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BALANCING: BETWEEN PERFECT ORDER AND CHAOS (A REFLECTION PROVOKED BY THE READING OF MROZEK'S *TANGO*)

by Carroll C. Kearley

Even though assimilation is a characteristic feature of life, the life we live in community ought not to be evaluated primarily by the criterion of how much it can assimilate. Assimilation is not an end in itself, but is a process whereby a living thing incorporates nutrients into its own organic integrity. Incorporation of healthy nutrients leads to a flourishing that is proper to a particular kind of living thing. A carrot will assimilate minerals that will enable it to become a flourishing carrot. A community, a most complex form of life, also needs its nutrients; and its nutrients are primarily meanings. A meaning is the way a thing stands out in the world and exerts its relationships to other things. A thing's meaning is found by giving attention to the status of that thing in the world. To say what something means, we have to give attention to the way it stands out in its environment in relation to those other things that surround it. Meaning, understood in this light, is not dissociated from truth. To say what a thing means is equivalent to declaring the most significant truths about it.

Significance has to be seen in the light of those who consider a thing. We have to say, then, that each thing has the meaning of its own integral makeup. In addition — and the addition may take on a primary importance — a thing has meaning insofar as it relates to other things and contributes to the realization of their purposes. In a human perspective this becomes all important, for a person simply cannot thrive except in relation to other persons. To flourish a person has need of other persons and of many things. It follows that we can declare the meaning of a person's life only by talking carefully about his relations to other persons and to the things that have import for him.

For meaning to be, it has to be declared. It only comes into existence integrally when a person takes account of the way he and others stand out in the world; it is just a matter of asserting truthfully how things stand. And in human affairs to assert truthfully how things stand is to point up their importance, their significance, for whoever is utilizing them for living. To expound the significance of something is to interpret it. When we look up the work "interpret" in the dictionary we find that it means "to expound the significance of something." For a human being, truthfully to live occurs only when one lives truthfully, that is when a person declares to himself the truth about himself and the surrounding world. Life for us in abundance arises out of declaring how things stand. We thrive when we interpret our lives.

If for me the interpretation of my life consists in declaring how I stand in relation to things of my world, it is to my advantage to emphasize consciously those relationships that offer conspicuously the possibility of rich fulfillment. In very general terms, for example, such fulfillment is offered in the relationship of giving and receiving favorable emotional response. A modest

example is the professional baseball players in the major leagues. What is important for me is important largely in terms of my, I had better say *our*, most specific human needs. In Erik Erikson's essay "Human Strength and the Cycle of Generations" we find an appropriate example, one that is universal in its application.¹ Erikson argues that for any child to make his way successfully through the cycle of life he needs certain ego-strengths, which can legitimately be called by the old-fashioned word "virtue." He lists eight of these virtues, which as strengthenings of the ego are developed from stage to stage during life; and those who have already acquired them can help pass them on to others. Every infant needs the feeling of expecting that good things will come to it. Without that expectation the infant, and the child that it becomes, would be defeated. The child, and the adult which it becomes, would be at a loss without the confidence that fervent wishes can often be fulfilled. *Hope* is an ego-strength that we all need in order to play out parts confidently in life. In addition, we need *will* (the unbroken determination to exercise free choice as well as self-restraint), *purpose* (the courage to envisage and pursue valued goals uninhibited by the defeat of infantile fantasies), *competence* (the free exercise of dexterity and intelligence in the completion of tasks), *fidelity* (the ability to sustain loyalties freely pledged in spite of the inevitable contradictions of value systems), *love* (the mutuality of devotion that forever subdues the antagonisms inherent in divided function), *care* (the widening concern for what has been generated by love, necessity, or accident) and, lastly, *wisdom* (the detached concern with life itself, in the face of death itself). Erikson's eight virtues are eight indispensable ways for a person to stand in relation to the things of his world; all offer the possibility of rich fulfillment.

The culture within which a person lives is always informing him about the suitable ways to satisfy his specific needs. It is always instructing him in the assessment of the import and sense of things. Often enough, though, a person finds himself at odds with the cultural assessments and norms that confront him. Furthermore, when he lives as a participant in two or more communities he finds that he has to work out some personal way to balance the values of these communities within his own life. Life imposes on us the challenging obligation to integrate values in such a way that they will hold together and make sense. A person's primary community, the one in which he finds himself most wholesomely nourished, will signal to him the most suitable ways for assimilating values from other communities and integrating them into his own life. Every community has to call forth teachers, people who through study and meditation have developed a keen sense for knowing which cultural elements can best be used to nurture life. Within every community some people are called to the vocation of being interpreters of the fundamental patterns of life. These interpreters are charged with the responsibility for setting and promoting values. More than any other group within the community they ought to be able to say what life can best become and be for the participants in the community. Sometimes the formally appointed teachers fail in this responsibility; when they do, a dissident brotherhood of teachers inevitably arises and begins to analyze and evaluate the alleged values.

Every community needs wise men and women for its teachers. Aristotle says

Kearley: Balancing: Between Perfect Order and Chaos (A Reflection Provoked that it is the wise person who knows how to bring order into things.² Knowing how to bring order into human affairs is not primarily a matter for technical skill; training will not prepare teachers who have a facility for helping others to acquire the practical and speculative wisdoms that can open up to people the opportunity for living authentic and estimable lives. It is only reflective study and thoughtful meditation that lead the way to wisdom. A wise person, says Aristotle, will specialize more in the understanding of principles and causes than in the accumulation of detailed knowledge. Now, since a principle is a starting point that is seized mentally, those who have dared to participate in the role of teacher — a quite different role from that of technical expert — must never stop asking themselves what are the most authentic starting points. What things most merit our attention when we set out to live good lives? To this question another question offers guidance: what things ought we truly to love? Love is an attitude that recognizes, esteems and cherishes good things, we might say the best things. Authentic love has to be in relation to things that are authentically good for us. The art of teaching, therefore, is one of knowing how to appraise things, and to prize them and praise them.

Ultimately everyone has to find out for himself what he can assimilate into his life. Though the respected teachers from the community can help him, still every person stands at a unique juncture in the world, and so he has to figure out a unique way for balancing the elements of the world that catch his attention, for these things comprise his lived world. It is about this balancing that I want to talk further.

