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Three-Fold Emphasis for Human Growth and Development in Balanced Educational Programs
teacher and the music teacher could be counted on to pass judgement on the always changing display of pictures. I was concerned that this might have an inhibiting influence but it came to be a sport for the students to discredit or argue for or against what these teachers said. I became curious as to why the lessons provided by the art teacher did not seem to have any apparent carry-over to the paintings. Some of the paintings displayed feelings of anger, humor, fear, etc. My delighted acceptance of a graveyard scene with my gravestone alongside the science teacher's gravestone spurred a bevy of all kinds of notes, letters, bulletins, cartoons, etc. pointed at my frailties but with an undercurrent of appreciation for such a "wierd" teacher.

Remarks overheard from other faculty about our "kindergarten" began to be taken less seriously and the sophisticated creations reflected at the easle were representative of student contributions in other domains of the curriculum. A painting created by carefully layered handprints of several colors appeared to be a peak experience for a scholarly prim and proper girl who was meticulously neat and traditional in all her academic work as well as her personal appearance. Two boys, in extremely different places in their ability to achieve in traditional school subjects, created an abstractly designed painting together, simultaneously, working in full cooperation with each other for two complete periods. They presented me with the painting at the end of the school year because it did not seem fair for either of them to claim ownership.

I was charmed with what had emerged that year through only providing materials (for which I had to continually manipulate rules and resort to
bribery, etc.) and acceptance. I was convinced this activity as well as many other similar ones had facilitated configurative growth for the persons involved, but I remained closed to considering what had been meaningful and freeing to adolescents, as well as my own daughters, as potentially meaningful and freeing for me.

Two years later, my first quarter at Ohio State, a professor exposed me to research she had been doing in Israel. She was teaching disadvantaged pre-school children to draw, using several techniques and then measuring their cognitive growth. With her prodding and my past experience a whole host of questions came to mind. She even required us to engage in drawing "as if" we were the students. My first reaction was that I couldn't. With heavy dependence on my pencil eraser I completed the assignments. Though sterile, I was pleased that the objects were recognizable.

A year later I decided if drawing was good for the development of kids it was good for me. This decision stemmed from an earlier realization that teachers must be learners if they are to be effective teachers.

After a little groundwork I found a man who was willing to include me in an art class for undergraduates preparing to be elementary teachers. He provided a variety of experiences, but it was his approach that made the class so successful. He was of the belief that if the students found the experiencing of art activities enjoyable, they would be more likely to provide them for children when they became classroom teachers. He also took into consideration the diversity of experience, confidence and "talent." In working with me on my particular problem he suggested
I purchase a drawing book and make an entry daily. I purchased the book and found I was avoiding making any entries. My first desire to record something was of a hypnagogic image. I drew it on a separate piece of paper. I borrowed a ruler from a friend and worked hours trying to do an outstanding drawing. Prior to engaging in the drawing activity I wrote:

"February 16, 1972"

At seven p.m. I decided to lie down for a half hour. My eyes were tired. I was trying to honor my feelings and not fight them. Instead of being annoyed at being tired I tried to just move with it. Awhile later after a sort of slumber I decided to call the library for the books I wanted and have them send them over. In stirring I made an effort to bring to consciousness something of the images that I had experienced. I hadn't dreamed; it was more of a state similar to falling to sleep. A stairway had been of particular interest to me. I thought I had it clearly in mind, but now there is an unreasonableness in its structure. The stairway was complete, plain and unique; the colors fascinated me. Railings and the stepping part of the step were lavendar. The rest was a light sort of turquoise. The stairway was clean. If it was attached to anything on the other side it was not brought to my attention. It did not seem to be in any context. Looking at the clock I discovered an hour and fifteen minutes had passed. Still somewhat sleepy I worked with the stairway. It seemed that there was something recent in my thinking about a stairway. I searched. It was something I had read. I placed the reading. It has been a paper on Gestalt therapy. Fritz Pearls believes that all parts of a dream are parts of ourself. A patient was telling about a stairway that had no railing and was not easily climbed. He continued to quiz her about the stairway. She said it was incomplete. She finally moved to admitting that it was she that was incomplete. My stairway did not seem to be useful or teacherous or in any context. It was just pleasing to look at. I reject the implications of that transfer to me.

"After Drawing"

I got quite frustrated as I drew. I couldn't make the stairway look quite right. I couldn't quite remember the details. It was taking a lot of time. I was concerned over the much reading I wanted to and felt I had to do. I became appreciative of the time devoted to a picture. I wondered why I could have a feeling of time invested well when I was reading (and had little to show for it afterwards) and a feeling of time wasted when drawing.
What had I experienced that made me feel this way? At the same time I was enjoying my effort. The colors helped. I remembered that I had never been a good 'colorer.' I really knew very little about using a ruler.

The stairway made more and more sense to me. The criss-cross up and down of the same stairway made me think of playing with an inchworm. He works himself up all the time. When he crosses the span of one hand you offer him the other. At the same time both hands are dropped down in space. The inchworm climbs a long time and a long way, but he remains almost stationary. We climb all the time when we live, so to speak. Over that time we haul our being. It has a set of essentials. It is constant. They remain much the same as we climb through time. It is sort of the absurdity of being alive. I think there is something to be said about dichotomies, too, but I don't know what. And though I continue to climb my own special stairway, perhaps the context makes very little difference.

I discovered in reviewing and deciding to include the above that although before drawing I rejected the implications of my being the stairway I had visualized, after drawing I easily discarded the resistance to the association of myself with the stairway.

I drew two more scenes from dreams (in pencil so I could erase) and wrote about them. Then I realized I was afraid of the book—of ruining the pages. Bossing my own self I sat down on March 5 with pencil and book, determined to make an entry. It turned out to be an appropriate fly-leaf for my Image Log. It was the image I described in Chapter II, "The Mandala," p. 14, I wrote:

"As I have glimpses of my reflection being carried outward in concentric circles I see that I will move together when the water is still."

This was the first entry in my first Image Log; the first drawing from my own source (not a replication from a dream, event, etc.), and the first drawing done to console myself. As I recently studied the images in both Image Logs I discovered a recurrence of drawings done to
reassure myself with promise of things coming together for me, a centeredness or an integral wholeness.

I continued to work very hard at each entry. I would then write about what I had done, but I was limiting myself to several sentences. On March 9, I made my fifth entry in the book (my eighth drawing). I had been to a one-day conference and had spent a couple hours in a bar talking with the main speaker. He had to leave to catch a plane and as I stood and watched him leave on the elevator I was very much aware that we had touched each other at a deep place and much energy flowed between us. We were both regretting that he had obligations which required him to leave that afternoon. I was a bit surprised that through my difficulties I could feel such life and excitement for a man, much less someone with whom I had been so briefly acquainted. He was gone and I attended dinner and then another evening meeting. By the time I returned to the dormitory it was late, I was tired and slightly under the influence of alcohol. Tending to be very hard on myself after I set up promises to myself, I felt obligated to make an entry in my Image Log. I sat and tried to tune in to what I was feeling. The affect of the parting at the elevator was still very tangible to me. I broke loose from my cautious and deliberate drawing style and scribbled with pencil the currents of energy I had felt at that moment. Since that time I have read some and talked with knowledgeable people about the reality of such "electrical" fields within each living person. I was intrigued by the reports given in Karagula's Breakthrough to Creativity about persons with the special ability of seeing such fields or auras around people.

The drawing was free, unstudied and in touch with me emotionally. It took only a few minutes, no erasings, and it is one of my favorites. I still felt the obligation of writing a statement on the page. It is very inadequate in comparison with the drawing. It says, "To hold and be held in silent message."

On April 12, I shared my log with the art teacher that had suggested I start it. I had made 33 entries. Most of them were in pencil; a few with colored pencil or a black Flair pen. He was very encouraging but pointed out that I was writing about or labeling my work as though the visual representation could not carry the message. He suggested I use color felt pens, thereby eliminating much of the temptation to fix up the drawing. In other words to value "distortion and error" and make it difficult to "correct." He also suggested I not write words at all.

The Log now being much more than a drawing exercise, I made a choice to write when writing seemed to be appropriate. The next entry was a large open mouth filled with smaller open mouths. I had attended a concert by the BRNO Academic Choir from Czechoslovakia. They were singing together as one immense organ. I wanted to record the name of the group and the event, but I did not try to explain the mouths in the mouth (done in golds and browns to match their dress). The 35th entry was the dream I had of birthing my Self. It was important to me to record some of what I discovered about the content of the dream as I drew scenes from same. The 36th entry was a pencil sketch of each and every undergrad in my Early Experience Program counseling group. We had met for the first time. That night I "held" each person as best I could remember them and drew
their face as they sat in the group. I also recorded their name and anything else I could recall about them. This proved to be a helpful technique in remembering them as well as seeing myself in relation to them and doing some evaluation about my interactions with the different persons in the group.

The suggestion about the felt pens, the dropping of verbal explanation and my continued invitation to use this media did seem to undo much of the rigidity I tended to represent through my drawings. The material becomes more colorful, more interesting and original as I proceed with the activity. I usually draw in the late evening. When I sit down with my book I very often have to sit awhile before something presents itself as a subject for drawing. On rare occasions I can't think of anything. If this happens I use a technique taught to me by the art teacher. It is called "blind contour." It is accomplished by positioning the pen on the drawing paper and without looking at the paper, moving the eye slowly along the shape or lines of an object. The pen is moved along the paper by "feel" in an attempt to coordinate the hand with the eye. The "imperfections" of the completed product are often their character.

On May 4, I made my 54th entry. It is the first entry in which I drew for the pleasure of drawing and any meaning given to the drawing has to be provided by the viewer. I have enjoyed looking at the representation (done in purple only) and reading possibilities for which it could be interpreted, but the piece continues to stand without connoting anything nameable.
On June 4, I made my 71st entry. It is colorful, fanciful and humorous. It reveals my head, done somewhat like a clown caricature, still wobbling from the spring of the extended accordion base found supporting figures contained in a "jack-in-the-box." Included are two words, "On resilience." I was beginning to be more appreciative of my indestructibility rather than fearful about my destructibility. Knowing full well I'd get the lid slammed down on me many more times in the future, I realized I would be intact ready to bounce back up. It was symbolic of the attitude of approaching life. My youngest daughter (then eleven) became the labeler. She printed in bold blue letters, "Jill-in-the-Box." This is the only instance in which she desired to elaborate on my entries.

On June 9, in my 76th entry, I illustrated another recent realization. As I progressed through life I was "known" in a role (e.g., Mary Alice Martin, the twirler——) which changed when I changed environments. With each move it would take a year or more to get established. Then my importance, my identity, the feeding of my ego came through being some "thing." When I returned to an earlier environment after having lived elsewhere I would find I would still "be" what I was in a role in the earlier environment. Friends and relatives would cling to the perceptual frame for which they had categorized me and rarely ever broadened to expand the frame to include what I would be at present. What appeared to be so significant for me at the time of the drawing was that there were not enough "roles" to go around so that all younsters had good opportunity to be important. I was being exposed to a lot of career guidance propaganda at my work. I had some thoughts about using career
guidance as a vehicle for providing roles of importance to all younsters, granting there might be some side effects leading to careers. What I see as elemental in importance is the experiencing of "being somebody." I have a hunch "being somebody" would be powerful input for later success in career!

I drew six "somebodies" from my history up to graduate school (I had yet to become a "somebody" in that environment). They are:

I. Mary Alice Garrett  The GOOD Girl
II. Mary Alice  The Cheerleader
III. Mary Alice  The Twirler (Majorette)
IV. Mary Alice  The Singer
V. Mary Alice  The Teacher and Mother and
VI. Mary  Teacher Association Officer

In reading Hesse's Siddhartha in 1969 I had been impressed and somewhat accepting of the way in which he suggests we continue to repeat our ancestors' lives. I had known for a long time that the man I married was in many ways like my Grandfather that was "my pal." My Grandmother was evidently an extremely bright woman and had been a most effective first grade teacher in Louisville, Kentucky. My compassion for her increases as I realize some of the loneliness and despair she must have felt until her death freed her from the cultural bonds that denied her an opportunity to give of herself or to share with understanding companions. Moving to the backwoods of West Virginia as my Grandfather's bride, she was not allowed to teach because she was a married woman. My mother reports she spent about every fifth day in bed with a severe "sick"
headache. Whatever time she had left after completing her chores in an old-fashioned and ill-equipped farmhouse, she would study. One of her favorite books was *The Dore Lectures* by T. Troward, 1916. It is filled with underlinings and some marginal notes which she inserted are still readable, but in most part for me yet too deep to be comprehensible.

