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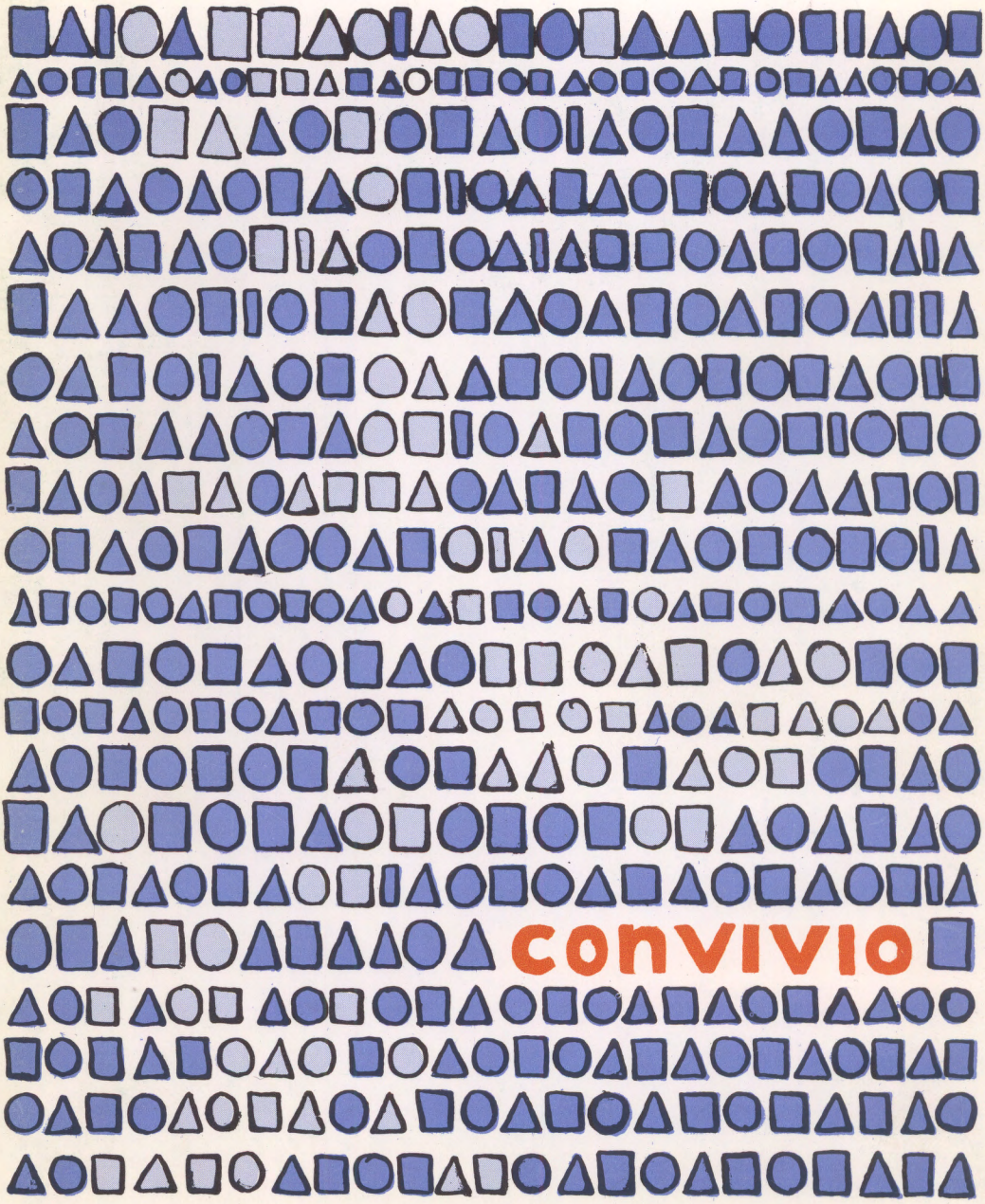
convivio

CONVIVIO

Spring 1964

Volume II, Number 1

FICTION, POETRY, and ESSAYS
by STUDENTS and FACULTY
from

MOORHEAD STATE COLLEGE

Moorhead, Minnesota

PREFACE

Continuing a magazine is often a more difficult task than beginning one, since certain standards which have been established by the preceding issues must continue to be met. To meet the standards of quality set by the first issue of CONVIVIO has been one of our primary objectives this year, and it is for this reason that our little magazine is somewhat smaller than its predecessor. We hope that we have been successful in this endeavor and that Volume II, Number 1 persists in justly representing the literary and scholarly excitement that is generated by a college which is rapidly expanding in many directions. Our desire is to reflect in some way that force operating in our society which creates the charged dynamism we experience here at Moorhead State College in such divergent forms as an enrollment explosion that has exceeded all expectations and an intellectual surge that has transformed our school in seven short years into a rising liberal arts institution.

We feel that our situation is typical of many others and that we share many advantages and problems with small colleges throughout the nation. One of the problems which bears directly upon us as editors is that of the changing attitudes and dispositions of our generation. When these attitudes and dispositions appear in literature, they often clash with those of an older generation resulting in the difficult entanglement of censorship. It is of course nearly impossible to determine just how a piece of writing should be construed, and perhaps what one generation would mark "unfit to print," our generation would view as not only fit to print but also an excellent representation of our feelings and dispositions. We have experienced this sort of conflict with CONVIVIO this year and are far from having an answer to the problem. But we feel that it is a difficulty which, though it may be impossible to solve, must be faced intelligently as an aspect of the continuing process of change and renewal which makes a magazine and a college like ours possible.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. THE STUDENTS

II. THE FACULTY

WALK

walk
through wet grass
in a fog
over hills
through thick woods
over brown sandstones

walk
in summer
with spirits
of the past
who beat stones
to hammers and hunt

try to help them
in the winter
when there's no food
reach out your hand
filled with gold
let them buy

no
just sit
sadly sit
and watch them die

THE LOVERS

an old toothless smile
on his red-leather face with love
dribbling from the corners of his mouth.

he gazes softly up into the
large red eyes of his beloved as she
coyly flicks her cigarette puffs
and smashes it into the tray.

sex turned and saw them
sitting there—and laughed coldly
but they didn't notice.

SOMETIMES LOVE

Sometimes it lingers very near
and when I sense its presence
it winks and smiles
and causes me to blush within.

Sometimes from far away
I see it watching me. I know it asks,
"Why can't we talk?"
but I don't know its language.

Sometimes when I want it most it's gone,
but then when I have quite forgotten it
it comes—it quickly comes
and then I know it best.

THE DUMMY

I saw her coming down the hall;
And hoping for a change of fate
I propped myself up on the wall
And hid my crutch behind a crate;

So there I stood—a handsome man.
But just when I about smelled her air
Some brawny human took her hand,
And I stood standing, leaning there.

My knees grew weak and down I fell,
Then my old coat caught on a nail;
The blood blushed hotly from its well,
And I hung hanging, burning, frail.

Now on I limp, my lesson learned;
Yet there's one thing that comforts me;
It wasn't really me that burned—
I hung myself in effigy.

Margo Larson

RETROSPECT

On the bus you are sketching someone (perhaps that small man in the brown coat across the aisle from us), but I feel you interested and friendly beside me. You draw very well becomes "Do you mind if I open the window?" and You are beautiful is now "Do you go to school nearby?" But I cannot speak even these words, and I choke them down as I watch your sweater move in and out, quietly, gently, with your breath.

You follow me to the rear of the bus. Whoosh, the doors swing open. Seeming almost part of the ground, you move along the broad sidewalk beside me, but at a stranger's careful distance. A young girl passes somewhere between us and I watch your face with mild delight when it does not turn to follow her as she crosses before you into a large department store.

When you glance toward me, I blush and look towards the street, feigning interest in the repetitious scene which passes there —Chryslers and Fords, a bicycle with a rusty kick stand, and then Halt! (While a green light sends a new flux of anonymous faces toward us.) Soon I must look back at you again, and your eyes await me, interested perhaps in the contour of my face as you take my picture with a blink of your eye lid. I suddenly feel that you see something given, unintentionally, in my glance.

I stop abruptly beneath the shadow of a drugstore to wait for my second bus and I stare at the punches in my bus transfer as I watch your dark shoes go softly by.

The rest of the afternoon goes and then night comes. I gaze critically into my mirror, watching each twist of my mouth and labeling each smile as I answer imaginary questions from you, wondering what could beautiful be called wearing a blue and white Norwegian sweater and blond hair and oh how friendly eyes. This boy who has a magic face and (though I've never touched them) cool soft hands.

I see you suddenly everywhere and quickly wonder how do I seem to him before we smile pleasantly and is it secretly with mutual embarassment when we meet, never having spoken.

In the small white cafe near school, I see you sitting with strange people (and is it a tall brown-haired girl?). They blur when I see you because you are looking at me not caring if she sees and seriously wanting me to know this time is you and me. I turn from you, unannoyed, and say, "Shall we sit there?" as a friend nudges me on to another table. I wonder is this just me feeling for both of us and I order a cup of tea and drink it very slowly until you leave.

More days follow and I hum stanzas of obscure songs recalled now by accident it seems, and I like them because I have not sung these words before, even to myself.

Your face has become more than this face or that face. Now it is my face, smiling at me slightly cleanly closely whenever I feel suddenly alone and remember lovely things.

Then one evening I saw the parts and colors of your body come together, your name was Jack. Really it was John on your Spanish notebook. You must have been very serious when you wrote it—printed in large capital letters, it reminded me of a girl who spelled her name out carefully on her registration card the first day of college—Elizabeth Lindstrom.

I was with a friend who knew your name, hearing Mary do you know (thinking we've met, we've met), but shaking my head and smiling across the table at you, returning a small hello. I say Jack, yes Jack and I do not realize if I say it to myself or to you.

And goodbye but then she my friend walked north and goodbye and you speak again to say I go south shall we go south together? We walk for a second time, but there is no girl somewhere between us, it is now, together, tonight. I smile too often, forgetting which type of smile I had decided on looking into my mirror and my blouse quivers back and forth over my heart and I feel it loud within me (does he hear it too?).

Our feet make quiet sounds against cement (you nudge a pebble into the grass with the side of your shoe, making a warm series of scrapes) and I am glad when we pass the yellowed lights of street lamps and turn into vacant dark streets which hide our unfamiliar faces.

Trees meet us (they, too, are silent forms without faces), and the night wraps me into one bounce as I walk with you. Your blond hair and blue sweater shade into various colors of the evening and your stride is just larger than mine. We speak to each other in turn, glancing back quickly from eyes too new to be comfortable, glancing into the obscurity before us. I know now that words have not invaded our world created soundless on a bus.

Brushing shoulders, we step from the curb. I chant here, is it here, can it be. I say John, listening to the sound, and cannot remember what follows but that he is speaking and I listen again while his voice weaves bright circles about me. It is late, yet so early to be almost home, walking south as I am with this person who makes me want to be all things, and for this moment, I am.

Goodbye you say, addressing unknown parts while your smile hides in darkness. I see your face outlined against a swaying tree which lets a street light filter through its branches. You touch my

shoulder, turn, and twist back into the night. I hear you whistling, going along the streets we came, and at once I know I love you. But I love you becomes "Goodbye, Jack." I do not speak even these words, choking them down low in my throat, but I feel that somehow, somewhere, one day, you will be able to understand that I cannot ever say what I feel now for you if it goes or remains. Only this time between can exist for us, this time is me, and now, with you crouched deep inside.

THE PULLEY

He awoke that morning with a tremendous heaviness. As he lay staring at the smooth white ceiling, he imagined himself a huge mass of concrete. Suddenly, unexpectedly, a large wrecking truck with a suspended clam shell crane moved through the ceiling, seized him, and swung him over the boundaries of his wide soft bed onto the cool floor. He let himself be pulled.

The first face he saw each morning was his own. It excited him more than most faces, because he anticipated changes in it. Giving himself over to sleep in the evening, today he was somewhat startled to see this face, not entirely different from last night's face, though he did not remember exactly what that face had been. It was one of the games Erhardt played with himself, never realizing that it was one of the games which sustained him. He had become the foil of his own imagination. He let himself be pulled, Bette said, shaking her head. Did he want to be considered one of the lunatic fringe? (Bette prided herself on her exact knowledge of clichés).

If the sky was overcast, and the stars were hidden far beyond them, Erhardt noticed sounds. Below his apartment, he fancied Mrs. Modred stepped on the pedal of her garbage can, tossing out . . . what was it? Orange peels! She served the juice to her husband and three sons in a small decanter, which Erhardt knew to be of a particular description, then took her seat next to her husband in their cozy breakfast nook.

Erhardt always smiled. He had practiced before his large vanity mirror one day, developing what he liked to think were his very singular smiles. With this repertoire of smiles and nods to accompany them, Erhardt knew he controlled his world. A picture, a sound, a smile, a nod. The interior control was his.

He met Bette each day in front of his apartment building. Usually, he knew without looking that she was coming, and this morning was no exception (he had left his glasses on the nose of that huge panda in the livingroom), because he heard her. She sang. "Yoo, hoo, it's May, the lusty month of May!" in her inimitable style. Erhardt termed it "mock heroic."

