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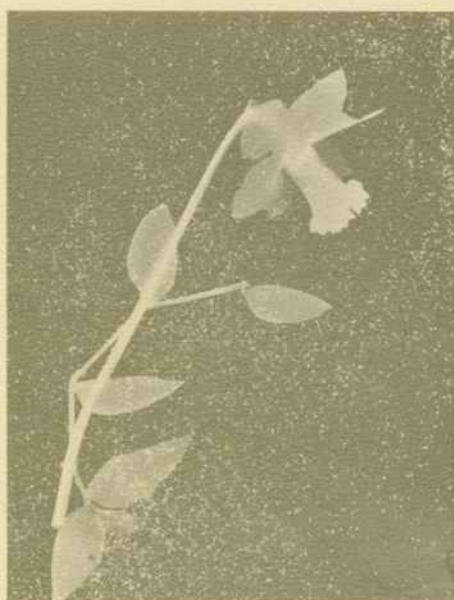
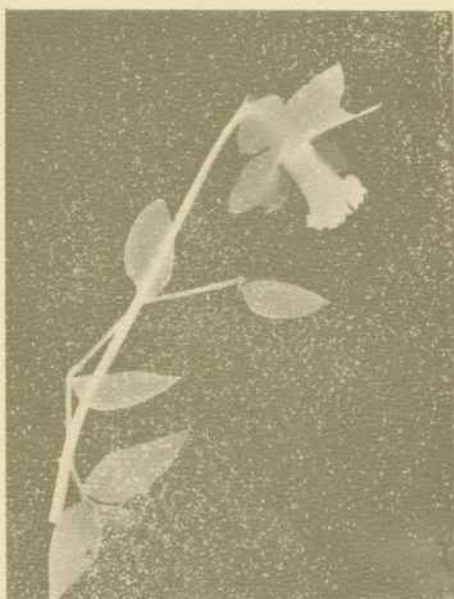
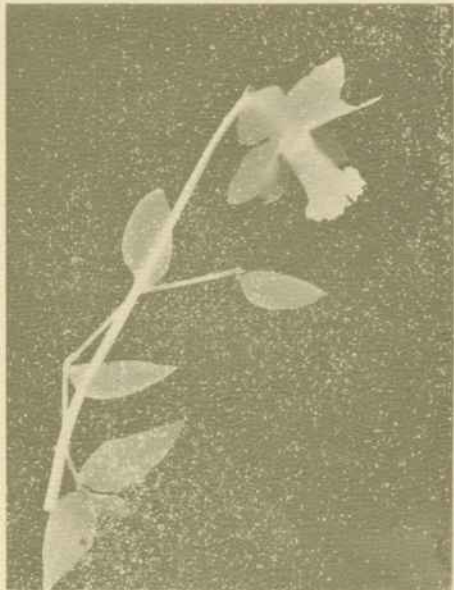
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INSTRESS

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for,
 can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal
 lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.

—from "Spring and Fall: to a
young child"

Gerard Manley Hopkins

As nature knows a spring and fall, so does man.

Man may wait nine months for spring, smell it coming to the grasses and trees, yet wrestle to subdue it, never growing through and with spring into summer fullness.

Spring brings with it a restless gaiety, an uncertain need for activity in which man can lose himself . . . and being lost, may never know what he is missing or losing by not just being.

The season is a time of wonder, alive with primordial mysteries and fascinations, yet man may attempt to categorize the phenomena, examine and explain the inexplicable, and being satisfied that he has done so, may build a science on illusion and live in the type of world he thought to escape when defying his humanness. If he cannot accept an unknown, he can never know.

Perhaps spring was designed to be felt, that emotions—an integral part of man—might break through a stoic grip and guide humanity to the discovery of itself and the world. Man has been known, though, to turn off his emotions, stifle them and bury the human vulnerability beneath a crust of non-involvement. He has been known to remain aloof, eliminating all possibilities of human encounter.

Spring is the time for growth, and man may enjoy the spring privilege for us long as he wills to do so. His growth is not limited to seasons; humanity transcends such boundaries. But man can choose not to grow, binding himself within prejudices, making himself inaccessible to the sight, sound and touch of being, limiting all the experiences that enrich.

When spring turns to summer and then to fall, man may discover his passion to know. He will still wonder, feel and grow . . . but if he has learned the lessons of spring, he will have learned both joy and pain, and will be glad.

If man has seen the spring as God's tool to aid human growth by gifts of wonder and feeling through confusion to knowledge . . . by man's cooperative openness and encounter through knowledge to being . . . then, truly human, man may grieve when spring leaves turn golden and fall, but he will know why.

This issue of *Instress* has been oriented around the fantastic and mysterious in spring, with the hope that it will whet the readers appetite for growing and knowing why. Putting away the cut and dried black and white of life, *Instress* jumps headlong into the depths and uncertainties. Only the reader can resolve the resulting questions.

Fantasy that is not really fantastic, illusion that is very real, reality that is disguise, love that is not, non-love that is, incongruities, ironies, paradoxes . . . each has found its way into these pages.

INSTRESS

Volume 1, Number 2

May 1967

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Among the Ruins

Pigeon-greened Liberty has dropped her
Slate, and Justice stands all open-eyed
Watching the daring feet that glide
Moving, moving, always moving. Their
Pulsing motion flows and falls, recedes
Into progress, graphs, and programmed aid.
Civilization creeps from culture, flayed
By ageless Time, who has no time for seeds
Sown, weeds grown, reeds blown by young
Shepherd boys beyond asphalt grass,
Tin trees, and plastic men dependent
Only on their own green gods hung
With careless ease on trees of glass
Under frosted stars, forever phosphorescent,
Until the paint chips.

Elizabeth Durland

"You are all indicted; stand up! It is impossible to talk to you unless you are standing up. Stand up as you would for the *Marseillaise* or *God Save the King*.

"Stand up as if the flag were before you. Or as if you were in the presence of Dada, which signifies Life, and which accuses you of loving everything out of snobbery if only it is expensive enough. . . ."

These words, spoken by artist and poet André Breton in 1920, express well the antagonism, the rebelliousness, the defiance, the violence, even, that most characterized the short-lived artistic movement known as Dada.

It was 1916, and to Zurich, neutral Switzerland—a city in the midst of the Great War, yet untouched by it—gravitated the personalities who would found a movement that would later spread throughout Europe and America: Tristan Tzara, Richard Huelsenbeck, Marcel Janco, and Hans Arp.

This was a time when the world seemingly had gone mad. Science and technology had grown faster than man's wisdom in their use. Freud's discoveries had shaken some of man's most precious beliefs about himself and his soul. But towering over everything else was that greatest madness of them all: the war. Some of those who had served in that war, as Maurice Nadeau says in *The History of Surrealism*, "emerged from it disgusted . . . For the society which had sent them so gaily to death was waiting for them on their return, if they managed to escape, with its laws, its morality, its religions."

The sense, the values of a civilization in which this slaughter, carried on in the name of fatherland and honor, was possible, must be meaningless. The founders of Dada determined to fight the sense imputed to the war with nonsense; the war's logic with illogic; they would negate every traditional value and moral of

DADA

a society in which such carnage was possible.

In short, Dada was a conscious and complete war on reason—in fact, to be truly Dada was anti-Dada, since Dada was philosophically utterly negativistic, even nihilistic.

Because of these paradoxes at the very heart of the movement, and of its essentially *anti* direction, with no clearly delineated principles to unify it, it becomes nearly impossible to even articulate intelligibly anything of the nature of Dada. Hans Richter, one of the original Dadaists, summarized the nature of the movement as follows: "Dada was not an artistic movement in the accepted sense: it was a storm that broke over the world of art as the war did over the nations."

On the other hand, Tristan Tzara, when asked for an explanation of Dada, replied, "I am by principle against manifestoes as I am also against principles . . . To explain is the amusement of redbellied numbskulls. Dada has no meaning."

There is confusion, also, about the origin of the name Dada. Of the many theories that have been advanced, the one most widely held is that either Tzara or Huelsenbeck discovered the word (which is a term used by French children in referring to their rocking-horse) while flipping through a French-German dictionary. Some Dadaists maintain, however, that the word was derived from the phrase "da, da," (yes, yes) used by Tzara and Janco, who were Rumanian. Among the other possible explanations that have been proposed, none has been given the credence of these two.

Although it is true that one cannot speak intelligently about the nature of Dada, it is not difficult to discuss the methods it employed in its war against reason, or its achievements, which were very real. It must be remembered, first, though, that Dada

Laura Tarantino

counted among its members poets and musicians as well as painters; in fact, Dada was probably most influential as a literary movement. It must be remembered too that although the freedom that characterized Dada allowed for the development of many new forms in art, literature, and music, some of these had already been experimented with by the Futurists and Modernists who preceded Dada. It cannot be denied, however, that Dada reached into many heretofore untrodden areas, and extended others with effects never foreseen by their originators.

Dada's activities were at first confined to the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich where new musical, poetic, and artistic techniques were tried. "Noise-music" was used extensively; in poetry, grammar and syntax were disregarded, the "abstract poem" (the use of meaningless sounds instead of words) was developed, and later the random juxtaposition of words pulled out of a hat was called poetry. Artists, too, were experimenting with new forms, among them the collage, the assemblage, and the photomontage. Soon the Dadaists were staging exhibitions and "public evenings," but it was not until the center of Dadaism had moved to Paris in 1919 that Dadaists began using effectively the technique that was to become their trade-mark: the provocation performance. At the first of these in Paris on January 23, 1920:

"André Salmon spoke first, reciting poems. The public was pleased, for after all there was a certain art apparent in these, but their pleasure was soon spoiled. Masks appeared and recited a disjointed poem by Breton. Calling it a poem, Tzara read a newspaper article, accompanied by an inferno of bells and rattles. The audience of course could stand no more and began whistling and booing. To conclude this splendid chaos, paintings were shown, among them one by Picabia, scandalous from a plastic point of view. . . ."

On March 7, there was another, at which André Breton spat out at the audience:

"What are you doing here, crammed in like a lot of serious-minded crustaceans? Because you are serious-minded aren't you? Serious, serious, serious unto death. Death is a serious matter, isn't it?"

"One dies a hero's death or an idiot's death — which comes to the same thing . . . You love death — the death of others. "Kill them! Let them die! Only money does not die; it only — goes away for a little while.

"That is God! That is someone to respect: someone you can take seriously! Money is the *prie-Dieu* of entire families. Money forever! Long live money! The man who has money is a man of honor.

"Dada . . . is nothing, nothing, nothing.

It is like you hopes: nothing.
like your paradise: nothing.
like your idols: nothing.
like your politicians: nothing.
like your heroes: nothing.
like your artists: nothing.
like your religion: nothing.

"Hiss, shout, kick my teeth in, so what? I shall still tell you that you are half-wits. In three months my friends and I will be selling you our pictures for a few francs."

Another example of how effectively the Dadaists were able to surround their audiences with seemingly total madness is represented in this description of an exhibition as reported by an attending critic:

"The setting was the cellar. All the lights were out, and groans came from a trapdoor in the floor. Another joker . . . was insulting those present . . . Breton was striking matches. G. Ribemont-Dessaignes was shouting, over and over again, 'It is raining on a skull.' Aragon was mewing . . . Soupalt was playing hide-and-seek with Tzara, while Benjamin Peret and Charchoune were shaking hands again and again . . ."

In New York, too, Dada was flourishing, led by Marcel Duchamp, to whom Bernard Myers in *Modern Art in the Making* pays this tribute:

"Perhaps the only authentic Dada works, in the true nihilistic sense of the term, was the famous copy of the "Mona Lisa" with a moustache or the simple marble urinal called "Fountain" that Marcel Duchamp sent to the Independents in New York in 1917. From the viewpoint of trying to break down all previously held aesthetic values, the significance of such work is clear."

The large amount of space devoted to relating rather extensively a few of these typically Dada activities seems justifiable in that they reveal the nature of Dada as no explanation ever could. *This* was Dada. In making a mockery of all the bourgeois values they sometimes incited their audiences to riot. But at the same time, there was a disturbing amount of justice in their indictment of those values. Pretension crumbled before the Dadaists; there could be no refuge for the members of the audience in morality or tradition, so they rioted, thereby proving to the Dadaists that they were right all along in their claims that society was mad: how could it be otherwise with people who would grow ugly and resort to brutality, just as they had resorted to war, in defending their values, which included, presumably, morality and religion, which in turn carried with them tolerance and liberty and charity and patience?

But by its very nature, Dada was destined to die. After making its point, it had nowhere to go, nothing left to do; it had become the "Critique of Pure Unreason," but by virtue of its purely negativistic attitude, it had painted itself into a corner.

The beginning of the end came in 1922 at Weimar. At a Dada conference, there was a split in the ranks. A group led by André Breton wished Dada to take a new direction: to cease being merely a sterile antagonist of official and traditional art and to become, rather, more positively engaged in producing an art of its own. After this time, factions developed, and adherents dropped away. Ultimately, Breton and his followers, who had seen the only way possible for Dada to escape death, (though in so doing it would have ceased to be true Dada anyway), were to help found the Surrealist movement, which may legitimately be described as Dada principles given a positive direction, with added emphasis on the role of chance, automatism, and psychology in art.

Dada had played its role—surrealism and all that followed could not have developed without it—and it had played it out.

Here lies Dada, 1916-1924.

Miss Tarantino is a junior chemistry major.

