

SIDE I

The Beauty of Things
The World's Wonders
The Old Stonemason
Joy
Final Speech: The Cretan Woman / Aphrodite
Cassandra: Tower Beyond Tragedy

SIDE II

Final Speech: Tower Beyond Tragedy / Electra and Orestes

TOWER BEYOND TRAGEDY by Robinson Jeffers

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Poet's Theatre Series No. 2

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TOWER BEYOND TRAGEDY

by Robinson Jeffers

read by Marian Seldes

Poet's Theatre Series No. 2

Producer Scotti D'Arcy

Side I

The Beauty Of Things
The Worlds Wonders
The Old Stonemason
Joy
Final Speech: Cretan Women/Aphrodite
Cassandra/Tower Beyond Tragedy

Side II

Final Scene: Tower Beyond Tragedy/Electra
and Orestes

SIDE I

The Beauty Of Things

To feel and speak the astonishing beauty of things --
earth stone and water.

Beast, man and woman, sun, moon and stars --
The blood-shot beauty of human nature, its thoughts,
frenzies and passions,

And unhuman nature its towering reality --
For man's half dream; man, you might say, is
nature dreaming, but rock

And water and sky are constant -- to feel
Greatly, and understand greatly, and express greatly,
the natural

Beauty, is the sole business of poetry.
The rest's diversion: those holy or noble sentiments,
the intricate ideas,

The love, lust, longing: reasons, but not the reason.

The World's Wonders

Being now three or four years more than sixty,
I have seen strange things in my time. I have seen
a merman standing waist-deep in the ocean
off my rock shore.

Unmistakably human and unmistakably a sea-beast:
he submerged and never came up again,
While we stood watching. I do not know what he was,
and I have no theory: but this was the least
of wonders.

I have seen the United States grow up the strongest
and wealthiest of nations, and swim in the
wind over bankruptcy.

I have seen Europe, the twenty-five hundred years
the crown of the world, become its beggar
and cripple.

I have seen people, fooled by ambitious men and a
froth of sentiment, waste themselves on
three wars.

None was required, all futile, all grandly victorious.
A fourth is forming.

I have seen the invention of human fight; a chief
desire of man's dreaming heart for ten
thousand years;

And men have made it the chief of the means of
massacre.

I have seen the far stars weighed and their distance
measured, and the powers that make the
atom put into service --

For what? -- To kill. To kill half a million flies --
men I should say -- at one slap.

I have also seen doom. You can stand up and
struggle or lie down and sleep -- you are
doomed as Oedipus.

A man and a civilization grow old, grow fatally --
as we say -- ill: courage and the will are
bystanders.

It is easy to know the beauty of inhuman things,
sea, storm and mountain; it is their soul
and their meaning.

Humanity has its lesser beauty, impure and
painful, we have to harden our hearts to
bear it.

I have hardened my heart only a little: I have
learned that happiness is important, but
pain gives importance.

The use of tragedy: Lear becomes as tall as the
storm he crawls in; and a tortured Jew
became God.

The Old Stonemason

Stones that rolled in the sea for a thousand years
Have climbed the cliff and stand stiff-ranked in
the house-walls;

Hurricane may spit his lungs out they'll not be
moved.

They have become conservative; they remember
the endless

Treacheries of ever-sliding water and slimy
ambushes

Along the shore; they'll never again give themselves
To the tides and the dreams, the popular drift,
The whirlpool progress, but stand steady on their
hill --

At bay? -- Yes; but unbroken.

I have much in common with these old
rockheads.

Old comrades, I too have escaped and stand.
I have shared in my time the human illusions,
the muddy foolishness

And craving passions, but something thirty years
ago pulled me

Out of the tide-wash; I must not even pretend
To be one of the people. I must stand here
Alone with open eyes in the clear air growing old,
Watching with interest and only a little nausea
The cheating shepherds, this time of the demagogues
and the docile people, the shifts of power,
And the pitiless general wars that prepare the fall;
But also the enormous unhuman beauty of things;
rock, sea and stars, fool-proof and permanent,
The birds like yachts in the air, or beating like
hearts

Along the water; the flares of sunset, the peaks of
Point Lobos;

And hear at night the huge waves, my drunken
quarrymen

Climbing the cliff, hewing out more stones for me
To make my house. The old granite stones, those
are my people;

Hard heads and still wits but faithful, not fools, not
chatterers;

And the place where they stand today they will stand
also tomorrow.