They crossed to Stancy's Coffee Nook together, occasionally holding hands as they stepped over a puddle. They took turns opening the door of the shop for one another. Bette did not major in physical education, but she had come to believe herself unattractive and was therefore, of necessity, independent and clever.

Erhardt, sensing Bette's hesitation, leaned forward over the table.

"Is something wrong this morning? A test, perhaps."

"No." She smiled. "No. nothing except life—my life!" She laughed and then became silent, too soon, Erhardt sensed.

"Look, Bette. I think there is something. Tell me. Tell Erhardt." He covered her hand with a napkin and put her silverware on the napkin. And smiled.

"Erhardt, crazy, what are you . . . No. Erhardt, rather than burden you with my problems, I shall . . ." She took a decisive bite of toast, lowered her eyes, and replaced her silverware neatly beside her plate.

"All right. But remember . . ."

Erhardt was tired of being an older brother. He had no sisters, and he liked to think that he was a natural listener, but for Bette, no. Not for Bette. Her problems were, he searched for the word, manufactured. She was unattractive, she was intelligent, she must have problems. That was probably how she thought. Suddenly Erhardt coughed and excused himself from the table. He walked to the men's room, turned at the door, then strode excitedly back to the booth. Bette had finished her toast.

"Bette—hey. Let's cut classes. Let's walk in the rain, go to a show. But. Let's not say one single word all day, either of us. Only intuition. And feelings. Hey. How about it?" Erhardt breathed heavily. He was delighted with his idea.

"What? Oh come on! Seriously? When would we start?"

Erhardt nodded and smiled. "Today. Now. I'll guide. No words until . . . midnight. All right?"

She nodded, already caught up by the lunacy of the idea. She had seen movies where couples in love had spent entire afternoons in silence. But then, she rememberd, disappointed, they had spent them in bed.

They sputtered with laughter at the dime store down the street. Erhardt had bought them each a "Sugar Daddy," suckers which "last all day," and in doing so had almost asked the salesgirl for his change, only to discover that he had given her twenty cents, not the quarter that he found in his pocket. He had finally succeeded in communicating this fact to Bette by a series of broken

gestures; he pointed to his mouth, the quarter, the 10 cent stickers on the suckers, and the salesgirl. Bette, though she understood imperfectly, was delighted by the absurdity of the pantomime. They both laughed at the same time and left the store in high spirits, Sugar Daddies in mouths.

Bette was a hard girl to hold hands with. She always tried to hold her hand over and in front of Erhardt's and he found this strangely humiliating. As they hooked fingers and ran to catch the bus, Erhardt realized that he was being pulled by Bette. He ran faster, only to realize that he was hopelessly out of shape. Then, he was Walter Mitty being forcibly kidnapped by a gargantuan Amazonian woman. He let himself be pulled onto the bus.

Because of their agreement, Erhardt and Bette were more or less forced, they tacitly agreed, to lunch at a cafeteria. In this way, they could add up the price of their hotdogs, cokes and beans as they went along, and need not operate through a middleman, the waitress. By pointing out this delicacy or that, they could remain inarticulate. The cashier collected their money. They nodded and passed by.

The afternoon movies had begun by the time they thought of attending one—besides, Bette had seen most of them, and didn't care to see the others, reviews of which had told her "no!" She relied upon reviews, especially those of *Time Magazine*, which she had subscribed to since she was a freshman in college. She was fascinated with its capsule elimination of the tedious, the oafish, the verbose, the superficial, and the insincere. She prided herself on her discrimination in magazines. But now, having no verbal tools for complicated analysis, Bette simply shook her head as Erhardt tried to lead her into one movie theatre after another.

Erhardt, whose patience as well as his Sugar Daddy was wearing thin, decided that it was time to go home. They boarded the next bus and sat, more sullenly than silently, on their way back to the campus area. It was one of the few rainy days when Erhardt did not notice the red and yellow taxicab colors becoming beautifully blurred on his rain-spattered window.

Motioning Bette into his apartment building, Erhardt managed to lead the way up to the second floor. The way was dark, the stairs creaked, and Erhardt had once imagined himself a Pip being led up to Miss Havisham's chambers. Today the way was confining, almost stuffy, and the stairs sagged more than they creaked. Erhardt found his key and pushed open the door, remembering too late that he had forgot to make his bed this morning.

Bette, who thought herself a sophisticate, walked past the bedroom door into the kitchen and sat down at the table with the remains of Erhardt's breakfast.

Erhardt removed his key from the lock, paused at the bedroom long enough to kick a dirty sock inside and close the door, and joined Bette at the table.

Why was he always facing Bette over a (he searched for the crude word now) filthy table? Why did she always wear lipstick that caked on her bottom lip? He crossed his arms and laid his head over them. He was disgusted, and he hoped that Bette wouldn't notice.

She rose from her chair, scraping it along the floor as she pushed it under the table.

She came around to the back of Erhardt's chair and put one gloved hand on his head. Did she think he was asleep? He stood up then, but she didn't seem surprised, so he kissed her, heavily, he thought, on the cheek. She pulled him to the door, made him shut his eyes, and put a rumpled napkin in his hand.

"Bette, must you go?"

Her eyes round with surprise, lips prissily puckered, she muffled his mouth and put one forefinger to her lips. Then she was gone.

The napkin had been scribbled upon, supposedly while he sat with lowered head at the table. Or had she written this earlier at the cafeteria?

Erhardt read. "I knew you would talk first. You lost your own game."

He padded to the bathroom just in time to see his face change. One lonely tear ran down the edge of his lip, and as he smiled (sadly, he thought), he noticed that one of his front teeth was chipped. He felt for the Sugar Daddy in his pocket and discovered that it was stuck to the lining.

That evening, Erhardt lay heavily in bed and stared at the smooth white ceiling. Suddenly, unexpectedly, a large wrecking truck with a suspended clam shell crane moved through the ceiling, seized him, and swung him over the boundaries of his life.

"A DISAPPOINTMENT"

He said I need not take it now
but fearing that he could not be trusted
I hurried out of the shop, carrying the package.

I placed it on my bureau, and
quickly taking off my scarf and coat
unwrapped it there, sliding my moist hand
over its surface.

Licking my lips in anticipation
I search beneath the covers
finding only words, no message.

Sitting alone in my pew, I gaze
disinterested upon my neighbors.
Little they have to help me with,
Little they know of my book.

Evenings now, when I have nothing else to do
I take the old book down from the shelf
and turn the pages quickly, stopping occasionally
to look at a brightly-colored picture.

Still the message doesn't come.
What fools! To put such stock in
a worthless book. But it's too late now
to get my money back.

Nancy Berg

APPLE TREE

You there, tree, stand tall; do not drop your heavy branches
and let the little round red apples fall rotten to the soggy ground,
Where rabbits nibble, and nimble birds pluck the seeds from
dropped
old wrinkled apples. Be supple, branches, and bend with the wind,
sway as if to music and give singing to the world through leaves;
Grieve not as a weeping willow, and pine not, but if like the birch
tree you were not born, be strong like, be tall as if, and
spread like love your over-reaching branches upon the sheltered
small green clumps of grasses lying untrodden underneath.

THE CHILD

Love thou I, cried the child, to once upon a very blue sky;
Straightening tall, with a gleam in his very proud eye.
Love thou me, to a very high blossoming Apple-down tree,
Reaching up to the leaves he scarcely could see.
Love me, Love me, he sang softly to green hills all the day:
Far, too far away All, for a loving reply.

Try thou me, begged the child to oh too sad a very large world,
Try thou I, he bade a climbing blue cloud high,
Stretching forth but never touching the sky.
Try me, try me, he wailed to the wild wind's sighing:
Far, too far away All, to hear the child's crying.

Leave thou me? asked the child of the unhearing winds.
Leave thou I? wailed the child to the unmoving sands.
Leave me! Leave me! he sobbed to the uncaring throng:
Sad, too sadly he; innocent yet of all wrong,
(Bereft now of his endearing song . . .)

A MOON-GIRL

A moon-girl sings on the star-tipped tops of dead trees
hiding in branches amazed; the naked beauty of one only
so lonely but beautifully bodily soul. Once ago in the waters
of lake-lit blue she dwelled shimmering under fish fins
and the skins of spiders; like silver webs she was spun
from finest silken senses. The moon-girl, the moon-girl,
yellowly shining in a green sky of half night, slyly
hiding under clouds of grey and black mist, I kissed her
luminous mystery silent forever.

TO WRITE A POEM

Recurring images and sounds bound by my imagination, until
the termination of my verse forces conversation for the
addition and rendition of new tales; the veils of conscious
thought are torn tenderly away strip by strip until lying
silently I find wondering mind-children playing under
the maze . . . Amazed, I wander upon the paper word by word
until I reach the dwelling of fantastic creatures, who
whisper secrets new into my hands which pound these
fantastic responding keys into poetry. The drastic

terror of the night too, lends imagistic horror to the
realms of feeling where the words are reeling in wondrous
pools of thoughts made from fools and gold and both;
Spools of memory unwind threadly by thread and undead
am I even in the death story of my own realm of being,
seeing, I compose and fight the apathy, writing poetry.

OH

I caught a bird flying and trounced it, bounced it,
Tore its wings, poor thing . . . poor me; we both tried
to fly high . . . dead bird: dead I.
Why? Why? Why? Why? I cannot fly, fool I.
I cried aways then reached to the sky and tore another wing,
Trying to capture, recapture some beauty, sad rapture;
Bird bled, soon dead, tears in my eye.

Across the blue unclouds another flew, I waited
patiently; I sighed, I died, but never tried:
Bird swooped down to hand, I swooned.
Soon quivering bird, I, shivering heard
Unsung music, unflown flight I felt; closed not my hand,
But lifted gently . . . Bird flew, I too . . . then knew.

ALL RIGHT, ME.

In the solitude of another night, somewhere ago,
We two shared possibilities, you cried, I died.
Somehow beyond they discovered death for me,
None see intangible, unlusted naked beauty
without destroying one or the other; in this case, me.
Locked away dead I have not yet said
I regret the days ago; the nights of wine and poetry
are yours and mine while I am me. However long this stays,
this memory, our ways are other ways, now even you
do not remember; someone said spring always dies
when the snow comes in December . . . Fools,
in other schools of living decided, Who am I,
(mocked at, derided, dying-existing,) to think perhaps I've not
been twisting reality, . . . Who knows the extent of perversity?
Forgot are moments mighty, . . . at night my still heart
beats not; I can start to resume, to begin to assume, All-right Me.

THE SEA

I hear the sea tonight
like horns echoing the waves
billowing. The rocks are
torn asunder by the plunder
of the storm.
The shore is restless,
teased by the trickling of waters
splashed upon the rocks
and falling upon the golden
locks of the sand's fair hair,
sifted fine by shells,
entwined forever by
receding waves, in an
unfulfilled moon-caused
ceaseless affair.

Mike Forsyth

A NIGHT AT ST. PAULI'S

They finished off the franks and beans with a cigarette. Judd listened to the desultory conversation that whirled about him with casual interest. Goldberg, as usual, was complaining about the "cwee-zeen." LeBlanc was chiding Goldberg with his soft southern voice; Goldberg adjusted his glasses, cleared his throat, and looked around the table with his soft doe's eyes asking for support. Judd said:

"The dieticians of the United States Army, having as their one concern the nutritional and caloric well-being of the common foot soldier"—

"You take it in the ear," snorted Goldberg.

Judd grinned, stubbed out his cigarette, and stood up.

"Anybody going into town?"

"I'd like to tip a few," said LeBlanc, pushing back from the table.

As they started to leave Goldberg held his head in his hands and moaned,

"Those two rummies will come blundering in about 2 A.M. and Julie can kiss the z's good-by at that time!"

The fall air had a sharp bite, and after leaving the mess hall Judd and LeBlanc went to their barracks for topcoats. They showed their passes to the large MP at the gate, and hurried across the street to the row of funeral-black Mercedes that stood the German populace as taxis.

The driver of the first one in line stood beside his car with the back door open and said, "please?" After Judd and LeBlanc entered, he closed the door, jumped in the front seat, turned his head, and said, "Please?"

LeBlanc said, "Universitatplatz" and the driver said, "please" and the car sped off into the twilight of Bad Neussingen. Judd slouched back in the seat. He felt good; fifty marks in his pocket and the prospect of a pleasant evening sipping beer and arguing politics with the congenial LeBlanc ahead of him. And who knows? —the soft promise of a Christine, Margerethe, or a Heidi . . . Judd was going to miss Bad Neussingen, Germany, Europe, LeBlanc, and Goldberg in two months when he returned to the U.S. for discharge, but three years in the Army had made him anxious to return home and do battle as a civilian again.

He watched the new post-war town slip by with its ugly, stark achitecture mercifully blurred in the dusk. Then they were turning

off the Bismarckplatz onto Hoffmannstrasse and the cobblestones of another time. Neon lights blinked incongruously and the taxi stopped. The driver turned and said, "so, please, zwei mark zhein." They paid and tipped the driver, forcing a "thank you very much, please" from him. Judd marveled at the German character with its many contradictions: obsequiousness, authoritarianism, romanticism, barbarism. Who could figure them out? This cab driver might have been a storm trooper who delighted in kicking the hell out of six-year-old Jewish kids and now paid for his schnitzel by fawning over the beardless conquerors from across the sea with their unexhaustable supply of marks.