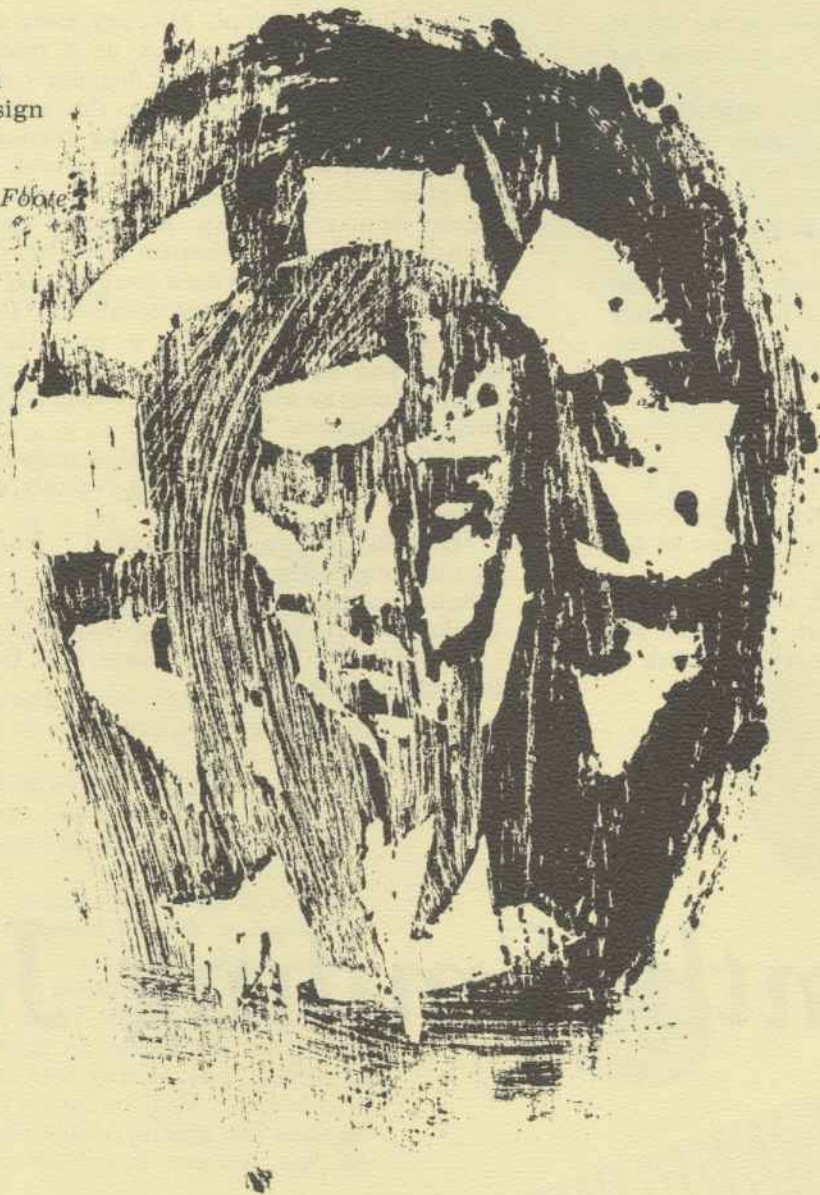
The Sign

Re-create me
into a new form
Let me fall into your pattern
not deviating from it

Place me in the garden
as the rock,
or at the table
as the wine.

No, put me on the hill
Where I can be the sign
I N R I

Maureen Fbote



Cry God

My God, My God —
I am foul pretense of greater things;
Why hast thou —
Let my soul wrench, reach, rise;
No one comes to the Father but by —
Why this disgust, this physical churning?
I am the Resurrection and the —
Look at my shattered longings;
Hallowed by thy —
Shriveled self, body mind so tired;
Where are the green pastures?

Doris Weinstabl

Alice questioned the practicality of taking a cab down when a subway would be much more sensible.

"Live, Baby," murmured Rob, flashing teeth and propelling her through traffic with a leathery hand. "Youth's the time for impracticality."

Alice started to protest but quieted under Rob's piercing gaze. He makes me feel so terribly uncomfortable, she thought, and I simply can't understand him. Oh, I do wish he'd stop staring so! She coyly mentioned as much to Rob, but he only smiled ever so slightly, removed a glove, and fastidiously lighted a cigarette.

"Alice, you're an extremely interesting person when you're ill-at-ease. You're not yourself, which means there is hope for you — here we are. . . ."

What does he mean, *hope*, she thought as they alighted, and concluded that it was undoubtedly something highly insulting. Suddenly she began to dislike him heartily and told him point-blank that she wasn't going with him. But when he shrugged his shoulders and started off without her, she had no choice but to follow his grin down down down into a very deep hole.

There was a door at the end of the hole which Rob opened. Alice blinked three times and followed him in. She could barely discern people at tables, a garish, winking bar, and a piano droning from somewhere. Someone at the door was whispering to Rob.

"Don't worry, man," Rob was saying. "She's really much older than she looks."

"Just a matter of policy," the man answered.

Alice tried to give him a disdainful look, but Rob grabbed her hand and quickly seated her at a very dark corner of the room.

"Greatest place in Greenwich," he announced, ordering beer.

"Am I supposed to *like* it?" Alice retorted, with what she imagined to be sarcasm. She was still chafing at his remark in the cab.

"How about if I analyze the situation and let you know?"

"And what's *wrong* with being analytical?" She was grasping at straws.

"Lower your voice, for God's sake. Nothing, absolutely nothing. I admire you for it."

Alice quickly gulped beer, hating the supercilious tone in his voice. He annoyed her tremendously, because she prided herself in her social prowess. She had a rather complete store of Right Answers to the Right Questions, and evenings usually went well, because the young men were fastidiously trained in the art of the Right Question.

She should have known better than to trust this character. But he was so deceitfully charming at first and so very attractive. I hate him, she concluded.

"Don't lose your cool, Alice my love, when the evening's so very young," Rob remarked, as if reading her mind. "Very well, if not to insult you, why then did I take you out? What a loaded question! Really, Alice, I'm surprised at you. Surely there must be other ways of getting overtures from men."

He's a monster! Alice thought, furious. I've got to get out of this place. The piano noise was becoming oppressive, and the clientele drunkenly rowdy. She peered through the smoke haze toward the bar. Two women were embracing in a stupor on the high stools. Alice averted her gaze and shut her eyes tightly. This whole horrible evening does not *fit*, she thought wearily.

"Robert, baby!" croaked a voice through the haze. Alice started, and squinted up at a short, sturdy, nondescript little man wearing an outlandishly outdated felt hat. In the brim was stuck a cardboard "Press" card.

"Hello, Harry," Rob muttered unenthusiastically into his beer.

That's absurd, thought Alice. Nobody wears those corny hats anymore.

"How the hell'ya been, Robby?" Harry announced to the surrounding tables.

Rob grunted, and for the first time that evening looked uncomfortable. By this time Harry had noticed Alice.

"We-l-l-l! Who do we have here, huh, Rob, baby?" His voice lowered to a soft whine.

With Gently Smiling Jaws

Anne Lavery

"No, Alice, baby," Rob answered, exhaling a line of smoke. "You just sit here and *analyze* it and let me know."

He grinned again and motioned for her to drink her beer. She grimaced at the mug then reached for one of his cigarettes. Rob leaned back in his chair.

"Pianist is great, don't you think?"

"I suppose so, but then again, I haven't heard all the great pianists," Alice replied in clouds of smoke.

The grin flashed for an instant. "You must have phenomenal lungs."

Alice glared, mashed out the cigarette, made a move to leave, then remembered that she was much safer inside with this animal than alone outside.

"Did you take me out to insult me?" she asked indignantly.

"My dear Alice, no," Rob replied, highly amused.

"Then why?" she demanded, determined to get some sort of commitment from him.

"I don't know," he answered reflectively, sipping the beer.

"Split, Harry," Rob said between clenched teeth. "You're entirely too drunk to be ingratiating."

"Oh, this one's n-i-c-e." Harry pushed the hat back and leaned unsteadily over Alice.

He reeked of liquor and she turned away. He seemed to be all around her, croaking and asking her name and if she'd ditch that guy and go with him. She wished Rob would make him go away but she couldn't see Rob, only a horrible little gnome in an ugly hat —

"Stop it!!" she shrieked. He vanished then, for when she opened her eyes she saw only Rob smirking at her across the table.

"I hate his guts," he remarked casually. "He's perverted — a real weird." He paused, and his voice softened. "I'm sorry, Alice."

She had been frightened — truly frightened. She was sure she was quite wide awake, but to prove it she began reciting a poem she had heard somewhere.

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin
How neatly spreads his claws
And welcomes little fishes in —
Rob, I can't remember the last line."

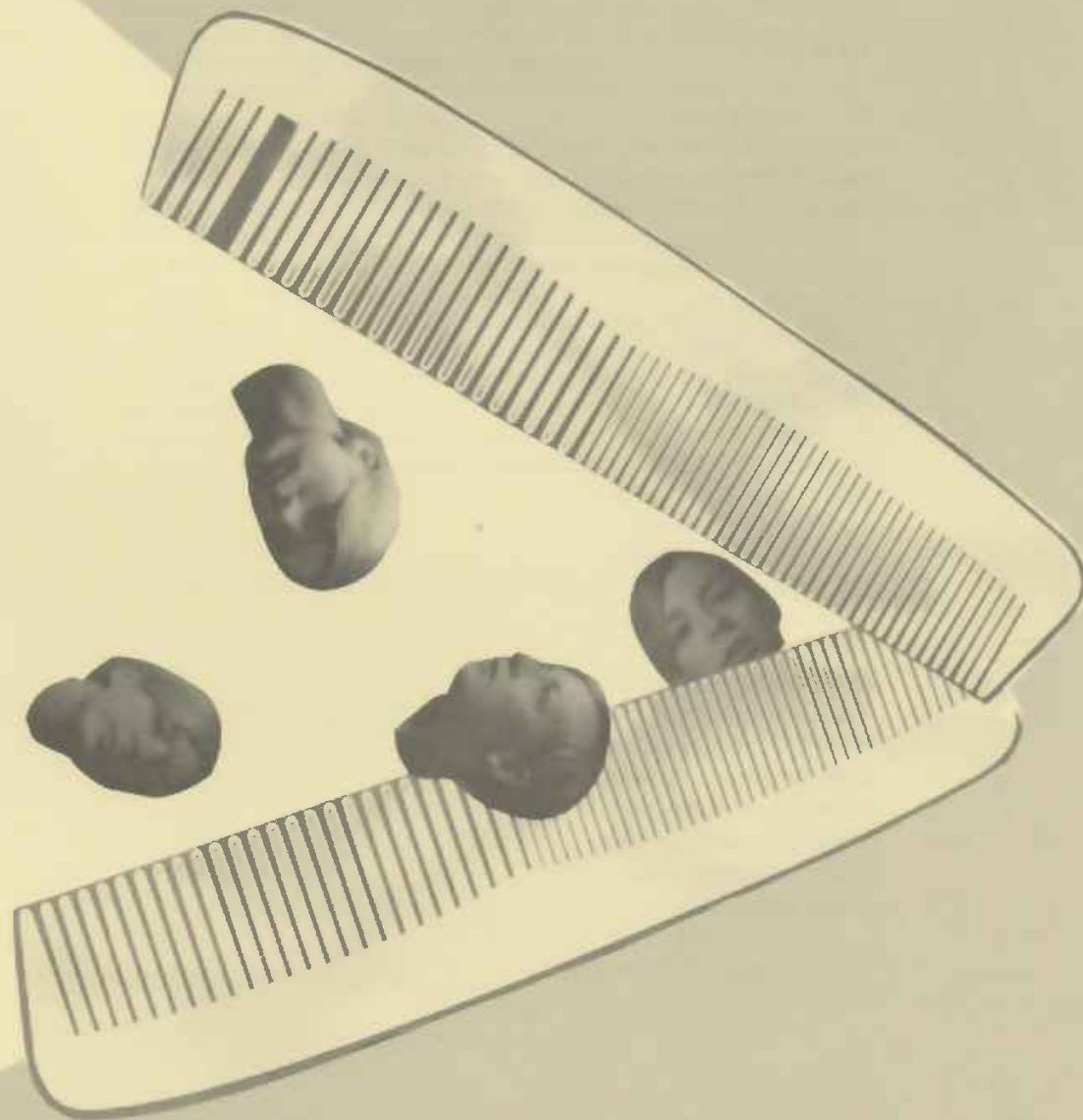
"Must rhyme with claws," he said, smiling warmly. He reached for her hand and she let it slip easily into his. His ungloved hand was warm and the fear left her. Why, he's actually being nice, she thought drowsily. He was squeezing her hand and staring fixedly at her, and she had difficulty suppressing a smile. This is more like it, she thought. Now I have him.

She looked up at him bewitchingly and the expression in his eyes hardened swiftly. Suddenly he stood and pulled a chained watch from his pocket.

"Almost two," he said, snapping the lid. "It's late — I'll get you a cab — have to catch an early plane to . . ."

Rob was talking, but she wasn't listening. It didn't matter, and she was tired of fighting back.

The women at the bar were fondling each other, and she stared numbly at them. The bar began to glow in warm red and green, blinking amiably at itself in the mirror. Alice giggled, then laughed outright. Perhaps I'm going mad, she thought. I simply can't be — it's the beer, but I only had one, I think? The bar was flashing, now growing very large, then shrinking into a tiny spark. The big then little women were smiling at Alice, so she grinned back and waved to them. They started coming toward her, seated on their stools, gliding and smiling. She felt herself moving toward them and reached out her hand. . . .



Miss Lavery is a junior English major.

Hope

*Will it matter
That I saw the wind
Run its fingers through
The earth maiden's hair
Rippling her tresses
Rustling the flowers
Placed there in
Colored choirs—*

*Did a gray bird
In cinders by a
Highway, mouth open
Eyes closed, breast up
Feeling now nothing
Meeting not now mate,
Ever sing that
God has tired—*

*Or, do the green grass
And the wind's soft hand,
The dead gray sparrow,
And the man-built path
All shout and whisper:
There is something more
Than cold despair—
Come with us for it.*

Barbara McCormack

Why must there be a fifteenth year? Shouldn't we just omit the awkward announcement of womanhood, disregard the society-set restrictions?

I remember confronting the vertical block . . .

It was the first morning of the sixth summer on our miniature Ponderosa.

