

Dr. Gonz

Sometimes, I'm convinced that life is not really what it pretends to be. Sometimes I'm convinced that I'll wake up and find that this existence is a dream. If you have ever dreamed that you had a dream, that is to be dreaming and wake up, only then to really wake up, as I have, it opens up a rather unique situation. The reality you're experiencing now is simply a dream of another, if you like, more primary reality. And the chain need not end, yourself merely being the sum total of your separate realities. Compare it to a mass of interconnected springs and weights, if you jiggle one weight, its motion will eventually affect the whole system, with the secondary or induced motions producing movement in the original spring. Birth, not necessarily the concept we have, is simply the initial movement, with all realities affecting one another. External reality may only exist as a self-rationalization of the experiences and concepts induced from other dreams.

If the above meandering didn't titillate your cerebellum, consider something a bit more concrete. From the time something happens, there is a definite time lapse before you perceive it. So, no one experiences their own life, merely a movie of it playing theatres one sixteenth of a second late. Nor, need someone else's reality [conceding for a moment that that someone else may merely be a by-product of your existence] resemble your own. The colour you perceive as yellow may be perceived by someone else as a totally different colour, but both of you have been brought up calling this certain frequency of light yellow. So if you could step in someone else's head, you may view things as though you were looking through a colour negative. This phenomena need not be restricted to colour, but to shape, sound, basically all the senses. Any information your brain receives is through your own senses. In this way you are your own private reality. The learning process is one of mapping the world around you on to your own reality. A song is played. Two individuals may experience extremely different sensations, yet both learn to assimilate it as music and something to be enjoyed. Sometimes, the mapping breaks down, or is never formed. A man screams and cowers from light. Newton postulated that an object will tend to move at a constant velocity unless otherwise acted upon. Both of these were separate realities, and society in its wisdom decides whether they are madness or genius. But they are essentially the same, a breakdown of the mapping imposed on a private reality.

Handy Household Hint or Whatever.

A good postscript to any test is:
To err is human
To forgive divine.

Bloomsbury painters exhibit



THE BLUE BOWL, an oil on composition board; by Roger Fry. Part of an exhibit to be shown from November 16 at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery.

Bloomsbury is a movement in English civilization which denotes a group of intellectuals who began meeting as early as 1907 to exchange similar ideas, beliefs and tastes, who either lived in the Bloomsbury area of London or who had friends living there. The 'Bloomsbury Group' grew out of the Apostles Society at Cambridge of which Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, Leonard Woolf and Thoby Stephen were members. After many of the members had come down from Cambridge, Virginia and Adrian Stephen began holding Thursday evening gatherings at their home at 46 Fitzroy Square. The group began to expand and in 1920, the Memoir Club was founded, consisting of Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Vanessa Bell and Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Lytton Strachey, Duncan Grant, David Garnett, J.M. Keynes, Lydia Keynes, Desmond and Molly MacCarthy, Quentin Bell and E.M. Forster. The Memoir Club held its last meeting in 1956.

The Bloomsbury Group was composed of literati who ranged

from writers, art critics and artists to an economist and a publisher. The focus of this exhibition is those members of Bloomsbury involved with the visual arts; the artists, Roger Fry, Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant and the art critics, Fry (again), Clive Bell and Quentin Bell and the influence they exerted upon artists working in England in the early part of the twentieth century.

The exhibition shows the extent of Roger Fry's influence on the artistic climate of London from the years 1910 to his death in 1934, as manifested in the work of a number of young artists including Mark Gertler, Dora Carrington, Frederick Etchells, Jean Marchand and Simon Bussy, as well as, of course, the other two Bloomsbury painters, Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant. Roger Fry's tastes and theories became manifest through his lectures and writings (he was the editor of *The Burlington Magazine*) as well as his paintings. Through the two Post-Impressionist Exhibitions he organized for the Grafton Gal-

eries in 1910 and 1912, he was responsible for bringing the work of the French Post-Impressionists to the attention of the English audience. His championing of the Post-Impressionists and Cezanne culminated in the publication of his book, *Cezanne: a study of his development*, in 1927.

Paintings for the exhibition have been generously loaned by The National Portrait Gallery, London; The Courtauld Galleries, London; The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; The Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts and numerous other institutions. Mrs. Pamela Diamond, Roger Fry's daughter, has contributed unstintingly, both through her generosity in making numerous loans as well as acting as a resource person.

Slides of some of the Omega Workshop articles will supplement the paintings and drawings in the exhibition which span the years 1911 to 1934.

An illustrated catalogue with essay accompanies the exhibition.

Brubeck and sons entertain

Dave Brubeck, legendary jazz musician and composer of such outstanding pieces as *Take Five* and *Brandenburg Gate*, arrives in Fredericton Thursday night for two concerts at the Playhouse on Friday, November 12.

Dave Brubeck is credited with revolutionizing jazz during the fifties with his precise, swinging melodies and innovative rhythms and time signatures. In his present concert tour, he appears with his sons Darius, Chris and Danny,

billed as *Two Generations of Brubeck*.

Brubeck earned a degree in music at the University of the Pacific, and went on to study composition at Mills College with classical composer Darius Milhaud, after whom the oldest Brubeck son is named. Today, Brubeck sees Milhaud as his most important personal influence, followed by Art Tatum, "the all-time greatest jazz pianist technically, and the most advanced harmonically," Fats Waller, "for

the joy he expressed when he played and sang," and Duke Ellington, "for composition, and for his ability to keep a band together."

Brubeck's fascination with odd time signatures stemmed, he says, from somewhere in early childhood. His mother felt that children should be encouraged to tap out different rhythms, and even to walk to them.

Two Generations of Brubeck perform at the Playhouse Friday at 7:00 and 9:30 p.m.

Film society flicks

UNB Film Society presents the feature *She Done Him Wrong*, directed by D. Lowell Sherman and starring Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and Gilbert Roland. It will be shown November 13 and 14 in Head Hall.

Ever the mistress of the *double entendre* and a very witty lady, her classic lines include: "Are you packin' a rod or are you just glad to see me," "Beulah, peel me a grape," "Hello, boys, get out your resumes," "When I'm good I'm very good, but when I'm bad I'm better," "Goodness had nothing to

do with it" (a reply to "Goodness, what lovely diamonds", and the title of her autobiography.)

Two shorts will also be shown. Clyde Bruckman, *The Fatal Glass of Beer*, starring W.C. Fields.

The great man's warning of the evils of alcohol set in Canada. "It ain't a fit night out for man nor beast," he intones as the cornflake snow hits his face.

Lewis Foster, *Double Whoopee*, starring Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy. One of the greatly underestimated twosome's best movies