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REQUIREMENTS FOR THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF ONE'S OWN SPECIES

A Dissertation Presented

By

BRIAN F. REYNOLDS

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

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

May 1979

Psychology Department



Brian F. Reynolds 1979
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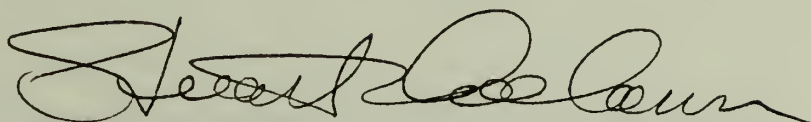
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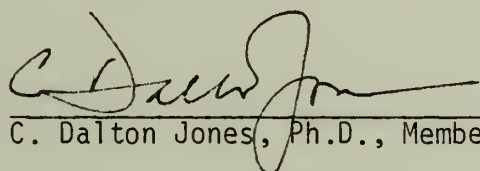
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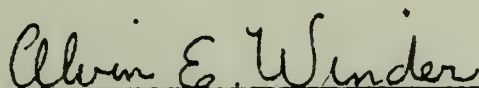
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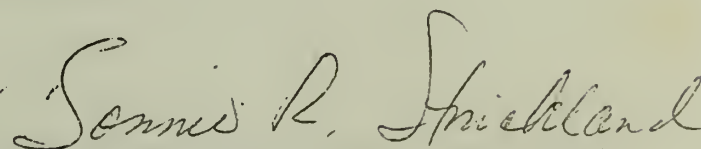
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ABSTRACT

Requirements for the Scientific Study of One's Own Species

May 1979

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Directed by: Professor Stuart E. Golann

This dissertation reports the development of a methodology for describing interactive behavior--specifically of a family at dinner--and examines psychoanalytic literature which helps to clarify important issues which arose during that process. The goal of writing Family at Dinner, itself a collaborative project, was to learn to describe simply, concretely and sequentially the interaction of a normal family. We wanted to produce a description which in its detail and organization would help to make sense of the complex experience of family interaction by illuminating some of the bases for feeling and understanding in a family setting which are not readily available to the casual viewer of a videotape or conscious perception of ongoing daily experience. Stated most simply, the methodology for that process required understanding the use of self as an instrument of participant observation and the ways in which "countertransference" serves that process when conscious and acts as a detriment when it remains unconscious. The literature which is investigated to bring further understanding to this process includes (by chapter): 1) A brief selected review of writings on the objectivity-subjectivity component of seeing and describing as a research activity, with particular attention to Harry Stack Sullivan's writings on parti-

participant observation in research and therapy with a focus on the concept of parataxic distortion. 2) A selected historical-developmental review of totalistic and classical models of countertransference. The totalistic perspective, in many respects a model of participant observation at work, describes the conscious use of countertransference responses to achieve insight and understanding in relation to data; the classical model describes distortion where subjective responses are unconsciously defended against. 3) The methodology chapter of this dissertation then describes the research process of Family at Dinner and its relation to the conceptual framework established in the two previous chapters. 4) Chapter IV presents the final draft of Family at Dinner, the result of processes elaborated and extended in the previous chapters. 5) The discussion chapter looks more closely at the ways in which classical countertransferential processes, reflecting issues from the many relationships which touched the describing a family at dinner, became manifest in our early explicit interpretations of family dynamics and later in the description itself without explicit interpretations. 6) The final chapter gives an overview of the learnings derived from the describing of a family and suggests the broader implementation of clinical understandings regarding countertransference into research methodology in clinical psychology.

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PREFACE

Foundations. In recent years method in science has moved away from a Newtonian, mechanistic, reductionistic model to an Einsteinian emphasis on energy systems and wholes (Harris, 1975). With this, and the subsequent development and integration into scientific thought of systems and cybernetics thinking, there has been a shift, both in the physical-biological sciences (Koestler, 1969) and more recently in some of psychology, from "objective" knowing by the scientist who stood apart from the object under scrutiny, to seeing the relativity of that knowing to the scientist's awareness of his or her own participation in the process of investigation. The movement has been away from simplistic, reductionistic notions of science to the study of complexity and of understanding within a contextual framework which includes the scientist. Each individual scientist--whether describing what is observed on a slide under a microscope, discovered in the abstractions of statistical data, or seen in an image on a television monitor--is influenced by individual needs and experiences in relation to data. Similarly, the scientist, to a degree, also determines both how and what he or she will see by creating and choosing accessory instruments of observation. Within these broadened perspectives there has also been a concomitant influence on studying the meaningfulness of behavior within the world as it presents itself to us. It may be that nowhere in science has this change been more difficult and more profound in its implications than

in psychology and psychiatry where the subject studied, often in intimate ways, is the behavior of one's own species and by extension the behavior of self. In no other area of science are scientists studying that which relates in the world as the researcher relates: with intelligence, self-awareness, consciousness, and intimacy needs which are simultaneously part of the subject and researcher, and which are, although often unconsidered, manifest in the relationship between them. It has been in relationship to personal data that psychology as a science and clinical psychologists especially have struggled to acknowledge and accept their own subjective participation in that which they have sought to understand. To some extent methodology, and the replication which that allows, has been useful in helping to mediate the issue of individual subjectivities. William James (1890) stated the issue well in defining what he called "The Psychologist's Fallacy": "The great snare of the psychologist," James said, "is the confusion of his own standpoint with that of the mental fact about which he is making his report" (p. 196). There remains today not only the question of differentiation of the subjective, unconscious motivations of the researcher in relation to data, but also the question of the creative utilization of conscious subjective responses especially in more qualitative and clinical methodologies.

It was with the ideal of developing a descriptive research method which would do justice to complex data, creatively utilize conscious awareness of subjective responses, and concomitantly meet "the requirements of science" that Jeffrey Baker and I, sharing an interest in family systems and communications theories, began our work on Family at

Dinner in 1974. Family at Dinner, the fourth chapter of this dissertation, is a written description of the O'Neil family--including Steve (age 30) and Joanne (age 30), their children Greg (age 7 years, 8 months) and Beth (age 2 years, 10 months), and the family dog Holmes--interacting around the evening meal in their own home. When we began the descriptive work our stated goal was to describe the interactions of a normal family simply, concretely, and sequentially. We chose to describe a family rather than some other subject because of interest generated from studying theorists of the family as a communication system. From this perspective all behavior is communication--there is no such thing as not communicating (Watzlawick, Beavin, & Jackson, 1967). We wanted the description, in its detail and organization, to help make sense of the complex experience of family interaction and communication by illuminating some of the bases for feelings and understandings which are not readily available to either a casual viewer of the videotaped data or conscious perception in ongoing daily experience. To this end the finished description is the product of between two and three thousand hours of viewing.

As we began our work describing the O'Neil's we were also, Jeff a year earlier than I, beginning our training as psychotherapists. In that capacity we were learning of the ways in which we influenced that which we observed in the therapy room. Gradually we were realizing the ways in which our "countertransferential" responses as therapists to our patients could be an important source of data which conscious as well as an incredible source of problems when unconscious. We hoped to incorporate this clinical learning into our formal research as psychologists.

The observers and the observed. We brought to what was initially a vaguely defined, highly subjective, collaborative task of describing the O'Neil family, a remarkably stable and enduring friendship as well as remarkably different individual and family backgrounds. Jeff was born in New York, came from a Jewish family background, and had one sister, two and one-half years older than he. His father worked as an advertising executive and writer, his mother as an artist. From high school he went to Brown University for a year and majored in pre-med before leaving on his own initiative and spending a year in Africa working for a flying doctor service. Upon returning from Africa he published a book describing his experience and began working in New York as an editor, first for Doubleday and Company, and then for St. Martins Press. During his seven years in New York publishing he married and had a son, then left publishing and moved with his family to New Hampshire where he wrote fiction and nonfiction, worked as a hospital transcriptionist, and published a book on contact lenses. While still living in New Hampshire he began, at age twenty-six, to attend the University of Massachusetts, majoring in psychology while working as a book editor for a psychology professor.

I was born in Washington, D.C., came from a predominantly Irish-Catholic family, and was the first of five children--three boys and then two girls. I attended public schools in grades one and two, then in the third grade, about one year after my family moved from the Virginia to the Maryland suburbs, I began attending parochial schools and graduated from a boys' Catholic high school in Washington, D.C., taught by priests and brothers. My father worked for the Department of Defense, first as

an administrative assistant, and then later as a systems and manpower analyst; my mother worked to manage a home and growing family. After finishing high school I moved to Northampton, Massachusetts, my father's boyhood home, and began working in a funeral business owned by his family. Two years later I entered the Air Force Reserve to escape the draft and Viet Nam. Shortly after returning from active training as a medical corpsman I left the funeral business and began working in Northampton as a sales-coordinator for the Vistron Corporation, a division of Standard Oil of Ohio. Concurrent with this, and for a short time while still working in the funeral business, I worked nights and some weekends as an associate director and counselor at a youth center in Northampton which I helped to establish. When Vistron asked me to move to Cleveland, Ohio, where sales functions were being centralized, I quit, found work as an ambulance driver and attendant at night, and at age twenty-five began attending the University of Massachusetts in Amherst as a psychology major.

Jeff and I met as sophomores in a psychology statistics course. During the time we were in that course he moved with his family from New Hampshire to Amherst and we began planning our careers in psychology by sharing our learnings and ideas from the different undergraduate courses we were taking, and from our diverse personal experiences. During our undergraduate years Jeff became separated and was divorced and my parents became separated and divorced. My father has since retired after thirty-four years of government work and my mother has remarried.

Following the completion of his undergraduate work, Jeff applied and was accepted for graduate study at the University of Massachusetts;

a year later, after having completed my undergraduate work and having made an unsuccessful attempt to gain admission to the University of Massachusetts, I began my graduate study at the University of Maine in Orono. For the first two years of our work together on Family at Dinner I drove to Amherst once and sometimes twice a month and we worked together intensively on weekends: I drove and Jeff typed. In addition we spent the summer between my first and second year in graduate school and all of our school vacations in front of a videotape monitor, at first in a research room at the university and later in Jeff's living room where his son Caleb often played while we worked. After my second year at Maine, where the work I was doing on Family at Dinner was rejected as research for credit, I reapplied to the University of Massachusetts, was accepted, and returned to Amherst to complete my graduate training and our work together describing the O'Neil's at dinner.

The family we chose to describe intermeshed with our collaborative backgrounds in many important ways. Joanne and Steve O'Neil (names of family members are pseudonymous) both came from large Massachusetts families, as I had. Their cultural and ethnic backgrounds were very similar to mine, while their nuclear family--boy and girl children and both parents having interests in art and literature--were more similar to Jeff's. Both Steve and Joanne were about our age at the time of the study, and their son, Greg, was very nearly the age of Jeff's son, Caleb. Both parents had graduated from college. Joanne's primary work was managing home and family--as my mother had done--while Steve worked outside the home as a teacher.

Prior to our extensive work describing the O'Neil's I had also

known them through a relationship with Steve's sister whom I had met while working at the youth center some years before. After contacting them by phone, Jeff and I went together to meet them, to explain what we wanted to do, and to ask them to be in the study. They agreed during that visit to a one-hundred dollar fee and to the contract we offered.

My knowing the O'Neil's was both beneficial and problematic to our describing their dinner together. My having known them personally allowed us access to them in the first place; they felt more comfortable being the subjects of family research because they knew and respected me (they commented on the recent "exploitation" of families such as the Loud's). I had previously had two or three meals and picnics with them in the company of Steve's sister. This was helpful in that many of their mannerisms and habits of speech were familiar to me, but it also, at times, made me feel perhaps unduly protective of them and my relationship to them. My past relationship to the family and to Steve's sister both consciously, and no doubt unconsciously, affected my feelings in relation to them. When Jeff and I were disagreeing in the cause of our work, ostensibly over what we heard or saw on the videotape monitor, I would sometimes invoke familiarity, using the family to protect us both from disagreeable, competitive struggles over competence, possession of the family, or rights to authorship. While I did not anticipate these feelings, as such, when we began our work, in retrospect they appear perfectly reasonable given my relationship to the O'Neils', Jeff, and my own family.

The cultural, ethnic and socio-economic similarities of the O'Neils' to my family also produced a familiarity which allowed me to

see and describe them simply and concretely in ways which could most closely reflect their views of themselves. Jeff's family background gave him greater familiarity with four-person family relationships; a structural similarity to the O'Neils', having a son Greg's age and having a family himself, provided Jeff with further insights and experiences which aided in our seeing and describing.

The opportunities for distortion, displacement, and self-protective fantasies (to see with such felt likeness) were also apparent. At times, for example, I found myself calling Jeff's son by the name of the O'Neils' son, Greg. In another instance, we originally described a five-globed hanging light in their modest apartment dining area as a chandelier, something more indigenous to Jeff's boyhood home. We later described the ceiling light as something less granderous and more appropriate to their small apartment.

All forms of familiarity, like all differences, can create confusion and misrepresentation of data when they are linked to conflict or otherwise undifferentiated in the researcher, as with the therapist. As a result of the intense intimacy of describing in such detail the physicality of a family together, and because I had previously known the family, these research issues were magnified in our work. I doubt, however, that they are any less present, although they may be less explicitly felt or realized, in less intimate psychological research or in day-to-day life.

Two views: Toward a comprehensive understanding of the research process. In examining these issues in his differentiation Jeffrey Baker (1977) focused both on the correlates in descriptive psychological re-

search to our descriptive work, and on the correlates in art, especially the subjective, interpretive processes in art, to description. In his methodology he focused on the writing process through 14 drafts. Of particular importance in psychology were the correlates in kinesics and description from the research of Scheflen and Scheflen (1972), Scheflen (1973), Birdwhistle (1970), and Barker (1955). The Scheflens' research was concerned primarily with how body movement (nonverbal communication), as identified by the slow motion analysis of film, regulates human relationships through postural locations, orientations and distances. The Scheflens' data are presented graphically rather than in written form. Birdwhistle's (1970) kinesic research developed behavioral classifications by abstracting from muscular shifts, groupings significant to communication processes. Barker and Wright (1955) in writing about the habits and behaviors of people in a midwestern town in Kansas used observers who, writing in common English, worked to communicate the quality of lives. Barker documented the events of day-to-day life, defining categories of behavioral settings. His work was not directed, as was ours, toward describing interactional units. In all of those Baker (1977) reviewed the researchers' subjective use of self to achieve the goal of realistic representation is avoided. Barker in effect asked observers to repress theory.

Another descriptive methodology which, while it differs from Family at Dinner both in its rule-defining character and the broadness of its descriptions, is "ethnomethodology." Ethnomethodology, according to Brogdan and Taylor (1975) is a phenomenological position which "refers not to research methods but rather to the subject matter of inquiry:

how (the method by which) people make sense out of the situations in which they find themselves" (p. 16). Meanings are viewed as ambiguous and problematic in social situations, and the work of the ethnomethodologist is to examine how people abstract rules and "common-sense" understandings to make actions understandable. "The ethnomethodologists," according to Brogdan and Taylor, "thus 'bracket,' or suspend their own common sense assumptions to study how commonsense is used in everyday life" (p. 17).

In an article entitled "The Ethnomethodological Paradigm" Aaron Cicourel (1970) shows recognition of the difficulty of researchers "bracketing" their common sense assumptions. The observer, according to Cicourel, draws on his own past experiences as a commonsense actor and scientist-researcher to decide on what is called the "character" of the observed action scene. The context of the researchers' interpretations is described as being based on "logic-in-use" and "reconstructed logic" which includes elements of common-sense typifications and theory. While the observer is viewed as standing in a privileged position to the extent that he views the ongoing experiences of both participants, he cannot interpret the "in order to" motives of one as being the "because" motives of another unless, Cicourel contends, their interlocking character becomes explicitly clear and manifest in the observables of the situation. "The observer cannot," he continues, "avoid the use of basic or interpretative rules in research for he relies upon his member-acquired use of normal forms to recognize the relevance of behavioral displays for his theory" (p. 36). To objectify his research, Cicourel states that the researcher must make explicit the properties of those

rules and his reliance upon them to carry out his research.

In the course of our work together through four years of describing a Family at Dinner, the self-conscious subjective use of a differentiated self took on major importance. Within this focus the intensity of the research experience, including our relationship, produced conflict, raised questions, generated insights, and ultimately produced learning in a number of different areas. Throughout that time the question of objectivity in science and psychology, and the place of subjectivity, became an important issue in my learning. From that grew specific interests in the clinical concepts of participant observation, parataxic distortion and countertransference, their relation to descriptive and qualitative research, and their relation to distortion and the use of self as a basis for "objective" description. These concepts will be selectively reviewed in the two chapters which follow and then, in Chapter III, related to the methodology of Family at Dinner as the project developed and we learned of their definition and meaning of these concepts through our work. Family at Dinner itself, the results from description of the videotape, is presented in Chapter IV. The discussion section (Chapter V) examines classical, unconscious countertransference in the Family at Dinner data--the intrusion of unexamined personal issues of the describer into the description. It is the work of the participant observation researcher and clinician, according to Sullivan (1953), to recognize, even retrospectively, patterns of distortion to increase the utility of the self as an instruments of observation. A concluding chapter (Chapter VI) summarizes the work, especially the understandings of countertransference and the use of self as an

instrument of observation in qualitative and descriptive research.

CHAPTER I

OBJECTIVITY, SUBJECTIVITY, AND PARTICIPANT OBSERVATION

Foundations in our work

When Jeff Baker and I began writing Family at Dinner we were disenchanted with objective, linear research, with its emphasis on predictability and control. Primarily it did not offer us sufficient opportunity to study description as a research method, the complexity of family relating and communication, and the use of self--the study of our own responses to ongoing family relationships--as an instrument of observation. We wished, instead, to develop understandings of the O'Neil family and to communicate those understandings through holistic description. We were determined to rely on insight rather than "objective" methods, to make description optimally "truthful," but, beyond this we had little knowledge of how to proceed. Our ideals, goals, and definitions of research came from our shared experience and integration of psychology coursework and readings, and from our shared learnings as therapists and patients. Our learnings as patients in our own therapies and as therapists with our own patients, in particular, gave us the confidence to pursue a research goal with a commitment to insight but, otherwise, with no formal method to follow, we had little idea of how we should proceed.

Despite our good intentions, as we began the project, the pull to somehow be objective was extraordinary. The pull had at least two dif-

ferent sources. One was a fear of abandoning the long and respected tradition of academic communities of seeking "objective" scientific knowledge; another source of misdirection was our anxiety in encountering the unexpected intimacy of physical description. Within weeks of beginning the description we were identifying pathology in the O'Neils' relating and looking for "objective" detail to support our interpretations. Even later, when with the support of advisors we had deleted the interpretive commentary, we still tried to find ways to be "objective" scientists. Unconsciously, to be objective was to be untouchable and we wanted that kind of protection and sense of omnipotence as we tried to approach a very different and very difficult kind of psychological research. We wanted to be objective scientists removed from the fear of being different and the intimacy of our work.

The first half of this chapter will globally describe the historical search for objectivity in science and psychology, and will then examine some of the newer directions emerging in twentieth century thinking which are manifest in qualitative research. For these perspectives I am particularly indebted to the work of Errol Harris in "Objective Knowledge and Objective Value" (1975), Daniel Yankelovich and William Barrett in their book Ego and Instinct (1971), and Edgar Levinson in his book The Fallacy of Understanding (1972). The first deals with changes from objective to subjective definitions of science and reality, and the latter two with the philosophical and scientific foundations of psychoanalysis. The final two sections of this chapter will explore the nature and role of subjectivity in psychological research and then, more specifically, the work of Harry Stack Sullivan (1940, 1953, 1954, 1964)

on participant observation in psychological and social science research.

The original research method exemplified by Family at Dinner follows from the development of scientific thinking and method to the present day--most relevantly and directly from the interactional approaches of psychoanalytic thinkers since Sullivan. The earlier history of scientific thinking, described briefly in the first sections of this chapter, is most relevant as a tradition from which qualitative researchers, ourselves included, have struggled to differentiate themselves.

From Plato to Einstein and beyond: The bifurcation and the unification of nature

Objective knowledge. The wish to be "objective" originated at the very foundation of science. Harris (1975) has identified the quest for a kind of universal, objective knowledge as beginning with Plato. The reality of Plato, according to Yankelovich and Barrett (1971), was reasoning itself. This foundation in reasoning was built upon by Aristotle who set a pattern for analysis and categorization of solid, physical objects; by Decartes' project for a mathematical science; and by Newton's mechanistic postulates for inertia and conservation of energy. This movement, according to both Harris and Yankelovich and Barrett, was consistently away from the "senses." However, while the movement from Plato was away from the senses, central to Plato's reality--and the matrix of reality for "archiac" time up until the Renaissance while the earth was perceived of as the center of the universe--was time itself. ". . . [I]n the archiac universe all things were, as Santilla put it, signs and signitures of each other, inscribed in the hologram, to be

divided subtly" (Levinson, 1972, p. 23).

During the Renaissance--about the time of the development of perspective in art--temporal primacy came to an end and three dimensional space became the measure of all things (Levinson, 1972). Into the seventeenth century mathematics, Harris pointed out, served as a model for objective knowledge. From the seventeenth century on it served as the foundation for a scientific revolution which formally partitioned off the mathematizable from the non-mathematizable elements of experience and allowed only the mathematizable elements as scientifically knowable. The "real" and the "objective" thus became synonymous and were confined to the identified "primary" qualities of things--the spatial and the mechanical. "Secondary," or subjective qualities, such as sound, color, etc., were seen as mind-dependent and thus unknowable scientifically (Harris, 1975). With the extended world and the mind mutually exclusive, mathematical deductive reasoning with inductive generalization from direct observation became the cornerstone for value-free scientific knowledge (Harris, 1975).

Bifurcating nature. A related aspect of the bifurcation of nature into the material and the sensible--what became known as "cartesianism" and the "scientific materialism" of the seventeenth through the twentieth centuries--was the belief that anything, no matter how complex, was to be analyzed and understood by reduction to and the study of its separate independent components: the whole is equal to the sum of the parts.

Yankelovich and Barrett identified both modern academic psychology and classical psychoanalysis as descendants of the cartesian distinction

between subject and object. In academic psychology these perspectives led to the rejection of introspection and the unconscious as subjects of study--because they were not observables which could be operationalized and subsequently measured--to a focus on behavior, and to ultimate goals of predictability and control (Bakan, 1967). In psychoanalysis, where the unconscious was declared a valid subject of study, cartesianism led Freud to his conceptual, theoretical notions of the "psychic apparatus," a model which was in strict analogy to Newtonian postulates for inertia and the conservation of energy (Yankelovich & Barrett, 1971; Levinson, 1972).

Paradigm shifts: The reunification of nature. For at least three centuries, the search for order and meaning lay in the examination of separate, independent, unrelated, mutually exclusive elements or behaviors. Recently, the order of explanation has taken a one-hundred-and-eighty degree turn. According to Levinson (1972) technology has promoted three major paradigm shifts. The first shift during the industrial revolution developed machines to process energy, the second developed machines (computers, etc.) to process information. The third paradigm shift, a shift to organismic machines, is, according to Levinson (1972), a technological consequence of electronic technology which has made the world into a network of synaptical connections which Levinson described as being similar to a huge, extrapersonal brain.

Many scientists now believe that understanding lies not in independent units, or isolated categories, but in intrarelated, integrated wholes or patterns (Bateson, 1972). The view is now more ecological rather than of single, isolated elements (Harris, 1975; Levinson, 1972;

Yankelovich & Barrett, 1971). Contemporary physics, Harris (1970) explained, instead of tracing the explanation of events back to separate, independent particles, locates particles as part of integrated wholes--the system, in contemporary thinking, represents a higher order of explanation. This shift away from linear deterministic beliefs to viewing explanation as being present in the intrarelations or processes of an ongoing system represents a new developmental stage in science. From this perspective, the researcher studying a system is not truly separate from that which is studied, but, rather, becomes a part of it: intrarelations under study include the researcher. The lesson of modern physics, wrote Yankelovich and Barrett, is that the subject (perceiving apparatus) and object (the reality measured) form one seamless whole--there is no real dichotomy between subject and object, but, rather, there is an interrelationship between the perceiving scientist and the perceived object whether animate or inanimate. Objects do not exist as subjects of study independent of the experimenter who defines them. In short, the "object" in object-ivity is subjectivity determined--an abstraction of reality according to Yankelovich and Barrett; a reification of reality according to Burger and Luckman (1967).

The views of historian R. G. Collingwood, written forty years ago (1939) are particularly useful in gaining perspective both on the interrelationships of events and on "meaning" from the perspective of the "new" versus the "old" paradigm. According to Collingwood:

The realists thought that the sameness was the sameness of a universal and the differences the differences between two instances of that universal. The sameness is the sameness of a historical process and the difference is

the difference between one thing which in the course of that process has turned into something else and the other thing into which it has turned (p. 62).

. . .there are no eternal problems, only problems which exist at a particular point in time. What is thought to be a permanent problem (P) is really a number of transient problems (P1, P2, P3) whose peculiarities are blurred by historical myopia of a person who lumps them together under "P" (p. 67).

For Collingwood, "history is concerned not with events but with processes" (p. 97) which are related within a situation "not just by compressence but by interdependence" (p. 45).

Taking note of the differences between the nature of historical context and process, and the laws and methods of physical science, both Winch (1958) and Yankelovich and Barrett (1967) have questioned the applicability of traditional physical scientific methods to the study of human behavior. According to Winch:

. . .no historical situation can be understood by simply 'applying' such laws, as one applies laws to particular occurrences in natural science. Indeed, it is only insofar as one has an independent historical grasp of situations. . .that one is able to understand what the law amounts to at all (p. 136).

Yankelovich and Barrett (1971) made a similar point:

Man is enmeshed in a larger context of cultural, historical, and biological settings and makes less sense outside that than does physical sciences study of separate elements (p. 293).

Raush (1967) also argued for more emphasis on sequence and process:

We know what we know about anything by the ordering of events and the contingencies we observe or infer through

their arrangement in time; and we know what we know not by the stability of events but by their systematic change over time (p. 163).

In psychoanalysis, according to Levinson (1972), all content--patient's complaints, concepts of treatment, etc.--are time and place bound. The method of inquiry, the process, is less time-place bound. Psychoanalysis, stated Levinson, is a structure of inquiry, a process, whose usefulness extends beyond the consulting room. "What is true between patient and therapist, is equally true between parent and child, husband and wife, man and woman, black and white" (Levinson, 1972, p. 9). The treatment room is described as a microcosm where the inquiry is into the patient's private aesthetic structure--his or her private myth. It is important, Levinson stated, that we become aware of the highly idiosyncratic personal structure field of the patient because we are actors in it. Likewise, it follows, it is important that we become aware of our own private aesthetic structure, our own private myths, through which we relate to and observe the patient relating to and observing us.

The movement away from mechanistic, reductionistic directions in psychology and psychiatry has been visible for many years. It appeared early in the interpersonal theory of Sullivan (1940), later in the ego-analytic work of Erikson (1950), and more recently in family systems theory as it emerged from analytic tradition (Bateson, 1972). With such a fundamental change in perspective there has also emerged a related emphasis on "meaningfulness" in the study of human behavior. Yankelovich and Barrett (1971) contend that to study anything resembling the world

in which we live we must begin with the world as it presents itself to human experience. They conclude: "The phenomenally given world, the world in which we live, is the root of whatever meaning and intelligibility human beings can attain to" (p. 269). Representative of this change in psychology has been the addition of the construct of ecological validity to the standard constructs of construct, internal, and external validity (Knight, 1976).

The role of "subjectivity" in research

With the increased emphasis on process and context, and the resultant emphasis on understanding the meaningfulness of behaviors within an ecological context, perspectives which rely primarily on statistical design in seeking to meet the goals of predictability and control have been augmented in the social sciences by qualitative methodologies. Unlike statistical methodologies where specific variables can be isolated and examined, the descriptive data of qualitative research are viewed holistically and are gathered within the context of what is often an extended relationship between the researcher and the researched. As a researcher, the qualitative methodologist attempts to demonstrate the plausibility of hypotheses rather than to prove them (Brogdan & Taylor, 1975). Hypotheses themselves are not formed according to any formal statistical procedure, and in contrast to standard statistical methodologies often change as the data are gathered (Brogdan & Taylor, 1975). The qualitative researcher is much like the clinician Sullivan describes in The Psychiatric Interview (1954) who is constantly forming and revising hypotheses as more data are gathered in the interpersonal situation.

With the development of qualitative methodologies in psychology and the social sciences the more visible participation of the researcher in making qualitative judgments has raised concerns regarding the validity of the outcome because of "researcher effects" or "observer bias." In reality, questions of construct, internal and external validity have always required qualitative judgments of the investigators (Knight, 1976). It is the researcher who makes qualitative, subjective, or aesthetic, decisions, regarding the operationalization of variables, their relation to empirical constructs and to theory. Winch (1958) has concluded that statistics derived from the subjects' responses can never themselves be considered a measure of validity. The difference between the two--the statistics and the response--is, according to Winch, analogous to the difference between being able to formulate statistical laws regarding the probable occurrence of words in a language and being able to understand the spoken language. One can understand the statistical likelihood for the occurrence of words in a language and never know what someone means when the language is spoken. Prediction does not mean understanding. Understanding is a function of the researcher.

Many writers have commented on the subjectivity of researcher functions in quantitative methodologies, suggesting that statistical methodologies in no way obviate the necessity for the researcher to examine his or her subjective participation in the research task. Gadlin and Ingle (1975) address this issue by turning psychologists back on themselves when they note that it is precisely the recognition that one cannot accurately understand and explain one's own behavior that has given psychology its credibility. "The psychologist," they state, "is as prone

to psychological processes as anyone" (p. 44). Harris (1975) has noted that every apparatus and measuring device is a product of scientific theory and when used is an agent of the scientist who governs its interaction with the environment. Brogdan and Taylor (1975) have similarly noted that the researcher by various means acts as a "selective sieve" on all forms of data by choosing to ask questions, incorporate methods, and use instruments which fit specific notions of reality. Interviews and questionnaires, they note, create as well as measure attitudes. Sample size, choice of a statistical test, and conclusions are likewise based on decisions of the investigator (Bakan, 1967).

Herbert Blumer (in Brogdan & Taylor, 1975) commented directly on the serious risks taken by the "objective" observer:

To try to catch the interpretive process by remaining aloof as a so-called 'objective' observer and refusing to take the role of the acting unit is to risk the worst kind of subjectivism--the objective observer is likely to fill in the process of interpretation with his own surmises in place of catching the process as it occurs in the experience of the acting unit which uses it (p. 8).

Raush (1967) pointed to another aspect of the same problem in identifying what he called the "objectizing" of the researcher:

We prefer to maintain what I would call the fiction of "objectizing"--please note, not objectification, but objectizing. What I mean by this is that particular form of repression which allows us to conceive of people as rather inert chemical substances, which allows us to think that people can be put on shelves, can remain unaffected by their surroundings, and can, if handled with usual laboratory precautions, be taken down later unchanged (p. 162).

Communication theorists (e.g., Watzlawick, Beavin, & Jackson, 1967)

addressed a similar issue when they considered the "punctuation of events." Just as couples may define the problem in a relationship as a husband's withdrawal or a wife's nagging, the researcher may see one thing or another as determinant depending on the length, type or unit of measurement. A recent NBC news commentator (1978) addressed the same issue when he noted: "Only historians make divisions, time does not." The researcher, like the historian, "punctuates" the events which he or she observes and/or measures. Bakan (1967) followed similar lines when he noted that the notions of reality identified, delineated and abstracted through the operationalization of stimulus variables by the researcher are independent of those same functions as realized by the subject. The researcher "punctuates" reality in ways which may be independent of the ways subjects may punctuate the same events. Even the range of responses available to the subjects are to some degree dependent upon the stimulus presented by the experimenter. If the subject responds only within the limits defined by the experimenter's punctuation of reality the researcher's reality shapes the response of the subject all the more. Both Collingwood (1939) and Knight (1967) dealt with this same issue in recognizing that behavior is affected in important and sometimes unpredictable ways by simply studying, observing or measuring it.

Knowing, from qualitative or quantitative data, requires qualitative judgment in going beyond the data (Campbell, 1974). Data, whether quantitative or qualitative, become usable and meaningful as scientific propositions only as the result of inference from the sample to the population, and from the population to the hypotheses concerning schizo-

phrenia, creativity, or whatever is being investigated. This process of induction cannot itself be mathematized or mechanized apart from the researcher--people do it (Bakan, 1967). All studies rely, in important ways, on the judgment of the researcher in determining the meaningfulness of the results (Knight, 1976).

Observer bias is unavoidable. The researcher's own psychological participation in making judgments is a necessary condition for doing research at all stages of the research process. Brogdan and Taylor (1975) addressed this issue at the most obvious level, that of interpreting the results:

. . .the observer cannot avoid bias. Since data, including that collected by quantitative methods, are never self-explanatory, the researcher must necessarily draw upon his or her own knowledge and experience to make sense out of what he or she has recorded. . .an understanding of one's data requires some understanding of one's perspectives, logic, and assumptions. . . (p. 92).

As has already been pointed out, the researcher's own influence, when that influence goes unacknowledged, is likely to be even more pervasive, and more difficult to identify, in the very structure of the research from which data are collected and inferences are drawn.

While methodology has received a great deal of focus in psychology, less attention has been paid to the human involvement and relationships which bring into play the psychology of the researcher. "What we ordinarily call methodology," says Bakan (1967), "needs to be expanded to include the culture and psychology of the scientist" (p. 49). He reflected a related feeling, as well, in stating that "Basic to scientific learning is not the stimulus, but the operations of the scientist" (p.

9). It is because the psychologist is a person and a researcher, according to Bakan (1967), that discovery has taken place.

Science, during the longest part of its history, has tried desperately to objectify the subjects of study by breaking down the world into isolated objects or behaviors which could be observed and measured separately from both their contexts and the senses and emotions of the researcher. Gregory Bateson (1978) addressed this issue in a recent interview:

The Western world begins by making splits, then drawing boundaries, then solidifying those boundaries. Then we fool ourselves into believing what we have made ourselves see. Solidifying boundaries is very comfortable, because it allows us to deny or experience. If I split my mind from my body, I can disqualify everything that happens to me, all my feelings and all my ideas (p. 44).

The alternative to the dormitive explanations offered in psychology, according to Bateson, is to look at the relationships "between": the answer lies in the relation. "A role," says Bateson, "is just a half-assed relationship; the other half of the ass is the other person in the relationship" (p. 48).

The recognition and acceptance in the social sciences of the importance of interrelationships, both in terms of the contextual meaningfulness of the behaviors and the participant role of the researcher in defining, giving meaning to and promoting understanding has resulted in a movement away from reductionistic explanations toward systems and ecological perspectives where meaning is seen in relationships. In psychology, whether the research is qualitative or quantitative, perspectives for understanding must include the systems and psychology of the

persons studied. This might be most felt and of greatest concern to qualitative researchers given the more direct, extended and intimate nature of the observation and contact between the researcher and researched but is still nonetheless important in quantitative methodologies where the subject studied is the psychology of one's own species and thus, by association, self. In psychology, psychiatry and the social sciences the participant nature of observation is beyond that of any other science. It is only there, as Winch (1956) has observed, that those doing the studying and those being studied are both governed by human rules above and beyond whatever technical rules they may apply.

Harry Stack Sullivan: Participant observation and parataxic distortion in therapy and research

In their recent book devoted entirely to the subject of qualitative methodology Brogdan and Taylor (1975) defined participant observation in research as:

. . .characterized by a period of intense social interaction between the researcher and the subjects, in the milieu of the latter. During this time period data are unobtrusively and systematically collected (p. 5).

The definition refers to a particular restricted perspective and methodology used in social science research. In a broader sense, any research in which the psychological life of people is being studied by other people is necessarily research in participant observation. In such research, the researcher has to participate by calling upon his or her own experience in understanding and describing the human experience he or she observes. We know what we know, said Sullivan (1954), only by call-

upon our own experience. From this perspective, the clinical practitioner who regularly calls upon his or her personal experience with patients to empathize with, understand, and differentiate from their concerns, and the researcher who must also call upon his or her own experience in understanding, conceptualizing, and differentiating from observed behavior are both disciplined observers who participate in the events they observe. In keeping with this broader conceptualization of participant observation as a process integral to all work engaged in by the scientist-practitioner, the work of Harry Stack Sullivan (1940, 1953, 1954, 1964), who employed the term and the process as a model for both research and clinical activities, is particularly relevant and will be presented in this section.

According to Sullivan (1954) the only data which exist in psychiatry, whether psychiatry is being viewed as a research science or as a clinical practice, is the data gathered through participant observation. In Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry (1940) he clarified this point by making a distinction between the process of perceiving in situations of personal versus nonpersonal reality. In nonpersonal situations, according to Sullivan, the object is perceived by the sense organs, connected through a more central processing organ to related impulses experienced in the past, and then out of this comparison comes the conviction that we are looking at an object such as an orange. On the one hand, according to Sullivan, we have the object which is separated from us in the act of perceiving it, and on the other hand there is the percept in our mind. The situation differs when the object is another person:

Now, when it comes to the matter of perceiving another person, not only is there the object, this other person, and the perception of the emanations from that person--appearances transmitted by statements, implications transmitted in the whole act of communicating--but also the distorting and confusing and complicating factor of our past experience with other people who looked like this, who sounded like this, who made those statements, who had certain implications that happen to be irrelevant here, and so on. In other words, the central synthesis of acquaintance, the percept in our mind, concerning another person is fabulously more complicated than is the case with non-personal reality.

So complex is this synthesis that it is practically impossible to elaborate techniques by which we can make our objective contact with another individual reasonably good. His performances in a situation, what he says and does; and, with increased uncertainty, what he says as to what is going on in him; these we can observe scientifically. We can improve our techniques for participant observation in an interpersonal situation in which we are integrated with our subject-person. This is evidently the procedure of psychiatry. I urge it as implying the root-premise of psychiatric methodology (pp. 11-12).

In short, Sullivan's root premise was that the individual's own past history plays an important role in the interpersonal encounters of the scientist, therapist, businessman, stonemason, or seamstress. As a scientist or therapist, however, the individual must know what he or she is contributing to the interpersonal situation to be able to assess the data.

In regard to the position of the detached scientist, Sullivan, in The Psychiatric Interview (1954), made clear statements that the data of psychiatry, in research or in practice, cannot be observed or gathered from the detached position of one not involved in the process:

. . .the psychiatrist cannot stand off to one side and apply his sense organs, however they may be refined by the use of apparatus, to noticing what someone else does,

without becoming personally implicated in the operation (p. 3).

In The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry (1953) Sullivan was still more adamant in discarding intellectual detachment and in stating the necessity of acknowledging one's participation in observed events. Here, he concluded, events which contribute the data important to the development of psychiatry in theory and in practice come from events in which the psychiatrist participants, "they are not events he looks at from atop ivory towers" (p. 14).

It is clear that for Sullivan the principal apparatus of observation was not the sophisticated machine or instrument of technology, but the self, the scientist as a person, his personality (1953, 1954). That which can be studied through the use of this instrument is not personality per se, however, which Sullivan considered a hypothetical entity, but the "pattern of processes which characterize the interaction of personalities in particular recurrent situations or fields which include the observer" (Sullivan, 1953, p. 368). Sullivan located the processes and transitions which make up the data of scientific study "not in the subject person nor in the observer, but in the situation which is created between the observer and his subject" (Sullivan, 1954, p. 3). The data evolve from the relationship between persons rather than from one person in the relationship or the other.

Because the data arise and exist between the observer and the subject, and the primary instrument of research is the participant-observer rather than an impersonal technician, Sullivan devoted considerable attention to the limitations and distortions which may arise in the

process of gathering data. He considered the limitations of so imperfectly understood an instrument both in terms of what the individual can study and what generalizations can be made from that study. In The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry (1953) he stated:

Since any one participant observer can study but a finite number of these situations or fields, which, in turn, will be anything but representative of the whole variegated world of human life, not all of the personality of the observer will be revealed and 'what he comes to know about himself' will always be somewhat incomplete and variously contingent on poorly defined or actually unnoticed factors. Generalizations which he can make about "the other fellow" cannot be but even more incomplete and contingent (p. 368).

Distortion, which is defined by Sullivan as parataxic and is similar to transference (Havens, 1976; Levinson, 1972) and countertransference in other analytic literature where these terms are extended beyond classical use to refer to distortion in interpersonal processes outside as well as inside the therapy room, occurs when the real characteristics of a person are undifferentiated by the interviewer from the imaginary ones carried over from the interviewer's past and current history of interpersonal relations (Sullivan, 1954). Some events or happenings in the relationship touch off an unconscious conflict in the observer which causes distortion in perception. When this occurs the interviewer's "durable characteristics" will get in the way of the exercising of his expert skills which are used to gather psychiatric data from the interviewee. To that extent, according to Sullivan (1954), "the interviewer is getting in his own way" (p. 103). Two examples help to make clear the implications of Sullivan's concept for research specifically:

To the psychiatrist, the fully human is always embodied and made manifest in an interpersonal situation, real or illusory, or a blend of both. For example, for the anthropologist, the data of a language may be usefully abstracted from the concrete uses of the language, and linguistic processes may be traced without immediate regard to the fact that people using the language throughout its various developmental vicissitudes gave rise to all the extant data on its history. In common, however, with others who are devoted to rational processes, the anthropologist is likely to overlook the fact that "the data" are made philological data by virtue of certain reverie processes in which he is integrated with other (illusory) persons with whom he is (in reverie) engaged in language behavior of a communicative character. Without alertness in this particular, there is not likely to be alertness as to any parataxically concomitant processes, and it thus comes about that any belief that may arise from his study may be delusive rather than valid information. . . .

. . . If the sociologist, in studying the molar movements that concern him, looks to the individuals concerned and not to the processes integrating him with some of them, his data are incomprehensible. If his awareness is governed by a belief that he is standing off detached from participation and seeking statistical norms of the group behavior, his alertness is so inhibited that he cannot observe any parataxically concomitant processes that are influencing the evolution of belief from his reverie. "Discovery" under these circumstances bears a most intimate relation to the habitual, unwitting preoccupations of the investigator; tends to remedy his insecurities, so to speak, rather than to illuminate social reality (Sullivan, 1964, pp. 26-27).

Sullivan (1954) identified the researcher's self-esteem as it is manifested in the interpersonal field as being the primary ingredient in parataxic distortion:

. . . all of us in the adult world practically read into the world around us the movements of our own self-esteem . . . the signs which one sees in the other fellow don't necessarily mean too much about him. There is no such thing as "objective" observation; it is participant observation in which you may be the significant factor in the participation (p. 102).

Alertness to one's own covert processes as well as the patient's and the "in between" is a primary factor in the detection of difficulty in the interpersonal field (Sullivan, 1954). In The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry (1953), Sullivan discussed the importance of alertness in the use of self as an instrument in participant observation in order to detect emergent problems: According to Sullivan feelings of diminished self-esteem and anxiety, which in the course of everyday events are usually ignored or forgotten, must, when the self is used as an instrument in participant observation relationships, be paid attention to--at least retrospectively--as indicators of increased activity in the interpersonal field. They serve as signals that something has happened to pull the individual away from the interpersonal situation in order to protect self-esteem and thereby complicating the interpersonal situation. When it is possible to retrospectively observe and identify the situations where anxiety is called out it will be possible to infer patterns of difficulty in dealing with others (Sullivan, 1953).

Cottle, in Bakan (1967), expresses a similar view on the need to pay attention in interviews:

Paying attention implies an openness, not any special or metaphysical kind of openness, but merely a watch on oneself, a self-consciousness, a belief that everything one takes in from the outside and experiences within one's own interior is worthy of consideration and essential for understanding and honoring those whom one encounters (p. 113).

Summary

Harris (1975) and Yankelovich and Barrett (1971) have both noted the importance of the developmental movement away from perspectives and re-

search defined as "objective" and toward perspectives and research which places more emphasis on the individual nature of seeing and observing. Levinson (1972) and others (Collingwood, 1939; Lauria, 1975; Raush, 1967; Watzlawick, Beavin, & Jackson, 1969) have also described a return to, or an increased emphasis on, the dimension of relationship and process in recent paradigm shifts. Bakan (1967) has identified the necessity for psychology to look more closely at the subjective nature of its own research.

With the increased emphasis on process and the meaningfulness of research, and the incorporation of qualitative methods from disciplines such as psychotherapy to augment quantitative methodology, the more obvious subjective nature of qualitative research has raised concerns regarding validity and distortion. Bakan (1967) and others have pointed out, however, that subjectivity has always been present, although not always acknowledged, in quantitative research from the research design and choice of instruments of measurement, to the operationalization of variables, to the interpretation of data and the theories which result.

The clear participation of the researcher in the process of research has resulted in participant observation models of research in which data are seen as emanating, not from the subject or the researcher, but from the relationship between them (Bateson, 1978; Sullivan, 1954). The participant observation nature of research and its parallel with psychotherapy was most directly dealt with in the writings and work of Harry Stack Sullivan (1940, 1953, 1954, 1964). According to Sullivan there is no such thing as objective observation, just participant observation in which the researcher, or clinician, is the primary in-

strument of observation. This instrument, according to Sullivan, is limited by unacknowledged or undifferentiated conflict from current or past interpersonal relationships which threaten self-esteem. These threats lead to what Sullivan defined as parataxic distortion, a process which appears similar in some respects to some definitions of transference (Levinson, 1972; Havens, 1976) and countertransference in other clinical literature. In parataxic distortion the individual reads into (distorts) the world around him or her when self-esteem is threatened by unconscious conflict. In research, Sullivan stated, the researcher who in describing molar movements looks to the individual he or she is describing rather than to the processes connecting him with them is apt to produce data which are incomprehensible. According to Sullivan, it is the work of the participant observation clinician and researcher to recognize, even retrospectively, patterns of distortion and increase the utility of the self as an instrument of what goes on between individuals, within relationships.

The process of gathering data within relationships requires a kind of differentiation similar to that Bowen (1972) described in his family work. According to Bowen individuals do not differentiate from families of origin--this would amount to a false sense of differentiation of detachment. Differentiation takes place within relationships, between people. It is the lack of differentiation--awareness of a self and its contribution to relationships--which perpetuate past conflicts and which in turn lead the individual to perform defensive processes which protect self-esteem. These defensive maneuvers--projection, projective identification, etc.--and the data which come from relationships between in-

dividuals are described more fully by the definitions of countertransference and transference described in the chapter which follows.

A careful study of countertransference will serve to extend Sullivan's writings on distortion within an analytic, participant observation, framework. This study will further contribute to a retrospective understanding of patterns of distortion, a process which Sullivan defined as important work of the clinician and the researcher. In addition, with one theoretical perspective in the study of countertransference focusing primarily on the relationship and the other on the conscious use of self as an instrument of knowing, the study of countertransference will also serve as a vehicle for understanding both distortion and the use of self as a source of data in participant observation relationships.

C H A P T E R I I

COUNTERTRANSFERENCE:

DISTORTION AND THE USE OF SELF AS AN INSTRUMENT OF KNOWING

Function of this examination. From the previous chapter it will be recalled that the function of this examination of countertransference is two-fold--to further understanding of distortion as a phenomenon which bears similarity to parataxic distortion as defined by Sullivan, and to further understanding of the use of self as an instrument of observation in participant observation relationships. An inspection of the classical perspective, which defines countertransference as a distortive process arising from unconscious conflict, can further the understanding of distortion. A review of the totalistic perspective, which defines conscious countertransference primarily as a source of data from the relationship, will be used to more fully examine the conscious use of self as an instrument of observation. It should be noted that the totalistic perspective itself defines a process of participant observation similar to that described by Sullivan in which the self is used as an instrument of observation.

The use of clinical concepts to examine research has precedence both in Sullivan's work, as it bridged research and therapy, and in the writing of Levinson (1972) discussed in the previous chapter. According to Levinson, it will be recalled, psychoanalysis is a structure of inquiry whose usefulness extends beyond the microcosm of the consulting

room. What is true between patient and therapist, according to Levinson, is also true in other areas. Like Sullivan, Levinson also contended that the therapist must become aware of his or her own private aesthetic experience through which he or she observes the world. Further, Brian Bird (1971), who like many others hardly distinguished between transference and countertransference, defines transference as a universal phenomenon which is not limited to the consulting room:

What is unique (is) the effect upon transference of the unique conditions of the analytic situation. These conditions effect most strongly such things as the choice of content of transference reactions, the intensity of these reactions, their exclusiveness, and their sharp focus on the person of the analyst. Although, as a result of these conditions, transference developments in analysis may differ from those occurring elsewhere, this does not mean that in analysis transference as a function is any different (pp. 297-298).

The examination which follows will look at both classical and totalistic perspectives, first for what each of them offers in their description and understanding of the clinical process of distortion and use of self, and then for their potential value in understanding "universal phenomena" (Bird, 1971).

Defining "countertransference." Since the term "transference" was introduced by Freud (1905) it has continued to be defined in most analytic writing as the merging of unconscious, infantile needs in relation to earlier objects with the current preconscious attitude toward the doctor (Moeller, 1977). Since its companion term "countertransference" was introduced ten years later (Freud, 1910) there has been more disagreement and less investigation with regard to the latter's definition,

function and mechanisms (Racker, 1968). It appears that the mental health professional or researcher is more readily able to agree on that which is seen to belong to the other person--there the patient or subject--than to clearly define, investigate, and identify that which belongs to the investigator or which might be better studied in the development of relationships.

In the years since its introduction as a concept, the term "countertransference" has been used to describe those processes by which therapists define the origin, disposition, and sometimes the use of their unconscious and conscious feelings in relation to their patients. While two distinctive schools of thought have been identified in relation to the definition and application of this concept (Kernberg, 1965) there are many variations and overlaps. Just as no two psychotherapists understand or apply feelings in the intimacy of a therapy relationship in precisely the same way, no two people define the concept by which they describe their feelings in the same way. Little (1951) and Orr (1954) have also noted the multiplicity of meanings and disagreements which characterize the use of the term. This chapter will broadly trace the development of the definition of the term "countertransference." When the term is used in the discussion of its evolution in analytic writings it will be applied inclusively to refer to the therapists' responses to their patients' and the therapists' understanding of those responses.

Freud's use of the term "countertransference." The ambiguity in arriving at a shared concept of countertransference seems to have begun with Freud's original definition. In the first of his few explicit men-

tions of the term "counter-transference" Freud (1910) stated:

. . .we have begun to consider the "counter-transference," which arises in the physician as a result of the patient's influence on his unconscious feelings, and have nearly come to the point of requiring the physician to recognize and overcome this counter-transference in himself. . . . Anyone who cannot succeed in this self-analysis may without more ado regard himself as unable to treat neurotics by analysis (p. 80-81).

Freud's statement appears tentative, concerned primarily with the "patient's influence on his (the therapist's) unconscious feelings," and with the analyst's ability to "recognize and overcome this counter-transference" through self-analysis.

In another mention of the term, Freud (1915) excluded the erotic responses of a male analyst to a female patient's transference love from the realm of what he defined as countertransference. He described the analyst's erotic response as an "invaluable explanation." In this reference, where Freud described the analyst's feelings as conscious, there was no implication of difficulty. The feelings were seen to be the result of the patient's influence, and the information gleaned from the therapist's feelings was to serve as useful information. This example, it is worth repeating, did not fit Freud's definition of counter-transference. This is consistent with his emphasis on making the unconscious conscious: if conscious, it was not, in Freud's definition, countertransference.

From this tentative beginning where Freud stated, "We have begun to consider. . .," to the present day, analytic writers have explored many ideas of how the therapist is to define, cope with, and apply

feelings in the consulting room. All of these writers used the term "countertransference" to describe the concept, or process, they were defining. Kernberg (1965) has identified two analytic perspectives defined primarily by how the authors conceptualize and apply countertransference, both as a term and a process. Within and between these identified perspectives it is of course possible to identify gradations. These two perspectives, and all that falls between them, may be framed within the question: What constitutes what Therese Benedek (1973) defined as "the human-analytic instrument"? The positions, as defined by Kernberg (1965), are "classical" and "totalistic." An examination of these should help to clarify how the analyst's exploration and use of self has been viewed in theory, if not always in practice.

Overview of the classical and totalistic perspectives. From the classical perspective, often identified with Freud (Kernberg, 1965), countertransference is defined as the unconscious, and, therefore, Freud implied, neurotic acting out of the analyst in response to the patient's transference. The patient is seen as influencing feelings which the analyst has failed to make conscious (see Freud, 1910, above), arousing the neurotic conflicts of the analyst, which are viewed as the main origins of the countertransference (Kernberg, 1965). "Countertransference," as a term, was used by Freud to describe a countertherapeutic stance of the therapist stemming from the unresolved conflicts as these are touched by the patient, and is a phenomenon to, as Freud says, be "overcome." Freud (1910) saw the analyst as overcoming unconscious conflict through self-analysis. Later, according to Benedek (1973), this was to be accom-

plished with the help of a demonstration analysis; in still more recent years a full character analysis became seen as a necessary part of the analyst's learning. "Countertransference," from the classical perspective, does not include the therapist's conscious feelings nor, from the classical position, is countertransference described as a process by which therapists use their countertransferential feelings to understand the patient; countertransference, from the classical perspective, is essentially an "intrapsychic" phenomenon.

In contrast to the classical position, the totalistic perspective has come to include in its definition of countertransference the total emotional reaction, conscious or unconscious, of the analyst to the patient. All responses of the therapist, conscious or unconscious, "healthy" or "neurotic," are viewed as potential sources of data about the therapeutic relationship and, in that context, the patient. From this perspective countertransference is always present as the response of the therapist to the emotional state of the patient. Countertransference is defined, inclusively, as the therapist's natural "living response to the patient's emotional situation at the moment" (Hunt & Issacharoff, 1977, p. 18). Countertransference from the totalistic perspective is essentially an "interactional" phenomenon.

Both schools, the classical and totalistic, emphasize the need for insightful self-examination by the therapist to differentiate the therapist's and patient's emotional experiences and characteristics. Both see the therapist as needing to strive for conscious awareness of his or her feelings in response to the patient. The schools differ in that the totalistic perspective extends the definition of "countertrans-

ference" beyond the classical definition to include the therapist's conscious as well as his or her unconscious feelings in relation to the patient. One implication--and others will become apparent as this chapter proceeds--is that for the totalistic, in contrast to the classical perspective, feelings and conflicts are not so much "resolved" as accepted and continually explored by the therapist--that is, feelings and conflicts need to be explored in relationships even if never "resolved."

These two perspectives will be more thoroughly reviewed by describing the work of selected historical proponents, in order to examine, developmentally, how analysts and therapists have made sense of their feelings in relation to their patients. Following the selective review of the historical background of the classical perspective, Robert Langs' (1977) writings will be examined in more detail as representative of that model. Similarly, following the selective review of the historical background of the totalistic perspective the writings of Henrich Racker (1968) will be examined in more detail.