Along with the morning breeze came the hintings of a realization which gained force and finally whirled through my every thought. A realization, or maybe an awareness—yes, it was an awareness of a brand new plot with a role open for a leading girl. No—a woman. That was the problem. I could no longer continue acting as the carefree character in the regular summer series. This wasn't a sequel; this was a prelude—a prelude to an unrehearsed plot.

Inexperienced, unsure, frightened, I didn't want the part, and yet, some dispassionate director hounded me to take the lead. I was sure too much was being exacted from me. It was crushing.

The nostalgia of past summers overran my thoughts, protesting this pressure.

"I won't."

The thought was spoken aloud, and so it was affirmed. I'd run from this invasion and find a self-sustained fortress.

But where?

Someplace was waiting for its Columbus, and, financed by imagination, I'd cross time to hoist my independence.

I'd certainly find it, or I knew what it would be like. It would not be contaminated with "civilization." There my renegade thoughts and I could live together, unrestrained. I could ring Laughter's bell until it echoed through our confines hysterically. I could run without a protesting tug from this new growth inside me. In fact, with the least provocation, I could stretch myself and puncture the sky or melt into union with the earth. I could soar and sail and fly—and fall. Yes fall, too, without feeling failure pains. Peter Pan would have nothing on me, for my paradise would not be fictitious. I'd find it right here in the state of Pennsylvania, county of Luzerne, valley of the Nescopeck Creek. Yes, mine wasn't remote, and I'd plan my summer strategy of escape.

The vicinity had to be investigated thoroughly, for no more than one place could ever be found. It would take hard work and selective insight to choose the one spot, knowing full well that the

Time

right choice would make the difference between freedom and a big yard.

So June began, with her usual lazy lull replaced by an active search. Outwardly the days proceeded normally enough, but my whole network was becoming acutely sensitive to those soul-soothing qualities, more vital to me with each deadened day.

I had been making selections according to location, atmosphere, and seclusion, and setting them up as "could be's." Surprisingly, there were quite a few prospects around the partially populated summer area, and I felt no immediacy for making my final choice. The summer allotment I'd given myself stretched infinitely before me.

I didn't seem very much aware of the existence of people; this problem of mine was time and mind consuming.

From sunlight to moonlight I became more enveloped in myself. The usual summer activities were carried on. I sunned till I was native color; swam till I was blue. I searched till I was satisfied; slept till I was new.

This was the way I knew how to live; what else did I need? Why did it have to be changed?

Yet, this had to be changed; where could I go? Where could I go—but, I still had that infinite summer span. Then, quite unexpectedly, June became July and infinity suddenly seemed defined.

I'd have to interview my prospects — now.

The appointments were arranged.

NUMBER ONE

I hiked up the side of the mountain to the site of a once planned, but never finished, hut. On arrival I seemed to be thrown back in time to a day when we three girls were out to erect a hide-away, architecturally more perfect than the rivaling male fortress. The spot was picked with utmost care. The necessary four corner trees were young enough to secure the permanence such a building would need. Underfoot the moss-covered rocks, with the overgrowth of teaberry leaves, wove a rug unmatched by Persian handicraft. And, for my new need the seclusion of this spot settled the question. This was it.

As I perched on the ruined foundation, though, I could feel the warmth of other hands and the tri-section of the hut. This place could never be my own.

NUMBER TWO

Discouragement left me undaunted. By mid-July I was ready

for the second prospect.

I sank through the sandy path to the site of the second viewing. It was like a lost room in the palatial woods. Its foyer was lined with ivy undergrowth, poison and other, and its door was fashioned of an elderberry tangle. Once inside, I could smell the dampness well enough to taste its sweetness. There was a slight, constant chill because this spot was hidden from the all-focusing warmth of the sun. Binding the dirt floor were three parts trees and one part water. This place was mine and it seemed to be marked with the magic I wanted.

Relieved at last, I was ready to go out and not face the world. Then it happened. The familiar ring of our dinner bell pierced the air. This place was pregnable. The bell-bomb left my room in ruin.

NUMBER THREE

As before, defeat meant nothing. I still had one more major prospect to see. So I bided the days, savoring my coming victory over life.

In just such a mood I lay, wasting in the sun. My surface thoughts on living turned in my mind, and I suppose they weren't the usual optimistic ones because an unnamed dread started to seep into me. The late August sun began to burn a hole in my heart. I sat up. What if this last candidate wasn't right? It was August; I had no more time.

I started toward the dam, my pace increasing with each stride. By the time I was on the dam, I had to concentrate wholly on keeping my balance. Reaching the other side didn't impart the usual relief, for my mind was anticipating the center of the island. My feet raced to match the increasing pace of my heart. As I plowed the underbrush, leaving the seeds of hope behind, my tears were swept out of my eyes to compound with the air.

Finally I was there.

I collapsed, sobbing, in the brown pine pile. I lay there for an unmeasured time till the dusty sun quieted my quaking.

There in the quiet, there in solitude, there in the perfection of all that I searched for, I felt completely hollow. I knew that I could never find my place that year.

Or was it that I couldn't find myself that year?

Miss McGeekin is a junior majoring in speech and drama.

and Tide

Mary Pat McGeekin

Disguise in

In any over-all analysis of his comedies, the disguise technique would certainly have to be cited as one of Shakespeare's favorite dramatic tools. His first play, *The Comedy of Errors*, is structured around the disguise technique entirely. The five succeeding comedies, though they do not depend entirely on it, rely to some degree on disguise to accomplish their plot purpose.

Shakespeare's dependence on and development of the disguise technique in his comedies is an accepted fact. However, the point of consideration will be the fact that Shakespeare's fascination with the disguise theme reaches far beyond mere plot structure and is, in fact, the basic theme for at least three of his histories. To accomplish this purpose, attention must first be given to Shakespeare's mastery of disguise as a dramatic device.

For his first play Shakespeare relied heavily on disguise — disguise in the tradition of the Roman playwrights, Plautus and Terence, most of whose comedies, as stated by George E. Duckworth in *The Complete Roman Drama*, "may be classified as plays of mistaken identity." *The Comedy of Errors* is a farce, having irony and chaotic confusion as its means and end, its greatest merit being Shakespeare's signature and the promise of better things to come.

In his next attempt at comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Shakespeare exhibits mastery of the Roman treatment of disguise, and develops the technique to such a degree that improvement would seem impossible. After mastering the tradition of disguise, exploiting it and stretching it to its most meaningful extremes, Shakespeare relegates disguise (in its physical aspect) to a position of minor importance in subsequent comedies. To examine briefly Shakespeare's mastery of disguise, we shall dismiss the later comedies and focus our attention on *The Taming of the Shrew*.

The basis for any conclusions to be drawn from the treatment of the element of disguise in *The Shrew* can be found in Cecil C. Seronsky's "'Supposes' as the Unifying Theme in *The Taming of the Shrew*." Seronsky states:

There is no reason to assume that the word "supposes" itself must be limited now or in the 16th century usage to mean only "substitutions" of characters for one another in a mere mechanical routine of outward disguise.

His argument enlarges the concept of disguise to include all situations and characters which appear to be what, in fact, they are not.

Seronsky's painstaking analysis unearths the subtlety of Shakespeare's craft as example after example is offered for examination. He points to the deliberate, theatrical disguise in the sub-plot and the contrasting subtle, purposeful disguise in the shrew-taming as evidence. In his words, "... it is this emphasis upon the school administered by the two lovers, supposed tutors, that by a comic irony prepares the way for the 'taming school' to come, administered by Petruchio, not supposed a teacher at all." It is precisely this theme of "supposes" as the complete purpose of the play that lifts Shakespeare out of the Plautus-Terence disguise realm and presents him with a concept that can be found in many of his subsequent works.

An all-encompassing definition of Shakespeare's concept of disguise, or perhaps now it is more one of deceit, would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, because the technique has ceased to exist as merely a conventional device and has become more of an attitude. Seronsky hints at this fact when he says of the disguise theme: "The distinction is one between outer circumstances and inner conviction, a kind of triumph of mind or personality over a world of stubborn outward 'fact' not quite so real as has been supposed." Or perhaps a better description of his outlook comes from Shakespeare himself when he says:

I hold the world but as the world . . .
A stage where every man must play a part,
Merchant of Venice, I, ii, 77-78.

Or later:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
As You Like It, II, vii, 139-142.

In *Richard II*, *I Henry IV*, *II Henry IV*, *Henry V*, Shakespeare fills his stage with men who play their many parts well, men who are masters of deceit. Though the plays are classified as histories, historical fact relinquishes the position of primary importance to characterization and the chief element of characterization is deception, whether innocent, imagined or intended.

Shakespeare

In *Richard II*, the deception background is laid when Richard, the unkingly legitimate king, is overthrown and replaced by the kingly Bolingbroke who sits illegally on a meaningless throne. As Derek Traversi states in *Shakespeare from Richard II to Henry V*: "From the moment of Richard's murder, the royal office, its reputation already tarnished by the unworthiness of its last legitimate holder, ceases to confer upon the king a natural, spontaneous right to allegiance." Richard II sets the stage for the Henry plays by providing the ominous backdrop of a king who is not a king, surrounded by nobility who have transferred their sworn allegiance from the king they helped to murder to the king they hope to master. What but more deceit can follow? The answer from the next two histories is that only deceit — both cunning and comical — can follow.

In both parts of *Henry IV*, deception runs rampant. Both the abundance and intricacy of the deception prevent a detailed inventory of specific instances, so the statement can be substantiated only by brief references to general situations.

The most obvious disguise (for in this instance it is more disguise than deceit) is that of Prince Hal. No one knows him except as he wishes to be known — as a hotheaded, strong-willed, immoral youth. By consorting with drunkards and thieves, notably John Falstaff, Hal is the source of great alarm to his father and to the people who are eventually to be his subjects. However, his choice of companions and un-princely conducts are excusable when he offers the explanation:

Yet herein will I immitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.

I Henry IV, I, ii 220-226.

Following the Prince's premeditated disguise in importance is Falstaff's habit of deceit in all he says and does. Falstaff is undoubtedly one of Shakespeare's most popular characters, but this popularity is based not on admiration but on condescending enjoyment — an enjoyment which views his obvious faults as entertaining rather than offensive. In examining Falstaff for deceit, we must admit that he is the saddest and most complete example of it that Shakespeare puts forth, for he attempts to deceive everyone, including himself, in matters of no appreciable

significance. His deception has no purpose and no cause — it is its own cause — and is exhibited in his every action.

Deceit abounds in his version of the highway robbery incident, in his treatment of the Hostess, in his method of conscription, in his conduct on the battlefield, in his dealings with Shallow and in almost every word he utters. That Prince Hal should dismiss Falstaff upon becoming King is natural, for Henry V has used deception as a tool and discards it when the end is accomplished. Since Falstaff represents deception, he, too, must be discarded.

Deceit plays a major role in the plot of *I Henry IV* in that it is, in some way, the cause of every major event. The initial overthrow of Richard is born of deceit, as is the rebellion with which Henry IV has to contend. The chief figure of the rebellion, Hotspur, is a victim rather than a case of this deceit. In his personal actions and speeches, Hotspur is admirably honest, but it is honesty that defeats him because he attributes it to his associates and fails to penetrate the deception which surrounds him. Deception causes the actual battle to take place when Worcester and Vernon fail to inform the valiant Hotspur of the King's conciliatory gestures. Deception causes Hotspur's position to become hopeless when his father fails to send the promised reinforcements. Deception causes him actual death by prompting Hotspur to challenge a prince whom he believes to be what he is said to be — a weak, inexperienced coward.

Hotspur's death marks the death of deceit. The deceitful rebels are overcome, Hal reveals his true nature to his father and the court, and Falstaff is toppled from his unreal position of influence.

In *Henry V*, the emphasis on disguise or deceit is removed. The theme shifts from one of an illegitimate king to one of a naturalized king. The kingdom no longer shows any symptoms of the deceit disease. Subjects are united by their king and stand together to defend and please him.

