RYCENGA SYMPOSIUM

THE
RYCENGA
SYMPOSIUM

Volume 5   Spring 1981

In Memory of
Professor John Rycenga
Sacred Heart University

Editors:

Prof. Jacqueline Rinaldi
Prof. Michael Bozzone
Prof. Ralph Corrigan

Front Cover by Bryan Farrell

Contents

ANN MARIE DUH
Illustration Major

Once, The Most Wondrous. . .

The
most
wondrous
thing
in
the
universe
besides
creation
itself
is
a
laughing
child.
The
second
most
wondrous
thing
in
the
universe
besides
G-d
himself
is
a
million
laughing
children.
Once
there
were
a
million
laughing
children.

Can't you hear them?
I can.
Take a walk
through
the
dark, dreamy
Wald
of time.
Can't you see them?
I can.
They're in the trees.
Their songs
are as sweet
as morning.
Their laughs
are as warm
as the afternoon.
But their cries,
their cries
are like the
darkest night.
They are the birds
whose wings
were broken,
and never
given a
chance
to
fly.

Jay Guberman

Media Studies and the University-as-Learning-Center

Nancy Serrell

Ideally, the goal of a university education is creation of a "hybrid individual" able to assimilate and dovetail new information and encounters into a backlog of prior knowledge and experience. This ideal has previously been called the "well-rounded person," or the "Renaissance man." From all accounts by various futurists, this model may now have to be expanded to include what Peter Orn calls "survivalistic adaptability." In a world where the only constant is change, human beings will need to be ever more adaptable in order to survive. It is the awareness that this adaptability requires conscious choices to be made that will determine whether man learns to survive the future's accelerating rate of change in a numbed state of passivity — Yablonski's robopath — or whether he affirms his humanity by an awareness of his adjustments and their possible consequences.

But why address this added dimension of the educational design through "media studies"? Edmund Carpenter (*Oh, What a Blow That Phantom Gave Me!*) says that "Media are really environments. We live inside them, we are their content." Marshall McLuhan believes that we shape the media, and then the media shape us. While, by definition, any artifact may serve as a medium of communication, it is the mass media that have the greatest effect on our present technological society. Kingsley Widmer ("Sensibility Under Technocracy") feels that we "live in a media environment, ubiquitous and inescapable." As society has moved into a technocracy, communications have taken on the processes and proportions of technology. Communication has become "mass technocommunications" producing the glut of information that Widmer calls "communications pollution." Alvin Toffler refers to the same phenomenon as "information overload" and "future shock." The media are our environment, constantly talking to us and demanding our response. However, he points out in *Future Shock*, the very surfeit of information provided by our media environment produces a constantly accelerating rate of change, putting greater and greater demands on our predictive accuracy and our ability for rational

feedback — and ultimately our sanity. It is only through an understanding of our environment, our rapidly changing media environment, that the goal of survivalistic adaptability can be met.

Widmer's view of our media technocracy is a negative one. He sees the network of technocommunications growing more removed from the individual and becoming less human, less humane, and finally overwhelming its master. Maximised communications — for its own sake — may well lead to this if the only controls depend on the interests of the state, "elite" institutions and corporations.

Buckminster Fuller ("Utopia or Oblivion") holds the optimist's view: the new media, and technology in general, are positive forces freeing man from work and allowing him to better his environment and condition. He preaches a doctrine of "more with less," creating a utopian society where all can benefit from the fruits of industrialization. His solutions are essentially social ones. "He has a truth, but not the way to the truth." (Barry Schwartz, "The Dialectics of Media")

Perhaps the missing link in both of these theories is the individual. If each individual learns to orchestrate his cognitive and sensory input on the basis of its relevance to his own needs and experience, he may begin to demand some protection from environmental overstimulation as a basic human right.

In this context, the definition of "media studies" would be, "a study of communications systems: how their forms and contents interrelate and influence the reality bias of the individual and society." The objectives of the media studies component of the college curriculum would be: 1) to show the effects of communications systems on the sensory profiles of individuals and societies — and how their dimensions of reality are affected by media; 2) to affect an awareness of our present media environment: its existence and its influence on our value system; 3) to acquaint the student with the ideas of "future shock" and "simulsensory chaos" and the need for sensory balance; and 4) to foster some notions of social responsibility for an ecology of cognitive and sensory images. Since communication involves both receiving and sending messages, a fifth objective would be: to improve each student's proficiency in personal communications using both "new" media and "old" methods, written and oral.

Marshall McLuhan reports that print no longer has a monopoly on communications or education. Edmund Carpenter also describes this trend and emphasizes the need to understand the grammar of "The

New Languages." However, Carpenter also points out, "when media simply exploit their own formats, they become complementary and cross-fertile." The new languages, instead of destroying the old ones, serve as a stimulant to them. For this reason, the preservation of the book culture and the art of expressing oneself in writing and speech continue to be important. While the student of the future may learn to develop his image making and receiving capacities through such media as television, he will also need to preserve his verbal and interpretive powers.

To create this futuristic ideal would require several changes in our present system of higher education. Alvin Toffler (*The Third Wave*) says that in an age of technology, information is power. He predicts that in the future information will be exchanged instead of money. However, Widmer tells us that present information channels are in the hands of the old bureaucratic/corporate structure and are thus doomed to stay as they are now: "too much" and "more of the same." My first change, then, would be to take the university out of the marketplace as the seller of a product (the Degree, knowledge authentication, role confirmation) and change it into a catalyst for learning.

Michael Shamberg (*Guerilla Television*) sees universities of the future as information centers where any group of people learns while doing. "Thus the information they generate has value enough to be a base of financial support whole or partial." This conception ties in with his idea of a University of the Media, "where students learn how to learn through shared access to information processing and storage media, portable video and time-sharing computers." (Shamberg admits to being very influenced by Fuller.)

Shifting the economic base of the university, even partially, would be a step toward changing those "social and institutional imperatives aimed at domination and exploitation" that Widmer sees as dooming us. It is similar to the idea suggested by *Remote Control*'s authors, Frank Mankiewicz and Joel Swerdlow, that the uses and quality of television may well change if the power structure is altered to "pay for information" — a real possibility with the advent of cable.

Shamberg compares the ideal education to a process analogous to the way computers handle data. "First there is a data base of necessary basic information and skills like reading, writing, video-taping, computer programming, mathematics, biology. The second

level is learning how to program the data base. Some programs, like mathematics, are prestored and need only to be applied. Others must be written from scratch. All are created in a particular context of relevance, rather than in anticipation of application."

The curriculum of the university-as-learning-center would need to preserve the old knowledge-acquiring function while incorporating a knowledge-applying (feedback) function. It would also need to be "demassified" — Toffler's word — a wave of the future. That is, it would need to be personalized, individualized, more in tune to future needs of specialization. These things might all be accomplished by adding to some regular traditionally scheduled courses, taught in the traditional manner, something I shall call modules.

Each module would contain a data acquiring component as well as a programming component. A module on sociology might require some background reading to familiarize students with terms, basic concepts, etc. The real learning, and "programming" part of the course would be in the form of seminars or "conventions" varying in length from a few days to a week, or more. The sociology seminar might be attended not only by traditional students, but teachers, community leaders seeking solutions to specific problems, researchers, etc. The seminars would break up into several groups each working to learn and seek solutions to specific questions. Obviously, participants would have varying needs in the basic data-acquiring components of the modules. These needs could be met by having certain "courses" available on videotape, cassette and, of course, textbooks. Anyone enrolled in a module would be free to "take a course" or receive data for use in the module, whenever he wished, in as long or short a time as he liked. Each time, he would be acquiring information for immediate use. Various media would be employed as they best presented aspects of the subject studied. Learning would be interdisciplinary.

Seminars could be arranged by computers. City planners seeking urban-rebuilding solutions and social researchers with information on urban needs would be crossed matched with others wanting to learn of the problems and process of urban planning. Computers could also be used to help students balance courses and modules into a curriculum of study providing infinite specialization as well as a "well-rounded" background. Overlapping and interrelating of subjects would reinforce learning and generate understanding of the relationships between systems.

The university would no longer be a cloister where students are turned into data banks for four years. Education would shift from a product to processed based institution and become integrated with living. The best of the verbal/analytical ways of thinking would be merged with the best of the experiential/gestalt mode, print and electronic media combined in a marriage suggested by Barry Schwartz ("Lewis, The Electronic Person") as well as McLuhan, Carpenter and many others.

Although the "media studies" component is the purpose of this design, I've kept this for last. The reasons are two. First, since mass media are adjuncts of other orders — political, social, cultural — many courses dealing with these subjects would include studying them through the mass media. Viet Nam could be studied through Arlen's *Living Room War*, the Civil War through Brady's photographs in addition to the history books. Second, if "media studies" is seen as a separate phenomenon, divorced from other courses of study, then every source I've quoted, every point I've made is false. The course of study I've outlined involves media in theory and practice, in the acquiring of information and, in many cases, its application. (Implementing solutions is the goal, after all.) The "media component" would already be in every course of study. Pure "media" courses or modules would be designed to concentrate on consciousness raising, and learning to speak in and understand the grammars of the various media.

The first "media" module would be a sensitivity training — getting the fish out of the water. Required would be readings from McLuhan, Carpenter, Widmer, Fuller and Toffler's *Future Shock*. It would involve a weeklong hiatus from media — a camping trip. Data acquiring during the trip would be all oral. Numerous methods and experiences could be employed to make participants aware of our media environment's effects on them. The group's social interactions could be studied in light of McLuhan's "oral age of man" theories and Carpenter's observations on the reality/spatial orientation of oral cultures. The whole experience could be turned into an ear cleaning (not to mention electronic image cleaning) exercise employing Shafer's methods of taking measurements, or simply observing designated periods of silence. Changes in reality orientation, time perception and types of interactions with nature could be observed and discussed. The experience should have the effect of making participants aware of their own presence or lack of sensory balance.

Subsequent media modules would involve both understanding and using several media including written and oral communication. They could be individualized to meet the needs of the student, but a balanced exposure and minimal competence would be required. Time and components of any module would be flexible. In the "visual modes" module, one student might learn to express a thought or feeling with a photograph, acquire data on photography and television from writings of Sontag, Swerdlow/Mankiewicz, McLuhan, Carpenter and John Leonard, and then attend a seminar with some VideoFreex members exploring experimental video, disciples of Joan Ganz Cooney seeking improvement for children's television, corporate representatives researching a goods distribution network via television and some educators looking for improved teaching methods. Another student might do the same readings, but choose to make a short videotape on some subject and devote more time to photography — preparing a slide presentation and attending seminars and exhibits. Students would choose the information they wanted to learn on the basis of its relevance to what they planned to do. However, all students would be required to take four modules: the sensitivity or consciousness training one, "visual modes," "oral modes," and "verbal modes." The components of any module would fit together like the old Tinker Toys, mix and match, relate and interrelate.

