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Exile Vol. V No. 2

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Exile Vol. V No. 2

Authors

Iris Carroll, Julia Santucci, Anne Irgens, Christine Condit, Robert Wehling, Dennis Trudell, Carol Wilson, Ed Grimm, William Bennett, Bob Canary, and Barbara Haupt



EXILE

SPRING 1959

Contributors

The EXILE

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Denison University
Granville, Ohio

Take thought:
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.
—Ezra Pound

Contributors

IRIS CARROLL is a senior majoring in art. Junior English major, JULIA SANTUCCI, who is Vice-President of the Franco-Calliopean society, wrote "The Minister's Narcissus" which is this issue's prize-winning short story. Staff member CHRISTINE CONDIT, a freshman, contributes her second poem to *Exile*. Junior English major and honors candidate, ROBERT WEHLING, is married and has a small daughter. Editor DENNIS TRUDELL, a junior English major, is well known to readers of *Exile*. This appearance marks the first short story publication by ED GRIMM, a sophomore speech major. WILLIAM BENNETT is a junior psychology major and has previously appeared in *Exile*. BOB CANARY, a junior and a member of Phi Beta Kappa honorary, is also a contributing editor of the *Denisonian*. Senior German major, BARBARA HAUPT, a member of Phi Betta Kappa honorary and a Denison Research Foundation Scholar, has won the Annie MacNeill Poetry prize this year. A former *Exile* editor, she contributes an essay to this issue.

S T A F F

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Any student of Deison may submit manuscripts of poems, short stories and essays to the editors or deposit them in the EXILE box in Doane Administration Building.

EDITORIAL

Since I became one of the editors of the *Exile*, I have become increasingly aware of the common problems of college writing. I have talked with the writers and their critics and their professors, but it is only in my final year of college that I have become convinced of certain truths regarding these problems.

Many people are compelled to write, either as an academic responsibility or as an inner compulsion; but they are not as yet writers. Many college students can justly be called "artists," for this is their basic temperament; but they are not writers or painters until they have learned their craft. Until they have sufficient facility to communicate their experiences on a canvas or a piece of paper, they are apprentices seeking to become master craftsmen. These are the people who contribute to the college literary magazines. They are "artists" learning to use their wonderful gift of creativity.

Writers, however, are subject to the same misconceptions that plague our entire society. All have complained at one time or another that they are stuck here in a forgotten corner of the world. People in the midwest remember Mencken's biting comment that it was the "intellectual Sahara" of America; (forgetting, perhaps, that Eliot, MacLeish, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway were from the midwest). Nevertheless, they dream of the day when they will pick up their things and travel to New York, Paris, or Majorca, and discover the ideal climate to create timeless works of art.

Travel is fun and travelogues are pleasant to read as well as the exotic pamphlets put out by chambers of commerce, but they are seldom considered great writing. They constitute, in fact, an escape from the touchstone of all creativity—the inner self. Here is precisely the point at which the search for beauty and truth must begin. An artist must look into his own mind and heart. He must be willing to grope in the adytum and lay it open. From this point it is not difficult to make the leap into the lives of his brothers, for they seem to have many of the same tendencies that he found in his

own character. He also notes they are each a little bit different and he learns what these differences mean. He comes to recognize the love, the hate, the envy, and the fear that humans have for each other. Fyodor Dostoyevsky knew the slums of St. Petersburg as well as Sinclair Lewis knew Main Street in Gopher Prairie or Granville. Each person has a world, however small or large, that is teeming with the life from which great literature is built. Any student that has lived in Granville, Ohio for four years and not seen the material for a single story of great depth and power will never be a writer—will never be an observer of life. An artist doesn't need the Balearic Islands or San Francisco to become a writer; he needs only to go into a quiet room with a pen, a piece of paper, and a sensitive understanding of his world.

But the college writer also suffers from a peculiarly American ailment. It is a stubborn refusal to grow up. We find the sunshine of our youth too golden to put aside, and we attempt to remain children for the rest of our years. The majority of stories that come into *Exile* are concerned with young people, and seldom is there an effort to deal specifically with mature men and women. There is a preoccupation with the thrill-of-discovery episode and a deafening silence on the subject of coming to terms with life after the thrill is over. The simple philosophy of a child is refreshing to hear, but we in America (including the writers) have advanced this as an answer to the complexities of modern life. We ought to realize that the "cult of perpetual youth" is a real American tragedy, and young writers must grow up if they want their work to attain greater depth than a *Geritol* advertisement.

Certainly, an important part of growing up as a writer is to undertake seriously the mastery of his craft. Freedom of expression has been the cry of artists for the last fifty years, but I have suspicion that oft times this is little more than an inability to master the techniques and to meet the disciplines of art. The largest single criticism of the material that comes into *Exile* is that it lacks sufficient organization and form. Rejection of the old rigid forms of poetry and prose is excellent and perhaps necessary; but it cannot be replaced by mere anarchy of form. Here again, it becomes the difference between the dilettante and the writer, between the pot-boiler and the great novel.

It is always a rather thrilling and, at the same time, a disconcerting experience to read about people and places that you have

known. If the author is good he will see many things that you recognize only now because he has called your attention to them. For some unknown reason he does not see the same daily occurrences as you and I. He looks higher, wider, and deeper; and we sit in wonderment before his work. Why this is I do not know. I only remember that Henry James once said, "Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost!"—J.A.

Jamais

BY IRIS CARROLL

Tell me not that the wind is green
Or that in my hair a violet grows
For I might speak of a painted hill
And a whispering ebony harp,
A long forsaken harp that sings
To a wingless bird and me.

The Minister's Narcissus

BY JULIA SANTUCCI

Pastor Rustan Case sat picking absently at the fringed margin of his desk blotter, picking and then rolling the fuzz between his fingers, around and around until it fell. Behind him the sun was just coming to skim the tops of the truncated hills and its whiteness poured brilliantly into the bowl of the valley. Piercing the streak of light was the spire of the Church of the Evangel. Rustan Case was not watching the light creep to the base of the white steeple. In fact, he was quite unaware of the day, mounting in pantomime outside the window. Under the sluggish cloak of his thoughts, he was conscious only of his wife moving her violets from the northwest side of the house to an east window, a process accompanied by the snapping irregularity of raising shades. But it did not disturb his concentration as he thought somewhere outside himself, I must get a new blotter soon.

The window behind him was obscured by a network of sticky petunia leaves, but the brightening sun came through them and rested on the back of his neck like some sort of ridiculous ruff. Even though the warmth startled him he did not move. Why he had brought his windowbox into the study last fall, he didn't know, and now the leaves sucking at the heat through the double thickness of glass had grown too bulky to move again. And, although the spring was well toward its beginning, the petunias were still inside, excreting their peculiar acid smell, which he had grown to enjoy, sitting there picking at his frayed blotter.

An orange cat came in and jumped to his lap, pushing itself between him and the blotter, so he scratched its head until it purred and writhed with pleasure. He lifted the cat until he held two handfuls of her fur close to his mouth, and he blew into her coat feeling the hot breath against his own lips. Approaching steps made

him look up from under the gray wave of hair which was mingling with the orange fur.

"You have company." His wife Bessie pushed open the door. Her real name was Stella, but her father had always called her Bessie. "Stella don't fit her. She's not tall enough," he used to say. So it got to be Bessie from her middle name, Elizabeth.

