CONTENTS

Beyond The New Yorker: The Vision of John Cheever
Samuel C. Coale '65

What is English?
Dianne Hunter

Poetry
Elizabeth K. Tyson '77

The Impact of Technology
Upon Patient Care: The Evolution of the Modern Health Care System
Joseph D. Bronzino

"Charles on the Wall"
Aaron Thomas '78

Film Criticism
James L. Potter

Books

COVER — A reproduction of the original plan for Seabury Hall dated 1876. For details, turn to the inside back cover.
Beyond The New Yorker:

The Vision of John Cheever

by Samuel C. Coale

John Cheever's style has always received wide critical acclaim. His manner of telling a story has been celebrated ever since he first began publishing stories in The New Republic in 1930. During his long relationship with The New Yorker and through the publication of his four novels, critics have continued to praise his stylistic grace and resourcefulness, while sometimes finding fault with his self-limited literary landscape.

Cheever has always regarded the suburban scene as a focus for his art, especially because, as he himself suggested, it seemed to reflect and reward the aspirations of his own social class after the Second World War. His childhood in Quincy, Massachusetts (he was born in 1912), a middle-class suburb of the more austere and patrician Boston, prepared him for his identification with those social aspirations and provided him with an outpost close enough to the affluent and social hierarchies he both satirized and admired. In this ambivalent aspect, both with his desire or need to romanticize the beauties and securities of the elegant suburban world and with his artistic insight and skill to debunk the moral pretensions and spiritual vagaries there, he resembles Scott Fitzgerald. His "disciple" in this respect may be, and Cheever certainly admires his work immensely, John Updike. From his fascination with old established families and newly polished suburbanites, Cheever expresses a personal vision dependent upon a strong sense of traditional values and order.

The St. Botolphs of the Wapshot novels, that ancient name for the town of Boston in England, represented this traditional outlook, from which point he could survey the near collapse and disruption of it in the contemporary world. Such a vision or theme provides the essential background or pattern of his fiction. The style shapes that vision. The reader is always aware of Cheever’s style, of the way in which he describes his characters’ actions and dilemmas. People in his stories tend to be dominated by his style. They seem to be almost pawns locked into a particular scenario of fate that Cheever has designed in order to display his own brilliant literary technique and observations. The shape of the events and incidents, the absurdities and often delightful inversions of the reader’s usual expectations, Cheever seems most interested in. His stories often suggest that he is more interested in the carefully contrived outlining of overall situations than in the representation and creation of well-rounded characters, who may be interesting in their own right. Such an outlook may account for the comic or humorous aspects of Cheever’s style. He seems more interested in viewing situations from the outside, from a detached and distanced point of view, than from the inside from a particular character’s own personal point of view.

About being a writer of fiction, Cheever once said, “One has an impulse to bring glad tidings to someone. My sense of literature is a sense of giving, not a diminishment.” This sense of giving clearly suggests the comic or good-humored aspects of Cheever’s fiction. The curious episodes and patterns of our frenetic contemporary experience and the odd objects and cultural bric-a-brac of our disposable contemporary society have always fascinated him. They provide the materials for his fiction of manners, in which his characters are always observed in the social roles thrust upon them by the strict decorum of suburban living. "By contorting their passions into an acceptable social image, a sort of prison," Cheever creates characters who are trapped in the often outrageous and bizarrely funny social demands of the suburban brave new world. All of this Cheever records meticulously in his even-tempered, pleasantly ironic, and understated style with the discerning but dispassionate eye of a camera.

About being a writer of fiction, Cheever once said, “One has an impulse to bring glad tidings to someone . . .”

On February 19, 1925, the first issue of a new weekly humor magazine called The New Yorker appeared. The magazine was the inspiration of editor Harold Ross and since its inception has published one hundred and nineteen of Cheever’s stories. The two remain indistinguishable in the popular mind, so much so in fact that it is difficult to tell who influenced whom. Was The New Yorker “style” immensely influential in shaping Cheever’s own, or was Cheever himself instrumental in shaping the tone and style of The New Yorker? Unfortunately this may be as difficult to determine as it would be in determining which came first, the chicken or the egg. There does seem to have evolved, however, a definite New Yorker style, from which Cheever cannot have been immune.
Today the early issues of The New Yorker appear to be self-consciously striving for smartness, "chic," fashionableness and sophistication all at once. There is a shrewd quality about the early magazine, a stylistic aggressiveness fuelled by 1920's affectations and broad satiric outlook. The slick pen and ink drawings satirize the obvious targets of stuffiness and Victorian gentility. The bits and pieces, the news and notes of the magazine, strive to create the image of a casually wicked, slickly elegant urban arena of frivolity and fun. One such piece dares to ask the question, "Are You a New Yorker?", and lists certain questions about New York names and places which only the truly initiated can ever hope to answer. Such self-consciousness, the air of an urbane speak-easy (naughty, naughty!) has obviously faded with the magazine's early fashionableness and sophistication. Today the early issues of the magazine, a stylistic aggressiveness fuelled by 1920's affectations and broad satiric outlook. The slick pen and ink drawings satirize the obvious targets of stuffiness and Victorian gentility. The bits and pieces, the news and notes of the magazine, strive to create the image of a casually wicked, slickly elegant urban arena of frivolity and fun. One such piece dares to ask the question, "Are You a New Yorker?", and lists certain questions about New York names and places which only the truly initiated can ever hope to answer. Such self-consciousness, the air of an urbane speak-easy (naughty, naughty!) has obviously faded with the magazine's early success and the success of its many reporters, writers and artists. Today some of the finest writing in any publication can be found within its distinguished pages.

Yet there does seem to have been created a New Yorker style of writing. Brendan Gill, in his excellent "biography" of the magazine, Here At The New Yorker, suggested that the tone of the magazine was created by E.B. White and James Thurber in their writing for it. This tone embodied a certain satiric and playful outlook on the world, an essentially comic stance that, in Gill's words, embodied a "literate, observant, very particularized, light-handed, timely writing that was to revolutionize the American magazine article." Harold Ross' dictum was always, "If you can't be funny, be interesting." Ross' own delight in facts of all kinds seems to have provided the basis for The New Yorker style. Interest included odd episodes, facts, incidents and manners, obscure and arcane information, which were to be approached and codified into a cool, dispassionate and detached prose style.

This essentially essayistic style, always dignified and always graceful, filled with gentle ironies, precisely rendered observations, and carefully crafted wit (a word oddly used, a change in the particular pace of a line) provided a showcase for the odd incidents or facts. The style created an urbane and skillful gloss or polish within that particular range most authors writing for the magazine had to operate.

The important aspect of the New Yorker style that seems to have affected Cheever's style is its humorous point of view. Say of that view of life that while it was calculatedly timid, it was also timid in fact. Serious concerns could not acquire their true depth or seriousness in such a timid manner.

The important aspect of the New Yorker style that seems to have affected Cheever's style is its humorous point of view. Its essential stance is a comic one, however sophisticated and polished. Its vision is not meant to penetrate the darker and desperate depths of life but to delight in the absurdities and arcane episodes of life from its witty and determinedly detached point of view. The New Yorker narrator may be skating on thin ice but he delights in the intricate and filigreed patterns and designs he can create on the smooth, clear surface of that ice. The shape of situations delights him — the inversions, unexpected turns, transformations, reversals, ironic twists. He carefully observes the change in manners and fashions, not the transformations of the soul. His task is to describe and observe behavior but not the depth of feeling that may accompany it. He seems to be celebrating his own decorative language, even in (or perhaps because of) the face of certain death and chaos. The comic perspective becomes finally a defensive one, a race against time, an attempt to keep your wits about you and to observe the mad world around you with a mixture of disdain and delight — how appropriate is the pose and manner of The New Yorker's Eustace Tilley on that famous first cover! — while believing in an enlightened American progressivism that cannot fail. Events from such a perspective become stylized and formalized. The gentle and decorous prose will not be abruptly sundered by visions of brute sexuality or outrageous animal forces (Ross outlawed sex at The New Yorker, at least within the pages of the magazine itself.) Any religious impulses, concerns for darker truths, must be reduced to a kind of secular humanism in which human enlightenment must always triumph. In short The New Yorker developed a humorous fiction of manners, and within that particular range most authors writing for the magazine had to operate.
In one instance Brendan Gill described a baby who was clad “with diapers unpleasantly tapestried.” (italics mine) The line is both comic and witty. Understatement is implicit in the word, “unpleasantly.” The overstatement of “tapestried,” suggesting as it does fine wall hangings and ancient arts, creates the humorous comparison between a common diaper and an ancestral heirloom. The two words together, with their mixture of detached and elaborate exaggeration, reveal the highly polished literary technique of The New Yorker style. Yet one wonders whether or not such a style can, in the long run, deal with a real dirty diaper. It avoids the uglier reality for the humorous analogy, but in doing so raises questions about whether or not the author can ever allow himself to come in contact with a more sordid truth. What of the discomfort of the baby, for instance? Here the personal, interior feelings of the character are ignored, a technique necessary for comedy in some cases in which the exaggerated shape of the situation or object is being pleasantly mocked and playfully acknowledged. Yet if the writer were to tackle more serious questions — the spiritual numbness of the modern world, the rootlessness of lost souls in a spiritual and physical wasteland, the omnipresent agonies of loneliness and uncertainty — what then? Gill praised William Shawn’s “The Catastrophe” (1936) in The New Yorker by calling attention to “a suavity of tone wonderfully at odds with its subject matter.” Perhaps it is this consistent accomplishment of the New Yorker style that prompted Ernest Hemingway to write, “you cannot read The New Yorker when people that you love have just died.” The statement clearly reflects Cheever’s own dilemma and illuminates the critical estimation of his work that remains open to question to this day.

One way Cheever uses to break out of or into this luminous surface of the New Yorker story is his method of fragmentation. The chronological step-by-step development of the linear plotline in fictional narrative does not, for him, take into account the episodic and fragmented uncertainty of most contemporary experience. Consequently Cheever’s narratives tend to abandon a chronological order, once the acceptable ground of verisimilitude is well established, for a less restrictive narrative form experienced and created in terms of episodes, interjections, dreams, meditations, memories, and even direct authorial aside. Such structural tactics, deliberately invoked to fragment and undercut the normally complacent view of the reader (who has too long been coddled by the linear surfaces of an obvious plotline), Cheever employs to open up the possibilities of our strange modern world and to peer into the cracks in the surfaces he himself had made for glimpses of his own lyric vision of life. Ordinary expectations of events are flouted and frustrated in hopes that new insights and perceptions, freed from the more traditional channels of plot, will be discovered. The elegant patina of suburbia is shattered in an effort to see more deeply into the real spiritual dimensions and crises of the human soul in extremis. Beneath the outward decorum and comfortable politesse lies this twilight world of spiritual and moral uncertainty. Perhaps this is why so many critics have referred to Cheever’s suburban landscape as a “curdled Camelot,” a “portable abyss,” the “perilous provinces” and “precarious paradise.”

Cheever is a romantic visionary, as much an observer of nature, and in much the same spirit, as Thoreau.
To complement the fragmentary structure of his art, Cheever delights in shifting the rhythms of his prose, changing the keys of the wayward tunes he seemed to be playing. Verb tenses, narrative voices, even moods as disparate as comic and tragic, are all shifted deliberately to undermine the traditional narrative order of literature and replace it with a deeply felt personal vision. This disruptive pattern is not unique to Cheever's art. It is in fact the basic pattern of most modern art, but in Cheever it reaches a different level because of his genuinely lyric sensibility. Sudden changes often occur within the habitual routines of many of Cheever's characters in an effort to create for them the same uncertain experience the reader undergoes in reading the fiction. Such calculated fragmentation provides the necessary alchemy of his art.

The fragmentation and disruption of expectation also appear in Cheever's art as the unexpected twists and turnings of a dream. The reader accepts what seems to be the unimpassioned, realistic rendering of events, becomes easily lulled by the almost hypnotically simple surface of the story, and gradually is drawn into darker, wilder, even absurdist dilemmas and circumstances he least expects. These stranger circumstances fasten upon the reader's mind as the tale unfolds with the all-controlling and pervasive power of a dream or nightmare. Truman Capote snidely admits that Cheever's work "is always realistic, even when it's preposterous."9 It is this harrowing dreamlike quality, which emerges from the calm surface, itself slowly fragmented, shattered and disrupted, that the best of Cheever's fiction embodies.

Cheever's attitudes toward suburbia remain ambivalent throughout. It is no accident that even the names of his suburban sanctuaries contain both good and evil aspects: "Shady Hill," "Proxmire Manor," "Gory Brook," "Bullet Park." He observes accurately the worms in the suburban apple without deciding that the entire apple is, therefore, spoiled. He realizes that the dream for suburban stability and comfort, however decent and valorous to the middle-class mind, is yet a dream, unreliable, transitory, and easily shattered. To think otherwise is to accept illusion. To replace a truly moral consciousness with a mere appreciation of comfort and affluence is to replace man's unending spiritual quest for self-knowledge and self-transcendence with a closet full of dead, unilluminating objects. Cheever's darker tales conjure up the strange powers that objects may have over the unenlightened mind. His lyric tales celebrate those moments of beauty and spiritual illumination which can occur only within the sound moral framework of an ordered and disciplined way of life.

Cheever is a romantic visionary, as much an observer of nature, and in much the same spirit, as Thoreau. For him these rare moments of spiritual transcendence coincide in and with the presence of natural beauty, and only then can the experience of true spiritual rebirth come into existence. This momentary state of grace often creates in his characters the experience of spiritual elevation and moral uplift. This can last only momentarily, as it does in the romantic expressions of such similar phenomena in the poetry of Wordsworth and Keats and in the prose of Emerson and Thoreau. The graceful lyricism of Cheever's own style creates and celebrates such occasions and provides the best of his stories with a truly visionary way of seeing the world around him. Such vision broadened the scope of the short story form itself, opening it up to include such narrative devices as personal meditation, dreams, digressions and memories. This freer form may be Cheever's greatest accomplishment to the short story tradition in American literature.

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Notes
5. Gill, p. 287.
I was invited to speak about psychoanalytic criticism as something new in the field of English. In itself, psychoanalytic criticism is not new; but it is an aspect of what is really on the frontier of literary study, namely, the re-definition of the very concept of study and a far greater self-consciousness about the methodological tools one uses to interact with and recreate a text in the process of interpretation. What is central to the field of English is literary criticism and theory, specifically, the study of the diverse languages and theoretical assumptions behind the way we speak and write about our literary experience.

Since about 1945, graduate students in English have been educated to think of literary theory as at least peripherally a part of their training. For a long time there was one dominant theory of literature — what I call the naive historical, or great man theory — the idea that there is a single discernible literary tradition beginning with say Beowulf or Sir Gawain in the "medieval period," and extending through Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, Marlowe, and Shakespeare in the Renaissance; Donne, Marvell, Milton, and Dryden in the 17th century; Congreve, Pope, Blake and the Romantic poets in the 18th and early 19th century; Tennyson, Arnold, Browning, and George Eliot among the Victorians; and culminating in D. H. Lawrence, Henry James, T. S. Eliot and a few other modern writers. One read this roll call of great authors and learned certain historical facts about each writer's place in the English literary tradition — the dates of his major and minor works, some interesting biographical facts (that Shakespeare married a woman named Mary Arden who was much older than himself, that he had a child very quickly afterwards, that when he died he left her his "second best" bed; that Donne posed for a portrait in his death shroud and the painter died before he did; that Milton went blind and dictated his last poems to his daughters; that Dryden went through several religious conversions, depending on who was King; that Shelley abandoned his wife to run off to the continent with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, who wrote Frankenstein; that George Eliot was a woman named Mary Ann Evans who lived in sin with a married man; that D. H. Lawrence fell in love with a woman named Frieda who left her children for him, and was followed to New Mexico by one Lady Brett, who eavesdropped on Lorenzo and Frieda by hiding behind trees and extending her ear trumpet in their direction.) Such literary gossip was absorbed with a received body of interpretation articulated by great critics and handed down by Professors of English: Coleridge, A. C. Bradley, and G. Wilson Knight on Shakespeare; F. R. Leavis on Eliot, Lawrence, or Henry James. One saw each writer in relation to his literary predecessors and the conventions of his time, and was told how each initiated new directions for literature and influenced his successors. If one assimilated this tradition, he received a comforting sense of cultural continuity and identity, and as an aspiring teacher of English, could feel himself a spokesman and mediator of the great past.