Joy

Though joy is better than sorrow joy is not great;
Peace is great, strength is great.

Not for joy the stars burn, not for joy the vulture
Spreads her gray sails on the air
Over the mountains; not for joy the worn mountain
Stands, while years like water
Trench his long sides. "I am neither mountain
nor bird

Nor star; and I seek joy."

The weakness of your breed: yet at length quietness
Will cover those wistful eyes.

Final Speech: Cretan Woman

Aphrodite

(laughing) We are not extremely sorry for the
woes of men.

We laugh to heaven.

We that walk on Olympus and the steep sky,
And under our feet the lighting barks like a dog:
What we desire, we do (she smiles) I am the
power of Love

(she stands smiling and considering)

In future days men will become so powerful
That they seem to control the heavens and the earth,
They seem to understand the stars and all science --
Let them beware. Something is lurking hidden.
There is always a knife in the flowers. There is
always a lion just beyond the firelight.

(her light dims out and she vanishes.)

The Scene is all dark.)

Excerpts from Tower Beyond Tragedy

Cassandra:

If anywhere in the world

Were a tower with foundations, or a treasure-
chamber

With a firm vault, or a walled fortress

That stood on the years, not staggering, not
moving

As the mortar were mixed with wine for water

And poppy for lime; they reel, they are all
drunkards,

The piled strengths of the world: no pyramid

In bitter Egypt in the desert

But skips at moonrise; no mountain

Over the Black Sea in awful Caucasus

But whirls like a young kid, like a bud of the herd,

Under the hundredth star: I am sick after

steadfastness

Watching the world cataractlike

Pour screaming onto steep ruins: for the wings
of prophecy

God once my lover give me stone sandals

Planted on stone: he hates me, the God, he will
never

Take home the gift of the bridleless horse

The stallion, the unbitted stallion: the bed

Naked to the sky on Mount Ida,

The soft clear grass there,

Be blackened forever, may vipers and Greeks

In that glen breed

Twisting together, where the God

Come golden from the sun

Gave me for a bride - gift prophecy and I took it
for a treasure:

I a fool, I a maiden,

I would not let him touch me though love of him
maddened me

Till he feed me that posion, till he planted that
fire in me,

The girdle flew loose then.

The queen considered this rock, she gazed on the
great stone blocks of Mycenae's acropolis;

Monstrous they seemed to her, solid they appeared
to her, safe rootage for monstrous deeds:

Ah fierce one

Who knows who laid them for a snare? What people
in the world's dawn breathed on chill air
and the vapor

Of their breath seemed stone and has stood and you
dream it is established? These also are
a foam on the stream

Of the falling of the world: there is nothing to
lay hold on:

No crime is a crime, the slaying of the King was
a meeting of two bubbles on the lip of
the cataract,

One winked ... and the killing of your children
would be nothing: I tell you for a marvel
that the earth is a dancer,

The grave dark earth is less quiet than a fool's
fingers,

That old one, spinning in the emptiness, blown by
no wind in vain circles, light - witted and
a dancer.