Designing an educational curriculum in this way would provide not answers, but methods, not solutions to all questions, but access to information tools. The tools, and the power, would be put in the hands of the individual — the human connection in the new media. The key to this tool, and to future shock, is feedback — the ability to respond to the environment in a meaningful way.

The philosopher Henri Bergson sees a relationship between consciousness and choice: "Consciousness seems proportionate to the living being's power of choice. . . . It fills the interval between what is done and what might be done." For the man of the future to avoid the fate of Kosinski's Chance — a one-dimensional being devoid of the human qualities of consciousness, imagination and curiosity — he will need to be conscious of himself as a creature endowed with the power of choice.

KATHY LOMBARD
Illustration Major

Zelda Fitzgerald: Authoress or Tigress?

Jan Galgano

While being treated at the Phipps Clinic at Johns Hopkins, Zelda completed her first novel in just over six weeks. Rather than show it to Scott, she instead sent the manuscript directly to Maxwell Perkins. Exactly why she did this is not clear. Perhaps she thought to have the book published as a means to re-establish her normalcy and impress Scott with her literary achievement. She wrote, "Everything I do that happens to me has seemed because of him. Now I'm going to make a hit so I can choose him again."[1]

Another possibility is fear. Zelda had seen perhaps 50,000 words of Scott's novel in progress (*Tender Is the Night*) and incorporated her memory of the passages to establish a style, a literary rhythm for herself. Her memory served her so well that Scott was later to say that "literally one whole section of her novel is an imitation of it, of its rhythm, materials . . . there are only two episodes, both of which she has reduced to anecdotes 'but upon which whole sections of my book turn,' that I have asked her to cut."[2] Zelda had even gone so far as to name one of the main characters Amory Blaine, the hero's name in *This Side of Paradise*.

Whatever her reasons, Zelda must have known that sending her manuscript to Perkins was not a way of keeping it from Scott. Perkins immediately showed the book to Scott who reacted furiously. He berated the doctors at Phipps for allowing the manuscript sent without his clearance. More drastically he wrote explosively accusing letters to Zelda, whose precarious mental state was previously for Scott of utmost importance.[3]

It is easy to understand Scott's seething reaction. He had been writing *Tender Is the Night* on and off for practically three years. Problems with Scottie and responsibilities to Zelda and her health had been painfully time consuming. For a man who was accustomed to living in the world's limelight this must have seemed, to Scott, a supreme sacrifice. This is not to say that his anger was motivated by

self pity. More likely it stemmed from his idea that Zelda had betrayed him. Even more frustrating must have been the fact that Zelda was able to do in six weeks[4] what Scott had been attempting for nearly three years.[5] In her quest for independence, Zelda theoretically entered Scott's turf. It seemed almost a direct challenge to his authority and ability.

The original manuscript of *Save Me the Waltz* has disappeared and there is no way of knowing just what Scott and Maxwell Perkins cut. What is known is that when first approached, Zelda refused to make any of the changes they wanted. Her manuscript, she said, was "none of Scott's damn business."[6] Scott reacted so violently that the doctors recommended that the Fitzgeralds split; both refused. Eventually, Zelda conceded and agreed to cut the central section, which Scott thought "rather flashy and self-justifying 'true confessions,' "[7] revise the sections in which she had described him, and change the hero's name from Amory Blaine to David Knight.

Once all of the demanded revisions were completed to Scott's satisfaction, he wrote to Perkins saying, "Zelda's novel is now good, improved in every way. As it is now, she has largely eliminated the speakeasy-nights-and-our-trip-to-Paris atmosphere."[8] He went on to ask Perkins not to wire Zelda congratulations, but to keep his praise "on the staid side, for I am not certain enough of Zelda's present stability of character to expose her to any superlatives or to encourage her incipient egomania."[9]

Finally, he suggested that Perkins not mention Zelda's novel to Ernest Hemingway, who would also have a book published by Scribner's that season. Not because of a possible literary conflict between Zelda and Ernest which was rooted in part in a struggle for prominence, but because Scott felt that if Hemingway heard Perkins praise the book it would indicate his allegiance to Zelda rather than himself. As Scott wrote to Max, "you haven't been in the publishing business over twenty years without noticing the streaks of smallness in very large personalities. . . there is no possible conflict between the books but there has always been a subtle struggle between Ernest and Zelda, and any opposition might have curiously grave consequences — curious, that is, to un-jealous men like you and me."[10] Scott also insisted upon handling all finances: "please in your letter to Zelda (if of acceptance) do not mention contracts or terms. I will take it up immediately on hearing from you."[11] Scribner's accepted the book and the contract was signed on June 14, 1932. Also added to the contract

was a clause stating that "one-half of the royalties earned would be retained by Scribner's to be credited against "the indebtedness of F. Scott Fitzgerald," until a total of $5,000 had been repaid."[12]

Save Me the Waltz was published that following fall, in October 1932.[13] The book received a minimum of publicity. It was printed on cheap paper and bound in green linen. It was perhaps one of the least pretentious volumes ever published by Scribner's. The book sold less than fourteen hundred copies and was considered unreadable by many critics because of numerous typographical and grammatical errors. It is interesting that Scott and Perkins who for all their solicitude about Zelda's book, let it go to press apparently without even having been copyedited.[14]

Once published, the critics pounced upon Zelda's novel. The *New York Times* said:

> It is a pity that the publishers could not have had more accurate proof reading; for it is inconceivable that the author should have undertaken to use as much of the French language as appears in this book, if she knew so little of it as this book indicates — almost every single French word (and there are many), as well as many foreign names and a good many plain English words are misspelled. This may sound like a small thing, but to meet such mistakes on practically every page is so annoying that it becomes almost impossible to read the book at all.[15]

Dorothea Brande of *The Bookman* wrote:

> There is every chance that fifty readers will take up Zelda Fitgerald's first novel *Save Me the Waltz*, and drop it again within the first chapter to every one reader who will persist to the end. It is not only that her publishers have seen fit to curb an almost ludicrous lushness of writing . . . in fact the number of absurd errors in the book are beyond counting. . . . There is a

warm, intelligent undisciplined mind behind *Save Me the Waltz*. Mrs. Fitzgerald should have had what help she needed to save her book from the danger of becoming a laughing-stock.[16]

All things considered, Zelda's book was mos' ,kely published on the weight of its own merit. Perkins was impressed with the manuscript. He felt it possessed a "freshness and originality" and ideally presented "the way things were" during the Twenties. It was "vivid and colorful, and it has a slightly surrealistic, 'real-unreal' quality." The obvious ease with which words flowed from Zelda must have been antagonizing to Scott who often struggled to wring the right word for his work.[17]

Zelda had, I believe, two things which worked against her. One, she was a woman — the wife of a famous author who in the 1930's would not and could not be accepted as possessing a fraction of the talent of her husband. Two, she was a patient in a sanitarium with a certified disease who could not be taken seriously; after all, weren't parts of her novel derived from Scott's *Tender Is the Night*? However, being Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald helped her here in that very few unknown authors were being printed during the Depression.

Though both men ultimately viewed her work as that of a talented author, they probably felt more importantly that to publish her novel would give Zelda the needed shot of adrenalin and thus restore hope for her future and her sanity. It is evident that whether through painting, dancing, or writing, Zelda felt a need to establish herself as a person independent of Scott.

Finally, although *Save Me the Waltz* was considered a good novel, it was cheaply printed and unpublicized. I don't think that Scott, Perkins, or Scribner's expected the book to sell. Scribner's was basically placating the poor sick wife of one of their leading clients. They believed they were doing Scott, rather than Zelda, a favor. "But I warn you," she said, "I am only really myself when I'm somebody else whom I have endowed with these wonderful qualities from my imagination."[18]

ENDNOTES

[1]Sara Mayfield, *Exiles From Paradise* (New York: Delacorte Press, 1971), p. 183.

[2]Nancy Milford, *Zelda* (New York: Harper & Row, 1970), p. 216.

[3]The original letters of Scott's no longer exist, but Zelda's replies do. ". . . Doctor Squires tells me you are hurt that I did not send my book to you before I mailed it to Max. Purposely I didn't — knowing that you were working on your own and honestly feeling that I had no right to interrupt you to ask for a serious opinion . . . I was also afraid we might have touched the same material . . . Scott, I love you more than anything on earth and if you were offended I am miserable." See Milford, pp. 220-221.

[4]Different authors indicate varied time spans for the completion of *Save Me the Waltz*. The range is between three weeks and two months. I used the figure of six weeks as a medium range.

[5]On March 14, Scott wrote Dr. Squires in a fury. He had just received Zelda's manuscript. For four years, he wrote, he had been forced to work intermittently on his novel, "unable to proceed because of the necessity of keeping Zelda in sanitariums." See Milford, p. 216.

[6]Mayfield, p. 185.

[7]Mayfield, p. 185.

[8]John Kuehl & Jackson Bryer, *Dear Scott/Dear Max* (New York: Scribner's, 1971), p. 173.

[9]Kuehl & Bryer, p. 174.

[10]Andrew Turnbull, ed., *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (New York: Scribner's, 1963), p. 229.

[11]Turnbull, p. 229.

[12]Milford, p. 226.

[13]"Zelda told Scott she found the title for her novel, *Save Me the Waltz*, in a Victor record catalog. It is an evocative request, with a bitter edge, and like an old song it stirs memories." See Milford, p. 223.

[14]See Mayfield, p. 186.

[15]Matthew Bruccoli, Scottie Fitzgerald Smith, Joan P. Kerr, *The Romantic Egoists* (New York: Scribner's, 1974), pp. 189-190.

[16]Bruccoli, *et. al.*, p. 190.

[17]Perkins wrote Scott, "I think there is no doubt that Zelda has a great deal of talent, and of a very colorful, almost poetic kind. . . ." See Kuehl and Bryer, pp. 170-173.

[18]Zelda Fitzgerald, *Save Me the Waltz* (New York: Scribner's, 1932), p. 157.

BRYAN FARRELL
Illustration Major

Esoteric Drugs: A Look into Placebo Magic

M.C. Ruzicka

The Sufi teacher, the Zen master, and other esoterics share much in common with the placebo-prescribing physician. By definition not only do both groups operate from an esoteric framework in that each group's master has knowledge that is "designed for and understood only by the specially initiated" (Webster, 1959, p. 624), but also by the utilization of faith the esoteric religions motivate their followers to aspire to shared ideals, and similarly the placebo-prescribing physicians motivate their patients to attain health. Both groups subscribe to the belief of mind over body, both manipulate expectations to attain effects — esoterics' use is as a tool to awareness (see Appendix A), placebo-prescribing physicians' use is as a tool to recovery — and both would appear at first glance to hold mystical auras because both groups obtain their power from the nonrational subjective reality of faith defined as a firm belief and trust in something for which there is no proof. To esoteric or placebo-prescribing physicians, faith is the stimulant to change.