There was something moralistic about teaching and learning the great tradition; one got the sense that reading literature and pronouncing its great themes or ideas somehow fostered the moral enlargement of mankind.

When cultural demystification began to overtake us in the late 60's, the first thing I noticed about this so-called "great tradition" was that all the writers who comprise it are male or male-identified (Mary Ann Evans having disguised her sex in order to publish), and white; and with the exception of Henry James and T. S. Eliot, both expatriate Americans, all are English. Indeed, in his book The Great Tradition, F. R. Leavis has a short paragraph mentioning Emily Bronte (who also used a male pseudonym), whom he excludes from the tradition because her novels were self-reflexive and non-realistic; and in his most recent study, English as a Discipline of Thought, Leavis explicitly dismisses contemporary American English from the "living principle" of intuitive creative thought in language.

Among people who felt that language was their common property and who had been indoctrinated with the great tradition, and thus felt a part of the living principle of creative thought in language, but who were American and/or women, and/or not white or phallocentric, it was obvious that something would have to give. The first thing to go was the idea of a received tradition of interpretation. While the great works of the canon largely remained, in the 30's and 40's in this country "New Critics" began to challenge the idea that literary study was comprised of absorbing facts about the ambience or context of a literary work — its history and relationship to other works, the biography of the author, what commentators had said about it. The "New Critics," Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren for example, insisted that the study of literature was the development of an intense, attentive style of reading particular literary texts, more or less in isolation from other texts. "Close reading" became the mainstay of literary education as a result of the labors of critics like Brooks and Warren. Students were asked to consider separate literary texts as "things-in-themselves," as "objects" or "artifacts" carefully constructed of patterns of imagery and intricately related formal devices.
Literature was seen as a network of imaginative language rather than as only a vehicle for the great ideas of great men.

What I value about “New Criticism” is its precision and its democracy. Anyone with eyes and a brain in his head can do it. You don’t have to read the critics in order to read literature. You simply sit down and read the text. You notice what is repeated or iterative throughout the work and you analyze how the parts are put together or structured. Once you have identified a set of significant elements, you re-synthesize them into a totality that re-creates the original text in terms of your own imaginative participation, ingenuity, and wit. Under the aegis of the “New Criticism” (now called the “old New Criticism”), students were taught to focus on the “unity” of the work, to discern its significant elements and demonstrate their organic interrelatedness to one another. Instead of interpreting the “meaning” or “message” or “moral” of the work, one was asked to define first of all what it was. “A poem should not mean, but be.” The ideology of the New Criticism set students of the 50’s and early 60’s to work on minute analyses of “ambiguity” and aesthetic tensions between compared and contrasted elements. What the French call “explication de texte” began to assume in this country an importance that challenged the notion that a literary education is the assimilation of the ideas of a received canon of great writers.

But, while classes were likely to be spent analyzing a poem without disclosing its author or talking about his historical context, graduate students were still expected to demonstrate familiarity with literature from at least five “historical periods” in order to qualify as college English teachers; and even today I am troubled when an English major tells me s/he’s never read Tennyson, or doesn’t know what century Christina Rossetti wrote in, or who the pre-Raphaelites were. In spite of the fact that we realize that there is simply too much literature to expect anyone to read all of it, there seems to be no escaping the idea that “English” is bound up with a cultural heritage, even if we re-define our method of approaching that heritage, say as active diligent close readers rather than passive diligent vessels of the great ideas of the great tradition.

For all the liberation that the New Criticism brought us in the 50’s and 60’s, its limitation was its enslavement to the text — the domination of the text or “object” over the subject or reader. For the ideology of received interpretation, the New Critics substituted the ideology of text — the text as sacred object. “Do not look outside the text!” students were told. “Forget the author and his culture.” “Do not allow subjective interpretations to get between yourself and the words on the page.” The New Critics had been influenced by the phenomenology of Husserl and Heidegger, which stresses the description of objects or phenomena in the outer world, and distinguishes phenomena from the mind’s construction of them. For the old New Critics, literature was a kind of phenomenon which should be studied as a thing-in-itself, separate from other human constructs: a poem was “palpable and mute, like a globed fruit,” autonomous, self-contained.

But we know that our perceptions of phenomena are shaped by who we are, our personal styles and cultural locations. There can’t be literature without a reader or listener who gives meaning to the words spoken or printed on a page. A text is simply black or sometimes red or purple marks on paper. Like the Uncertainty Principle in Physics, which says that if we know the speed and direction of a particle we cannot know its position; and if we know where it is, we can’t know where it’s going or at what speed, so it is with literature, which is a matter of signs whose meaning is indeterminate though it may be circumscribed. Literature is now conceived as a process occurring in language, according to which individual minds encounter one another in words and so share their experience.

It is here that psychoanalytic criticism becomes relevant to our discussion. Language and mind are inseparable: without an author, there would be no text; without a reader, there would be no meaning. As the science of subjectivity, psychoanalysis can explain how the levels of our being show themselves in the imagery and diction with which we express our styles of perception. This is true for both readers and authors; and their biographies become significant not as contexts for decoding their works, but as alternative spaces in which they symbolize the same psychic concerns central in their language.

As I mentioned in opening, psychoanalytic criticism of literature is not new. Indeed, it is older than the old New Criticism. It began in 1897 when Freud, in a letter to his friend Wilhelm Fliss, announced that the power of Sophocles’ *Oedipus Rex* derives from its presentation of fulfilled and punished childhood wishes of love for one’s mother and fantasized murder of the father as rival. Freud said that he had discovered oedipal love and jealousy in his own case, and thought it was a general fact of early childhood. “If that is the case,” wrote Freud, “the gripping power of *Oedipus Rex*, in spite of all the rational
psychoanalytic insight had been on unconscious Id wishes, or instinctual drives to recreate infantile pleasures, later in parts of himself as well. And, whereas the first focus of simply genital. The child's first lover is not the mother as a found that childhood fantasies were polymorphous, not 

Hegel said that a tragic hero is innocent of what he is guilty of. This seems to apply to Oedipus, who performs his crimes unconsciously. The reverse applies to Hamlet, who is guilty of what he is innocent of; that is, Hamlet has, in Freud's reading, performed the deed of Oedipus in his unconscious but not in fact. The crucial ideas here are the concept of the unconscious and the distinction made between the overt themes of the plays, revenge in Hamlet and free will vs. destiny in Oedipus, and the depth material which speaks to repressed childhood fantasies. Freud's distinction between the surface of the play and its depth has revolutionized our thinking about literature.

Freud locates literature's power not in its conscious themes or ideas, but in unconscious complexes which inform its structure. A great work of literature for Freud is a kind of universal dream embodying typical childhood fantasies transformed in such a way that we are moved by a kind of universal dream embodying typical childhood fantasies reaching back to childhood. In The Interpretation of Dreams, Freud goes on to apply his oedipal insight to Hamlet, where he finds that Hamlet's delay in taking vengeance on Claudius expresses an inability to confront the man who embodies as fulfilled Hamlet's own childhood wishes to murder his father and take his place. Freud notes that whereas the oedipal material in Sophocles' play is in the open, in Hamlet, it remains repressed.

Before Holland, literary psychoanalysts dealt primarily with plays and stories because literary critics who knew anything about psychoanalysis usually knew only about the Unconscious and the Oedipus complex; and dramas and stories, which have plots, lend themselves quite readily to oedipal interpretation — love rivalries, hidden crimes, and the like. Also, since psychoanalysis is predicated on the notion of aspects of the mind in conflict, dramas and narratives with characters in conflict can easily be seen as symbolizations of opposing forces in the psyche: Claudius embodies Hamlet's unconscious wishes; Africa as the Heart of Darkness is the repressed aspect of Marlowe the white imperialist descending into himself.

The Dynamics of Literary Response, Norman Holland applies ego psychology to literature. This marks the second phase of psychoanalytic criticism.

As Freud began to develop his theory of childhood however, he found that the Oedipus complex was the top of a ladder reading back to birth, if not to prenativity. He found that childhood fantasies were polymorphous, not simply genital. The child's first lover is not the mother as a whole being, but parts of her — eyes, mouth, breast; and parts of himself as well. And, whereas the first focus of psychoanalytic insight had been on unconscious Id wishes, or instinctual drives to recreate infantile pleasures, later in his career, Freud began to focus on the ego as a synthesizer of inner demands from the Id, which says, "I want. I want!" or "Do it!" and the Superego or internalized parent, who says, "You can't have; don't do it, or you will be punished." Freud's daughter Anna worked out this aspect of psychoanalytic thought in her book, The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense; and Erik Erikson, analyzed by Anna and influenced theoretically by her, reformulated psychoanalysis in terms of the way we mediate and master inner and outer realities as we pass through stages of biological and social development from infancy to old age. In Childhood and Society, Erikson charts the growth of the ego through pre-oedipal and post-oedipal socialization; and in The Dynamics of Literary Response, Norman Holland applies ego psychology to literature. This marks the second phase of psychoanalytic criticism.

Holland put forth the idea that a literary work is analogous to a dream. Just as for Freud, the manifest or surface level of a dream is a disguise or transformation of a latent or unconscious wish or set of wishes, for Holland a literary text is a transformation of a core of fantasy reaching back to childhood. "In effect, the literary work dreams a dream for us. It embodies and evokes in us a central fantasy; then
it manages and controls that fantasy by devices that, were they in a mind, we would call defenses, but, being on a page, we call 'form.' In defining fantasies, Holland went beyond the stereotype of the voyeuristic psychoanalyst searching out phallic symbols and patterns of incest. He makes extensive use of oral, anal, urethral and phallic categories not simply as body parts, but as emotional, ethical, and interpersonal themes, as Erikson uses them. Holland's idea that the formal devices of literature are like ego defenses allowed him to approach non-dramatic and non-fictional forms — prose and lyric poetry. Because he wrote from the point of view of a literary critic rather than simply as an analyst, the perspective of Holland's work illuminated literary issues like style, ambiguity, and overdetermination or multiple-functioning of literary imagery.

This I call the "new New Criticism." Holland could relate the sense of richness we have about aesthetic language to levels of the psyche converging in an image, just as an image in a dream is formed by a compromise between the press of several latent thoughts towards manifestation and the disguise required by the censor who must protect sleep while allowing the unconscious to emerge. Finally, in his analysis of the psychology of the "Willing Supervisor of Disbelief" that allows literary participation, Holland set the groundwork for a more precise model of the reading process by which we introject or absorb a literary work and make it part of our psyches. His idea is that the formal techniques and intellectual themes of literature provide defensive structures which engage consciousness in interpretation and appreciation while at a deeper level we regress to a kind of oral fusion with the work and project our fantasies into the text much as a dreamer projects wish fulfillments onto a dream screen in sleep. As consciousness assimilates and transforms the surface of a text, the unconscious responds at a depth level to activated and managed fears and wishes.

Although this theory sounds innocuous, the initial reaction of the literary establishment was repudiation. Because he suggested that different writers favor different libidinal levels in their imagery and this is one way to characterize style, Holland was accused of pigeonholing writers in terms of body parts or fantasies; for example, people were outraged to read that Dickens and Hopkins are 'anal writers,' and that "Dover Beach" and Macbeth's "Tomorrow and tomorrow" speech may be seen as disguised primal scene fantasies. Personally, I find the introduction of the language of the body into literary criticism an immensely liberating activity, no stranger than the idea that certain texts are "touchstones," or that different literary genres correspond to different seasons of the year. After all, the body and the family are what we have in common, like language; and the best theory of the origin of language I know suggests that words were invented as a way of symbolizing, concentrating and heightening sensory experience (Cassirer). Psychosomatic expression is a cornerstone of psychoanalysis. Freud found in his work with hysterics that the body was being used as a signifier; and the transaction of analysis was to verbalize the body's message: "putting affects into words." I think Holland shows rather convincingly in his analyses of literary commentators that their interpretations are shot through with fantasy content that can be related to the unconscious somatic themes of the works they are writing about.

Partially in response to his critics and partially in response to the third phase of psychoanalytic thinking, Holland revised his ideas after 1968. He no longer spoke of unconscious fantasies as embodied in a literary work because he was forced to admit that fantasies imply a mind fantasizing and a literary work has no mind, so it has no unconscious or meaning without someone who projects it. As a man of science, Holland rejected the idea of theorizing about an author's mind because he didn't think it was something he could experiment with. He set out to discover whether by analyzing a literary text in terms of fantasy and defense and then analyzing several readers in the same terms, he could predict and verify what kinds of interpretations different readers would generate. In other words, he was analyzing what is called "object relations," the latest development of British psychoanalysis, associated in literary study with D. W. Winnicott. Holland found in his experiments that he could not pre-determine the outcome of a meeting between a reader and a text no matter how extensively each was analyzed beforehand, but that there were general principles within which the literary transaction could be said to operate. Holland concluded that readers read "DEFTLY," and he symbolized this by the radical sign we use for square root in mathematics: \( \sqrt{ } \). The "De" in "deft" stands for defenses. If a literary work offers its formal structure defenses that match our own cognitive styles of synthesizing and managing reality, we will say it is a good work. We will take it into ourselves, fantasize in relation to it, and enjoy it. Once we have fantasized we will work with the text to transform our activated fantasies toward meaning. The "f" and "t" in "deft" mean fantasy—transformation. In terms of the radical sign, we can think of the three steps of defense, fantasy, transformation as the left end of the sign, the
bottom tip, and the long line on the right. The small horizontal position on the left images the tight process of filtering a literary work through the defensive aspects of one's cognitive or ego style, one's characteristic way of assimilating and managing the outer world. Once the literary text enters the mind, the experience drops down to deeper, unconscious levels and there becomes transformed in terms of the wishes associated with one's fantasies pressing for gratification and transformation toward coherence and significance. At this transformed level, we talk about our literary experience to others; we criticize and interpret, passing the work through our minds from primitive fantasy and enjoyment to intellectual interpretation and appreciation. Holland says we read literary works to symbolize and reduplicate ourselves. We work out through the text our own characteristic patterns of desire and adaptation. If our characteristic adaptations are met by the work, fine; if not, we will probably reject it in frustration or disinterest. Just as we interpret each new experience in terms of our habitual styles of coping with reality, so in each literary work we search out what we wish or fear the most; and to respond, we must be able to recreate our characteristic strategies for dealing with those wishes and fears. Holland imagines, for example, several people who all perceive authority-figures as their central desire and danger in life. One of these people might characterizedly deal with authority figures she both fears and is attracted to by establishing limits or qualifications to their authority: she might relate to Hamlet in terms of the opportunities found in the play for such alternatives; for her, dualisms, split characters, or the interplay of multiple plots would be of significance. Another person might characterize itself deal with authority she both fears and is attracted to by establishing limits or qualifications to their authority: she might relate to Hamlet by discovering and stressing irony and farce in the play — Osric, Polonius, the grave digger, and in general the mistaken purposes and plots that reoccur on their inventors. A third person might deal with authority by total compliance and she might respond by seeking out the author's intention or purpose behind the play: e.g., “Are we getting the message Shakespeare intended in this play?” Thus, an individual shapes the materials offered by a literary work in order to achieve her wishes and master her fears; in short, she symbolizes herself every time she interprets a text.