In his novel *Doctor Zhivago* Boris Pasternak has Lara say to Zhivago:

But it's strange that I, and ordinary woman, should explain to you, who are so wise, what is happening to human life in general and to life in Russia and why families get broken up, including yours and mine. Ah, it isn't a matter of individuals, of being alike or different in temperament, of loving or not loving! All customs and traditions, all our way of life, everything to do with home and order, has crumbled into dust in the general upheaval and reorganization of society. The whole human way of life has been destroyed and ruined.³

She continues by saying that all that is left is the naked human soul that is stripped to the last shred, for which nothing has changed because it was always cold and shivering and reaching out to its nearest neighbor, who in turn is cold and lonely. She tells him that the two of them are like Adam and Eve, the first two people on earth who at the beginning of the world had nothing to cover themselves with; and now at the end of it are just as naked and homeless. She then adds, "And you and I are the last remembrance of all that immeasurable greatness which has been created in the world in all the thousands of years between them and us, and it is in memory of all those vanished marvels that we live and love and weep and cling to one another."⁴

Lara, in reflecting on the events that have separated her from her husband and alienated Zhivago from his wife, leads us to think about order through a whole human way of life. What can we say about the morphology of human order?

Edmund Husserl, the progenitor of the philosophical movement called phenomenology, wrote a sentence that I have spoken hundreds of times and

have reflected on many hours. "Anything that is — whatever its meaning and to whatever region it belongs — is an index of a subjective system of correlation."⁵ Though the Husserlian scholars have written dozens, even hundreds, of pages of scholarly remarks that can help anyone who wants to bring out the meaning of this sentence, I shall bypass them to go on to confide what the sentence has come to mean to me. Every human being is a system, really a system that is composed of both sub-systems and fragmented elements. It is a system, though, that does its own composing, its own arranging. It is a system that cannot keep from putting its elements into some kind of order, though never into a permanently satisfactory order. It is, therefore, a system that contains disorder as well as order.

A person is a subjective system. The whole system with all its sub-systems is personalized. We are not talking about mechanical systems, nor electrical systems, nor electronic systems. We are using a model that enables us to talk about both physical, spatial arrangements and affective, goal arrangements. Our concern is with personalized components that enter into the makeup of an I and a you. In his book *The Divided Self*, R.D. Laing offers us some cautionary remarks that we can profitably keep in mind. He says that there is a common illusion that we can somehow increase our understanding of a person if we can translate a personal understanding of him into the impersonal terms of a sequence of *it*-processes. "Even in the absence of theoretical justifications, there remains a tendency to translate our personal experience of the other as a person into an account of him that is depersonalized."⁶ Laing says that we do this in some measure whether we use a machine analogy or a biological analogy in our alleged explanation. He does not object to mechanical or biological analogies as such; his thesis is that a theory of man loses its way if it falls into an account of man as only a machine or as only an organismic system of *it*-processes. Laing is simply reminding us that a person is a person.

A person, then, is a subjective system. To say that the system is subjective is not to say that everything in it is *exclusively* my own, though it surely is to say that it is my own. Probably most of the components of my subjective system, while being mine, are at the same time ours. Ways of feeling and thinking are social products. They are man-made. Whether I feel pity, contempt, aversion, or confusion when a beggar approaches me depends a good deal on how the people around me feel about beggars. My subjectivity is not a pure aloneness; it is much more an awareness, imbued with feeling, that I — most emphatically I — am together with several or many of you in how I am aware and how I feel. A self can be boarded up, closed to all passers-by, but this is unusual, pathological, for normally a self is shared, even if there is a core of solitude beyond what is shared.

Let me return to my assertion that ways of thinking and feeling are man-made. This assertion certainly needs dialectical correction. It can stand as true only when amplified and limited by other assertions. A way of feeling, though it is a product of man's social making, is still not only that. If we take the feeling of being enraged, we know that the cultural anthropologists tell us that rage is expressed in a variety of cultural ways. It can be expressed by a growl, by silence, or by a smile. In its different expressions rage is cross-culturally different. Conceding this, we still have legitimate grounds for acknowledging that Konrad Lorenz is probably correct in assigning an instinct for aggression

to every member of the human species. Taking this into account, we have to say that the artful activity of making the emotion of rage in a given culture has to work with a physiological-affective material that is already there. My way of expressing rage at a brother who clears his throat in a manner irritating to me will normally have a structuring that manifests the spirit of my culture, or rather our culture. But in any culture I am most apt to resent instinctively some of the mannerisms of my brother. A sentence from *On Aggression* points out some of the implications of a bond between instinct and feeling: "Knowledge of the fact that the aggression drive is a true, primarily species-preserving instinct enables us to recognize its full danger: it is the spontaneity of the instinct that makes it so dangerous."⁷

This subjective system which I am — a product of instinct and cultural creation — carries meaning. Maybe it would be better to say that it is meaning. Insofar as I express my being to you I deliver meaning to you, for meaning is whatever is expressed or indicated to a person by another person. If my handshake is passive in our handshake, this means to you — declares to you — that my bodily self falters in the presence of your bodily self. If when my wife touches my shoulder, my shoulder withdraws from her touch or pushes back at it, the withdrawing or the pushing will mean something to her. Every part of my subjective system of correlation is charged with meaning. My being lived in the presence of others, is charged with meaning for them, as their being, each one's being, is charged with meaning for me. Every component of my being is itself being, and as such means something for the other persons who find me present in their world. Even my quite private inner-organic operations can say something about me to a person who knows something about the correlations between attitudes and nutritive activity. Many a facet of me is an index to other facets. By an index I mean both a summary and a pointer. The weakness in a man's handshake sums up a great deal of his personal biography. It can point to a weakness in his eye as he gazes at another person's eyes, and it can point to weaknesses in his torso and in the fork of his body. Every gesture sums up a life.⁸ In other words, what happens in one region, or area, of my being points to many other things in that same area, and beyond these it points to the innumerable things that belong to the other areas. The way my hand relates to yours in a handshake at a party will probably indicate more than a little about how my hand works at a wage-earning task or extends itself to my wife in marital affection. For example, a component in my system is my attitude toward work. Any basic attitude that a person has toward work will probably point toward a cluster of feelings and opinions that he has about social, religious and economic matters. Anyone who thinks that dirty work, like collecting garbage or cleaning toilets, is ignominious and thus beneath his dignity, has the germ of racism within his heart. Whoever sees dirty work as something that he ought not to have to do at all will be a person likely to welcome in his society the presence of a whole group of people who can be coerced, either physically or economically, into doing the dirty work for the domineering group. Though one risks misjudging when proclaiming too emphatically that some particular mode of consciousness is always the dominant one, it is nevertheless obvious that the way a person works has repercussions in all of his activities. The kind of work he does and his attitude toward that work — his composite mode of producing — issue in channels of sensibility that flow through his entire subjective system.