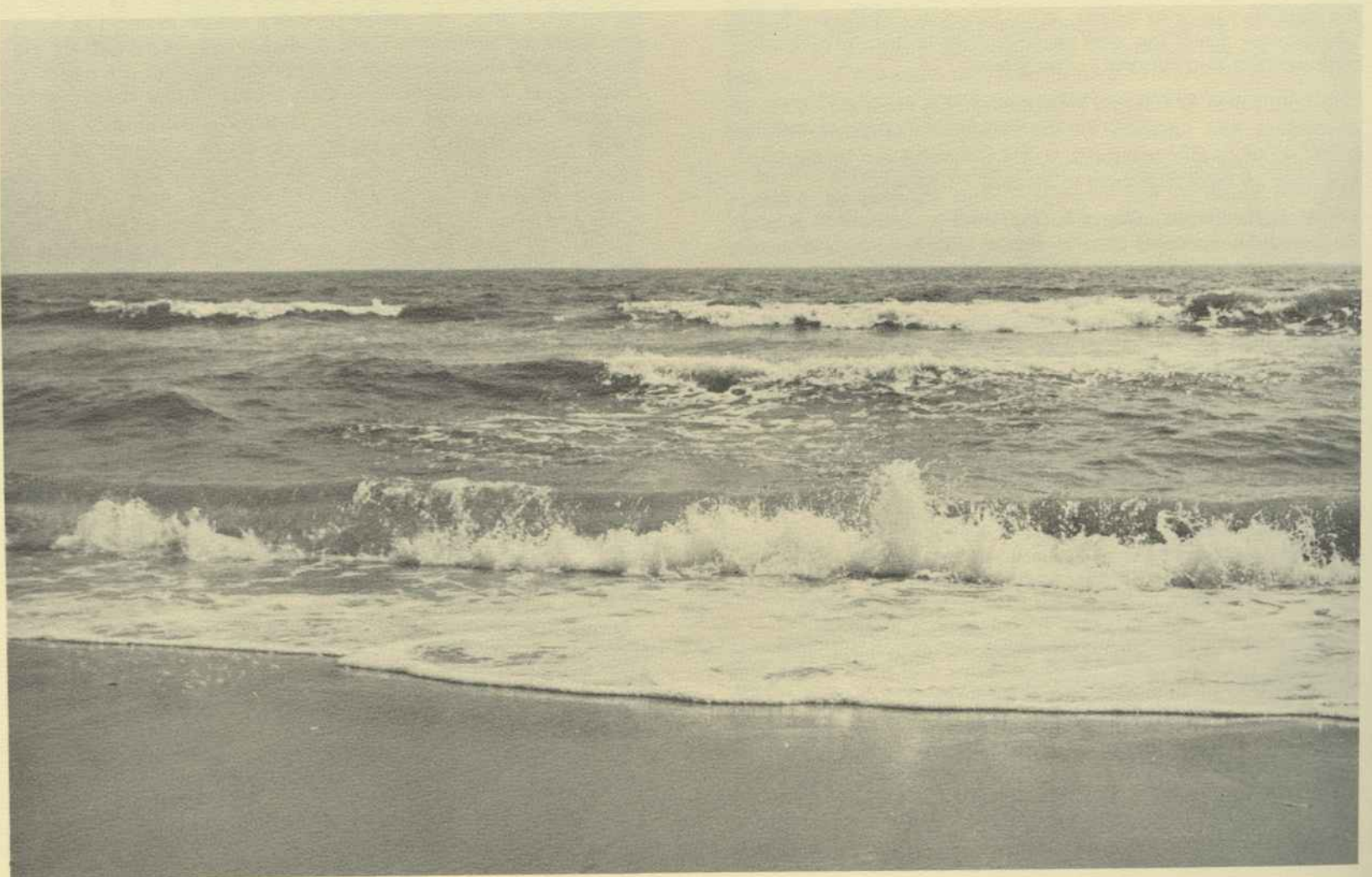
It may be surmised that, by the time of the writing of *Henry V*, Shakespeare is finished with disguise — or deceit — as an end in itself, having enlarged and enriched it to a degree that satisfies him. The artificial disguise convention smashed, he replaced it with an attitude as natural as life itself — an attitude that pictures man as standing constantly on stage, playing to an audience and saying the lines that he thinks they want to hear.

Miss McGeehin is a sophomore English major. Disguise in Shakespeare was awarded a certificate of merit in the 1967 Atlantic Monthly writing contest.

Long Waters

The world is old tonight
Where timed and timing waters
Rush in frenzied flight
Across the ground of man.
An is, almost, of depth;
A was in channeled flight;
To be somewhere, an always
Thing that flows, as no
God would have us flow,
Through time into forever.
The world is old tonight,
And I am young, too young
To watch the water yet,
To plumb the deep or feel
The wet and whisper flight.

Elizabeth Durland



The Physiology of Sleep

Jeanne Polacky

If you are a person who manages to get approximately seven hours of sleep every night throughout your life, and will live to an age of somewhere around seventy years, you will have spent more than one third of your life in that unconscious state referred to as sleep.

Sleep is defined as a condition in which the cerebral hemispheres are relatively inactive. It is characterized by a loss of consciousness — that is, there is loss of cortical reactivity to the events in the outside environment, and an increased threshold of general sensibility and reflex excitability.

It was once believed that we sleep because our bodies are tired. However, this idea does not conform to the information obtained from experimentation, where it has been seen that, although during sleep the functions of the different organs of the body are carried on at the lowest possible level in health, they are by no means in a resting state. Some parts of the body, the brain for example, are centers of much activity in sleep.

The human being has a twenty-four hour cycle, which has probably originated in response to the changes from light to dark as the earth rotates. It is interesting to note, therefore, that modern air travel affects man's cycle of sleep much the same way as it affects his eating and excreting habits.

With the onset of sleep there are many changes taking place in the body. First, there is seen lassitude and a loss of interest in the outside world. There is, then, a drooping of the eyelids and a dryness and itching of the eyes due to a decrease in lacrimal secretion. Finally, muscular relaxation is observed. This onset, which may be in progress for hours before actual sleep, is favored by darkness and silence. When the state of sleep is finally entered, a number of more striking changes occur in the physiology of the body. These include an alteration in heart rate and blood flow, in basal metabolism, respiratory rate, and an increase in the action of the sweat glands.

Although man has been sleeping since his beginning, there has been very little research and experimentation done in that field until recently. This is largely due to the fact that the tools available for investigation of his sleeping habits have been limited. In fact, until the discovery of the electroencephalograph, very little information could be gathered. Since the discovery and use of the electroencephalograph played such an important role in uncovering some of the secrets of sleep, its operation should be understood. A general outline of its function can be given.

There are approximately ten billion nerves in the cerebral cortex, all of which are capable of undergoing the chemical and electrical changes that accompany nerve cells. One specific nerve cell will

conduct an impulse only when stimulated, and it is only then, which is very rare, that changes in electrical potential will occur. However, in taking into consideration the sum total of the nerves in the cortex — ten billion — the fraction of them stimulated each moment is sizable. This produces the constant activity present in the brain.

Under normal conditions sensations are constantly entering the cerebrum, and motor impulses exiting. Because of this, the brain is a source of varying electrical potentials. These potentials were first detected in 1875 by Richard Caton, an English physiologist. He observed tiny currents of electricity when electrodes were applied directly to the living brain of a dog. Techniques in the detection and amplification of these tiny currents improved, and by the 1920's it was possible to pick up these currents even through the thickness of the skull.

In 1929 Hans Berger, an Austrian psychiatrist, published his work on the detection of brain waves. This process, electroencephalography, records the fluctuating potentials of the brain waves.

It was first noted that these potentials fluctuated in rhythmic fashion. The rhythm, however, was not simple but was found to be made up of a number of contributing waves. Berger was responsible for the breakdown of the complex wave. He observed:

- A. Alpha waves — the name given to the most pronounced rhythm.
 1. Here the potential varies about twenty microvolts in a cycle of approximately ten times per second.
 2. They are most clearly seen in an individual who is resting with his eyes closed.
- B. Beta waves — waves of a faster cycle (fourteen to fifty cycles per second) and smaller fluctuations in potential.
- C. Delta waves — large slow waves.
- D. Theta waves — relatively uncommon.

In interpreting the information gained from the combination of these waves as they are detected by the electroencephalograph, many trouble areas arise. The basic problem resides in the fact that the pattern of the brain waves may be altered to a great

extent by so many different factors. For example, the age of the subject plays a role, as experimentation shows a distinct difference in the brain waves of a fetus as compared to a child, or both as compared to an adult. There are also changes in the characteristic of the waves associated with the different stages of sleep. These and other factors alter the pattern, making it difficult to determine a norm.

The normal person is seen to alternate between two types of sleep—quiet sleep and active sleep. The quiet sleep phase, or non-rapid eye movement (NREM), occupies about seventy per cent of slumber time. (This period is referred to as non-rapid eye movement because during its duration, the eyeballs are fixed relatively stationary in one position). The NREM stage is more restful than is the active sleep and is characterized by slower brain waves.

REMSLEEP

In contrast to the NREM stage is the rapid eye movement or REM stage, during which the eyeballs appear to move rapidly from side to side as they are seen to behave in the person who is awake. It is during this time, when a person is actively in the state of turmoil, brain waves rushing and respiration fluctuating, that dreams occur.

REM is a considerably new discovery. It was found only thirteen years ago. It is believed that in babies REM may provide the stimuli essential to the developing central nervous system. The study of REM in adults turned up important clues to such disturbances as mental illness, alcoholism, and ulcers.

It was found that when adults are deprived of REM sleep they may undergo personality changes. After being deprived of the REM phase of sleep for sixteen consecutive nights during one experiment, one human subject became so hostile that the experiment had to be terminated. Dr. William Dement of Stanford, who was conducting the research, stated that a continuation of the experiment would have caused "a full-blown psychosis." Dr. Dement predicted that in cases where a psychosis such as schizophrenia is already present, insufficient REM sleep may cause or trigger a breakdown. His team observed a mysterious link between the effects of REM and electroshock therapy on psy-

chotic patients. It was seen that after electroshock, the REM phase of nine hospitalized patients decreased sharply, therefore suggesting that electroshock may in some way compensate for lost REM sleep.

The REM stage affects other parts of the body in sleep. In a study of ten heart patients at Duke University, it was seen that four of them suffered chest pains during REM. These findings led to the speculation that dreams involving emotional and physical stress may have the effect on heart patients similar to that caused by wide-awake physical exertion.

In another experiment performed at the University of California at Los Angeles, involving patients suffering from ulcers, secretions of destructive quantities of gastric acid during REM periods were observed. This effect is apparently due to the physiological stresses on the body during this time.

At first, the discovery of the sleep cycle seemed to make substantial the commonly held notion that "one hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after midnight." Actually, researchers have found that the deepest sleep occurs within the first hour after a person falls asleep, no matter when this is—before or after midnight.

THEORIES INVESTIGATED

Many theories as to why a person becomes tired and slips into the unconscious state of sleep have been postulated from ancient times. Possibly the oldest of these theories is the Ischemic Theory. This states that sleep is induced by a reduction of the blood supply to the brain, or at least to the conscious centers. Closely allied to this is a theory termed the Vasomotor Theory, which assumes that at the end of the day the center of the nervous system which regulates the size of the blood vessels gets "tired." As a consequence of this, the blood supply to the brain is partially cut off, the brain is therefore put to sleep. Then we sleep.

As experimentation on the subject began to grow and develop, a theory chemically explaining the mechanism of falling asleep evolved. At this time it was postulated that chemicals such as lactic acid, acetylcholine, bromide, or a specific "fatigue toxine" were supposed to accumulate in the body during the waking hours due to muscular activity. These chemicals, it was believed, acted similarly to a drug upon the nerve cells of the higher centers of the brain. Although this theory seems sensible and possible, no experimental evidence can be cited in support of it.

At present, with the advance in medicine and psychiatry, newer theories have evolved. The depression of sensory impulses to the cerebrum below a certain threshold, or the reduction in the discharge of the afferent impulses from the periphery to the conscious centers could also be an explanatory cause of sleep. During the waking hours these centers are continually being "bombarded" by impulses from the organs of special sense as well as from the skeletal muscles (the organs of the kinesthetic sense), and the semicircular canals. The centers, therefore, are constantly being alerted. When the sum total of these impulses is reduced to a minimum, it seems to follow that the conscious becomes dulled and sleep is induced.

The basis for this theory is found in information obtained on the idea of conditioned reflexes. Most of the knowledge obtained on this subject is a result of the investigations of Professor Pavlov, the Russian physiologist who first demonstrated and studied them.

In order to understand the process of the conditioned reflex, let us take an example from Charles Herbert Best:

A newborn puppy is given milk to drink. With this there is a secretion of saliva initiated by the stimulation of the taste buds in the mouth. The reflex arc in this instance consists of the nerves of taste, the salivary centers in the medulla, and the sec-



retory fibers to the salivary glands. This is an unconditioned reflex, an inherent response quite independent of previous experience gained through any of the organs of special sense. As the puppy grows older, it associates the appearance or smell of the milk, or possibly both, with its taste and the pleasure of satisfaction of his appetite. The mere sight or smell of the milk will then elicit a secretion of saliva. A response such as this is termed a conditioned reflex. The conditioned stimuli, that is, the sight and smell of the milk, sets up impulses which alone are capable of exciting the salivary centers without the stimulation of the nerves of taste in the mouth. It is seen, on the other hand, that if the puppy is offered something, a piece of meat for example, which he had never tasted, and was not permitted to taste it, no secretion of saliva would be observed.

These conditioned processes extend beyond the mere idea of eating and are essentially psychic in character. The animal reacts appropriately to the various stimuli in his environment as a result of and through the conditioning process.

With an understanding of the mechanism of the conditioning process, it can be demonstrated that if a conditioned stimulus is administered a number of times without the application of the original unconditioned stimulus, the conditioned reflex will fall. This failure is referred to as internal inhibition.

It was postulated by Pavlov, therefore, that sleep is brought about by cortical inhibition caused by a repeated elicitation of a conditioned response without reinforcement. The conditioned inhibition establishes in one area of the cerebral cortex and spreads, finally involving the entire cortex. This is sleep.

The theory which is now possibly the most widely accepted places a sleep center in the hypothalamus. The hypothalamus, a region at the base of the brain lying behind the optic chiasma, governs a number of bodily activities and functions. Among these are a regulation in the body water balance, blood sugar concentration, fat metabolism, and blood pressure. It has also been seen to contain an area closely associated to the "wake-sleep cycle". This theory is supported by an experiment which demonstrated that an electrical stimulation of this area of the brain produced in animals a state closely resembling sleep.

The dependence of sleep upon the feeling of fatigue seems at first sight to be axiomatic, and yet close examination of the relationship reveals certain difficulties. It has already been seen that a special type of fatigue is associated with repeated muscle contraction and the accumulation of waste products in the body. However, it has also been observed that the central nervous system in general is more susceptible to fatigue than are peripheral systems such as the nerve-muscle complex. Contradictions such as this appear in many of the proposed theories, but continued study and an increase in knowledge show there may evolve a completely reasonable explanation.

In an effort to discover exactly what sleep is, experimenters have set up a number of sleep laboratories around the country. In these laboratories human subjects are most often used. They are put to sleep and then undergo countless experiments in search of clues to an answer. The subjects are chosen according to the nature of the experiment, and all conditions are predetermined and maintained constant.

One such study was done at the University of Chicago in the early 1920's. The experimenter was Dr. Nathaniel Klietman, a physiologist who pioneered in sleep research and was among the first to use the electroencephalograph to study sleep. His work resulted in evidence that there are several stages of sleep which occur in cycles throughout the night. Four are most prominent:

- A. Light sleep occurs during which time a person is easily wakened.
- B. Fifteen to twenty minutes after falling asleep, a person sinks

swiftly through a series of intermediate stages and into a deep sleep.

- C. Deep sleep may last an hour or more. During this time the person sleeps very soundly.
- D. The first dream of the night occurs when brain waves climb to a light sleep.