They entered a door over which blinked ST. PAULI's in garish red. The immediate impression, when one rustled through the beaded curtains which were directly to the right after the entrance, the immediate impression which one received was that here you did not throw beer bottles. Here in the subdued blue light filtering down you squinted at the blue-tinged expanse of bosom that the girl offered you as she bent to get two beers from beneath the bar, all the time listening to the muted, piped-in music, and all the time feeling the dead snake's eyes of the older woman indefinite in the dark corner.

She was the owner, Frau Geber, and on a few occasions she had spoken to Judd and his friends in a nearly accentless English, but for the most part she sat in her dark end of the bar conversing softly with the pretty young barmaid.

The third member of the triumvirate now came through a door behind the bar to unburden Judd and LeBlanc of their coats. He was a polite, well-built young man whom Judd imagined provided the muscle for Frau Geber if that need ever arose. But in the two years that Judd had irregularily frequented St. Pauli's, he had seen few of the younger brawling and drinking class, either German or American. The prices were too steep for them. Judd had seen only the corpulent products of Germany's "wunderschaft" or the wealthier, officer-type Americans who could afford the price of Frau Geber's scotch. By and large, in the early hours of the evening, the place was practically deserted. It was conducive to quiet conversation and simply stood sometimes as a needed haven from the too-social life of the barracks. Frau Geber created somewhat of an air of uneasiness with her passive and somehow disapproving silence, but Judd had become accustomed to her as he had become accustomed to the water-color of Hamburg's St. Pauli district which was hanging on the wall behind the bar.

Tonight, the L-shaped bar and the tables were deserted, and Judd and LeBlanc were deserted by the young girl as soon as they had paid for their beers. She drifted back to the low German tones

of Frau Geber. The young man had brought them tickets for their overcoats and had again disappeared.

Judd and LeBlanc took their first long draughts of the smooth, dark beer and silently savored the initial pleasant reaction to the liquid coursing down through them. They would have perhaps two of the expensive beers as a primer for the evening, and then seek out some of the more lively night spots, or, if they only wanted to talk, they would find one of the quieter beer halls and pass the evening solving the problems of the world or talking about the civilian life that soon would be theirs'.

Judd had just started to relate an anecdote about their first sergeant when the outside door opened, the beaded curtains parted, and Judd, LeBlanc, Frau Geber, and the barmaid stared at the big Negro in the entrance.

Judd immediately catalogued him as an American Negro, not an African student, by the cut of his suit; and as a GI by his gleaming, black low-quarters. He was tall, well over six feet, and his relaxed stance as he stopped momentarily inside the entrance brought to Judd a picture of casual power and action that waited beneath the surface ready to go. A black Cadillac idling at the curb. His eyes adjusted to the filtered blue light and he took in the scene of the deserted tables, Judd and LeBlanc at the bar, and the two women in the corner. Then he moved with light grace to the bar and sat three stools to Judd's left. Now, with a bit of uneasiness, Judd waited for the next scene to unfold in the soft blue light of St. Pauli's.

Bad Neussingen, like other towns in Germany where Americans were stationed, had both white and colored GI bars. There was strict segregation observed. The white soldiers resented the success of the Negroes with the German "frauleins." Judd had seen this, and even felt it in himself he later admitted to himself ashamedly, when the colored soldiers brought their blonde beauties on post to the PX and the snack-bar. Then he had seen the hatred and envy rise in the eyes of those whites that he had happened to be with, Northerner and Southerner alike. Racial incidents had flared up sporadically, in the barracks, on the streets, and in the bars where white and colored soldiers sometimes inadvertently mixed. The student cafes were middleground areas where the more "liberal" whites accepted the Negroes, but in the raucous, brawling, rock'n' rolling GI joints no black face was wanted. As a result, the Negroes and their German girl friends had their own habitats where white soldiers would not find pleasant welcomes.

St. Pauli's did not fall in the category of either a GI bar or a student hang-out, but there was that indescribable something about the deadness in Frau Geber's eyes that made Judd nervous about a

confrontation between her and the Negro. Judd had never seen a colored person in St. Pauli's. Frau Geber did not go out of her way to talk to white Americans; how would she react to this black one? Judd knew that LeBlanc was a fairly liberal southerner and would not create a scene by the mere presence of the black man. So he watched the two women who were talking rapidly in low tones and were casting glances at the Negro.

"You fellows stationed here?"

Judd turned abruptly, startled, and could only manage a weak "yes" as he looked at the faintly smiling mouth and the veiled eyes of one who learned early in life to hide his emotions in the presence of "them."

"I'm on a three day pass from Munich."

His voice was eastern, probably New York, Judd thought, and then he saw Frau Geber herself approach the Negro. The coat-taker had appeared in the doorway behind the bar. Frau Geber stood for a moment in front of the Negro, her hands on the bar. The Negro smiled at her and said, "guten abend, eine bier, bitte."

Frau Geber looked at him and replied in her cold, dry English, "I'm sorry, you will have to go."

Judd found himself exhaling in a long sigh. He didn't know that he had been holding his breath. He lit a cigarette; he didn't know what to do. So there it was. He'd read about it, and heard about it in the States and in Germany. The incidents that he had read and heard about, even in Bad Neussingen had happened, but they were somehow unreal; but this was real, it was there in front of him with the simple, explicit phrase rendered by Frau Geber's cold, dead voice. But it was unreal to hear it in that voice; it should have been said in tones similiar to the soft drawl of LeBlanc. He sensed the stiff tenseness of the body next to him.

The blue light created almost purplish highlights on the features of the Negro. His eyes were locked with Frau Gebers'. Judd could almost feel the overwhelming waves of anger that were coming from this man, but he again smiled and said, "Excuse me, I didn't hear what you said."

Frau Geber given a chance to rectify her mistake said, "You will have to go." No "I'm sorry" this time.

The Negro quickly turned off his smile and replied with a coldness matching Frau Gebers', "No."

Now the electric tension and suspense that had been building in the blue light of St. Pauli's Bar, Bad Neussingen, Germany, translated itself into action: action that happened so fast, was so unlike anything Judd had previously experienced, that he felt that he was both spectator to, and participant in a Grade B movie.

Frau Geber turned from the Negro and said to the young man, "Willy," and then gave a rapid command in German to the barmaid who quickly disappeared via the door behind the bar. Willy moved around the bar, stood beside the Negro, and gave him a chance to rectify HIS error:

"So, please, you will go?"

The Negro stood up and Judd saw that he had a couple of inches on Willy but gave away to him perhaps twenty pounds.

The Negro again said "no."

Willy now brought from inside his coat a heavy black sap, and crouched with it in his right hand. LeBlanc said, "Let's get out of here," but Judd was unable to move, transfixed by this vivid tableau in muted blue of the crouching Willy and the loose and supple Negro who now moved with blinding speed. He feinted to the left with his head and shoulders and when Willy reacted, duped by the fake, he hit Willy a crushing blow on the side of the jaw with his right hand. The German stumbled backwards into a table and fell over it, crashing to the floor, upsetting the table and several chairs. Frau Geber screamed from behind the bar, and LeBlanc croaked, "Jesus Christ!"

Willy gingerly picked himself up and came back with the sap still in his right hand but now more wary of the black man's lightning thrust. He offered a feint himself, and came across with the sap, intending to bash the black skull; but he was too slow as the Negro parried the sap with his forearm and now his right fist was burying itself in Willy's stomach. Willy's hands went involuntarily to the abused area, and then he was on his back, the Negro's left hand having terminated the brawl. The Negro bent down and picked up the sap, looking around wildly and breathing heavily. His eyes rested on Judd and LeBlanc sitting dazedly at the bar.

"Well, men, what happens now?" he gasped, "I've had the cookie. I could kill all of you, but where's that going to get this nigger?" He chuckled bitterly. "Some joke. That bitch must have called the Polizei or the MPs," he said, indicating the barmaid who was now standing beside Frau Geber who was screaming over and over "nee-gair, nee-gair!"

"Make it while you've got a chance!" pleaded Judd.

"Yeh, you can still get away," added LeBlanc, but at that moment they heard heavy pounding on the street outside, the outer door opened, and two green-uniformed, white-capped German policemen were through the beaded curtains, followed by two of the standard big American MPs.

The Negro stood with the sap clenched in his hand a brief instant, but then dropped it resignedly on the bar. The German

police huddled with Frau Geber who was gesticulating wildly, while the MPs, after routinely searching the Negro, now confronted his drooping figure.

"What's the story, bo?" asked one of the MPs, a gangly kid, who was pointing to Willy moaning on the floor and attended to by the other MP.

The Negro sighed. "They wouldn't serve me so I decked him," he said sadly.

The MP on the floor looked up and whistled. "Drunk, asaulting a—"

"Now wait a minute." Judd was surprised to hear his own voice.

"Keep out of it Judd," hissed LeBlanc.

The MPs were now looking at Judd. "What's your problem, soldier?" said the younger one with a scowl. "This guy has told us himself what happened. He's tanked up and probably came in here looking for white meat, only Frau Geber doesn't go for that kind of hanky-panky."

Judd looked at the Negro. All right, Judd thought, no human being is born with racial prejudices and intolerance. They are acquisitive: part of one's education as much as reading, writing, or spelling. They come from the first hearing of the old, time-worn jokes, from the first eaves-dropping of an adult conversation, from the explicit but gentile gentle request of not to play too much with blank because he is Catholic, Jewish, has a funny name or has a swarthy complexion. All good American youngsters in a good middlewestern community acquire various degrees of this education, and as a group they can complement each other, complete one's so important education in prejudice. But they also hear of the segregation in the south that is blasted from the pulpits, in the press, and by their own parents. So, by the time that they are ready to enter the adult world, their education is really complete; not only in prejudice itself but in the hypocrisy of it as well. They deplore racial inequality in the south and elsewhere but did you hear that a Negro family actually might buy the Johnson place? Did you hear how much that goddamn Jew tried to soak me for this suit? Judd stood balanced by this double standard as the MP said, "Do you have something to say, buddy?"

Now Frau Geber and the German policemen were looking at him also. He saw Willy aided by the other MP and the barmaid slowly get to his feet. The Negro was looking at the floor in front of him.

"No. He really cracked that German. Must be tight as hell. He should have gone to the Regina. I guess he doesn't know this town."

"Yah. You two'll have to be witnesses. What's your outfit?"

Judd and Leblanc told him; the MPs handcuffed the Negro and they left with the German policemen. The Negro did not look back.

"You just about got yourself into a peck of trouble."

"Let's go back."

"Already? I need another beer after that."

And then Frau Geber was in front of them. "You boys would like another beer? I will give it to you free. Those Nee-gairs—what is?"

Judd was quickly outside away from the blue lights, breathing the fresh night air and running, running.

Charles McCabe

BOTH HERE AND THERE

I

You have such soft and liquid hands,
That like a slow shallow stream, touch
And pass away impressionless.
Place them here upon my back
That I may feel their warmth.

You have such pale caressing lips,
That open as a moist new rose
Beneath the quiet August sun.
Place them here upon my lips
That I may feel their warmth.

Your arms are lithe and glisten with
A thousand light and silky hairs.
They could entwine a universe.
Place them here along my sides
That I may feel their warmth.

That vast and cold Platonic world
Of fathomless reality,
Formless form and lifeless passion,
Unchanging doric vision;
It was a thin and leaning dream.

You, essence of all verities,
Quick limbs and slow persuasive voice,
Fingers like wind in bent grasses;
Come here to me, here my love,
That I may feel your warmth.

II

Somewhere vaguely within a night
Of dream and image I distill
A metaphor from the transient
Ocean of my memory.

Out of a dark universal
Blue shadow a whisper of form
Abstracted from bone, flesh, and hair
Hangs, impressionist canvas.

A red warm smile, a deep brown glance,
An instant wholly verified;
But precept and preceptor change,
Now a face, yet ashes soon.

Except only a metaphor,
A liquid soft intangible;
Beauty, vague as the lover's myth,
Concrete as sand-cast iron.

NOT MUSIC

These are not words for music.
A boy has gone, dropped softly
Down from the sanctifying white arms
Of the pastoral lyric.
And the orchard suddenly
Has lost its green-red-gold apple charms.

The world has made new music.
The wind does not sound softly
Through the apple-laden orchard arms.
There is a different lyric
Among the trees suddenly;
Unripe yellows become the new charms.

A boy finds words for music
In winds through orchards softly,
From grasses upon his slender arms.
The words are not so lyric
When that first song suddenly
Leaves the wind and grass for other charms.

TO A GUITAR

Sing to me, six-voiced magic muse,
Speak with even tones and cadences,
Measure me relations and a
Thousand subtle variations
Of your quick poetic theme.

Respond to my caressing touch,
My blindly searching slowly fingers;
Harmonically rejoice to me
And sing climactic rising songs,
Chanting the myth of lyric.

We must appeal our first visions,
Refine them down to sweet low music,
Be singers of creation and
Poets of destiny. We will
Be troubadours of beauty.

