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# A "psychocultural" experiment in autobiography.

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A "PSYCHOCULTURAL" EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Thesis Presented

By

JOHN FRANKLIN FURBISH

Submitted to the Graduate School of the  
University of Massachusetts in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF SCIENCE

February 1979

Psychology Department

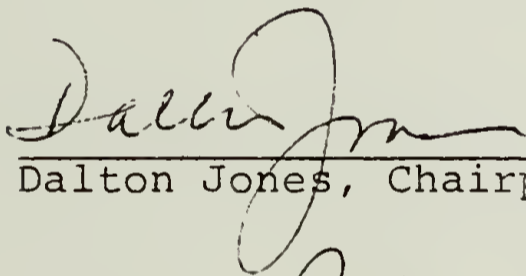
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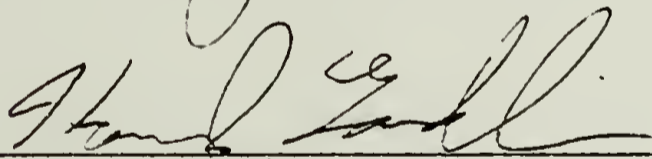
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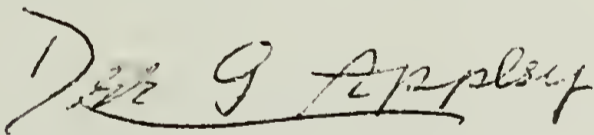
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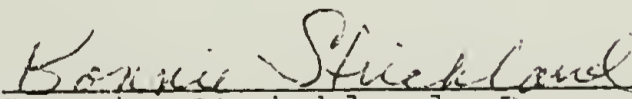
Dalton Jones, Chairperson of Committee



Howard Gadlin, Member



Dee Appley, Member



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## PREFACE

Working for the editor-author Stefan Lorant for several years, I ended up with ambitions to become a photo-editor and perhaps eventually an author of pictorial books. However, just as these identities formed, Life and Look ceased publication--so I had to start thinking of writing with words only. During 1972-73, I blossomed into Expressionism with film-scripts and since then I've been developing as a non-fiction writer. This master's project has allowed me to prepare sections toward a book-length autobiographical study, and also to figure out the necessity of relating my eventful life-story by stages. Hopefully, my dissertation would be Volume II then to expand this thesis into Volume I. But mostly I want to get into scripting and producing things for movies and for TV which would make people really want to read my life-accounts.

I would like to acknowledge the assistance of several people in helping me give shape to my thoughts and put them into a more readable form. Frank Cadwell exposed me to Concrete Poetry and Conceptual Art, and he critically read the first stages of this writing. My committee chair, Dalton Jones, has offered encouragement and suggestions every step of the way, from preparations through completion. Also from my committee, Dee Appley and Howard Gadlin have provided me with broad intellectual stimulation and much specific advice. Dee suggested the 3-style text format of personal/theoretical/methodological. Jeff Thrasher helped me edit and finalize the work.

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I N T R O D U C T I O N :

PURPOSE AND PROCEDURES

The author has embarked upon the writing of a long, ambitious autobiographical study which presents a multidimensional view--emphasizing analyses, evaluations, and resultant formulations--of his 3-decades' experience across situations and subcultures. Critical as well as descriptive, this study combines personalistic material with considerations of a diverse, yet unified, range of psychological constructs, social theories, and other matters of broad contemporary relevance. In it, a participant's record of life-history elements merges into an observer's register of social-research of the present, past, and future as well as a practitioner's guidebook of procedures which offers suggestions for enlarging, or opening, many lines of inquiry, criticism, and application for the reader. As a critical study, this autobiography looks inward and extra-spects, observes and reflects, conceptualizes and makes formulations. In it, ego mirrors society, and personality varies with the historical context. Ranging freely through objectivity and subjectivity,<sup>1</sup> this life-story is a Conceptual Bio-Documentary<sup>2</sup> (thoughtful as well as expressive, and highly suggestive!).

Because of the complex nature of this undertaking, the author uses several stylistic devices to organize the



narrative and help integrate the material for readers. In the 5 autobiographical chapters which follow this introduction, the bulk of the writing is done in the usual, double-spaces format (as here). This is personalistic narration, generally concerning the author's concrete experience--as-embedded in its significant environmental and historical contexts.

The autobiographical descriptions are treated as a rich resource for the extraction of abstract understandings, primarily based upon psychological thinking, social-science inquiry, art, and the humanities. These theoretical considerations are presented--like this--in a condensed manner of single-spacing and one truncated margin (whether at the left or the right of the column). Sometimes, highly abstracted personalistic material is presented in this condensed format.

At appropriate intervals, the narration describes the original sources, makes research-procedures explicit, and states didactically what formal principles of organization and creation were used. Such methodological concerns are presented here and in the 5 chapters--by means of this intermediate format which has both margins trimmed. Ideally, the "leading" between these lines would have been halved.

This device of using 3 distinct column-formats is intended as a literal amplification of the basic folkloric orientation of the autobiography, and it is the principal stylistic element in a non-fiction visual-poetry wherein the shape of the text changes or loses definition, words get assaulted or played with, and punctuation dynamicizes. Italics emphasize or give form to. CAPS act as markers. Even the volume-titles concretize (Appendix one).

In all these stylistic effects (as wedded with the content), this thesis-writing is the "trial-casting" of an Intermedia form of CONCRETE PROSE.<sup>3</sup> An extension of the long-established international style of Concrete Poetry, this concrete-but-yet-abstract presentation of a non-fiction narrative intermingles together

verbal considerations  
vocal suggestions  
visual aspects

in the hope of guiding readers through a multi-modal, synesthetic experience capable of enlarging their intellectual consciousness, and perhaps even personal identities or their collective determination. The writing is an attempt to be visually-iconoclastic (as in arranging the text spatially so that the architectonic patternings help move readers actively through the various focuses of the thesis). It tries to be vocally-innovative (hoping to break with the "scribe tradition" by choosing words which sound best when read aloud, or at least subvocalized, rather than simply being scanned lineally). The writing also works at being verbally-revolutionary (in selecting material from radical, or at least revisionistic, viewpoints).

Having worked on developing this non-fiction approach for several years, the author is looking forward to dealing with the electronic-era effects in book-writing that have opened up with the advent of Selectronic typewriters and computer-assisted typesetting. Yet even if the form of the writing is oriented toward

the future, the intent of the author is to continue an "oral tradition". Ideologically-motivated folklore began in pre-history with sagas and spoken accounts wherein persons of unusual sensitivity, experience, and memory tried to portray, and explain, to audiences the causes of existing conditions (emphasizing what seemed to be most dysfunctional and what were the most promising alternatives). Thus in this verbi-voco-visual writing, all effects contribute to pre-considered ends, helping the author to share his encounters and understandings in a readily accessible manner.

This autobiography is planned as a series of 3 parts, each the length of a short book and to be accompanied by visual material (e.g., maps, diagrams, photographs). Overlapping in their coverage of chronology, the 3 volumes separately adopt distinct perspectives: participant, researcher/observer, and practitioner\*provocateur. (I) The first volume is a psychocultural case-study of the author's early-life situations and experience from 1945-70. (II) The second volume is a register of social-ecological awareness and analyses, depicting his development as a researcher and observer during 1965-76. (III) The third volume is a rationale for community-activism, based upon his applied efforts with people and media-projects since 1974.

#### Volume I: REFLECTIONS

This opening section of personalistic narration depicts the ground-and-figure of historico-environmental conditions and the author's early-life experience, including socialization and resocialization, migrations and

acculturations, and class-level shifts. Placing particular emphasis upon the elaboration of internal mechanisms for compensating, coping, and creatively adapting, this case-study account will expand upon Adler's rather static notion of the Creative Self in service of a style-of-life by incorporating considerations of self in general, self-systems, and ego and non-ego feelings and states. Comparing all stages of the author's first quarter-century to generalized developmental chartings, it will additionally give special attention to psycho-perceptual developments (especially the changing field of awareness/consciousness) and modes of future-relating (e.g., through personal anticipations, the expectations of others, and "identity" in general). As a psychocultural account, it will be molded from a synthesis of the orientations of Adler, Erikson, Encounter-psychology, and Expressionistic art. For this thesis, the first 6 chapters were drafted and the first 5 were rewritten into the 3-size format.

Chapter 0, ROOTS, begins and ends with indications of the varied topical and analytical viewpoints which will be appearing throughout the narrative. The bulk of its text is a hopefully fascinating account of psychohistory, with some hints of subsequent themes woven in.

Chapter I, TENDRILS, presents more recent historical material through a variety of ancestral portraits (which preface some of the research results of Volume II) to suggest

the manner--through socialization by relatives--that events of the past came to impinge upon the psychological present of the author. This chapter ends with an initial statement of the central Expressionistic interpretation of the study, a broad theory of generational rebellion (which will become extended into a dynamicized "prefigurative"<sup>5</sup> alternativism in Volume III).

Chapter II, THE B BE BEGINNING, regards the available data about the author's first years of life, ages 0-5, in the light of psychodynamic and developmental formulations. It also begins the mention of similar (but more socially-attuned) conceptualizations by McLuhan and introduces an ahistorical characterological perspective. Originally, the final section of material had been included in the draft of Chapter III. In the rewriting, it was incorporated in this chapter in the hope that the reader would thereafter simultaneously consider deterministic and ahistorical approaches.

Chapter III, PRINCETON DAYS, covers the author's life from ages 6-12, bringing further sociological perspectives to bear upon this experience. It begins and ends with suggestions of what is to come and also starts to integrate some of the varied perspectives.

Chapter IV, DAZED AND CONFUSED, treats the next segment of the author's life, ages 12-15, after he moved from a rural to an urban environment. It ends with a presentation of

the overlapping concepts of ego, style-of-life, and identity which help explain what was going on (and what would happen) in his actual life-experience. In examining Adler's concept, this chapter brings in yet another fundamental point-of-view, now making 3 together: determinism, ahistoricism, immanent teleology.

The remaining sections are summarized in Appendix II.

This study is based upon a variety of sources, combined into a reconstruction/construction of the author's life-history, including his empathic investigations and related considerations. The primary data-base for this autobiography is memory, whether of inner-mentality or external-reality. Recollections are not only described but also assessed by their scope and intensity and evaluated critically for presumed meaning. Reflections, expectations, and fantasies are sometimes drawn from memory, sometimes from present consciousness. Historical records are an important source of objective data for this study, and they include personal items (such as a "Baby Book", photographs, and other memorabilia,

school and health records, and correspondence) and social facts (such as historical events, demographic data). In addition, the author has formally and informally (without taking notes) interviewed family members on aspects of his life and circumstances and has formally and informally interviewed, tested, and counseled individuals. He has conducted observational and archival research, and has written autobiographical drafts and one published article.<sup>6</sup> Finally, for the conceptual elements of the study (whether methodological or theoretical), he researches and abstracts the appropriate sources.

Although the autobiography has figured in human culture since its origins, the telling of one's own life-story has yet to form a recognizable genre. Self-history is regarded as being a highly personalized activity, with few standards and no definitive tradition. Most autobiographies organize simply around chronology. Some are internally inconsistent (e.g., Rousseau's tempestuous *Confessions*),<sup>7</sup> while others are shaped around simplistic explanations (e.g., the "brain" in Wells' Experiment in Autobiography).<sup>8</sup>

In psychology--although self-histories began with the founders of the field--most psychologists regard the autobiography as an idiosyncratic affair, not objective and highly suspect. Rarely does one write "an autobiographical critique."<sup>9</sup> No psychological theorist has formulated a rationale for self-history to match Dollard's Criteria for the life-history,<sup>10</sup> nor is there a guide for bio-documentary comparable to Allport's survey of The use of the personal document in psychological science.<sup>11</sup> With this Expressionistic study of self-in-society, the author hopes to advance a humanistic tradition of psychological autobiography, active since the 1960s and exemplified by the life-accounts and personalized narratives of Andrew Weil, Bill Schutz, "Adam Smith", Fritz Perls, John Lilly, and several anthropologists and political activists. (For his directness, honesty, and social-relevance, Schutz<sup>12</sup> is a primary model, while in part Perls<sup>13</sup> is a negative example, for focusing upon the surface of fleeting awareness and not upon a life-progression of consciousness.) In this study, the author will use the ostensible subject, the autobiography of an Expressionist, as a vehicle for considering a variety of principles and generalizations, including self-referenced procedures for undertaking autobiography, biography, and collective biography. The study basically follows the organization of a combined memoir/research-log/guidebook,



in the manner of Hortense Powdermaker<sup>14</sup> who began her narrative with an account of her early-life experiences in order to define herself as a "human instrument". Once operationalized as a participant-observer, Miss Powdermaker went on to survey the process and results of her field-work among African miners, black sharecroppers in Mississippi, and Hollywood movie-makers. However, she conceived of herself merely as a measuring agent and not as an instrument for making applications and effecting social change (as did Beatrice Potter Webb<sup>15</sup>). And in transmitting her life-result, she simply offered impressions and suggestions and did not attempt a well-rounded experiential/investigatory methodology (as did Andrew Weil<sup>16</sup>).

This self-history is written from the central perspective of the author in his present level of consciousness, using recent, refined understandings as a basis for re-evaluating memories and other data (in a clinical-type procedure such as was suggested by Murray in making life-history analyses).<sup>17</sup> Therefore, all portions of the study pivot upon the author's origination--and expansion--as an Expressionist artist, with his empathic concerns, multi-modal applications, and socially-activating interests.<sup>18</sup> At appropriate points, this autobiography refers to the experience of other Expressionists or to the phylogeny

of world-Expressionism, and in various sections it points out expressionistic trends in culture and social-science. This study is heavily influenced by the author's far-ranging studies and investigations (including graduate work in psychology) in preparation for a career with mass-media art-forms (notably film, video, environmental and experiential art, and pop-psychology). In recollecting his history, the author filters remembrances through a "prism" of critical conceptual models--drawn from psychology, social-science in general, art, and the humanities--which prove productive for generating understandings of the past and approaches to the future. Throughout its length, this study will trace out a core of essential psychological meaning by synthesizing its basic Expressionistic stance within a spectrum of qualitative-subjective approaches to people. In particular its personal and social analyses will incorporate the systems of Adler, Encounter-psychology, Erikson, Gestalt-therapy, Reality-therapy, and Reich, while the range and scope of its considerations will be related to certain "central" books and articles from the field of psychology (especially the literature of characterology, community-action, participant observation, psychological anthropology, psycho-historical research, and urban studies).

These analytic units will be embedded in the body of the concrete-prose, appearing in support of the narrative rather than being collected together in the results and discussion sections which traditionally conclude a master-of-science thesis.

Throughout all its content areas (as communicated through the form), this autobiographical study attempts to be a polemic for a radical empiricism which is critical and compassionate. In particular, it will strive to model, and explain, open-ended techniques for making psychocultural inquiries,<sup>19</sup> especially in non-middle class urban-society (see Appendix III). In the course of narrating the series of significant experiences and observational researches which produced certain specific results in his personality (as well as general intellectual understandings), the author will present as a central premise the usefulness of

individual-awareness  
biography-taking  
social-analyses

for persons who are interested in expanding their definition of self and the world that surrounds.

Additionally, the investigative approaches used in the study are meant to contribute to an innovative form of "activistic research" (to be conducted through a mass-level pop-psychology) which is hopefully suitable for developing neo-humanistic methods for moving toward people-centered societies within a more utopian future.<sup>20</sup>

## I N T R O D U C T I O N :

Footnotes

1. Overallly, this autobiographical study aims to expand and extend the sorts of narrative innovation achieved by the influential author Hunter S. Thompson in his participant-observer's study of the Hell's Angels (N.Y.: Random House, 1967). An intuitive social-critic (see Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas or his political journalism), Thompson considered a well-integrated range of objective and individually-and collectively-subjective facts with a "sliding scale" presentation. However, although working within a contemporary tradition of involved reportage that was initiated by Tom Wolfe, the naive-Expressionist Thompson was not systematic.

2. A. Conceptual-art has introduced new dimensions of critical information into art, often by advancing propositions of investigations related to other fields (science especially). Self-reference is frequently provided in the art-work, to define the artist's intentions and procedures. Verbal and visual means are often combined into new forms capable of producing apperceptive effects, and Conceptual-artists tend to range beyond traditional modes of painting and sculpture into other forms, including documentary photography, language-games, and complex intellectual schema.

An offshoot of Conceptual-art, Narrative-art abandoned the formalistic, philosophical pretensions of its precursor in order to explore new dimensions of personal and social awareness (frequently with natural and good-natured modes of story-telling and autobiography). Narrative-artists, like Warhol and Edward Ruscha, mix verbal/visual means (in their "paintings" especially) and emphasize the use of shared, vernacular imagery as a basis for exploring a broad range of sociological, cultural, and art references.

Story-art is another, related offshoot of Conceptual-art. It also combines the verbal and visual into an eclectic approach, but its scale (emphasizing quixotic personal perceptions, often of a comic nature) has tended to be more narrow than Narrative-art. Generally "relevant", story-artists embrace a wide spectrum of real and imaginary life-situations, and they range broadly through art-history, esthetic theory, memory, and personal fantasy. See Sam Hunter, "Narrative Art", in Critical perspectives in American art (University of Massachusetts/Amherst: Fine Arts Center Gallery, 1976).

Oriented toward these trends, this autobiographical study is an attempt to systematize a verbi-voco-visual approach (described later) which would enlarge the scope of Story-art from simply personalistic issues into social considerations and cultural relatedness (in part by advancing propositions and investigations from social-science, psychology especially, and the humanities).

B. "Bio-Documentary" is a term which was coined to describe "a film made by a person to show how he feels about himself and his world. . . a subjective way of showing what the objective world that a person 'sees' is 'really' like." Sol Worth and John Adair, Through Navaho Eyes (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972). Similarly but with analytical intent, this non-fiction narration study combines subjective and objective elements to arrive at a life-story of inner- and outer-world experience, investigations, and reflections.

3. In Concrete Poetry, the veritable appearance of the words forms a "constellation" (Eugen Gomringer's term), or a picture-effect which asks "to be completed or activated by readers". Emmett Williams (ed.), An anthology of concrete poetry (N.Y.: Something Else, 1967). This writing project attempts to introduce similar sorts of visual patterning into non-fiction text, as a means of helping (like Duchamp's impactful, multi-perspectived view of Nude descending a staircase, 1912) to break apart traditional, single-minded, lineal regularities of text based upon the conventional authorial perspective of one "viewpoint"

into  
 a multi-layered series of points-of-viewing  
 which carries readers  
 through in integrative range  
 of complex considerations,  
 and which also serves to pace, or program,  
 their passage through this myriad of far-ranging  
 material.

4. Marshall McLuhan, Verbi-voco-visual explorations (N.Y.: Something Else, 1967). Also see his earliest media works.

5. Margaret Mead, Culture and commitment (N.Y.: Natural History Press/Doubleday, 1970).

6. John Furbish, "How it was in Princeton", in (Portland) Maine Sunday Telegram, August 26, 1973.

7. Jean Jacques Rousseau, The confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau (London: Gibbings, 1897).

8. H. G. Wells, Experiment in autobiography, discoveries and conclusions of a very ordinary brain (N.Y.: Macmillan, 1934).

9. Liam Hundson, The cult of the fact: A psychologist's autobiographical critique of his discipline (N.Y.: Harper & Row, 1973).

10. John Dollard, Criteria for the life-history, with analyses of six notable documents (N.Y.: P. Smith, 1949). This study is intended as an exemplary autobiography, one which includes "criteria for the self-history." Like the clinical-type life-histories of Dollard's study, this life-story presentation would be "a deliberate attempt to define the growth of a person in a cultural milieu and to make theoretical sense of it. It might include both biographical and autobiographical documents. It is not just an account of a life with events separately indentified like beads on a string, although this is the form in which naive attempts to present a life-history usually meet us; if this were true every man [or woman] would be a psychologist, because every person can give us data of this type. The material must, in addition, be worked up and mastered from some systematic viewpoint."

11. Gordon Allport, The use of the personal document in psychological science (N.Y.: Social Science Research Council, 1942).

12. William Schutz, Here comes everybody (N.Y.: Harper & Row, 1971).

13. Frederick Perls, In and out the garbage pail (N.Y.: Bantam, 1969).

14. Hortense Powdermaker, Stranger and friend: The way of an anthropologist (N.Y.: Norton, 1966).

15. Beatrice Potter Webb, My apprenticeship (N.Y., London: Longmans, Green, 1926).

16. Andrew Weil, The natural mind (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1972).

17. Henry Murray (et al.), Explorations in personality (N.Y.: Science Editions, 1966).

18. Since the turn-of-the-century, Expressionism has been an approach to art, literature, and life that is so broad as sometimes to be regarded as being synonymous with "modernism". The most distinguishing characteristic of the Expressionist is a concern for feeling (whether at the level of individuals or society), and they are among the most empathic of artists (even if sometimes overly subjective). Stylistically, Expressionistic works emphasize the use of distortion or exaggeration for communicative purposes, and often they use intermedia forms or multiple modalities. Expressionism is extremely iconoclastic: in a technical sense, by being willing to turn around previous approaches or prevailing tendencies, and from a value orientation, rejecting the narrow assumptions and stilted conventions of the bourgeoisie in favor of a universal human identity and relatedness.

