

# PERIODICALLY DRAMATIC

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

*JINGLE JANGLE: A  
CHRISTMAS  
JOURNEY IS THE  
BEST HOLIDAY  
MOVIE FOR YOUR  
FAMILY!*

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A LOVE OF HISTORY THROUGH THE ART OF FICTION

# PERIODICALLY DRAMATIC

## EDITOR'S NOTE



Dear Reader,

This issue was quite a ride! Out of all releases, this one caused me the most stress. The holidays over November and December are my favorite time of year. With lights and gifts, the season is about love and family. However, there is so much ugly in this world that we deal with on a daily basis. Every time you log onto social media, you are bound to come across negativity or a grim reminder of the struggling families. As the cold weather sets in, I would like those who are capable to consider donating coats, socks, gloves, meals, shoes--anything you can to make this holiday season a little better for some. Remember to be joyful. Remember that the world *can* be good. May you all be safe, happy, warm, and enjoy the holidays. As always, I hope you find a piece of yourself in this magazine issue and that it brings at least a little bit of light into your life.

Stay safe,

Marina Hill

Editor-in-Chief

CONTACT

@periodicallydramatic on Instagram

periodicallydramatic.com



Picture: Shannyn / @personally.speaking

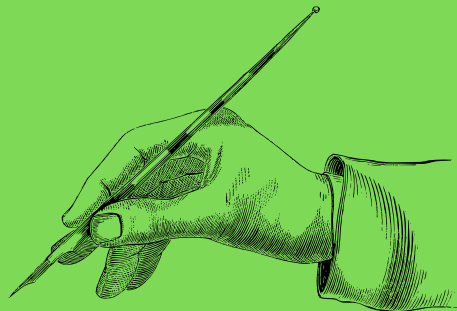


# Contributing Writers

DANIELLE KENT



ANGELA ALEXANDER



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: MARINA HILL

OUR FAVORITE HEROINES!



A favorite of @timeperiodfilm's

PERIODICALLY DRAMATIC

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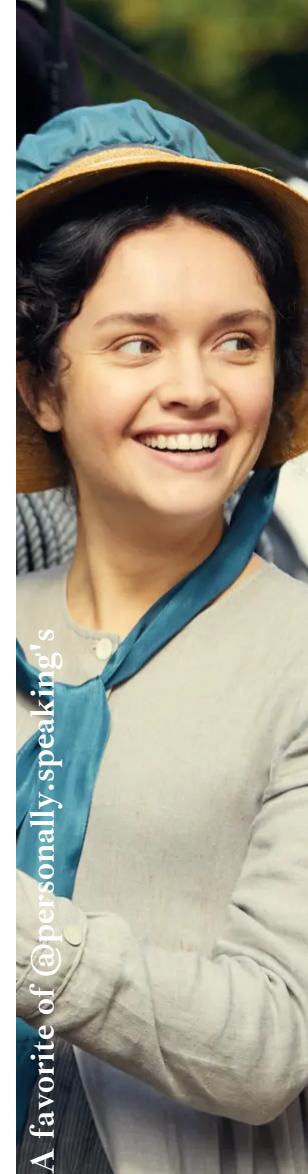
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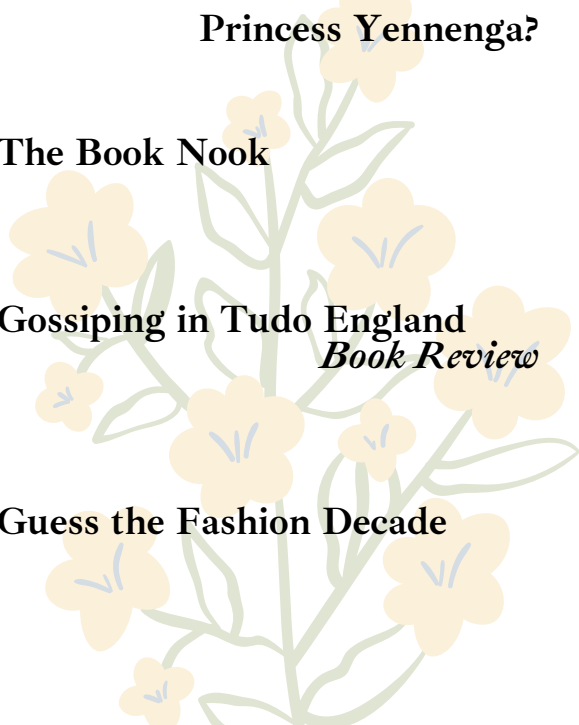
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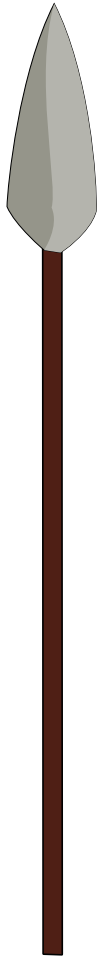
Have you heard of...

# PRINCESS YENNENGA?



Yennenga was a remarkable warrior princess who lived over nine hundred years ago sometime between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. The Mossi people of modern-day Burkina Faso called her the mother of their culture.