Classical Countertransference

Development of the classical perspective

Eight years following Freud's last explicit mention of the term, Stern (1923) delivered what was apparently the first paper devoted solely to the subject of "countertransference" (Orr, 1954). In that paper he defined countertransference as "the transference the analyst makes to the patient" (p. 167) having the same origins as transference--in repressed infantile material--and manifesting itself in the same varied

forms as does transference. While he defined the origins in repressed infantile material, Stern viewed the transference of the patient to the analyst as one of the most important, if not the most important, "source" of countertransference. It is a source of danger, however, only insofar as the analyst's resistances are of "serious moment" (p. 168), or if he has what Stern called "weak spots in the field of his transference capacity" (p. 168).

Edward Glover (1927) and Wilhelm Reich (1933) also remained close to Freud (1910) in their views and cautions regarding "countertransference." Glover, who in discussing the subject never directly defined it, presented a view of "countertransference" as an ongoing problem in the analyst, stating that ". . .even if we make the greatest allowance for a hypothetical state of being 'thoroughly analysed', it is evident that at least some analytical 'toilet' is a part of the analyst's necessary routine. . ." (p. 507). Glover also identifies a "positive" and a "negative" countertransference, the former provoked by positive identifications and the latter by negative projections. Wilhelm Reich (1933) also did not define what he referred to as "the problem of countertransference" (p. 147), but his view of countertransference as a problem is clear:

It is usually possible to recognize by the way the case is proceeding whether and in what area the attitude of the analyst is defective, i.e., disturbed by his own psychological problems" (p. 147).

Since 1933, those who have stayed close to the classical definition of countertransference, as representing unresolved conflicts of the

analyst which must be resolved, have focused more on its parallel to the transference of the patient; in keeping with Stern (1923) some have specifically identified it as the transference of the therapist to the patient. The classical definition has also been extended to distinguish between countertransference and attitude, and to attempt to differentiate between the analyst's "counter-transference" and "transference" to the patient. The common denominator remained--that countertransference was something unconscious and destructive to the therapy.

Berman (1949) in essence agreed with Stern (1923) who equated countertransference and an analyst's transference to his or her patient. For Berman, countertransference was the analyst's reacting to the patient "as though the patient were an important figure in the analyst's past" (p. 159). He also differentiated "countertransference" from the analyst's "attitudes" by which he meant "the emotional responses and his character defenses" (p. 159). In describing his view of the analyst's reasonable emotional reactions, Berman stated:

It is assumed that the totality of the analyst's emotional reactions, as in all interpersonal relationships, represents a blending, to a varying degree, of appropriate, defensive, and transference responses to the patient, but that the appropriate ones largely predominate (p. 159).

For Berman then, while it is expected that "countertransference" will be part of the analyst's emotional reaction to the patient, it was seen as an inappropriate and hopefully small part. With regard to the analyst's attitude Berman stated:

. . .the analyst is always both the cool detached surgeon-like operator on the patient's psychic tissues, and the warm, human, friendly, helpful physician (p. 160).

While Berman attempted to refine the definition of "countertransference" by separating it from "attitudes", Annie Reich (1951) in her definition of "countertransference" included a wider range of phenomena, and then distinguished between acute and chronic forms and their implications: for Annie Reich countertransference is made up of the analyst's unconscious needs and the effects which they have upon his understandings and/or technique. In countertransferential situations the patient comes to represent an object from the analyst's past onto whom feelings and wishes are projected. Again, as with Stern and Berman, A. Reich equates countertransference to transference in the patient, the provoking factor in the countertransference situation being something in the patient's material, personality, or in the analytic situation. In this much wider sense A. Reich included under the rubric of countertransference all expressions of the analyst's using the analysis for acting out. In these cases the patients are not just objects onto which the needs of the analyst are transferred, but tools through which needs of the analyst are gratified. Reich also differentiated between acute countertransference, which occurs suddenly under specific circumstances and with certain patients, and chronic countertransference, which represents a habitual need of the analyst and therefore identifies a character problem. As long as attitudes are conscious, however, according to Reich's definition "they have not yet anything to do with countertransference" (p. 25). Reich further described the position of the

analyst, who she viewed as achieving understanding through his own unconscious and through short lived identifications with the patient, as follows:

the analyst has to remain neutral in order to make. . . transference possible. He must not respond to the patient's emotion in kind. He must be able to tolerate love and aggression, adulation, temptation, seduction and so on, without being moved, without partiality, prejudice, or disgust (p. 25).

Gitelson (1952) also provided a distinction relative to writings which came before by differentiating between what he described as the counter-transference versus the transference responses of the analyst to the patient. For Gitelson the analyst's ". . .total reactions to a patient are transferences of the analyst. . .and are revivals of ancient transference potentials" (p. 4). He differentiated this from counter-transference which he saw as occurring later within the context of an established analytic relationship. With that distinction, Gitelson described countertransference reactions of the analyst as being in response to one of three things: the patient's transference, the material which the patient talks about, or, from the patient's reactions to the person of the analyst.

According to Gitelson, "These potentialities for reaction belong to the fact, as Freud has shown, that analysis is interminable" (p. 4).

Gitelson further stated:

I think this means that the analyst remains liable to resort to emergency defence reactions and that such reactions are at the center of the analytic phenomenon we call 'counter-transference'. . . . Counter-transferences . . .constitute an accidental casting of the analyst in

an intrusive part of the psychoanalytic drama. Through the analysis of the counter-transference the analyst can reintegrate his position as an analyst and regain his position from which he can use the interfering factor for the purpose of analysing the patient's exploitation of it (p. 6-7).

In sum, countertransference is defined by Gitelson as an "emergency defense reaction," occurring in the context of an established analytic relationship, necessitated by "residual(s)" from the analysts' own analysis which then leads to an "accidental casting."

Fleiss (1953) opted for a more restricted definition of "counter-transference" in preference to the more inclusive ones which had begun to abound, and sought to achieve this, at least in part, by distinguishing between "countertransference" and "counteridentification." The term "countertransference," according to Fleiss, should "be reserved for the equivalent in the analyst, of what is termed 'transference' in the patient" (p. 268). Countertransference results from which Fleiss defined as a failure of sublimation, in which the analyst transfers unsublimated sexual material, aggression, or reaction formations against them. This activity is seen by Fleiss as irresponsible "acting out" by the analyst.

In establishing a relation between "countertransference", as he had defined it, and "counteridentification", Fleiss pointed out that "countertransference, if its regressive nature be understood, will. . .be expected to be part of counteridentification" (p. 278-279). Fleiss then defined counteridentification:

The analyst's faulty involvement with his patients is that found in folie a'deux: the identification is mutual,

a response of the analyst to the patient's identifying with him, and repetitive in both patient and analyst of an early "constituent" identification. This term--designated to denote those identifications which the ego does not merely contain but of which it consists--is employed here in order to show that a counteridentification, regressive as it is, interferes with the nonregressive identification, which, as "empathy," represents a particular phase of the analyst's work. I have described empathy in an earlier communication. . . as a "transient trial identification". . . (p. 279-280).

Fleiss (1942, 1952) described four phases in this later "trial identification" and in the process made a further distinction between "countertransference" and "counteridentification":

(1) The analyst is the object of the (patient's) strivings; (2) he identifies with its subject, the patient; (3) he becomes this subject himself; (4) he projects this striving, after he has 'tasted' it, back onto the patient and so finds himself in the possession of the inside knowledge of its nature, having thereby acquired the emotional basis for his interpretation. . . . In the first phase, in which he is the object of the striving of his patient, an instinctual response will be stimulated in the analyst. This is called the 'countertransference', but it deserves this name only in the case of the further complication that such response repeats an infantile one and uses the patient as a substitute for its infantile object (p. 2).

As will be seen later, Fleiss' definition of counteridentification and the phases he describes bear strong similarity to what Racker (1966) and others have defined as a process of countertransferential use of self as an object of knowing about the patient in the analytic situation.

The classical perspective: Robert Langs

Robert Langs' (1977) descriptive and theoretical writings on countertransference, while identified as interactional as well as intrapsy-

chic, are very much in the classical tradition in their definition of countertransference as "pathology" stemming from unresolved infantile conflicts. In defining "countertransference" Langs (1977) used the term to refer to all of the reactions of an analyst based on intrapsychic elements which are inappropriate to the realities of the analytic situation and the patient's needs. Countertransference expressions are, according to Langs, compromise formations which derive from the inner pathology of the analyst, the stimuli created by the patient, the status of the "bipersonal field," and elements from other realities.

Though often expressed in direct relation to the patient, countertransference may easily be displaced to outside figures. According to Langs (1975) misalliances, which stem from "transference and countertransference inevitably contribute to and may interfere with alliance; when they do so, they must be detected, analysed and resolved" (p. 80). The therapist's motives for misalliance, or the basis for countertransference, according to Langs (1975), are similar to the patient's. They emanate from the analyst's past history, character, intrapsychic conflicts and symptoms which remain unresolved, current life situation, and responses to the analytic situation. Countertransferential misalliances, according to Langs, are the result of an attempt to master and gratify pathological, unfulfilled, unresolved infantile fantasies and conflicts by recreating pathogenic unresolved infantile relationships.

In describing the countertransference response, Langs identified two main categories, four primary sources, and two forms of countertransference expression. He also described a number of same-named "non-countertransference reactions" which are defined as nonpathological.

The main categories of countertransference responses identified by Langs were "matrix" and "reactive." Matrix countertransference was identified as an overall countertransference response to the analytic situation. The response was defined as inappropriate, usually chronic, and possibly possessed of maternal or paternal unconscious elements. According to Langs, these responses are difficult to identify and resolve, characteristically chronic, often characterological, and enduring. By comparison, reactive countertransference responses were defined as: more acute, changeable, inappropriate responses to the patient which are triggered by more immediate situations which mobilize "distorting intrapsychic fantasies, introjects, and interactional processes" (p. 111).

Reactive countertransference responses were seen as stemming from specific interactions, the attributes of given patients, and as being more manageable than matrix countertransferences. Both, however, while defined as pathological and detrimental to the analytic situation, can nevertheless, in Langs' view, be used to understand the conflicts, fantasies and introjects of the patient.

In addition to the matrix-reactive or chronic-acute dimensions, Langs identified four primary sources of countertransference: 1) genetic; 2) displacements from current external objects or situations; 3) projective and projective-identificatory countertransference, and 4) countertransference-based introjective identification and projective counteridentification. Genetic countertransferences, as described by Langs, "stem from the analyst's unconscious fantasies, memories, and introjects that are derived from his earlier pathogenic relationships"

(p. 112). Countertransference-based displacements from current external objects differ from genetic countertransference in that they "derive from a displacement of some conflict or pathological unconscious fantasy that relates to another person to whom the analyst is relating--an external object" (p. 113).

Projective and identificatory-based countertransference, in comparison to genetic and current displacement forms of countertransference, are described with both intrapsychic and interactional elements. In projection, the intrapsychic form of countertransference, "the analyst projects onto the patient--attributes to him--some aspect or derivative of his own intra-psychic conflict and unconscious fantasies. . ." (p. 114). In the interactional form the analyst "inappropriately projectively identifies into the patient selected aspects of his own pathological inner state. . .placing sick contents into the analysand so as to disown them, evoke proxies, and work them over externally" (p. 114).

Countertransferences based primarily on the therapist identification with the patient was also described by Langs with both intrapsychic and interactional elements. "Intrapsychically. . .the analyst unconscious(ly) needs to inappropriately identify with and support aspects of the patient's pathological inner mental life and behaviors" (p. 114). Interactionally, the analyst introjectively identifies with, and "needs to introject and contain pathological and healthy parts of the patient" (p. 115). In an even more elaborate interactional form, projective counteridentification, the analyst "incorporate(s) the projective identification from the patient without conscious awareness or control over the process involved. . .(and). . .uses the patient's projective iden-

tification as an opportunity to express countertransference-based needs and reprojects the pathological conglomerate derived from himself and the patient back into the analysand" (p. 116).

The final distinction that Langs makes is in regard to what he describes as "forms" of countertransference expression. Both forms have been evident in earlier descriptions. In the "active form" the analyst is the instigator projectively identifying his own pathology. In the "passive form" the analyst is more a passive recipient of the patient's projective identifications.

In addition to pathological countertransference responses, Langs also defines like-named "non-countertransference reactions" of the analyst:

The analyst's appropriate and realistic responses to the patient embody his noncountertransference reactions and skills within the analytic situation. These functions center upon his role as a special type of healer and are crystallized in his management of the framework and his verbal interventions--especially his interpretations. They create the conditions and understanding through which the patient can achieve symptom alleviation and modification of his pathological character traits through adaptive insight and inner structural change.

Noncountertransference responses derive from a variety of character traits, personality attributes, intellectual and cognitive abilities, affective responses, and more global sensitivities. In the main, they are reflected in the manner in which the analyst creates and maintains the analytic situation, listens openly and freely to the patient's communications, experiences in signal form the images and roles attributed to him, samples and metabolizes the patient's projective identifications, the processes the material from all these sources toward a valid comprehension of the patient (p. 131-132).

Specifically, non-countertransference responses include matrix and re-

active non-countertransference responses, identificatory processes and non-countertransference projective identification plus other forms of non-countertransference expression.

In concluding Langs stated that the analyst should never assume he is working without a "countertransference impediment" and must protect his "non-countertransference functioning" through self assessment and analysis. From this context Langs describes the analyst's task within, and contribution to, the analytic situation:

It is his task to elevate what seems to be a universal capacity for unconscious perception and sensitivity within the analytic relationship to a level of conscious awareness and comprehension. . . . The analyst's essential contribution must ultimately come from his capacity to maintain a sector of noncountertransference functioning that is used to develop a meaningful relationship within which he imparts conscious cognitive insights and constructive interactional responses to the analysand (p. 143-144).

Overview of the classical perspective

In comparing those examples of the classical definition of "countertransference" described in the last perspective, the following picture emerges: 1) By definition, all of those examined defined "countertransference" primarily as a problem rooted in unresolved, unconscious conflict which must be resolved or "overcome" (Freud, 1910). Some (A. Reich, 1951; R. Fleiss, 1953) identified it as "acting out", another identified it as the analyst's responsibility to clean up (Glover, 1925), and one defined it as a "defective attitude" (W. Reich, 1933); 2) Often the parallel was made between the analyst's "countertransference" and transference in the patient (Stern, 1923; Berman, 1949; A.

Reich, 1951; Fleiss, 1953). Some tried to separate it from other functions. One (Berman, 1949) defined a difference between countertransference and attitudes, a second (Gitelson, 1952) defined a difference between countertransference and transference in the analyst, and a third (Fleiss, 1953) defined a distinction and a relationship between countertransference and counteridentification; 4) The origins of "countertransference" were identified as stemming from repressed infantile material (Stern, 1923), the analyst's unconscious needs (A. Reich, 1951), or from a failure of sublimation of infantile sexuality or aggression (Fleiss, 1953); 5) Within a definition of countertransference distinctions were made between "positive" and "negative" (Glover, 1925), and "acute" and "chronic" (A. Reich, 1951); 6) Those who addressed the question of the analyst's identifications with the patient and the patient's feelings (A. Reich, 1951; Fleiss, 1953) both felt that those identifications should be either "shortlived" (A. Reich, 1951) or "transient trial identification(s)" (Fleiss, 1953).

The writings of Robert Langs (1975, 1977) consolidate, elaborate and extend those reviewed earlier. Langs, like other classical theorists, identified countertransference as unconscious, pathological and inappropriate to the analytic situation. It is defined as resulting from unresolved intra-psychoic conflicts, current life situations, and the inner pathology of the analyst whose reactions within the analytic situation are based on distorting intrapsychic fantasies and introjects. Langs also viewed countertransference, as did other classical theorists, in parallel to transference in the patient.

Langs defined two categories of countertransference, matrix

(chronic) and reactive (actue). The mechanisms which Langs described as commonly used were countertransference based projections, projective identifications, identifications, and projective counteridentifications. Langs finally distinguished countertransferential processes by defining them as either active or passive depending on whether they were instigated by the patient or the analyst.

Langs also identified a number of "non-countertransference" expressions, which he defined in categories parallel to those used to identify countertransference expressions, centering upon the role of the analyst in managing the framework for therapy, especially insofar as interpretations are concerned. They create, according to Langs, the conditions for change.

In sum, the classical view of countertransference defines it as a problem which should be resolved, a problem largely similar to the patient's transference problems which are seen as rooted in unconscious, faulty identifications. Countertransference is seen as facilitative of acting out and is something to be eliminated either by self analysis or further analysis of the analyst. While patients and analysts are seen from this perspective as influencing one another, the focus of pathology is usually reduced to the individual. The primary focus of countertransferential definitions from the classical perspective is intrapsychic rather than interactional. Countertransference is seen as something which exists primarily in the head of the analyst rather than as something which exists between the patient and the analyst. There is little sense of process in the classical definition; the definition is more linear.

Totalistic Countertransference

Development of the totalistic perspective

In contrast to the classical perspective, which developed emphasizing a definition of "countertransference" as a problem stemming from unconscious conflict in the analyst which must be resolved, the totalistic perspective developed emphasizing a definition of "countertransference" as either the conscious or unconscious feelings of the analyst stemming from his or her relationship to the patient and not necessarily rooted in unconscious conflicts. Adherents of this view came to define the analyst's feelings as natural concomitants of analytic relating. Healy, Bonner and Bowers (1931) were among the first to move in this direction when they stated:

What is spoken of as counter-transference must also be reckoned with in connection with the analytic situation. By this is meant impulses on the part of the analyst to respond to the patient's affectional trends. Schilder thinks that there is operative here an important psychological law regulating human relations and that the patient's feelings will of necessity call for complementary ones on the part of the analyst. . . . The latter must be aware of these complementary impulses, but, as Ferenczi says, he must not even yield inwardly to his emotions, or as Schilder put it, "He must never answer his patient in a human way" (p. 444).

This definition, although still implying that the analyst can be aware and can control all communication of feelings, was unique in that no distinction was made between conscious or unconscious feelings as being "countertransference." It directly contradicts Freud's (1915) view which excluded from the definition of "countertransference" an analyst's conscious responses to patient's affectionate behavior (see p. 28).

Healy, Bonner and Bowers' stance was also striking for their strong, conservative stand on the importance of the analyst keeping his or her feelings under control and well hidden from the patient.

English and Pearson (1937) followed the lead of Healy, Bonner, and Bowers by including under the rubric of "countertransference" everything the analyst feels toward his or her patient. They stated:

It is impossible for the physician not to have some attitude toward the patient, and this is called countertransference. The good psychotherapist, however, is able and willing to conceal any feelings he may have beyond the desire to help the patient. Overt pity, sympathy, criticism, intolerance, affection, etc., are best kept out of the attitude of the psychotherapist" (p. 303).

Both Healy, Bonner and Bowers, and English and Pearson appear to have dealt with their more inclusive definitions of "countertransference" by insisting on the concealment of feelings beyond, according to English and Pearson, "the desire to help."

Alice and Michael Bliant (1939) presented a challenge to the view of the sterile, reflecting analyst, which they attributed to misguided following of Freud. They pointed out that the analyst influences the patient in any of a number of ways: by his office decor, his pillow covers, as well as the timing and quality of his interpretations. They also pointed out that the analyst is in turn influenced by the patient. Some of the analyst's influence on the patient, they suggested, may be a carryover from the analyst's own transference to his training analyst. It was the sum total of these and other influences, according to the Bliants, that constituted the countertransference. With respect to the analytic relationship the Bliants concluded that this was the result of

an interplay "between the patient's transferences and the analyst's counter-transferences complicated by the reactions released in each by the other's transferences on to him" (p. 228). With respect to psychoanalysis, in general, they issued a challenge which focused again, but with a difference, on conscious awareness and control as concomitants of growth in psychoanalytic technique:

The analyst must be required to make himself conscious of every emotional gratification brought about by his individual technique in order that he may keep a better control on his theoretical convictions. Every advance in psycho-analysis has had to be paid for by an ever-increasing conscious control over the investigator's emotional life. We believe that our technique can be still further improved, if we are able to bear still further conscious control over our everyday analytical behavior (p. 230).

Lorand (1946), too, emphasized control by means of increased consciousness. According to Lorand, countertransference "feelings can disturb the treatment unless the analyst is able to refrain from displaying them. Lack of conscious control is always due to unresolved problems within the unconscious of the analyst" (p. 209). In other words, while Lorand defined "countertransference" broadly to include the analyst's conscious and unconscious feelings, he defined the unconscious countertransference as the analyst's problem area. According to Lorand, one of the most important functions of the analyst is his ability to handle countertransference feelings, friendly or unfriendly, so that they do not endanger the analysis.

Ella Sharpe (1947) also defined countertransference to include both the conscious and unconscious reactions of the analyst and, like Lorand

(1946), advised that the problem was that part of the countertransference which is rooted in unconscious conflict. She felt that healthy countertransference is necessary for analytic work and that the degree to which they were healthy depended upon the nature of the satisfactions the analyst obtained from his or her work.

Sharpe (1947) was also an early advocate of the analyst's own personality as a continually active, never "fully analyzed", but rather fully human, instrument of observation. This, Sharpe contends, is a common sense standard which has a foundation in the practical work the analyst undertakes rather than a "'perfection myth'." Blind spots, complexes and the like, point to the humanness of the analyst, according to Sharpe. "When he ceases to be an ordinary human being he ceases to be a good analyst" (p. 4).

When describing how the analyst listens and what the analyst must be able to hear, Sharpe simply and eloquently made it clear that she viewed the human relationship response, which is the most important element in contemporary totalistic theory and practice, as the foundation of psychoanalysis:

The psycho-analyst listens to understand, to find out, to track to their source if he is able the origins of the discords. Through words that are articulate and sensible enough the psycho-analyst hears the child crying in the night and with 'no language but a cry'. His pleasure is not in hearing the cry but bringing comprehension and explanation. Nor need we separate the analyst's pleasure in listening from the mastery of the dreads of his own infancy (p. 6).

With Winnicott (1949) the view began to change toward the more

positive, sometimes deliberate, use of "countertransference" in the therapy room. Winnicott included both conscious and unconscious, normal and neurotic, reactions in his definition of countertransference. In addressing the subject of countertransference with psychotic and anti-social patients, he stated: "Counter-transference phenomena will at all times be the important things in analysis" (p. 9). Winnicott differentiated three manifestations of countertransference phenomena including those which stem from repressed feelings, and those identifications which stem from the analyst's personal history providing a positive setting for his analytic work and making it different from that of any other analyst. From the first two Winnicott defines an objective countertransference which he views as stemming from the analyst's differentiated feelings towards a patient's behavior and personality. Where others before him had insisted on the controlled withholding of feelings from the patient, Winnicott insisted that circumstances sometimes necessitated the interpretation to the patient of what he defined as countertransference feelings.

Heinman (1950) used the term countertransference broadly and with the same sense of its positive value to the therapy relationship as did Sharp (1947) and Winnicott (1949), but went further than Winnicott's early writings in identifying its use within the context of "relationship" for understanding the patient's unconscious:

My thesis is that the analyst's emotional response to his patient within the analytic situation represents one of the most important tools of his work. The analyst's counter-transference is an instrument of research into the patient's unconscious.

The analytic situation has been investigated and de-

scribed from many angles, and there is general agreement about its unique character. But my impression is that it has not been sufficiently stressed that it is a relationship between two persons. What distinguishes this relationship from others, is not the presence of feelings in one partner, the patient, and their absence in the other, the analyst, but above all the degree of the feelings experienced and the use made of them, these factors being interdependent (pp. 81-82).

It is also noteworthy that while some of those reviewed as proponents of the classical perspective stressed the importance of "short-lived" identifications (A. Reich, 1951) and "trial identifications" (Fleiss, 1953), when referring to feelings experienced, Heinman stated that it is the analyst's work to "sustain the feelings which are stirred in him. . ." (p. 82) to further the analytic work. In reconciling her views with those of Freud she stated:

In my view Freud's demand that the analyst must "recognize and master" his counter-transference does not lead to the conclusion that countertransference is a disturbing factor and that the analysis must become unfeeling and detached, but that he must use his emotional response as a key to the patient's unconscious. This will protect him from entering as a co-actor on the scene which the patient re-enacts in the analytic relationship and for exploiting it for his own needs (p. 83).

Little (1951) discussed "countertransference" primarily as having to do with unconscious, repressed elements, but her definition went beyond this. In addressing the difficulties arising from oversimplified definitions she draws attention to the "dynamic aspects" of countertransference within the context of a "total relationship":

Many of our difficulties, unfortunately, seem to me to come from trying to over-simplify, and from an almost compulsive attempt to separate out conscious from uncon-

scious, and repressed unconscious from what is unconscious but not repressed, often with an ignoring of the dynamic aspects of the thing. . . . I would like to say here that although I am talking mainly about the repressed elements in countertransference I am not limiting myself strictly to this, but letting it flow over into the other elements in the total relationship. . . (p. 34).

From this perspective Little addressed herself to what she identified as beliefs that it was fatal for the analyst to become identified in a "countertransferential sense" with his or her patient, and that distance and empathy are the vital elements in the success of an analysis. With respect to identification and empathy she noted that the basis for empathy was itself identification. With respect to distance and identification she stated:

The analyst necessarily identifies with the patient, but there is for him an interval of time between himself and the experience which for the patient has the quality of immediacy--he knows it for past experience, while to the patient it is a present one. . . . When the interval of distance is introduced the experience becomes the patient's alone, and he can separate himself off psychically from the analyst. Growth depends on an alternating rhythm of identification and separation brought about in this way by having experiences and knowing them for one's own, in a suitable setting (p. 35).

Little seems to be saying that the identifications of the analyst are experienced in a more differentiated manner than are the patient's which are less differentiated, and, that it is up to the analyst to maintain his or her differentiation so that the patient can attain a like state of being. She saw the wish to eradicate undifferentiated, or unconscious, infantile, id-based countertransferences through more analysis as an ideal reflecting analyst's paranoid or phobic attitude toward his or

her own id impulses: All that the analyst can really hope for, according to Sharpe, is reaching the point where his or her attitude toward id impulses is no longer paranoid and knowing that his or her feelings will vary from day to day depending on current stresses and strains. The paranoid, phobic attitude which an analyst may have toward his or her own feelings "constitutes the greatest danger and difficulty in counter-transference" (p. 38).

In conclusion, Little offered a definition of countertransference with respect to its origin in the analyst and in the relationship:

Counter-transference is a defence mechanism of a synthetic kind, brought about by the analyst's unconscious ego, and is easily brought under the control of the repetition compulsion; but transference and counter-transference are still further syntheses in that they are products of the combined unconscious work of patient and analyst. They depend on conditions which are partly internal and partly external to the analytic relationship, and vary from week to week, day to day, and even moment to moment with rapid intra- and extra-psycho changes. Both are essential to psycho-analysis, and counter-transference is no more to be feared or avoided than is transference; in fact it cannot be avoided, it can only be looked out for, controlled to some extent, and perhaps used (p. 40).

Totalistic perspectives: Henrich Racker

Countertransference, according to Racker (1957) is the conscious and unconscious expression of the analyst's identification with the internal objects of the patient, as well as with the patient's ego and id. Its characteristic anxieties, contents and mechanisms help the analyst to draw conclusions about the patient. "The countertransference," Racker stated, "is the living response to the transference, and if the former is silenced, the latter cannot reach the fullness of life and

knowledge" (1966, p. 3).

In breaking with what was, and often still is, the established psychoanalytic tradition of viewing countertransference as a hindrance to psychotherapy, Racker raised serious questions regarding the "scientific silence" and lack of serious investigation of countertransference in the forty years since it had been identified by Freud. He concluded:

Is there not reason to question the success of didactic analysis in fulfilling its function if this very problem, the discovery of which led to the creation of didactic analysis, has had so little scientific elaboration? (1957, p. 306).

The lack of scientific investigation according to Racker, is a result of the analysts' rejection of their own private countertransference struggles with primitive guilt and anxiety. The struggles, guilt and anxiety he connects with "infantile ideals" which remain as a result of unresolved transference problems in the didactic analysis which are left unresolved because of countertransference problems in the didactic analyst. The vicious circle, according to Racker, must be broken through a revision of our feelings regarding our own countertransference. We must "try to overcome our own infantile ideals more thoroughly, accepting more fully the fact that we are still children and neurotics even when we are adults and analysts" (1957, p. 306).

Racker (1957) clarified his position regarding the manner in which countertransference problems were passed on from analyst to analysand:

The fact that countertransference conflicts determine the deficiencies in the analysis of transference becomes clear if we recall that transference is the expression of the internal object relations; for understanding of

transference will depend on the analyst's capacity to identify himself both with the analysand's impulses and defenses, and with his internal objects, and to be conscious of these identifications. This ability in the analyst will in turn depend upon the degree to which he accepts his countertransference, for his countertransference is likewise based on identification with the patient's id and ego and his internal objects. One might also say that transference is the expression of the patient's relations with the fantasied and real countertransference of the analyst. For just as countertransference is the psychological response to the analysand's real and imaginary transferences, so also is transference the response to the analyst's imaginary and real countertransferences (p. 307-8).

One of the major distortions of truth in what Racker calls "the myth of the analytic situation" lies in the belief that psychoanalysis is an interaction between a sick person lying on a couch and a healthy person sitting in the chair:

The truth is that it is an interaction between two personalities, in both of which the ego is under pressure from the id, the superego, and the external world; each personality has its internal and external dependencies, anxieties, and pathological defenses; each is also a child with its internal parents; and each of these whole personalities--that of the analysand and that of the analyst--responds to every event in the analytic situation (1957, p. 308-9).

To further emphasize what he identified as the one-sidedness of the psychoanalytic investigations--research into patient phenomenon rather than patient-therapist-relationship phenomena--coming from analysts fully identified with these ideals, Racker (1957) also points out neglect which exists in other areas and which parallels the extensive investigations into transference phenomena and the corresponding absence of investigations into countertransference phenomena:

It is at least partly for this (same) reason that the oedipus complex of the child toward its parents, and the patient toward his analyst, has been so much more fully considered than that of the parents toward their children and of the analyst toward the analysand (p. 307).

While Racker apparently views many of the distinctions between the patient and analyst or therapist as being artificial and protective of the analyst's neurotic ideals, he also identifies differences that exist between the analyst and the analysand. One of these is in "objectivity," or what is regarded as a "healthy splitting":

The analyst's objectivity consists mainly in a certain attitude toward his own subjectivity and countertransference. The neurotic (obsessive) ideal of objectivity leads to repression and blocking of subjectivity and so to the apparent fulfillment of the myth of the 'analyst without anxiety or anger.' True objectivity is based upon a form of internal division that enables the analyst to make himself (his own countertransference and subjectivity) the object of his continuous observation and analysis. This position allows him to be relatively 'objective' toward the analysand (1957, p. 309).

Real knowledge, according to Racker, stems not from the intellect, but from a union with oneself--a conscious and emotional acceptance of everything pertaining to oneself. The basic principle of psychoanalytic technique for Racker is the Socratic "know thyself" (1966, p. 20).

What happens in countertransference: Process definition. Racker defines countertransference largely by emphasizing a framework for understanding the components of countertransference feelings rather than by describing types of countertransference experience. These are defined in terms of their relation to transference and context, and then in terms of the components of identification which give rise to the un-

derstandings which come from countertransference feelings and experience.

In relation to transference Racker identifies countertransference feelings as being responses to either a manifest and present transference or a potential but latent, repressed or blocked off transference. In addition, countertransference may be either direct or indirect. Direct countertransference is defined as a response related directly to the therapist-patient dyad; indirect countertransference arises when a third party--a colleague, supervisor or someone in the patient's life (husband or wife, etc.)--plays a central role in the therapist's relation to the patient's internalized object relations, thoughts and feelings.

The usual, interactive components of the countertransference response itself, within the direct therapist-patient dyad, are made up of both concordant and complementary identificatory processes. Concordant identifications are defined as empathy or identification with the patient's thoughts or feelings. They arise in the analyst from his tendency to understand what is happening in the patient. The desire to understand then leads to a tendency in the therapist to identify each part of his person with the corresponding psychological part of the patient and to accept these into consciousness. It is the analyst's attempt to know the patient by reflecting and reproducing the patient's psychological contents within himself. Concordant identifications are based upon projection and introjection; on the recognition of what belongs to another as one's own, and on the equation of what is one's own with what belongs to another.

Complementary identifications come closer to the traditional use of the term "countertransference." In this form of identification the therapist no longer understands the patient from the inside but reacts as and identifies with the original figure the patient is treating him as. As a reflection of a perpetuated family dynamic the therapist's behavior complements the patient's behavior and the therapist's ego identifies with, and feels treated as, the internalized objects of the patient.

As a unit, concordant and complementary identifications--identifications with the patient and with the patient's internalized objects--allow the therapist to experience and observe consciously, within himself, the conflict which the patient acts out in his daily experience. To accomplish this the therapist must divide his ego into an experiencing, irrational one and a rational observing one. In the patient as in the therapist with countertransference problems, feelings too painful to experience are split off from action and the family dynamic is unconsciously perpetuated.

Relationship of countertransference to transference. Racker's more "holistic" use of the term "countertransference"--the relating of concordant and complementary processes--was broadened still further in his description of the interaction, or interrelationship, between transference and countertransference. Where Langs defined the therapy relationship in terms of a "bi-personal field," Racker defined it as a "bi-personal process" (1966, p. 66). Langs gave more the impression of discrete units in a field, and Racker units in interrelationship or in motion. For Racker "transference and countertransference represent two

components of a unity, mutually giving life to each other and creating the interpersonal relationship of the analytic situation" (1968, p. 59).

Within this relationship the transferences of the patient are viewed in terms of his/her object relations and the countertransference as what the analyst sees and feels within him or herself as the object of his or her patient's transference. The object relations and the countertransference feelings are the crux of the transference-countertransference relationship:

The relations to objects and to destiny are based, in their fundamental psychological aspect, on a (normal or pathological) splitting of the ego, and with this approach, the analyst's task is to show the patient that his world outside and his world inside are one and the same thing, thus attempting to unite him at once with his objects and with himself (1968, p. 59).

Use of the term "countertransference." In justifying his use of the term "countertransference" to refer to the relationship of complementary and concordant processes, and conscious activity, Racker noted that Freud invented the term as an analogue to transference which he (Freud) defined as reimpressions of childhood experiences, including a greater or lesser modification of those experiences. However real external qualities influence the analytic situation, the present factors are experienced according to the transference predisposition, that is to say according to the transference predisposition, that is to say according to the past and fantasy. Racker continued by making the parallel with countertransference:

Analogously, in the analyst there are the countertransference predisposition and the present real, and especial-

ly analytic, experiences; and the countertransference is the resultant. It is precisely this fusion of present and past, the continuous and intimate connection of reality and fantasy, of external, conscious and unconscious, that demands a concept embracing the totality of the analyst's psychological response, and renders it advisable, at the same time, to keep for this totality of response the accustomed term 'countertransference.' Where it is necessary for greater clarity one might speak of 'total countertransference' and then differentiate and separate within it some aspect or another. One of its aspects consists precisely in what is transferred in countertransference; this is the part that originates in an earlier time and that is especially the infantile and primitive part within total countertransference. Another of these aspects--closely connected with the previous one--is what is neurotic in countertransference; its main characteristics are the unreal anxiety and the pathological defenses. Under certain circumstances one may also speak of countertransference neurosis (1957, p. 310).

Racker fortified his argument for accepting the definition in the wider sense by linking concordant identifications more closely with the analyst's past, with complementary identifications, and with positive countertransference:

If one considers that the analyst's concordant identifications (his understandings) are a sort of reproduction of his own past processes, especially of his own infancy, and that this reproduction or reexperience is carried out as a response to stimuli from the patient, one will be more ready to include the concordant identifications in the concept of countertransference. Moreover, the concordant identifications are closely connected with the complementary ones (and thus with 'countertransference' in the popular sense), and this fact renders advisable a differentiation but not a total separation of the terms. Finally, it should be borne in mind that the disposition to empathy--that is to concordant identification--springs largely from the sublimated positive countertransference, which likewise relates empathy with countertransference in the wider sense (1957, p. 313).

Overview of the totalistic perspective

In the development of the totalistic perspective the following picture can be discerned: 1) By definition those reviewing defined countertransference as being both conscious and unconscious, "normal" and "neurotic"; 2) "Countertransference" was increasingly defined by emphasizing its context within the relationship rather than focusing primarily on that part of it which is a content of the analyst. It was identified as a function of complementarity in the relationship (Healey, Bonner & Bowers, 1930), as part of the analyst's attitude towards the patient (English & Pearson, 1937), as a human response (Sharpe, 1947), as the most important thing in analysis (Winnicott, 1949), as the key to the patient's unconscious (Heinman, 1950), and as a necessary part of the dynamic aspect of therapy (Little, 1951); 3) Early views emphasized control of "countertransference" (Healey, Bonner, & Bowers, 1930; English & Pearson, 1937; Alice Bliant & Michael Bliant, 1939; Lorand, 1946) while later views emphasized its use in understanding the patient (Sharpe, 1947; Winnicott, 1949; Heinman, 1950; Little, 1951); 4) Some advocated the direct communication to the patient of some elements or manifestations of "countertransference" as they defined it functionally within the relationship (Winnicott, 1949; Little, 1951), while others rejected that idea (Heinman, 1950); 5) While all defined "countertransference" as having unconscious and sometimes "neurotic" elements which needed to be examined and made conscious, the emphasis turned to acceptance of the unconscious as a fact of life with "resolution" equated to its acceptance and the "overcoming" of one's paranoid or phobic attitude (Little, 1951) toward countertransference. Counter-

transference was viewed as an element of and a means toward understanding, and its rejection was viewed as a hinderance to understanding. The focus was on the integrative process of treatment, e.g., that of differentiation as it develops from the therapeutic relationship, more than on the content of treatment. Further, the primary focus of the totalistic view is on the interactive rather than intrapsychic elements. Countertransference is seen as existing between patient and analyst rather than in the analyst; it is seen as a relationship phenomenon with elements from both clinician and patient contributing to its presence. The totalistic definition is more of a "process" definition than is the classical definition.

The writing of Henrich Racker (1957, 1966), like that of Robert Langs, consolidates, elaborates and extends theorists reviewed earlier. Racker, like other totalistic theorists, identified countertransference as both conscious and unconscious, normal and neurotic; it is the analyst's identifications with the patient's internal objects and with the patient's own ego and id. According to Racker, analysts' rejection of their own countertransference, and the scientific silence surrounding it, is a function of primitive guilt and anxiety which go unresolved because of countertransference problems in the didactic analysis. The result, according to Racker, is a vicious circle; analysts fear to admit that they are still children and neurotics even while adults and analysts; they perpetuate a myth of the analytic situation--that it is a relationship between a sick and a healthy person rather than a relationship between two personalities. They seek, Racker stated, an obsessive, neurotic ideal of "objectivity." Real "objectivity," as Racker defined

it, is based on an internal division (healthy splitting) which allows the analyst to make himself--his subjectivity and countertransference--the object of continuous observation and analysis.

Racker defined countertransference primarily in relation to transference and process. There is a dual identificatory process in countertransference as Racker defined it. It is comprised of concordant identifications which involve empathy and identification and are based on projection and identification--on the recognition of what belongs to another as one's own and on the equation of what's one's own with what belongs to another; and complementary identifications in which the clinician reacts to the patient and identifies with the person the patient is treating as his. Racker defined this as a perpetuation of family dynamics. To understand the conflict the clinician must divide his or her ego between experiencing and observing parts and identify with the patient and the patient's internal objects, thereby consciously observing the conflict the patient experiences in daily life. Transference and countertransference, according to Racker, are components of a unity giving life to one another. Transference leading to real behavior toward the analyst who responds with equally real feelings, anxieties, defenses, and desires; they oscillate with one another and the analyst must maintain positive countertransference over countertransference neurosis.

With respect to the use of the term "countertransference" to define this process Racker, an object relations theorist, contends that the present is experienced according to a transference predisposition--according to past and fantasy. Concordant identifications, according to

Racker, are reproductions of past experiences, especially early infancy, and these are carried out in response to the patient and thereby closely linked with complementary identifications. This unity makes differentiation, but not separation, advisable according to Racker.

Brian Bird (1972) who does not distinguish between transference and countertransference and for whom "transference" is an ego function clarifies the position of object relation theorists with respect to the transference predisposition which Racker identified. In describing the transference phenomenon Bird first clearly distinguishes between transference and transference neurosis. In the transference the patient, repeating the past in the present, displaces feelings and/or attachments from one person to another but in the process the separate identities-- father or mother and analyst for example--remain separate. In transference neurosis the patient includes the therapist in the structure or part structure of the neurosis such that the identity difference between patient and therapist is lost. For that time, within the particular area affected by the transference neurosis, the therapist comes to represent part of the patient, some complex of the patient's neurosis, some element of the patient's ego, superego, defenses, drives, etc., which are part of the neurosis. The therapist does not, as in transference, come to represent an actual person from the patient's past except to the extent that person has been incorporated into the patient's neurotic organization.

In extending his perspective on transference to a conception of it as an ego function Bird notes that the analyst must enable the patient to extend his/her intrapsychic conflicts to include the person of the

analyst and for this to happen the analyst's own transference involvement is necessary. It is only through the analyst's own insight into his or her own transference involvement that he or she can understand and analyse the patient's:

If the analyst's transference is essential to the analyzing process, it could hardly be thought of as anything other than ego process; and, conversely, if transference is an ego function, it would have to be seen as essential to his analyzing activity (p. 297).

According to Bird, dependence of analysis on transference may have established the interpretation of transference so firmly as a technique that the analyst seldom thinks of transference as an experience or concerns him/herself with its nature as a phenomenon. Transference must be regarded, Bird states, "as one of the ego's principal structures," as the ego's main antirepressive device (p. 297).

. . .transference. . .in a general sense endows the ego with its crucial capacity to evoke, maintain, and put to use the past-in-the-present. It may also be this antirepressive force that enables transference to activate and expedite other parts of the ego, particularly, it would seem, the ego's conflict-free givens and its differentiating, synthesizing, and creative capacities (p. 297).

Following from the concept of transference as an ego function, another obvious inference, according to Bird, is that transference can never be resolved--the content may be, but never the function (as an antirepressive, differentiating, synthesizing and creative force). In analysis "the symptomatic, neurotic, historical complexes may be resolved but not the function itself." The analyst's own transference is useful and integral to this process, Bird states. This does not mean

that the analyst can decide whether or when a transference reaction to a patient exists:

This is beside the point. For one thing, significant transference reactions are usually not conscious; and, for another, transference activity in some form is always going on. . . every feeling of warmth, pity, sadness, anger, hope, excitement, even interest; every feeling of coldness, disinterest, boredom, impatience, discouragement, and every absence of feeling, should be assumed to contain significant elements of the analyst's transference as focused on the patient; nothing represents merely the analyst's "real" reactions to his patient; when something seems most real it can be counted on to contain important aspects of the analyst's transference (p. 299).

To take this "rather imperative view," Bird feels, might make it possible for the analyst to keep his (counter)transference out of the patient's way and at the same time use it to further the analysis.

Summary and conclusions. Countertransference was defined at the outset of this chapter as "the therapists' response to their patients and their understanding of those responses." The definition was offered as an operational one which provided a necessary perspective--a foundation--from which to look at evolving, individual definitions of "countertransference." The distinction between two "schools" of thought--classical and totalistic--provided a useful framework within which to trace development. The classical perspective, often identified with Freud, viewed countertransference primarily as an unconscious, pathological process which is a hinderance to therapy. The focus was primarily, although not exclusively, on "content" rather than "process." Countertransference, from the classical perspective, was often compared to transference in the patient. By contrast, the totalistic perspective

described countertransference as either a conscious or unconscious process which was a hinderance to therapy only when unconscious and/or "uncontrolled." It was described primarily as a relationship response with the emphasis on process more than on content. Classical and totalistic perspectives were distinguished by whether they emphasized countertransference primarily as a conscious mechanism for understanding the patient through the therapy relationship, or primarily as an unconscious, pathological mechanism or distortion. The totalistic definition focuses primarily on the interactive elements; the classical focuses primarily on the intrapsychic elements.

What seems most apparent is that while the classical and the totalistic schools of countertransference differ on some important levels, such as what should be called "countertransference" and what should not, there is also an essential complementarity. The totalistic perspective describes the process of understanding the patient through the gathering of data from the clinician's conscious responses to, and identifications with, the patient in the therapy relationship; the classical perspective describes that process gone awry and the mechanisms which become manifest when this happens. The totalistic perspective emphasizes understanding "conflict in the patient" through the therapist's conscious use of his or her feelings in the relationship; the classical perspective emphasizes understanding the "conflict in the clinician" when his or her feelings remain unconscious--the feelings themselves need not differ.

What is meant by "control" and disclosing or not disclosing feelings, and of resolution or overcoming countertransference, are important issues in both classical and totalistic schools--what individual writers

mean by these words, however, is usually ambiguous. In considering the issue of control--showing or not showing feelings or countertransference subjectivity to a patient--it seems important to note that feelings and interpretations can be communicated in many ways other than by the clinician openly expressing his or her feelings about some countertransference issue to a patient. Everything a clinician does or says, including saying or doing nothing, belies and communicates relationship definitions and feelings. There is no such thing as not communicating (Watzlawick, Beavin, & Jackson, 1967). More to the point, however, is the clinician's acceptance and recognition of the many ways of communicating feelings beyond expressing them verbally to patients. This does not mean that clinicians should unload feelings on patients, only that if a clinician's stance in relation to control over expression of feelings is a rigid one--that one does not show or communicate feelings to patients --the actual communication to the patient may well be to subtly deny their existence and provide the patient with support for resistance and an injunction against dealing with certain feelings in relation to the clinician.

The issue of resolution and/or overcoming countertransference is related to that of control and also to what can rightfully be called "countertransference." Resolution and overcoming might better be described as "differentiation" to the extent that differentiation implies more of an ability to tolerate feelings within a relationship, whether or not they have been resolved, such that they can be consciously considered and acknowledged as data from the relationship rather than maintained unconsciously in ways which force their repetition. Experiences

which allow clinicians to identify with patients in useful ways do not necessarily come from resolving feelings, identifications or transferences per se, but rather from resolving unconscious conflict which is associated with them and thus allowing the clinician a greater depth and breadth of conscious experience in relation to patients (Bird, 1972). As Racker noted, overcoming is an infantile ideal; therapy is a relationship between two personalities rather than a sick patient and a healthy clinician who has overcome countertransference. Clinicians must, as Sullivan (1954) stated, be experts in human relationships. Beyond that they are most effective when they are simply human (Little, 1951).

Implications for research

The classical perspective of countertransference can be most useful in describing how and why particular forms of distortion occur in the participant observation relationships of therapy and research. In this respect the classical theorists provide a foundation for extending Sullivan's writings on parataxic distortion. By comparison, the totalistic theorists provide a framework for understanding how the clinician-researcher uses him- or herself as an instrument of observation in arriving at understandings with respect to the data of participant observation relationships. "Objectivity," within the interactive, participant observation frameworks of psychotherapy and research, necessarily includes the conscious awareness of the researcher's subjective identifications which contribute to the research relationship.

The work of the classical theorists is applicable, for example, in

qualitative research designs which employ interview methodologies from which the clinical researcher directly derives data. In those situations countertransferential distortion may manifest itself in the same manner as it does in the consulting room: the researcher-clinician-interviewer may unconsciously direct the subject toward areas which confirm conscious or unconscious hypotheses and away from areas which do not support or contradict hypotheses. Similarly, in the process of describing qualitative data such as typed interviews, the researcher may projectively identify with certain aspects of interview transcripts and describe results in ways which attempt to "resolve" his or her own past or present relationships. In family research, the researcher investigating a particular aspect of family relationships who approaches the interviewing of family members without first investigating his or her own family--an investigation which, at minimum, should include the affective impact and the meaning the particular area being studied might have in the researcher's own family--is liable to unconsciously punctuate events and describe them so as to attribute meanings which are strongly influenced by unconscious family preoccupations. When the task is focused on extended family process, as Family at Dinner was, the work requires not only the investigation of a limited area (if such a thing is ever possible given the systems nature of families and the possibility of displacing affect from one area to another), but a more thorough exploration of internalized family dynamics. In describing an extended family dinner scene the range of interactions we observed brought up many personally meaningful aspects of family relating which we often dismissed in the early stages of research. Only later, when we stopped

looking for specific thematic interpretations and the behavior to support them, did we recall affective perspectives along with cognitive associations which allowed other possible interpretations.

As a function of having a family, and a history of relationships which are inseparable from how one understands human behavior and relationships, everyone necessarily possesses preoccupations which are liable to be unconsciously reflected in research. It is the work of the researcher to actively investigate issues as they touch upon chosen research directions such that countertransference, whether "resolved" or not, can be consciously employed and differentiated within the study. At the point when the self and conscious (totalistic) countertransference is actively differentiated and used, various levels of interpretation become possible as the researcher identifies with and reacts to the data of family relating from many different perspectives. In effect, the researcher "interprets" more but those interpretations reflect what are sometimes identified as the more "open ended" interpretations of the clinician. In psychotherapy the clinician, in a therapeutic alliance with the patient, can allow and help the patient to attribute meaning when his or her own countertransference is conscious and actively utilized. In research the same is possible as long as the researcher is aware of multiple interpretations. In descriptive research, or any research, the more conscious the researcher is of interacting concordant and complementary countertransferential identifications the more the reader is allowed to react to the description in a less restricted way and become aware of the possibility of multiple meanings in family relating. In both psychotherapy and research classical countertransfer-

ential issues have the effect of directing, limiting and constraining the expressions of patients, subjects and data to meet the unconscious needs of the clinician and researcher.

Neither is quantitative methodology immune to distortion from similar sources. While replication by other researchers may provide some safeguards with respect to "validity," the individual researcher's unconscious needs in relation to various past and current conflicts can be displaced onto research at points of operationalization of variables, the establishment of empirical constructs, or finally in the more flexible area where theoretical constructs are derived. In investigating "schizophrenia," for example, the researcher may examine the subject by operationalizing variables from the standpoint of cognitive processes, perceptual processes, the integration of cognitive and perceptual processes, family relationships, object relationships, risk factors, phenomenological processes, etc., and may then further break it down by studying only men, men and women (women are not included in some statistical studies because of the "variability" of their data), paranoids, nonparanoids, catatonics, etc. In addition to the intellectual interest of the researcher, the choice of where to enter the system may be influenced before, during or after the fact by an endless variety of factors such as one's own, or a family member's, cognitive or perceptual difficulties, a family member being institutionalized for schizophrenia, the interests of an academic advisor, or even a compelling need to be able to organize such a vast amount of data from diverse areas of investigation.

The conscious use of countertransference-based identifications in

relation to subjects and data can be beneficial to the quantitative researcher as they are to the qualitative researcher. The conscious exploration and use of one's combined affective and cognitive alliances with the positions investigated might be used to expand the scope of questionnaires, personal history forms, etc., just as unconscious alliances might restrict the range of possibilities investigated.

Tales of conscious and unconscious distortion to obtain "significance" are widespread in fields which investigate areas important to the understanding of human behavior. C. Burt, for example, is known to have fabricated data in twin studies. Lemark, in arguing for a genetic versus environmental position, supposedly measured rats' tails as getting shorter and shorter; later when remeasured they were found to be not different. Barber (1973) could not get researchers to submit their data for reanalysis and investigation. Of those who did not protect their data some had made enough errors that reanalysis changed the results. Recently, Harris (1979) reviewed Watson and Rayner's (1920) conditioning of Little Albert and found that most accounts of that research "feature as much fabrication and distortion as they do fact" (p. 151). Harris found that many psychologists distorted the data by seemingly creating "facts" to meet their own theoretical or experimental needs; not the least of those being Watson and Rayner themselves. Strong or unreasonably protective feelings with respect to the direction of results should always be examined with particular emphasis on the meaning, not just to the particular theoretical perspective investigated, although that is certainly an important aspect of research, but also with respect to what particular results mean to the researcher's view of self within the re-

search community. Just as it is common in psychotherapy and everyday life to displace feelings from one source to another, it is also possible to displace feelings from collegial or advisory relationships onto data. Similarly, as will be seen in the discussion of Family at Dinner, collaborative relationships offer special opportunities for a variety of unconscious competitive needs to be expressed through interpretations of data.

More generally, the researcher may also attempt to deal with life-long or current issues in the subject matter chosen for investigation, just as clinicians may do so in their choice of patients for psychotherapy. While the affective bond in research has often been denied and the nature of the intellectual bond held up for public inspection, this splitting of affect from intellectual concerns primarily serves to protect the researcher, and by common agreement communities of researchers, from realizing the stark reality of how they and their research form an inseparable unit. The splitting serves to protect all from the embarrassment of being seen. The researchers studying depression, phobia, anxiety, fear, eating, drinking, sex, intelligence, retardation, families, couples or countertransference by whatever methodology admits to these being important issues both intellectually and at the same time affectively. They may have significance in relation to self, to family, to wife, to children, to powerful colleagues, or to academic advisors. The affective-intellectual split at times appears to be an important ingredient in the division pointed to between quantitative and qualitative research methodologies. One is at times erroneously viewed as being representative of "hard" research having to do with intellectual con-

cerns, and the other with "soft" or affective concerns. In fact, both have to do with affect and intellect and the power struggles between groups with regard to what is "scientific" seems at times to be a response which keeps them separate and protects all from frankly looking at their affective concerns together with their intellectual ones and acknowledging the ways all are visible as men and women studying other men and women.

With the change in research towards producing research which is more meaningful (see Chapter I) researchers in psychology are investigating areas which are meaningful both intellectually and personally. The choice of an area of interest may reflect either current or long-standing personal issues which may make the process and results susceptible to countertransference-based distortion. On the other hand the same personal relevance may provide invaluable insights into data, or data themselves, when consciously attended to and used. It is important for both the researcher and the clinician to assign critical importance to all feelings and associations they have in response to subjects and the data of human relationships and follow personal responses to insight and understanding rather than burying them unrecognized in their research reports. The quantity of research may be substantially reduced if this is adhered to, but the quality will substantially increase. The subject of conscious use of countertransference will be more thoroughly inspected in relation to Family at Dinner in the next chapter; the subject of classical countertransference in relation to Family at Dinner will be the subject of the discussion section.

In sum, what is true in the relationship between the individual

clinician and patient may, in a very real sense, also be true in the relationship between the individual researcher and subject. While the form of the relationship may differ with the methodology employed, the individual researcher, like the clinician, may also manipulate, distort and exploit data to express unconscious personal needs; or, with conscious insight into those same feelings and responses, the researcher can utilize them as a source of data in relation to individual subjects, and to further clarify existing data. The methodology employed by the researcher, whether quantitative or qualitative, should not be thought of strictly in terms of control of effects. The researcher's feelings are expressed throughout the research process including in the interpretation of data. More to the point is the researcher's acceptance and recognition of the many ways in which feelings can be communicated without being expressed directly, such that decisions regarding interpretations which are made serve to maximally utilize all possible sources of data and increase the clarity and descriptive visibility of the data. The researcher like the clinician must have access to and be able to tolerate feelings in research relationships, and/or in response to the data of human relationships, whether or not those feelings have been "resolved," such that they can be consciously considered and acknowledged as data from a relationship--real or fantasized--rather than unconsciously maintained in ways which force their repetition. What Racker (1966) noted in relation to therapy is equally true with respect to research; overcoming, whatever the form, is an infantile ideal. Research design does not overcome human emotions. Both research and psychotherapy involve relationships between personalities; to view it any

other way is to invite the very distortion that research into human relationships, in its best tradition, attempts to avert.