Usually, Expressionists glorify the irrational-- but this author will strive to extract from his own personal and intellectual development a model of mental function that includes consciousness, the preconscious, the subconscious, and the superconscious. As an artist, he had developed so far into abstraction (with movie-scripts and non-fiction writing) that he became concrete, and in this study he hopes to suggest possibilities for integrating opposing forces,

like appearance/meaning, abstraction/concreteness, subjectivity/objectivity, individuality/collectivity, induction/deduction, thinking/feeling, and sensation/intuition. Also, he will use an Expressionistic analysis as the basis for developing a new urban psychology (see Appendix III and elsewhere) which would discard middle-class preconceptions and pretensions in favor of a more empathic view of people alive now and being born. Taking full account of social and environmental conditions, this less-Western psychology would make new, sometimes radical, suggestions for appropriate responses or necessary restructurings at all levels of consideration and analysis.

19. The "psychocultural" approach is the author's elaboration of Eriksonian ego-psychology into an urban-oriented perspective which looks beyond the circle of immediate others to regard persons in the context of their subcultural setting. Tactically, the approach relates to anthropological field-procedures.

20. The author's Expressionistic urbanological stances values the applied equally with the theoretical, and he formulates it in order to help define the parameters of the "psyche-service industries" and "psych-corporations" envisaged by Alvin Toffler (Future Shock, N.Y.: Random House, 1966). In psychology, his approach draws in particular from the broad social orientation of the Adlerian system, from Encounter psychology (with its ambitions for a bodymind culture), from Reality-therapy, and from Reich.

21. Charles Valentine, Culture and poverty (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968).

22. George Kelly, The psychology of personal constructs (N.Y.: Norton, 1945).

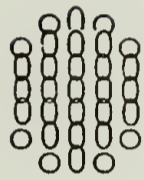


## I N T R O D U C T I O N :

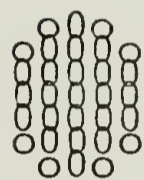
Appendix I (title-pages for the 3 volumes)



VOLUME II



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VOLUME III

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## I N T R O D U C T I O N:

Appendix II (synopsis of the remaining material)

## A. Final chapters of Volume I, REFLECTIONS.

Chapter V, MC-MOBILITY, which was drafted but not revised for this thesis, is a narration of the author's experience from ages 15-18, after having moved to a suburban environment. The concepts of alienation and Hudson's distinction of Converger/Diverger are introduced.

Chapter VI, MORATORIUM, would detail the author's actual experience and uncertainties, ages 18-20, up to the point of his dropping out of college.

Chapter VII, MOVING OUT OF THE LAND OF THE WRITTEN-WORD, would cover the next 5 years of his experience, depicting it as qualitatively different ("visual" versus "verbal") from his previous conditions. Reading like a novel because of the intrinsic interestingness of his encounters, this lengthy portion of the text would not introduce any further interpretative themes from the outside but would (in the manner favored by qualitative researchers) stick with the author-participant's own, naive formulations at the time. Humanistically, this chapter would in content areas emphasize the author's contact with prejudice and other barriers and divisions between people.

Chapter VIII, MODELING AFTER A MASTER, would backtrack over some of the events of the previous chapters, especially vii, in order to extract identity-related aspects of the author's experience, emphasizing what stance he developed toward his own future.

Chapter IX, THE BIOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF BEHAVIOR, would review and synthesize the various characterological, developmental, and reconstructive considerations presented previously. It would begin by translating the author's naive formulations of visual-verbal directly to right/left hemispheric functioning, and then it would relate (in an overlapping analysis, the hemispheric differences to the functional polarities of oral/anal (Freud and Erikson), Oral/Lineal (McLuhan), divergence/convergence, feeling/

thinking, and intuition/sensation. After forming patterns of the interrelatedness of these concepts (as a basis for the considerations of later volumes), it would summarize their import in terms of the author's early-life experience. This chapter would next summarize the author's developmental passages in case-study form, and it would end with an explication of post-Adlerian conceptualizations of how a subjective self-sense guides the individual through life, modifying biological givens and environmental circumstances. And it would begin to suggest means for controlling, or channeling, this process.

#### B. Overview of Volume II, ORIGINATION AS AN OBSERVER.

Beginning with carefully-shaped Early and Childhood Recollections, this volume would start by overlapping the coverage of the final portions of the first volume--but its material would be organized from the perspective of participant-observer rather than simply participant. A cornerstone of this volume would be an existing account of socio-historical research and participant-observation done in an industrial port-city in the summer of 1972, and this research journal would be expanded backwards and forwards in time, from 1965-76, in order to elaborate points of awareness and strands of consciousness as the author developed his concerns and capacities for observing (or researching) himself and others and events and for creating culture and art. This narration would be an intellectual saga, usefully detailed (providing clear analyses, portraits of people and places, and allusions and references), describing how a young man became transformed by an unusual variety of experience into an Expressionist, empathic and feelingful, and then how he undertook a series of urbanological investigations as an empirical basis for creating mass-art forms relevant to contemporary conditions and foreseeable changes. In it, particular emphasis would be given to the researcher's studies in history, anthropology, and psychology, as well as to his media-preparations and unique formulations of futurology.

#### C. Overview of Volume III, PRACTITIONER\*PROVOCATEUR.

Overlapping some of the coverage of the second volume (but from an involved rather than a detached perspective, compassionate instead of dispassionate), this volume would elaborate upon the author's applications (including developmental counseling, media-projects, and other community activity) since 1974. Drawing from the varied considerations of the first 2 volumes, it would seek to unify all

strands and to finalize the statement of principles underlying a proposed urban-psychological system of mass applications and activism (see Appendix III), in part by describing such matters as the modification of the participant-observational method into a part-time longitudinal approach to normal persons and the development of rationales for collective change-systems and alternative culture forms. The explication of these community-effort theories would hopefully be included in the narration, rather than becoming tacked on at the end (as was Valentine's guide to urban-ethnographic procedures.)<sup>21</sup>

## I N T R O D U C T I O N :

Appendix III (basic intentions)

Most autobiographies do not attempt to generalize so thorough-goingly from individual experience, and so this Expressionistic life-story will be atypical. It is difficult to suggest standards for its evaluation. One measure might be its utility--this autobiographical study intends to be useful, in particular by providing for readers well-organized suggestions for formulating alternative conceptualizations to outmoded, pre-holistic patterns of thought (especially those holding over from the 19th-century, previous to the discoveries of relativity, multiple-perspectives, and cultural differences). Specifically, the study will attempt to revitalize academic-psychology by suggesting a forward-looking humanistic stance in contraposition to the often-sterile positivism that now prevails. Among historians in recent years, compassionate radicals have unblocked qualitative-only methodologies by using quantification to help get at "basic" understandings of "root" causes. In a similar manner (as when Warhol demolished the dominance of Abstract Expressionism by re-introducing concrete figuration and cultural-relevance), this author (trained in history) hopes to demonstrate to psychologists particularly social and environmental psychologists, how to advance beyond the narrow focus of hypothesis-testing experimentation and the quantification of results by placing a greater reliance upon hypothesis-forming qualitative observations combined with the quantification of naturalistic data (such as non-obtrusive measures, archival material, and demographics) and upon applied-research and pop applications. With this methodology of alternativism, the author intends to outline the dimensions of an encompassing, contemporary urban psychology (spelled without the conventional "h" in order to signify a sense of freedom from the Western-only intellectual tradition) that would be far-ranging, yet grounded upon the observation of people in their environmental circumstances. This non-traditional, politicized, psychological approach would be alert to constraining factors and pressing needs and attentive to making helpful responses at a variety of levels (from individuals to societies), especially by providing special attention for people who seemed to be "at



the bottom of things". A new, revitalized psychology such as this might even point toward the 21st-century and/or utopia.

Thus in the course of narrating this autobiography, the Expressionistic author hopes to "reconstrue" (in Kelly's sense<sup>22</sup> of reconstructive alternativism) the domain of professional psychology and to challenge others to reconstruct the field with him, on their own, and in collective action. All too often and for much too long, psychologists have tended to regard the individual as capable only of responding to the environment. But with certain intellectual break-throughs (as by Adler), the individual became accorded the ability of cognitively representing the environment & predicting the outcome of events. With this study, the author will attempt to fashion a different model of human functions, wherein the individual becomes regarded as having the potentialities for planning changes & remaking the environment. (This notion is an extension of ego-psychology, particularly its applied areas such as occupational therapy or Reality Therapy, which stress the vital importance of a sense of personal usefulness arising from actively "doing" in life, and it relates also to modern political callings for participation instead of powerlessness and passivity.) In short, this artist-author will present as applicable for himself, for several of the others that he has studied, and potentially for many more a theory of man-the-fabricator which would abandon dualistic concepts of brain-cell "regency" in favor of a whole-person conceptualization of seeing/thinking/doing, based upon an integrating network of receptors, processors, and effectors. The author has begun to develop this view through introspection and investigation, and he will follow advice and seek to relate this notion to the work of Hull, Tolman, the Gestalt psychologists, Lewin, Arnheim, Leary, and Buckminster Fuller.

Like Kelly's influential view of "man, the scientist", this artist's view of humankind stresses how to form hypotheses as part of a general process of anticipating the future. This viewpoint is related to field-research, where methods become applied (or invented) based upon a primacy of the subject under scrutiny, and in attempting to provide a particularistic qualitative alternative for the understanding of human behavior in its social-ecological contexts it stands in juxtaposition to the group-based quantitative research of samples from so-called populations. In addition, this model of man-the-fabricator suggests

ways to modify investigative and clinical orientations into an activist's stance, by pointing out when and how to transform communities and cultures through a sort of re-structuring alternativism wherein inquiry is compassionate rather than dispassionate and the providing of feedback is seen as being more important than simply amassing facts. This view arises from the author's image of the artist as capable and socially-committed, and he will try to relate it to psychological thinking (as described above).

As a corollary to this model of man the do-er, the author will begin to formulate a general theory of Expressionism as a 20th-century trend in life and the arts. In part by demonstrating how far past the critically-recognized manifestations of Abstract Expressionism and Pop-art that this movement, or tendency, extended into culture and politics in the United States during the 1960s. From this perspective, a person's development as an Expressionist is seen as a fundamental response to certain sets of conditions (a process of person, somewhat like attaining Nirvana or going insane), and therefore an understanding of small-e expressionism provides an understanding of the positions of women, ethnic minorities, the lower classes, delinquents, the incarcerated and the institutionalized, the crucial life-stages of 3-5 and 13-15, youth in general, and the aged. This general theory also suggests new patterns for viewing members of these socially-devalued groups, and more forward-looking ways for individuals and institutions to respond to them.

CHAPTER 0

ROOTS

## C H A P T E R   O

### ROOTS

At 3:50 a.m.,  
in an upstairs bedroom at Grampy Furbish's house,  
on September 24,  
the year that Warhol graduated from high school,  
i entered into this world. The birthing was attended  
by Nana, Grandmother, my father, a nurse, and the doctor.  
(Awakened afterwards, Grampy took in the news, mumbled some-  
thing, and went back to sleep.) Received warmly in our  
circle of kin, i was the first-born child of my parents--  
a son--scion of a rural merchant family whose enterprises,  
then centered in an old-style "general store", had de-  
clined since the heyday of Industrealism in the previous  
century. From the gene-pool of the Furbish line, i took  
the general course of my features and other dominant charac-  
teristics, while the DNA that i received from my mother's  
side was sufficient to enable me (well into my 20s) to  
become P\*Ted into an Expressionist--empathic, globally-  
concerned, and unusually-communicative. On September 25,  
my parents furnished me with a name, that action being a  
first step in surrounding/me/on/all/sides/by/a/certain  
envelope of abstract preordinations and concrete expec-  
tancies.

i was Furbish generation #5 to cast eyes upon PRINCETON, a settlement of under a thousand, lying "Down-east" in Maine, on the fringe of the Industreal-zone. Under the Yankee umbrella, life in our rural community was small-scaled and intimate. It was a gemeinschaft habitat, where everybody knew everybody else and things went better accordingly.

In a reel sense,

the origins of Princeton

trace backwards over time

to the last of the fratricidal religious wars marking the transition of European society from Feudal to Modern. During the 1600's, some Huguenot DeBonnays fled from their strife-torn patrie to a sympathetically-Protestant England. A century later, others of this family emigrated to the stridently-Protestant Massachusetts Plantation, a land of beckoning opportunity. In 1759, DeBonnay descendant Bill Bonney helped the British capture Quebec City--but a decade later, in order to avoid a second round of the King's service, this farmer-carpenter abandoned the fertile Connecticut Valley for the rocky Maine coast, settling in Machias, which had been the furthestmost English settlement before the annexation of Canada. (Deriving from the Passamaquoddy word for "bad little falls", "Machias" represents one of the earliest Colonial usages of a non-English place name.) This remote frontier area was then nominally under the

dominion of Massachusetts. But by being so far removed from central authority, it had attracted all sorts of deviates (younger sons, criminals, political dissidents, business failures, ne'er-do-wells, and the like)--who would, from the inspiration of Lexington and Concord, recrystallize as innovators and initiate the Revolution on the seas with the daring capture, by a group of lightly-armed men (teenagers to grandfathers), of the H.M.S. Margaretta.

Born in 1777, Bill's son Moses became a lumberjack who worked in temporary camps along the St. Croix River watershed, inland from Machias. One fall day while walking along the woods trail from Sprague's Falls (now Woodland) to Pocomoonshine Lake, Moses stopped in his tracks to gaze at the shining waters of the lake clearly visible over the tops of the trees in the intervening lowland. The scene struck Moses' fancy, and he vowed to build a home there 'ere he married. This was the actual origin of Princeton: Moses' idea for a habitation on the Maine frontier. In 1801, Moses got married to a woman of 16, Elizabeth, the first white child born at St. Andrews, N.B. Her father, a millwright, had been there with others to find masts for British ships. He and his family lived in a shack on the shore while the felling of trees went on inland. One day, the father awakened to find the others and the ship gone. He sickened and died. Days dragged on, and the food gave

out. Driven half-mad by the cries of her starving babies, the mother steeled herself to put an end to their tortures --when an Indian happened by and gave them aid. Thereafter, the mother returned to England with all of her children but Elizabeth (too young for the long sea-voyage), who stayed with a series of foster parents before marrying the 90-kilo Moses.

It was not until 1815 that Princeton's official First Settler Moses Bonney built his dream-house, a cabin of unpeeled logs, dovetailed at the ends in lumber-camp fashion to save using spikes (metal was scarce on the frontier). There was an open fire on the floor of hewn logs and earth. The roof, made from cedar splits, had an opening to let out smoke. It leaked in the rain, and got thatched with boughs in winter. Alone there with his family, Moses found himself in want of companionship, so once his own position was secure he offered half the cleared land to an old friend--and thus the settlement of Poke Moonshine (later Bonney, now South Princeton) was begun. According to Princeton's historian, "These were trying days for the plucky pioneers, but the Bonneys and the Browns combined were in far better shape to weather them than the Bonneys alone would have been. The early settlers here as elsewhere were hardy, resourceful, and self-reliant. In case of sickness or other grave need, they helped one another.

Like most other situations the isolation of the pioneers carried with it advantages as well as disadvantages. They were a law unto themselves, free to live pretty much as they pleased. There were no church or school bells to break in on their ordered plans, no constable or truant officers to molest them, no tax collectors, no dog catchers. So neighbors Bonney and Brown cleared their farms, planted their gardens and sowed their fields; and soon the few chickens grew into flocks and their few cattle grew into herds. Soon living conditions improved to a point where they could talk without a lump in the throat about the time they had to dig up the planted seed potatoes for food and the year they went six months without bread."

This settlement that Moses founded on a hardwood ridge at Poke Moonshine became Maine's Township No. 17, and tracts were bounded to settlers in 1824. Men logged in winter, farmed their lands in summer. Their fare was coarse and hearty. As noted by the local historian, circa WWII, they were not troubled by the likes of appendicitis or high blood pressure. Settling their lives in the Yankee pattern, these people were True Pioneers.

In her autobiographical novel, A Maine Hamlet (NY: Wilfred Funk, 1967), Lura Beam provided a vivid description of Yankee people and their culture in another, small Down-east



settlement, not far from Machias. Although her perspective centered upon the turn-of-the-century period, she skillfully depicted the past that was and that lingered on. As in Princeton, lumbering began in Marshfield at the time of the settlement. The first minister arrived in 1771, and in 1773 a man was fined 8 shillings for "swearing one profane oath."

The legendary Passamaquoddy chief Louis arrived upon the scene in 1820, when Maine separated from Massachusetts. Coming from the "salt water", i.e., Calais, he brought his squaw and other possessions, including a pitch-pot for repairing his birch-bark canoe (distinctive to Indians of this region). The first people to set down within the confines of Princeton proper, this couple and their 6 children settled on the island (now submerged) below the shallow water of the river where the bridge now stands. A story goes that one winter Lewy and his squaw were headed home after a night's drinking. Every time he started up the sled, she'd topple over backwards, so after several trials he learned to hold her up with one hand and guide the dogs with the other. Weighing in excess of 90-kilos, Louis usually wore a tall beaver hat, tilted to one side. He was part French (the only full-blooded Indian locally

was a Mohawk), and the pioneers of Princeton spelled his name as they heard it: Lewy. This legendary Indian possessed an uncanny sense of orientation and was regularly hired to map out roads. The town's annals note that, "Someone is said to have given a compass to him, explaining all too briefly as it turned out, that it would tell him which way to go if he got lost. One day the old Indian thought he was lost, and asked the compass how to go. The compass said nothing, and suffered a smashing for its silence."

(Italics added.) In 1853, when the area's first steamboat was built to tow logs, he was selected as the pilot (for his knowledge of the channels) and the boat was named the Captain Lewy. "Captain Lewy once had it put to him what he would ask for if he could have three wishes come true. He responded with alacrity: Lewy's Lake all whiskey, Mt. Katahdin all sugar, and more 'lum."

A few years after the arrival of Louis at the site of Princeton, a white Pioneer moved the 5 kilometers from Poke Moonshine to live on the shore by the red man's island-home; and next a new settlement, Lewy's Island (now Princeton), sprang up on the flat-land where the West-branch of the St. Croix drains from Lewy's Lake. As this new settlement developed, the town of Poke Moonshine had reached a plateau, and thereafter the offshoot grew faster than its parent (which remained static). In 1832, the newer settlement became incorporated by the state as the Town of

Princeton (with the name was taken from the Massachusetts hometown of a prominent settler). During the 1830's, lumber-operations increased, pushing the frontier beyond Big Lake. Many sled trails (later roads) were laid out by Captain Lewy. By 1840, Princetonians were referring to their chimneyed cabins as "log houses," and after 1850 they started constructing them from plank frames and boards.

The population of Princeton

was 280 in 1850

--then over the next decade

it increased dramatically to 626,

as the Yankee frontier trading-post became transformed into an industrial-commercial center. "Boom" went the town after Put Rolfe constructed a dam in 1851, and the first mill in 1852. The dam raised the water-level, which created (in spring and summer seasons) an abundant source of power to manufacture products from the local profusion of logs. The dam also caused the flooding of Louis' island, forcing him to move to the "Indian side" of the river. The first mills created a new supply of materials for building, so that many townsfolk built new homes, some of them quite elegant (although many had to be rebuilt or were abandoned following fires). In 1853, the Captain Lewy was built by a corporation of local and outside lumber merchants and mill operators, and in 1854 the railroad arrived in Princeton,

bringing with it rats to supplement the lice and bedbugs that already infested most lumber-camps and many homes. All during the 1850s, mills, tanneries, and stores were built (sometimes rebuilt). Most mills related to forest products, but there was also a woolen mill with a payroll of 25-30 skilled workers (mostly French-Canadian). Wages in the mills and tanneries ranged from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per day. Work began at daybreak (about 4 a.m.) and lasted until dark, with breaks for eating at 6, 12 and 5. Mill work took place only during the warmer months (when there was sufficient water power coming from the dam). Logging was the major source of work for the rest of the year, with driving going on in the spring. For the forest work, mill-hands were joined by a smaller number of men who worked their own land in the warmer months. Mill-hands and loggers were not paid in cash (as little of it circulated then), but with a "sivalent" slip which was payable later (sometimes at a discount), or by store-book credit. After Lincoln freed the slaves, several negroes were brought to work in Princeton, but they did not like the harsh winters and went southward.