O fair roads north where the land narrows

Over the mountains between the great gulf,
 O that I too with the King's children
 Might wander northward hand in hand.
 Mine are worse wanderings:
 They will shelter on Mount Parnassus,
 For me there is no mountain firm enough,
 The storms of light beating on the headlands,
 The storms of music undermine the mountains,
 they stumble and fall inward,
 Such music the stars
 Make in their courses, the vast vibration
 Plucks the iron heart of the earth like a harp-string.
 Iron and stone core, O stubborn axle of the earth,
 you also
 Dissolving in a little time like salt in water,
 What does it matter that I have seen Macedon
 Roll all the Greek cities into one billow and strand
 in Asia
 The anthers and bracts of the flower of the world?
 That I have seen Egypt and Nineveh
 Crumble, and a Latian village
 Plant the earth with Javelins? It made laws for all
 men, it dissolved like a cloud.
 I have also stood watching a storm of wild swans
 Rise from one river-mouth O force of the
 earth rising,
 O fallings of the earth: forever no rest, not forever
 From the wave and the trough, from the stream and
 the slack, from growth and decay: O vulture --
 Pinioned, my spirit, one flight yet, last, longest,
 unguided,
 Try into the gulf,
 Over Greece, over Rome, you have space O my
 spirit for the years

II

Are not few of captivity: how many have I stood here
 Among the great stones, while the Queen's people
 Go in and out of the gate, wearing light linen
 For summer and the wet spoils of wild beasts
 In the season of storms: and the stars have changed,
 I have watched
 The grievous and unprayed-to constellations
 Pile steaming spring and patient autumn
 Over the enduring walls: but you over the walls of
 the world,
 Over the unquieted centuries, over the darkness-
 hearted
 Millenniums wailing thinly to be born, O vulture -
 pinioned
 Try into the dark,
 Watch the north spawn white bodies and red-gold
 hair,
 Race after race of beastlike warriors; and the cities
 Burn, and the cities build, and new lands be uncovered
 In the way of the sun to his setting ... go on farther,
 what what profit
 In the wars and the toils? but I say
 Where are prosperous people my enemies are, as
 you pass them
 O my spirit
 Curse Athens for the joy and the marble, curse
 Corinth
 For the wine and the purple, and Syracuse
 For the gold and the ships; but Rome, Rome,
 With many destructions for the corn and the laws and

the Javelins, the insolence, the threefold
 Abominable power: pass the humble
 And the lordships of darkness, but far down
 Smite Spain for the blood on the sunset gold, curse
 France
 For the fields abounding and the running rivers, the
 lights in the cities, the laughter, curse
 England
 For the meat on the tables and the terrible gray
 ships, for old laws, far dominions,
 there remains

A mightier to be cursed and a higher for malediction
 When America has eaten Europe and takes tribute
 of Asia, when the ends of the world grow
 aware of each other
 And are dogs in one kennel, they will tear
 The master of the hunt with the mouths of the pack:
 new fallings, new risings, O Winged one
 No end of the fallings and risings? An end shall
 be surely,
 Though unnatural things are accomplished, they
 breathe in the sea's depth,
 They swim in the air, they bridle the cloud -
 leaper lightning to carry their messages:
 Though the eagles of the east and the west and the
 falcons of the north were not quieted, you have
 seen a white cloth
 Cover the lands from the north and the eyes of the
 lands and the claws of the hunters,
 The mouths of the hungry with snow
 Were filled, and their claws
 Took hold upon ice in the pasture, a morsel of ice
 was their catch in the rivers,
 That pure white quietness
 Waits on the heads of the mountains, not sleep but
 death, will the fire
 Of burnt cities and ships in that year warm you my
 enemies?

The Frost, the old frost,
 Like a cat with a broken - winged bird it will play
 with you,
 It will nip and let go; and will say it is gone, but
 the next
 Season it increases: O clean, clean,
 White and most clean, colorless quietness.
 Without trace, without trail, without stain in the
 garment, drawn down
 From the poles to the girdle ... I have known one
 Godhead
 To my sore hurt: I am growing to come to another:
 O Grave and kindly
 Last of the lords of the earth, I pray you lead n y
 substance
 Speedily into another shape, make me grass, Death,
 make me stone,
 Make me air to wander free between the stars and
 the peaks; but cut humanity
 Out of my being, that is the wound that festers in me,
 Not captivity, not my enemies: you will heal the
 earth also,
 Death, in your time; but speedily Cassandra.

SIDE II

Final Scene: Electra and Orestes

Electra (at the door) Oh! You are safe, you are

well! Did you think I could be sleeping?
But it is true,
I have slept soundly. Come, come.