By way of summary then, I am a system which is put together and through Me, and each part of this ME-system sums up and points out a lot of other things that can be found in the system. My ME-system has regions, which we can call either areas or sub-systems. Finally, since I live in your presence, my ME-system is a meaning system. I mean something to you. I deliver my meaning to you, and that meaning is nothing more than my being for you.

A distinction is now in order between three main kinds of sub-systems. Though my distinction is not highly scientific, it serves a purpose. I have within me affective systems, informal-knowing systems and formal-knowing systems. An affective system results from the way I feel about something from a certain perspective in my life. An affective system is a feeling system. I do not choose arbitrarily what feeling systems I am going to have, do not simply plan for them ahead of time. They appear to me, as part of me, as a result of my living with other people. To the extent that I exist by means of them and act through them, my very body resounds with their resonance. I feel the grief of loneliness in my arms and eyes and thighs. An informal-knowing system is the arrangement of things that I have experienced without having used any specialized, technical methodology to control the experiencing and to interpret what I have experienced. A teenager's knowledge of the repertoire of rock music can serve as an example. Lastly, a formal knowing system is scientific. Freud's tri-partite division of the person into id, ego and super-ego is familiar to most of us. The division gives the main outlines of an explanatory system in the behavioral science that we call psychology. So once again, the total system that is *me* has acquired for itself as parts many lesser systems, some of which are affective systems, while others are informal-knowing systems, and still others are formal-knowing systems. In addition there will be in my being isolated elements that I have not yet integrated into myself in any particularized way.

Integration is all important. The subjective system of correlation which I am always has some disorder in it, disorder that results from many factors, such as the limitations in my knowing, the impulsiveness of my feelings, the fragmentary modifications in me that result from modifications in my environment, and so on. There are the two extremes: perfect order and chaos. I am always somewhere between these extremes, hopefully a good deal more in the direction of order than disorder. Of if we put it in terms of balancing, my life never has a perfect balance. There is always some mismatching, mismatching between sub-systems (which we call systems for shorthand) or mismatching between a system and an experience that should validate it but does not. A moral system may tell me that it is immoral to marry a divorced woman and yet there is an affective system in me that declares, "My love is a divorced woman, and I can't bear the thought of living without her." That is an example of a poignant mismatching of an affective system and a formal-knowing system. A young artist, to offer another example, loses his right arm in a traffic accident. This is an experience that is in no way in accord with his habits of work. Again, an adolescent who, like that marvelous victim of cerebral palsy Christy Brown in his *Down All the Days*, has learned through church and school that impure thoughts are sinful, can find his imagination aflame with sexual images. Or a five-year-old child, who depends upon his mother for so many things, hears that she is dead, and day after day grieves over her absence. Or a man who has

dedicatedly. Kessler, *Balancing Between Perfect Order and Chaos (A Reflection Provoked* as a positivist, finds at the age of forty-six that he suspects that there is a Creative Presence in the universe, even though the science to which he adheres excludes valid talk about such a Presence.

Mismatching, or conflict, always registers itself in a subjective system of correlation as painful or uncomfortable. When I feel a pain in my subjective system I try to put an order in that system that will rid it of the pain, or at least some of the pain. When I feel the discomfort that results from inconsistency between two of my formal-knowing systems, say cultural anthropology and moral theology, I surely will try to think through the two systems to a point where they no longer conflict. Add a discordant element from personal experience, and there will have to be further adjustments in the systems. Say (by way of fictional example) that I live by a free-love theory that I have developed somewhat thoughtlessly from Bertrand Russell and that I have read the sadly ironic rejoinder to that theory which George Santayana offers in one of his autobiographical volumes, and say that my own free-love experience has been uncertain, and say that as an ex-Catholic I still remember my old church's teaching about marriage, and say that years back I already went through marriage and divorce twice over, and say I long to see my children from those two marriages — say all those things — and you leave me with a job of integrating or balancing that would frighten a person of the strongest ego-strength.

Life, then, is a struggle between order and disorder. And so we ask if there is any model way to assure that order will win out over disorder. Can I do my integrating best by using my formal-knowing systems, my informal knowing systems, my affective systems, or by using some combination thereof? Or maybe something outside of me, say the laws of my nation or its customs, supplies the best integrating principle. Inasmuch, though, as I am a subjective system of correlation, the integrating, even if responsive to laws and customs, will have to be done within the total system that I am. For the sake of simplicity we can divide the ordering principles into cognitive and affective, or if it sounds better, into thinking and feeling principles. We realize full well, though, that feeling and knowing are not mutually exclusive of one another. Nevertheless, we recognize differences in our experiences that enable us to designate some as mainly feeling experiences and others as mainly cognitive, or thinking, experiences. Feeling and thinking forever pervade and permeate one another as we go about the serious business of trying to keep our balance in life.

We are accustomed to seeing theater as the mirror of the life of the community, a mirror in which that life is unfolding before our very eyes. The great plays reveal to us the ambiguity, the perceptions of self-understanding, the yearnings and the style of life-action that characterize a given community of human beings. When we watch the unfolding of the action in a superior play we participate in a special act of communal self-awareness. We see how a culture acts in the players who symbolize a style of living. In Slawomir Mrozek's *Tango* we have a most percipient treatment of order and disorder in the subjective systems that make up our personal lives. Marta Piwinska has written of the Polish playwright that his dramas are microsocieties, and that in his theater man is ultimately defined by his position in relation to others.⁹

Mrozek is one of the more perceptive interpreters of the fundamental patterns of our modern life. His play *Tango* has had large appeal outside Poland. Productions in New York, London and Los Angeles have helped to make it the most internationally popular of all contemporary Polish plays.¹⁰

The action in *Tango* takes place in a large high room, whose several double doors, tall, painted a dark color, are ornamented in a style that belongs to houses built for the middle class in the early part of the century. The house symbolizes an order that has fallen. The furniture — including a table, eight chairs, armchairs, small tables and a couch — is arranged haphazardly. The entire room is full of draperies, hanging, lying or rolled. The scene is one of great confusion. Disorder prevails. Three people are seated at one end of the table, where the velvet tablecloth is shoved half aside. They are playing cards. There is a lively, elderly woman, whose dress has a garish-colored flower pattern; she is wearing a jockey cap and sneakers. There is a gray-haired, extremely polite old man, who wears a swallow-tail coat above khaki-colored shorts, scotch-plaid knee socks and torn patent-leather shoes. Finally there is a third individual, who gives the impression of being crude and shady. He wears baggy rumpled pants and an ugly checkered shirt that is open at the chest. On the table where the three are playing cards the velvet tablecloth is covered with dishes, cups, carafes, artificial flowers, scraps of food, a bird cage, a lady's shoe and a pair of riding breeches.