As a theoretical human being, psychoanalysis seems to have developed backwards. It began with the oedipal family and in its current phase has regressed to the oral symbiosis of the mother-infant dyad as the model for object relations. The first phase of psychoanalysis is the discovery of the unconscious and its focus is the Oedipus complex; the second phase is the theory of pre-oedipal development of a style of managing inner and outer demands. The third phase is the phase of identity theory. This grows out of Erikson's concept of ego style and makes its way to literary study through Holland's use of Heinz Lichtenstein's concept of an identity theme. Lichtenstein believes that out of the infinite potential identities each new born infant brings into the world, his or her mother activates one specific style of relating in terms of the unconscious significance the infant has for her. She communicates this significance at first in body language — holding, nursing, bathing, dressing, and then through the image the child forms of himself as he sees himself reflected in his mother's face, especially in her eyes. What he sees when he looks at her is intimately related to what she sees when she looks at him. Their identities are symbiotic and mutually dependent. Lichtenstein sees this erotic symbiosis as the basis of an imprinting according to which a child receives an identity-theme or style of relating which s/he carries throughout life and acts out in endless variations. Holland suggests that one's identity theme is at the root of his literary response. As we read, we recreate our identities through the medium of the text. He says, “style seeks itself.” Just as all aspects of a literary text can be related to one central theme, so all our behaviors, of which reading is one, can be related to a single identity running through them. This provides us with a new concept of the basis of one's feeling of continuity in literature. It is not so much that the texts are continuous with one another, though they may be, but that we find ourselves wherever we look because we are constantly re-creating ourselves in our responses to literature. We fuse with a literary work and re-create and are created by it in the same way as a child's identity is created in original symbiosis.

It is also true that we are creating our identities whenever we construe the world, or for that matter, when we dream, get dressed, give a lecture, or study calculus; and these activities therefore become “texts” which can fruitfully be accorded the same close scrutiny the “New Critics” reserved for literature. What is unique about the literary version of this process is that it is articulate in language and therefore self-conscious. Literary study is a paradigm for knowing in the sense that it can make explicit the relation between the knower and the known by analyzing the ambiguous and indeterminate "transitional
space” between them, the “third realm” neither totally public nor totally private that defines their relationship. As far as literary criticism is concerned, from a subjectivist or third phase psychoanalytic point of view, the reason we read Coleridge on Shakespeare is to find out about Coleridge, and what he and Shakespeare share in language. Criticism may be seen as the literary art of the critic, as The Well Wrought Urn by Cleanth Brooks demonstrates, or for that matter, Freud’s essay on “The Theme of the Three Caskets” or almost anything by Norman Holland, Harold Bloom, or Geoffrey Hartman. In our best English classes, where students are the most intensely articulate about their literary responses and ideas, the line conventionally drawn between communicative and aesthetic language should break down, and the discipline of English should be found as much in the language of the speakers as in the texts they read.

There is an impulse in contemporary French criticism to equalize all writing and to discard the notion of a literary tradition or even the idea of writing criticism about literature as opposed to something else. Literature is one of a number of interpretable symbolic activities, and there are no agreed upon privileged texts. Roland Barthes, for example, analyzes costumes and restaurant menus. In reaction to what is felt to be an improper subservience of literature to theory, the French-American critic René Girard has studied Freud’s essay on narcissism as a literary text which can be illuminated by Proust’s treatment of snobbery and love in The Remembrance of Things Past. This is a neat reversal; instead of using psychoanalysis to study literature, Girard uses literature to study psychoanalysis. Jacques Derrida writes about écriture (writing) and his critical exercises seem like endless, joyous self-reflexive games in words, offering no insights into any particular literary work or works. A similar idea was expressed by a Trinity colleague who complained about widespread rumors of undergraduate illiteracy by asking “Why don’t you people in the English Department teach English for a change?” My answer to such a question is that if in its most fundamental sense English is language, everyone not speaking in a foreign tongue, is teaching English every time he opens his mouth to speak.

I want to conclude by analyzing a poem by the American poet Hilda Doolittle as a way of demonstrating what I mean by English — the power of words to articulate our identities and desires:

Now polish the crucible
and in the bowl distill
a word most bitter, marah,
a word bitterer still, mar.

sea, brine, breaker, seducer,
giver of life, giver of tears;

now polish the crucible
and set the jet of flame

Under, till marah-mar
are melted, fuse and join

and change and alter,
mer, mere, mère, mater, Maia, Mary,

Star of the Sea,
Mother.

The poem is an incantation that builds and seems to evoke the presence of the Mother it names in the last line. It is one long sentence divided by a semi-colon or half stop, emphasizing a separation that finally doesn’t divide, and a fusion of the words into the final one, “Mother.” Alliteration of sibilants, “polish,” “crucible,” “distill,” “most,” “still,” “sea,” “seducer,” “tears,” suggests the sound of sea waves as they roll, withdrawing and returning; and the percussive sounds in “bowl,” “bitter,” “bitterer,” “brine,” “breaker,” “seducer” suggest severance, separate entities. The crucible and jet of flame suggest a ritual or ceremony of some sort, or perhaps alchemy or simply a modern laboratory experiment. What is being fused are separate words and what is being created or evoked is a maternal image. The Hebrew words “mar” and “marah” transform into their Latin, French, and English derivatives; and the etymological or linguistic origins mediate connection to biological origins in the sea as Mother. At the same time as the Mother is imagined, she is placed at the remote distance of a star. After the flame is set, images of changing, melting, and altering make two separate entities into one: “marah-mar”; the bitter sea becomes a Star of the Sea, bringing together water and
fire, the primary physical elements first mentioned as brine and flame.

When I gave this poem to a class of students early in a graduate course in the psychoanalytic theory of literature, I received a range of fairly predictable first phase psychoanalytic symbolic decodings: the crucible and the bowl are feminine forms of containment; the sea as seducer is the oedipal mother who breaks her oral bond with the child and gives tears of separation after having brought forth life. The polishing, the jet of flame, and the fusing suggest genital contact; and the poem ends with a linguistic version of biological creation which simultaneously restores the mother's sexual purity as the Virgin Mary and her unattainability as a Star of the Sea.

Second phase psychoanalytic readers tended to see the poem in terms of orality — the omnipotent power of words to evoke and create, as in the prototypical child's cry for the mother's presence. The association of mother and mirror is suggested in the words "marih" and "mere," and in the idea of the Star of the Sea — the sea as a reflecting surface, like the polished crucible, which may be imagined to shine like a star. The roundness of the bowl is like the mother's body the child wants to fuse with but is barred from by the bitterness of oral separation — the withdrawal of the sea-mother. The mirror is the mother's eyes reflecting the child, and the sea is an image of oceanic oral at-oneness, the primary wish of the poem, iterated in the following images of melting, joining, and fusing. The oral fantasy of the poem, in this reading, is directed away from the early distasteful bitter images to later ones of warmth: brine becomes flame. The separation of the speaker and the sea becomes a fusion of the speaker and the mother. The speaker desires oneness with the sea and attains it through language.

A third phase psychoanalytic reading saw this poem as an expression of H.D.'s identity theme, an archaeological dig through language to discover mythological origins. In these terms, the poem may be read as archeological self-discovery and self-creation in language. H.D. attempts to forge a poetic identity connecting with her origins in ancient word roots — Hebrew — "mar" — bitter; "marah" — bitterness, Latin "mater," mother, and "Maia," an earth goddess, mother of Hermes, a god of boundaries and transformations who, as we know from H.D.'s account of her analysis with Freud, was a mythological figure of identification for her. "Maia" also suggests the Indian word "Maya," illusion, which relates back to the archetypal mother as a breaker and sederer, a bitter salt sea who gives life but also gives tears. The progression mer (sea), mere (only), mere, mater, Maia, and Mary seems to be sequential translation of the words for the Mother Archetype from French, to Latin, to its modern Christian incarnation in the Virgin. By connecting herself through language with these various versions of the Mother, H.D. invites the reader to do the same. The poem is a commandment. "Polish the crucible and in the bowl distill": Do it yourself; put your language together and connect with your origins. I read the poem in the same spirit as I read Hélène Cixous' recent essay, "The Laugh of the Medusa," an exhortation to women authors: "Write and your self-seeking text will know itself better than flesh and blood, rising, insurrectionary dough kneading itself, with sonorous, perfumed ingredients, a lively combination of flying colors, leaves, and rivers plunging into the sea we feed."

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SUGGESTED READING:
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Poetry

by Elizabeth K. Tyson

The geese have flown.
I heard them last night
as I balanced on a ladder
putting outdoor Christmas lights
on the corner pine.
They were talking softly as they went;
comforting each other
as they fled from winter.
And all I know is feelings;
feelings. I am so easily swayed.
You stand up tall
and solid as that pine. Your security
reaches out to me and for awhile
I feel safe.
While you are gone,
the cells in my body will divide
and replace themselves a million times.
And I will replace feelings for feelings
and balance my sad self;
bound to tumble. Away,
holding strings of Christmas lights
clasped tight and trailing.

Simsbury
These hills had jostled each other
shoulder to shoulder
until they rested here so deeply
their breathing is almost heard
moving in the mist of cattle
combing in their dusking field;
moving the soulless, sad creatures
to be silent and listen
and breathe deep and listen again.
I had wanted to walk by the trees
whose muscled limbs reached
down to the river.
I had wanted to wrap the still,
rising mist around me like a shawl.
I had wanted to touch the sorrow of the cattle
and hold it like a child
as summer slipped finally away
with long hair trailing
and one hand waving and back.
Still, nothing holds a final key. "Listen!"
the tick you heard was an old cricket,
a branch sprung loose under the weight of an owl.
And the mist, only the rags of time.

Piano Teacher
You sat in your house, afternoons,
after your husband died,
in the slanted light,
amicred velvet chairs and lace,
pictures of a raging sea
he had painted many times
in different lights,
pictures of Scotland and kilted golfers
that he had longed for.
It was that hunger for home
that had come out on his canvases
in different lights.
You too longed for Scotland,
and surely wept for him
as I punched the piano keys
and you listened, correcting me
over and over. I had
no feel for the keys.
You've died now too,
the horrible cold feeling in each foot
spreading up like a forerunner
announcing finally, through the doctor's voice,
"not enough circulation,
they'll have to go, the legs."
One then the other they went.
You died, anyway.
And in heaven there must be a God
who'll give you back your legs at the gate
so you can come in dancing.
I still have no feel for the keys
but you left me the longing;
the longing for some Scotland.
You left me those pictures of raging,
different lighted seas.

Simsbury in November
The hills have gone to grey.
These small hills in Simsbury
put their heads down and wait for winter.
The land is feeling its age now.
Like an old woman, it pulls the browned,
dead grass of the fields
up to its chin and lies still.
How lonely she looks lying here
with the closed, lighted houses sitting
on her faded chest.
The only things left to comfort her
are the crews that lift
spreading their pinions like fingers;
a squash left among the vines
and bitten to uselessness by the first frost.

Elizabeth K. Tyson, Class of 1977, is a psychology major.
The Impact of Technology Upon Patient Care: The Evolution of the Modern Health Care System

by Joseph D. Bronzino

Introduction

Technology's impact upon our society has indeed been profound. In a relatively short period of time it has affected every facet of our life, and never was this fact more significant than in the area of medicine and the delivery of health care services. Although the art of medicine was practiced by primitive man, the evolution of a technologically-based health care system is a decidedly new phenomenon. The establishment of the modern hospital as the focal point of this highly technical system with the "specialist physician" as its primary proponent, has come about only in this century.

As technology has molded medical care, engineering professionals have become intimately involved in many medical ventures. As a result of many efforts to develop a common basis for the interaction of professionals from different scientific cultures, the discipline of biomedical engineering has emerged as a vital activity with enormous potential. As an integrating medium for two dynamic professions, medicine and engineering, it has the broad objective of assisting in the struggle against illness and disease by providing tools and techniques for research, diagnosis and treatment.

As with any important new discipline, biomedical engineering has its own history, its own personal character which must be understood if any serious dialogue between disciplines is to flourish. For only when this understanding exists can individuals function as a "team" to solve the difficult problems confronting the health care delivery system in this country and continue to explore the possibilities for improved diagnosis and therapy so necessary for the maximum development of the medical arts.

Since a highly technical perspective is not only a medical "fact of life" but will continue to expand, the purpose of this article is to introduce the reader to the impact technology has had on health care delivery in the past and some implications for the future.

The Beginnings

In the beginning of medicine, diseases were considered to be "visitations" — the whimsical acts of affronted gods or spirits. Early medical practice, therefore, became the domain of the witch doctor and the medicine man. Yet, even as magic became an integral part of the healing process and occupied the minds of all early medical men, the cult and the art of these early practitioners was never entirely limited to the supernatural. For these individuals also developed a primitive science based upon empirical laws. By using their natural instincts and learning from experience, they acquired and codified certain reliable practices. They advanced, for example, herb doctoring, bonesetting, surgery and midwifery. Just as early man learned from observation that certain plants and grains were good to eat and could be cultivated, so the medicine man or shaman observed the nature of certain illnesses and their treatments and passed on his confirmed experience to other generations.

Evidence is available that even "early man" took an active rather than simply intuitive, interest in the curative arts and acted out the role of a surgeon, a user of tools. In skulls, — which have been collected in various parts of Europe, Asia and South America — are to be found the holes made by the trephiners. These holes were cut out of the bone with flint instruments to gain access to the brain. One can only speculate about the purpose of these early surgical operations, although magic and religious beliefs seem the most likely reasons. Perhaps this procedure liberated from the skull the malicious demons who were thought to be the cause of extreme pain (as in the case of migraine) or attacks of falling to the ground (as in epilepsy). That this procedure was carried out on living patients and some of them actually survived is evident from the rounded edges showing that the bone had grown again after the operation. These survivors also achieved a special status of sanctity, so that after their death pieces of their skull were used as amulets to ward off convulsive attacks.

From these beginnings, the practice of medicine has become an integral part of all human societies and cultures, and it is interesting to note the fate of some of the most successful of these early practitioners. The Egyptians, for example, have held Imhotep, the architect of the first pyramid (3000 B.C.) in great esteem through the centuries, not as a pyramid builder, but as a doctor. His name signified "He who cometh in peace" because he visited the sick to give them "peaceful sleep." Imhotep practiced his art so well that he was deified as the god of healing.

As with primitive man, Egyptian mythology emphasized the concern of the supernatural with health. Even the use of the mystic sign Rx which adorns all prescriptions today has a myth — The legend of the Eye of Horus — as its origin. It appears that as a child, Horus lost his vision after a vicious attack by Seth, the demon of evil. Isis, the mother of Horus, called upon Thoth, the most important god of health, who promptly restored the eye and its
powers. The Eye of Horus became the Egyptian symbol of godly protection and recovery and its descendant Rx serves as the most visible link between ancient and modern medicine.

The concepts and practices of Imhotep and the medical cult he fostered were duly recorded on papyrus and stored. One scroll (dated c. 1500 B.C.) acquired by George Elbers in 1873 contains hundreds of remedies for numerous afflictions ranging from crocodile bite to constipation. A second famous papyrus (dated c. 1700 B.C.) discovered by Edwin Smith in 1862 is considered to be the most important and complete treatise on surgery of all antiquity. These writings outline proper diagnosis, prognoses and treatment in a series of surgical cases. These two papyri are certainly among the outstanding works in medical history.

As the influence of ancient Egypt spread, Imhotep was identified by the Greeks with their own god of healing, Aesculapius. According to legend, Aesculapius was fathered by the god Apollo, during one of his many earthly visits. Apparently Apollo was a concerned parent; and, as is the case for many modern parents, he wanted his son to be a physician. He made Chiron, the centaur, tutor Aesculapius in the ways of healing. Aesculapius became so proficient as a healer that he soon surpassed his tutor and kept people so healthy that he even began to affect the population of Hades—decreasing it, of course. Pluto, the god of the underworld, complained so violently about this course of events that Zeus killed Aesculapius with a thunderbolt and in the process promoted him to Olympus as a god.

Inevitably mythology has become entangled with historical facts and it is not certain whether Aesculapius was in fact an earthly physician like Imhotep, the Egyptian. One thing is clear, however; by 1000 B.C., medicine was already a highly respected profession. The Aesculapia were temples of the healing cult, and may be considered among the first hospitals employed by man. By modern definition, these temples were essentially sanatoriums, having strong religious overtones. The patients were received and psychologically prepared, through prayer and sacrifice, to appreciate the past achievements of Aesculapius and his physician-priests. After the appropriate rituals were completed, the patient was allowed to enjoy "temple sleep." During the night, one of the "healers" would visit with him to administer medical advice if he was awake, or interpret his dreams, if he was not. In this way, the patient was convinced that he would be cured if the prescribed regimen (i.e., diet, drugs or blood-letting) was followed. On the other hand, if he remained skeptical it would be because he did not possess enough faith. Interestingly enough, the patient, not the treatment was a fault. This early use of the "power of suggestion" was effective even then, and is still significant in medical treatment today. The notion of "healthy mind, healthy body" is a very valid one indeed.