Yennenga was the daughter of King Nedegea. She had remarkable skills with the spear and bow and was a far better rider than her brothers and many of her father's warriors. By the age of fourteen, she was helping her father defeat enemies of the kingdom. Due to her precious skills, her father refused to let her marry. Yennenga opposed this decision. She wanted a family of her own and to make her own decisions.



Her father ignored her pleas and instead locked her away. Because of her role in the army, she had many friends who helped her escape on horseback dressed as a man. She escaped northbound and her companions were killed in an enemy ambush. She later met an elephant hunter, Riale. Yennenga and Riale fell in love and had a son. She named him Ouédraogo, which means stallion--the kind of horse that brought her to freedom. ■

Source: [Yennenga Progress](#)

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRIET LEE MERRION



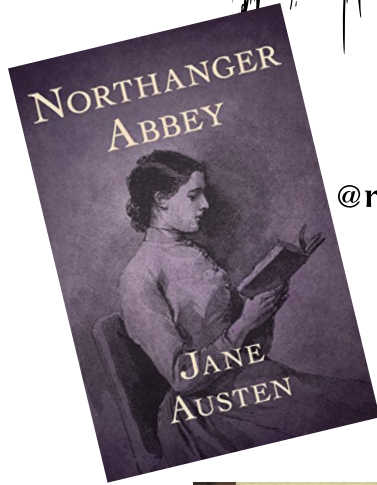
# The Book Nook

@periodicallydramatic is reading *Nocturna*!

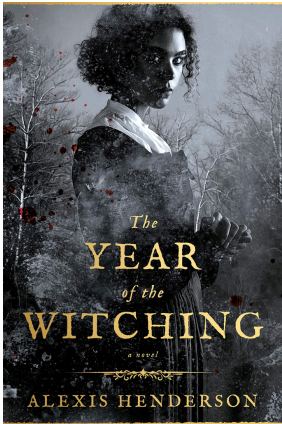


What have we been reading?

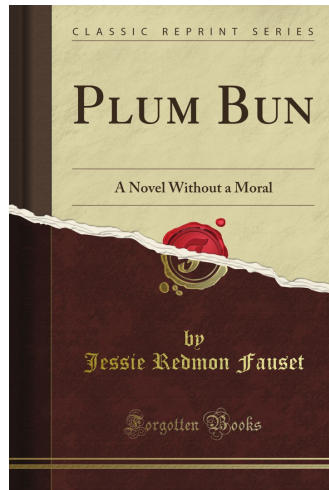
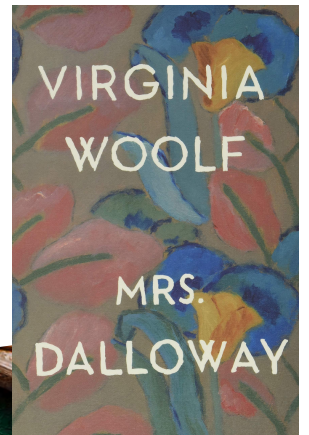
@personally.speaking is reading *Mrs. Dalloway*! (And is not loving it)



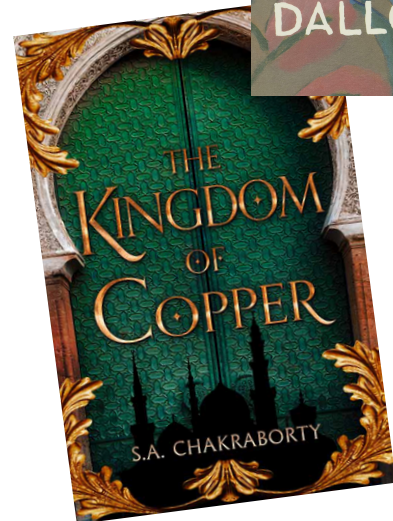
@random\_ridaa is reading *Northanger Abbey*!



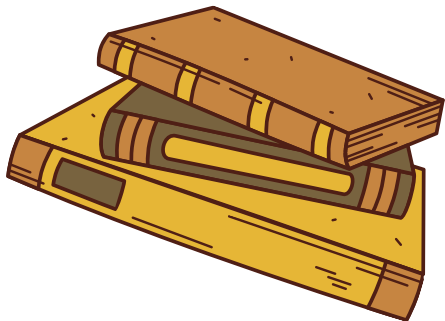
@nearonis is reading *The Year of the Witching*!



@tvboston is reading *Plum Bun*!



@tolstoytotinkerbelle is reading *The Kingdom of Copper*!