"It's Adna," Bessie said.

"Yes," he said. He caught the tense rhythm in her voice, caught the impact of the quivering white ringlets and the pale cheekbones, and for this he was ashamed, not of her, but of his own firm pride. "It's all right, Bessie. It's always all right." So she left him then in the room with the petunias, with Adna.

He was dressed in an easy plaid shirt, this brother of Bessie's. He looked to be the insurance man that he was. The wool of his shirt made Rustan Case's flannel droop a little more, and the worn places in it, re-sewn in darker thread, were more prominent. The minister rose slightly, motioning a chair to the man who had been a part of his childhood as a brother. Now it was different. Not different between the boys that they had been, but different between the personalities they had become. And all the time Rustan Case could still see the boys by the winding creek, Adna impatient and always wiggling his fish line, and Rus not knowing enough to be restless, only knowing that the water was crashing over the falls and it was cool. It was hot now, in the closeness of the study, and the kitten rubbing.

"Hello, Rus." Adna reached over and grasped the outstretched hand, released it quickly as if it had been aflame.

"It's been long." The pastor, suddenly old as he opposed this younger man of the same age, pulled his own chair toward him.

"Yes." Adna was quick. "Yes, Rus. I came to see you on business." He watched the head of his sister's husband sink a bit until the chin touched the flannel shirt, and waited for it to come up again. It was slow.

"Business?"

"Oh, not serious," Adna slapped his hand to his knee and laughed once, heartily, and not again. Round and round the book-lined room went the sound until it fell. The minister had reached over to his blotter again.

"In fact," said Adna confidentially as to a partner, "in fact, it should prove an advantageous business for you." It was then that

his eyes began to jump, to dart erratically, as a trapped bird will fly frantically to escape. Adna seemed a cage which held some creature inside himself, some creature startled at being there, and yet receiving his very identity from the prison which held him. Rustan Case did not seem to note this.

"Is it about Bessie?"

"No, of course not."

"Oh. You were always worried about me and Bessie, that's why I thought . . .," he said.

"She's your wife. She chose her way." It was abrupt.

"Yes."

"It's about your work," Adna said. "I heard of a new family. Actually he, the man, was up at the office checking on some insurance stuff, and he was talking about churches, so I thought maybe you . . ."

"No." He was trapped now, too. "No," he said. "You know that. Why did you come?" He sat in the silence as if he were carved out of a stone that no water would ever wear away.

"I can't." It was loud.

Adna knew: He knew the church closed in the summer, so the people could get the hay in and say it had to be done on Sunday. He knew the winter congregation of ladies in soft violet shawls with hearing aids, and the janitor leaving before the sermon and saying he had to check the dinner meat for the Mrs. He knew Bessie, his youngest sister, watching it happen and sitting there in the fifth pew all the same, sitting there and hushing some wiggling child parentless in his Sunday pastime. He did not know the faith of the man before him. Rustan Case had told Adna once, but Adna did not know.

"You can't drag man to any god. You can't even coax him. You just have to wait, Adna, you just have to wait on something bigger that can saturate him with the need to be forgiven." This had been years ago, the summer after Adna's last year at Harvard and Rustan's first year in some little Southern seminary.

question, nor would he comprehend the answer of his friend.

"Where'd you ever get God, Rus?" Ad would never answer that question, nor would he comprehend the answer of his friend.

"I got Him in the church. I got Him that day when I was a kid, and hiding from Ma, and they locked the door without realizing I hadn't gone on ahead."

"Scared?"

"At first, but then I fell asleep on the carpet, and it was all

right, and I slept until they found me."

"Yes," said Ad. "I remember how mad your Ma was."

"I don't know why. I kept telling her it was all on a plan, and I hadn't worried much." But everyone else worried, worried about this force that made Rus so stubborn, and pretty soon even Ad didn't come to church much, and he took his pretty little wife to the big church in town.

Years later now, they sat in the early morning while daylight brightened on the small wooden building across the street. The cat had settled down in a freckle of sun beside the pastor.

"I can't," repeated Rustan Case.

"But you need them. You need these young people. You need young ones in that old decay. You need something more than doddering ladies, who don't even hold your voice so it won't echo." Adna's own voice had risen, so that both men were conscious of a woman stopped somewhere in the house, stopped somewhere and waiting.

"They live on a farm," urged Adna. "They live up on the big hill, and they want to come, but they're afraid to come without your inviting them. He told me that in the office the other day." Ad remembered the voice, wasteless and efficient.

"Yeah, I'd like to hitch up with some church, and Sunday School, too, for the kid, you know. But, well, Em and me, we gotta have a good pastor. One that kin really preach, so we know we've been to church afterwards. Not an old guy."

"No," said Ad. "Of course not. This minister's not old—why he's my age. Wouldn't call me old, would you, young fellow?" He laughed and the man blushed.

"You'll like him," said Ad. "He really wants to come. And you're no stranger to him because I introduced you. In fact, he said we were really lucky to have a pastor who has grown up in the village and knew its people. That's exactly how he put it. So come now."

Ad's voice was rapid, pleading. He did not know why he wanted this so much. Only for Bessie, so she could chat simply with the other ladies. Not for Rus, he thought almost bitterly. Rus has his communion on his knees, with his cat all the time purring. Rus has that building to soak up all the poison, to muffle all the bumps, to absorb all the mistakes like his blotter. He used to joke with Bessie:

"It's a good thing you got married in that church, or your husband would have missed the wedding for sure." But you couldn't joke

when you were age sixty and the only weddings left were those between you and your failure which streamed behind you like a flag being dragged along as an afterthought to an eternal parade.

"They want to come?" said Rus, his eyes searching, his hands silent and stiff in his lap.

"Of course. I told them how nice your little church was. It's so far to town, you know on a Sunday morning, and they're young."

Satisfied now, the pastor stood up, and walked to stare between the petunias at the rolling countryside.

"Maybe. Yes, maybe I'll go this afternoon." He turned. "So they can come tomorrow, you know." Rustan Case was extracting his doubts almost physically, objectively, as a physician with sterile forceps, and he smiled at the cleanness of the operation.

Grinning, Adna took the role of insurance salesman, having just completed a difficult interview. He expanded and began to stride approvingly back and forth, back and forth across the wooden floor, until Bessie heard them and came in. Standing in the door, her dishtowel a muff around her hands, she watched until Adna noticed her.

"He will?" she said.

"Yes," said her brother. "He will."

"Hey," said Rustan Case. "Since you're here, Ad, could you maybe help me carry these flowers outside?" He looked up. "Guess I'll have to cut them down, and let them start all over again."

And only Bessie knew now, knew more than Rustan, that even a child has no choice but to leave the womb after nine months. In this understanding lay her penetration into the man to whom she had bound herself.