A young man, Arthur, who is the central character in the play, intrudes, breaks up the game, and metes out punishment, starting with his grandmother, whom he orders to take her place on the catafalque that is revealed when he pulls back the curtain that hides an alcove in the room. Eugenia, the grandmother, follows her grandson's command. Eugene, Eugenia's brother, the man in the khaki shorts, tells Eddie, the tough man in the baggy trousers, that Arthur is studying for three degrees, including one in philosophy. Arthur, after asking his grandmother why she refuses to understand him, exclaims, "I just can't live in a world like this!" His mother Eleanor, entering the room, overhears this remark, and asks him what kind of world. She wants to know, too, why her mother is on the catafalque again. Arthur answers that Eugenia, the grandmother, has to be disciplined. He says that he is going mad; he comes home, and what does he find but laxity, chaos, shady characters, and ambiguous relationships. His mother, Eleanor, asks him if he might want something to eat. He answers no, that all he wants is to get the situation under control. Eleanor responds to this by saying tangentially that she sleeps with Eddie from time to time.

Arthur's father Stomil, dressed in pajamas, now enters. Arthur, who is disgusted with this attire, asks Stomil if he can't at least button up his pajamas. Stomil asks what for. Arthur says because one just doesn't appear like that. Stomil, picking up Arthur's coffee to drink it, replies that his son's answer is meaningless. It is a remark of pure convention, and will not stand up under the scrutiny of the intellect. Arthur says, "Oh Lord, Father, can't you button your fly first and then talk it over?" Stomil responds that this would entail a complete reversal of the logical thought process. The effect would precede the cause. "Man should never act without thinking, never act like an automaton." When Arthur asks him again if he won't button his pajamas, he says that he can't, for there are no buttons. After a bit more of an exchange, Arthur begins to

pound the table with his fist. He wants to know what is going on in the house; there is nothing but chaos and anarchy. Though grandfather died ten years ago, no one has bothered to take the catafalque out of the living room. He kicks his own baby carriage, which has been standing there in the living room for twenty-five years. He laments, "No order, no sense of reality, no decency, no initiative. You can't move in this place, you can't breathe, you can't live!" Stomil tells Arthur that his indignation is absurd, that they live in freedom. Arthur fires back that there is no frame of reference at all, that all that is left is bits and pieces, fragments, rubbish. Stomil extols the days of revolt, which have given them liberation from the fetters of the old art and the old way of life. "Revolution and release. That was our slogan then. Away with outmoded forms, down with convention! Long live the dynamic! Life as creation, an incessant striving toward new frontiers! Movement and struggle! All form transcended!"

Stomil tells Arthur that he has no idea what the world was like when his parents were young. "Can you imagine how much courage it took to dance the tango?" After listening to some more of Stomil's fervid praise of revolt against the conventions of the past, Arthur says that if he wants a world, he has to make it. He tells his parents that it is precisely because everything is possible that nothing is possible anymore. In the midst of these recriminations and counter recriminations a heap of drapery begins to move in the room. Ala, a girl of eighteen, good looking and with long hair, appears while yawning. When Arthur notices that Eddie is approaching Ala with interest he tells him to get back and to face the wall. When asked how long she is going to be staying there as a cousin-guest, she says that she doesn't know. Stomil brings the chaos to a conclusion with one of his experiments. He manipulates puppets that represent Adam and Eve, with Eve singing a nihilistic song.

Doesn't the poor man see
 For all his intellection
 That there is no perfection
 Except in what is not?

The action peters out with Eugene and Stomil arguing about the effectiveness of the experiment.

What occurs in Act One, then, is the establishment of a micro-society that has little semblance of order. Only one person, Stomil, seems ecstatic with the state of affairs. He is swept along with the euphoria that comes from his conviction that freedom, especially artistic freedom, is all that matters. Eddie adapts with a kind of animal contentment. With an aggressive cunning, this inherently brutal man always seeks his own good. Eleanor, who has turned from her husband Stomil to sleep with Eddie, avails herself of the freedom that Stomil extols, and in this freedom she drifts with ill-defined feelings. Eugenia and Eugene, sister and brother, are everywoman and everyman, who display the inexhaustible human inclination to indulge beyond all reasonable bounds in frivolous entertainment as well as to live in subservience to any power that can establish order, though that order be inhumane. Ala is an amoral nature child, dumb and sensual. Arthur, the unhappiest of all by far, feels that he cannot live happily in a world that lacks discernible order and form. How can a person correlate the elements of his life in a fragmented world where no one puts order

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into things? Little wonder that his inclination is to establish order arbitrarily. The psychic pain that results from confrontation with chaos elicits a compulsive desire to impose order by edict on the surrounding world.

Though we cannot live without order, not just any order will do. It is always a question of what order is appropriate. No order is appropriate that becomes too oppressively demanding in all its details, nor is one appropriate that becomes so pervasively monotonous as to dull most of our vital sensibility. But order we must have. The social anthropologists might refer to order as patterns for living. Patterns for living enable us to have a comfortable measure of security that comes from knowing what to expect from our surrounding world, especially from the people who are so conspicuously a part of our lived world. It is through patterns that elements of the world stand out significantly. Unless our minds see how things relate to one another, they stand beyond us as dumb objects. When we see them for what they are in relation to one another, when we see how we might use patterns of things for our living, they take on meaning for us. Edward T. Hall says, "Patterns are those implicit cultural rules by means of which sets are arranged so that they take on meaning."¹¹ A set, for Hall, is a group of two or more constituent components that is perceived as being set apart from other things.¹² Examples would be tables and chairs, words, periods of time, special measurements like the mile or foot.