Grandmother's grandfather,

Ferdinand Mercier,

was one of the unmarried, mostly-unskilled laborers who arrived in Princeton during the 1850s. His father, Paul, had migrated from France to Canada, and Ferdinand

was born and raised in Riviere-du-Loup, Quebec. At the age of 18, all his possessions tied up in a bandana on his back, he "chain-migrated" to Princeton, staying at first with a cousin. Unschoolled, he could not read or write and spoke only French. With most employers in Princeton preferring English-speaking workers, Ferdinand could not find a job until another cousin provided road-work at \$6.00 a month. The 1.63 m., 68-kilo Ferd proved himself an energetic and tireless worker who saved most of his wages, and next he found work at the big Rolfe mill, starting off by moving lumber with a horse-cart. Once settled in town, Ferd began learning English (from Mary Halsey, whom he married in 1859). Put Rolfe liked him, and provided a loan to help him get started on his own. Initially, Ferd bought land and part-interest in a mill, then in 1861 (when Waldo, the first of his 9 children was born), he went into business for himself. After all but the woolen mill and a tannary burned, he was one of those building new mills. This second set of mills burned in 1876, and in 1878 Put Rolfe died. "As part of the Rolfe reorganization plan, Ferdinand Mercier acquired the new mill. The creditors had been observing Ferd for years and were convinced of his integrity, ability, and industry; they gambled on him, furnishing him with cash to buy the mills and get started. They made no mistake in their appraisal

of Ferd for he made good in a very big way. He enlarged and improved the mill and prospered greatly . . . Ferd and his derby hat could be seen about the mill at all hours of the day and often at night. He was tireless. Many said he was the hardest working man they'd ever seen. And he always found time to do things for others. "His men liked him and worked hard for him. He made it possible for many of his millhands to acquire homes for the first time; he liked to see his men get ahead. And Ferd Mercier's word was as good as his bond." He ended up with several mills (including the Rolfe-Mercier mill), a store, a livery stable, and a great deal of land. He built a home overlooking the river and his sawmill.

Princeton had no Catholic church for white folks, so Ferd could not continue in his faith. In 1871, the Congregational minister converted him to Protestantism and the next year he joined the church. Thereafter, he made all in his family go to church and Sunday-school, and did not permit any playing cards in his home.

On June 23, 1891, riding on a rainy, cold, windy day from Princeton to West Princeton, Ferd saw that some of his workmen were finding it slow going while haying. "Let me give you a lift," he shouted, and tied up his buggy and pitched in. He got overheated from this effort however, and caught a cold on the way home. That night he suffered a stroke and died the next day from pneumonia. His wife

and 7 of 9 children survived him. At the time of his death, he owned the largest mill ever in town and his holdings were valued at more than a quarter of the town's total appraised valuation of \$200,000.

The man for who's sake i was named,

John Francis Furbish,

arrived in Princeton during the 1860's, when the population increased by 446 to reach a 19th-century peak of 1,072 (even though most of the mills burned in 1864). After the Civil War, the town started noticing "hard times," and the economic depressions of '77 and '93 resulted in an increase of delinquent property-tax sales, the non-payment of mortgages, the arrival of jobless tramps from the Industrial centers, and a feeling by some that the world was coming to an end. During the 1870s, the population of Princeton decreased (for the first time since its founding) by 34 and the valuation of properties declined. During the rest of the century (when the focus for large-scale lumbering shifted westward), the population remained stationary and the value of property holdings increased only slightly.

Great-great-grandfather John was born in Rome, Maine, in 1854 (the same year as Ferd Mercier). He was one of several sons of Isaiah Mills Furbish. (Reportedly we're descended from 7 Scotch-Jew brothers who'd emigrated to America on the same ship.) In his late teens, John started peddling jewelry in Rome and Belgrade with his

2 younger brothers. They had several tricks for attracting trade (including one where two of them pretended to argue in front of a potential customer, and then the third stepped in to "settle" things. After moving to Princeton, John Francis went into the business of hoop-poles, an enterprise which originated from the fact that barrel staves were becoming manufactured locally, resulting in a demand for the bands which permitted their assembly as barrels (some locally, most elsewhere). Men made the hoops by hand in their barns or in little shops. Boys also produced hoops on a smaller scale (taking their equivalent in the form of Nelson balls and candy twists). John bought small lots of hoops, and sold them in larger lots to wholesalers. There was also a big demand for skins and hides (due in part to the popularity of fur coats and head-pieces). Tall beaver hats were made and bought. Most of them were worn one time only: to church on the customary first Sunday after Wedding Day. John developed a big trade in animal products, and also woven baskets, especially with the Indians. He married a Yankee woman and they set up housekeeping in a small store (which burned), and then built up the store-residence-outbuilding complex which remained as a family business up through my time. John Francis managed to survive the Depressions of '77 and '93, as did the town-- but the economic boom was over and the 20th century unfolded



downhill, for my family and for the town.

As soon as he was old enough,

Ferd's oldest child,

Waldo Washington Mercier,

would work after school in his father's store or the mills. Upon graduating from high school, Wall started working full-time--but after a year or two he and some other youths decided to go West to seek their fortunes. Reaching Colorado, they started several jobs before ending up in a sawmill doing exactly the same kind of work they'd determined to get away from. Thereupon, they concluded that good old Princeton would be a better place to live, and in 1880 all but one of them returned home. (He went on to logging jobs up and down the West Coast.) Wall went back to work for his father and soon earned a reputation as being the best river-driver in the vicinity. In 1885 he married. When Ferd died in 1891 without leaving a will, there was squabbling over what to do with the estate. Wall had wanted for everything to be kept intact, having all the brothers run the business of F. Mercier & Sons. But seldom could they all agree, and luckless John ran up bills that cut into the family's income. Finally, Wall decided to divide the holdings into equal sections, with the mills going to the male children. Even then there was discontent, and the other 3 brothers left off business one by one, so that

Wall ended up with the mills (a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and a box-mill, employing in all about 100 men), a general merchandise store that lay between the mills and the center of town, and a livery stable. He also dealt in box shoots and hemlock bark, and bought a second livery stable. In 1895, he built, across the street from his store, a comfortable two-story home, with a "widow's walk" (unusual so far inland) that overlooked his mills.

Wall was very skillful with machines and could fix anything. He invented a method, of which no trace remains, for keeping birch logs from sinking so that they could be moved by water. He was one of the first to use a log-hauler that was supposed to revolutionize the industry. (Unfortunately, it would only work where there were roads, and even then it was constantly breaking down, so that he steadily lost money in running it.) In 1897, he brought the first electric-light plant to town and after an initial working session of less than an hour he got it running (by water power in season, and kerosene other times) to supply electricity for his own and other interested families. One of his daughters was the first woman college-graduate from Princeton.

In 1891, the large Rolfe-Mercier mill burned, and the town's new fire engine got used for the first time in fighting the blaze. Wall built a smaller mill on the same

site. In 1904, all his mills burned (in what was the worst fire in Princeton's history). Although his affairs were a bit precarious at the time, he rebuilt (on a smaller scale). Soon thereafter, his store burned and in rebuilding it he went deeply into debt. In 1908, he was elected as a state Representative (having served as the mayor-equivalent of Princeton for several years) but his affairs required so much attention that he could not run for re-election. The St. Croix Paper Company bought local water rights and in 1914 constructed a dam at Grand Falls (below Princeton) which flooded the river banks in town, ending all water power. Wall sold his mills to the corporation (which tore them down) and built another one on higher ground. He also moved the power plant, using it to furnish electricity for his and others' families and the street lights in town. His affairs worsened and in 1915 a Canadian bank called in his notes, forcing him into bankruptcy. All his buildings and property were sold, except for the largest mill (which he ran until his death in 1917), but he was allowed to buy back his home. Two of his trusted employees had said that they would buy the store from the bank for him--but after obtaining it they ran it themselves instead (and it was located, gallingly, across the street from his house). After a sickness of 2 years, Wall died, the same age at death as his father. "When he died the whole town

mourned their loss. He was the most generous and kindest man you could imagine. If anyone was in need he was the first to offer his services. He would trust anybody and that was one of his weaknesses. If he could have collected the bills he held against people he might have been able to save his business. He always loved children and there was usually several around his house even before he had any of his own . . . Towards the end of his life he became interested in driving horses and he spent much of his dwindling fortune on horses which were always going to be the fastest in the state but somehow never turned out to be!" (My father's school-theme made no mention of his drinking toward the end). "It was indeed a great loss to the town and its citizens when he died for he was very public-spirited, and always anxious to help the town in any way he could."

In 1900,

Princeton's population

was at an all-time peak of 1,094,

and in 1920

it was 150 less (even though

electricity had arrived,

and the automobile)

because lots of jobs and many unmarried laborers had left.

In my time, baseline 1950,

townsfolk totalled 865  
(and in these '70s  
a little less).

The historical recordings of Princeton were devastated by the loss of the town records for 1875-1925, and so my account (which is primarily based upon the "official" history by Bruce Belmore, Early Princeton, Maine (Princeton: privately published, 1948) tapers off the closer it gets to my time in the town. No one has yet researched the century of the town's recent history (which would demonstrate how folks reverted back to rural Yankeeness after the heyday of Industréalism or how outside, "cosmopolitan" changes of technology, transportation and communications continued to impact the town even after its growing period). By way of comparison on the latter point, see Arthur Vidich, Small Town in Mass Society (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1958).

As part of my considerations of Princeton's most recent psychohistory, I gleaned data from the 17th decennial national census, conducted in 1950, when i was one of 230 children

beginning school in our county. Of course, as Princeton was then a non-urban place of under a thousand, its "population characteristics" did not get listed separately, and so the climate of life there during my experience, the parameters of socio-economic experience, have to be inferred (perhaps intuited) from the statistics for all of Washington County, a vast (6,639 square kilometers) sparsely-settled section of Maine (79% rural and 21% urban), where roads wind through endless pine forests, past short, stocky hills. Like some parts of New Hampshire and Vermont, the county remains a bastion of Yankee culture. A rural area pocketed by poverty, it leads the state (sometimes all of New England) in percentages of young people out-migrating, rates of unemployment and lack of complete plumbing facilities or central heating.

In 1950, there were 35,181 residents in the county (down 6.8% from 1940), and the population surely was homogenous. More than 9 out of 10 residents were classified as native-born Americans. The remaining 9% were: foreign-born (2,515), black (19), and other races, mostly the aboriginal Passamaquoddy (546). Of the foreign-born, the

overwhelming majority were English Canadian, with the remainder: English and Welsh (79), Scotch (15), free Irish (10), northern Irish (2), Dutch (1), French (5), German (32), as well as 3% other European or Asiatic Russian, 3% French-Canadian or perhaps Mexican, 0.4% Asiatic and 0.4% all others and not reported.

The number of farms in the county had dropped from 2,589 in 1945 to 1,656 in 1950. Of those remaining, 616 were defined as commercial and 1,040 as "other". Commercial farms averaged 261 acres, the others 88. Commercial farms were valued an average of \$6,100, and the others \$2,687. Only a tenth of the farmers in both categories did not reside on their farms, and 49 commercial farmers and 26 of the others were working part-time. Most significantly, 101 of the commercial farmers and 844 of the others had non-farm income exceeding the value of the crop sold.

In 1950, 2,444 out of 12,612 workers (19%) were unemployed. Most work was in agriculture (830 jobs), forestry and fisheries (1,129) or manufacturing, including wood products and canned produce or seafood (3,465). With the school-ages then delineated as 5-14, the median level of education for adults in the county was 9.0 years for males and an average of 0.6 years less for females. There were 1,205 male and 607 female operatives or kindred workers, and 1,136 male and 12 female craftsmen, foremen or kindred workers.

Well now, I suppose that these numbers say something (e.g., about heterogenous people not becoming drawn into the depressed economy of the county as to the mill towns and cities of the state and region), but perhaps some qualitative concepts are a more reliable indication of the distinctiveness of life there at the time of my experience. Although we Princetonians considered our community to be a "small town", it was actually a village--the sort of "folk society" described by the anthropologist Robert Redfield in the American Journal of Sociology for January 1947.

As a folk society,  
my hometown of Princeton:

(1) was isolated. Stuck out on the eastern-most tip of Maine, 5 miles from the Canadian border, our settlement was remote and isolated (even if only by a delay) from the main currents of the nation. But we liked it that way, and communicated mostly among ourselves. The few outsiders of our experience were there on the job or as vacationers, and when they didn't talk or act like us we pointed fingers and wagged tongues.

(2) showed smallness of numbers. Tail-end of a rural, forested county, nevertheless we were sun to orbiting communities: Waite (117), Indian Township (221) and Plantation No. 21(84). On Satidy nights, Grampy's store stayed open late (a procedure that had been



initiated for the homesteaders that cum into town for the weekly shopping excursion--but in recent decades increasing numbers of them, and townsfolk as well, had opted to drive the 20 miles to department stores in Calais.

(3) exhibited intimate relationships among members. In Princeton, everybody knew everybody else (well almost), and although life there had been severely impacted by the ebb and flow of Industrialism theoretically things went better because of our small, intimate community.

(4) emphasized oral tradition. Iterate now as adults, having radio, beginning to see TV, we still however primarily communicated face-to-face. (Looks and intonations counted for a lot.) When Grampy listened to the radio or read newspapers, he wasn't after news of the outside but really looked for topics of conversation, remembering items that would be of interest to those who came to his store. Asking him questions, townsfolk could expect to receive answers solid enough to base their behavior on. With forecasts more accurate than the Weather Bureau's, he'd served several times as First Selectman and in my time moderated the annual Town Meetings.

(5) possessed a sense of territory. Definite was that in Princeton. Boundaries were on the land, and between people. Separate individuals before our Maker, we had freedoms and rights, obligations and expectations. Our skin separated our selves from the water when swimming, and the river separated the town from the adjacent Indian reservation.

(6) was homogenous. Americans of backwater New England county and town, we were alike in our group, knowing others and measuring differences.

"Homogenous" too faintly describes us: we were as one in morals and practice (or so it was said).

(7) had a strong sense of belonging together. We were a gemeinschaft community.

Redfield's construction of "The Folk Society" was intended as a mental construction of an ideal type logically opposite to that found in the modern city (i.e., TRADITIONAL versus cosmopolitan), and he noted that "The vast, complicated, and rapidly changing world in which the urbanite and even the urbanized country-dweller live today is enormously different from the small, inward-facing folk society, with its well-integrated and little-changing moral and religious conceptions." Familial relations were the main socializing force, as "The kinship connections provide a pattern in terms of which, in the ideal folk society, all personal relations are conventionalized and categorized," so that in the end, "Old people find young people doing, as they grow up, what the old people did at the same age, and what they have come to think right and proper."

CHAPTER I

TENDRILS

Just

how

would all of that

affect me?

Well obviously, these antecedent events contributed--directly and indirectly--to the climate of my socialization. And because I now evaluate the knowledge and learnings provided to me in gemeinschaft Princeton as woefully inadequate (even if not for that particular location with its previous circumstances, certainly for the world-at-large and history as it is unfolding), I could not, even if I tried, be entirely objective in my descriptions. Feelings have to enter in. But rather than going overboard with subjectivity, I'll try to be insightful and interpretative of root-causes in presenting a sometime-oblique overview of my immediate circle of kin as a means of providing additional orientation toward my childhood experience. Readers who are interested in a comprehensive examination of the type of socialization processes which i faced should examine relevant sections of two anthropological books. (1) as part of a massive

investigation of child-rearing across the globe, the husband and wife team of John and Ann Fisher studied a "rural and small town" location in eastern Massachusetts. In her introduction to their book, The New Englanders of Orchard Town, U.S.A (NY: Wiley, 1966), Beatrice Whiting (one of the series-editors) described the families there as being the most nucleated (my evaluative term, hers was simply "nuclear") of the sample of 6 cultures, with Orchard Town mothers the most reliant upon technological aids (such as baby carriages, play-pens, high-chairs) in the raising of their children. She also commented about the widespread loneliness and boredom of the mothers in this New England culture, without however trying to assess any overall lacking of intimacy.

From their fieldwork, the Fishers concluded that the "Calvinistic philosophy of life is passing out of style, or evolving" in Orchard Town. Still, they observed old-style hang-ups about cleanliness. Regular bowel movements were deemed a vital necessity, and 1/4 to 1/3 of the mothers used suppositories, soap-sticks or enemas at regular times in bowel-training. (2) Yet, Orchard Town had been impacted by urbanization. Unlike

Princeton, it was not remote and had changed from a simple village to a metropolitan "exurb", and so to comprehend a situation such as i experienced the reader should examine another study, of an isolated small town in the Midwest, where time stands still and rural Protestant values go unquestioned. In Plainville, U.S.A. (N.Y.: Columbia University Press, 1945), James West (pseudonym) stated that people in that Midwest Yankee county practiced sex taboos and modesty to the point of squeamishness. Shaming was the big folks' preferred mode of securing discipline (along with teasing and kidding), although brute force was the final arbiter between them and little people

Once settled in Princeton, my ancestor John Francis Furbish fathered two children, Frank and Minn. Frank married into an old Yankee family, Minn remained a spinster. Frank's only child, my grandfather Church, was born the same year that Wall Mercier completed his stately home. After John Francis died in 1908, Frank took charge of the operations. He didn't like to work, and when Grampy returned from the war in 1918 he retired and moved to live out an additional half-century in the new-lands of Florida. Living in the apartment above the store, Minn kept a major hand in the business up to her

death (about the time Richard and I were born), although Grampy controlled things until his own retirement in 1962.

Wall Mercier and his Yankee wife also had two children, both girls. My grandmother Dorothy was born the year after the big house was completed, and four years later in 1900 Marjorie arrived. Graduating from Princeton High, Dot went on to the University of Maine and became the first "girl" from town to complete college. By the time that Marjorie was a senior, the high school had declined scholastically, so Wall sent her to finish at Calais Academy and then to the state university. After a year, she stopped to take a job as secretary in order to pay her own way (WWI had started, Wall was bankrupt) and, shortly thereafter, she came down with a bad cold and next developed a case of TB (which she believed that she had caught from a roommate in college and died after an illness of six years. Out of college, Grandmother faced prospects diminished from what had been held forth to her during her formative years. She had the big house and lots of accrued status, but not enough money to keep the house and her status alone. In 1918, she married Grampy (who had money and prospects) and they lived together under the widow's walk that overlooked the former sites of the Mercier mills, raising two children, my father and my aunt Marjorie. In those years, Grampy was Hemmingway-esque (e.g., while sailing to the war in Europe, where he was an

ambulance driver, he and some fellows became so fed up from the harassment of a sergeant that they tossed him over the stern of the ship one dark night). As a married man, he played around.

Grandmother had grown up in that house while zenith was becoming nadir, and so it meant more to her than its physical value: it held memories of a treasured, peaceful past. For her, the house was castle, and it had to be defended--not against Indians or other varmits--but against interpersonal realities. In the marriage, Grandmother reached a hypocritical, double-standard accommodation with Grampy, a seething settlement that divided the world into two parts: inside/outside the Mercier house. Within the house, her house, de jure, nothing improper (cf., Ferd and Wall); outside, in the town and around, de facto, anything went (notably her husband's waywardness). At the same time that she allowed Grampy certain liberties, Grandmother was unduly possessive of him. Likely, Victorian she regarded sex as a duty. Certainly, she felt jealous of his paramours. In acquiescing to the realities of this situation, she adopted an emphasis upon values and the surface appearance--and so her two children had to face the bind between what is said with a tight face and what was actually done. Or so it would seem. My father was raised by her hands, i only saw things second-hand. Only in my 20's was I told the choicest bits.



My memories of Grandmother comprise minor points, such as the big drawer in the back of the store where Grampy "hid" his card-game fifths because she wouldn't allow liquor in her house, or how she (an avid bridge-player) refused to play cards on Sunday or to permit others (like me and my cousins) to do so on visits there on the Lord's Day. She was a short woman, with a long, thin Gallic nose and a face like Woodrow Wilson, asexual and devoid of vital sparks like mirth and forbearance. Swimming in a suit that hid and covered, she was a dowager of the old order, elder of bygone ways. Many times, i can remember that my parents did not permit me to do things that didn't match her values because she would not approve, "what would Grandmother think." With some affection, i recall the family saga as learned from her. Guarding the printed mentions of our forebears and other relics, she spinned for my generation the tales of ancestors in our direct lines and from families married-into, how they succeeded in this, achieved that, got elected to high positions, served in wars. Giving me many picture-books in my early life, later lending me some of hers, she was my first model of Intellectual. From her, I directly gathered an appreciation of books (and, somehow, more subsequently than at the time, a wariness of those who read them). Grandmother respected form before content. Her scrutiny stopped at the surface. In speaking of past glories, she told what she

wanted believed and emulated. She'd speak of realities, but she would spin myths. When she went to church, it was not to be near God.