Orestes A fellow in the forest
Told me you'd had the stone scrubbed ... I mean,
that you'd entered the house, received as
Agamemnon's daughter
In the honor of the city. So I free to go traveling
have come with
--what's the word, Electra?--Farewell.
Have come to bid you farewell.

Electra It means -- you are going
somewhere? Come into the house, Orestes,
tell me ...

Orestes
The cape's rounded. I have not shipwrecked.

Electra Around the rock
we have passed safely in the hall of this
house.
The throne in the hall, the shining lordship of
Mycenae.

Orestes No:
the open world, the sea and its wonders.
You thought the oars raked the headland in the
great storm --
what, for Mycenae?

Electra Not meanest of the
Greek cities:
Whose king captained the world into Asia. Have
you suddenly become ... a God,
brother, to over-vault
Agamemnon's royalty? O come in, come in. I
am cold, cold.
I pray you.

Orestes Fetch a cloak, porter.
If I have outgrown the city a little - I have earned
it. Did you notice, Electra, she caught at
the sword.
As the point entered: the palm of her right hand
was slashed to the bone before the mercy
of the point
Slept in her breast: the laid-open palm it was that
undermined me ... Oh, the cloak. It's a
blond night.
We'll walk on the stones: no chill, the stars are
mellow. If I dare remember
Yesterday ... because I have conquered, the soft
fiber's burnt out.

Electra You have conquered: possess: enter
the house,
Take up the royalty.

Orestes You were in my vision to-night in the
forest, Electra, I thought I embraced you
More than brotherwise ... possessed you call it
... entered the fountain --

Electra Oh, hush. Therefore you would not
kill her!

Orestes

I killed. It is foolish to darken things with words.
I was here, she there, screaming. Who
if not I?

Electra

The hidden reason: the bitter kernel of your mind
that has made you mad: I that learned
strength
Yesterday, I have no fear.

Orestes Fear? The city is friendly and took
You home with honor, they'll pay
Phocis his wage, you will be quiet.

Electra Are you resolved to understand
nothing, Orestes?
I am not Agamemnon, only his daughter. You
are Agamemnon.
Beggars and the sons of beggars
May wander at will over the world, but Agamemnon
has his honor and high Mycenae
It is not to be cast.

Orestes Mycenae for a ship: who will buy
kingdom
And sell me a ship with oars?

Electra Dear: listen. Come to the parapet
where it hangs over the night:
The ears at the door hinder me. Now, let the
arrow-eyes stars hear, the night, not men,
as for the Gods
No one can know them, whether they be angry or
pleased, tall and terrible, standing apart,
When they make signs out of the darkness ... I
cannot tell you.
... You will stay here, brother?

Orestes I'll go
To the edge and over it. Sweet sister, if you've
got a message for them, the dark ones?

Electra You do not mean
Death: but a wandering; what does it matter what
you mean?
I know two ways and one will quiet you.
You shall choose either.

Orestes But I am quiet. It is more regular
than a sleeping child's: be untroubled,
Yours burns, it is you trembling.

Electra Should I not tremble? It is only
a little to offer.
But all that I have.

Orestes Offer?

Electra It is accomplished: My father is
avenged: the fates and the body of Electra
Are nothing. But for Agamemnon to rule in
Mycenae: that is not nothing. O my brother
You are Agamemnon: rule: take all you will: nothing
is denied you. The Gods have redressed evil
And clamped the balance.

Orestes No doubt they have done what they desired.

Electra And yours,
yours? I will not suffer her
Justly punished to dog you over the end of the
world. Your desire?
Speak it openly, Orestes.
She is to be conquered: if her ghost were present
on the stones
-let it hear you. I will make war on her
With my life, or with my body.

Orestes What strange martyrdom, Electra,
what madness for sacrifice
Makes your eyes burn like two fires on a watch-
tower, though the night darkens?

Electra What you want you shall have:
And rule in Mycenae. Nothing, nothing is denied
you. If I knew which of the two choices
Would quiet you, I would do and not speak, not
ask you. Tell me, tell me. Must I bear
all the burden.