DITTY

on the coming of Spring

The absurd bird gave us the word.
We listened wet with wild green rain
And heard the flighting sprightly song
Grumble in the red root tree tops
Stung with hail and sparrows nesting.
Quickly resting on our tandem
Bicycles, we leaned back sickly
At the top of a long blue hill,
(It was February and the
Still leaves had received quite a chill)
Until we had respiration.
Inspired, expired, non-sick, and tired,
We caught our exhaustion and took
Our feet from the jammed tightly brake,
And in a seat over sprocket spin
Stormed ragingly backward until
At the acme of our inverse
Incline we declined to reverse
Or become resigned and even
Worse, refused to be abused by
Yet another hill, or other
Screaming will to confuse and bruise,
Balked at being falsely construed
And finally screwed, which is why
In this green rain we still remain
True to our minimum maxim,
That from this day we will never
Again take these wet and battered
Shells of ourselves seriously.

William D. Curtis

THE YEAR AFTER

I can be content to stare at beauty naked,
Standing boldly in its bath of sun.
My eyes, I confess, do not swerve timidly
From familiar places so disrobed by light,
Nor falter to see grass brazenly springing,
In the hollow our passion once rendered
Dead and brown, leaves ground to dust.
Wanting you somewhat less than hungry sight
Wants such bare magnificence,
I behold a blossoming tree
Where once you crushed a petal with fingers
Long and hard and ruthless.
These things of loveliness and memory,
Poignant and unbearable,
These I can support.

Only when night throws out her soft
And dimming obscurity, and rain mutedly touches
My roof, then must I wake with a cry of pain
Unuttered, even unrecognized, and grope to meet
Those fingers, absent now, that no more will crush
Me as a petal to your cruel flesh . . .
Oh, I can be content enough with day's
Stark honesty, but lie betrayed
The gentle nights when it rains

BORROWER TO LENDER

If, by wanton tears and raving,
I could cause us to meet once again;
Or, at least, by hoarded saving
Of little things; the way the rain
Beat angrily on the roof that night,
Or your face in the street-lamps glow,
Pale and detached, a hovering light,
Or a thousand other instants I know.
If I could do that, clutch madly
At dying particles, and cry out
My anguish, you would only sadly
Look down from your citadel, doubt
How you could have loved ugly me,
So low and pitiable a creature;
And that I could not bear to see.

So I shall smile, and with a sure
Poised step, turn from that splendor
All too high and brief to last,
And with fitting grace surrender
What was but a touch and now is past.

"SPIRIT SCREAMS OUT"

Spirit screams out for answering spirit,
As a lost creature in wastelands of eternal ice.
Brain gropes blindly to clasp some familiar fiber
And stumbles in pain upon terrible wind-swept silences,
Where not even phantom life may trod.

Ah, the scarlet fires you light
As body with body is met.
Your breath spurts flame
And leaps hot, arrow-like, down my throat.
But, here I am barred,
Here I lie imprisoned,
A living, quiring, needing thing you've damned
With scorching walls of flesh.
No existence behind myself, utter darkness there.
Beyond your lips no requitting cry,
Beyond your eyes only mirrors of my own face.

Oh strange love, oh godhead of agony,
How I beat and flail with puny senses
To pass the immutable, enter your unseen being,
The city of your soul.
Naught returns my plea, but echoless space.
To this I am doomed, the wretched mortal
At the burning gates of heaven denied, and worse . . .
Of heaven that never was.

Diane Disse

THE BOX

I once had a box; a lovely, shiney, silver box. I cherished it and put everything precious I had into it. Each day I would open it and look at all the marvelous things inside: a silver dollar from my uncle who had died in the war, a butterfly pin with the tip of one of its wings broken, a braid of my hair which had been cut off when I was three, a tooth for which my Fairy Godmother had given me a bright, new dime, and a doll whose arm had been broken and mended carefully.

Whenever I met someone new, after I had assured myself they were my friend, I would take them into my room and show them my secret box. Sometimes they would laugh and tell other people about my box. They would come and try to destroy it. Then I would have to tell them I had no box or pretend that I had thrown it away. But I always kept it in the back of my closet in a very secret corner hidden from everyone.

As I grew older, more people laughed at my box and said, "We will destroy it." I would cry and get out my box to look at my wonderful things. Each time I cried and each time I looked the box got duller. The silver became tarnished; I spent the silver dollar for candy; the other wing of the butterfly broke off and its color became grey; my braid began to fall apart; the tooth got yellow and crumbly; and the doll looked old and once again broken.

I stopped looking at the box and stopped crying when they continued to make fun of it. Soon they forgot about it. Today I remembered the box and how lovely it used to be. I cried and ran to get it.

It was not there.

PORTRAITS

PORTRAIT I: Black and White

He drew a picture of me once;
  He made me black . . . and white.
My eyes were large;
  And stared . . .
I said, "That's me;
  I'd like to meet you, but
You're someone else."
  He knows;
He told me so;
  He sees it there,
And loves me still.

PORTRAIT II: Heights

"Wait," he says,
  "I am a hill . . . a Mountain."
"Down," they say,
  And laugh;
They laugh too loud
  To see him grow,
And tower up above their heads.
  Then they look;
They hide and cry,
  And miss the ladder standing near
That reaches to his Head.

72 GALLONS OF ICE CREAM

"72! 72 gallons of ice cream! What the hell was I going to do with 72 gallons of ice cream?"

The smoke from his cigarette rose and made blue-gray spirals in the dusty sun rays from the window. The light made a pattern on his face as he lay on the floor staring at a spot on the ceiling.

She pressed his hand tighter.

He continued, "Three punk kids . . . that's all we were. We were just going to take the empty bottles so we could trade them in. Until I saw the ice cream. 72 gallons . . . we stuffed it into as many gunny sacks as we could find. Then he came. . ."

"Who came?" she interrupted.

"Smith, the guy who owned the place. Came to check on the stuff they'd moved out of the store and into the garage while they were remodeling. Anyway, we hid. Me behind the freezer, Jimmy was outside and got up a tree. But Bill that . . . he got so damned scared that he just took off and ran. Smith ran after him and Jim and I took off in the opposite direction. I ran like hell . . . through some shrubs."

The room was silent. She lit another cigarette for him.

They could hear the boy in the next apartment yelling at his mother. Irritably and with a thoughful frown on her face, she pulled the closet door shut tight in an attempt to muffle the rude comments.

"Aw, don't let it bother you. I used to do the same thing. When the kid gets a little older, he'll realize it's better to just shut up and ignore her."

She pretended not to hear the remark, and said, "Well, what happened?"

His voice lowered, "Forget it. It's not important."

"I'd like to know," she said quietly.

"Well, when I got home, my shirt was ripped and I looked a mess. I told them I'd been in a fight with some guys down by the river. It used to happen a lot. They believed me until the next day. Ma got a call from Smith. They caught Jim and he'd squealed. Ma and Smith went to school together, so nothing was done about it. Ma wanted me to apologize, but I couldn't." He turned his head away. " I cried and made a vow I'd never go into that store again, but a couple days later she made me."

She stared at him.

In the apartment across the hall she could hear Mary's childish voice, "No . . . don't; I don't want to tonight."

She tried to press the image out of her mind and reached over to turn the radio on. The music rose above the other sounds. As she closed her eyes, she could see people dancing . . . twisting and turning . . . screaming in grotesque exaggeration.

She looked at him again and tried to think of something important to say.

He grasped her arm and pulled her down beside him, again staring at the invisible spot on the ceiling. She buried her head in the enclosure of his arm and began quietly, automatically to recite:

> "Credo in unum Deum, Patrem
> Omnipotentem, factorem coeli et
> terrae. Et in unum . . ."

SQUARES AND CIRCLES

His bulky frame in the doorway above cut off the light. The black of his suit left only his face to contrast with the dark. It was round, with a large jaw jutting out. His voice was high when he spoke.

"Are your parents home, Ann?" He directed his comment down to the girl ascending the steps.

Her face was flushed and the wool sweater and slacks she wore made her skin warm and uncomfortable. The color in her cheeks increased at the intrusion.

"No, Father John, they're gone for a while." She spoke swiftly and nervously and quickly added, "But they'll be home soon."

As they moved from the door leading downstairs, the light exposed Ann's radiant color.

The priest stared at her as he explained that he desired to see her father about building an addition to the church. Father John had just been assigned to the parish and changes had begun to occur. The small town encouraged him and the older people commended him particularly for his frequent visits to the homes of the parish families.

"I didn't mean to intrude like this, but when no one answered my knock, I thought I'd glance in and see if anyone was around." He stopped abruptly and looked at Ann. "You look so lovely. Have you been outside getting some healthy exercise today?" He took her hand patronizingly and patted her cheek.

Ann spoke confusedly. "No, no, Father. I've been in the basement. I mean . . . the fireplace was dying out in the rec room so I added some logs. I guess it's getting too warm now, though."

"Yes, of course." His voice was strained. "Young people your age do need more good, healthy exercise though." His voice returned to its confident, patronizing tone. "You said your father would be home shortly? I believe I'll wait until he arrives. I rarely get away from my parish duties and the country air out here is so invigorating."

After a slight pause, Ann motioned toward the livingroom. "Would you like to come in and sit down, Father? I'm sure they'll be home soon."

He moved towards the doorway to the room and spoke loudly as they walked. "Well, Young Lady, how is school this year? Your mother mentioned that you are a sophomore now. Nothing like

senior high to get things going, is there?" He put his large hand on her shoulder as they walked into the room.

"Why don't you sit there, Father? That's the most comfortable chair." She motioned to the easy chair on the other side of the room. As he began to cross to the other side, Ann moved towards a chair behind her.

"No, no, Dear, come over here and sit on this ottoman so we can talk. Tell me how your family has been." As he spoke he moved the ottoman towards the chair he was sitting in. The radio in the room was playing themes from popular movies. "That was a lovely movie, wasn't it?" he commented. "Did you see it, Ann?"

"No, I missed it, Father."

"Wonderful. The biblical idea was expounded marvelously." He took her hand as he spoke.

Ann glanced nervously out the window. "I'm sure they'll be home soon, Father. Are you in a hurry? Maybe Dad could come in to see you tomorrow."

"Of course not. I'm in no hurry today. This Sunday I've decided I'll not rush." He pressed his large hand to his forehead as he spoke. "I haven't been feeling too well lately." Ann moved sharply away, but he held tightly to her hand. "You're so young, My Dear, I . . ."

The sound of the automobile in the driveway startled him and Ann instantly jumped up to look out the window.

Father John straightened up and cleared his throat. "Well, Ann, it looks like we won't have to wait any longer."

"No, Father, I'll go get them."

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Robert L. Solso

WHY HAS IT TAKEN MAN SO LONG?

Why has it taken man so long to realize that human behavior operates in a lawful manner? Oh, I realize that man *seems* more capricious than a circle, or a clock, or perhaps even time; however, a theory based on behavioral capriciousness is sustained by our ignorance of the causes of behavior, rather than by empirical validation.

The thesis of this essay is that the laws, the subject matter, and the methodological structure of the behavioral science of psychology are the same in kind as all other sciences; and differentiation among sciences is purely a convenient semantic abstraction used to discriminate one set of data from another. It is impossible to analyse all the laws that govern man. (They aren't all known—just as all the laws that govern the orbit of an electron aren't known.) However, it is possible to advance one hypothesis concerning the causitive antecedent of man's behavior. This hypothesis is that human responses are lawful and are determined by stimuli activating a unique psychophysical system. Human behavior is at least as unique as physical characteristics are unique but the process, i.e., the way in which man developes a repertory of response patterns, is lawful.

Since the Egyptian civilization man has attempted to isolate variables responsible for his actions but only since the beginning of the 19th century have these variables been scientifically studied. The few laws that have emerged are good enough to predict future behavior with a surprisingly high degree of accuracy. For example, one can predict with relative ease the probable collegiate success of a highly motivated, intelligent senior high school student.

With greater knowledge of lawful human relationship it is possible not only to predict, but also to arrange the antecedent conditions to control behavior. One school of psychologists believes that behavioral control is based on reinforcement contingencies, i.e., reward is contingent on the organism responding in a predetermined way. Among the most frequent types of reinforced contingencies are the American child development practices which follow an "if . . . then . . ." model. "If you eat your spinach then you can have ice cream." Reinforcement—ice cream—is withheld until the child responds in the desired way. The fact that some children do not consume their spinach and still eat ice cream is probably because they cry, whine, scream, throw temper tantrums, and use foul and licentious language in the presence of guests. This usually exceeds the mother's level of tolerance and she shrieks in exasperation—"Gad!

Give the kid whatever he wants, I can't take it any longer." Children have excellent pragmatic knowledge of contingency laws.

Educational practices since Socrates have capitalized on the principle of withholding reward until the student makes an appropriate response. Just as meat powder reinforced salivation in Pavlov's dogs, and "A" reinforces memorization of information in some classrooms. The fact that students are forced to learn what socially satisfies the teacher rather than develop an inquisitive mind seems to be an enormous flaw in our educational system. However, the behavioral laws that govern the sycophant *are the same laws* that govern the independent.

