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'The Rembrandt of Lighting Artists' Discusses 'Late Bleak' and More



By JOHN McCOLLOW
of the Fine Arts Staff

Gilbert Hemsley, says *Newsweek Magazine* in characteristic understatement, is "the Rembrandt of lighting artists." A sampling of his credits: lighting designer for the Stuttgart Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera, lighting designer for Franco Zeffirelli's production of *La Traviata*, lighting designer for *The Birds* starring Bert Lahr, and *The Orestia* starring Judith Anderson, lighting designer for concerts by such varied artists as Bob Dylan, Van Cliburn, and Herb Alpert, lighting designer for Leonard Bernstein's Mass at the Kennedy Center and the list goes on . . . oh, yes, associate professor at the University of Wisconsin.

"How'd you like to do a feature for us?" asks the Fine Arts Editor.

"Sure," I say.

"Go ask Gilbert Hemsley if Broadway is dead."

He comes firing out of the lighting booth, leaving a wake of design students fumbling with their pens and books. Luckily, I've positioned myself so as to cut him off as he approaches the stairs. "Professor Hemsley," I ventured, "the Cardinal would like to do an interview with you."

"You're kidding," he laughs and bustles down the stairs.

Newsweek's enthusiasm is easily understood. Hemsley is a bundle of energy who seems to infect everyone around him with exuberance. Students and faculty members ebb and flow into his office; the phone rings often. He seems to have a thousand things in the fire. Someone wants to know how much booze for the weekend, a faculty member wants his opinion on some malfunction in the new theatre, people stop by to say hello, a student assistant works on straightening out a production schedule, and this guy is interviewing him for *The Daily Cardinal*.

"O.K." he says, shuttling a group of students into the hall, "fire away."

"Well . . . but the phone rings."

He hangs up and we talk awhile.

"I'm one of the few lighting artists who works all fields: dance, theatre, opera, spectacles. This summer I did a show for Oldsmobile."

"Oldsmobile?"

"As a matter of fact I've got a tape of the show right here." He plugs in the tape recorder and rewinds the tape. "You'll love this."

"There's no business like Olds business," entune young, spirited, and antiseptic voices.

"Isn't that heaven?"

"I understand you lit President Nixon's Inaugural Ball."

"The Inaugural Gala. Every glee club in the military was there. Let me give you an idea what it was like; the opening featured Doc Severinson and his orchestra, the Marine Corps Drum and Bugle Corps, and Marguerite Piazza doing the Star Spangled Banner. I lit her with a red, white, and blue follow spot. I wasn't going to be outdone by anyone."

A student with an urgent look on her face clears her throat in the doorway. Professor Hemsley excuses himself, and goes out into the hall to solve another crisis.

He re-enters and says, "You know, I've been thinking about this for a while now. I haven't thought about it enough yet to be able to express exactly what I mean, but I feel that man creates space around himself to reflect himself. St. Peter's in Rome reflects the age in which it was built, St. Paul's in London was an expression of the fact that Britain was now an empire. The dome in Washington expresses something of the American spirit of the time."

"Lighting is a part of this space we create, of course. In the past the architecture made use of natural light the sun. Now we create artificial atmospheres, take a look at East Towne, take a look at this building, none of the windows open. We are isolating ourselves from the natural."

"Are you advocating a return to nature?"

"I'm suggesting that if we are going to



Cardinal photos by James Korger

seal ourselves off, we must think about the light we live under. The lights in this building are fluorescent lights. The lights in 97 per cent of the bathrooms in America are fluorescent lights. What type of lighting do fluorescent lights give? A cool, unnatural light, it makes faces look ugly. One of the nice things about Bascom Hall is that no matter where you are in the building you are somehow related to the outside. Here, let me show you something," and he plunged out of his office into the hallway.

"Look at this lighting, all the same." He hurried down the hall. "Your lighting should suit your personality. His lighting," he pointed into an office where a professor was writing at his desk, "should not be the same as mine." We burst into a secretary's office. "God, just look at that," he said, "how can anyone work in that atmosphere?" And we left the secretary to try and figure out what in the world we were talking about.

"Mankind is surrounding himself with drabness," Hemsley confided as we walked back to his office. "I call it 'late bleak'. This building (Vilas Communications Arts Building) is a disaster. It was designed, not for the people who will use it, but to look impressive from the outside."

"What is your philosophy of theatre?" I asked when we got settled back in his office.

"People need a live performance, they need something personal from a performer. Television and film can handle the spectacle, the production end much more successfully than we can. Exciting theatre is that theatre in which the audience feels a personal contact with the performance."

"Norman Mailer says that great theatre is a celebration in the sense that, say, a High Mass is a celebration."

"Well, I don't know about that, but it's something very special that each audience member feels personally. It's a piece of elastic between the performer and the audience member. Let me give you an example. Recently I saw Wayne Newton's stage show in Las Vegas. Now, I know that sounds terrible and I didn't expect much either. I only went because it was part of a package deal, but it was a great performance. The audience became very involved in the show. It was very exciting. He did forty-five minutes of encore; they wouldn't let him stop. This is the type of thing that audiences want and can't get from television or film. The same type of thing happened when Beverly Sills did *La Traviata* in Boston. The audience didn't want to leave the theatre."

"I have a theory," he continued, "that Americans are trying to get back to the feeling of community and that theatre is a part of this. In the past everyone looked to New York. Today the exciting theatre is outside of New York. The Guthrie in Minneapolis is a good example. The people of that city feel very personally about the theatre, about the actors. The same is true of the Mark Taper Forum, the Washington Arena Stage, and the American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco."

"What went wrong with Broadway?"

"Well, I don't know all of the reasons for Broadway's decline. Some of it is due to New York's unfavorable publicity: the city of crime. There's also the physical

degradation of the Broadway area itself. It's very hard to get dressed up and walk down Eighth Ave. and face what's on Eighth Ave: the muggers, the whores, the pimps."

"I want to get back to the two examples you used earlier. Isn't there a qualitative difference between enjoying *La Traviata* and enjoying Wayne Newton?"

"Not really. It's easy to scoff at Wayne Newton but Beverly Sills was trying to do the same thing. Nureyev is another performer who engages the audience."

"But *La Traviata* is music that will endure while Wayne Newton's music most probably will not. Don't we have to make some kind of aesthetic judgements? You sound as though you would see no difference between doing *Guys and Dolls* or *Ibsen*."

"I don't think that aesthetic judgements are always that important. This summer we did *Hatful of Rain* at Compass Theatre. The play deals with the story of a junkie and originally was meant to cash in on the public's shock at the drug problem. Today's audiences aren't going to be shocked by the message of the play. The audience enjoyed the show for the performance, not for its message or themes."

"But *Hatful of Rain* is a play very rooted in its time and of rather limited social themes. There are plays with enduring themes. Do you think the audience is concerned with themes when they go to *Macbeth*?"

"Yes, they are and by the way I enjoy working on an opera or ballet more than I do a less complex work. I do not, however, see anything wrong with Wayne Newton. I enjoyed myself."

"Some would say we should be educating the people to enjoy ballet and opera instead of Wayne Newton."

"The people are enjoying the opera, higher art. Look at the success of last year's production of *Tosca*, look at the number of local theatrical groups, art museums. When I went to school, ballet was a dirty word; now there is a real interest in it."

"What do you see as the reasons behind the growing popularity of the opera and ballet?"