I weaker, and a woman? You and I were two
hawks quartering the field for living
flesh Orestes,

Under the storm of memory
Of Agamemnon: we struck: we tore the prey,
that dog and that woman. Suddenly since
yesterday

You have shot up over me and left me.
You are Agamemnon, you are the storm of the
living presence, the very King, and I,
lost wings

Under the storm, would die for you ... You
do not speak yet?

... Mine to say it all? ... You know me
a maiden, Orestes,
You have always been with me, no man has even
touched my cheek.

It is not easy for one unmarried
And chaste, to name both choices. The first is
easy. That terrible dream in the forest:
if fear of desire

Drives you away: it is easy for me not to be. I
never have known

Sweetness in life: all my young days were given--

Orestes I thought to
be silent was better,
And understand you: Afterwards I'll speak.

Electra - to the noise of
blood crying for blood, a crime to be
punished,

A house to be emptied: these things are done: and
now I am lonely, and what becomes of me is
not important.

There's water, and there are points and edges,
pain's only a moment: I'd do it and not speak,
but nobody knows

Whether it would give you peace or madden you
again, I'd not be leagued with that bad woman
against you,

And these great walls sit by the crater, terrible
desires blow through them. O brother I'll
never blame you,

I share the motherhood and the fatherhood, I can
conceive the madness, if you desire to near
The fountain: tell me: I also love you: not that way,
but enough to suffer. What needs to be done
To make peace for you, tell me. I shall so gladly
die to make it for you: or so gladly yield you
What you know is maiden. You are the King; have
all your will: only remain in steep Mycenae,
In the honor of our father. Not yet: do not speak
yet. You have said it not

Remorse drives you away: monsters require
monsters, to have let her live a moment
longer

Would have been the crime: therefore it cannot be
but desire drives you: or the fear of desire:
dearest,

It is known horror unlocks the heart, a shower of
things hidden: if that which happened
yesterday unmasked

A beautiful brother's love and showed more awful
eyes in it: all that our Gods require is
courage.

Let me see the face, let the eyes pierce me. What,
dearest? Here

In the stiff cloth of the sacred darkness
Fold over fold hidden, above the sleeping city,
By the great stones of the door, under the little
golden falcons that swarm before dawn up
yonder.

In the silence ... must I dare to woo you,
I whom man never wooed? to let my hand glide
under the cloak.

... O you will stay! these arms
Making so soft and white a bond around you... I also
begin to love - that way, Orestes,

Feeling the hot hard flesh move under the loose
cloth, shudder against me... Ah, your mouth,
ah,

The burning - kiss me --

Orestes We shall never ascend this mountain.
So it might come true: we have to be tough
against them,

Our dreams and visions, or they true themselves
into flesh, It is sweet: I faint for it: the old
stones here

Have seen more and not moved. A custom of the
house. To accept you, little Electra, and
go my journey

To-morrow: you'd call cheating. Therefore: we
shall not go up this mountain dearest,
dearest,

Tonight nor ever. It's Clytemnestra in you. But
the dead are a weak tribe. If I had

Agamemnon's
We'd live happy sister and lord it in Mycenae -- be
a king like the others -- royalty and incest
Run both in the stream of the blood. Who scrubbed
the stones there?

Electra Slaves. O fire burn me! Enter and lay
waste,

Deflower, trample, break down, pillage the little
city,

Make what breach you will, with flesh or a spear,
give it to the spoiler. See, as I tear the
garment.

What if I called it cheating? Be cruel and treacherous.

I'll run my chances
On the bitter mercies of to-morrow.

Orestes Bitter they would be. No.