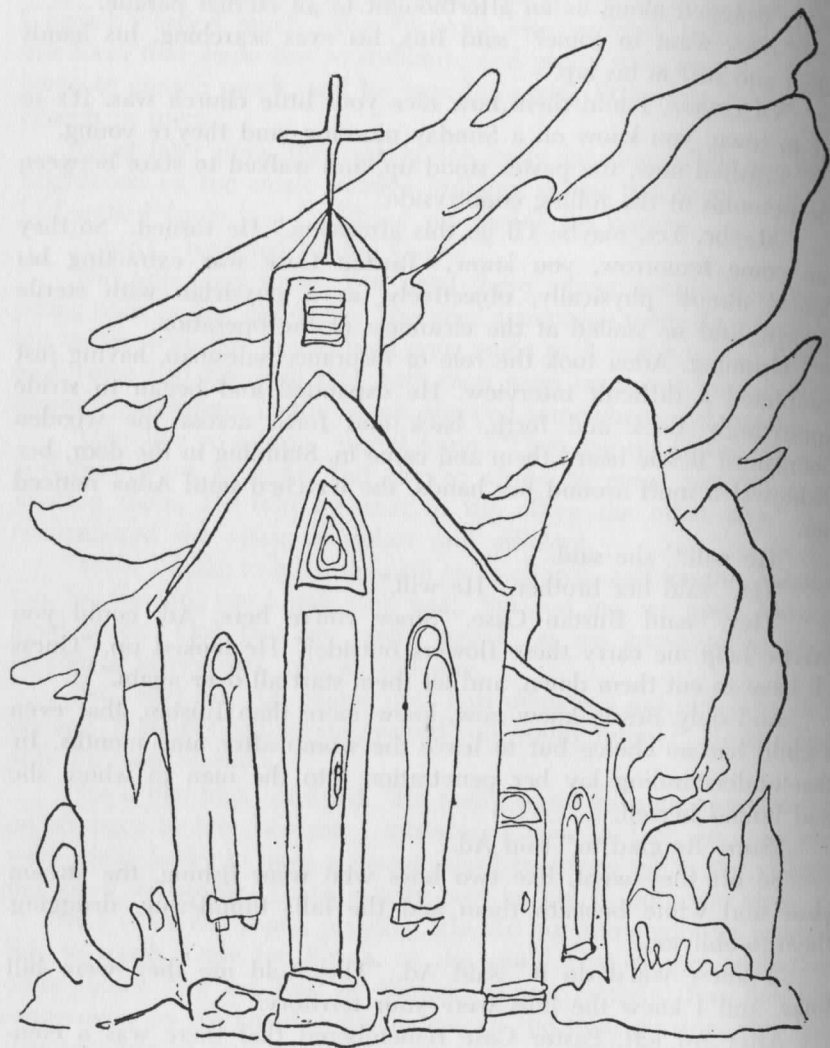
"Sure. Be glad to," said Ad.

So off they went, like two boys who went fishing, the stream clear and white beneath them and the falls thundering, drugging them to oblivion.

"I knew you'd do it," said Ad. "They told me they were hill folks, and I knew the hills were your territory."

After Ad left, Pastor Case remembered that there was a communion service the next day, and that he had to arrange the candles.

"I'll be back," he called to his wife. Moving down the driveway his galoshes flapped, and on his back the shirt made little gathers where the suspenders crossed. Having just combed his hair the little tooth divisions still ran through his thick gray waves.



ANNE
ERGENS

JULIA SANTUCCI

He turned toward the church. His rubber soles made no noise on the pavement, and the hardness beneath his feet was white with the winter's deposit of road salt. He moved quickly, easily, as a man who has walked long distances and who has thought only of destinations. The swing of his arms was as careless as an athlete's, but he did not have the build of one who had tested his skill.

"Ah, yes," he breathed. And with that single rush of air he purged himself of all the dust that swirled incessantly on country roads.

The church stood asserting its whiteness between the spring-brown grass of the hill behind it and the violet evergreens that capped the rise. Through the open bell-tower showed a patch of yellowed sky. Rustan Case told time by the degree to which the sun had crept down the steeple from the swinging arrow of the weather vane to the slate-tiled roof. Right now it was a good half-way down the widening spear.

The minister felt consoled near his church, the way other men feel about their fishing tackle. He did not try to explain the feeling, only that it was there, a pliant membrane protecting him from all that sought to bare his innocence, a medium to vitality and substance. One by one the dangling cords of his hurts had come to be contained in this building, contained and woven into a pattern for his life.

Each time he walked up the cracked cement stairs and pulled open the heavy door a reverent elation crept into him. Both with a slowed and lightened step he would move before the gleaming brass altar service. The whole action was so weightless it seemed to occur in water. Sometimes he would trim the dripping wax off the candles, and often he would just run his smooth hands across the velvet table cover. "In hoc signo . . ."

A battered green and orange clown doll, unremembered in a child's haste, lay on the edge of the aisle, and brought the pastor to smile as he noticed it. Part of the gray stuffing was foaming from one leg, and as the toy lay grinning blankly, Rustan Case leaned over to see the fading features. Still grinning, its face distorted by the weight of its own body, the clown was lifted and its head fell back at the neck while the old minister, his hands quick and sure, pushed the insides back up into the torso.

"There you are," he said. He propped the toy against one of the brass candlesticks.

Filled with only the exultation of the silence and the splintered

sun which entered between the window frames, he moved out of the sanctuary to the closet where the candles were kept.

Bessie, he remembered, used to be upset about the candles.

"Rustan," she would say. "Don't you think candles are a rather large expense to add to the accounts of such a small church as ours? Really, dear, it's all quite unnecessary. You should listen to Adna."

Adna heard about it one night when he and his wife were visiting for supper.

"Of course, Rustan, they're very nice. But the fire hazard is terrific—what if one of the little kiddies . . . ?" He cleared his throat. "What if one of the little kiddies should bump into them?"

But Rustan Case spent several hours with his tool chest, reinforcing the sturdiness of the candle-holders, and the item continued to appear on the bills sent from the church-supply order house to the treasurer. The deacons fumed regularly about it, but they felt a strange impotency to resist the sincerity of the pudgy, graying man who moved among them, but was not one of them. Silently they accepted the expense, and finally stated a generous allotment for the extravagance in the meager budget.

Rustan Case now moved in short, coordinated steps between the boxes of candles which lay spread out on the white pews, white against white. Under his breath he hummed pieces of the hymn he would use to close the morning service. He hummed busily, because spring was coming, and he had plans which occupied his entire being, physical and mental; plans which engulfed him as surely as the hills engulfed his little village.

Perhaps they would come, these people that Adna had told him about. Certainly. They were already there. He pictured them now, sitting on the right side of the church towards the front, and he knew the sermons he would preach for them. They would be different sermons, sermons that young couples liked. And maybe, for the child . . . but no. He was thinking of telling a children's story after the scripture. It was too much though. Only perhaps. . .

They might even be the nucleus he needed for a young couples club. He felt guilty that he had nothing for young people.

Leaning back to survey the finished effect of his labors, he rested his thumbs through his suspenders and, noting the evenness of the smooth wax lengths, he gave the elastic a satisfied snap. With still a tinge of excitement, he gathered up the empty boxes, brushing into

his hand the tiny particles of chipped paraffin that remained on the seat, and prepared to go.

Before leaving the building he climbed to the height of the pulpit and opened the oversized Bible. Not to a particular place. He just opened it to the middle, which was Psalms.

"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast created . . . what is man?" Rustan Case laughed, loud and free in his mirth, as he gave the grinning clown a last look and went to the door. The light from the windows fell across the pews at about the same place as it did right before the sermon.