"No proof" may be a relevant term to use when speaking of truths obtained from divine revelation because religious insights are mystical in nature and non-provable. However, the effects of a placebo prescribed by a man of *science* should fall within the realms of truths we know to be scientific knowledge. To explore how much of the placebo effect is, in fact, explainable by science and how much is subjective or mystical in nature, an investigation of contributing factors is researched below.

The concept of faith was identified by Sir William Osler in the 19th century as the most therapeutic element in drug administration (Berg, 1977). As chairman of the Department of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, he expressed the view that, "the cures of organic diseases he had brought about were due essentially, not to the treatment he used . . ." because most of the drugs and other methods of treatment available to the physicians of his time were essentially useless, ". . . but to the patient's faith in the effectiveness of the treatment" (Cousins, 1979, p. 17). The faith factor was considered so strong as to confuse the effectiveness of actual ineffective drugs: "It

was this fervent belief on the part of the sufferer that gave 'curative properties' to numerous early remedies, substances in which thorough analysis has found no pharmacologic properties" (Brodeur, 1965, p. 661). The historical treatment of ailments with various substances known today to possess no therapeutic value led Shapiro to comment that the history of medicine is largely the history of placebo effects (Doongaji, Vahia & Bharucha, 1978). Therefore, the subjective element of faith produced a placebo effect to occur from the use of the ineffective drugs of the times.

Faith also is the incitement to religious ceremonial rituals such as the rite of passage. Within the scientific field of medicine the symbolic act of attaining medical attention from a physician the patient has faith in, may similarly be viewed as a rite of passage to health. The ritual commences with the patient phoning the doctor for an appointment which magically relieves some of his distress. The accepting of medication or a placebo symbolizes the doctor's healing function (Whitehorn, 1958), and as Cousins puts it so well, "To the patient, a prescription is a certificate of assured recovery. It is the doctor's IOU that promises good health" (1979, p. 49). Further symbolic representations of the process include, ". . . patient's expectations of cure reinforced by the physician's medical degree, his warmth and confidence, the ritual of the office visit, the writing of the prescription, the bottle in which the drug is dispensed, positive comments from the pharmacists, and so on — all may contribute to some degree to the effectiveness of the placebo" (Berg, 1977, p. 99). Therefore, even if the medication that is prescribed is a placebo, the faith in the ritual still has a positive effect on the patient.

The patient's faith and expectations in this rite of passage to health have been studied within the science of placebogenesis to isolate the determinants of a successful placebo experience. Shapiro, a placebogenesis scholar, feels, "The placebo effect seems to be a multidetermined phenomenon consisting of multiple interacting and competing variables in the patient, physician, patient-physician relationship . . . and treatment situation" (Shapiro, 1970, p. 75). Included within patient's variables are: the patient's previous experience with physicians and medications, the patient's belief in recent achievements of medical science, and the patient's interpretation of the doctor's personality and behavior (Whitehorn, 1958). Shapiro's colleague in his studies, J.J.D. Frank, formulates the same general concepts but within a more mythological manner, "1) *faith* in the medical profession in general, 2) *faith* in his personal physician's competence in particular,

and 3) *hope* that he, the patient will get well" (Gryll & Katahn, 1978, p. 254). In each category the more positive the faith factor, or as Frank terms it — the more positive the belief in the therapist's myth — the more positive the placebo reaction. For example, if the patient perceives the above variables in a favorable way, the placebo effects become more favorable. Once again, subjective interpretations facilitate the placebo effectiveness.

Placebo effects produced by physicians have been labeled "iatro-placebogenesis" by Shapiro in his studies involving the responses to placebo by patients. In the category of direct iatroplacebogenesis is placed 1) the doctor's attitude toward the patients (warmth, friendliness and empathy, vs. disinterest, rejection and hostility), 2) the doctor's attitude toward the treatment (physician's faith, enthusiasm), and 3) the doctor's attitude toward results (data collection and interpretation) (1970). It is within this area of the physician's attitude in relationship to placebo effects that concrete results have been clearly demonstrated by science:

> Pollansky and Kounin concluded that the physician's personal interest and not his competence was the main determinant of placebogenesis. The patient's liking for the doctor, the doctor's interest, empathy, sympathy, neutrality or disinterest, hostility or rejection all contributed to the results of placebo (Doongaji, Vahia & Bharucha, 1978b, p. 149).

> Physician's attitude toward treatment . . . it determined the success of psychotherapy, behavior therapy, psychochemotherapy, placebo effects and the successes of shamans and quacks (Doongaji, Vahia & Bharucha, 1978b, p. 156).

> Many investigators have shown that the efficacy of placebo and active drug is increased when the physician has faith in the effectiveness of the drug he is administering . . . this effect of the physician's expectations alters out of therapy about 25-30 percent either direction (Berg, 1977, p. 98).

From the above studies, it is important to retain the measure of the 25

to 30 percent resultant, for this is the first hint at scientific information which can be actualized into knowledge.

Having analyzed the rite of passage from both the patient's perspective and the physician's perspective, the paradigm would be incomplete without probing the gestalt of the two for possible interactions not apparent by looking only at the parts. The most obvious interaction is the fulfillment of needs of physicians and patients. The physician chooses his profession to fulfill his need to heal the sick, or at least to relieve suffering. The doctor needs the patient. The patient chooses the doctor to relieve his suffering and hopefully cure him. The patient needs the doctor. "The meaningful doctor-patient interaction of needs is of utmost importance, allowing the transfer of the patient's concerns to an acknowledged scientist and healer, the physician" (Benson & Epstein, 1975, p. 1226). If the physician chooses the placebo to prescribe, then there can be no doubt that the placebo will derive some power from "the emotional relationship between the omnipotent physician and the needs of the patient" (Benson & Epstein, 1975, p. 1226).

Measurement of the power of the doctor-patient relationship, and of the faith factor in patients, and of the doctor's attitude or iatro-placebogenesis should make up the effectiveness rate of placebo therapy if all of the above are operative forces in the rite of passage to health. Studies on placebo effectiveness indicate that 30 to 40 percent of individuals with various signs and symptoms achieve effective relief with placebo treatment (Vogel, Goodwin & Goodwin, 1980). Beecher reviewed 11 studies involving 1,082 patients in 1955. Illnesses studied were chronic anxiety, headache, and post-operative wound pain. Overall effectiveness of administered placebo was 35.2 plus or minus 2.2 percent. Beecher goes on to indicate the effectiveness of placebo therapy by reporting:

> The great power of placebos provides one of the strongest supports for the view that drugs that are capable of altering subjective responses and symptoms and do so to an important degree through their effect on the reaction component of suffering (1955, p. 1603).

In Beecher's work with post-operative wound pain results obtained showed, "Those who took morphine . . . after surgery registered a 52

percent relief factor; those who took placebo . . . 40 percent. The placebo was 77 percent as effective as morphine" (Cousins, 1979, p. 59). One could hardly conclude this evidence as mystical. The measures of 35.2 and 40 percent effectiveness rate are impressive statistics, yet only 25 to 30 percent of it can be attributed to iatroplacebogenesis.

Science has been left with the mystery not only of attributing placebo effects to their proper cause, but also of identifying a personality type which responds better to placebo than others. Numerous predictors have been reported, but they have been unverified when replication was attempted, and to date personality correlates of placebo response are still a mystery. However, it has been found that "in a random population, about one-third of patients may be classified as placebo responders . . . they are those who are likely to react more positively and with more side effects to drugs than non-reactors . . . but the studies have been unable to identify and predict who the reactors are" (Berg, 1977, p. 99). Consequently the myth of the existence of a placebo personality remains a myth.

However, the myth — placebos are only effective on psychologically determined, subjective symptoms (Vogel, Goodwin & Goodwin, 1980) — has been proven by medical science to be invalid. While it has been established that placebos are particularly effective against subjective perceptions (Vogel, Goodwin & Goodwin, 1980), this does not infer that the power of placebos is limited to psychological responses. Many examples could be given of "physiological" change, objective changes produced by placebo:

> Cleghorn, et al (1950) studied the effects of placebo on adrenocortical secretions. They observed that injections of placebo can produce a response similar to ACTH, i.e., changes in the eosinophil and lymphocyte count, sodium and potassium levels, and 17-ketosteroid excretion (Doongaji, Vahia & Bharucha, 1978b, p. 147).

> Rinzler, et al were able to affect a statistically significant reduction in the concentration of serum lipoproteins by the administration of placebo (Wolf, 1959, p. 694).

> Dr. Thomas C. Chambers compared two groups that were being used to test the theory that ascorbic acid is a cold preventative. The group on placebo who thought

they were on ascorbic acid had fewer colds than the group on ascorbic acid who thought they were on placebo (Cousins, 1979, p. 46).

A search of the placebo literature would uncover further examples; however, the important concept to retain here is that medical science has demonstrated that encompassed within their field of knowledge is the fact that placebos can induce physiological changes in the body.

Placebo scholars explain the power of placebo as deriving *not* from its ability to "fool" the body, but rather as a translation of the will to live into a physical reality (Cousins, 1979, p. 46). The physiological process, described by Ana Asla, one of Romania's leading endocrinologists, is as follows: "The will to live activates the cerebral cortex . . . which in turn switches on the pituitary gland, triggering effects on the pineal gland and the whole of the endocrine system" (Cousins, 1979, pp. 47-48). Wolf agrees with Asla's conceptualization of the process but adds that the cortex impulses are set in motion by language symbols (1959). Cousins addresses the subject by including the most recent development of endorphin's ability to control pain:

> Emotional states have long been known to affect the secretion of certain hormones — for example, those of the thyroid and adrenal glands. It has been recently discovered that the brain and the pituitary gland contain a heretofore unknown class of hormones which are chemically related and which go by the collective name endorphin. . . . The physiological activity of some endorphins presents great similarity to that of morphine, heroin, and other opiate substances which relieve pain, not only by acting on the mechanisms of pain itself, but also by inhibiting the emotional response to pain . . . mental activity can affect the secretion of endorphin (Cousins, 1979, p. 20).

To summarize the mechanics behind the placebo effect, it is feasible to incorporate Cousins' statements with those of Asla and Wolf and

state that the process starts by the emotional response of the "will to live" and is concluded by the translation of this will into endorphin. But at the present time, science has been unable to prove this theory.

Recapitulation of key points covered thus far would indicate that under the heading of scientific knowledge of placebogenesis would fall the following information:

> 1. Iatroplacebogenesis is accountable for approximately 25-30 percent of placebo effects.
>
> 2. One-third of the general population is susceptible to favorable placebo effects.
>
> 3. Overall effectiveness of placebo has been demonstrated to be at the rate of 35.2 plus or minus 2.2 percent.
>
> 4. The physiological mechanisms behind the placebo response would appear to be the activation of the endocrine system.