C H A P T E R I I I

METHOD: DESCRIBING THE O'NEIL FAMILY

Goals. When we first began describing the O'Neil family at dinner our stated goal was to describe the interactions of a normal family simply, concretely and sequentially. Our raw data were the physical and verbal behavior of the family recorded on videotape during their dinner at home. We chose meal time because of its ritualization which we hoped at the time would make it more immune to investigative intrusion. We chose to describe a family rather than some other subject both because of the interest generated from studying theorists of family as communication systems such as Gregory Bateson, Jay Haley, Salvador Minuchin (among others), and because we believe that many important feelings and learnings originate in the family. We wanted our description, in its detail and organization, to help make sense of--to make more comprehensible--the complex experience of family relationships by illuminating--making descriptively visible--some of the bases for feelings and understandings in a family setting. We thought it only reasonable that detailed and accurate written description would provide access to cues which are not readily available to either casual viewing of an audiovisual record or conscious perception in ongoing daily experience. We sought to assure that the many elements of experience usually not consciously perceived by participants in families, or observers, would be both preserved and enhanced in the writing. In the process of our work

we learned the importance of maintaining a conscious awareness of our own subjective, countertransferential responses such that the description would, in fact, meet our goals of increased visibility rather than constricting or directing readers' attention in particular directions because of our own unacknowledged needs in relation to the family and others.

Schefflen (1973) and Birdwhistle (1970) had shown how repeatedly viewing small, isolated segments of film could illuminate certain behaviors. We wanted to observe and describe behaviors in detail within the context from which they derived their meaning. As we conceptualized our research, produced the videotape, and made our first crude attempts at describing the behaviors in complex and multiple relationships, we were decidedly unsatisfied with research models which searched for meaning in isolated behaviors apart from their natural, ecological context, and which correspondingly, relied upon emotionlessly "objective," linear, cause and effect methodologies. In inexperienced ways we knew that, especially in qualitative and clinical methodologies, our personal feelings and reactions would play an important role, although we could not at that stage be sure how. In the early stages we knew more about what we did not want to emulate rather than how to achieve our own partially formulated goals, which at that time were more felt than understood.

Decision processes regarding film and videotape. The learning which we would have to do, and the uncertainty we felt regarding how to proceed, was manifest early in the most basic of practical decisions--the use of film or videotape. We wanted to use film initially because of the definition that it would allow. We decided first on 16 milli-

meter film and a few days before our first "take" Jeff picked up the film at Westfield. The prospect of problems with cameras, the likelihood that we would have to leave someone in the house to watch the camera, the added intrusiveness of the sound, and finally the expense forced us to think of Super 8 film rather than 16 millimeter. We deserted the Super 8 idea a few days before we were to film because of various problems including the necessity of changing film packs during the meal. When we finally went to videotape we looked all over Boston, Springfield and the Hartford area for a color videotape camera, finally finding one at a security agency in Connecticut. As we went there to pick up the Motorola color video camera and Sony color video deck, we dropped off the color film in Westfield. The color never came through on the videotape. We ultimately ended up using the black-and-white Sony video deck with one-half inch tape and a 17 inch diagonal television monitor that we already had available in the Psychology Department at the University of Massachusetts. The resolution available using this equipment made it possible to clearly detect only physical movement. More subtle eye movements could not be seen or described unless related to more gross physical behavior. The result is a description in which physicality has a significant impact.

In addition to the video camera, which was placed on a stationary tripod in plain view of the family through an archway in the living room about ten feet from the open end of their dining room table, a microphone was attached to a five-globed lamp which hung out of the line-of-sight above the table. The microphone provided excellent voice reproduction with a minor problem of voice separation from the use of a sin-

gle microphone. Overall, we found the resolution offered by the one-half inch videotape adequate, and voice reproduction excellent. Had we used color film the expenses would have been astronomical. The number of times we went back and forth over the same segment and stopped for stills or slowed down the tape would have torn up the sprocket holes and probably would have literally burnt holes in the film.

The videotaping itself. Our anxiety and uncertainty with regard to the use of film or videotape was similarly present in the videotaping itself. On Friday, August 23, and on Saturday, August 24, 1974, Jeff and I set up the videotape camera aimed for the living room into the dining room of Steve, Joanne, Greg and Beth O'Neil's home to record the family dinner. On Friday evening we were so anxious that we misaimed the camera. We forgot that the chair at the end of the table closest to the camera would have to be moved to one side of the table so that we would not be looking at Joanne's back during the entire meal. Joanne remembered. She moved the chair but we were no longer there to move the camera. As we excitedly sat down to view the tape that evening we realized our mistake the moment we turned on the videotape monitor. Glee turned to gloom. On Saturday we checked the camera so many times that, when Jeff asked me about it one last time, I wondered anxiously if we would ever get out of the house. Joanne may have wondered as well. She said goodbye to use twice.

Early drafts: To be "objective" or not to be "subjective." On the first two drafts (for a detailed description of the writing process through thirteen drafts see Baker, 1977) we worked toward our goal of maximum visibility, trying to be "scientifically objective" by rigor-

ously, obsessively adhering to sequential order at the finest differentiations achievable and by including as much concrete behavioral detail as we could distinguish. In a somewhat different sense, we sought at this early point not so much to be objective as not to be subjective. We felt self-conscious, for example, about the presence of the camera as it stood silently observing for us from the living room, concerned that our presence in any form or role deprived the subsequent description of scientific value. In seeking a perspective we chose to describe from the "camera's perspective" rather than attending to our own perspectives and impressions. The camera undoubtedly had its effects on the family as it did on us. The camera (and us by association) was clearly visible to the family at dinner. The camera--our camera--was a silent participant, but nonetheless a participant, in the family relating at dinner. We tried to deal with our subjectivity and uneasiness in relation to the camera's presence and our participation through the application of a kind of method. Our method was to include all the detail we could manage in the exact order in which it appeared. For example, in the early drafts we often broke up a sentence of speech into many parts to accommodate the behaviors which occurred during the speech or from someone else speaking at the same time. Where this was too ambiguous, we preferred to rationalize "randomization" rather than risk conscious use of our combined subjectivities.

In essence, while attempting to describe a complex process of family relating, we were behaving as if linear relationship--exact sequential order--was more important or meaningful than a clear, vivid description of the family in which relationship was made clear in the

describing. We had not yet become operationally aware, as Bakan (1967) stated, that basic to meaning and understanding were our own operations and awareness. Not yet ready to accept how subjective our seeing was, we tried to be non-subjective by making understanding a function of the detail we pieced together. In the sense which Raush (1967) used the term, we were "objectizing," or seeing the family as units of behavior which if taken off the monitor and arranged in the right order would, by themselves, provide meaning and understanding. At this point the descriptive text looked like pieces of people, family members fractured by a faulty lens.

The function of early dynamic interpretations and attempts to be objective. By draft three we compounded our misdirections by weaving into the text our clinical interpretations of family dynamics rather than allowing the description to stand alone. We did not know what, but we did know something was wrong. That was evident in our consideration of separating our interpretations from the description proper by putting each in a separate column, in different type, or in an appendix. That something was wrong also would have been apparent from the facetious pleasure we shared--including explicit references and comparisons of the O'Neils to our own family members and to our committee members--had we been attending to our own associations for information. The associations were present, but we had not yet become aware of their implications and potential value in differentiating our needs in relation to the description.

The anxiety that precipitated first our reductionistic directions, then our pathology-seeking interpretations we now realize came from a

number of sources: our anxiety in relation to established academic research traditions and our academic advisors as we fantasized (projected) their reactions; the heightened intimacy between each of us, the O'Neils and, by association, our own families which came from looking so closely at family experience; and, last but not least, from our own competitive struggles over who could see and hear more clearly, rights of authorship and anything else we could pin our complex fears and uncertainties on at the time. Some of this anxiety we came to understand was a function of unexplored competitive relationships with brothers or sisters in relation to internalized parents--Jeff, at this point, had a dream in which his committee members were his parents. My own participation in another graduate program where my descriptive research was being rejected as unscientific because it lacked the controls, method and statistical "generalizability" associated with traditional scientific investigations was also a source of anxiety. Finally, although we had chosen a creative task and took pleasure in trying to meet its demands, we did not know how to achieve our goals of describing, and making available to the reader, the complex experience of family relating.

In sum, fearing failure, in our own eyes and in relation to advisors, and frightened beyond this by the intimacy of qualitatively describing a family in the manner we had set out to do, we produced a description constricted by attempts to appear objective and distorted by unconscious orjective identification. Not yet operationally aware of the essential importance of self-awareness to producing a realistic description, we described ourselves, and our own conflicts, far more

clearly than we described the O'Neil family. Our first misdirection in the face of uncertainty was striving for objective accuracy of detail, we then compounded that misdirection by explicitly laying out for all but ourselves to see our unconsciously selected, undifferentiated interpretations of family dynamics.

Of the two related misdirections, that most paradoxical to our intent was our attempt to deal with our subjectivity by increasing the amount of physical detail--by including more data. We were not, early in our work, prepared for or even consciously aware of the intimacy of physically describing family relationships. Looking more closely at "the data" rather than our experience of that data resulted in our becoming all the more overwhelmed with the unexpected intimacy of repetitively looking at and describing people physically, with our relationships to our own families as we unconsciously encountered them through what we saw in the O'Neils and with our relationship to each other as we worked with increasing intensity. Our real and fantasized but unexplored fears seemed to push us to look even more closely at the family. The effect was circular and escalating.

Fear of reprisal or possible punishment for being different in our choice of research were predominant fantasies. While some of these fears in relation to my academic advisors in Maine were real, those we had in relation to Jeff's committee members at that time were more purely fantasy insofar as they supported the work (they may also have feared punishment or criticism for the very original, yet very different nature of the psychological research of which they were being asked to approve). Our defense was to describe the family mechanistically and then struc-

turally without ever looking at our own participation in that structure. We bifurcated nature, splitting behavior from our experience of that behavior, and found conflict and pathology as the most reasonable explanations for the mechanical appearance of the O'Neils among the many possible layers of family relating and experience. The intense anxiety in effect forced us to primitive means of coping with conflict. At times we also defended ourselves by conjuring up grandiose visions of uncompromising success. This even led us to seek prepublication before supporting materials from Jeff's and my dissertation were available.

In terms of the research itself, we reverted to those very things we were trying to get away from in our decision to describe a normal family, those tendencies in psychology with which we were most dissatisfied--a rigidified and linear search for "objectivity" and a self-forgetful focus on "pathology." Our countertransference conflicts, in the classical sense, became manifest in our description of the family. Our anxiety resulted in our attempting to work out our conflict within the family much as Langs (1977) described the clinician as projectively identifying with patients and distorting the frame where anxiety blocks feelings from consciousness. Like clinicians who encounter unconscious conflict in relation to their patients, we were constructing a reality to help us deal with the anxiety-laden conflict from unresolved family and external sources. What we could not resolve, or make conscious, we compulsively repeated. We satisfied ourselves by rationalizing that we were meeting the requirements of academic psychology.

Conscious use of self: Visualization and countertransferential awareness. Following the submission of draft seven, however, we became

aware through the responses of Jeff's academic advisors that our interpretations of family dynamics reflected more our personal needs in relation to those same academic advisors, the O'Neil family, each other, academic psychology, and our own families than they did our accurately meeting the requirements of learning how to describe the intensity and intimacy of family relating--the goals we had begun with. We were gently reminded of what amounted to "relationship" as described by Bateson (1978) and Sullivan (1954): the area between the two of us and between us and the family we were describing. We had not yet discovered the relative objectivity which Racker (1957, 1966) identified as possible only from a conscious awareness of subjectivity.

We borrowed some courage from faculty advisors and encouraged each other. We unravelled the fabric of our interpretations of conflict, which made up almost one-fourth of the one-hundred page text, and by draft eight of the first eight minutes of the dinner the only vestiges which remained explicitly visible were lingering adjectives and adverbs which we still felt were necessary to make sense of the description. Still striving for "objectivity," we again significantly increased the already abundant behavioral detail. We repeated an old behavior. This time, however, the context was somewhat different. It was clear to us now that we were somehow going to have to give life to the description in ways other than by using the O'Neil's as a screen for our projections. The description was going to have to show more of the O'Neil's and less of us.

One of the most significant events to occur at this point, or at any other point in our work, was our learning to "visualize" or to ima-

gine the family while away from the monitor. This was a simple yet important event in the learning process. One night as Jeff was reading the description aloud and we were making revisions, I put down my copy, more from exhaustion than anything else, put back my head and found myself visually imagining the family as Jeff read the description aloud. By doing this I could "see" distorted movement, redundancies, gaps, etc., and could feel my discomfort with parts of the description in much the same way that a clinician identifies with patients by imagining in him- or herself the experiences the patient describes and feels his or her own response to them. From this point on, as we learned to be more "self-observant," we started to become more aware of feelings we had in relation to the O'Neil family, or families, advisors, and each other. By our discussing and acknowledging these feelings more fully they became, by degrees, more consciously accessible and more clearly differentiated, and therefore could be more fully utilized or set aside as we described the O'Neils.

The process whereby this was accomplished, as it grew from our learning to visualize the family, was informal but generally effective within the context of a trusting relationship. After our work in front of the monitor, or after we worked on revising the text by reading it aloud, we talked of our associations to the material. Usually one or the other of us would talk about something the material brought out in him and the other would listen, question and try to clarify. From the mutual trust and therapeutic effect this had we began to remember things long forgotten and to gain insights which freed us to begin to see the O'Neils without the constraints of directed perceptions based in uncon-

scious conflict. What we could not make conscious were shared conflicts or "blind spots" (Benedek, 1973), and psychotherapy and/or psychotherapy supervision often picked up where we left off with each other as well as confirming and modifying the insights which we had in helping each other. This differs from the associations we had earlier outside of the context of visualizing the family in that visualization brought with it affective experience as well as cognitive correlates.

After we had learned of the importance of visualizing the family we moved outside of psychology to art--outside of the house of conflict if you will--toward a kind of "representational" description, a word which we borrowed from Jeff's readings on art and film. Representational art (versus impressionistic representation) and description of post-nineteenth century sophistication is that which strives for realism by acknowledging as fully as possible the artist's formative influence. Made conscious, this formative influence of the artist's feelings and imagination may be applied to edit away that which does not belong to the things described or may be otherwise actively utilized in the service of a more realistic, whole image (Baker, 1977).

While Jeff's intent was to learn about parallels in art to our own visualizing process, the effect at another level was to continue our movement and heighten our sensitivity to a basic, apparently universal, principle: clarity in therapy, art or science comes from understanding the contribution of one's everypresent subjective self. We began to see, as it was reflected in our description, that to whatever extent we did not, or could not because of our feared or unconscious needs, attend to and frankly acknowledge our subjective impressions, we would surely

concretize them in the text. Bringing the illusion of life at its many levels to family description required that we recognize how our experience of the family was affecting us, how we were affecting each other, and how we in turn were affecting the description. We were becoming cognizant of what Sullivan (1953, 1954), Benedick (1973), Collingwood (1939) and others intended in defining the conscious use of self as the principal instrument of observation.

For a description to be optimally representational it must, we realized, allow for multiple interpretations by any given reader or reading, versus narrowly directing reader attention to one interpretation or another depending on those conflicts we were dealing with at a particular time. The reader would have to be able, through our description, to see the family from a number of perspectives or positions and at many related levels of family experience.

Levels of interpretation. Scheflin (1978) addressed a similar issue of interpretation in a recent article examining a group of family therapists' explanations of a young girl's smile during a family therapy session. Scheflin identified seven different levels of interpretation with individual perspectives within each level: 1) Expressional explanations which attribute behavior to a state or trait stemming from a motive within the individual; 2) Behavioral explanations in which behavior is explained as a response and in which causality is attributed to a stimulus; 3) Behavioral explanations in which a behavior is viewed as stimulus for other behaviors; 4) Interactional explanations in which people are seen as reacting to each other; 5) Patterned response explanations in which individuals' "preexisting scenario(s)" are viewed as

the cause of behavior; 6) Meta response explanations in which responses are defined as "about" an action rather than responses "to" or "with" behavior; 7) "Intrapersonal expression" explanations in which behavior is seen as having to do with internal events to the exclusion of external events. According to Schefflin different modes of explanation come with shifts in viewpoint:

So the mode of explanation we are justified in using depends upon the focus and the scope of our conscious observation. But we can turn this interdependent relation around. If we wish to feature a particular mode of explanation, we can manipulate what we consciously see. We can look at one person alone or a particular dyad or at a sequence of three people's behavior. And we can look forward from what just happened to what happened next or backward from what is happening to what just did occur (p. 62).

At times, according to Schefflen, explanations are used "unwittingly" in an almost "purely political way" to maintain control over one or more family members for the duration of the therapy. From the quotation above and the sentence which follows, it appears that Schefflen meant that the individual unconsciously or "unwittingly" manipulates what is consciously seen to meet unconscious needs or for "political" reasons. Finally, however, Schefflen's explanation for the explanations of family therapists was considerably more restricted than would be expected given the many levels of explanation described in relation to a single smile:

I do not think family therapists usually plug only one mode of explanation in order to foster blame or keep some balance of power in the family. They are instead merely following the explanatory fashions of the doctrinal school in which they were trained (p. 67).

Scheflen's final explanation appears limited for an article which calls for a broadening of the base of explanation. Explanation is finally attributed too much to the doctrinal school, and too little to a multitude of other possible factors. In Family at Dinner we found our interpretations motivated by unconscious, unexplored conflicts past, present, and future. These included needs, anxiety and fear in relation to our own families, each other, our academic advisors, and "psychology." Not only are the explanations multifold, as Scheflen pointed out, but so too are the explanations of those explanations. They can easily be viewed as classically countertransferential to the extent that they stem from unexamined and/or unconscious motivations, and may, as Sullivan (1954) pointed out, be motivated by unexplored conflict and a need to protect self-esteem.

In sum, directive interpretations, whether implicit or explicit, blind or purposeful, needed to be carefully weighed for their costs and benefits to descriptive realism, as they must be weighed for their costs and benefits to seeing from multiple perspectives in therapy. Like the therapist who interprets from anxiety rather than acknowledging that anxiety as data from the relationship in order to make choices regarding its application to the therapeutic moment, as descriptive researchers when we interpreted from anxiety, fear or unconscious needs we restricted visibility more than we enhanced it. Our goal, as we progressed through drafts nine to thirteen, became not to eschew interpretation--for in describing we could not do other than constantly direct the reader's attention and feelings--but to maximize our awareness of our interpretive processes in order to, as Scheflen at one point also

seemed to be saying, make choices in the service of the highest visibility of the entire family for the reader.

A new understanding of "objectivity." In much the same way as our understanding of interpretation changed through later drafts, so did our understanding of objectivity. The kind of objectivity we had envisioned in earlier drafts kept us from achieving objectivity in the sense of maximizing realism through the self-conscious acceptance of our subjectivity (Racker, 1966). We had now, in effect, returned to and enhanced our learning as clinicians in working to see and understand multiple levels of relationship in large part by being aware of our "countertransferential" feelings and responses, in a totalistic sense. In our research, countertransference understandings came from talking about our feelings with each other and with our advisors as we worked to describe the O'Neils. We found that just as talking about our responses to our patients in clinical supervision helped us to become aware of unconscious countertransference in the classical sense and thus supplied us with data on the clients' ways of relating, so also did talking to each other about what we were seeing, hearing, and feeling about our research help us to achieve a more realistic, fully visible picture of the O'Neils by understanding our relationship to them.

The process which emerged, and which we used to achieve a form of countertransference understanding in our research, appears similar to that described by Racker (1966). We consciously examined and compared our identifications and subjective feelings individually and in relation to each other as we identified with the O'Neils and responded to them in the process of describing them. In the process we checked the descrip-

tion both for descriptive visualizability and for accuracy of representation to the videotape. Often we repeated the entire process many times. We needed to work through our response to individuals and interactions we described, particularly when we felt anxiety as we worked from the monitor or read the description aloud. This differs, more in process than in effect, from Racker's description of countertransference in therapy. He described the therapist as using his or her conscious identifications with the patient (concordant identifications), and his or her relationship reactions to the patient (complementary identifications) as the data for insights with respect to the patient's subjects and objects. In our research we used our identifications with the individual family members in interactions we were observing and describing (concordant identifications), and our responses to family relationships (complementary identifications) when we were observing and describing from the videotape. Understanding and descriptive visibility were further augmented by our relationship to each other. Each of us described what he saw in much the same way that a patient describes behaviors and feelings; the other responded, in effect as a clinician would by trying to identify with the other's description (concordant identifications) and by assessing his own response to the other's descriptive visualization (complementary identification). In this way we established a set of our own "concurrent identifications" and achieved increasing clarity into the relationship between ourselves and the O'Neils. This process is described graphically in Figure 1 (see Appendix). When either of us worked alone, attending to his own responses made the task more difficult; he then had to exercise greater care in attending to both his own

fantasies and the images he described. The distorting limiting descriptive bias which remains is largely the result of an unconscious collaborative countertransferential collusion between us to not recognize certain issues or consciously attend to and analyze the resultant feelings, fantasies, and associations.

Similarly, a process akin to countertransference acting out, in the classical sense, occurred especially in earlier drafts. Unlike psychotherapy or analysis where, as Langs (1977) describes it, the patient's associations or direct communications can actively alert the therapist to constricted or misdirected countertransference interpretations, description is more passive in its response. Our relationship to the data, especially in the first eight drafts, resembled Phyllis Greenacre's (1954) description of the development of transference:

. . .the nonparticipation of the analyst in a personal way in the relationship creates a "tilted" emotional relationship, a kind of psychic suction in which many of the past attitudes, specific experiences and fantasies of the patient are re-enacted in fragments or sometimes surprisingly well organized dramas with the analyst as the main figure. . . (p. 674).

The "passivity" of the data, and our own unconscious processes, produced a similar "tilted" relationship, a psychic suction, in which the past experiences with our internalized families and current experiences within our own relationship and relationships with advisors and "psychology" were consciously projected onto, or experienced indirectly in relation to, our description of the O'Neil family. We attempted to deal with our feelings externally when we were unable to make them conscious. The data themselves, however, always did "respond" in that

they either clearly reflected the whole of the O'Neil family or produced an unclear, distorted image.

Interpretive processes in "simply describing." We progressively realized, as we edited drafts ten through thirteen of the full forty-eight minutes of the dinner, how interpretation occurs at levels beyond the most apparent one of openly incorporating our predelictions for some particular aspect of family relationship into the description. There were countless, less immediately obvious, and for the most part indefinable ways in which we unconsciously expressed feelings from family and other relationships, influencing the depth of the image we were presenting to readers. Where earlier mechanisms of distortion clearly represented our identifications with or projections onto the family through our interpretations, the mechanisms of those same or similar processes at subler levels included such things as excess or lack of detail, the working and ordering of interactions, the describing of family members centrally and/or peripherally, and choices of detail. The descriptive researcher, more so where he or she fails to explore his or her own unconscious experience, points to certain interactions and constructs them in ways which suit his or her individual, unconscious needs. It was only when we fully recognized and accepted this that we gave up our more primitive notions of objectivity.

Participant observation and parataxic distortion. The concepts of participant observation and parataxic distortion, both described by Sullivan many years earlier (Sullivan, 1940, 1953, 1954, 1964), took on meaning in relation to our own work in experience as well as in theory. There was a relationship between us as researchers, and at the same time

a participant-observer relationship between us and our data. The data arose and existed, as Sullivan pointed out, not in either us or the O'Neils, but in the "in-between." When for one reason or another these relationships operating together threatened our self-esteem and raised our anxiety they mobilized our own characteristic defenses and resulted in what Sullivan defined as parataxic distortion. Parataxic distortion was defined by Sullivan (1954) as a process whereby the interviewee substitutes "for the psychiatrist a person or persons strikingly different in most significant respects from the psychiatrist. . .(and). . .addresses his behavior toward this fictitious person. . ." (p. 26).

Parataxic distortion, like classical countertransference, occurred during our work when the various levels of family experience were obscured by our need to emphasize and/or distort a particular level in the face of anxiety and threatened self-esteem. Our own fluctuating unconscious needs in relation to each other and others were continually reflected in the data in ways which obscured and distorted the described family experience. Similarly, what was occurring on the video screen was reflected in our responses to each other and others. Put simply, the form the distortion took in our work depended both on us and what was occurring on the video screen. The distortion was reflected in the relation between the two--on the paper on which we wrote our description of the O'Neils.

Obvious differences also exist between participant observation in research and therapy. However, in consciously or unconsciously exerting his or her influence on the data in the gathering, in the demarcation of variables and behaviors, or the interpretation and description of data,

the researcher is necessarily a participant and observer. The events of human behavior do not come delineated and labeled. Behavior is identified, delimited and defined by the observer. Participation, then, is not the issue in research. The issue is instead the researcher's consciousness of that participation and the means he or she develops or chooses to achieve and utilize that awareness.

Relationship to psychotherapy. Similarities to therapy became apparent to us as we worked. In our work we went into a room, turned on the monitor and the data were projected at us. We then worked together descriptively to reflect its many levels as clearly and as realistically as possible. In visualizing the interactive sequences from reading the description we then had the opportunity to compare and ask questions of our description in relation to the images on the screen. In ways we were like cotherapists listening to the information coming from patients, each other, and ourselves, then turning to each other for help in clarifying the images and feelings described. At other times, when our feelings were less conscious, we were like patients (or clinicians) collaboratively trying to protect our self-esteem. We then dealt with our fear and anxiety by projecting onto the description our feelings, fantasies and conflicts from present and past experience.

In attempting to make conscious our countertransferential responses to the data we learned to better use our therapeutic learnings about free-floating attention and also depended on each other for help detecting, acknowledging, and differentiating feelings and impressions rather than our blindly or unconsciously imposing them on the reader. Countertransferential themes which escaped our net and the attention of

critical readers remain, no doubt in abundance. Conscious, deliberate interpretations, or formative choices, in descriptive constructions alerted us to the existence of countertransferential feelings either by opening up the scene and facilitating access to multiple levels of family experience, or by closing it off and constricting visibility. We monitored ourselves and our interactions, alert for awareness of the impressions which the data made on us as we watched, listened to, and tried to convey the family in description.

In keeping with the similarities of the requirements of such research to therapy, our work also helped us to develop personally and professionally in ways which noticeably benefitted the therapies we were doing. We became more alert to and aware of sequences in the associations of our patients and our own communications. We experienced a heightened awareness of tone and physical movement in the therapy room. We were also more aware of and freer to feel our own subjective feelings and impressions in relation to our patients. We became more aware of incomplete or seemingly incongruous images in our patients' descriptions and in our own impressions. We also learned to wait more patiently to see more descriptive data in order to arrive at larger impressions describing multiple levels of living and feelings before offering interpretations.

Method summary. In spite of our disaffection with reductionistic, mechanistic, and pathology oriented models of psychological research, our work carried us through what appear to be many of these same positions in relation to our data. This was not a conscious or voluntary decision. We, our research, and our description underwent a develop-

mental process. Our decisions became voluntary only when we could make decisions based on conscious awareness of our own needs in relation to the data. The more we attempted to be "objective" by any means other than making conscious our feelings and reactions, the more the data reflected distortions from our relationships, past and present. The more we consciously used our subjective reactions in the service of realism, the more our evolving description allowed for a view of multiple levels of family experience.

The similarities described between research and therapy in the concepts of participant observation and countertransference--both classical and totalistic--stem from the need for subjective awareness in both research and therapy. Research, like therapy, addresses relationships among people. As part of that, the therapist must attend to the relationship between he or she and the patient as a means to achieve understanding and correct distortion. In the same way, and for the same reasons, the researcher must attend to the relationship between him or her and the data.

In the chapter which follows, Family at Dinner, the results of our work described from the videotaped data, is presented in final form. Our aim was to produce a description, from the raw data of the videotape, which would make family relating more comprehensible by providing the reader with access to information not readily available to either casual viewing of an audiovisual record, or conscious perception in ongoing daily experience. We worked to make more understandable and available to the reader the complex experience of family relating by illuminating--making visible--some of the bases for feeling and under-

standing in a family setting. Following the presentation of the results they, along with an earlier draft, will be examined for classical countertransferential elements both to describe limitations in the results and to further elaborate on classical countertransferential mechanisms in research.

C H A P T E R I V
RESULTS: FAMILY AT DINNER

Introductory Meeting

Steve and Joanne O'Neal didn't ask many questions about our request to videotape their family at dinner. We explained the record would be used anonymously as research material for our doctoral dissertations in clinical psychology and probably in a later publication. Our work would be a written description. They responded that they trusted Brian, whom they knew as a friend of Steve's sister.

Steve, age thirty at the time of the taping, has lived in New England all his life, moving when he was twelve to the town where he and Joanne are living. At age twenty-four he received his bachelor's degree from a nearby state university and a year later began his present job teaching retarded children. He was in school and working nights for the first two years of his marriage. Joanne, also thirty, was born in the town where she and Steve live. She attended a different state college from which she received a bachelor's degree at age twenty-two. Joanne stays home with their two children while Steve commutes to his job twenty miles away. Prior to their marriage she worked for four years in a local factory; following marriage she did part-time tutoring and worked weekend mornings in a coffee shop until two years after the birth of their first child. Their annual income when we met with them in August 1974 was \$9100.

Joanne is the third in a family of five children, Steve the second of four. They were married early in 1966 following an engagement of a year and a half. Their children are Greg, seven years and eight months, and Beth, two years and ten months. They own a large hound named Holmes, whom they brought into the family when Greg was a year and a half old.

Our introductory meeting with Steve and Joanne around the dinner table in their apartment followed two phone calls, the first between Brian and Joanne while Steve was out and the second between Brian and Steve, who invited us to visit and talk further about our plans. They were interested in our offer of a hundred dollar participation fee, which they said would help them pay for a forthcoming family vacation. In the course of discussion they and we agreed on a contract guaranteeing their privacy, and they expressed their concern that the record should be authentic. Joanne suggested we start the camera five or ten minutes before the meal to capture the full dinner scene typical in their home. Steve thought the camera might make them self-conscious. We explained there would be at least one trial run to help them become accustomed to the camera and lights. Both were clearly excited about participating and said the children were too. We met Greg and Beth in passing as they wandered in from outdoor play.

We had a beer with Joanne and Steve, who talked with us mostly about things other than the taping such as the Vietnam war and their vacation plans. Then Joanne showed us around their new apartment, into which they had moved four months earlier. Our tour took us the length of an inexpensively furnished living room connected to the dining room

by a wide doorway; up the stairs extending from a hallway and front door at the end of the living room furthest from the dining room; past a bathroom on the right at the top of the staircase and into the bedroom shared by the children. Next door was Steve and Joanne's room. A child's drawing lying on the foot of the bed captured our attention. Joanne explained this was a movie poster copied by Greg, who, like Steve, is interested in old movies. The unfinished poster read, verbatim, "A Family Affair and Your only young on[ce]." Next door to Joanne and Steve's room we entered a small third bedroom presently used for storage. We decided we would later set up the video equipment here. Back downstairs, Joanne showed us the second bathroom and kitchen, both adjoining the dining room on the right as one enters from the living room. A back door leads off the kitchen to a lawn behind the apartment building.

We thanked them, left a check, and arranged to return a week later, on August 23, for the trial-run taping and August 24 for a second, working record.

Saturday, August 24, 1974--5:10 P.M.

Two television lights on telescoping stands reach almost to the ceiling in the front corners of the dining room, casting hot golden light off the walls and ceiling. A warm breeze, blowing through the back doorway and open windows, stirs the floral window curtains which have been pulled closed to cut glare.

On a tripod in the living room a small color-video camera is aimed

through the wide entranceway toward the dining room. The camera perspective includes all of the dining area. After focusing the camera, Brian waits in the front hall of the O'Neals' apartment while in the storage room upstairs Jeff checks on the television monitor to see that the sound and television recorders are running properly. We plan to start the videotaping, then leave for our own dinner while the O'Neals eat their in front of the stationary camera.

From camera perspective, the curtained windows are on the left and far walls of the dining room. Against the left wall is a small bookcase filled with books. On the far wall a planter hangs inside the curtains in the center of the window. The right-hand wall has two doorways, with a side table and a wall clock between them. The door nearest the living room leads to a bathroom. The doorway furthest from the living room leads to the kitchen, where Steve and Joanne are making dinner.

In the center of the dining room, beneath a five-globed ceiling fixture, a rectangular, orange-brown maple table is set with four white china plates. Four armless, dark-oak chairs are placed around the table. We have put the chairs two at the left, one at the far end, and one at the right of the table, leaving the front end of the table open. A microphone hangs from the ceiling light well above eye level of anyone sitting down. Children can be heard playing outdoors.

In front and to the left of the table on the wood-tiled floor lies Holmes, a large short-haired hound with floppy ears and a white spot high on the chest of his brown coat. He is looking toward the front hall with his head tilted to his right and his left ear cocked.

A sharp ringing of glasses comes from the kitchen. "Let's go,

Jeff," Brian says from the front hall. Holmes lifts his ear higher. Brian is waiting by the front door while Jeff hesitates halfway down the stairs.

Joanne walks from the kitchen into the dining room with a butter dish in her right hand, salt and pepper shakers in her left, and a roll of paper towels under her right arm. Her blouse, white with an abstract print of yellow and green flowers, hangs out in front and is tucked into the back of her knee-length blue denim shorts. She is barefoot. "Okay, we, we'll see you guys after, huh?" she calls, looking at the table as she walks toward it. Holmes turns his head slightly to his left toward her. Stopping beside the table, she reaches across and puts the salt and pepper shakers near the plate closest to the open end, then pauses with her hand still on them. Her straight brown hair, parted in the middle and cut a few inches below shoulder length, falls forward to the right of her face and spreads over her left shoulder.

"Okay," Brian answers from the front hall.

Taking the butter dish from her right hand, she puts it at the center of the table. She straightens up and turns to her left, smiling and looking into the living room as she steps back and walks around the chair at the right of the table. Her face is long, with strong features, and she is medium height and broadly built. "Enjoy your dinner," she says, touching the roll of paper towels with her left hand as she walks toward the living room. Holmes looks up at her as she walks past the front end of the table, then behind her as she walks by him. With her left hand in front of her waist she looks around the camera and smiles, then takes the roll of towels in both hands and walks into the living room.

Holmes looks toward the front hall as Brian asks Jeff, "It looks fine to the left?"

Walking back into the dining room, Joanne tears off a towel and tucks the roll under her right arm. Holmes looks up at her, then past her into the living room as she walks toward the right side of the table folding the paper towel with both hands.

"Um, go upstairs one more second," Jeff answers.

Holmes looks up at Joanne and back to the living room as she stops behind the chair at the right of the table, turning the towel in her hands. She looks into the living room as Brian says, "I think it's fine," then down at the paper towel, folding it again. She leans over the back of the chair and puts the towel beside the plate with her left hand, looks back at it as she steps sideways to her right, then glances at the roll of towels under her arm. Stepping forward to the far right corner of the table, Joanne rips off another towel and folds it. Holmes looks under the table toward the wall between the kitchen and bathroom.

"Boy, this looks like great corn," Steve says in the kitchen behind her.

"Um, I know it," she says, folding the towel again. She puts it by the plate at the head of the table, adjusts it, and says, "I picked--"

"Where'd you get it?" he asks. Holmes looks under the table toward the kitchen.

"--tried to pick out some light ears," she finishes after he does. As she's speaking she steps back from the table and half turns to her left toward the kitchen, glancing in his direction, then at the paper

towels as she tears off another.

"Yeah, they really are, they're nice," he says.

"Bye. . . See you later," we call out from the front hall.

Folding the towel, Joanne glances toward the living room and calls, "Yup," then turns the towel. Facing the far right corner of the table, she folds the towel again. Holmes looks away from the kitchen to the wall at the right. "Enjoy your dinner," she says. She leans past the plate at the head of the table as she finishes speaking, puts the napkin next to the plate beside it, then glances at the plate closer to the front of the table and reaches back to the roll of towels.

"Thanks," Jeff says from the front hall. Holmes looks up toward the hall as Joanne steps back from the table and looks at the towels, tearing off another one and sticking the roll under her right arm. Moving back beside the chair to her left, she leans forward against the table and looks down, folding the towel in half. Banging noise comes from the kitchen behind her. The front door can be heard closing as we leave. Joanne leans further over the table, puts a napkin beside the last plate, and adjusts it twice. Stepping back and turning around to her left, she glances at the table over her right shoulder, then walks toward the kitchen. She takes the paper towels in both hands as she leaves the dining room.

Sounds come from the kitchen of things being moved about. A cupboard door bangs shut.

"So, they even got Holmes last night," says Joanne.

"What do I put this corn into?" Steve interrupts at the same time as Holmes turns his head toward the kitchen. His question is followed

by more clattering.

"Isn't there any plastic bowl?" Joanne asks.

Holmes looks toward the living room as Steve mutters, "Yes, let's see. . . ." The banging increases, then stops and a cupboard door bangs.

"They got Holmes last night," Joanne says.

Steve again speaks before Joanne finishes and as Holmes looks back toward the kitchen. "You don't want to eat too much, you want to go out and finish this one here, because, it's going to be a long time since you wanted it ready, isn't it?" he asks.

5:11 P.M.

While he's speaking Joanne walks into the dining room with silverware in both hands. Stopping at the head of the table, she puts a fork from her right hand to the left of the plate, then with both hands slides plate, napkin, and fork a little to the right. She breathes in deeply as Steve finishes, then asks, "What's that?" Pausing as she's setting a knife to the right of the plate, she half turns her head to the kitchen.

"This corn--I mean this hamburger," Steve answers.

Lifting the knife a few inches above the table, Joanne drops it next to the plate, then looks at him through the kitchen doorway and takes another knife from her left hand as he continues.

"Never even took--it isn't even started already," he says, walking into the room with a bowl filled with corn on the cob in his left hand.

Joanne looks at the table, then steps and leans in front of him to the place setting at the table's right. Putting a fork down and adjust-

ing the napkin with her left hand, she says without looking up, "No, it's not going to start that now--you know, it won't take long." In mid-sentence she puts a knife from her right hand beside the plate and pulls her left arm out of his way.

"Where's Greg?" he asks while she's speaking. Stopping behind the chair and reaching around her with the cornbowl in his left hand, he lifts his right foot and reaches his right arm behind him, leaning sideways over the chair back. He is barefoot, broadly built, and wears a horizontally striped, short-sleeved pullover shirt outside his pants.

Joanne steps to her right and takes a fork from her left hand as he puts the cornbowl down near the head of the table. "I think he was upstairs," she answers, looking across the table at the place setting on the far left, next to the head of the table. Footsteps sound on the floor above as she's speaking, and Holmes looks into the living room.

Steve steps back from the table and walks toward the living room while she reaches across the table and puts the fork down. Steve's wavy brown hair is collar-length and falls over the right side of his forehead. He has heavy eyebrows and deep-set eyes, a full mustache turning down at the ends, and a wide face. "Hey, Greg?" he calls. He tugs his shirt down, then lowers his arms to his sides as he walks toward the living room. Holmes looks up at him, then past him into the living room as Joanne, at the far right of the table, glances down and takes another fork from her left hand. Reaching down the table, she puts it next to the last plate.

"What?" Greg asks from upstairs.

"Come on and eat some corn. It's nice and hot," Steve calls back,

turning around and walking toward the kitchen.

Joanne at the same time steps away from the table and looks it over, rubbing the left side of her mouth with her right hand. "Yup," she says, turning to her left and preceding Steve into the kitchen.

"Okay," says Greg over his rapid footsteps on the stairs.

"Hey, Beth," Joanne calls as she walks into the kitchen. Holmes turns his head toward her.

"Beth, you want some corn?" Steve calls out, tugging his shirt down at the left as he walks behind Joanne into the kitchen.

"No," Beth answers from the backyard.

Lying in front of the table, Holmes glances to his right, then looks back toward the kitchen as Beth answers and Greg walks in from the living room. Greg is stocky and wears a long-sleeved pullover shirt tucked into hiking shorts. His wavy, dirty-blond hair is cut below his ears. Looking at the table as he walks barefoot toward it, he tugs his shorts up in front with both hands.

"Corn. . . ," Joanne calls to Beth from the kitchen.

"Corn--corn on the cob!" Steve exclaims.

"No," says Beth.

"Come on, 'cause we want to get to the drive-in," Steve continues in the kitchen while in the dining room Greg slows and stops at the front end of the table. He rests his left forearm on the table and looks at the bowl of corn while Holmes continues to look toward the kitchen.

Walking in looking at the far end of the table, Joanne says, "Yeah, hurry up, Greg." She points her right hand to the first chair across

from her as Greg ducks his head and wipes his forehead with his right sleeve. Looking up at her, he takes a step back and drops his arms to his sides. Holmes looks into the living room, then back at the kitchen as the kitchen screen door bangs shut. Stopping next to the chair at the head of the table, Joanne brings her right hand to her mouth, turns to Greg, and licks her fingers.

"Come on," Steve continues in the kitchen. "We gotta eat so we can get to the drive-in."

Greg walks to his left in the direction Joanne pointed, grasping the table corner behind him with his right hand as he looks down at Holmes and slows. Standing up, Holmes walks under the table toward the kitchen. Joanne lowers her hand from her mouth and steps sideways to her left as Greg starts to move. Walking toward the living room, she looks past him as he drops his right hand from the table and looks at the chair nearest him, then glancing down and putting her hand on the back of the chair to the right of the table, she steps out of the way of Holmes as he brushes the backs of her legs on his way to the kitchen.

"I want," Beth says as Steve finishes speaking.

"See 'Dumbo. . . ,' " Steve continues.

Holmes walks into the kitchen as Greg stops beside the chair to the left at the front end of the table and looks at the bowl of corn, taking hold of the end of the table with his right hand. Sliding onto the outside corner of the chair, he glances at the place setting in front of him and back at the cornbowl as Joanne slows at the threshold of the dining room. Biting her lower lip, she looks around the camera, then continues into the living room.

"I want something wet, Daddy," Beth says in the kitchen.

Still holding onto the table end, Greg reaches to the cornbowl near the head of the table.

"All right, yeah," Steve says before Beth finishes, "you can have something wet." Greg touches the corn three times and lifts his hand away. "What do you want?"

"Chocolate milk."

Sitting up and taking hold of the edge of the table to the left of his plate with both hands, Greg looks at the chair to the left of him, then back at the cornbowl as Joanne walks back in from the living room. "Hey, you know what?" she asks, looking ahead of her as she walks toward the kitchen. "Last night this thing. . ."

"You want chocolate milk or you want soda?" Steve asks Beth.

Greg, shaggy-banged and round-cheeked, looks up at Joanne as she stops speaking and looks at him, then he watches her as she slows and looks at him again. Stopping at the table corner across from him, she turns and points her left hand at his face. "Go wash up, Greg," she says.

"Soda," says Beth while Joanne is speaking.

"Okay," says Steve.

Greg ducks his head, wiping his mouth with his right sleeve and watching Joanne. "You look all sticky and icky," she says, pointing from his face to his hands and shifting from one foot to another toward the kitchen.

"Yeah, Greg, go wash up," Steve says from the kitchen while she's speaking.

Pushing down on the table with both palms and looking at the floor, Greg stands as Joanne and Steve finish speaking. He pulls his left foot from between the table and chair while he looks down at his right hand, turning up his palm and spreading his fingers. Closing his hand into a fist, he pushes his chair back with his leg, trips and recovers, then looks up to his left at Joanne as he walks in a wide half circle around her to the bathroom, his arms swinging at his sides and his hands fisted.

"Yup. . . ," Steve says to Beth in the kitchen.

"Go!" Joanne tells Greg, and snaps the fingers of her right hand as he trips. Still pointing with her left index finger, she follows him while he walks around her into the bathroom.

". . .take a glass here," Steve tells Beth. He walks into the dining room twisting the cap off a sixty-four ounce Coke bottle.

"Yeah. . . ," Joanne says, turning to Steve. ". . .and wash your face too, will ya?" she adds over her shoulder to Greg, who is in the bathroom. She walks toward Steve. Leaning over the table, he puts the soda bottle to the left of the plate at the table's head and the cap next to it. He turns away from the table and looks at her, then she turns and walks ahead of him to the kitchen. Putting his right hand on his stomach as he makes way for her, Steve belches, then lowers his head and lifts his right fist to his mouth, following her into the kitchen.

Water begins to run in the bathroom. Holmes at the same time enters the dining room from the kitchen, walking along the far wall under the windows toward his bowl in the corner. Beth wanders in barefoot just after him and walks toward the table, her right hand to her mouth

and her face turned to the living room. Her blonde hair curls at her shoulders and falls across her forehead in a wave that accentuates her blue eyes. She wears a simple green dress trimmed in white and cut above her knees. Looking ahead of her with her fingers still in her mouth, she continues toward the table as Holmes reaches his bowl, then stops a few feet from the table and turns around to her right toward the kitchen.

Turning away from the kitchen and staggering backward a step, she lowers her hand from her mouth and again walks toward the table. Holmes lifts his head from his bowl and turns around to his left. Looking across at the chairs on the opposite side of the table, Beth bumps into the table edge with her chest and walks unsteadily to her right as Holmes sniffs the edge of the table opposite her and turns away to his left. Tail wagging, Holmes walks around the far end of the table toward the kitchen as Beth, looking down, walks to his left in the other direction. As Greg turns the water off in the bathroom, Beth toddles around the far left corner of the table looking ahead of her at the nearest chair.

"I want to go to the drive-in," Steve whispers loudly from the kitchen while Beth places her left hand on the table corner and her right on the chair seat, climbing onto the chair. Turning her face toward the kitchen, she lifts her left knee onto the seat and pulls herself up as Steve walks in with a glass in each hand. He walks to the left of Holmes, who turns at the kitchen doorway and walks toward the living room with his tail wagging.

"What did you say?" Greg calls out from the bathroom.

"All right," Joanne says from the kitchen at the same time.

Steve stops at the head of the table and puts both glasses to the right of his place setting. Beth holds onto the corner of the table with her left hand and pulls both knees onto the seat, then straightens up and looks at the glasses.

"What did you say, Mom?" Greg asks, walking out of the bathroom.

"I said I want to get to that drive-in," Steve answers before Greg finishes, bending to his left and lifting the Coke bottle in both hands.

Working herself to a standing position on the chair seat as Steve begins pouring soda, Beth glances up at Greg coming out of the bathroom, then looks at her feet as he walks across the room toward his chair, looking down the table at her. Crossing in front of Holmes, who is walking toward the living room, Greg continues to watch her. Putting his right hand on the table corner beside the chair he sat in earlier, he says, "I know, but Mommy, what did you say?" As Greg finishes his question and half turns toward the kitchen, Beth stands on the chair seat. Balancing with her left hand and holding the chair back with her right, she looks at her feet as she totters across the seat

5:12 P.M. toward him.

"I said wash your face, because you look all hot," Joanne answers from the kitchen. Beth puts her left, then her right foot on the chair seat beside Greg and faces the table, looking down at the plate.

"I know, I know," Greg says before Joanne finishes, glancing down at Beth's bare feet as he slips between the chair and the table. "But what did you say before that?" Looking past Beth, he sits on her feet

with a grinding movement.

"No!" Beth yells. Looking at her feet, she retreats sideways to the chair at her left, then stares at Greg while Steve continues pouring soda.

Holding the table end with his right hand, Greg slides further onto the chair and looks up at Beth. "You sit there and you'll get dinner," he says, glancing at Joanne walking in from the kitchen and lowering his voice, then back at Beth, pulling his right leg in between the chair and the table.

"No!" Beth whines before Greg finishes, turning toward the table, then back toward him.

Resting the Coke bottle to his left, Steve holds it with his left hand and glances at Greg and Beth. As Joanne walks in behind him he reaches to the glass he's been pouring into and waits for the foam to go down, then lifts the bottle in both hands and continues pouring.

"All right, kids. . . .," Joanne says, gesturing with her right hand palm-down as she walks to the table. She stops behind her chair, looking at Beth and Greg. Standing on the chair seat to Greg's left, Beth glares down at him. Looking up at her, Greg holds onto the table corner and table edge as he positions himself forward in his chair, then rests his left wrist beside his plate and watches Steve pour soda.

Joanne turns her right hand palm-up and looks at Beth. "You guys can switch chairs," she says. "You don't have to sit in the same. . ."

"Eh! Uh! No!" Beth yells, flailing her right hand at Greg, then touches the back of the chair she's standing on and continues to glare at him. Greg looks sharply up at Beth as she flails, then continues to

watch her while Joanne turns to him, then to Beth.

Shifting from her left foot to her right, Joanne puts both hands on the back of her chair and turns back to Greg. Holmes walks in from the living room toward Greg and Beth with his tail swinging. "Aw, Greg, come on," Joanne says, taking her left hand off the chair back and gesturing him to his left. Holmes sniffs under the chair Greg is sitting on and continues toward his bowl.

"Why do you have to have the same chair?" Steve asks at the same time, lifting his head a little and laughing. He puts the Coke bottle to the right of the glasses as Greg stands up between the chair and the table.

Joanne watches Greg and Beth with both hands on the back of her chair. Looking down in front of him, Greg takes hold of the corner of the table to his left and pulls himself over; Beth holds onto the chair backs with her right hand and walks across the seats behind him, watchful of her footing. Leaning his right palm on the edge of the table, Steve at the same times reaches with the full glass of soda toward the place setting Greg is leaving and Beth is taking.

"Rats," Greg says quietly as he sits down and looks at the chair to his right. Still holding the table corner with his left hand, he looks at the Coke bottle.

"Has it got your name on it?" Steve asks, putting the glass of soda in front of Beth, then looking at Greg and reaching back for the bottle. While Steve is speaking, Beth stoops and bends forward, resting her hands on the edge of the table to either side of her plate and lowering first her left then her right leg in front of her chair, sit-

ting as Steve lifts the Coke bottle in both hands and pours into the second glass. Settling in her chair, Beth turns to Greg as he looks back and forth between his glass and hers. In the far left corner of the room, Holmes lowers his head to his bowl.

Lifting her right hand off the back of her chair and pushing her hair away from her right temple, Joanne glances at Greg and Steve, then looks at Beth and steps to the left of the chair. Leaning forward against the table, she reaches for Beth's plate with her left hand, then looks down the table and reaches for the cornbowl as she pulls Beth's plate a few inches closer, asking, "Here, want me--Mommy to fix your corn?" Beth looks from Greg to her plate, then puts her left hand on her glass and watches Joanne reach for the corn.

"That's Jamaica corn," says Greg. Turning from Steve, who is pouring the soda, Greg looks at Beth's plate, then at Beth. She takes her glass in both hands and looks over it at Joanne as Joanne puts an ear of corn on the plate. Holmes leaves his bowl and walks behind Steve's chair toward the kitchen.

"Do you want to try to fix your own, Greg?" Steve asks. He stops pouring and puts the bottle between his and Joanne's plates.

"What?" Greg asks, turning to his left and taking hold of his glass. Leaning forward, he looks from the glass in his left hand brimming with foam to Steve's right hand as Steve lets go of the Coke bottle and reaches to the cornbowl. Still bent over the table, Joanne looks back at her place setting and touches her napkin with her left hand as she searches with her right hand for her knife.

"Your own corn?" asks Steve, picking through the ears in the bowl

while Holmes comes around the table to his left and looks up at him.

"Yeah," Greg answers, nodding and leaning further forward with his left hand on his glass.

Holmes looks toward the kitchen as Steve pulls an ear of corn from the bowl. "Here's a"--Steve drops the corn in the bowl and picks it up again--"nice light ear," he says, dropping it quickly on Greg's plate.

"Can I have a little more soda?" Greg interrupts.

"This is really hot," says Joanne at the same time. Taking her knife in her right hand, she reaches her left toward Beth's plate, then hesitates and reaches for the butter dish at the center of the table. Drinking her soda, Beth watches over the glass as Joanne pulls the butter dish closer and takes some with the knife.

Joanne turns to Beth's corn and spreads butter on it, turning the corn with her left hand, while Steve picks up the soda bottle in both hands and pours more into Greg's glass. Nodding, he says, "Yes, I, I wanted the foam to go down." Leaning forward with his left hand around his glass, Greg watches Steve while Beth, her glass to her mouth, watches Joanne butter the corn.

"Go ahead, you can fix your own corn," Steve says while he pours. Holmes looks from the kitchen to the table, then walks behind Joanne's chair. Sitting up without letting go of his glass, Greg glances at his place setting, then looks across the table and reaches his right hand for his fork.

"Here, Beth," says Joanne. She butters quickly as Greg, holding his fork in his right hand with its prongs straight up, continues to

look around the table. Taking her glass from her mouth, Beth looks at her plate, then turns sharply toward Greg as he waggles his fork in the air and reaches with it toward the butter dish. While Beth cranes her neck, watching the fork in Greg's right hand, Steve finishes filling the glass in Greg's left hand and puts back the soda bottle, straightening up. Holmes settles on the floor behind Joanne's chair.

"Nnnnnnh," Beth grunts, putting down her glass with both hands and looking back at the butter dish. Steve picks up the cap in his right hand and begins screwing it on the bottle while Joanne turns without letting go of Beth's corn and takes more butter, her knife in the butter dish with Greg's fork.

"Nnnnnnh. Um-buh. . . ," Beth says. Looking from the butter dish to her plate, she touches the plate with her right hand. Sitting back and taking his corn in his left hand, Greg begins buttering with his fork. Joanne takes her knife from the butter dish, glances from Steve to Greg, then looks down and puts more butter on Beth's corn as Beth jerks forward in her chair and looks at Greg's corn.

"I didn't give him a knife, Steve," Joanne says.

"I want a little bit," Beth interrupts. Sitting on the edge of her chair, she turns toward Greg, her right arm flat on the table, her right foot touching the floor, and the right side of her chest pressed against the table edge.

While Greg continues to butter his corn with his fork, Steve holds onto the neck of the soda bottle with his left hand and picks his knife up from his plate. Still buttering, Joanne says over Beth, "He's fixing his own corn and he needs. . . ."

"Here, Greg, have the knife," says Steve, reaching over the table and dropping his knife clattering on Greg's plate. Turning away from the table, he lifts the Coke bottle against his chest with his left hand around the neck and his right underneath as Joanne glances to her right and reaches for more butter. "It's a lot better. I'll get another knife," he adds, continuing to turn to his left while behind him Greg picks up the knife in his left hand, puts his fork down on his plate, and transfers the knife to his right hand. Halfway to the kitchen Steve pauses, his left foot crossed in front of his right, and looking to his right steps between the back of Joanne's chair and Holmes. Beth watches Greg use his knife to scoop up butter while Steve leans sideways and reaches with the bottle in his left hand to the side table behind Joanne, lifting his right foot off the floor as he sets the bottle down. Stepping back from the side table, Steve looks down and walks around Holmes' hind legs and tail into the kitchen. Greg spreads butter on his corn, gingerly touching the ear with his left hand.