"I must go. Bessie will be starting to fix lunch, and I must change into my white shirt. I have a visit to make right after noon."

He spoke aloud to the silent room. Outside on the road a car squawked and, heeding the noise foreign to his mood, the pastor gave a final glance to the work of the morning and closed the door behind him, holding the latch so that it would not further disrupt the peaceful wake that followed him toward the house, the wake that diminished with each step until it disappeared in the cry of the yellow cat, who rubbed about his legs in welcome.

He stopped near the parsonage door at the bed of narcissus blossoms and, bending a little stiffly from the waist, he gathered about a dozen of the pale symmetrical blooms.

"I will take them," he said. "They probably will like them." He pictured the flowers soaking in a tall glass, amidst the confusion of their half-unpacked possessions, there at the top of the hill. They looked a bit like stars, except for the centers.

He ate his lunch quickly. The clean shirt made starched ripples down his front, and the speckled bow tie moved up and down with each swallow of soup. He kept blotting his lips with a white napkin, which his wife washed every night, because he had only one.

"I never saw a soul get a napkin dirty so fast," she said to Adna once.

As he ate, he did not look up at all. Only he said, "It was kind of Adna to come this morning."

"Yes," she said.

Pushing his plate away from the edge of the table he arose, pressing his shirt front to his body so that it would not drag through any stray particles of food.

"I will go now."

"Now?"

"First I have to wrap the flowers in wax paper. Do you think it is a good gift?"

"Yes. But they should be asters. Anything but narcissus."

"Narcissus grow the easiest."

"I know," she said.

Together they worked over the rustling paper. They were not efficient like this, and her coverall apron got in the way, but it was finally finished.

On tiptoe she pecked at the loose folds of his cheek.

"It will be good," he smiled.

Later, as the sun was dropping in a heavy faint behind the western hills, Rustan Case turned again into the gravel of the parsonage driveway. He sat there in the car in the shadow of the house for several minutes, his hands resting lightly on the plastic rim of the steering wheel. There was an empty space in the patch of narcissus blooms that edged the driveway which gave the tiny garden a less cultivated look. Somewhere a bird gave his staccato call, and from behind the house came the faint answer. Evening clouds gathered and rested on the highest hills, while the air began to be filled with the moistness of dropping dew.

Closing his eyes, Rustan Case tried to think of his communion service the next day, but he was instead concentrating on the sun's last rays, visible as they reflected the dust, absorbing the moisture from the rich soil of the valley. The sweat on his hands made them slip from the wheel, and he let them fall to his lap.

"Rustan, is that you?" He felt rather than saw Bessie calling him from the house, and he climbed from the car, pulling the empty wax paper from the flowers along with him, so that it hissed when the wind blew it along the gravel. Not waiting for her to ask, he said:

"I do not think they will come."

"Oh." She moved her toe in a circular motion against an uneven board on the porch.

"You must be tired," she said. "I will fix a special supper for you, and we will eat in the dining room like when we have company, and use the silver candlesticks." The candlesticks had been a wedding present. To Bessie they represented a link with another world—with Adna's world and the world of her parents, all of which she had re-

linquished to serve this man whom she hardly knew.

Rustan Case coughed. He tried to recall the visit with the new people, but it existed indistinctly even now. They had been kind to him, he remembered, had met him at the door with smiles of thanks for the narcissus, and apologies for the unsettled house. Inside, seated among the confusion of torn cardboard boxes and excelsior they had talked about the emerging springtime and the flowers. But Rustan Case realized it as soon as he saw the house, sitting there squatting in an overgrowth of dandelions, and with the blinds pulled against the heat of the outside. He realized that it was a mistake.

As the young wife flitted about with her apron strings untied to find a vase for the flowers, her light hair curling away from the still-soft complexion, the men sat among the boxes in the front room. They talked about fishing, but Rustan Case had always fished from the stream, and the man had a boat which he drove behind his car to a lake farther north.

The noise had waked the child from her nap, and she leaned sleepily against her father's shoulder during the entire visit, munching from a box of animal crackers, and clutching a faded toy which she called Barnum.

"Grampa?" she asked at first.

"No," her mother blushed. "That's Mr. . . ." she fumbled for the name.

"Case," he said, almost under his breath.

"Yes, of course. I'm sorry." She giggled. "That's Reverend Mr. Case, honey. Can you say 'hello'?"

"No," said the child petulantly. "Don' wannu."

"Don't force her," said Rustan Case. No thank you, he did not want any more coffee. He was not thirsty.

"Excuse me," he said. "I really must be going." All the time thinking: this is wrong, Bessie will be disappointed, I must try to say as I should 'Please come to my little church. We are mostly old. We need you.'

"I am getting old," and added as a second, "or I would offer to help you get settled. Perhaps some of the younger ones of the community . . ."

"Well," said the man. "So glad you could come. The fellow at the insurance office told us about you, but he said . . ."

The wife's words rushed out.

"We don't go to church much. You see, my husband usually goes

to the lake that day." Her mouth smiled independently of the rest of her face.

Rustan Case looked off to the horizon where violet cloud shadows moved as if to caress the thick pine groves. The wind blew his full trousers around him like waves. He left then, crushing his way through weeds which sprang up again after he had passed.

Standing here penitently before his wife, he was glad that her thoughts had already passed his and were involved in supper. Brave, he thought, but there is no choice.

This story by Julia Santucci has been awarded the semi-annual EXILE-Denison Bookstore creative writing prize.

Solitude

BY CHRISTINE CONDIT

Know, strong roots, know
that not only earth is deep and vast,
but hearts also.

Know, flowers, massed
apart from the nourisher which lent you birth,
earth,
know that no matter how high
you flourish in the sun's lone, intoxicating eye,
you die.
Freedom from the clinging earth is never quite given to you.

Know, self, know
that never quite starts
freedom from the clinging loves and hearts;
though you reach with mighty grasp indeed
toward the sun which is your solitude.

Island Lady's Bill-Green Sky

BY ROBERT WEHLING

Riding dauntless dolphin
Coast to coast to oil wells,
Stopping to sup of gasoline and glycerine.

Supercharged, again we'll fly
Like jetstreams through the bill-green sky
Over cloverleaves and swimming pools
Motor plants and grand hotels.

The racing steed then surges home
To a stainless steel stable,
While I, exhilarated from my lofty ride,
Sit down to sumptuous dinner,
Sapphire wine, and sensuous you.

Looking for Enchantment

BY DENNIS TRUDELL

She waits wide-eyed and waits
Dew-lipped in sunbathed glade;
Always these trees had winked
And eyes had peeked from shade,
While elves all came to dance,
While the fairy pipers played.

She waits dew-eyed and knows
That years have blown away;
And if she had not crushed
The wildflowers yesterday,

Would elves then come to dance,
Would the fairy pipers play?