However, these four bits of information leave many questions unanswered by science. If overall effectiveness is 35.2 percent and 25-30 percent of that rate is accounted for by iatroplacebogenesis, what can the remaining five to ten percent effectiveness rate be attributed to? *Who* are the one-third in the population? If placebo reaction is a physiological translation of the "will to live," certainly more than one-third of the population must grasp that will. If science is the ultimate and omnipotent of knowledge in today's world, shouldn't the physician as the medical representative of science be able to translate that will on a more universal level? Science acknowledges that the mystical element of "faith" is the propellant behind the effectiveness of the placebo; that being the case, can placebo ever be totally explained by a discipline that is oriented towards objectivism?

If the above questions appear prejudicial to science, let it also be said that the representatives of science are also prejudicial to the mystical side of placebos:

> The placebo effect is viewed as a superstitious response

(Shapiro, 1970, p. 73).

Placebos are seen as embarrassingly unscientific and as interfering with *real* medicine (Berg, 1977, p. 100).

Placebo therapy (can) be seen as a contingency measure, an alternative to procedures which are medically more acceptable . . . respondents who stressed this perspective also tended to describe medical practice as if it were based upon a body of clearly defined scientific procedures with an explicit margin of pseudo-scientific techniques (placebos) which were employed only when clinical contingencies precluded the use of more rational alternatives . . . the more the doctor viewed the medical practice as a scientific exercise, the more disparaging he was about placebo therapy. Placebo therapy extended only to pseudo-scientific techniques which are widely acknowledged in the profession as both inert and cheap (Comaroff, 1976, p. 93).

It would appear by the above statements that a definite dichotomy exists between scientific methods and mysticism. However, Norman Cousins in his book *Anatomy of an Illness* demonstrates that the field between the two is more interdependent than would be apparent to either discipline:

In the end, the greatest value of the placebo is what it can tell us about life. Like a celestial chaperone, the placebo leads us through the uncharted passageways of mind and gives us greater sense of infinity than if we were to spend all our days with our eyes hypnotically glued to the giant telescope at Mt. Palomar. What we see ultimately is that the placebo isn't really necessary and that the mind can carry out its difficult and wondrous missions unprompted by little pills. The placebo is only a tangible object made essential in an age that prefers to think that every inner effect must have an outer cause (1979, p. 66).

Science's investigation of the placebo phenomenon leaves many mysteries yet to be explained. However, until the day comes when the mechanics of placebo magic can be unraveled, what we do know is: whether we choose the language of science, the placebo, or the language of the esoteric religions, the Sufi teacher, the Zen master, ultimately what the body hears is that the mind's utilization of faith does have the power to help the body heal itself.

APPENDIX A

Nasrudin used to take his donkey across a frontier every day, with the panniers loaded with straw. Since he admitted to being a smuggler when he trudged home every night, the frontier guards searched him again and again. They searched his person, sifted the straw, steeped it in water, even burned it from time to time. Meanwhile he was becoming visibly more and more prosperous.

Then he retired and went to live in another country. Here one of the customs officers met him, years later.

"You can tell me now, Nasrudin," he said. "Whatever was it that you were smuggling, when we could never catch you out?"

"Donkeys," said Nasrudin.

Idries Shah, *The sufis*. New York: Anchor, 1971, p. 67.

REFERENCES

Beecher, H.K. The powerful placebo. *J.A.M.A.*, 1955, Dec. 24, 1602-1606.

Benson, H., & Epstein, M. The placebo effect. *J.A.M.A.*, 1975, June 23, *232* (12), 1225-1226.

Berg, A.O. Placebos: A brief review for family physicians. *Journal of Family Practice*, 1977, 5 (1), 97-100.

Brodeur, D.W. A short history of placebos. *Journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association*, 1965, *NS5*, (12), 661-662.

Comaroff, J. A bitter pill to swallow: Placebo therapy in general practice. *Sociological Review*, 1976, *24* (1), 75-95.

Cousins, N. *Anatomy of an illness*. New York: Norton, 1979.

Doongaji, D.R., Vahia, V.N. & Bharucha, M.P.E. On placebos, placebo responses and placebo responders: Psychological factors. *Journal of Postgraduate Medicine*, 1978, *24* (2) 91-97. (a)

Doongaji, D.R., Vahia, V.N. & Bharucha, M.P.E. On placebos, placebo responses and placebo responders — Psychopharmacological and psychophysiological factors. *Journal of Postgraduate Medicine*, 1978, *24* (3), 147-157. (b)

Gryll, S. & Katahn, M. Situational factors contributing to the placebo effect. *Psychopharmacology*, 1978, *57*, 253-261.

Shah, I. *The sufis*. New York: Anchor, 1971.

Shapiro, A.K. Placebo effects in psychotherapy and psychoanalysis. *Journal of Clinical Pharmacology*, 1970, *10*, 73-78.

Vogel, A.V., Goodwin, J.S. & Goodwin, J.M. The therapeutics of placebo. *American Family Physician*, 1980, *22* (1), 105-109.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. Springfield: Merriam, 1979.

Whitehorn, J.C. Comment: Psychiatric implications of the placebo effect. *American Journal of Psychiatry*, 1958, Jan., 662-664.

Wolf, S. The pharmacology of placebos. *Pharmacological Review*, 1959, 689-696.

ANN MARIE DUH
Illustration Major

Teddy's Rose
Susan Tamas-Montagnino

A volley of gunfire broke above their heads, causing Gennie and Teddy to pitch themselves over Mr. Holmes' neatly trimmed privet hedge like two well-trained acrobats. Teddy caught a sharp rock between his shoulder blades and rolled over on his side, moaning.

"Shhh. . . take it easy. Where does it hurt?" Gennie whispered.

Teddy grimaced as he pointed around back. She saw the rip in his shirt — the skin was only slightly abrased but already it looked black and blue. Poor Teddy. She massaged the spot until he motioned for her to stop and grabbed her hand.

"Come on. . . let's go," he murmured.

Gennie pulled away. "No. I left my sketchpad and pencils in the garden."

Another volley exploded nearby, scaring a few grackles into cawing.

"Jesus Christ, he's gonna kill us," cried Teddy, burying his face into his hands.

"Hush up your mouth, Theodore Moore. No one's gonna kill us." Gennie knelt up and peered above the hedge for a better view of Holmes' backyard. "If Mr. Holmes wanted us dead. . . then that's what we'd be right now. Scarin' us is what he wants."

"That he did. Yessir. . . that he did," moaned Teddy as his eyes widened to show more white than brown. He was shaking so badly he missed his footing twice while getting up.

"Where are you going?" Gennie demanded. "I've got to get my sketchpad back." She pulled him back down next to her.

"Let me go," Teddy whined. "I knew we shouldn't have come here."

"Stop acting like a baby," she whispered. "Get back here and give me a kiss."

"What?"

"Give me a kiss. . . now."

"Are you crazy?" Teddy muttered. The sweat was pouring down his face and his heart was thumping away in his chest. "We gotta get outta here."

"Not before a kiss." Gennie smiled as she patted the ground next

to her. She wondered how strong his resistance would be.

Teddy looked at her; then he glanced up over the hedge, scanning the garden. There was no sign of Mr. Holmes, so Teddy leaned down and pecked her cheek. " Good . . now let's go."

" Mysketchpad. . . I won't leave without it," Gennie stated.

" Forgetit. We'll come back later."

" Iknow you better than that." She pursed her lips into a pout and pulled her eyebrows into a mad grimace. " No.I won't leave without it."

" Please . . come on, Gennie. . . we gotta get outta here," he demanded.

Gennie looked at Teddy just in time to see his eyes widen from another round of gunfire which ricocheted off a nearby tree to within a few yards of them.

" Holyshit. . . ," Teddy shouted as he jumped up, leaped into the ravine and rolled down to safety. Gennie watched as he disappeared into the backwoods. She shook her head. She'd have to get her sketchpad and pencils back without his help.

As Gennie meandered down the backwood's path, the summer breeze fluttered the leaves and cooled her off. It sure was a hot day. Her pad and pencils were tucked under her arm. She spotted Teddy sitting on a rock, holding his heart and panting with his mouth open.

" Ican't believe you, Theodore Moore," she stated, leaning against the rock he sat on.

He just looked up at her, his face ashen white and his unruly blonde hair in sweaty ringlets around his face.

" Thatold man is crazy," he muttered. " I'mnever going back there again."

He spotted her notepad and pencils and looked away. " Isee you got your stuff back."

" Nothanks to you," she retorted. " Ican't believe you would run. He wasn't gonna hurt us."

" Sayswho?. . . you?" Teddy replied.

" Areyou gonna get scared and run away every time something happens you don't expect?"

" AndI suppose you thought it was a good idea to want a kiss back then," Teddy added, looking up at her.

She stared right back. " Itwas just a funny incident."

"Well. . . I'm not laughing," Teddy replied.

" Ican see that," she added.

The two of them remained silent, each pouting and scowling. Finally Gennie turned and started walking away.

"I'm really disappointed in you, Theodore Moore."

"Well, too bad," Teddy hissed as he stood up and dusted off his jeans and shirt. He grit his teeth and followed her down the path.

As they strode in formation, Teddy eyed her tight jeans. Whenever she was mad, she walked like a whore — a swish, a wiggle, and a bump. He wanted to slap her ass but held back.

"Why do you have to draw all those pictures of old man Holmes' roses anyway? That's private property and you know he doesn't take well to trespassers," Teddy preached.

Gennie shrugged her shoulders and kept walking. She wondered if he would follow her. At the fork in the road, she went left which led down by the river. She wanted a nice cooling swim. Teddy was right behind her.

"You'd think you'd learn, Gennie. . . but no. You have to go back. You don't care about getting yourself killed at eighteen, but I do." Teddy babbled on. "I can see the headlines — girl gets shot by maniac rose gardener."

Gennie stopped dead in her tracks, causing Teddy to jump sideways to avoid smacking into her. Her eyes were blacker than usual, not a cool black but the black of boiling tar. "How long are you gonna keep this up, Teddy?"

"Until you admit that we almost got killed. That we shouldn't have gone there," he demanded.

"You're a schnook sometimes, Teddy." The rapids could be heard in the distance, so Gennie turned and quickened her pace.

Teddy slowed down and let Gennie get ahead of him. How was he ever going to understand her.

By the time he reached the river, Gennie was half-undressed and angrily tugging at her snagged zipper on her jeans. Teddy eyed her white breasts with the pink nipples bobbing up and down as she worked the zipper. He stood there with his mouth parted and that flushed feeling creeping back into his face.

"Are you just going to stand there, Teddy. . . or are you going to help me?"

He smiled and walked over to her. "I didn't know you were in the mood," he stated, kneeling down to fidget with her zipper.