Joanne glances from Beth's plate to her own and back without interrupting her buttering. "Okay," she murmurs as Steve leaves the room. She gives the corn a few more swipes, then looks again at her own plate and puts her knife on it without letting go of Beth's corn. "Now be careful of this, Beth, 'cause it's hot," she says, turning back and picking up the salt shaker from in front of Beth's plate. Beth sits forward, brings her right hand to her mouth, rests her upper arm on the table, and watches Joanne salt.

"Sure is," Greg says, holding his left hand several inches away while he scoops butter off his plate with his knife and spreads the but-

ter on his corn.

Beth fidgets in her chair, rubs her mouth against the back of her hand, and kicks her left leg. "Mom-my. . .," she says slowly.

"Here you go," Joanne tells her, holding the salt and pushing the plate partially toward her without letting go of it. With her hand still to her mouth, Beth looks up at Joanne's face, then looks down as Joanne looks at her. "Are you clean?" asks Joanne. "Let me see your hands." Greg glances at Joanne, then reaches with his knife to the butter dish while Beth looks at Joanne's face, holds up her right hand, and spreads her fingers. Letting go of the plate, Joanne takes Beth's right hand in her left, turns it back and inspects the palm, then lets go of it. "All right," she says, then moves Beth's plate closer to the table edge, stopping where Beth's glass stands in the way. While Beth looks down and presses her fist against her nose, Joanne puts the salt shaker beside the butter dish, then reaches for Beth's glass with her right hand and says again, "Here you go."

Steve begins whistling a tune in the kitchen, Greg continues buttering his corn, and Joanne lifts Beth's glass away from the edge of the table. Beth's right hand slips from her nose to her right eye as Joanne moves her napkin to the left and slides her plate into position. "Use your napkins, too, instead of letting it run down your hands," Joanne says, holding her buttery hands in front of her.

Beth returns her hand to her nose and looks at her plate as Joanne begins speaking, then looks toward the living room, kicking her right foot and interrupting, "Ah, I. . ." She holds her leg still, puts her

fingers in her mouth, and again looks up at Joanne who looks down the table toward Greg. Greg goes after butter on his plate, his knife held perpendicular to the plate's surface. "I want a knife," Beth says in a sing-song while Joanne, looking down, pushes the salt against the pepper shaker with the back of her left hand, grabs both in her right, reaches down the table with them, and puts them between Steve's plate and Greg's. She straightens up, looking at Steve's place setting, then backs up two steps from the table and turns to Greg who is rolling his corn from side to side in butter, his knife banging against his plate.

"I want. . . ," says Beth, looking to her left as Joanne puts down the salt and pepper shakers. Taking her fingers from her mouth and twisting around to her right, she waves her arms, whining, "I don't, huh, uh. . . ," then pumps her right leg, puts her right hand on the table corner, and sits still facing the living room. "I don't wanna," she says.

"Greg!" Joanne says over Beth. Stepping toward him, she moves her right hand back and forth at the wrist, instructing him, "Go back and forth over it."

"I don't wanna eat," Beth continues, twisting forward and leaning her chest against the table edge while Joanne is speaking to Greg, then turns her head sharply back to the living room as Steve stops whistling in the kitchen and Joanne, looking at Greg with her hands in front of her, walks toward his end of the table.

Stepping over Holmes' hind legs, Joanne turns and reaches both hands across the table to Greg's plate, saying, "To--here, like this . . . ," as he drops his knife on the right side of his plate and grabs

his corn in both hands. "Watch, watch," she tells him, picking up his knife in her left hand and reaching toward his corn with her right. Letting go of his corn, Greg rests his left forearm against the table edge, drops his right hand to his lap, and watches as Joanne transfers the knife to her right hand, lifts one end of his corn, scoops butter off his plate, and begins buttering.

Beth continues to stare toward the living room, holding the table edge with both hands and slowly swinging her right leg, then stops swinging her leg and turns to Joanne, saying, "I want to see who at the. . ." The doorbell interrupts her, just as Steve walks in from the kitchen with a can of beer in his left hand and another table knife in his right. "I want. . .," she continues, clutching the table with both hands and leaning toward Joanne.

"Oh, I bet that's that kid again," Joanne says and shakes her head while she leans across the table buttering Greg's corn.

Pausing at the corner of the table, Steve reaches to Joanne's right and puts down his can of beer, then walks behind Joanne toward the living room while she's speaking. "Um. . .," Beth says, still leaning toward Joanne as Joanne stops speaking. Stepping over Holmes' hind legs and wiping his right hand on his shirttail, Steve says with a laugh, "I'll bet you it is too," then lifts his arm over the back of Joanne's chair and again wipes his hand on his shirt as he walks past the end of the table.

Greg doesn't look up, but sits with his left arm on the table and his right hand in his lap, watching Joanne butter his corn. "I'll kill him," Joanne says before Steve finishes speaking.

Beth turns and watches Steve leave the room. "What kid?" she asks, looking after him. Holmes gets up as she's speaking and follows Steve.

"Lew-is," Joanne answers, scooping butter off Greg's plate and buttering faster while Greg looks on.

"Oh," Beth says, turning back toward the table and gently swinging her right leg. "He's Tulis," Greg sits up and looks past her into the living room. "I love, uh, Tulis," she says as she reaches for her glass, bumps her left forearm against the edge of the table, and glances at Greg. Looking ahead of her, she holds onto the corner of the table and picks up her soda, then looks up to her right and brushes her hair back twice with her right hand. Taking her glass in both hands, she rocks forward and back, then drinks as Steve speaks in the front hall.

"Greg is eating supper," he tells the caller at the front door.

Finished buttering Greg's corn, Joanne lays his knife on his plate and pauses, her right hand on the knife and her left over the table as the visitor says something to Steve. "Uh-huh," Steve says, and closes the front door.

Greg looks at his corn as Joanne takes a step back from the table and picks up the salt shaker with her right hand from in front of Steve's plate. "Just like your mommy, kid," she says. Leaning over the table, she takes Greg's corn in her left hand and begins salting.

"Right," calls Steve from the living room.

"It was, huh?" Joanne calls back, continuing to salt Greg's corn while he looks on.

"Um-hm," Steve answers.

"Oh, that kid," Joanne says, shaking her head.

"Is he a C.I.A. agent, do you know?" Steve asks, speaking over her as he walks into the dining room with the table knife now in his left hand. He lifts his right hand to his head as Greg looks up at him.

"Wha. . . ?" asks Greg. Still drinking, Beth looks from her glass to Steve and back down.

Joanne lets go of Greg's corn and puts down the salt shaker. "I'll be here at. . . ," she begins, and pauses, looking at Greg as Steve interrupts.

"Is he an agent of the F.B.I., or the C.I.A. . . .?" continues Steve, walking behind Joanne to his chair. With his right hand in his lap, Greg looks at his plate and moves his knife over, then takes hold of his corn. Holmes stops at the right front corner of the table, wags his tail, and sniffs over the table edge.

Straightening up, Joanne pushes her hair back with her right hand, looks to the left of her plate, shakes her head, and raises her voice as she continues over Steve, "I couldn't believe this morning. . . ." Pausing, her right hand in front of her at shoulder height as she wipes her left hand on the napkin beside her plate, she looks across at Greg who is holding his corn and looking up to his left at Steve.

". . .or something like that?" Steve finishes. Taking hold of the back of his chair, he pulls it further out from the table and looks at Greg.

"What?" Greg asks, looking up at him.

"I should be here about ten-thirty. . . ," Joanne continues, watching Greg and nodding.

"Lew-is," Steve answers at the same time, then looks forward and

sits, pulling his chair underneath him with both hands.

"Why?" Greg asks, watching Steve and speaking over Joanne as Holmes looks at Joanne and Steve, then walks behind Joanne's chair. "What do you mean?"

Joanne takes her hand from her napkin and turns to her left toward the kitchen, glancing over the table. Steve meanwhile shakes his head and reaches for the cornbowl with his right hand. "Oh, he's unbelievable, Greg," he says. As he finishes speaking he looks at Greg, then back at the bowl and searches for an ear of corn.

"He's here on ten-thirty. . . ," says Joanne at the same time as Steve. Holmes passes behind Steve's chair as Joanne stops speaking and walks into the kitchen. Beth, her glass to her mouth, watches Joanne leave and rocks slightly in her seat.

"He is?" Greg asks loudly, still watching Steve.

"Yes," Steve answers, putting back the ear of corn he had picked out and looking for another.

"How did you know, maybe we were playing F.B.I.?" Greg interrupts, nodding and practically shouting. Holmes walks around the corner of the table and passes behind Greg's chair.

". . . absolutely on the dot!" Joanne finishes from the kitchen while Greg is speaking. Beth puts down her glass with both hands and glances toward the kitchen as Greg finishes, then looks at her plate. Leaning forward, she puts both hands between her chest and the table edge and takes a deep breath.

Putting a large ear of corn on his plate with his right hand, Steve moves his can of beer aside and reaches with his knife to the butter

dish in front of Joanne's plate. As he reaches, he lifts his eyebrows at Greg and nods, saying, "Oh, I believe he is really a member of the F.B.I." Beth glances at Steve, then back at her plate while he's speaking. She reaches her right hand for her corn but pulls away and pushes her hair back. As Steve glances his way, Greg looks at his plate and picks up his corn in both hands, leaning his forearms against the table edge. "Not pretend. . . ." Steve continues, putting his knife in the butter.

"I don't. . . ," Beth says at the same time, leaning her right elbow on the table and looking at Steve.

". . .for real," Steve finishes. Beth looks back at her corn and leans her cheek on her palm while Holmes turns at the front end of the table and walks to the right of her chair. Taking butter on his knife as he finishes speaking, Steve leans back and looks at his corn, adjusting it with his right hand.

"Why?" Greg asks, leaning forward and blowing on his corn between bites.

". . .like corn," Beth whimpers, leaning heavily on her palm and grabbing a handful of her hair as she turns from her corn to Steve. Holmes turns and settles beside Beth's chair with his back to her.

Steve shakes his head slowly and sighs as he
5:14 P.M. turns and butters his corn. "Because he's always
there," he answers, speaking while Beth does.

"I don't like corn," Beth repeats, rubbing her head and looking from Steve to her plate and back.

"Whenever you turn around," Steve continues to Greg at the same

time. Finishing four bites, Greg drops his corn on his plate and sits back, puts his left hand around his glass, then turns to Beth and wipes his right hand on the thigh of his shorts.

"I don't like corn," Beth says. Looking again from Steve to her corn and back, she leans her head on her right hand. Greg turns from her and lifts his glass, glances at Steve, then drinks.

"Since when don't you like corn," Steve asks, lifting his head and glancing at Beth while he butters.

"Since when?" Joanne echoes over the end of Steve's question as she walks in from the kitchen with a frying pan in her left hand and a table knife in her right. "That's two nights in a row."

Beth looks quickly at Steve, then at her corn, then at Joanne, then again at her corn, and leans far to her right. Straightening up slightly, she turns back to Steve. "I don't like corn," she says in a sing-song, leaning her head on her hand as she lifts and drops her right leg.

"You don't like anything any more it seems," Steve interrupts while he butters. Joanne leans over the back of her chair as Steve is speaking and takes butter with the knife, holding the frying pan over the table.

"I'll have some. . . ," Beth says, rubbing her head against her palm and watching the frying pan and knife.

"All right, Mommy will eat your corn," says Joanne. Greg stops drinking and looks across at her. Stepping back from the table and half turning to her left toward the kitchen, she scrapes butter onto the pan edge and looks again at the butter dish.

"Hey, Mommy, can I have some of that?" Beth asks, pushing her plate toward Joanne with her right hand and raising her voice as Joanne begins to turn toward the kitchen.

"Yeah, but I'm afraid you're eating too much sweets," Steve says before Beth finishes, then stops buttering and reaches with his knife toward the butter dish. Stopping at his left, Joanne steps sideways to the table and takes more butter at the same time he does. Greg puts down his glass while Steve is speaking and glances at Beth's plate, taking his corn in both hands. With her left hand on the table edge and her right on the edge of her plate, Beth watches both knives entering the butter in unison and cries out something unclear.

"Is that what it is, do you think?" Joanne asks over Beth. She scrapes butter onto the edge of the frying pan as she finishes her question, then turns to her left and walks into the kitchen while Steve, bringing his knife back to his plate, shrugs and shakes his head.

"I don't know," Steve answers, buttering his corn.

Greg and Beth both shout at once while Steve is speaking. Leaning back and lifting his corn to his mouth, Greg says, "I'll eat it," then bites. Beth reaches her right arm toward Joanne as Joanne leaves the room. "I'll eat it, Mom," Beth yells, then stretches further and points at the butter dish, calling, "I want a piece of butter on my plate." She glances at Steve as she brings her arm back, then rests her chin on her forearm at the table edge, staring at the butter dish. Greg finishes three bites as she stops speaking, leans his forearms against the edge of the table, and watches Steve buttering.

"Did she get salt and everything on it?" Steve calls to Joanne

without looking up.

"I want a piece of butter on my. . . ," Beth says, kicking her left leg and taking her chin off her forearm.

"Yeah," Joanne answers from the kitchen, "I did the whole thing." Greg shifts his elbows onto the table as Joanne speaks, glances at Beth, then lifts his corn to his mouth and takes two more bites.

"I want a piece of butter on. . . ," says Beth, again leaning her right elbow near her plate, then points with both hands toward the butter and repeats, "I want a piece of butter on my plate!" Dropping her left arm in her lap, she looks at her corn and touches it with her fingers, tilting her head to the right. Greg leans further forward and takes a third and fourth bite of corn, then chews and looks toward the kitchen as Steve glances at the wall clock to his left and back at his corn, continuing to butter. Shifting forward on his chair, Greg lifts his corn to eye level and turns it while he chews.

Beth looks at her fingers. "I'mmmmm. . . ," she says, twisting from left to right. Holding onto the edge of the table with both hands, she squirms further onto her seat and looks up toward the kitchen doorway. "I want a piece of butter on my plate," she says as Joanne walks in from the kitchen.

Watching Beth, Joanne stops beside her own chair and rests her left hand on the backrest while Steve puts his knife on his plate and picks up the salt shaker from in front of him. "These many," says Beth, reaching her right hand toward Joanne with two fingers raised.

Greg takes four bites, his elbows on the table and his head lifted back, as Joanne watches Beth and Steve salts his corn. Looking down at

her place setting, Joanne puts her right hand on her knife, then looks at Beth again and pulls her chair out from the table. "Aw, no," she says, shaking her head. "See, she, she'll, all she eats is butter!" She glances from Steve to the butter dish. Steve continues salting and Greg turns his corn. Beth lays her right arm down on the table and looks at her plate, then watches her right hand as she touches the table with two fingers. Lifting her knife, Joanne steps between her chair and the table. Taking the butter dish in her left hand, she leans forward and scoops butter from it.

"You going to heat up those peas?" Steve asks her without looking up. Beth taps the table beside her plate three times as Steve speaks.

"Yah," Joanne answers and puts the first pat of butter on Beth's plate while Beth watches. With her weight on her left palm next to the butter dish, Joanne looks at the dish again and explains, "I'm going to do the peas, for the kids"--she takes more butter from the dish while Beth watches the knife--"and I'm frying. . ."

"You're not going to have any corn, right?" Steve asks, still salting. Greg takes two bites, then looks at Steve's corn and hitches himself forward in his seat, turning back to his own corn.

Beth, her hand stiff-fingered against the table, follows the knife to her plate as Joanne deposits a second pat of butter. "Yeah, I'll have a piece of corn, but. . . ., get ready," Joanne says as she goes back to the butter dish. Beth watches the knife while Joanne takes more butter, scrapes it onto the plate, lifts both arms, and sits.

"Two," says Beth, looking at her plate. She shifts in her seat and spreads her fingers as she repositions her weight on her right elbow,

then leaning her forehead against her fist, she takes her left hand from her lap and touches her butter.

Steve puts the salt to Joanne's right, looks at Beth, then returns to his plate and takes his corn in both hands. Looking up at Beth at the same time Steve does, Joanne leans forward with her wrists against the edge of the table at either side of her plate. "Okay?" she asks.

Greg hunches against the table and lifts his corn to his mouth as Joanne speaks. "Three," he says, his voice muffled.

"Shhh," says Steve, looking at him as he lifts his own corn.

"Beth, you going to eat your corn or should Mommy eat it?" Joanne asks, still leaning forward as she glances at the cornbowl and back to Beth. Beth continues to move the fingers of her left hand in her butter, her right elbow on the table and her fist against her forehead.

Steve looks at the corn in his hands, glances at Greg, then looks up at Beth as Joanne finishes speaking. "You're not going to eat that corn, Beth?" he asks. As he's speaking he rests his elbows on the table and lifts his corn higher, then leans forward and takes three small bites from left to right. Holding his corn down near his plate after three bites and chewing, Greg looks at Steve, then at Beth's plate as Steve finishes speaking.

Joanne turns from Beth to the bowl of corn, leaving Beth's corn on the plate. "It's a beautiful ear," she says.

"I'll eat it," Greg interrupts. He swallows and looks back at his corn while Beth lifts her left hand from the butter, turns to him, and puts her fingers in her mouth.

"All right, I'll leave it," Joanne mutters, leaning and putting

5:15 P.M. her left hand in the corn bowl. She pulls an ear from the bowl and puts it on her plate as Greg takes another three bites. "I'll take the little one," she says.

Steve rests his corn on his plate while Joanne picks out an ear, then reaches in front of his plate for the salt. He finds it at Joanne's right and salts his corn while Beth looks forward, taking her fingers from her mouth and putting them in her butter. Joanne picks up her knife and pulls her corn closer to her on her plate with her left hand. "Huh!" she grunts, lifting her head in Steve's direction, then again looks down and begins sawing her corn with her knife.

"This is good corn, Beth," Steve says, salting without looking up. "Mmmmmm, the best we've had all year." He glances to his left and puts back the salt beside Joanne, then looks down and picks up his corn. Greg swallows while Steve is speaking, then takes the first of three bites as Joanne's knife cuts through her corn and clanks against her plate. Steve pauses, looking at the corn in his hands, then leans forward and brings it to his mouth. Beth runs her fingers through her butter.

"I know it," Joanne says. Repositioning her corn on her plate, she begins sawing through it a second time further down the ear. "They had a lot of it, too," she adds.

Steve finishes two bites, then turns his corn as Greg bites into his. "You know, it's cheaper at Gino's. . . ," Joanne continues. She pauses and glances to the left of her plate, picking up her napkin.

Beth looks up to her left and puts her fingers in her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she moans as Joanne pauses.

Greg finishes three bites and turns his corn in his hands as Joanne continues. ". . .than it was at, um. . ." She pauses again and saws her corn, holding it with her napkin.

"Mmmmmm," Beth moans a second time as she returns her hand to her plate. Steve lifts his corn to his mouth and bites.

". . .at that stand, that the A&P had," Joanne concludes, sitting further back from the table and noisily sawing her corn.

As Greg leans into his corn, Steve finishes three bites and looks down chewing, then glances sideways at Joanne and says through a mouthful of kernels, "I know it," looking back at the corn in his hands. Greg finishes a third bite and looks quickly at the table between him and his plate. "That's why it's good. . . ," Steve continues. Swallowing, he leans closer to his corn as Greg goes back to his and takes two more bites. Beth turns to her left, leans her head on her right shoulder, and puts her fingers in her mouth. ". . .to get it there," Steve continues, lifting his corn toward his mouth.

"Mmmmmm," Beth moans.

Steve takes his corn away from his mouth. "It's seventy-nine, wasn't it?" he asks.

Joanne puts her napkin beside her plate, lifting her right hand with the knife in it to the right side of her face, and pushes back her hair with her wrist. "Yup," she says. She looks at the butter dish and with her left hand moves her corn while Steve leans further forward and bites into his. Beth takes her fingers from her mouth and looks at them as Greg takes another bite of corn and chews rapidly. As Steve

takes a second and third bite, Joanne reaches her knife to the butter dish and whispers, "God, is it hot!"

Beth gives her fingers another lick and puts them in her butter as Joanne lifts her head slightly and pushes her hair away from her face with her left hand, then puts butter on her corn and begins spreading it. Looking to her left and tilting her head to the right, Beth sucks butter off each finger in turn while Greg chews, turning and examining his corn.

Steve takes two more bites, lowers his corn to his plate, and sits back. Looking down to his left, he picks up his fork and begins to ask, "Aren't you, uh. . ." He pauses, puts his fork on his plate, and glances at Greg, who leans against the table taking three huge bites of corn. Looking back down to his left, Steve continues, ". . .warm, Greg, with that. . ." He pauses again, picking up his napkin and folding it in both hands, then looks at Greg as he lifts it toward his mouth. Beth sucks the last of her fingers and returns her hand to her butter.

"With that long shirt on?" Joanne asks, glancing up at Greg from her buttering. Steve wipes his mouth, looking away from Greg.

Hunched forward, Greg takes two bites of corn as Joanne finishes the question. He fumbles his corn, catches it, and looks quickly back and forth over it, answering, "Nope."

While Steve puts down his napkin, picks up his corn, and glances at Greg, Joanne scoops butter off her plate. "You make it look like it's wintertime," she says as she butters. Steve puts his elbows on the table and looks from Greg to his corn, leaning to bite.

"I'm not," Greg says, chewing a mouthful of corn and looking back

and forth at what's left. Beth briefly sucks her fingers and returns them to her plate as Steve takes two bites of corn and Greg takes three.

Joanne puts down both knife and corn and swings her legs to the right of her seat. "Well, if that's your thing," she says, glancing back at Greg as she stands up. Beth looks off to her left and again puts the fingers of her left hand in her mouth. Greg chews, looking after Joanne as she walks into the kitchen, then turns to Beth as Steve begins speaking.

"Hey, Beth, listen," Steve says, looking at Beth and chewing as he speaks, then back to his corn.

Beth looks at him, then at her plate again and takes her fingers from her mouth. "Yah," she answers. Putting her fingers back in her mouth, she again looks at Steve as Greg turns from her to his corn and swallows.

"If we're going to go to the drive-in," Steve continues, glancing at Beth as Greg bites into his corn, "you better have some food to eat." Beth looks from Steve to her plate and touches her butter while he's talking, then Steve and Greg each take three bites of corn at the same time.

"Yes, Beth," Joanne calls from the kitchen, "if you don't eat now you're really not going to have a chance." Beth looks up to her left and puts her fingers in her mouth while Joanne is speaking. Greg rests his elbows on the table and looks at Steve as Steve puts his corn down and looks to the left of the plate.

"Yes we will. . . ," Greg says.

"'Cause once we're at the drive-in," Steve interrupts, looking at

Beth and shaking his head as he picks up his napkin, "you can't say 'I'm hungry.'" Beth looks from her plate to Steve, dropping her left hand to the table in front of her and fluffing her hair with her right. Greg turns to his corn and chews. "We won't be able to get you anything," Steve adds, bringing his napkin to his mouth. Looking down, he wipes his mouth from left to right, then again looks at Beth.

"But I'm not hungry," Beth says, turned to Steve with her left forearm in front of her, her right elbow on the table and her hand poised in the air. Greg shifts his right leg forward and leans into his corn while Beth speaks, taking two bites as Steve looks to the left and puts down his napkin. Tilting her head to her right, Beth flicks her hand through her hair and leans against her palm, facing Steve.

"Yeah, but you might be then," Steve says. He picks up his corn and looks at it, resting his elbows on the table. Following a large bite of corn, Greg looks sharply down at his lap.

Beth glances at her plate, then looks up and leans toward Steve, who hesitates with his corn at his mouth and looks back at her. "I won't be. . . ," she says.

"Well, would you eat some hamburger?" Steve asks, speaking quickly and raising his eyebrows. She kicks her right leg and continues to look at him while Greg, holding his corn over his plate, turns and watches her. "The hamburger will be ready soon," Steve continues, nodding.

"Would you like some hamburger?"

"That's meat," Greg adds, nodding.

With her head against her palm, Beth looks at her corn while Steve is speaking. She nods at Steve, then at Greg. Turning back to Steve,

she grabs a handful of her hair.

"Okay," says Steve, and leans into his corn.

5:16 P.M. Greg looks at his own corn and turns it. Glancing at Steve's, he lifts his own to his mouth as Beth looks at him, then turns to her plate.

"This not meat!" Beth says, pointing at her corn with her right hand.

About to bite, Greg looks at Beth, then forward and pushes his corn away from him, saying, "I know, but. . ."

Steve takes his corn from his mouth after three bites and sits up, looking at Beth and back at his corn. "No," he says with his mouth full. Crossing one foot over the other, he pulls his feet back under his chair and repositions his elbows on the table.

Greg looks at him. "She's gonna. . .," says Greg, and pauses, shifting in his chair. He glances at Joanne walking in from the kitchen, then turns to Beth and nods. "Hamburger's meat," he says. Resting his forearms against the edge of the table, he leans forward and takes two large bites of corn, continuing to look at Beth's plate while Beth looks up at Joanne.

Joanne walks to the right of her chair, puts her left hand on the corn, her right on the salt shaker, and sits as Steve leans toward his corn. Beth looks from Joanne to her corn. "Good," she says quietly, and reaches with her left hand for her glass.

"It's corn," says Steve and bites into his from left to right as Greg takes the corn from his mouth and looks at it.

"Corn on the cob. . .," says Joanne, turning and salting hers.

Pulling her glass closer, Beth lifts it in both hands and tilts it to her mouth, facing toward Steve. Greg swallows and takes two huge bites. "The last time you ate it all," Joanne continues, glancing at Beth and back down as she replaces the salt and lifts her corn.

Steve lowers his corn after four bites and looks at it, chewing slowly. Taking hers in both hands and putting her elbows on the table, Joanne glances at Beth over her first bite, looks at her corn, then bites again, glancing at Greg. Greg leans over his plate, tearing at his corn.

"Hint," Steve mutters without looking up. Moving her right foot under her chair and hooking it over the chair rung, Beth continues to drink as Joanne lifts her corn to her mouth and takes a third bite. Greg sits up and looks at Beth, then back at the corn he holds over his plate.

"Gregory," Steve says, glancing at Greg and lifting the corn to his mouth, "it's not, it isn't a race." He bites into his corn, turning in Greg's direction.

Holding her corn to the left of her plate, Joanne picks up her napkin and wipes her lap. Greg watches Steve take a second bite, then turns back to his corn and lifts it as Steve lowers his corn and looks at him. "I know," Greg says, and takes two smaller bites. Shaking her hair out of her eyes, Joanne drops her napkin to the left of her plate, rests her elbows on the table, and bites into her corn.

Steve looks at his own corn and shakes his head as Greg sits back chewing and Joanne turns hers. "We're going to have plenty of it, since Beth won't eat any," he says.

Beth stops drinking, still facing Steve, and moves her mouth back and forth on the rim of her glass as Joanne takes another bite of corn. Greg takes four, lunging forward, while Steve takes one. "I want to go-wo," Beth says as Greg sits up and watches Steve take a second bite.

"Hmmm?" Steve asks, lowering his corn and looking at Beth while Greg looks at his own corn and Joanne bites into hers. Steve lifts his chin at Beth as he chews. "What?" he asks. Joanne lifts her corn again and bites, looking across at Greg. Greg turns toward Beth as he bites his.

"I want to go to the drive-in," Beth answers, watching Steve as she continues to rub her mouth over the rim of her glass. Joanne turns her corn and chews while Greg takes his from his mouth after three bites and turns it, looking at it with his head tilted back.

"Well, it's too early," says Steve, looking from Beth to the wall clock at his left. Glancing again at Beth, he looks down, swallows, and takes another bite.

Joanne swallows and gestures with her head to the windows as Steve leans into his corn. "Yeah, look'it," she says, lifting her corn toward her mouth, "you have to wait until it gets dark."

Beth still faces Steve with her mouth to her glass as Steve takes a second bite of corn and Joanne bites into hers. Greg leans his head to the left and looks at his corn while he chews, then bites twice as Joanne and Steve take theirs from their mouths. Greg chews with his head slightly back while they turn their corn.

"What movies. . . ," Joanne begins, stopping and bringing her corn to her mouth as Steve looks at Beth and starts speaking.

"We're going to go in about an hour and. . ." While Joanne takes a bite of corn and Greg takes three, Steve looks from Beth to the wall clock at his left. ". . .three-quarters," he continues, looking back at the corn in his hands.

"Um-hm. . .," says Joanne, taking her corn from her mouth at the same time Greg does, then looking at it and nodding. Beth looks back and forth between Steve and Joanne, unhooking her toes from the chair rung and playing against it with her foot as Greg returns his corn to his mouth. Steve leans forward and bites as Joanne, swallowing, continues, "And we plan to get there early, so maybe if there's a playground you guys can go to it." She lifts, lowers, and again lifts her corn toward her mouth as she's speaking, looking twice at Beth and Greg. Greg takes three bites and turns his corn, then another as Steve lowers his corn after three bites and turns it. Beth tilts her glass and drinks.

"Who knows what we're going to see?" Steve asks, putting the left end of his corn on his plate and reaching for his napkin. As Steve begins speaking, Beth looks up from her glass and makes a questioning noise. Joanne takes her corn from her mouth and looks at it.

Leaning far forward, Greg takes four bites and sits back chewing while Beth brings her glass to her mouth and slowly tilts her head back. Steve glances at Beth, then looks down and wipes his mouth with his napkin. Biting into her corn, Joanne glances at Greg and Beth. "What're we going to see at the drive-in, Greg?" she asks, lifting her corn to her mouth again. Greg looks at his corn, turning it and chewing, while Beth drinks with her head tilted back.

"Show me if she can remember it, Greg," Steve says, putting his napkin next to his plate and glancing at him. Looking down, Steve lifts his corn from his plate. Greg lets go of his corn and takes hold of his glass, looking to his left with a nod, then turns again to the cob in his right hand without lifting the glass from the table. Joanne takes her corn from her mouth and looks at it while Steve rests his forearms against the edge of the table and glances at Beth.

"What movies are we going to see, Beth?" he asks, leaning forward and biting. Joanne searches with her left hand for a place to put down her corncob while Greg glances to his right, drops his cob, and reaches to Beth's plate without letting go of his glass. Beth puts her glass on the table to her left with both hands while Greg lifts the corn from her plate and drops it on his own.

"Uh, 'Dumbo,'" Beth says, turning to Steve and touching her right cheek. Joanne puts her corncob on the side of her plate and picks up her napkin, then leans back from the table and tosses her hair from her face as she takes the napkin in both hands. Glancing at Beth, she lifts the napkin to her mouth as Steve finishes a third bite of corn.

"Um-hm," Steve says, nodding his head and chewing without looking up. Holding his glass, Greg tries to balance his corncob on the far edge of his plate with his right hand while Joanne wipes her mouth and shifts in her chair.

Beth reaches her left foot back beneath her chair. "We're going to see. . ."

"About. . .," Joanne prompts, looking down and putting back her napkin.

". . .two of them," Beth continues, leaning her cheek against her right fist and pumping both legs up and down.

Joanne picks up her knife and takes the second half of her corn in her left hand as Steve looks at Beth, chewing.

"I don't know," Beth says. She puts her right fist to her mouth and pumps her right leg as Steve, chewing slowly, continues to watch her, and Joanne reaches with her knife to the butter. Still positioning his cob on the edge of his plate, Greg looks to his left and lifts his glass, then holds the corncob steady and drinks with his head back.

5:17 P.M. "A movie about what kind of an animal?" Steve asks, continuing to lean toward Beth while Joanne butters.

"I don't know," Beth answers. She moves her hand to the right of her face, her left hand still on her glass, and continues to watch him. He watches her, lifting his head slightly. Drinking with his head back, Greg lifts his right hand and leaves the corncob balanced on the far edge of his plate.

"The. . .," Steve prompts.

"Bea. . .," says Joanne at the same time, lifting her head a little while she butters.

Continuing to watch Steve, Beth takes her glass in both hands as Greg lowers his and looks from the cob on his plate to Steve. Glancing at Joanne, Greg wipes his mouth on his right sleeve, then transfers his glass to his right hand.

"Bears," Steve rumbles.

"'Bear Country,' we're going to see," Joanne says in a deep voice

as she butters. Greg looks at Beth, then forward and puts his hand on his new ear of corn as Steve leans and bites. Beth nods, turning from Steve to Joanne, then lowers her mouth to the rim of her glass as Steve takes a second bite.

Looking at Joanne, Greg says, "And then we're going to see one about. . ." He pauses and looks past his glass at Beth, who bounces her right leg up and down while she watches Steve. ". . .a wha--?" Greg asks as Steve looks up at Beth.

"About Herbie the. . .," says Steve. Greg lifts his glass and drains it without turning away from Beth. Steve continues to watch Beth as Joanne reaches with her knife for more butter.

"Bug," says Beth, still watching Steve, her mouth on the rim of her glass and her right leg kicking, while Greg sits forward and Joanne butters. Steve chews, continuing to look at her. Greg takes his glass in his left hand. "I don't know," Beth says, moving her mouth back and forth on the glass.

Steve looks at his plate. "Lovebug," he says before she finishes and lifts his corn, biting as Greg puts down his glass and reaches for his corn. Joanne puts down her knife and picks up the salt shaker.

"Lovebu-u-u-wug," says Beth. Greg moves his balanced corncob with his left hand as he begins rolling his new ear in butter.

"Yeah," says Joanne, and starts salting as Steve finishes another bite and chews, looking at his corn. "Uh, Jerry went to see the first Lovebug movie. . .," Joanne continues, lifting her head slightly without looking up or interrupting her salting. "Remember how many times he saw it?"

With her glass tilted against her mouth, Beth turns to Joanne while Greg takes his corn in his left hand and moves his utensils toward him on his plate. Steve lifts his corn, takes two more bites, then puts it on his plate and says with his mouth full, "Um-hm," while Joanne is speaking. She looks at him and puts the salt shaker to her right as he leans on his right forearm, lifts his head toward her, and nods. Greg rolls his corn in butter with both hands, his arms outstretched, while Beth rocks forward and back in her chair, rubbing her mouth on her glass and watching Joanne.

"He was at the a-Academy every day. . . ," Joanne continues.

Steve nods again and swallows, then mutters, "Yeah," as she pauses. Picking up his napkin and taking it in both hands, he wipes his mouth from left to right, shaking his head back and forth.

"It was good," Joanne concludes, shaking her hair from her face and looking at her corn, then lifts her eyebrows as she bites. Steve looks down and wipes his hands on his napkin.

"Why?" Greg asks as he rolls his corn rapidly in butter. Steve puts down his napkin, working corn from his teeth with his tongue.

"'Cause he loved it," Joanne answers, taking her corn from her mouth, looking at it, and leaning forward on her elbows. Rolling his corn, Greg shifts forward in his seat as Joanne answers. Steve rests his forearm on the table, takes his beer can in his left hand, and lifts it to his mouth.

"I go. . . ," says Beth, continuing to watch Joanne over her glass.

"I wonder if this will be any good then," Greg interrupts. He leans back a little and glances at Joanne, then continues rolling his

corn in butter as she leans toward hers and hesitates, pushing a kernel into her mouth. Steve tilts his head back and drinks.

"I go," Beth repeats, leaning toward Joanne while Greg is speaking, then looks at her glass and puts it on the table. Joanne glances at her and bites as Steve sets down his beercan and Greg picks up his corn. Watching her right hand, Beth reaches toward Joanne, touching the table, then her own plate. "First I want to see 'Dumbo,'" she says, pumping her right leg, then looks at Joanne and runs her fingers through the butter on her plate.

Greg leans on his elbows and takes two bites of corn, then sits back chewing which Joanne bites into hers and glances at Beth. Steve looks from his beer to the bowl of corn as Beth finishes speaking. Leaning on his right forearm, he picks out an ear of corn. "You didn't see the first one, did you, Greg?" he asks, putting the corn on the plate.

"First?" Beth blurts out. As she speaks she swings her right leg and looks at her hand, lifting her fingers in and out of the butter. Joanne glances at Beth, then takes another bite while Greg looks at Steve's corn.

"No," Steve says, looking from his corn to the butter dish. Picking up his knife from beside his plate, he reaches with it to the butter. "First I think they're going to have 'Bear Country.'"

"What?" Greg asks as he watches Steve reach to the butter dish.

"Um-hm," says Joanne and nods, looking at her corn. Steve brings butter back to his plate.

Beth puts her weight on her right leg and leans against the edge of

her her seat, lifting her arm off the table as she continues to finger the butter on her plate. "Okay," she says, watching her fingers. Greg looks at the butter dish after Steve's knife has left it, then turns to his corn, leans to bite, and hesitates.

"And then 'Dumbo,'" Steve says, leaning on his right forearm as he butters. Joanne and Greg bite into their corn.

"Then 'Dumbo?'" Beth asks, trailing her fingers through the butter. Greg lowers his corn after two bites and sits back as Joanne brings her left hand to her mouth.

"And then Herbie," says Steve. Chewing, Joanne returns her left hand to her corn while Steve lifts one end of his off his plate, continuing to butter. "Did you ever see 'Dumbo,' Greg?" he asks.

"Yup," Greg answers, turning to his left and wiping his mouth on his shoulder twice. Beth puts her fingers in her mouth, turning to her left and leaning her right arm on the table as Greg answers.

Joanne bites into her corn and Steve begins to butter more quickly. "It's good, isn't it?" he asks, lifting one end of his corn higher.

"Yes, I took him," Joanne says before he finishes, looking at him and back at her corn while Beth sucks butter off each finger in turn.

Finished wiping his mouth, Greg sits forward and looks at his corn, nodding and answering, "Yup."

"I took him myself," Joanne adds, lifting her corn to her mouth as Beth turns to her, sucking butter off her thumb.

"I really like 'Dumbo,'" Steve says at the same time, leaning further to his right as he reaches down the table to the butter.

As Joanne bites into her corn, glancing at Beth, Beth takes her

hand from her mouth and looks at her plate, then at Steve's knife in the butter dish. Twisting in her seat as Joanne takes her corn from her mouth and looks at it, Beth waves her right hand and kicks her legs, calling out, "I love. . ."

"Me too," Greg says quietly as Beth shouts, glancing at her and back to his corn.

"I love both them," Beth continues, looking at the butter dish and waving her right hand. She stops jerking her legs, then starts again.

"I like. . ."

"Beth's going to really like 'Dumbo,'" Steve says, speaking over Beth as he brings butter to his corn. Greg watches him butter as Joanne bites into her corn, glancing at Beth.

Jerking her legs and pointing at her plate, Beth says, "I like butter."

Joanne takes another bite and looks at her corn as Greg says, "Yeah." Turning to Steve and raising his voice over Beth, he continues, "I like Bongo."

"I want. . .," Beth calls, still pointing at her plate, then even louder, "I like. . ." Straightening her body, she pushes her chair back against the floor and turns to Steve. "Butter and soda," she cries.

Joanne takes another bite while Beth is speaking and turns her corn rapidly.

"The bear?" Steve asks, leaning a little closer to Greg and continuing to butter.

"Bongo," Greg explains before Steve finishes, then nods, still looking at Steve. "Yeah."

Pointing at her plate, Beth turns her head from left to right. Looking back at her plate, she yells, "I like butter and soda."

"Bongo?" Steve asks at the same time, tilting his head and frowning as he butters.

Still pointing at her plate, Beth straightens her legs, lifts herself up in her chair, and looks at Joanne who turns her corn and takes three bites, watching her and Greg. Beth stands, pushing her chair further back.

"You mean. . .Bonga?" Steve asks. He reaches down the table for more butter.

"Bongo," Greg says before he finishes, still looking up at him.

"Bongo," says Steve, his weight on his right forearm as he puts his knife in the butter.

Beth moves sideways toward the corner of the table before Steve finishes, looking from Joanne to Steve and shouting, "Um, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy and Mommy."

"Bongo," Greg says over her shouting, and nods. He glances at Steve's knife in the butter, then back at his own corn. Joanne takes another bite, lurching forward after a loose piece of corn, and Steve brings butter back to his plate while Beth looks from one to the other of them, hugging the corner of the table with her arms. Leaning forward, Greg takes two bites of corn as Steve butters. Joanne lowers her corn and lifts her right hand to her mouth without looking up.

"I like so. . ." Taking her right hand off the table and looking at the floor, Beth hesitates, then turns to her right, looking along Holmes' back from his tail to his head. Greg looks past his corn at

Steve buttering and Joanne licks her fingers. "Hey, Bomes!" Beth exclaims, leaning her head to her left and dropping her right hand to her side.

Holmes slowly lifts his head as Beth stomps her right leg and watches him. Joanne looks at the fingers of her right hand, dropping her corn from her left and picking up her napkin, then leans back from the table and glances at her lap. She wipes both hands on the napkin as Steve scrapes butter from his plate and Greg looks from Steve's corn to

his own. Bending to Holmes, Beth throws her arms around his back while he struggles to get up. "Umm," she moans, pressing her cheek to his neck and hugging him.

5:18 P.M.

Sliding her left foot underneath her chair, Joanne drops her napkin to the left of her plate, picks up her knife, and puts her left hand on her corn as Greg lifts his corn to his mouth and takes two large bites. Holmes stands as Beth says, "Bo. . . ," bumping her head on his back. She straightens up and drops her left hand to her side, repeating, "Bomes," and reaching toward him as he turns from her and walks toward the living room. Joanne begins to saw her corn.

"I gotta get this dog out, too," Steve says, glancing at Joanne from his buttering. She looks toward Holmes and Beth, then back at her corn. Rubbing her hand over Holmes' rump, Beth turns and walks toward Joanne.

"Yeah, oh my God! I forgot about that," says Joanne, bearing down on her corn. Greg lifts his and bites into it.

"Mommy, Mommy, Mommy," cries Beth. Taking hold of the corner of

the table with her left hand, she stops beside Joanne before Joanne finishes speaking. Holmes stops at the threshold of the dining room and looks back toward the table. "Mommy"--Beth puts her left arm on the table and watches Joanne saw her corn--"Mommy. . . ." Sighing, Beth lifts and drops her left arm twice, resting the side of her chest against the table. Holmes turns his head away and looks into the living room.

"Oh, I'll have time to do that," says Steve, continuing to butter.

"What!" Joanne says to Beth at the same time, putting her knife on her plate and taking her corn in both hands without looking up. Steve puts his knife to the left of his plate as he finishes speaking, then picks up the salt shaker from between him and Joanne. Greg takes his sixth bite of corn and rests his forearms on the table edge, looking to his left, then at his corn.

"I like soda and butter, that's all," Beth says before Steve finishes, twisting on her right foot, her body against the table.

"A lot," Joanne says as Steve salts his corn, then takes her right hand from her corn and looks at her fingers. "What?" she continues, turning to Beth, lifting her eyebrows, and licking butter off her fingers. Greg swallows and brings his corn to his mouth.

Standing with her legs apart, Beth waves her left forearm and looks back and forth over the table. "I like soda and butter, that's all," she says again. Holmes lowers his head and walks into the living room.

"Soda and butter is not a very good diet, Beth," Joanne interrupts, picking up her knife and again sawing her corn.

"I'll just have to do what I did last night, you see," Steve says

at the same time, interrupting his salting as he gestures with his head toward the back door, "take off, you know?" Greg lowers his corn after five bites and chews, looking at Joanne as she finishes speaking to Beth, then at his glass, then at the table in front of him as Steve stops speaking and continues salting. Beth drapes her left arm along the end of the table and leans her head on her left shoulder.

"Um-hm," says Joanne as she sees, then puts her knife on the right side of her plate and takes her corn in both hands. Beth straightens up, drawing her hand along the surface of the table, and watches her.

"Can I have some more soda?" Greg asks. Glancing to his left, he pushes his glass toward Steve with the back of his hand, then lifts and looks at his corn. Steve puts the salt down to his left and glances at Greg's glass, then looks across the table, lifting and putting down a utensil with his left hand. Sitting up, he looks at the side table behind Joanne while Beth crosses her left foot behind her right and looks at Greg, then turns back to Joanne. Joanne tries to break her corn in half with both hands as Greg lifts his corn and bites.

"Oh!" Joanne exclaims, squeezing her eyes shut. Steve pauses and looks at her, then reaches his right hand across his plate for his napkin as she picks hers up and wipes both hands. "I just got it in the eye," she says, laughing. Steve glances at her and smiles, wiping his fingers, then laughs as she leans back from the table and turns to him laughing. Greg lowers his corn after two bites and watches her, as does Beth, leaning against the table with her left arm on its surface and her hand in front of her mouth. Taking his napkin in both hands, Steve shakes his head while Joanne leans toward the table and tilts her head,

wiping her left eye with her napkin and sighing.

"Jesus you're dangerous with corn," says Steve as he wipes both hands and sits up straighter, looking from Joanne to the side table behind her.

Still laughing, Joanne takes her napkin in both hands and looks forward. "I know it," she says, balling it up in her left hand and dropping it to the left of her plate.

"Can I have some more soda?" Greg asks again. He gestures with his chin toward the Coke bottle on the side table, then looks forward and swallows as Joanne glances at him, picking up her knife and taking hold of her corn. Gesturing with his left hand toward the table behind Joanne, Steve also looks at him.

"Go sit in the corner, will ya?" Steve says. Dropping his napkin to the right of his plate, he leans far to his left and reaches toward the Coke bottle as Joanne resumes cutting her corn. Beth at the same time reaches her left hand past Joanne's napkin and picks up Joanne's fork. "Can I have some of that?" Steve asks.

"Yeah," Joanne says as Steve speaks to her, continuing to saw her corn.

"See that?" Steve asks. Leaning forward to his right and putting his hands on the table edge to either side of his plate, he looks in front of and past Joanne as she lets go of her corn and turns around to her left. Leaving her knife on the edge of her plate, she reaches her left hand for the Coke bottle while Beth watches, the fork in her left fist.

"May I have some more soda?" Greg asks again, holding his corn over

his plate as he brings his left hand to his mouth.

"See that little. . .," says Steve at the same time, leaning further to his right and looking past Joanne. She laughs, reaching behind her for the huge bottle. ". . .see that little bottle over there?" Steve continues, leaning further forward and looking around her. Greg picks corn from his teeth with his left forefinger.

"Oh God," says Joanne, lifting the bottle past her left shoulder as Steve speaks. "Can't you see him operating?"

Greg changes hands on his corn, bringing his right hand to his mouth and watching Joanne while she looks toward Steve, pushing her hair away from her face and grunting as Steve reaches with both hands and takes the bottle from her. "Go see the doctor. . .," Steve says, lifting the bottle over his and Joanne's beercans and looking for someplace to put it.

"Can I have some too?" Greg asks, looking ahead of him and picking his teeth with his right forefinger. Beth looks at Greg over her left forearm as she moves the fork around on the table.

"That would be. . .," Steve continues, shaking his head and putting the bottle on the table.

Joanne takes her corn in her left hand and picks up her knife, shifting forward in her chair. "Oh, that would be good," she says as Steve unscrews the bottle cap with his right hand, looking under his elbow at Greg's glass.

Greg looks at Steve, taking his corn in both hands and chewing, then turns to his corn and brings it closer. "May I have some, too?" he asks, biting into his corn as Joanne starts sawing. Beth watches the

fork in her left hand, moving it up and down while she flexes her left knee beneath the table.

"What do you mean, 'too?'" Steve asks, still looking at Greg's glass as he lifts the bottle in both hands. Joanne glances at him from her sawing as he puts the cap beside the glass, gripping the bottle in his left hand. "Who do you think I'm getting it for?" he continues, laughing and gesturing with his head toward Greg while he lifts the glass. Chewing, Greg looks at Steve, then watches him pour soda.

"God!" Joanne says, leaning away from the table as she saws. Beth looks at her sharply. Greg looks at his corn and bites, looking over it at Joanne. Putting her knife on her plate, she takes her corn in both hands and tries to break it in half. "I think I just got the toughest ear of corn in the world," she says, letting go of the corn and looking to the right of her plate.

"Nnnng," Beth whines while Joanne is speaking. Watching Joanne, she lifts her left hand with the fork dangling from it, sways away from the table, then bumps sideways against it and lifts her right hand. Continuing to pour soda into Greg's glass as Joanne finishes speaking and searches for something to the right of her place setting, Steve glances at Beth.

Swinging her leg to the right of her chair and licking the fingers of her right hand, Joanne turns back to Beth as Beth drops her right hand to her side. "What, Beth?" she asks and looks away, wiping her left hand on her napkin as she stands. "What are you. . .pestering me for?" Pausing in mid-speech, she turns and walks into the kitchen.

Finishing three bites of corn, Greg glances at Joanne as she

stands, then puts his corn on his plate and rolls it in butter. Beth looks at her left hand and drops her arm, clanking Joanne's fork against the table, then holds the fork in her left fist and looks at the kitchen door.

"Beth, you should be sitting down and eating," Steve says with a glance at her as he finishes pouring. Holding the bottle in his left hand, he puts the glass beside Greg's plate while Beth leans away from the table and looks at him, lifting the handle of the fork in her fist with the prongs against the table. Capping the bottle with his right hand, he looks at her and continues, "Sit down, in a few minutes the hamburger's coming in." He continues to twist the cap, watching as Beth looks at the fork in her hand and leans its handle from right to left. Chewing, Greg lets go of his corn and picks up his glass in his left hand, then looks down and drinks, his right forearm against the edge of the table. "And you'll like that, at least, I hope," Steve adds, lifting his eyebrows. Taking the bottle by the neck in his right hand, he reaches out and sets it near the center of the table.

Beth steps to the corner of the table, watching the fork travel on the table surface as she rotates her fist. Leaning against the table edge she slides the prongs away from her, then bangs with them and watches Steve as he looks down and picks up his corn. "Mmmmm, I don't like. . .these, Mommy," she says, looking at the fork and wrapping her right leg around the table leg.

Steve puts his elbows on the table and leans forward, taking three bites of corn while Greg puts down his glass and glances at Beth, picking his teeth with his right hand. Taking hold of the table leg with

her right hand, Beth leans backward, dragging the
5:19 P.M. fork toward her. Steve puts down his corn, picks up
the salt shaker, and begins salting as Greg chews,
swallows, and picks up his corn. Beth presses on the fork's prongs,
lifting and dropping the handle. "What is that?" she asks in rhythm
with the handle's rise and fall. "I. . ."

"Hon', this corn is really delicious," Steve says as Greg lifts his
to his mouth. Beth steps to her left, crossing her legs and hanging
onto the table leg with her right hand. Steve puts the salt to his left
and glances toward the kitchen, then picks up his corn and bites into
it.

"I know it's good," Joanne says from the kitchen, "but I, I happen
to have gotten hold of the toughest ear in the world."

Greg finishes eight bites of corn and leans back chewing as Beth
pushes the fork toward Joanne's plate. Leaving the fork and letting go
of the table leg, she looks toward the kitchen as she walks toward her
chair. "Mom!" she cries before Joanne finishes, taking hold of the end
of the table. Lowering her right hand to the table leg and holding onto
the table to the left of her plate, she climbs up onto her chair while
Greg looks down at his lap.

"Well, take another ear," says Steve, turning a little to his left.
Beth shifts forward in her chair and looks at him and Greg, then looks
up at Joanne who walks in with a large kitchen knife in her right hand.
As Greg and Steve bite into their corn, Beth looks at Joanne's fork,
then reaches for her own.

"I don't mean to call attention to my infirmities," says Joanne as

she stops to the right of her chair and leans over adjusting her corn, "but man"--she rests the knife on top of her corn--"I'm going to cut through this thing."

Steve lowers his corn after four bites and chews, watching Joanne bang the knife blade twice with the heel of her left hand. Beth watches also, holding her fork in her left hand and swinging her legs. Taking his corn away from his mouth after seven bites, Greg looks over it at Joanne as she laughs, looking from the severed corn she holds up in her left hand, to the knife she lays on the table to the right of her plate.

Greg looks at Steve, who shakes his head, putting down his corn and picking up his napkin in his left hand, then back at Joanne as she sits down. Touching her left hand to her napkin, she shakes her hair away from her face and picks up her table knife while Steve looks at her corn, then down at his own, wiping his mouth on his napkin. Beth leans forward and peers past Joanne as Joanne sits, then as Joanne reaches for butter and Greg looks down at his corn she turns to Steve. "Dah?" she says.

"Beth, you're not even going to try it?" Steve asks, putting down his napkin and taking hold of his corn. Greg glances at her as Steve finishes speaking. She lets go of the table leg to her right and lifts her hand beside her head, then lowers her hand to her lap and looks at the fork in her left hand as Steve lifts his corn and looks at her.

Beth looks at her corn and says, "No," then turns to Steve, who looks down at his. Joanne lifts her corn in her left hand and begins buttering it as Greg lifts his to his mouth and bites rapidly twice. Beth looks from Steve to Joanne, then at her plate.

"I thought you liked corn," Steve says, leaning to his own. Greg turns his corn and chews, then lifts it to his mouth as Steve takes the second of four bites.

"I don't know," Beth says, and looks at Steve. Turning forward again, she lifts her fork by its handle as Greg finishes four bites and glances at Steve, then looks at his corn as Steve takes his from his mouth and shakes his head. Joanne takes more butter and puts it on her corn, glancing at Beth as Steve looks from his corn to Greg's, then at Greg. Leaning forward slightly, Greg resumes eating.

"I don't want. . . ," Beth says, looking at Joanne, then Steve, and back to her fork again, lifting the handle as Joanne asks her a question.

"Beth, you used. . . , do you want a little piece of corn like Mommy has?" Joanne stops buttering and holds her ear of corn out sideways for Beth to see as Steve watches Greg complete five bites of corn. Greg watches Joanne while Steve, turning away from him, slowly leans forward and bites. "Do you want one like that?" asks Joanne, looking from her corn to Beth and shaking her head slightly.

Beth looks from her fork to the ear of corn in Joanne's hand and moans quietly as Joanne speaks, then shakes her head no several times, looking from the corn to Joanne. Greg meanwhile looks at his corn.

"No?" Joanne asks and looks away, putting her knife on her plate as Greg bites into his corn. Steve finishes two bites and sits up, repositioning his elbows on the table and looking at Beth while Joanne picks up the salt and begins salting her corn. With her left hand on her fork, Beth puts her right wrist against the table edge and leans forward, watching Joanne and swinging her legs.

Greg finishes three bites of his corn and turns it while Steve slowly chews and looks down at his corn, glances again at Beth, then Greg, and swallows, then lifts the corn toward his mouth as Greg again bites into his. Beth stops swinging her legs and looks up at the ceiling, then at Joanne's fork. Putting the salt to her right, Joanne shakes her hair away from her face, takes her corn in both hands, and leans her elbows on the table. "Want this fork," Beth says. Looking at Joanne's fork, she swings her legs to the right of her chair, then lets go of her own fork and stands, grabbing the table corner with both hands. Greg lowers his corn after three more bites and looks at it.

"Want this. . . ," Beth says, taking two steps toward Joanne and lunging with her right hand for Joanne's fork. Joanne takes a bite of her corn, glancing down to her left as Beth pulls the fork away. Putting his corn down and lifting his glass, Greg drinks while Steve finishes three bites, glances at Beth, and looks down chewing. Lowering her corn, Joanne shakes her left hand over her plate, then licks her fingers, looking forward. Beth slides the fork back and forth on the table and watches Joanne, then glances toward her own plate and crosses her right leg in front of her left, saying, "Mommy," very slowly. Leaning her elbow on the table and uncrossing her legs, she waves the fork away from and toward Joanne as Joanne picks up her corn, bringing it to her mouth with her right hand and biting. The fork bangs against Beth's plate. "I want this, Mommy," Beth says, holding the fork out and looking at Joanne.