Electra It's clear
that for this reason
You'd sneak out of Mycenae and be lost outward.
Taste first bite the apple, once dared and
tried

Desire will be not terrible. It's doglike to run off
whining. Remember it was I that urged

Yesterday's triumph. You: life was enough:
let them live. I drove

on, burning, your mind, reluctant metal,
I dipped it in fire and forged it sharp, day after
day I beat and burned against you, and forged
A sword: I the arm. Are you sorry it's done? Now
again with hammer and burning hear I beat
against you,

You will not be sorry. We two of all the world, we
alone,

Are fit for each other, we have so wrought ... O
eyes scorning the world, storm-feathered
hawk my hands

Caught out of the air and made you a king over this
rock. O axe with the gold helve, O star

Alone over the storm, beacon to men over blown
seas, you will not flee fate, you will take

What the Gods give. What is a man not ruling? An
ant in the hill: ruler or slave the choice is,

--Or a runaway slave, your pilgrim portion, buffeted
over the borders of the lands, publicly

Whipped in the cities. But you, you will bind the
north-star on your forehead, you will stand
up in Mycenae

Stone and a king.

Orestes I am stone enough, not to be changed by
words, nor by the sweet and burning flame of
you,

Beautiful Electra.

Electra Well then: we've wasted our night. See,
there's the morning star
I might have draggled into a metaphor of you. A
fool: a boy: no king.

Orestes It would have been better
To have parted kindlier, for it is likely
We shall have no future meeting.

Electra You will let this crime (the
God commanded) that dirtied the old stones
here
Make division forever?

Orestes Not the crime, the wakening. That
deed is past, it is finished, things past
Make no division afterward, they have no power,
they have become nothing at all: this much
I have learned at a crime's knees.

Electra Yet we are divided.

Orestes Because I
have suddenly awakened, I will not waste
inward

Upon humanity, having found a fairer object.

Electra Some nymph of
the field? I knew this coldness
Had a sick root: a girl in the north told me about
the hill - shepherds who living in solitude
Turn beast with the ewes, their oreads baa to
them through the matted fleece and they run
mad, what madness
Met you in the night and sticks to you?

Orestes I left the madness of the
house, to-night in the dark, with you it
walks yet.
How shall I tell you what I have learned? Your
mind is like a hawk's or like a lion's this
knowledge
Is out of the order of your mind, stranger language.
To wild beasts and the blood of kings
A verse blind in the book.

Electra At least my eyes can see dawn graying;
tell and not mock me, our moment
Dies in a moment.

Orestes Here is the last labor
To spend on humanity. I saw a vision of us move
in the dark: all that we did or dreamed of
Regarded each other, the man pursued the woman,
the woman clung to the man, warriors and
kings
Strained at each other in the darkness, all loved or
fought inward, each one of the lost people
Sought the eyes of another that another should
praise him; sought never his own but another's;
the net of desire

Had every nerve drawn to the center, so that they
writhed like a full draught of fishes, all matted
In the one mesh; when they look backward they see
only a man standing at the beginning,
Or forward, a man at the end; or if upward, men in
the shining bitter sky striding and feasting,
Whom you call Gods ...
It is all turned inward, all your desires incestuous,
the woman the serpent, the man the rose-red
cavern,
Both human, worship forever ...

Electra You have dreamed wretchedly.

Orestes I have
seen the dreams of the people and not dreamed
them.
As for me, I have slain my mother.

Electra No more?

Orestes And the gate's open,
the gray boils over the mountains, I have
greater
Kindred then dwell under a roof, didn't I say this
would be dark to you? I have cut the meshes
And fly like a freed falcon. To-night, lying on the
hillside, sick with those visions, I remembered
The knife in the stalk of my humanity; I drew and it
broke;
I entered the life the brown forest
And the great life of the ancient peaks, the patience

of stone,
 I felt the changes in the veins
 In the throat of the mountain, a grain in many
 centuries, we have our own time, not yours;
 and I was the stream
 Draining the mountain wood; and I the stag drinking;
 and I was the stars,
 Boiling with light, wandering alone, each one the
 lord of his own summit; and I was the darkness
 Outside the stars, I included them, they were part
 of me. I was mankind also, a moving lichen
 On the check of the round stone ... they have not
 made words for it, to go behind things, beyond
 hours and ages,
 And be all things in all time, in their returns and
 passages, in the motionless and timeless center,
 In the white of the fire ... how can I express
 excellence
 I have found, that has no color but clearness;
 No honey but ecstasy; nothing wrought nor remembered;
 no undertone nor silver second murmur
 That rings in love's voice, I and my loved are one; no
 desire but fulfilled; no passion but peace,
 The pure flame and the white, fierier than any passion;
 no time but spherulic eternity, Electra,
 Was that your name before this life dawned --