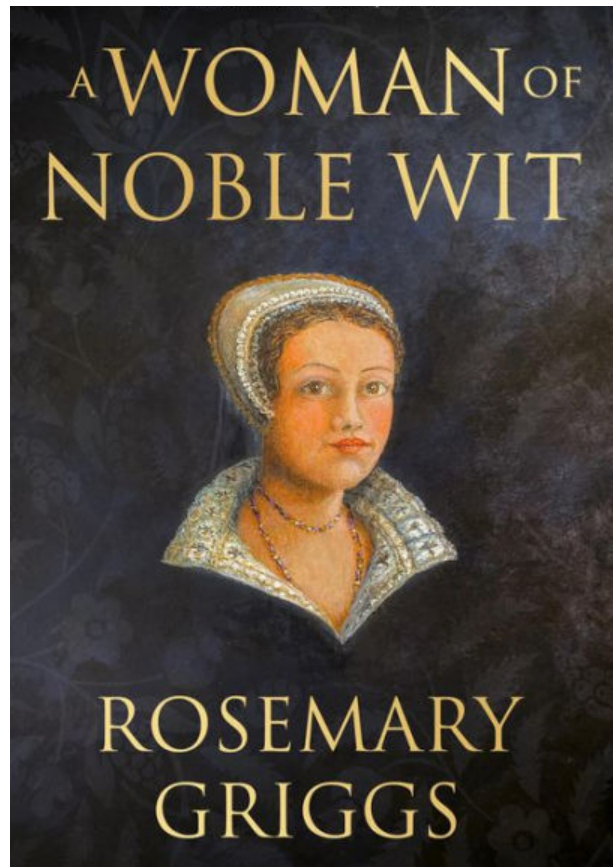




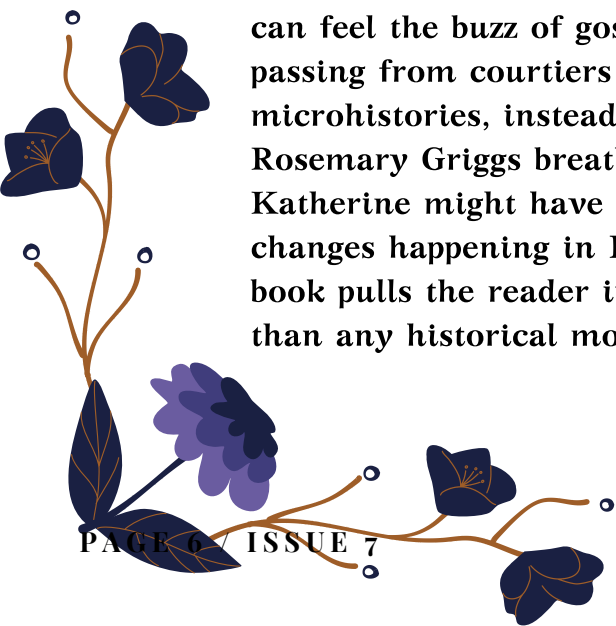
BY ANGELA ALEXANDER

# GOSSIPING IN TUDOR ENGLAND

With her book on Katherine Raleigh, Rosemary Griggs enters the world of historical novels with a flourish of intelligent writing alongside storytelling at its best. From its first sentences, the tale engrosses the reader in sixteenth century Tudor England and the life of Katherine and the roles of well-born, educated women. Griggs begins with nine-year-old Katherine and takes us until her death, setting a fairly brisk pace considering her two marriages, many children, and seventy-plus years. However, Griggs' use of dialogue among characters and imagery ensconces the reader within each episode of Katherine's life.



Extant primary source records on women at that time are few and far between. Taking her years of interpreting and research into the life of Katherine Raleigh and women like her, Griggs does a wonderful job of turning what is a small string of records into a fully-developed novel. If she had included an extensive bibliography or literature review, Griggs could have easily written microhistory. The book has many of the aspects of microhistory, including utilizing what is known about the milieu in which Katherine lived, other women of her station, and the background of Tudor England. One can feel the buzz of gossip surrounding the court of Henry VIII passing from courtiers to the gentry and beyond. Like many microhistories, instead of simply recounting a timeline of events, Rosemary Griggs breathes life into them, showing how a woman like Katherine might have reacted to the news from the court and the changes happening in England and beyond at that time. As such, the book pulls the reader into that world in a much more tangible way than any historical monograph could do. *(cont.)*



Griggs separates the novel into four parts, with three for Katherine's story, and the fourth part for an afterward, character list, acknowledgments, and author's note. In this last part Griggs makes clear that *A Woman of Noble Wit* is, in fact, a novel; much of her protagonist's life she had to make up, and where she could base that life on extant sources, she did. Griggs does a fine job, as mentioned above, of grounding the facts available in the world and position in which Katherine lived. While Griggs' book is subsequently a work of fiction, it highlights only upper-class white women. Those searching for diversity in historical fiction won't find it here.