Greg picks up his corn as he puts down his glass, then takes the corn in both hands. Steve leans to his corn and bites. Wiping her

right eye with the back of her wrist, Joanne glances at Beth. "Don't you have a fork of your own, Beth?" she asks, looking forward and putting both hands on her corn. Beth looks at the fork in her hand and touches its prongs to the table while Joanne shakes her hair back, lifts her corn, and bites into it, watching her. Lifting his corn to his mouth, Greg pauses and belches twice while Steve finishes four bites of corn and looks down chewing.

"I want two," Beth says. Greg bites into his corn. Joanne takes her corn from her mouth and looks at it, then takes another bite while Beth scrapes the fork prongs over the table and bangs them on the table twice. Taking hold of the table corner, Beth leans around it on her toes and looks to the left of her own plate, dragging the fork over the table with her right hand. Joanne looks at her corn and chews. Greg takes his corn from his mouth after three bites and chews, then returns it to his mouth as Steve leans forward and bites.

"I have no fork," Beth says, turning back to the fork in her right hand as Joanne swallows and bites, looking at her over her corn. Steve finishes three bites and Greg five as Beth looks back to the left of her plate. "Mommy," she says, sliding her left leg onto her chair as she stretches to see around her plate,

5:20 P.M. "I, I, want two forks." Wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his forearm, Greg lowers his corn to his plate with his left hand as Steve takes two bites of corn. Joanne turns her corn, takes another bite and looks at Beth as she finishes speaking, then looks back at her corn.

While Steve lowers his corn, picks up his napkin, and wipes his

mouth, Greg takes his corncob in his right hand and balances it on the far edge of his plate. Beth squirms onto her chair, twisting the fork in her right hand against the table as she looks to her left. Steve puts down his napkin and picks up his corn, still looking down while Greg reaches his right hand into the cornbowl. "It's good," Greg says, putting a new ear of corn on his plate as Joanne brings her corn to her mouth and bites. Steve leans forward, biting into his. Turning to his left, Greg lifts his glass and drinks as Joanne glances to her right and takes another bite. Steve finishes his third and lowers his corn, turning it and chewing.

Looking from left to right, Beth rattles Joanne's fork against the table. "I want two," she says softly, picking up her own fork from beside her plate. She shifts forward to the edge of her seat, straightening her right leg to support herself. "Look," she says, bringing both forks together on the table to her right and looking at them. Still drinking, Greg leans forward, reaches his right hand to the cornbowl, and puts another ear of corn on his plate, forming a pyramid with the previous one and the balanced corncob. Joanne takes two bites of corn.

"Two forks," says Beth, adjusting them side-by-side on the table as Joanne takes another bite. Holding his glass to his left, Greg touches the nearest ear of corn, sending all three rolling toward him on his plate. "Two forks," Beth says again, lifting them up and down on the table while Joanne and Steve bite into their corn, "mine and yours." Greg takes his knife and fork from his plate and puts them on the table to his left as Joanne takes another bite of corn and Steve finishes a second. Beth slides off the front of her chair and sidesteps to her

right, looking at her forks and lifting both hands away from them. "It's stuck," she says.

Steve lowers his corn and glances at Greg's plate as Greg moves his utensils. Laughing, Steve turns to Joanne and says, "He's eating it faster than I am."

Joanne looks at Steve and brings her right forefinger to her mouth, nodding her head. "I know it," she says, and looks down, setting her corn on her plate. As she's speaking, Steve looks back at Greg's plate.

Pushing down on the fork handles, Beth knocks a fork to the floor at her right as Greg lifts his glass and drinks, tilting his head back. "Ooops," she says, and bends down for it, at the same time grabbing with her left hand for the fork lying on the table. As the one on the table slips away from her she stands again and straightens it, muttering to herself. Steve looks from Greg's plate to his own and lifts his corn as Joanne picks up her table knife, licks it, and reaches with it to the butter dish.

Putting down his glass, Greg picks up his knife in his left hand. "Can I have the butter?" he asks as Steve takes two bites of corn. Steve lowers his corn over his plate and looks down chewing while Joanne glances to her right and starts to butter. Still muttering, Beth stoops and picks up the fork from the floor with her left hand as Greg transfers his knife to his right hand and looks to his left, picking up his glass. Putting it down, Greg looks at Steve as Steve starts to lift his corn to his mouth. Lowering it, Steve looks across the table and points his left forefinger at the butter.

"It's over here," Joanne says, leaning back slightly as she but-

ters.

Steve leans forward and bites into his corn while Beth puts the fork which fell back beside the other one, holding her right hand over the table with her fingers spread. Lifting his knife in his right hand and reaching out his left arm, Greg pushes the soda bottle against the butter dish. Joanne puts down her knife and reaches her right hand for the butter dish as it moves toward her. "Wait a second, Greg," she says as she picks it up, "don't get too excited." Greg pulls back and watches as she puts the dish on the table in front of his plate. Finishing three bites, Steve pauses with his corn near his mouth.

Continuing to mutter to herself, Beth takes hold of the corner of the table with her right hand and climbs onto her chair while Joanne is speaking, then puts both hands on the prongs of her forks. Joanne picks up her knife and again butters her corn and Steve takes two more bites. Greg adjusts his grip on his knife, reaching it toward the butter dish. Lifting both fork handles by pressing down on the prongs, Beth leans her head to her left and smiles. "Two little kids. . . ," she sings, swinging her legs.

Steve puts down his corn and reaches his left hand for his napkin. "This really isn't a corn eating contest," he says. He wipes his mouth with his napkin in both hands as Greg positions his knife on the butter.

"No. . . ," Joanne says. Putting her knife on her plate, she looks down to her right and picks up the salt. "Somebody paying you?" she asks, shaking salt on her corn.

"No," Greg answers as he slices through the butter.

Putting down his napkin with his left hand, Steve leans both palms

on the edge of the table and stands up, scraping his chair back, then reaches his left hand for the cornbowl, still leaning on his right. Joanne puts down the salt and takes her corn in both hands, leaning forward on her elbows and biting into it as he picks up the bowl and walks into the kitchen. Beth continues to speak to herself while she watches the raised fork handles and swings her legs. As Greg begins buttering, Joanne looks at her corn and takes another bite, then turns it and takes another. "W-up," says Beth, then, "Down," kicking and banging the fork handles up and down. "Up-down, up-down, up-down," she says, banging them faster.

Joanne leans her head to the right and pushes her hair away from her face with the back of her right hand, holding her corn in her left. Taking her corn in both hands again, she turns her head toward the kitchen and asks over the clattering of forks, "This isn't butter-and-sugar corn, is it?" Greg turns his knife from one side to the other over the length of his corn as she looks forward and takes another bite. Beth stops banging, holding the fork handles up.

"Yeah, of course it is," Steve answers from the kitchen.

"Down," says Beth with the fork handles lifted and her left leg swinging.

"Hm," Joanne says, taking another bite.

"What's butter-and-sugar corn?" Greg asks while he butters.

"Up," says Beth, lowering the fork handles.

"Butter-and-sugar corn," Steve continues, "isn't that the kind that's white and, uh, yellow? That's what this is."

Leaning back and tilting her head to her right while he's speaking,

Beth lifts the fork handles and says, "Down," then holding the prongs down, says, "Up."

5:21 P.M. Joanne looks at her plate while Steve is speaking, then swallows and bites into her corn, saying, "Um-hm."

"Well, what's the kind that isn't sugar and corn?" Greg asks, still sweeping his knife back and forth over his corn.

"Down." Beth lets up on the prongs and the fork handles hit the table as Greg is speaking. Joanne takes another bite, leaning over her plate, then another. "Up," Beth says, swinging her legs and pressing the prongs down as Joanne takes her corn from her mouth and looks at it.

"Sweet corn," Steve answers from the kitchen.

"Dow-up," says Beth, lowering both handles, then lifting one slightly.

Joanne bites into her corn and Greg puts his knife on his plate.

"What corn?" Greg asks as he takes his corn in both hands and Joanne turns hers.

"Down-down," Beth says quickly, both fork handles on the table and her left leg kicking.

"I think this is called sweet corn. . . , I don't know," says Steve, walking in from the kitchen with the bowl now full of corn in his left hand.

Joanne bites into her corn as he walks in, glancing over it at Beth as she kicks with her left leg and pushes down on the fork prongs, saying "Down-up." Greg puts his corn on his plate and looks around the table, then wipes his forehead with the sleeve of his right forearm. Leaning his forearm on the edge of the table, he looks at the cornbowl

in Steve's hand as Steve stops at Joanne's right.

"But butter-and-sugar," Steve says as he puts down the cornbowl, "is, uh, white and yellow corn."

"Down," Beth says before he finishes, letting up on the prongs. Joanne at the same time looks to her right and picks up the salt, holding it out over the cornbowl toward Greg as Steve sets the cornbowl on the table.

"Dad, where is the salt?" Greg asks, looking around the table before Steve finishes speaking. Looking at it in Joanne's hand, he reaches out his right hand and takes it from her.

"Down," says Beth, as she lifts the fork handles, then, "Up, up, up, up, up," banging the handles up and down on the table as Greg begins salting his corn from right to left, lifting his left hand away. Taking her corn in both hands, Joanne looks forward and bites.

"Oh, it's. . . , there it is," says Steve, taking a step back from the table and straightening his shirt with both hands as he glances from the table to the salt in Greg's hand. Joanne takes another bite of corn as Steve steps in front of his chair and pulls it underneath him with a scraping noise, sitting down.

"Up, up, down, down," Beth begins to sing, banging the forks. Greg stops salting, turning his corn with his left hand as Steve sits down, then lifts his hand away as he salts again. Leaning his right forearm on the table, Steve reaches for a new ear of corn while Joanne puts hers on her plate with her right hand and picks up her napkin, taking it in both hands and wiping her mouth. "Down," says Beth. Holding the fork handles up, she straightens her left leg in front of her. Greg stops

salting and turns his corn.

"That's really good," Joanne says, nodding and looking to the right of her plate while she balls up the napkin in her left hand. She rests her left forearm against the edge of the table and turns the beercan at the right of her plate, then lifts it and drinks with her head back as Greg resumes salting and Steve puts an ear of corn on his plate, picking up his knife.

"Up," says Beth, then drops her left leg.

"It's very good," Steve says as he reaches his knife past Greg for the butter.

"Down," says Beth, letting up on the prongs, then, "Up," and lifts the fork handles.

"I think they get it from Maple Farms," Steve continues, spreading butter on his corn. "At least they used to."

"Down," Beth says, dropping, then lifting the fork handles while Steve is speaking. Greg meanwhile puts the salt to his right and picks up his corn, then lifts the corn to his mouth in both hands and takes four bites. "Up-down," Beth says, releasing the fork prongs. Joanne puts down her beercan and nods, swallowing, as Greg lowers his corn and leans on his elbows, chewing.

"It's really good," Joanne says, putting her right hand on her corn.

"I want. . . ," Beth says at the same time, straightening up in her chair and pressing down on the fork prongs. She mutters to herself as she lets the handles drop. Shifting her right leg to the side of her chair and putting her foot on the rung, she presses the prongs of one

fork and touches its handle with her left hand.

Still holding her napkin, Joanne adjusts the corn on her plate and looks at Steve, asking, "Do you want some"--she looks at the beer, then back at Steve--"do you want the last beer?"

"I can't get up," Beth sings, putting her right foot on the floor and balancing on the corner of her chair as she touches the lifted fork handle and Greg leans into his corn. Joanne lifts her corn and puts it down again, continuing to look at Steve.

"I have some in my can," Steve answers, glancing at the beer can while he butters his corn. "I think we've used it up."

"Okay, Beth," Beth says, putting both hands on the prongs of one fork as Greg sits back chewing five bites.

"You haven't had any yet," continues Steve, glancing up at Joanne while he butters.

"This is mine, isn't it?" Joanne interrupts, pointing to the can of beer. Beth straddles the corner of her chair with both feet on the floor as she talks on steadily and plays with the fork.

Looking at the can of beer Joanne is pointing to, Steve drops his knife to the left of his plate and picks up the can, answering, "This is mine," then puts it back down.

"Oh, it's stuck," Beth says. "Now. . . ," and continues to talk to herself.

"Oh, I'm. . . ," says Joanne. Picking up her corn and still holding her napkin, she gets up from the table and turns toward the kitchen while Steve watches her.

"I think you've got one out there, Joanne, open," he says, point-

ing to the kitchen. Greg bites into his corn.

"Bee, boom, boom, boom, bang," Beth sings, rocking the handle of the fork against the table as Steve picks up the beer can in his left hand and drinks, looking into the kitchen. Greg leans further over his plate with his corn to his mouth while Beth brings her right leg in front of her chair, crosses it with her left, and sings, "Bum, bum, b-a-a-ang." She bangs the fork handle on the table several more times, then turns the fork in a half circle.

"Oh, you're right," Joanne says from the kitchen.

Steve finishes drinking and puts down the beer can, then moves his fork from the left to the front of his plate as Beth crosses her left hand over her right, lifting, lowering, and continuing to turn the fork handle. "Put it this way. . . ," she sings, sliding off the corner of her chair and standing, "and this way." Greg finishes his eleventh bite of corn and chews, glancing briefly at Beth and back at his corn as Steve picks up the knife from the left of his plate.

"Yeah, we used it up," Joanne says from the kitchen. As she's speaking, Steve reaches his knife over the corn bowl to the butter dish. Beth turns and faces the corner of the table, picking up one fork by the handle and the other by the prongs, saying "Phew!" Holding the forks upright and sliding them over the table, she again speaks to herself as Greg leans over his plate, biting into his corn while Steve turns and butters his.

Finishing eight bites, Greg looks to his left and lifts his glass, holding the corn on his plate with his right hand. "Bang, bang, bang. . . ," says Beth, dancing sideways toward her chair as she bangs the

forks on the table, the fork in her right hand prongs down and the one in her left hand prongs up. She slides onto her chair as Greg tilts his head back and drinks the rest of his soda. Steve scoops more butter from his plate and continues buttering.

5:22 P.M.

Holding his empty glass over the table, Greg swallows hard, then puts the glass down as Steve puts the table knife to his left, picks up his napkin, and wipes both hands, looking over the table. Dropping his napkin, Steve reaches his right hand for the salt shaker between Greg and Beth's plates while Greg pulls his left hand out of the way. Speaking to herself, Beth adjusts both forks prongs-up in front of her, then begins to sing loudly, swinging her legs and banging the fork handles on the table while Steve transfers the salt to his left hand and begins salting and turning his corn. Leaning forward, forearms against the edge of the table, Greg takes nine bites from his corn and sits back chewing. Beth sings more quietly and with just her left leg swinging. She holds the forks by their handles in her left fist as she adjusts the prongs, then sings more loudly, swinging both legs and banging the fork handles repeatedly on the table as Greg again leans into his corn.

"I don't anticipate that Beth will be, uh, sleeping tonight," says Steve, letting go of his corn and putting down the salt as he begins speaking, then looking to the left of his plate and picking up his napkin. With his napkin in both hands he wipes his mouth, turning to Joanne as she walks in from the kitchen. Joanne holds an ear of corn in the pair of kitchen tongs she carries in her right hand. Beth stops singing and readjusts the forks in her left fist while Steve starts

speaking, then again sings and bangs the forks as he's finishing. Greg sits up straight and chews thirteen bites of corn, turning the corn over his plate. Looking down, Steve wipes his fingers on his napkin as Joanne stops to the right of her chair and reaches past him to the corn-bowl.

"No," Joanne says, using both hands on the kitchen tongs to put the corn in the bowl. "No, well she took a nap this afternoon."

Beth looks up at Joanne as Joanne puts the corn in the bowl. Twisting in her chair with the forks in her left hand next to her face and her right arm on the table beside her plate, Beth looks from Joanne to the Coke bottle, saying, "More soda. More soda," while Joanne is speaking.

"No," Steve says before Joanne finishes, then as Joanne, the tongs in her right hand, turns to her left toward the kitchen with a last look at the cornbowl he continues over Beth, "I mean, that means we don't have to bring all those extra. . .blankets and stuff." He looks down as he speaks, putting his napkin to the left of his plate, adjusting his knife with his left hand, and shaking his head, then lifts and turns his corn in both hands. Greg rests his forearms against the edge of the table and begins biting steadily into his corn while Steve is speaking. Beth meanwhile looks at the forks and takes them in both hands as Joanne walks back into the kitchen.

"All right, we'll just bring pillows," Joanne says from the kitchen as Steve leans forward and bites into his corn. "I don't think it's going to be cold anyway." Lowering his corn from his mouth after nine bites, Greg looks ahead of him and chews.

Putting down his corn after two bites and picking up the salt in his left hand, Steve shakes his head and says, "No," then salting his corn, he says with his mouth full, "Well, we're all going to sit inside." Beth glances at him as he's speaking, then back at the forks, playing with them in both hands.

"Yeah," Joanne answers from the kitchen. With his right hand on his corn as Greg again leans into his, Steve puts down the salt to his left, picks up his napkin, and looks first at Greg, then at Greg's plate, wiping the left side of his mouth. Greg finishes four bites of corn while Steve watches, chews briefly, then leans into his corn again as Steve looks down at his own plate, dropping the napkin on the table beside it. Beth brings the prongs of the forks together, sitting on the edge of her chair with her toes touching the floor.

"Well, think of what we did last time," Joanne calls from the kitchen.

Greg leans back and chews four bites as Steve picks up his corn in both hands and leans his forearms against the edge of the table. Steve takes two bites and chews, looking down. Greg starts to bite, hesitates and glances at Steve, then looks back at his corn, swallows, and bites as Steve glances at him. Looking forward, Steve takes one bite, lowering his corn as Greg finishes six bites. Steve sits up and chews, looking at Greg's plate while Greg drops his corn and adjusts it with his right hand, looking at his glass, then at the soda bottle to his right, then back at his corn. Looking away, Steve takes two more bites while Beth continues meshing the prongs of her forks.

"Can I have some Jamaica Cola?" asks Greg, gesturing toward the

soda bottle with his right hand without turning his head. Leaning his forearm against the edge of the table, he lifts his right hand to his mouth and picks his teeth while Beth lowers the forks to the table, continuing to mesh them. Finishing two bites of corn while Greg is speaking, Steve looks at Greg's place setting, then to the left of his own while he puts down his corn. Chuckling, he picks up his napkin and takes it in his right hand, then wipes his mouth as he picks up the salt.

"What?" Beth asks, still looking at the forks as Steve begins salting, balling up the napkin in his right hand beside
5:23 P.M. his plate. "What was said?" she asks again without looking up. Holding one fork on the table with her right hand, she presses its prongs with the prongs of the other fork.

Steve glances at Greg, putting the salt to his own left. "Gregory," he says, looking at the soda bottle as he transfers his napkin to his left hand, "you really are going to town, aren't you?" Dropping the napkin to the left of his plate as he's speaking, he reaches his left hand for the soda bottle, leaning his weight on his right forearm. Greg stops picking his teeth and looks at Steve, dropping his hand to his lap.

"What it was said?" asks Beth, watching the fork handle drop as Steve finishes speaking.

"What?" Greg asks as Beth speaks and Steve lifts the Coke bottle. From the edge of her chair, Beth glances at Steve, then looks forward again and starts banging the fork handle up and down with the fork in her left hand as Steve holds the large bottle by the neck in his left

hand and unscrews the cap.

Looking at the bottle, Steve answers, "You're really going to town."

"Um-hm," Greg mumbles, looking forward and reaching his right hand to the cornbowl while Steve, holding the bottle in both hands and the cap in his right, leans to his right and pours.

"I, I want some more," says Beth, reaching her right hand for the fork she's knocked away. Holding the fork against the table, she again bangs at it with the other, knocking it slowly toward the table edge to her right as Greg touches an ear of corn in the bowl, pulls his hand away, then reaches back into the bowl.

Steve glances at the cornbowl, then back at Greg's glass while he pours. "Well, you haven't even had anything to eat yet," he says over Beth's banging, glancing again at Greg's arm as he finishes speaking.

Pulling an ear of corn from the bowl, Greg drops it and jerks his hand away, shaking it vigorously. Beth stops banging, grabs the fork away from the table edge, and turns to Greg. "Oh, it's hot!" he exclaims, still looking at the cornbowl.

"Now, Beth," Joanne calls from the kitchen at the same time Greg is speaking, "you're going to have some hamburgers. I'm going to put them on right now." Greg rests his right forearm against the edge of the table while she's speaking and looks at his glass as Steve finishes pouring.

"Yeah. It is," Steve says over Joanne, glancing at Greg. Putting the bottle down to his left, he screws on the cap as Greg takes the glass in his left hand, glances at him, and drinks. Holding the prongs

of the fork in her left hand to her mouth, Beth watches Greg and Steve, then glances toward the kitchen as Joanne finishes speaking. Turning again to Steve and leaning back slightly, she picks up her empty glass in her right hand and waves it in the air, putting her fork to the left of her plate.

"I want some mo-o-o-or, Daddy," she says sliding off her chair and standing between it and the table. As she's speaking, Steve again picks up the soda bottle, then puts it down and reaches for her glass, holding the neck of the bottle in his left hand. Beth reaches and gives him the glass as Greg sets his down and looks at her. Bending his neck sharply and sitting up, he watches as Steve, looking at Beth, puts her glass to the right of his plate and begins to unscrew the bottle cap. Watching Steve, Beth pushes against the table edge with both hands and squirms back into her chair, then drops her hands to her lap, saying, "See, I am. . ."

"Have you guys had any milk today?" Steve asks before she finishes, taking the cap off the bottle and looking at her glass, then with his left hand on the neck of the bottle and his right underneath pours soda into her glass while she watches.

"Yeah, they both had chocolate milk," Joanne says from the kitchen.

"Well, I had chocolate milk," Greg answers at the same time, both forearms resting on the table while he watches Steve pour soda.

"All right," Steve says.

"I had chocolate milk. . .," Beth answers, sitting up straighter in her chair while she watches with both hands in her lap. "In my ba-ba. . . , when I was sleeping." Greg leans forward as she's speak-

ing and rubs the back of his head with his right wrist, then sits back and returns his forearm to the table.

"Okay," Steve says before Beth finishes. Lifting the bottle away from her glass, he puts it on the table to the left of his plate and begins to screw on the cap as Beth takes hold of the table edge with her right hand and begins rubbing the side of her head with her left. "See," she continues, looking forward and nodding while she rubs the side of her head. "From Mommy. . .right?"

Greg again reaches his right hand toward the cornbowl, but hesitates and brings it back, reaching with his left instead. He pulls an ear of corn from the bowl as Steve turns and picks up Beth's glass in his right hand. Leaning his left palm on the table edge, Steve reaches with Beth's glass over Greg's arm as Greg lifts the corn from the bowl to his plate. "I don't feel good," Beth says, twisting off the front of her chair and to her right, then turning and putting both hands on the edge of the table as Steve sets her glass beside her plate.

Greg picks up his knife in his right hand, then puts it back down and begins rolling his corn in the butter on his plate with both hands while Steve sits back, moves the Coke bottle further away from him, and picks up his corn in both hands. As Steve, his forearms against the table edge, leans forward and bites, Beth lifts and drops her right leg twice, trying to climb back onto her chair while she reaches her left hand for her glass. She jars the glass, murmurs, "It spills," then looks to her right as she lifts it, wiping her forehead with the back of her right hand. "Spills," she says, "oh, my." The soda sloshes in the glass as she takes the glass in both hands and edges her way to her

right between the chair and the table. Greg continues to roll his corn in butter and Steve lowers his after two bites, looking at it. Bringing her glass down to her mouth, her left elbow resting on the corner of the table as she moves out from in front of her chair, Beth spills more soda. "Oooh," she says, looking down past her right arm. "Floor."

Steve puts the left end of his corn on his plate and picks up the salt as Beth looks back into her glass. Sliding her elbow off the table corner and looking up, she walks toward the side table, holding the glass in both hands in front of her chest and saying, "I have to get a . . . , I have to get a napkin." Steve salts his corn, then puts the shaker to his left, picks up the corn, and leans forward as he bits into it. Greg rolls his corn more rapidly. "I have to get a napkin. Napkin. . . , napkin," says Beth from the side table. Greg continues to roll his corn with his right hand while he pushes another ear out of the way with his left. Finishing three bites and chewing, Steve looks to his left, then at Beth, holding his corn over his plate.

"I have to get. . . ," she says. Greg picks up his knife in his right hand, takes butter from the butter dish, and
5:24 P.M. spreads it on his corn while Steve looks down and turns his. Leaning forward, Steve takes two bites, turns his corn, and takes another.

"Hm," says Greg, looking down and buttering. Steve lowers his corn and looks at Greg's, then returns to his own as Greg again rolls his in butter, the knife in his right hand. Hurrying to the spill with a paper towel in her left hand, Beth stoops down and begins wiping it up while Steve takes two more bites of corn, then lowers and turns it.

"What are you doing, Beth?" Steve asks, lifting his chin in her direction without looking up. He lifts his corn to his mouth and bites.

"I'm clean. . . , cleaning. . . ," Beth says, her weight on her right arm as she wipes vigorously at the spill with the towel. Steve finishes four bites of corn and looks at her as she stands and walks toward the table, then glances at Greg's plate as Greg drops his knife. Glancing to his right, Greg lifts his corn in both hands and bites into it. Steve looks again at Beth as she grunts and turns at the other end of the table, transferring the used towel to her right hand and walking toward the side table.

"Did you spill something?" he asks as she walks away.

"Mm, uh, I, I cleaned it all up," she answers from across the room as Greg finishes three bites and turns his corn.

Steve looks down and turns his corn, then looks around the room, asking, "Well, where is your soda?" Greg leans back and to his right as Steve speaks, looking past Beth's seat to the place of the spill, then returns to his corn, looking briefly to his left and forward again. Steve glances at his corn and continues to look around, then watches Beth as she walks across the room toward her chair.

"I. . . ," she says, rubbing the left side of her head.

"Pick the glass up," Steve says, watching her walk by the front end of the table.

". . .and I, and I clean-ed," Beth continues at the same time. Greg leans and bites once as Beth, still rubbing the left side of her head, turns completely around and walks back toward the side table.

"I'm not through yet," she says.

"Well, pick the glass up, all right?" Steve asks, looking at the side table, then at the corn in his hands while she's speaking. As Steve moves his forearms higher against the table edge and takes two bites of corn, Greg puts his down, then leans forward and bites it where it lies on the plate.

"I'm not cleaned up," Beth says from the side table. "That's why." Sitting up, Greg picks up his corn while Steve holds his over his plate and chews. "There," Beth says. Lifting his corn, Steve takes three bites while Greg lifts his and takes two. Greg drops his corn on his plate, rolls it in butter, then again picks it up and bites into it as Steve finishes two more bites. Lowering his corn, Steve looks at Beth.

"Be careful now," he says, gesturing with his head toward Beth's place setting. "Bring it back and put it on the table." Steve looks down and lifts his corn as Greg, finishing five bites, turns his in front of his mouth. "Then you can drink it," Steve says, and takes three bites. He looks up chewing and watches Beth as Greg bites into his corn. Holding her glass of soda to her mouth in both hands, Beth walks slowly toward her chair.

Finishing two bites, Greg drops his corn, picks up his knife in his right hand, and reaches for butter as Beth stops beside her chair and puts her glass on the table corner with both hands. "I got it all cleaned up," she says, taking hold of the table with both hands, lifting her left leg onto the chair seat, and beginning to pull herself up.

Steve looks from her to his corn, lifting it toward his mouth. "Okay," he says, and bites as Greg begins spreading butter on his corn.

"See, I can cle. . .," Beth says, looking at Steve as she climbs

5:25 P.M. into her chair. Buttering his corn, Greg mumbles something, and Steve straightens up from his third bite of corn, looking down and chewing. Turning and pointing to the floor with her right hand, Beth says, "Clean up," then holds onto the edge of her chair seat, continuing to look at the floor while she rubs her head with her left hand. Steve leans and bites into his corn as she stops rubbing her head and sits forward, resting her hands in her lap and saying, "Uhhh." Holding his knife in his right hand, Greg begins rolling his corn in butter while Steve finishes his fourth bite. As Joanne walks in from the kitchen, sighing and pulling a tab off a beer can she holds in her right hand, Beth looks up at her and pulls her arms back, then again rests her hands in her lap and sighs also. "Mommy," she says, shifting in her chair. "I cleaned. . ."

Putting down his corn as Beth starts speaking, Steve looks to the left of his plate, then at the can of beer in Joanne's hand and picks up his napkin. "Ah-ha," he says, "what's that sound?" Joanne puts the beer to the left of her plate and holds it while she removes the tab, then looks at Steve and sits as Steve takes his napkin in both hands and wipes his mouth, watching Beth.

"Mommy, I put, uh, Mommy. . . ," says Beth, squirming to the edge of her chair and grabbing the table edge with both hands as she leans toward Joanne. Sitting back in her chair and sighing loudly, Joanne looks to the left of her plate as Beth stands in front of her chair and holds onto the table corner, looking up at her. Putting the can tab on the table to the left of her plate, Joanne rocks forward, stretching out her legs and crossing her ankles. "I think I put some of my. . . ,"

says Beth.

"I think I've heard that sound before," Joanne says, looking at the cornbowl and reaching her right hand to it.

Looking down, Steve wipes the right side of his mouth with his napkin and reaches for his beer. "I might want some of that, you know," he says, again wiping the right side of his mouth as he lifts his beercan.

"Mommy, Mommy, Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!" Beth calls increasingly loudly while Steve is speaking, walking around the end of the table and putting her right hand on the corner to Joanne's left, then laying her left arm beside Joanne's plate. Putting his knife down, Greg lifts his hands to either side of his plate and looks to left and right. "I cleaned up some more. . . ," Beth continues non-stop as Joanne takes an ear of corn from the bowl and puts it on her plate. Resting his right hand with the napkin in it by his plate, Steve tilts his head far back and drinks. Leaning his head on his right arm, Greg peers across the table, then sits up again, the fingers of his right hand spread and his left hand in his lap.

"Yeah," Joanne says, putting her left hand on her freshly opened can of beer and turning to Steve. She gestures over her shoulder toward the kitchen with her right hand, then rubs her nose with the back of her hand and lets go of her beercan, adding, "There's another one in the freezer that's half drunk."

"Mommeeeeeeee!" Beth yells the whole time Joanne's speaking, looking up at her.

"It was too warm," Joanne continues, looking at Steve and pushing her hair back from her face with her right hand. Steve lowers his beer-

can as she speaks, swallows, and looks at her, his eyebrows raised.

Beth looks at Greg as he stands up between his chair and the table, reaching his right hand around the cornbowl, then she takes a breath and turns back to Joanne, again shouting, "Mommeeeeeee!"

"Do you know where the salt is?" Greg asks over Beth, sitting down and looking around the table while he shakes his right hand in the air.

"I forgot I even had one back there," Joanne continues, raising her voice over Beth and shaking her head. Looking down as she speaks, she takes her corn in her left hand and picks up her knife.

"Do you know where the salt is?" Greg interrupts, looking around the table and shaking his right hand while Beth continues to yell. Steve puts down his can of beer to his left while Greg is speaking, then transfers his napkin to his right hand and wipes his mouth.

"What?" Joanne asks, dropping her knife on her plate and looking in front of her.

Beth stops yelling. Touching Joanne's waist as Joanne picks up the kitchen knife and positions it on her corn, Beth says, "I have some soda that's floor. . ."

"Do you know where the salt is?" Greg asks at the same time, looking at Joanne and putting his right hand in his lap.

"Yup," Steve answers, looking to his left and reaching for the salt.

". . .and I, and I. . .," Beth continues, looking up at Joanne. Joanne draws the knife back and forth over her corn, then bangs it four times with the heel of her left hand, cutting the corn in two.

Steve meanwhile looks back toward Greg and says, "I think it's

right here." He lifts the salt and puts it in front of Greg's plate while Greg watches, then looks toward the cornbowl. Greg takes the salt shaker from the table in his right hand before Steve lets go of it.

". . .and I picked it up," continues Beth, watching Joanne's face as Joanne puts down the kitchen knife to her right and pauses, nodding slowly.

"That's good," says Beth.

While Greg readjusts the salt shaker with his left hand, Steve wipes his mouth with his napkin, then puts it to the left of his plate and reaches to the cornbowl where he searches for the right ear, saying, "Joanne, this corn is fantastic."

"Oh, did you?" Joanne asks before Steve finishes, resting her forearms against the table to either side of her plate and looking down at Beth. Greg rolls his corn in butter with his left hand while he holds the salt shaker in his right.

"Right there," Beth says. Holding onto the table edge with her right hand, she leans to her left and lifts her right leg, pointing to where the spill was. Joanne glances toward the cornbowl, then puts her hand on the table corner and leans to her left, looking past the end of the table to where Beth is pointing.

"Sure is," says Greg, rolling his corn in butter as Steve continues searching in the cornbowl.

Glancing back as Joanne leans around the table end, Beth takes a step toward the spill, then looks at Joanne and says, "Uh, I. . . , and I. . . ."

"Did you use your napkin?" Joanne asks, sitting up and looking

again at Beth. Greg begins salting his corn as Steve puts an ear from the bowl on his plate.

"Yeah," Beth answers, looking up at Joanne and touching the table corner with her right hand.

"Good girl," Joanne says, looking forward and nodding. Pushing her beercan to the side with her left hand and picking up her table knife in her right, she adds, "Very good," then reaches past her beer for the butter dish, pulling it slightly toward her and putting her knife in it. Greg turns his corn, then holds his left hand at a distance as he salts down the ear. Taking his left hand from his corn, Steve looks around the table near his plate, then looks at his corn again.

"So it is cleaned up," says Beth quietly. Holding onto the table corner with her right hand, she again leans to her left and looks at the floor, then at Joanne's knife in the butter.

"Who sat on this?" asks Steve, picking up his corn and turning it in both hands. "King Faruk?"

Bringing butter to her own corn, Joanne glances at Steve's while Beth lifts both arms onto the table and slides to her left. "I don't know," Joanne says. "Look 'it." Picking up her corn and holding it out in front of her, she looks back and forth two times between it and his, her table knife in her right hand.

Putting down his corn, Steve looks at hers and shakes his head, saying, "Hnh." Putting the salt to his right and taking his corn in both hands, Greg looks at Steve's corn, then at Joanne's and Joanne puts her down. "It's a little squashed," Steve says, looking around the table and picking up his knife from his left as Greg again looks at the

corn. While Steve is speaking, Beth crosses her right foot in front of her left and takes her glass in her left hand, her right arm flat on the table. Looking at Joanne and Steve, she brings her glass down past the table edge and drinks, slowly swinging around the corner of the table toward her seat.

"See?" Joanne continues before Steve finishes speaking. She starts buttering her corn. "Dar--this is the, uh, second time we've gotten double ears, and it's only been two weeks."

Steve glances down to his left, then reaches out and takes butter on his knife while Joanne is speaking. Craning his neck, Greg looks at Steve's corn, then leans forward and bites into his own as Steve begins buttering. Finishing two bites, Greg turns his corn as Joanne stops speaking and Beth sets down her glass. Muttering to herself, Beth takes hold of the edge of the table and pulls herself onto her chair, looking to her left. "Must have been a strange year for corn," Joanne adds as she butters.

Beth faces forward and picks up her glass in both hands, then glances to her left, looks forward again, and drinks. Putting her knife on her plate, Joanne reaches her right hand across the table, picking up the salt shaker from Greg's right as Greg presses against the table edge and bites into his corn. Leaning to take more butter, Steve pauses, then reaches under Joanne's arm which she lifts as she brings back the salt shaker. As Steve takes butter she begins salting.

"Gregory, are you still eating?" she asks without
5:26 P.M. looking up. Beth looks at her while continuing to
drink.

"Um-hm," Greg answers, finishing three bites and looking at her, then back at his corn as Steve, returning his knife with butter on it to his corn, glances at him. Looking at Greg as she puts the salt to her right, Joanne shakes her hair away from her face and takes her corn in both hands. Leaning on her elbows, she bites into her corn as Greg bites into his. Beth takes her glass from her mouth as Joanne puts down the salt, then continues to watch her, returning the glass to her mouth as Joanne bites into her corn. Outside the apartment children are beginning to play and shout quite loudly.

"Beth, you still not eating?" asks Steve, shaking his head while he continues to butter.

Joanne and Greg take their corn away from their mouths as Steve finishes speaking. "Hm!" Joanne laughs, looking up and pushing corn into her mouth with her right hand.

"Hey, Jay!" a child calls loudly outside. Greg looks up toward the kitchen chewing while Beth, watching Joanne, shakes her head no without taking her glass from her mouth.

"Mmmm," Joanne says, taking another bite of corn. Greg glances at her, then looks toward the rear window behind Steve, leaning back in his seat and picking up his glass in his left hand as Joanne takes her corn from her mouth and looks at it.

"Well, I wonder when Lewis will be back," Steve says, scooping butter off his plate and spreading it on his corn. Turning toward Steve as Steve starts speaking, Greg lifts his glass to his mouth and holds it there while he chews, his corn in his right hand over his plate.

"Boy, some of this corn would taste great with that soup," Joanne

says, looking at Steve, then back at her corn in mid-sentence.

"What do you think of Lewis, Greg?" Steve asks before she finishes. As Steve starts speaking, still buttering and turning his corn, Greg begins drinking and Beth looks down at her glass, continuing to sip her soda. Joanne bites into her corn.

Swallowing, Greg puts down his glass and takes his corn in both hands, looking at it. "I like him, but he's like Groucho Marx," he answers, and looks up at Steve. As he's speaking a child shouts to another in the back yard. Joanne takes another bite of corn at the same time, glancing over it.

Steve scoops more butter from his plate. "He's like Groucho Marx? Why?" he asks. Resting his knife on the left side of his plate, he picks up the salt from Joanne's right as Joanne again bites into her corn.

"Yeah," Greg answers before Steve finishes, nodding at him. "Because he never lets you say anything." He continues to look at Steve while Beth sips her soda, moving her fingers on and off the glass tilted to her mouth in both hands.

"Yeah, well I can't believe that anybody could get you in a position where you couldn't say anything," says Steve, salting his corn while he speaks. Beth lowers her glass to in front of her chest and looks into it while Joanne takes another bite of corn. Turning her corn, Joanne bites into it once again as Steve finishes speaking.

"When I go to say something," says Greg, looking forward, "'Well, uh. . . .'" He looks back toward Steve. "And then he says, 'Well, oh, wait a minute.'" Greg looks up to his right as he imitates Lewis, then

lifts his corn slightly and looks at it. Beth opens and closes her hands around her glass while Joanne takes another bite of her corn, looks at the ear, then puts it on her plate with her left hand. Setting the salt shaker between his and Joanne's plates, Steve picks up his corn as Greg finishes speaking. Joanne licks her right index finger, then picks up the salt shaker and salts as Steve leans his forearms against the table edge and bites.

"He is really strange," Joanne says, putting the salt to her right and picking up her corn in both hands as Steve finishes two bites and turns his. Greg leans on his elbows and bites into his corn two times, watching Joanne as she lifts her corn, rests her elbows on the table, and glances at him while she takes a bite.

"Why?" Greg asks, sitting back from his corn and looking at it. As he's speaking Beth resumes drinking and Joanne looks at her corn chewing.

"He's a character," Steve says, leaning and taking two more bites while Joanne bites once. Beth touches the bottom of her glass with the fingers of her right hand while she drinks, slowly swinging her right leg.

Greg lifts his corn to his mouth, then moves it away and looks at Joanne as she bites into her corn. "Why is he strange?" he asks. Glancing again at his corn, he bites into it twice and watches her.

"As I say," Joanne answers, looking at her corn and chewing, "he went through this whole harangue about. . ."--she swallows, looking at Greg over her corn while Steve leans forward and takes two more bites-- "well, he had to do such and such at nine o'clock, something else at

nine-thirty, but he would be here at ten-thirty." Steve takes two more bites of corn while she's speaking, and she looks back at her corn, then to her left, then again at Greg who watches her, chewing. "Ten-thirty in the morning, on the dot. . . !" she says, looking from Greg to her corn and pausing.

Taking the glass from her mouth while Joanne is speaking, Beth rests it on the palm of her right hand, then drinks again, flexing her fingers away from the bottom of the glass and swinging her right leg. Steve puts down his corn, picks up his napkin from the left of his plate, and looks at Greg. "He was here ten-thirty on the dot," he says, continuing to watch Greg.

Greg is looking at Joanne, who bites into her corn, then looks at it and nods while Steve wipes his mouth. "The doorbell rings," she says, glancing at Greg again as she bites her corn. Beth nods her head forward, balancing her glass on the palm of her right hand, then tilts it again and drinks, watching Joanne. Swallowing, Joanne looks at and turns her corn while Steve finishes wiping his mouth with his napkin, looking from Greg to his own plate. Tossing the napkin down to his left, Steve picks up his corn in both hands, then leans on his forearms and takes three bites. Joanne tilts her head to the left, still looking at her corn. "I think he's going to be the president of J, JC's, in the next, in about twenty years," she says.

"Why, are they members?" Greg interrupts, looking at and turning his corn. He again looks at her as she finishes speaking and bites into her corn. Steve lowers his corn and turns it while Beth continues to watch Joanne over the lip of her tilted glass.

"No," Joanne answers, looking at her corn, turning it, and biting again. Greg leans and takes three bites of his corn, looking at her as she answers him.

"Well, he's got a plan for everything he does,"
5:27 P.M. Steve says, turning his corn and chewing. Swallowing, he leans forward to bite, then hesitates and adds, "A system," as Greg sits back turning his corn.

Finishing a large bite, Joanne leans over her plate, then takes another as Steve finishes speaking and bites into his corn. "How old is he?" she asks, and takes a third bite, glancing at Greg and down again. Steve lowers his corn after three bites and turns it as she stops speaking. Beth at the same time lowers her glass and looks into it, patting its bottom with the palm of her right hand.

Biting into his corn once, Greg sits up and looks at Joanne, saying, "Nine."

"Is his sister Horsie?" Steve asks, looking at Greg and leaning toward him slightly as Joanne takes another bite of corn. Greg looks at him and chews while Beth lifts her glass to her mouth and looks into it, her right palm against the bottom.

"Plays horsie?" Joanne asks, laughing and glancing at Steve, then looking down at her plate she begins pulling kernels into a pile.

"He doesn't have a sister," says Greg, continuing to look at Steve.

Sitting up and putting his corn on his plate, Steve holds it with his right hand while he picks up his napkin and looks at Greg, asking, "He doesn't have a sister?"

"Nope," Greg answers, shaking his head.

"Nope," says Steve, looking down and wiping his mouth. Beth lowers her glass onto her right palm and looks into it as he speaks. He puts his napkin to the left of his plate and picks up his corn while Joanne leaves her corncob on the back of her plate and puts kernels of corn in her mouth with her right hand. Beth lifts her glass to her mouth as Greg and Steve bite into their corn. Picking up her knife in her right hand, Joanne takes hold of the second half of her corn and spreads butter onto it from her plate.

"You're going to sound very cruel," Joanne says, and reaches her knife to the butter dish. Steve lowers his corn after three bites, Greg after seven, and Beth lowers her glass, looking into it. "All the little kids in the neighborhood. . .," Joanne continues, buttering.

"No, I mean is she the one who plays horsie," Steve says before Joanne finishes, putting the left end of his corn on his plate and picking up his napkin. He lifts the napkin to his mouth and adjusts it with his right hand while Greg, looking at Joanne as she finishes speaking, wipes his mouth on the sleeve of his upper arm without lifting his forearm from the edge of the table. Beth lowers her glass and looks into it as Greg looks at Joanne, then lifts it again as Steve stops speaking.

"I know, I know what you mean," Joanne says, nodding and continuing to butter while Steve wipes his mouth with his napkin, "but. . ."

As she trails off, Greg straightens his right leg and leans against the table edge, biting into his corn three times while Beth lowers her glass and bends forward, craning her neck toward Joanne and coughing. Putting his napkin down, Steve picks up his beer can in his left hand and glances down to his right, asking, "How many people in his family?"

"His mother's just like him," Joanne says at the same time, continuing to butter her corn. Beth straightens up and shrugs, bringing her glass to her mouth and drinking at the same time Steve lifts his beer can and drinks, both with their heads tilted back.

"There are. . . , four," says Greg, then looks at Steve and swallows.

Steve lowers his beer can as Beth lowers her glass, then nods and swallows as he puts the can to his left. "Oh," he says, reaching past the soda bottle for the salt, "you mean. . ."

"Including his mother and father?" Joanne interrupts, putting her knife on her plate and reaching for the salt shaker as Steve picks it up. She takes her corn in both hands as Steve begins salting. Beth meanwhile stretches, pulling back her right arm and throwing out her chest, then coughs and slumps forward. Sitting up again, she lifts her glass in both hands and drinks.

"Um-hm," Greg answers, nodding and watching Steve salt.

"You mean there's just two, the two boys, that's all?" Steve asks while Joanne puts her corn on her plate and pushes her hair back with her right wrist. Glancing at Greg, Steve puts the salt shaker back beside Joanne's plate.

"Um-hm," Greg answers again, still looking at Steve as Beth lowers her glass.

"Huh," Steve says, lifting his corn in both hands. Leaning his forearms against the table edge, he bites at the same time Greg does.

Reaching both hands past her beer can, Joanne moves the butter dish to the side with her right hand and pulls Beth's unused napkin from

underneath it. Greg lowers his corn after two bites and turns it as Beth jerks her glass to her mouth with her right palm underneath and tilts her head back drinking. "Beth, careful of your teeth," Joanne says, glancing up at Beth as she takes the napkin in both hands and wipes her mouth.

Steve sits back after three bites of corn as Greg again bites into his. Looking down and turning his, Steve asks, "Where do they live, Greg?" Joanne wipes both hands on her napkin as he's speaking, then puts it to her left and glances to the right of her plate. Picking up the salt shaker and taking hold of her corn, she begins salting as Beth lowers her empty glass and Greg finishes three bites. Setting her glass on the table with her left hand, Beth lifts her right arm behind her head and stretches, leaning back in her seat.

Greg turns around to his left and points with his left hand toward the window behind him as Steve, glancing at him, bites into his corn. "Um, they live down, you know, you know, see that corner, you know that corner over there?" Greg asks.

"In the corner," Joanne interrupts, looking down and salting. Still pointing, Greg turns back to Steve, who finishes a second bite of corn.

"Unh!" Beth grunts at the same time, throwing herself forward and taking hold of the edge of the table with both hands as she looks across at Joanne. Joanne puts down the salt shaker and takes her corn in both hands, tossing her hair back from her face and looking at Beth.

"Um-hm," Steve says, turning and looking to where Greg is pointing. Greg swallows and nods at him. "That's where they live," he says,

turning forward and looking from his corn to his glass. He reaches with his left hand and takes hold of his glass as Steve glances at him. Looking back at his own corn, Steve nods.

"What's the matter?" Joanne asks, watching Beth over her corn as she bites into it.

Beth coughs again, heaving her shoulders and dropping her right hand to her lap, then looks back at Joanne as Steve bites into his corn. Taking her corn from her mouth, Joanne looks at it as Greg glances at her. He lifts his glass and drinks. "Soda making me sick," says Beth, shrugging her shoulders. Putting her right hand on her thigh and leaning on her right arm, she slumps in her chair and watches Joanne. Joanne turns her corn and bites into it as Steve finishes four bites of his and turns it, chewing.

Throwing her head back, Beth coughs violently and turns her face to her right as Joanne takes the corn from her mouth and looks at it. Lowering the glass from his mouth, Greg looks at Beth as she again throws her head back, grips the table edge with both hands, and coughs a fourth time, leaning her left cheek against the edge of the table. As Steve leans and bites into his corn, Joanne takes a quick bite of hers and looks at Beth. Greg turns to Joanne while Beth rubs her face across the back of her right hand and looks into the living room, lifting her head slightly.

"Take it easy, your hamburger's coming," Joanne says, looking from Beth to her corn and biting into it. The hamburgers can be heard frying in the kitchen. Greg glances into the living room, then looks forward and drinks as Beth turns back to Joanne. Sitting back after two bites

of corn, Steve glances at Beth, then lifts his corn and bites it again while Joanne, lowering her corn, leans forward and pushes corn into her mouth with her left hand. Still gripping the table edge, Beth lifts her head back and coughs again, kicking out her legs and dropping her head between her arms as she brings her right foot to rest on the side chair rung. Greg puts his glass to his left and takes his corn in both hands.

Looking at her corn, Joanne lifts it in her right hand and takes another bite.

5:28 P.M.

"What's the matter, Beth?" Steve asks, sitting up from three bites and lowering his corn to his plate. Beth glances at him and coughs again, jerking her head to the right as he looks down and picks up his napkin. Greg lifts his corn to his mouth and sits back from the table as Joanne turns her corn in both hands and Steve rests his elbows on the table, opening his napkin and looking up at Beth.

"Soda makes me sick," Beth says, looking at her left foot and swinging it. Joanne bites her corn and Steve wipes his mouth as Beth looks at him, her head lifted back.

"That's because you're drinking too much of it," Steve says, wiping back across his mouth with the napkin in his left hand. Joanne takes another bite of her corn and turns it as Steve balls his napkin in both hands, looking down. Beth jerks her head forward, coughing again and kicking once with her left leg. Steve looks at her as she sits up, then he wipes his mouth again with his napkin in both hands as Joanne bites into her corn.

Lowering his corn after eleven bites, Greg looks sharply at Beth, then sits forward and rests his forearms against the table, looking at

Joanne and saying, "That's a fake cough." He looks from Joanne to Steve as Joanne takes another bite and Steve wipes both hands on his napkin, looking at his plate. Beth holds onto the table edge with her left hand and pushes a fork against her plate.

"Hm?" asks Joanne, putting her corn down with her right hand and picking up her napkin. Sitting back from the table, she licks the fingers of her right hand and wipes both hands on her napkin, looking at Greg. Steve wipes each side of his mouth without looking up.

"That was just a fake cough," says Greg, looking back at his corn. Beth turns to her left while he's speaking and lifts her empty glass in both hands, then holds it up in her left hand and rocks back in her seat, looking at it.

Steve drops his napkin from his left hand and turns to Greg, reaching for Greg's napkin. "Don't forget to use your napkin," he says, pulling it from under Greg's plate as he looks at Greg's face, "and get a little of that, um, grease off." Greg puts down his corn as Steve reaches over his plate, then takes the napkin from him with both hands and wipes his face. Watching them, Joanne wipes her mouth with her napkin in both hands, then looks down from right to left and rests her left forearm against the edge of the table, reaching her right hand across her plate and picking up her beer can. Beth meanwhile reaches and puts her glass back on the table. Leaning her right hand on the edge of her seat, Beth swivels to her right and stands up while Joanne starts drinking. Steve turns forward and rubs his hands together as he finishes speaking, then looks down to his left, rests his left forearm along the table edge, and picks up his can of beer. "It's pretty messy stuff," he

adds as Greg holds his napkin in front of his mouth and looks at it.

Steve glances at his plate, then drinks with his head tilted back while Greg holds his napkin in his left hand and licks the fingers of his right, then looks at them. Walking sideways toward Joanne with her back to the table, Beth looks up at the television light in the corner of the room nearest her chair and coughs, then looks into the living room at the camera. Joanne drops her napkin from her left hand and puts her beercan to the left of her plate, swiveling to her right and saying, "Yeah." As she stands up she looks at Steve's plate. Greg licks his little finger, then puts all the fingers of his right hand in his mouth while Steve puts his beercan to his left, folds his arms, and leans forward on his elbows.

"Mommy, I . . . ," says Beth, passing the corner of the table and turning to Joanne's chair.

"Are you done?" Joanne asks, reaching toward Steve's plate.

"Mommy. . . ," Beth continues, pointing to the table with her left hand as she crosses her left foot behind her right and staggers backwards.

"Yeah, I think I'm done," Steve answers, moving his arm to the left while Joanne takes the three corncobs from his plate with both hands. Holding them in her right hand, she turns around to her left and walks toward the kitchen as Greg transfers his napkin from his left to his right hand, turns his head to the left, and sticks the fingers of his left hand in his mouth.

"Mommy, how do you put those things in the way?" Beth asks as Joanne leaves the room. Beth points to the living room with her left hand and

searches for the table with her right as she's speaking, then leans sideways against the table edge with her right arm on the table, looking up at the lights and camera. Leaning on his right forearm, Steve picks up both his knife and fork and begins scraping his plate while Beth takes hold of the table corner to her left and stares at the camera.

Popping his fingers from his mouth, Greg looks at them and says, "I had four ears," then licks them again and turns to his plate.

"So did I," says Steve, continuing to scrape his plate as he glances at Greg and lifts his eyebrows. "You had as many as me." As Steve speaks Greg puts his napkin down to his right, picks up his corn in both hands, and begins biting into it, sitting slightly back from the table with his face angled upward. Steve puts his fork and knife to the left of his plate, then picks up the fork and continues scraping while Beth drops her left arm to her side and slumps, looking up at the ceiling with her mouth wide open as Joanne begins speaking from the kitchen.

"Everybody likes their hamburgers well done?" asks Joanne.

Finishing nine bites while Joanne is speaking, Greg holds his corn out toward Steve who continues scraping without looking up. "I don't," says Greg, putting the cob on his plate.

"Well, I don't like 'em too well done," Steve says at the same time, moving his right arm from the table in front of him to the edge of the table to his right while Greg, chewing, picks up his napkin from the right of his plate and begins wiping his hands.

"Umma, I don't. . .I want. . .," Beth says before Steve finishes. Slumping to her left, she drags her right arm off the table and walks

behind Joanne's chair to the kitchen.

"I don't know if I can fit any in, to have any hamburg," Greg says, continuing, to wipe his hands and glancing at Steve. Steve puts a forkful of food in his mouth, then again scrapes his plate.

"Mommy, I don't feel good," Beth says in the kitchen while Greg is speaking.

"In your stomach or on your plate?" Steve asks, glancing at Greg.

Greg balls up his napkin in his left hand as Steve looks down. "In my stomach," he answers, holding his right hand in front of his stomach, then drops his hand to his lap as he reaches across his plate and leaves his napkin. He wipes both hands on his shorts, then rests them on his thighs and looks toward the kitchen.

"Oh," Steve says, scraping his plate.

"Look, Beth, we're just about to eat our meat," Joanne says in the kitchen while Greg and Steve are speaking.

"I don't feel good," Beth tells her.

"Just try to eat a little," Steve says quietly at the same time, "because don't forget, we're going to be gone all night." He lifts his fork to his mouth as he finishes speaking, then again scrapes corn and butter on his plate.

"Oh, no. You don't?" Joanne asks Beth.

"Yeah," Greg sighs, lifting his shoulders and stretching his arms to the chair seat behind him. Sliding back on his seat and leaning his head against the backrest, he hums to himself while he continues to chew.

"I want to go back outside," Beth says in the kitchen as Steve

lifts his fork to his mouth.

"No, no, Beth," says Joanne. "You stay in here, come on."