"I'm not. I just want to take a swim."

"Oh," Teddy scowled and tugged on her zipper. His breath got shorter and his hands shook.

"Mother of God. . . I can't concentrate on your stupid zipper with those above me." He reached up to touch her breast, but she pulled away.

"Don't be a tease," Teddy hissed.

Gennie fumbled with her zipper again and deliberately bounced them in front of his face.

"If you're just going to tease me," Teddy yelled, "then put your shirt back on." He reached around and grabbed her shirt.

"Running away from the unexpected again," she snapped, putting her hands on her hips.

Teddy stood up and stared at her. "Is that what you think?" Then he turned and walked over the edge of the river. "Then how's this for the unexpected," he said, tossing her shirt into the rapids. The reds and yellows churned around a few times and disappeared under the foam.

Gennie ran knee deep into the water with her hands covering her mouth. She looked at the spot where the shirt disappeared, then back at Teddy.

"How could you?" she cried. "How could you?"

She stomped her feet, almost losing her balance. Teddy laughed. She kicked some water at him and missed. Her skin was flushed from her face down to her waist.

"I hate you," she shouted as she reached out for balance, stumbling over some rocks.

"It's cute how they bounce from side to side," he stated.

She shot him an angry glance. "I hate you."

"Do they always get hard and pointed when you're mad?"

"I hate you."

Teddy held out a hand to aid her last steps out of the water.

"So. . . no more teasing," he stated with an ear to ear grin.

"I hate you," she repeated as she grabbed his head and yanked with all her might. Teddy lost his balance and tumbled head first into the water but not without pulling her back in on top of him. The two of them sputtered and spit as they popped their heads out of the water. Teddy kissed her on the lips and cupped his fingers over her breasts. Her skin was cool and smooth, and he could feel her heart pounding. Gennie struggled momentarily, then kissed him back, grabbing his belt buckle.

"Is there something down there you desire?" Teddy laughed.

"Did anyone ever tell you you're an egotist," she replied, sticking her tongue out at him.

He nipped her lips as Gennie pushed against his chest. "Sometimes I really hate you," she hissed.

"Yeah, I know," Teddy replied.

"Let go of me," Gennie yelled. "This water is too cold."

Teddy released her and followed her ashore. They both scrambled up the embankment and lay down on a soft bed of moss. Teddy leaned on his side and began kissing her from the edge of her jeans up over her body to her neck. Gennie ignored him and closed her eyes, resting her head on her arm.

Teddy fumbled with her zipper, but it was still stuck. No matter what he did, it wouldn't give. He angrily sat up and said, "God damn it."

Gennie still didn't open her eyes.

"How long do I have to wait? Take those damn things off."

Gennie sat up and grinned. "You're not very romantic."

"How could I be with a snagged zipper between me and you. If it's not one thing, it's another.

Gennie knew Teddy was right, but she wanted to pick just the time when it would be special. Gennie shrugged her shoulders and looked away from Teddy.

"I can't go on like this, Gennie. You just can't imagine what it's like. Showers don't help any more. Do you want me to tell you why?"

"No," interrupted Gennie. "I know. . . I know."

"Well. . . ?"

Gennie was scared, and that was a feeling she hated most of all. She opened her eyes and tugged at her jeans.

"Well. . . help me," she murmured.

Teddy turned with a smile and patiently worked her zipper until it was undone. Then he helped her out of her jeans. He couldn't take his eyes off her as he undressed and scattered his things all around.

"Have you ever done it before, Teddy?" Gennie whispered, tucking her knees under her chin as she watched Teddy.

"Almost.

"What do you mean. . . almost?" she threatened. "With who?"

Teddy sat down next to her and reached over, pulling her toward him. "Last month I went to Sophie's place."

"You didn't. . . did you?"

"Yeah," Teddy hesitated. "I got inside the door."

"And. . . ?" Gennie forced.

"And I saw my father there."

"Oh my God," Gennie howled, leaning back on the moss. "That's funny." Her laughter eased the tension through her body, and she let him slip his hand between her legs. Why was she so nervous? Never

had she felt this way before. She wondered if he was as scared as she. She wondered only long enough until her emotions took hold and she couldn't remember anymore.

The two of them lay on the moss and listened to the water. The sun was beginning to set, and the heat was leaving their bodies.

"God, that was good," Teddy whispered. "Real good."

Gennie closed her eyes. She felt good too. All those insecurities. Gone. Nothing terrible had happened. She rolled over on her side and smiled at Teddy who was rubbing the hair on his chest.

"Feel pretty macho, don't you," she quipped.

"You want to do it again," he smiled.

"I don't believe you. I'm too sore."

"For how long?"

"Knock it off, Teddy." She rolled over and began picking up her clothes. Her body ached.

"I guess now I'll have to do the proper thing and marry you," Teddy laughed.

Gennie shot him an aggravated glance.

"I've asked you every year since fourth grade. . . I suppose now is as good a time as any." Teddy sat up and grabbed her hand. "I really want to marry you."

Gennie looked down at Teddy's face. He was doing it again to her — showing her that special warmth and caring he always had for her.

She bent down and cupped his face in her hands, "I love you Teddy, but I really don't want to get married just yet."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to end up like my mother and your mother. They've had twelve kids between the two of them. That's not what I want."

Teddy's eyes smarted and he blinked the tears away. "It doesn't have to be like that. It can be whatever we want, Gennie."

She shrugged her shoulders and slipped on his shirt. "Sometimes I feel just like one of Mr. Holmes' roses — all alone and unappreciated."

"Aw Gennie. . . you have me and I appreciate you."

"That's not what I mean," Gennie stammered. "I want something more out of life, while I'm still young."

"I don't understand," Teddy muttered.

"Listen to me," Gennie spoke, leaning down next to him. "Mr.

Holmes has all those roses hidden away in his backyard where no one can see them. That's a sin."

"Why?" Teddy whispered.

"Because a rose blooms to give beauty. If it can't be seen or appreciated, it has no worth. It just dies a lonely death — unfulfilled, and I don't want that to happen to me."

Teddy just shook his head.

"Don't laugh, Teddy, but sometimes I feel those roses know when I'm around. They become happy and they open their petals wider for me and they just smell so beautiful. Just to show off. That's why I have to go there."

"But what has that got to do with you and me," Teddy cried.

"I want to draw and bring beauty to the world with my paintings. I want to try and fulfill myself, and I can't if I marry you now and settle down, having babies."

Teddy stood up and slipped on his jeans. He walked over to the edge of the water. "Marriage doesn't have to be like that." He picked up a few pebbles and tossed them into the water. "I don't want to lse you, Gennie."

She walked up behind him and slipped her arms around his waist. "You won't. Just give me time. I promise I'll be there."

Teddy turned around and grabbed Gennie's shoulders. "You stay right here. Don't move. Promise. . . stay right here until I come back."

As he ran up the dirt road, he motioned back to her. "Promise. . ."

"Promise," she replied with her hand raised.

What was he up to? She stood there watching the rapids, how the water kept on going over all the obstacles in its way. Never stopping. Always more flowing down from the mountain. Teddy's love was like that.

Before long she heard the leaves rustling behind her. Teddy hadn't taken long at all. She turned and watched as he skidded and slipped down the incline, almost losing his balance. He kept one hand behind his back all the while.

Teddy stopped a few feet from her with a big smile. "First I want to say that I;ve been thinking about what you said before."

Gennie nodded back. "Yeah and. . . ?"

"Well, I think I understand what you're getting at. I'm just a little impatient and afraid of losing you. Sometimes I panic at the thought of not having you. . . but I want you to know I love you and that you'll always be my special rose."

Teddy pulled his other arm out from behind him and presented her with one large violet-red rose.

"For you," he whispered, leaning forward to give her a kiss.

"Oh Teddy," Gennie cried, reaching for the flower. "It's the most beautiful rose of all and it's also one of Mr. Holmes' special breed." She kissed Teddy.

"Yeah, I know," Teddy smirked. "That's why I had to go back and get it for you."

Gennie chuckled. "Did he see you?"

Teddy shook his head. "I don't think so."

"Oh my God," Gennie howled. "Wait until he sees it's gone."

"Yeah. . . I don't think we should ever go back there," Teddy stated, wrapping his arm around her shoulder as he led her up the ravine to the dirt path.

Gennie giggled as she smelt the rose. "Yeah, I'm sure the next time he sees us he'll use buckshot and he won't miss."

A Coup d'etat of the New Contented

Parties of parliament

Natural Rights

On the Issue of Freedom

Revolution stirs the soul

Invigorates the Mind

Progressive labor Party Parties

What Party is in Power

S.D.S Parties of party goers

Party Politics The Party in Power

Anarchists whose Party is the life of The Party

The President is in the Republican Party

The Weatherman don't believe in partying

They believe in no party other than their
Party when They become the Party in Power

I heard this when The now President was
in the same Party but only the Governor
of the State where Partying was the
Favorite Pastime and became a subject
of Study

Free University studies in Parties

I never liked Parties

The word signifies Politics and Foolishness

Private Parties are great when the only
Person There is myself

The Underground Party is very chic

The Qualifications are to be Anti-Party

Avoid all crowds of People

Three People in congregation is a Party

The Party best suited for Political
Power is The Party of no concern for it
is nonexistent

The best Party of celebration is the Party
where all invited are told when They enter
The Party that the nonconcerned, nonexistent
Party has declared that all Subjective,
Objective, Conceptual, or Perceptual comprehension
is either illusory or hallucinatory

We the People wherever we are hiding do
declare that we do not recognize parties of
Political or of celebrative nature