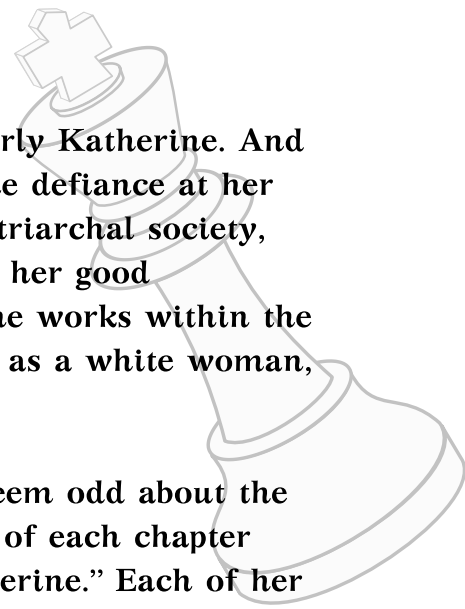
Nonetheless, Griggs' writing style proves amusing and clever as well as evocative. For instance, on page forty, she writes, "Johnny was leaving, but she must remain, weighed down by her skirts just as surely as if the hem were filled with stones." The characters shine on the page with their own personalities

***"Many biographies I've read of historical figures of the Tudor era (and many others) can be dry and heavy. Rosemary Griggs imbues her historical characters and their setting with life and humanity."***

and traits – particularly Katherine. And while she shows some defiance at her place in a heavily patriarchal society, likely exacerbated by her good education, the heroine works within the confines of her roles as a white woman, wife, and mother.

One thing that did seem odd about the book is the headings of each chapter with the name "Katherine." Each of her husbands does get their own short musings, but they don't come up very often, and the first one is not until one hundred pages into the story. Even those parts that show the men's thoughts don't appear at the first of any chapter (that I remember seeing). These musings do sometimes add something to the story, but why not simply label those and keep them in bold, rather than having the name "Katherine" repeatedly? I found it rather distracting to me as the reader. Another thing that would have helped me as a relative newcomer to the Tudor world would have been footnotes explaining some of the more obscure historical characters (apart from those in the "cast" list at the back). I got a little lost at times, trying to figure out who someone was and why they had a place in the story.

Those minor points aside, I greatly enjoyed reading *A Woman of Noble Wit*. Many biographies I've read of historical figures of the Tudor era (and many others) can be dry and heavy. Rosemary Griggs imbues her historical characters and their setting with life and humanity. ■





# Can You Guess?



Can you  
guess the  
exact decade  
of this  
fashion  
plate?

ANSWER ON PAGE 21

# Season of Rebirth

BY DANIELLE KENT

Charlie Williams has not been home in two years, but with the holidays rapidly approaching, he felt it was time. But the small riverside city he grew up in moved on without him, and the pressure may prove too much.

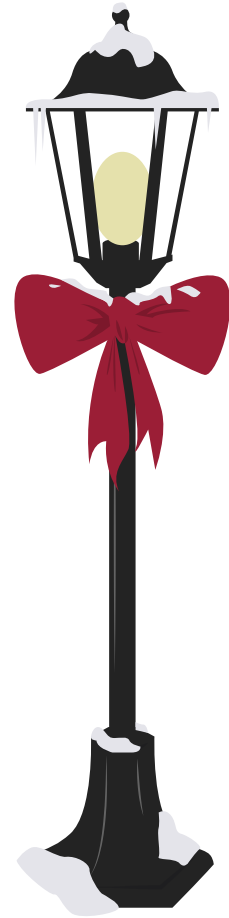
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The man stepped outside of his hotel and adjusted his suit. His jacket was a bit too large despite being tailored. It was uncertain whether this was because he tailored it himself or because the jacket was a hand-me-down. He watched as workers of the small riverside city lit the street lamps. The familiar sight sent a rush of nostalgia through his body. He preferred the blinding light of New York City, although he did miss seeing the stars as clearly as he could here.

He stopped to watch the passerby: frantic mothers with small children on their hips rushing into shops for last-minute holiday gifts; young couples laughing over inside jokes, businessmen stopping each other on the street to exchange greetings. His breath caught upon recognizing one couple as two of the friends he had lost touch with when he left. He felt tears building up as he realized that so many of the stories he had once been part of continued without him. Their stories featuring him just... stop. Their laughs are no longer meant for him.

The void their voices left within him was an uncomfortable silence for a man whose life has always been sound. He remembered nights as a kid at the small church piano with his mother and the church pianist, both of whom swore to the moon that the child would become the greatest player on this side of the Atlantic. The mornings he spent in secret with the woman he loved, Anna Williams, the two of them hiding their laughter while bacon crackled on the stove and a flame roared in the fireplace. The Saturday afternoons spent at the quiet local park by the river with friends whose names still linger in wine-drunken shouts on his lips alone in his apartment while the noise of the city ringed in his ears. Back then, they all had this naive belief that they would all stay together or hit it big on screen or stage.

He had gone to New York but was not Broadway-bound. He worked at a small, dull bank on 18th street to pay the rent.



Neither the name Charlie Williams nor the man behind it was meant for a marquee or display, a stage or screen.

He sighed and resumed his path across the city. Those who saw him that night described his appearance as that of the “angel of death.” The snow and dim lights of the evening made his already pale skin appear translucent, a dramatic contrast against his dark suit. His hair, as dark as midnight, was threatening to curl under his hat, despite the meticulous effort he had made to straighten them.