"In the nineteenth century the opera and ballet took the time to be beautiful. They still do today. American theatre has not taken the time to be beautiful. The musicals of the Fifties were: *West Side Story*, *My Fair Lady*, *Fantastic*; but the musicals of the seventies aren't: *Company*—the story of five unhappy marriages; who'd think of writing a musical about that? I saw *Follies*; to me, it was a group of old people bringing out their dirty laundry."

"Would you say that the musicals of the fifties concentrated primarily on performance, the music and dance, and that the musicals of the seventies are more concerned with themes?"

"I don't think that's true. *West Side Story* is a serious story."

"Getting back to a more philosophical level, what is the lighting designer's place in the theatre?"

"The primary consideration of the lighting artist must always be visibility. The theatre is the art of the contributing artist; the lighting artist must share with other artists. I try to understand the other



artists as people. I make it a point to have plenty of cigarettes, kleenex and coffee available for them. It helps to know, for example, that Leonard Bernstein likes scotch in the late afternoon. If the artists make the effort to understand each other, then you don't have the problem of sorting out personalities in the last days of rehearsal when you have enough other problems."

"What is the major difference between professional theatre and educational theatre?"

"To me, there are two ways to do things in the theatre: the professional way and the wrong way."

"There are those who would say that the theatre department should concentrate on hiring scholars instead of people like yourself who are involved in the production end of theatre. These people would say that in hiring people like yourself, the department, in effect, becomes a trade school. How would you justify your presence on campus in light of this criticism?"

"We need a combination of scholarship and production. The students need to be brought along simultaneously in both of these areas. I feel that the theatre department should give its students as broad a background as possible."

"Would you say that this is the major distinction between the University theatre department and a trade school?"

"Yes, one doesn't get this broad background in a trade school. Look, the University trains people for professions. We train people to be doctors and lawyers; no one complains about that. The theatre department trains people for the theatre."

"What influenced you to become a part of the *Academy*?"

"Well, I love teaching. I'm interested in getting people to do the best job possible, in pushing talented people to do the best they can. Also I've found that teaching improves my lighting."

"You say that you are interested in providing opportunities for talented people to make use of their talents. How do you justify the fact that last year you cast a professional actor in one of the leading roles in *Guys and Dolls*? Shouldn't the role have been made available for student actors?"

"The presence of a professional actor helped pull the whole production together. A lot of people learned a lot about acting by watching him work. A student actor will do a lot better playing against a professional than he will playing against someone not as good as he is. I would like to see the University invite a lot more professionals for the students to interact with."

"Last year you directed *Guys and Dolls*, this year you are directing *Matchmaker*. Why these two plays, why not Shakespeare or Shaw or something a little more weighty in terms of content?"

"I'm a beginning director. I know I could handle *Guys and Dolls*. I'm not ready to direct Shakespeare or Shaw."

"Any parting thoughts on the future of American theatre?"

"I don't have any concrete ideas about the direction that theatre is going in. I'm just doing my best to make good people work in the theatre."

"Well," I sigh and start collecting my pens.

"Wait," he pulls a piece of scratch paper across his desk. "I think you might be interested in this." He starts drawing a map of the lower campus. "I've got an idea, I'd like an arts festival. We'd have a band out on a barge on the lake." He draws in a barge on the lake.

"Fireworks beyond that. Over in Music Hall an organ recital, modern dance in the pit of the Humanities Building, ballet on a stage on the Hill, guerilla theatre on State St . . . and at night," he pauses dramatically and looks out his window, "you see those ugly buildings over there?" He points at the Southeast Dorm complex. "We stick a different color filter and a randomly flashing light in each window, so that all night you get random patterns of color out of those ugly walls." He smiles. "I give myself three years on that project." And after all, he is the Rembrandt of lighting artists.

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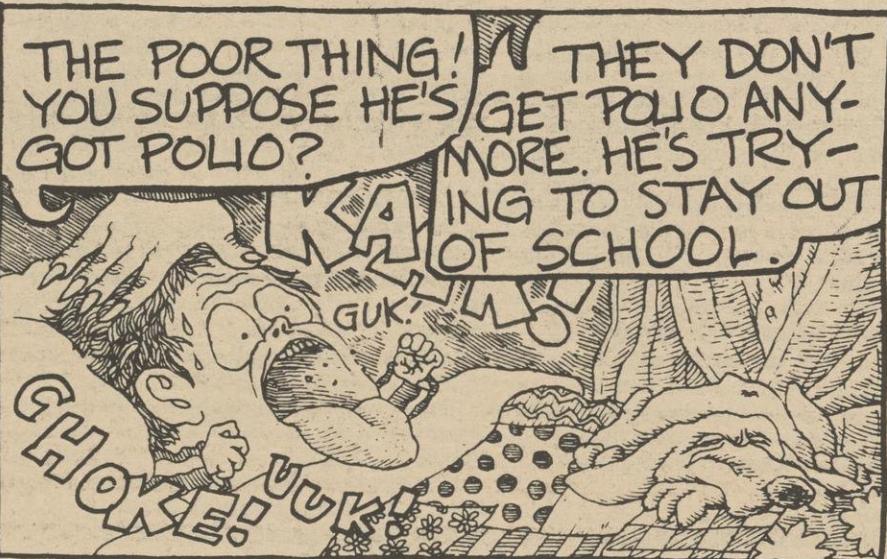
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Recommendation to the Director of University Health Service and the Chancellor — Health Care Advisory Committee

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Statement from Health Care Advisory Committee
Feb. 16, 1972

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'Light Trap' Offers Excellent 'Sexual Politics' Issue

By MAUREEN TURIM
of the Fine Arts Staff

From the images of Agnes Varda and Claudia Weill holding their movie cameras to the rejection of Kubrick's doomsday vision in *Clockwork Orange*, the new issue of *The Velvet Light Trap*, Madison's home based cinematic review edited by Russell Campbell dealing with "Sexual Politics and Film" is filled with excitement and hope.

For what the leadership of Madison's increasingly notable cinema community has given us is a well-structured, analytical view of the way prevailing sexual politics has determined the cinema of the past and present and the beginnings of a formulation for the change of that cinema in accordance with long overdue changes in our sexual politics.

The *Light Trap* seems to have overcome the usual pitfalls magazines tend to fall into when they present their one-shot "women's issues." Instead of handing the issue over to the women staff members who get their one chance to speak their vengeful piece so that the magazine can get back to its regular and more "serious" orders of business, the *Light Trap* has approached sexual politics in its broadest sense. The treatment includes not only how women have been involved (and excluded from) cinema production and how women characters are treated in film, but also how male sexuality is elevated to a mythic level of unreality. Six of the ten articles are written by men and yet each grows out of its own feminist perspective. There is no more insinuation of having exhausted the subject than there is with the subjects of other *Light Trap* issues, such as the ones on "Hollywood Comedy" and "Politics and the American Cinema." This points to a commendable seriousness of purpose, hopefully indicating that future issues will continue to explore

sexual politics.

TWO ARTICLES offer portraits of two very different women connected with film. Gerald Peary has assembled a fascinating view of Alice Blanche, a prolific director and producer of silent films and owner of Solex film studio from 1910-1914. Peary tells Blanche's story with a style and perspective that will interest many besides the film historians among us, because like most articles in the *Light Trap* it refuses to deaden the subject of film as other reviews have done to literature and history. In contrast to the obscure but influential Blanche is the portrait of screen goddess Marlene Dietrich by Tom Flinn. Flinn views Dietrich through a film by film analysis of the women she has portrayed on screen, emphasizing how she and director Josef Von Sternberg collaborated in her characterizations.