A highly interesting ancillary product of childhood conditioning is the Freudian super-ego. After several hundred predicaments in which a child's responses are carefully rewarded or punished he begins to embody concepts of right and wrong, good and bad and other dichotomies. In Western culture an idealistic fictional image is born and perpetuated by the myth of the perfect life. This image is personalized in the form of ego ideal. The human impossibility of behaviorally approximating this perfect image may result in severe—even pathological—self depreciation or other, equally unsuccessful, defense mechanisms. For generations potentially joyous children have been admonished by Gene Autry (or some other representative of American culture) to "Watch out! You'd better not cry, better not pout, Santa Claus is comin' to town." Be good for material reinforcement.

Adult behavior is also influenced by the still operable super-ego. The religious ideals of heaven-hell and the anticipation of reward (or punishment) are manifest forms of the good-bad dichotomy which profoundly control the daily demeanor of man. Indeed, this functionally autonomous control system has allowed (or caused) man to develop intellectually, build civilizations, and advance culture, relatively free of basic biological drives of destruction or sex. Freud's *The Future of an Illusion* is a cogent analysis of the repressive nature of religion on biological desires. If man freely expressed unconscious desires, chaos could result. Adults don't believe in Santa Claus but the traditional concept of God incorporates collective manifestations of man's super-ego.

A clock is more complex than a wheel. If a spouse makes golf contingent on mowing the lawn many husbands will seemingly defy the contingency laws because they do not want to be controlled by others. The man claims to be "independent" or "self-determinated." However, these words probably describe the individual who has been subjugated to an environment which rewards behavior that is ostensibly determined by the individual rather than by others. This is a more complex, subtle and self-deceiving model of behavior control.

The first empirical studies of these lawful relationships are at least 50 years old. E. L. Thorndike hypothesized that the primary law of learning was "the law of effect" which simply stated that responses followed by "satisfiers" were maintained while responses followed by "annoyers" were not maintained. Philosophically the idea is hedonic. Empirically the law (particularly the "satisfier" contingent) has been verified.

Behavioral control is based on an S-O-R- (stimulus-organism-response) model generally accepted among psychologists. A more representative description of reinforcement contingencies is as follows:

S-O-R1
S-O-R2
S-O-R3
S-O-R4—reinforcement

An organism activated by stimuli elicits a series of responses. These responses are arranged in hierarchy of potential responses, the first to occur has the highest potential, the second the next highest, etc. Out of this hierarchy of R's one (R4) is selected as the one the experimenter is interested in bringing under control. When R4 occurs it is reinforced. In a short period of time (depending on the type of organism, the complexity of the R, strength of drive, etc.), the selected response will have a much higher probability of occurance.

B. F. Skinner has designed an apparatus in which reinforcement is contingent on the response of bar pressing in rats. The stimulus is hunger; the reinforcement food. This example of behavioral control, although modest, can be accomplished with little effort or skill.

Behavioral control, rat studies and theoretical musings may seem to be only distantly related to man. After all, one may argue, man gifted with superior intelligence, a more complex nervous system, and a consecrated role in the universe, does not behave as mechanistically as Skinner's rats. (Indeed, our blessed sacrosanctity forbids an analysis of man's basic nature.) However, the mechanistic analysis of man has not escaped the perceptive eye of Walker and Heyns who in their recently published *An Anatomy for Conformity* employ a Thorndikian model in describing the influence of others on individual behavior. Only slight semantic changes differentiate it from Thorndike.

The Need — Instrumental Act — Goal

Notice the similarity between S-O-R-Reinforcement (Thorndike) and this framework. Any motive capable of being satisfied can be used to activate conformity behavior. There are a plethora of scientific studies reported in the psychological literature deal-

ing with the topic of social control. The general methodological approach is similar to the one discussed.

The preceding discussion has centered on organism's responses as they are related to reinforcement contingencies. Other spectacular contributions are being made in psychophysiology; a new specialty which studies the relationships between psychology and physiology. Psychophysiologists have replaced environmental stimuli in the S-O-R model with an intervening physical energy change which, in turn, directly affects the organism and thereby affects the overt response constellation. For example, if you are suffering from a headache an aspirin may intervene to relieve physical symptoms.

If the depicted relationship between the O and the R is correct then the consumption of the five o'clock martini is another way in which the response pattern is changed or in this case *controlled* by the intervention of a chemical. The study of these relationships is called psychopharmacology. There are presently five rather well defined groups of psychopharmacological agents (Cole's classifications) which may be used to control or influence behavior. The first group contains chlorpromazine (a drug that has been used at Moorhead State College in psychological research on sensory mechanisms in rats) and phenothiazine derivatives. Research studies, including comparative studies, have verified the efficacy of these drugs in reducing psychomotor activity ("anxiety," and psychotic symptoms particularly) of the schizophrenic patient. A second class of drugs includes light tranquilizers and sedatives. This is the kind college students, harrassed business men and neurotic housewives consume like gum drops. The trade names of Equananil, Miltown and Librium somehow reflect the serenity of a sequestered forest glade. Away from tensionsville to Equananilsville. These drugs in moderate dosage are generally effective in reducing tension and anxiety without the side effect of sedation. A third group of drugs stimulate activity, euphoria, wakefulness as well as, in some cases, jitteryness, tachycardia and uneasiness. Another discernable group of drugs which influence and to a certain degree control behavior are the antidepressants. These differ from the activating drugs in that the stimulating effects require several weeks in order to be manifest.

The last and most spectacular group of psychopharmacological drugs is called the psychotomimetic drugs (from the Greek *psyche* soul and *mimetikos*—pertaining to imitation) in which the subject displays psychotic symptoms. They include mescaline, LSD-25 and psilocybin.

Although much is known about the properties of these drugs and much more is being studied it is still impossible to predict, with certainty, what behavior will result when a specific drug is

administered. Nevertheless, significant behavioral changes are controlled by these drugs.

Still another approach to behavioral control based on brain stimulation is only ten years old, and promises to be the most revealing technique discovered. The principle is based on the Thorndikian idea of "annoyers" and "satisfiers". In 1954 Delgado, Roberts and Miller surgically inserted a fine needle electrode in the brain of a rat. They located, in the lower part of the mid-line system, a region which when electrically stimulated caused the rat to avoid the behavior which immediately preceded the stimulus.

Later, in the same year, James Olds and Peter Milner were investigating (using the electrical probe device) in what was thought to be a follow-through on the Delgato *et al* study. A remarkably fortuitous phenomena occurred. Olds describes it this way. "We were not at first concerned to hit very specific points in the brain, and in fact in our early tests the electrodes did not always go to the particular area in the mid-line system at which they were aimed. Our lack of aim turned out to be a fortunate happening for us. In one animal the electrode missed its target and landed not in the *mid-brain reticular* system but in a nerve pathway from the *rhinencephalon.* This led to an unexpected discovery.

"In the test experiment we were using, the animal was placed in a large box with corners labeled A, B, C and D. Whenever the animal went to corner A, its brain was given a mild electric shock by the experimenter. When the test was performed on the animal with the electrode in the *rhinencephalic* nerve, it kept returning to corner A. After several such returns on the first day, it finally went to a different place and fell asleep. The next day, however it seemed even more interested in corner A." (p. 405, *Science American)* Olds and Milner thought they had discovered a brain region of curiosity; however further experimentation revealed that the animal would perpetuate a behavioral act if it was rewarded by electrical stimulation. The animal who originally stayed in corner A could be moved to corner B or any other place if after each step in the right direction he was reinforced by the shock. A more detailed study found that animals would perform better for an electrical stimulation of less than .0005 ampere in the septal area than for any other reward. Indeed, in a self-stimulating Skinner box (i.e. electrical cortical stimulation is contingent on and caused by depressing a bar) rats would stimulate their brains more than 2000 times per hour for 24 consecutive hours.

It is possible to experimentally control almost every overt behavior of a rat using electrical reward and electrical punishment.

One other study which is of interest because of its results and its procedure was conducted by Grossman. He developed tiny

double-wall cannulas which could be surgically implanted. Through the cannulas repeated stimulation of the same brain area was possible using crystalline chemicals. Grossman had demonstrated that a high degree of control can be exercised over laboratory animals by direct cellular stimulation. In effect his research is related to an earlier section of this paper which dealt with control by the use of drugs.

These experiments are impressive but when we imagine the future application of theory and method to man an entirely new and, to a degree, frightening interpretation becomes associated with the results. Rats are highly motivated to receive slight electrical stimulation of the septal region. Olds has called this area the pleasure center. Could the paleo-cortex contain certain areas which, when electrically stimulated, give the same enjoyment one has after consuming an enormous steak dinner, or another area which produces pleasure associated with good wine, or another of love making? Would it be possible to bypass all possible work or effort and still receive the same sensation by titulation of specific brain areas? This possibility has not escaped Maslow, who when speculating about the future of love, ribaldly suggests that young lovers may prefer to be plugged into a septal stimulator.

I have attempted to develop the theme of determination as it applies to the psychological control of man. Not all psychologists agree with this point of view. Some of you have, of course, recognized the influence of Spinoza in my deterministic bent. Especially as he writes "thus the mad man, the chatterer, the boy, and others of the same kind all believe that they speak by a free command of the mind, while, in truth, they have no power to restrain the impulse which they have to speak, so that men believe themselves to be free simply because they are conscious of their own actions, knowing nothing of the causes by which they are determined."

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Allan Hanna

THE VIEW FROM CAPRI

Under the strict imperial sky
Hung Jesus, of outlandish Word:
Barbaric shadows skirmished
Along the Rhine. Tiberius glimpsed them
And freed his eagles: he terrified
Those barbarous shadows. And then, old man,
He gazed into his mind. He gazed
From twelve vast villas in the sea—
Jewels of *mare nostrum,* famous world!—
Where crowns of thorny prophets
Were not mused, nor empires
Dragged from sound and sullen sleep
To hear the almighty noise
Of new dominion, nor governors
Of the mob, in Palestine,
Troubled by nightmares
Of administration. And silently
The caravans fled onward,
The climates of oases
Being greener; the galleys
Dreamed, slow prows for summer islands;
And nothing great repealed the classic calm.

Note: Tacitus writes (*Annals,* IV, 67): "Here on Capreae, in twelve spacious, separately named villas, Tiberius settled. His former absorption in State affairs ended. Instead he spent the time in secret orgies, or idle malevolent thoughts."

SEJANUS TO THE FIELD

Yours of the tenth in hand and I'm going to be blunt.
I have read your reports with my usual care
And they are not favorably considered.
Obviously, no one ever explained
What the Army is about. I will tell you:
We do not want to hear of your difficulties.
We only want to hear that the job has been done—
Prosecuted, as we say. So start following through.
The Emperor is ill as well as divine
And cannot be bothered with reports of sedition.
If the troops mutiny, kill them,
And wipe out the Germans with what's left.
I'll do what I can to scrape up reinforcements
After a while. But just remember,
Your men will be dispossessed,
And their bonuses cancelled,
If I hear any more bad news.
It would be a good idea if you told them that—
Make a speech or something.
As for the soldier who laughed at Horace's line
About patriotic death, get rid of him.
He might betray us all, not just you,
And there must at least be order in Rome
If not elsewhere. Which reminds me:
Overhaul your intelligence operations.
We've had some spying here lately
And the Emperor mentioned it the other day.
Do you have any idea what it means
When the Emperor mentions something?
You'll find out if you don't. Also,
Get a copy of Caesar and start boning up:
Your style is a crime against the State.

That's all I have time for.
We're throwing a little party tonight
For the Old Man's birthday.
He hasn't got too many left as it is,
And some crank tried to poison him last week
So I have a lot of things to supervise.

COMMEMORATION OF VINCENT d'INDY

(1851-1931)

There is a martyrdom,
  Which he endured,
To which great talents come—
  Singing immured

In time. But humble bones
  Rejoiced so loud
Dominations and thrones
  In concert bowed,

As they heard eloquence
  Beyond belief
Crash with magnificence
  On heaven's reef.

I laud him now—free ghost—
  Whose mountains airs
Made music uppermost
  Of peaks of prayers:

For this musician found
  Eternity
In cathedrals of sound,
  Engulfing me.

So may his art prolong
  Not fugitive
And only sound, but strong
  Motifs which live,

Like their good architect,
  Through martyrdom,
The weather of neglect,
  Till kingdom come.

Werner J. Feld

THE DILEMMA OF WORLD PEACE:

REGIONAL ORGANIZATION, A FUNCTIONAL APPROACH TO PEACE

In the vast literature which has been built up since the end of World War II on the subject of world peace, two major approaches suggested to attain the goal of lasting world peace have been disarmament and the establishment of an effective rule of world law.[1] These approaches reflect the letter and spirit of the United Nations Charter. Article 1 states that in order "to maintain international peace and security" it is necessary "to take collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to peace" and "to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace."