In season she had a ritual of taking her morning coffee and going outdoors to the trellis reserved for Heavenly Blue morning glories. There she would quietly commune with them. I wonder what they said to each other and I sadly wonder what her potential as a human resource might have been.

My divorce was now formally and legally underway. There were times when I was afraid of my decision; when I felt guilt. On June 16, I did a symbolic drawing of how I would not repeat my Grandmother's life; that I could consciously take action to cultivate my potential. I named it, "Disproving Hesse's Siddartha." This was my 80th entry and I now see within it consolation for my Self; reaffirming the appropriateness of separations as essential to further growth and "Life." I quote from my Grandmother's notes, "...In Universal Mind Will becomes a Law of Tendency and direction must always be life-givingness." Some how I had the notion that "life-giving" was a contemporary term.

I see that inherent in most of my drawings is a question. The question is usually subtle and often times not consciously recognized. Occasionally the question is explicitly presented such as in my 86th entry I ask, "Will the bird fly without being scolded by the parents?" I show several branch tips with wispy leaves and twigs, color added in a
CHAPTER I

PROGRAM NOTES

(Introduction)

You are invited to join me in concert.

The program is my story.

It is about those things which seemed important to me as a person in a process called graduate education.

You may find that some of the things which seemed important to me seem important to you, too.

In that case, perhaps you'd like to help me sing my song.
careless way. The nest is empty and the baby bird with flimsy-looking wings stands precariously at the tip of a branch. I don't know the answer to the question, but I believe it has relevance to the human species.

I am pleased with the lightness portrayed in this drawing. On the 3rd of July I made my 88th entry on the last page of my first Image Log. It was about the Cinderella dream I described earlier.

The following autumn I decided I would purchase another drawing book and renew my drawing activity. I was coming to value in an increased way, the richness I received from the drawing experience. I bought a much larger size book (14 x 17). My daughter convinced me to buy a finer quality "watercolor" felt pen called "Marvy Markers." They have provided a richer and more dependable color as well as allowing for more finesse by the shape of their tip.

Again it was several weeks before I made an entry. I believe this was mostly due to busyness, but the size of the paper and my delinquency in using drawing as an exercise may have been more influential than I suspect. On October 24 when I finally decided to make an entry I made another choice. This Log was to be exclusively for me; I was going to draw whatever came to mind and would therefore be freed from any concern about audience. I was feeling very badly when I returned to using my drawings as a mirror. The first entry reflects that. It is done cruelly and with little concern for accuracy.

When I was in high school we enjoyed a most lively and individualistic painted turtle. He was at least twelve years old and comical and
reliable in his behavior toward humans. My Grandfather would sit on the front porch by the hour, fly swatter in hand, waiting to maim a housefly. Once done, he would talk to the turtle; the turtle would come swimming and the wiggling fly would soon be devoured. Not knowing about the necessity of tepid temperature during the summer we would leave our pet on the porch overnight. One early morning we discovered he was not in his bowl. After a brief search we saw him in the street. He had gone down two flights of cement stairs (probably tumbled) rather than into the grassy yard area. Few cars had passed the house, but in sticking his head out to check for direction a car had run over his head. The rest of his body was intact; if he had stayed in his shell his life would have been saved. It was a bitter discovery. As I drew the scene of the turtle’s death, I thought of the risk taken when opening up to experience and yet there must be openings or life is lost. I had "stuck my head out" and been hurt.

Another month went by before I made the second entry; two in November; six more in December. Then, as I discussed in "The Inner Screen," I moved toward exposure with little time for reflection.

On April 8 I renewed the invitation for inner development that I achieve when I draw on a regular basis. I have not disciplined myself to feel compelled to draw on a routine schedule. This time it is more of a ritual. My approach is to try to set aside time when it feels appropriate to solicit visual images. In many instances I draw more than one drawing in one sitting. On this date July 4, I have made 55 entries in my second Image Log, 46 entered during the past three months. I have
discussed several of these in "The Inner Screen." One is discussed in
detail in the section called "The Mandala." A few others are discussed
in other suitable contexts.

All entries in the second Image Log have been made with felt pen.
Content, color and technique have an increased richness and diversity in
comparison with the first log. Occasionally I try to draw without pur-
pose—in other words, without concentration, without a conscious problem,
without a question or a recall from memory. The experience becomes a
celebration of the color, the paper and myself. It is somewhat like the
experience of an extraordinary sunset. There is an "isness" of the
flowing beauty to be taken in without purpose. Out of these few experi-
ments have come some drawings which are simply humorous. It is a new
type of entry from earlier humor in which I attempted to treat my human
frailties or circumstances related to some of the absurdities of our
culture. I have also attempted on several occasions to fantasize with
the expectation of a product that is bizarre or contains absurdity. This
is in part an effort to see beyond my perceptual conditioning; to extend
my parameters of thinking as to what is possible and the subtle rela-
relationships of everything to everything.

There is very little writing in my second log. Most of what is
there is to record dream material which otherwise becomes rapidly evasive.
Many of my drawings not only transcend what is possible to communicate
through words, they take a whole realm of information and energy and
succinctly and unabashedly tell it in one visual portrayal. It is unques-
tionably comparable to the natural state of humans receiving information
from the mind. Words march along in time and with precarious connotation rarely can provide us with the clarity of a visual image.

...What are we trying to do here? Give explanations of 'why' and the cause of 'why'? Or are we trying to live so that our life is not based on words but on the discovery of what actually is — which is not dependent on words. There is a vast difference between the two — even though I point it out. It is like a man who is hungry; you can explain to him the nature and the taste of food, show him the menu, show him through the window the display of food. But what he wants is actual food; and explanations do not give him that. That is the difference.16

Although I began my log with the explicit intent of privacy, my development over the past eight months has reduced the need for such privacy. It is that my log contains parts of me. It is of decreasing importance to protect the bareness of what I am. In summary, although public announcement may be for sharing but not of necessity to me, I do not feel threatened or undermined by the thought of persons whom I am not close to picking up my book and scanning the pages. The teacher in me might intervene and provide information where I felt learning could take place, but this would be done with temperance. The paper is mirror and that is its basic utility.

My second Image Log is far from being completed, but it is expedient that I set an arbitrary boundary for this discussion. Without intent I note that my last three entries were completed on July 3, 1973. The last entry in my log of a year ago was also completed on July 3. There is an additional parallel that I am going to try to capture in words. It is also an extension of the writing in Chapter II, "The Mandala."

The writing of this paper contains many more rough spots than are obviously evident. Just as I sit with paper and pens and try to draw from my own source so it is with the writing of this paper. I believe I contain an inexhaustible wealth of knowing in my own Self.

I understand I have been carefully taught and conditioned by parents, church, schools, culture, etc. to look outside myself for wisdom and knowledge and to assimilate so as to improve myself, or "be somebody." To understand may be insightful but it takes practice in order to change the mode of the way in which one views and interacts with their world. Writing this paper is practice. The practice is fundamentally for me, but within that fundamental proposition I assume that by laying out my experience for others to consider, if they will, my own ordering or self-development is enhanced.

In large part, I cannot rely on models. I just continue to make invitation to myself to produce, or create, and try to arrange circumstances which suggest it more feasible to happen. The clinker is (for those of you who do not know about coal stoves and furnaces, I apologize), I am finding much of my time and energy consumed in job applications, interviews, etc. and though I am phasing-out, a part-time job stationed in a very different arena from where I am trying to write. Angered from a sequence of contacts with school superintendents I found myself complaining one afternoon as I was contemplating the frustration I was feeling over the gross level of communication that had transpired with them.

Five days earlier I had met with my blue committee member in anticipation of some helpful dialogue in regards to a section of my dissertation
I had left with him. He had nothing to offer me and I left feeling very disappointed. I had taken my tape recorder and in listening to the tapes the following day I heard better what he was saying. What I had written was my own personalized experience and he could see no way that he could provide information to or criticism of my own source. I then realized that the support I needed from him was not customary within the traditional roles of professor. I was seeking to penetrate beyond roles, including my own as student, and female. He was caught in role. Perhaps that has been the root of our difficulty all along.

I felt annoyed from trying to maintain the partly dried-up yellow leaf I had drawn in representing myself in The Mandala. The leaf could never be whole and healthy and it had become a burden to me. I decided to let it drop off. If circumstances were to allow I could grow a new one but this transaction was not essential. It was one in which I was not likely to make further investment.

Expecting no further assistance from my blue committee member and being more clearly in touch with the difficulty I was going to have in finding a satisfying job, I drew a few sketches of how it was with me then. I wanted to get a feel for three leaves. I felt a much stronger need for red in my flower. I did not feel like the sheer blue and returned to the steel blue I usually use for my representation. I felt I was not attached or touching anyone. After all, I was out on my own scrambling for a decent work situation. In the sketch (I rarely pre-sketch my work) I felt as though my flower was couched in a cup-shaped aluminum looking base. I wrote "gray" and "hard work, effort" on the base.
My flower was to be the only representation on the page so I began
with a large brown nucleus. This was first banded with red and then I
stroked outward with red strokes until my nucleus was larger than a
silver dollar and flaming unevenly in texture. (In my sketch I had
written "fierce red" and drew a zigzag bordering line.) I colored in
four petals with the steel blue. They were not as studied or symmetrical
as my earlier representation. The flower was shaped very much like a
dogwood blossom. As I studied the reflection and felt the hardness in
me I saw I could tip each petal like the "stained" tips of the dogwood
blossom. I used black to do this and inserted a few black veins in each
petal. I was ready to posit my three yellow leaves, but I didn't feel
at all yellow. I was very serious, filled with life, but not warm or
necessarily flowing. I chose a light fresh green. The cupped-shape of
gray was not exactly appropriate. (In the sketch I had written "walls
of well." ) I settled for rather free flowing radial lines in four non-
symmetrical fields. They represent movement and flexibility as well as
structure. They represent varied efforts. They accentuate the flower
rather than restrict it. I wished I could add some yellow pollen but
could not figure out how to do it. Then I decided the yellow would be
detrimental for me now. The graphic representation, though attractive,
is almost ominous to look at. It has a toughness and assertiveness that
suggests "caution before tangling." The naivety, the softness, the
innocence has been removed. It is a very businesslike flower.

I continued working with my frustration in my next drawing only this
time making effort to be "thoughtless." A heavy purple arch shuts out
the sunlight. In its gray shadow are raggedy pink flowers, some wilted, with black leaves and stems; a bright red tree with scribbled A's for leaves (?my grades); ground covered with green bills (?cost of graduate school); and a floating mortarboard. I was just completing this drawing when the phone rang.

A man who has taken supportive interest in me as a person as well as in my efforts as a graduate student, had noticed my distress as I communicated with my peers that day at work. He anticipated I'd be either drawing or practicing Hathayoga as I attempted to resolve the frustration and anger I had felt that day. He asserted himself in calling me, knowing it was unlikely I would call on anyone to discuss my problems. He is very sensitive to people around him. His approach to being helpful is to present and solicit alternatives. I realize there is risk whenever one asserts an issue affecting another, but this risk may be a quality of a sophisticated caring.

In being with the other, I do not lose myself. I retain my own identity and am aware of my own reactions to him and his world. Seeing his world as it appears to him does not mean having his reactions to it, and thus I am able to help him in his world: something he is unable to do for himself. I do not have to be perplexed, for instance, to realize that he is perplexed, but because I 'feel' his perplexity from the inside, I may be in a position to help him out of it. Such understanding is open to scrutiny and checking, and is a matter of my continuing development through new experiences and information.

In caring, my being with the other person is bound up with being for him as well: I am for him in his striving to grow and be himself. I experience him as existing on the 'same level' as I do. I neither condescend to him (look down on him, place him beneath me) nor idolize him (look up at him, place him above me). Rather, we exist on a level of equality. Put more accurately, I am no longer aware of levels; seeing things in terms of different levels has been, so to speak, transcended. We are jointly affirmed; neither one is affirmed at the expense of the other.  

The above quotation explains the unique type of relationship I appreciate with this man and although I see him as being remarkably advanced as a member of the species, I do not get caught up in comparison or levels.

We talked around twenty minutes. I spent a lot of time sorting things out that night. While in the process of seeing how my values were arranged I attempted to do a portrait of this friend. We have rapped a lot at work and I am quite familiar with the look of his eyes. His eyes are representative of his openness; his eyes are open; his irises are often so exposed as to be circled with white. But, alas, I actually cannot recall whether this man has a moustache!

**Poetry**

Poetry brings images of wholeness into consciousness, recombining what the rational principle has severed. But the severing has been meaningful, for by it we have discovered the parts and their architecture. When poetic cognition redelivers us into unity, it is the richer for our having now the powers of discriminated data and an aware self. A community of awakened men.

