherited. Lafayette combines arts, sciences, and engineering in a small college. As President Bergehton noted, this is quite unusual. “We represent a university spread of subject matter with one united Faculty and a common educational approach.”

That “educational approach” is one aspect of the Lafayette style. In the first place, Lafayette stresses the manner of study as much as the matter. One of the great benefits to be derived from an education here is an understanding of