There is a significant relationship between the process of disarmament and the peaceful settlement of disputes which poses a difficult dilemma. Professor Louis B. Sohn of Harvard University has outlined succinctly this dilemma in a paper presented at the Eighth International Conference on Science and World Affairs in the summer of 1961 in which he stated:

> As long as there are no effective means for settling disputes between nations in a peaceful manner, nations cannot completely renounce the use of force for achieving their legitimate desires. Only the establishment of international courts with broad powers to deal with all kinds of disputes would enable nations to disarm.
>
> The other side of this dilemma is also apparent. If one should concentrate first on the creation of international tribunals and on endowing them with ever increasing powers, it would become important to ensure that the judgments of these tribunals are properly enforced against recalcitrant nations. For this purpose, an international enforcement force would be required, and such a force could function effectively only in a world in which national armaments have been cut down completely. Alternatively, it would be dangerous to have a strong international peace force, unless at the same time there were established strong international courts to which recourse could be made should the police force abuse its authority.[2]

Few proponents of disarmament, if any, have seriously addressed themselves to the solution of this dilemma. Even governmental proposals for the reduction of armaments made by the major protagonists in the East-West struggle have, perhaps purposely, avoided this issue. In fact, some cynics maintain that most of the governmental proposals have been designed primarily to appeal to world public opinion, but not to be accepted by the

opponent. In any case, the realities of world politics are such that none of the major nations could divest itself of its armaments without running the danger of committing suicide unless an enforceable system of adjudication of international disputes is provided. The accent must be on the word *enforceable*. Dependence on international or world law is not sufficient because one of the weaknesses of international law is precisely its lack of enforceability. For its binding force international law must depend in general exclusively on the common ends that may exist among the sovereign states of the world since a central authority which could impose its will on the individual governments does not exist. At present, a judgment of the International Court of Justice at The Hague can be defied with impunity.

The common ends that may be found among the states of the world vary in degree. If the common ends are merely a reflection of the fear of retaliation in the event that rules of international law are disobeyed, the binding force of international law is not especially strong and compliance with its rules might be completely ignored in case vital interests of the states are at stake. If, however, the common ends are based on a positive community of interests and not only on a consideration of reciprocity, the binding force of international law will be much greater.

In the absence of a world-wide central power, capable of promoting universal interests, a positive community of interests between states is likely to be found on a regional rather than on a world-wide basis. A realistic view of today's world must assume that the principal ideological, economic, and cultural divisions will persist for quite some time. On the other hand, regional groupings of states already exist which are either interdependent economically (such as the European Economic Community—EEC or Common Market) or which share common problems, security interests, or cultural values (such as the Organization of American States, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the Arab League, the recently established Organization for African Unity, and others).

Within each grouping, a body of significant regional international law either has been emerging, as for instance within the European Community and the Inter-American system, or such a body of law may eventually emerge to furnish the rules for the settlement of disputes within the region. In addition, a special regional court might be established to perform the necessary judicial functions in the resolution of these disputes. Such a court is now actually operating in Western Europe, namely, the Court of Justice of the European Communities, and proposals have been advanced for the establishment of an Inter-American Court of Justice, an Arab Court of Justice, and an Atlantic Community High Court.

In view of the increasing number of regional organizations which have been formed in recent years in various parts of the world, the argument is put forth that the activities of these organizations and the related growth of regional law and judicial institutions provide a sound long-range functional approach to effective world law, eventually leading to permanent world peace. It is not claimed that this approach offers an immediate solution for the "chicken and egg" dilemma between disarmament and the enforcement problem of judicial settlements of disputes. However, the continued evolution and expansion of regional organization and law will in the long run make compliance with a judicial verdict a matter of course rather than an exception, and under such circumstances the risks of disarmament may become acceptable. In any case, it is maintained that the functional approach to world peace as suggested is more effective than all the disarmament proposals made so far or the various crusades mounted by well-meaning groups in many parts on the globe for the drafting of a constitution for a world government.

The theory of functionalism in respect to the elimination of war and the fulfillment of peace has been most elaborately developed by David Mitrany who stated in 1946 that "the problem of our time is not how to keep the nations peacefully apart but how to bring them actively together."[3] Mitrany does not approach the problem of peace directly, by organizing around the points of national conflict, but indirectly, by seeking out areas of mutuality, and "binding together those interests which are common, and to the extent to which they are common."[4] Mitrany abjures the effort of devising a comprehensive blueprint for the organization of international relations, and prefers instead to rely upon the pragmatic development of special-purpose organizations and institutions. It is a horizontal approach, shifting away from the vertical divisions of human society which are symbolized by the sovereignty of the states of the world, toward the various strata of social need which cut across national dividing lines.

The most successful regional arrangement to date is the European Community composed of France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg. The European Community is squarely based on the desire to satisfy important economic needs of the Member States although security interests were at least partially responsible for its beginning in 1952. The legal underpinnings of the Community are three international treaties; the Coal and Steel Community Treaty integrating in 1952 the coal and steel industries of the Member States; the European Economic Community Treaty which went into effect in 1958 and had the task of creating a general common market through the gradual elimination of all trade barriers between the Member States, aiming

ultimately at a full economic union with a common external tariff and common economic policies; and the Euratom Treaty which also became effective in 1958 and had as its objective the development of a peaceful nuclear industry in the Community.

The three Treaties make provision for the Court of the European Communities which has been given the responsibility and exclusive authority to settle disputes between the Member States. Under the Coal and Steel Community Treaty judgments of the Court can be enforced against the Member States through the imposition of sanctions by the executive organs of the Community. Unfortunately, this progressive clause has been omitted by the framers of the later EEC and Euratom Treaties. A possible reason for this omission was that these Treaties were likely to have a much greater impact upon the policies of the Member States than would the relatively limited Coal and Steel Treaty. Understandably, the Member governments were reluctant to institutionalize a surrender of their final decision-making powers to a judgment of the Court in the highly sensitive and far-reaching field of economic policy with its manifold political implications. Nevertheless, thus far no government of the six Member States has ever refused to comply with an adverse judgment of the Court; the prospect of creating an unfavorable public image and of offending public opinion in the Member States obviously has served as an effective threat of sanction.

Over the years, the provisions of the three treaties, which may be viewed as the beginning of a "European" body of law, have been supplemented by many quasi-legislative regulations and legally binding individual decisions issued by the major organs of the Council of Ministers. In addition, the Court has developed a substantial body of case law in its more than one hundred decisions rendered until the end of 1963.[5] Thus a web of law has been and continues to be spun on the "European" level by the legislative activity of the major organs of the Communities and by the judicial actions of the Court which will have an increasing influence upon the behavior of the governments and the people in the Member States. In this connection it should be noted that while traditionally only states and international organizations have access to an international court, private parties may also institute proceedings before the Court of the Communities. In fact, most of the cases decided by the Court during the last ten years have been instituted by private parties claiming that acts of the Community organs binding upon them have been legally defective.[5] Morever, the organs of the three Communities are authorized by the Treaties to lodge a complaint with the Court of the Communities against the government of a Member State for having defaulted on a Treaty obligation and a number of such complaints have been sustained by the Court.

The process of creating a body of "European" law is further strengthened by provisions in the EEC and Euratom Treaties which require national tribunals of the last instance to refer questions of interpretation of these Treaties to the Court of the Communities in the event that such a question has been raised by either of the contending parties before the national tribunal.[7] International treaties are the "law of the land" not only in the United States but also in Western Europe and consequently national tribunals have opportunities to interpret the norms of such treaties. To prevent six different interpretations and applications of the EEC and Euratom Treaties by the national tribunals which would frustrate the goal of a common market under common rules, the referral of problematical questions to the Court of the Communities has been prescribed. The interpretation given by the Court must be observed by the national tribunal in its ruling on the case. This joins the Court of the Communities and the national tribunals into a coordinated system for a common purpose.

There is a significant nexus between the process of economic integration institutionalized by the three Treaties and the process of spinning the web of law. The progressive fusion of the economies of the six Member States envisaged by the Treaties requires a stable legal road map. While the Treaties provide the basic guideposts for economic integration, they contain gaps and ambiguities since no international treaty nor, for that matter, any national legislation can foresee all future contingencies. To fill these gaps and to clarify the ambiguities requires the issuance of implementing regulations by the organs of the Communities and decisions by the Court. Thus the process of economic integration grinding along becomes the motor and driving force for the construction of the legal web.

The process of successful economic integration also demands uniformity of pertinent national laws in the Member States such as banking laws, patent laws, certain tax laws, and regulations pertaining to the establishment of branches and subsidiaries. Foreseeing such a requirement, the EEC Treaty recommends to the Member States the approximation of their respective municipal laws to the extent necessary for the functioning of the Common Market.[8] This can be done by parallel legislation in the Member States or by additional multilateral treaties; conferences by representatives of the six interested governments have been or are scheduled to be held to attain the goal of harmonizing those laws that are essential for achieving the economic union between the Member States. In this manner, the web of law initiated by the organs of the Communities will be extended and strengthened with the result that armed conflict for the settlement of disputes

between the states making up the European Community will become an absurdity and an impossibility.

Unfortunately, none of the other regional arrangements existing in the world today has a legal superstructure even remotely resembling that of the European Community. Of course, all regional organizations are based on an international treaty which contributes to a web of law that is likely to be spun in a certain region. But with the exception of the organization created by the European Convention on Human Rights, none of the other units has its own court,[9] although, as has been mentioned earlier, an Arab Court of Justice, an Inter-American Court, and an Atlantic Community High Court have been advocated.

In terms of a functional approach to peace, the establishment of a regional court appears to be most profitable in those regional arrangements that are founded on a community of economic interests, since they are normally deeper and more lasting than security interests which vary with the ebb and flow of the international situation. There are several regional organizations of an economic nature now in the world, many undoubtedly inspired by the successes of the European Common Market. In Europe, EFTA (European Free Trade Area) has bound together Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, and Portugal; a much looser organization than the EEC, it is primarily devoted to free trade between the partners. In Latin America, two endeavors at economic integration have been undertaken in recent years. The older one is the Central American Common Market to which belong Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua. A system of consultations by the Central American Foreign, Finance, Defense, and Interior Ministers has been developed and gradual but far-reaching tariff concessions and exemptions have been worked out. The Central American governments are now beginning to think not only of free movement of goods, but also of integrating their economies through co-ordinated industrial planning. Some consideration has been given to establishing a Central American Court and in this connection it is noteworthy that a Central American Court of Justice was actually in existence between 1909 and 1919 and heard a total of 10 cases. The charter of that court, the first regional tribunal in modern history, was not renewed after 1919, primarily because its decisions did not find universal acceptance by the Central American governments. The other step toward economic integration has been taken in the southern part of the Hemisphere where the Latin American Free Trading Area (LAFTA) has been established which has attracted most of the republics of South America and Mexico. By the middle of 1963, duties on more than 3,300 items had been eliminated or curtailed and some central banking arrangements and co-ordinated industrial

planning had been initiated. No regional court is planned, but if the Inter-American Court should become a reality, it is not inconceivable that it may be given jurisdiction over disputes arising from LAFTA activities. The Arab League, although dedicated on paper to cooperation in the economic development of its members, has so far been plagued by internal quarrels and rivalries and therefore has not been able to take even the first steps toward economic integration. Finally, the very new regional organization founded by the independent African states in 1963, the Organization for African Unity, has envisioned plans for the establishment of one or several African common markets.

Here a word of caution should be sounded. The prospects for success of regional economic communities depend on certain minimum conditions such as the availability and proper distribution of raw materials, a minimum of industrial development, and adequate regional communications. The prospects for success are best if the economies of the community members complement and supplement each other, as is the case to a great extent in Western Europe. However, even if the community members are basically competitors in the sale of agricultural commodities as in Central America, and if the communications system is under-developed, coordinated economic planning and all-around good will may yield beneficial results in the end. On the other hand, the economic, as well as political, conditions in the Middle East and the primitive economies in much of Africa suggest that much effort and patience is required before economic communities established in these regions will be viable.

Regional economic organizations are not limited to the Free World. In 1949 the Council for Mutual Economic Aid was founded which is now composed of the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Mongolia. The main task of the Council is to coordinate plans for economic development on the basis of a rational division of labor among its European members and to outline joint policies toward the non-socialist countries. Only the Soviet Union is to remain a fully diversified economy. The Eastern European countries must gradually specialize according to the types of raw materials and the kind of human skills each country possesses. The specialization of the economies of the Eastern European countries is not only motivated by economic, but also by strategic considerations. If such a country wanted to extricate itself from the Soviet yoke, it would not only face military risks, but in addition, the burdensome problem of a disrupted economy. Obviously, such an arrangement does not satisfy the broad economic needs of the participating countries except those of the Soviet Union. Nor is a court required to settle disputes between the members of the Council because the

final decision in such a dispute would be made by the political powers in the Kremlin. Yet this regional arrangement has advantages which in the long run may contribute to world peace. Even though co-operation is enforced, it requires the governments and peoples of different states within the region to plan and work together for a common goal. Thus it develops among the participants habits and attitudes which prepare the way for successful international organization at a time when hopefully, the yoke has been eliminated.

Even if several economic communities, each consisting of a number of states, were to be operating successfully in various parts of the world, regional organization as a functional approach to world peace would still not be without problems. The danger exists, as evidenced by recent manifestations in the European Common Market, that a regional organization might embark on a policy of protectionism for the agricultural segment of its economy and perhaps for some of its industries. Such a policy might lead to extreme competition with other regional organizations and possibly to the emergence of a new brand of chauvinism based on regional "patriotism." One way to avoid this undesirable consequence might be the fusion of regional units into larger entities which could eventually merge into a global unit.