The discipline of poetry is both very broad and very strict. I listen to poem as I listen to wind. I study poem as I study cell structure. The discipline comes in casting ourselves in the forms of others. 18

In moving from the examination of some reflections I provided and reaped from myself for myself through my drawings, I am going to now discuss only a category of my written (verbal) reflections. I am going to share some examples of my poetry. Some of these examples stand alone and no explanation will be provided. I find that others carry more meaning

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if some of the context in which they were written is given to the reader as a supplement.

In selecting my poetry to demonstrate the concept of "Paper as Mirror" I have said "no" to the myriad of other writings I have engaged in solely for my own purpose. In selecting out the writing which presents for me a clear mirror of Self (not written in response to an external request) I have in addition selected from that selection. My rationale for this selection stems from considerations. The poem is a complete integration of a feeling, event, insight, celebration, etc. in much the same way as the drawing. The page provides a boundedness to what can be said in a drawing. It is a limitation which provides an expansion universal in nature. The poem also provides a boundedness. It is a limitation that focuses and concentrates in that which is mustered up from the spirit or the universal. It is the crochet work which takes yards of thread which cannot possibly be distinguished as having expression when strung out beyond the eye's capacity. The thread is woven into a design. The design takes on a character and speaks to the beholder. True, its detail may be dissected from the whole in the looking, but the beholder cannot dissect for perusal without the wholeness of the expression. Poetry then is a composite, like a drawing. Writing is the mode of expression with which I am most accustomed. Poetry happens for me. It does not happen frequently nor have I meddled with the happening. I have not consciously undertaken to be poet or produce poetry.
PROBLEM STATEMENT

Persons planning to wear the label of classroom teacher have received minimal help and even acquired self-defeating behaviors as a result of our institutional teacher training programs. For the teacher already in the field "help" is usually provided in the form of curriculum packages, isolated innovative projects and short-term institutes, workshops, etc., planned and presented by persons outside the immediate school environment. The attitude of "inserting" knowledge into persons is commonly experienced as well as commonly practiced by the teacher. Teachers and students are not seen as a resource to themselves and to each other. Because they are not recognized as a resource in and of themselves the common attitude is not only one of overlooking provision of opportunities for their potential to be used and developed but it also probably accounts for the reluctance to invest much time and effort in the persons who are the primary carriers of information about persons and society either through action or inaction.

The teacher can hardly escape being caught in the poverty of the dilemma. If one does not realize the capability of using one's Self as a resource for energy and knowing, it is not likely one will allow students or co-workers recognition of such wisdom. If the teacher is well-developed as a person yet is assigned to working in a context where personhood is minimally honored, the poverty still exists for nourishment will not be readily found. Although other helping professions and fellowships are successfully utilizing techniques to strengthen and support persons in their own growth and development, weak and tenuous
I shall urge poetry as an absolute and primal encounter to which we must devotedly surrender (as any loving Soul swoons terrified into the arms of its Beloved)...to images which baffle the analytic mind and yet bespeak transcendent unions; to rhythms that carry impulses of form into our being. Poems are structures by which we may stretch to life size, stretch our feelings, our perceptions, our intuitions, our sense of world as entity.¹⁹

The first poetry that came to me in the form of a poem came in December 1968. I was thirty-five years old. That I had been shut off from consideration of poetic expression for so many years, suggests the amount and intensity of pain I experienced in the birth of this expression. My pain was so great that it manifested itself in my chest causing physical pain around the area of my heart. It hurt so badly that I often found myself massaging the area in an attempt to soothe my ache. The pain persisted even after my family doctor prescribed a tranquilizer for me. I secretly contacted a heart specialist; I was actually wondering about the possibility of a cardiac disorder. With little change of diet I lost 18 pounds the first month I experienced this phenomena.

Secluding myself in the bathroom, I took with me paper and pen. I had not exercised writing for myself. I do not know how I knew to invite this private expression to try to understand and grasp what was happening to me. I had had a splendid summer attending a Speech Institute for non-Speech Majors at California State College in Fullerton, California. I was aware that for the first time in my educational career I had been treated consistently by staff there, as valuable, highly gifted, capable and responsible. This was the manner in which all participants had been addressed. Most of us thrived. I returned to the school year full and

and generating. (This was the year of the easel described earlier.) I
had opened myself to experience and people and a mode of generously
giving. I had encountered some problems, but not to the extent that I
could comprehend my pain.

What took form on my paper at that time I later viewed as the thread
which served to hold me together during this crucial period. Thinking
of the ocean I had experienced the prior summer, I saw an analogy which
peeled consciousness so that it could hold in a broader way, my pain, and
ultimately a slow healing which revealed an ebb of living previously
veiled in my perception. As I wrote, I felt, I smelled, I heard, I saw
and I tasted the ocean; I relived in my poem similar circumstances in
my life. The splitting in me began to fuse.

December 1968:

DECEMBER

I watch the swell of the sea
I feel the pulling of restless water around my feet.
I must yield to this strength I seek
Suspended helplessly as the brine touches and knows me.
Such rapture thrills and buoys
Then spews me cruelly against the cutting sand.

Tempo and volume may alter the pulse of the ageless waves
Waiting to caress and tease me.
Fears abandoned, I'll return,
For we are akin.
There is no truce.

Fusion embodies a whole set of questions. Connections depend on
selections. Searching for meaning in my life, in existence, in what I
as a teacher could do for children, my eyes fell on a handsome candle
kept handy in my bedroom for frequent electrical failures. It was a cold
candle, but not a virgin one. It's wick was black and brittle waiting to be ignited again. I became the candle. I became all of its alternatives. It came forth poetically and on this quiet Sunday morning I again found paper and began to put down the words. It had been over a year since I had written "December."

February 1970:

Purpose
Like a candle flame
Reaching glowing warming bending defiant.

Cut the wick short.

Fragile flame, a mincing puff and you'd be gone
Brittle charcoal form remaining.

strugglestrugglestrugglestruggle

- Slowly melt the wax
Work
Burn little flame
Once again reaching glowing warming bending defiant?

Too slowly melt the wax
Brittle charcoal form entombed.

This poem again spoke back to me about the living condition. I thought it was a very important discovery for me. I shared it with a close friend only to be stung by his written reaction. Beside the last couplet he wrote "REJECT." The word "lovely" embraced the rest of the poem.

A written message followed:

Your final couplet scares me to death. Even 'December' had life and hope. Cut the last stanza to 3 lines. Give it a title and you have a thing of beauty - a reflection of self. If you must have an ending couplet try:

'Brilliant flame, your glowing brightness lights the room, and warms the universe.'
In the last several years I have realized that I have had a continuous problem with people attempting to manipulate me to fit their projections. Their projections insist I be only the happy, the smiling, the good, the giving, the loving, the kind and the sweet.

A woman friend had been one of a few persons watching the sequence of pictures develop in my first Image Log. On choosing to share the second log with her, her response to the opening fly-leaf of my turtle with a crushed head was a groan and a grimace. Her response to me spoke of disgust, distaste, horror and shock. She even responded as with accompanying behavior depicting nausea. This sort of reaction compounds my own problem of trying to become familiar with and understanding of the dichotomies in life. If pretty exists so must ugly; if good exists so must bad. As a child I tried to deny the existence of the ugly and the bad. These past three years it has been gratifying and growth-stimulating to have a few persons to whom I can bare what I am and be accepted without condemnation. I don't feel marvelous every hour of the day nor do I expect that anyone else will. So much of the structure of our culture is based on conditional love or conditional caring, if indeed there is such a thing as love and caring that can be conditional.

No date recorded:

You named the tie we can't deny
You called it Potential.
Endless, locked in tomorrow's realm of doubts,
Would you nurture or sever it?
You on your mountaintop,
   So fashioned like Wotan,*
Could there be a compromise gray
   We could tolerate?

You who have made a myth of me,
   In truth you do not accept me.
You who would blame Flesh as the thief
   I would blame Convention.

You named the tie with its muffled cry
   You called it Potential.
Consider the things that soar with wings
   Without feet they would die.

Poetry in its temper is intimate. Much of what I have written came forth as a problem-stating synopsis. In reflecting back to me the capsule of words which hold meaning from my source, what I wrote often became an invitation to be given to another person in an effort to communicate the crystallization I felt. Although written for me, in its written form the poetry carried for me a message which could become offerable. For that reason much I have written and offered is not publicly shareable; for the same reason I am able to share publicly for the first time some of which I felt I could not offer to specific persons.

The following poem has been shared with a number of persons and has elicited a variety of responses. One professor wrote: "You must have been in a blue funk." As an afterthought he added what he must have considered as praise, "good rhythm." Longfellow is the name of a city school, K-8. It could be a sample of many schools scattered throughout our nation.

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* Wotan is the proud and just Gothic god who cast his beloved daughter, Brunnhilde from the celestial host as punishment. His sorrow is as great as his anger as she disobeyed him in an attempt to fulfill his innermost desire. Music drama/Die Walkuere (The second part of Der Ring des Nibelungen)/Richard Wagner.
May 1970:

LONGFELLOW LAMENT

Turn away turn away turn away quickly
Turn away turn away or you will go blind.

Relics from nightmares
Dreamers dismembered
Unordered movements
A lost-in disguised

Swarms of eyes
dull and angry
hungry and lonely
loving and tired. Tell your body to scream and we
may find time for you.

Barking adults
Crudeness for manipulating livestock
Chloroformed learning
Statue of salt

Sweet memories
Fragrance for conception
Wilted formless linger on and on

Lilies from ashes do grow
Yes
Given light and space
Water and kind temperature

Scattered candles burn desperately
flickering midst dinginess
Together your glow would appear effortless

Promises for tomorrows
Empty-made promises
Identities sleep
Musty corridors strewn

Beggars for taxes
You are toxic from motions
Drown my eyes
Darkness
Vision replace

This lament contained within it a promise to myself to take some sort
of action. I knew not what: "Vision replace."
Autumn 1970:

JUMPING-ROPE VERSE FOR THE LIVING

Turn Touch
Gently meet
Turn Touch
Linger now
Turn Touch
Pressing hard
Touch Turn
Run away
Turn Turn
Break the lock
Turn Touch
Gently meet
Turn Touch
Distance keep
Turn Touch
Lovingly
Touch Touch
Lovingly

January 1971:

A SOLEMN VERSE FOR ROSS MOONEY

Have you heard of the yeast
that selected its dough
to bubble and grow and stretch in?

Have you heard of the yeast
that selected its bowl
to be stirred and kneaded and punched in?

Have you heard of the yeast
that selected its shelf
to be patted and shaped and warmed in?

Have you heard of the yeast
that selected its kitchen
to be stored and freed and consumed in?

Have you heard of the yeast
that selected its world
to be fitted in time and space in?

A-ha, some have heard and some declare
that such style for yeast is mighty rare.
The following was written on the back of my program during the concert.

February 1971:

FACULTY BAROQUE ENSEMBLE

Crunch of snow
Excitement
Aristocrat find and - DO
So many me - where I've been - could I now
Global sound - instruments placed in my cranium
To take a breath can be beautiful.

Those who had to drop out - some were
so talented yet we pretty well knew
who wasn't supposed to finish;
I violated the prescribed expectation for me.

Irene Grace Imogene Dottie*---
Why did I dare?

Time-space
Feeling time together
Field - moments - loving private touches are
all over in the delicacy
Wines, dainty lights and candles, creeks are in rhythm
Creatures, too.

Pain from dinner?
Price for the purist
What man needs to say through an instrument:
Extension of ___ Connectedness.

March 1971:

MY FIRST HAIKU

Soil-smells of dampness;
Plows whittle script on earth's face;
Rain softens man's scars.

---

* My high school band had only five majorettes. I was one of them. These are the names of the other four.
April 1971:

from HAIKUS FOR BITTER WOMEN AT NIGHT

Autumn's brevity
Winter's frozen conscience says,
"Trust not spring's disguise."

Cherish plays pretend.
Peacock's tail glissando clicks—
Hen's passed by for mash.

Morning glories mourn
Sunlight embraced them but once:
Sobbing, shrinking twists.

The following was written about a woman friend during an afternoon when she underwent major surgery. I was becoming very conscious of the female's loss of identity in the marriage dyad. It was not written with any intent of sharing.

3:10 p.m.
Your pain Your death Your life
Your joy
You dare not approach, all
by yourself
You feel incomplete, all
by yourself
You are afraid to be, all
by yourself.
So you merged, with person and culture.
It felt safe.
It felt complete.
Sometimes it felt cruel.

Sleeping beauty
If the prince pressed a kiss of freedom on your consciousness
And you came forth in all your splendor
The magnitude of the person born
Would destroy him.
You know that well.
And so you sleep.
Never to assert your Self.
It is this kind of strength you need
To overcome today's interventions.
The Prince treasures what you give.
It feeds him and makes him tall.
(What wretched power would be loosed
If man said No to his potential
So that woman's could prevail?)