Approximately ten minutes later, the dream is ended and the sleeper falls into a deep sleep again.

This up-and-down pattern continues throughout the night, with sleep during the downward cycle becoming less and less deep until the sleeper finally awakens.

It was also concluded by Dr. Klietman that "in an eight hour sleep, he (a sleeper) may move, stir, or change position twenty to sixty times. Every normal person probably awakens several times during the night. However, these incidents are apparently forgotten by morning. The average length of time a person is quiet during sleep is fourteen minutes. In eight hours the most restless sleeper changes his position every seven and three-fourths minutes while the most quiet averages about twenty-five minutes.

The changes in the position of the body during sleep are in response to the status of the blood in some parts of the body, the overheating of unventilated portions of the skin, or the stretching of the muscles. Also, a joint that is cramped or merely pressure of clothing on the body, the body on the mattress, or one organ in the body upon another, may cause a movement.

In a typical pattern of sleep, an adult follows a succession of electroencephalographic (E. E. G.) changes upon falling asleep:

- A. First, after fragmentation and disappearance of alpha activity, the waves diminish slightly in frequency and the amplitude grows. This occurs at the end of Stage I.
- B. Second, high voltage, notched, slow waves ("K complexes") and characteristic trains of fourteen cycle per second "sleep spindles" enter the background activity. This type of pattern marks Stage II.
- C. Third, all "delta" waves (one to two cycles per second) progressively fill the record producing Stage III.
- D. Fourth, the delta waves finally dominate in virtually unbroken sequence and Stage IV becomes apparent. The distinguishing criteria of these E. E. G. stages is arbitrarily chosen; however, all of the four preceding stages belong to the general phase of NREM sleep.

Approximately one to one and one-half hours after the onset of sleep, the initial REM period of the night begins. Just prior to the beginning of the REM phase, and continuing throughout this time, appear the characteristic low-voltage, relatively fast, non-spindling EEG waves associated with Stage I. These comprise a period referred to as Stage I of REM sleep.

Shortly after, strains of "sawtooth" waves (two to three cycles per second) invade Stage I, coinciding with REM clusters.

These periods recur every eighty to ninety minutes, and comprise twenty to twenty-five per cent of the conventional night's sleep of young adults. They average twenty minutes in length, being short early in the night and longer as morning approaches. Between each REM stage, spindles and high-voltage EEG patterns appear.

"DREAM SLEEP"

The REM phase of sleep as has been mentioned, is also referred to as the "dream sleep." It is during this time that the dreaming is usually done. The findings of some scientists who

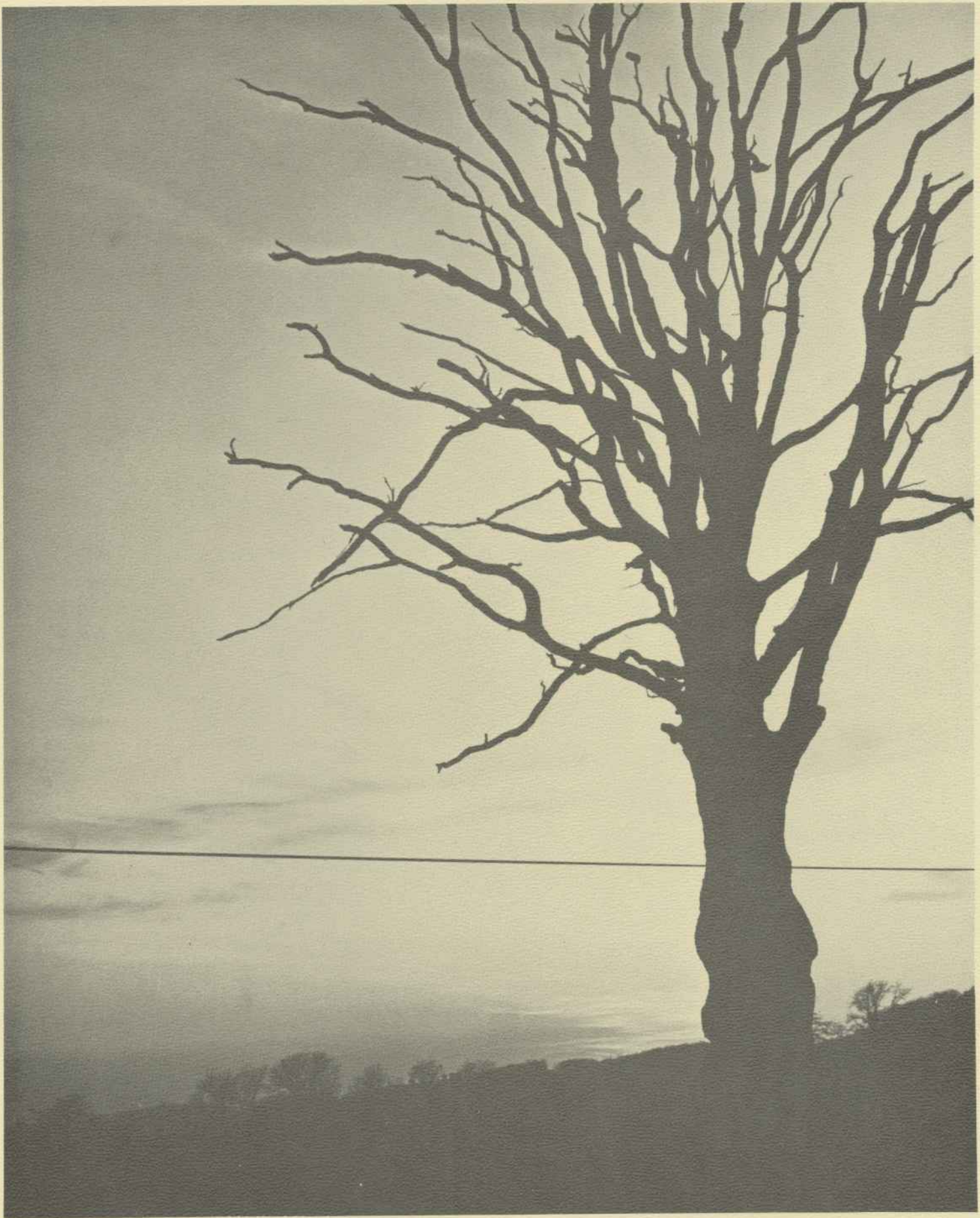
Continued on page 36

GALLERY



ELEGY (Photograph)

Carol Polacky



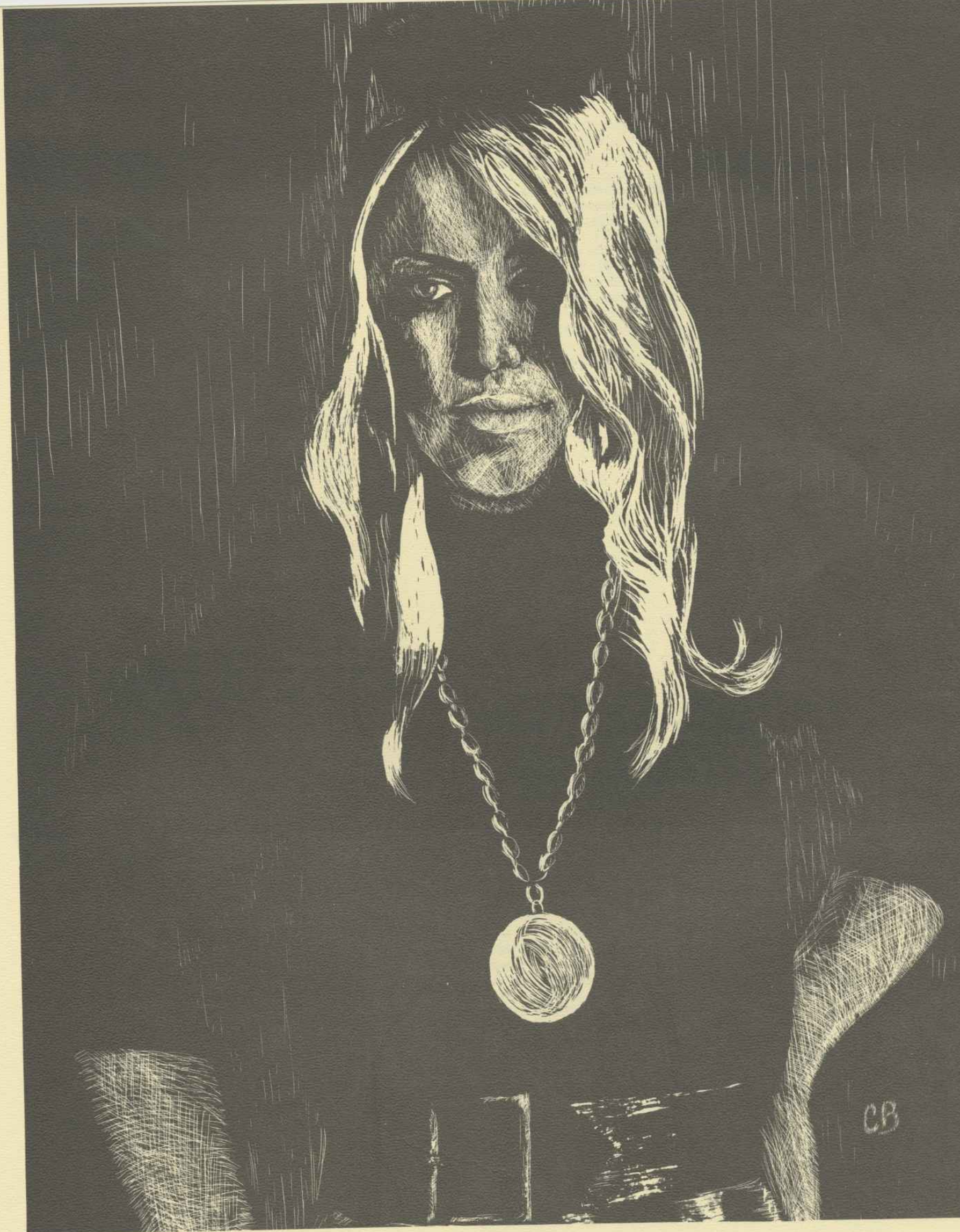
DUSK (Photograph)

Annette Oshinskie



UMBRELLAS (Photograph)

Carol Polacky



WOMAN OF THE YEAR? (Scratchboard copy)

Elaine Brush

Bertolt Brecht was a rebel.

In the early 1920's he witnessed the many mediocre classic productions and the photographic imitations of everyday life which were being presented by the Berlin Theatre and other theatres all over the world. Like others of his time, he realized the limitations of "theatre of illusion." Brecht was of the generation that produced German Expressionism, the monster pantomimes of Max Rhinehart and the poetic drama of T.S. Eliot. Due to the technical achievements of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, the artists of the day, with lighting, three-dimensional properties and new stage machinery, were able to reproduce reality so perfectly that there was no room for imagination. This theatrical convention was what Brecht was rebelling against.

In the early twenties Brecht experimented with a variety of techniques to counteract this too-realistic type of theatre. But, as a Marxist, he also believed that theatre should be a laboratory of social change. His answer was the "epic theatre."

According to Peter Demetz, editor of *Brecht*, men such as Wedekind, Stanislavsky and Paul Claudel were already developing and experimenting with ideas of new theatre using revolutionary techniques of stage direction and acting. But it was Brecht who formulated these into a new theory for the stage. His achievement was that of combining these ideas, developing some of his own, and systematizing them so as to tie in with his own Marxist beliefs. His theatre was one of enlightenment and protest. He wanted no medium for illusion and escape. Brecht's theory of the epic theatre was never a completely formed one. It was never based on strict principles but often changed, developed, and in his last years, mellowed according to changes in his taste, stage practice and style.

Brecht's epic theatre was his way of combating the artificiality of the theatre of illusion. His primary purpose was to destroy any and all illusion of reality which he found arising continuously in the theatre of his day. He achieved this purpose by making the audience aware that they were not witnessing real events happening at the moment but were viewing them in a historical context. The audience was merely receiving a reporting of past events.

The director and all artists involved were forced to approach the production in an entirely different manner. Instead of the usual aim, of creating a proportional amount of empathy and aesthetic distance, a complete detachment or alienation of the audience was sought. His theatre allows for no character identification. Brecht termed this effect *Verfremdungseffekt* or "V-effect".

The impact of this premise serves to turn the theatre into a lecture hall. An audience may freely admit that they are not viewing slices of life but rather coming to be informed. With staging analogous to a circus arena, one comes to see performers and their acts, yet does not take part in any identification or illusion process. But Brecht's theatre, according to Martin Esslin, differs from both these modes as it produces living illustrations of historical or imaginary happenings among human beings. The purpose of these happenings is didactic, and whatever pleasure we receive from the theatre is similar to the pleasure one feels on discovering a new truth.

The theories stated are in direct conflict with other dramatic theories which Brecht rather collectively called "Aristotelian" drama. Under this category, Brecht believed that the artist strives to produce pity and fear in the audience so as to purify his emotions, and thus refresh him. He achieves this by creating an illusion of reality with characters that the audience cannot help but identify with. The audience is thrown into somewhat of a trance which, according to Esslin, Brecht regarded as "physically disgusting and downright obscene".

Epic Theatre

In Theory

Patricia Whalen

The following chart is a comparison of Aristotelian drama and epic theatre on most points.

ARISTOTELIAN THEATRE	EPIC THEATRE
1. Action, plot.	Narrative.
2. Involves the spectator in the stage.	Makes the spectator an observer.
3. Wears down the capacity for action.	Arouses his capacity for action.
4. Touches emotional experience.	Calls for decisions and a world outlook.
5. Suggestion.	Argument.
6. The spectator shares in an emotional experience.	The spectator is taught.
7. Man is given as a known quality.	Man is subject of an investigation.
8. Interest in the outcome of an action.	Interest in the course of an action.
9. Every scene preconditions the next.	Every scene is independent.
10. Organic development.	Montage.
11. Feeling.	Reason.
12. Man as a fixed point.	Man as a process.
13. Thought determines being.	Social being determines the thought.