Bernadine Dorhn are you Tired yet of Politics
or Feminism

Maybe you should marry someone From Hollywood

While you are there could you elevate it
or possibly dismantle it

Its social concern is in a Jacuzzi with
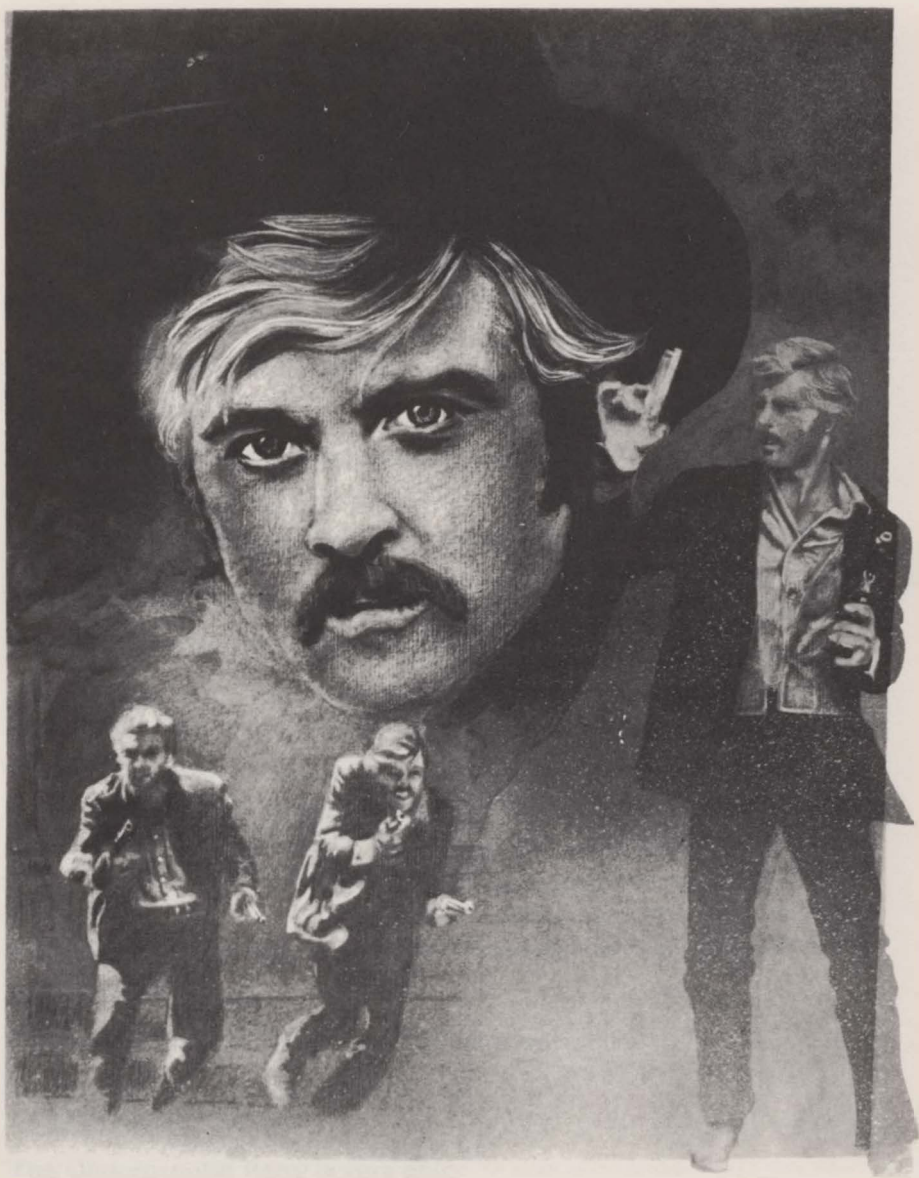Roman Polanski the exile who like
Ezra Pound is a Fascist or a closet Fascist

Hollywood loves to Party

Their love is Fiction and Fiction may Transcend
Poetry if The nonexistent Parties Forget that
They are Parties and drop into Identity crisis
That sacred slumber of creative vices
searching For Cultural Appeasement

Louis Andrew Modica

KATHY LOMBARD
Illustration Major

Meet Robert Riskin

Jay Rozgonyi

In Richard Schickel's *The Men Who Made The Movies*, Frank Capra is quoted as saying, "I can't say too much for Bob Riskin. He was the greatest screenplay artist I've ever known — great ear for dialogue, and a great person to be around. And we had a symbiotic thing going between us. We created together."

Capra and Riskin did create together, thirteen times in all, and now that Capra's films are coming under serious study, it is important to closely examine the contributions of screenwriter Riskin. Some of the elements most readily associated with Frank Capra's films (and his heroes) seem to be products of the mind of Robert Riskin.

A quick look at the plots of Riskin's and Capra's movies reveals the fascination with the common man that they used so effectively, both together and alone. It is present in their collaborations (*Meet John Doe*), in the films Capra made without Riskin (*It's A Wonderful Life*), and in the films that Riskin wrote for other directors (William Wellman's *Magic Town*). But when Riskin and Capra worked together, the synthesis of their common love for the common man became a thing of beauty. The underdog always won, and with a style that the audiences couldn't help but love.

Riskin began his career in writing, like his contemporary Ben Hecht, as a newspaperman. He was a New Yorker, and intimately familiar with the bankers, gamblers, and con-men that would eventually become the main characters of such films as *American Madness* and *Lady For A Day*.

Reporters continually inhabited the Capra-Riskin world, but they are virtually untouched as major characters in the Capra films that were scripted by others. *It's A Wonderful Life* has no newspaperman, and although she is not always remembered as such, Clarissa Saunders, in *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington* is actually a secretary to Jefferson Smith, and not a journalist. In Riskin's mind, it was usually imperative that the common man meet up with (or sometimes even be) a reporter.

In Riskin's scripts, newspaper writers always had the same basic

character traits. Primary among these is the fact that all reporters are basically good people, although they may be temporarily misled. In *Platinum Blonde*, reporter Stew Smith is loved by his female colleague Gallagher, but he becomes overwhelmed by the superficial beauty of Ann Schuyler and her wealthy surroundings. *Meet John Doe* and *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* both have female reporters who set out to exploit the goodness and honesty of the title characters, and in *It Happened One Night* newpaperman Peter Warne tries to use Ellie Andrews for a story.

A crucial element of the journalist theme is that by the end of the film, the reporter's goodness must be evident. It can be apparent throughout, as with Peter Garvey in *Here Comes The Groom*, or, as is usually the case, the reporter undergoes a conversion, almost religious in nature. The strongest examples of this are contained in *Mr. Deeds* and *John Doe*.

In both of these films, we are presented, early on, with a female reporter who exploits the main character. The relationship between the two protagonists, however, is in both cases one of need. Longfellow Deeds needs Babe Bennett, for he is convinced that she is the only genuine person in the city, and Babe needs Longfellow so she can write her stories and get her vacation. Likewise, Long John Willoughby needs Ann Mitchell so he can eat and have a place to stay, and Ann needs John so she can continue to write the John Doe column and keep her job. On the other hand, in the Sidney Buchman scripted *Mr. Smith*, Jefferson Smith needs Clarissa, but she does not need him. She can, and even considers, leaving to marry Diz Moore.

The reporters, then, not only have to recognize the good people they are exploiting, but they must also be willing to sacrifice their would-be gains in order to make their conversions complete. Of course, they ultimately don't have to give up the job or vacation, because their editors, also being newspapermen (and therefore basically good), are similarly converted to the side of the hero.

Within the conversion also lies the affirmation of love for the common man/hero. The only thing that saves John Doe from jumping off the building or Longfellow Deeds from being put away is the reporter making her conversion known, by declaring her love for the unsuspecting hero, in his presence. And here again we see the difference from the often compared *Mr. Smith*. When Clarissa yells to Jeff from the stands in the Senate to fight for his beliefs, he is already

aware of the fact that she loves him. When Babe yelled to Longfellow to fight in the courtroom, he had no knowledge of her feelings.

With the conversion of the reporter, the common man can now triumph. Having brought out the inherent goodness in all the redeemable city people (mostly journalists), he has done all that he can, leaving only the D.B. Nortons unchanged. In Capra's and Riskin's world, evil can be triumphed over, but it can't be annihilated.

There is one other very important aspect of Robert Riskin's scripts and characterizations that needs to be discussed, and that is his vision of the common man as opposed to that of Capra's. In the social trilogy (*Mr. Deeds*, *Mr. Smith*, and *John Doe*), Capra has stated that he set out to get a message across to the viewers. He was the one, then, who was directly responsible for the characterizations and events of these films, and Riskin (or Buchman) merely expanded Capra's scene outlines into a coherent film structure. The screenwriter's personal imprint ultimately found itself in the dialogue, and not in the story line.

In his early comedies, however, Capra was not out to make an obvious statement, and he therefore left more of the writing to the writer. It is in films such as *Lost Horizon*, *Broadway Bill*, and *It Happened One Night* that Robert Riskin's version of the common man is more on display than Capra's. Riskin's man is much more realistic, although Capra's hero had to be exaggerated in order to make a point.

The Riskin common man has many of the same values as Capra's, but he looks at them in a different way. He still finds the greatest value in simple things, as exhibited by Peter Warne when he talks about the girl he'd like to find in *It Happened One Night*:

> You know, I saw an island in the Pacific once. Never been able to forget it. That's where I'd like to take her. But she'd have to be the sort of a girl who . . . well . . . who would jump in the surf with me, and love it as much as I did. You know, nights when you and the moon and the water all become one, and you feel that you're a part of something big and marvelous. That's the only place to live. Where the stars are so close over your head you feel you could reach up and stir them around.

Although Warne is a seemingly cynical reporter, it's obvious from that speech that he is a romantic at heart, and that he knows where real value lies. He sees that it does not lie in the high society world of Ellie Andrews, and he spends the entire film showing Ellie the merit of simplicity, such as sleeping in a hay field. The "moral" of the story, then, remains directly in line with Capra's statement films by showing the value of simplicity as opposed to money and the people that have it. Told through Riskin's pencil, though, the message becomes much more subtle.

Broadway Bill contains another example of Riskin's hero. Dan Brooks, like Peter Warne, must confront the upper class system and its rigid business and social values. After marrying into the wealthy Higgins family (having been misled by false impressions, as in *Platinum Blonde*), Brooks realizes his mistake. He leaves the family in order to go back to racing his horse, Broadway Bill. In the process of preparing him for the big race, Brooks must help his sister-in-law to appreciate the real values in life, which once again are not contained in the seemingly desirable world of the wealthy.

And finally, just as Capra turned to fantasy to give his definitive example of the common man (*It's A Wonderful Life*), so too does Riskin turn to the fantasy story of *Lost Horizon* to put his version of the common man on full display. Robert Conway, although a soldier, diplomat, and public hero, is still a common man in his value system. He is intelligent enough to see beyond misleading appearances and understands through his mind what Longfellow Deeds only knew by instinct. Conway is, in a sense, the original John Doe, and Shangri-La is nothing more than the perfect John Doe Club.

In *Lost Horizon*, Riskin again shows us how the basic goodness of people will shine through if it is just given the chance. The film is filled with people who have been "misled": a fussy paleontologist, an industrial tycoon who is wanted for embezzlement, and an American prostitute. Once all of these characters reach Shangri-La, though, their inherent virtues come to the surface, and they turn their attention to helping each other. The only person who doesn't change is Robert Conway's brother, George. He is, in this film, Riskin's D.B. Norton. George is not evil, he just cannot see the beauty of Shangri-La, and he succeeds in misleading his righteous brother into leaving the paradise. When George dies, however, Robert realizes that Shangri-La is ultimately more important than anything, including family ties.

From looking at the Frank Capra-Robert Riskin collaborations, it seems fairly obvious that Capra was the stronger and more talented of the two. He was able to have numerous successful films without Riskin's help, while Riskin is today remembered solely for the Capra films he wrote. Riskin probably needed a director who shared his sentiment for simple values, like Capra, and could translate those ideas into a total film.