The way individual films treat women and sexual themes is the subject of several articles. John Davis, "blacker, more pessimistic than the average representative of the war years' most popular genre: the woman's picture...Mildred Pierce perverts the comforting fantasy by exposing Work, Success, Marriage and even Mother Love as false, unrewarding ideals," *Marked Women* (1937) represents for writer Karyn Kay an unusually brave attempt to show the courage and interrelationships of a group of prostitutes who testified against the policy of enslavement by the men in control of "organization."

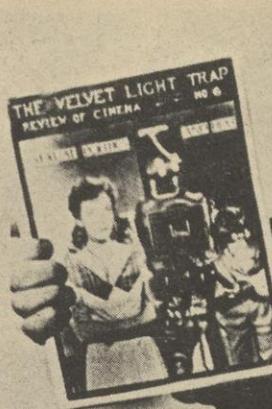
More recent films are scrutinized with a feminist analysis as well. Mike Wilmington reviews *Carnal Knowledge*, Nancy Schwartz compares the treatment of the "Coming of Age" theme in

Summer of 42 and *The Last Picture Show* and Jonathan Stutz examines the characterizations in *Klute*.

The image of women in Warner's films during the depression is assessed by Elizabeth Dalton. She explores the various ways women were led to believe that their one chance for fulfillment was marriage, or that at least marriage beat trying to carve a life out for yourself among the wolves. A review of the recent First International Festival of Women's Films is offered by Richard Henshaw. This article is valuable for those of us who missed the festival, but want to get a view of what was screened and also serves as a brief introduction to women's historical contributions to film. A theoretical discussion of Feminist Criticism by Michelle Citron completes the articles of this issue. The exposition of theory seems somewhat weaker than the analytical articles, which probably reflects on the comparative newness of a theoretical approach to film criticism in this country. The act of criticism is not necessarily self-evident and it would be valuable for the *Light Trap* to develop further discussions of the processes involved.

MADISON SHOULD be very proud and supportive of the evolution *Light Trap* has made in its short history. It's good to know that "our" film community is attempting to fill a nationwide lack of good publications analyzing the phenomena of films.

The *Velvet Light Trap*—which is sold abroad in London, Paris and Tokyo—is available locally at the Madison Book Co-op, the PLAY Circle, Paul's Book Store and the University Book Store. It will also be "hawked" at film society showings this fall.



Cardinal photo by James Korger

Don't say "no." If *Velvet Light Trap* Editor Russell Campbell (shown above) attempts to sell you the latest issue of Madison's own movie magazine, give it a try. You won't be sorry.

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which
challenges
the mind of
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Sept. 18, 7:00 p.m.
Sept. 23, 9:00 p.m.

The Mind of Man
Sept. 15, 7:00 p.m.
Sept. 30, 9:00 p.m.

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THE DAILY CARDINAL

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Leo Buchner Sidewalk Performance Gets Rave Reviews

By JIMMY KORETZ
of the Fine Arts Staff

Madison pedestrians have been raving over the creations of local artisan Leo Buchner for nearly a quarter of a century. Local critics have labeled him everything from an "adroit craftsman" to a "houdini with cement," yet people continue to walk all over him. Who is Leo Buchner?

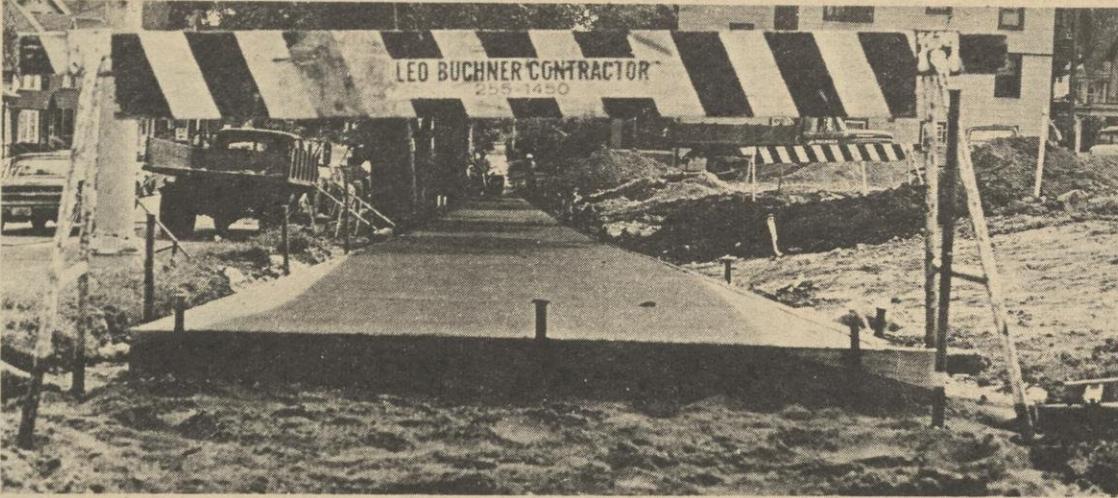
"He's the best private contractor around," boasted a muscular, suntanned, hardhat working furiously on Buchner's latest venture, the Methodist Hospital parking lot, sidewalk and curb.

"Over the years he's done lots of work all over the Capital and around the University. He has his name all over—he's the best and one of the fussiest."

LOCAL ART admirers are taking great interest in Buchner's most recent creations, and cement lovers lined the sidewalks of West Doty and South Henry Sts. last week to catch a glimpse of Buchner's Methodist Hospital performance."

"I've waited months to see Leo Buchner perform," exclaimed Barry Sattell, a local resident and cement cultist. "I admire his sidewalks whenever I walk home from classes."

"Personally, I've always felt that rather than beautifying cities



Above: The masterpiece. Below: The creation.

with grass and trees, we should improve the national parks with Leo Buchner sidewalks," noted Scott Bursten, another cement construction advocate.

This particular masterpiece involved all of Buchner's six skilled craftsmen, working with 225 feet of future sidewalk on W. Doty, and 20 some yards of cement." Yet, throughout his artistic career, Buchner has managed to display amazing versatility, not limiting his talents only to sidewalks, curb and gutter.

"WE'VE BEEN in business twenty-one years—we do

anything," pointed out Buchner himself. "We've even built underpasses under railroad tracks. We've done elevators in the Capital, all the University work, and all the new sidewalks around the Capital."

In spite of the many requests pouring out from the Madison community, Buchner maintains only six men (all vital) in his cohesive, tightly-knit, skilled unit.

"He's a fairly small contractor," noted a striped-shirted hardhat, while majestically wiping the cement off his boots.

"He only has six employees.



Cardinal photo by Peter Rogot

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That's where Buchner and his artists differ—the question of pride and money. The situation is getting so discouraging that the fabled cement king feels no pride when he sees LEO BUCHNER 72 printed on a local sidewalk.

"I used to feel proud, but not anymore—there isn't any pride anymore," Buchner noted sorrowfully. "There's no pride in your workers. They're only interested in eight hours and their paychecks."

"WE ALWAYS had great pride in our work," continued Buchner. "We do the best job there is. But I'm getting so disgusted I want to give up. The unions are driving us

The biggest job I've ever done for him was 1 1/2 miles of curb and gutter on Highway 30. We've done most of our work this summer on campus, usually we do it off campus."