When things are not patterned we do not know what to do with them. It is only when they are seen in relation to one another and in relation to ourselves that we know how to deal with them. Outside of pattern, or order, things are fragments of chaos. Chaos stupefies us; we cannot focus its fragments; and there is no way for us to live with its myriad elements. It is only when we see meaningful structure in things, when we see pattern, when we see order, that we can use things for living. It is important to note that a part of chaos is made up of conventions which have no meaning for us. Conventions, of course, come in patterns; but when we cannot apply patterns to our own lives, they resist our minds dumbly. They fail to speak to us, by which we mean that they offer no meaning that can quicken our sensibility. The conventions that Stomil and Eleanor revolted against were a part of the pervading order that surrounded them — an order that was for them chaos inasmuch as it failed to offer sufficient vital meaning. They wanted the freedom to deal only with what was vital and significant for them. They rejected an old pattern of life, preferring to live mainly through the impulsiveness of shocking actions and artistic creativity. They have not succeeded, though, in forming much of a world in which to live, and so they have left their son with the need and the desire to rebuild a world. Eleanor herself has become listless. Stomil's artistic creations, his experiments, bore her. Shocking actions do not enliven her much, for when repeated they become commonplace and uninteresting. To put one's elbows on the dinner table was at one time an example of youthful rebellion; but when one is allowed to put his elbows on the table, it turns out to be a somewhat uninspired action.

The desire for doing shocking things does point up the need that humans have for variety of experience. When most of the deeds of our lives become strictly patterned, with few variations available or allowed, we tend to become listless in performing them. An uneasiness ensues when our deeds do not vivify us, for it seems that we always have the underlying sense that we are made to live

Kearley: Balancing: Between Perfect Order and Chaos (A Reflection Provoked vibrantly. Romantic daydreaming, prurient interest in pornography, eagerness to join in hysterical movement, all testify to our need to escape from the humdrum repetitions of everyday life. Animated cultures inevitably have holidays, festivities and rituals, for these inject spirit into people's lives. We do need the excitement that John Stuart Mill talks about in his *Utilitarianism*, where he designates excitement and tranquillity as the two main components of a satisfied life.¹³ We might say, though Mill himself does not, that tranquillity is the feeling that comes to a person when he realizes that he can deal with the elements of his world, when he knows what to expect from things and when he has a secure confidence that he can deal with whatever arises. Tranquillity is basically a sense of security. Though it is a good feeling, it is not sufficient for us, because it is always threatened by its own self, by its own debilitating penumbra of monotony. We need excitement, the excitement of feeling and knowing that certain things matter monumentally. We cannot, however, manufacture feelings of high excitement every day. The excitement of bodily vitality is ever prey to exhaustion; and the years inevitably take their toll. The higher kinds of excitement that are available to us come from seeing that certain things are beautiful to behold or make, that certain things are imperatively worth doing for the welfare of one's fellow humans. These higher forms of excitement seem to follow upon meditative insight, and as a result they well up only from time to time. They are not sufficient, for frequently they are not present; and if we depend upon them exclusively, we will often enough find ourselves in the dark nights of the soul. Indeed, we have to find a practical balance between tranquillity and excitement. The good life is a mixed fabric of strong, secure ordinary threads that are made vibrant with the mind-catching threads of song and icon, of metaphysical insight, of civic and religious ritual, and of revelry and adventure.

Tango's Act Two opens with Arthur speaking to his great-uncle Eugene, who has become his ally. Their password is "New life," and their countersign is "Rebirth." Uncle Eugene, taking orders from Arthur, is watching every move of the other people in the house. He knows that Stomil is working, that his sister Eugenia is probably at her mirror, and that Eleanor is in the bedroom with either the light out or something hung over the keyhole. When Eugene goes out to continue further vigilant observation Ala comes in. She tells Arthur that Stomil has pinched her twice today. When Arthur labels his father a rotter Ala says that she thinks he is great. Arthur's railing against artists bores Ala, who only yawns. She says that it is cold in the room, and asks whether he has noticed that she is practically naked. Passionless, Arthur ignores her question, but does ask if she is prepared to marry him. She says that she doesn't care one way or the other; but if it means that much to him, they can get married, for they are already cousins. When Arthur insists that she realize the importance of marriage, she says that she doesn't get it, for after all if she is to have a baby it will be with him and not the minister. Arthur explains that nothing is important in itself, that it is up to them to give things character, to create meanings for them.

After telling Ala that she is primitive in her sex appeal, Arthur lectures her on a system of values. He brings his lecture to an abrupt end by flinging himself on Ala and trying to kiss her. Eddie comes wandering through the living room — it is the middle of the night — saying that he is after a drink of water. When he

continues on to the door of the bedroom to seek out Eleanor, Arthur reminds him that he is not on his way into the kitchen. Ala calls Arthur "scientific pig!" when he tells her that his lunging at her was a pure exercise in sexual pragmatics. And when Arthur explains that men have taken advantage of the general breakdown of values to do away with the last remaining rules that govern sexual behavior, and that women can't really accept this, Ala responds that she likes it that way. She provokes a rise of passion out of Arthur when she says that she like Eddie's eyes. One might think that Arthur would give up on Ala, but no, he needs a wedding to rebuild a world. Marriage as a major convention is what Arthur needs for the structuring of his world. Marriage, theoretically, is appropriate for him now; and since Ala is available, it is perfectly simple — from his point of view — that they should marry.

Arthur plans not only to use his own marriage as a cornerstone for a new world, but he insists that the convention of marriage be respected in his parents' case. He tells Stomil that Eddie has made him a cuckold by sleeping with Eleanor. Stomil, at first, responds with a theoretical justification of Eddie's behavior, insisting that sexual freedom is the cornerstone of human freedom. He claims that Eddie is, "A very modern, very authentic type." He tells his son Arthur that he is too conscious, too cerebral. He charges him and society with being enslaved by centuries of culture: "Of course we've been doing our best to throw culture off, but we're still a long way from nature. But Eddie's lucky. He was born with what the rest of us can acquire only by art and effort." Stomil claims that as an artist he finds Eddie interesting, for this natural man enriches the environment, gives it a new tone, adds a dash of authenticity. Arthur, nonetheless, persists in saying plainly that it is true that Mother does sleep with Eddie. He tells the cuckold that he ought to open the bedroom door, to see for himself. When Arthur suggests that he take a revolver when he enters the room, Stomil accuses him of being a dim little runt who wants a tragedy. He accuses his son of wanting to sacrifice him, his father, for an idea of marriage. He argues that since tragedy is the perfect expression of a society with established values, his killing Eddie would only result in a farce.

Arthur aggressively urges his father to free himself by one act of violence. Stomil finally admits that he detests the affair that his wife is carrying on with Eddie. He says that he has had it in for that bastard Eddie for a long time. Stomil's feelings belie his theory; they are a mismatch. Arthur puts a pistol in his hand, encouraging him to go through the door. Stomil avers that he will kill Eddie on the spot. After he closes the door behind him, his son waits tensely. Total silence prevails. Arthur, growing more and more impatient, finally makes a decision to fling both wings of the door open. When he does so the whole room can be seen. There sits Stomil at a table where he is playing cards with Eleanor, Eddie and Eugenia. The attempted reprisal has ended in farce. Arthur finds the scene incredible. When the players ignore his demand to stop the card game, he tears the cards from their hands. When he takes the revolver from Stomil's pajama pocket they all jump up. Eugenia, his grandmother, cries out that he has gone mad. When Eugene runs in, Arthur gives him the revolver, telling him that if anyone moves, shoot to kill. Eugene tells the card players (and only recently he was one of them) that he and Arthur are going to turn them from degenerates back into human beings with decent principles.