Enjoy your prince.
Enjoy your sleep.
A butterfly struggles to be
a butterfly
Complete in flight
With loss of wings.
Your Prince needed them to color his world
To see your beauty rustle
(Yet not awaken)
And make him strong.

Erosion builds deltas.
3:36 p.m.

May 1971:

CALYPSO

I need a downey pillow
Easy rocking like a willow
   My way to go
   My way to be
   Refusing to bend like a petrified tree.

Ssah Ssah Ssah Ssah
The villain is my jaw
Ssee Ssee Ssee Ssee
Hold me when I'm free
Ssay Ssay Ssay Ssay
Clothes get in the way
Ssoo Ssoo Ssoo Ssoo
Glove my chilly toe

   My way to go
   My way to be
   Sometimes as lonely as a petrified tree.
   Me.

Writing "Calypso" was simply a celebration of being alive.

On two occasions I have been asked to make a concrete contribution
about a person or an event. In attempting to express myself through
human support systems are prevalent in our schools today. The "legitimate" educational arena, even when reacting to high stress due to perceived failure, remains aloof to activities bringing fulfillment to human beings in other settings. Curriculums are continuously being organized and arranged to dispense well-rounded programs to children and for training persons who will work with children. Consideration of the wholeness to be found in persons at birth, the imbalance and distortion of this wholeness as a result of trying to cope with significant persons and elements of the environment, the wisdom of the Self as it attempts to bring together and integrate toward a centering and renewal of wholeness, is alien to the programs claiming to foster the growth and development of well-rounded persons.

As long as teachers perform the act of pedagogy without attending to the total configuration of whom they are and what they express as a being, it is my belief that they will remain largely impotent as to what they can do to help their students move toward a wholeness essential to their own realized life and life of the human species. As long as teachers are stifled by persons supposedly selected to guide and support them, there seems little hope for increased humanness or effectiveness in our schools. Therefore, the crux of the problem seems to be with administrators and college professors who remain highly impotent in their ability to "draw out" (educate) and nourish and support teachers and potential teachers,—persons.

In a paper written for a Philosophy of Education course the autumn of 1963, I described an image I had of engines or cabooses (teachers),
traditional means I found poetry as the only means with which I could
draw my thoughts and feelings together. Although the task was externally
presented to me, the responding was of my own volition and the emergence
of the poetic form is again a lucid reflection done for myself. Following
is a verse describing my experience in a student seminar conducted by
students without intervention from faculty.

Student Seminar on Systems
May 31, 1971

TEN GATHERINGS

Ten moods
Ten times to say
What I wanted to say

Ten times to listen
Ten times to stretch the slumber from my thinking
Ten times to share the drama
Of other lives

Other lives—
birthed by two?
Younger lives to me much clearer
wiser, keener, closer, softer, stronger
Willing to let me tarry
If I wanted to

Many times our sails were full
Energies combined moved us on an
uncoursed course
For direction
we could choose to intervene
Or bring down our sails
Rock with the waves
or drift

Ten gatherings
Ten contexts
Ten times to contribute
Receive
Try things for size
What did it mean
Where has it gone
What processed and stored
Is mine to use?

Many times ten
Connections ever-making
Aloneness ever-bearing
For I have a treasure called remembering

Remembering
exalting separateness
cushioning its pain

To remember
Be remembered
increased and increasing
rearranged and arranging

When breezes diminish
Remembering can fill my sails
though I sail alone
Countless times ten.

I find it interesting that two weeks after writing about the beauty
and significance of our mind's system of memory I was writing about needs
to forget or "let go" of memories.

The following was written about the time I became almost incapacitated
with headaches.

June 1971:

The performance is over.

Hero and heroine
Once transformed into perfect unity
Depart
Distorted memories entrance and exit
at absurd cues——
Yet appropriately.
Pride for parts lived fully
Disappointment for the amateurish
Anguish for what
was needed said unsaid,——
and gratefulness.
Hero nested in fulfilling comforts:
wife and lover
friends and child
a new performance of a desired role won.
He's made his clearing in the forest.
What's left to be done are obvious chores.
No time or space for onlookers.
There's just room enough for those who belong.

Heroine
nourished; carelessly used
She failed to
differentiate between
act and acted.
Pace the empty stage?
Open the curtain and fill the seats
with imagined beings?
Pretending the audience could never
tire or make transition?

No. Once a flower,
Nevermore a bud.
She must wilt, mature her seed,
rot, or dry up
in barren theatre.

Try not to separate the
painful from the exhilarating,
the real from the unreal,
or to understand them.
File your memories in obscure files.
Do not search for hero or role or theatre
familiar.

Remembering you cannot undevelop
The only "responsible forever" is to your self.
Move outward.
Prepare your monologue; it is so uncomplicated.

Now recovering from headaches I again picked up my pen.

October 1, 1971:

I slipped a diamond off my finger
All proudly set in a sturdy mount
That intruded on a band of gold.
I've thought about it before.
The last few days made it all so evident.
This diamond did not belong to Mary;
It was an artifact from a little girl's dreams—
Dreams of being loved and cherished,
   Without sin, in perfect ecstasy,
   Down church aisles, expensive white dresses,
   Veils, orange blossoms, sealing kisses,
The prince and his princess
   And all that shit.
Mary Alice is near dead now.
She begged Mary to do her in,
   for she was imaginary.
Mary's ceremonies come from within.
They're not prescribed by slick-faced magazines
   Or nice clean ladies in the church.

The slim gold band I can tolerate.
Its stubbornness, and plainness speak of endurance
   and belonging
   Even when I didn't want to belong.
But like the spider's thread
   Its strength is in its delicacy.
I can't break it as long as love flows through.
Such graceful shackles
Such feathery chains
Lead me back to a beautiful guy.
I want to be free.
But not at the price of his destruction.
He'll never quite understand when I ask
   him to place my diamond in a lock box.
A lock box.
Tucked away — like yesterday.

After the difficult summer I described in "The Inner Screen," I was able to separate out much of what was learned role. I still blinded myself from the right I had to claim what was essential for my life even if it precludes the happiness and well-being of my husband (or any other person). Obviously I was still bound by moral stigma to a commitment of the marriage oath.

Many months later I accompanied Ginger's class on a field trip.
Poetic form came to me as I became saturated in the experience and found tablet and pen handy.
May 31, 1972:

from "ON THE WAY TO OUR DESTINATION"

No. 1.

Fifth grader
in a bus
going on a field trip
Songs
Songs I sang
Bottles of beer on the wall
BINGO
Farmer in the Dell
Whole world in his hands
Sing Sing Sing
Full Voice — deliberate
— satisfaction
And a few persist in messing up
the structured

Band buses
High school
Choir buses
College
The same thrusting
wrestling
wiggling
jerking
like a lively baby
In its mother's womb
Punching out at its enclosure
Yet content to stay within

Look at me
I'm part of a group
I'm the first to think of a new activity which catches on
I reject the foolishness of the group
Twist
Turn
Stretch
Tap
Vocalize
Look
Wave your arms
with the rhythm of the movement
Pound your feet
Sway
Gasp for breath
Careful you'll lose count of the bottles
Nod
Counter-sing
  A few drop out

What is this truth
Which struggles to be said
When the environment is such
  Behaving on a bus
  With your peers

I recall well
  the exhaustion
  high-keyed emotions
  almost like a purging
Tiredly reporting home
  new contentment
  or disappointment
Rest awhile
Gear up
  for the next bus trip

No. 3

If the pioneer
Could have gone beyond his stereotype
And in his being
Allowed the Indian to be
He would have lost much of his heritage
And in losing
Tended the links
God would cultivate
Man in first consideration of other man
Honors his Self
Extensions for power and greatness
Would not be needed
Left alone by other nations
How curious would be the experiment
Blending of chromosomal choices
Highly conscious
Of our oneness with nature
Sophisticated crudeness
Simple
Contaminated with Life.
No. 4

I remember my best day at Cowen's schools. We walked down the railroad track. Watched the beavers building a dam. Saw their house. And savored our picnic lunch. no bus no pop no fancy thermoses ice or charcoal grills. We and the beavers Rejoiced in plainness.

No. 5

The extravagance of our culture encourages a carelessness about objects. "It can be fixed." "Get another one." "They don't cost much." "It's only a dumb ol' camera."

But the camera remains broken. Knocked on the floor. By two wrestling. And the pictures to be taken today will not be taken. The camera will not be used again. And Ginger calmly tries to repair it. She asks Mr. Mooney to help her, saying, "It got broken accidentally." Why did she not get upset? It meant so much to her. Is that being mature?

I have written very little poetry since. Part of the need for poetic problem stating has taken place through other means or is not pressing enough to arouse my unconscious to usurp the time of my conscious. I

* Cowen is a town of less than two hundred located in the heart of West Virginia.
also believe the type of writing I am involved in in my work; the exhaustion in preparing for and writing the general examination; and the dissertation; and at first, some of the rote-type classes and later the other required writing including job applications, has been instrumental in the leanness of emerging poetry from within myself.

I attended a recital given by a friend as her "project of excellence" needed to complete the requirements for a Ph.D. in the Union Graduate School.* It was a moving experience. In trying to write her a note of appreciation what else could take form on my paper other than poetry?

May 1972:

ELEANOR

With transparent glow
  You portrayed
    chronological substance
    of Black Man's history
His natural strength and beauty
His pain of growing
  When the world said, "Don't grow."
You held him
  On thru delivery
  And beyond.

Admiration
  Goose bumps
Awareness
  Throat lumps
Vibrations
  Tears
Tenderness
  Smiles
Clarity
  Confirming reflective stares.

With transparent glow
  You portrayed
    chronological substance
    of One Woman's history

Her natural strength and beauty
Her pain of growing
   When the world said, "Don't grow."
You held her
   On thru delivery
   And beyond....

The second occasion for which I wrote poetry as the only means
through which I could contribute a host of meaning in a simplistic way
was in trying to describe what Ross Mooney meant to me as teacher.

February 1973:

NOMINATION OF ROSS L. MOONEY
FOR DISTINGUISHED TEACHER OF
THE YEAR AWARD

Compassionate man
Enormously full
Teaching with every fiber of his being
Being in eloquent harmony with Nature
   and Self
Carefully listening
   to what his students say
   and don't say
   do
   and don't do
Paying attention
Inhabiting those he would help
And with wisdom that filters through
   intense honesty
Poses questions
   Shares experiences and
Pursues exercises for
   more insights
   more understandings
   and more completions
To bring each student
   what feels right
   in the moment
And graciously provides
   time, place and space
   for students to do the same
Realization
Integration
Celebration

What it means to be a living member of the human race
To know your belonging in the universe
To fulfill and be fulfilled
To know joy

These words can only humbly describe the
most significant teacher of my forty years:
Ross Mooney

Thoughts of a special friend intruded in a session of disciplined
writing in another section. Resting my thinking the following poem
emerged as a descriptor.

June 1973:

To love you in a moment

Explosion of your being
Inplooding in my mind
To specific memory,
Or fantasy.

To love you in a moment free of thoughts

To blend with unbodyishness
To know your company
Without knowing it.

When to recognize it
With inner smile say
How do you do?
Hesitate
And float on.

To love you in a moment

To feel you without role
Without name
Without history
Or flesh's decor.
an erratic system of railroad tracks (education), and a roundhouse (the school system) which appeared to be functional only when it came to hindering the progress of the trains or attending to trivia. I had begun to note the scarcity and the fate of the "teacher-engines." Of the cabooses I wrote:

Who is this teacher-caboose? The teacher who methodically 'covers' the material in the textbook, page by page; who has a set of invariable rules for handing out grades; who has the dignity of a graveyard in the classroom; who never has a problem or a complaint or a suggestion to discuss; who never bothers to challenge himself beyond the material in his prescribed textbooks; who keeps a tidy plan book, who turns in accurate financial and attendance reports; and who makes the janitor's job one of ease...

A teacher-caboose probably never inquires where he is going but trails along in a smooth, comfortable fashion, producing no energy of his own, but perhaps progressing somewhat as a result of an engine....It is doubtful that the 'smokestack' on his back represents any warmth other than that necessary to keep alive the human body. 1

Speaking totally from an intuitive and feeling level I continued to describe the need for engines to be "refueled." I made a plea to the engines to locate the resources that would give them courage, wisdom, reassurance and refreshment. The basic assumption was that it was not going to be found under the guise of the school system. It seems very fitting that ten years later I find I am addressing the same problem. What I was looking for then I can now label as self-development. Persons attending to their self-development can find courage, wisdom, reassurance, and refreshment; the way is so simple; the way is so difficult.