One might think that all of Buchner's employees would take great pride in their work, yet some consider their prestigious position as nothing more than an ordinary job.

"It's something to do during the summer," explained one shirtless, laborer. "I was going to school, but this is real good money—six and a half (dollars) an hour."

Cement cultists can only hope that someday, somehow, someone might be talented enough to step into the big, brown cement-covered boots of Leo Buchner, a legend in his own time.

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Art is 'Childs's Play' for Bread and Puppet Troupe

By DEBRA WEINER
of the Fine Arts Staff

Playing with puppets! Child's play? Not for Massimo Schuster. For him and the other 14 puppets of Peter Schumann's "family", puppetry is a full-time occupation. "The members of Bread and Puppet Theater are members of the theater and nothing else. This is their profession."

At the invitation of Quixote Magazine, Massimo, Katharina Balke, and Neek Williams, members of Bread and Puppet Theater, are presently in Madison preparing for a production of *Fire* which will be performed at the Wilmar Center on September 14 and 15.

Fire, a veteran script from Bread and Puppet's repertoire, is "still good, even if it is six years old," according to Massimo, who will be directing the play here. The plot is simple—a survey of life in Vietnam during the course of a week. The effect—nerve shattering. Masks, life-size puppets, traces of music, android-like movement, patterns of silence, exacting precision—*Fire* promises to be unlike any performance heretofore presented in Madison.

And, as in a traditional practice with Bread and Puppet Theater, bread will be distributed to the audience before each performance in order that members of the audience experience the show with the same taste in their mouths.

Bread and Puppet Theater originated on the lower east side of New York ten to twelve years ago. A German sculptor, Peter Schumann, who worked at a local carnival building puppets, began to experiment as his skill and interest in puppetry grew. Soon he began to employ puppets of all sizes—finger length to heights of twenty feet—as well as transforming himself into a puppet. With his entourage of puppets, Peter created the first Bread and Puppet show.

Today, the headquarters of the famous troupe is in Plainfield, Vermont. The 15 performers and six children live on Cape Farm, working every day from nine to five, rehearsing, sculpting and preparing for their performances, as well as offering workshops in mask-making, and bread-making to students at nearby Goddard College. Under the direction of founder Schumann, Bread and Puppet Theater has fostered and grown from a one-man show to a world acclaimed group which has



Above, the Bread and Puppet Madison troupe, composed of persons who are attending workshops daily in preparation toward the production of *Fire* later this week. Below, Massimo, the director.

travelled extensively all over Eastern and Western Europe, Asia and the United States.

MASSIMO, a native of Italy, has lived on Cape Farm for the past five months. However, he first became entangled in the mesh of puppet strings two years ago when, while working in theater in Italy, he chanced upon a performance of touring Bread and Puppet cast. Mesmerized, Massimo followed the troupe. After several months of performing in Europe, Asia, and the United States, Massimo decided to settle down in Vermont with grand puppeteer Schumann.

"Bread and Puppet could exist without us (Massimo and the others)," Massimo confides, "but

not without Peter. He is the only necessary person. Peter is at the beginning of every scene. He decides the subject matter and how far the scene should go."

Bread and Puppet Theater could, perhaps, be defined as a collective with a dictator. All money from performances goes back into the theater and towards paying personal expenses—food, clothing, transportation, doctor bills. Yet the reins are clearly in Peter Schumann's hands. Peter sculpts from clay the head and hands of the puppets, and the others complete the puppets, modeling elastic and paper



Cardinal photos by Jeff Jayson

mache around the clay. Peter originates all ideas, according to Massimo, and the others im-

provise on his suggestions.

A myth of politicism has surrounded the Bread and Puppet Theater, an aura that Massimo is quick to dispel. Unlike the San Francisco Mime Troup, an American *comedia del arte*, a protest theater, Massimo says, "Bread and Puppet is not a political theater."

"IT DOESN'T make political statements," he continued, "rather, it is a theater that deals with what happens. We won't tell you what to do, but we will show you what happens and its importance. It is not up to us to give you a statement. You must make your own."

But Bread and Puppet Theater is far from being regarded as apolitical. Recent productions—*Revenge of the Law*, *Birdcatcher in Hell* and *Harvey MacLoed*—are concerned with the Attica Prison uprising, the trial of Lt. Wm. Calley, and the man in Raleigh, N.C. who killed three strangers and then himself at a local shopping center several months ago.

When asked about future plans, Massimo paused and drew a long breath, as if preparing himself for a long, long winter. "Bread and Puppet is working on a big play with one hundred puppets from six to sixteen feet tall," he said. "We are not sure about the plot, but after the puppets are built a story will follow."

"In September," he continued, "we have a week of performances at the Public Theater in New York, and during Christmas we will be playing at the Tombs (a New York prison)."

"And, as always," Massimo finished with a slight air of mystery, "we have our program of keeping up the garden."

SO, TO those of you who scoff at children's games, remember, to some it is an art.



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Mathers: Three Generations of Puritan Intellectuals

THE MATHERS: THREE GENERATIONS OF Oxford University Press, \$12.50 ROBERT MIDDLEKAUFF

By PAUL J. CONKIN

Anyone has to respect the three greatest Mathers. Their intelligence and achievements require this. But good biography also requires admiration and sympathy in behalf of honest understanding. Too rarely have the Mathers received this; we usually meet them as distorted caricatures. The strength of Middlekauff's book is in his sympathy and honesty. His portraits seem authentic, although even his loving labor is not adequate to the complexities of Cotton Mather.

For each Mather, Middlekauff presents a sensible description, without either the subtleties or the contrived strategies of a Perry Miller. He devotes least space to Richard, the representative of a first generation of migrants, of Christian congregations in a wilderness exile, but still tied closely to their home in England.

Increase typifies the second generation, which came to identify New England with ancient Israel, celebrated God's design for the New World, and excoriated Puritans for their failure to live up to earlier ideals. Middlekauff is least persuasive in his attempts to type generations, or in his less frequent characterizations of that most nebulous entity, the New England mind.

Fortunately, Cotton Mather represents no one. Middlekauff devotes half the book to him, and for good reason. In Cotton, ecstasy and millionarian expectations reached their highest pitch. Perhaps, as the theory goes, each generation in New England lost a bit of their earlier piety; with the Mathers the progression was clearly in the opposite direction.

THE MATHERS WERE able to combine, although uneasily, an often agonized search for personal holiness (there is no hint of hypocrisy in either man) with professional



CONKIN

ambitions. Although more focally concerned with inner experience, Middlekauff reveal the broad role of a Puritan Minister. He was first of all a preacher and scholar, expected to bring gifts of intellect and scholarship to his sermons and his publications (even then it was publish or languish in a small rural pulpit). But he also had to exemplify religious conviction and joy, influence parishioners to his own example of holiness, and be ready to offer ministerial consolation or guidance, all roles difficult for an intellectual.

The Mathers were part of an intellectual elite, centered on Harvard College, dispersed in the branch campus, that every major pulpit represented, and active in an extended system of mass higher education. Anyone aware of a modern university, or of professional organizations, knows about the petty jealousies, the temptations to pride and ambition, the inescapable factions that mark such parochial worlds. The Mathers were tremendously ambitious professionals, struggling for position, respect and power. But even as morally sensitive professionals today, they often hated themselves, and suffered unending guilt not only for playing the professional game but playing it so expertly.