Charlie walked with an air of confidence, his stride long and filled with purpose. His friends in New York said he had a charisma that could charm ladies off their feet in seconds. The hometown game of telephone said that he winked at one young woman as he passed by, an act which caused her to fall literally head over heels for him.

It seemed to many that he claimed this night as his--to own and reign control over. Charlie was inclined to agree. He wanted to be remembered like this.

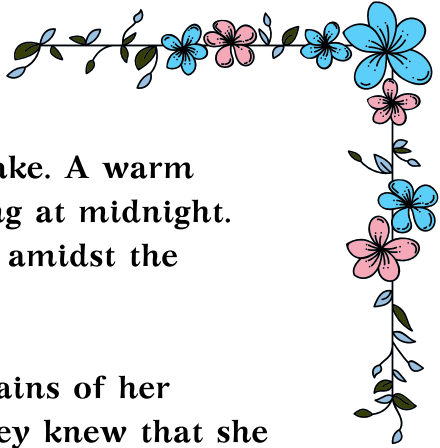
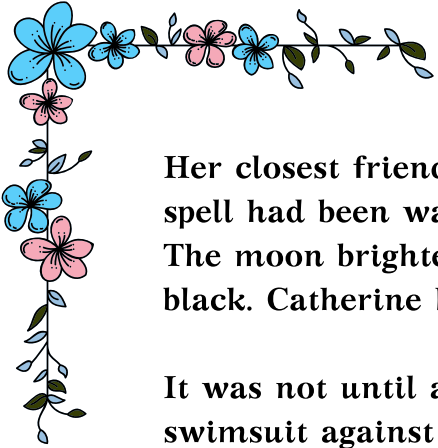
He was the perfect image of charm, grace, and mystery. One young girl passing by asked her father if he was a film star, to which the father responded, “If he isn’t by now, he’d better be soon. With those looks? He’ll be the bee’s knees.” Charlie found it disorienting to be home, though. After almost two years away, he was back where he grew up, yet he appeared little more than a stranger to the many who had known him. It was frightening and exhilarating.



He passed the courthouse and the old church his family attended every Sunday; the cemetery wasn’t far. Charlie stood in front of the creaky wrought-iron gates before opening one and slipping inside. He wandered to the bottom of the hill where you can hear the river in the summer.

Catherine’s grave was simple, laying on the edge of the family plot next to their grandmother. Per their family’s wishes, it only read “Catherine Irene Jones. August 19, 1902 - January 3, 1924.”

The resting place for the girl who died so he could live. She was arguably the woman who knew him the best, although at times she was his worst enemy in the way only family can be.



Her closest friends had claimed it was a stupid, late-night mistake. A warm spell had been wafting through and they wanted to go swimming at midnight. The moon brightened the sky, nothing more than a silver smile amidst the black. Catherine had gone under, but never resurfaced.

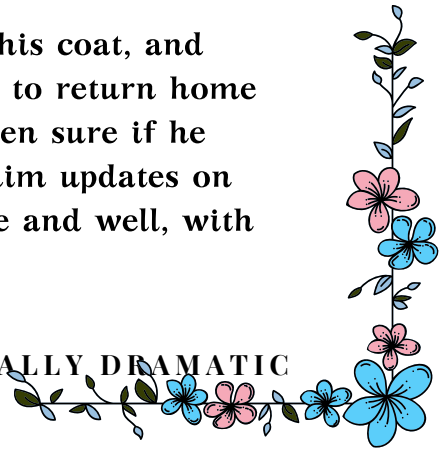
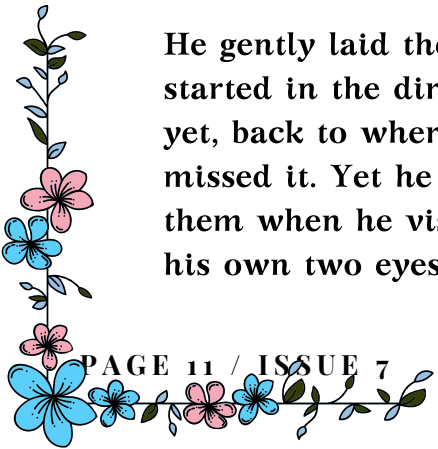
It was not until a week later when they found the tattered remains of her swimsuit against the rocks twenty miles down the river that they knew that she was gone. Catherine had one of the brightest smiles anyone had seen, but the light in her eyes turned into an eclipse; the woman becoming a shadow in Hades' court taken by the River Styx itself.

Her wedding in March was canceled unceremoniously by a drunken groom and a mother veiled in black. They could only pray she reached Elysium, that their love was taken to the Gates of Gold by the Angels themselves.

Catherine's wedding dress was put on display in the family home; the beading she had worked so carefully on with her mother's help was too lovely to be torn to shreds in grief. Her shredded swimsuit had been put on display near the pool in the community center; it was to serve as a grim reminder to any who considered repeating her actions.

People did not want to remember her like this. They wanted to hear tales from France, about her marriage to the budding millionaire Daniel Harding. They wanted her face immortalized on the silver screen, for Catherine Jones to become as big a name as Mary Pickford or Olive Thomas. They never accounted for her becoming a cautionary tale, a fading memory. She was a candle snuffed out by the wind.