SILENCE

CAROL WILSON

Saturday Night

BY ED GRIMM

Saturday night was my night. Five days a week, from 8 to 5, I would sort and review over and over again the hundreds of letters and packages in the post office that were destined to me—the dead letter office. I became part of the job, one of the letters, one of the packages, and every night I would go home and seal myself in my one-room apartment. I was a captive five nights a week. While the rest of the world was alive around me an inescapable force held me to my room. Night after night the walls would close in on me just a little bit more and night after night the red blinking neon sign from the five and ten cent store below my room would blink just a little bit brighter—just a little bit redder. The loneliness stalked me like a presence in the room until I could have screamed. Not just a loneliness that you feel when there is no one to talk with, but the loneliness that fills your whole body until you want to run—run without stopping when you know that even your running can get you nowhere. And yet, you feel nowhere would be far enough, Saturday night. There was almost magic in those words. Two little words—Saturday night—and yet, they helped me bear the other six days of the week. Saturday night—the day before the world quiets down to prepare for another week to come and the day I was freed from my work. That's how it had been for the past ten years—ever since I was twenty-two—and that's how it started tonight.

I had dressed a little early tonight because I felt more than the usual excitement about going out and I wanted to embrace every minute of the evening. Once inside a taxi cab I hugged my knees and almost squealed with delight. I was out.

"I'm free, free, free," I screamed over and over again in my mind.

"Where to bud?" asked the driver.

"Drive down Ellsworth Avenue. I'll tell you where to stop," I

said. I wasn't exactly sure what I'd find on Ellsworth, but I couldn't let the cab driver think I didn't know where I was going. Besides, didn't everything come to life on Saturday night? I was sure that everything in Pittsburgh did. I felt sure I could find something on any street. I rolled down the window and let the warm summer air blow against my face. We stopped for a red light and a few shoppers passed in front of the cab.

"Look at them—how they live—how they love to live! I'm one of them!" I cried out.

"Huh? Who? Look mister, I don't know what yer talkin' about," the cabbie said. "You crazy 'r somethin'?"

Crazy? Crazy? Of course I wasn't crazy. On Saturday night I was just one of them. He would understand if he would try. I had to be one of them. Just on Saturday night. I couldn't be different from any of them tonight. He infuriated me, but I let the anger pass and regained the profound excitement that I wanted to overtake me.

The cab turned onto Ellsworth Avenue and I saw a lighted neon sign advertising a tavern.

"Over there! Over there!" I said pointing to the tavern.

"O.K. Bud. Just calm yourself," he said. We pulled over to the curb and almost before the cab came to a halt I leaped out of the back door and ran to the front window to pay the fare.

"Buck and a half," said the cabbie.

"Tonight is life," I tried desperately to inform him as he reached for my money.

"Yea, Yea," he muttered as he drove away.

"He'll never understand. He'll never understand," I thought.

Inside the tavern I ordered a draught. There weren't many people around and it wasn't exactly the type of place I wanted. Not enough class. The steel legs of the bar stools and chairs that were carelessly placed around the uncleaned tables were beginning to rust. Yesterday's cigarette butts and cigar wrappers were still scattered about the floor. It was the kind of place where people stop for a quick beer on their way home from work—if they aren't particular where they drink their beer. But it would do for now because no place would be busy for at least another hour. There was a young couple sitting in the last booth. I walked back to the juke box in order to get a better look at them. I glanced at them and smiled. No response. I looked and smiled again. This time they smiled back. I

was accepted. I was one of them and they knew it. I loved them. I played a song and returned to the bar and finished my beer. The bartender picked up the glass and wiped the bar. He went through the process rather slowly and I knew he was waiting for me to order another drink.

"Whiskey and water," I said.

He smiled and I smiled back. He knew I was one of them tonight. He placed the glasses in front of me and I stared into them for a long time. The liquor was in a small shot-glass sitting next to a tumbler half filled with water. A small, dark, amber glass sitting next to a large, clear, sparkling glass. I quickly mixed them and poured the contents down my throat and walked out the door.

Outside the tavern I leaned against the brick wall and watched the people. They were beginning to fill the streets. Everyone was bustling about with someplace to go. Tonight I was one of them. This was my world tonight and I was in love with everyone in it. I began to walk down Ellsworth Avenue heading for Walnut Street. I walked briskly, savagely inhaling the early evening air. I wanted every part of life. I watched the children and I wanted to be a child so I could play with them. Some high school kids were sitting in a drug store and I wanted to be a kid again so I could drink sodas with them. These were the things I had missed in life, but tonight I was seeing people and I was living with them. This I wasn't missing. On Walnut Street I started toward the Bonfire Club. I had been there often on Saturday nights. There were girls that went to the club without dates, so it was easy to find someone who wanted to dance or talk. I didn't dance very well, but when conversation would drag I would attempt a dance so I wouldn't be left alone. I sat at a side booth to the left of the door where I could see the whole room. To the right of the door was a circular bar. A few customers had gathered around the bar and were slowly sipping their drinks. A small bandstand was at the far end of the bar and the three musicians had already begun to play their slow sad songs. In front of the bandstand was a dance floor about fifty feet square. It got crowded late in the evening when everyone wanted to dance. Thirty or forty black-top tables were scattered around the room and stuffed imitation leather booths lined two of the walls. Men and women were slowly sifting into the club, but a few tables and bar stools were still empty. Blue smoke was beginning to envelope the whole room. That was the way I liked it. The smoke held the people to-

gether in a bond. We couldn't pull apart once the smoke took hold of us. A waitress all in white hurried over to my booth.

"Whiskey and water," I said.

I smiled at her, but she ignored me and headed toward the bar and gave the bartender my order. I wanted to reach out to tell her I understood—she could not be one of us tonight—her work had cut the strings that bound her to the rest of us.

A revolving crystal ball that hung from the ceiling began to rotate. Two spotlights hidden in the ceiling on either side of the crystal ball threw rays of light against the crystal causing tiny round spots of reflected light to dance gaily around the room. The mood was set. My drink arrived and I held the glass firmly with both hands. I didn't want to drink it too quickly and yet I needed it for courage.

Two women had taken the booth behind me and I wanted to ask one of them to dance. I had to be close to someone tonight—physically close—but I needed the courage in the glass in front of me. I could hear the girls whisper something and then giggle with joy.

"I dare you. I really dare you," I heard the first girl say.

"Oh really, Rachel," said the second girl.

"Go ahead. It would be good for laughs," urged Rachel.

"Honestly Rachel! I've picked up lot of men just for a laugh, but he's such a creep," said the second girl.

"I'll admit he's nothing for looks. Some of the other girls who have met him said he doesn't even act normal."

"I just couldn't pick him up. I'd laugh in his face."

"Not so loud, I think he's listening," said Rachel.

The blood rushed to my head and the room began to spin with the crystal ball. I knew they were talking about me.

"It's not true, it's not true I'm not different from other people. I'm not different. They've got to accept me. Help me! Help me!" I could hear the words sobbing themselves over and over again in my mind.

"Oh God, Rachel, it would really be too much," said the second girl.

"I suppose so, but it would have been fun. Did you notice those two men at the end of the bar watching us? Why don't we go up and . . ."

"It can't be so. It can't be. I'm one of them tonight. Saturday

night. They must take me." The thoughts kept running through my mind.

The dancing lights from the crystal ball were causing my head to spin—then, I couldn't see them at all. They had disappeared. My drink was finished. The blue smoke of the room faded through an opened door into the night and I followed it, knowing I could never recapture it.