Electra Here is mere death.
 Death like a triumph I'd have paid to keep you

A king in high Mycenae; but here is shameful death,
 to die because I have lost you. They'll say
 Having done justice Agamemnon's son ran mad and
 was lost in the mountain; but Agamemnon's
 daughter
 Hanged herself from a beam of the house: O
 beautiful hands of justice! This horror draws
 upon me
 Like stone walking.

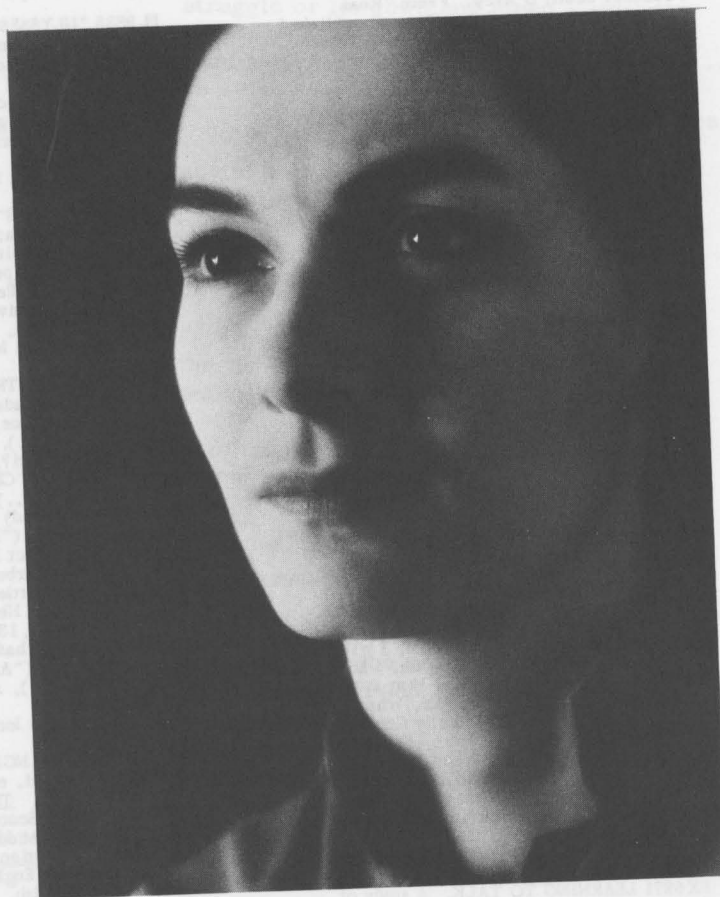
Orestes What fills men's mouths is nothing; and
 your threat is nothing, I have fallen in love
 outward.
 If I believe you -- it is I then am like a stone walking.

Electra I can endure
 even to hate you,
 But that's no matter. Strength's good. You are lost.
 I here remember the honor of the house, and
 Agamemnon's.

She turned and entered the ancient house. Orestes
 walked in the clear dawn; men say that a
 serpent
 Killed him in high Arcadia. But young or old, few
 years or many, signified less than nothing
 To him who had climbed the tower beyond time,
 consciously, and cast humanity, entered the
 earlier fountain.

Marian Seldes

Marian Seldes has appeared with Judith Anderson
 in Robinson Jeffers' "Medea", "The Tower Beyond
 Tragedy," and "Come Of Age." She has acted
 with Katharine Cornell in "That Lady" and Sir John
 Gielgud in "Crime and Punishment." She played
 opposite George C. Scott in "The Wall" and with
 Henry Fonda in "A Gift Of Time." She is a gradu-
 ate of the Neighborhood Playhouse of the Theatre.
 This is her second album for the Poet's Theatre
 Series for Folkways, the first being Robinson
 Jeffers' "Roan Stallion."



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