Charlie pushed the thoughts of her aside, kneeling to pick up a flower he noticed half-buried under a layer of snow. It was a lily, almost as white and fragile as snow itself. A layer of frost lingered on the petals, appearing as colored glass in the fading pinks and oranges of the twilight. It was so delicate that he could picture the flower joining the snow and melting away as the winter turned into spring.



He gently laid the flower back on the grave, stood, brushed off his coat, and started in the direction of home. He was not sure he was ready to return home yet, back to where all eyes had been on Catherine. He wasn't even sure if he missed it. Yet he felt like he needed to visit. Daniel had given him updates on them when he visited, but Charlie needed to see his family, safe and well, with his own two eyes.

The house was about two miles walking distance from the cemetery. Charlie had walked along this same road many times for various outings with friends and lovers. Catherine had walked this same path many times herself in heels, often with a potential suitor on her arm. When it wasn't the latest fling walking her home, she and her friends were giggling over gossip and regaling each other with tales of the various charms men laid onto them. Charlie did not know how she managed any of that: the heels, the gossip, or the men.

It had been hard for him to understand how she did anything. She mystified him, but then again, Charlie had been a complete mystery to Catherine, too. They were similar in many ways. They looked the same, yet completely different. Catherine's frame had been slender and thin, while Charlie's was toned and defined. They had the same sky blue eyes, though Catherine's were often lost in thought and unfocused. They inherited their dark hair from their mother; their whole family had those same untamable curls.



Charlie, so deep in his thoughts, didn't realize he was home until the dark oak door blocked his path. He paused, considering what he might say before rapping on the door. For a brief moment, he was scared that no one would answer.

The door opened slowly, and there stood his mother, slender and pale. She looked ill and Charlie worried she might collapse. Her messy and unbrushed hair had streaks of silver running through it like gentle threads. Exhaustion showed in dark circles under her eyes and he could not remember if they had been there before. She looked at him with uncertainty before speaking in a soft, meek voice.

“Can I help you?”

Charlie knew she didn't recognize him. That fact wasn't strange; he had changed dramatically over the two years he was gone. Very few people knew who he actually was and he had no plans to reveal himself to his mother. She was too vulnerable; she would despair.

“Um... Is this the Jones' residence?” he asked awkwardly, attempting to act

unfamiliar with the area. “I was in town with my wife. My friend, Mr. Harding, asked me to check on you before he arrives tomorrow.”

“Mr. Harding...” She smiled sadly at the mention of him. “He’s a good boy. A good man. He attended my mother’s funeral last month.”

Charlie’s heart broke a bit. Daniel had not told him that Nonna had passed. No one had. They all probably knew he would come back before he was ready had he heard. He inhaled, holding onto his composure. His mother looked at him for a moment, possibly trying her best to analyze him. If she felt anything was familiar, she didn’t mention it. She just opened the door and gestured for him to come in.

“My husband is out with some colleagues; he should be back shortly,” she said. He took his shoes off by the door before glancing around the living room. He paused at the mantle, studying the many trophies. Every single one was Catherine’s. None were engraved with his name. It pained him a bit to see her belongings, the incessant reminders that she existed.

It was a reminder to Charlie of how he had existed in the shadows, in late nights of stealing Father’s trousers and stuffing long curls under hats, praying no one at the speakeasy called him on it. His friends had helped him hide by giving him their jackets to smother his curves. Anna often stayed on his arm. She was short enough to make him look taller amidst the boys home from war.



Being in the room made him self-aware that, while he was different from Catherine, he was still the same. He hoped that his mother would not realize that he was identical to her lost daughter if he grew his hair out, that he had the same birthmark on the back of his right hand, that the tiny freckle under his eye was still there.

He reminded himself that he was not here to tell her who he was. He wanted to make sure she was okay. It was a mistake to come back, but it was dawning on him just *how* bad an idea it was. He caught himself clenching his jaw and his shoulders met his ears. He worked to

remedy his posture and composure and glanced at his mother, who focused on the portrait of Catherine hanging next to the wedding dress on the northern wall. Charlie winced at the sight but pushed past it when he saw the silent tears streaking down his mother's face.

He handed her his handkerchief, aware of the tears threatening to fall from his own eyes. They stood there for a moment, one mourning the dead while the other mourned the living. Charlie knew this would be the outcome when he came, yet he still did. Perhaps it was an odd sense of pride that sent him back, but now that he was in his childhood home, in a room filled with mementos of Catherine and his prior life, he did not comprehend how he thought he could withstand this.



“I should be getting back, I don't wish to impose on you during the holidays,” Charlie said, resisting the urge to run outside. He struggled to breathe and he couldn't tell how much of that was from the bandages on his chest or the situation he put himself into. Mrs. Jones nodded, and they went together towards the door. He was putting his shoes back on when she asked him a question.