It's unfortunate that Capra and Riskin couldn't get together again in later years, because many of Capra's post-World War II films could have benefited from a Riskin screenplay, and many of Riskin's later scripts definitely lacked the strong director that Capra would have been. The work that they did do together, however, certainly establishes Frank Capra and Robert Riskin as one of the greatest director/writer teams in the history of the American cinema.

BRYAN FARRELL

Illustration Major

To *The Waste Land* Via Impersonality, By Way of the Past

Patricia M. Braun

The Waste Land is a poem that has generated so much explicatory literature that the publishers of the English speaking world are forever indebted to it. Eliot's use of his allusionary method has engendered much criticism, some laudatory and some condemnatory, concerning whether this method has added to or detracted from the strength of the poem. The existence or lack of existence of a scaffolding that structures the poem is also debated. The disjointed and fragmented approach used by Eliot has discomfitted many readers and given rise to questions as to just how much it contributes to the meaning of the poem. Almost every aspect of *The Waste Land* has given rise to conflicting points-of-view. There are debates as to just how strong the poem is and, if it is strong, where do the strengths lie?

The Waste Land portrays a decaying world existing in a form of life and death and barrenness. It is a world in which life is not worth living and where the past is always an inescapable part of the present. It is a world where not even in the most intimate of acts is there any emotion or close intermingling and understanding between two people. It is a world where the most potentially fruitful of acts numbs the emotions, the bodies, and the souls of those involved instead of renewing their enjoyment and participation in life. It is a cold, emotionless, and impersonal land, and this impersonal approach is one of the strengths of the poem.

The time was right when Eliot wrote *The Waste Land*. The world was still reeling from the shock of Darwin's theory which had greatly undermined much of society. Many religious beliefs were being seriously challenged by this new scientific world that was coming into being. Science had robbed man of his "Specialness," and man was just another link in the chain of evolution. Nietzsche had grasped the full implications of the collapse of long cherished values that man had enjoyed. If "God was Dead," man too appeared to be disappearing into the mechanical world that was being erected about him. The "Great

War," also known as the "War to End all Wars," had sapped the world of youthful vitality and desolated much of Europe and the world's youth.

Eliot himself was ready to write this poem. His family circumstances were not good and he was experiencing difficulty in finding the money which was necessary for the medical care of his wife. Russell Kirk, in *Eliot and His Age*, poses the idea that the ongoing mental, emotional, and physical deterioration of Eliot's wife, Vivienne, was having its effect on Eliot.[1] There seems to be no doubt that Eliot found it necessary to go to Switzerland to rest "as he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown."[2] One can imagine the turmoil in his mind and the time spent thinking about his past, present, and future and how much of his past was in his present. This was to surface as one of the themes in *The Waste Land*. Vivienne's deterioration undoubtedly created a sense of futility in Eliot as he tried unsuccessfully to reach out to her. This idea of futility was also to appear in *The Waste Land*. According to Stephen Spender, "Events in his (Eliot's) life, while making it more difficult to get down to writing his long poem, probably enabled him to have a clearer idea of the theme of public and private catastrophe which was to fuse these fragments into a whole."[3]

When he returned from Switzerland he started to put together *The Waste Land*. The term "put together" is used since there appears to be a connotation of assembling in the creation of *The Waste Land*. Apparently, Eliot used a "snip of this and a phrase of that from material he had written before."[4] This, coupled with the allusionary method and all the quoted material used, suggests that perhaps he had been shoring up these fragments against his ruin as he so nicely expressed it in the 431st line of *The Waste Land*. Later on he was to write to his mother

that much of his life was in the poem. *The Waste Land* contains many a picture of his travels, many a recollection of his London (whether in the crowds walking over London Bridge or in the white and gold of the church of St. Magnus the Martyr in the city), there is even the sailing at Gloucester and Bosham, when the boat responded gaily to the breeze and the controlling hand at the rudder. There is also the recollection of that rash moment when he had rushed to the Registry Office and pledged himself in a bond which neither prudence nor patience could unloose. There are

48

moments when Vivienne complained of her bad nerves at night and when he ordered a taxi for her in the afternoon. There is his talk with a Lithuanian girl by the Starbergersee. There is his love of opera and music-hall. These are his relaxations and his torments.[5]

Robert Sencourt, a close friend of Eliot, feels that *The Waste Land* is the poem of a man working his way through a nervous breakdown and dealing partly with his own memories and partly with a mass of material — both classic and contemporary — too vast for him to digest."[6]

In describing the creation of *The Waste Land*, Montgomery substantiates this idea when he says,"But we must remember that *The Waste Land* comes a bit later, out of what Eliot's friends took to be a nervous breakdown. *The Waste Land* is a part of his recovery from that experience which involved Eliot in a dark night of the soul."[7] Montgomery also mentions that

> The problem of the personal has been an acute one in modern letters because the poet (and usually the fiction writer, we might add) has used his own life as the materials of art, while entertaining ambitions of an art larger than lyric. . . .[8]

> But the mask itself can tempt the poet into pretending that the personal is merely materials of art, as if his own sanity or salvation were not engaged in the art he creates. The thing I find remarkable about Eliot as a poet, as separate from Eliot the critic, is that he accepted poetry as being related to his life in a personal way. Whatever pains he went to in order to guard himself from the reader were as much out of personal timidity and shyness as out of aesthetic concerns.[9]

In Eliot's attempt to guard himself from the reader, whatever the

cause, he even went so far as to leave instructions that

> his biography should not be written. This was not only
> because there were things in his private life which he
> did not wish made public: for instance, his unhappy
> first marriage that ended with his wife going insane.
> The poet who viewed poetry not as "expression of" but
> as "an escape from personality" felt that his private life,
> which he had taken such pains to keep out of his work,
> was irrelevant to his poetry. His relationship with his
> public should be through his poetry, not through his
> biography.[10]

This problem of the personal was an important problem for Eliot. In "In 'Tradition and the Individual Talent' (1919), he compared the poet's mind to a receptacle for seizing and storing up numberless feelings, phrases, images, which remain there until all the particles which can unite to form a new compound are present together.'[11] One must note that this was written just prior to *The Waste Land.* According to Kirk,"In 'Tradition and the Individual Talent,' Eliot argued that the true poet, restraining private emotion, almost extinguishing visible personality immerses himself, in profound continuity of literature."[12] In "The Function of Criticism," which was written in 1923, Eliot is interpreted by Spender as being "in favor of what he calls fact: that a great many facts about the work itself and the conditions from which it arose (its conditions, its setting, its genesis) should be mastered and then brought to bear on the work."[13] Thus we see Eliot advocating the extinguishing of a visible personality while incorporating all the influences of that personality to produce a new product.

Eliot solved this problem with his impersonal style which is described by Rajan as "a neutral style, stripped of emotional phrases and metaphors, though not without powerful resources of tone and inflexion. . . ."[14] The impersonality of *The Waste Land* is one aspect of the poem that is impossible to escape. It is interesting to consider that the author must have felt quite strongly about the subject matter in order to write about it and yet he made such a studied attempt to be cold and removed. This attempt at impersonality greatly adds to the effectiveness of the poem. The coldness of *The Waste Land* is numbing as the automaton-like inhabitants pass by and continue on

their emotionless treadmill to be recycled in another guise in another stanza. It is this unpassionate existence and impersonality which contributes to the overall isolation of the poem.

The important thing to bear in mind is just how Eliot took all these bits and pieces of his life, his beliefs, and the world about him and assembled them as *The Waste Land*. Despite the obvious question of how much Ezra Pound accomplished or destroyed in his editing, the ultimate responsibility for the finished product rests on Eliot and his compliance with Pound's suggestions. The melding of all of these influences resulted in the portrayal of a true waste land.

Eliot's tools were words and he chose them carefully, considering all the implications inherent in each word and in each allusion.[15] In order to attain the effect he desired, he called upon all his resources and approached his subject on many levels and from many directions. He wanted to create a land that was barren, cold, and impersonal — one without emotions. This land without warmth is a horrible one that has been carefully constructed and engineered with a wall of impersonality built around it, yet it is a land carefully erected with the materials of the past.

Eliot's use of words as tools should be considered in the following discussion concerning the word "generation." In "From Thoughts After Lambeth" (1931), Eliot says "I dislike the word 'generation.' When I wrote a poem called *The Waste Land* some of the more approving critics said I had expressed 'the disillusionment of a generation,' which is nonsense. I may have expressed for them their own illusion of being disillusioned, but that did not form part of my intention."[16] Since Eliot was a man who had supreme command over the proper choice of words to convey a meaning, it is possible, with close examination of his specific objection to the word "generation" and to his non-objection to the term "disillusionment," to postulate that the disillusionment was not of the "generation" but of the author. Eliot was known to be extremely reticent in expressing his personal emotions. Perhaps this was a leftover from his New England Puritan ancestors.

The sexual encounters as seen in *The Waste Land* reveal a spirit as vacant as Lil's womb after her abortion. There is simply the sexual act about which one says, "Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."[17] The emptiness of such an experience is demoralizing. This use of another person as a thing or as an object is dehumanizing. It strips the user and the used of all humanness and leaves a void where once a

person existed. These encounters place all relationships on a purely unfeeling animal level. It is the purely selfish act of taking.

Public acceptance of the portrayal of the sexual act in so many different meaningless ways and the choice of descriptive words is interesting if one considers what happened to Synge when he presented *The Playboy of the Western World*. Synge was severely criticized for having Christy use the imagery of a number of females standing in their shifts, waiting for him when he wanted only Pegeen.[18] The sexualness of this was considered to be outrageous and when one notices that London in 1921 was not that far removed in time and distance from Dublin in 1907, it is curious that few critics appear to be affronted by Eliot's preoccupation with sex and the sexual act in *The Waste Land*. The Victorian Age was not that long ago. Perhaps it was the barrenness of sexuality and the impersonality of the terminology that allowed the poem to be accepted.

The use of militaristic terms in the Typist segment, such as "assault" and "defense," augmented by "indifference" and "automatic Hand" certainly render an impersonal tone to a very personal act. The militaristic tones suggest cold logic and they combine well with words which reflect the growing scientific and mechanical world that was being forged at the time. Militaristic terms following so closely upon such a devastating war as The Great War would have great impact as they reflect the horror of military strategy and its effects.

The mellifluous language of the opening lines of "A Game of Chess" that describes the rich and magnificent setting carries a much softer tone than the harsh words used to describe Philomel, "So rudely forced" and then "so rudely forc'd" again. The contrasting textural values catch our eyes and place emphasis on forced sexuality with all its insensitive horrors. And yet as we read on we sense the horror and similarities of the vacant life lived by the "Lady of the Bad Nerves."