Brecht summed up the distinction between old Aristotelian convention and his own conception of the theatre with the following:

The spectator of the dramatic (Aristotelian) theatre says: 'Yes, I have felt the same. I am just like this. — This is only natural. — It will always be like this. — This human being's suffering moves me, because there is no way out for him. — This is great art: it bears the mark of the inevitable. — I am weeping with those who weep on the stage, weeping about those who laugh.'

The spectator of the *epic* theatre says: 'I should never have thought so. — That is not the way to do it. — This is most surprising, hardly credible. — This will have to stop. — This human being's suffering moves me, because there would have been a way out for him. This is great art: nothing here seems inevitable. — I am laughing about those who weep on the stage, weeping about those who laugh.'

Brecht agreed with the "Aristotelean" theories on one point: that the chief emphasis in drama lies in "the connection of events with each other." Brecht, instead of using the logically built drama, felt free from creating suspense and therefore used a very loosely knit episodic structure. This structure is composed of several complete situations which can be taken out of the context of the play and be fully understood. Brecht's impact comes from the juxtaposition or montage of contrasting episodes. He isolated all the elements of the story and carefully linked them together. Such linkage is very important as it clearly marks the separation of the sections, and is reminiscent of the self-contained units in Chinese classical theatre which Brecht studied. This episodic

structure allows the audience time to use and make judgments as they go along instead of becoming involved in the story and thus hopelessly drifting. Brecht also believed that sections should make use of written chapter heads that would serve to eliminate suspense and set the tone for the next scene, thus making it "in the style of a chronical ballad or a newspaper or a description of manner and customs," according to Esslin.

In the theatre of illusion the basic unit is the single character. The artist works from introspection by delving into the character and trying to merge with him. But in Brechtian theatre the inner life of the character is irrelevant. His theatre is an extroverted one where the smallest social unit is not one human being, but two human beings. Thus, one's outlook is changed from the study of human nature to the study of human relations. It is here that Brecht's Marxism comes through with ideas of social experiment. The theatre is now a dialectical field for characters acting and reacting upon each other, and a medium of expressing his thoughts.

For the unique type of characterization required, there had to be an equally unique type of acting. Brecht was especially impressed by the Chinese theatre. The Chinese actor, Mei Lan Fang, who produced scenes in an aloof manner with no make-up, costumes or lighting, seemed to have influenced him very much. The first aim of the epic actor was to achieve the alienation effect of the *Verfremdungseffekt*. The first step in achieving this is the actor's realization that he is not impersonating a character but is narrating the actions of another person. Because of this, the epic style of acting has been termed "acting in quotation marks" by Esslin. The Brechtian theatre aims at preventing the identification of the audience with the characters, therefore, the actors themselves cannot become identified with them and must strive for a rejection of empathy. The actor must always be loose-limbed, relaxed and in control of his emotions . . . he can never allow himself to be carried away. But Brecht held that this was an extremely complex task, as the epic actor must first follow the Stanislavsky method of stepping into the character before he is able to step out. Brecht used several mechanical means to achieve this stepping-out process.

1. The adoption of a third person.
2. The adoption of the past tense.
3. The speaking of stage directions and comments.

The epic actor must always be ready to make a commentary on the action and present to the audience the attitude that he has handed them a finished product.

The decor, music, choreography and set design retain their independence and remain separate from the narrative. Instead of their usual purpose of supplying atmosphere, they become autonomous elements. Instead of adding additional meaning to the spoken word, they enter into a dialectual relationship with them. An example of this would be a musical number. Rather than have music arise spontaneously from the action as it would in the theatre of illusion, the epic director would introduce it as an entirely separate ingredient of the play, distinct in itself, which would serve to contradict or comment on the moods expressed.

The set designer is free to design anything that he feels would serve as a background or commentary. He is no longer confined to creating an illusion of real locality. In *Galelio*, Caspar Veher backed the action of the play by projections of maps, documents and Renaissance works of art. In *Mahogonny*, the scene in which a greedy man is eating himself to death is played in front of a large portrait of a man eating. This gives the episode a different angle, and splits it in two.

In accordance with Brecht's attempt to banish trance and illusion, he banned the use of artificial lighting. His stage had to be bathed in light and the curtain could never act as a mask to hide stage preparations. Brecht expressed this in the following

"Give us light on the stage, lighting
 engineer!
 How can we
 Playwrights and actors, present our
 images to the world
 In semi-darkness? Nebulous twilight
 Lulls to sleep. But we need the specta-
 tors'
 Wakefulness, ever watchfulness. Let
 them dream
 In blazing clarity!
 . . . and make
 My curtain half high, don't seal off
 the stage.
 Leaning back in his chair, let the
 spectator
 Be aware of busy preparations, made
 for him
 Cunningly; he sees a tinfoil moon
 Float down, or a tiled roof
 Being carried in; do not show him
 too much,
 But show him something! And let him
 notice
 That you are not wizards,
 Friends, but workers . . ."

Epic theatre is the theatre of wide awake audiences and destroyed illusions. The point of it is not to purge man of his emotions but to sow the seeds of change (preferably Marxist) in him that they might grow outside the theatre. The audience should be inspired to a form of revolutionary reconstruction, to change society and man. Brecht's rejection of empathy was not a rejection of emotion. His emotions were concerned with the love of justice and the urge toward freedom and justified anger. Even though the audience is asked to view and not to imagine a portrayal of the past, it is still able to share in the emotions of other people in all classes of ages past. Isn't there something universal in this sharing? The *Verfremdungseffekt* must have its positive side also. By separating the audience from the action, it enables them to look at the action in a new light and perhaps from this form a new understanding of the human situation.

Brecht's theories seem to be in direct conflict with a psychological concept which regards the process of identification as a necessity in the process of communication. Without this identification process and some degree of empathy, a person would be imprisoned within himself. Theoretically, Brecht's epic theatre could work, but in practice he never succeeded in achieving the reaction he wished. Although he did succeed to some extent in reducing the emotional identification, the audience continued to be moved to pity and fear. But perhaps it is this difference between the intended and actual reaction which gives it depth to the two-dimensional characters and makes for Brecht's victory.

Brecht believed that his "epic theatre" was destined to be the theatre of the scientific age. It was to be the epitome of the Marxist theatre. By using the means of the narrative, and thus awakening a critical faculty, he could more readily show the actions and sufferings of humans. He would be able to show the audience the contradictions in the existing state of society and thus subtly interject the Marxist answer. But there is little evidence that this method ever aroused an audience to a Marxist point of view that didn't previously exist. In this sense he failed, and perhaps he realized this, since in his last days, he dropped the term epic theatre from a newer one — that of a "dialectical theatre." Nevertheless, Brecht left to the world a famous reputation as a theatrical reformer and a legacy of plays which today are still giving pleasure.

Miss Whalen is a sophomore majoring in speech and drama.



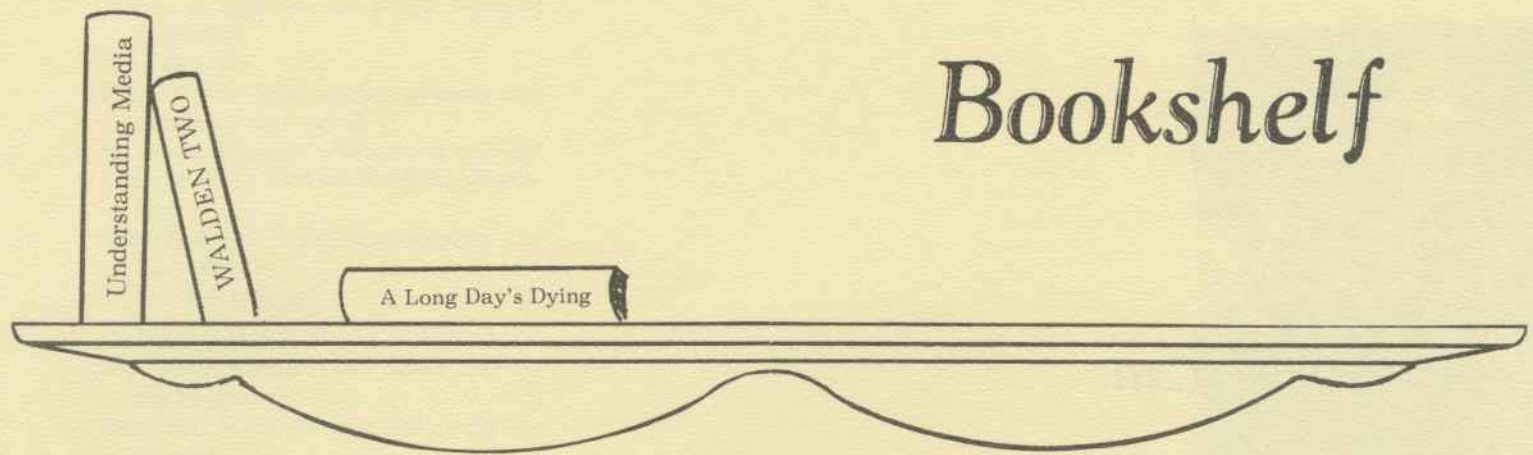
THE CELL

A Fainter Call

*I never asked to go
Where silences call
In dens where flies no red and rounded ball
And few children grow.
But I desire to be
Where tear-storms come
From backyard squalls and hurt-my-thumb
And grass grows free.*

Victoria F. Jannuzzi





Bookshelf

Understanding Media by Marshall McLuhan (McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1964, \$.95 paperback).

Marshall McLuhan's hotly-debated work, *Understanding Media*, explores the impact of modern media upon civilization and the implications of this phenomena for the future. He discusses what he considers the radical transformation affected in all areas of living by the advent of modern media.

The term "media" is used in a generic sense, as McLuhan does not draw a distinction among those objects that essentially duplicate the function of some human aspect, as clothing; those which enable him to function more efficiently, as lights or money; and those which have an overt "message" or content, as print, TV and radio.

The book sketches a brief history of the development of modern media. Initially, media tended to extend a particular, peripheral aspect of man, as the vehicle extends the function of the foot. Next, man's central nervous system was extended by means of various media. The final stage, McLuhan contends, is the "technical simulation of the unconsciousness" which would, in effect, extend the process of knowing to the whole of human society. This ultimate phase homogenizes the fragmented, specialized world of mechanism into a uniform, tribalized "global village."

To all of these media McLuhan applies his now-famous pronouncement, "the medium is the message." He takes exception to the view that the effect of a medium is determined by the use to which it is put. McLuhan contends that it is the impact of the medium itself, not the content or "message," that is altering the nature of our civilization. The medium, by extending some aspect of man, creates a numbness not unlike the auto-hypnosis of the mythical Narcissus. It is this transformation of the social and psychic patterns that constitutes the danger of modern media. In response to this threat, McLuhan advocates "an increase in human autonomy." It is to this end that McLuhan asserts he has written an interpretation of the nature and effects of media.

The author explains that Western civilization has been shaped previously by the linear, sequential mentality imposed upon it by the horizontal presentation of typography. He asserts that to Western man, the sequential is identified with the rational; *ergo*, the irrational, chaotic nature of the instantaneous presentation of the electrical age.

The quality of irrationality presented by myriad, instantaneous perceptions would seem to defy categorization; however, McLuhan does just this in creating the dualism of "hot" and "cold" media. To the author, a "hot" medium presents a great deal of data and admits of little participation or involvement. On the other hand, the "cool" medium requires interpretation or contemplation. It is low definition, high participation. McLuhan asserts that a cultural conditioning can be engineered by the control of "hot" and "cool" media.

At times, the daring—almost cosmic—scope of McLuhan's unified theory, in itself perhaps an instance of the centralization precipitated by the electrical age, seems to produce outrageous oversimplifications. He reasons, for example, that the linear revolution of typography is responsible for the rise of nationalism

and religious wars. Although he speaks of the gap between the linear, fragmented West and the "oral," non-linear East, McLuhan assumes that the result of the instantaneous electrical age will be a unified "global village" of corporate consciousness.

In a similar manner, he is occasionally caught in a contradiction. As many other reviewers have noted, it is through the "message," not the medium of the "archaic" printed word, that McLuhan chooses to communicate.

It can be validly said that *Understanding Media* is arresting, provocative, alarming. It can be recommended to all who are concerned with the nature and direction of man in our highly technical era.

Paula Charnosky

Miss Charnosky is a senior English major.

Walden Two by B. F. Skinner (The Macmillan Company, 1966, \$1.95 paperback).

B. F. Skinner nearly got a good thing going. It may be fiction, but *Walden Two* is a developmental ideal—turned real. Its society lives so actively by a code that the Ten Commandments look like capitalist propaganda, in an apolitical system that makes the United Nations look personally detrimental. Its citizens are so completely fulfilled as persons without monetary incentive that happiness is a common habit they do not need to seek. Furthermore, these people are not pressured by hypnotism, robotism, or conventionalism. Exploitation does not exist and nowhere can there be found the least bit of waste, whether human or natural. From the first glance, it is a perfectly workable world, all based logically on scientific behaviorism—whatever that is.

What makes *Walden Two* different from *Brave New World*, *Animal Farm*, *Anthem*, etc., is its particular practicality. It is not, as are the latter society novels, a threatening warning to the world. It is patterned instead on Thoreau's *Walden* and More's *Utopia*; it follows a pattern that lays out the everyday existence of such a life in a real connotation. It does not contain the open cynicism of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. But it is a novel still, and the only possible repulsion felt by the reader will emanate from his own realization that Skinner's society will not make use of a single one of the basic principles on which contemporary culture is founded. In fact, by virtue of this realization, the reader may consider himself a fool to have tolerated such contemporary hypocrisies as long as he has. The only further observation that saves face for the reader is the fact that there hasn't been a thing he could do about the deprecating present society even if he had wanted to.