"Beth, come on, you're gonna eat some meat now," says Steve. He again lifts his fork to his mouth and lowers it, his weight on his right forearm as he scrapes his plate. Greg hooks his left foot around the table leg while Steve is speaking, then swings it back and forth in front of his chair. Reaching up, he puts the heel of his hand to his left eye and starts to rub.

"Yeah, here it comes, Beth," Joanne says in the
5:29 P.M. kitchen.

"Come on, 'cause we want to go to the drive-in," calls Steve. Touching the table leg with his left foot, Greg stretches out his left arm, bends forward slightly, and gets his glass, leaning back in his chair and holding it in front of his mouth. Steve brings his fork to his mouth as Greg lifts the glass.

"Beth, come on," Joanne says, "If you don't eat now, you're not going to eat at all." Greg moves the glass away from his mouth and swallows as she's speaking, then tilts it up and drinks, swinging his left leg in front of his chair.

"Well, if you're not around we can't even go," Steve calls out as he scrapes with his fork. He brings it to his mouth, then leaves it on his plate and reaches to his left for his napkin.

"I don't feel good though," Beth says in the kitchen. Steve puts both elbows on the table, takes his napkin in both hands, and wipes his mouth while she's speaking. Lowering his empty glass and swallowing, Greg looks toward the kitchen and begins to speak, then stops as Joanne

starts.

"Yeah, well, sit down at the table and relax and then you'll feel better," she says.

Greg lifts his glass to his mouth, banging it against his teeth. Lowering it to his lap, he looks at Steve and says before Joanne finishes, "But you'll see, Beth, it'll feel good to go out after you've eaten."

While Greg is speaking, Holmes walks in from the living room and past Joanne's chair toward the kitchen. Glancing at Holmes, Steve rubs the fingers of his right hand together and drops his napkin to the left of his plate, then glances at Greg, puts his hands to either side of his plate, and stands up, scraping his chair back. "Beth, come on, 'cause we're gonna, we want to eat and then to to the drive-in," he says as he turns and walks past Holmes into the kitchen. Leaning back in his chair, Greg watches Steve leave, then reaches out and puts his glass to the left of his plate, dropping his hand back in his lap as Steve finishes speaking. Holmes stands at the doorway looking into the kitchen with his tail wagging.

"Yeah, and here's Beth's hamburger, right here," says Joanne.

"We'll just have time to run Bomes," says Steve before she finishes.

"Run Bomes. Bomes," says Beth, walking in from the kitchen. Greg wipes his mouth on his right shoulder, then looks into the living room and shakes his hair away from his face. "Mine," says Beth, patting Holmes. "Come downstairs. Bomes."

Greg picks his teeth with his right hand, continuing to look into

the living room as Beth finishes speaking and walks back into the kitchen. Steve walks in with a can of beer in his left hand. "Downstairs, Bomes," Beth repeats as Steve puts the beer can to the left of his plate. Resting his left hand on his hip, he turns back toward the kitchen. "Come on, Bet'," he says.

"This girl is, this girl is getting better, Daddy," says Beth, coming into the dining room and walking up to Steve as he pulls down his shirt with both hands and steps sideways in front of his chair, reaching his right hand for Greg's plate.

"I'll get rid of these for you," Steve says before Beth finishes, picking up the plate. Greg continues to pick his teeth, then glances at Steve and drops his hand to his lap, looking back to the living room as Steve walks toward the kitchen with the plate. Finished speaking, Beth walks to the right of Joanne's chair, touching the table edge with her left hand. "Yeah, it's almost better, isn't it?" Steve says, lifting Greg's plate over her head.

"Yeah," answers Beth, turning to her right and following him. Greg looks forward as they walk into the kitchen.

"Where do you put this?" Steve asks in the kitchen.

"Here, no, yeah, right in that thing on this paper plate," Joanne answers before he finishes.

"Mmmmmmm," says Beth while she's answering. Holmes walks to the table and stops at the left of Steve's chair, lifting his nose over the table edge.

"I just want a very, very little one," Greg calls loudly while Joanne, still speaking, walks in from the kitchen with a plate of hamburger-

gers in her left hand and a spatula with a hamburger on it in her right. Holmes looks up as she stops at the table corner to his left.

"This is Greg's," Steve says from the kitchen as Joanne slides the hamburger from the spatula onto Steve's plate.

"You want a little hamburger?" she asks, looking from Steve's place setting back to the plate of hamburgers. Stepping to her left, she works the spatula under another hamburger.

"Unh!" Beth says in the kitchen while Joanne is speaking.

"Do you want it on a bun, or you just want it on your plate?" Steve asks, walking in with Greg's plate in his right hand as Joanne flips over a hamburger with the spatula.

"I just want it in the plate," says Greg, his head against the back of his chair and his hands in his lap.

"Oh," says Joanne, again sliding the spatula under the hamburger. She shifts her feet as Steve steps sideways between her and Holmes.

"Peas ready?" he asks, leaning around her and putting Greg's plate down. He turns to his left and walks back toward the kitchen.

"Yah," Joanne answers, stepping closer to her chair and leaning across the table to Beth's plate. "See if I, I, did I remember to turn on the heat?" While she's speaking she slides a hamburger from the plate in her left hand onto Beth's plate with the spatula. Holmes walks behind Steve's chair, stops at Greg's left, and looks over the table while Greg watches Joanne slide the hamburger onto Beth's plate. Lifting the hamburger plate slightly, Joanne puts the spatula under another hamburger and slides it onto Greg's plate while Greg and Holmes watch.

"No you didn't. They're ice cold," Steve says
5:30 P.M. from the kitchen.

"Hm, well, turn on the heat," says Joanne before he finishes, stepping back from the table and adjusting the remaining hamburgers with the side of the spatula. Greg leans forward as she's speaking and reaches his right hand to the right of his plate, then to its left. Picking up his fork, he holds it prongs down over the hamburger. Holmes watches him, then turns toward the kitchen as Steve speaks.

"Un-un-unn," says Steve while Joanne steps toward her chair and puts the hamburgers down to the left of her plate.

"Un-un-unn," she echoes, shaking her head and putting the spatula on the plate with the hamburgers, "I failed cooking class." Holmes looks from the kitchen to Greg's plate as Greg pushes his fork down into his hamburger. Stepping back from the table, Joanne looks at the hamburgers, then turns to her left and walks toward the kitchen. As she leaves the dining room, pushing her hair away from her face with her right wrist, Greg lifts his hamburger up on the prongs of his fork, brings it to his mouth, and takes a small bite from the edge while Holmes looks on.

"Let's go," Joanne says in the kitchen as Greg takes the hamburger from his mouth. Holmes looks toward the kitchen. "Beth, there's a hamburger for you."

Holding the hamburger upright at the level of his chest while Joanne is speaking, Greg twice fills his cheeks with air and blows down on it.

"I--don't--want--it--Mommy," says Beth, pausing after each word.

Greg lifts the hamburger higher, tilts his head down, and blows upward, moving around the underside of the hamburger. Holding it in front of his mouth, he leans slightly forward and takes another bite from its edge, then glances up chewing as Joanne walks in from the kitchen with a ketchup bottle in her left hand, a jar of mustard in her right, and a bag of hamburger rolls under her right arm.

"What do you want, Greg?" she asks. Looking at him as she puts the ketchup bottle between her and Beth's plates, she gestures with her open hand toward his hamburger and says, "Don't eat it like that! What do you think you have, a lollipop?" Greg looks at her as she motions toward the hamburger on his fork, then looks at it and grins. Still watching him, she steps sideways in front of her chair and pushes it away, her left hand on the back and her left leg in front. Holmes meanwhile walks behind Steve's chair to the kitchen. Glancing down, Joanne takes the mustard jar from her right hand and puts it beside the ketchup bottle, then again looks at Greg.

"This is the way I eat stringbeans, too," Greg says, looking at her as he bites the edge of his hamburger.

"The peppers done?" Steve calls from the kitchen before Greg finishes.

Stepping back against her chair and turning to her left, Joanne takes the bag of rolls in her left hand and puts them on the table corner. "They should be, yeah," she calls back, turning to her right and walking to the kitchen. "There's a dish out there for them too. That dark one?"

Greg finishes two more bites as Joanne leaves the room, then makes

the noise of an airplane nosediving, "Rrrrrmm," as he arcs his hamburger slowly over onto his plate.

"Beth, come on," says Joanne, walking back into the dining room with her hands empty in front of her.

"Beth, come and have your hamburger," Steve says at the same time.

"What did I do with the paper towels?" Joanne asks, turning to her left toward the side table. "Here they are." Holmes walks in from the kitchen and stops at the nearest table corner, looking back toward Joanne while Greg pries his hamburger off his fork on the rim of his plate.

"Beth, come on, listen," Steve says in the kitchen. "If you don't try to eat some of your hamburger you. . . , we can't go to the movies." Standing behind her chair, Joanne rips a double length of towel from the roll in her left hand, then reaches back and puts the roll on the side table. Greg pats his hamburger with his fork a couple of times, then slumps in his chair, dropping his right hand with the fork in it to his lap as he looks into the kitchen. Holmes sniffs at the table, then turns his head and looks into the kitchen. "Then you'll be sorry," Steve continues.

Pushing her chair from behind and stepping around to the left of it, Joanne wipes her hands and looks to her right, saying over Steve, "That's right, Beth, because you'll be crying." She looks at Beth's plate and walks around the table toward it, still wiping her hands as she stops and faces the end of the table.

"You have to have some food!" Steve says as Joanne finishes. Holmes looks up at Joanne, then back toward the kitchen as Beth coughs.

"Here, Beth, you want some ketchup?" asks Joanne, putting her right hand on the ketchup bottle and turning toward Beth. Beth walks quickly in from the kitchen toward Holmes with her hands out. Stopping to Holmes' left, she looks at Joanne, then walks behind Joanne's chair, answering unclearly. Joanne meanwhile picks up the ketchup bottle and twists off the cap, looking at Beth as Beth walks toward her. "Hmmm? Yeah?" Joanne asks, looking down at Beth and holding out the ketchup bottle toward her.

"Hghh!" Beth coughs, throwing her head forward and stopping at the corner of the table to the left of Joanne's chair, her hair covering her face. Turning to Beth's plate, Joanne shakes out a little bit of ketchup as Beth comes closer, stopping to her right and looking up at her. Tilting his head slightly to his left, Greg watches Joanne shaking out ketchup. "Speak!" says Joanne.

Beth coughs again, then comes up behind Joanne, putting her left hand on the seat of Joanne's pants, her right on the table edge, and looking at her plate as Joanne puts down the ketchup bottle to Greg's right. Holmes looks under the table.

"You want ketchup, Greg?" asks Joanne, looking at him. She transfers the bottle cap to her right hand.

"Yeah," Greg says, reaching for the bottle.

"Sit down, Bet'," Joanne says. Stepping back behind Beth as she's speaking, she puts down the bottle cap by Beth's right hand and touches Beth's left shoulder. Beth throws her head back and jerks it forward as Joanne reaches her right hand past her, picking up one of the forks by the plate.

5:31 P.M. "I'll pour--I can pour it," Greg says, lifting the bottle and holding it upright.

"Aw, chew," Joanne says. Catching Beth's head between both her arms, she moves her to the left as she herself steps to the right. "Go on."

Holmes looks into the kitchen, then toward Joanne as Greg tips the ketchup bottle over his plate. Stepping to her right while Beth grips the corner of the table with both hands, Joanne drops her fork by her own plate, then turns back to Beth's. Picking up Beth's fork in her right hand, she bends over Beth's plate from the end of the table and begins breaking up Beth's hamburger.

"Oh, nng, I don't like those," Beth moans, resting her chin on the edge of the table while she watches Joanne cut up her hamburger. Greg continues to watch the upended ketchup bottle while in the kitchen, as Beth is speaking, Steve begins whistling a melody.

"Yes you do, Beth," Joanne says, breaking up the hamburger. "You don't think you like anything anymore." Beth lifts her left leg onto the corner of her chair seat without looking away from her plate, then bends and looks down to her left, leaning both hands on the seat. Steve stops at the end of his tune as Joanne finishes speaking.

"I don't like. . . ," Beth says, her left leg slipping off the chair seat as she tries to lift her right. Greg tips the ketchup bottle up further at the same time and begins to shake it a little as ketchup starts coming out. Holmes sniffs the floor to the right of Joanne's chair, then sits down and looks toward the kitchen as Steve speaks.

"Is she getting teeth?" Steve asks.

"I don't like. . . ," Beth says again. Squeezing between her chair and the table facing Greg, she looks at the table and puts her right hand behind her back.

"I don't know, I wonder," Joanne answers, still chopping up the hamburger, then leaving Beth's fork on the plate and walking to her own seat she looks toward the kitchen and back at the table, continuing, "I thought she had all of her teeth." Holmes looks up at her as Greg puts the ketchup bottle to the right of his plate. With his right hand still on the bottle, he slides forward in his seat, adjusts his position on the seat's edge, and looks at Beth. Beth twists around to her right in front of her chair, pushing the chair back slightly, then leans back against the edge of her seat and looks up at Joanne, saying something unclear. "She's growing up so fast she's already getting six year molars," Joanne continues at the same time, looking at Beth. Pushing her hair back with her right hand and looking to her right, she sits and puts her napkin in her lap, then adjusts her position on the seat and turns to the unopened package of hamburger rolls at her left.

"Bet', may I see your teeth?" Greg asks, leaning toward her as Joanne sits down.

Putting both hands on the chair seat behind her, Beth bends further back and looks at Greg, who leans his head down and peers into her mouth. "Look at them," says Beth, leaning toward him.

"At two," adds Joanne, untying the package of rolls.

Sitting up and looking forward, Greg lets go of the ketchup bottle, then reaches past it and picks up his knife, saying, "You have white

teeth."

"I want to see your teeth," Beth says loudly, turning to her left and bumping her shoulder against the table. Balancing with her left hand on her chair seat, she stands on her toes as Greg turns to her and bares his teeth. Smiling, Joanne watches them, then looks back at the package of rolls she has meanwhile opened.

"Mmmm," says Beth as Greg turns away, picking up his fork, and Joanne reaches into the package. Walking in from the kitchen with a bowl of vegetables in each hand, Steve passes between Holmes and Joanne, saying, "Holmes." Holmes stands as Steve passes him and stops at the table corner to Greg's left.

"See, Greg has all his teeth, he's got lots," says Joanne, her hand still in the package of rolls. Lifting his knife, Greg holds his fork prongs-down in his left fist and sticks it into his hamburger as Steve touches the bowls to the table in front of Greg's plate, says, "Hold it," and lifts them again, looking down the table.

"Yup," mumbles Greg, cutting into his hamburger. While Joanne turns and looks at the bowls in Steve's hands, Beth looks from Greg to her, then at her own plate.

"Look'it, here's some peas," Steve says, lifting the bowls higher. He puts the one in his left hand between Greg and Beth's plates, transfers the other, and reaches down the table with it. Holmes meanwhile walks behind Joanne's chair, around the corner of the table toward Beth.

"Nooooo," Beth moans, leaning her hands on the chair seat behind her and watching Steve set down the first bowl. Greg continues to cut his hamburger without looking up.

Taking out two hamburger rolls, Joanne puts down the package with her left hand and looks up as Steve reaches down the table with the second bowl. Steve hesitates, pushing some things away from in front of Joanne's plate with his right hand. Pushing more stuff out of the way with her left hand as Steve puts down the bowl, Joanne glances at Beth and asks, "Do you want some peas?"

"Ohnng," Beth groans, looking to her right as Holmes walks by and looks at her. Turning to Joanne as Holmes walks behind her chair, she says, "I'm sick, Mommy."

"What's the matter?" asks Steve, looking first to his right, then at Beth as he steps in front of his chair, pulling his shirt down with both hands.

"I'm sick," Beth says again, looking from Joanne to him and back.

Joanne looks at the rolls in her left hand, then around the table as Steve speaks to Beth, then at Beth as Beth answers. Turning to her right and pulling off one of the rolls as Steve sits down and pulls his chair under him, she reaches with it past the soda bottle to Steve's plate, saying, "She's just hot, I know it." Pulling his chair further under him, Steve looks at his plate as Joanne puts the roll down.

"I have cramps," says Beth, pulling out the front of her dress and leaning back against the chair seat on her right arm while she continues to look at Joanne. Greg lifts his right arm higher, cutting his hamburger. Holmes stops between Greg and Steve, facing the table.

Lifting the top of the roll in his right hand, Steve picks up his fork as Joanne puts the other roll on her plate. "She was sweating like mad when I woke her up from her nap," she says, picking up her knife in

her right hand and moving her fork from the left side of her plate to the right. She slips her knife through the center of her roll.

Twisting to her right away from the table while Joanne is speaking, Beth holds onto the table edge with her left hand and leans on the chair seat with her right. Steve glances at her as she turns away, then looks down and sticks his fork into his hamburger. "You have cramps?" he asks before Joanne finishes, putting the hamburger on his roll.

"Umh, yeah," answers Beth, turning back to the table and looking at Joanne, then at him, then back at Joanne.

"Umh," says Steve, holding his hamburger as he pulls the fork out of it, then lifts the bottom of the roll with the hamburger on it in his right hand and leaves the fork on his plate.

"She says that about everything," Joanne says, lifting her corn in both hands and turning to him. Looking forward and leaning her forearms against the edge of the table, she shakes her hair away from her face and bites into her corn, glancing over it at Beth. Holmes meanwhile stops behind Steve's chair and lies down.

"Gee, this is a funny looking one," Steve mutters, looking at his hamburger as Joanne bites into her corn. He takes the top of the roll from his plate and puts it on the hamburger, then moves his fork aside with his left hand.

"I have to go ka-ka," Beth says while Steve is speaking. Throwing her weight against the table, she pushes her chair back with her rear end and looks down to her right, sliding out from between chair and table. "I have to do ka-ka," she continues, walking around the end of the table toward Joanne, "'cause I'm being naked." Putting her left

hand on the table edge, she hitches up her dress, then takes hold of the end of the table with both hands and crosses her left leg in front of her right.

Greg continues cutting his hamburger without looking up while Joanne takes her left hand off her corn and looks at Beth. Swallowing, she turns back to her corn and bites, chuckling as she takes it from her mouth. Putting his hamburger down as Joanne looks at Beth, Steve looks at his right hand and rubs his fingers together, then looks up and pushes his beercan aside with his left hand, reaching past Joanne's plate and picking up the bowl of vegetables. "You have to go to the toilet now?" he asks, nodding at Beth as he brings the bowl back, then looking down and taking it in his right hand. Joanne leaves her corn on her plate and takes her napkin from her lap in her left hand, looking at Beth and wiping her hands.

"Yeah," Beth moans, looking at Steve and edging toward Joanne.

"You don't want any food?" Steve continues, picking up his fork in his left hand and shaking it up and down a little. He looks from the vegetable bowl to Beth as Joanne drops her napkin in her lap and reaches with both hands, pulling Beth over and lifting her dress.

"I don't feel good," Beth says, looking at Joanne as Joanne pulls her over.

5:32 P.M. "Uh, and then when you come back. . . ," Joanne says, bunching the dress under Beth's arms while Steve tips the bowl and scrapes vegetables onto his plate. Beth takes hold of the table corner with her left hand and lifts her right arm. ". . .you eat something, will you please?" Joanne continues, pulling the dress over Beth's right

arm. Steve looks up, then back down and continues to put vegetables on his plate as Beth drops her right arm and lifts her left. Reaching both arms around her, Joanne pulls the dress up and lifts it over Beth's head. Beth turns around to her right as the dress comes off, grabbing her pants in back with both hands. "Goodbye," Joanne says, holding the dress in her right hand. With her left hand she gives Beth's shoulder a shove in the direction of the bathroom as Beth starts to pull down her pants. "Go on," Joanne says, continuing to push Beth forward while Beth takes two steps, continuing to pull down her pants. Greg stops cutting and glances at Beth, then looks down and continues.

"Careful. . . ," says Joanne, breaking into a grin, then laughs and looks at the camera as Beth bends forward and pulls her pants down to her knees. Steve glances up and starts to laugh, then looks down and shakes his head, still scraping vegetables from the bowl. Holding his knife and fork in his hamburger, Greg looks at Beth and grins, then starts laughing. Taking Beth's dress in both hands, Joanne sits forward and looks at her.

With everyone else laughing and her pants still around her knees, Beth turns full circle and looks at the floor where she started turning, then turns to Joanne and asks, "What?"

Joanne continues to laugh, reaching out her left hand to her. Putting down his fork and holding the vegetable bowl in his right hand, Steve turns to Greg, laughing and shrugging his shoulders as Greg looks at him, his knife and fork still in his hamburger while he also continues to laugh. "God," Greg says as Steve turns toward him laughing, "they're watching us. Wow!" Shaking with laughter, Greg looks from

Steve to Joanne. Steve takes the bowl in his left hand and looks around the table.

Still laughing and shaking her head, Joanne rolls up Beth's dress and stands. "They can turn this into an X-rated film," she says as Beth faces her and starts to step out of her pants. "Come on, let's go," she continues, putting her left hand on Beth's shoulder, turning her around, and guiding her toward the bathroom. Turning, Beth balances with her left hand against Joanne's leg, then kicks her pants away and runs toward the bathroom ahead of her.

Smiling, Steve moves the soda bottle with his right hand and puts the vegetable bowl next to Joanne's plate as Greg watches Beth and Joanne leave. Throwing his head back and almost choking with laughter, Greg continues to hold his knife and fork in his hamburger as Steve pushes his beercan toward the vegetable bowl, then turns back to his plate, smiling and shaking his head. "Good old Beth," he says, moving his hamburger to the table at his left, then picks up his fork from his plate and the other vegetable bowl from his right. With his head still back, Greg looks at him as he's speaking, then sits forward and returns to his cutting. He laughs again, then sighs while Steve serves himself more vegetables.

"All right now, go," Joanne says in the bathroom. "Stay there until you're done." Walking in toward her chair, she pushes her hair away from her face with her right hand and says, "She does ka-ka about three times a day now."

Steve lifts the vegetable bowl higher and puts down his fork, reaching after it as it slides off his plate. Again pushing her hair

back and laughing, Joanne steps in front of her chair and sits while Greg continues to cut up his hamburger, laughing. "Lovely!" she says, taking the bowl in her right hand as Steve reaches down the table with it.

"Look'it what--look at this," says Greg, holding his fork and knife still and looking at his plate as Joanne puts the vegetable bowl in front of her plate. Sitting back, Steve picks his teeth with his right hand and looks at Greg's plate, then turns to his own and lifts his eyebrows. Joanne picks up her corn in both hands and looks at Greg's hamburger as Steve takes his hand away from his mouth and moves the silverware on his plate. "I cutted it up. . . , all that by myself," Greg continues, cutting his hamburger again.

Looking from Greg's plate to her corn, Joanne shakes her hair back and leans her forearms against the edge of the table, saying, "Good," as she takes the first of two bites.

"Oh," Steve says at the same time, reaching to his left and moving his hamburger toward his plate. "That--is--terrific." Greg puts his knife to the right side of his plate, takes his fork in his right fist, and sticks it into a piece of his hamburger as Steve looks up and reaches his right hand past him for the ketchup.

Taking her corn from her mouth and moving it in butter on her plate while Steve is speaking, Joanne says, "Hamburger isn't exactly the. . . most challenging. . ."

"No, that's good though," Steve interrupts, glancing at Greg as he brings the ketchup bottle back and transfers it to his left hand. Lifting the top of the bun off his hamburger and setting it aside, he moves

the rest onto his plate. Joanne takes a bite from the corn in her right hand, then another as Steve begins to pour ketchup. Greg sticks his fork into his hamburger twice, losing it each time. Picking up a piece with the fingers of his other hand, he drops it, then picks it up again and puts it in his mouth.

"La-a-a. . . ," Beth sings from the bathroom just as Steve stops speaking.

Joanne takes another bite of corn and Steve shakes the ketchup bottle over his hamburger while Greg, chewing his hamburger, repositions the fork in his right fist with his left hand and points it down at a piece of hamburger.

"Da-da, da-da-da," sings Beth, then bangs on something three times.

Joanne turns her corn in both hands while Beth sings, then holding it in her right hand dabs it in butter on her plate and bites into it. "Um," she says, and takes it from her mouth as Greg spears a piece of hamburger and dips it in ketchup. Steve puts the ketchup bottle to his right. "I love this corn," Joanne continues, looking at it and shaking her head, then takes three bites, looking at it after each one. Steve picks up his fork and spreads ketchup over his hamburger as Greg looks at the piece of hamburger on the end of his fork, putting it in his mouth. "La, la, la, di-dah. . . ," Beth sings continuously.

Leaving his fork on his plate, Steve glances to

5:33 P.M. his left, picks up the top of his roll, and puts it on his hamburger. "You still eating corn?" he asks. Greg chews the piece of hamburger on the end of his fork without taking the fork from his mouth.

"Um-hm," Joanne answers, taking another bite, then holds the corn in her right hand and looks at it. Gesturing with it, she swallows and says, "I don't forget."

Greg pulls the fork from his mouth and holds it over his plate as he looks forward chewing. Beth continues to sing. Leaving his hamburger on his plate as Joanne gestures with her corn, Steve looks around, then picks up his napkin and takes it in both hands as she finishes speaking. "Are there any napkins on this table?" he asks.

Glancing at him, Joanne looks forward and takes another bite of corn, then turns to her left and reaches behind her, setting her corn on her plate and looking forward as she picks up the roll of paper towels from the side table. Steve wipes his mouth and watches her while Greg looks down and sticks his fork in his hamburger.

"There's a whole roll," she says, looking at Steve as she brings the roll of towels in front of her. Leaning back in her seat, she tears off a towel and hands it to him as he puts his used one to the left of his plate and reaches his left hand for the new one. Beth sings more loudly.

"Oh, rolled napkins," he says, laughing as she hands him the towel. Laughing, she turns back to the side table with the roll in her left hand as he folds the towel in two over his plate.

"Yeah, isn't that nice," she says, putting the roll on the table behind her and turning back to her plate.

"What will we think of next?" Steve asks before she finishes. He wipes his mouth with a corner of the folded towel as she looks down and takes hers from her lap, transferring it to her left hand. Chewing

his previous piece of hamburger, Greg picks up another on the end of his fork and dunks it in ketchup as Joanne leans forward, picking up the corncobs from her plate. Steve looks down to his right at Holmes, lying on the floor behind his chair, then back at his napkin, folding it in half again and leaving it to the right side of his plate.

"I didn't buy any napkins. . . ," says Joanne, glancing at him as he puts his down. Licking her left forefinger and looking to the left of her plate, she stands up and steps to the left of her chair as Greg puts hamburger in his mouth and Steve picks up his fork in his left hand. ". . . needless to say," she adds, pushing her chair toward the table with her left hand and right instep. Steve leans on his right arm and spears vegetables with his fork as she's speaking. Resting his right arm on the table, Greg glances at Steve, then at Joanne as she walks into the kitchen.

"Da-di-da-di-da. . . ," Beth sings loudly, banging on something in the bathroom.

Looking to the left of his plate, Greg picks up his glass and holds it out toward Steve, asking, "Can I have some more Coke?" Putting the glass to the right of Steve's plate, he rests his left forearm against the edge of the table, spreads his fingers, and watches him, chewing.

Steve glances at Greg's glass, then back at his plate and spears more vegetables. "My God," he says, "how many, how much have you had so far?" He glances to his right, then back at his plate and eats a forkful of vegetables. Greg looks at his fork, turning it in his right hand, then up at Joanne as she comes in from the kitchen.

"He had about three or four ears," she says, looking at Steve and

Greg and switching her napkin from her right hand to her left as she walks to the left side of her chair.

"Rub-i-dub-i-dub-dub-dub," Beth continues to sing.

"Bet I didn't," says Greg, glancing at Steve and back at Joanne as she pulls out her chair with her right hand and looks at Steve.

Steve nods at her as she sits down. "Three or four ears of Coke," he says, looking back at his plate and shaking his head, laughing. Greg looks down and sticks his fork into a piece of hamburger.

"Oh, I thought he said. . .," Joanne says and starts laughing, looking from Steve to Greg and sitting forward, wiping her hands on her napkin.

Greg rests his forearm against the edge of the table, holding his fork with the piece of hamburger on it over his plate. "Three," he says as Joanne puts her napkin beside her plate.

"Get up, get up, get up, get up. . .," sings Beth.

"I thought he wanted corn," Joanne continues, rubbing her right eye with the palm of her right hand.

Steve puts down his fork and sits back shaking his head while she's speaking, then raises both hands and reaches for the soda bottle with his left. He and Greg look at each other as Steve lifts the bottle toward him. "Three ears of Coke?" he asks, raising his eyebrows at Greg as he puts the bottle to the left of his plate and begins unscrewing the cap. He looks forward.

"Um-hm," Greg answers, and nods, continuing to nod as he looks away and smiles, then swallows.

Joanne pushes her hair back as Greg turns forward, then picks up

her hamburger roll in her left hand and glances to her right as Steve puts the bottle cap between their plates. Opening the roll on her plate, she reaches across her plate to her left for her beer can as Steve lifts the soda bottle in both hands, leaning to Greg's glass. Still chewing, Greg turns and watches him pour soda while Joanne pulls her beer can toward her, then lifts it to her mouth, leaning on her right elbow. "Oh, my, it's hot," she says, then tilts the can and drinks. Beth is still singing.

Greg holds his fork with the piece of hamburger on it in his right hand, his forearm against the table edge, as he watches Steve pour and Joanne drinks her beer. Putting her beer can to the right of her plate, Joanne swallows, then looks to her left and shakes her right hand dry as Greg reaches out and wraps his hand around his glass. Beth continues to sing loudly nonstop as Joanne looks off to her right.

"Wait. . . , wait," says Steve, still pouring.

Joanne looks at Greg holding the glass Steve is pouring into, and holds her right hand still in the air, saying, "Just yell, I hate that." Looking down at her plate, she shakes his head as Steve stops pouring, putting the soda bottle in front of his plate with his right hand. Greg brings the glass to his mouth and begins to drink from it. "When anybody takes the thing away from you before you're done pouring, I'd like to kill him," Joanne continues, readjusting the objects around her plate.

Steve picks up the bottle cap in his right hand as she's speaking and reaches up in front of him, screwing it on the bottle. Looking down and picking up her fork, Joanne turns to the hamburgers at her left and

slides one onto the fork with her left hand. Finished screwing on the cap, Steve picks up his fork and leans on his right arm as he spears vegetables on his plate. Greg puts his glass down and glances at Joanne, then dips the piece of hamburger on the end of his fork in ketchup. "Boom, boom, boom. . .boooooom!" Beth sings, accompanying herself with loud, increasingly fast banging.

Steve eats a forkful of vegetables and Greg his piece of hamburger as Joanne puts her hamburger on her roll, then
5:34 P.M. reaches both hands for the hamburger plate, sliding it from under the spatula which she holds beside her fork in her right hand. Tilting the plate over her own, she scrapes juice onto her hamburger while Greg sticks his fork in another piece and Steve gathers his vegetables together. Steve lifts his fork to his mouth as Greg chews, holding his fork upright in front of him with a piece of hamburger on it. Joanne puts the hamburger plate to her left, asking, "That movie starts at eight, right?" Greg looks at her, then back at his piece of hamburger, chewing. Beth stops singing.

"Yeah, but we better get there early," Steve answers, spearing vegetables. Greg looks at him.

"Um-hm," Joanne says. Putting her fork on her plate, she holds onto the edge of the table to her left and leans, reaching across the table and picking up the ketchup bottle from between Steve's plate and Greg's.

"It takes about a half hour to get there," says Steve, leaning back slightly as she lifts the ketchup bottle past him. Greg looks away from Steve and brings his fork close to his mouth, then swallows and puts the

piece of hamburger in, holding the fork in front of his mouth as he again begins to chew. Joanne holds the ketchup bottle upright and shakes it from side to side, then tilts it over her plate.

"I have another bottle of ketchup in case anybody needs more," she says, shaking the bottle over her hamburger and glancing at Steve as he takes a forkful of vegetables. Steve stirs his fork in his vegetables, then leaves the fork on the left side of his plate and leans to his left, looking down the table past the soda bottle as Greg reaches with his fork for more hamburger. "I think I'm gonna need more," says Joanne, taking the bottle by the neck in her left hand while she turns her right hand over and takes the bottle by the other side. Holding her left hand off to the side, she shakes the ketchup harder.

Steve takes hold of the edge of the table to the right of his plate and reaches over Joanne's beer, picking up the salt from the right of her plate while she shakes the bottle. He salts his vegetables as Greg takes a piece of hamburger on his fork and dabs it in ketchup, then putting the salt to his left and looking to his right, Steve picks up his hamburger in both hands and lifts it to his mouth, leaning his elbows on the table. As Steve takes a bite, Greg lifts his piece of hamburger from the ketchup, holds it up on his fork, and looks at it, saying, "I don't want any more."

"Beth, hurry up in there," Joanne calls, shaking the ketchup bottle as Greg puts the piece of hamburger in his mouth and chews, his cheek bulging.

"Okay," Beth calls back as Steve glances at Greg and puts down his hamburger with his left hand.

"All right," Steve says, looking at Greg and chewing. Greg looks at his plate, puts down his fork, and drops his right hand to his lap. "If you don't want to eat any more, don't," Steve continues, clasping his hands in front of him, then opening them and gesturing, "but you sit here for a while, all right? And relax?" He picks up his napkin from the right side of his plate and folds it in half with both hands, looking over it at Greg.

Continuing to shake the ketchup bottle, Joanne glances at Steve, then at Greg. "Yup," she says, looking at the bottle.

Greg looks at his lap, then forward, bringing his feet together in front of his chair and putting his hands on his thighs. Glancing at Steve, then looking at the camera, he puts his hands on the chair seat behind him and pulls himself backward. He looks in front of him as he lays back in the chair with his hands at his sides and his head tilted to his left, chewing. Wiping his mouth on his napkin, Steve looks at the clock on the wall behind Joanne.

"Don't forget, I didn't make any dessert or think of any," Joanne says, giving the ketchup bottle a few more shakes. Taking it in her left hand, she glances from left to right, then puts it to her left as she finishes speaking. Steve puts his napkin to the right of his plate.

"Ka-ka," Beth says in the bathroom while Joanne is speaking.

Putting his hand on his napkin and resting on his forearm, Steve looks down and chews. Lying back in his chair, Greg continues to chew his last bite of hamburger while Joanne looks at her plate. Turning to her right, she licks the fingers of her right hand, stands up, and walks into the kitchen.

Picking up the salt in his left hand as Joanne leaves the room, Steve lifts the top of his roll and salts his hamburger, then puts the salt to his left and replaces the top of the roll as Joanne walks in, trying to unscrew the cap from a new bottle of ketchup. Steve lifts his hamburger in both hands as she sits down and turns to him, holding out the bottle and asking, "Can you open that please, dear?"

Holding his hamburger close to his mouth, Steve glances at the ketchup bottle in her hand. "I don't know," he says, shaking his head. Joanne pulls back the ketchup bottle and looks at her plate as he bites.

"Waaaah!" Beth yells from the bathroom. Greg looks to his right, chewing and swinging his right leg.

Without looking up, Joanne again holds out the ketchup bottle as Steve puts down his hamburger and picks up his napkin. She looks at him as he takes the bottle in his left hand.

"Ennh!" cries Beth. Joanne picks up her fork in her right hand as Steve puts the ketchup bottle to his left.

"Waah!" Beth cries again as Steve takes his napkin in both hands, wiping his mouth.

Joanne pushes her hamburger over with her fork. "What is your problem?" she calls, turning her head to the left as she picks up the vegetable bowl from in front of her plate in her left hand.

Finishing wiping his mouth, Steve looks at the ketchup bottle and starts to put down his napkin, then hesitates and wipes both hands. "Beth, stop making so much noise," he says without looking away from the ketchup. Dropping his napkin to his right, he rubs his hands together.

"Beth, hurry up. Finish up," says Joanne, scraping vegetables from

the bowl while Steve picks up the ketchup in his left hand, transfers it to his right, and puts it to the right side of his plate. Slowly looking forward, Greg continues to chew and swings his right leg.

"O-kay," Beth says.

5:35 P.M.

Joanne puts the bowl of vegetables in front of her plate and Steve picks up his knife in his left hand, tapping the blade on his plate a few times as Beth speaks. Turning back to his right, he picks up his napkin from beside the ketchup and wipes the knife blade.

"How are those peppers?" Joanne asks, leaning over her plate and spearing peppers on her fork, her left hand in her lap.

Steve drops his napkin to the left of his plate. "All right," he says, turning his knife with both hands and taking it by the blade in his left. Chewing, he turns toward the ketchup bottle. Joanne takes a bite of the peppers, then returns to her plate as Greg turns his head and watches Steve. Taking the bottle in his right hand and turning it, Steve begins pounding on the cap with the knife handle.

Greg swallows and stops swinging his right leg. "Mmm," Joanne says, leaning and taking another bite. Greg looks down to his left at Holmes, then back at Steve as Joanne returns her fork to her vegetables and Steve bangs the cap for the thirteenth time, glances to his left, and drops the knife beside his plate. Looking up to his right, Steve takes the bottle cap in his left hand, holds the bottle with his right, and twists with both hands. Looking at the bottle, then down to his left, he twists again. "Twist off cap, eh?" he says, wiping his left hand on his left pants leg. Greg looks at the camera, then toward the bathroom

where Beth has again begun talking to herself.

"Yeah," Joanne says, reaching into the bowl of peppers with her fork as Steve wipes his hand. "Why don't you get the nutcracker?" Steve turns back to his right as she's speaking and tries two more times to twist off the cap, then picks up his napkin from in front of his plate while she puts a forkful of peppers in her mouth.

"Because," he mutters, turning back to the bottle with his napkin in his left hand. Joanne returns her fork to the pepper bowl and Greg looks at Steve, then forward, blowing out his cheeks and sighing as Steve grips the bottle cap in the napkin and repositions his right hand on the bottle. Leaning over it, he looks past his left forearm at Joanne, saying, "But I don't want the nutcracker, sweet." Looking at the bottle, he lifts his right elbow and strains at the cap.

Greg reaches his left hand to his glass and sits up. Lifting and dropping her left arm in her lap, Joanne takes her fork out of the pepper bowl empty and turns to her plate. "Ugh," she groans, spearing food on her fork.

As Greg begins drinking his soda, Joanne lifts a forkful of food. "No more towels," Beth says quietly in the bathroom. At the same time, Steve quits twisting the cap and shakes the napkin off his hand to the left of the bottle. Looking at the bottle, he gives the cap another twist. "New twist off cap," he says, reaching his left hand for the knife and laughing.

Joanne looks at him and shifts in her seat, then laughs. Greg lowers his glass and looks at Steve, laughing also as he puts the glass to his left. Leaning forward with his left hand on his glass and his

right hand on his knee, he watches while Steve holds the knife handle over the ketchup bottle and shakes his head. "As opposed to the old twist off cap," Steve says, and begins to pound at the cap with the knife handle, lifting it higher each time and turning the bottle with his right hand.

Joanne looks at her plate as he lifts the knife handle, then looks around her plate, searching with her left hand as he pounds. Pushing the package of hamburger rolls away and dropping her fork from her right hand, she looks down at her plate, then again looks to her left and picks up the empty ketchup bottle in her left hand. Turning to Steve, who continues to pound the cap of the new bottle, she says, "Why don't you forget it? Maybe I have enough ketchup." Taking the old bottle in her right hand and turning it upside down over her plate as she's speaking, she shakes it, then turn it upward, tilts her head to her left, and peers into it. Greg again lifts his glass and drinks, watching Steve bang on the cap.

Steve hits the cap for the nineteenth time and puts the knife to the left of his plate while Joanne peers into the other bottle and Greg lowers his glass. "Oh, it'll come off, eventually," Steve says, turning back to the bottle, grabbing the cap in his left hand, and twisting. Greg watches him, his hand on his glass, while Joanne again turns the old bottle over and shakes it. Steve twists the cap three times, looking down to his left the last time and humming. Reaching his left hand beneath the table, he wipes it on his pants leg while he picks up his napkin and looks at the ketchup bottle, chuckling.

"It won't," Joanne says, taking the other bottle in her left hand

and putting it to the left of her plate as Steve wipes both hands, drawing his breath in through his teeth and shaking his head. Greg continues to look at him, slumping forward in his chair with his left hand on his glass and the other on his knee. Looking across at Beth's plate, Joanne scratches her nose with her left hand, drops her hand to the edge of the table, and looks to her right, reaching for her beer can as Steve breathes deeply, puts down his napkin, and reaches with both hands for the ketchup bottle.

"No, you don't have to," Greg says, leaving his glass and reaching toward Steve's hands.

"Who wants this ketchup?" Steve asks, taking hold of the bottle. Greg pulls his hand back and puts it in his lap, watching Steve with his shoulders hunched forward.

"No, forget it, forget it," Joanne says, adjusting her beer can with her left hand as Steve twists the cap twice, his face turned to his left. Joanne drinks as Steve sits back from the bottle and looks at his plate. Picking up his fork in his left hand and making a face, he gestures at the bottle and pushes it away from him. He leans on his right forearm and begins spearing vegetables as Joanne puts her beer can to her right, picks up the old ketchup bottle from her left, and shakes it.

"Ynnngh!" Beth cries.

Still looking toward Steve, Greg drops his head to his right shoulder, lifts his right arm across the top of his head, lifts his feet off the floor, and flops against the back of his chair where he slouches, his arms in his lap, looking in front of him. Taking the bottle in her right hand, Joanne turns it upside down and begins shaking

it, tilting her head to her left and resting her left hand on the table edge.

"Not B-eth," says Beth rhythmically.

Steve eats a forkful of vegetables without looking up.

"Now that is B-eth," chants Beth.

Greg locks and unlocks his fingers in his lap, looking at them, while Joanne repositions the ketchup bottle with her left hand and continues shaking it. "I feel as though I'm taking part in a Charlie Chaplin movie," she says, ducking her head as she lifts the bottle and peers into it, then again shakes it over her plate. Steve spears vegetables on his fork without looking up.

"Now, Beth," Beth says while Joanne is speaking. Greg slides further down in his chair and crosses his arms over his stomach.

"Yes," says Beth, and continues less clearly.

Shaking the bottle harder a few times, Joanne glances at Beth's plate. "Ah-ha," she says. Taking the bottle in her left hand, she sets it on the table to her left and reaches past it, picking up Beth's plate.

"Oh, yes it is," Beth sings.

Steve glances at Joanne as he lifts a forkful of vegetables to his mouth. "Steal hers," she says quietly, lifting Beth's plate over the ketchup bottle.

Sitting up and holding his fork over his plate, Steve looks at her as she holds Beth's plate over her own and takes the fork from it. "You haven't even eaten your own yet!" he says, looking from her to the plate.

"No, I know. I don't have enough ketchup to start off," says Joanne, taking ketchup on Beth's fork and shaking it onto her hamburger while Steve looks down chewing and again spears vegetables.

"B-eth and B-omes," says Beth in a sing-song while Joanne is speaking.

Greg rocks forward in his chair and leans his right hand on Beth's chair seat, looking to his left at Joanne as Steve finishes speaking. Looking ahead of him as Joanne begins speaking, he steps, bent over, between Beth's chair and the table. Standing as he passes the table corner, he walks toward the living room with his arms swinging loosely.

"Greg, where are you going?" Steve asks, looking up as Greg walks into the living room with his back to him. Joanne continues putting ketchup from Beth's plate on her hamburger.

Beth can be heard talking to herself in the bathroom as Greg murmurs something from the living room.

"Greg?" Steve asks, looking after him. Leaving the fork on Beth's plate, Joanne glances into the living room, then reaches with the plate to Beth's place setting.

"Where am I going?" Greg asks. "Out."

"Well, listen, why don't you come out here?" Joanne asks, setting down Beth's plate and looking at Greg as Steve looks past Greg's plate to his own, lifting his fork and starting to pick up vegetables.

"Come on in, Greg. Come on and sit. You haven't finished your soda," Steve says, again looking into the living room, then back at his plate while Joanne, looking down, picks up the top of her roll, takes it in her right hand, and puts it on her hamburger. Reaching to

his right, Steve pushes Greg's plate and glass away from the edge of the table.

"I don't want the soda and I don't want hamburger," Greg says as Joanne lifts her hamburger in both hands and Steve leans on his right arm, spearing vegetables.

"Then why did you ask for the soda?" Joanne asks, moving the empty ketchup bottle further to her left. Again taking her hamburger in both hands, she leans her elbows on the table and bites as Steve eats a forkful of vegetables and glances into the living room.

"I don't know, Greg answers from the living room. Beth continues to talk to herself in the bathroom.

Dropping his fork on his plate and reaching across the plate with his left hand, Steve picks up his napkin as Joanne takes her hamburger away from her mouth. Leaning on his elbows, Steve wipes his brow, then his mustache with the napkin in his left hand while Joanne pushes her hair back from the right side of her face with her right hand.

"Lewis," says Beth.

Taking her hamburger in both hands and looking at Steve, Joanne sighs, then looks forward and shakes her head.

"Holmes," Beth says as Steve clasps his napkin in both hands.

"Listen to her," says Joanne, looking at Steve and motioning with her head toward the bathroom.

"Holmes," says Beth.

Steve nods, putting his napkin to his right as Joanne looks at her hamburger, then at her plate. "Huh!" Steve says, shaking his head and picking up his hamburger in both hands. Lifting it to his mouth and

resting his elbows on the table, he bites into the hamburger as Joanne lowers hers in her left hand and picks up vegetables from her plate.

"Those kids need only to go into the bathroom to have a world of their own," she says, glancing at Steve as he puts down his hamburger and picks up his napkin in his left hand, turning to her. Looking at her right hand, she puts the vegetables in her mouth with her fingers.

"Lewis?" asks Beth.

Steve wipes his hands on his napkin, glancing around the table while Joanne looks at her hand and licks her thumb twice. Again taking her hamburger in both hands, she looks at it as Steve clasps his hands around his napkin and looks down to his right, chewing.

"Some of that corn would taste great in the minestrone soup," says Joanne, pointing her right hand at the cornbowl and looking at Steve. Turning forward and lifting her hamburger, she again looks at Steve as she leans on her elbows and bites.

"Unh-unh," says Steve, shaking his head behind his clasped hands.

"Nnh?" Joanne asks with her hamburger in her mouth, looking forward as she lowers it.

"I don't think so," he says, still shaking his head and chewing. He looks at her while Beth speaks loudly in the bathroom. Nodding, Joanne looks at her hamburger. "That's done," Steve says, looking forward, then back at her and unclasping his hands, gesturing with them.

Joanne moves her hamburger to her right in both hands and looks at the cornbowl, then holds her hamburger in front of her, nodding again and saying, "All right."

"Leave it be," says Steve, looking down and dropping his napkin to

the right of his plate. He picks up his fork in his left hand and leans on his right arm, resuming eating while Joanne turns her head to her right and rubs her nose with her right hand, then looks forward and rubs it again.

"This is Beth. Yes, that is Beth. . . ," Beth says in the bathroom, then, "That isn't Beth. Yes, that. . ."

Looking at his plate, Steve smiles and shakes his head as Beth continues. Joanne lifts her left elbow off the table, sitting further back and looking to her left at the package of rolls, then turns forward and puts her hamburger on her plate with her right hand. "My mother canned corn one year, you know," she says. Steve leans forward and lifts a forkful of food to his mouth as she looks back to her left, moving her napkin away with her right hand and picking up the bag of rolls in both. She looks at Steve, twisting the bag with her left hand while she holds it by the opening. "It was really good," she says.

Swallowing, she looks at the package of rolls, folds the twisted end underneath, and puts it down to her left, then leans forward, reaching her right arm across the table and picking up Greg's plate while Steve continues to gather up vegetables on his. Steve looks at the wall clock behind her, then back down, bringing a forkful of vegetables to his mouth as she lifts Greg's plate past him and takes it in her left hand. Moving aside the top of her hamburger bun, she picks up Greg's fork and puts the ketchup from his plate on her hamburger.

Rapid banging comes from the bathroom. "Hear that noise?" Beth asks.

Joanne takes a second helping of ketchup as Steve lifts more vegetables to his mouth. Leaving Greg's fork on the plate in her left hand, she replaces the top of the bun on her hamburger.

"All done, Mommy," Beth calls.

Joanne pauses as Beth calls, then takes a piece of hamburger from Greg's plate and calls back, "All done?" Wiping the hamburger in Greg's remaining ketchup, she pops it into her mouth as Steve takes another bite of vegetables, then leans across the table and returns the plate to Greg's place setting. As she sits back in her chair she licks her right thumb, then picks up her napkin in her left hand from in front of her plate and wipes both hands. Dropping the napkin to the left of her plate, she stands up from the table, then bends down and picks up Beth's underpants in her right hand as Steve takes another bite of vegetables. Straightening up, she turns to her left and walks into the bathroom while Steve sits back slightly, lifting one edge of his hamburger with his right hand and continuing to gather vegetables with his fork.

"Another one," Beth says in the bathroom.

"Good job, now come on," says Joanne as Steve puts his fork on the left side of his plate and picks up his hamburger in both hands. Resting his elbows on the table, he looks at the hamburger and bites into it, then holds it in his right hand as he touches the left side of his mustache. Looking at Greg's plate and clearing his throat, he transfers the hamburger to his left hand and puts it down.

"Are you all done?" asks Joanne.

"Yes," Beth answers.

Looking from Greg's plate to Beth's, Steve clasps his hands, then

again looks at Greg's plate and into the living room.

"Yes?" asks Joanne.

"Hey, Greg?" Steve calls, looking down to his left.

"What?" Greg asks.

Steve looks past his clasped hands at Greg's plate, then down to his right at Holmes. "Could you, um. . ."

"Hey, see, I wanted to get it out," says Beth in the bathroom at the same time. "Down in there," she adds. Steve pauses in his speech, looking forward with his hands clasped, and flicks at his mustache with his thumb.

"Yeah, you have diarrhea," Joanne interrupts.

"I went. I make it. . . ," Beth says.

"What?" asks Greg again.

"Will you get Holmes' dish over here and we'll give him the stuff that you guys didn't finish?" Steve asks, looking behind him at Holmes' bowl in the corner, then at Greg and Beth's plates, and last at Joanne's plate. Leaning to his left, he unclasps his hands and rests his right hand on the table edge, picking up his napkin from the left of his plate and looking into the living room.

"Mamma, when you go, when you go ka-ka, and you go. . .when you ka-ka. . . ," says Beth.

"Bend over," says Joanne.

"Yeah," Greg answers from the living room, then asks Steve something. Holmes lifts his head and looks through the legs of Steve's chair toward the living room.

"No," answers Steve, shaking his head while he rubs his fingers on

the napkin in his left hand. He looks up and wipes both his hands as Greg walks into the dining room. "But he likes, I know he likes hamburg," he continues, nodding and looking at Greg. He lowers his head and wipes his mustache with the napkin in his right hand as Greg, walking to the right of the table, tosses his hair away from his face.

5:38 P.M. "Will you. . . Mom, when you go ka-ka, when you naked. . . , will . . . , Mommy?" Beth asks as Steve looks up to his left at Greg.

"And you guys sure left a lot of hamburger," Steve says, wiping both hands while Greg walks behind Joanne's chair, lifting his arm over the back. "It's right there," Steve continues, turning and pointing at the bowl in the corner as Greg walks toward the kitchen.

"I don't have to get naked when I make ka-ka, no," Joanne answers in the bathroom.

Steve looks back at the table, hesitates, and picks up Greg's plate in his right hand, taking off the knife and fork.

"Suppertime," Greg says, looking down as he walks past Holmes to the bowl in the corner. "Let's eat."

"But when you feel you have to go. . . ," Joanne says as Holmes stands and Greg bends down for the bowl.

"Put it up on this plate," says Steve, banging Greg's plate into the glass as he lifts the plate higher and puts down Greg's knife on his own plate. "I mean, on this chair," he says. Holding Greg's plate over the chair seat to his right, he pulls Greg's glass away from the edge of the table with his left hand. Greg walks toward the chair with Holmes' bowl in both hands while behind him Holmes turns full circle and follows.

"Yeah," Beth says in the bathroom.

Steve lifts the plate and fork higher as Greg puts the bowl on the seat. Greg starts to squeeze in beside it, then stands as the chair slides back. Standing sideways to Steve, Greg watches as Steve leans over the table corner and scrapes hamburger into the bowl with the fork. Holmes walks up to the bowl as Greg turns and walks behind him. "Wait a minute now, Holmes," says Steve as he scrapes. Greg stops and turns back to the table, brushing against the window curtain.

"Like this, when you grow up. . . ," Beth continues at the same time. Water begins to run in the bathroom.

"Give him the other dish, too, Greg," Steve says, knocking the fork against the plate as he puts the plate on the table and looks at Beth's. Holmes moves his nose closer to the bowl while Greg walks toward his chair. "Will you get Beth's?" Steve asks. Looking down to his right, he drops his left hand between Holmes and the bowl. Holmes stands back.

". . .you. . .with your clothes off you. . . ," says Beth slowly.

Looking at the bowl, Greg steps to his right behind his chair and knocks into it as he lifts his arms over the backs of it and Beth's. Steve looks at Beth's plate. "Here, before she sees it," he whispers, glancing at the bathroom as Greg comes around beside the chair and picks up Beth's plate in both hands.

"All right," says Greg, walking back around and lifting the plate over the chair backs. Leaning to his right, Steve holds out his right hand for the plate as Holmes watches from behind his left hand.

". . .I like this. . . ," continues Beth slowly. "Like this. . ."

Taking the plate from Greg, Steve picks up the fork from it in his

left hand beside Greg's fork, then leans over the corner of the table and scrapes hamburger into Holmes' bowl. Greg rests his right hand on the back of his chair, tucks the back of his left hand against the left side of his chest, and balances his left foot on his right while he watches. Holmes stands back and looks on.

". . . Mommy," Beth says.

"Okay, you can give him that," says Steve, glancing to his left and sitting up. As he stacks Beth's plate on top of Greg's, Greg glances at him, then bends over and picks up the bowl with both hands. Looking forward as Greg turns and carries the bowl to the corner of the room, Steve puts both forks to the left of his plate and adjusts them. Holmes turns his head and watches Greg put the bowl down.

"All right, now, let me see your hands again," says Joanne meanwhile. "Come here, let me wash."

Steve picks up his hamburger in both hands as Greg straightens and turns to Holmes. "Here," says Greg, looking back at the bowl and gesturing to it with his right hand.

"Yes, Mom," says Beth.

Holmes looks from Greg to the bowl and walks toward it while Steve rests his elbows on the table, looks around at the bowl, then looks forward and bites into his hamburger. Greg walks behind Steve's chair, then around the corner of the table toward the living room as Holmes lowers his head to his bowl.

"Oh, goodness gracious," says Joanne in the bathroom. "Look, did you see this?"

Steve holds his hamburger in his right hand and picks up his napkin

from in front of his plate, looking up as Greg twists his right shoulder back and lifts his left hand to avoid Joanne's chair, then walks past the table into the living room. Lowering his hamburger, Steve wipes the left side of his mustache, then holds his stomach with his left hand and picks his teeth with his right, his head down.