A shade taller than his wife, Grampy had reached a sedentary end to his life when i can remember him. Fifty-some and bellyish, the only wild women he saw then were in poker hands. He'd tell some off-color jokes, but no more first-hand tales. It's hard for me to picture him outside of the store: it was the focus of his life. Before opening, he had already listened to the 6:00 a.m. news on the radio, so as to be ready with comment for the first customers (usually those picking up their papers). At closing time, he'd "ring up" the cash register and put money and ledgers into the safe. After the old New England custom, he kept the store open late on Saturdays and closed it at noontime on Wednesdays. He always wore long-sleeved shirts and the sleeves were always too long (arm-bands kept them up). He had help in the store: my father who was next in line to head the business, a man clerk who also served as handyman and gardner for the house and his camp, and a part-time woman clerk who also cleaned the store. Almost every day, Grampy would take a nap after lunch. Often he made day-long trips to buy from wholesalers in Bangor or Calais and to transact personal business (which in those days was only of the order of crossing into Canada for his favorite seafoods,

meats and English whiskey). His life seemed comfortable, he liked it and didn't retire (to Florida like his father) until age 65. The "Furbish store" was the focus of the town-center. The post-office building (given by Aunt Minn to my father and aunt and leased by them to the government) adjoined it, two storage buildings were connected to it, and there were in the vicinity an ice house (no longer used), a grain shed, and a brick house. Both the main store building and the post-office were painted yellow with green trim, a favored combination in New England: frugal, slow to weather. Selling "general merchandise" (especially the things needed by farmer-homesteaders, and a little bit of everything else except food-stuff), the store was the Yankee cracker-barrel variety, open for talking as well as transactions. At the front of the store, on the public side of the cash register (which was adorned with the name of Isaiah Mills Furbish), was Grampy's desk (now a treasured possession of my father). In its dozens of compartments he kept track of store-business and other financial interests. Renting houses was too much of a bother for him, but he had some properties and a factory-building to lease. He'd lend money (there was no bank in town), sell lumber-stumpage and gravel rights, and clip stock-coupons. (His worst investment lapse was in the 30's in buying a Japanese power-issue, but then in the 50's it did get redeemed.) For years, my father tried to persuade

him to take out the old glass display cases and otherwise modernize the business, but Grampy was adamant: that was the way it had been and that was the way it would be. When John Francis had founded the business, its mainstays had been the farming homesteaders of the vicinity (who rode in, one day a week, on wagons with their families) and unmarried or married laborers who lived in group-quarters or homes in town. The number of workers became greatly reduced when the mills and tanneries passed out of existence, and shortly thereafter people's lives became transformed by automobility, so that the scope of the business further shranked (its excitements were less than those of the department stores a half hour's drive away), even though new aspects (like sporting goods for the tourist-industry) opened up. Grampy didn't accept these social changes, or adapt to them, and he just would not retire. He used the same swivel-chair behind the big desk for the evening poker-games with his cronies (some of Princeton's leading citizens). By then, his youthful past was only a memory for some (and not even known by others, like me), and he and all our family were accepted as WASPs. Grampy had been elected to political offices as none of our line of peddlars and shop-keepers had before. Husband and wife, he and Grandmother comprised a motley match, measurable in terms of security and status as much as love. Married, they were both Yankee well-to-do. Status they did have,

and advantages they could give their children. (Status is public, child-rearing is private. Gains for one generation can sometimes register as losses for those following.)

My father, his younger sister, and their two parents made up a nucleated family within the big Mercier house in which there were  $7\frac{1}{2}$  rooms of primary use ( 3 bedrooms,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  baths, a living room which rarely appeared to be lived in, parlor, kitchen, and a dining room) and several secondary rooms (foyer, shed, dry cellar, roofed entrance porch, unroofed back porch, and the widow's walk), all of which I conservatively total as 8 rooms. And with 4 occupants, this yields a ration of 0.50 persons per room (and that falls within the range of under-crowding, 0.51 or less. The occupant/room ratio could easily have fallen in a median range between under-crowding and over-crowding (1.01 or more). Grampy's spinster Aunt Minn lived above the store. Grandmother's Aunt Lucy lived alone when she became widowed. Grampy's father Frank and his second wife lived in a Florida retirement. If pressed, these others might have given the reason for their dis-union as points of preference (buttressed by the level of affluence). Of course, there were only 3 bedrooms and because of incest-conventions my father and Marjorie could not have doubled up past a certain age. The esthetic order might have been violated to convert another room, the rarely-used parlor for example, into a bedroom. And it would have been wastefully uneconomical to renovate

the back shed into something liveable. Thus, for all reasons: a nucleated family living in an under-crowded house.

The family was headed by Grampy, husband, father, provider, and Grandmother, wife, mother, helpmeet. (At that time, those social-roles were sex-determined, and mutually exclusive.) From practices which originated in northern Europe (and reinforced by Biblical sanctions), the male is patriarch: absolute family head, king of the castle. He effectively "brings home the bacon" to sustain the household and often symbolically supports it through upkeep and repairs), and his word is law unto the family. The helpmeet does just what the term implies: meets more than halfway. Her basic function is to purchase and prepare food, do housework, and nurture the young, with all aspects of the housekeeping and child-rearing to be done in accordance with the wishes of the husband. Ephesians, Chapter 5: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife." In this particular family situation, the facts seem to have differed from this traditional ideal, as (in return for freedoms outside) Grampy traded away some rights and responsibilities inside. His store-clerk maintained the house, and Grandmother was the major force in raising the children (in line with the values that had become entrenched during the decline of the fortune of Wall Mercier). These values had been formed (or reformed, or deformed) through adversity in youth, and they became

cementified by anxieties in adulthood. Just as Grandmother went beyond modesty with her bathing suit, she went beyond good health in emphasizing a mechanistic bowel regularity and beyond cleanliness in the too-perfect order of her house. And her jealousy of her husband's "biological nature" was unreasonable (albeit understandable) because her simmerings below the strained surface level devastated her children. Old enough to know what it was all about, yet raised so as not to know exactly, my father would take notes from Grampy's paramours in the store--but at home these escapades were never talked about (let alone fought over), and so Grandmother developed into a tight-faced dowager of the old order in an age more secularized, raising her children by the gone-by standards where both the universe and people ran like a clock and some things were proper and some things were not (at least in some places). She manifested glaring perceptual deficits: recalling how her father had brought electricity to town, but forgetting how the apparatus had failed after the first hour. In passing on tradition, she "forgot" also Grampy's ancestry, ever her own origins, in embracing the path of the Puritans. And she "looked" for security by pushing her children into prep schools (and away from what little home life they did have).

My father responded to his upbringing, as to other vicissitudes in life, by internalizing the values thrust at him and using them to find stability in a world of troubles.

From facing debilitating illness and other unexpected disorder, he had acquired a personal certitdue which enabled him to go forward in life, like an "inner directed" person of the past century. There are eight clocks in his present house, 1.13 per room. He also wears a wristwatch, and there is a 3-minute gravity timer by the phone. For his secondary education, my father was sent to the prep school that feeds Yale. I doubt if his rural-elite background counted for much in that national upper-class school, and I don't think he liked it there. (Years later, when we were moving while i was in the middle of high school, he suggested to me that a public school, no matter where, would be better, and spoke at some length about elitist attitudes.) At Andover, he communicated polio in one leg, which he then favored, and next developed arthritus of the hip-socket on the other side and finally for both.) After recovering from polio, he went to a prep school in Maine and then to the state university. As a freshman, he helped cause another unexpected event (the embryonic me) and got married. As his osteo-arthritis progressively worsened, he faced a long, painful process of operations and physical therapy. Reluctant to accept financial assistance from his family, he bore the cost of treatment himself (albeit aided by an inheritance from Aunt Minn). Unwilling as an adult to feel himself a burden to his family in any way, he quit working for Grampy when i was in 6th grade and re-entered college, a business college, to train



for less physically-involving work in accountancy. He finished, on crutches, then canes, with my mother working full-time, he part-time. But he proved, as he wanted, that he was an independent adult, capable of taking care of himself in spite of vicissitude, whatever the complication, unspoiled, unspoilable.

Everyone in Princeton had decided that my aunt Marjorie had been "spoiled" (for the meanings of this term, see the socialization references) by a doting father and a, shall we say, hot-and-cold running mother. My father once told me how he'd gotten a dog which they kept in the shed and she'd gotten a horse which they built a stable for. As an adult, she married and bore three children. Gossip had it that she "kept a messy house" and (cutting her hair to an irregular, short length, and wearing clothes that ranged from casual to sloppy) that she "didn't care how she looked." Folks also concluded that she "drove her husband to drink" and had adverse effects on her children (who sometimes, in tests of will, wouldn't go for as long as a week at a time). In the end, she got divorced from her husband (who died in a VA hospital). In recent years, things seem to have turned out well for her and all her children, so who knows if things actually do go along in straight lines. Her son, who was "despicable," problem-ful became a security o-ficer, and of his sisters, the one who was adjudged worst in behavior then seems to show the best adjustment now. Again, what is known and what really happens.

During my time in Princeton, relatives sometimes exclaimed that the Furbishes and the Richards were as different as Town and Country. (When Nana or Mama said it, country ways seemed preferred.) I would like to continue below by presenting aspects of this dichotomy between the families, along with some relevant background, as it related (directly) to my childhood experience and how I evaluate it and (overlappingly) to several of the thematic considerations of this narration.

Most central to the distinction, it seemed, was a difference of size-and-systems: small families as opposed to large. Oftentimes, Nana and Mama implied that Grandmother/Nana symbolized the distinction, and they seemed to believe that it was traced out through ways with people and doing things. Nana baked bread to be eaten, not "for the week". Her roots were in Ireland, a branch of the McLains. Unlike Grampy's, her family-line had remained farmers in America (and she did not take away from or add too much to that fact). Born into a large farm family, she had married Grampy at 15. She seemed conscious of maintaining an "old-country" or peasant-type orientation about matters of organized activity, as in packing for trips, running a home and raising children. Grampy Richards came from Dutch and/or German stock, and he and his immediate forebears had worked variously in pre-specialization occupations (like school-teaching and commercial photography) that had attracted skillful people in earlier periods. He and Nana had three children, two boys and a girl. A hellion as a youth, the eldest became a no-nonsense

high school principal. The youngest remained a "baby" in the family circle at least into his teens and was continually spoiled by Nana. He grew up to be a responsible municipal administrator, even if a little wild in his personal life. Grampy Richards' summer-camp had four bedrooms and couches that could be slept upon. (Grampy Furbish's had three bedrooms, no more.) In the Richards house, there were three bedrooms upstairs, one down, an attic used for sleeping, a bath (later two), a living room, a combination kitchen/dining room, as well as porches and a barn-like garage. In my mother's time, there had been the two parents, their three children, Aunt Maud Richards, Grandfather McLain for a quarter of the year, Aunt Bessie McLain for a quarter, and during one period boarders. The Richards family was semi-extended, and it retained a feeling of closeness even when separated by distance. In my time, my uncles had left town for jobs elsewhere in the state and the only times that "all the Richards" got together were in summer, the major holidays and special family reunions. In memory, I compare these gatherings with those of "the Furbishes." They buzzed with life-forces. Norms were defined, yet diversity was tolerated (and sometimes, as in youthful life-stages, chuckled over). Clothing and manners didn't have to be so very proper. Grace was said before meals, not as formality but with feelings.

A second central distinction between "town" and "country" was reflected in our two families separate church-affiliations. The Furbishes were Congregationalists, the Richards Baptists. Many folks walked to the brown Congregational church located a little past the elementary school, and small-businessmen and/or their families were prominent in its activities. Grandmother was a regular church-goer and active in its groups. Grampy would drive her

there, but never (or very rarely) went inside. Marjorie and her children went, her husband (my uncle) didn't. Less emotional than the other church, more "genteel," the Congregational church was concerned about propriety. Values were absolute. Concluding that many of those outside the pale were behaving "shamefully," the congregation was ready to enact laws or to take other steps to regulate their behavior. Most folks drove to the white Baptist church at the edge of the central settlement, and the nucleus of its membership was drawn from farm families. Nana and Grampy Richards attended and were active in this church. My immediate family also went (with me going to both Sunday services and for a while singing in the choir in the evenings). Less intellectualized than the other, the Baptist church was guided by fundamentalist values. Its congregation emphasized in-group norms, transmitted orally, without being very concerned for regulating the behavior of outsiders. As you'll see later, its beliefs were starker than those of the Congregationalists, but they came from the heart more than the head.

From my descriptions thus far, it might appear that I am biased against town culture, so allow me to hasten to point to a darker side of the country line of my descent. As a prelude, I would recommend again to the reader West's town and country study cited at the beginning of this chapter and also an historical account. Remember, that teasing, shaming and kidding can be sadism thinly disguised, while sadism

can be a veil for paranoia. Michael Lesy's Wisconsin Death Trip (NY: Pantheon, 1972) is a "reconstruction" in pictures-and-text of the tone of life in a rural, mostly Yankee small-town and satellite county in the forested backwaters of Wisconsin at the turn-of-the-century. Located too high upriver to be able to float logs, the area of Black River Falls was nevertheless on the fringe of the Industrial-zone. There were mines and the railroad. The national economy went into depressions and small-scale agriculture had bottomed out. Buildings burned and diseases spread, especially among children. All in all, environmental conditions were as adverse as bad genes. Yet even without all that, the Pietistic culture left much to be desired. Lots of things separated and divided, and not too much brought people together. Only lunatics and children smiled for the camera. Some succeeded in life and many failed, but oftentimes one could not tell which was which (because from the behaviors reported in the local Badger State Banner or by fiction writers of the region, sometimes there didn't seem to be any difference between

sickness and health). Least healthy seemed to be living in the loneliness of the countryside, where kidding someone was something to laugh about.

My mother (whom I did not write about at all when originally preparing the various sections of family psycho-history which formed the basis for this chapter) must have experienced dark and rosy sides in her childhood circumstances. If there was little shaming in her family, there had been lots of teasing, sometimes sadistic and malicious, which probably (look at studies of peasant life) had evolved as a mechanism for allowing large family groupings to dissipate tensions. I can remember an uncle's early baldness being the butt of jokes for more than a decade. Mama's testimony, and photographs, indicate that she had been pointed to as ugly and who knows what else. This experience of hers was transmitted indirectly to me through gnawing attacks on my esteem, infusions of her anxieties of self-image, as she repeatedly reminded me of the cosmetic operation that would flatten my ears (which stood out like hers and Grampy's). Every time I got a scratch or a cut on my face, she would naggingly verbalize about my becoming "scarred for life" (which obviously is what then happened, I have the traces).

In continuing with this life-story, I will try to relate happenings of my personal sphere to relevant theoretical constructs, many of them drawn from the arts and science of psychology. In doing this, my orientation is Expre-psychological (which is a lot more non-traditional than any staid academic discipline could be)--so let me tell

you forthwith the interpretative concept that is central to these volumes: an idea of "explosive rebellion" (mostly in the form of inter-generational revolt) which art-historian Bernard Myers used to explain the contrasting directions in the art of France and Germany at the turn-of-the-century. This idea about the "ontology of the Expressionist" bears upon my own experience over the years and to my expectations.

In The German Expressionists: A generation in revolt (NY: McGraw Hill, 1963), Myers analyzed the appearance of Expressionism in terms of prevailing historical and social conditions, agreeing with art-critic Georg Schmidt that the movement mirrored "the profoundly problematic condition of Europe at the turn of the century." By the end of the 1900's, both France and Germany had been transformed by powerful industrial and expansionist drives and their cultural relations were violently colored by threats of war and destruction. Problems in Germany were more severe than in France. There was social, psychological, and cultural shock from the accelerated changeovers from agrarian to urban life, from handicrafts to manufacturing, from loose federalization to centralization. These changes had taken place much later in Germany than in France, and also in German culture there remained a medieval intensity of feeling and religious striving. There was a mystical concern for the inner man. In France, the rational and logical artistic tradition, combined with a mechanistic viewpoint, brought forth Cubism and post-Cubism. Form was destroyed in order to analyze its properties. In Germany, "conditioned by

mysticism and ardent religious feeling and affected by both philosophical and actual revolt against an ultra-mechanized world, there now arose a new intuitional seeking of the nonmaterial, the other-worldly, that lies beyond everyday reality." Form and color were destroyed emotionally to find the universal significance of what lay beneath the negated reality.

"Perhaps the most important element in the German intellectual's revolt and its emotional form was the authoritarianism that had become increasingly evident in German life during the nineteenth century. The art and culture of the latter part of the century were powerfully affected when the political crisis between this authoritarianism and liberal reform movements deepened. The escapist idealistic-Romanticism of Boecklin, Feuerbach, Klinger, and Marées yielded to the more violent and expressive reactions of artists like Holder and Munch with their darkling mystical pictures of the plight of man, or the social realism of a Kathe Kollwitz, and ended with the explosive rebellion of the Expressionists at the beginning of the twentieth century.

"The emotive character of the Expressionist artist's reaction to the world is traceable in many ways to unsatisfactory emotional relationships with father, teacher, or minister. These difficulties arose from the strictures of family and social life, the rigid hierarchical relationships at home and in public--in short, the respect demanded for authority as such. In a world dominated by the ideals of Respect, Duty, and Order, the sensitive man's reaction often is explosive and rebellious. The stronger the strictures, the stronger is bound to be the reaction against them." This rebellious reaction was a sort of escape-mechanism. If the individual's tendency to self-fulfillment is blocked, the resultant sense of frustration and helplessness can explode into destructiveness. For the artist, the reaction is channeled



into "an annihilation of the reality which oppresses him [or her]. Thus Expressionistic art destroys the appearance of things to arrive at nonrational and spiritual values. Its often wild and demonic outpourings are as much reactions against blocked emotional fulfillment in everyday life as are those of an individual who expresses himself [or herself] in a political or social manner." One important Expressionistic manifesto called for the entire younger generation (which holds the seeds of the future) to arm itself with a "sphere of activity opposed to the entrenched and established tendencies." Out with the Classical, down with Tradition, replace the Status Quo.

For the Expressionists, the reactions arose from a sense of blocked emotional fulfillment as much as open revolt against elders, said Myers. The Expressionist wishes to lose him/herself in some force or power greater than or outside of him/herself. "As he [or she] moves away from the authoritarian pattern of family, school, or art academy, he [or she] finds a substitute in self-identification with the forces of nature, the infinite, the other-worldly." Just as modern man/woman yields individuality and liberty to a social, economic, or governmental force greater and more reassuring than him/herself, the Expressionist hopes to find something to take the place of a comforting and supporting social pattern. The Expressionists then felt--now feel--and unless there's a utopia will continue to feel--isolated from the wisdom (e.g. rationalism, positivism, materialism) which comforts others. They desire to replace these guiding notions by channeling their artistic energies into annihilating this oppressive reality. "Everything lacking in their fixed, hierarchical social order was found in the demands and strivings of the Expressionists. This does not necessarily mean a classless society (as the later Activists would

demand) but rather a sympathetic and brotherly [and sisterly] feeling, a humanitarian brotherhood [and sisterhood] of man." The Expressionists were universalistic and not particular, also urban-oriented. Exhibiting concern for society's poor and sick, those imprisoned and driven mad, prostitutes, and so forth, Expressionists held--hold--and will continue to hold a vision of a new humanity in a new world.

Joining together such seemingly opposed tendencies as social realism and mysticism, the Expressionists fashioned a "powerful anti-mechanist viewpoint. The solid existence of the middle class is replaced in the minds of artists like these by a loose, moving, chaotic ideal, an infinite instead of a temporal world. The new ethic offers--as in both relativity and Expressionism--a dynamic instead of a static conception, the idea of the 'there' instead of the 'here'. The strength of this reaction is in many ways an index to the power and deep-rooted quality of what the movement rebelled against, the emotive power of Expressionism showing itself as the reverse side of rationalism and positivism."

Myers' idea of unsatisfactory and sturm-und-drang emotional relations relates to bindful situations in my early experience. From my childhood, there were seething frustrations (see Chapter iii) and in youth open antagonism (see Chapters v and vi). In my 20's, i became I, an Expressionist, partly from reaction against strictures and Authority and partly from a mixture of extraordinary experience, toilsome

preparations, and future-shock. Thus for my own experience, Myers' notion of generational rebellion can be taken in a general sense, as suggestive of how a young person in a Traditionalist/Bourgeois environment (combining all my experiences as a pre-adult) might then react to things and later receive other influences which eventually enable hir (my neutral term encompassing "him" and "her" into a universal, androgenous referant) to become a UTOPIAN.