“I never got your name?” There was a hint of a sniffle to her voice. He glanced at her, his left shoe half on. He hadn't considered the she might ask. He finished putting his shoe on and stood up.

“It's Charles Williams; my friends call me Charlie,” he said. She nodded and stood out on the stoop. He followed her out, making his way down the stairs. “Charlie is a good name. 'Twas my father's name. He was quiet, like you are,” she said tentatively. He nodded, looking around for a moment. It took him more self-restraint than anticipated to not say that his grandfather was the reason he chose this name. He said his farewells and started back toward his hotel in the east. If he hurried, he could avoid his father. Father was more apt to recognize him.



It was darker outside now. Colder. His emotions had hardened. His jaw clenched, his eyebrows drew closer together like stitches in needlepoint. People scurried across to the other side when he approached. He already had a striking appearance in the light, but in the night when street lamps cast shadows across his angular face, he looked like a devil.

Charlie would not have taken offense were this told directly to him. Sometimes, he enjoyed how his sharp features worked to his advantage, the way he could shift his posture just a bit to become someone stronger and more intense. It meant people would leave him alone, and that was a rarity in the hustle and bustle of New York City.

Plus, he preferred the night. He told Anna once that “it's when people cannot see what is really there,” and he meant it. In the dark, no one could see the bandages unraveling under his suit. It became less apparent how ill-fitted his suit was despite the alterations. In the dark, he felt the most like himself. He found it a cruel irony. Catherine had shined the brightest during the day, and Charlie dwelled in the night.

As he walked, he wondered what life would have been like if he hadn't made the decision to go through with it that night. Where would his life have led him if Catherine hadn't disappeared under the water while Charlie resurfaced on the other side?

He didn't think about that often, the way he saw it was that the decision left him free to be himself. Two years had since passed. Enough time for him to transform into a new being, one that his own mother didn't recognize. It's what he had wanted, and Anna was inclined to say he looked better this way.

He had come back with Anna for her family's Christmas gathering. They agreed to stay in a hotel to reduce the risk of being found out, using the excuse that her brother's three kids could use her room. Charlie had decided it was time to





meet her family, seeing as how they were getting married.

When he entered the hotel room, he found solace in her embrace. She brought him some bread, potatoes, and soup. They ate while listening to their favorite radio show. She helped him remove his bandages and held him as he sobbed.



The couple went back to the cemetery before Christmas Eve luncheon to meet with some close friends. Daniel brought snowdrops that he laid on the grave, bringing Charlie in for a light-hearted hug. They chatted for a while before returning to be with their families. Daniel and Charlie lingered, staring at the flowers for a moment. Daniel turned Charlie to face him, his hand resting on Charlie's shoulder.

"I'm proud of you and how far you've come. Thank you for sticking with me," Daniel said, and he began to walk away. He stopped about a yard out, then turned. "If you two ever need help with anything, just give me and ol' Harry a call, all right?"

Charlie nodded, and the two went back to the street where Anna waited, closing the gate behind them. Charlie and Anna took each other's hands, and Anna came onto tiptoes to press her forehead against his. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment, and Charlie felt the warmth and comfort that accompanied Anna like the day follows the night. It washed over him, and he was reminded that he no longer had to only exist in the shadows. It was a wonderful feeling, the tranquility she brought him. He sat in that feeling for the rest of the day, and Charlie knew he would be all right. ■



# Upcoming Period Dramas!



**THE HISTORY  
OF TOM JONES**

**THE CONFESSIONS  
OF FRANNIE  
LANGTON**



**THE LITTLE  
MERMAID**

**CYRANO**



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# Jingle the Bells of Hope

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BY MARINA HILL

A year ago, *Jingle Jangle: A Christmas Journey* took the Christmas movie genre by storm. This feel-good period drama follows the story of a hopeful young girl named Journey (Madalen Mills) as she visits her grumpy grandfather with the desire of becoming the legendary inventor he once was. But ridden with grief from the thievery of his invention book by his former apprentice and the death of his wife, Mr. Jangle--Journey's grandfather--is anything but welcoming to her.

Journey's relentless spirit inspires the audience from the beginning when we see her embracing her love of inventing despite it declaring her an outsider among her peers. When she reaches her grandfather's doorstep, he closes the door in her face. She doesn't stop there. She marches inside and makes her presence known with a jovial grin on her sweet face. Reluctantly, Mr. Jangle lets her stay. Journey's ecstatic about this and gives her grandfather hearty kisses on his cheek. It surprises the old grump and his reaction is adorable enough to give audiences a chuckle.

The core lesson in this movie is that faith and hope are powerful emotions that can change everything. In addition, the cast gives phenomenal performances.

Journey's mother, Mr. Jangle's daughter, is played by Anika Noni Rose, an award-winning actress and singer who played Princess Tiana in *The Princess and the Frog*. Anika Noni Rose wows audiences all over the world with her power-house voice during the song *Make It Work*, a heart-wrenching score about the emotional struggles her character, Jessica, and her father endured after the betrayal and death of people close to them.

