

Duffy Tells of Life, Likes Frosh, Sophs

Small storekeepers generally have the reputation of being down-to-earth, easy-to-get-along-with individuals, adroit and resourceful as the necessity arises, and brimming with reluctant compassion for honest souls who must have but can't afford. Earle R. Ettinger, or more familiarly, Duffy. ("When I was a little kid the man next door used to call me 'The Little Duffer!' I've been called Duff ever since.") who manages the campus store, fits such a description.

Duffy, who has been running the store for three years, is a thoroughly adequate businessman; he knows his stock (where, what, and how much), his customers needs and preferences, and what the administration requires of him. He runs the show and runs it well.

At 64, Duffy has a bit of a shrewd Santa Claus look about him—short (not more than 5' 5"), stout, with a perpetually tanned and barely aged skin very blue eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, an abundant supply of grayish hair that was once dark and is now gradually becoming white, and the type of leathery, sentient, and astute facial characteristics that one might expect to find studied in a Flemish print.

At various times Duffy has been a factory worker (straw hats in West Upton, Massachusetts, and Amityville, N.Y.), rubber spreader (New York's lower East side), baseball player (pitcher for West Upton, of the "very-fast semi-pro Blackstone Valley League"), traveling salesman, bookkeeper (clerical office work in Boston), stock controller (Navy Department of the Boston Navy Yard during World War II), and finally, private gardener.

Infused in this Jack-of-all trades existence has been an equally variegated assortment of aspirations and fancies. In his youth Duff was a 6 nights a week whist, and a 7 nights a week waltz, polka, and two-step devotee, a rabid Harvard football fan, and a baseball player in his own right. Today Duff has replaced college football with the Tawton Dog Track, for him a well-known and well-loved refuge. "You have to study the dogs—know all the angles of dog-raising. It's one of the squarest sports in existence, but tough to beat I've been fortunate in playing—I won't go into this for obvious reasons."

He lives with a friend in Arlington Heights, patronizes nightly an intimate establishment replete with home-cooked dinners which commercializes under the name of Viki Lynn's, and week-ends with his daughter, dogs, and grandchildren in Derry, New Hampshire.

Duffy turned from self-employed gardening to accept the position of chief and only gardener at Brandeis in 1950. Imbued with the crea-

tive, unrestricting Brandeisian atmosphere, he landscaped. Manual work, however, proved to be too tedious, and consequently Duffy came to the fore as manager of the campus store.

He describes his store as a non-profit enterprise, designed to accommodate the students and offer them the best buys possible. He personally regulates his mark-up, and sells at prices lower than Harvard Square's. "I get \$5.50 for the same jacket you pick up in Cambridge for \$6.25, and my novelty stuff is lower than anywhere else." He admits that books are essentially expensive, but with the qualification that under Fair Trades Practices, publishers have set specific selling prices on all works. He concludes that after student pay, (Duffy employs and supervises 8 students) his own salary, freight charges, and stock that "just won't go", profit is non-existent.

As to the students that patronize his store, he finds a "different and better class of people" this year. Seems that upperclassmen have a tendency to complain about prices, whereas Freshmen and Sophomores, who are buying fundamentally the same type merchandise, not only spend more money, but spend it in a happier frame of mind.

Through some unconscious motivation, Duffy has always had an ambition to see Australia, but the financial impossibility of such a venture is a minor matter, for this is a secure, content man. "I've never had any real disappointments," "I put my heart and soul into this work;" "If a person uses me right, I don't care what or who he is."

Years ago Duffy was an eager reader of popular fiction and newspapers, particularly the editorial columns. Today "I just take everything with a grain of salt. I do get a great kick out of reading the Justice. After all, I can't expect everybody to know everything."

Thank you, Mr. Ettinger
—Stevie Sale

SPEAL . . .

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by being "rugged individualists" in the sense that we strive to keep our essential sanity and individualism. We must band together with those of similar views of reality for a common defense against the attack on our political and individual rights, Coser concluded

Rimbaud: Prophet or Devil?

Is poetry to be judged by the moral concepts it offers? Must art be a command to live? Was Arthur Rimbaud a man with an ethical vision, a seer and builder, or was he negative, destructive and deadly? Is it important to understand poetry, or is meaning irrelevant to the aesthetic experience? Such were the questions raised in the discussion of Rimbaud's stature as an artist at the panel sponsored by the French Club last Wednesday.