On Unemployment

BY WILLIAM BENNET

The sun falls carelessly, a silent yoke
Sizzling the city's greaseless pan,
Cracking the window paint with dying ardor
And fades the dandelion cloth
On the table
(under the light)

Later,
The world stops by with evening papers
And laughter and the squeals of
Soft rubber on hot concrete. I yawn
And shake hands
(with the world)

As a diplomat might mark time
Before tea discussing
The most recent ballet
At Festival Hall
(or whatever it might be)

Atlas

BY BOB CANARY

Upholding the far gates
by his giant suffering,
brothered to us sweat for sweat,
he stands holding back the unthinkable
collapse of the world
by the unendurable
pain of the flesh.
The other day,
three blundering
scholars and wise men set
out in a boat to find him
on the edge of the world
and found him standing
in the incomprehensible flesh.
And they,
muttering,
"we will yet
make a symbol
for the world
out of his simple
straining flesh."
Attached labels
uncovering
the meaning of his limbs, and yet
these shamed him so that he
let fall the world,
a risk we run when we
deny the flesh.

A PSYCHOLOGY OF CONFRONTATION

BY BARBARA HAUPT

Modern psychology has often been embarrassed by a certain well-closeted skeleton for which Descartes ultimately gets the blame. This skeleton is the bifurcation of human consciousness from the "real" world—or to play slightly upon the words, a modern instance of stripping the flesh from the spirit. Since Locke and Leibniz, each school of psychology has invented its own formula for restoring the unity of man, but most of these have had to compete with the current vocabulary. And the vocabularies have put man into contrasting dimensions—subjectivity and objectivity, secondary and primary qualities, feeling and reality, mind and matter.

Today a new movement in philosophy and psychology—phenomenology—emphasizes the *phenomenon* as the meeting point of *I* and *World*. It treats consciousness in its lively encounter with the "real" world without reducing it "naturalistically" to the stuff of the world. Phenomenology has many of its roots in the complex history of mental and behavioral analysis. Many psychological systems have tentatively treated some of the aspects of behavior that phenomenology now claims as its special problems: the person's modes of encountering existence.

Some of the seventeenth and eighteenth century English thinkers observed ways in which the act of perception itself colored or formed what persons saw; and Gestalt psychologists in the twentieth century supplemented these observations in their "field" theory. German thinkers from the eighteenth century to the present ascribed various powers of forming percepts directly to the mind or brain. Phenomenologists, unlike contemporary behaviorists, interbehaviorists, neo-Freudians and biosocial psychologists, treat behavior as it reveals this peculiar fact about consciousness: the coloration or meaning that phenomena typically take on for a human being confronting them.

This event of confrontation came into the spotlight for modern psychology through the works of Edmund Husserl, who absorbed and transformed the tradition of German psychology. Many of today's practicing psychologists and psychiatrists, particularly in Europe, have accepted and modified his assertions; and they acknowledge him as the father of the new movement.

In his *Ideas of Pure Phenomenology* (1928) Husserl states that "consciousness" and "Being" are the same thing in his science, and that they cannot be reduced to the categories of the empirical sciences. He aims to dislodge the "bias of naturalism" from the study of consciousness. In Husserl's system, the real world receives its meaning as phenomena or existing reality (*seiende*) only as the intentional meaning-product of an ego. All reality exists through "the dispensing of meaning" by a *sense-giving consciousness*. This consciousness is something absolute, not derivative from a nervous system, sensorium, complex of drives or social intercourse as every type of physiological behavioral, libidinal or biosocial psychology would have it. It is independent of meanings bestowed categorically upon it from another source.

Husserl holds that consciousness as such grasps the objectively real in certain limited forms, which cannot be studied empirically by analyzing the structure of objects, but only "phenomenologically." That is, a "pure consciousness" itself, a person standing in consciousness and not a technician working from the outside, must analyze the forms of consciousness. These are specifically the varying modes of time, space, matter and causality.

Husserl assigns to phenomenology "its own proper preserve" beyond the "positive sciences." It arrives there by the unique method he names "eidetic phenomenological reduction." The first step in this method is to put the entire natural world "in brackets"—that is, to take nothing for granted about phenomena. The next is to concentrate on what remains—the "phenomenological" forms of experience, forms not adopted from "factual" experiences (*Faktizitaeten*). In seeking these forms the analyst tries to determine how phenomena typically present themselves to a normal ego; he seeks the *essential* forms of all possible empirical facts, not generalizations from empirical facts.

Husserl distinguishes essential form or *eidōs* from individual *existence*. Several experienced objects may share a specific *essence*—a form or meaning they have for a person—but each has its own

unrepeatable *existence*. To discover the *eidōs*, Husserl examines what the normal consciousness does to the reality it confronts or, the reverse, what reality does to the normal consciousness. What, he asks, are the eidetic phenomenological forms? The healthy mind, he finds, experiences *time, space, matter* and *casuality* in specific ways; to alter these is to alter a person's "reality." Phenomenological therapists today examine the diseased personality for deviations from what they have established as the normal eidetic pattern. Psychotic individuals, they discover, vary radically from comparatively normal persons in the way they apply these forms, and the variation tends to be consistent for a given type of behavior disorder.

How does a person form experience eidetically? Husserl contends that "pure consciousness" performs "intentional acts" in which its attention is directed to real objects and grasps them as phenomena—that is, in certain perspectives (*Abschattungen*). He agrees with Brentano that attention determines the reality of a perception; it gives the perception *Aktualitaet*. Many sensory data present during an intentional act are merely marginal. Not focusing to a *consciousness of something*, they are "dormant actualities" (*Inaktualitaeten*). Some entire experiences are not intentional because in them the consciousness is not directed to anything. The ego must meaningfully "glance toward" an object before an intentional experience, or *cogito*, can occur. On the other hand, in order for a *cogito* to take place it is necessary *only* that the ego confront something; the object need not be real. Thus, as Meinong had maintained, not only perception but also fancy, will and approval are *cogitos*. *Apprehended* objects, on the other hand, are "objectified" intentional objects.

Before Husserl, psychologists treated the subject of attention sensationistically, concerning themselves primarily with separate sensory reports, and collecting data about the physical conditions for perception. But he insists upon the *unity of apprehension* and thus continues the tradition of Kant and Herbart, who on this point opposed Locke and Hume and their successors. He assumes, unlike many contemporary psychologists, that the facts about conscious experience are of a different kind altogether than "naturalistic" data about the physical world.

Husserl draws a sharp distinction between Being as Experience and Being as Thing. Like the nineteenth-century phenomenologists, he considers the starting place for knowledge to be the immediate, immanent experience. This experience guarantees the *existence* of

its object and of an absolute self. As a person feels himself in the stream of experience, confronting an intentional object, he knows that he is. Cogito means at once I grasp (something) and I live. Like contemporary phenomenologists, Husserl insists that, though in confronting an object the ego experiences itself as absolutely real it has no essential components apart from its way of being related or ways of behaving. Present-day phenomenological therapy takes as its starting-point this fact of confrontation—the way the person encounters his world of things and people.

In discussing phenomenological time (experienced time, rather than clock time), Husserl emphasized the unity of the stream of consciousness, a fact that William James and Henri Bergson also found important. Each new experience takes place in a context peculiar to the particular ego. Two individuals' streams of consciousness have unlike essential contents. Thus the same *Faktizataet* occurs as a different phenomenon for each individual, and its peculiarity sheds light on the nature of the entire stream of consciousness in which it occurs.