Forest Whitaker plays the grieving and grumpy Jeronicus Jangle. We are used to seeing Whitaker play the role of the "old wise one" who is always in control and has the heart of a lion. This role as Mr. Jangle shows a much more vulnerable side of him than we might not be used to. His tear-jerking performance in *Lee Daniels' The Butler* is more about a black man's path through racism in the United States. In *Jingle Jangle: A Christmas Journey*, we see Whitaker in a more personable light. His story is not under the category of 'movies about race', it's about a simple man who was betrayed. This side of his skills is fresh and new and makes Mr. Jangle's story all the more impactful.

Edison (Kieron Dyer), the young, bright-eyed apprentice of the elder Jeronicus Jangle, brings another source of refreshing hope to the screen. He dutifully completes tasks given to (*cont.*)



---

*Kieron L Dyer as Edison Latimer*

*Photo by Netflix*



him, even if they're small and unimportant. His friendship with Journey is adorable and pleasing to watch. Edison plays the comic relief of the movie and routinely tells Journey that her idea is indeed a *very bad one*. Journey and Edison subsequently balance each other out. She inspires him to

chase his dreams and he inspires her to keep going when her seemingly endless hope runs out. He picks her up when she's down and also tries to *talk* her down when her ideas are too much for him. Edison adds to the overall ray of hope and light in the movie. *(cont.)*



*Forest Whitaker as Jeronicus Jangle / Madalen Mills as Journey Jangle*



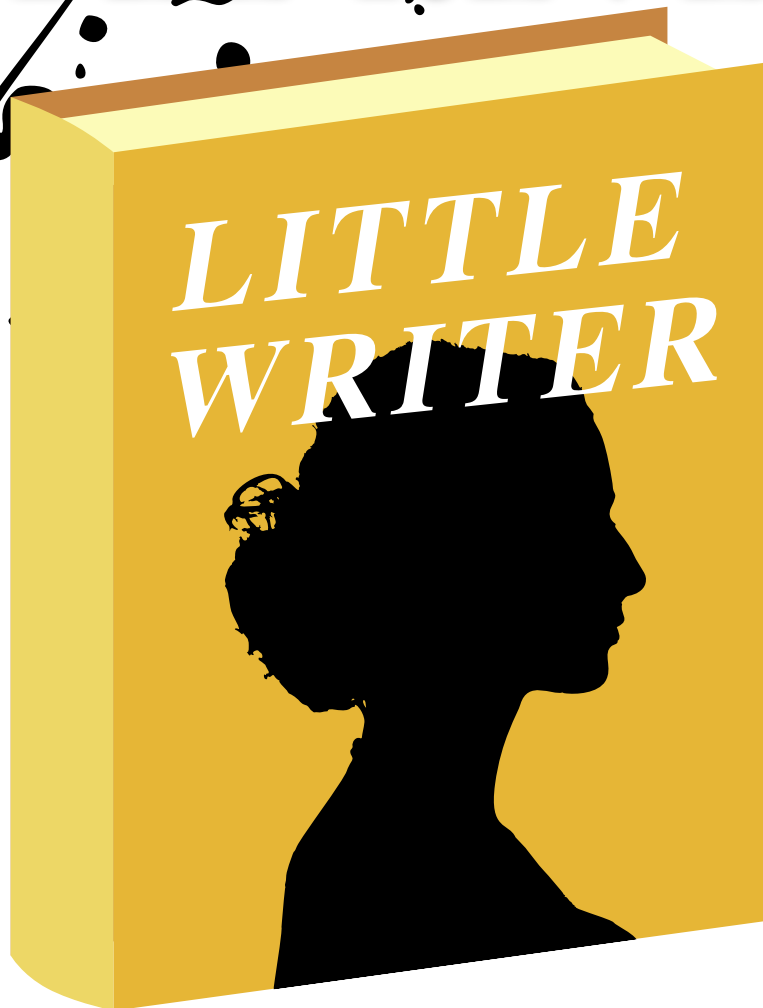
*Photo by Gareth Gatrell/Netflix*

*Jingle Jangle: A Christmas Journey* is a refreshing source of optimism and promise for those searching for a lighthearted holiday movie. It has an eccentric portrayal of the 1880s with costumes described as "Afro-Victorian." It has a whopping 89% Rotten Tomatoes and is a certain must-watch for

the holidays. ■



# TITLE REVEAL



RELEASE  
DATE

COMING  
SOON

FASHION PLATE ANSWER: 1380

Josephine March is known as the black sheep of her family. As the second eldest of four sisters who adore being feminine, Jo is satisfied being the "boyish" sister, like shortening her name, doing strictly what she pleases, and making her voice heard even when she shouldn't. Her undeniable skill as a writer is her biggest contribution to her family, but she often fears it isn't enough.

This retelling of *Little Women* shows Jo March in a way you've never seen her. As the first in the series of *Marmee's Girls*, *Little Writer* digs deep into Jo's point of view and shines a light on the small corners Louisa May Alcott alludes to, but never touches. *Marmee's Girls* is a more personal account of this beloved family and is more representative of the communities we highlight today.



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