"The open seas are available" said Rimbaud in an early poem. The lure and terror of plunging into the boundless seas—a feeling arising in post-medieval literature, was strongly experienced by Rimbaud. When he set out on his quest towards greater freedom, towards "bonheur", the anticipation of doom was already there. The quest ended in failure: Resignation and early death followed the brief but violent attempt to "possess truth in one soul and one body".

The poetry of Rimbaud has the quality of a string of firecrackers going off. It is marked by a search for unheard and unheard-of sensations, a groping for the other world. In his attempt to make this world audible, Rimbaud turned himself into "a fabulous opera": Drugs, drink, all forms of excess were means to heighten his sensibility. "Happiness is fatality". "Morals are the weakness of the brain". To reach extreme heights, one must descend to the lowest depths. An extreme example of the romantic superman, Rimbaud wanted "freedom in salvation". He needed no saviour, no other human being to accomplish his salvation, only himself.

Romantic Attitude Fatal

Thus Dr. Claude Vigee, himself a poet, introduced Arthur Rimbaud. A contrary view was presented by Dr. Lewisohn. "The present is still chewing over the desperate fallacies of romanticism," he said. Quoting the Russian thinker Berdayev: "Man is so made as to worship—either God or idols", he claimed that the self-worship established by the romantics represents the ultimate error into which man has fallen. Rimbaud produced some exquisite lines of poetry, but his preoccupation with self-destruction is obsolete and revolting. "One must be absolutely modern", said Rimbaud. "Modernity" leads only to destruction and despair. The Avant-Garde, who proclaimed "the revolution of the word" produced a little honey—like a bee which stings you to death. Verlaine was far superior to Rimbaud; a poet "of divine establishment".

But is poetry to be judged as a command to live? Vigee asked. May it not be considered as a warning? Milton Hindus saw Rimbaud's art as "a desperate reaction against an ugly, materialistic world". He lives, and will go on living, more strongly than his contemporaries. Verlaine is pretty, but does not move as deeply. Rimbaud

wished to free the imagination by Faustian experiments with words themselves. Poetry is written out of depth of intimacy with language which can't be duplicated. Rimbaud's essential message is: The world can't be lived in. Here Hindus made an analogy to Rilke, which was assailed by Lewisohn. Rilke sought the transformation of the self, whereas Rimbaud wanted to transform the world in his own image, he said.

The Sin of Impatience

Rilke had courage and patience, Vigee expanded. He mutilated his self to fit it into the world. Rimbaud was incapable of breaking the walls of his ego. His attempt, akin to Baudelaire's "Anything out of this world", ends in failure. He is incapable of waiting, and attempts transformation by violence. Kafka's definition of impatience as "the sin of sins" was recalled by Lewisohn. It is blasphemy, he commented, to call Rimbaud "great", since he rejects all values.

Rimbaud is not a first-rate poet, Irving Massey said, yet he is incomparable, uniquely representative if not of the greatest value. Poetry deals in images, but the images must have some point of reference. In Rimbaud, all objective reference to the image is obliterated. The image suggests infinite references, but identifies none. Perhaps there is a search for truth in Rimbaud, he closed, but I do not understand him.

Magnificent Failure

Henry Braun, coming "to the defense of a much maligned poet" offered a passionately sympathetic interpretation of the poet. "Rimbaud speaks of 'Christmas on earth'. He is aware of the 'we', not only the 'I'. He is motivated by a search for a community, as exemplified by his participation, at the age of 17, in the revolution of 1871. But action is useless—the senseless slaughter of thousands is the outcome of active attempts to create a better world. Perhaps Rimbaud failed, but he tried with all his power. He could not accept the world, but in his poetry, he attempted to transform and elevate. The factory becomes a mosque. There is poetry in dirt. His images are designed to be seen by all. He looks for a saintly world without the old god, and attempts to erase the sterile formal logic of the materialist conception. His stature as a moral man springs from his fight against an evil world. He is outraged, and outrages himself. He sees himself as one—perhaps the first—of a community of seers.