CHAPTER II

B BE BEGINNINGS

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## C H A P T E R   I I

### B B E B E G I N N I N G S

While i was a fetus, my parents had picked out names for wither a boy or a girl and after the excitement of my arrival diminished, i was named John (after John Francis), with a middle name of Franklin (after John's son Isaiah Franklin) like my father's. From the beginning, Mama started calling me by the diminutive-form, Jackie.

How to continue?

Memories don't shine upon the events of my earliest life, from 1945-50, but I can reconstruct much.. My mother kept a "Baby Book" (and in 1976 I supplementally interviewed her on my initial developments. Many photographs were taken. As a child, i was informed of certain themes and details.

I first went out into the world from Grandmother's in Mama's arms on October 14. Four days later, i was wheeled uptown in a carriage, and driven to Woodland on October 21. For "say three months", i was breast-fed and then i went to the bottle. i "slept all the time" and wouldn't even wake up for the laboriously-prepared 2 a.m. feeding that all babies were supposed to have until they were big. While still bottle-feeding, i would drink orange-juice (from my

father's mug) and taste Natola and cooked egg-yolk. At 5 months, i first tried baby-food vegetables, and at 8 months started eating 3 meals a day. i "liked everything" (where my brother "didn't like anything"). At 10 months, i gave up the bottle entirely ("you weaned yourself, really").

Some time after my first birthday, i trained myself for the toilet (going whenever i was set upon my combination high-chair/toilet-seat). When older, i would walk to a larger potty-seat in the corner of the kitchen and go all by myself.

As an infant, i did not have colic (like Richard), and never cried (where he did all the time). Neither of us wet abed much at any age. As Mother summarized, i was "a good baby and a good little boy--and you made up for it afterwards".

Our new family of 3 lived for awhile at Grampy Furbish's, then rented an upstairs apartment in the house next door. My parents used a carriage to transport me all across town (they had no car then) and the stairs there made it hard for them, so they bought the only house available at the time and we moved close to Main Street. Richard joined us on May 20, 1947.

According to the baby book, i first shook my rattle on Jan. 3, 1946, and on Feb. 17 an initial baby-tooth appeared (telegrams were sent to all the relatives). On

Feb. 20, i shook my head, no-no, for Aunt Margie, and said my first recognizable word, da-da, on March 25. In May, i was given 2 pet kittens, Bobby and Rachael. On July 16, i started "creeping" and next took to climbing up in the playpen all by myself (instead of calling for help) and moving around inside it. Then, i began to walk, "slow and pokey", around the house by holding on to things (instead of fingers). On Aug. 23, i walked across the center of a room (after a kitten), and the very next day at a picnic fell and received a bloody nose. On Labor Day, 1946, i was taken to see the parade in Woodland, and for my first birthday was given a new "walker", or baby-carriage. Every day, I would get taken out (on a sled in winter), but Richard "never stopped howling" long enough to leave the house. By 13 months, I could go anywhere unassisted. At the same age, i was trying to say everything (and button, kitten, what, hum, and um hum were some of my plainer utterances. When asked, i would tell what specific animals said, and pick them out in a picture-book.

As I said before, i was generally "too good to be true" all this time. At some early point, i developed eczema (in an allergic reaction to milk and orange juice), but that lasted only temporarily and thereafter nothing seemed to do amiss. In early September, 1950, i was a



shade under 5 and smaller than the other kids, and therefore the teacher didn't want me to enroll in school until the next year--but all my friends were going, and so i started with them.

All this early-life experience must have made some sort of impact upon my subsequent person, so let us scrutinize it with an evaluation grounded upon relevant concepts established by the major 19th-century psychologist (Freud) and one of the greatest 20th-century psycho-sociologists (Erikson).

In his Childhood and Society (NY: Norton, 1963), Erikson listed 3 dimensions of early personal development: (1) "ways of experiencing accessible to introspection", (2) "ways of behaving, observable by others", and (3) "unconscious inner states determinable by test and analysis." For this period from my birth to about age 5, memories are scattered and thus the second dimension is the most useful source of information. Unconscious material does exist (see later chapters).

Both Freud's innovative "psycho-sexual" approach and Erikson's integrative "psycho-social" perspective

are based upon a notion of the LIBIDO, a sexual type of energy (centered in zones other than the genital) which, stated Erikson, "enhances the special pleasures such vital functions as the intake of food, the regulation of the bowels, and the motion of the limbs," and which determines not only sexual growth in a narrow sense but also the entire course of personality formation. Libido becomes expressed through successive stages, and the experiences which an infant has at each stage appears to be a primary force for shaping character.

At its end, according to Erikson, libido should result in a short-lived infantile genitality and after puberty a genuine genitality which reconciles: (1) the capacity for orgasm and extra-genital sexual needs; (2) love and sexuality; and (3) sexual, procreative, and work-productive patterns. Oftentimes, libidinal energies are "sublimated" to other areas, and possibly they can get "fixated" at a developmental level or become "regressed" to an earlier one.

The libido in life's first year has an oral basis, because the mouth then is the principal erogenous zone. For the id-psychologist Freud, the Oral-stage was divided into 2 parts, an oral-erotic phase (from birth to 8 months) wherein sucking was the major source of gratification; and an oral-biting or oral-sadistic phase (8 months to 1 year or so) wherein aggressive biting provided greatest pleasure (with sometimes horrendous results in times when breasts were the nursing containers, see, for example, John Demos, A Little Commonwealth: Family Life in Plymouth Colony. Ego-psychologist Erikson sought to integrate the "timetable of the organism" with the "structure of social institutions" and other

contextual considerations. In his view, the Oral-Sensory stage was characterized by a general mode of "incorporation." In the first incorporative phase (descriptively termed oral-respiratory-sensory instead of oral-erotic) the infant is oriented toward the world through a sense of "getting," which ranges beyond a focus in the oral zone to encompass all the sensitive zones of the body surface, including the facial apparatus, the entire skin surface, the sense organs, and the upper nutritional organs. He felt "somewhat mystically", in his words, that in thus "getting what is given, and learning to get somebody to do for him what he wishes to have done, the baby also develops the necessary ego groundwork to get to be a giver." A sense of trust, basic trust, originates from successful experience in this phase, and basic mistrust from negative encounters. The second incorporative phase centered upon a "social modality" of taking and holding onto things, based upon the eruption of teeth and increased overall abilities for grasping. Weaning comes, and a greater separation from the mother. Sometimes, this phase is full of traumatic experience (from all these developments), and generally a sense of good/evil develops.

The objective data provided at the beginning of this chapter indicates that I weathered successfully this first epoch of life, without developing a sense of basic mistrust (which is a possible foundation for psychosis) or of evilness in the world. There seems to have been no major deprivation in my experience (which could lead to

such neurotic qualities as a pessimistic viewpoint, excessive dependence upon others, or extreme self-centeredness. Nor do I have now any lasting oral-sucking type habits (e.g., stuttering, chain-smoking, tics of the mouth) or oral-aggressive ones (e.g., pencil-chewing, spitting, verbal sadism). There were possibilities for shortcomings in this stage of my experience. I was first-born and my mother was young and inexperienced--but her mother and other women of our kinship circle provided training and support. I was born into a strict culture--but fortunately it treated early-life without severity. For example, a schedule was established for my feedings. But it was not regarded as absolute and I did not have to wait, even when crying, for the "correct" time to eat. Again, the data suggests that I experienced full satisfaction in nursing (which likely pointed me toward self-assurance, optimism, and a normal degree of narcissism). Moreover, it also seems possible that I identified with my food-giving-mother (pre-disposing me towards an attitude of generosity and altruism).

In all, there is only one sour note to what must have been pleasant adventures of the senses and a tone of inner goodness: that allergy to milk and orange juice which, I feel, lead to a modal-inferiority (cf, Adler's idea of organ-inferiority). This, I will discuss later at the times of its manifestations.

For Freud, the anal region is a center for satisfaction during the Anal-stage (ages 2-3), and the child's libido finds pleasure through both retaining and expelling feces and urine. His responses to his parents requirements for control of his bowels are regarded as the determinant of many of his subsequent character traits. For Erikson, the Muscular-Anal stage is a time when the sphincters are required to alternate between the 2 conflicting modes of retention and elimination. The sphincters and the rest of the muscular system reach opposing modes of expression, creating the dualities of rigidity and relaxation, flexion and extension--so that this epoch is characterized in terms of the "social modality" of the antitheses of "holding on" and "letting go". These new developments permit the infant a greater power over its environment, ensuring that self-concepts and feelings of autonomy and pride result from a sense of inner goodness, or shame and doubt from a sense of badness. Erikson saw autonomy versus shame and doubt as the "second nuclear conflict" and its resolution was one of the ego's basic tasks as it begins to achieve control and mastery of id impulses and knowledge and mastery over the environment.

In my Yankee environment, bowel movement was regarded as vitally-important, and toilet-training methods were sometimes compulsively severe. Thus, i was indeed fortunate to have been possessed of an innate sense of regularity. In me, the willingness to "give" when expected to do so probably led me further toward a capacity for generosity (similar to Wall Mercier's perhaps, and also tinged with some gullability, possibly carried over from so satisfactory an oral-sensory stage), and the feelings of confidence generated by successful elimination likely disposed me towards ambitiousness (maybe even with a tendency towards conceit, coming from the lavish praise i must have received for being so "good" a child).

i did not seem to have derived any particular satisfaction from retaining my feces, nor was there a willful confrontation on my part against Mama's demands to go, so therefore I have not become the type of "anal character" who expresses--in extreme form--any of the traits (the "anal triad" of frugality, obstinancy, orderliness) that can become fixated at this stage. Frugality develops as a continuation of retentiveness: a child who cannot give up his feces, may as an adult save carefully and have an "instinct" to collect (or even to become a hoarder or miser). Obstinancy carries over to adulthood from the child's rebellion against the demands of the mother to

eliminate. Orderliness, which includes punctuality and propriety, results from an obedience to the mother's demand to be clean, so that orderliness has been manifest in my life--but not inordinately--and most noticeably in relation to the culture of my early childhood, where the modal character types seems to have been the meticulous, rigid, controlled, overconscientious sort of "compulsive personality."

Freud's viewpoint

is individualistic,

reflecting his psycho-historical context

(the 19th-century).

Erikson's perspective

is social,

reflecting his context

(the 20th-century).

There is now

being developed

the intellectual prospect

of the 21st-century,

and that is cultural

(a reflection of the fact that the

experience of people is not separate from

their experience with people in living within

organized communities). The most perspicacious

prophet of tomorrow is Marshall McLuhan, in

his least-appreciated works.

In Veri-voco-visual explorations (NY: Something Else Press, 1968), McLuhan originated a conceptual model which parallels the psycho-analytic notions of Oral/Anal character ontogeny, with a suggestion of Oral/Lineal phylogeny. (By "oral" he meant "total" primarily, "spoken" accidentally, and in places he equated auditory with oral.) Recognizing the previous Freudian distinction (as expounded by Otto Fenichel), McLuhan described all pre-literate societies as oral in this sense, then he went on to say that "Oral cultures in the auditory sense naturally have small time sense because they play by ear. And all time is now in oral societies. This auditory space is a physical field and its spherical character really explains the bias and expectations of oral, pre-literate societies. Likewise the visual lineality of scribal and print culture really includes the anal-oral axis, with strong anal stress, of course. The psychodynamics of sight, sound, and language take easy precedence over social biology as concepts and instruments of explanation of these phenomena." In lineal societies there is Calvinistic firmness and consistency, emotion is suppressed. Nothing can match "the stolid Puritanic countenance and the Prussian procedures of the man of newly-acquired literacy."

"Only oral people have any memory for the past, which for them, is always present. A literary people entrusts its memory to its scribes not its bards."

"The oral tradition of the South is a world in which past and present concert in a babble of chat and memories and observation and complicated kinship relations." European countries, Ireland especially, have significant oral components, while media exert strong oralizing forces.



The earliest known works of art (cave-paintings) were oral-auditory, and "The artist is the historian of the future because he used the unnoticed possibilities of the present."

"Our world is rapidly hastening from the monolithic fixity of the man who says 'from where I'm sitting' to the multiple-layered vision of the jet pilot."

Before continuing to the next psycho-sexual/psychosocial stage of my life-experience, it is necessary to introduce an additional orientation, about "Relevance and Relativity in the Case History" (again from Erikson) and I will generalize somewhat from his clinical perspective. In an Eriksonian view, human life is a holistic process which is organized around 3 correlated levels:

- (1) the somatic processes inherent in the organism,
- (2) ego processes which are central for the coherence and individuality of experience,
- and (3) societal processes resulting from a person's participation in human groupings (with their geographic and temporal coherence). Erikson observed a relativity in human existence, a mixture of relationships of relevance, so that items in an individual life must become analyzed

through a sort of "triple bookkeeping " wherein the meaning of something at one level is "co-determined" by its meaning in the other two. "A human being, thus, is at all times an organism, an ego, and a member of society and is involved in all three processes of organization. His body is exposed to pain and tension; his ego to anxiety; and a member of society, he is susceptible to the panic emanating from his group." In short, this co-determination results in a clinical postulate (better: a life-history postulate) of causality, that "there is no individual anxiety which does not reflect a latent concern of the immediate group," and thus the investigation of an individual leads to "history at large."

For Freud, the Phallic-stage of ages 3-5 or 6 is a time when the libido became directly sexual (an infantile level) as the child obtains pleasurable sensation through self-manipulation of the genitals (a process which focused sexual feelings on them and points toward a true sexuality). Supposedly, boys develop some kind of a crush on their mothers, and fantasize sexually about them (which produces a sense of guilt, and a fearful "castration anxiety" which causes them to abandon masturbation and pass into the next stage, sexual latency), while girls experience sexual feelings toward their

fathers, and a "penis envy." For both sexes, the desires to look at the genitals of others and to exhibit their own are pronounced. Children of these ages are "polymorphously perverse," i.e., capable of deriving erotic excitement from a wide variety of activities (including even attention upon intellectual accomplishments). In the most general sense, the libido becomes directed away from self-preservation toward the preservation of the race.

For Erikson, this same period is a Locomotor-Genital stage wherein the child is "able to move independently and vigorously. He not only is ready to manifest his sex role, but also begins either to comprehend his role in economy or, at any rate, to understand what roles are worth imitating. More immediately, he can now associate with his age-mates and, under the guidance of older children or special women guardians, gradually enter into the infantile politics of nursery school, street corner, and barnyard. His learning now is intrusive, it leads away from him into ever new facts and activities; and he becomes acutely aware of differences between the sexes," and has a focused interest in the genitals of both sexes and a vague urge to perform sex acts. In using the pronoun he, Erikson meant to describe processes occurring in both male and female children (although he does contrast a feminine "inclusive" mode to a masculine "intrusive" mode, based upon the biological facts that girls fold in and boys stick out, and not upon any differential treatment they might have been accorded during socialization--see 1963, chapter 4, "Genital Modes and Spatial Modalities"). He does detail how both sexes are actively intrusive at this stage: by talking into other people's ears and minds, by walking through space, and moving into the unknown through a consuming curiosity. Overall, this epoch

is characterized by a danger of guilt versus the promise of initiative (i.e., the selection of goals, and perseverance in approaching them.

During the Phallic-stage (as not in the 2 previous, pregenital stages), it seems that my libido became fixated, or arrested in the course of its progressive development--so that through this fixation, combined with an interactive influence from subsequent situations, i became conditioned into some immature character traits and maladaptive behavior patterns. But as nothing exists from my Baby Book or from any of the statements by my relatives to support this assertion, I must postpone a discussion of this matter until more data is present, i.e., until there is that interactivity.

In the meantime, I would like to introduce a second, central perspective: a characterological approach based upon "functional analysis". This line of reasoning suggests the way people are, without trying to explain how they got to be that way. It is ahistorical, whereas psychoanalytic characterology is deterministic (or historical).

In 1923, Carl Jung introduced a Psychological Typology which includes a classification and description of personality traits according to 4 functional (i.e., adaptive) styles. But, alas, his notions were complex and vague, so

that only his concepts of world-facing Extraversion and self-centering Introversion received any sort of general acceptance (and even then as simple "traits" only, where he saw them as manifold "attitudes").

By an intricate line of theoretical development, summarized in Understanding Understanding (which is the source for much of what follows), Dr. Humphrey Osmond and several colleagues incorporated into the Typology a clarifying concept, the idea of the "umwelt" (self-world) or temporo-spatial experiential world, as formulated in von Uexkuell's A stroll through the worlds of animals and men. Avoiding Jung's tendency to overpersonalize, they reconstructed his functional Typology from the point of view of evolving animal life, and tried to make more detailed explanations.

To survive in the wild, an animal must be able, with Sensation, to attend to current happenings and to discriminate its relationship to other animals. Sensation results in a discontinuous input. The internalized, continuous input of Feeling permits a recognition of past events and the affective interaction with other animals and with the past. "Early humans could probably have managed rather well with only the Sensation and Feeling functions. Sensation would enable them to keep alive by catching food and avoiding predators, and to recognize status, thereby permitting the formation of operational, protective communities. Feeling would equip them to perpetuate their kind by enabling them to look after their young in a kindly manner. Feeling would also help form traditions and ultimately create poetries and sagas. A creature able to function thus would be rather richly equipped."

A "now" and the "then" imply a "thence," when the present moment has passed into a new now. Migration patterns of animals illustrate a low-level construction of the future. In man, with his consciousness, it is possible to align feelings from the past and sensations from the present into a projection of the future. Thinking is a logical process of aligning data from the past, data from the present, and "data" from the future. Thinking, like Feeling, is a continuous function--but in a different manner. "In Thinking, the continuity is linear, proceeding logically from the past through present to future. In Feeling, the continuity is circular, proceeding from past to present, back to past; the present tends to be regarded as a component of the past sometime in the future, and the future is similarly relegated to the status of a memory at some still more distant future moment in time." Even though they both draw from the present-centeredness of discontinuous Sensation, these 2 continuous functions conflict with one another. Feelings tend to distort Thinking. Stubbornly concrete and rigorously logical, Thinking diminishes a persons' attention to the pleasures of the emotional aspects of life. Thinkers don't want to linger to look at beauty or hang around to have fun with people. They're prone to "push on" to the next stage of their logical plan. But even though the 2 functions conflict in an individual, they complement each other in society and both are important.

Human societies would not last for long on the evolutionary scale if they were fixed into lemming-like behavior patterns--it is important to be able to anticipate change, to direct it, and to be ready in advance to adapt to changes --and so there developed in man and his consciousness a discontinuous projection

in the future: Intuition. Intuition allows individuals (and societies) to "be able to adapt to events that bear no obvious relation to the past, that are not obviously deducible from current or past data, and that therefore require actions quite different from those likely to be elaborated by Sensation, Feeling, or Thinking functions."

Intuitive-type people tend to be less practical than Thinking types (e.g. da Vinci's dreams of flying). "Generally, Intuitives tend not to accomplish things they conceive, because they are unlikely ever to experience their very particular vision of the future . . . . Lacking any conceptual framework for devising the strategies necessary to approach their goals, Intuitives find their gifts thrilling but often rather disappointing. They do not know inherently how to train to use their gifts, nor is there anyone who knows how to train them to do so."

Jung, in his concern for the richness of adult human development, postulated that through the process of "individuation" a person should become able to express the full range of the Typological traits. Feeling that the polarity conflicts, Thinking/Feeling, Sensation/Intuition, would prevent (or at least up to their point in history had prevented) a person from having access to all 4 functions, the developers of the modified Typology postulate that "an individual's personal style was more likely to be dictated by a predominant functional type modified by another, secondary function type." When one function predominates, then the opposing function of the input polarity becomes much less accessible, and therefore the secondary function comes from the other polarity. Chairperson Mao, for example, is categorized as an Intuitive-Feeling type.

In addition, people possess attitudinal behavioral traits, also paired and polarized, of Introversion/Extraversion. Needing time to integrate incoming information with their inner being before making an overt response, Introverts are oriented to reflectiveness and introspection. Solitude revitalizes them. On the other hand, as it were, Extraverts respond quickly to external stimuli, especially those that appeal to their primary function. Gregarious, though not all the time, Extraverts do not particularly like being alone (the lack of social interaction being regarded as a deprivation). Action is their orientation.

To type a person, one first determines the basic attitudinal stance, then ascertains the 2 leading functions. The attitude is best determined by actually observing behavior, while the functions can easily be discerned even by reading about or hearing a person. Mao was Extraverted, Hamlet was a deeply Introverted Intuitive-Feeling type. From what you have read thus far in my life-story, you should find it easy to determine my type, but as yet you probably haven't learned enough about my behavioral patterns to classify my attitudinal stance.

Because I am an Intuitive-Feeling type, it might seem likely that my character was shaped in the earliest stages of my life, and that everything since has gone along in a straight line. But if that is your hypothesis, reject it. Being adaptive, these functional modes arise in relation to environments (even though according to Jung, some sort of archetypal, i.e., genetic, basis determines them) and so it is possible for them to flux as well as flow.