One of the most celebrated of these "healing" temples was on the island of Cos — the birthplace of Hippocrates who as a youth became exposed to the curative arts since his father was a physician. Hippocrates was not so much an innovative physician as he was a collector of all the remedies and techniques that existed up to that time. Since he viewed the physician as a man of science instead of a priest, Hippocrates also injected an essential ingredient into medicine: scientific spirit. Diagnostic observation and clinical treatment began to replace superstition. Instead of blaming disease on the gods, Hippocrates taught that disease is a natural process, one which developed in logical steps, and that symptoms are reactions of the body to disease. The body itself, he emphasized, possesses its own means of recovery and the function of the physician is to aid the natural forces within. Hippocrates treated each patient as an original case to be studied and documented. His shrewd description of diseases are models for physicians even today. In Hippocrates, and the school and tradition which stems from him, are to be found the first real break from magic and mysticism and the foundation of the rational art of medicine. However, as a practitioner, Hippocrates represented the spirit, not the science, of medicine, and has become the embodiment of the Good Physician — the friend of the patient, and the humane expert. Hippocrates and the school of Cos also trained a number of outstanding individuals who then migrated to the corners of the Mediterranean world to practice medicine and spread the philosophies of their preceptor.

As the sun of the Roman Empire reached its zenith and its influence expanded across half the world, it became heir to the great cultures it absorbed, including the medical advances made by them. While the Romans themselves did little to further the advancement of clinical medicine (i.e., the treatment of the individual patient), they did make outstanding contributions to public health. They had a well organized army medical service which accompanied the legions on their various campaigns to provide "first aid on the battlefield" and even established "base hospitals" for convalescents at strategic points throughout the empire. Their sewer system and the construction of aqueducts were truly remarkable accomplishments and the Romans enjoyed the medical and social advantages of sanitary living. It was the medical men's insistence on clean drinking water, unadulterated foods, that effected control of epidemics. However primitive, it made urban existence possible. Unfortunately, without adequate scientific knowledge about diseases, all the preoccupation of the Romans with public health could not avert the periodic medical disasters that mercilessly befell its citizens — particularly the plague.

Initially, Greek physicians and their art were looked upon with disfavor by their Roman masters. However, as the years passed, the favorable impression which these disciples of Hippocrates made upon the people became widespread. As a reward for their service to the peoples of the Empire, Caesar (46 B.C.) granted Roman citizenship to all practitioners of medicine. Their new status was so secure that when Rome suffered from famine that same year, they were the only foreigners not expelled from the
city. On the contrary, they were even offered bonuses to stay.

Ironically, Galen, who is considered the greatest physician in the history of Rome, was himself a Greek. Honored by the emperor for curing his "imperial fever," Galen became the medical celebrity of Rome. He was arrogant and a braggart, and, unlike Hippocrates, reported only successful cases. Nevertheless, he was a remarkable physician. Diagnosis by Galen became a fine art; and, in addition to taking care of his own patients, he responded to requests for medical advice from the far reaches of the Empire. He was so industrious that he wrote more than 300 books concerning his anatomical observations, his selective case histories, the drugs he prescribed, and his boasts. His anatomy, however, was misleading because he had the prevailing objection to human dissection and drew his human analogies solely from the studies of animals. However, because he so dominated the medical scene, and was openly endorsed by the Church he actually inhibited medical inquiry. His views and writings became both the "bible" and "the law" as far as the pontiffs and pundits of the ensuing Dark Ages were concerned.

With the collapse of the Roman Empire, the Church became the repository of knowledge — particularly of all the knowledge that had drifted through the centuries into the Mediterranean. This knowledge, including that concerning medicine, was scattered through the monasteries and dispersed among the many Orders of the Church.

The new gospel and the belief in divine mercy made inquiry into the causes of death unnecessary and even undesirable. Curing patients by rational methods became viewed as sinful interference with the will of God. The employment of drugs signified a lack of faith and scientific medicine fell into disrepute. As a result, for almost a thousand years, medical research stood still. Not until the Renaissance was any significant progress made concerning the science of medicine. Hippocrates had taught that illness was not a punishment sent by the gods, but something to be studied as a phenomenon of nature. But now, under the Church, the older views of the supernatural origins of disease were renewed and promulgated. Since disease implied demonic possession, the sick were treated by the monks and priests through prayer; laying on of hands, exorcism, penances and the exhibition of holy relics — practices officially sanctioned by the Church.

Although deficient in medical knowledge, the Dark Ages were not entirely lacking in the Christian virtue of charity towards the sick poor. The Christian physicians treated rich and poor alike. Society assumed responsibility for the sick. The evolution of the modern hospital also began with the advent of Christianity and is considered a major contribution of monastic medicine. With the coming of Constantine I in 335 A.D., the first of the Roman emperors to embrace Christianity, all pagan temples of healing were closed and hospitals were established in every cathedral city. The word "hospital" comes from the Latin "hospes" meaning host or guest; the same root has provided "hotel" and "hostel." These first hospitals were simply houses where weary travelers and the sick could find food, lodging and nursing care. All these hospitals were run by the Church, and medicine was practiced by the attending monks and nuns.

As the Christian ethic of faith, humanitarianism and charity spread throughout Europe and then to the Middle East during the Crusades, so did its "hospital system." However, trained "physicians" still plied their trade primarily in the homes of their patients, and only the weary travelers, the destitute, and those considered hopeless cases found their way to hospitals. Conditions in these early hospitals varied widely. Although a few of them were well financed and well managed, and treated their patients humanely — most were essentially custodial institutions to keep troublesome and infectious people away from the general public. In these establishments, crowding, filth and high mortality among both patients and attendants were commonplace. Thus, the hospital became an institution to be feared and shunned.

The Renaissance and Reformation loosened the Church's stronghold on both the hospital and the conduct of medical practice. During the Renaissance, "true learning" was reborn. The desire to pursue the true secrets of nature was rekindled and the advancement of medical knowledge was once again stimulated. The study of human anatomy was advanced and the seeds for further studies were planted by the artists Michelangelo, Raphael Durer, and of course, the genius, Leonardo da Vinci. They viewed the human body as it really was, and not simply as a text passage from Galen. The Renaissance painters depicted man in sickness and pain. They sketched in great detail and in the process demonstrated an amazing insight into the workings of the heart, lungs, brain and muscle structure. They also attempted to portray man as an individual and discover his emotional as well as physical qualities. In this stimulating era, physicians began to approach their patients and the pursuit of medical knowledge in similar fashion. New medical schools began to emerge similar to the most famous of such institutions at Salerno, Bologna, Montpellier, Padua, and Oxford. These medical training centers once again embraced the Hippocratic doctrine that the patient was human, disease was a natural process, and common sense therapies were appropriate in assisting the body to conquer its disease.

Before the Renaissance, physicians concerned themselves qualitatively with the nature of earth, air, fire and water and related these elements to the human body. Hippocrates had taught that each of these elements consisted of four qualities (1) "blood," which comes from the heart and represents heat; (2) "phlegm," which comes from the brain, generally diffuses and is cold; (3) "yellow bile," secreted from the liver and representing dryness and (4) "black bile," from the spleen and stomach, representing "wetness." During the Renaissance, these fundamental properties were examined more closely and the age of measurement began. In 1592, when Galileo visited Padua, he lectured on mathematics to an overflow audience filled
with medical students. His famous theories and inventions (thermoscope and the pendulum in addition to the telescopic lens) were expounded upon and demonstrated. Using these devices, one of his students (Sanctorius) made comparative studies of the human temperature and pulse. A future graduate of Padua, William Harvey, later applied Galileo’s laws of motion and mechanics to the problem of blood circulation. It was this ability to measure the amount of blood moving through the arteries that enabled the function of the heart to be determined.

Galileo encouraged the use of experimentation and exact measurement as scientific tools that could provide physicians with an effective check against reckless speculation. Quantitation meant theories could be verified before becoming acceptable. These new methods were incorporated into the activities of those individuals involved in medical research. Body temperature and pulse rate became measures which could be related to other symptoms to assist the physician in diagnosing specific illnesses or disease. Concurrently, the development of the microscope amplified man’s vision and an unknown world came into focus. Unfortunately, new scientific devices had little impact upon the average physician. They continued to blood-let, and disperse noxious ointments. Only in the universities did scientific groups band together, pool their instruments and their various talents.

In England, the medical profession found in Henry VIIIth a forceful and sympathetic patron. He assisted the doctors in their fight against malpractice and supported the establishment of the College of Physicians, the oldest purely medical institution in Europe. When he suppressed the monastery system in the early 16th century, church hospitals were taken over by the cities in which they were located. Thus a network of private, non-profit, voluntary hospitals came into being. Doctors and medical students replaced the nursing sisters and monk-physicians. As a result, the professional nursing class became almost non-existent in these public institutions. Only among the religious orders did “nursing” remain intact, further compounding the poor lot of patients confined within the walls of the public hospitals. These conditions were to continue until Florence Nightingale appeared on the scene years later.

Another dramatic event was to come. The demands made upon hospitals, especially urban hospitals became oppressive as the population of these urban centers continued to expand. There was no way that they could meet the needs of so many. As a result, during the 17th century two of the major urban hospitals in London — St. Bartholomew’s and St. Thomas — initiated a policy of admitting and attending to only those patients who could be cured. This left the incurables to meet their destiny in other institutions such as asylums, prisons or the almshouses.

Humanitarian and democratic movements occupied “center stage” in the 18th century. The notion of equal rights had come of age and as urbanization spread, society concerned itself with the welfare of all its members. Medical men broadened the scope of their services to include the “unfortunates” of society and helped to ease their suffering. They believed in the power of reason and spearheaded prison reform, child care, and the hospital movement. Ironically, as the hospital began to take up an active, curative role in medical care in the 18th century, the death rate among its patients continued to be excessive. In 1788, for example, the death rate among the patients at the Hotel Dru in Paris — thought to be founded in the seventh century, and the oldest hospital in existence today — was nearly 25%. Not only were these hospitals lethal to patients, but also to the attendants working in them. The death rate among them hovered between 6 and 12 percent per year.

As one can imagine, the hospital remained essentially a place to avoid. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the first American colonists were in no hurry to build hospitals. For example, the first hospital in America, the Pennsylvania Hospital, was not built until 1751 and it took over two hundred years for the City of Boston to erect its first hospital — the Massachusetts General, which opened its doors to the public in 1821.

It was not until the 19th century that hospitals could claim to benefit any significant number of patients. This era of progress was due primarily to the improved nursing practices fostered by Florence Nightingale on her return from the Crimean War. She demonstrated that hospital deaths were caused more frequently by hospital conditions than by the disease. During the latter part of the 19th century, she was at the height of her popularity and influence. Few new hospitals were built anywhere in the world without her advice. During the first 50 years of the 19th century, anaesthesia and the stethoscope had been discovered and new techniques for medical science were developing. Nightingale forced medical attention to focus once more on the care of the patient. Enthusiastically and philosophically she expressed her views on nursing: “Nursing is putting us in the best possible condition for nature to restore and preserve health.” And again: “The art is that of nursing the sick. Please mark, not nursing sickness.”

Although these efforts were significant, hospitals remained, until this century, institutions for the sick poor. In the 1870’s, for example, when the plans for the projected Johns Hopkins Hospital were reviewed, it was considered quite appropriate to have allocated 324 charity and 24 pay beds. Not only did the hospital population before the turn of the century represent but a narrow portion of the socio-economic spectrum: it also attended to a limited number of the type of diseases prevalent in the overall population. In 1873, for example, roughly half of America’s hospitals did not admit contagious diseases while many others would not admit incurables. Furthermore, in this period, surgery admissions in general hospitals was only five percent with trauma (i.e., injuries incurred by traumatic experience) making up a good proportion of these cases.
American hospitals a century ago were also rather simplistic in their organization requiring no special research or technological facilities. Only cooking and washing facilities were demanded with any vigor. In addition, since the attending and consulting physicians were normally unsalaried and the nursing costs were modest indeed, the great bulk of the hospital's normal operating expenses were food, drugs, heat and light. In this era, a large general hospital could operate on a $25,000 yearly budget quite comfortably.

Not until the 20th century did “modern medicine” in the United States come of age. And, as we shall see, technology played a significant role in its evolution.

The Modern Health Care System

In essence, “modern medical practice” is a relatively new phenomenon. Before 1900, medicine had little to offer the average citizen, since its resources were mainly the physician, his education, and his little black bag. Physicians were then in short supply, but for different reasons than exist today. Costs were minimal, demand small, and many of the services provided by the physician could also be obtained from experienced amateurs residing in the community. The individual’s dwelling was the major site for treatment and recuperation, while relatives and neighbors constituted an able and willing nursing staff. Babies were delivered by midwives, and those illnesses not cured by home remedies were left to run their fatal course. Only in this century did the tremendous explosion in scientific knowledge and technology lead to the development of the “American Health Care System” with the hospital as its focal point, and the specialist physician and nurse as its most visible operatives.

But, in the 20th century the advances made in the basic sciences (chemistry, physiology, pharmacology, etc.) began to occur much more rapidly. Ours is an era of intense interdisciplinary cross fertilization. Discoveries in the physical sciences made it possible for medical research to take giant strides forward. For example, in 1903, William Enthoven not only devised the string galvanometer but also the first electrocardiograph. He demonstrated the electrical changes that occurred during the beating of the heart; and in the process, gave birth to a new age for both cardiovascular medicine and electrical measurement techniques.

Of all the new discoveries that now followed one another like intermediates in a chain reaction, none was more significant for clinical medicine than the development of x-rays. When W.K. Roentgen described his “new kinds of rays,” the “inner man” was opened to medical inspection. Initially these x-rays were used in the diagnosis of bone fractures and dislocations. X-ray machines brought this “modern technology” into most urban hospitals in the U.S. In the process, separate departments of radiology were established and the influence of their activities spread. Almost every department of medicine (surgery, gynecology, etc.) advanced with the aid of this new tool. By the 1930’s, x-ray visualization of practically all the organ systems of the body was made possible by the use of barium salts and a wide variety of radio-opaque materials.

The power this technological innovation gave the physician was enormous. It permitted him to accurately diagnose a wide variety of diseases and injuries. In addition, housed within the hospital, it helped trigger the transformation of the hospital from a passive receptacle for the sick poor to an active curative institution for all the citizens of the American society.

When reviewing some of the most significant developments in health care practices, one is astounded to find that they have occurred fairly recently — that is, within the last fifty years. Consider, for example, that electroencephalography (EEG) — the recording of the electrical activity of the brain — was not available until 1929 when it was developed by Hans Berger. The information provided by this instrumentation technique has proven to be as important in the diagnoses of cerebral disease as the electrocardiograph (EKG) has been in heart disease.

Further, it was not until the introduction of sulfanilamide in the mid-30’s and penicillin in the early 1940’s that the main danger of hospitalization — that is, cross infection among patients was significantly reduced. With these new drugs in their arsenals, surgeons were permitted to perform their operations without prohibitive morbidity and mortality due to infection. Also consider that, even though the different blood groups and their incompatibility were discovered in 1900, and sodium citrate was used in 1913 to prevent clotting, the full development of blood banks was not practical until the 1930’s when technology provided adequate refrigeration. Until that time, “fresh” donors were bled and the blood transfused while it was still warm. (Knowles, 1973).

As technology in the U.S. blossomed so did the prestige of American medicine. From 1900-1929, Nobel prizewinners in Physiology or Medicine came primarily from Europe, no American was among them. In the period 1930 to 1939, just prior to World War II, 7 Americans were honored by having this award bestowed upon them. From 1945-1975, 39 American life scientists earned similar honors. Most of these efforts were made possible by the advanced technology made available to these scientists.