Middlekauff tries to use the Mathers to gain understanding of Puritan beliefs. Here his very achievements betray some of the pitfalls. On many of the most crucial points, the Mathers fail to exemplify the doctrinal scheme first developed by Perry Miller. Over and over again Middlekauff poses as a revisionist. He finds each of the Mathers a quite orthodox Protestant (in the tradition of Luther and Calvin), although each reflects some of the personal variety

possible within this branch of Christian orthodoxy. Each used covenant language, but never to diminish the complete sovereignty of God. Neither expected God to bend toward man; neither doubted man's complete dependence; neither saw redemption in any sense as being something earned.

The lesson should be clear, as clear as it is to scholars who have approached the Puritans with a thorough grounding in Calvinist theology and church history (the prime weaknesses of Miller): the Federal or Covenant theology was largely an invention of Miller. Both it, and other purported strategies to evade the demands of predestination, have become the "strawmen" of New England religious history. Of course, the verbal vindication of covenant doctrine is all there, and Perry Miller was, of anything, the supreme master of rhetorical analysis, of verbal nuance. But the language fits easily into a Calvinist view that affirmed neither determinism nor free will, but rather a form of human freedom within the confines of a cosmic order. Miller understood Puritanism better than Calvinism. The Puritans did not agonize over predestination; it was too simple and obvious a doctrine. They scarcely recognized, or felt, the many dilemmas that modern students are wont to force upon a caricature of the doctrine. Even Middlekauff refers to the "cruel facts of predestination," a statement that not only would have been incomprehensible to a 17th century Puritan, but which also reveals some strange and hidden assumptions about the simple doctrine itself.

IN THE DOCTRINAL world of mainstream Protestantism, I do not find the Puritans in any way exceptional (as Calvinist sectaries they were exceptional in

policy). Middlekauff's own research supports this view, at least for the Mathers. And here I wonder if they were not more representative than he imagines. Middlekauff cannot so argue, for he remains under the shadow of Miller. On some issues (the first generation of Puritans did not launch an "Errand into the Wilderness") he rejects Miller, but even then feels a burden of careful refutation, and reveals the instincts of a giant killer. On other issues he assumes that the Mathers' were exceptions. In one sense they were, for few New Englanders were ministers, intellectuals, and continuously concerned with doctrinal issues. But I still believe a more searching study of Puritan ministers as a class would show that most, well into the 18th century, adhered to an orthodox Calvinist position, whatever the metaphors they used to express this orthodoxy. If this is so, Middlekauff's continued deference to a less demanding covenant theory, lurking somewhere in the background, is as misplaced as is his surprise at the depth of the Mathers' humility before God or the heights of their passion and ecstasy in worshipping him.

All such quibble should not conceal the merits of an often eloquent, carefully researched, remarkably restrained book. As anyone could expect, Cotton Mather comes close to dominating the book. And here Middlekauff deserves a special commendation. Cotton, so multifaceted, so energetic, so full of enthusiasms and guilts, so aware of his own weaknesses, invited a wanton indulgence of vague and now antiquated psychological theories, particularly those of FREUD. Middlekauff has the sophistication to avoid all such unverifiable theories, and makes only the most tentative psychological proves. We can marvel at the irreducible complexity of Cotton Mather. We can try to understand him. We cannot explain him. If we yield to the illusion that we can explain, perhaps by some half-baked theories about a nonexistent human nature, or by some asserted configurations of the human psyche, then we are not only terribly naive but, in words that Cotton Mather would blantly appreciate, we also flirt with blasphemy.

Paul K. Conkin is a Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

Book Reviews

The Mathers

Battle of Pharsalus

Open Secrets

Simon's 'Battle of Pharsalus': Puzzling But Rewarding

Claude Simon, *THE BATTLE OF PHARSALUS*

George Braziller, \$6.95

By CHRISTIANE MAKWARD

The Battle of Pharsalus is a puzzling and most rewarding novel. To those familiar with Simon's earlier masterpiece, *The Flanders Road* or with his subsequent novels, the continuity of his work will readily appear. There is the major theme of war, scenes of a wounded fleeing soldier, of marching armies frozen into eternity, the pervading awareness of death linked to powerful erotic scenes, the pursuit of an evasive reality both historical and personal. Simon's latest novel can be placed in a similar perspective: fascination with images, stamps, pictures, street scenes, the apparition of the Anglo-Saxon world, the myth of Orion eternally in search of light. These will constitute the core of The Battle.

The Battle is therefore the meeting ground of Simon's two deliberate styles: the richly metaphorical, vibrant mode, and the ascetic, highly descriptive mode. In a major article on this novel, Jean Ricardou shows that Simon was so concerned with technique that the book could be called "The Battle of the Phrase," an anagram of the French title.

Simon's art cannot, however, alone be defined as the blowing-up of words along the paths of their multiple connotations. This was in fact done by Jacques Henric in *Archees* a model "structuralist" novel dedicated to the working masses, yet a truly arid academic exercise.

SIMON'S WORK impresses us as an eminently readable piece because it balances the formal exigencies of the New Novel with the authentic expression of human experience. His art is equally indebted to Proust and to Robbe-Grillet and yet forcefully his own. Reminiscences, quotations, the name of Odette, the leitmotiv of time—present though subdued here—acknowledge the kinship with Proust. The esthete's point of view—"we have founded in diletantism"—conditions Simon's perspective

at all times: "slaughter as well as love is a pretext to glorify the body ("the form," in the French text) whose calm splendor only appears to those who have penetrated nature's indifference to slaughter and love." Nature's indifference—a theme more fully developed in *The Grass*—echoes Camus here, giving the true measure of Simon's lucidity. For his observer, paraphrasing Nietzsche, there is art to save us from deathly truth. The particular truth O. is eschewing through the voyage to Pharsalus is jealousy. He would identify totally with visual experience, live strictly as a rotina—which he does in *Les Corps Conducteurs*—but cannot achieve this maiming of the self here. Periodically the mind's eye focuses on a love-scene to produce "the feeling of death": jealousy proves too jealousy proves too powerful a passion to be alleviated by sight-seeing or the absorbing of the self in the surface of things.

Typical of O.'s attempt at pure description is the section of "Lexicon" entitled "Machine." Out of four pages, the first two are concerned with a minute technical description of an agricultural machine abandoned in the plain of Pharsalus: a strictly "chosisto" bland prose which could have been written by an anonymous student of technology. The other two pages, however, stand out in sharp contrast as Simon's best imaginative, sensitive style. He retraces the life of the machine, its decay similar to that of any earthly body, slowly raising the description to the level of poetic meditation:

"... everything that creeps over the face of the earth in a clatter of iron chains, jolting slowly through the furrows, patient, determined and voracious, lost in the immensities of ploughed fields and hills, and destined to end some day, abandoned to the sun, the rain, the wind, rusting, gradually falling to pieces in a ditch, in the corner of a field, in the barnyard of a ruined farm, apocalyptic and anachronistic, with those

sprocket wheels, those jaws, those frail limbs, those cables, those chains forged in the deafening uproar of the steel mills of a remote continent, as if . . ."

Simon's hypertrophic sentence magnificently serves his purpose here: to make us feel with him the beauty of modern sculpture in a McCormick reaper which bears witness to the transcendence, the loneliness, albeit the value of human effort.