"Let's see the other one, Beth," says Joanne.

"Mommy, I want this thing down there. Not this one. . . , there," says Beth.

Dropping his napkin in front of his plate, Steve lifts his hamburger in both hands, then pauses, looking at his plate.

"No, no, no, that's all right. You don't need that," says Joanne.

Lifting his head, Steve takes his half-eaten hamburger in his left hand and bites.

"What is that?" asks Beth.

"Come on," Joanne answers. "It's a fingerbrush. Here."

Steve looks down and puts the remainder of his hamburger on his plate. Reaching his left hand in front of his plate, he picks up his napkin and looks toward the bathroom as he takes the napkin in both hands.

"It's for your fingernails," Joanne says. "She has diarrhea."

Continuing to look up, Steve wipes his mouth and both hands as Joanne and Beth walk into the dining room. Beth waves both hands in front of her as Joanne bends from behind her, slipping the dress over her head.

"How are we going to go to the movies then?" asks Steve. Looking down as he's speaking, he drops his napkin in front of his plate from

his left hand and opens and closes his right. Claspings both hands over his plate, he looks again at Joanne and Beth, chewing.

"Oh, I think she's probably finished now," answers Joanne, leaning over Beth from behind as Beth lifts her left arm. With her right arm around Beth, Joanne helps push Beth's left arm through the sleeve with her right hand. Beth staggers two steps to her left. "As I say," Joanne continues, "this is her third time today." Taking hold of Beth's right wrist, Joanne pulls down Beth's dress with her left hand and tries to push Beth's arm through the right sleeve as Beth weaves from side to side.

Steve continues to watch, swallowing and asking,
5:39 P.M. "Has she eaten anything today?"

"Um, let me think," Joanne answers. Beth's right hand pokes through the sleeve.

"No," Steve says, shaking his head.

"Well, she had half of her toast for breakfast," says Joanne, pulling the dress over Beth's right arm and down past her waist. She straightens up and looks at Steve as Beth walks toward the kitchen. Looking to the left of his plate, Steve picks up his beer can while Joanne walks to her chair, looking at him. She lifts and drops her left hand, pushing her hair away from the right side of her face with her right hand. "She ate. . .," says Joanne, gesturing toward Steve with her left hand as he lifts his beer can to his mouth. Dropping his right hand to the table, he tilts his head back and drinks, looking at her. "She's a. . .," Joanne continues.

"Mommy, I want to go out," says Beth from the kitchen.

Drinking, Steve turns toward the kitchen. Lowering her right hand, Joanne lifts her left and pushes her hair back on that side, looking toward the kitchen and stepping sideways past her chair. She looks at Steve and takes another sideways step toward the kitchen. ". . .she's a picker, you know," she continues, then looks away and walks toward the kitchen as Steve lowers his head and swallows, putting his beer on the corner of the table to his left. "Like what did she eat when you were fixing that soup?" Joanne asks as she walks into the kitchen.

"I, Mommy, I want to go out," Beth says before Joanne finishes.

Looking down in front of him, Steve picks up his napkin in his left hand. "Nothing," he says. He belches with his napkin to his mouth, then takes the napkin in both hands and rests his elbows on the table, continuing, "She didn't eat anything." Looking forward, he wipes his mouth.

"Didn't she, didn't she have a lot of cheese?" Joanne asks from the kitchen before he finishes speaking.

Steve wipes his mouth again and looks down, holding his napkin in both hands. "Naw, not much," he says, wiping his fingers. He drops his napkin from his right hand as the back door opens and closes, then picks up his fork from the left side of his plate and begins scraping vegetables, his right elbow on the table and his hand suspended in the air. From his bowl in the corner Holmes looks back toward the kitchen, then returns to eating.

"All right, you stay right out in back," Joanne says.

"Certainly not enough to sustain her through the night," says Steve, scraping his plate without looking up as Joanne walks in from the

kitchen. Putting her right hand on the table corner to Steve's left, she sits sideways in her chair and looks down to her left at her plate.

"Wahh!" Beth cries in the backyard as Joanne sits.

Joanne looks toward the kitchen, putting a hand on each leg. "No, she didn't," she says, and stands up, walking toward the kitchen.

"Ennnngh, wah, hah, hah," Beth cries.

Steve lifts his fork to his mouth, lowering his right arm to the table as Joanne asks from the kitchen, "What, Beth?"

"Wah!" Beth cries as Steve returns his fork to his vegetables.

"Let me see it," Joanne says quietly.

"Enh," Beth moans.

"Oh, God, come on, Beth," Joanne continues. The door creaks loudly. "All right, now get away from the door."

Steve eats more vegetables, then lowers his fork and begins tapping his plate with it, still looking down.

"Stay right out in back," says Joanne.

Steve looks at Joanne as she walks in from the kitchen. "I bet I know where Greg is," he says, grinning.

"Huh?" Joanne asks, stopping to the right of her chair and looking at him.

"I bet I know where Greg is," he whispers this time, looking at her.

"Where?" she asks quietly, then nods. "Oh, I bet I know where he is too." Steve looks at his plate as Joanne sits down with her legs to the right of her chair and looks at the table. "The little stinker's up there," she says, swinging her legs in front of her chair and leaning

her left palm against the edge of the table as she reaches for her hamburger.

Steve repositions his right arm on the edge of the table in front of him and leans forward, lifting a forkful of food to his mouth as Joanne picks up her hamburger in both hands and puts her elbows on the table. "See, they really fooled us last night," she says, looking at him and crossing her ankles underneath her chair. "We thought it only ran a half an hour." She looks at her hamburger.

"Oh, we knew it was an hour," he mumbles, forking more food to his mouth.

"Huh?" she asks, again looking at him.

"We knew it ran at least an hour," he says without looking up.

Joanne looks at her hamburger as he's speaking.

5:40 P.M. "Oh, yeah. . . ?" she asks, biting into her hamburger. Steve scrapes food with his fork, takes another mouthful, then scrapes his plate again as Joanne looks at her hamburger and chews. Outside children are playing loudly. Holmes licks the sides of his bowl as he eats. Steve lifts his fork to his mouth as Joanne swallows, then again as she bites into her hamburger. Laying his fork on his plate, he picks up his hamburger and takes a bite while Joanne looks at his plate.

Turning to the hamburger plate at her left, Joanne points with her right hand and swallows, then looks at Steve, continuing to point to her left, and says, "One more hamburger if you can eat it." She takes her hamburger in both hands and continues to look at Steve as Holmes turns to his left away from his bowl and walks up beside Greg's chair.

Steve puts down the rest of his hamburger and picks up his napkin in his left hand, looking at the hamburger plate, then at Joanne, and back while he chews. "I might have it, but not with the bun, that's for sure," he says.

Looking down to his right, Steve crumples his napkin in his left hand while Joanne looks at her hamburger and swallows, nodding. "Mmmm, good hamburger, isn't it?" she asks, shaking her head and glancing at him. She brings her right hand to her mouth and licks her forefinger. Holmes sniffs at Greg's chair, and looks under and over the table.

"Umm," Steve answers, wiping his mouth. He drops his napkin to the right of his plate and picks up his hamburger in his left hand, resting his left forearm against the table and glancing at Joanne's plate as she lowers her hamburger in her left hand and picks up her fork. Looking behind him at Holmes' bowl, then at Holmes who is sniffing in the area near Greg's chair, Steve says, "The dog liked it." He again looks at Holmes' bowl, then back at Holmes while Joanne spears vegetables.

"Yup," she says. "He'll be in the other room rubbing." Holmes steps to his right, then back toward the table, looking over the edge as Steve looks forward and puts the rest of his hamburger in his mouth. Picking up his napkin in his left hand, Steve again looks at Holmes while Joanne continues speaking. "You should have seen him just before we started. He was lying down very nobly," she says, lifting a forkful of vegetables from her plate and looking at the floor in front of the table. She turns back to Steve as he looks at the wall clock behind her and balls up his napkin in his left hand. Looking forward, she adds, "In front of the table," and brings her fork to her mouth.

"I have to get him out," Steve says before she finishes. Looking away from the clock, he wipes his mouth, adding, "Aw, God," then leaves his napkin in front of his plate and leans his left arm along the table in front of him, turning to Joanne.

"Will you?" she asks, looking up from her vegetables.

"Yup," he answers, and nods, looking ahead of him chewing. Joanne looks down and nods also, then leaves her fork and reaches with her right hand for something on her plate. "Easy," Steve says, glancing at her.

"Good," she says, her hand still in her plate.

"That'll mean you have to. . .take care of this mess," says Steve, turning up his right hand and looking at her as she puts food in her mouth and turns to him. He rests his hand on the edge of the table to his right and looks to the left of his plate.

"That's all right," says Joanne, taking her hamburger in both hands and nodding. She lifts the hamburger and puts her elbows on the table as Holmes walks to the right of Steve's chair and sits down.

Steve looks to his right at the ketchup bottle, saying as she bites into her hamburger, "I gotta get this cap off." Taking the ketchup bottle in his right hand and leaning to his left, he looks down the table, wiping his left hand on his pants leg. "Jesus," he says, looking back at the bottle and moving it to his right. Lifting his left arm, he points down the table and cranes his neck, saying, "I don't know, let me see that. . ." He pokes with his forefinger.

Joanne takes her hamburger from her mouth and holds it in both hands, looking down to her left and asking, "Huh?"

Steve pulls his hand back and rests it on the edge of the table, continuing to sit tall as he looks down the table past Joanne. "That other. . .," he says, and pauses. Holding her hamburger in her right hand, Joanne picks up her napkin from the left of her plate and hands it across her toward him. ". . .hamburger," he says as she picks it up. Joanne looks back to her left and puts the napkin down, then lifts the hamburger plate, looking to her right and back. Steve looks down and clears his throat, reaching out his right hand as she picks up the plate.

5:41 P.M. "Get the, uh. . .," says Joanne, looking at him as she hands him the plate.

"No," he interrupts, taking it from her and looking at his plate. Picking up his fork and tilting the hamburger plate, he slides the hamburger off, saying, "If I wasn't. . ."

". . .nutcracker," Joanne continues, leaning her left elbow on the table and watching him.

"No," he says, dropping his fork and holding out the hamburger plate, "if my hands weren't so wet I could--it would come off." Still holding the plate in his left hand, he looks down to his right at the unopened ketchup bottle, then past Joanne at the empty one to the left of her plate.

"Well a nutcracker would do it," she says, looking in front of her as she takes the plate from him in her left hand and reaches it across the table toward Beth's empty place setting.

"Let me have the, uh. . .," says Steve before she finishes, craning his neck and pointing his right hand over her outstretched arm at

the old ketchup bottle to her left. Joanne puts down the plate. "I'll get. . .," he says, glancing down and touching his right hand to his napkin as Joanne picks up the pepper bowl from in front of her plate in her left hand. "No. . .," he says, looking at the empty ketchup bottle and holding up his right hand as Joanne hands him the bowl and looks at him. ". . .ketchup," he says, and laughs, dropping his right hand on the table corner and glancing at her as he reaches out his left hand.

"Oh," she says as she puts down the bowl. Picking up the old bottle in her left hand and looking at it as she hands it to him, she adds, "There's nothing in it."

"Sure there is," he says, taking it from her. Holding it up sideways between them, he asks, "What do you call that at the bottom?"

"Nothing," answers Joanne, leaning her elbow to the left of her plate and looking at the bottle as he holds it up between them.

Steve tips it upside down over his plate. "It's ketchup," he says, then lowers and begins shaking it, his head tilted to the right.

"But by the time it goes down the side it clings. . .," she says, taking her hamburger in both hands and continuing to watch him, ". . . and there's nothing that comes out."

"Oh, it comes out," he says quietly, shaking the bottle up and down. At Steve's right, Holmes rocks back and forth, repositioning his front paws.

Turning forward and groaning, Joanne bites into her hamburger while Steve continues to shake the bottle, then putting her hamburger on her plate with her left hand and looking at Steve, she swings her legs to the right of her chair. Pausing, she wipes her right and left hand on

her napkin where it lies to the left of her plate, then stands and walks toward the kitchen.

"Wait, look'it, here it comes. . . ," Steve says as she gets up. He continues shaking the bottle while she opens and closes a drawer in the kitchen, then as she walks toward him with the nutcracker in her right hand he holds his right hand over the bottle he's shaking in his left and waves her off without looking up.

Stopping at the corner of the table to his left, Joanne leans forward and reaches her left hand past his plate for the unopened ketchup bottle. Still shaking the old one, Steve fends her off with his right hand, grabbing her forearm and lifting it away from the unopened bottle. Holding her arm and laughing, he continues to shake the empty bottle. Laughing as she breaks from his grasp and grabs the new bottle, she says, "Here!" and lifts it high out of his reach.

"Leave it alone," he says, leaning his right forearm on the table and shaking the old bottle faster as Joanne steps sideways in front of her chair and sits, holding the new bottle in front of her left shoulder and looking at the table in front of her. "Look'it, I got enough, why open it now?" Steve continues, lifting his eyebrows as he shakes the bottle, his head tilted to his right.

Taking the unopened ketchup bottle in both hands, Joanne looks at him, then sitting back in her chair, she holds the bottle up in her left hand and grabs the cap with the nutcracker. "Because I have. . . ," she says.

"Just to prove you can do it?" he interrupts, still looking down and shaking the other bottle.

With a twist of her wrist she takes off the cap and holds it out to him, looking at him and saying, "Ah, look at that."

Steve glances at it. "Big--yeah, just to prove you can do it," he says, looking down and nodding as he shakes the old bottle.

Looking forward as he's speaking, Joanne reaches past her plate and drops the cap from the nutcracker. "Right," she says, putting the ketchup in front and to the left of her plate. Taking the nutcracker in her left hand and leaning it against the ketchup bottle, she glances at the ceiling, then looks from Steve to her plate and says, "Greg is in his own room." Steve lifts his left eyebrow and continues to shake the bottle as she looks at him again and shifts forward in her chair. Looking in front of her, she picks up her hamburger in both hands, puts her elbows on the table, and says, "I can hear him plundering overhead."

Steve takes the ketchup bottle from his left hand and sets it to his right as Joanne again looks at the ceiling, crossing her ankles beneath her chair. Picking up his napkin in his left hand and taking it in both, Steve looks down to his right at Holmes, then looks forward and puts the napkin back with his right hand as Joanne bites into her hamburger. Leaning on his right forearm, he searches around his plate with his left hand, saying, "Holmes, I think you've had your share." Picking up the salt shaker and looking down, he leans on his right arm and begins salting his hamburger.

"Um," Joanne says, taking her hamburger from her mouth and looking at Holmes. Putting the shaker to his left, Steve
5:42 P.M. picks up his fork and begins chopping up the hamburger. Joanne looks at her hamburger and chews, then

again looks at Holmes, swallows, and says, "Oh, no," looking at her plate as she gestures with her right hand toward Holmes.

"What?" Steve asks, looking up and putting a forkful of food in his mouth, then returning to his plate.

"I forgot to buy him dogfood," Joanne answers, looking at Steve with her right hand open in front of her. Holmes shuffles to the right and Steve continues spearing food on his fork as Joanne sits up in her chair, taking her hamburger in both hands and looking over the edge of the table at Holmes' bowl in the corner, asking, "Has he got any dry stuff over there?" Settling back in her chair, she puts her right hand on her beercan and tilts it toward her while Steve eats a forkful of hamburger, glancing at her.

"How's he going to make it till Monday?" he asks with his mouth full, returning to his plate.

Joanne swallows and looks at him, her right hand around her beercan. "Well, he's got a little bit," she answers. She lifts the can in her right hand and rests her elbow on the table edge, then lifts her left elbow off the table and lowers her hamburger, resting her left forearm on the table edge and saying, "He has one more can of meat, so . . ." She lifts her beercan to her mouth and drinks.

"Who's taking care of all the an. . . , of all the animals at your mother's?" Steve asks, looking at her as he lifts his fork from his plate. He takes a mouthful of food and looks back down, spearing more hamburger.

Joanne watches him over her beercan while he's speaking, then lowers it, shaking her head and swallowing. Putting the can to her

right she says, "It's gotta be Jerry and Ann." She touches her hamburger with her right hand, then moves her fork on her plate. "They're both supposed to be living there," she says, looking at Steve as he nods, lifting a forkful of hamburger to his mouth. Holmes shifts to his left.

Looking in front of her, Joanne takes her hamburger in both hands, leans her elbows on the table, and bites as Steve puts his fork to the left of his plate and reaches his left hand across for his napkin. Resting his left elbow on the table, he looks down to his right and wipes his mouth as Joanne takes her hamburger from her mouth and looks at it. "The thing that really goes to pot is the pool," she says, looking at him.

Steve takes his napkin in his right hand and puts it down, then looks to his left and wraps his hand around his beer can as she speaks. Looking at her, he says, "Yeah," continuing to chew.

"You should have seen how awful it was last time," she continues, shaking her head. She looks at her hamburger and swallows as Steve nods.

"What are you supposed to be doing to it?" he asks, glancing back and forth between her and the living room and crossing his feet beneath his chair.

"There's supposed to be a certain amount of chlorine added to it every day," she says. Looking at him she pauses and nods. He lifts his beer can from the table corner to his left, leans his right arm across the table edge in front of him, and leans forward, nodding as he brings the beer can to his mouth. "The, uh, filter is supposed to be run a

minimum of eight hours a day," Joanne says, watching him as he tilts his head back and drinks, looking over the beer can at her. He lowers the beer and swallows, setting it in front of his plate and picking up his napkin from beside it.

"Oh," he says, shaking his head and wiping his left hand on his napkin. Dropping it from his left hand, he reaches to the left of his plate and picks up his fork, still shaking his head.

"And it has to be skimmed," she continues, still looking at him, "because it's underneath all the pear trees."

"That's why I never want one of those things," Steve interjects, cutting hamburger with his fork. Still sitting beside Steve, Holmes shifts position.

"I know it," says Joanne. She ducks her head and swallows, then looks back at Steve.

"Who wants to be tied down like that?" he asks.

5:43 P.M.

"And my father used to vacuum it once a week.

. . .," she interjects. She pauses, watching Steve as he puts food in his mouth and glances at her. ". . .to do the bottom, you know?" she continues.

"Hm," Steve says, nodding and sticking his fork into a piece of hamburger.

Joanne looks at her hamburger, then turns back to Steve and continues, "Because you--that's when Greg was, uh, stung by a bee, when it hadn't been cleaned, there was. . .and there wasn't much, uh, chlorine in it." Steve takes a bite of hamburger, glancing at her as she's speaking, then looks back at his plate and nods. "Some kind of a wasp

landed on top of the water, and it, there wasn't enough chlorine to kill it, so it just floated there." Steve lifts more hamburger on his fork and chews, then puts it in his mouth as she looks at her hamburger and concludes, "Um. He banged into it."

Lowering his fork to his plate, Steve looks ahead of him and chews while Joanne bites into her hamburger. Outside in the backyard a group of children are laughing and giggling. As he looks into the living room, Steve laughs quietly. Holmes looks at him and lays his right paw on his thigh.

"Hey, get your paws down," says Steve, looking down to his right. Holmes takes his paw down. Finishing her bite of hamburger as Steve turns, Joanne lifts her left hand to her mouth, then puts both hands on her hamburger and looks toward Holmes. Turning forward, Steve looks at his plate and moves his food with his fork while Joanne looks down and picks up her napkin in her left hand. Looking forward, she wipes her mouth, then rests her left forearm on the edge of the table and holds the napkin balled up in her hand as she swallows.

"He's trying to get fresh," says Steve, gesturing with his head toward Holmes.

"I know it," she says. Turning her right hand over, she dabs her hamburger in ketchup on her plate and looks at Steve.

"Keep your paws off me!" says Steve, lifting his head and shaking it at Holmes. Returning to his plate, he dips a piece of hamburger in ketchup on his fork, continuing, "You masher." Joanne looks at her hamburger and laughs, then again turns to Steve, holding the hamburger nearer her mouth. She looks at her hamburger as Steve eats his from his

fork. Holding his fork over his plate and chewing, Steve looks down to his right at Holmes and says, "Stay, and I'll look you in the eye." He looks at Joanne, gesturing with his head toward Holmes.

"Who's that black writer. . . ?" Joanne asks, looking at Steve and rubbing her nose with the back of her right hand.

"Watch, watch when he turns around," Steve interrupts, looking at her and again gesturing with his head toward Holmes. Joanne looks at Holmes, holding her hamburger in front of her mouth while Steve continues quietly, "Now see what he's doing, now watch. Tell me if he's looking. Now." Lowering his fork over his plate, Steve looks down and turns his head slightly to his left while Joanne watches Holmes.

"Just now. Very fleetingly," she says, lowering her hamburger.

Steve slowly turns his head toward Holmes.

"Oop," says Joanne as Steve looks down at Holmes. He smiles as Holmes looks away.

Holding her hamburger in her right hand and looking at it, Joanne says, "He's going to have to admit that. . . ," then interrupts herself, looking at Steve and asking, "Who's that writer, that. . . ," she gestures with the hamburger in her right hand, "oh, James Baldwin, right?"

Steve continues to look at Holmes, chuckling as Holmes shifts position, then looks at her, puts a piece of hamburger in his mouth on his fork, and looks back at his plate, spearing more food.

"You gotta let me have this," Joanne whispers very quietly, leaning slightly toward him.

"James Baldwin is a writer, I'll give you that," he says, glancing at her and nodding.

"Yeah. Right. Okay," she continues before he finishes, holding her hamburger in her right hand and nodding as she looks at him. Steve lifts his fork to his mouth and looks at her, then back at his plate, putting his fork down. "Well, the first time I read a book that he had written," says Joanne, watching him, "he talked about caterpillar legs on somebody's thigh in a movie theater. . . ." Steve looks to his right while she's speaking and picks up his napkin in his left hand, then leans on his left elbow and wipes his mustache in each direction. Rubbing the fingers of his left hand on the napkin as Joanne pauses, he nods, looking down and chewing. "And I didn't know what it was," she continues, looking at the hamburger in her right hand.

Steve drops his napkin to the right of his plate, then folds his arms and leans against the table, looking down to his left and saying, "Eh?" He looks forward chewing, while Holmes lies down to his right.

"What a naive nut," Joanne continues, shaking her head. She brings her hamburger to her mouth and hesitates. "Uh-huh," she says, and bites into it.

Steve nods his head and chews, then picks up his beer can in his left hand and rocks it as Joanne lowers her hamburger and looks at him. "Now I know," she continues. "He must have been sitting next to Holmes." She looks at her hamburger, then at her plate and chews while Steve tilts his head back and drinks.

Joanne lifts and lowers her hamburger, then wipes it in ketchup on her plate as Steve puts down his beer can. Taking his napkin from beside the beer can and balling it up in his left hand, he glances at Joanne's

plate, then looks in front of him and clears his throat, wiping his mouth as she lifts her hamburger from the ketchup and looks at it. Dropping the napkin to the right of his plate, Steve folds and leans on his arms again, then looks into the kitchen as Joanne looks across the room past her hamburger. "Where's Beth?" he asks, turning to the windows at his right.

"Right out in back," Joanne answers, looking at her hamburger, then toward the windows behind him. She swallows and looks back at her hamburger.

"Hey, Beth," Steve calls, looking down to the left of his plate.

"Yah?" Beth asks from the backyard.

"What are you doing?" he asks, still looking down to his left as Joanne looks to her right.

"I'm outside," says Beth.

"I'm outside," Joanne says quietly, looking at Steve, then at her hamburger.

"She's playing," says an older child's voice from outside.

Joanne bites into her hamburger and looks at Steve as he looks at her and lowers his brow, gesturing with his head toward the backyard. "Who's that?" he asks, and continues to watch her. "Who said, 'she's playing?'"

Taking her hamburger from her mouth, she gestures with her right hand and answers, "Elizabeth," before he finishes speaking.

"Is that Elizabeth?" he asks, wrinkling his forehead.

She nods and looks forward.

Steve looks at his plate. "How do you know?" he asks, again look-

ing at her.

"She sounds just like her mother," says Joanne, shaking her head and looking ahead of her.

"Hmh," he says. Putting his hands on either corner of the table, he stands up, pushing his chair back. Joanne looks at him, and Holmes stands, sniffing at the table. "My God, her mother must sound kind of silly," Steve says, looking at Joanne and laughing as he tugs his shirt down and walks toward the kitchen. "Like a little tiny kid," he continues as he leaves the room. Joanne looks forward laughing, then turns to her right as the back door opens. Looking back at her hamburger, she holds it near her mouth and chews.

"She's all alone," says Steve from the back door. Holmes walks toward the kitchen and Joanne looks a little to her right.

"Well, somebody was out there with her," she says, lifting her head slightly and looking down at her hamburger. Putting the rest of the hamburger in her mouth, she looks at her hand and licks food from her fingers.

5:45 P.M. "Is somebody out here with you?" asks Steve.

"No," answers Beth.

Looking to her right, then down to her left, Joanne wipes both hands on the napkin she's been holding in her left hand. As the back door closes in the kitchen, she reaches her right hand across her plate and picks up the cap to the second ketchup bottle.

"It's odd, there's nobody out there," says Steve.

Joanne puts down her napkin, then says, "Hm," twisting the cap onto the ketchup.

"She has the gift of tongues," he says, walking into the room behind Holmes. Joanne pushes the bottle away and wipes her right, then her left hand on the napkin beside her plate, sitting back in her chair as Holmes stops to her right and sniffs the table.

"Get out, Holmes, get out," says Steve stopping beside his chair and picking up his plate in his right hand, then taking it in his left as he steps in front of the chair, pushing it back, and reaches for the plates stacked at Greg's place setting. Holmes steps back as Steve speaks.

"Yeah, get out," says Joanne, looking to her left and putting her hand on the bag of hamburger rolls. Shifting her hand to the corner of the table at the left of the rolls, she looks to her right and picks up her beercan.

"I'm going to take you out now, Holmes," says Steve, turning to the kitchen with plates in both hands as Joanne tilts her head back and drinks. "You want to go for a run?" he continues, looking down at Holmes, who looks up at him and turns as he walks by. "Hm?" Steve asks as he leaves the room. Holmes looks after him, tail wagging.

Lowering her beercan and putting it beside her plate as Steve makes banging noises in the kitchen, Joanne turns to her right and looks at Holmes, then looks forward and lowers her right hand to her lap. "Hmmm," she says, then asks, "What was that you said?" Reaching both hands to the Coke bottle in front of Steve's plate, she holds it by the neck in her right hand and twists the cap tight with her left.

"You want to go for a run, Holmes?" Steve asks, scraping plates in the kitchen.

Leaving the Coke bottle and turning around to her left, Joanne looks at the wall clock behind her, her right elbow and left hand on the table edge. "Oh, God," she says, closing her eyes and turning back to the table. Leaning on both elbows, she bends her head down and rubs her left eye with the heel of her left hand, turning her head slowly back and forth, then looks in front of her, clasps her hands together, and heaves a long sigh. "Ohhhhhh! I think I'm going to stay home and go to sleep," she says, taking an ear of corn from the bowl in front of her with her right hand as she nods forward.

"Are ya?" asks Steve, scraping and stacking dishes in the kitchen.

"No," she answers. Lifting her head back, she holds up the corn in her right hand and pulls flax off of it with her left.

"It'll save us two dollars," says Steve.

"Thanks," she says, continuing to pick at the corn.

"Go ahead." Holmes turns out of the way as Steve walks in with silverware in his left hand.

"No!" says Joanne, looking at her plate as he picks up the bowl of peas from her right and holds it over the table.

"Want to save these peas?" he asks.

"No," she answers, glancing at the bowl as she drops some flax on her plate and pulls more off the corn. "Twice is enough."

Walking toward the kitchen, Steve looks back at the window opposite Joanne, then takes another step and turns, walking behind his chair toward the window. "Now that isn't Beth," he says while Holmes walks up beside Joanne and stops at the table.

Joanne looks at Steve as he walks by behind his chair, then returns

to the corn, glancing at him again briefly as he looks past the edge of the closed drapes. "Who is that?" she asks, tearing off a piece of flax, then watches him as he turns away from the window and walks back toward the kitchen.

"It's Elizabeth's sister," he says, nodding and looking at her as he walks behind his chair.

Joanne drops a piece of cornsilk to her plate, rubbing it off her fingers. "Oh, Ellie," she says, returning to the corn and pulling at it.

5:46 P.M. Holmes looks at her, then sits and looks into the kitchen. "They're all E's in that family," she says. Sounds of Steve's scraping plates come from the kitchen as Holmes looks from the kitchen to Joanne, and back. Joanne pulls more flax from the corn and drops it on her plate, then returns to the corn.

A child outside asks, "What's the matter?" Another answers, crying.

Joanne blows cornsilk from the fingers of her left hand as she puts the corn back in the bowl. "Woop. No, that's Elizabeth. Elizabeth's crying," she says. She rubs her hands together, then clasps them and looks at Steve as he walks in with silverware in his left hand and continues to the window opposite her, pulling back the curtain and looking out. Holmes looks after him.

"Right?" Joanne asks, watching him.

"Unh-unh," he answers, looking out the window.

"No?" she asks, watching with her hands clasped in front of her.

Holmes looks from Steve to her.

"No, it's Elizabeth's sister I'm telling ya," says Steve, turning to his left and looking at her as he walks back to the kitchen.

"Who's crying?" she asks, watching him as he walks behind his chair and looks into the kitchen.

"Um-hm," he answers, nodding as he leaves the room.

"Billy!" a boy yells outside as Joanne looks at her plate with her hands clasped. "Wait up. . . ! Wait!"

Steve walks back in with the silverware still in his hand and stops at Joanne's right, taking her plate in his right hand. "You through?" he asks, hesitating with his hand on the plate while she sits without moving.

"Wait up!" yells the boy outside.

"I'm through," she sighs, moving her arms back as Steve lifts her plate, then moving them forward and looking at the package of rolls as Steve walks into the kitchen. Holmes shifts position as Steve walks by him, then sits looking into the kitchen.

"Wait!" the boy yells, then again even louder, "Wait!"

Joanne looks in front of her and shakes her head. "Aw, be quiet," says Steve in the kitchen.

Joanne looks at her hands as the yelling continues, then looks down to her right at Holmes and says, "Holmes, go on out there and bite that kid," gesturing with her head, then with her right hand toward the backyard. Reaching out her left hand, she touches the top of the soda bottle in front of Steve's plate, then reaches with both hands and again tightens the cap as Holmes growls and Steve walks in with silverware in

his left hand.

Reaching around the bottle as Joanne lets go of it, Steve picks up the cornbowl. Leaning her left forearm on the table with her hand dangling past the edge in front of her, Joanne lifts her beer can in her right hand. "I'm never going to move again," she says, tilting the can and drinking while Steve walks into the kitchen with the cornbowl. Putting the beer can in front of her plate, then reaching across and picking up her napkin from her left, she begins wiping the table where her plate was. "You gonna take Holmes up behind the hospital?" she asks.

"Yup," Steve answers, walking in from the kitchen with the silverware in his left hand.

5:47 P.M. "He'll like that," she says, continuing to wipe the table and leaning her head to her left as he reaches his left arm down the table, picking up the hamburger plate from near Beth's place setting.

"He'll have a good run," Steve says, lifting the plate over Joanne's head and turning to his left into the kitchen.

"I hope he doesn't get lost," she says, gathering crumbs into a pile with her napkin. Leaving the napkin and turning to her left, she takes the package of rolls in her left hand and closes it more tightly with her right hand underneath.

"Yeah, 'cause I probably won't run. . . ," says Steve from the kitchen. Looking down to her right at Holmes, Joanne leaves the package of rolls on the table and rests her left hand on the table corner, putting her right on the table edge and looking ahead of her as Steve walks back in. ". . .so close after eating," he continues, stopping at

the table to her right.

Joanne watches as he gathers silverware with his right hand, then takes the silverware already in his left hand in his right also. "There's another part of a beer in the freezer," she says as he reaches across the table and picks up the spatula, knocking the cap of the old ketchup bottle onto the floor. "If you want another we could swap," she continues.

"There is not," he says before he finishes, turning to his left and walking into the kitchen.

"Oh, you finished it?" she asks, looking a little bit to her right, then at her beer.

"Um-hm," says Steve from the kitchen.

"Uh-huh. Aren't you sneaky," she says, picking up her beercan in her right hand, then tilting it up and drinking.

"Ahhh," she says as she puts down the beer. She looks down to her right at Holmes, her hand still on the beercan. "Holmes," she says, looking back at the table and shaking her head, "will you stop making that noise?" Steve turns on the water in the kitchen as she's speaking.

Joanne looks down again at Holmes while he stands and walks to her, looking up and wagging his tail. As the disposal in the kitchen goes on, Holmes lays his head in her lap, his tail still wagging, while she continues to look at him. The disposal goes off, and Steve begins to move pots and pans noisily in the kitchen. Taking his head from Joanne's lap, Holmes turns toward the kitchen.

Joanne looks forward and slowly shakes her head, then looks at the camera and groans, "Oh!" turning away and looking into the living room

past it. Looking up to her right as Holmes sits, she reaches down her right hand, looks forward, and begins rubbing his back. Holmes wags his tail and looks at her as she's rubbing him, then slowly turns back to the kitchen.

"You said the magic word, Steve," she says, taking her hand from Holmes' back and looking to her right where she squeezes a crumpled napkin lying on the table corner. "Now he wants you to come across." She leaves the napkin and looks down at Holmes as he turns and walks to the table beside her. Rubbing his back, she looks forward.

"Hm?" Steve asks from the kitchen over the sound of running water.

"I said you said the magic word, now you'd better come across," she answers, looking up to her right and rubbing her hand along Holmes' back as he walks under the table, sniffing at the floor. Looking at Holmes standing under the table, she starts slapping his right haunch with her palm.

"I'll take him," Steve says. Holmes looks back to his left at Joanne as she looks off to her left, slapping his rump harder and louder. "He knows I will," says Steve.

Holmes looks ahead of him while Joanne looks

5:48 P.M. around the room from left to right, smacking his rump more slowly. Joanne looks back to her left at Greg as he walks in from the living room toward her. "What were you doing upstairs?" she asks, turning further to her left with her right hand still on Holmes and her left on the corner of the table as Greg approaches.

Greg hesitates to her left and looks at her. "Reading," he an-

swers, turning away and touching her chair with his left hand as he continues into the kitchen.

Joanne looks in front of her, then around toward the kitchen, still patting Holmes as she asks, "You weren't watching the monitor?"

"No," Greg answers from the kitchen.

"No?" she repeats, looking forward and stroking Holmes as he backs out from under the table with his tail wagging. The back door opens and closes. Rubbing his neck, Joanne looks down to her left, then at Holmes again, slapping his side and rubbing him while Steve continues to wash dishes in the kitchen.

Patting Holmes a few more times, she looks at the table, then with both hands begins gathering up napkins. Taking them in her right hand, she reaches across the table for another, takes it in her right hand also, then reaches her left hand out again, touching the table and bringing her hand back empty. "We might as well just throw these, uh, peppers out," she says, picking up the bowl in her left hand and turning to the right in her chair. She looks into the bowl as she stands and walks to the kitchen, asking, "Can you think of anything we could use them for?" Stepping away from her as she gets up, Holmes walks behind Steve's chair to the bowl in the corner, lowering his head to it as Joanne finishes speaking and leaves the room.

"Nope," Steve answers.

"Think they'd be good on a pizza?" she asks, also in the kitchen.

"Um-hm," he answers, still over the sound of water running, "but I don't know how long it would be."

"Well, could we make a pizza maybe Monday?" she asks. As she's

speaking, Holmes looks back toward the kitchen, chewing and licking his chops, then slowly returns to his bowl.

5:49 P.M.

For several seconds the only sounds are those of children playing in the yard and water running in the kitchen, then Joanne walks in from the kitchen, stops beside her chair, and again tightens the cap of the Coke bottle. Picking up Greg's half-full glass in her right hand and the Coke bottle by the neck in her left, she turns to her left, looking at the table, and walks back into the kitchen. Holmes continues to eat, somewhat noisily.

Several seconds pass with only occasional kitchen sounds--cabinet doors being opened and closed, water being run, the sounds of dishes and other objects being washed and stacked. Occasionally the curtain at Holmes' left blows into the room from the open window. Holmes looks back at the table from his bowl as Joanne walks in from the kitchen, scratching the top of her head with her right hand. Leaning over the table from the right of her chair, she pushes the salt shaker with her left hand and sweeps the pepper shaker against it with her right, lifting both in her left hand as they clack together and picking up the empty ketchup bottle in her right. Holmes returns to his bowl as she turns to her left and walks into the kitchen.

"Oh. . .," Joanne sighs while dishes clatter in the kitchen. Walking back into the dining room with her left hand to her mouth, she turns to her right as she reaches the table and stops behind Steve's chair. Taking the chair back with both hands, she pushes the chair toward the table with the aid of her left knee, then pulls the chair out again with her right hand and looks at the floor in front of it, again

lifting her left hand to her mouth.

Walking to the table, she bends over in front of Steve's chair and picks something up from the floor near the table leg with her left hand. "My God," she groans as she bends and picks up the food, then straightens up and walks to the table corner, looking at the floor in front of Greg's chair as she puts the floor scraps she just picked up in her right hand. "Gregory gets more corn on the floor. . . ," she says. Pausing, she turns back to the table and leans forward, picking up Steve's beercan in her left hand and a napkin from beside Beth's glass in her right as she continues, ". . . then he does in his mouth." Taking the beercan in her right hand with the napkin and picking up Beth's glass in her left, she looks over the table and turns to her left, walking in front of Steve's chair to the window. Holmes looks at her from his bowl as she cleans up, then looks out the window from the edge of the blowing curtain. As she leaves the room Holmes walks to the window and sticks his head behind the curtain.

Something falls to the floor in the kitchen. "All right," Steve says, and a piece of furniture is moved noisily across the floor.

Holmes turns from the window and walks in front of Steve's chair toward the kitchen.

5:50 P.M. "Enough of that," Joanne says in the kitchen, then several seconds later, over kitchen noises,

"You already rinsed out that frying pan, huh?"

"Nope," Steve answers.

"No?" asks Joanne.

"Bang!" a child yells in the backyard. "Bang!" another yells.

"Homes, here," says Joanne, walking in and crossing in front of Steve's chair to Holmes' bowl with a large frying pan in her left hand and Holmes following her. Taking the handle of the pan in both hands, she bends over the bowl and pours fat from the pan into it while Holmes stops to her right and sniffs. She shakes the pan slightly, then scrapes what's left into the bowl with her left hand. Holmes watches as she cleans the pan thoroughly.

As Joanne straightens up with the pan in her right hand and turns to her right, Holmes darts in front of her, hesitates by his bowl, then runs the length of the table behind Greg and Beth's chairs, stopping and looking around him.

"Did you get the fly, hunter?" Joanne asks, watching him at the front of the table as she walks past Steve's chair to the kitchen.

Snorting twice, Holmes weaves under the full length of the table, halting by his bowl where he begins eating. Joanne laughs from in the kitchen.

After several seconds Joanne walks back in, leans down the table from next to her chair, and picks up the full ketchup bottle in her left hand and the mustard jar in her right. Stepping back and looking the table over, she turns around to her left and walks into the kitchen.

"It's going to be really good tomorrow," Steve says after a few seconds.

"What is 'it?'" asks Joanne.

5:51 P.M.

"The soup," he answers.

"Oh, yeah, it's going to be terrific."

"We'll bring some bread, you know, it'll be nice," says Steve.

Joanne walks into the dining room before he finishes speaking and reaches over the table from the right of her chair, picking up the nutcracker in her left hand and the butter dish in her right. Straightening up, she takes the butter dish in her left hand beside the nutcracker, then steps toward her chair and leans forward, picking up the package of rolls in her right hand. She turns away to her left, leaving only her beer can on the table. "Gee, that will really. . . taste. . . good," she says as she walks into the kitchen.

Water continues to run in the kitchen sink. "This I'll fry for those guys," says Joanne. "They can't imagine. I didn't know it was going to take them that long to set up, you know?"

"Neither did I," answers Steve.

Holmes lifts his head from his bowl briefly as Joanne walks in with a sponge in her right hand and pushes at the back of her chair with her left hand. Stepping behind it as it tilts forward, she pulls it to her right with her right hand and walks to the table beside it. Leaning her left hand on the corner of the table, she wipes crumbs from the end of the table toward the center with the sponge. Taking a step to her right toward her chair, she lifts the beer can with her left hand, wipes under it, then puts it down again and wipes around it toward the center of the table, balancing herself with her left hand on the table corner.

Walking around the front of the table, she runs the sponge along the edge, then pushes it toward the center as she comes to the corner and steps in front of Beth's chair. Stopping there, she wipes the crumbs from the center of the table into her left hand, holding it below the table edge between Beth and Greg's chairs. She turns the sponge and

continues, sponging across the areas near Steve and Greg's chairs into her left hand. Continuing to sponge across the table into her hand, she backs out from in front of Beth's chair, then walks past the front of the table and her chair into the kitchen. Holmes continues to lick his bowl.

A few seconds later Joanne walks back in empty handed, takes the top of her chair back in both hands, and pulls it to her right, then walks past the table to the broom closet in the entranceway between the living and dining rooms. Holmes looks up to his left, then returns to his bowl.

Walking back in with a broom and dustpan in her right hand, Joanne leans down in front of the table, picks something up from the floor, then straightens up and walks past the table into the kitchen. Walking in again a moment later with the broom in her right hand and the dustpan in her left, she puts the dustpan on the corner of the table to the left of her chair and takes the broom in both hands, sweeping from the living room entrance toward the table, then toward her chair. Walking past the front end of the table, she sweeps from the wall toward the table, pushing the sweepings underneath.

Stopping at the front end of the table with the broom in her right hand, she takes hold of the back of Beth's chair and pulls it around in front of her, pushing the chair up to the end of the table with her left knee. Walking to where Beth's chair was, she sweeps
5:53 P.M. and leans to her left, pushing the sweepings under the table. Putting her left hand on the back of Greg's chair, then stepping back and pulling it to where Beth's chair

was, she steps around it and sweeps, pushing the sweepings under the table as she continues to sweep past the end of the table to in front of Steve's chair.

"Do you want me to save--aw, I'm going to throw these peppers out, huh?" Steve calls from the kitchen as she steps back and turns toward the living room, sweeping once more from where Greg's chair was to under the table. She looks toward the kitchen as Steve finishes speaking, then looks down and pushes the chair beside her to the table edge with her right hand and left foot, saying, "Yup," as it scrapes noisily against the floor. Looking back toward the kitchen and walking past the front of Steve's chair, she answers, "Go ahead. Yeah, we have plenty of peppers."

Looking down and taking the back of her own chair in her right hand, she backs up with it, pulling it beside Steve's. Stepping from behind it and taking the broom in both hands, she walks to where her chair was and sweeps toward herself from the table corner, then turns to her right, leaning down and reaching with the broom as she sweeps out from under the table. She straightens up and pushes the sweepings away from the table toward the kitchen, then holds the broom in her right hand, grabs the seat of her chair in front, and pulls it toward her, banging it against the table leg. Putting her left hand on the top of the chair back and hooking her left foot around the front chair leg, she pulls it toward her, then still holding it by the backrest and putting her foot behind its rear leg, she pushes it up to the table edge.

"Jesus, I gotta get out of here with this dog," says Steve, walking into the dining room and past his chair.

"I know it," says Joanne, standing with her left hand on the back of her chair and watching him walk around the far side of the table.

"Okay?" he asks, looking at her as she looks down, taking the broom in both hands, and he walks down the length of the table at its other side.

"Yeah, go ahead," she says, sweeping toward the kitchen.

"Otherwise we won't make it," he says, feeling the bottom of his shirt with both hands as he turns at the end of the table and walks toward the bathroom. "I like to only give him a good, you know, a good, good run," he adds as he leaves the dining room.

Joanne walks to the corner of the room by the kitchen door and stands the broom there with her left hand, then walks into the kitchen.

Holmes looks back to his left as she leaves the room

5:54 P.M. and Steve closes the bathroom door, then returns to his bowl, his chain collar banging against it while he eats.

Joanne walks from the kitchen toward the living room, looking back to her left as she passes the table, then in front of her as she leaves the dining room. Holmes turns from his bowl and follows her out. In the dining room the broom stands in the corner to the far right. The chairs are arranged around the table, on which remain the dustpan and beer can. Only Steve's chair is still pulled out from the table. Several seconds pass quietly, then Joanne opens the screen door at the front of the apartment.

"Hello, Joanne," a man's voice calls.

"Hi," she answers. "I'm looking for Beth."

"I haven't seen her here," he answers after a pause.

The screen door bangs shut, then from further away Joanne says, "I wonder if she's out in back. . . ." As she continues to speak, passing out of hearing, children can still be heard playing outside.

The bathroom door opens, then the toilet flushes and Steve walks past the right of the table, picking up the beercan and continuing into the kitchen. A few seconds later he walks back through the dining room into the living room, touching the front of his shirt with his right hand. As he leaves the room, Beth and Joanne's voices become audible from the backyard.

5:55 P.M. "I want to see us on tv, Mommy," Beth says.

"What?" Joanne asks as the back door creaks open.

Beth again speaks, and is overlapped by Joanne. "All right, ask Daddy to take you," Joanne says, adding, "Don't step in the dirt," as they walk into the dining room past the sweepings, Joanne holding Beth's left wrist over Beth's head with her left hand.

"I want to see us on. . . ," Beth says. Looking toward the living room, Joanne directs Beth between Steve's chair and the table and lets her go.

"Take me where?" Steve asks from the front of the apartment before Beth finishes.

"Steve? She wants you to take her upstairs to show her what--what they look like on the tv," says Joanne, walking toward the living room on the kitchen side of the table while Beth, holding her right hand at her mouth, walks along the table's far side opposite her. Beth lowers her hand from her mouth and walks into the living room as Joanne, behind

her, stops between the rooms and turns back, glancing again toward the living room.

"I want to see us on the tv," says Beth.

"Okay, come on," Steve says before she finishes.

Joanne takes two steps toward the table, then turns around and walks into the living room. As feet sound on the stairs, Joanne walks in from the living room, through the dining room, and into the kitchen with a glass in her left hand, then returns without the glass and walks in front of Steve's chair to Holmes' bowl.

Beth says something quietly upstairs, then Steve yells from upstairs, "Call Holmes!" as Joanne bends down with a grunt and picks up Holmes' bowl. She moves the bowl along the wall to under the window without straightening up, then stands and turns to the living room, smiling. "All right," she says, turning to her left and walking toward the broom in the corner by the kitchen door, continuing, "Is this going to be the Holmes Hour again?"

"Holmes!" she calls, facing the living room and leaning to her left as she takes the broom in her left hand.

"Holmes!" Beth yells from upstairs.

Joanne takes the broom in both hands as she walks in front of Steve's chair, looking toward the living room and calling, "Come on!" Looking in front of her, she walks to the corner where Holmes' bowl was and whistles. "Come on! Holmes!" she calls again, beginning to sweep out the corner with her back to the table.

Joanne pushes the broom into the corner several times, then again sweeps. "Holmes," she calls less loudly, looking over her right shoul-

der toward the living room and pausing. "Holmes!" she calls, then looks back down and sweeps. Pushing the sweepings along the far wall behind Steve's chair, she looks into the living room, reaches back into the corner with the broom, and says, "Come here."

"Holmes!" yells Steve upstairs at the same time.

Joanne looks down at the sweepings, pushing them along the wall, then in front of Steve's chair and says, "Come on."

"Holmes!" yells Beth.

5:56 P.M.

Joanne looks toward the living room as Holmes' paws sound on the stairs, then looks at Steve's chair. Holding the broom in her right hand, she takes the back of the chair with her left. "Aw, he's coming up," she says, lifting the chair by the back and swinging it up to the table as she finishes speaking.

"Call him, he's coming up," Steve calls from upstairs at the same time. "Go, get out of here!" he says as Joanne again takes the broom in both hands and sweeps behind his chair toward the kitchen, then gathers all the sweepings in a pile.

"Holmes, come here," she says, sweeping around the pile, then glances into the living room, sweeping and continuing, "Come on." Looking up again, she smiles as Holmes walks to the right of the table toward her with his tail wagging. "There he is," she says, looking down again and still smiling as she pulls the sweepings into a smaller pile.

"Hey, Holmes," Steve yells from upstairs. Holmes turns and walks back toward the living room with his tail wagging.

"Come here. Come here," calls Joanne, holding the broom in her right hand and patting her left leg as she walks behind Steve's chair

watching Holmes. Holmes turns to his right, walks past the front of the table, and comes toward her. "Good boy!" she says, patting her leg two more times and smiling. Bending down, she rubs his neck with her left hand and pulls him against her.

"Holmes," Beth says upstairs.

Holmes walks back toward the living room as Joanne leans the broom in the corner with her left hand. "Let's see him do his fantastic trick," she says, turning to him and taking a step forward. "Come on, Holmes, come here," she says, clapping her hands. She snaps her fingers and says, "Holmes!" then steps forward, clapping her hands two more times as Holmes walks into the living room.

Turning to her left, she picks up the broom in her left hand and walks behind Steve's chair, glancing into the living room as she takes the broom in her right hand. Brushing her hair back from the left side of her face and stopping to the right of her chair, she leans down the table and picks up the dustpan, glancing to her left, then steps back and leans down with her right arm along the broom handle as she pulls the sweepings into a smaller pile. Laying the dustpan on the floor in her left hand and holding the broom by the bottom of the handle, she sweeps the dirt into the dustpan, moving the dustpan to her left. Footsteps sound on the stairs as she straightens up and walks into the kitchen.

"I see'd it," Beth says as she comes downstairs.

"Uh-huh," Steve says, and laughs. "Yes."

5:57 P.M.

"Yeah," says Beth.

"Did you see that silly dog?" asks Joanne, walk-

ing into the dining room and past the table toward the living room with the dustpan in her left hand and the broom in her right. She holds the broom near the bottom with the handle against her arm.

"Um-hm," Steve answers from the living room as Joanne walks to the broom closet, taking the dustpan in her right hand beside the broom and glancing into the living room.

"We did. . . . And I did. . . ," calls Beth.

"She's coming with me," says Steve.

"She's going with you guys?" asks Joanne.

"Um-hm," Steve says before she finishes.

"Okay," Joanne says.

"I don't want, don't run," yells Beth.

"No, I'm not going to run," says Steve.

"Yeah, I have to get. . . ," says Beth.

"All right, where is Greg, Steve?" Joanne interrupts.

"I don't know, I think he's outside."

"He's outside. All right."

"He's on the playground," Beth says before Joanne finishes.

"Hmmm, wait a minute," says Steve.

Joanne walks slowly into the dining room looking at the table with her right hand to her mouth, then turns to her right and stops in the entranceway between the rooms. "Come on," Steve says from the front of the apartment as she picks up a checkered table cloth in both hands and lets it drop open, turning to her left toward the dinner table. Standing at the corner to the left of her chair, she spreads open the cloth and looks down at it.

"Let me see that," Steve says to Beth.

"Did you have to make that?" Beth asks.

Leaning forward slightly, Joanne tosses the table cloth and lowers it with its corners draped over each side of the table, then smooths it with both hands.

"No, I didn't have to," Steve answers as Joanne walks around behind her chair, straightening the table cloth. "See, you put this on the wrong way," Steve says to Beth while Joanne stops at the table corner to the left of his chair, lifting and straightening the cloth. Patting the edge down, she walks behind Steve's chair and around the table, stopping behind the chair opposite the kitchen and readjusting the cloth as the screen door at the front of the apartment bangs shut.

Putting her hands on the sides of the backrest, Joanne pushes the chair further under the table and moves it to her left with the inside of her right foot. Stepping to the corner of the table, she pulls and straightens the table cloth, then brushes it off with her right hand and turns around, walking to the corner of the room. Returning to the table, she sets a potted begonia in the center of the checkered table cloth, smoothing the cloth with her right hand.

"How you doing, Steve?" a man calls outside.

Joanne walks behind the chair at the front end of the table and puts both hands on the top of the chair back.

"All right," Steve answers from the yard.

Pushing the chair closer to the table with her
5:58 P.M. left knee, she steps away from the table and walks
from the dinning room into the kitchen.

C H A P T E R V

DISCUSSION:

A RETROSPECTIVE SELF-ANALYSIS WITHIN AN ANALYTIC FRAMEWORK

In Chapter I the focus was on the subjective--individual--component of seeing and describing as a research activity. This focus was developed by describing Sullivan's writing on participant observation. For Sullivan, the individual was the primary instrument of observation and the subjective component needed to be consciously observed if the data were to be scientifically meaningful. When the individual's subjective responses were not consciously differentiated from that which was being observed a process of distortion, which Sullivan defined as "parataxic distortion," took place.

Chapter II examined the same issue more broadly as developed in a century of writings in psychoanalysis by examining classical and totalistic models of countertransference--the former describing distortion in relationships occurring when subjective responses are unconsciously defended against, and the latter describing the use of conscious, differentiated countertransference responses for developing insight and understanding data. From Sullivan's writings on participant observation, Langs' writings on classical countertransference, and Racker's writings on using countertransference responses as a source of data from the relationship, "objectivity" was best defined as the result of conscious and conscientious awareness of personal, subjective responses to the

data of research and therapy.

Chapter III--the method chapter--described the developmental process undergone by our work and ourselves in the process of our writing Family at Dinner. This examination of process and method suggested parallels between our own personal and research learnings as we wrote Family at Dinner, and the learnings of psychoanalytic writers and clinicians in coming to an awareness of the subjective components of research, as these were described in Chapters I and II. Chapter III demonstrated the totalistic model of using countertransference by describing the ways we learned in our research to use conscious countertransference responses, in the later drafts of our description, to increase the visibility of the family.

Chapter IV--the results chapter--offered the fourteenth and final draft of Family at Dinner without further elaboration. Whereas the method chapter, in keeping with our intentions and primary directions in writing Family at Dinner, demonstrated a totalistic model of countertransference as applied to research, the present, discussion chapter--in critically examining the research results--will be more in keeping with a classical model of countertransference. With reference to the text of Family at Dinner in draft and final form, the discussion will address and describe the ways in which our anxiety and defenses against anxiety led to explicit and implicit interpretations which, in the process of writing and in retrospect, we realized described less the family under observation than our own personal wishes, fears, and longings.

In undertaking this kind of analysis one can easily get caught in failures of self-awareness. Such unintentional and highly visible reve-

lations of self which go unnoticed are embarrassing in any piece of writing particularly where the writing is intended to be formal and, as purely as possible, descriptive. At one level this is, no doubt, what was so anxiety-provoking about producing a body of qualitative descriptive research. In retrospectively examining description we produced between 1974 and 1978 my intentions are not to be self-punishing but are a reflection of intent described by Sullivan (1953) with respect to retrospective analysis--to refine the self as an instrument of observation. In addition, I want to further demonstrate some of the learnings of value for our own and others' learning purposes. Our intention when we began our work was the development of a method for describing interactive behaviors--the heart of that method is the conscious use of self as an instrument of observation and the problem of distortion which unconscious needs result in.