The employment of the available technology assisted in advancing the development of complex surgical procedures. The Drinker respirator was introduced in 1927 and the first heart-lung bypass in 1939. In the 1940’s, cardiac catheterization and angiography (the use of a cannula threaded through an arm vein and into the heart with the injection of radio-opaque dye for the x-ray visualization of lung and heart vessels and valves) were developed. Accurate diagnoses of congenital and acquired heart disease (i.e. mainly valve disorders due to rheumatic fever) became possible and a new era of cardiac and vascular surgery was established.

Another child of this modern technology — the electron microscope — entered the medical scene in the fifties,
providing significant increases in magnification (more than 200,000), and cells. Body scanners to detect tumors were developed by the same science that brought man reluctantly into the atomic age. These “tumor detectives” utilizing radioactive material are now becoming commonplace in the radiology departments in all hospitals.

The impact of these discoveries and many others was profound. The health care system, which consisted primarily of the ‘horse and buggy’ physician was gone forever, and his replacement — the doctor backed by and centered around the hospital — began to change to accommodate the new technology. Thus, it can be seen that the “modern hospital” in its contemporary, familiar form is essentially less than 50 years old.

Following World War II, the evolution of comprehensive care was greatly accelerated. The advanced technology that had been developed in the pursuit of military objectives became available for peaceful applications. The medical profession benefited greatly from this rapid surge of technological “finds.” The realm of electronics came into prominence. The techniques that had been used to follow enemy ships and planes, as well as provide our aviators with information concerning altitude, air speed, and the like were now used extensively in medicine — to follow, for example, the subtle electrical behavior of the fundamental unit of the central nervous system — the neuron, or to monitor the beating heart of a patient.

Science and technology have leap-frogged past one another throughout recorded history; now one in the lead, now the other. Anyone seeking a causal relation was just as likely to find technology the cause and science the effect as the other way around: gunnery led to ballistics, the steam engine to thermodynamics, powered flight to aerodynamics. (Susskind, 1973) However with advent of electronics, this causal relation between technology and science changed to a systematic exploitation of scientific research — the pursuit of knowledge — sometimes undertaken with technical uses in mind.

As we reflect upon the devices made available by the technology that catapulted man to the moon, the list becomes endless. What was considered science fiction in the 30’s and 40’s became a reality. Devices continually changed to incorporate the latest innovations and in many cases became outmoded in a very short period of time. Telemetry devices used to monitor the activity of a patient’s heart freed both the physician and the patient from the wires that previously restricted them to the four walls of the hospital room. Computers similar to those that controlled the flight plans of the “Apollo Capsules,” now inundate our society. Medical researchers have put these electronic brains to work performing complex calculations, keeping records, and even controlling the very instrumentation that sustains life. The citations — the technological discoveries — are endless and have enabled medical research to gain an insight into the functioning of the human organism otherwise impossible.

“Spare parts” surgery has become possible. With the first successful transplantation of a kidney in 1954, the concept of artificial organs was accepted and came into vogue in the medical arena. Technology was encouraged to provide prosthetic devices, such as artificial heart valves and artificial blood vessels with which to replace diseased, worn-out or injured ones. An artificial heart program was launched to develop a replacement for a defective or diseased human heart. Although initially unsuccessful, the development of an artificial heart remains a valid objective. These technological innovations radically altered surgical organization and utilization. The comparison of a hospital in which surgery was relatively minor activity — as it was a century ago — to the role of surgery in the contemporary hospital suggests dramatically the manner in which this technological effort has revolutionized the health profession and the institution of the hospital.

In the process, the hospital became the central institution in the provision of medical care. Because of the complex, expensive technology that could be based only in the hospital and the education of doctors oriented both as clinicians and investigators toward highly technological norms, both the patient and the physician were pushed even closer to the hospital. In addition, the effects of the increasing mal-distribution and apparent shortage of physicians also forced the patient and the physician to turn increasingly in time of need to the ambulatory clinic and the emergency ward of the urban hospital.

These emergency wards today not only handle an ever increasing number of accidents (largely related to alcohol and the automobile) and somatic crises such as heart attacks and strokes, but also problems resulting from the social environment surrounding the local hospital. Respiratory complaints, cuts, bumps and minor trauma constitute a significant number of the cases seen in a given day. Added to these individuals are those who live in the neighborhood of the hospital and simply cannot afford their own physician, these individuals come into the emergency ward for routine care of colds, hangovers, and even marital problems. (Knowles, 1973)

Demand for treatment in the emergency room increased even further as health became perceived more and more as a birthright rather than a privilege. Ambulatory clinics and emergency wards were expanded in response to this demand, but people continue to appear in great numbers straining the system. At the same time, urban hospitals have been hard-pressed to meet both the increasing demands of an expanding population, and the need for modern surgical facilities and intensive care units complete with electronic monitoring devices, specialized nurses, and technicians.

As a result of these developments the hospital has evolved as the focal point of the present system of health care delivery. The hospital, as presently organized, specializes in highly technical and complex medical procedures. This evolutionary process became inevitable as “technology” produced such sophisticated equipment
that it was beyond the economic reach of private practitioners or even large group practices. These health professionals simply could not afford to buy such equipment, let alone pay for the personnel to maintain and operate it. Only the hospital could provide this type of service. The steady expansion of scientific and technological innovations has necessitated specialization for all health professionals (physicians, nurses and technicians) and the housing of advanced technology within the walls of the modern hospital. As Dr. John H. Knowles, former Director of the Massachusetts General Hospital, points out: "Through the recent expansion of emergency room facilities and ambulatory clinics, through liaison with extended care facilities, nursing homes, and through the establishment of neighborhood centers, it [the hospital] can continually extend its interest actively to the community, and in the process, keep down costs and reach more people in need. This type of development or extensions of the hospital will enable it to remain the community major institution for the coordination of health planning."

Technology will have an ever increasing role to play in enabling these goals to be achieved. In recent years, technology has struck medicine like a thunderbolt, providing far more advances in the last fifty years than occurred in the previous two thousand. With a culture steeped in science, there is no reason why this should not continue. However, the social and economical consequences of this vast outpouring of information and technological innovations must be fully understood if this technology is to be effectively utilized. And, in order to select appropriate directions for the future, health professionals should be aware of some of the possibilities.

Looking into the crystal ball, one can see technology being employed to provide health care for those individuals in remote rural areas by means of closed-circuit TV health clinics with complete communication links to a regional health center. Multi-phasic screening systems can be developed and used as a means to provide preventive medicine to a vast majority of our population and restrict admission to the hospital to those in need of the diagnostic and treatment facilities housed there. Automation of patient and nursing records can be enacted, thereby enabling the physician not only to be aware of the status of his patient during his stay at the hospital, but also while he is at home. With the creation of a central medical records system, anyone moving or becoming ill away from home could have his records made available to the attending physician easily and rapidly. These are just a few of the possibilities that illustrate the potential of technology in creating the type of medical care system that will indeed be accessible, of high quality and be reasonably priced for all Americans.

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Charles On The Wall  
by Aaron Thomas  
A short story

The young marrieds moved in swoops, taking over in turn the tennis courts, the beach, the club porch and ping pong, the swimming pool (blue-green, more frequented than the ocean which caked the hair). Stan and Tracy, Harvey and Faith, Al and Adrian, Percy and Denise; they clung to each other, their one-year-olds. The young marrieds were above all beautiful, felt warmest around other bodies beautiful, other deep teasing eyes.

Charles, who was sixteen and blonde in a prep-school summer, watched them walk by one long August afternoon, in their bathing suits, sporting their particular success; he felt they were all twenty-five.

Charles was at Brooks and doing his father said well . . . . The ocean wind a large joke over meaningful social moves. Down the road the dock, dunes under a hot two-o’clock sun. Unities tailing down to Charles that in some years he’d be with them. The couples had once been him. So they he watched, idle slides; Charles moved through the choices of a lazy yacht club afternoon.

Charles played one blue-jean-cut-off set with Edward, Stan’s little brother who had lately become a tennis personality. Charles defeated him, wondered over orange Fanta whether he should go for a dive-in-and-swim, because Tracy, Stan’s wife lay suntanning along the pool, because she was beautiful when she smiled. Charles wondered at times what he truly felt for her, but now she displayed her shiny brown legs to all interested and Charles liked to watch her move in the sun, in the polite little heat he created sitting alone his legs stretched out over wicker. She never caught him looking, but Charles had a feeling she knew, that she knew this was true for a lot of onlookers, that maybe she liked it. Stan would hold Tracy tightly at club dances, a liquor look in his eyes, and Tracy would smile quietly down, beautiful as always, and fumble at her hem thinking how she was going to fall backwards on the double bed at Stan’s later in the evening.

Faith, whose husband Harvey was in law, had just come up with her new baby, her first, a boy, named Harvey. Harvey jr. did not yet know how to throw or catch a tennis ball so Charles was content for a few club-porch moments to accept the task of teaching him. Mrs. Nettle, who was seated speaking at an awful decible level in her awful tone of voice over to the right in that tennis dress which showed quite enough of a young-once-maybe thigh, Charles avoided, because he did not feel like parking cars at Mrs. Nettle’s pre-club-dance dinner affair the next night which was Saturday. Harvey jr. had almost got it to the point where he could drop the ball down and make it bounce, drop the ball down and make it bounce, when Faith, who just recently it seemed had been tearing through boyfriends in a torrid adolescence, walked over and bent down revealingly, and Charles couldn’t help noticing motherly as well, to wipe off Harvey jr.’s mouth and upper lip. Faith’s red hair and blue eyes had inspired a great following in past years and these eyes she turned familiarly to Charles (whose memory couldn’t help fleeting to a club-dance night when she had walked out drunk supplying him with illegal beers, Charles then not having reached a required age of sixteen). These eyes over her first year with Harvey senior, and over the summer before that when she had claimed him ripe from Williams and knocked down the illicit glance, had risen with her fingertips up Harvey’s tight end chest, were for no one but him, Harvey, him. But now with child and a sure hold over his law-firm future, (perhaps she had been jolted a bit by childbirth) her eyes smiled at Charles and invited.

“Don’t be too rough, Charles, god, look at . . . him . . .”

Percy was thought to be marrying a prettier girl, but just this summer he’d arrived with Denise who was far from plain, whose name was not half as vulgar as it sounded. Not that she was not pretty, but her legs were thin, and next to Percy’s athletic smile (and Percy when younger had an eye that did rove) she came off, well she came off as not quite the crystal-right match, (this opinion having originated from Mrs. Doran, whose daughters were really just something, and smart . . . ). So Percy who was sensitive to these half smiles walked alone this afternoon in gripping boating shoes out on the dock for a solitary sail. Denise who was thought politely maybe to be just with child had been resting at home of late, leaving Percy with no option but to boat, to tennis, alone. Charles’ foot sank, as it was rested on a dinghy, sank down and bobbed back up, unsure, watching Percy’s tanned hands on his hips, squinting his eyes seaward, setting his jaw to. Memories, from Charles, of many a sweating late-set tournament match. Percy towelling off and walking his legs determined back out to the baseline to ask for new balls.

The bobber dipped and reeled, riding through wave rhythm, untouched. Charles thought maybe unbaited? Unsure. Charles hung his legs waterward and fished, for an answer. What to do.

Charles watched the ocean wave from the upper beach, the sea wall at his back, white hot sand seeping up through his toes and around him the young marrieds descended, hailing each other fraternally, led by Percy a dry towel around his neck, a heavyweight, a bottle of wine hooked by a thumb at his side. The young marrieds followed Percy’s aggressive sea wall leap; there was much sexual lowering of wives from the wall, hands up bikinied bellies, laughs, white teeth, and they had made camp and were stretched into a picnic, marring Charles’ bucolic sea view. There was of course a frisbee, and Percy dashed off to a receiving posture as the others masked their eagerness but reached nonetheless for a plastic glass and the newly uncorcked bottle. Stan and Tracy stretched out suggestively, right away touching at different points down their legs, wishing it seemed to get down to it right there in the hot beach sand, but
their hands remembered the wine and they seemed to think maybe later, yes, later. Faith angled her face properly for maximum sun, disguising her intention with sunny conversation, and she watched Harvey bend over for a frisbee dropped. Harvey, who stood wine glass in hand astride on one hand the Percy-athletic world, the socially careless world on the other, smiled precariously and dug his fingers twice into the sand before grabbing the red frisbee and sailing it intentionally off center toward Percy who, annoyed, had to run to reach it. Harvey Jr., lay quietly burning and unnoticed on the pink blanket provided thoughtfully by his mother Faith. Finishing off the late picnic were Al (for Albert) who Charles knew to be a real bastard and Adrian his lovely blonde wife. They curled their legs conversationally and reached for more wine and laughed in-group laughs and more wine. Charles knew Al to be a bastard from the tennis court and thinking, Charles aimed for the corners, bent his knees, feeling they might do more than refuse a walk on the beach. Which really he doubted, creaming the ball, Charles ran Rico casually all over the court, realizing Rico was high and enjoying the sweat. Out of his eye corner he saw Amy and Leslie watching from the porch and thinking. Charles knew, slyly of the next night, two of their eligible age group on tap on the first court. Charles and Rico. Charles knew they were watching because he was tall and liked to dance when drunk, because they were pretty and their parents knew his. Because Stan and Tracy would be dancing quite a match, because there was nothing worse than two girls although friends who must stand and converse, even friendly, on Saturday night when around them there were parents' eyes and age-group guys. Charles aimed for the corners, bent his knees, feeling they might do more than refuse a walk on the beach. Which really he doubted, creaming the ball, running Rico, feeling heat in the hot sun.

Next to them on court two was the inevitable young-married mixed doubles, Al who was all right and Adrian who was good and more important pretty, versus Stan the man Stanley who was very good and playing politely and Tracy who was no good at all and apologized. Beyond the point score lurked the other competition: there was Adrian's tennis dress with a slash of yellow versus that of Tracy who pulled spare balls from her panties. There was the couple competition, a draw, but still to be decided by Amy and Leslie's wanting eyes. In these same eyes there was the clash of Stan the man and Al the bastard, for who would be (tittering) best in bed, which carried over to court one. Charles being the better dancer but Rico treated them roughly which they liked and the tittering stopped. Beach sex was not in the question, yet. To the side on the turf, Percy watched and yearned for a singles match later with Stan, whose obvious marital success irked. Percy felt his net game was never better, but mixed doubles exasperated and this he did not play. Rico hit two successive balls into the mixed doubles court, laughing, disturbing their careful scenario crouches and Charles felt maybe he'd had enough. A swim and it was getting late, where's Dad. Harvey Jr. crawled sunburnt toward the red clay courts, across the lawn, and Faith followed, carrying an orange pop to keep baby from crying.

"Charles, after dinner tonight if you're not busy, Mr. Bennett at the school was kind enough to send me a list of stuff which might help."


"Just some reading which might help."

"Charles hon, Mr. Thayer was telling me how impressed"

"Mom, Mr. Thayer, Blaire will you, god damn"

"Charles."

"He's"

"Char-les!"

"Blaire what's the matter?"

"He's"

"But anyway Charles, Blaire will you sit still, Mr. Bennett was a real help. He said that physics grade we were worrying about"

"Tic-infested fields streamed by."

"smoothed over."

"Isn't that nice of him, hon?"

"Mother, physics"

"Charles."

"Ow-oo, Mom!"

"Blaire, what — Charles"

"Stop it both of you. Charles, physics isn't the point. There are standards this family is going to stick to. Dan Thayer was just telling me the other"

"Mom Charles won't keep his leg"

"when he was at Brooks"

"Blaire hon sit still"

"Edith."

Silence, and authority refocussed
behind the steering column. Very few jolts in a station wagon ride. "When he was at Brooks there was no such thing as summer help. Studies then were done and that was that. Discipline ..."

A power-steering turn. Blaire was finally keeping to himself. A kid-brother curiosity, his arm slung out the window. Directing the sea-breeze. "Charles hon, Mrs. Stewart was — you know there's a dance tomorrow night?"