His Majesty The Ego

But Rimbaud's "moi", Vigee developed, is to be forceful to allow for a common search. He is the magician, HE wants to accomplish the transformation of the world. His central obsession is to live in Paradise, a paradise of his definition. He has a desperate and violent longing for purity. The power is there, but where is the road? To strengthen his self, he must violate it. His capacity to torture himself, to go through hell, is part of the attempt to achieve purity through sin. The I is the only basis for reality. There is no hope or prayer, no interceding. "The time of the assassin is here," the poet announces. Yet the search for the country of pure love ends in a debauched waft of perfume. The dark tunnel of the human mind has a dead end. The world of which he dreams remains a world of words. The magic language and imagination have power only in their realm,

not as agents in the outside world. "Action is not the sister of dream", Baudelaire discovered. Rilke says, in contrast: "If the drink is bitter, become the wine", but Rimbaud ends with complete repudiation, "everything can be sold". So off he goes in search of gold, to sell arms, slaves, anything, only to find sickness and death.

The Fallen Angel

Rimbaud was unable to make the "we" other than the "I". Moments of bliss, as in the poem "Dawn", bring with them the fear of bliss not lasting, a longing to be out of time. His failure is the self-reference in his redemptory process. His greatness lies in the lucidity with which he goes through the phases of experience, his subtlety of imagery. His "great adventure" was an ethical adventure, if satanic in quality. He, like Satan, fails to establish a new world from his own resources alone.

—Dan Morgenstern

New Deadline

The deadline for submitting copy for the Justice literary supplement has been advanced to November 15, Dan Morgenstern, supplement editor, announced yesterday.

All Brandeis students are eligible to submit fiction, poetry, essays, black and white drawing and photographs, Morgenstern said.

Prizes, to be announced in the near future, will be awarded in each category. All material should be typed double-spaced and may be placed in the Justice mailbox or handed to any member of the editorial board, he concluded.

A Sadie Hawkins' Dance On Nov. 13

Sadie Hawkins Dance, the annual girl-ask-boy dance, will be held Saturday, November 13, according to Outing Club President, Al Finkelstein. Featured guest will be Al Capp, noted cartoonist. The dance will be held in the Student Union and will start at 8 pm. There will be social as well as square dancing. It is suggested that those attending wear Dog Patch costumes.

SCA Convenes To Hold Panel

The nature of Christian vocation will be the theme of a regional conference of the Student Christian Association to be held at Brandeis this coming weekend, the organization announced this week. A series of lectures and panels dealing with vocational orientation will open with a talk by Reverend Chalmers Coe, Minister of Mt. Vernon Congregational Church in Boston on "The Nature of Christian Vocation." Dr. William White, vice-president of Northeastern University will speak on "Ethical Problems faced in Professional Life;" and Dr. Preston Munter, staff psychiatrist at M.I.T., on "A Psychiatrist Looks at Vocation." Mrs. Lucy Duffy, '55 is co-chairman with Ted Reed, of Northeastern of the conference.

Reproduced Below Are Some Notes Found In a Jack-O-Lantern

My name is Dexter . . . I used to be a communist
now I'm a liberal . . . times change . . . Flux
flux and complexity . . . complexity and beauty
that's where they fell short . . . they forgot the beauty
I was a student . . . people were hungry . . . they
marched . . . I marched . . . somebody shouted
I shouted . . . then I joined the party . . . I was hun-
gry . . . food I had . . . my family had money (wasn't
their fault . . . they didn't know better) me. I hun-
gered for the masses . . . They made me a leader
in the XYZ . . . then the masses hungered for me
so I gave them . . . rally after rally I gave them
then I got bored . . . used to yawn at meetings
they called me deviationist . . . so I deviated . . .
not really though . . . that was a front . . . at heart I
still hungered
Then I met HIM . . . he differed . . . he was nice
at first . . . then I realized . . . he was ANTI . . .
didn't he know about the common front . . . didn't he

know about Spain . . . didn't he know . . . no . . . we
tried to show him the true path . . . we threw eggs
(and the masses were still hungry) he didn't know
still doesn't

Then came the war . . . everybody loved every-
body . . . then the war finished . . . everybody hated
everybody . . . then came the discoveries, THEY had
infiltrated

HE sent for ME . . . such a nice letter . . . lovely
stationary (HE should not be confused with HIM
after all . . .) yet were . . . you did . . . we know

REMEMBER . . . for two days I thought . . . then
I remembered . . . I remembered all those hungry
masses . . . their names . . . addresses . . . ages . . .
wives . . . it was wonderful . . . all those memories . . .

My name is Dexter . . . I used to be a liberal . . .
now I'm a . . . times change . . . flux . . . flux
and complexity . . . complexity and beauty . . . that's
where they fell short . . . they forgot the beauty
Dexter

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