Arthur, who wants to build a world for himself on conventions, asks his

grandmother to bless his wedding marriage with him. It reflects some badgering before she will lay her hands on the heads of Arthur and Ala: "My blessing upon you, dear children... and now go to hell!"

The absurdities that prevail in the world that Mrozek has created for our contemplation provoke us to think about the relationships between a properly human order and a whole set of realities: values, conventions, freedom, power, violence, happiness, pleasure, society and community. The question of a properly human order is a ponderous one — no one can deny that. Ponderous though it be, it is one that we must ponder, for ultimately nothing else is so important an object of our concern. As a result, a fair measure of our educational endeavor ought to be directed toward a realistic understanding of the elements that enter into a properly human order. The way we put our lives together as subjective systems of correlation is the reality that each of us live with most directly.

To start we can say that a properly human order cannot be imposed in any mechanical way. It comes to be, rather, with something like an organic impulse. A properly human order found in one human being manifests itself as a self-actualized person; found in a group of human beings, it is the humanizing community. Whether considered in the individual or in the group, a properly human order has its genesis in a self-reflective impulse to seek what is authentically good. When that impulse is followed without sufficient reflection on what is truly good for inter-related selves, it can just as easily lead to the diminishment and destruction of persons as it can lead to growth and flourishing. We have to control, for without control, impulse is a blind drive toward the apparent good, which is usually an attractive short-term good. Authentic goods are those that contribute to the full development of persons over the long haul. While it is true that many immediate goods that are easy to appropriate do qualify as authentic, they so qualify because reflection reveals how they add their bit to the accumulation of the reality of self-actualizing personal lives.

When we say that a properly human order cannot be imposed from without in any mechanical way, we surely do not mean that individuals ought not to be influenced by their social environment, by their community. Without the conviction that patterns of life which contribute to the ambience of a whole style of life are authentically good, people will ignore them either to seek — however flounderingly — those that appear more genuine or to go for immediate pleasures in short-sighted, impulsive, haphazard inclinations. Only when a community reviews its patterns of life, doing so generation by generation with an honest critical sensibility, can the individuals hope to have sufficient perspectives on a model of life that can both hold them together with solidarity and inspire them with a sense of freedom in which each person has the responsibility and privilege to do his own unique variation on the theme of the authentic life that is proper for the people of a given time and place.

Is there any propaedeutic that a community ought to utilize in reviewing its patterns of life? Arnold Hauser offers one when he speaks about the practice of waging a continual war against the distorting tendencies of our thought, which inevitably result from a perspective of social interest. He credits Marx with being the first to formulate explicitly the conception that spiritual values are political weapons. Marx saw how much our values are conditioned by our

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practical in social groups. Marx, though (claims Hauser), neglected to note that we do possess the power of examining our own thought critically, and so correcting to a certain extent the one-sidedness and error of our views. "Every honest attempt to discover the truth and depict things faithfully is a struggle against one's own subjectivity and partiality, one's individual and class interests..."¹⁴

Self-actualized lives are available for us only when we give ourselves enough time for reflection, a reflection in which we can calmly and objectively critique values. Of course no one who is vitally involved in the life of his community can be perfectly calm and perfectly objective, for that would require the absence of feelings about things that are properly in proportion to the reality of those things. Still to make good judgments about things and actions we need a certain measure of calmness, for tranquillity of mind heightens our capacity for seeing things clearly. When we are calmly in control of our reflective mind we intensify our capacity to see what is right about our lives: to see that they need wholeness and integration, complexity and fulfillment, rich differentiation that is paradoxically allied to simplicity, beauty and justice, uniqueness and graceful functioning, playfulness along with honest work, as much truth and honesty as possible, and finally a strong sense of self-sufficiency that belongs to a people who are willing to rely upon and to help one another.¹⁵ It is a special function of institutions of higher learning to lead the way in the critique of culture, for the faculties of these institutions have more leisure and more opportunity for engaging in this task of critical review. The people who do specialize in the assessment of their culture ought to go beyond the very broad outlines, for it is with the specific and unique elements of a culture (elements appropriately imbued with the spirit of the integral larger forms) that we live our daily lives. Above all, the interpreters of culture ought to help the rest of us to see a bit better how to live lives structured with humane order.

That is just what the characters in *Tango* are not doing, living lives that are structured with humane order. Though Arthur has the will to do so, he does not have the wisdom. His father's accusation that he is a pure formalist is more than half valid. He is too cerebral, banking too much on ideas alone, without sufficient concern for the growth of his feelings; and surely he is not tuned into the feelings of others with ample understanding and sympathy. Nevertheless, Arthur is the person in his world who has the greatest tendency to want a whole life. Unfortunately, however, so great was his parents' revolt against the outmoded and impoverished values of the society of their youth that the only major value that they offer their son is rebellion against a superficially conceived freedom.

Stomil, too, has an intense desire to live a full life. His flaw has been depending too much on artistic creation to sufficiently flourish in life. Greatly defective in wisdom, he is nevertheless a man of basically positive feelings for others. There is a great mismatch between his thoughts and his feelings. For example, his theory of freedom condones the adulterous actions that he loathes with a loathing he finds so hard to admit to having. His wife Eleanor is only a faint copy of a full person, for she is too dominated by any man who will rule her. She does not live enough of her life from a center within herself.

Eugene's life is consumed in moments of recreational triviality. She has discarded conventions, because she has not been able to nourish her life on any major authentic ones. We are inclined to say that a properly human order is one that integrates the deepest human needs, especially the needs for love, friendship and self-illuminated existential meaning. Eugenia, even as she approaches death, does not confront the deepest resources and needs of her own being. She just wears her jockey cap and plays cards.

Eugene is another person who does not live from within his own center. And he is even more a formalist than Arthur. He thinks that good order can be commanded and enforced by power and violence. Our contemplation of Eugene's willingness to ally himself with power should cause us to reflect on the ways in which authentic order comes through a consciously chosen commitment to self-actualization. Valid education ought to show students that self-actualization, stabilized in convictions that are reflectively held, is the way to order. An order enforced by fear, even when it has some health-giving elements, is forever defective.