"Mm"
"Charles.
"Oh well you wouldn't, I guess, have to"
"Charles and Amy"
"Blaire you're gonna get it"
"Mom!"
"Charles and Blaire, if you two don't, Ed"

One look back from the driver's seat and order returned. "And Charles hon, you know about my party tomorrow night, before the dinner.
"Charles but I do want to see you after dinner."
"Yes Charles, your father doesn't have much time to give, mm, and here he is giving you his time, mm"
"Uh, but"
"But you'll help me out won't you Charles? I'll pay"
"Dad, but"
"Into the driveway, Cape fields and owned land. clearing and pouring. You know, Charles. Dishes."

Something in the aimless winding of his day had Charles tasting his mouth, licking sun-chapped lips. Shutting out father-thoughts as he moved over their back yard, off of the lawn and onto the real Cape grass that bit into bare feet. It was not a real dusk yet, but the sun was no longer around. Colors were starting to smear. The light scrubbed in a sandy texture. Charles moved to the edge of their property and found a large flat stone in the stone wall that separated their land from the Hacketts'.

Through the patio window in yellow electric light, he could see his father raise a glass, scotch and ice, his mother nod and agree. Hunger for something. He almost wished his sneakers were off and the beach grass drawing blood from his feet. Something immediate, right there. It almost was dinner he wanted, it was almost food. No center (the back of his head on the rock, grinding) no center for his thoughts. Waiting; for dinner, for Amy maybe. The slow sink into dusk had become serious, emphasizing the yellow cocktail square, which he turned away from. Grainy tree beams above his head.

And then the trumpet started. Charles sat up. A trumpet all by itself, no melody to speak of. It wasn't a song he'd heard before. Just a trumpet all alone, playing to itself.

He remembered Mr. Hackett was (his father said) a musician. Then it was him.

Charles could see no one and the trumpet was outdoors. The other side of the Hackett house, then. Beyond the porch. He laid his head back; nothing to do but listen.

Blue notes, thought Charles. Color in the melody. His own tune. Something breathless there, some rhythm behind him. Charles knew suddenly Mr. Hackett listened to waves. The horn tone so fine and clear, beautiful at dusk. All he needed was his trumpet, and this music

"Char-les! Din-ner!"
"Grating, his mother's voice. The trumpet notes hung, solid in the near night air, sounded and stopped
Roast beef gravy to run the finger over. To pick up the plate and lick it all off (strawberry jam, some pepper and an edge of Yorkshire pudding) was Charles' suppressed desire. Suppressed at the loss of his mother, his mother's back pushing out of the dining room. Brown wooden walls. Charles let his finger run slightly and stop after an inch of plate edge. Something told Charles dessert would be a while; his mother had left too neatly. At the opposite end of the post-dinner table, down the family tablecloth graven-stained at Blaire's empty place, over the empty water tumblers, sat his father. Charles hungered for more roast beef time; his father wanted to talk.

"Charles, I — your mother . . ."
"Is this gonna be about school?"
"Charles you know how we're worried. Now Mr. Bennett will help. Mr. Bennett will . . . help."

"Yup.
"But, frankly, Charles there's more to it than that."

"Yup.
"No, not — Charles there's — Charles. Studies are one thing and I'm sure with a little help — this is no dumb family, Charles."

"No.
"Studies are one thing."
"His father's large hand raised to his face, closed on his forehead.
"Studies are just a means to — No. Listen, Reed Thayer"
"Rico?"

"No, Rico. What I'm trying to say, Charles, is that studies are one thing, a means to an end. An end."

"Mm."
"What I'm saying Charles you already know. You are not just a law school candidate, Charles"
"Law school?"
"No, not just, uh; Charles if you do well I can help you out later."

In a spurt.
"I know that, Dad."
"I mean Reed may be letting Dan, may be"
"Down"
"No, well, I, they can, I'm in a position Charles to help you out considerably, I."

"Yeah. You mean we're rich and they're not, I."
"Charles."
"Dad, who's Mr. Hackett?"
"What?"
"Mr. Hackett next door. I heard"
"Mr. Hackett is a musician, Charles."
"I mean, I heard him play I think. I was thinking of asking"
"Of what?"
"I was thinking of going over and"
"No Charles, what, no."
"Just to see him play, or maybe ask him"
"No Charles, I"

His father breathed out hard, gripped his water glass. Swallowed.

"Charles, Mr. Hackett is a very strange, Mr.: he's an eccentric and he would not want you on his property, I"

Heated, now. His father's familiar face angry for some reason.

"Dad if he plays trumpet he wouldn't mind"
"No, Charles."
"We were just sitting on the wall and"
"Charles, do you hear me? Mr. Hackett's property"

"It's his property"
"Yes, uh, yes, he owns, uh"
"Oh c'mon. He wouldn't mind"
"Charles."

Silence at the deadly tone in his name.

"There'll be no crossing that wall; we have to respect, no, we, there are certain courtesies . . .""

Cooling now, his hand again to his forehead.

"I'm sorry, Dad."

"No, it's not, it's nothing, I, could you help your mother with the dishes? Dessert maybe . . ."

Charles thought for a moment and rose. Dessert sounded good. Shortcake. He was still hungry.

Cool summer covers come to the chin; damn his father was angry. Well no more Mr. Hackett out loud, then.

Something to keep to himself. Pillow soft under the neck and head after a lazy soft summer day. More tiring even than a hard work and sunny spring sport school day. Yacht club days wear at you, wear you away. Away. This house must be old, sea-wind struck with its knotty pine ceilings that offer knotty pine patterns on slanted-to-the-right third floor bedroom walls. Ceilings I mean, from your back. Each knot oh so familiar; there's the squirrel and the spider that used to be the shit out of me. Shit out of me, Rico says. Oh-h ohh. Oh—hoh. Uh—oh, mm—hm, oh ho-oh. The only thing that happened all day; all week all summer that jolted, jarred. Hackett's instrument fashioned of trumpet-soft metal, soft as clay but not muddy, that sound. But the thing is, I've never heard the sonuvabitch bastard. Those notes must be so valuable to him. So prized. Valuable to me now — I want more. More-ore. Oh-hohh. Cut right off, at bitch-Mom's big-mouth voice. Din-ner must have phased the shit out of him. Here he is, listening to those waves, catching notes from somewhere, he can play so damn well, and Din-ner! There goes the melody, his private melody prize, there goes the almost starved dusty summer sky. He must hate living next to us. Must go over and thank him. Just jump that damn stone wall and shake his hand. Must be nice in that house. Trumpet prizes, I guess, like horse shows. God, that guy has it all in him. Needs no secretaries. Can just sit by himself out in an apple field, pick up his trumpet and blow. Tried blowing once in a school trumpet. Gotta spit if you want a sound, then it'll make anybody jump like hell, that roar. Scare the daylights out of a dog. And his so-soft sound, (got to hear him again) so controlled. Con. tro. ulled. Ulled. Dad would hate to hear me practice, softening that roar. They'd stick me in the cellar. But can't just sit and watch horny doubles court Percy and Al that bastard. Stuck to each other. Stuck. The young marrieds stuck to each other and each other. Turning on the stomach, mm, away from knotted ceilings. Amy honey are you a virgin. Do sand crabs shit in the sand. Shit in the sea? Roll with me Amy one hot summer dance night on the beach. Beneath the sea wall. Mm-Amy. Mm. Sea walls and stone walls, horny sharp Cape sea grass, and green green soft green grass, and dusky night almost-starred skies . . .

This was his mother's time. Charles squirted down the shined crystal table, the best white, whitest tablecloth; he circled the far end waiting for his mother (frantic in her preparations — everything was going wrong, was everything ready?) to run him out of the room. It was sixty-three in the dining room; guests would arrive at seven. The living room was spotless; anxious and clean. Over the length of the dinner table water was still to be poured.

"Charles, my —, get out, can't you, Ed will, oh just don't touch, I'm not even dressed".

Charles let himself be chased out in front of the mirror in the front hall. He could hear his father sigh upstairs, dressing, annoyed Charles knew at the social amenities he'd be called upon to perform, but after a scoff or maybe even even two . . pride could seep back in. Charles knew. And hey, quite a figure, mirrored, he cut, even tieless, better tieless maybe, the open throat appeal. Mm, Amy. Amy, hon. A long afternoon it was at the club. Couples grabbing last-minute pre-dance tans. Rays a scarce good. The annoyance, and for the young marrieds the anger, was tangible, could be tasted in the air if a slow-moving windless-day cloud had the utter gall to pass in front of that precious commodity, the sun. Some sat up and snapped, at kids, at the water temperature. No one spoke of it, but in the shade the air was soaked with the social event ahead, a night to dress, to drink, to be seen ahead.

Charles tugged at an already well-tugged lapel, pushed his hair just over his ear, remembered the mirror and moved off. God he could have used a trumpet tune today, to wake him, lying careless and empty on that beach. Turning over as the sun caught his eyes out from a cloud. The sun was too social, brought too easy a silence over the upper beach. Stan and Tracy's legs touched lengthwise, truly happy at a Saturday afternoon, Saturday night ahead.
Out the door Blaire whacked at a wiffle ball with the old bent wiffle bat in the yard. The ball dropped to the grass and Blaire golfed at it there. Jumped the ball a few feet, swung again. Out onto the cut lawn and the sun was threatening to set.

"Charles pitch to me."

Charles threw a fast annoying curve. It dipped nicely and Blaire missed.

"Another! C'mon Charles."

Charles caught his brother's throw and stood up to watch the gravel roll of the first guests. A Buick and a Saab. He watched them park, thought of the panic they were causing inside the hall window. The wiffle ball welcome and the Thayers, dressed, social almost at once, both having arrived at the same time, early, having parked side by side. The click of the car door, the click on of the cutting grass, the cut lawn and the sun was threatening to set. The wiffle ball welcome and the Thayers, dressed, social almost at once, both having arrived at the same
time, early, having parked side by side. The click of the car door, the click on of the cutting grass, the cut lawn and the sun was threatening to set.

"C'mon Charles. One more."

Charles turned away, dropped his eyes to the mown grass, moved onto the sharper sea lawn. The real grass. Ahead, slowly, was the stone wall. Beyond that there was movement in the Hackett windows. Blaire was beside him, desperate for another swing.

"Charles it might get dark."

"Mm."

"Charles where are you going?"

Charles found his large flat stone, raised a foot to it. Other guests crunched in out of sight.

"Just watch."

"What."

"Watch."

There was Mr. Hackett in the window, smiling. He could have been unwatched. Steadily, Charles took in his flannel shirt, his loose chino pants. Relaxing clothes. It was a kitchen he moved around, a kitchen table, munching something. Happy on a cracker. Then a lady moved into view, not too pretty.

She was as old as him, but hugged him, looked into his face. They both smiled.

"Charles" quietly, from Blaire.

There were dishes that looked unwashed on the table. Still they embraced. An old age embrace. The kitchen looked almost a mess. Still Mr. Hackett looked very happy. Then she left, forgetting the dishes, out of view. The kitchen was a mess. Mr. Hackett continued to munch, smiling alone for no one but himself. He wore glasses that did not flatter.

Charles turned away, offered his back to the Hackett house, sat down on his flat stone.

Blaire was breathless.

"Who are they Charles?"

"Mr. Hackett."

"The Hacketts."

"Mm-hm."

"Why, what?"

"He plays trumpet."

"Oh."

"Silence."

"Is he good?"

"He's too much."

"Oh."

Blaire stared past Charles, past the wall, into the kitchen window.

"He's gone Charles."

"Mm."

Guests, dressed up, arrived in twos. Ten cars at least now, along their driveway edge. Social shrieks from front hall and open front door. Mother's voice. Another couple-stroll, from the car to the house, to the indoors. Charles hadn't seen Mrs. Carter look that good in a long time. The Hacketts were an ugly house. The night was turning cloudy. Some day they should mow to the wall.

"Did you hear him play trumpet?"

"No, yeah."

"Was he good?"

Charles snorted and stood up, thoughts pouring in. Hope he hadn't soiled his good gray pants on that stone. Amy tonight. Lively chatter from their own house, cocktail shine, glints from the windows. His coat he knew looked good.

"Charles."

"Shut up, Blaire."

His voice was shaken for some reason. In a second he would swing out and hit his little brother. He walked steady away from the wall, toward the party, stopped. Surly swamp grass that had to be cut. Had to go get his tie tied. The odd Hackett sparkle now disgusted him. Flannel shirts on a Saturday night.

His father's voice tailed out from the party window, laughter above the pack, enjoying himself. The party shone from the window. He would aim toward Amy maybe. Get laid on the still-warm upper beach sand. Stan and Tracy, dressed and drunk. Drink some beer.

A sudden sick taste to the stomach, a quick contraction. He would shut Blaire up. This was enough.

But Blaire had run ahead. Charles stood all alone on the cut edge of the lawn. Hadn't moved in a while. The question held him there, loomed sickening, rose to grab him. Shut his eyes, opened them wide.

If he turned around, ran over, jumped the wall, ran lightly to Mr. Hackett's porch door, knocked, asked to see him, made friends... what then?

Charles moved. In the spring heat at school Charles was a helmetted middie in lacrosse. He walked faster. Charles was a good tennis player, great at net. He swallowed, peered in at the party. He made for the front door, a Saturday night stride, darkness overhead. Gaiety inside. At the front door he stopped, resolved himself. If he did visit Mr. Hackett, his father would hate him. Into the hall light, coats on the left.

Stubbornly onto the social chatter. Charles picked up a glass, blinked. Advanced.

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First, let's confront a few ghosts that can get in our way and prevent us from seeing the cinema, movies, film — whatever we want to call it — clearly.

One old ghost, pretty thin and transparent by now, is the notion that film is just entertainment — something to do on Saturday night or to watch on the late-late show when you can’t sleep, but not worth treating seriously as an art. This is the same attitude that literary purists had toward drama in Shakespeare’s day. They laughed at Ben Jonson for collecting his plays as if they were literature. This ghost can still be glimpsed in the suspicions some people have of film courses in colleges.

Another, more substantial ghost is the impression that film is about the same as drama, or is illustrated literature, useful as an adjunct to those studies, but without any significant aesthetic or technical identity. This ghost’s ectoplasm is the feeling that films are naturally narrative, largely verbal, and realistic — which they often are, especially in the Hollywood tradition of the thirties and forties. But this ghost turns wispy when faced with a Surrealist movie like Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí’s Un Chien Andalou (where, among other things, we see ants crawl out of a man’s palm), or with the numerous films whose primary appeal is so obviously largely visual, like Antonioni’s Blow-Up or Kubrick’s 2001: A Space Odyssey.

A cousin of the “literary” ghost is the idea that moving pictures are only that: photographs that manage to convey motion. And what are photographs for? They’re for representing the external world, for preserving realistically the way things look on the surface. This ghost is very happy watching my home movies, but fades away in the vicinity of something like the famous Expressionist film, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

Thanks to these and other ghosts, film criticism sometimes seems pretentious. What a film critic should do, the ghosts tell us, is simply review movies: describe the stories, let us know if they’re the kind of thing we enjoy — musicals, westerns, or comedies — and tell us who’s in them. Anything beyond that is inflated and overcomplicated — an ego trip for the writer.

We don’t need to be afraid of these ghosts, for they’re not obtrusive. They just lurk in the corners of our minds occasionally to distract us. They represent myths generated mainly during early rise of film, especially in the course of its big-business development in Hollywood. They are inevitably becoming less and less believable as the art grows in sophistication, complexity and significance.

The indications of this growth are many. For one thing, movies have continued to grow in popularity all over the world; film clearly has a profound appeal which provides a solid basis for development — it is neither a fad nor an esoteric gimmick. In the course of its development it has generated all kinds of sophisticated equipment and techniques, like the incredible cameras, lenses, films, and sound devices, and the visual and auditory effects they have made possible. At the same time, many different aesthetic styles and modes have emerged in film, from the German Expressionism of the 1920’s to the stark “Neo-Realism” of post WWII Italy (The Bicycle Thief), and from the dialectical montage style of the early Russian director Sergei Eisenstein to Orson Welles’ “long take” and deep focus style in Citizen Kane. The fact that some of these terms may be unfamiliar reflects the growing sophistication of the art and its criticism: montage is the interplay between successive shots, and a long take is a long continuous shot.