Thoughts on Completion of the Section, "Paper As Mirror:"

Loneliness continues to exist in large proportion, but I am not so alone.

A way to give, or someone to receive, continues to be a problem, but I am still giving.

Introspection and self-analysis still seem essential; but I am more accepting.

Self-development implies dissatisfaction with myself as I cultivate my own growth, but its movement is toward becoming more of my "I amness" rather than discrediting what I am in the moment.

Although I sense poetically much which is not entangled in a personal problem for me I have not attempted to facilitate this in the form of writing. I made this step in my drawings by invitation; perhaps the same sort of invitation in my writing would become a similar delight.

It may be in recording emerging imagery in the form of drawings or poetry or any other means of expression, one must deal first with one's pain. This may be a prerequisite to the expansion of knowing or seeing in which one gets in touch with the universality of experiencing life.

Although still questioning the public sharing of relics which speak so honestly of my self-development while in graduate school, it is doubtful that writing from the inner experience would have taken place with the same honesty, or at all, if done with the purpose of public sharing.
INTERLUDE

During a recent hot and sultry evening, I took my daughter to the local riverside park. We fed the ducks and studied a drama of five ducklings separated from their "mother." Eventually another female busily attending eleven small ducklings of her own, saw the five stray ducklings. She chattered to them and it appeared that while scolding, she also welcomed them into her brood. I was charmed with her alternating patience and intervention as she kept the sixteen from straying too far from her watchful eye. She served as a nucleus in a loose yet cohesive group. One or two or three or more would become completely preoccupied with swimming in an opposing direction. When her language seemed to fail she would paddle out to set straight the strays. This upset the direction of the traveling band and many of the ducklings would change direction to follow her, only to be dissuaded to change again.

I think this natural event of nature an excellent analogy for my efforts in writing this dissertation. Everything is connected; there is a holistic configuration which is my graduate education. This whole is part of a larger whole. As I attempt to separate my experience into categories, to elucidate for me as well as my readers some of the vital considerations, I find myself the nucleus, or the mother duck. All the parts that make up my graduate education are parts of me. When I swim off to pay attention to a few parts the other parts are influenced. Some tag along and cross internal boundaries. This process changes the whole. I see benefits resulting through this fluidity for anything that is life-giving is in constant movement. The reader must bear in mind that as the
writer writes the writer changes. Much of the flux is indicative of the writer's growth. I am writing rapidly and in concentrated periods in an effort to get a focus on one segment. As I think of the mother duck and her sixteen charges the image is intact, but it is not rigid or unchanging. In fact, it is likely that she will take on even more ducklings. Its fascination and beauty and wonder is its movement and its vulnerability to external interference.

I feel it essential that I report at this time a source of company for my activity which has strengthened my conviction about the type of paper I am writing but which must also intrude on that writing. I have intentionally avoided reading new books or material. This is in part (as I described earlier) my effort to be my own authority as much as possible; to be my own source; to look within instead of without. But, I was caught in a heavy rain a long way from home with children in a park. They wanted to play in the rain and I just happened to have slipped a new book into the picnic supplies—just in case.

I reported earlier of a previously intense interest and attraction to Carl G. Jung. Much of what I recalled was very dim—having been a decade or more. A learned and wise man who is convinced of Jung's genius suggested if I read anything of Jung to read his autobiography. This was the book I recently purchased with intentions to read it after the writing.

Already complete in my writing are three major sections, "The Inner Screen," "Paper as Mirror" and "The Mandala." The other sections of my paper have labels, have been thought about in their selection and in some
instances fragments of work have been completed. I do not know if the reader can share my exuberance and frustration as I continue my effort, for what I read "sitting-out the rain" will certainly contaminate my reporting. There is no way back.

Life has always seemed to me like a plant that lives on its rhizome. Its true life is invisible, hidden in the rhizome. The part that appears above ground lasts only a single summer. Then it withers away—an ephemeral apparition. When we think of the unending growth and decay of life and civilizations, we cannot escape the impression of absolute nullity. Yet I have never lost a sense of something that lives and endures underneath the eternal flux. What we see is the blossom, which passes. The rhizome remains.

In the end the only events in my life worth telling are those when the imperishable world irrupted into this transitory one. That is why I speak chiefly of inner experiences, amongst which I include my dreams and visions. These form the PRIMA MATERIA of my scientific work. They were the fiery magma out of which the stone that had to be worked was crystallized.

...Outward circumstances are no substitute for inner experience. Therefore, my life has been singularly poor in outward happenings. I cannot tell much about them, for it would strike me as hollow and insubstantial. I can understand myself only in the light of inner happenings. It is these that make up the singularity of my life, and with these my autobiography deals.20

BREATH AND BODY

My decision to begin this section with autobiographical materials from my childhood is to prepare the reader with some appreciation for the origin of my yet unresolved struggle to "be at home" in my body. Physical education courses have been of little benefit; in fact, they often intensified my problem. Perhaps it is my style, but most of what has been of benefit to me I have followed through on my own. This alone position of working

by myself, this tendency of withdrawing from other stimuli in order to reflect more clearly for myself, has been a hazardous strength to me. It makes it all the more appropriate to share some of my singular endeavors as the personalized process which I believe has made significant contribution to my self-development as a graduate student.

In the late spring of 1938 my eldest brother was taking me for a ride on his bicycle. I was straddling the rear wheel when we had a serious accident. I remember a type of "outside-myself" as he carried me home and I both observed and participated in my screams. I was wearing sturdy lace-up shoes of leather. The doctor said my foot would probably have been ground off completely had I been barefoot.

I am told I spent weeks in bed. All I remember is being placed in my crib in my parents' room after returning from having my foot dressed by the doctor. My father was in bed as he was having a prolonged bout with pneumonia. He asked me what happened and I told him I stepped on a nail. To my surprise this overt and "unforgiveable" lie on my part was praised through later years as an act of remarkable consideration I had for my father. In thinking about the event in recent years I've concluded it was an act of fear; we were not allowed to ride two on a bike. I was already cognizant that I had been "rightfully punished" for my disobedience. I wanted no more. I was five years old.

September came and still favoring my foot, I went with my mother to the school. I was not old enough to be accepted in first grade but my mother argued I was exceptionally bright and needed the challenge. Attempts were made to convince her to send me to the available but not
required half-day kindergarten. She was vehement. She told them in a manner which could not be reproached that she did not want me to "learn to play." She feared it would ruin me for the rest of my school years.

My mother rarely failed to achieve what she set out determined to achieve. They tried me in first grade that day and although the teacher permitted me to put my head down to nap in the afternoon (no attempt had been made at home to wean me from my regular afternoon nap) I proved to be perfectly capable of doing the work. In fact, I was one of a few privileged to stay after school to learn advanced arithmetic.

I did not learn to play. I was the smallest and youngest in my family, my neighborhood and my class at school. Laurels were achieved and coveted through the use of my intellect. I remember gazing into the kindergarten room and wondering what it would be like to play there. I don't believe I ever once got to use the playground equipment in the schoolyard. I was afraid and ignorant as to how to push and grab or fend for myself so I contented myself with quiet and imaginary play.

The pattern was set.

When I was eleven my eldest brother was killed while practicing "dog-fight" maneuvers as a Navy pilot during World War II. My parents in their grief increased their demands on me to be a non-participant in any endeavor through which I might get hurt. One of my drawings in my Image Log is a composite of all the things which were taboo for me. It includes simple things such as climbing a tree, using a knife, walking along a bank, jumping rope and sliding down a sliding board. This is in vivid contrast to riding bicycles, going to camp, shooting guns, roller
skating and playing tennis with my father, all enjoyed by my older siblings. My problem became compounded.

In the eighth grade I was walking along a grassy slope when my foot slipped on the damp grass. I broke my arm in four places. There seemed no end to the potential dangers in the world around me.

The following year I was attracted to the glamour of being a cheerleader. That seemed a safe thing to do. I did have rhythm and "hot air" and imagination. Farm chores and plentiful walking kept my muscles somewhat toned, but sport skills which required interaction and coordination remained a problem. I can remember the exasperation of both my physical education teacher and myself when at the end of a six-weeks unit on badminton I had not yet once managed to serve the birdie.

I have no idea what motive my mother had, but the following year we moved to a larger town and she enrolled me in a class given by the local college drum major on how to twirl a baton. I was a miserable pupil and found my fear of the baton agonizing. I never did conquer my fear of catching the baton after throwing it in the air, but I still did it. The entire class (around thirty) tried out for five positions of majorette with the high school band. I was eliminated on the first round. I continued to practice regularly. We had an old-fashioned house and I enjoyed the solitude and fantasy of working out alone in the large entrance hall, which served little utilitarian purpose. My junior year I won the one open post and the following year enjoyed the only A+ the band director ever gave to a majorette.
The status of majorette was a grand achievement for me physically and socially. I reaped confidence. I was the only one in our family to ever do this sort of thing. My grandfather lovingly polished my boots. My mother was continually helping me with my uniform, etc. My whole family was proud of me. It was my time to assert myself.

The first two years I attended the local college, though married, I was the drum majorette for the college marching band. I designed my own outfit and with poetic dictatorship led the band through maneuvers without flaw. I was at home and pleased with compliments of the latter—my skill and finesse in the role of drum majorette; I was puzzled and surprised with remarks suggesting there were a lot of men that were interested in me as a woman—until they learned I was married....

There was a split in my confidence in me and my confidence in me-in-role.

College provided a new aspect of expression for me. I wanted to be a teacher. I was next to coerced by the chairman of the music department into believing I wanted to be a music teacher. I brought little musical accomplishment with me so I was made a voice major. The chairman based his determination on the history of music in my family.

My sophomore year I performed Menotti’s The Telephone with full orchestra. It is a contemporary one-act opera buffa written for two voices, soprano and baritone. The female role, "Lucy," is demanding. I was on stage the entire time. The man who sang the supporting role of "Ben" was used to performing before an audience. He had encouraged me throughout the endeavor and on the night of our first performance, after several curtain calls, he eloquently stepped aside and let me receive
the acclaim. There was a swell of applause and in what for me was a peak experience I was humbled and delighted with the contact I had made with my audience. It was a "me" with whom I was just barely acquainted.

My junior year it was necessary to transfer to a larger, cheaper state-supported school. I immediately obtained an excellent singing scholarship in a professional church choir. I was also dismayed to learn from my new voice teacher that I did not know how to breathe. When I took a big breath I heaved my shoulders up and filled the upper part of my lungs. The thought of breath going in to an expanded abdominal area was completely foreign to me. Perhaps my anatomy had become as rigid as the girdles and waist-cinchers we wore at that time. With or without, much muscular effort was made to hold the stomach in and flat. The thought of desiring elasticity in my abdomen was a difficult one to accept. Convinced I had unlearned how to breathe naturally I began the arduous process of trying to expand the abdomen and "let" quantities of air fill my lungs without the grotesque manipulation of my shoulders. My teacher, one of the most important and respected in my lifetime, would plunge his whole being into my lessons. With his help and after much effort I finally got some air channeled into the lower portion of my body. It took almost a semester of deliberate and conscientious work before I could breathe "normally" and consequently use this breath to support tone. The results were a noted increase in volume, color, flexibility and control. It was a maturity I had gained. Power was added to vocal expression when I also learned to yell properly and soundly with diaphragmatic support. Power was also added to my well-
being and the way in which I addressed life. There is an ordered authority in using Self as an instrument; there is nothing to hide behind. When my teacher would yell, "Connect beneath the naval," I knew I was slipping into disunity. The glory of being connected, of being in unity so that voice, breath, body and mind cooperated in union, becomes an effortless oneness; a relaxation in intense participation. To create and at the same time experience tone so integral to self is to hear it in ones toes as well as the many resonating chambers of the head. It is to be the tone; the body is instrument, breath is the activator.

I have not been able to resolve my aching hunger to sing again. On hearing a choral group practice in one of the buildings I frequent I become aroused nostalgically. I know I can never sing as I used to, nor is that of such import; I also know given a little help and the opportunity I could gain fulfillment from contributing to a choral group.

In writing a plan for my educational development while at graduate school I wrote from a feeling state. In writing I was as a pebble sunk into a still pool of allness. From this imaginary place I chose and discarded as though I could have all that I wanted without restriction. Only one sentence was added to that paper because in reading it over I thought it should be. The rest came from my own well-spring. In this well-spring I had the wisdom to realize I needed to pay attention to my physical well-being; I needed guidance in undertaking action to improve my physical well-being; I needed compensatory assistance due to my childhood injury; and I needed to sing.