Modern phenomenology takes up mental disorder at this point. It attempts to determine the character of the stream of consciousness or the subjective world of the patient in terms of specific essences or categories peculiar to human consciousness. His distortion of one or more of these known forms of consciousness may provide the key to peculiarities of behavior that cannot be adequately understood by more conventional methods of delving into the person's past or comparing his behavior with well-known syndromes.

Some of the psychiatrists who today are applying phenomenological principles to psychiatry are Eugene Minkowski and Henri F. Ellenberger in France; Erwin W. Straus, now in Kentucky; Baron Viktor von Gebattel in Germany; Ludwig Binswanger in Switzerland and Rollo May in New York. In his book on the new movement, *Existence* (1958) May has included articles by each of these men, in which they explain their theory and practice and submit case reports.

Ellenberger outlines the three main types of phenomenological investigation now being carried on. The first of these is *descriptive phenomenology*. This approach is an attempt to describe carefully and accurately the subjective experiences of mentally ill persons and so to form a comprehensive impression of the world they actually live in. The psychiatrist takes the statements of the patient at face value, not trying to reduce them to what the patient "really" means or to interpret

them as "transference" phenomena. As he listens to his patient, he does not correlate items in the report with any preconceived schemata. In fact, he may make the most effective discoveries by letting himself acquire the "feel" of the derangement that confronts him; he may intuit (*einfuhln*) what is amiss long before he can verbalize it.

A second type is *genetic-structural phenomenology*, developed by Minkowski and von Gebattel. Its aim is to define the basic disturbance in the consciousness—a derangement in one of the forms by which one encounters or is encountered by the world—and to trace all of the patient's symptoms and the content of his consciousness to this one disturbance.

Minkowski analyzes the case of a schizophrenic depressive Frenchman who lived under the nauseating delusion that the whole world was in alliance to punish him for his "guilt" by saving up scraps and leftovers of every imaginable kind in order to stuff them all inside him on a certain fateful date unknown to him. Minkowski discovered, by living with the patient day and night for several months, that the man lived in a world that had a peculiar structure of its own, a distortion of the normal phenomenal world of time and consequently of space.

The man suffered from a paralyzing sense that all meaningful time progression had stopped; his life centered on a single fatal focal point, the date of which was unknown to him but imminent at every instant of his existence. His retribution was planned, by hostile forces; everything was planned. There was nothing left for him to do but pick out the pieces of the scheme and discover new evidences of it everywhere around him. He spent his time determining new sources of trash that could be used against him. By feeding his delusion he was devouring his own life, his sense of moving creatively into the future. Minkowski attacked the illness at what he considered to be the aggravating instant—the distortion of the normal sense of progressively creating one's own future—and brought the patient to an understanding of the basic problem.

Von Gebattel analyzes the case of a boy who had a compulsion for cleanliness and, though constantly engaged in washing himself, never felt clean. He regards this patient as a person whose course toward self-realization, towards Becoming, is inhibited. The heart of a compulsion is not an irrational drive or urge, but essentially a blockage. No progression is possible in such a life. It is bound to the past; irrational guilt is slavery to the past. In the normal consciousness

life purifies itself by moving ahead through time and making good what was neglected or done poorly. In the compulsive consciousness, life is bound to some moment in the past or to the past as such, spending itself in the attempt to finish something which it can never finish to its satisfaction. Consequently the compulsive image is likely to be one of pollution versus cleanliness, the patient trying futilely to clean up, tidy up his past so that he can some day direct himself with a clean slate toward the future. His behavior is directed toward an *Entwesen* or de-essentialization, anti-eidos, formlessness; all else that he encounters besides the *Unform*, the compulsive symbol, is meaningless for his life. And he himself is oriented toward an *Entwerden*, a non-Becoming. In a sense he is losing his soul, because he is losing his life in spite of all his efforts to reclaim it. The problem for therapy is not to rid him of the compulsive behavior, to alleviate it in some way, but to achieve a reconstruction of his consciousness, a new orientation to life.

A third type of phenomenology is *Categorical phenomenology*. Its aim is to reconstruct the inner world of the patient with respect to the way he experiences time, space, causality and materiality. Time is normally experienced as a *flowing of life* or *Werdezeit* ("becoming time"). The normal person feels himself to be engaged in *Eigenaktivitat*, connecting the past and the future by his own activity and inmost drive to activity in the present. The future is "open" to him. He is projecting something more or less definite into it, projecting himself into it; and it is coming to meet him, bringing an expectation of fulfillment. Further, the normal person's time is "*inserted into the social, historical and cosmic time.*" The mature person lives as a member of ever widening circles of community, as he senses other *Werdezeiten* parallel to his own.

For some depressed persons time does not flow; the schizophrenic's time tends to be very slow or nearly to stand still. For the manic, on the other hand, time races. The sense of *Eigenaktivitat* weakens for many schizoid patients; they are not actively connecting past and future. For the maniac and many other psychopaths the future is not "open" for them to project a plan into; rather it is empty. For the depressed the future is "blocked." And the schizoid person cannot insert his time into a social, historical or cosmic time, his stream of consciousness is an isolated one.

Space, Ellenberger says, is not phenomenologically the isotropic

space of mathematics, where equal distances are alike. It is "anisotropic"—each dimension has different values. And everything in space is felt in its relation to the body, a mobile focal point. The facts of spatial arrangement are meanings for the subject to whom they are related. Limitations, distances, directions, roads, boundaries, clearness, elasticity are the categories of experienced space, "*oriented space.*" He cites Binswanger's concept of *gestimmter Raum*, *attuned space*, which is space characterized by one's own feeling tone or emotional pitch. It is felt as full or empty, expanding or constricting, hollow or rich. Binswanger reports that in organic diseases of the brain the patient suffers deterioration of oriented space and in manic-depressive and schizoid cases deterioration of attuned space.

Causality is a third form of consciousness: it is felt as determinism, as chance or as intentionality. The melancholic patient experiences almost all causation as determinism; he has little sense for free and conscious human intention. The manic tends to see chance everywhere, just as he finds the future to be empty of meaning. Some paranoid cases see intentions in nearly everything that happens; there is an ominous will directing events at them with sinister intention.

The fourth form phenomenology discovers for consciousness is materiality, in which there are variations of consistency, color, lightness and plasticity. These too tend to be consistent for a given disorder. For instance, the manic tends to see in rose color, rather than in the pervading black of the depressed state, and to sense everywhere a lightness, softness, resilience and multiformity.

Erwin Straus relates psychiatric data of all of these varieties to the various modes of confrontation, normal and abnormal. The primary fact of experience is that I, the real total person, confront the object, the world, as the real Other. It is not just my senses or specific nerve energies that encounter reality; and it is not an assortment of primary and secondary qualities that I confront. Unlike many contemporary psychologists, Straus does not speak of the *I* as an *organism* or an Ego, in the sense of a mere adjustor between rival claims within the psyche. He starts from the fact of *relation*. In experiencing the Other, what is important is distance, direction, besetment, and the possibility of my behaving actively toward it.