Audience and Critics More Sophisticated

The caliber of the films and film-makers themselves reflects the advancing state of the art. Just in the Western world we have had figures like Eisenstein, Chaplin, Renoir, Fellini, and Bergman; and there are films like (I’ll risk naming a few of my favorites) The Gold Rush, Wild Strawberries, and Grand Illusion. You may want to name other films; certainly there are many examples of aesthetic quality, and social or psychological significance available. Whether such artists and works are “great” may be debatable, but few doubt that they are first-rate.

Audiences and critics have become more sophisticated, too. Cinematic conventions have developed and been accepted. For instance, the fade-out and then -in again has come to indicate a shift in time greater than, say, that of a simple cut from one scene to another; and when we see an actor with his lips motionless while we hear his voice “over” the picture, we know we are listening to his thoughts. These conventions and others are peculiar to and possible only in film; they show that the art has developed its own aesthetic patterns, indeed its own “milieu.”
As the art and its audiences have developed, so has the criticism. There is now a sizeable body of analysis and theory of film, many articles, several whole periodicals, and books being devoted to the field. Some critics have been nurtured in other arts, while others have grown up with film; in any case, names of American critics like James Agee, Norman Holland, Pauline Kael, and Stanley Kauffmann are widely respected.

Film criticism is as diverse as that of any other art—perhaps even more so since the art is still developing rapidly. The criticism is easier to appreciate when we see how much of it concerns the aims, methods, and principles film shares with other arts. Specifically, critics often consider movies in a broad perspective, dealing especially with the question of mimesis or realism, or with the problem of social significance, topics very familiar in literary criticism, for instance.

The distinction between realistic, mimetic movies and "formed" or more abstract ones arose at the very start, in the work of the "fathers" of cinema, Louis Lumière and Georges Méliès. Lumière made short films showing a baby being fed, workers leaving the Lumière factory, and a boy tricking a gardener into spraying himself with water: relatively common, real-life activities resembling the subjects of home movies. Méliès, on the other hand, depicted a trip to the moon (complete with space creatures) and other fantastic subjects, with trick cinematography; his imagination showed that film could be removed from reality, could be more subjective. The implications of both tendencies continue to be worked out in films and argued by critics. Some film-makers and critics maintain that the photographic basis of film means that it necessarily reflects reality quite directly, as in The Last Picture Show, where the subject is life in a small American town in the 1950's. In other films we are at a further remove from reality. Sometimes the subject-matter is fantastic (see 2001), while sometimes the focal interest is even more abstract. At one point in Persona, for example, which studies the relationship between a disturbed actress and her nurse, Ingmar Bergman makes it appear that the film has stuck in the projector and is burning, and at another, inserts an "irrelevant" shot of the camera in the studio with himself beside it, directing. Here we are being asked to attend to the very nature of film art and its relation to reality—the mode at these points and others in the film is implicative, non-representational. There are, of course, short films that are totally abstract patterns of light and color, but in every film there are formal patterns and other features that make it a work of art rather than simply a transcript of reality.

The fact that film time almost never corresponds exactly with the time the action would take in reality demonstrates this difference between art and life. The director or writer selects which material to depict, and for how long, and often from what camera angle and distance, and under what lighting. Not infrequently the director works out a kind of rhythm of presentation and develops symbolic motifs to weave through the action even in quite realistic films (like the clock ticking in High Noon as the time for the killers to arrive approaches). Critics must be conscious of both mimetic and formal aspects of films, though the debate about the relative virtues of realism and abstraction is as hot in film criticism as elsewhere.

Content versus Technique

The distinction between mimesis and art for art's sake often becomes a preoccupation with the social or psychological significance of films on the one hand, and with their inherent formal possibilities on the other. Siegfried Kracauer's book, From Caligari to Hitler (1947) argued that the social and psychological tendencies which gave rise to Hitler are perceptible in the German expressionist films of the preceding decades. For Kracauer the content of films is more important than the techniques (realist critics are inclined to make this distinction). The young Marxist critic who took part in my film criticism seminar at the last annual meeting of the Modern Language Association was also primarily concerned with the social import of films, as in the Italian Swept Away, which depicts the love-hate relationship between a rich woman and a communist deck-hand on her yacht.

Many critics devote themselves to the inherent nature of film as medium and as art, however. This is the case with Christian Metz's work on film semiology (the study of visual and aural elements in film as signs and symbols), and with certain critics' analyses of the styles and structures characteristic of various directors. Sometimes directors address themselves specifically to the nature of film art: Bergman did so in Persona, and Fellini has done so on several occasions, most notably in his 8½. The art of film is new enough and developing fast enough to challenge anyone's interest in aesthetics.

It is no wonder that so many critics begin in other fields and then move partly or wholly into film. One who knows something about literature, music or the graphic arts can find much that is familiar in the realm of film art, particularly the problems of representationalism and of social and aesthetic significance. But critics are also drawn to film by its relative novelty and especially its
particularity, for it has a number of important characteristics peculiar to it. These help make film criticism interesting both to undertake and to read, and they also make it difficult — or at least tricky — for those of us trained in other fields. When we try to criticize the movies we soon realize that we need to adjust our perceptions and our ways of thinking about works of art.

Most significant, perhaps, is the fact that film is largely visual. This sounds like a truism, but it is not always acknowledged nor — more important — fully realized. Film was able to develop into a full-fledged art with a minimum of sound in the “silent” era, and even now, most of the peculiarly cinematic characteristics of movies are due to visual elements. Film resembles the graphic arts in this respect: although we hear sounds in a film, such as speech and background noises, which are often very important, we are always confronted with an image that is the main defining feature of our experience. The people and objects in a movie are seen not simply in their general environment as depicted, but also appear within a frame that delimits and directs our perceptions of them. In other words, we are not shown everything in a film: a cliché in horror films is the image of the heroine gasping in terror at something she sees outside the frame of the picture. And thanks to cinematic elements like the lighting, the camera’s distance from the subject, its viewing angle and its own movement our perceptions are directed to one or another feature of the image or are otherwise “shaped.” We all know how a character can appear imposing or threatening when we are made to see him from a low angle, the camera having shot up at him. These and other more subtle and complex visual effects are particularly cinematic; as we become sensitive to them we gain further insight into film as it differs from other arts. We can, of course, get help from cinematic studies by such scholars as Metz and articulate directors like Eisenstein, whose film Potemkin (1925) is a classic of montage cinematography. Montage is a technique which with Eisenstein became a basic method.

Most critics concern themselves mainly with the mise-en-scène; that is, they — and most of us, I imagine — pay attention mainly to the characters, the settings, the movements and sounds within or shown by the shots. These are the subjects that an ordinary film shares with other arts and that we are accustomed to dealing with in our analyses and assessments. They are features that the influential French critic André Bazin, for instance, maintained in What is Cinema? (1967) are the most important; he argued for a cinematic method based on the long take and deep focus (in which objects both near and far are in focus) to enable us to take in complete, developed actions and situations for ourselves.

Eisenstein and others after him, however, believed that the interaction between successive shots must become the basis for film structure by being built up through a visual dialectic process. In the famous “Odessa steps” sequence in Potemkin, shots of the Czarist troops advancing mechanically and brutally down the wide steps are alternated with shots of the men, women, and children at the foot greeting the battleship Potemkin, whose sailors had overthrown their oppressive officers. The visual opposition set up by the successive shots of ordered, rigid movements and chaotic, flowing motion produces a powerful dramatic tension greater than would have arisen from long takes from a distance that would encompass the whole scene and episode.

The Montage

The sequential character of film evidenced so clearly in montage technique demonstrates the analogy between film and music or language. Though film is largely visual, it depends particularly on the succession of images. The very process of motion pictures is that of showing a series of photographs rapidly so that the people in them seem to move. A growing consciousness of montage increases our understanding of the basic nature of film as a particular medium — and the nature of the medium partly determines the nature of the art.

It is hard to ascertain just why movies are so popular; there must be many reasons, but one of the most important is no doubt that they have a powerful psychological effect on the audience. Even more than drama, I would say, films can enwrap the audience, absorb it, titillate it, and move it. They can affect us both as individuals and as members of a collective audience. Most of us have found particular films or characters especially appealing even when others see nothing remarkable in them; and at the same time, audiences laugh together at Charlie Chaplin and commiserate with him all together. The important thing is that movies function through the audience’s perception of and reaction to them. They must always be aimed at the audience, and a critic must always consider this relationship. There is really very little purely formal criticism of film, while there is a great deal of critical attention paid to the social, political, and psychological characteristics of audiences and to how the various visual and auditory elements affect them.

Why does Jen-Luc Godard’s A Bout de Souffle (Breathless, 1959) — not to mention his other films — disturb so many viewers? Because Godard deliberately used techniques that would “dislocate” their perceptions and expectations. He would cut quickly from a car moving toward screen-right to a shot of it moving toward screen-left, when the normal expectation is for directional
continuity. He used jump cuts extensively (a cut from one shot of a scene or action to one of a different part of the scene or a later stage of the action, leaving a hiatus between, as when a man is shown merely approaching a door, then in the next shot is shown actually going through it), without suggesting enough of a connection between the successive actions or locales. And he would even provide shots too short for the viewer to identify them clearly. In other words, Godard recognized the normal effect of certain techniques and varied them for a purpose; critics have acknowledged his achievement though they haven't always liked its results.

Other directors have used various means of affecting the audience's sensibilities. Some that were very effective at certain periods — continuous background music to set the mood, in the thirties and forties, for instance — have come to seem obvious and silly as audiences changed. And the slow-motion and stop-motion used so tellingly no more than a year or so ago have already become clichés; the more striking the effect, the quicker it becomes trite.

Most of the time, the effects of cinematic elements are less obtrusive. Closed or open spaces create different impressions of the actions set in them; different colors and mixtures of them affect our reactions, and noise — and silence — are used in various ways to influence us without our really noticing them. It is the job of the critic to notice these effects and assess their importance to the character and effectiveness of the films. Norman Holland, in the M.I.A. seminar talked illuminatingly about his continuing interest, the personal response of viewers and the way it determines for them the character of films. James Agee, an earlier American film critic, was especially sensitive to his own and others' reactions to films. And Pauline Kael is known for her ability to represent brilliantly the interests of the mass audience. Since movies almost literally do not exist without viewers we must pay especially close attention to cinematic effect.

**The Auteur Approach**

Finally, film is unusual in being a collaborative art in a great many cases, and a more-or-less individual effort in some. In the traditional Hollywood method, scores of people share the responsibility and credit for a movie: the scenarist, the casting director, the director(s) of the actual shooting, the cameramen, the actors, etc. For John Ford's classic western, *Stagecoach* (1939), the location sequences involving the chase and other external action were handled by a "second-unit" director, Yakima Canutt, who deserves almost as much credit as Ford. And there has been a continuing argument about the relative importance to *Citizen Kane* of Orson Welles, the director and star; Herman Mankiewicz, the writer; and Greg Toland, the cinematographer. A biographical critical approach, aimed at studying the life and works of a particular artist, is at something of a loss in film at times.

**Auteur** criticism is one answer to this problem: it holds that the characteristics of a good director will show up in all his work despite bad scripts, actors, and other confusing interference by personnel or studio. Peter Wollen's study of Howard Hawks, for example, finds a dialectical structure in all his films, especially in terms of male versus female, the self-sufficient and the dominated, and similar dichotomies, even though Hawks was thoroughly involved in Hollywood's collaborative production method.

The reliability of the **auteur** approach may be inherently debatable. However, the study of the independent directors like Antonioni, Bergman, Buñuel, Chaplin, and Kubrick is considerably simpler. They have helped in their work, but theirs is almost always the guiding hand, from writing scripts to choosing camera angles. They very often create original films, rather than adapt material from books, plays, and other sources. Their movies embody their own visions and preoccupations: Chaplin was concerned with the courage and persistence of the little man, Bergman (in films like *The Seventh Seal* and *The Virgin Spring*) with the validity of religion, and Antonioni with the emptiness of modern society. A critic can find it very rewarding to study such directors, as Vernon Young did Bergman, and Peter Bogdanovich (himself director of *The Last Picture Show*) did Hitchcock. We can have our favorite director and try to see all his films in order to decide what characteristic quality in them appeals to us. For me, it's Bergman — his intellectualty, his low-key intensity, his silences, his richness and ambiguity.

Film critics do what all movie-goers do, though more fully. They enjoy, observe, and describe the films they see, to begin with. Their perceptions sharpened and their sensibilities trained to deal particularly with film as well as art in general, they note the acting, the direction, the editing (cutting, length of shots, etc.), and all the visual and auditory effects that make each film what it is. Then they stand back a few paces and analyze movies collectively or theorize about film in general. They study the body of various directors' work; they trace the history of film and examine the relevant social and political contexts. At all times, even when they profess on principle that they are not doing so, they evaluate the films — or at least manifest their personal tastes. They try not to be blindly doctrinaire or narrow in their preferences, and they judge what seems good and bad in the films as fairly as they can. Let us all be perfect critics like these.

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Dr. James L. Potter is associate professor of English. He has been a member of the faculty since 1955.
James W. Flannery is dedicated to the mission of showing that William Butler Yeats, contrary to much of prevailing opinion, was more than a poet who wrote for the theatre. In this book Flannery has set himself the task of proving that Yeats was profoundly knowledgeable about the special limitations of theatre and responded to them with genuine theatrical sensitivity. Annually academia spews forth in the name of scholarship ever-increasing quantities of scholastic trivia. Occasionally, however, a truly original contribution is published, and such is Flannery’s. His deep knowledge of the theatre springs from more than two decades of experience in acting and directing as well as from his own wide reading. Flannery is saturated in Irish thought and tradition which he learned both from his parents and from first-hand experience of living in Ireland for extended periods. His thoughtful devotion to the country and its people and more specifically to one of Ireland’s great theatrical and literary figures is apparent on every page of this volume.

In the early part of the book, Flannery establishes the dialectical nature of Yeats’s personality and religious views, tracing how the conflicts between the introspective and the engaged man and the struggle between doubt and faith ultimately helped shape Yeats’s concept of tragedy: a concept that stressed man’s responsibility for determining his own actions through the exercise of his will. Thus, his view is ultimately that of the classical tragedy writers: that tragic suffering is an affirmation of man’s dignity, of the limits of his moral possibilities. Yeats sought ultimately a means “for effecting a spiritual unity among men, paradoxically, by celebrating their individual uniqueness.”

Yeats’s efforts to make Ireland through drama significantly aware of its past, first in the Irish Literary Theatre and later in the famous Abbey Theatre, have been widely and variously chronicled. Flannery, however, examines in detail Yeats’s attempts to achieve a personal unity for himself through his relationship to Ireland. Ireland most moved him, we are told, by “the physical beauty of the land; the Irish peasantry; traditional Irish music, poetry, and supernatural and legendary lore; and Irish nationalism.” This led to his using “the historical traditions of Irish life and culture” as material for his early plays.

To realize the ideal drama he envisioned, Yeats had to find an appropriate form, actors who could understand and work within the necessary techniques and conventions of Yeats’s dramas, and an audience which could respond sympathetically to the plays. Flannery describes the theories and implications of the aesthetic ambience of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries during which Yeats was developing his ideas, showing how his theatrical views were influenced by the writing and thinking of such giants as Wagner and Ibsen and by such movements as symbolism and naturalism. An Irish Literary Theatre was formed, but its efforts, though instructive, were not wholly successful.

Midway through the book Flannery turns his attention to the Abbey Theatre, particularly with respect to Yeats’s special relationship to the personnel involved. Ireland had no native actors of distinction nor an indigenous acting tradition. It was necessary, therefore, to deal with actors who were, most of them, only gifted amateurs. Yeats struggled with his actors, trying to invent and then to realize through them the special vocal and
mimic techniques essential to performing his plays properly. From his own successful productions of Yeats's dramas as well as his love for and training in music, Flannery brings understanding to the problems Yeats faced that gives special vividness and depth to this part of his book. In comprehensive detail Flannery examines Yeats as a company administrator, Yeats's sensitive understanding and use of the visual aspects of theatre, his development as a dramatist and his disappointing search for an audience that would share with him the visions he was attempting to embody in his dramas. Of special interest, Flannery shows conclusively that Yeats's histrionic sensibility was striving toward a concept that has special vogue today, that of total theatre, a theatre in which all elements of performing and visual arts are combined into a mighty dramatic unity.