The fictional initiate of *Walden Two*, Fraiser, provides the reader with a verbal excuse: the whole human race would have to undergo a complete conditional culture change to make

Walden Two work on a universal level, Fraiser explains to his reporting visitors, but to erase all the prejudices, influences, and traditions of over 3,000 years is an almost impossible task. Even if a small community began, its founders would never share in its benefits. The fictional *Walden Two* survives because its community is small and grows slowly but basically. The founders, however, like Fraiser, cannot condition themselves, and are caught between the two civilizations in agonizing personal conflict.

The satiric barb in the novel is finally showing, then. What mortal is selfless enough to sacrifice a lifetime to a project from which he knows he will never experience satisfaction, that may free the rest of mankind from the frustrating labor of life, a labor which he himself would have to bear? Burris, the visiting professor who acts as narrator from beginning to end of the *Walden* experience, is at first scornful of Fraiser's ideas, and then of man himself. But when he admits that *Walden* is indeed a practicing ideal, he joins, too. Like the others, he is living off the fruits of one man's labor, but the man goes unthanked. One of the first rules of *Walden Two* is that "thank you", the expression of sincere gratitude, is never to be used in return for a "favor" done. In such a form of living, no unequal indebtedness between individuals is possible. Everyone's fruits benefit everyone else. There is no such thing as a favor.

The impracticality of the society, then, that binds it forever to the fictional is perhaps not in its impossibility to function, but in mankind's failure to produce a being willing to risk and sacrifice himself to start the ball rolling. No one wants to play mother and bear all the labor pains.

Victoria F. Jannuzzi

Miss Jannuzzi is a senior English major.

A Long Day's Dying by Frederick Buechner (Meridian Books, Inc., 1966, \$1.45 paperback).

Within the realm of the fantastic in literature lies the frequently misunderstood *genre* of the "grotesque." Too often the term has been associated with "horror" fiction and other works treating unpleasant topics, although it may actually be defined as: "a style . . . in which forms of persons or animals are intermingled with foliage, flowers, fruits, etc.; in a fantastic design; ludicrously eccentric or strange; ridiculous, absurd . . ."

Frederick Buechner's *A Long Day's Dying* is a novel which would seem to qualify for the grotesque classification. The plot hinges on the platonic love of Tristram Bone for Elizabeth Poor, a widow, complicated by Elizabeth's brief, illicit encounter with Paul Steitler. This single occurrence eventually affects all of the characters in the novel with the exception of Elizabeth's son, Leander.

The entire issue of Elizabeth's one-night dalliance with Steitler is hardly worth bothering with, and the author devotes only a few paragraphs to it. Nevertheless, the novel qualifies for grotesque classification, as "absurd . . . ridiculous," since the 267 pages are essentially based on the incident. The characters are unable to "mind their own business," and become enmeshed in each others' problems through minor incidents, giving their subsequent relationships an almost deterministic quality.

The characters and their representations display further incongruities. Tristram Bone is a fat man. Elizabeth Poor is wealthy. George Motley is a freckled novelist who dresses in a "loud" manner. Traditionally, jesters dressed in motley, but no matter how entertaining and humorous Motley is, one cannot help but feel that Tristram is the fool.

Besides the obvious wordplay, the manners and supposed accomplishments of the characters are questionable. All of the principals, excepting Steitler and Emma Plaut, are wealthy and seemingly cultured. One is led to believe by Steitler's title and position that even he is well-educated and highly literate. Nevertheless, the actions and conversation of the characters reveal a

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surprising lack of intelligent forethought, making them appear non-rational.

Another interesting example of the grotesque in *A Long Day's Dying* is the characterization of Simon, Tristram Bone's monkey. Simon is outfitted in imitation of his master, eats with him at table, and generally receives the attention and consideration due a human being. It is sometimes difficult to discern whether Emma is more conscious of Simon's needs than of Tristram's. The intermingling, by the author, of an animal personality with those of human beings further diminishes the reader's respect or even acknowledgement of rationality in the human characters, thus confusing the roles of man and animal in a grotesque manner.

Simon's death, caused by his characteristic mimicry of Tristram, has a distinct quality of horror, since it seems to symbolize Tristram's own end. The characters of Tristram and Simon are so frequently mixed and blended that the Darwinian concept immediately springs to mind, as the man "makes a monkey out of himself" in the Cloister scene, and the monkey acts and is treated as a man.

Another consideration which proves that Buechner's novel qualifies for the grotesque *genre* is the imagery.

From the inception of the novel, religious imagery is used in the descriptions of Tristram. He is successively described as priest-like, saintly, penitent, and pious. Even *he* seems to fancy himself a sort of confessor and counselor. The Cloister setting adds still greater depth to the religious overtones in imagery.

Religiosity seems highly incongruous, considering the nature of the novel. God, religion, the Church (any church), salvation and sin appear to have little or no meaning to the characters. Entangled in their web of improbable relationships, they never seem to think of prayer or petition.

Attributes of knowledgeability and the academic setting of certain parts of the novel also seem grotesque insofar as the conversations, interests and general attitudes of the characters are complacently superficial and non-intellectual—even when Steitler

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and Motley are attempting to sound most profound.

Sexual imagery in the novel assumes a grotesque quality in relation to the actual relationships among the characters. The only erotic relationship among them is treated most objectively — almost clinically. The sexual imagery, curiously, abounds in the passages where the most arid and impotent relationships are portrayed: Tristram and Elizabeth, Emma in the park, Motley among the collegians, and so forth. Even the highly suggestive aviary scene appears sterile insofar as the lovers in the aviary are contrasted with the hopelessly separated principal characters. So too, the sexual accusations of Elizabeth by Motley, and by Elizabeth of Leander and Steitler appear bizarre and incongruous in the light of the general plot.

Imagery in *A Long Day's Dying* seems to fit the definition of grotesque most effectively when one considers how much of the "forms of persons or animals are intermingled with foliage, flowers, fruits, etc., in a fantastic design." The natural settings parks, lawns, the countryside of Grandmother Maroo, the aviary — all heighten the grotesque nature of the novel.

Whether or not the reader fully identifies with the characters, he can certainly find them recognizable urban sophisticates, and possible acquaintances. He may also discover disturbing similarities between the situations in the novel and his own experience, and such partial identification and possible recognition creates a mood of vague horror and disbelief. The reader, disturbed as he sees the characters being sucked deeper and deeper into a quicksand of solvable situations which the characters are unable to solve, can only wonder — why?

The frightening world which Buechner creates in his novel seems inexplicable. Whether it is real or not depends upon individual values, and the consciousness man entertains of his own humanity.

Katherine Monahan

Miss Monahan is a junior English major.

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Book Review Feature

FANTASY IN LITERATURE

Anne Lavery

Man's imagination can be either a cushion against the too-realness of life or a complimentary step beyond its existing wonders. He expresses this remarkable intellectual process primarily through the arts—he alone can paint, compose music, or write.

Literarily, man's imaginative processes have produced the *genre* commonly called fiction. Somewhere within this broad category lies the "fantastic" classification of literature, a term which may be defined as anything from "any senselike representation in the mind" to such adjectives as "wildly absurd," "grotesque," "bizarre."

The simplistic myth-making of the Bible marks the beginning of the fictitious element in literature. Truths clothed in tangible,

contrived imagery vitalized religion for a nomadic, unsophisticated race.

The Greeks too, found fantasy in the religious—Homer formulated another world on Olympus and initiated a lasting literary convention. From the Dionysian rituals of spring came the drama, perhaps the most important Greek contribution to literary *genre*.

The Romans capitalized on the Greek epic heritage in Vergil's *Aeneid*, once again uniting the religious with the fantastic and fictitious.

Medieval writers continued the epic-fantasy tradition in the Arthurian Grail legends. The religious element still pervaded the literature, but the exploits of the heroes more often predominated. Gradually the convention of the love-religion evolved and the novel-like literature of the romance was formed.

The medieval allegory-epic was immortalized by Dante in *The Divine Comedy*. Fantastic in theme, but philosophical and theological in essence, the work prefigured the Renaissance in Italy.

Thomas More's *Utopia*, Renaissance man's conception of the perfect society, continued the tradition begun by Plato in the *Republic*. Such moderns as Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*, and B.F. Skinner in *Walden Two* have further experimented with the conception of the fictitious ideal society.

Shakespeare introduced a variety of fantastic elements into many of his plays. The Ghost of *Hamlet*, the witches of *Macbeth*, and the fairies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* not only reflect his knowledge of tradition, but also his unmatched dramatic flair.

Politics and fantasy united to form satire in the eighteenth century. Jonathan Swift seems to have perfected the form in *Gulliver's Travels*.

Nineteenth century Germany and Denmark witnessed the evolution of the modern "fairy tale" in the tradition of Nordic folklore. The Grimm brothers and Hans Christian Andersen skillfully masked social and political grievances in the imagery of childhood fantasy.

In England, Lewis Carroll, scientist and satirist, wrote the seemingly innocent *Alice In Wonderland*. Modern editors have seen fit to annotate this child's classic for the mature satire-seeking reader. In a similar vein, Sir James Barrie's *Peter Pan* helped popularize an aspect of fantastic writing known as "escape literature." Barrie's "Neverland" concept was later echoed in America by L. Frank Baum in *The Wizard of Oz*.

The mechanized American society of the twentieth century produced the category of literature known as "science fiction." The twenties produced Tom Swift, Batman, and Superman largely through the adolescent literature and comic book media.

In the pre-computer society of the forties and fifties, science fiction became more "real" as the wartime society progressed in technological advancements. Works such as George Orwell's *1984* and later, Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* startled readers with their knowledgeable and seeming plausibility.

The sixties, heralded by communications prophet Marshall McLuhan, has paradoxically popularized a new type of fantastic literature. The hobbits, elves, and dwarves of J.R.R. Tolkien typified the sixties' love of the outdated "camp."

Man's imagination has thus taken him full sweep through a religion-myth-sophistication-myth cycle. His future in the world of fantastic literature may prove hard to chart but its limits can only extend as far as his unlimited imagination may take them.

Miss Lavery is a junior English major.

ARENA

The Factory

by Norma Meyer

"I am a college student. I pay my money and choose my major. I am here—teach me. Give me assignments and I will hand them in on time (usually). Tell me when I will have an exam and what material will be covered and I will see to it that I pass. Don't expect me to attend many lectures, symposiums, or anything else that comes under the heading of 'cultural events'. Oh, sure, I'll make the motions of being interested. I'll sit there, but my mind will be thinking of the upcoming weekend or the improvement of my social life. Don't expect me to join clubs—one or two is quite sufficient. You see, I haven't got time. I have too much to do. Just let me go through my four years unbothered and unconcerned. I'll be a student for four years; just give me the piece of paper that tells everyone I'm a college graduate and I'll be on my way. I'll serve my time and will be 'bored' by it all—there is nothing to do—nothing going on—just plain nothing. Sheer blahdom, that's what it amounts to. College really can't do anything for me."

Sound familiar? Applicable? Should it be? Yet, the preceding paragraph is undoubtedly being uttered in some form or another on college campuses all over the country. Even more ironic is the concept of the individual who makes the statement, . . . the individual who "serves his time and gets his degree," but not an education; who *looks* at posters, but never *reads* them; who *hears* lectures, but never *listens*; who will later say his education lacked "challenge," "motivation," "stimulation," and many other similar "in" words.

Such an individual is the product of an educational factory. But the term factory, as it applies here, has a unique connotation. A college is not a factory *per se*. No institution of higher learning was ever founded for the express purpose of "grinding out" teachers, nurses, social workers, or liberal arts majors on an assembly line basis. Quite the contrary, in *University in America*, Sir Eric Ashby of Cambridge University gives the basis for the establishment of colleges: "It was an environment

for the continuous polishing of one mind by another. Its basic formula was very simple. The essential ingredients were on the one hand a reflective, disciplined, learned man willing to teach; on the other hand an intelligent, motivated, student willing to learn; and thirdly, a balance of numbers between teacher and student so that the relation between them was intimate and personal."

The second ingredient deserves special attention if the concept of a factory is to be understood. "An intelligent, motivated student willing to learn" is a phrase which every college likes to apply to its students. However, the word "willing" plays a key role in determining whether or not any college can be tagged a factory. The individual student has the choice to use his intelligence, to become motivated, to be *willing*; or he may choose the opposite. "I'll do the required work, but don't expect anything more from me. I choose to do no more than is necessary to get by. Why should I get involved?" The individual who takes this position, especially the individual who has a great deal to offer but just never "bothers" to do so, becomes the "product" of a "factory."

Another key role in this concept is given to the all-important "individual." It is the individual who gives birth to a factory. The factory comes into being only when individuals choose, of their own free will, to become "products."

The "willing individual" is the individual with interest and care. Interest in a situation or an event, if sincere, will lead to caring enough about the situation or event to take action. Interest and care have essentially the same meaning as the words involvement, engagement, commitment and awareness.

These terms, as they are interpreted by one individual, Rosemary Park, president of Barnard College, mean "that something more than the scope of intellectuality or specialized learning should be fostered by education." If this statement is valid, should there be the link between scholarship and education?

Jacqueline Grennan, president of Webster College, has stated: "The great need is to enable an individual to find his own voice, to speak with it, to stand by it. . . . Learning is not essentially expository but essentially exploratory."

There are myriad sides and viewpoints to the "college/factory" question. There are more groups within a college subculture than the two mentioned here. The responsibility for this situation can be seen from the position of faculty, administration, "structured" departments, as well.

Within any "college/factory" can be found the "willing individual" and the "willing products." Both have the same opportunities in the same educational institution. Both are individuals. Both exercise free choice.

College ?????? Factory ??????

In order to encourage original thinking and creative opinion, this magazine has inaugurated the "Arena" as a forum for critical essays and comment by students. The editorial board reserves the right to include only those essays which evidence sufficient thought, research and logical unity to be considered worthwhile.