Ala and Eddie represent other threats to a humane way of life. Although Ala is not vicious, does not lust for power, harbor embittered resentment or possess any such negative, destructive feelings, she threatens a humane order because she undermines life by being easily used, even when she is not appropriated through her convictions. In fact she has no real convictions. As a modern nature girl who does what comes naturally, who follows the inclination of the moment, she scarcely has an awareness that conventions, cultural forms, values, the idea of a common good for an entire community could ever be taken seriously. Eddie, on the other hand poses an even greater threat to society, because he lives by only one conviction (and one really is not enough for living life under the aegis of wisdom): and that conviction is that only he himself counts. He cunningly bides his time and offers his insincere subservience until he sees the time ripe to use the direct assault of power to get for himself what he wants.

As Act Three opens Arthur seems to be in control. The large room of Act One has "no trace now of the former disorder." Eugenia is sitting on the sofa, and is wearing a bonnet and a dark colored dress that is buttoned to the neck and is adorned with lace cuffs and ruching. Eleanor has her hair done up in a chignon. She is wearing earrings and a striped burgundy-colored dress that is gathered at the waist. Both sit upright and immobile, with their hands on their knees. Stomil, with his hair combed, is wearing a brown suit. Eugene is still wearing his black swallow-tail coat, but the khaki shorts have been replaced by long black trousers with pin stripes. All are posed for a picture. Eddie comes in with a tray on which there is a bottle of vodka. Eleanor tells him to take it away immediately, for she had asked for smelling salts. Eddie obviously is not under control; his conformity ultimately will serve his own purposes.

Stomil, too, is only outwardly conforming. He says that he bows to superior force, but can still say what he thinks. Ala comes in wearing a wedding dress, and as they await Arthur, she complains about all the formalities that they are obliged to acknowledge. When Eugene reprimands her, she reveals that she thinks both he and Arthur are stupid for putting such emphasis on formalities. While Eleanor is helping Ala with her veil, the younger woman asks her mother-in-law-to-be why she and the others all despise each other. Eleanor replies that they have no reason to respect one another. Ala broadens the

category, indicating that they have no terms, not themselves or each other. Eleanor suggests that it comes to the same thing. Eleanor goes on to explain to Ala what she finds appealing about Eddie. He is refreshing, for he just wants what he wants. Ala, who is about to marry Arthur, cannot strike so positive a note about him, and she says that all that he has is his cast-iron principles.

When Arthur returns his coat is open. His listless, unnatural movements reveal that it is with great difficulty that he is keeping himself going. With Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" resounding loudly and triumphantly, Arthur picks up a carafe from the table and hurls it off stage where it lands with a loud crash. He sinks into a chair, saying, "It's a fraud... The whole thing... a fraud!" When Stomil accuses him of being drunk, Eugene rejects this claim as infamous slander. When Arthur gets a grip on himself a bit he goes down on his knees and begs Stomil to forgive him. He says that there is nothing to go back to, that the old forms cannot create a reality for them. He says that he is in despair, for he now knows that form can never save the world. He admits that his father is correct, and he now brands himself a contemptible formalist. He says that his sin was reason, and abstraction, the lewd daughter of reason. Still, dispirited as he is, Arthur is not one to give up. He insists that they all have to stay there together until they come up with a living idea. "Forget about form. What we're after now is a living idea." Eleanor suggests that Arthur ask Eddie, for he has a good head on his shoulders. After Stomil says that Eddie is the collective mind, Eddie offers progress as a living idea, the kind of progress that goes straight ahead. Arthur does not find Eddie's idea of progress sufficiently clear, and says that he needs an idea that naturally, inevitably, leads to form.

Eugenia goes up to the catafalque; she wipes away the dust from it with her sleeve. She announces matter-of-factly that she is dying. Eleanor and Eugene tell her not to be silly and eccentric. Within minutes Eugenia is dead. Arthur draws the curtain in front of her and her husband's catafalque. Almost immediately he calls Eddie to his side so that he can feel the muscle in the strong arm of the bestial man. He says, "You pack a good punch, don't you?" Eddie tells him, not bad. Arthur asks him if he could, if necessary... He runs his finger across his throat. They both laugh with a similar "ha ha." Their laugh is the recognition of the primacy of power, which Arthur now begins to extol. He tells his family that there will be only one law and one herd. Calling them creatures of flesh — caught up in their glandular secretions and terrified at the thought of death — he asks them if they are incapable of understanding. As a new Christ, he presents himself as their saviour. "Unthinking cattle, behold your redeemer! I have risen above this world, and I will draw you all up after me, because I alone have a brain freed from the snares of the bowels." He tells them that without form or ideas they would crumble into chaos. He promises to create a system in which rebellion will be combined with order, nonbeing with being. He intends to transcend all contradictions.

The new saviour then launches into his panegyric on behalf of power. He says that it is the only possible answer, that power alone can exist in a vacuum. Power is rebellion; it is a revolution in form and order, the revolt of the top against the bottom, the high against the low. Then borrowing the rhetoric of Christ from his last supper, Arthur proclaims, "Power resolves the paradox of opposites. Neither synthesis nor analysis, I am the act, the will and the way. I

Kearley: Balancing: Between Perfect Order and Chaos (A Reflection Provoked am power. I am above, within and beside all things.” Arthur now seems afflicted with megalomania. He tells those present that each one has a death locked up inside like a nightingale in a cage. Referring to Eddie as his dark angel, he says it is now time to take action. The appropriate beginning is to rub out Uncle Eugene (who has always gravitated to the side of power). As Eugene runs from Eddie he calls Eddie an ape. Arthur says no, he is not an ape, but is the right arm of his spirit, his word made flesh.

At this moment Ala blurts out that she has been unfaithful to Arthur, with Eddie. This revelation takes the spirit out of Arthur. Ala said that she didn't think that he would mind, for, after all, he only wanted to marry her out of principle. She recalls that he said that he only wanted her to help him with his plan. She has no recollection that he has expressed any love for her. She cannot understand why Arthur is making such a fuss about such a little thing as sleeping with Eddie. Arthur laments the evil of the world. Calling her a goose, he says that she has besmirched the noblest idea in all history. And she did it with a half-witted punk, with the garbage of our times.