The possibility of fusing and expanding the economic communities in Western Europe and Latin America is enhanced by the overlapping membership of the participating states in other regional organizations in these areas, organizations that are based on common security, political, and other interests. In Western Europe, the Council of Europe is composed of members of the European Community and some members of EFTA. In addition, Iceland, Ireland, Greece, and Turkey belong to the Council.[10] The purpose of the Council is aptly expressed in its Statute which refers to the "need of closer unity between all like-minded countries of Europe." The member countries of the Council are also the signatories of the European Convention on Human Rights. Another regional unit to which both EFTA and Common Market countries belong is the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) which the United States has recently joined and which is an outgrowth of the former Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC.) Another regional unit reaching from Europe to North America is NATO which also encompasses all Common Market and most of the EFTA countries.

In Latin America a less extensive network of regional organizations with overlapping membership exists. The Central American Common Market countries are also members of the Organization of Central American States which has as its objective limited political cooperation. All members of LAFTA as well as the Central Ameri-

can Common Market countries belong to two security-oriented organizations, the Rio de Janeiro Treaty of Mutual Assistance of 1947 and the Organization of American States, whose charter was signed in 1948 in Bogota. The latter organization is not only concerned with problems of inter-American security, but is also interested in promoting economic, social, and cultural cooperation between its members.

The secret of success of all regional organizations from the smallest to the largest size consists in building a regional allegiance as a projection and a sublimation of national loyalties, and in convincing the people within the region that they can become wiser patriots by uniting and providing a better and safer future for each of their individual countries. Building the world super-state can only be accomplished by following the same methods; in this endeavor, great care must be taken to shift allegiances to ever larger regional units by demonstrating and proving on the economic plane that international co-operation is the highest expression of national loyalty and the best safeguard of individual national interests. Regional organizations provide working models for advanced forms of international collaboration and may be used as training grounds for organization on a world-wide scale. Geographic proximity and cultural affinities make it easier for regional organizations to build up the machinery for meeting novel problems successfully, and the experiences gained may later be useful in meeting similar problems in larger-scale organization.

An impressive body of regional international law has evolved from the treaties underlying the various organizations and from the practices of some of their major organs. While so far only the Court of the European Communities has produced a substantial body of contemporary case law, inter-American *ad hoc* and permanent arbitration tribunals have over the years enunciated and given body to many important legal principles which guide and supplement the application of the inter-American treaties. All in all, the web of law being spun around the regional systems will tend to accustom national governments to submit international disputes to existing and future international tribunals. Even though enforcement of judgments may not always be written into the statutes of these courts, acceptance and execution of a judicial settlement will tend to become an habitual rather than an exceptional practice. Thus, as the rule of law will become more effective over the years, the prospects for disarmament are likely to brighten, and the era of assured world peace may approach. How many years or decades it will take to reach the era of assured world peace and possibly the establishment of a world government is impossible to predict. In this respect the future development of the European Community will be crucial because it will furnish

an indication in which direction a successful regional organization is likely to move—whether it will tend to become a closed, inward-looking unit, or whether it is capable of fusing with other regional organizations. If the latter should be the case, the chances are good that regional law growing up in several parts of the globe will broaden into effective world law in the years to come.

[1]Other approaches include collective security schemes, equalization of living standards by massive financial and technical assistance to less developed countries, and psychological and psychiatric measures for the treatment of the deep-seated causes of war within our society. For an excellent survey of proposals by behavioral scientists for the use of their tools in the battle for world peace see Kenneth N. Waltz, **Man, the State, and War** (New York, 1959), pp. 42-79.

[2]L. B. Sohn, "Foundations of a Stable World Order," **Proceedings of the Eighth International Conference on Science and World Affairs** (Stowe, Vt., September 11-16, 1961), pp. 137-48; pp. 138,9.

[3]David Mitrany, **A Working Peace System** (London and New York, 1946), p. 7.

[4]**Ibid.**, p. 40.

[5]The Court of the European Communities, established in 1958, is the direct successor of the Court of the Coal and Steel Community, which has been functioning since 1953. The jurisprudence of both courts is always considered as a whole, the decisions are numbered consecutively from 1953, and the concepts developed by the Coal and Steel Community Court have been taken over by the Court of the European Communities.

[6]It is noteworthy that judgments of the Court against private parties can be enforced in the same manner as decisions of domestic courts in the Member States.

[7]The Coal and Steel Community Treaty is much less circumspect in this respect.

[8]Under certain specified conditions the EEC Treaty authorizes direct intervention by organs of the EEC to reconcile the legislative and administrative rules of the Member States.

[9]The European Human Rights Court is located in Strasbourg, France, and so far has heard two cases.

[10]Greece and Turkey are also associate members of the EEC.

Gerald J. Ippolito

KING LEAR
AND THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

By now, it is no longer necessary to defend the Theatre of the Absurd: it exists, it has made cogent statements about the human condition in the twentieth century, and it is undeniably accepted either wholeheartedly or partially by almost every major new playwright today. It is a legitimate form of theatre which *seems* on the surface to occasionally befuddled audiences to break completely with all previously known or recognized forms and conventions of dramatic expression. Therefore, the title of this paper may surprise some readers who will wonder what on earth are the points of correlation between a masterwork of the theatre from the first decade of the seventeenth century and the disillusioned, apparently chaotic stage fantasies of a startlingly large number of alienated and, to some degree, alienating playwrights of post-war England, the Continent, and the United States.

There is an affinity between the works for the stage of William Shakespeare and the dramatists of the Theatre of the Absurd, both in certain aspects of the forms of expression, and in the views of life revealed within these forms. My purpose is not to reinterpret Shakespeare in order to classify him with Eugene Ionesco, Samuel Beckett, or Jean Genet, nor to reduce him to a purveyor of what on the surface seems only to be a collection of wildly incoherent and irrational theatre gimmicks which add up to a totally negative condemnation of the world of man or a simpleminded, obviously pessimistic, overly repetitious stage homily on the meaninglessness of man's existence. It is certainly too early to say if the plays of the Theatre of the Absurd are capable of enduring the changing, meaningful interpretations of successive generations as well as Shakespeare's have, but that is not the point of this article. Certainly, Shakespeare's plays can more easily and obviously be demonstrated to have evolved from previous literary, social, and dramatic forms and are clearly in the mainstream of contemporaneous theatrical conventions; whereas, the ancestry of the Theatre of the Absurd seems obscure and is clearly outside the mainstream of existing theatrical conventions of the popular Broadway problem play or the current versions of the *pièce bien-faite*. Shakespeare was a popular playwright in a sense that no dramatist of the Absurd could ever be, so completely a part of his milieu that even Rattigan, traditionalist that he is, seems, when compared with Shakespeare, to be alienated from his Aunt Edna.

Nonetheless the plays of the Theatre of the Absurd draw upon many conventions of the stage and variously reflect some points of

view about life present in the Elizabethan drama, most clearly in *King Lear*. The Theatre of the Absurd is totally alienated from and in rebellion against the realistic traditions of the twentieth century, but it is immersed in much older stage traditions. Like all important theatrical movements, the Theatre of the Absurd shows a concern with the truth and meaning of man's existence. The juxtaposition of *King Lear* and the Theatre of the Absurd will, I hope, help to shed new light on the meaning of Shakespeare's play. Certainly, those attitudes towards Shakespeare's play as a work for the performing theatre which derive from the younger and more "realistic", actually more sentimental, traditions from Pinero and Ibsen through Rattigan tend more to vitiate and confuse any possible understanding rather than to illuminate.

Before proceeding, I wish to acknowledge my debt to Martin Esslin's book, *The Theatre of the Absurd* (Anchor Books, Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 1961), which provided me with much useful information concerning the methods and techniques of this movement and to Anne Righter's *Shakespeare and the Idea of the Play* (Chatto and Windus, London, 1962), in which the brilliant analysis of the complex relationship of illusion and reality, the world of the theatre and the world of society, and actor and audience suggested lines of investigation I should otherwise not have come upon.

I

The Theatre of the Absurd operates almost exclusively on the nightmarish level of fantasy. In Eugene Ionesco's *The Chairs,* we see an elderly couple living alone in an insular circular tower greeting guests as they arrive in increasingly greater numbers and growing confusion to hear a lecture on the meaning of life. The guests are invisible; they are represented by chairs which crowd the stage and force the hosts onto window ledges where they exchange frenzied pleasantries. With great fanfare, the lecturer arrives, is introduced to the guests; the hosts depart through their separate windows and are crushed on the rocks below. The lecturer's discourse is nothing but a series of meaningless, ghastly, guttural sounds, illustrated by indecipherable squiggles on the blackboard. The curtain falls on the lecturer mouthing sounds to a sea of chairs. In Edward Albee's *The Sandbox,* a bright, determinedly cheerful middle-aged couple carry *her* mother to a beach somewhere in Southern California, deposit her in a sandbox in which she obligingly buries herself while a clarinetist tootles incongruously and a dim-witted lifeguard narcissistically exercises. In Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape,* a costive 69 year old man, with a passionate compulsion for bananas, sits in a squalid room reviewing tapes recording his impressions of his life from thirty years before. Unable to comprehend those things which moved him

in the past, he finds dubious pleasure only in the taste of bananas, the sound of the word "spool", and occasional sex with an old hag. His last tape states that he has nothing to say, not a squeak, and the curtain falls as he stares vacantly ahead of him, the reel silently unwinding. In Jean Genet's *The Balcony,* the setting is a brothel where the clients indulge in transvestitic sexual fantasies which distort reality and flatter their self-images: a gasman wears the magnificent robes of a bishop, discourses on theological problems, and absolves a young sinner who is in reality an employee of the brothel.

We are, in each of these dramas of the Absurd, in situations apparently so remote from that which we accept or comprehend of our own external, commonplace, day-to-day existence that we may, justifiably or not, find ourselves confused, revolted, or uncomprehending. Nonetheless, the intention of the playwright is not to confuse us wantonly, to undermine maliciously and ruthlessly our *entente cordiale* with life; instead, the playwright of the Absurd uses abstracted dramatic forms, theatrical tricks and conventions, to communicate as directly as he is able a view of the world in which nothing is static, reducible to formula, comprehensible, or communicable. The human condition embraces the aged, the idealist, the cynic, the thief, the prostitute, the bishop, the honest man, the dictator, the gasman, the speaker, the listener; it also encompasses the anticipation of experience, the experience past, the misinterpretation or distortion of experience through memory, hope, despair, or imagination. No where, and in no thing, can the playwright find that central unity which will reconcile the disparities of existence and prevent them from being absurd.

In common English usage, absurd means ridiculous or foolish; this is not the sense in which the dramatists of the Absurd employ the word. In the four plays very cursorily summarized, the *dramatis personae* and the audience find themselves in a universe out of order, mirroring our own disordered universe. But the universe is out of order not because stars have fallen from the sky, nor the heavenly spheres of the Ptolemaic system have ceased their celestial music; no galactic cataclysm is wreaking its baleful astrological influence on sinful man. The universe is completely and obtusely impervious to man, to his interpretations of the universe: these, as explanations of man's conduct with man, seem neither adequate nor rational. It is not the universe which has changed to create the Absurd situation; for all practical purposes, even in the Space Age, the universe has remained consistently independent of man's desire to change it, control it, or to formulate his position and meaning in it. Instead, man finds that none of his interpretations of the universe work. "A world that can be explained by reason, however faulty, is a familiar world. But in a universe that is suddenly

deprived of illusions and of light, man feels a stranger. His is an irremediable exile . . . he is deprived of memories of a lost homeland as much as he lacks the hope of a promised land to come. This divorce between man and his life, the actor and the setting, truly constitutes the feeling of Absurdity. (Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus,* Gallimard, Paris, 1942.)" Hamlet says the time is out of joint, and Lear asks "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, And thou no breath at all?"

II

The theme that man is, to use Ionesco's phrase, cut off from his religious, metaphysical, and transcendental roots is not unique in the Theatre of the Absurd: Girardoux, Anouilh, Duerrenmatt, Osborne, Miller, Williams, all to a certain extent playwrights in the "realistic" convention, deal with this theme. The dramatist of the Absurd differs essentially in technique: his conventional colleague worked out dramatic structures deriving from the tradition of the well-made play; there is an insistence that what transpires on the stage is real, actual: that a fourth wall has been ripped from a real room, that the people in that room are unaware of the absence of the wall, that the audience is a collective Peeping Tom believing that what they see is actually taking place. The form the dramatists of the Absurd elect is an expression, in the metaphor of both language and stage picture, of the fundamentally illogical, incongruous, and unharmonious facts of life, a form which frequently reminds the audience either directly or indirectly that the action is on a stage, that the actors are both *personae* and actors. The stage picture and the dialog are as far from the imitation of surface realities as possible, although they echo those surface realities.

We find in the dramas of the Absurd a species of poetry peculiar to the theatre. Among the characteristics of these plays is brevity and compactness of writing and performing. Conciseness is arrived at essentially by the development of a single stage metaphor which either parallels the meaning of the play or stands in direct contrast to it as a paradox. In *Krapp's Last Tape,* for example, the subject is time, experience, and the progressive meaninglessness of experience as the time of the origin of the experience and the point of contemplation widen, allowing other experiences to intervene, obscure, and repeat the same process. The metaphor, a stage metaphor, is embodied in the tape recorder and the tapes which represent both the experiences of the single character in the play and his interpretation of those experiences at the time or shortly after the time they occured, and in Krapp himself, who, at 69 can on longer understand, interpret, or respond to those experiences which once so deeply had moved him and which now bore or puzzle him: we are forced to the conclusion here that man is not the total of his experiences, is neither shaped nor motivated

by his previous aims or hopes, but is the incomprehensible result of a shifting and fluid relationship between inexorable time and the evanescence of experience and emotion which man strives absurdly to retain, but which tragically offer him no clues as to his meaning or place or identity.