During the first part of graduate school exercise amounted to housework, yardwork (gardening; running the tractor), walking (what else at
STUDY PROCEDURES

Speaking as person and experienced teacher and student in education, I have taken the role of a participant-observer of myself engaged in my own self-development while at the same time engaging in my self-development. In an attempt to understand the process of selves-in-development I have chosen to use myself as sample of one, for in examining my experience in depth I believe I can make observations which might otherwise be overlooked.

...Experience is education. What I say about Pedagogy applies to both the profession of teaching and the non-profession of manhood. We teach all the time, by what we are and what we do. We learn all the time, by what we see and feel and think and do. The capacity to learn and to teach is organic. We take in and we give out. Every breath changes us. Metamorphosis occurs at every level. And yet the more we learn and change, the more revealed we stand.2

Since I am particularly interested in what I perceive in myself as a gradual awakening through my experience while attending graduate school, I have concentrated on that three year period of time. I also believe my experience during this time to be rich resource for considering other alternative approaches for teacher education. Therefore this study, though not limited by, is about my graduate education while at Ohio State University beginning in September, 1970 and, for the purposes of this paper, ending in September, 1973. Graduate education is my total experience as a person since enrolled as a full-time graduate student. It is not to be confused with the Graduate School's prescription of requirements for achieving the Ph.D. Education/experience/

OSU) and occasional flurries of swimming, jumping rope and exercising.
I knew nothing about exercises for relaxation. Time and priority pro-
hibited anything more. In the past year I attempted jogging and horse-
back riding, both of which were beyond my limits and caused me anxiety
and discomfort.

In "The Inner Screen" and "The Mandala" I referred to my exposure
to a visiting professor from England. In addition to his stress on the
works of Carl G. Jung and their implication for education, he often made
reference to meditation. I remember very clearly a prediction he made
during a discussion on curriculum. He was positive about the eventual
inclusion of meditation as a regular and essential element of the school
curriculum. That seemed an obscure possibility; one of the things I
had already begun to revolt against was the unceasing busy-ness expected
of teachers and students alike. I was hard-pressed to imagine a time of
day permitted to be unmarred by activity. I had a fleeting interest in
meditation at that time but really did not understand it enough to do
anything with it. My many attempts at prayer had felt unsuccessful;
somehow I couldn't separate out the function of meditation from a church
connotation.

Some of the material I had been reading after beginning graduate
school renewed my interest in meditation. Recently several articles in
leading magazines suggest significant aspects of employing
Transcendental Meditation* (TM) to help with school-related problems. (See "Recitative" p. 261.) Other significant persons disclosed they got much of their energy, etc. from meditation. In February my youngest daughter and I became involved in TM. Perhaps my expectations were too grandiose for in most part I have yet been disappointed with this investment of time. It may be it is too difficult to pinpoint results or attribute results to one of many beneficial endeavors.

...To expect something from an experience is often to hope that the experience will do something to me, not that I will make it something of importance. In meditation no one did anything to me; whatever was done, I did. I am certain that the expectations one may have from meditation comprise one of the reasons the Sayadaw requires the participant to come for ten weeks. To get over the idea that something will happen TO me by something imposed on me takes a very long time if I once expect it. The same thing occurs in psychotherapy. How much time must be wasted in the patient's waiting for the therapist to do something to him!...

Although Huber, a Westerner, did not complete his meditation-training in Burma with the Sayadaw, he did achieve Kensho** in the Zen course he took in Japan. He reflects on why he believed his teacher, the Roshi, helped so many students to succeed:

* Transcendental Meditation: a simple, natural technique of gaining deep rest and relaxation. "...a systematic procedures of 'turning the attention inwards towards the subtler levels of a thought until the mind transcends the experience of the subtlest state of the thought and arrives at the source of the thought. This expands the conscious mind and at the same time brings it in contact with the creative intelligence that gives rise to every thought.'" Paul H. Levine, "Transcendental Meditation and the Science of Creative Intelligence," Phi Delta Kappan, Volume LIV (December, 1972), p. 232.


** Kensho is a sublime moment of illumination; a glimpse into one's own nature.
The Roshi, it seems to me, solved the solitude problem by making meditation a group process in which people motivate each other by their very presence. He solved the monotony problem by introducing subtle but enormous variation in exercises.

...But he wished to improve the method in order to help people save themselves from inner pain as quickly and surely as possible....

The first step of his method is to help the student realize the value of Zen and understand its principles. The student is then given the first practice of using the mind in the immobile state. After he succeeds in this, the student is given the next one. Thus, one step after another, he is able to climb upstairs where he will find the great satisfaction. Anyone who wishes to become free from inner pains and arrive at the great satisfaction has the ability to do so. 22

Suzuki says of Zen:

The basic idea of Zen is to come in touch with the inner workings of our being, and to do this in the most direct way possible without resorting to anything external or superadded. Therefore, anything that has the semblance of an external authority is rejected by Zen. Absolute faith is placed in a man's own inner being.... 23

Krishnamurti criticizes all systems and methods including Zen. He insists one must be totally free of thought and that to practice any system of meditation is stupefying to the mind. 24

My meditating friends represent similar diversity of opinion as to "how" to meditate, but one thing remains agreed upon, the benefits of meditation are well worth the investment. I certainly am not ready to give up. One of the aspects of TM that I am most attracted to is the naturalness of alternating rest and activity. In a recent resident course

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it was announced that the advocates of TM and SCI (Science of Creative Intelligence) were looking for a place to start an experimental high school. A cycle would be continued throughout the year in which two months of study and activity would be followed by one month of rest, meditation and "renewal." TM or no TM, such an approach appears to me to hold great promise.

What I find I'm resisting about TM is the routinization and prescription for all. Nevertheless, I cannot know without lending myself to what feels like a "fair trial." As the Maharishi explained on a video tape, if one's action is right nature will support it. That which is natural, if in the force of evolution, will be spontaneously supported by nature.

During my first attempts at meditation I had difficulty breathing.* Although this was explained to me as the body having to learn how to respond to the change in metabolism during the meditative state, it revealed to me that I had gotten out of touch with the relaxed, natural and organic breathing I enjoyed while singing. I was still breathing with the diaphragm but somewhere in the many years passed I had acquired

*Breathing: (Pranayama) "Some say the breath is the bridge between the body and soul. Breath and mind should also move together. If your emotional state is agitated, your breath will be shallow and irregular. Calm the breath with rhythmical nose breathing. Your mind will also become quieter. Breath is energy. Breath is vitality. Breath is life." (Lilia M. Folan, Lilia's Yoga and You (Cincinnati, Ohio, WCET-TV), p. 14.
habits which spoke of tension and rigidity. This was brought to my attention again in April as I began the practice of Hatha Yoga.*

Prior to coming to Ohio State as a full-time student I somewhere picked up a magazine and perchance read an article about Ida Rolf and the technique and benefits of rolling that she has developed at Esalen Institute in Big Sur. As described in The Esalen Catalog:

Structural Integration: By realigning the body structure, the Rolf method of structural integration attempts to release excessive tensions so that the person may experience greater physical and emotional freedom and balance. The assumption is that a person's body and set are a mirror of his emotional past as well as a result of physical trauma. Structural integration is a process of direct physical manipulation and deep massage; working with a trained practitioner, the process is usually completed within ten individual sessions. 25

My attention focused on the part of the article that pointed out that during a serious injury other body parts often take over the function of the ailing or healing part. Patterns get established. When the injured part is whole and healthy again many times the emergency patterns do not get reestablished and messages and functions continue in an

* Hatha Yoga: "The word 'Yoga' comes from the Sanscrit work 'yju,' which means 'to join' or 'to yoke'—the Individual Spirit (Self) with the Supreme Spirit (Universe). One of the fundamental doctrines of Yoga is that the Self and Universe are one, and this can be realized only if the proper conditions of physical and spiritual purity are met. The practice of Yoga helps attain these conditions. Yoga is the oldest system of self-development known to man...."

"There are said to be seven main schools of Yoga, each with different concentrations, but all with the common aim of self-improvement and self-realization....and Hatha Yoga (control and purification of the physical body). It is with Hatha Yoga that this book is concerned, and its goals of internal harmony, control of the nervous system and conservation of energy." (Kathleen Hitchcock, Hatha Yoga (Milwaukee Area Technical College, 1970), p. 2.

imbalanced way. Eventually a rigidity sets in and there is an absence of "intouchness" with parts of one's body. At the time of reading this I had given very little conscious thought to my childhood injury, but my memory connected to this long past mishap and I had a desire and curiosity to be roled. I suspected a host of memories to come to the foreground with this experience and I was accepting of the fact that some of these might be unpleasant. I set the idea of being roled aside knowing at the time it was out of question financially; besides, it seemed a bizarre idea.

This past winter I learned of a rolf er in the Cincinnati area. I talked with three people he had roled. It was at the time I was consciously opening up to include new experience. It was still expensive for my means, but not without reach. I gave it serious consideration, but as a result of advice from respected persons, decided against it. I am not closed to roling or other similar experiences in the future.

A friend suggested I check the Hatha Yoga lessons on educational TV. (I didn't know about them because by choice I am almost entirely disassociated with watching television.) I have engaged in daily Hatha Yoga practice since that time and believe I have and will continue to gain many benefits from this exercise. Perhaps I will experience some comparable results to those expected from roling. Below are some reasons I have itemized to explain why I personally feel so positive about Hatha Yoga:

1. There is an attitude of reverence toward the human body and the experience in living. (In many physical education courses I felt the
body was assaulted with hostility and contempt rather than reverence
and respect.)

2. The pace is slow; this is in keeping with my nature.
3. There is no pushing for speed, goals, or quantities.
4. There is constant consideration for the limits (or potential) of
each individual body; benefits are achieved by working within the
limits of your own body at the current moment.
5. Achieving physical balance in performing the Asanas* helps individ­
uals to experience a more "total" balance, or a feeling of centering.
6. There is no competition; it is your own experience.
7. If practiced diligently results are tangible. (e.g., To go from a
a shoulder stand on back so that toes touch the floor behind the
head, is called the plough. Two months ago my daughter reported
my toes were six inches from the floor and I could go no further.
I can now put my toes on the floor and hold the position.)
8. Breathing becomes more relaxed, energizing and powerful. (This has
been particularly noticeable while swimming.)
9. Relaxation of the body is an integral part of all Asanas.
10. Increasing sensitivity to and awareness of any or all parts of the
body signals the mind and the person can respond accordingly. (For
me this awareness runs the gamut of delightfully warm and tingling
sensations to noting tension that could develop into pain if reme­
diation is not undertaken.)

* Asana: Yoga postures.
11. Hatha Yoga can be done in a small area and without equipment. (Some Asanas require carpet or padding on the floor.)

12. There is a grace and aesthetic satisfaction in performing the Asanas. (I often work with music; preferably classical or flamenco guitar. Favoritism for the guitar is associated to childhood memories of my father's career as a professional musician. He played violin, guitar, mandolin, and banjo well enough for concert performances. I delighted most in hearing him play the guitar.)

13. I view the benefits of relaxation in a manner of gestalt; my mind and spirit are calmed and soothed as well as my body.

14. The Asanas can be used in a very flexible manner. (About the only consideration is not to exercise with a full stomach. I usually do about fifteen minutes of limbering up type exercises and breathing before morning meditation. I try to do a more concentrated period of Hatha Yoga whenever I can fit it in during the remainder of my day. I usually work for an hour, but this sometimes ranges from twenty minutes to two hours.)

15. It is beneficial to sleep. (If it is eleven p.m. and I have not had time for Hatha Yoga I usually practice for around forty minutes utilizing more Asanas designed for total relaxation during the latter part.)

16. It is facilitative of meditation. (At this time Hatha Yoga appears to be more helpful to me than the practice of Transcendental Meditation.)
17. Hatha Yoga is beneficial in preventing headaches. (I believe I have been successful in curbing oncoming headaches by immediately respecting the warning murmurs and engaging in certain Asanas. I think I am also more responsive to recognizing the warnings.)

18. Performing the Asanas strengthens the body. (I have already noticed increased strengthening in parts of my body that have always been weak.)

19. Flexibility and coordination is facilitated. (I was shocked to discover the degree of rigidity in my spine. Granted I have an abnormality at the extreme lower end of my spine, I still have been able to loosen up the segments and feel a strengthening I have not felt before.)

20. The Asanas help to tone up the body.

21. Hatha Yoga is compatible with sedentary commitment; it rejuvenates circulation. (It is much appreciated alternated with long periods of writing and/or typing.)