He wants the revolver. He asks his mother if she has seen it. Eddie creeps up from behind, taking the revolver from his own breast pocket. He takes a wide swing with it, hitting Arthur in the back of the neck with the butt. When Arthur goes down on his knees, Eddie, putting the pistol aside, clasps his hands together above his head, and swinging them like an ax he brings them down on his victim's head. Arthur, still conscious, hears Ala cry out that what she said was not true. Arthur then says softly to her that he has loved her. Eleanor shakes Stomil to wake him telling him that their son is dying. Ala announces matter-of-factly that Arthur is dead. Stomil spontaneously speaks an appropriate epitaph for his son. “He tried to overcome indifference and mediocrity. He died because his thought had betrayed his feeling.”

Eddie knows that he is now in control. He tells the others that they have nothing to worry about as long as they keep quiet and do what they are told. He says that he is a regular guy, who likes a joke and likes a good time, but insists that there must be order. Eleanor and Stomil leave together. Before following them, Ala says that Arthur has loved her, and nobody can take that away from her. When the music of the tango “La Comparsita” resounds loudly and clearly, Eddie asks Eugene to dance with him. They dance all the figures of the tango. The curtain falls on this travesty of the tango, the dance that has symbolized for Stomil and Eleanor their preference for free, unpremeditated life over stultifying, outmoded social forms. The tango is now danced brutishly by those who will enforce an arbitrary order, one that will be a factor of chaos for all who can find no meaning in it. Arthur, whose desires represent our aspirations for a significant world in which to live, is destroyed by both his own rash idealism and totalitarian brutality.

Jan Kott, a Polish drama critic who now lives in the United States, says that everything with Mrozek is ambiguous and ironical.¹⁶ He also points out that grotesque and tragic, common elements for so much of modern art in the various media, are features of Mrozek's plays. He says, too, that theater in Poland is a litmus paper that has reflected politics, fashion, snobbery, literary discussion and desire for change. He claims, further, that Mrozek's terms of reference are European and not just Polish. He thinks that Mrozek's buffo tone (we would probably say comic tone) is unambiguous, while his serious tone is

far more difficult to determine. Finally, he says that he thinks that Mrozek sees the world in terms of a cataclysm. Though Kott does not explain any of his assertions in detail, they are helpful for appreciating *Tango*, especially if we take into consideration one important biographical datum about Mrozek, that he was exiled from Poland in 1968 when he condemned Poland's role in the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. *Tango*, as I have maintained, is a play that deals with the possibilities of a humane social order. The grotesque, the absurd, the tragic are all features of its world, as well as of our world and of Poland's. The serious modality of this play is inextricably bound up with its comic structure; we might say that its grotesque irony points to an ideal, making us think about those things that might contribute to the forming of a beneficent community. *Tango* is a profound testament about the elements of order and disorder that all of us must learn to balance in our lives.

Arthur is a victim not only of Eddie's brutal power, but also of his own unrestrained yearning for perfect, rationalistic order. *Tango* offers a provocative lesson for the Poles of 1981 who might go beyond realistic limits in aspiring to their own autonomy, as well as a lesson for the supporters of supply-side economics in our own country, who more and more seem to have unbounded faith that a perfect economic order is realizable if the profit incentive is allowed to rule unchecked in the national consciousness. The best is often far removed from the reasoned ideal. Good sense is needed for the genesis and nurture of authentically human communities. In *Tango* we are confronted with a play that challenges us with an overwhelming question: what order will we settle for? Arthur's unfortunate attempts to establish order in his world make us think that perhaps perfect order is not a suitable goal for us to aim at. It may be that an apparently perfect order will inevitably be imperfect because of its shallowness. Mere external order is imperfect for human beings. Such an order depends far too much on training, punitive sanctions and deceptive, purely formal conformity. An authentic order, appropriate to persons, has to be rooted in a solidarity that is established when many individuals see profoundly and honestly that certain goods as values matter the most, and those goods are only approached and properly cherished when everyone is given the freedom to respond to them with self-initiating integrity. Authentic order cannot be forced by brutal tactics. It can only be elicited by a humanistic education, one in which the participants are informed about the wisdom, the wise reflections on man as person and as member of community, that have accumulated in our societies, especially in those pockets of solidarity that merit conspicuously the name of community. Since veritably authentic human order can only come to be through the free responses of the participants in community, and since the affairs of men are so many and so complex, we cannot expect people to offer monotonous conformity of action freely. A part of wisdom is to know realistically what people are really like, and the truth is that many people cherish the freedom to stand out by doing odd things, eccentric and splendidly diverse things, that can give us bits of excitement on the surface of everyday life. Authentic human order probably has to accommodate itself to a fair amount of surface disorder. Agreement on the fundamental verities, freely given, is the foundation and main structure of all desirable order. Circus-like divergencies seem to be the necessary decoration of the edifice of genuine human community. There is no perfect order and, let us hope, no pure chaos.

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There are instead degrees of order. Our objective ought to be to gain the powers
of discernment that will enable us to pick out the more authentic models of
human order, to use them as the exemplars of our own communities. In short,
we need to learn the art of balancing between the two untenable extremes of
perfect order and pure chaos.

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NOTES

- ¹Eric H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility* (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1964), pp. 111-157.
- ²Aristotle, *Meta*, 982.
- ³Boris Pasternak, *Doctor Zhivago* (New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1958), p. 402.
- ⁴*Ibid.*, p. 403.
- ⁵Edmund Husserl, *The Crisis of European Sciences and Transcendental Phenomenology*, trans. David Carr (Evanston: Northwestern Univ. Press, 1970), p. 165.
- ⁶R. D. Laing, *The Divided Self* (New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1969), p. 21.
- ⁷Konrad Lorenz, *On Aggression*, trans. Marjorie Kerr Wilson (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1963), p. 49.
- ⁸Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Colin Smith (New York: Humanities Press, Inc., 1962), pp. 177-190. In this chapter "The Body as Expression, and Speech" Merleau-Ponty explains why a gesture sums up a lifetime.
- ⁹*Modern Slavic Literature*, Vol. II (New York: Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., 1976), p. 349.
- ¹⁰Slawomir Mrozek, *Tango* (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1968).
- ¹¹Edward T. Hall, *The Silent Language* (Garden City, New York: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1973,) p. 105.
- ¹²*Ibid.*, p. 119.
- ¹³John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism* (New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1957), p. 18.
- ¹⁴Hauser, Arnold, *The Philosophy of Art History* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul LTD., 1959), p. 7.
- ¹⁵Abraham H. Maslow, *Toward a Psychology of Being*, 2nd ed. (Princeton, New Jersey: D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., 1968), p. 83.
- ¹⁶Kott, Jan, *Theatre Notebook 1947-67* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1968), pp. 135-140.