Note the continued repetition of "nothing." "Nothing again nothing. Do you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember nothing?"[19] Later on, "On Margate Sands" once again there is an inability to "connect nothing with nothing."[20] Traversi refers to this as "the recognition of the 'nothing' that has run like a menacing under-theme through the entire course of the poem."[21] What better way to negate than to use "nothing" which is purely without characteristic save nothingness?

The terse reduction of the surrendering of virginity to "I raised my

knees supine on the floor of a narrow canoe"[22] places little worth on a previously respected virtue. The apparent lack of resentment and detachment of the female convey what little values she places on herself. The breaking down of long existing cultural values is dismissed in just a few words.

The mechanical world is at home in this world where "the human engine" waits and life is lived mechanically. This mechanical dealing with life is reflected in the unfeeling detachment with which Lil mechanically takes her pills and Al is entitled to a "good time." The reading of the Tarot Cards and the rules of Chess demand little of the individual save the automatic acting out of the moves that have been laid out.

Mr. Eugenides is another example of the impersonality of *The Waste Land*. The homosexual relationship has been considered by our society to be an unfulfilling one that is void of meaning and fruitless. The eight lines of this segment are presented in a very business-like manner with the clipped tones of business abbreviations and matter of factness.

Tiresias guides us and comments in uncommitted fashion but he is nowhere; he is "throbbing between two lives." He has a nebulous existence, and even though he has "foresuffered all," he does not comment on how he has felt at any time, whether he was male or female. Have all his nine years been spent with such detachment and lack of feeling of any kind?

This tone of impersonality is so well maintained by the author it would appear that he too had "fixed his eyes before his feet"[23] and is willing only to tread his chosen path through *The Waste Land*. He has allowed us only to view his world through his impersonal eyes when suddenly we hear thunder. Nature has stirred herself. We hear the "thunder of spring" which is a phrase that is pregnant with meaning. Thunder usually precedes rain and rain to a parched world offers an opportunity for new life. The thunder of spring means rebirth and fulfillment. This is not the same cruel spring that the poem starts with. Nature is reaching out to man and giving him a new chance. Nature is ignoring the Garden at Gethsemane and what followed. Nature is sympathetically reaching out to man while the author is reaching out of his impersonal tone. We see the flash of lightning that will enlighten us.

The thunder speaks to us in a language that reveals that part of the

author's past that was associated with Buddhism and its teachings. The author speaks to us directly and no longer hides behind allusion and quotation. He has a moment's surrender that will give us the key to our existence and unlock our solitary prisons.

The thunder says Da! Is Mr. Eliot alluding to the Irish meaning of Da which is father? Is he calling to the "father of us all," to nature itself, or is he merely using a device of onomatopoeia?

The thunder says Datta! — To give and surrender to something outside one's self. The act of propagation requires that one moment's surrender of the self, and without that one moment's surrender we cannot truly reach another person and live fully.

The thunder says Dayadhvam! — To sympathize and to empathize with someone other than one's self. The act of sympathizing requires the momentary surrender of one's self and consideration of another person.

The thunder says Damyata! — To control and maneuver one's heart and respond to someone other than one's self. The controlling of one's self and responding to the giving of another is the third key to existence.

As the thunder speaks to us, we hear the humanness and compassion that will bring to this wasted land what it needs to bloom and flourish. The author has given us carefully controlled parts of his past which he has tried to hide behind his wall of impersonalness. But with his "awful daring of a moment's surrender,"[25] he has sympathized with us and offered us a way to control our lives so we may reach Shantih — "The Peace Which Passeth Understanding."[26]

Endnotes

[1]Russell Kirk, *Eliot and His Age* (New York: Random House, 1971), p. 72.

[2]Stephen Spender, *T.S. Eliot* (New York: Viking Press, 1975), pp. 92-93. There is some confusion whether the breakdown Eliot suffered was mental or physical. The consensus seems to favor the idea of a nervous breakdown which would help explain to a degree the fragmented approach in the poem.

[3]Spender, pp. 93-94.

[4]Spender, p. 92.

⁵Robert Sencourt, *T.S. Eliot: A Memoir* (New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co., 1971), p. 102.

⁶Sencourt, p. 101.

⁷Marion Montgomery, *T.S. Eliot: An Essay on the American Magus* (Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press, 1969), p. 101.

⁸Montgomery, p. 62.

⁹Montgomery, p. 63.

¹⁰Sencourt, p. 102.

¹¹Spender, p. 72.

¹²Kirk, p. 60.

¹³Spender, p. 78.

¹⁴B. Rajan, ed., *T.S. Eliot: A Study of His Writings* (New York: Russell and Russell, 1966), p. 122.

¹⁵The study of Mr. Eliot and his use of allusions is such a broad field that it is impossible to even attempt to deal with it adequately in such limited space. An attempt will be made in this paper to discuss allusions only in a very limited way regarding very specific points. The major point to be made for the purpose of this paper is that the use of allusions and direct quotations allows the author (Mr. Eliot) to say what he wants to say while hiding himself behind another author's words. This allows Mr. Eliot to disguise himself and to maintain his distance from the reader. In the choice of allusions or quotations any author indirectly reveals himself and his background. It is suggested here that it is impossible for an author to completely disengage himself from his work. In the choice of material and in the choice of the first word, the author takes a position.

¹⁶D.B. Cox and Arnold P. Hinchliffe, *T.S. Eliot: The Waste Land* (Nashville and London: Aurora Publishing, Inc., 1969), p. 26.

¹⁷T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land and Other Poems* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1962), p. 39.

¹⁸Herbert Howard, *The Irish Writers* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1959), p. 231.

¹⁹Eliot, p. 41.

²⁰Eliot, p. 41.

²¹Derek Traversi, *T.S. Eliot: The Longer Poems* (New York and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., 1976), p. 50.

²²Eliot, p. 40. If one has ever been in a canoe the obvious discomfort and disadvantages of such a setting are quite obvious. Hardly romantic and certainly not private.

²³Eliot, p. 31.

²⁵It is significant that Sanskrit was chosen as the language used to offer the solution. As originally written, before the appended notes, Eliot's solution would have been more hidden from the reader unless he held the key to this

important allusion. This ancient Indian language is closely associated with Buddhism which has as one of its basic themes the endless cycles of the universe which include birth, death, and rebirth cycles with the required ingredient of copulation. This birth, death, and rebirth cycle is directly related to the fertility myth and to *The Waste Land*.

This association with Buddhism is also related to the portrayal of unsanctioned sex that is not freely given. According to Edward K. Thompson in *The World's Great Religions* (New York: Time Inc., 1957), two of the honored "Five Precepts" of Buddhism are "to abstain from all illegal sexual pleasures" and "to abstain from the taking of what is not given" (p. 41).

[25]Eliot, p. 45.

[26]Eliot, p. 54.
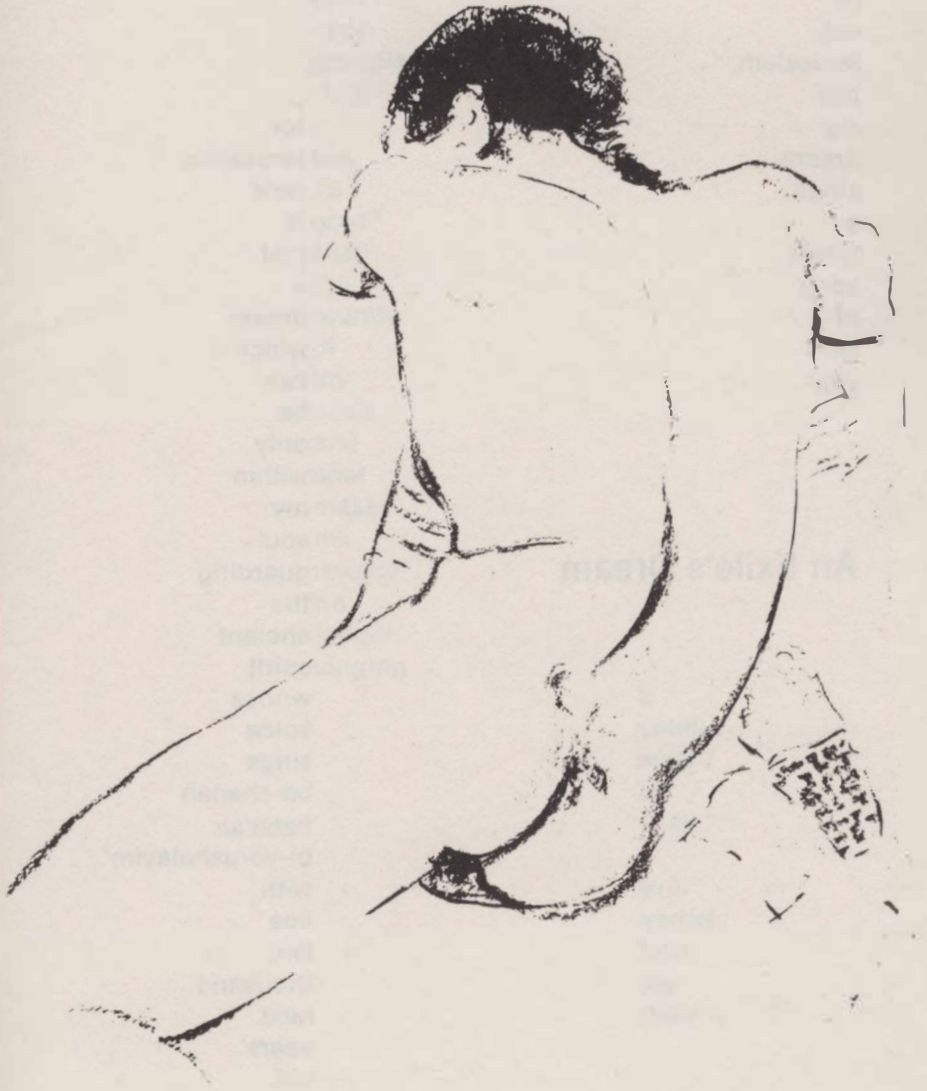
KATHY LOMBARD
Illustration Major

i
dream
presently
of
old
jerusalem,
but
my   for
dream   jerusalem
sings   now
a   is
future   just
song   a
of   dream
next   which
year.   can
                                     be
                                     only
                                     within
                                     my
                                     soul
An Exile's Dream   guarding
                                     the
                                     ancient
                                     spirit
                                     whose
                                     voice
                                     sings
                                     ba-shanah
                                     haba'ah
                                     bi-yerushalayim*. . .
                                     with
                                     lips
                                     two
                                     thousand
                                     next
                                     years'
                                     old.

                                     *next year in Jerusalem.

58

when
i
do
set
eyes
upon
jerusalem
shall
i
see
its
gold?
shall
the
reunity
of
my
body
and
soul
make
me
rejoice
no
longer
singing

a
soulful
song?
or
shall
i
ever
awake
from
my
dream. . .?

Jay Guberman