Like Husserl, Straus uses the example of walking around an object, each view of it being experienced equally as a phase of one's own existence in the continuum of one's becoming. What is most

worth studying is the way in which one is gripped by the object and the way in which he addresses himself to it. One normally experiences the actual in its limitation—in those aspects of it that address themselves to his senses at the moment; and this limitation points beyond itself to a fuller possibility. Since a person experiences his own time-stream as Becoming, he expects to be able to address himself to the object in the next moment and know more of its possibility. He expects to be able to act toward it reciprocally and to sense it in other ways as it further presents itself to him.

In some kinds of mental disorder Straus writes, "the character of reality is lost, because things can no longer be integrated into the temporal order of personal existence." One of these derangements occurs in mescaline intoxication, which heightens the existence of being influenced, overwhelmed and persecuted by the Other. The individual cannot reciprocate. He grows more and more passive, and feels sensorily dependent on all that touches him. Time seems to stop and space grows boundless.

Schizophrenia is another sort of breakdown of normal relations with the Other. The patient, in encountering it, does not go out to meet a reality which he expects to become more acquainted with in each moment, while retaining his own integrity and entirety. Instead, he experiences the world in a sequence of moments in which he becomes overpowered. Voices speak to him, but not persons, and these anonymous voices strike him violently. There are no boundaries between things and no measure of boundary. There is only the realm of the hostile Other and himself, alone, defenseless, paralyzed, unable to respond and interact with the Other. The schizophrenic world is not a land of dreams withdrawn from reality, but an alien reality engulfing the individual.

Schizophrenia, like all pathological variants of the basic relationship I-and-the-Other, is a distortion of the basic phenomenal realities that give meaning to sense experience. The sense "modalities" are distorted. Each of these—touch, sight, hearing,—has been discovered to have a certain "phenomenological" way of occurring in a life of normal encounters; for the normal consciousness each modality has a certain way of imparting meaning which in pathological states deviates from this norm.

The tactile sense (which in normal encounter is felt as reciprocal) becomes the experience of being touched or struck irrationally, from a distance. Seeing (the sense in which a person is normally most active

and autonomous, ordering what he sees from a certain perspective) may occur as optical hallucinations, a sense of being blinded by a light directed at one or, in some cases, of having images thrown at one. Sound (the most immediate of the sense modalities in its insistence, but also the one which most of all suggests continuity) depends for its pattern on a sequence in time. The schizophrenic hears voices and senses hostile powers like wind and fire which, like the voices, assault and penetrate him but remain volatile, intangible, striking from a distance and showing no logical or dependable progression. Thus in each mode of sense perception a person's ability to make free and meaningful encounters can break down.

All of these psychiatrists—though their techniques may vary—are pioneering in the study of this human capacity for real encounter, and treating its failures. And they share a common background in the theory of phenomenology. They set out from Husserl's initial standpoint—"phenomenological reduction." They "bracket" the naturalistic point of view, which tries to evaluate consciousness from the outside, "objectively." They try to discover 1) what stance the healthy person takes to the world and his life and 2) how this stance is taken in the specific modes of experience—the sense modalities and the forms of space, time, cause and matter.

Like Husserl these psychiatrists assert that consciousness gives form to what it lives; it makes real the *eidōs* of the world encountered and of its own existence. Existence, having soul or consciousness, must create essence, or it destroys itself. The phenomenologist regards the person as responsible for his own becoming, and he tries to understand and heal breakdowns in that responsibility. He shares this sense of the crisis of Being or Nothingness with the existentialist.

Phenomenology differs most basically from other types of psychology such as behaviorism, interbehaviorism, biosocial theory and neo-Freudianism, by trying to cope with that vague but total aspect of personality, consciousness itself. Its method is not a reductionist one. Rather, its dangers lie in the totality of its scope, which is nothing less than the entire orientation of the person to existence. Its promise is certainly great, if only because it is finding a way to understand and heal mental disorder by a method which sets out from a sense of the dignity and significant destiny of human life and a conviction of man's ability to make significant encounters with the Other over-against him. In view of the forces active today in dichotomizing, mechanizing and isolating man, phenomenology seems to hold a promise well worth pursuing.



URBAN

CAROL WILSON

The Way They Make Guys

BY DENNIS TRUDELL

Four small boys came running down the street, their sneakered feet flashing along the cracked sidewalk. Four t-shirts and dungarees bobbed up and down, four faces; two were white now pink, and two were brown. Noisily they came along the littered sidewalks, dodging garbage cans and bicycles, and bounded up old wooden steps and stopped on a porch, wooden also with gray paint peeling. One of the boys opened a screen door and disappeared inside the frame house, door banging behind him. The others stood cracking bubble gum and arguing back and forth, panting from the two-block run. The one reappeared with an armful of comic books, set them down on the porch, and said,

"Okay, now we'll see who's lyin'."

They started into the pile, soon littering the entire porch with the brightly colored comics and arguing all the while, the whites against the black this time, though only that morning the colors had been mixed in a heated discussion over the property rights to a stray cat they had found.

"Here it is! I told ya, I told ya," cried Tony of the curly dark hair. He held up a comic book and the others grabbed at it.

"He ain't a nigger, see," said ten-year-old Joey, waving the book in the faces of the colored boys.

"Lemme see." And the book moved from white to brown hands. It was a Superman comic featuring a cover picture of that man of steel in combat with an assortment of evil-doers. Two fuzzy heads studied this intently, staring at it with big saucer eyes.

"Can't ya see he's a white guy? Can't ya even see?" Snatching the book again changing hands and again waved in Negro faces.

"Looks kinda orange t'me," in the softer voice of Spits Brown. The colored boys were brothers, sort of, although the exact parentage

of the younger was somewhat in doubt.

"They always draw the white guys like dat!" said Tony.

"Yeh," agreed Joey, "and they draw coons brown color and this ain't no brown color so Superman ain't no coon."

Thus, the whites having stated their case, the comic book was thrown to the porch with the clincher,

"So you guys are liars, that's what!"

"Superman, he's a black man, Tony, an' you know it," this from the other Brown, Jimmy—or Little Spits.

"Ain't a nigger!" shrilly.

"Is! An' he gonna git you white folks fo' segatin' 'ginst us blacks, dats what he gonna do."

The four were all yelling at once now, each trying to win his point by sheer volume.

"Yeh but can't ya see in the pitcher . . ."

"Ain't no diffrence. Tell me who's de best runners an' jumpers in de worl'. Niggers, dat's who! And 'feshnal boxers is niggers, an' Superman must be one 'cause he's de best at demm kinda things."

"Yes, an' he gonna git you fo' segatin' us."

"Who's segergatin' anyways? Tony an' me, we're 'sociatin' with ya, ain't we? 'Sides on t.v. you can really see 'm, and he's white on t.v."

"Yeh but—" the speaker paused and slowly blew a large pink bubble. The other quieted also to admire it, Finally it broke, remaining in part all over a smiling Negro face. Suddenly Tony pointed frantically to a ragged animal chasing nothings along the sidewalk.

"Hey look, you guys! There goes that cat!"

"Let's gittim!" cried Spits, and the four boys banged down from the porch and chased the cat up the street in the direction they had come from. Superman lay among the other comics, pages turning gently in the warm breeze. Tony's mother picked them up later that afternoon and she could have seen, if she looked closely, that the great man's skin wasn't really any single color but rather a bunch of tiny dots, which is the way they make guys in comic books.