At points and in sections later,  
I will be  
expanding upon,  
and trying to extend (especially to social areas),  
this modified Typology,  
trying to explain its biological basis,  
because it is an important conceptual model  
for the central perspective(s)  
of this Expre-psychological narration.  
Now for some preliminary synthesis  
of the various polarities mentioned thus far:

Oral / Oral / Feeling  
Intuition.

Anal / Lineal / Sensation.  
Thinking.

CHAPTER III

PRINCETON DAYS

Age ruled in Princeton, and males dominated. Established authority, traditional ways, and rarefied values "constipated" our Yankee culture, with its homes and schools and churches. At all levels of human interactivity, impulses and feelings were curbed, sometimes stifled, and thoughts and feelings got conventionalized. In order to get alcohol for drinking, Princetonians had to "make the ride" (with the closest package-store just across the town-line), while at the same time a majority of the voters went to the polls year after year to ban the sale of alcoholic spirits within ye towne limits. The surviving Passamaquoddy had to live on the "other side" of the river, and their welfare in the reservation was under the thumb of the state. From our Sabbath collections, we sent tithes to missionaries in Africa and Asia. (On occasion, some of them would come to visit, telling us of their zealous efforts and showing us quaint wood-combs and drawings made on bark.)

Our YANKEE ways taught us who we were and what to be, and in our remote folk-society the choices were cut clean. Men were men, and women had their place. Even though our rural life had been Industrealated in the 19th-century and massified in this one, changes still took place slowly, and under scrutiny. Habits comforted while change raised apprehension. Our life-school taught the "3 P-s" of peacefulness, permanence, and propriety. An existing house would get enlarged long before a new one got built. Past answers would be restated before new solutions were sought. Habits of days were the customs of years, and always

Tradition was something to remain true to. Since the time of the first settlers, we Princetonians had recognized two major gradations of man: those who owned homes/and those who did not. Any one house might cost more or less than another, but not to have one often belied a transitory interest in the community or some kind of personal shortcoming. In my time, we seemed somewhat in a dilemma about how to regard renters and trailer-owners. Many held steady jobs and saved and raised small families, and some gained acceptance. No matter what our income-level, we were all Yankee folk in our speech, in our actions, and beneath the surface. Proper behavior yielded success in life, public esteem, and a ticket heavenward. Opposite actions were penalized and pointed at. Peculiarities were tolerated, if the core of behavior was sound (e.g., Mr. So-and-so owned a house and did eccentric things while several homeless bums had scandalous ways). Overall, we Princeton Yankees were entirely literal about what was right (even as to which hand to use), and our norms went backwards and sideways in time and space (which could make for some inconsistent or vestigial actions). Older had the respect of younger in our town, so that in the present era those who smoke marijuana do so with short or shortish hair.

In my time, the formally religious counted as a minority among townsfolk, but a majority among commercial, civic, and social leaders. Our churches retained the

Puritan's grasp of inter-personal relations although "trailer people" had been admitted to membership. (In my time, the Baptists had "declassified" the sinfulness of bowling.) As God's chosen people, both Baptists and Congregationalists believed that at the Day of Judgment they would be placed above all others. Yet also, the members of both churches seemed to hold the idea of a universal American Progress, where things trickled down to bring a better tomorrow for all. Notions of pragmatism had also entered our religious democracies, and at revival-time they counted those who stood up for Jesus as product and not process. Dimmed as beacons to society, our churches had become secularized. Moving less far out on the limb than previously, they aspired to adapt themselves to the larger society (and not so much to mold their members into a model community).

Some of the shifts in our churches had come about because they (like the schools) had been co-opted by the bourgeois-genteel values of middle-class, or m-c, society. Thus, I will postpone discussing the dominance of Sensation and Thinking types in our Yankee culture until the point (in Chapter 8) when I describe structurally-similar "modal personality types" in Contemporary Society.

In my time in Yankee Princeton, old days and the old ways lingered on most strongly in the anticipated outcomes and applied procedures of socialization (especially about having to do what was right and proper), so that everything I say about my own bedazed childhood will relate directly to conditions faced by entire varieties of people, such as minority groups, women, and so-called "special populations". It might seem, from the personal narration below, that my experiences were particularistic, uniquely-distressing. Yet in all of my time in that gemeinschaft community, events unfolded as they did because i was placed in a stereotype of growing up as expected. Regarded thusly by perceptual simplification, i was not seen as an individual: i was seen as young but not as a person. In Princeton, everybody did know everybody else--but nobody really knew how things were going for me (or ever provided useful guidance).

No matter  
 what aspects of childhood  
 in Princeton

went against my grain, i still  
 acquired a sense of purposiveness to  
 life. From my experience there,  
 modified by subsequent developments,  
 i came to appreciate an intrinsic  
 value in materials, an integrity be-  
 tween persons, and the brotherhood  
 of man. (It's just that where the  
 Yankees point to surface, I try to  
 perceive the core. Where they re-  
 spect form, I respect content. I've  
 become the same-as-they-in-an-opposite  
 -way: pound wise and penny foolish,  
 direct and honest instead of circum-  
 loquacious and conventionalized,  
 fellow-feeling in a human instead  
 of an ethnocentric sense. And inno-  
 vative instead of traditional.)

i, my younger brother, and our parents made up one of  
 the 8,910 families in the county in 1950. As compared to  
 the Census figures, our total number of 4.0 was 0.63 above  
 the average size, and our income somewhat above the average  
 of \$1,843. Our family lived like everybody else (except  
 for 209 out of 35,137) in a "dwelling unit, and in the  
 county there were 13,365 dwelling units, four-fifths of  
 them owner-occupied, 12% over-crowded. My father onwed our  
 home of 7 rooms (a total of 1.4 above the county average).  
 Built before 1919 (like two-thirds of the others), it was  
 not one of the "many" that even today can be seen: ram-  
 shackled, dilapidated, the paint weathered away. (Little  
 wonder that the county is sometimes depicted as the Appalachia  
 of New England.) Our unit was one of the 48.9% containing

a mechanical refrigerator. It and 10,589 others had electricity. It and 10,104 others contained a skin. It and 9,644 others had a radio. It and 5,216 others had hot-and-cold running water inside the structure. It was not one of the 80 with TV in 1950 (though later we would be one of the first families in Princeton to get one), and utilizing an oil space-heater in the living room our home was not one of the 1,740 up there on latitude 45 with central heating.

We lived alone as a nucleated unit, but with semi-extended kinship connections. Our house was halfway between the big Mercier house and the Furbish store. Smaller than the Mercier house, our home had four bedrooms (the one downstairs a guest-room), a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, a bath and a quarter, a screened-in front porch, a shed, an unroofed back porch, and a separate garage. Nana and Grampy Richards lived midway between us and the grandparents Furbish, and there was a sense of involvement by them and Grandmother in our growing up. Richard and I "stayed over" with our grandparents quite often, and were loved and indulged with closeness and touching by the Richards, more distantly by the Furbishes. Nana always worried that we hadn't eaten enough, and Grandmother never let a day go by without knowing if we'd moved our bowels.

Thus, the world outside sometimes  
helped determine what went on under our



roof. For many things, there was no world outside. Ours was not a democratic situation: authority was not shared and autonomy was not fostered. It was a patriarchy--and my father the family head bore emotional wounds from his growing up. My mother, "helpmeet" to her husband and moment-to-moment socializer of the children, displayed fewer of the interpersonal and household skills than her mother. The story was often told that when my father as a teenager had been invited to dine with the Richards, Nana did the cooking and my mother took the bows. In line with the sometimes-oppressive standards of our generally-severe culture, our parents raised me and my brother. I have many pleasant memories, some of which are subject to reinterpretation as I emphasize shortcomings and failure in my past. As a child, I liked "sweets", but not realizing to what extent refined sugar (poisonous sucrose) had narcotized commercial-food patterns, I almost shudder to think back about expressions of love through pies and

cookies. It's neo-Rogerian. I can remember, from visits during my 20s, a period when both my parents expanded into rools of fat (until they acquired sufficient controls) from the sort of unconscious preferences that they had modeled for the young me. With a sense of loss, I review in my memories a progressive dimunation of intimacy and touching as i grew older in my family and culture. Worst of all, I remember the sense of a lack of autonomy in being subject, with little room for negotiation--certainly not the "willfulness" of "talking back", to multi-variegated constraint and restraints (some traditional, some even more despotic). No wonder I ended up as an Expressionist, iconoclastic and anti-Classical, empathic and profoundly sympathetic to the underdog.

Looking backward at my childhood with a revisionistic shudder, I am reminded of some concepts formulated by Gregory Bateson and others of the "Palo Alto group," about the genesis of schizophrenia from binds of communicative interaction. In a "double-bind" situation, the victim has become disoriented by being subjected to the repeated experience of contradictory-type messages,

without being able to make an appropriate response or seek clarification. (Ending up as an Expressionist and not a schizophrenic, I regard Myers generational-revolt hypothesis as a special example, where the binding situation becomes transcended with a reorganization rather than a disorganization.) Earlier, in reading the barely-edited account by my mother in the Baby Book, you may have discerned a paranoid-type distortive tone in her evaluations of "always" and "never," of "good" and the "horrible." And there was her facial hang-ups and other sorts of nagging that I don't really want to get into. Imagine being subject to such attacks upon your personal confidence and the very nature of reality. My father was no less compulsive than his mother and the cultural surround. He perceived unrealistically, thought rigidly, and functioned from a "drive" of internalizations (thereby distorting the experience of autonomy). All this wouldn't have affected me, I suppose, if i had been able to leave it or take it. But oh no there was no respite from his domain of authority (and no recognition on his part of its oftentimes arbitrary, oppressive nature). I have to sympathize with his experience: wanting to function as smoothly as a machine and being subjected to a debilitating handicap, with continual pain. But did i hate it at the time to be subject to the control of his whims (which i recognized as such, different from the controls which were generally accepted). For example, when something like a washer broke down, he'd have to fix it --then and there--and we'd have to stand idly by to pass tools to him and otherwise "help." Meals, everything else could wait until the item was fixed, then he'd relax for a moment. I know that i'd stand there thinking ... Wow, I really do not want to contact my memories here at all. Overall, i reacted to these binding-type situations, whether with my father or other aspects of Princeton, in

a passive-aggressive manner, which is bad if it means that there did then, and would later, arise certain kinds of break-outs (such as dropping a brick on my brother's head), or good if it means being able to build up a decisive certainty about demolishing the Industro-technocratic order.

In The Death of the Family, the "small-e" expressionistic, anti-psychiatric, Counterculturalist David Cooper described "the social functioning of the family as an ideological conditioning device (the nonhuman phrasing is deliberate and necessary) in any exploitative society--slave society, feudal society, capitalist society from its most primitive phase in the last century to the neo-colonizing societies in the first world today. It also applies to the first-world working class, second-world societies and third-world countries, insofar as they have been indoctrinated with a specious consciousness that, as we shall see, is definitive of the secret suicide pact conducted by the bourgeois family unit, the unit that labels itself the 'happy family.'" For Cooper, the family unit is "the ultimately perfected form of nonmeeting" which --as its social obligation--"obscurely filters out most of our experience and then deprives our acts of any genuine and generous spontaneity." There is a taboo-system, broader than incest, which restricts "the sensory modalities of communication between people to the audio-visual, with quite marked taboos against people in the family touching, smelling or tasting each other." Eroto-genic zones are anxiously demarcated. In this book, Cooper suggests that the genesis of schizophrenia traces back through internalizations of 3 and even 4 generations of ancestral

figures. His central model, however, is the genesis of a paranoid sense, because of the fact that the family is "an actual, objective, persecutory situation that one is caught up in from even before one's beginnings." For Cooper, the most mentally-unbalanced state is Eknoia, or "the normal state of the well-conditioned, endlessly obedient citizen." Paranoia is a step up in a series of metamorphoses, representing the "beginning of active existence." Noia is a yet higher level, an active autonomy. Anoia, or self and world transcendence, is the ultimate freedom from the "illusory security" of states of being, achieved through an "abandonment of the self sense, of the restriction of the finite ego." Cooper defines therapy as a sort of liberation, and he sees it as being appropriate for entire societies.

During the psychosexual period of Latency, ages 6-12, when violent sexual and psychological drives are usually dormant, the child makes an "entrance into life." Erikson states that he/she "forgets, or rather sublimates, the necessity to 'make' people by direct attack or to become papa and mama in a hurry, he now learns to win recognition by producing things." Advancing beyond the "playful expression" of the ambulatory field and the organ modes, "he adjusts himself to the inorganic laws of the tool world. To bring a productive situation to completion is an aim which gradually supersedes the whims and wishes of play. His ego boundaries include his tools and skills." This stage is socially decisive for establishing the capacities for working beside and with others, and during it there is the danger of a negative development, a sense of inadequacy and inferiority, if the child "despairs of his tools or of his skills or of his status among his tool partners." Erikson continues by citing unfoldings

which relate to the larger society, but as you will see below, my own latency experience relates as much to sexual as to social factors and to perceptual as to skill abilities, and so I will terminate this section without mentioning that part of his discussion.

Looking at my life in comparison to the flow of usual development, it would seem that why I am now the way I am will be the way i will be is in great part because of my particular experience during ages 6-12. There was so much i had to hold in there in Princeton (oh my poor, poor Feeling function). Social scientists often accept a dichotomy of restrictiveness according to class-level. Supposedly, the middle-class are restrictive in matters of sex, cleanliness, and toilet, while the lower-classes are freer. The lower-classes are restrictive in matters of discipline and talking back, the middle-class are freer. Living in "town society" in that rural Yankee culture/circumstance, i faced both sorts of restrictive attitudes, and many others as well!

Increasingly during the so-called Latency period, i became different from the expected. For one thing, the tension of sexual interest continued from the Phallic stage, and, bindingly, masturbatory activity generated anxieties in me because of my awareness of what was deemed fit/unfit behavior. From at least the time that my erection was the size of a little Vicks inhaler, all through the years before puberty and a capacity for orgasm, i would play with myself, especially in bed before going to sleep. One time, i had irritated the skin of my penis by doing it too severely. (I mean, this was before any ejaculation relieved the tension), leaving it somewhat inflamed. And i was going to visit at Grandmother's for a few days. At that early time, she was used to bathing me--and so was i mortified that she would take notice of the redness and know what i had been doing and punish me and tell everyone. Ouch, the bath water hurt, and she took no notice. (Probably that area was a void in her perceptual field.) Another time, i tried to hold one of our kittens against my genital area, but the cat balked about being under the covers, and fled--fortunately for me (otherwise a fur fetish or some other kind of non-human fixation could have developed.) When i was about 10, Daddy took me aside to caution me against continuing, on the evenings that her parents visited, to play doctor with a girl cousin. We'd been doing it as literally doctor stuff,

without the play aspects. I mean, i really didn't know what "it all" was about then. (Incidentally, I believe that warning was the most that he ever told me about sex.) A little later, from older boys i'd heard about how they'd look and touch (and later fuck) with another of my cousins. And i'd think about that, wanting to see, and know--but after a certain point my thoughts would shut down: what if my relatives heard, after all she was a cousin. (Not until years later, age 13 or 14, was i informed what "it" exactly was. i'd held the primitive phallacy that to do it one worked his \_\_\_\_\_ until he was on the verge of shooting, and then he thrust it toward the . . . .)

This matter of sexual tension went well beyond portnoy's complain or incest-taboos. (Dancing was also a sin for the Baptists there in Princeton.) What happened was that i was denied experience in matters concerning my body and functions and the bodies and bodily functions of others. And it all wasn't simply the kind of bunk that was endemic to Protestantism, because those mores against masturbation were based upon unreal assumptions about the nature of man that had gained acceptance only late in our national history (with the entrenchment of genteel



middle class values in the early 1800's). In Princeton, there was a distinction between the accepted and the allowed. In all, there was a certain elevation to the standards i was raised by, they were kinda up in the air, a little off, far off.

Grandmother had furnished the infant me with many books, and so i had been read to and therefore had begun reading early, a little not a lot. Most likely, my interest in reading was part of a general sensing of discovery, tinged with some escapism and lots of sexual interest (i liked to read about facts, and the faraway). In 4th grade, my interest was spurred on with boredom. We'd had two grades to a room in Princeton Elementary School. In grade 3, i had learned the lessons for that year and many from the next (most of which were conducted while we did our assignments, which i always finished early). The next year in grade 4, when my assignments were complete and the teacher was across the room, i began to read a lot. In grade 5, i paused to learn and in 6 resumed heavy reading (even getting some books from the 7/8 classroom. At the rate i was going, if my family hadn't moved, i would have read out the school's shelves by the end of grade 7. i think i wanted to find out how big the world was, and if every place was like

Princeton. i read and reread the Swiss Family Robinson and one about a cat making a heroic journey through a blizzard. Most of all, i enjoyed books that were symbolically phallic, such as tales of pilots and their planes.

In school, i was a socializer, sometimes a clown. My report cards were all A's except for handwriting and deportment. i enjoyed talking more than seeing or handling things, and what talk i liked most was the making of humor. Scrutinizing the children and adults around me who created laughter, i applied my observations. For the telling of an anecdote in 3rd grade, or 4th, i was adjudged indelicate, in principle if not in fact. The joke went: "Question-- what did one burp say to the other burp? Answer--let's be stinkers, and go out the other end." That was it, without any of the no-not-ever words we used at recess and in the afternoons. i told that two-liner to a group of my peers, whom i'd been growing up with, after evaluating its appropriateness for the specific situation. With that short joke, i got a huge laugh--but saw fire in the eyes of the spinster schoolmarm, who proceeded to put me down with a frown. Experiencing chagrin if not shame, i was advanced towards a greater understanding of the strict interpretation of the publically allowable.

i learned to lie convincingly in Princeton. At age 8 or 10, i sneaked a trial puff from a cigarette left lying about. i gaged, and wanted no more, ever. Then my mother

came back. Seeming convinced and looking ready to punish, she asked whether i had tried it. "No," i said, trying to unconvince her. "I don't believe you. Let me look at your eyes." With all my being, i thought no. Hesitation, a tremor would have brought the paddle and pain. "No," i repeated, even-eyed, saying the lie that had to be said, some people being the way they are. In Princeton, i had to hold too many things inside, and times when i went to the city of Bangor with Grampy or my family, i took to stealing in department stores for psychic release. i was 10 and 11 and never got caught, which shows that my motor coordination wasn't that bad even if i wasn't athletic. Perversely, i enjoyed sustaining an illusion of usual behavior, while snatching up things left and right. i discarded almost everything shoplifted (how could i have explained where all these things had come from, and most of the items were toys that were just below my age level, from the idyllic period before (see below). i stole by myself, which is what made it pathological, even though during the same years i engaged in some usual minor acts of delinquency with my friends. (Even if we got caught, it was nothing.)

Midway through the period of Latency, i experienced a central disruption, which became manifest in the visual mode. Always, i'd been chided for holding books "too close," and in sixth grade a vision-examination sponsored by the state revealed

that i was nearsighted. A photo from the fall of fifth grade shows me with no glasses and a smile. One from the sixth grade has me with glasses and a waning smile, one from the seventh with glasses and an uneven grimace. In all likelihood, the disruption began well before the time the myopia was diagnosed. Once in a special ed course, I learned that all children are myopic in kindergarden, and thus I infer that i was near-sighted then but that this condition did not clear up because literally i wanted to keep at a distance the circumstances that surrounded me. In short, the physical changes were due to emotional events, which is the sort of explanatory concept that bodymind theorist Bill Schutz regards as "quite different" from what is generally accepted (even though the rationale goes back, say to Reich, and perhaps folk wisdom.)

Well, even before i was recognized as being in need of glasses, i experienced a retarded sense of motor coordination and that became especially distinguishable when the other boys took interest in and achieved competence with semi-organized sports. After all, Princeton was a place where almost every boy played basketball in winter and baseball in summer. But i just didn't have it together to hit a tiny little ball with a stick or toss a larger one through a hoop. My sense of perspective was lacking, so i would not be standing where the ball would be coming. One time, when trying out baseball, i was lined up to catch a ball that was skimming along the road. A meter or two in front of me,

it hit a pebble and jumped up faster than my perception and reaction, to thump my forehead and bend my glasses. Exactly at this point, i reached a conscious decision: no way for this kind of stuff, so as the other guys, all my better friends included, took after sports more and more of the time, i went in for them less and none. Projecting his own sentiments, my father gave lots of sports-attention to me and my brother, but Richard responded to the rehearsal and i didn't. i got more and more into stamp-collecting and hanging around Grampy's store, observing folks from the town, outlying areas, and places "foreign" to us. And even though some people consider that character is formed at an early age, through all this, i changed from being Extraverted and became chained into Introversion. i really got into fantasies (and at bed time could imagine and program moving story images) and moved away from the Sensation function and skillfulness with my hands. At age 5, i'd first paddled around in a life jacket and then started swimming. As i came to like water sports, i began to dislike the long winters. i had few qualms about jumping from high places (because when i looked down, it was a colorful blur), i swam under water much with my eyes open, and i liked to splash and clown around in the water. i wanted to see beneath bathing suits.