Simon's vocation as an artist is ambivalent and probably the most characteristic trait of his prose is rooted in his own involvement in the graphic arts. He shifts with deceptive ease from reality to its artistic representation. This is a well-established technique with the "new novelists," an interesting device as they use it, but in Simon a fundamental process. The function of art being to give a final form to reality as it is seen, sensed, imagined, or remembered, Simon places the obsessing scene of the naked lovers at the very core of the novel. Recurring periodically, it stands as the dynamic support and the centripetal force of the mind's meanderings. Simon describes the novel structure as a mobile, "a moving body ceaselessly altering around a few fixed points." Those fixed points can be identified as: The pigeon in flight, the Latin translation, the battles and wounded soldiers, the machine at Pharsalus. They are the recurring veions around the axial love scene. The love-scene is first experienced as devastating reality but under the pressure of the word-force "petrified" which occurred to O. when he knocked on the lovers' door. When his "ear sees" them petrified, he will gradually be able to sublimate the gnawing vision into a more acceptable one: a statue battered by centuries and weather, insensibly dissolving into the soil of Pharsalus. This transformation is achieved through several variations on the original scene: a painting, an etching, an engraving and finally, the sculpture.

Only when passion has been shaped into art can the real be expressed adequately:

calm is restored to the mind and Zeno's paradox is resolved: the alliance of life and death, of appearance and essence. This is Simon's answer to the quest for a totalizing symbol of human experience. *The Battle of Pharsalus* is an important book, the voice of a man for whom the essentials of life—the suffering of the flesh, love, the presence of death, art—have lost nothing of their primal force.

Christiane Makward has taught French literature at the University of Wisconsin and at the University of Ibadan in Africa.

Open Secrets

Barbara Diamonstein, *OPEN SECRETS: 94 WOMEN IN TOUCH WITH OUR TIME*, Viking Press, \$10.00. Diamonstein, a former White House assistant and writer for women's magazines, recently sent to women "she felt would be representative" a detailed questionnaire seeking their answers to vital questions such as "do you believe in marriage?" and "men you respect most," and "how would you feel if your child clashed with law over marijuana?" But the women addressed by Diamonstein are representative only of public success and their responses hardly disclose revelations. We find that Joyce Carol Oates is satisfied with her career and that she thinks marriage is not for everyone. We learn that actress Estelle Parsons thinks drugs are a way of "distorting problems" and that she was most influenced by Albert Einstein. Feminist Gloria Steinem reveals that her mother was oppressed by the system but novelist Endora Welty's mother was not so oppressed. Barbara Jordan, first Negro senator in Texas, professes to be "pledged to the strict and firm enforcement of the laws," and Ella Fitzgerald informs us that the meaning of success is "health and happiness." Few participants responded with any sense of commitment (Kay Boyle and Zelma Fichandler being exceptions) and the only open secret revealed by Diamonstein's survey is that questionnaires breed platitudes.

The Director's Chair

Woody Allen as Womanizer: Loser and Still Champ

By HARRY WASSERMAN
of the Fine Arts Staff

"Basically, everybody is a loser, but it's only now that people are beginning to admit it. People feel their shortcomings more than their attributes. That's why Marilyn Monroe killed herself, and that's why people can't understand it." —Woody Allen

"I don't mind being burdened with being glamorous and sexual. But what goes with it can be a burden...I just hate to be a thing." —Marilyn Monroe

Woody Allen is a vandal in the marketplace of sexual folklore, an Abraham defecating on his father's idols. His films constitute a view of the entire machismo mythology as a destructive influence upon the human psyche, only one of the many ways in which society force-feeds us all with feelings of inadequacy. His heroes' attempts at self-improvement have their roots in sexual repression: as master criminal Virgil Starkwell of *Take the Money and Run*, he tries to steal people's hearts; as Fielding Mellish of *Bananas* he attempts to gain sexual potency through political power. Neither attempt succeeds, but only because they are basically futile attempts at reaching an impossible dream.

Unfortunately, Allen's methods usually run counter to his motives. In *Bananas*, the power of his message is diminished by a deliberately farcical style that climaxes in a travesty of the act of copulation; in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, otherwise sensitive studies of sodomy and transvestism are totally obliterated in a melange of off-color gags and patently offensive one-liners. He chooses to depict his characters as burlesques of sexual stereotypes; hence, what is originally proposed as pleas for human dignity ultimately result in films devoid of any vestige of humanity. As a director, Allen is a paradox: reformist in theory yet sexist in practice.

Play It Again, Sam is a notable exception in the Allen oeuvre, distinguished by the presence of Herbert Ross as director. Ross' sentimental style was the bane of his first two films, *Goodbye Mr. Chips* and *T.R. Baskin*, in both cases acting as chocolate icing on

a cake already overloaded with calories. However, Ross has finally found his niche in *Play It Again, Sam*, supplying an

essential humanism lacking in Allen's other films. It is to Ross' credit that Allen's uniquely satiric tone isn't sacrificed, while emotional depth is added: Allen's absurd universe now exists only in his neurotic daydreams, his absurd dialogue no longer for the sake of the almighty punchline but rather as a means for character development.

ALLEN'S SCREENPLAY, based on the script of his Broadway play of the same name, consists of a deceptively simple storyline: film critic Allan Felix (Woody Allen) is divorced by his wife Nancy (Susan Anspach) and he subsequently suffers a great sense of loss—specifically the loss of his masculine ego, which he attempts to rectify through a series of blind dates aided and abetted by his best friends, Dick Christie (Tony Roberts), his wife Linda (Diane Keaton), and the ghost of Humphrey Bogart (Jerry Lacy). He bungles the dates but wins an affair with Linda, which he ends abruptly out of loyalty to Dick.

The film is actually a neurotic odyssey from mythmaking to factfinding, graphically symbolized in the opening scene. Felix is watching the final shots of *Casablanca*; we see him enthralled, identifying with Bogart, the film image reflected in the lenses of his glasses. The movie ends, and Felix adjusts to reality, resplendent with self-doubt: "Who am I kidding? I'm not like that. I never was and never will be. It's strictly the movies." The rest of the film is an expansion of this structure: it is a long night's journey into day, an awakening to the realization that the shadowy forms of hard-boiled Bogarts and icy Ingrid Bergmans are inadequate idols on which to base flesh-and-blood relationships.

It is apt that Allen plays a film critic, for Felix lives in a world of dreams. As movie posters dominate his walls, so do his dreams dominate his life—Ross draws special attention to an ad for *Across the Pacific* looming ominously over the merely lifesize bodies of Felix and Linda in bed. But it is inaccurate to describe

Felix as a Walter Mitty, for his sweet dreams alternate with neurotic nightmares, all somewhat influenced by the cinematographer. He imagines Dick's reaction to his affair with Linda in dream imagery running the gamut from stuffy British indifference to

derstand a slap in the mouth or a slug from a .45") is incompatible with the creation of a healthy relationship.)

BUT THE OTHER men in the film, as living testament to the Bogart ethic, are the best arguments against it. The two

meaning naivete; while Bogart is pathological, Dick is merely pathetic.

Felix's connubial relationships seem so tenuous precisely because they are actually only poor examples of sexual role-playing. Allen alludes to the role-playing aspect by making Sharon, Felix's first blind date, be an actress. Throughout the episode the process of performing is emphasized: Felix tries to Act debonair, Sharon tries to Act polite. The metaphor culminates when he walks her to the door at the end of the date; he goes into a Bogart impression and she walks out on the performance, slamming the door in his face.