This work is intended, then, to serve the description constructively--that is, as further self-observant "looking"--and to further demonstrate the descriptive method and its applied concepts. Objectivity, as defined for research purposes, is a relative achievement, and critical examination of the description in draft and final form is not intended to imply expectations of perfection or to highlight imperfections in the selves of the researchers or in finished description. Also, it matters little whether the interpretations to be identified were ever "accurate at some level" in the sense of having good form in relation to the O'Neil's; what is more important to recognize, toward greater removal of researchers' preoccupation from description, is the focus and the level of our chosen interpretations as they found their

way into the draft and finished description. The family--especially, although not exclusively, through Draft 7--served both as stimulus material and as a projective screen for our own relationship, our relationship with advisors, and our relationships to our own families of origin. The period of writing Family at Dinner was one when our anxiety was high and our self-awareness and confidence in pursuing a very unusual and creative research endeavor was low.

The first part of this discussion, then, will refer to Draft 7 of Family at Dinner--the draft in which we offered our interpretations as part of the text--to examine some of the ways we attempted to externalize and work through our own unconscious, classically countertransferential conflicts by our interpretations of family relationships and what we thought to be their own unconscious motivations. The second part of the discussion will more briefly examine the final draft (Draft 14) for interpretations which are more part of the descriptive fabric and less explicit in nature than those which embellished the text in Draft 7. Exerpts from both Draft 7 (not included in this dissertation in full but available upon request) and Draft 14 will be used in this process.

Draft 7: Classical countertransferential issues in the interpretive commentary

Draft 7 of Family at Dinner has been chosen for inspection because it represented a first stopping point for us and our academic advisors in evaluating the value and possibilities of description as a research method both in-and-of itself as a research method and as a means of making the data of family relating (behavior and communications) more

available. This early draft lends itself particularly well to analysis because it contains explicit, naive interpretations of family dynamics and individual motivations.

Interpretations in physical description. The extent to which the description itself in Draft 7 was interpretive and unconsciously reflective of our own needs rather than the requirements of "objective" description, independent of explicit interpretations regarding family relationships or individual motivations, was apparent in the ways we described family members. Family members were described in Draft 7 as follows:

Joanne: Stopping to the right of the chair at the kitchen side of the table, Joanne leans forward and to her left. Her blouse, abstract yellow and green flowers on a silky white fabric, hangs loose in front and is tucked into the rear of knee-length blue denim shorts. Below these she is barefoot. As she puts the salt shaker near the place setting at the front end of the table and pauses with her hand on it, listening, her straight brown hair, parted in the middle and a few inches longer than shoulder length, falls forward to the right of her face and spreads over her left shoulder. . . . Joanne smiles as she looks at her right hand, takes the butter dish with her left, and places it in the table's center. Her face is long and oval with dark eyebrows, high cheekbones, and a full-lipped mouth. . . . She is medium height, broad shouldered and round-hipped, circling the chair at the right of the table on the way to the living room with relaxed but uncertain movements (pp. 6-7).

Steve: As he leans sideways over the chair back and reaches around Joanne with the cornbowl, Steve's right foot clears the floor and he extends his right arm behind him for balance. Broadly built and moderately overweight, he wears a cross-striped pullover shirt with sleeves that come to his elbows; a well-pronounced bulge shows at his waist where his shirt hangs outside rumpled Levis. . . . Steve's wavy brown, collar-length hair falls over the right side of his forehead. Thick eyebrows, darkly rimmed eyes, and a puffy nose; a full mustache which turns down at the corners of his mouth; and a broad, somewhat

jowly face give him the expression of a young man both boyish and serious (p. 16).

Greg: Barefoot, in hiking shorts and a long-sleeved pullover shirt, Greg descends from his second-floor bedroom to eat dinner. Greg is stocky like Steve and Joanne. His dirty-blond, wavy hair covers his ears. Approaching the table and looking it over, he tugs his shorts up in the front with both hands. Nothing fits for any length of time when you're seven and a half . . . (p. 18). Joanne stops at the corner across from him and turns in his direction, pointing the index finger of her left hand at his shaggy-banged, brown-eyed, full-cheeked face (p. 23).

Beth: Beth wanders in barefoot just after Holmes and walks toward the table with her right hand to her mouth and her head turned toward the living room. Her golden hair, which curls at her shoulders, falls across her forehead in a wave that accentuates her large blue eyes. She wears a simple green dress trimmed in white and cut above her knees. With her fingers still in her mouth, she looks forward and continues walking uncertainty toward the table (p. 26).

The colorful descriptions of Joanne and Beth and the relative absence of color in the descriptions of Steve and Greg provide one readily noticeable difference. Beyond the more colorful descriptions both Joanne and Beth are described in terms which positively accentuate their physical attributes. Joanne is described as oval faced, with "high cheekbones," a "full-lipped mouth," "broad shouldered" and "round-hipped." We effortfully described her features in terms which made her both physically attractive and sexually provocative. Steve, by comparison, is described as "moderately overweight" with a "well-pronced bulge," "darkly rimmed eyes and a puffy nose," a "jowly face," as "boyish and serious" and as a "young man." We in effect "did him in" insofar as we expressed our opinion of his physical and/or sexual attractiveness. The descriptions of Greg and Beth follow suit. Both was de-

scribed with tantalizingly seductive words, and Greg rather plainly-- sugar and spice and all things nice versus snips and snails and puppy dog tails. In addition to the physical descriptions introducing family members there are at least three other instances in the first fifty pages of this draft where Joanne is described with her "thighs against the table edge." Such suggestive descriptions of men are noticeably lacking. We left out the fact that Steve, like all other members of the family, was barefoot. In fact, we completely ignored Steve's and Greg's repeated barefoot contact under the table until we finished the description and ourselves were no longer sitting side by side in front of the video monitor. We then recalled it, then forgot to include it.

Interpretations of parental dynamics. We described Joanne attractively and Steve drably and comically. Our interpretations of their behavior separated them further by also making Steve appear to be insensitive, self-centered, and distant, usually in relation to Joanne. The following quotes from the text of Draft 7 are examples:

Having already interrupted Joanne three times, the last time to ask her if she knows what she is doing when she was asking him if he knows what they are doing, Steve interrupts a fourth time, asking, "Where's Greg?" This can't be right, he seems to be saying. Dinner--the corn--is ready, and nobody's here, what a mess. Reality isn't in tune with my expectations (p. 15).

. . .Speaking urgently, Steve tries an appeal to reason, portraying his impatience to get through dinner as something shared by the family (p. 18).

. . .In the past minute Steve has interrupted her (Joanne) about the corn, ignored her concerns about the taping, told her in effect to pull herself together and get dinner, then taken over when she was trying to call Beth (p. 19).

That's life, he seems to be saying, we all have to cooperate to get something I need. Steve needs something concrete he can anticipate to belay his anxiety about dinner and provide an alternative reason for his sense of urgency. As for getting Beth to the table, maybe she will find it easier to comply with nature and Walt Disney than with him. He doesn't have the patience right now to get Beth from one place to another himself (p. 20).

In the struggles which we interpreted between Steve and Joanne, while continuing to portray Joanne attractively and Steve unattractively we clearly deferred to Steve as father and as "King." This is evident in an early interpretation:

Leaning sideways and looking at the table as Joanne turns in his direction, Steve puts the soda bottle on the corner nearest him and places the cap next to it, then turns away from the table toward Joanne. The two of them look at each other as they turn toward the kitchen. Joanne brushes past Steve, going first. Putting his right hand on his belly as he makes way for her, Steve loudly belches behind her in mock salute--I'm King--then lowers his head and lifts his right fist to his mouth as he follows a few feet behind her into the kitchen (p. 25).

While we described Steve as insensitive to Joanne, and physically unappealing, we also saw him as being a helpful, fascinating, and engaging father, often at the very same times that we were describing him as being insensitive to Joanne:

"I should be here about ten-thirty. . .", Joanne continues loudly, emphatically nodding her head at Greg with each syllable. "Lew-is," Steve replies derisively at the same time, disregarding Joanne, who is trying hard to draw their attention to what she's seen and experienced. Apparently Steve also knows Lewis' mother. Looking forward and sitting down as he finishes speaking, Steve grits his teeth and pulls his chair underneath him with his hands on either side of the seat. Holmes casts a last glance from Joanne to Steve and walks behind Joanne's chair toward the far end of the table. "Why?"

What do you mean?" Greg asks with his eyes fixed on Steve's face, ignoring and talking over Joanne as he responds with increasing interest to Steve's fabulous questions (p. 50). . . . Greg, who hasn't taken his eyes from Steve's face since Steve sat down, raises his voice and asks excitedly, "He is?" What incredible things does Steve see in his friend that he doesn't see? (p. 51) Laying a large ear of corn on his plate with his right hand, Steve moves his can of beer aside with his left and reaches out with his knife for the butter in front of Joanne's plate. Glancing toward Greg as he reaches, he raises his eyebrows and nods, saying from the side of his mouth, "Oh, I believe he is really a member of the FBI." This is just between you and me (p. 52).

Similarly, when we described Joanne as physically attractive in comparison to Steve's dowdiness, we interpreted her behavior, the behavior which we implied caused Steve's insensitivity, as being secretive, indirect, and distracted:

"They got Holmes last night," Joanne says insistently. Holmes again turns his head toward the kitchen. Perhaps she is telling Steve indirectly that with the tape running long she has found a way to stretch out dinner--it was after dinner that we saw her lift Holmes. Whatever Joanne is leading up to, the concern in her voice and the divergent tack she's taking reflect an anxious and almost full realization of our having seen her (p. 12-13).

"Never even took--it isn't even started already," Steve says, still very much at a loss for what Joanne has in mind as he walks into the dining room with the bowl of hot corn in his left hand. His tone suggests that if they both were as anxiously distracted as she they might never get started at all (p. 14).

Stopping behind the chair at Joanne's left, Steve reaches around her to put the bowl of corn near the head of the table. Both of them are obviously anxious about being seen, but while Steve's way of dealing with both of their anxiety in this instance is to ignore it and get on with dinner, Joanne apparently wants to get closer to her own reactions and talk with Steve in cloaked language about their shared experience (p. 14-15).

The descriptions and interpretations so far portray Joanne as physically attractive, indirect and distracted. Steve is described as physically unattractive, insensitive in relation to Joanne, while nonetheless "fabulous" and "incredible" as a father--and as "King." The descriptions of Greg and Beth show similar patterns--we described Beth very attractively and Greg drably or neutrally. What we described and neglected to describe to this point is broadly but strongly reflective of oedipal conflict.

Interpretations of competition. That throughout Draft 7 the feelings we most pervasively interpret as belonging to the family are feelings of intense competition is also suggestive of our own unexamined and exacerbated oedipal conflicts. Examining how often we saw competition, as well as the forms we saw it taking will further help to clarify what we were experiencing in relation to each other, the O'Neils, our advisors, and our own parents and siblings.

We interpreted competition most aggressively in the relationship between Greg and Beth and in the relationship between Steve and Joanne. We described little in the way of competition between Steve and Greg or between Joanne and Beth--between people of the same sex. We alluded to same sex competition or described it in only a secondary way. In the first one-half of Draft 7 we saw, described and interpreted competition between Greg and Beth over who was going to sit where at the table--family position--and then around access to butter and knives--that is, who was more grown up and capable. The fight over the chair is graphically described and interpreted:

. . .He looks up to his left past Beth as he finishes speaking to Joanne, and deliberately sits on her feet with a grinding motion of his buttocks. Perhaps Beth feels the way he does when Joanne sits on him, as she's done tonight every time he's taken an interest in her.

"Don't!" Beth squeals, looking down at her feet, then back to the chair seat at her left to which she retreats sideways. Standing on the chair at Steve's right, she indignantly looks down at Greg while Steve pours soda without looking up.

Gripping the table end with his right hand, Greg slides further into his chair and looks toward Beth. "You sit there and you'll get dinner," he says, furtively lowering his voice as he glances up from Beth to Joanne entering from the kitchen, then back again to Beth, pulling his right leg in between the chair and table legs after him. If you want a taste of what I get, try that seat.

"No!" Beth whines loudly while Greg speaks, turning from Greg to the plate in front of her and back toward Greg whom she wants to displace (pp. 29-30).

After Joanne tells Greg to move to his left, to the chair closest to Steve:

With his left hand on the table corner, Greg looks back unhappily at the chair won by Beth as he sits in the seat to Steve's right. "Rats," he says quietly, then looks forward at the Coke bottle. Rats, Robin, the little one won again (p. 32).

Ignoring Greg, Beth takes her glass in both hands and looks over it at Joanne transferring an ear of corn from the bowl to her plate. She has her mommy to herself (p. 34).

When Greg is then offered the opportunity to prepare and butter his own corn we describe the tables as having turned:

. . .With her (Beth's) right foot touching the floor, her right arm flat on the table, and the right side of her chest pressed against the table edge, she watches her older brother getting what he wants through his own efforts, something she can't do yet. He is so preoccupied he doesn't even notice her. Joanne is taking care of her

corn instead of her needs and Joanne is distracted at that. Beth speaks from the lonely abandonment which underlies all serious competition (p. 38).

Still later, after we describe Beth as also wanting Greg's friend who had rung the doorbell during dinner, we make an interpretation which describes her as willing to do anything, including what we experienced as precocious attempts at sexual seduction, to win a losing battle:

. . .Turning forward again, she grips the table corner with her right hand and extends her left arm fully to her glass. As she lifts it she seems aware that Greg is looking in her direction and turns her face up to the right, brushing her hair back with her right hand twice. Beth wants everything Greg has--his chair, his knife, his butter, the attention he receives from Joanne and Steve, his friend. If growing up is a race, she can't win, though she may precociously use every means at her disposal. Holding her glass in both hands, she rocks back and forth once, then drinks as Steve speaks in the front hall (p. 47-48).

The competition which we chose to interpret between Steve and Joanne inevitably found Greg in the middle. Primarily we saw Joanne as trying to get to Steve through Greg and Steve as competing with her for Greg or using Greg as a shield between them:

. . .Bending forward, she leans her thighs against the table edge and begins salting Greg's corn with her right hand while she turns it with her left.

Greg is receiving some angry loving from Joanne. From the beginning he's been caught between her and Steve in what appears to be their anger at feeling deserted by one another. Called to dinner by Steve at the very moment Steve most determinedly turned his back to Joanne, Greg became the most ready obstacle in the way of Joanne's reaching Steve and consequently the target of her anger. When his attempt to choose a chair that wasn't between them failed, Steve offered him a knife with which to butter his own corn. The knife was doubleedged, however, capable of helping him cut his way free of parental en-

tanglements but also certain to arouse Joanne's ire at finding her competition so grown up. When Steve left the room, Joanne entered the place he vacated beside Greg, using this opportunity to position herself between them. There, in the guise of helping Greg learn to take care of himself, she competitively took away the grown-up tasks Steve had given him. She buttered and salted his corn and now she's belittling his friend. Meanwhile, the anxious competition has isolated Beth (p. 47-48).

Later when Steve asks Greg if he has ever seen "Dumbo," a movie they plan to all see together later that evening at the drive-in, the following description and interpretation emerges (our interpretive statements are italicized in this quotation):

Turned in Steve's direction, Beth continues sucking butter off her fingers while Joanne takes her corn from her mouth, looks at Steve and cuts in, "Yes, I took him," then turns back to her corn. Greg and I did that together. Steve chose to open a conversation with Greg on a topic close to Beth's interests but has left Joanne out and Joanne's not letting him forget her so easily. Perhaps more to the point, Steve is attending to Greg in a way that separates Greg and Joanne further when they were starting to talk with each other against the tide of Beth's jealousy. Without attending to Joanne, Steve nonetheless competes with Greg for her as he's done earlier around giving Greg a knife and discussing Greg's friend Lewis with him; he in effect stands between Greg and Joanne with his back to Joanne.

Through wiping his mouth on his shirt, Greg brings his head forward and nods in one motion, replying to no one in particular, "Yep." He chews while he inspects his corn.

Sucking butter off her thumb, Beth turns from Steve to Joanne, who looks forward, brings her corn to her mouth, and adds, "I took him myself."

"I really like Dumbo," Steve cuts in, and leans further toward Greg as he stretches out his left arm between Joanne and Greg to get butter. While Steve ignores Joanne to talk to Greg, and Joanne tries to get closer to Greg and more especially Steve by emphasizing Greg's dependence on her, Steve also speaks to Greg about Dumbo in a way that increasingly draws Beth as fully and irresistibly into the competition at least as powerfully as any attempt by Joanne to connect with Greg does. Steve, who

has his own share of participant conflicts to deal with in relation to Joanne, is over his head trying to support Greg's moves away from dependence while at the same time trying singlehandedly to take responsibility for keeping family peace. He could much more easily keep the peace and support Greg's youthful independence by attending to his own and Joanne's relationship (p. 98-99).

Relationship of the description and interpretations to the researchers. Early in the description, where the tape is running and we have not yet left the house, we describe ourselves speaking off camera. I am described as "anxious to leave" and "reassuring," Jeff as "hesitating," and both of us as "obsessing together." This description of each of us represents an "enmeshed ambivalence," or a "splitting"--both of us wanted to stay and to leave. We were concerned primarily with how much, when we left, the data would be out of our control. We later attempted to exercise control by interposing an interpretive commentary unplanned when we began our work. In much the same way, clinicians who are anxious about what is happening in the consulting room interpret to control and defend against feelings, and in doing so reveal their own feelings and unconscious needs. Faced with difficulty relinquishing control, in describing we attempted to gain mastery of unconscious feelings through interpreting the unconscious feelings of others. The lack of control that we felt over our data, in response to personal conflicts, and in relation to academic committees was specifically described in the text in relation to such things as camera position and the data we were collecting:

"Okay," says Brian from the front hallway, casually enough to reassure Joanne and us. We want everything right for the final taping. Concerned that after all our

checking for last night's trial run we aimed the camera too far to the left, we now obsess together in anxious undertones instead of leaving. We are having trouble accepting how much the data we're collecting are out of our control (p. 7).

Our wish to be observers rather than acknowledging our participation was also contained in an interpretation about Joanne's wishes and Steve's actions:

. . . Shifting from one foot to another and edging toward the kitchen, she (Joanne) points up and down from his (Greg's) face to his hands as she speaks. Not only is Steve ignoring her, but he's forcing her to be a participant when she would join the observers. She doesn't like this and Greg is really catching it (p. 23).

Although we were obsessing about many things--about aiming the camera too far to the left, about how much the data we were collecting were out of our control, and about being observers rather than participants--that which we were most anxious about and did not recognize fully until the final drafts three to four years later was now extraordinarily intimate it was to look at people so closely--and how much that would in turn rouse our own conflicts about intimacy. The extent to which we knew this by Draft 7 was minimal, but the impact which we felt it had on the O'Neils was major:

Perhaps she is telling Steve indirectly that with the tape running long she has found a way to stretch out dinner--it was after dinner that we saw her lift Holmes. Whatever Joanne is leading up to, the concern in her voice and the divergent tack she's taking reflect an anxious and almost full realization of our having seen her. Considering our seeing Holmes is safer than what else she may think we saw when we watched them at dinner last night hours after their dinner was over. Steve was in the picture too, and she's beginning to share her anxiety

with him (p. 12-13).

Our fear of acknowledging how much we ourselves were central participants exacerbated many of our own longings and conflicts, which in turn probably intensified our difficulty acknowledging our participation. Primarily, we wanted to be part of the family both to exert control and to fulfill family-related needs. Very early in our own wishes were inadvertently described in an interpretation of Joanne's glance into the living room: "We have left the apartment but not Joanne's thoughts." The ways we sensuously described her, and our own observations of our feelings since that time, clearly indicate our oedipal and preoedipal wishes. We saw conflict and its source not as being the result of our longings, but instead displaced it onto the family and the camera which was there in our absence. We described Steve as caring about his own needs rather than Joanne's. Joanne we saw here as caring about us. She was fixing the meal this way--one course at a time--for us, for the video taping. As we began describing--looking very closely at physical behavior--and interpreting family dynamics and individual motivations we were very excited. Later, the closer we came to showing the description to academic advisors the more we began to feel we were in one of the most fear-producing, conflicted, competitive situations of our lives. Only later still did we recognize our feelings to be largely oedipally-based competition in which we were competing not only with our academic fathers, but also with each other as siblings. The descriptions of family members and the competitive dynamics we identified in our interpretive commentary are reflections of these feelings.

The competition which we described, and which we attempted to make sense of in our interpretations, relieved some of our intense anxiety by allowing us to deal with profound personal conflicts externally through displacement. The competition which we interpreted less, and which in describing we minimized, was that which might lead us to reflect on the competition we felt between us and our academic advisors. Same-sex competition was far more threatening for us to see and describe given the object of our longing was to be the best; the one instance in which we did find competition between Steve and Greg, between father and son, was late in Draft 7 and even then we minimized it by the way we presented it:

Glancing quickly at Greg, then back to his corn which he lifts to his mouth as he speaks, Steve says, "Gregory, it's not, it isn't a race," and bites into his corn, facing slightly in Greg's direction. Steve is telling Greg, who's just taken some very hefty bites of corn, to slow down and stay with them now that Joanne has joined the family and is eating. . . . He is of course competing with Steve, but he's also placing distance between himself and the others by eating so greedily (p. 79). . . . He suggests that Greg doesn't have to eat fast for fear of not getting enough, but he's also noting that Beth's refusal to eat while they go ahead is separating her even more from the rest of the family (p. 80).

If we had been less threatened by the immediacy and constant, albeit unattended to, presence of our own competitive feelings we might have explicitly interpreted competition in relation to Steve and Greg more often, for Greg is often described as eating fast in comparison to Steve and looking at Steve while doing so. As in psychotherapy, countertransference can be expressed either through obsessive focus or inattention.

In addition to the competition between us and our academic family there was, as noted, intense competition between the two of us to be best. Our own competition was displaced in special attention to Greg and Beth's competition for chairs, knives and butter. Anxiety over our own close relating and competition may have moved us to glamorize Joanne and Beth the ways we did. At that point we were afraid to look at our own reactions to the intimacy our work necessarily produced, more from fear of what we did not know rather than anything else. It was only later when Jeff's academic advisors urged us to do it our own way rather than what we perceived to be "theirs" or "psychology's" that we disregarded the interpretive commentary and began to be able to see--"visualize"--the family and to look also at our competitive struggles with one another and, ultimately we realized, with our own brothers and sisters and parents.

Oral reunification themes. As already intimated, when our anxiety was highest during the first two years of our work--which coincided with my being at the University of Maine and Jeff at the University of Massachusetts--our interpretations often went beyond fears and struggles of competition and competence to wishes for earlier forms of safety and protection. Beth provided our prime representative for displacement of this oral longing. We longed for what we interpreted to be the "back-yard wonderland" which we described her as reluctantly leaving to come to the table. Other interpretations also attest to our wishes and needs to escape from the task at hand, to be adults rather than students, and to be protected:

Under the full intensity of Joanne's gaze, Beth stares at her plate, her right elbow on the table, her right fist against her forehead, and the fingers of her left hand moving in her butter. Beth has received everything she's asked for, but nobody, least of all her, knows that she really wants to be included as an adult if not at the breast. . . .

. . . Holding his corn down near his plate while he chews, Greg looks quickly from his corn to Steve as Steve speaks, then to his right at Beth's plate while Joanne turns her gaze past him from Beth to the bowl of corn, apparently deciding to leave Beth's corn on her plate. "It's a beautiful ear," she laments. How nice it would be if someone would fix corn like that for her. "I'll eat it," Greg interrupts. He's not too grown up for some of that nice attention from his mom. . . (p. 66).

. . . Turning to her left and leaning her head on her right shoulder, Beth puts the buttery fingers of her left hand in her mouth. "Mmmmm," Beth moans from her butter-sucking reverie. Yummy, yummy, yummy, I've got love in my tummy (p. 69).

We wanted to be protected from competition and to receive approval the way we now felt (in the quote below) that Steve was protecting Beth and offering her approval. Now, rather than the persuasion, coercion, disapproval and contradiction we had "felt" in Steve's behavior till then, we interpret Steve's interaction with Beth as clearing a space to protect Beth's learning while inviting her closer to him:

Placing his napkin beside his plate as Joanne finishes speaking and glancing toward Greg, Steve says from the side of his mouth, "Show me if she can remember it, Greg," then looks down and lifts his corn from his plate. By holding Greg back from answering Joanne, Steve clears a road from Beth to himself on which Beth can make her way toward him if she wishes without getting run over. Not incidently, he prevents Greg and Joanne from making contact (p. 86).

. . . Beth, holding her glass in her left hand and continuing to look at Steve, reaches her left foot back beneath her chair. Steve is approving of something she's done when all along she's evoked little persuasion, coercion, disapproval, and contradiction. She's tried so hard and so disruptively to be included, and now she's

being encouraged to enter as a participant in the anticipation of coming family events. Anticipating Steve's next question, she says, "We're going to see--" (p. 87-88). . . . Still turned in Beth's direction, Greg lifts his glass, tilts his head back, and drains it while Joanne reaches out with her knife for more butter and Steve continues to watch Beth expectantly. Beth needs singular, one-to-one attention to participate, or she gets confused and her tenuous learning is disrupted (p. 90).

Both our competition and longings for reunification were intensified at the time in my own wishes to be at the University of Massachusetts where both Jeff and I had done our undergraduate work together, where Jeff had begun his graduate work, and where we had started our work on Family at Dinner. I was experiencing the University of Maine, where I went to begin my graduate work when my first application to the University of Massachusetts was rejected, as an exile to Siberia. In spite of Jeff's and my contract for equality in the writing and credit for writing Family at Dinner, I often, anxiously and realistically, feared not receiving academic credit for this work which remained my primary research commitment. I felt I was in a hostile and isolated environment at the University of Maine. The conflict and rejection I experienced at the University of Maine regarding the qualitative research I was doing in Amherst, while Jeff received support for our work together at the University of Massachusetts, made me feel as if I were caught between two warring, separated parents. I wanted to be back where the work I was doing would be accepted and approved of the way we saw Steve approving of Beth, rather than feeling the disapproval, persuasion, coercion, and disqualification which I felt subject to. Wanting to be back at an institution where my work would be accorded a re-

spect similar to that which Jeff was getting, where I would receive the credit I felt I deserved for it; wanting to be back at the "home" where we had begun our work--these personal concerns immeasurably amplified the competitive intensity and the themes of equality and inequality in Greg's and Beth's competing for one-to-one attention; to be in the "inside" or "outside" chair, and the oral longings to be "included as an adult if not at the breast" which we described in our work.

Draft 7: Summary and conclusions. In our interpretations of the O'Neils we clearly emphasized oedipal and, less frequently, preoedipal themes which we now recognize to have been representative of our own undifferentiated needs at the time of the writing. What was left out as well as what was included in the text also reflects intensely competitive feelings in relationship to our academic supervisors, who were all men, and with our families, especially our fathers. This made the closeness and intimacy that was required of us in our work feel at times very frightening. As a result, while we were learning we both consciously and unconsciously exercised a great deal of inflexible, nonadaptive control. Our interpretations and omissions represent a classical counter-transferential process in which the level of anxiety forced the unconscious repetition and representation of personal conflicts in our work. This will always be the case with individual researchers. In qualitative, participant observation research conscious awareness of self is the best safeguard against making interpretations which are reflective of singular unconscious needs of the researcher than of the depth of the subjects.

The mechanisms for this process will be briefly examined by compar-

ing them to the framework described by Robert Langs (1977). This will allow a comprehensive view of varied levels, sources and mechanisms of countertransference expression. Countertransference will be examined from the same perspectives used by Langs: 1) matrix vs. reactive countertransference; 2) genetic countertransference vs. countertransferential displacements from current external situations; 3) the countertransferential mechanisms of projection, projective identification, identification, introjective identification, and projective counteridentification; and 4) active vs. passive modes of countertransference.

The questions as to whether countertransference as we expressed it in our research was matrix or reactive--whether it was chronic and widespread or acute and transitory--and whether it was genetic and longstanding, or displaced from current events, will be answered more fully following an examination of the final draft which follows. What has been described so far in this chapter indicates the presence of components from both areas. As it was described in the preceding pages, my own fear of not receiving academic credit for the work I was choosing to do while at the University of Maine was a reactive countertransferential process and a countertransference based on displacement from current external situations. Oedipal themes appear more genetic and reactive (vs. matrix) oriented to the extent that they are more longstanding in our lives and reactive to the context and the text. Where there is a question of whether the countertransference is more chronic or acute in nature, examples from varied descriptions or varied situations including research, personal psychotherapy, and psychotherapy supervision can offer support for these distinctions. My conclusion from my own psycho-

therapy, which overlapped with the research, and from psychotherapy supervision which I received, is that oedipal themes had been important issues for me especially when the situation was competitive. Jeff shares similar issues.

The specific countertransferential mechanisms which manifested themselves in our work and which are somewhat apparent from the preceding description and analysis, appear to be of two varieties, although at times they are hardly distinguishable. Projections are clearly evident in our distorted descriptions of individual family members. The primary, or superseding countertransferential mechanism in all of our work however was projective identification. Using this mechanism, we projected, disowned, and externally worked over our own conflicts. Through these mechanisms and our interpretations we competed for attention with each other and in relation to the family. As a result our interpretations made us central and visible at the expense of the description.

The final general category of countertransference described by Langs is active versus passive forms. Both projection and projective identification are active forms of countertransference. We were the instigators rather than the recipients of the "patient's" projective identifications.

In sum, both of the main categories of countertransference described by Langs: matrix and reactive; both of the primary sources of countertransference: genetic and displacements from external objects; and two of the mechanisms: one intrapsychic (projection) and one interactional (projective identification) were identified from the data and

supported from a range of experiences including psychotherapy, psychotherapy supervision, and our own appraisal of our relationships with advisors and families. The final section of this chapter will examine Draft 14, the final draft of Family at Dinner, for classical countertransference processes which are more part of the fabric of description, rather than expressed in interpretive commentary.

Draft 14: Countertransference in descriptive form

An examination of the final draft of Family at Dinner will focus on how unconscious countertransference bias which unintentionally describes or draws attention to a single or restricted level, rather than the multiple levels of family interaction consciously desired, is present in its more purely descriptive form. There are many important differences between Draft 7 and the final draft of Family at Dinner. One is that whereas our interpretations in Draft 7 were spelled out and interspersed with the text, those in the final draft are part of the fabric of the description itself and therefore at times more difficult to identify. Interpretations based on unconscious countertransference-based needs are still present, however. To some extent, for example, countertransference-based distortions in the descriptive text of the final draft are signalled by the obsessive care which we took in describing particular interactions with a level of detail unusual to the rest of the text. Our conflicts then stand out almost as if we wished to call attention to them. In the same way, we wished our interpretations to stand out in Draft 7, feeling (as we often discussed between ourselves) that they reflected how clever we were. Our countertrans-

ference-based needs and wishes, as in Draft 7, are also blatant in our descriptions of individuals, in our use of adjectives, adverbs and underlinings at particular points in the text and in relation to particular people, and in omissions in the text which we identified retrospectively. Strikingly often when most anxious we applied these mechanisms in combination.

Another important difference between Draft 7 and 14 is that we were more aware of our responses to the data, to each other, to committee members, and less directly, our own families by the time we reached the final draft. We had been learning through our clinical work and personal therapy, and through our work together how to use countertransference responses totalistically to increase the visibility of the family and differentiate our responses to the family on videotape from those coming from other sources. One result of this is that the competition which we saw and interpreted in Draft 7 becomes only one of the many possible lines or levels of interpretation available to the reader in Draft 14. Support and cooperation, especially between Steve and Joanne, is more clearly visible once the fog of competition from our personal fog machine has risen. In sum, family dynamics at varied levels are more available in the final draft than in Draft 7. There are many reasons for this: 1) Our removing the fabric of our explicit interpretations thus making other interpretations available to the reader; 2) From Draft 7 through Draft 14 we eliminated many interpretive adjectives and adverbs in addition to paring down obsessive and obscuring detail that we had added earlier to make the description "objective"; 3) Finally, from Draft 7 through Draft 14 we edited for visibility with the accumu-

lating insight which was becoming more and more available to us as we continued our work. Even with the improvements, however, a retrospective examination--one which has the benefit of time and distance--shows restrictive interpretations remain. How early interpretations served us was the focus of the first part of this chapter, what the fog of our interpretations and obsessive detail covered will emerge in the pages which follow.

Physical descriptions. The physical descriptions in Draft 14 indicate less overt unconscious sexual preoccupation with Joanne, and with Steve to the extent that we had desexualized him in Draft 7. In the final draft Joanne and Beth are still described more colorfully, however, while Steve and Greg still appear (literally) colorless by comparison. In the physical description of Joanne (pp. 105) the reference to her silky blouse, oval face, full-lipped mouth, dark eyebrows, high cheekbones, broad shoulders and round hips are replaced by "Her face is long, with strong features, and she is medium height and broadly built." Steve is similarly described (pp. 109) as "broadly built," with "wavy brown hair" of "collar-length" and having "heavy eyebrows," "deep set eyes," a "full mustache turning down at the ends, and a wide face." In terms of dress, first Joanne: "Her blouse, white with an abstract print of yellow and green flowers, hangs out in front and is tucked into the back of her knee-length blue denim shorts." No attention is paid to color with Steve except the mention of his hair: he "wears a horizontally striped, short-sleeved pullover shirt outside his pants." Greg (pp. 110 and 112) and Beth (pp. 114) change very little from Draft 7 to 14. The most noticeable difference is that Greg is no longer

described as having brown eyes, and Beth's blonde hair "accentuates" her "blue eyes" rather than her "large blue eyes." Beth, just as in her physical description, is described with great intensity throughout the text, as will be seen. This does not necessarily mean that these issues have been "resolved" or that we are rid of the feelings, only that we were more aware of subjective wishes and needs and therefore more able to describe her in relatively "objective" terms as the word was used by Racker (1966).

Anger: Obsessive interest, artificial emphasis and omissions in relation to parts of the text indicators of countertransference difficulty. We often overworked the description where family members and their relating most attracted our attention due to the unconscious conflict which we felt in relation to them. The "overworking" in turn highlighted conflicts in the family interactions in ways which were an artifact of our own unexamined conflict. Our responses were similar to those of an individual who is suspicious, or frightened, or does not understand, who seeks out details of external experience to justify anxiety. We attempted to "resolve" conflicts or contain them by obsessively attending to some of the details of description and ignoring others where we were unable to recognize or attend to the feelings which they engendered. The result is distortion of the text created by our emphasizing or intensifying some interactions in relation to others.

One early interaction (one that we rewrote many times) which clearly exemplifies this process, and also assumes importance for the feelings it was an early indicator of, begins on page 112 where Joanne tells Greg to go wash up for dinner. Where she is at first de-

scribed as telling him to do this the emphasis in the text is on her pointing finger. There is in fact some strong feeling in her words, but the description does not allow her to speak for herself. In our unconscious identification with Greg we excessively or emphatically detailed Joanne's pointing at his face and from his face to his hands, then shifted emphasis to Greg's "closing his hand into a fist and walk(ing) in a wide half circle around her to the bathroom, his arms swinging at his sides and his hands fisted" (p. 113). Our projective identification with Greg's defiance and anger is two-fisted, stemming from our own conflicted feelings at having our work publicly criticized and evaluated, and also perhaps related to embarrassment at being participants in an experience which required regressive components of feeling. Watching and describing the family so closely, and together, certainly gave us guilty feelings we delighted in, an experience not unlike the exciting boyhood fear of being caught with one's hands in the "cookie jar." The effect is that our description highlights--really points to--those feelings which reflected our own, particularly, as noted earlier, those feelings which we most feared--such as anger--and delighted in--such as looking closely at people--always just short of insight and relinquishment.

Our need to make our presence felt in the description--the projective identification discussed elsewhere in this chapter as an almost compulsive undermining of our better intentions--similarly remains present in this draft when we add dramatic emphasis, for example, to Joanne's statement (p. 108) "they got Holmes last night." We continued, in Draft 14, to be acutely aware of the family's concerns about us and

what we might see, in direct proportion to which we as student researchers felt ourselves to be the observers observed by introjected parental figures.

When anger or competition in the data touched upon unconscious issues of our own we obsessively orchestrated the interactions so people seemed to pass each other by. This occurs in the same interaction which in Draft 7 drew from us the "I'm King" interpretation in relation to Steve. In Draft 7, efforts at conflict avoidance had provoked that interpretation, in Draft 14 the remnants of conflict avoidance remain in our seeing Steve as "making way" for Joanne:

He turns away from the table and looks at her, then she turns and walks ahead of him into the kitchen. Putting his right hand on his stomach as he makes way for her (*italics mine*), Steve belches, then lowers his head and lifts his right fist to his mouth, following her into the kitchen (p. 113).

Not only is the interaction perfectly visible without the underlined phrase, but here, as earlier when Greg left to wash his hands at Joanne's bidding, a closed hand becomes in our description a fist--a vision of anger and confrontation to the exclusion of other possible, and more probable, interpretations of the scene.

Where, in Draft 7, we found conflict among Steve, Joanne and Greg in Joanne's buttering of Greg's corn, in Draft 14 the unconscious conflict continues in our describing Joanne as having "Finished buttering Greg's corn." On page 123 we have Greg grabbing his corn from her with both hands; on page 124 we have him "watching Joanne butter his corn," maintaining an unconscious emphasis which narrowed the focus rather than

expanding it. In Draft 7 we suggested that Joanne was taking away Greg's autonomy, focusing on her anxiety where we were not aware of our own, even after she suggested to Steve that Greg be given a knife rather than using a fork to butter his corn. At the time we wrote Draft 14 we continued to find it difficult to see Joanne as supportive or helpful in some situations, just as we continued to raise fists in her direction.

Other interactions which drew our focus with a special intensity were those in which Beth's statements and gestures could be taken to express anger. One, other than our focus on Beth's reluctance to come in from the backyard noted earlier, is an interaction between Beth and Greg which begins on page 113 of Draft 14 when Beth "wanders" into the dining room and then "walks unsteadily," and "toddles," and climbs, and walks across the chairs in what appears to be nothing less than a travel saga, to where she and Greg collide at the same chair as Greg returns from washing his hands. We rewrote the scene certainly no fewer than thirty times. We then describe Greg as sitting on Beth's feet with a virtually imperceivable "grinding movement." Our fascination with Beth and with her indignance is then made dramatically present in our elaboration of her intonation. She is described as yelling, staring, whining, glaring, and flailing (pp. 116). The shift of positions which follows, with Greg moving to his left and Beth to her right, is orchestrated (innumerable rewrites) such that the two seem to glide smoothly past each other with the glass of soda simultaneously arriving from Steve's hand at "the place setting Greg is leaving and Beth is taking" (pp. 117).

Anger and indignance are again ascribed to Beth and elaborated on page 149, when we describe her as blurting something out, calling out, shouting, crying out, and yelling. Beth often drew our attention away from other family members not only because we found her physically and sexually competing (e.g., repeated references to her hair), but also in the ways our feelings of her anger captivated our attention.

We were also not beyond, as just seen, goading the very anger we needed to see, as when we described (much rewriting again to achieve the very effect that is here identified as problematic) Greg reaching for butter with his fork:

"Here, Beth," says Joanne. She butters quickly as Greg, holding his fork in his right hand with its prongs straight up, continues to look around the table. Taking her glass from her mouth, Beth looks at her plate, then turns sharply toward Greg as he waggles his fork in the air and reaches with it toward the butter dish. While Beth cranes her neck, watching the fork in Greg's right hand, Steve finishes filling the glass in Greg's left hand and puts back the soda bottle, straightening up. Holmes settles on the floor behind Joanne's chair (p. 119-120).

We more than Greg waved that fork like a flag in the fact of Beth whom we had described repeatedly in Draft 7 as violently jealous and hungry for butter and the autonomy to reach for it.

Just as countertransference can be flagged by and reveal itself in obsessive detail, or in the different forms of emphasis chosen to describe, it may be revealed in omissions, for example, in the final draft, in the continued omission of Steve's and Greg's playing footsie under the kitchen table. In another "decision" made consciously, but still without awareness of our then unconscious concern regarding Jo-

anne, we were very self-conscious about including references in the text to the way Joanne ate from the side of her mouth because of the irritability and discomfort it evoked in us and which we fantasized that it and Joanne herself must in Steve.

Draft 14: Summary and conclusions. The sources and the mechanisms of classical countertransference seen in relation to Draft 7 are supported and are further elaborated by the data and provided by Draft 14 and personal insights from psychotherapy and supervision. Again using Langs' distinctions countertransference material is primarily reactive (vs. matrix) has genetic components with some affective intensity added by displacements from current realities. The mechanisms are the same as those described earlier--projection and projective identification--with the addition of an obsessive mechanism that functioned to obscure the affect associated with these processes. As earlier the form was also an active one.

It is clear from the material described from Draft 14--and retrospectively from both the content and tone of the interpretations from Draft 7--that the interpretations in Draft 7 were masking anger. Some of that anger was oedipal; still more was related to sibling competitive rivalries. It is anger at being called in from the "backyard wonderland" to be adults--as our research demanded--while we still felt some of the uncertainty of children. It is the anger of relinquishment. It required that we give up the fantasies and the excitement of watching adults from the top of the stairs or through keyholes. It is the anger of loss and separation; the anger at feeling we had to compete with those better equipped for the competition than we. It is the anger and

irritability that covers fear of growing as an adult at each new step without end. It is the anger that is left over from feelings that there always has to be a winner and a loser when both share a common bond--as brothers and sisters or as graduate students. When this is unconsciously perpetuated, winning always carries with it an element of loss, sadness, and guilt--elements which, when they remain unconscious, insure perpetuation.

What is most dramatically evident from the data from Drafts 7 and 14 is that we displaced onto women the anger which results from these feelings. We raise our fists in their direction, sit on them, wave forks in their faces, and then sit back and excitedly describe their beauty and their anger to cover our own fears regarding the separation and the loss they represent at each difficult transition to young men working to become adults.

CHAPTER V
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF ONE'S OWN SPECIES

Summary

Family at Dinner is a concrete written description of the interactions of a family of four, including dog, at dinner in their home. It is product of four years of work by Jeffrey Baker and myself in developing a research methodology suitable for describing interactive behavior. In addition to the tangible product of our work we have also sought to make the process and the learnings which grew from our work equally available. The desire to do this is based on a firm conviction that process and product form a seamless inseparable whole. Therefore, the first two chapters of this dissertation provided a conceptual framework of theoretical and clinical writings which paralleled our own learnings. The position of the writings examined was that there existed a developmental movement in general science and more recently in psychology away from mechanistic ideas of "objectivity" and toward the study of process and relationship which includes the subjectivity of the researcher. This position was further elaborated by Sullivan's writings on participant observation where the position established was that data exist in the relationship between the observer and the observed. It was Sullivan's contention that objective observation was a myth and that the clinician-researcher, including his or her subjectivity, was the primary instrument of participant observation. His concept of parataxic

distortion described a process similar to classical countertransference in which the individual distorts the data in participant observation relationships particularly when self-esteem is threatened by unconscious conflict. The two most prevalent views of countertransference--totalistic and classical--which themselves bear similarity to participant observation and parataxic distortion respectively, further described the use of self as an instrument of understanding in participant observation relationships and the distortion which may occur when conscious awareness of subjective needs is unavailable to the clinician or the researcher.

Our learnings in the writing of Family at Dinner bear similarity to the conceptual frameworks examined. Our work was a developmental process which was similar in some respects to the developmental process described in Chapter I with regard to the movement away from mechanistic beliefs in objectivity. From initial holistic "beliefs" the felt pressure to be scientific eventually resulted in attempts to be "objective" in a mechanistic sense; concurrently we paid little or no attention to our subjective impressions of data or to relationships which impacted on our work. Later, as we became more aware of the impact of multiple relationships and the intimacy of the data we were describing we slowly began to realize that "objectivity" could best be served by our recognition of subjective responses.

We learned to use our subjectivity in the form of our identifications with and responses to the data within the context of a collaborative relationship as a means of increasing the descriptive visibility of the family. The form which our use of our own conscious counter-

transference responses took, as it is described in the third chapter, is a variant of that described by Racker (1966): we know others on the basis of our identifications with them, experiences as they describe them to us (concordant identifications), and on the basis of our experience in relation to them (complementary identifications). Although these identifications do not generally operate on a conscious level in everyday interactions, the processes of knowing and understanding one another in everyday life can be thought of in similar terms. Knowing and understanding others from a research or clinical perspective, however, requires a sustained conscious awareness of the processes which include these identifications as they are themselves the only basis available for knowing others. Albert Einstein is reported to have stated that there is no hitching post in the universe. In describing a Family at Dinner when our overwhelming concern was more about the hitching posts we thought our academic advisors, psychology, each other, etc., might rely on, our interpretations of family dynamics unconsciously reflected a displacement from our relationship to those people. We externalized and worked over our conflicts in the description through our interpretations, then obsessively covered over the affect. When these interactive identifications must be maintained unconsciously because of either internal or external threats to self-esteem then research and clinical activities hold more of a promise of describing the researcher's unconscious preoccupations rather than the subject's experience the researcher proposes to describe.

Attention to the interactive countertransferential identificatory processes as we were working through from Draft 7 to Draft 14 had signi-

ficant effects on the description. In Draft 7 our interpretations of family dynamics are prominent. The description--the family--and our interpretations were, in effect, made to fit one another. When the interpretations were removed the process which remained was one of making the description "representational." A representational description is one which allows for multiple interpretations rather than being written such that the reader is directed to certain interpretations as was the case on Draft 7 of Family at Dinner. Maintaining a conscious awareness of countertransferential identificatory processes enabled us in the process of writing, over the two years which elapsed between Draft 7 and Draft 14, to become aware of the foundations of our interpretations of family dynamics which were implicit in the ways which we were describing the family even without the explicit interpretations. The conscious awareness and focused attention on fantasies, associations, and attributions to the family, each other, academic advisors, etc., allowed us to see the family from multiple perspectives rather than having our vision directed and restricted by processes, especially affect, tied to certain conceptual perspectives, which remained unconscious. We were then more able to see multiple interpretations and describe the family such that multiple representations would be available to the reader at Draft 14. We were, in effect, able to make conscious choices which we felt broadened the visibility of the family. The description is thus more fully "representational," but still within the limits of the awareness we were able to achieve. The limits of that awareness, to the extent that we can know them now, are described in the discussion chapter.

Research in many areas of the behavioral sciences might similarly

benefit from a self-conscious awareness of countertransferential processes. Behavior may never have but one meaning or one interpretation. Often whether a researcher or clinician describes the proverbial wife's nagging causing the husband's withdrawal, or the husband's withdrawing causing the wife's nagging, or the husband's boss causing his withdrawal and the wife's subsequent nagging, or the children's fighting causing the wife's nagging and the husband's subsequent withdrawal, etc., etc., depends more upon the researcher or clinician's needs than it does on the interests of science and the understanding of human behavior. We exist in a world where complexity is both the paradigm and the experience. The causes of any single behavior are multiply determined. Research, and the people it serves, might benefit more from becoming aware of multiple interpretations such that choices are seen and possible rather than precluded.

Conclusions

The methodology for Family at Dinner--for describing interactive behavior and making available to the reader which is not available to conscious perception in observation of the videotape or in ongoing daily experience--was increasing conscious awareness of, and use of, countertransferential feelings in relation to the data and the relationships which affected our collaborative work. The work itself was, in many respects, like carrying out extended programatic research in which the program defined was one of successive learnings which built upon one another. With each year and each successive draft we learned more about holistic description as a research methodology and the research-

er's necessary use of conscious countertransferential identifications and their associated feelings as instruments of participant observation and description. The two became inseparable; the latter was a requirement without which the former could not have existed. Without increasing self-awareness our description would have reflected more of our own competitive struggles, our own family projections, relationships with advisors, and other intimate relationships than of the O'Neil family. The value of our work was then twofold: the production of a description of a family which makes available a holistic view of the many facets of extended family process not available by other means, and its value as a learning process--what Gregory Bateson (1972) called learning how to learn. We learned how to observe and learn from observing our feelings and identifications such that greater learning was available; we learned how to observe our own participation (Sullivan, 1954) even while the process was continuing; we learned a healthy splitting (Racker, 1966); and we learned what a "misalliance" (Langs, 1977) felt like.

The learning which has been described came from three areas: 1) the collaboration; 2) the interaction and integration of learnings from research and clinical training with the help and support of research advisors and clinical supervisors; and 3) a framework of extended time. The collaborative relationship, and the mutually trusting friendship which predated it, allowed for a sharing and interplay of ideas, associations and related feelings. We often gently, and sometimes not so gently, pushed one another to insights which fostered both personal development and the development of the description. We, in effect, functioned as clinicians, checking and comparing perceptions with one

another.

The interplay between our clinical work and our research emerged from parallel functions in both. In our research, as in our clinical training, we were learning to confront and identify countertransferential distortion which arose from anxiety-laden material, defenses against it, and the urge to resolve it by repeating rather than confronting. As these countertransferential feelings became more available we were learning to use them as sources of data in both our clinical work and our research. In addition, our research taught us to look more closely at process and sequence in the consulting room rather than focusing on and interpreting content separately from the relationship within which it originated.

The description, and all of the learning described, took place within the context of the extended time we spent learning how to describe the O'Neil's. The benefits of the time spent should not be underestimated. The sameness of context fostered a continuity in development processes and a familiarity which changing tracks and beginning new work would have obscured. The direction which we chose produced most of the learnings which were significant in relation to the description--understandings of "objectivity" and uses of countertransference--toward the end of the work process. The issues which we would have dealt with may have ultimately been the same in another context, but I doubt that they would have been as easy to observe and incorporate, nor would the process have been as economical.

The relationship between research and therapy described often in this dissertation, especially with regard to the ways research and

therapy are susceptible to unconscious countertransferential distortion, and the use of countertransferential identifications when conscious, suggests that the training of the clinical psychologist under the Boulder scientist-practitioner model might benefit from the learnings which have been described in this work. The main thrust of those learnings are: 1) "objectivity" cannot be achieved through rigorous attention to methodology alone. The researcher must also attend to his or her relationships to subjects and data. In addition, just as in clinical practice, countertransferential distortion may be displaced onto research from relationships to colleagues, collaborators, friends and advisors; 2) Self-conscious attention to "subjective" responses and associations to subjects, data and other "research relationships" can serve as an additional source of information when followed to insight. The differentiation which results has the effect of allowing the researcher to see and describe data from multiple levels; 3) Self-conscious attention to subjective associations and responses in research allows for the relative "objectivity" defined by Racker (1966). This objectivity is based on an internal division which allows the researcher to make him- or herself the object of observation and analysis within research relationships; 4) Description, as the basis of all research methods, and especially the specific method of systematic, self-conscious repeated observation of interactional behaviors, needs to be further explored by psychology as a research method in its own right for its ability to make visible and understandable that which often goes unnoticed in less systematic observation. 5) Finally, and most important, in clinical psychology, both psy-

chotherapy and research are ultimately directed toward the understanding of human relationships and the feelings which are inseparable from them. The requirements for clinical practice and research in psychology are, however, often mistakenly viewed as separate. In clinical training, where the goals are helping patients to clarify their own needs and conflicts in human relationships, students see patients and receive clinical supervision which at its best focuses on countertransference issues that help the student-clinician understand and differentiate his or her own often unconscious needs in relation to the patient. Many students, although it is not required, also recognize the need for "clarifying the instrument" and learning from practice, and enter into their own psychotherapy or analysis. In research, where the goals are understanding human relationships with a focus on some "particular" area which interests the researcher and his or her advisor, and where narcissistic investment is therefore possibly greatest, what has been learned from psychotherapy about countertransference distortion and satisfying the researcher's own unconscious needs with respect to investigating human relationships and the feelings which accompany them often goes unattended.

Since its beginning clinical psychology has focused on the use of the scientific method and developing a methodology to investigate human behavior. Almost from the beginning psychoanalysis has focused on the clarification of the human analytic instrument of observation. Clinical psychology and clinical research methodology in psychology cannot help but benefit from the active clarification of the clinical researcher as an instrument of observation. The use of any methodology for studying

human behavior is abused and its potential value substantially reduced when the psychology of the researcher(s) is not actively considered.

Future active investigation of the psychology of the researcher in relation to the implementation of quantitative and qualitative research methodologies can only aid the growth and sophistication of research in clinical psychology. This means establishing closer ties between clinical learnings and research methodology, and also implementing a more formalized psychotherapy of investigators in clinical psychology in particular, and in the sciences of human relationships in general. I suspect that such a suggestion will meet with a great deal of resistance as it did in psychoanalysis fifty years ago. I am convinced, however, from my own clinical training, which has included extensive research in quantitative as well as qualitative methodology, that psychology will benefit, as the use of conscious countertransference, appropriately considered, has benefited understanding in psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, and research.

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APPENDIX

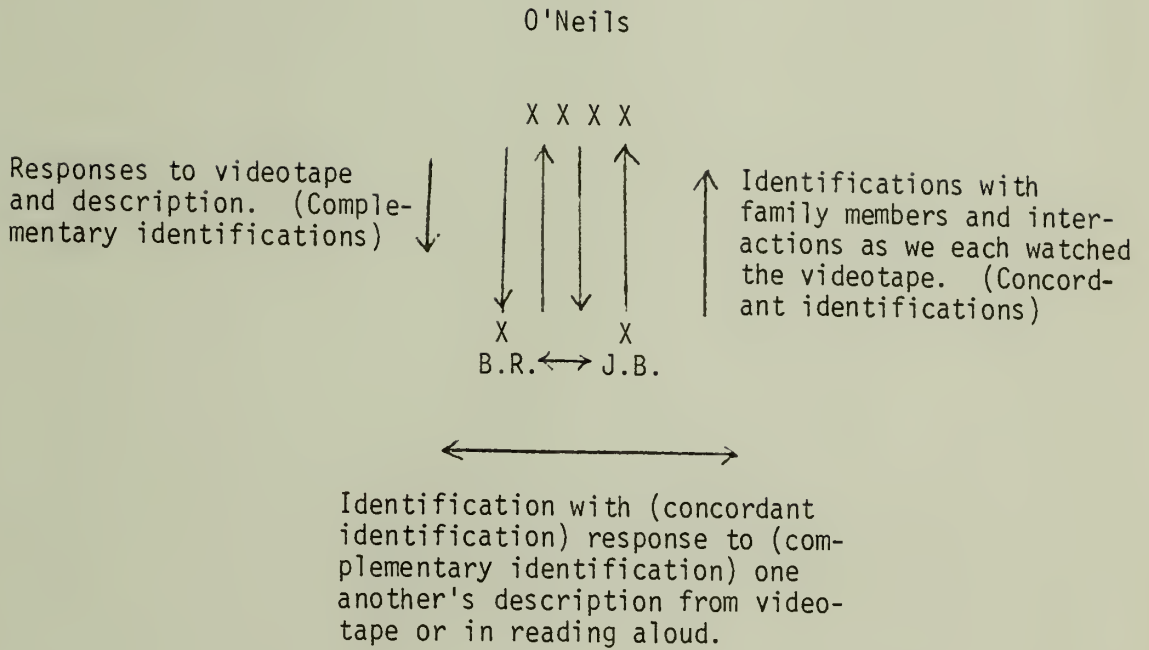


Figure 1. Identifications with and responses to the O'Neils and the others concurrent identifications.