In the case of *The Sand Box,* the stage metaphor, the setting against which the action occurs, is paradoxically at odds with the nature and meaning of the action. The beaches of Southern California are associated with sunny, certainly honest, although not necessarily innocuous nor decorous, pleasures; the beach becomes a metaphor for funeral parlors, those cheery, comfortable institutions which usher us with a minimum of grief and truth and a maximum of false sentimentality and false illusion from one vale of tears into that other which they see as a perpetuation of this. It is the symbol also for the eternal pursuit of pleasure and another false illusion: the clarinetist and the lifeguard who is also the angel of death and a bad actor who can't remember his lines as the angel of death until prompted by the dying mother characterize American mores for Albee. In Albee's *Zoo Story,* east side New York's Central Park suddenly, on a sunny, placid, apparently Wordsworthian Sunday, becomes the setting of a long, sinister, intermittently sardonic, and terminally tragic duolog on the pretenses by which men live, pretend to *Kultur,* and ultimately die.

The setting of Jean Genet's *The Balcony,* as it changes from one illusionistic place to another, and yet remains ultimately the same—that brothel which is Genet's symbol for the world—develops metaphorically the idea of the confusion between surface reality and surface illusion in life, and also the confusion between the illusion of the stage and the illusion of life. The world is reflected in mirrors which show the ugly truth beneath the camouflage:

> On the ceiling, a chandelier, which will remain the same in each scene. The set represents a sacristy, formed by three blood red, cloth folding screens. The one at the rear has a built-in door. Above, a huge Spanish crucifix. On the right wall, a mirror, with a carved gilt frame, reflects an unmade bed which, if the room were arranged logically, would be in the first rows of the orchestra. A table with a large jug. A yellow armchair. On the chair, a pair of black trousers, a shirt, and a jacket. THE BISHOP, in miter and gilded cope, is sitting in the chair. He is obviously larger than life. The role is played by an actor wearing tragedian's cothurni about twenty inches high. His shoulders, on which the cope lies, are inordinately broadened so that when the curtain rises he looks huge. He wears garish make-up. At the side, a WOMAN, rather young, highly made up and wearing a lace dressing-gown, is drying her hands on a towel. Standing by is another woman, IRMA. She is about forty, dark, severe-looking, and is wearing a black tailored suit.

So reads the opening stage direction.

The stage metaphor achieved through settings, costumes, and make-up, is not original with the playwrights of the Absurd, although for some time now it has not been much in use elsewhere by dramatists of other schools; it derives from the dream plays and expressionistic plays of the turn of the century and the first few decades of the present century. It harks back even further to the Greek theatre and also to techniques used on the Elizabethan stage where the effect was not achieved so often with props as with the arrangement of actors on the stage; then, as now, the playwright was not so much concerned with surface realities as with truths that went beyond a "realistic" or even moralistic presentation. In the midst of a realistic battle in Shakespeare's *III Henry VI* occurs the stage direction, "Alarum. Enter a son that hath killed his father at one door: and a Father that hath killed his Son at another door. (II, v, 54)." Lines follow from the grieving Father and Son on the horrors of civil war which destroys, physically and emotionally, the ties between parents and children, kings and subjects. Part of the tragedy we understand as the result of misunderstanding due the uniforms of opposing sides which prevent the deeper recognition between parent and child as well as disorder of the nation. Examples abound in Shakespeare's plays. *King Lear* provides us with several examples of stage metaphor established by language or the equipment of the theatre. The play opens, in prose, with desultory exchanges of dialog between Kent and Gloucester primarily, casually making it clear that Lear's decision concerning the division of his lands among his children has been made and laying the ground for the Gloucester-Edmund-Edgar plot. Lear's entrance is highly ceremonious and stands paradoxically in relation to the fury of outcome. The storm scenes mirror Lear's madness and despair and also show Nature as impervious to his or anyone else's sufferings.

Another characteristic of the Theatre of the Absurd is the use of language: the use of formal, conventional modes of expression not as a means of communication, but rather as a means of disguising the truth, which as the action bears out, is the opposite of what is said, or simply as a means of obscuring the truth. Such a technique can result in strong satire or in high tragedy. In Ionesco's *Bald Soprano,* a husband and wife visiting friends, persumably having arrived together, go through a series of formal, polite exchanges to determine, since they live at the same address, share the same name, sleep in the same bed, that they must after all be husband and wife. In Shakespeare's play Goneril and Regan, in highly conventional phrases within the formal context of the ritual surrounding the fore-ordained division of the kingdom, praise their father and declare their exclusive and great love for him, only to have their speeches shown up as trumpery by Cordelia, whose at-

tempt to define the truth of her relationship with her father as she sees it results in her banishment.

LEAR: Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON: Sir,
I love you more than word can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

COR *(aside:)* What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

LEAR: Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and (with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and) wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issues
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

REG: I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love.
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

COR *(aside)*: Then, poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More richer than my tongue.

LEAR: To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last and least, to whose young love
(The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd) what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

COR: Nothing, my lord.

LEAR: Nothing?

COR: Nothing.

LEAR: Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

COR: Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.
LEAR: How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
COR: Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
LEAR: But goes thy heart with this?
COR: Ay, my good lord.
LEAR: So young, and so untender?
COR: So young, my lord, and true. (I, i, 49ff)

Language is unable to express the truth; Cordelia's words reflect this: they are, by her own admission to the audience and to her father, inadequate to define her position. Lear himself is shown incapable of communicating the expressions of grief, desolation, and rage which madden him. His curses are enormous, mouthfilling, soul-searing, but they do not express by any means his total hatred; these expressions and his expressions of grief are animal noises:

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongue and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives.
She's dead as earth. (V, iii, 257ff.)

. . . When I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! (IV, vi, 190f.)

Get thee glass eyes
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now!
(IV, vi, 174ff.)

Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never! (V, iii, 307f.)

The plays of the Theatre of the Absurd also uniformly insist in a variety of ways that they are pieces for the stage and create thereby a complex relationship between illusion and reality and between actor and audience. The central characters of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* are cast in the mold of burlesque comedians; they make the same types of jokes as those traditional stage figures of low humor, yet achieve different effects. In *The Sandbox,* a

noise which alarms the husband is decsribed as an offstage sound; the life guard is a bit player working on a role as the angel of death: the effects achieved are paradoxical, serving to point out the artificiality of certain social functions in "real" life and the truth of the stage presentation as the author sees it. Recall the allusion to the colthurni, the sandals of Greek tragedians, worn by the Bishop in *The Balcony*. Similar devices are characteristic of Shakespeare; they are so consistently an aspect not only of his style but also of other Elizabethan playwrights that Anne Righter's *Shakespeare and the Idea of the Play* is primarily an analysis of their use. Macbeth's definition of life as a poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more, Hamlet's speech to the players, his despairing cry "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba that he should weep for her?", the Pyramus and Thisbe sequence in *Midsummer Night's Dream* all deliberately recall to the audience the fact of the stage on which the drama of life is transpiring. Edmund in *Lear* announces Edgar's entrance "Edgar, and pat! he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam." (I,ii, 146f.) Kent characterizes Oswald, Goneril's servant, as a fellow who takes "Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father." (II, ii, 39f.); Lear cries out that the whole world is a pointless illusion:

> When we are born, we cry that we are come
> To this great stage of fools. (IV, vi, 187f.)

and Goneril responds to Albany's sarcastic protestations to Edmund concerning his wife and sister-in-law with a contemptuous "An interlude!" (V, iii, 89).

Mrs. Righter remarks,

> for the most part however, the play metaphor appears in cannection with Lear and his faithful followers, and always as an expression of futility and despair. In his hopeless role as Player King, Lear is assisted by two characters in disguise, Kent and Edgar. For both of them . . . the assumption of costume and a false identity is negative, a symbol of death. Kent's initial refusal to dissimulate in the matter of Cordelia's love and loyalty forces him, with bitter irony, into another kind of dissembling. The necessity for the adoption of disguise, of false identity, in order to remain oneself is one of the most painful paradoxes in *King Lear*. Edgar's role as Poor Tom calls out a familiar reference to counterfeiting as well as the heartfelt "Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, ang'ring itself and others." As the Bedlam beggar, Edgar's is "a semblance that very dogs disdained," a shape so close to that of a beast that it is only a little better than being nothing at all. Gradually his parts improve; the man whose name and identity are lost climbs up the scale of illusion from Poor Tom, "the lowest and most dejected thing of fortune" to the sane if "most poor" peasant who kills Oswald, and afterwards to the nameless knight who overcomes Edmund.
>
> (Righter, pp. 185-186)

Mr. Esslin finds in the Theatre of the Absurd other elements which derive from the oldest theatre traditions. These are:

> Pure theatre; i.e., abstract scenic effects
> as they are familiar in the circus or revue,
> in the work of jugglers, acrobats, bullfighters or mimes.
> Clowning, fooling, and mad-scenes.
> Verbal nonsense.
> The literature of dream and fantasy, which often
> has a strong allegorical component.
>
> (Esslin, p. 230)

We find all of these elements in *Lear:* the fool or court jester is the historical development of the mime; he indulges in verbal nonsense, and obliquely through aphoristic remarks and snatches of old songs hits upon truths concerning the nature of Lear's acts and the inconceivably absurd cataclysm of universal disorder these will bring down upon the aged king. Edgar pretends madness; Lear is exaltedly mad, and in a scene of pure fantasy which contains the abstract scenic effect of a court trial (conventional in Elizabethan and Jacobean drama) tries a joint stool for his daughter, perceives the universe in images of ravenous beasts, comprehends the Bedlam beggar as a learned Theban, correlating the pretense madman with a judge. He yields up his life falsely clinging to the illusion that the dead Cordelia still lives.

III

We have outlined the formal points of correlation between the play of *King Lear* and the plays of the Absurd. It is not always possible to abstract the form from the view of life expressed, but we will now concentrate on the view of life briefly as it is revealed within the forms. Ulysses' famous speech on degree in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* most aptly summarizes the Elizabethan concept of the universe, its order, and the manifestation of that order in the world. Built upon commonplaces of universal heirarchy, Ulysses' speech presupposes a regulated moral order in which the ordered universe is a model for order in the government of men, implies a superior being who matches all transgressions of men with analogous transgressions in the universe. Eclipses portend civil disorder; rebellion in men result in earthquakes and storms. Ulysses' speech is superbly ironic in its context: Grecian generals ineffectually attempting to deal with disobedience in their ranks, but, like Polonius' speech to Laertes, Ulysses' speech sums up conventional attitudes and suggests Shakespeare's profound skepticism toward these attitudes.

In *King Lear,* the order of the universe does not exist—it is illusory. The central figure is progressively stripped of all his illusions concerning the natural order; first, the gratitude and love of his two eldest daughters; second, the outward ceremonies of his

office—his knights, his authority, his regal robes; third, he is stripped of his sanity and his belief in the benevolence of nature while it imperviously pours cataracts and hurricanoes upon him while unjust and ungrateful daughters stay warm under cover; fourth, his belief in the dignity and splendor of man, that "poor, bare forked animal" who is alone and helpless in nature. Lear arrives at a compromise with his beliefs when safe in Cordelia's camp, but subsequently, after he and his good daughter are captured, seeks only to retreat from the world. He finally deceives himself hopelessly, when at the eleventh hour Cordelia is needlessly murdered; he dies, isolated and without stoic resignation or the grief that should come through foundered hope, at the end. The forces which have been unleashed against him are all out of proportion and out of harmony with his misdemeanor. "His is an irremediable exile, because he is deprived of memories of a lost homeland as much as he lacks the hope of a promised land to come."

Throughout *King Lear,* nature and the universe remain impervious to the varying outcries of the participants in the tragedy. Each of the characters call upon Nature for retribution and the righting of wrongs: Lear in his curses, Edmund in his plottings, Gloucester in his attempts to understand the incomprehensible behavior of Lear toward Cordelia and the news that Edgar seeks his life. The storm rages, seemingly mirroring the King's insanity and rage, but his daughters are sheltered. Nowhere comes the thunderbolt to destroy the wicked and vindicate the good. Significantly, the tragic ending of Shakespeare's play is considerably at variance with the sources from which he derived its outline. Holinshed's *Chronicles,* which Shakespeare followed relatively faithfully in his History Plays, has Lear regain the throne; this is also the case in *Mirror for Magistrates,* a contemporary collection of moral stories and exempla, and in Spencer's brief retelling of the tale *The Fairy Queen.* The wide difference between Shakespeare's version of the ancient legend of Lear and his three daughters suggests, nay, testifies to a deeply pessimistic view of life held by Shakespeare at this time. Like the playwrights of the Theatre of the Absurd, he peered deeply into the nature of man in a universe shattered by conflicting scientific and religious beliefs, and found that nature deeply and tragically absurd.

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