His encounter with a nymphomaniac and an intellectual are instinctively humorous, yet they leave an aftertaste of inner desolation. These women's self-exploratory monologues are equally applicable to Felix, as he is alternately a libidinous maniac and an isolated philosopher, suggesting that they are the subjects of humor only because they are viewed in caricature.

Their potential emotional depth is implied in the characterization of Linda, a self-assured fashion model seen to be surprisingly neurotic and self-conscious when psychologically exposed. ("When I go out with you and all those young girls, I feel as though life has passed me by. I should be selling chocolates at Fanny Farmer.") She is one of the most well-defined female characters in American films of recent years, due to sensitive direction by Ross and a masterful performance by Ms. Keaton. Her tour de force is the final scene at the San Francisco Airport, an ironic send-up of the denouement of *Casablanca*, in which it is the woman's decision to end the relationship. Woody Allen/Allan Felix walks off alone into the fog, more akin to Chaplin than to Bogart, yet above them both, for he has the courage to deflate antiquated myths rather than perpetuate them.

"When in rehearsal for *Play It Again, Sam*, I happened to see *The Maltese Falcon* again. I loved it just as much as ever, but I have come to one conclusion. The only safe thing is to identify with the actual falcon itself. After all, it's the stuff dreams are made on." —Woody Allen.



symbolic Italian castration. And moral support from the ghost of Bogart is soon balanced by implications of impotence from the ghost of Nancy.

As Bogart's ghost continually dispenses aphorisms, the inappropriateness of his advice becomes painfully apparent. Felix is uncomfortable and unsuccessful in his attempts to follow the ghost's suggestions, for Bogart's basic hostility toward women ("Dames are simple—I never met one that didn't un-

hoods who muscle in on Felix's date in a bar are direct descendants of the tough guy tradition, and the rape they intend for the girl would indicate a rather shallow relationship. Dick Christie, voice and all, personifies a modern corporate Bogart ("Allan, you invested your emotions in a losing stock").

always eager to keep in touch with his office but unable to communicate with his own wife.

However, Dick acts not out of willful malice but out of well-

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The Director's Chair

Chaos is the Irrational Norm in Hitchcock's 'Frenzy'

By DANIEL JATOVSKY
of the Fine Arts Staff

In the opening shot of Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy*, we glide steadily and serenely down the Thames. The music exemplifies the majestic qualities of order and civilization which England is supposed to represent. Yet as the opening credits fade, we find a politician extolling the virtues of a new plan to clean up the polluted river. There is a shout. Then another. The naked corpse of a girl is washed ashore. "It's another neck-tie murder," someone observes. Immediately order is shattered and it is not to be regained during the course of the film.

Most critics, in praising *Frenzy*, have decided that it is successful because Hitchcock has reverted to the style of his earlier films, reversing his supposed decline during the last decade. This suggestion is disturbing because it implies that Hitchcock is an inferior artist who can succeed only by copying the formulas of his limited genre. Yet the opening shot of *Frenzy* immediately establishes a difference between this and his earlier films. The typical Hitchcock film of the '50s began with a world of order. On top of this, he imposed a chaotic, and sometimes blatantly absurd, situation which threatened the world. In the end, order was restored. Through *Torn Curtain* his films demonstrate this same pattern. But the transitions from order to chaos and vice-versa become increasingly rapid. In *Topaz* we are plunged immediately into the midst of a chaotic situation. No longer is chaos an aberration on an orderly world. It is the norm.

Frenzy continues this theme, although structurally it is more orderly than *Topaz*. The illusion of order begins to crumble im-

mediately when Hitchcock chooses to open with a politician, symbol of a politically orderly society, discussing the disorderly problem of pollution which that society has created. It is shattered when the corpse appears. And, we find out, this is not the first murder. The implication is that the disorder existed before the film began. The reference later made to a previous sex murderer indicates that the nature of the world has always been one of disorder.

Hitchcock is careful to eliminate elements of order from the film. The book on which the film is based, *Goodbye Picadilly, Hello Leicester Square* by Arthur La Bern, devotes fully one fifth of the book to the courtroom proceedings leading to Blamey's conviction. This is virtually eliminated from the film because its orderly, ritualistic procedure is against the spirit of chaos which pervades the film.



ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
"FRENZY"

From the Master of Shock!
A Shocking Masterpiece!



ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
"FRENZY"

The change in Hitchcock's presentation of the chaotic element of life is simultaneous to a development in the Hitchcock hero. In the '50s the Hitchcock hero belonged to a world of order. The struggle generally occurred when a chaotic situation broke up his complacency and forced the hero to define, develop and defend his values. The situation, rather than the individual, was dominant. The hero did not so much deal with the situation as the situation dealt with him, forcing him to adapt. Thus, in *Strangers on a Train*, it is Guy Haines' inaction and indecision which cause and prolong his predicament. The chaotic situation caused him to adapt. In the life and death struggle he symbolically reverses his usual tennis game from a wait-and-see to a take-control strategy. In *Rear Window*, Jefferies immobility observes the events across the courtyard which begin to penetrate and threaten his orderly

existence. In response, he is forced to change his relationship with Lisa Fremont. In *The Wrong Man*, the challenge to Christophe Balestrero's identity and the consequent crumbling apart of his life cause him to rediscover his religious faith.

In the '60s, Hitchcock abandoned James Stewart and Cary Grant as his typical leading men. This change is not coincidental. Stewart, Grant and others he employed were actors with easy going personalities who fit in easily with the pattern outlined above. But in the '60s he began to employ actors with a more forceful personality—Rod Steiger, Sean Connery, Paul Newman. In *The Birds* while the situation is still that of an externally imposed chaos, Mitch Brenner is a man capable of handling the situation. He is not forced to adapt his values to meet it but remains a stable orderly person. The heroine, Melanie Daniels, however, does fulfill the usual

Hitchcock hero role; she is forced to mature in her attitudes to respond to the crisis. Both in *Marnie* and *Torn Curtain*, the heroes, Mark Rutland and Michael Armstrong, knowingly plunge themselves into a chaotic situation, Rutland by involving himself with the psychological problems of Marnie Edgar and Armstrong by entering East Germany to extract a secret formula. Both have internal strengths which enable them to combat, rather than adapt to, the situation.

In *Frenzy*, a synthesis of these two types occurs. Richard Blamey is a combination of the forceful, active character of Hitchcock's recent films and the immature hero of his earlier films. Thus, while events seem to occur outside of his control, Blamey is often, in fact, physically, as well as metaphysically, the agent of his own destruction.

A comparison with the book reveals that Hitchcock had to make numerous changes to twist the character into this conception. (The book is, a mediocre, contrived affair whose only attraction must have been the potato truck ride.) In the first place, Blamey, in the book, is almost 50, with graying hair and a limp. La Bern is careful to make him fully sympathetic. There is no complexity in our reaction to him. Hitchcock, on the other hand, makes Blamey young and attractive. He eliminates the limp. He gives Blamey no external cause for failure. His ex-wife says he is "sorry for himself" using his failures as an excuse for self-pity. In the book, La Bern states: "Blamey was not one to dwell on the past. He wasn't going to let the chip in his ankle work up onto his shoulder." The film Blamey is precisely the opposite. One could go on but it is already clear that Hitchcock's Blamey is an entirely different conception from the book's and from any other hero in his films.