Although Yeats did not wholly succeed in realizing his hopes for the theatre, his influence on contemporary theatre, as Flannery demonstrates, was not inconsiderable. For example, the Abbey Theatre, of which he was mentor for so long, inspired the formation of other grass roots theatres throughout the English-speaking world. Yeats's drama was so far in advance of its time, a time in which realism was the reigning theatrical style and naturalism the prevalent literary theory, that his more poetical, visionary work was not understood. It is only now, thanks to the passionate belief and meticulous research of dedicated theatre men like James Flannery, that Yeats's place in modern drama is being reassessed. So abundant is the evidence with which Flannery illuminates his case and so scrupulously marshaled are his arguments that one cannot presume to quarrel with him. It seems more than likely that this book will inspire other theatre practitioners to return to the plays and read them in a new light in order to discover for themselves the theatrical treasures that can be found there.

Author Dr. James W. Flannery, Class of 1958, is chairman of the Theatre Department at the University of Rhode Island. He is a former associate professor and director of English Theatre at the University of Ottawa, Canada where he also was artistic director of that institution's Drama Guild for 15 years.

Reviewed by Hugh S. Ogden

Theatre Arts. He has been a member of the faculty since 1950.

SOUVENIRS AND PROPHECIES: THE YOUNG WALLACE STEVENS

By Holly Stevens

(New York: Knopf, 1977)

Reviewed by Hugh S. Ogden

When Wallace Stevens returned to Harvard in the Fall of 1898 for his second year at college, he began keeping a journal that covered his early life. It has survived in rather mutilated form (he or his wife, unfortunately, excised large portions) and has been edited by his daughter, Holly, and published as Souvenirs and Prophecies by Knopf. It presents enough new material to give us a somewhat fuller view of Stevens, the man and poet.

The young man of this journal who attends Harvard, works as a newsman in New York, enters law school and clerks for a law firm, marries a home-town girl from Reading, Pennsylvania, and finally in 1916 moves to Hartford where he will spend the rest of his life, is a rather solitary person given to long weekend walks in the New Jersey and New York countryside (sometimes upwards of 40 miles) but mostly taken by daily office routine and evenings alone in his apartment. Stevens in all of this is unruffled and dispassionately reflective, diligent in his work and knowing in New York, as he says, only "half dozen men & no women."

Stevens, the writer, as he appears in Souvenirs gives presentations of what he will achieve in Harmonium and the later poetry. Early on, there are numerous sonnets and the influence of Keats (his delight in reading Endymion is probably far greater than Keats would have approved). Out of his summers and his long walks come innumerable details of scene and countryside: flowers, weeds, sunsets, and perhaps most striking of all, birds; catbirds, wrens, song-sparrows so that, at times, his naturally visual imagination seems to bow to sound, "the last low notes of sleepless sleeping birds." His sense of detail is balanced by what would become the mark of his poetry, a ruminative discursiveness. Each entry takes on a decorum and formality (in a genre traditionally free and personal) that even carries over into his love letters to Elsie, his wife-to-be. The Stevens of these years, though somewhat cliché-ridden and pretentious as the young Keats is mawkish, is also very much what he would become, an imperium of the mind reflecting on its compositions and processes.

Author Holly Stevens, daughter of the late Wallace Stevens, is a former member of the staff at Trinity.

Reviewed by Hugh S. Ogden is associate professor of English. He has been a member of the faculty since 1967.

THE WAY TO THE OLD SAILORS HOME

By Thomas Baird


Reviewed by George Malcolm-Smith

It was Winken, Blinken and Nod (or was it?) who sailed off in a "beautiful pea-green boat." Then there were the "knaves all three" (a rub-a-dub-dub) who cast off in a tub.

But the trio which embarks in a canoe in Thomas Baird's "The Way to the Old Sailors Home" is a vastly more engaging dramatic persona. Besides, it is composed, not of three male chumps, but of two women and a man - a combination of explosive potential. Mr. Baird toys with the fuse with delicate and tantalizing skill.

Now, this is the way to present a suspenseful and subcutaneous story of human beings in emotional conflict. Mr. Baird has enough sense and insight to recognize that we don't need a chance assemblage of motley characters registered in a "Grand Hotel," or booked on a voyage of a "Ship of Fools," or, least of all, trapped on the 49th floor of a "Towering Inferno" to demonstrate that people under stress often reveal unpleasant, but human, characteristics. That sort of story-telling is old hat, as battered as Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," where indeed it got its start.

The three who compose this cast of characters are an elderly spinster of sturdy soul, a nubile female of fairly fragile components, and an ex-sailor of sweaty machismo. They find themselves perilously and absurdly alone in the great north woods above Lake Superior. What they do to one another and to themselves is the substance of the story. I have no notion, of course, what the story will do to you, but it "held me," as the expression goes, "to the end."

Mr. Baird as a writer has two notable qualities. First, he appears to have what might be termed a hermaphroditic insight. That is, he has an ability to plumb the female psyche so that he can present a woman's emotional reactions as well as a man's. Not being a woman, I could be wrong here, but I think not. His second quality is a combination of an artist's sensitivity (he is an artist, you know) toward nature and an outdoorsman's know-how in confronting the obduracy of the woods and streams.
Finally, don’t let that title, “The Way to the Old Sailors Home,” deter you. It’s only figurative, not literal. You’ll like the story and the characters in it.

Author Thomas Baird is associate professor of fine arts. The author of eight novels, he has been a member of the faculty since 1970. Reviewer George Malcolm-Smith, Class of 1925, Hon. (M.A.) 1952, has enjoyed a varied career, first, as a reporter and cartoonist for Hartford and Waterbury newspapers and subsequently, as writer and editor of publications for The Travelers Insurance Companies. Meanwhile he managed to write several novels and to conduct a radio program from a Hartford radio station on the subject of jazz music.

WOMEN’S WORK IN SOVIET RUSSIA: CONTINUITY IN THE MIDST OF CHANGE
By Michael Paul Sacks
Reviewed by Diane Colasanto

Professor Michael Sacks' new book on women in Soviet society represents an important contribution to the debate over the success with which Communist governments have been able to achieve equality between the sexes. This is an important issue for Soviet specialists and others interested in evaluating the extent to which the realities of modern Soviet society are consistent with Marxist ideology. However, since Sacks' general focus is on the relationship between large scale social change and change in the status of women, it is a book which can be appreciated by those concerned with feminist issues in capitalist societies as well.

Rates of female labor force participation in the USSR are currently at very high levels. In fact, more women than men are in the labor force. This situation stands in contrast to that of the United States where rates of female labor force participation are much lower and vary to a greater degree by age and family status.

Another striking feature of female labor force participation in the Soviet Union is the degree to which women are represented in occupations that are considered to be "male" occupations in other countries. Thus, for example, in 1970 "women constituted 60% of the chemists, 42% of the engineers, 42% of all legal personnel, 18% of the lathe operators and 45% of the teachers of higher education" (p. 97).

Sacks considers two hypotheses that have been the subject of debate in the sociological literature as possible explanations for the trends in Soviet female labor force participation. One conceptualization of the process stresses that a change in the values relating to women's position in society is the cause of changes in female status with respect to employment. In other words, the equalitarian values of Marxist ideology are responsible for the shift in the position of women in the USSR. An alternative explanation is that changing social conditions forced adaptations on the people of the Soviet Union and therefore changes in the rates of female labor force participation.

Sacks has assembled an impressive array of data from numerous Soviet censuses, social surveys, time budget studies, journalistic accounts and other sources to evaluate these hypotheses. His presentation of statistical evidence and documentation of recent trends in the USSR are extensive. Although the data are of varying quality (which Sacks takes into account in his interpretation of the results), they provide a wealth of information that would otherwise be unavailable to readers in this country. By combining the empirical evidence with the more impressionistic accounts from newspapers, personal interviews and speeches, Sacks is able to present us with a striking picture of the position of women in the USSR.

He begins his consideration of the first hypothesis by examining the degree of occupational segregation by sex. He notes that despite the rapid increase in the proportion of women in the labor force, the general extent to which women are overrepresented or underrepresented in specific jobs has remained stable. For example, women are concentrated in secretarial and household service positions and virtually absent from jobs in automotive and electrical transport and metallurgy. Furthermore, women in all industries are concentrated in the lower prestige jobs and in those occupations requiring the least skill. In general, "the percentage female declines very rapidly the higher the prestige and responsibility of the position" (p. 88). Similarly, Sacks presents some evidence to indicate that there are wage differentials between men and women because of this segregation by occupation.

Sacks interprets the lack of equalitarianism in the specific jobs held by men and women as evidence that a change in values did not occur with respect to women's position in the USSR. He then turns to a consideration of the evidence for the second hypothesis.

Sacks details the changed social conditions that fostered growth in female labor force participation. First of all, a series of crises and conflicts from the Revolution to World War II caused a severe loss of population in the Russian Republic. This loss was particularly acute for males, so that "in 1959 there were just 58 males per 100 females in the age group 35 to 59" (p. 28). Not only did these conditions produce a shortage of male workers, but there was also an increase in the number of families without a male breadwinner. This situation, in conjunction with other factors, made it necessary for women to go to work to support themselves and their families at a time when jobs were increasing (because of the rapid expansion of industry). By virtue of the recent trends in urbanization and improved female educational attainment, women were able to respond to their own financial needs and the demands of the economy and to enter the labor force in great numbers.

Sacks therefore concludes (p. 172) that "female employment in industry initially was not a sign of a change in values . . . To the contrary, it represented the response to changing costs and opportunities on the part of a population adhering to preindustrial values. As in the past, women made their contribution to the survival of the family household, but now the locus of activity was the factory rather than the home."

Sacks' reanalysis of Soviet time budget data from the 1920s to the 1960s is by far the most persuasive evidence that he presents in support of the above conclusion. The fact that women's domestic role (as measured by time spent on housework and care of children) had not changed much during the period in which their time at work had increased indicates that a truly equilitarian image of sex roles had not evolved in the Soviet Union. In addition, he points out that the double burden that women suffer reduces the time they can spend on study and self-improvement and therefore limits the desires and opportunities of women for occupational advancement.

While the issues dealt with in Women's Work in Soviet Russia are limited by the choice of a well-defined empirical problem, Sacks does make a useful contribution to theories in the study of industrialization and social change, as well as to the study of sex roles. His work has many interesting implications and I wish he had explored these in a bit more detail.

The implications of his analysis for those of us interested in feminist issues in the U.S. are clear. Large scale changes in the occupational structure do not necessarily lead to changes in sex roles generally or to an improvement in the status of women in society. This fact is important when one considers that a major strategy of
the women's movement has been to demand government intervention (in the form of legislation and court action) designed to increase the employment opportunities of women. While I do not want to argue that this is an unwise or unnecessary strategy, I think it is important to realize that there are limits to this approach. High employment will not lead to liberation unless there is a redefinition of traditional sex roles and a restructuring of the institutions which limit the opportunities of women.

If one agrees with Barbara Jancar, author of *Women in Communism*, the goal of women's liberation in the U.S. is more easily attainable than in the USSR, even despite the greater advances in female labor force participation in the Soviet Union. In the November/December, 1976 issue of *Problems of Communism* she notes that while Communist governments are relatively efficient in making certain kinds of changes that initially improve the status of women, "the further advance of women to equal status brings into question the whole structure of the male political hierarchy and hence is something which can only be won by women through their own efforts . . . The Communist regimes, with their monopoly of ideology [and] political organization . . . are ill equipped to enable women to arrive at the level of consciousness and group cohesiveness to make the requisite demands" (p. 73).

Michael Sacks has written a detailed and informative book that was particularly interesting to me because of the contribution it makes to our knowledge of the way in which the social roles of men and women can be changed.

*Author Dr. Michael P. Sacks is assistant professor of sociology. He has been a member of the faculty since 1974.*

*Reviewer Diane Colasanto, Class of 1973, is a Ph.D. candidate in sociology at the University of Michigan.*

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**Also Noted**

**CONNECTICUT PLACE NAMES**

*By Arthur H. Hughes & Morse S. Allen
(Hartford: Connecticut Historical Society, 1976)*

For three decades and more Arthur H. Hughes, formerly professor of modern languages, dean and acting president at Trinity, worked assiduously to collect reams of information about Connecticut place names. For a substantial part of the time he was joined in the project by the late Morse S. Allen, who taught English at the College for 41 years. The result of their labors is this hefty volume, which runs to over 900 quarto pages and contains entries on approximately 25,000 named places in the state, including towns, villages, lakes, rivers and brooks, hills and mountains, islands, swamps, parks, etc., etc. (though not, incidentally, streets).

Intended primarily as a reference tool, it is not the sort of book one curls up with to read cover to cover. Yet it contains so many intriguing tidbits that the most casual browser will find his attention held far longer than he anticipated. Particularly fascinating is the information about the origins of some of the odder place names. Consider, for example, Hungry Hill in Wethersfield, which got its name because a number of residents were marooned there without food during a spring flood. Or consider the Foolshatch district in the town of Monroe. According to tradition, two hunters became lost in this wooded region after sunset and were forced to spend the night. At sunrise they immediately realized they were in familiar territory and exclaimed, "two bigger fools were never hatched!" Of course, the origin of many place names is irretrievably lost. That is a pity, for who does not wonder about the provenance of a Delectable Mountain or the World's End Swamp?

Besides these oddments, the book contains numerous facts of interest to the historian. For instance, during the Revolution patriots in Westport used a clever deception to cause a British admiral to sail his ship aground on under-water rocks, known thereafter as Tory Reef. And in 1940 the solidly Republican burghers of Stratford moved to change the name of Roosevelt Park as a protest against the New Deal.

In the Introduction the authors state that they make no claim to completeness. Nonetheless, it is difficult to imagine how future researchers can much improve upon the achievement of Dean Hughes and Professor Allen.
The cover of this issue of the Trinity Reporter reproduces in reduced size one of the original plans for the Long Walk complex. When the former location of the College was selected as the site for the new State Capitol in 1872, Trinity's President, The Reverend Abner Jackson, seized the opportunity to begin an ambitious building program for the Summit Street campus. Jackson engaged the services of the eminent English architect William Burges, a leading proponent of the revival of the English Gothic style. Burges conceived an imposing four-quadrangle design that would have rivaled the campuses of Harvard or Yale. Financial realities limited the conception to more modest proportions. Francis Kimball, the American architect supervising the project, transformed the master plan, in consultation with Burges, to meet local requirements. The resulting plans called for the construction of the present Seabury and Jarvis Halls with provision for the future Northam Towers.

The reproduced floor plan and elevation represents, with some alterations, Seabury Hall as it was constructed. The Library and the 'Cabinet' or museum were situated in the southern end of the building. Laboratory facilities and living quarters for the 'Junior Professors' or younger faculty were provided in Seabury Tower, with the remaining space devoted to lecture rooms. The year 1978 will mark the centennial of the completion of Seabury and Jarvis Halls.

The plan, which measures 24" x 39¾", is part of a collection of over two hundred plans and drawings which have been preserved and organized in the Trinity College Archives. Based on this collection and other documentary materials, students in the Junior Seminar in Art History, under the direction of Dr. Michael R. T. Mahoney and with the assistance of the College Archivist, organized an exhibition entitled "Early Architectural Conceptions: Trinity College" in order to document the genesis and evolution of Burges' master plan. The exhibition was on view in the Widener Gallery at the Austin Arts Center during the latter part of November and early December, and subsequently appeared at the Wadsworth Atheneum during January 1977. In the course of preparing the exhibition a cache of Burges plans was discovered on campus, and it is hoped that these will be incorporated with the collection in the Archives.

Peter J. Knapp, '65
Senior Reference Librarian and College Archivist
LECTURE ROOMS