When i got glasses, they were miniature adult ones instead of being suited to the special needs of childhood (as medicine was primitively technological then, and

blatantly commercial), and so i faced a bind about possible breaking them (a horrendous "waste" in our household economy, often worth a spanking) and being active (as in sports), so i opted for what made life go easiest (though once i broke a pair when in a rage chasing my brother and in a fit of anger because i couldn't catch him throwing them at him). Originally, i was mis-prescribed for double-lenses. After glasses, my self-concept became further shaken as i was fitted for braces to correct an extreme over-bit. Here, the extant photographs speak of the demolition of body-image and confidence.

My image of myself in relation to other boys became disrupted as well, once they all (literally all, our was a very homogenous culture, with a definitive mold of behavior) started getting into sports. i made a few desultory attempts to join with them, but i just couldn't. This is why in the afternoons i took to solitary activities like stamp-collecting or sitting around Grampy's store, reading comic books and magazines or rummaging around the other rooms and outbuodings. During recesses at school, noticing that the boys around my age were over in the field playing baseball or down at the basketball court, i would experience pangs of sorrow over my circumstances (though times when, for example one of them would get smashed in the face with a bat, i would feel confirmed in my trepidation). When athleticism became a source for recognition and popularity, i felt

diminished. I have one vivid memory of in a classroom seeing another boy active at the center of a circle of kids--and acutely wanting to be him, or be like him (however those primitive thought processes work). Times i went with family and our friends to the high school basketball games to cheer the hometown team i'd be with them, sometimes standing on the bleachers and chairs and yelling and jumping about, and see their emotions leaping out to the trim, deft kids on the floor. Knowing that i was not like they, i experienced pangs of difference between myself and those around me. And as most of the other boys started looking better and better in late childhood, i went chunky and took on the visage of a half-drowned rat.

Besides all this that was happening with me primarily in relation to my age-mates, there was a tinge of pseudo-homosexuality in relation to older boys. As raconted by Karlen in Sexuality and Homosexuality, the concept was established by psychiatrist Lionel Ovesey, based on Maslow's discovery that dominance-submission themes in homosexuality paralleled animal behavior and folklore. For Ovesey, pseudo-homosexuality was a magically-thought-out mixture of aggressive and sexual non-verbal behavior, in response to stress. Thus, like primates who symbolically present their rumps to dominant males, some anxious or insecure men experience homosexual images, impulses and fears (such as shafting

or being shafted, sucking up or being sucked off, becoming a baby or woman to another man) which reflects role-strain more than erotic reality. My psuedohomosexual event was based on Intuition rather than literal Sensation, and involved a recurring dream which had a group of slightly older boys, their cocks in each other mouths, in a moving circle. Factors which led up to this image were that one older kid had demolished my 8 year-old's belief in Santa Claus, then terrorized me with physical threats on the way to school when i was 9, and with another older kid enticed me to take a drink from a whiskey bottle filled with urine. In addition, my male image became tarnished in relation to older boys, when at swimming times they would flaunt pubic hair and genitals and boast of sex-play and fucking, and while urinating when they made greater sounds and larger streams and could aim for farther distances. So basically, i got into compensatory fantasy, imagining myself as a hero, riding a big horse, etc. With one of my better friends, i absorbed some more unconfidence. He'd been more active with older boys and provided me with indirect access to their world. At 10, he pointed out to me how some of them were larger in their pants and we considered stuffing our crotches with waded-up toilet tissue.

Generally all this time, i took a lot of my self-image from the adults of my surround, and--as age ruled in



Princeton--the older the better. Although my father was handicapped, going around with canes or on crutches, still he then had tremendously strong arms and an exceptional lung-capacity (so that he would be called in for feats like rescuing boat motors that had been lost overboard), which meant that i could still identify with him and his roles. And there were lots of uncles around, so that i knew what i would be like as a male in the future (and hence i did not develop a submissive attitude or feminine characteristics from the same-sexual shock mentioned above). But young adults were regarded as only slightly better than children in our folk-society, and most of all there were the older folks for me to model after (after all, they were at peaks of wisdom, in the center of goings-on). When our family went to visit Aunt Lucy Mercier, her husband was unobtrusively there but she was the focus of interest and guided the conversation (with all sorts of Yankee-dialect cuteness, favorite words like "scrumptous.") You already know from chapter one how much i responded to Grampy and his situation. One time, i had organized some neighborhood kids into a car-washing operation, he commented positively, and oh how pleased i was. And maybe my relatives were a little bit worried about my solitary nature, but at least i diverged in an approved manner, and i have no memories of being (or seeming to be) criticized for hanging around the store so much. I do remember getting praised repeatedly for things like bringing out some of John Francis's old baskets that i found in a back section and putting them on sale. And so, no matter how impacted were my circumstances, i knew that i would grow up into my own inheritance,

becoming a general store owner, who would serve in such capacities as selectman and do things like lobby in Augusta for a new airport in our depressed region.

My parents had friends with Slavic and Italian working-class friends in Massachusetts, and so i got to meet them in less formal situations than the general store. One jovial, story-telling Italian-American man was especially heroic in my eyes, and one time or two i went around a Boston-area slum entranced. All this, the pizza-whirler especially, seemed better than our parochial town and the world of books--so that now, in my early 30's, after years of being influenced by Fellini and such, I pre-visualize that my future as an artist is to become the first white American to step out of the melting-pot, and as Gianni Furbishini i will make significant new advances in an alternative commercial/compassionate culture that will help carry us into the 21st century.

CHAPTER IV

DAZED AND CONFUSED

## C H A P T E R I V

### DAZED AND CONFUSED

According to Erikson, childhood comes to an end--and youth begins with the advent of puberty and with "the establishment of a good initial relationship to the world of skill and tools." As I had started in Princeton to diverge from his ideal-suggestions (with fewer social and more internal experiences), it does not seem unusual that--even in changed places and differing circumstances--I would continue to vary from them during ages 13-15 (see this chapter), during ages 15-18 (see Chapter V), and beyond.

Erikson's fifth epigenetic stage is Puberty and Adolescence. In adolescence, he stated that "all sameness and continuities relied on earlier are more or less questioned again, because of a rapidity of body growth which equals that of early childhood and because of the new addition of genital maturity. The growing and developing youths, faced with this physiological revolution within them, and with tangible adult tasks ahead of them are now primarily concerned with what they appear to be in the eyes of others as compared with what they feel they are, and with the question of how to connect the roles and skills cultivated earlier with the occupational prototypes of the day." There is a new integration, more

than the sum of childhood identifications, of the ego's ability to integrate all identifications with the vicissitudes of the libido, with the aptitudes developed out of endowment, and with the opportunities offered in social roles . . . . The danger of this stage is role confusion. Where this is based on a strong previous doubt as to one's sexual identity, delinquent and outright psychotic episodes are not uncommon."

While i was in sixth grade, my father resumed college. He was then moving about on crutches, and his orthopedic handicap had hampered his working in Grampy's store. Resolved against becoming a "burden", he had determined to train for a desk job and entered college to earn a degree in accountancy. In the middle of my seventh grade, we 3 others moved as well to the small city where he studied, about 40 kilometers from Princeton. Migrating from a rural area to an urban place, we changed from a gemeinschaft culture to a gesellschaft society, from face-to-face associations to role-interactions.

The population of our new home-city of Bangor (38,912 in 1960) outnumbered all of Washington County. Almost a quarter of the population was either foreign-born, or native-born of foreign or mixed parentage. More than 80% of those aged 14-17 remained in school, and for adults over 25 the median level of education was 12.2 years. Unemployment was 5-plus %, and the median family income was \$5,353. There were 8,902 families, and half lived in

rented units. More than 10,000 of the 11,000-plus housing units had hot-and-cold running water inside the structure, an exclusively-used flush toilet, and an exclusively-used bathtub or shower. Yet while we arrived upon an area of greater affluence, in moving we went from the top of the heap to the bottom of things.

We lived in a tenement house that was a sore thumb within a shabby-genteel neighborhood which was separated from a large residential section by a tree-lined boulevard. Downtown bordered one side of our neighborhood, and a major roadway bordered another. The back lawn-ette of our house abutted the parking lot of the business college that my father attended. Efficiently square-shaped and without adornments, the house was constructed of clapboard over a balloon-frame, colored battleship-gray with a patina of soot. The spinster landlady lived in the front. She was so stingy as to have her lawyer son come by to mow the grass-strips rather than tossing me and my brother a few pennies for the work. The house was smaller than the others nearby, and it and a tiny Alpine bungalow across the street were anomalous to the other houses of the neighborhood, most of which were originally stately residences, and to the elegant Episcopal church. Because traffic and commerce took place at the edge of our neighborhood, several homes had been converted to house offices and agencies. About a block away from our house were a

Catholic high school and a Jewish community-center. Our house had been broken up into three small apartments. Located on the back part of the top floor, our apartment had two bedrooms, a living room, a dining chamber, a kitchenette, and a bath. Richard and i shared a bedroom. My father worked part-time, my mother full-time, and still money was tight. Most of the residents in our neighborhood were solidly or shabbily middle-class. Our German Protestant neighbors in the bungalow were working class, their child an infant. A working-class family of English Protestants lived a block away, and their oldest son was Richard's age (so he had a best friend). A fat Jewish kid was my semi-friend, because it was more pleasant to be with someone than to walk alone over the 2 kilometers to school, but i never once got invited inside his house. There were some other Jewish kids nearby who didn't associate with me, and farther up, and past the boulevard in another section, there were relatively lots of kids, few of whom i met in school. There was no school-bus service. The city line cost money and i was allowed to use it only in coldest winter. When school let out, the sidewalk was crowded at first, but after a kilo there were only a few walkers and some kids having access to cars. Harly anybody was left past the tree-scaped boulevard lined with professional offices and prestige homes (often set with long side facing

the street, and spaced apart). Past the boulevard i arrived in my neighborhood, home.

When i went in the massive-seeming junior high school for the first time to transfer to the seventh grade, the guidance counselor looked at my folder and said that i should be "in the top half." Speaking perfunctorily with me, he started taking me into the top-rated section of the grade (7-H, the others were -O, -N, -E, -S, -T, and -Y hadn't been filled). By my grades he was right, but he took absolutely no consideration of me as an individual (because at that time, in 1957, school-cystems emphasized lowest-cost, most "efficient" instruction to not-small classes). Leading me to a classroom, the counselor turned me over to the teacher who gave my name, happily, as John, to the approximately 30 boys and girls. I felt a little overwhelmed to find an entire classroom as being only one-sixth of a grade, and that classes shifted from room to room during a day broken up into equalized "periods" (rather than topical "units" of varying duration). i was ready for interaction with these new faces and i suppose things would have proceeded apace had it not been for certain circumstances.

From the first, in 7-H, i noticed dissimilarities between them and me. i spoke a different language, a Down-east Yankee dialect which they in their General American smugness thought quaint, humorous, poke-funable. My



worst offense was the drop most of the sound of the letter "r", and for some words sounds were added. We Yankees pa'ked ouah ca's (and druv them down a rud). We said Cuber like Kennedy. Wuz quz the past tense of is, dinners were et, trees clum. A-yuh signified agreement, and some words were extended (eg., que-ah). For blacks, tight signifies closeness, for us Down-easters it meant economical. Flourishing plants were called thrifty. So at first, i clammed shut in the 7-H classes, then i reprogrammed. It was almost like learning English as a second language. For some time after i carefully had to watch my new wording (and would get embarassed when the old ways slipped out). Also, i was a little wide-eyed to meet up with so many types of people that i had only heard about, and that negatively. Then, i found that several Catholics (Irish and French) and lots of Jewish kids looked at me negatively because my father was poor. We had but one car and a house that i was ashamed of. Everybody else in 7-H, except for the son of a linotyper, seemed comfortably in the middle class. Many of their parents, even the Jews, were country club members. Several had second and third cars, and they lived farther out on our side of the city and into the suburbs. Accustomed to greater material advantages, they'd had a broader experience in social interaction. And there were differences of outlook and

expectation (more at first than later). i did learn to talk without dropping the "r's", and i did become accepted as a school fellow--but never did i (or the other non-middle class kid for that matter) get accepted as a social equal; all because of the barrier of SES (socio-economic status). i'd hear of parties and dances, sometimes before and sometimes after they happened, but it was always to overhear and not to be told. Even my semi-friend never asked me in as we came to his door or ever visited me. And as all these higher SES kids were most of those i met (we being herded through nearly all the periods by sections), my social personality shrank. I mean, even my semi-friend would affectionately modify my last name, to "Rubbish"--and that is exactly how many in the bourgeoisie perceive poor people. My god, i had moments which opened me right up into empathy for such things as the centuries of Step'n Fetch-it experience--as from the disdainful regard presented my way by the wife of the Episcopal minister and the condescending talk she made handing me the quarters for shoveling the church walk and her driveway.

Yet, there in Bangor, the biggest difference, the most glaring discrepancy, was between myself and other males--and this seems to have signalled the occasion for the singly most disruptive factor in my life. My plump childhoodness lingered, and i entered into puberty relatively late--

and unevenly (with the most obvious aspects, some of the secondary sexual characteristics, arriving last of all). In Princeton Elementary, there had been no gym classes and the closest we came to stripping down with others was when changing to swim. Transferred into the junior high in Bangor, i was assigned each day to a period of gym with other boys from 7-H and either -N or -O. At shower times there i was, less fuzzy than a peach--while most of the 70-odd others were pelted with pubic hairs. My self-esteem pummulted. And i was similarly lacking (by comparison) on the gym floor and sports fields--but unlike Princteon i couldn't say that i didn't play the sport. The teacher would point or call, and i'd have to move, however unsurely. My sense of competence declined, but at least the school year ended in a few months--so that my total self-concept only got shaken.

Things were worse in eighth grade. In gym, we three hairless ones huddled together in one corner of the locker room. Going in and out of the shower with my glasses off, it was horrorshow: the various colors of hair were distinct, but the pelts themselves blurred (and sometimes seemed to extend about chin-high). With glasses on, i'd notice enviously with furtive glances genital-size differences. One tall kid seemed bigger soft than i was hard. On the playground in eighth grade one lunch-time,

two other boys grabbed me and forcibly pulled down my pants in a front corner of the schoolyard. Not in my gym class, they wanted to see if i (baby-fatted, child-shaped) had hair. "Maybe he shaves it," one said, meaning shave off. Tugging up my pants, i looked up to see my English teacher driving back from lunch and she turned her head almost perpendicular as she passed. i wondered what she'd seen and as i had an infantile curch on her i was doubly humiliated. At home, i even concealed myself before my younger brother. Many of his friends developed before i did. At home, i tried shaving my fuzziness to try to make the dark stuff grow, and sprinkled on Vitalis, cried, prayed, or smeared on semen after masturbating. Sometimes, i wondered if my lacking were a punishment for masturbating (or other sins), but my self-sexual tensions were stronger than any fearful beliefs and i kept on doing it: after school, odd times in the bathroom, before bed (trying not to jiggle the bed so as not to let my brother in the bunk below know). Portnoy had his mother to complain about, i had God. By the end of the year, hairs started tip toeing in, and so the next year i underwent a conversion and was baptised. Still wanting to know more about sexual matters, i started reading the Bible instead of sci fi, but nothing that i read in religion or science told me what i wanted to find out. Long accustomed to withholding essential information from me, my parents once confiscated

a copy of Lady Chatterly's Lover as being unfit.

Not directly connected to these traumata, i engaged in some incidental homosexuality, two summers in Princeton, with one of my better friends from childhood. However, our sex play was not so much sexual as a continuation of our body-image wonderment. (Remember that he'd been yearning for the changes of puberty for some time.) A visiting older cousin had recently taken him aside for a demonstration of masturbation, and he had told me of it. One day, we were swimming by the bridge between Princeton and Indian township. Deciding to try that ourselves, we crawled up to a secluded spot under the bridge. His hair was beginning, mine hadn't. Both getting hard, we first lined our cocks side by side for a comparison (and they were close enough to be "exactly the same"). Then we moved apart to beat our meat. Right hands, nothing, left hands, still no white stuff. Then we tried hands on each other. Still nothing, so we stopped. Of course, we both kept trying by ourselves, and a few weeks later were able to report about ejaculations to each other. My first spurts were yellowish, then milky white. (So there i was, partly into puberty, having achieved genital growth and the capacity for orgasm--but it just didn't show on my pubes.)

During the subsequent school year i did not think at all about this, nor did i wish to repeat the experience. The next summer, i went back to Princeton and spent a lot of time with the same friend from yesteryears. One time, i found a used rubber floating in the water. Days later, out on an island, we tried it once again, visually examining each other more thoroughly than the year before (noticing slight dissimilarities). Another time, we decided to both masturbate,

he on the porch, me on a couch inside. After finishing myself, i didn't hear him stirring so then i quietly went up by the windowed door and watched him finish off. When he shot, i quickly went back to a seat at the table and faked interest in a cup of coffee. He asked if i'd watched, and the one other time that we masturbated together that summer was by his suggestion in different rooms. For him it was still incidental-type homosexuality, i was verging into something else (or more exactly, some things else).

In junior high, i had experienced uncontrollable erections during the classes, and sometimes they kept up their hardness even after the bell rang, causing much discomfort for me as i tried to conceal them. (i also had bouts of general blushing at this time.) Sometimes when i had these erections and sometimes when i didn't, i would gaze at a couple of the most attractive, popular, and athletic boys--not conceiving of doing anything with them--just wanting to be like them, or be them. i had fantasies of situations where time slowed down, or stood still, for everybody else in the world but me. i would picture myself going along with normal movement, while other people were caught in mid-animation and moved but imperceptibly, so that they didn't notice when i took down their clothes to examine them. (I think i wanted to know exactly about them in order to be sure of me. I don't think i imagined sexually then.)

In the heterogenous gesellschaft society of Bangor, although nothing or no one spoke exactly to me and my problems and potentialities, i did find some spots of warmth which helped keep me together during all these trying circumstances. By not becoming crushed by them, i ended up feeling as much confident as defeated.

A couple of blocks from our house was a fancy Congregational Church, located at the intersection of the prestige boulevard and a major thoroughfare leading in and out of the city. Although on the fringe of a derelict area, it was well-maintained, not at all deteriorated. Constructed of stone like the stately, elegant Episcopal Church near us, it presented a facade of coziness (partly from being short and compact). The tone of the services was that of questioning and intellectuality and emotional commitment. (There'd sometimes be satisfaction, but not smugness.) It had a separate wing for socio-educational functions. Our family joined this church, and thank God they (knowing of our circumstances, and regarding us as a charity-case) gave us special consideration, helping ease our transition to Bangor. i was an avid participant of the Sunday-evening youth group, and except for the toned-down area of sexuality

was able to experience with the Congregationalists among my classmates and their social equals from elsewhere in the city some of the kinds of social interaction that i had been missing. There were several staffers for the non-spiritual functions, and the main adult leader urged me into all sorts of group activity, committee-work, acting, etc. In the Sunday school there, i received my first exposure to non-Western religions. The minister was cerebral-appearing and i used to be impressed by his rap (although sometimes finding it hard to penetrate through all his "as it were's" and so forth. After the final stages of puberty arrived, i became a convert to Christ and got baptised in this church (becoming sprinkled, where the Princeton Baptists had dunked) and arranged tutorials with the minister to work toward a "God and Country" award in scouts.

When i was in 8th grade, my brother and his best friend from up the street joined a Boy Scout troop that met in a slightly deteriorated Methodist church in a working class neighborhood several blocks up toward the junior high. He and a couple of his friends (he'd transferred into an elementary school, where class levels weren't so formidable) urged me to join as well and i did, avidly taking part in the activities. For some reason that i didn't understand, not having too good an image of myself, they elected me their patrol leader. Then, over the next couple of years



in that troop, i flowered into competence, earning merit badges and becoming an Eagle Scout and in the end getting elected Senior Patrol Leader and to the "Order of the Arrow." At times on longer camp-outs, no adult could be present, and i'd be left in charge. After a weekend hike, when we would be riding back home, i'd notice that the other kids would be dropping off to sleep one by one, yet i still had energy and reserves left, because a basic sense of determination had developed in my character. (Sometimes, one or another of them would lean on me in falling asleep and i would get all tingly--so I had better talk for a moment about homosexual-type developments in the scouts.) Overall, it seems to have been a positive development for me to have been placed in satisfying situations with slightly-younger boys who reminded me of my own negative experiences when i was younger. These were times that included undressing together, and i was noticing and sometimes envious. Sometimes, i gave lingering looks to some of them in the midst of their activity (eg. playing ball). There was one kid in the troop for a while, younger but more matured, whom i used to try to turn away from when we were undressing, and also from some of the best-proportioned younger ones who weren't as well matured. Yet once when we were swimming in coldish water, a couple of them commented about the hairiness of my balls. In all these things, from the tinges

that were upon my perceptions, I think that i started to fixate upon the gestalt-appearance of pre- and early-pubescent boys, so probably it's a good thing that no homosexual activity went on then. But probably it's a bad thing, for me, that there was no gay adult leader, in the troop, in the Congregational church, in the junior high, because experience with a "chicken hawk" would seem to have been a perfect prescription, image-building, a chance to talk and put myself (through role-playing) outside the things that bothered. Even a little hard-core porn would have been okay.