22. Hatha Yoga encourages good posture. (I believe my stance has improved.)

23. Conscious familiarity with the body is increased. (When marching in the band I often had quite a bit of discomfort in my left hip. If I wanted an even hemline it was always necessary to make my straight skirts a half-inch longer on the right side. I have known this for a long while, but I am now becoming much more cognizant of the differences in my left side from my right side. This again may be related to the near loss of my left foot. It may also be related
to the settling-in in the past of migraines in my left cheek area. Even with extensive voice exercising I only recently became aware of a remarkable difference in the resonation in the two sides of my head. During Brahmari Breath* I am aware of a blockage in the left side of my face; the hum "goes around" my inner left cheek and favors the right side of my face. I am trying to redirect it and bring healing vibrations into the area which has caused me so much pain. I suspect this gentling approach may bring openings that will be of vital importance to my well-being.)

24. Hatha Yoga has been more meaningful to me with the guidance of the instructors. (Two instructors are on twice a day for two programs a week each. This adds up to the availability of eight half-hour lessons within one week. There is good possibility that I can catch at least two of these. I earlier mentioned I felt a need for guidance. Each instructor has produced a study guide, but in addition I find their reassuring chatter helpful on hazards, benefits, etc.).

25. It is not "hard." (One works with challenge, but within their own limits.)

26. The Asanas are not painful. (Postures may look painful, but if they are they are either not executed properly or the person may not have prepared their body properly. On three occasions in three different areas of my body I have had unpleasant discomfort for several days. In every instance I was pushing myself and tried to achieve what I was not ready for. I am now more respectful of the instructors')

* Brahmari Breath: Slowly exhaling the breath through the nose while making a humming sound. The mind is to focus on the sound.
living is all interrelated. I see no way to separate them.

Assuming full responsibility for facilitating my growth and development as person and student, I refer to this process as self-development. I perceive self-development to be a human process of gravitating and integrating toward wholeness. It is a reaching for that which is life-giving. If we attend to our self-development we practice listening to ourselves and attempt to cooperate in a harmonious way with the natural direction of our being-in-universe. In taking this position I assume trust in the human organism as a directive means to reaching fullest human potential.

Each aspect of human form has its physiology, whether it be the form of the carcass, the forms of the organs, the forms of sensation and emotion, the form of the ego, the psyche, the personality, the form of the future form, the form of moral intuitions. Moral possibilities are carried by life-forms which lead the organism into its future, rather than leave it to perish with its shedding cells. Any seed is so endowed with this life-form that it knows what to become, and this knowing is not conscious. It is a natural intelligence staggering in its consummations.3

I approached the writing of this paper as an artist. It has been a demanding and disciplined endeavor. I arranged to have long periods of uninterrupted time to enable me to write. Many other interests and activities had to be set aside. I wrote what I wrote. I had ideas emerging as to topics that seemed important to me. Many times I wrote not knowing exactly why, or how what I was saying would fit, or if it would even be useable. Some wasn't. I wrote when I didn't particularly want to write, but I soon learned not to try to force writing when what

cautions. I have had a lot of tender spots; they are just uncomfortable enough to remind me I'm progressing or "bringing to life" more of what is me.)

27. Hatha Yoga is a confidence builder. (I feel much better equipped to try out some new sports activities.)

28. I find it enjoyable to engage in the practice of Hatha Yoga. (It is satisfying; it is rejuvenating; and it is diversified.)

Although I am frequently made aware of body weaknesses, deficiencies, problems, etc., my caringness—or lovingness for my body increases. After I am more at ease and familiar with the various Asanas I expect to spend much less time performing Hatha Yoga. I will have mastered many postures and will know what benefits each will give me. In this way I will be more selective. I expect to find I can relax with much more ease and in shorter periods of time. I also expect this involvement to be the cornerstone from which I can appreciate learning new skills and games. It has been a fortunate "accident" in my graduate education. It seems cliche, but I regret I could not have become familiar with Hatha Yoga at the onset of my program at Ohio State. There is a happiness, a satisfaction, a contentment, and an exhilaration for me as I begin to resolve for myself my problem of trying to experience my body. It has been an angry void created by unhappy circumstance. To overcome it—to fill the void—has been far more difficult after long years of separation, some of those separations coming before the natural era of childhood development could get a good start. My fears, my lack of confidence are no longer a secret of a woman "too old and too smart" to be concerned
with such matters. I move at my slow pace but I will also taste. Then I can honestly choose whether I want to play or not. Fear will not be the referee. The promise of such freedom shakes me, all the way back to the little one who got so weary from always being "It" and played paper dolls instead.
OTHER NUTRIENTS

I had my advantage... in my mode of life, over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement, to society and the theater, that my life itself was become my amusement and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many scenes and without an end.

This completes the chapter written to share some of the wealth I have claimed from my own source. It is as though I am a river. I continue on. There are rough times and smooth times; shallow times and full times; the terrain changes and events occur. Of those events I have dipped into the water and brought up a sample from my memory. Not a random sample, but a sample of what came to mind and presented itself as meaningful and shareable.

I have often talked of loneliness and aloneness. I am much more at peace with this than I was a year ago. My first year I hungered to be alone, a rather curious hunger when my life had been so full, so active and often lonely. With every hunger filled, a new hunger seems to be prepared. I was soon seeking a balance for this foreign expenditure of time.

My experience has caused me to place new value on aloneness. It can be a very enriching and fulfilling state. The few times I sang very well I laid myself bare. Aloneness is baring. If dealt with properly, it is revealing in a sense that demands genuine honesty. After all, there is only yourself to fool. You are the one looking and lis-

tening, watching and being introduced to your depths. Getting acquainted with your own myth, with your own raw stuff, enables you to "catch on to" meanings previously hidden or distorted for you. I now purposely arrange for extensive time alone. I do not think the writing of this paper would be possible for me under any other circumstances.

I have had three years to concentrate on cultivating myself. So much of my life had been paying attention to "the day." In a seminar under the direction of Ross Mooney my first quarter on campus, he shared with us a poem he had written, "Day & Night." I was struck by the application of his words to something I was wrestling with. I was not certain what, but I felt comforted and often recalled the closing stanzas:

"So when the nighttime comes,
within the human psyche,
the time is come, as well,
for inner viewing.
Such a time is this
within our culture,
for our daytime life
has become so far extended
that we face
disintegration
as a human species.
The blackness of the night
is black
as we face
our varied forms of dying.

The shock of change
from day to night
is frightening,
but the night, itself,
is not unfriendly
to the birth of day,
if we have the wit
to see the deeper meaning.
The problem is
to recognize the teaching,
to let new light form
within our knowing.
This is the logos
we are seeking.

To find and form this light,
this is the struggle."

from "Day & Night"
by Ross L. Mooney

As I feel stirred to plunge fully into some sort of action on the educational scene I am keenly aware of the treasures I have been storing up within me. I value with high regard the hours indulged in by myself. I know also the importance of honoring cycles. I expect to be back to study and reflection within a few years. It is encouraging to think I will know full well what to do with the marvelous gift of opportunity to soak up life, alone and lonely, but not alone and lonely. Because my life has been enriched, because I have some guides who are caring, I, too, can exercise caring, and we are all increased and the possibility is extended for the fold to be increased. I'm convinced there are folds scattered all over. There remains a vast amount one can do for himself.

Sound

As I sit and write this evening I am cool and "comfortable." My apartment has an air conditioning unit which I turn on only in the hottest weather. I find the sound of the unit fatiguing. I am also fatigued in large buildings with central air-control and "quiet" blowers. I suspect we'll hear more about that in years to come.

When the fan blows, many other city noises are filtered out. Windows open, there is a continuous choral reading of motors, metal sounds and people sounds. It is a curious phenomena for I have been trying to
increase my auditory awareness only to be greeted by an awareness of the amount of clutter that reaches our ears. There are also songbirds singing around 4:30 a.m. I wonder where they manage to live and reproduce.

My children are spending much of the summer with their father. I enjoy not having anything "turned on" when they are gone. I wonder how it is with my youngest one. She goes to sleep with the radio, wakes up with the radio, watches as much TV as I'll let her get by with and plays her favorite records repeatedly. Sometimes I tune in to a local stereo station that is supported by the local board of education. It is a discipline for me to simply listen and not feel I have to be doing something at the same time. I do not know about rugged woods living, but I do know what it is to live in the country with minimal unnatural auditory intrusions. Surely the species pays a price for not experiencing natural quiet and solemnity. Perhaps "naturalness" is the cue. We have become so unnatural with the gimmicks we have invented—including those we deem sacred as proof of being educated.

Soil

I have long been fascinated by the soil and the growing of things. I realize now that much of the time I spent outside in the yard and garden not only fed me, but provided the sanctity of being alone, a release from the intrusions of our culture. My husband was always good company for appreciating the growing of plants. We planted over 2,000 small trees on our property (he did most of the work) and watched with pride and great interest an undisturbed section of about two acres
slowly recover from tired pasture to become a young woods. It was always a marvel to wonder where some of the plant life came from. The trees and shrubs that "planted themselves" always thrived much better than the transplants we inserted. The finding of a freshly shed five foot snake skin reminded us we knew only a fraction about what transpired back there.

Living in an apartment these past two years has inhibited me so that I do not sing and prohibited me from growing some flowers and vegetables. I am mostly indifferent to house plants, but thoroughly enjoy the labor and most of the experience of growing plants outside. My only distaste is the killing of insects and the occasional need for poisonous spray. I tried to learn about sprays as I fear them and feel concern for the danger they represent to all living creatures and the balance of nature. I have never been able to remember any particulars about them.

One of the most difficult deaths I took part in was the killing of the tomato worms. They were so grand in their appearance; yet to let them have their life was to give up a complete tomato crop. They could have been elaborate dragons in miniature, decorated for a gala oriental celebration. Sometimes white parasites sadly diminished their juicy body gently held intact with the green wrinkled skin. We tried to kill outright whatever we believed had to be killed. There were other means that were not necessary for us to witness, but they seemed too cruel. It was always painful to kill the tomato worms; especially to abort the caterpillars from their destiny to be winged. If man were to lay
down all weapons and confront each other person to person, I wonder how warring he would actually be.

In addition to directly experiencing the soil, I reap much from being immersed in nature, the natural. Even within a city we take much for granted. There is a power-packed drama going on around us in those wanning stretches and bunches of green, water, and sky. And little reverence from man. If plants depended on man's appreciation in order to thrive, we would be in a sorrier predicament than we are now. I'm thinking of a little sunflower that struggled so mightily to bring its bloom and its seed to fruition. Our office building was surrounded with asphalt for parking. The flower's seed had lodged in a slender crack between building and asphalt. I had so much admiration for its struggle, its unrepressable brightness and life; one of the men where I worked surprised me later with a colored slide of this "friend" I empathized with behind the building. He teased me a little but he knew I appreciated his gift and I knew he enjoyed doing it. There was an element of common joy.

Floor Plans

In discussing what feels natural as inner development, in most part engaged in alone, I would like to describe a preoccupation I have had for as long as I can recall. It is almost a fetish sort of internal trip. I find I am often caught up in trying to imagine the floor plans of a building from looking at it from the outside; or when in a building trying to imagine how the rooms, etc., are fitted together. Apartment buildings often leave alot to be imagined and I find I have a nagging
curiosity about the inner complexities of these buildings. Over the years I have drawn pages and pages of floor plans. Blueprints in magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, etc., have always interested me. I could visualize the outside of my creations, but never tried to draw them. A builder used my basic plans when designing and constructing our home in the country. The floor plan was something I could do—given a ruler and little consideration for precise measurement. When I began to think through what I would have in an alternative school if I could have my say about what went on there, I began to fit the curriculum together by planning the building. I had color codes for areas: Yellow—(noisy) social or community area; Blue—academic, intellectual, lecture or study area; Red—activity area, places for experimenting, art, music, and drama; Green—nature area (greenhouse, barn, garden, etc.) and Black—utility areas.*

I believe this interest was and is a means for ordering my world. I have similar interest in seeing how things go together on a map or in a puzzle or a pattern. It is an integrative activity not unlike some of my drawings or any activity which requires "putting together." As I put together what can be concretely experienced I believe I also put together things within myself for myself. There may be some symbolism involved.

* Not in writing this experience, but in proofreading this discussion, did I realize that the four basic colors I believed necessary for a holistic school and an education for humans, were the same four basic colors I believed necessary in a group of persons supporting me as I write about what was vital, or humanly important in my graduate education. At the time of planning the school I do not recall consciously remembering any reference of Carl Jung to universal symbolism of color for the human species. See Chapter Two, Overture, "The Mandala."
I find it a bit contradictory to be uninterested in how the decorations and furnishings could be inside. Even if the scarcity of money had not been a factor I don't believe I would have gotten caught up in a serious interest in interior decorating. There always seemed to be something frivolous and fraudulent about it, like "dressing up" where one lived.