Our first glimpse of Blamey, putting on his necktie, immediately associates him with the sex crime. Of course, we find that he is not actually guilty. But the linkage is appropriate since, in a way, he is as sexually maladjusted as Rusk, the actual murderer. His relationship with Babs Milligan is purely sexual. There is no love between them. Blamey does not consult her in deciding to bed down in the hotel. (Another reversal from the book, where Babs seduces him.) His frivolous attitude is indicated by his choice

(continued on page 9)

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Frenzy

(continued from page 8)



of pseudonyms, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde. Cinematically Hitchcock expresses their relationship during the silent scene where Babs puts on her socks to walk across the cold floor. The coldness of the surrounding is an effective expression of the coldness of the sexual act as it exists between them. Certainly, there is little trust between them. Babs is, at first, inclined to believe that Blamey is guilty of the murder. He convinces her but one cannot forget her initial suspicions.

BLAMEY'S relationship with his ex-wife is equally loveless. Indeed, one cannot believe that any love ever existed between them. The tension between them, and the destructiveness of their relationship is indicated by the scene where he crushes the glass in his hand. At the same time, he rejects her and her values as embodied in her club and her business.

Significantly, both of Blamey's sexual partners wind up dead—as dead as his feelings toward them. His sorrow at their deaths is shallow. He is more concerned with proving his innocence.

In the film's terms, Blamey, like Rusk, is unable to love or to be loved. Both are frustrated. Rusk releases his frustrations by destroying others, including Blamey. Blamey releases them by destroying himself. Thus, there is an almost sado-masochistic relationship between them. Rusk externalizes Blamey's repressions.

Blamey's self-destructiveness is carefully built up during the opening sequence. First, he takes a drink. This action is significant since, unlike the book, he is not reacting to any particular misfortune. We are given no reason for his drinking. Instead we are told that this is habitual when Babs says, "He always puts the money in the till." His honesty is questioned by the owner and he is dismissed. Already in this scene, Hitchcock has placed doubts in our minds about this character. There is an uncomfortable air of self-righteousness about him. Yet we have no particular reason for believing him or the barmaid.

Blamey next visits his friend, Bob Rusk, who gives him a sure tip on a horse. Blamey refuses his monetary help but accepts from him a box of grapes. It is implied that they are his only means of subsistence when Rusk says, "At least you won't starve to death."

AT THIS POINT he uses up his money on a drink, not even taking advantage of the tip. Shortly thereafter he discovers that the horse has won at 10-1 odds. In a sudden explosion of anger he shouts "Christ, damn it to Hell!" We see him crush the box of grapes with his hands, throw it to the ground and, in close-up, step on it, the grapes spilling out of the sides of the box. As they are his only sustenance, he is literally destroying himself in destroying them. The violence of the action is reinforced by the strikingly grotesque imagery. The grapes spilling out of their container effectively parallels Blamey's anger spilling out of himself. Thus, cinematically, Hitchcock reveals the self-destruction of Blamey's explosive anger.

This sequence also introduces to us the grotesque food imagery in the film. One hesitates to attach a precise symbolism to the use of food. Rather, Hitchcock employs it for its various associations, as a poet. It is used for humorous effect in the detective's eating sequences. When Rusk kills Brenda Blamey, he exits slurping an apple, picking his teeth with his tiepin. Rusk later recovers the incriminating tiepin from a body covered with a mound of potatoes.

Food is a particularly fitting

image for a film about appetites. These appetites are more general than the dominant sexual one. Blamey's immaturity is an inability to control his whole self. The film is basically about the inability of man to control himself, the domination of passion over reason. This is at least implied by the title of the film. It is for this reason that you are often made aware of men carrying things, especially food. When Rusk lures Babs to his apartment, the camera silently glides down the stairs and out the doorway, holding on a shot of men carrying bags and crates of food. It inexorably links the frenzied sex murder in the apartment with the condition of man as a beast of burden. The burden he is carrying, and cannot throw off, is his irrational passions and desires. This is also the significance of the scene where Rusk disposes of a bag of potatoes, which also contains a dead body.

Unlike most Hitchcock heroes, Blamey does not progress during the film. He is unable to adapt himself since his life force comes from an internal disorder. When the trial ends he is shown beating the walls of his cell, frantically shouting "Rusk did it." From our high bird's-eye vantage point he clearly becomes little more than a caged animal. The regression continues further to the point where Blamey commits murder. In *Strangers on a Train* Guy Haines comes to this point also but he makes the correct moral decision, replacing the gun in his pocket. Moreover, his decision is made on a rational basis. Blamey's motivation is irrational. Furthermore, passion has so overwhelmed reason that it carries him through a far-sighted prison escape and allows him to cold-bloodedly kill someone who is sleeping without a hint of hesitation.

GRANTED he does not technically kill Rusk but strikes only a girl's corpse. But he is clearly morally guilty. In this final scene there is an interesting parallel with a point Hitchcock makes about *Psycho*. In discussing the scene where Arbogast goes up the stair to investigate the mystery, he says:

"there was a shot of his hand on the rail, and of feet seen in profile, going up through the

bars of the balustrade. When I looked at the rushes of the scene, I found it was no good, and that was an interesting revelation for me, because as that sequence was cut, it wasn't an innocent person but a sinister man who was going up those stairs. Those cuts would have been perfectly all right if they were showing a killer..."

The rejected sequence from *Psycho* is precisely the way Hitchcock shoots Blamey ascending the stairs here. This is the cinematic equivalent for the moral (as opposed to legal) statement that Blamey is a criminal. In the final shots, Blamey and Rusk stand together implicated in the murder. The final shot of the picture is of a trunk, another symbol of

burden. It falls to the ground between them.

However immoral and irrational Blamey is, his decisiveness is made preferable to the complacency of the other characters. After all, it is the irrational, animalistic outbursts of Blamey's which finally penetrate the rational consciousness of the detective and set him on the right track.

The complacent people are consistently rejected. Johnny and Hetty refuse to help Blamey because they don't want to get involved. Similarly, two passerbys hurry on when they hear the scream of Brenda Blamey's secretary. This refusal of people to allow themselves to

(continued on page 11)

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Frenzy

(continued from page 9)

become involved, to touch or be touched by others is a major theme of the film. There are no relationships in the film which can be described as loving. It is no coincidence that a major portion of the action takes place in the Blamey matrimonial agency. The people we see in it are all frustrated individuals. (I have already discussed, for example, Blamey and Rusk.) The secretary is the stereotype of the sexless, efficient business assistant. Brenda Blamey is a person who has thrown all her energies into the business of bringing people together rather than becoming involved with someone herself. And she seems to be unaffected by them even in a vicarious way. In fact, the idea of her business, applying reason to the search for love, runs contrary to the spirit of the film.

THE RESULTS of this match-making are predictably unsatisfactory. The comic mismatch of the fat woman and the little man who leave the agency is prophetic of the course the relationship. The implication is that people are incapable of giving or receiving love.

The film also consistently turns against the characters who reject the irrational element in them. When two anonymous men causally discuss over a drink the sex murders, we instinctively reject their categorization of what a sex maniac is, just as we reject the psychiatrist's explanation in Psycho. Their attitudes are too smug. We know who "these people" are, they say. They are X, Y, and Z. But one cannot pigeonhole human beings.

Just as surely we are disturbed, while amused, by the banter between the detective and his wife. How can he so casually toss in the assumption that religious

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