In the ninth grade, we changed to the high school, which was just down the hill from my house. As both halves of the city were strangers, relatively to each other, i did not feel so out of place and the transition to the larger school went easily. i could speak General American then with few mistakes, and had more friends. Because hairs had started, the gym class shower rooms weren't as distressing, although i developed eczema and got exempt from some sections of activity. Unlike the other kids with whom i was loosely clustered, i took general science instead of Latin, and i also built a maze for mice and exhibited it at a science fair.

In tenth grade, i enrolled in a new science and math track of studies, taking biology. The next summer, i

attended a youth science center where i had three mazes, loads of mice, and three girl collaborators. i took on a future identity of myself as training for a profession, becoming a research scientist. However, at no time in Bangor did i receive sufficient attention for my science interests. Once in eighth grade on a reading test about a science book, i received a score which the librarian told me was higher than the author of the book had written was possible for a junior high student--but there the matter dropped, there was no follow-up. My ninth grade class was taught by a do-do. At least in the biology class, i started learning about living things, organicness, and this is when i first dug into concepts of ecology.

In tenth grade, i became myself again. i was asked to join a high school frat, ran for an elected committee position, had a first date, got a license, and began smiling once more. In the fall, my old semi-friend had told me about the cross-country team, and my imagination responded to the idea of trying out as a runner (and not simply because it was a gym-exemption). In the first distance run, i came in last with a chain-smoking kid, but after lots of determined practice after a few months i had tied for first once and in the final race of the season won (so that i earned a letter). In the locker rooms for practices and meets, somehow when i was part of a team it was less embarrassing for me to be the way i was. In the spring, i ran

on the track team, and in the winter (to stay out of gym) helped a friend manage the swim team.

There was a special-section of French in tenth grade which i took even though i was tracked for science. At first, i almost flunked. It was learn by talking, and i was too new in General American to be ready to move on. Unable to roll my "r"s, i had the worst accent. Some exams i flunked. By the mid-term i was feeling defeated and ready to quit. The teacher advised me not to give up, and his words took. i passed the impasse, and got a B on the semester final. The next semester, in a dramatic skit en francais, i played the destitute widow to a villain landlord. "Pensez a mes enfants. Ne me jetez pas dans l'hiver froid." And i reported in class on Frances' Mirage IV bomber.

Before continuing on with my experience in suburban Maryland from age 15-17, I would like to introduce and consider some psychological organizing principles which help explain the "whats" and "whys" of this narrative. Notions of ego, style of life, and identity are central to my life-story, and the following discussion of them, and their contexts, is a foundation for later reflections (Chapter VIII,

and following) upon even more pivotal concepts of self.

Freud's psychodynamic theories of mental functioning and development were grounded upon two fundamental principles: (1) that each event in mental life is caused by events which preceded it (psychic determinism) and (2) that unconscious mental processes are very widespread and extremely significant (making consciousness an exceptional component of the mind). Principle #1 means that nothing ever happens by chance in the mind. There are no "slips" of the tongue or "accidents" in mislaying or forgetting things. Mental events, even dreams, are not discontinuous from events previous to them but are connected to them (in fact, they are the consequences of them). This holds true for normal as well as disturbed individuals. Yet, oftentimes mental events do seem unrelated to what went on before--and so the basic Freudian principle #2 states that many thoughts, dreams, symptoms, and so forth are causally connected to unconscious mental processes (even if the individual is not aware of the connections). From his psychoanalytic technique of free-association (i.e., making associations free from the conscious control of the mind), Freud concluded that most mental functioning takes place without consciousness (even the most complex processes, and those most decisive in determining behavior).

Given these assumptions, what makes the mind work? Freud concluded that "psychic energies" activate the mind, that drives were the essential components of mental functioning. Rather like the instincts of animals, drives are innate biological necessities to react to internal or external stimulation with a state of central excitation, or tension. Tension impells activity. In man (as

presumably not with the animals), the motor activity which follows this tension does not take place with a fixed, or stereo-typical, pattern but can be mediated by the ego (which itself is modified by an individual's experience and reflection). This ensuing motor activity should lead to the cessation of the tension (i.e., a subjective experience of gratification). Freud hypothesized two basic drives: the sexual (or erotic) and the aggressive (or destructive), both of which participate in all mental activity. Through their mental representations, drive-energies are invested in persons or things in the course of a person's development, and these "cathexes" can become fixated at a certain stage, or regressed to earlier levels (chapter 2). Initially, Freud regarded the working mind as being composed of various part-functions (e.g., sensation and memory) which were arranged in serial order and which worked in a linear fashion. Next, he formulated a unified "topographical theory" of mental functioning, which distinguished three separate spheres: the system Ucs. (psychic contents and processes were actively barred from consciousness), the system Pcs. (what could become conscious) and the system Cs. (what was conscious in the mind). These terms he abbreviated in order to mark them off from the everyday usages. The systems Cs. and Pcs. were closely related, because what was conscious at one time would move into the pre-conscious once attention was withdrawn, and at any moment preconscious elements could be made conscious by an effort of attention. The system Ucs. was of a different order from the systems Cs.-Pcs., because its contents and processes could not become conscious by effort. Some force within the mind prevented them from reaching consciousness. Placing emphasis on the components of the mind which were actively barred from consciousness, the Freudian system of psychoanalysis (which said "where

unconscious was, shall conscious be") was a depth-psychology, or psychology of the unconscious. In 1923, after coming to see the Ucs. as being more complex than a single system, Freud proposed a new model of the working mind, the "structural theory" of mental functioning. By this model, there are three functionally related groups, or structures, of mental contents: id, ego, and super-ego. The id is composed of the psychic representations of the drives, the ego is made up of the functions with which the individual relates to the environment, and the super-ego comprises moral precepts and ideal aspirations. At birth, the id alone is present in the psyche, the ego and super-ego differentiate later. The ego begins to develop at about 6-8 months and is well-established (although it continues to change) by the age of 2-3 years. Its basic functions are perception, motor control, memory, emotions, and thinking. Developing from an interplay between maturational and experiential factors, these functions help to achieve control of the id impulses and a "reality testing." The individual's own body and its related mental activity are very important in helping to differentiate the ego, also his/her identifications with others. As the ego develops, it draws from the psychic energies available to the id, and it tends to neutralize drive-energy from its original form. Ego is the seat of consciousness. The super-ego begins to develop about the age of 5 or 6 years and becomes well-established by 10 or 11. Largely unconscious, the super-ego corresponds to the conscious, and it is mostly internalized from parental admonitions and actions (which themselves arise from their own super-egos, introjected in early life from their parents.)

To put it in other ways, the ego is the portion of the personality

that arbitrates between itself and the other, interrelated personality elements and that carries on relations with the world external to the individual. It is a group of functions which are largely conscious and which are effected according to the reality-principle (as opposed to the pleasure-principle of the id). The ego modifies the instinctual impulses arriving from the id, makes compromises with the demands of the super-ego and in general deals rationally and effectively with reality through its modes of perception, reason, storage of knowledge, judgment-making and problem-solving. Not present in the newborn infant, the ego develops as the growing child learns to master its impulses, to understand what the world requires and to use intelligence in meeting difficulties. Ego-strength reflects the level of personality development. A "strong ego" successfully integrates the demands of id, super-ego and reality. Free from rigid defense- or escape-mechanism, it is flexible in handling the stresses of life. Dominated by unconscious impulses, a "weak ego" exhibits a low tolerance of frustration and may disintegrate under strain.

In Freud's structural approach, the ego was considered to be a special institution of the mind, established through the life-experience of the person. It acted as a "synthesizer" in arbitrating, transmuted and compromising between conflicting impulses and demands. After Freud's time, the ego became studied (e.g., by Sullivan) as a kind of organization of biological givens rather than as a series of special instincts. The two major lines of approach emphasized: defense mechanisms (in the manner of Anna Freud) and secondary



processes (with Hartmann, Kris, Loewenstein and Rappaport as the leading early theoreticians). Hartmann regarded the ego as an "executive agent", conflict-free, which developed from the natural endowment and maturation of the individual's reality-adapted aspects. His sort of approach leads to an emphasis upon coping-functions (rather than defense mechanisms) which are related to an active, effective person dealing with biological, psychological and social demands. From this perspective, ego-strength is measured by environmentally-interactive performance, such as in solving problems, the ability to learn from experience, planning ability and foresight and abilities to stick to promises and to carry out resolutions. In 1950, Erikson introduced the idea of ego-identity (see below).

Concepts of the actual, subjective experience of the ego are grounded upon the word of Federn, who described an "ego feeling" as the actual sensation of one's own ego, whether bodily or mental. Ego-feeling is a continuous, unifying mental experience. Omnipresent in waking life, it shifts and varies without our noticing it (although we sense an invigorated ego-feeling when tired, drowsy or numb and when waking up or receiving exciting news). Between ego and the field of non-ego (which can include unconscious material as well as external things), there is an ego-boundary (which includes the sense organs). The introspection of egotized data results in an awareness of "inner mentality", while the extraspection of the non-ego field leads to considerations of "external reality". It is possible for a healthy individual to direct attention simultaneously inside and outside his/her mind in order to sense clearly what are only thoughts, memory or

imagination and what are real objects or events of the external world. The entirety of inner mentality participates in the coherent ego-experience of unity, while everything outside the boundary of ego experience is sensed as non-ego. Unegotized data (including the repressed unconscious as well as stimuli from without) enters the ego-boundary from without and is perceived as external reality. In short, the ego-boundary, "located" at the periphery of the ego, is the sense organ of the ego, capable of discriminating the real from the unreal. Although consciousness is one of the functions unified by the ego, ego-feeling is not equivalent to consciousness (because it extends over the preconscious storing of memories). If there is a subjective sensation that preconscious data is disposed of correctly, it leads to confidence in the individual's ability to behave and express him/herself in a coherent manner.

Freud and (to a lesser extent) the post-Freudians retained the idea of psychic determinism in their thinking to such an extent that it tended to blind them from recognizing that a person's motives might be "functionally autonomous" (Allport's term) from past events, synchronously concurring with other events (Jung's concept) or even "caused" by the anticipated future--and so at this point I would like to introduce a contrasting

perspective (theological instead of deterministic, more subjective than objective) for the reader to have available for comparing with the patterns and particulars of my experiences. As is the style of this narration, the material is simply presented for the reader's use in thinking backwards and while going forward, and no attempt at an authorial integration will be made until Chapter 8, when all the data of this record of early-life experience are in.

In Adlerian psychological theory, the striving for a fictional-goal (which is generally a vague sort of "superiority" or impetus from minus to completion) is the basic motivating force for the individual personality. Behavior is caused more by expectations for the future than by experiences in the past. "Causes, powers, instincts, impulses, and the like cannot serve as explanatory principles," stated Adler. "The final goal alone can explain man's [sic] behavior. Experiences, traumata, sexual development mechanisms cannot yield an explanation," only "the perspective in which these are regarded, the individual way of seeing them" can. All environmental influences are "perceived, assimilated, digested, and answered by a living and striving being, striving for a successful achievement in his [or her] view."

Each person is characterized by a unique style of life, or "consistent movement toward a goal," which includes not only the goal but also the individual's

experience in life: the idea of "identity" (and its various "statuses", or possible positions). Erikson defined identity as an integration based upon "the accrued experience of the ego's ability to integrate all identifications with the vicissitudes of the libido, with the aptitudes developed out of endowment, and with the opportunities offered in social roles." Identity relates faintly to this chapter, and firmly beginning with Chapter v.

Erikson stated that the integration of identity is achieved, generally in adolescence, through a psychodynamic process which is located at the core of the individual and yet also in the core of his [or her] communal culture. Identity is a socially synthesizing function of the ego, and it evolves as the ego grows in every more mature interplay with the identities of the child's models and with the actual social structure of the environment. For Erikson, the process of identity-formation "'begins' somewhere in the first true 'meeting' of mother and baby as two persons who can touch and recognize each other, and it does not 'end' until a man's or woman's power of mutual affirmation wanes." Grounded upon the basic introjections and projections of infancy and the identifications (with part-aspects of people) of childhood, identity comes into function when the earlier mechanisms end their usefulness for creating a total personality which senses a shared character with others. Greater than the sum of

previous identifications, ego-identity is a gestalt or pattern, which Erikson regarded as being grounded upon "the inner capital accrued from all those experiences of each successive stage, where successful identification led to a successful alignment of the individual's basic drives with his [or her] endowment and his [or her] opportunities." A finalized identity subordinates all previous identifications, including them all, but altering them into a unique and reasonably coherent whole.

Although the life-stage of late-adolescence is the setting for an overt "identity crisis," the overall process of identity-formation is life long and neither begins nor ends then. During late-adolescence "in psychological terms," stated Erikson, "identity formation employs a process of simultaneous reflection and observation, a process taking place on all levels of mental functioning, by which the individual judges himself [or herself] in the light of what he [or she] perceives to be the way in which others judge him [or her] in comparison to themselves and to a typology significant to them; while he [or she] judges their way of judging him [or her] in the light of how he [or she] perceives himself [or herself] in comparison to them, and to types that have become relevant to him [or her]. The process is, luckily, and necessarily, for the most part unconscious except where inner conditions and outer circumstances combine to aggravate a painful, or elated, 'identity-consciousness.'" If identity is not achieved, or finalized, there is a danger of role-confusion. Negative identities can result from an individual's commitment to identifications and roles which have been presented

as undesirable or dangerous to him in earlier periods of development.

The identity-crisis is a "critical moment" or "necessary turning point" between the polar outcomes of identity versus role-confusion. During the identity-crisis, an experience of ego-diffusion can result if the individual has not built up a reliable source of self-sameness or if the surrounding society does not offer meaningful roles or a firm sense of membership. Ego diffuses with despair and confusion. Childhood conflicts recur. The ego-diffused individual may stay out all night, run away, leave school or job, or withdraw into bizarre and inaccessible moods. Obviously, ego-diffusion increases during social change or with unexpected success or failure. In adolescence, acute episodes of ego-diffusion such as delinquency and psychosis do not have the same "fatal significance" (if diagnosed and treated correctly) as they can have at later ages, stated Erikson. "Once 'delinquent'", the individual's "greatest need and his [or her] only salvation, is the refusal on the part of older friends, advisers, and judiciary personnel to type him [or her] further by pat diagnoses and social judgments which ignore the special dynamic conditions of adolescence." Self-fulfilling prophecies, especially, are to be guarded against.

Erikson regarded Adolescence (like Latency) as a period of delay, "inexplicable" in terms of libido theory. During the adolescent delay, "the sexually matured individual is more or less retarded in his [or her] psychosexual capacity for intimacy and in the psychosocial readiness for parenthood. This period is a psychosocial moratorium during which the individual through free role experimentation may find a

niche which is firmly defined and yet seems uniquely made for him [or her]. In finding it, the young adult gains an assured sense of inner continuity and social sameness which will bridge what he [or she] was as a child and what he [or she] is about to become, and will reconcile his conception of himself or herself and his [or her] community's recognition of him [or her]."

In a doctoral dissertation, later adapted into an article, James Marcia expanded upon Erikson's hypothetical psychosocial crisis, with its central concern of commitment and its polar outcomes of identity versus diffusion. Echoing Erikson, Marcia defined (1) identity-achievement as the commitment to an occupational ideology following the experience of a crisis period. Past beliefs become re-evaluated, and there is a resolution which leaves the individual free to act without becoming overwhelmed by sudden environmental shifts or by unexpected responsibilities. (2) Identity-diffusion may or may not follow a crisis period, but its hallmark is a lack of commitment (or concern about having any).

After elaborating upon these polar outcomes, Marcia than added to the schema two additional concentration-points which were "roughly intermediate" to the first two ego-statuses. (3) Foreclosure is the expression of commitment by an individual without hir ever having experienced a crisis. "It is difficult to tell where his [or her] parents' goals for him [or her] leave off and where his [or hers] begin. He [or she] is becoming what others have prepared or intended him [or her] to become as a child. His [or her] beliefs (or lack of them) are virtually 'the

faith of the fathers and mothers living still." (4) Moratorium is the experience of a crisis period, with a struggle to make commitments. The moratorium individual "is distinguished from the identity-diffusion subject by the appearance of an active struggle to make commitments. Issues described as adolescent preoccupy him [or her]. Although his [or her] parents' wishes are still important to him [or her], he [or she] is attempting to compromise among them, society's demands, and his [or her] own capabilities. His [or her] sometimes bewildered appearance stems from his [or her] vital concern and internal preoccupation with what occasionally appear to him [or her] to be unresolvable questions.

As the following chapters indicate, Marcia's distinctions related to my early-life experience. From my Princeton days, a sense of foreclosure had remained into my adolescence, while my late-teen and young-adult experiences were characterized more by the struggle of moratorium than the non-committed unconcern of diffusion. And later there would be some violent ego-shifts (see Volume III).

In a subsequent paper, Marcia described possible changes of status. A moratorium S or subject, in his study, by virtue of his [or her] active concern with psychosocial issues, is probably closer to identity achievement than a foreclosure S who may be somewhat



solidified in a position of close parental identification that makes movement difficult. Identity diffusion Ss lack even the appearance of identity achievement often found in foreclosures. However, at any time, Ss may move from one status to another, except that once the foreclosure position is left behind (i.e. a crisis has been experienced), it is no longer an option. An identity diffuse person, for example, would not necessarily be expected to remain in this status. A likely progression would be from diffusion through moratorium to identity achievement. By the same token, ego identity is not achieved once and for all. Severe environmental shifts might precipitate a diffuse state, although this would be less likely to happen to an individual who had once achieved an identity than to, say, a foreclosure individual."

## SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

In depicting the experience of my early-life, the preceding autobiographical chapters tried to extend an ageless tradition of humanistic, personal history-telling within which universals are mixed with the particular. Two chapters preceded the account of my life-events, "Roots" elaborated upon the history and cultural circumstances of my hometown, while "Tendrils" provided an interpretative presentation of my immediate forebears. In the literally autobiographical chapters, the differing sections of experience, beginning with my "Baby-book era", were analyzed through a grounding in basic developmental concepts, especially those about the critical stages of life: their tasks, potential avenues and possible pitfalls.

The prose technique of "montaging" concrete-experience and conceptual backdrop was intended as an experiment, an attempt to advance literary autobiography and "memoirs" (see pages 9-11, also footnote 2) by incorporating a unified variety of in-depth interdisciplinary

perspectives and analyses. In this Expressionistic study of self-in-society, the formal content of psychology was most often applied in generating the methodologies, along with ideas from general social-science, media- and communications-theory, and technology.

The essential "findings" generated by this sliding-scale approach are too numerous and diverse to lend themselves to systematic and summary documentation. However, an example of the benefits of the approach would be in Chapter III where the related theories of Freud and Erikson were applied to personal experiences and found to be sometimes adequate in explaining the "why" of my development. Other times, they were not sufficient to describe, conceptualize, and explain what was going on, and new approaches (grounded upon the ideas of Jung and Adler) were formulated and applied. Over all the chapters, this writing tried to suggest in a powerful way the needs for a new psychological approach, possessed of both historical and ecological validity, and at the same time to indicate some possibilities for the directions such new methodologies might take.

As a manifestation of Concrete-prose, or visually-oriented writing, the chapters seem a successful experiment. They flow by section--and "all at once" or simultaneously--and help the readers to shift between, and integrate, levels in a paradigm, e.g., between subjective personal experience and conceptual models of human development. The 3 text-formats (personal, theoretical, and methodological) provide a unifying regularity which helps the reader comprehend and form conclusions. A most promising aspect of this writing is that it was a "trial-casting" toward a book, and not an attempt at closure. From this level, the author may be able to go on to book-length writing, possibly developing a central "psychocultural" life-cycle orientation.

Readers who find themselves "staying" with this curious mixture of objective/subjective Bio-documentation may end up with some interest in adopting a multi-layered approach of sliding perspectives in order to formulate their own understandings (and perhaps transmit them to others). From these verbi-voco-visual effects, they may become more receptive to the unfolding Electronic-era and the diverse modalities and means by which persons of trained sensitivity and memory try to speak directly to their audiences with media in order to portray and explain things to them.

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