The "Arena" will be a regular feature, presenting provocative essays with which the reader may agree or disagree as he chooses.

experimented with dreaming in human beings suggest that the need to dream may be the principal function of sleep. When a number of volunteers were deprived of dreaming for several nights serious effects were observed:

- A. They become tense, anxious, fatigued, and irritable.
- B. They had difficulty in concentrating and finally succumbed to brief lapses of memory.
- C. Their brain wave patterns showed marked changes from the normal.

It may be that an abnormal chemical change takes place in body, or that the brain suffers from a lack of discharge of electrical or emotional energy when an individual is not permitted to dream. In either case, scientists and researchers feel that without dreams man may come dangerously close to a breaking point.

According to the psychoanalytic view of dreams, it is believed that if dreams can be recalled in the waking state and their meaning uncovered, the person will then have obtained the clues he needs to understand himself — what he really wants, fears, hates, loves, and requires to live.

Numerous associations between dream hallucinations and alterations in the physiological systems in the body have been observed in the REM sleep. Many of these associations are not always demonstrable or exact, but may reach a high order of specificity in the visual system. Rapid eye movements in abundance are seen at times of frequent alterations of gaze in the dream, while the appearance of few, or total absence of them, is correlated with staring at immobile objects, or breaks in the pectoral imagery.

The number and direction of these rapid eye movements may be predicted with reasonable accuracy by treating the dream scene as a visual event that a dreamer has scanned as he would the same event when awake. This fact renders the old notion of instantaneous dreaming extremely unlikely. Experimentation has shown that dream events have a dimension in real time, though intermediary steps may be omitted. This conclusion has been arrived at by a process called "telescoping," whereby researchers are able to "fix definite points in the flow of time in dreams by provoking incorporations of identifiable stimuli into the dream sequence."

It can be observed, then, that a dream is the sensate expression of a fundamental and rhythmically repetitive and enormously active neurophysiological state.

NIGHTMARES

Hallucinatory activity in dreams, more commonly known as nightmares, are primarily visual, although the imagery may include realistic components from most, if not all, sensory systems simultaneously. It is common knowledge that the full world of an individual's experience, his every emotion and perception, may be reduplicated in dreams. From this, it has been concluded that a substantial portion of the brain is not only active but also seems to be working for itself, for it was observed that blinded individuals continue to experience visual imagery in dreams. The brain appears to be perceiving and reacting to its percepts much as an awake brain does.

In an effort to uncover the necessity or function of REM sleep, experimentation included the deprivation of a number of individuals of REM sleep. This was accomplished by waking the subjects at the commencement of each REM period. After a series of deprivation nights, the subjects were allowed uninterrupted

sleep. The effect of the deprivation was then seen in that almost all of the individuals exhibited a dramatic rise in the REM phase. This showed the physiological need for REM sleep for, when the subjects were given an opportunity for normal sleep after the deprivation, they seemed to increase their REM phase, therefore making up for that which was lost.

It appears then, that the function of REM sleep in the intact adult organism is not so immediate as the consequences of REM sleep deprivation. The effects of the deprivation are soon apparent or even necessarily fatal.

Because the REM phase is directly connected with the dreaming period of sleep, a question was raised as to the possibility of the occurrence of somnambulism, commonly known as sleepwalking, during this time. It has been thought that people act out their dreams when they walk in their sleep. However, experimentation done by Dr. Anthony Kales and Allen Jacobsen of the University of California has shown that an individual sleepwalks only during periods of quiet, or NREM sleep, when they rarely dream at all. Further, it was observed that somnambulism never occurs during active REM sleep when dreaming is at its peak. The sleepwalker frequently keeps his eyes open and wears vacant expression but does not hold his arms out, stiff in front of him, as was once believed.

During sleep the function of the organs of the body deviates somewhat from their normal operation in the waking state:

- A. The heart rate slows from seventy-five to sixty beats per minute.
- B. Basal metabolic rate falls slightly.
- C. Breathing drops from sixteen to twelve breaths per minute.
- D. Blood pressure drops and blood flow to the brain increases.
- E. The body temperature drops.

The body temperature can be said to be a measure of physical efficiency — that is, how well a person's body performs a task. This seems closely related to the sleeping and waking mechanism. The normal body temperature, 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, actually changes slightly on a cyclical basis. It reaches a peak during the day, begins to decline in the evening, and drops to a low point in early morning. This explains why some people are at their best in the morning and some in the evening. "Morning people" reach a temperature and efficiency peak early in the day (around noon), while "night people" seem to attain this level later in the day.

"Morning people" tend to wake easily and perform well during the day. They become relatively tired early in the evening in contrast to the evening people who feel most alert at this time.

Studies made as to the amount of sleep required by any individual person showed that there is "no best number of hours that apply to everyone." An average falling between six and nine hours has been determined to be satisfactory for most individuals but, as stated by J. D. Ratcliff, a researcher on the program: "The average amount required is no more applicable to a particular individual than an average size hat or shoe would be."

As we can see, the answer to the mystery of sleep has taken many different paths. Each idea, from the first to the last, is merely a theory and able to be improved upon. Since sleep is primarily an unconscious state, the true answer may be held in the hands of the psychiatrist who will live in the future.

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understanding of man's nature is best understood from the point of view of Abraham Lincoln. While Lincoln recognized that man is capable of envy, avarice, jealousy, hate, etc., he was just as optimistic — perhaps even more so — as Jefferson in his understanding of man's ability to work for good, in man's ability to improve society.

Despite his recognition of man's imperfect nature, the liberal, nevertheless, places emphasis on man's equality because of his nature and his capacity for self-government and improvement of society. The starting point in Jefferson's philosophy, as in the philosophy of Lincoln, is that "all men are created equal." As opposed to the conservative, the liberal, according to Rossiter, would place equality before liberty. It would seem, however, that this is a false distinction, as both are so inter-related that they cannot be separated — except perhaps in Rossiter's own mind. Where the conservative sees liberty as something static, some fixed entity which can never be added to, which can only be redistributed, the liberal would understand liberty as something dynamic. All men, because of their equality of nature, enjoyed individual liberty. Society itself depends upon this individual liberty, for without it, productive change, creative reform, those things which revitalize society, could not exist. Society grows, improves, reforms itself only through individual creative efforts. These creative efforts are dependent upon individuals who possess a liberty, which is dynamic as society is dynamic.

Because of a realistic, yet somewhat optimistic attitude towards man, the liberal can accept the inevitable change in a society. The change that comes about, e.g., the Industrial Revolution, need not be completely beneficial for society. The liberal, simply recognizing this fact, cannot then accept change which occurs in society; nor can he see allowing reform to come about slowly as the answer to the new problems that come with change. Change can be accepted by the liberal because man has within his potential the power to control change, i.e., to attempt to direct it to serve the good of society. For example, industrialism may bring with it many evils for society. Industrialism brings the potential for many to gain power and wealth, to be used for the good of society or for purely selfish ends. While initially industrialism may have been advanced at the expense of most individuals in society, today there is an attempt to curb such abuses, to spread the advantages of industrialism to the whole society. The liberal allows for change. His thought itself is open; it allows for the future, for change and development, for new understanding.

Based upon the idea of equality of nature, liberalism draws the implication of equality of opportunity for all men. If all men are created equal, then all men should be entitled to equal opportunity. For Abraham Lincoln the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are an attempt "to give all a chance . . . we expect the weak to grow stronger, the ignorant, wiser; and all better, and happier together." The role of government is then not a negative one of protecting the individual in his liberty, but a positive one. To Lincoln, government is a force to wield power to provide opportunity for equal realization of one's rights and duties. Explicitly Lincoln states "the legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people, whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot so well do, for themselves — in their separate and individual capacities." This is the liberal's understanding of the role of government in a society based upon his interpretation of man's nature.

Liberalism is a political philosophy based upon an optimistic, yet, realistic understanding of man's potential actions in society because of his nature. The essential point of distinction between the liberal and conservative appears to be not merely a distinction of optimism as opposed to pessimism but a distinction based upon an understanding of man's nature. It is from this essential distinction that the salient differences in liberal and conservative political philosophy arise.

IN AMERICA



McNAMARA

Miss Nardone is a senior history major.

Influenced

Strange,
I did not know
nor could I explain;
as if perhaps
once I stood
dry in wet rain
or cold in warm sun.
I did not know —
for it was not as simple as
even a mosaic
of a dawning sunset
splashed thinly over ice blue sky
And I —
try as I would
I could not be a still me;
for rain soaks and seeps in deep,
and warm sun melts slowly icy cold.
And I —
a little more, maybe
a little less;
but not the same,
no, not the same.
Neither marred
nor obstructed,
bent, nor completely
unfolded either;
but different
indeed, different
and strange,
Strange to myself.

Sister Mary Christine Gualtiere

In Almost June

Theresa Kostochka

Four minutes past six, and as soon as the bell rang she knew it was Jamie. It was raining, and when she opened the door Jamie would be there and they would both stand quietly for a minute and listen to the rain.

He always came early when it rained.

When the bell rang she was sitting on the floor and there were little books of Japanese poetry all around her. She was drinking coffee from a milk-white cup and she carried it with her to the door, and when Jamie saw it he laughed and asked to have a drink. Her feet were bare against carpet and wood; she stood on her toes and held the cup to his lips.

She whispered into the hushed fall of rain, "I'm so glad you came early, Jamie."

His sweater was a mass of pulls and puckers because he had worn it so many times into the woods, walking with his father and two fine hounds. He touched her cheek and kissed her, but his kiss this time was shy, and she stepped outside to smell the rain. "The grass—look at my grass. I haven't looked at it in months. What earthly good is winter-brown grass?"

She danced barefoot across the dry lawn and stopped in the center of it to drink from her white cup. Her hair was long and fawn-colored and felt like cold silk against her cheeks. "Shouldn't there be lilacs soon?"

He thought: Lilacs. A year ago, and . . .

Lilacs. He remembered the rain-sparked color of them. They were lying in the grass, hills and valleys of lilacs, and she was bending over them, gathering them to her, and when she saw him she straightened up and flung back her hair. He noticed how long it was and the marvelous cloudy-brown color of it, and then her voice was saying something but all he got was Will you help me please? I seem to have cut too many flowers . . . because he was watching the sun strike red-gold sparks when raindrops were caught in that lovely cloud. . . . And he carried armfuls of flowers and asked her Where do you live? Not far from here, and it's a lovely walk, she said. Her feet were bare and she walked quickly, crossing the dirt road where the lilacs grew in tumult on either side, plunging through a meadow patched with wisps of mauve-colored mist. They crossed still another road, all grey and black and pale gold with the shadows of chestnut trees, and then a lawn, a vast and luxurious lawn. Will you come inside, she said when they reached a white and pillared house at the top of the lawn, and have some coffee? I have wonderful white cups that let the light through. . . . He went inside and immediately loved the bare wood floors and



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the books of poetry, slender volumes of ivory pages, and they drank coffee from her glowing white cups and there had been a thousand Sunday evenings since then, and only this one was different.

He wanted to forget he'd heard her say, "Shouldn't there be lilacs soon?" but she said it again, sang it to the tattered gray sky, and waltzed back across the grass to him.

"Let's go and see," she cried, standing before him. "Let's walk down the old dirt road and look for lilacs. And if they're there—or, there must be some, it's almost June—they'll be all wet with rain . . ."

Jamie stood by the porch and cupped his hand to catch raindrops sliding off the eaves. He heard his voice say: "There are lilacs—blooming full already. And you really feel like going to see?"

There was a small silence and he waited to hear her cries of excitement that Yes, she could hardly wait to see, but all he heard was a simple "yes" and he knew she knew that this was meaning something.

There were blue shadows and the dirt road was rutted, muddied. Still barefoot, she splashed in puddles like a child, and then she stopped and walked quietly and didn't take his hand, though any other Sunday night she would have.

They walked quietly and she was thinking: This apartness is so strange, and yet—inevitable. We've been waiting a long, long time, I think, and this evening, this hour, the almost June twilight seems the perfect moment. We'll look at the lilacs once more, Jamie and I, and smell the rain-wonderful scent of them, and there will be blue shadows all around . . . But Jamie won't come back to drink from my lovely white cups, won't come back across the misty meadows or under the chestnut trees with me, I'll have to go alone. Oh, God, no! Not alone. Alone through the mist and shadows, back to my house, across my lawn, and back into my house alone . . .

Maybe, she thought in the breathlessness of desperation, maybe we're just walking like always, just walking on a Sunday night to see the lilacs. It rained today and Jamie came early, he always does when it rains, and the lilacs will be wet after the rain and we'll carry armfuls back across my lawn and fill my house with their fragrance . . . Of course, that's it. We're just walking. It's almost June, and twilight, and there are shadows all around and Jamie will help me carry the flowers back, he won't let me go back alone . . .

And then they stopped and for a long, long moment they were both very quiet, thinking Just around that bend is where the lilacs grow, but of course this Sunday is the only one that's different . . . Maybe if we find our lilacs, wet with rain, and cut too many, carry them back across the misty meadow, across the lawn, maybe this will be the thousandth-and-one Sunday . . .

They rounded the bend and looked at the lilacs and eternities were passing and then there was a stillness and in it she heard Jamie's voice saying, "They're not blooming after all. I thought they were. Honest to God, I *wanted* them to be in bloom, and they're not there, not there at all . . ."

She thought, Ah, Jamie, you came early. Too early to catch the lilacs.

And he thought back, No, late, too late. We should have come a hundred Sundays ago. But this was the hour for this, and a hundred Sundays ago was the hour for something else . . . Only thing is, you'll have to walk back alone. I didn't want you to, you know. Please, I thought they were there. I *willed* them there . . .

She said, and I imagined lilacs, bowers of them wet with rain, because I was sure you wouldn't let me go back alone . . . I guess we *willed* too much . . .

But he said nothing, only stood and put out his hand to catch raindrops dripping from bare branches and she turned and walked away and ahead of her there was a misty meadow and the shadows and a lawn, a vast and luxurious lawn, and in her mouth there was the warm, dark taste of knowing.