**Housework**

On occasion I have moments when cooking, sewing, and housework are done for the pleasure of doing them and not out of necessity. I am a fair seamstress and might enjoy doing more sewing if time was not a priority. Sewing for me is more like art work; the product is usually of a sort that can be appreciated over a period of time. It is also similar to doing floor plans for houses. There is a fitting together of the pieces to make a "whole." There is an "as ifness," a hypothesis which is potentially checkable. Cooking is more like music. It is momentary. The melody is completed; the food is consumed. There is a responding feeling, usually fulfillment, a memory and an oncoming recurring hunger. I believe in most instances pleasure in homey chores comes from the anticipation of pleasing others. It is a gift of "Self."

I have many pleasant associations and memories of my mother cooking and sewing. She baked marvelous bread and rolls, cookies, pies and cakes each week on her "baking" day. Our home was often filled with tantalizing odors. Money always being scarce, sometimes I think she literally prepared an attractive meal from nothing. Fried chicken, chicken and dumplings and vegetable soup were some of her specials. It
was to be said was not yet ready to come out in wordage. I learned to
watch and stay with my rhythm, not to become exceedingly tired and to
treat myself to renewing and restful diversions. On some occasions I
wrote in great streams, hardly able to hold back enough to get my thoughts
transcribed on to my paper. In most instances these floods of writing
seemed to need little editing and revision; I will have to let my work
season before I can have an opinion, but it looks as though they may be
my deepest and most profound writing. The approach I used is in many
ways similar to one described so beautifully and aptly by Lou King.
Perhaps her picturesque analogy is vivid recall of her actual experience
as painter.

As an artist, I usually begin with whatever material, color, whatever stroke, tool, and wherever it feels 'right' to begin. I know that my decisions in regard to the initiation of the painting might be incorrect, but I am willing to take that risk. I realize that there must be many beginnings and other canvasses if I am to improve my skill and thus develop my own unique style. My thoughts as a true artist in this endeavor are not dominated with a concern for the judgment of others, but are more concerned with the 'successful' extenuation of my self. I remain my own judge in this regard. Thus I paint! Starting with an empty canvas, with each stroke placed in accord with my intuition, I slowly fill the empty space. Each stroke a statement ... a sentence. Slowly as the painting continues, a paragraph emerges. Not until all of the spaces have been filled ... not until the painting has been brought to harmonious balance ('completion') ... can an outside observer perceive the totality of the 'experience' of the painting. The incomplete paint ... like an incomplete story ... cannot make much sense. If an observer views my painting before completion s/he must be patient, knowing that my meaning and intent will, in time, emerge. The observer must also remember that, for me, a single painting is never 'finished,' for the completion ... the 'end' of one painting ... is the beginning of another.

The creation and completion of a series of paintings is thus comparable to the evolutionary process of human growth and development ... as life-itself-in-process, a series of transformations ... the result being, experientially, the psychic (or
was always important to her that not only should home canned fruits, meats and vegetables be tastefully preserved, they should be beautiful to look at in the Mason and Bell jars. The cellar house on my Grandfather's farm was always a delightful place to visit. Clean and cool, jars arranged like precious gems on jeweler's shelves, crocks with sauerkraut, pickle and buckwheat batter smells seeping from them, fresh apples, pears, potatoes, onions and cabbage heads, it was a place of pride and thankfulness.

Many an evening I went to sleep with the quiet hum of my mother's sewing machine. Whether from new fabric, flowered feedsacks or "inherited" clothing, her creations at the sewing machine always demonstrated a lovingness which was personalized to the person for whom she sewed. Grace expressed by the recipient may be a motivation but it cannot supplant the immersion of Self in the process of creating.

Reading

The first year I was at graduate school I had a hearty appetite for reading and for working on my vocabulary.* (It was an area I had neglected in the busyness of teaching school and being a mother and wife.) That being somewhat satisfied I became moody about reading. The past year I found I could not stay with any reading for which I had little

* On a part of a battery of tests taken on application to graduate school in 1969, I was told I scored at the fifth percentile on vocabulary and at the seventy-fifth percentile on reading comprehension... In comparison with other graduate students on this particular test I scored at about the fiftieth percentile on other items. A professor assigned to me temporarily, recommended that with the above "questionable" scores coupled with an extremely low score on "cooperativeness" on the Guilford-Zimmerman temperament test and the fact I was married and had children, that I forego my pursuit of a doctoral degree, unless perhaps I might be interested in becoming a reading specialist.
interest. Regardless of the prestige of the material or author, I felt comfortable in setting aside that which I had to "make" myself pay attention. I knew if I tried to make myself stay with it I would daydream or fall asleep. I also found I had limited tolerance for reading I was drawn to. I am a slow reader; if it is reading I want to do, it usually tends to be poetic and/or philosophical. After a brief time I have so much to think about I find it awkward to continue reading. I have given up achieving the status of being "well-read" or a "speed-reader." My purpose is changed.

The I Ching

A book which has provided me company as teacher, is The I Ching or Book of Changes.* I became familiar with the book through a friend at work. I purchased it last December. I have spent many quiet hours consulting or perusing its lessons. I am continually impressed with the relevance of its answers. As an example I was having much difficulty in the first efforts of trying to write this paper. I asked The I Ching why I was having so much difficulty. Concentrating on my question while at the same time being receptive to information I threw my three Chinese coins six times and built a hexagram of solid (firm) and broken (yielding) lines. The resulting hexagram was "Ching/The Well." A special message for me said,

* This book has exerted a living influence in China for three thousand years. First set down in the dawn of history as a book of oracles, the Book of Changes deepened in meaning when ethical values were attached to the oracular pronouncements; it became a book of wisdom, eventually one of the Five Classics of Confucianism, and provided the common source for both Confucianist and Taoist philosophy.
"Six in the fourth place means:
The well is being lined. No blame."

True if a well is being lined with stone, it cannot be used while the work is going on. But the work is not in vain, the result is that the water stays clear. In life also there are times when a man must put himself in order. During such a time he can do nothing for others, but his work is nonetheless valuable, because by enhancing his powers and abilities through inner development, he can accomplish all the more later on. 27

Such insight continues to provide me encouragement and fortitude.

As Carl G. Jung attempts to explain the complexities of the book in the "Foreword" he concludes:

...As to the thousands of questions, doubts, and criticisms that this singular book stirs up—I cannot answer these. The I Ching does not offer itself with proofs and results; it does not vaunt itself, nor is it easy to approach. Like a part of nature, it waits until it is discovered. It offers neither facts nor power, but for lovers of self-knowledge, of wisdom—if there be such—it seems to be the right book.

Visual

The instructor that suggested I start an Image Log recommended I go see another professor in the Art Department. After talking with me and reading my proposal for this dissertation, this professor provided me with a list of books. Some of these are picture books, collections of pictures by artists that are known for their contributions to fantasy, e.g., Paul Klee, Max Ernst; Bosch, Dubuffett, etc. A few were books of poetry. His instructions for the picture books were to simply look at the pictures. He did not want me to read about them or seek a means to

use or analyze them. Although I have had difficulty in locating some of them, the engagement with what I found has been stimulating. In keeping with his advice I will not try to examine the meaning this may have had for me. I feel my imagination has been teased and I have developed a way of looking that is a bit different. I am more ready to look at other art work and make more effort to do so. I was pleased that my daughter found some of the pictures worth her attention.

Ginger and I try to visit many of the exhibits displayed in the art gallery at Hopkins Hall. Of special interest was a collection of "sculpture" intended to be "gotten into" and "become a part of." A smooth egg-shaped womb was carved out of the middle of a block of wood. While encased in this egg what I expected to look black was mottled purple.

The pieces presented by students in an experimental art class called "Sound and Situations" were in keeping with giving my mind refreshing and extended variations of sensory experience.

As I become more sensitive to "seeing" I have noted that I will remark to my daughter about for example the color of some leaves on a tree. In most instances she in turn will do and/or say something which indicates she was already aware of that particular object of beauty. In response to my having openly informed her of my momentary fascination, she will then point out something new or more for me to see. I suspect that it is much more natural for her to "take in" color, texture, shape, phenomenas, etc. Having me announce I have noticed some of "her world" she then in appreciation is motivated to let me know more about what her world "looks like." If this be so, I wonder if such a way of
viewing is common to children and if so if it could not be preserved from childhood into adulthood?

Aloneness

In our culture the benefits of being, doing and going alone are often overlooked. To use "alone" time constructively has an interlock with the quality of experiences I have when I am not alone. As I see it, part of the difficulty for the "loner" is the manner in which society treats them as being "freakish" or "unfortunate" because they are not in the company of at least one other person. Society is also ready to "question" or "condemn" "part-time intruders" into a set dyad or group. Most marriages I have observed have a "Siametic" character and the crippling price I see these couples pay to be assured of mobility in and out of social settings does not for me exemplify mental health or happiness. In fact, some of the loneliest persons I can think of spend little or no time "alone." To spend time alone has been a rich and rewarding experience; not to have a choice to do anything else would be devastating. In the following chapter I will explore experiences I have had with other people that seem to hold much significance for my own growth and self-realizations.
CHAPTER IV

CHORUS

My aria I have sung for you
Private thoughts now public made
Solitary engagements
Colored by my position in the universe.

I continue with my song
Though no longer solo
For I have taken in account
What it is to be me with accompaniment
To sing my song with others
In and out of harmony.
The only common setting is
There is at the least
One other person being with me.
The chorus
The counterpoint
Those important human contacts
So essential to my self-development.
And others.
At the time of drawing "The Mandala" I had in large part temporarily "closed down" many relationships so as to give concentrated attention to the writing of my dissertation. I found it difficult enough to keep a few people posted on my progress and to integrate their suggestions and responses to it. There are a few significant persons other than my committee that I have kept somewhat informed by happenstance or solicitation on my part. I felt my work of the importance that I would not bar asking anyone for help if I was sincere in believing they could help me. This is a much more assertive position than I could have taken three years ago. Some of the persons I have tapped have refused. This has not squelched my asking for as long as persons can refuse I can be free to ask.

Persons have been most generous in giving me various sorts of support and encouragement. Sometimes my need is as simple as good company. One of these persons I mentioned in "Paper as Mirror." As I observe him interacting with others I see that sometimes one has to assert oneself in order to get his attention. Although he may not be able to respond to your need at that time, if he can, he will when he can. His approachability remains consistent.

The occasional and genuine interest he has taken in me and my work I consider to be of the finest kind of gift. If he sees I am having a difficult time he gives me no sympathy, no condemnation, no answers. What I do get is his concentration on my dilemma. It is almost as though the top of his head opens up like a cupped radar device. It is as though he scans the overall situation, zooms in on my blockage and begins to
ask me questions which force me to clarify, summarize and explicate the area through which I am having difficulty. I am forced to a position of renewed honesty with self and purpose and then I later am able to sort out, rewrite and elucidate what I was trying to say. This process is one I am familiar with anyway, but it would take me much longer to clear up the problem on my own.

We began to engage in serious and lengthy dialogues in the spring when I began to formulate this paper. I have known this person for over a year and long ago identified him as a "blue" person. Although variegated, the basic blue has held for him. I was not surprised when I recently saw him get into his car and the car was blue. He often wears blue and says he likes the color. His humanness and supportive interest have been helpful without doubt. What implications there may be in his "filling out" my dimension for blueness as described in "The Mandala" could only be left to speculation.

His maturity speaks easily in his manner of interacting with many people, for he naturally teaches and learns as he moves through life. As a teacher I cannot help but have an extended interest in how he came to work out for himself while yet in high school, the knowing of his mind and the independence in how and what he would reach for for continued further increments for his growth.

THE TRIANGLE

There was some "magic" in the triangle of human support I experienced during my second year. I am not clear on all of the dynamics. Perhaps in discussing it more cues will become evident. It was a time
of rapid personal transition and growth for me and there was something fortunate in the combination of personalities and expectations of three men who held me in separate yet common caring ways.

I. Therapist

Before entering therapy, I had already taken sizeable steps to relieve myself of some of the constraints which were causing me inner pain and were in some way preventing me from pursuing what for me was life-giving, but I did not realize that that was what I was doing. Therapy for me was better identification and legitimation for what I needed to attend to for my own growth.

I went into the therapy situation almost totally ignorant as to what to expect. My own wisdom or common sense had aided me in rejecting other therapeutic situations prior to settling with this one. Looking into this therapist's eyes was probably the experience that most convinced me that I would be safe in working with him. Eye contact with him in every session was vitalizing, comforting and revealing. Having an increased interest and stake in the therapy situation, I have done some reading and explored verbally the usual one-to-one experience. I am increasingly appreciative of the humanistic approach used by this therapist.

I do not think the therapist consciously made arrangements for what usually took place in an individual session, but I noticed a pattern of what would usually occur. Though not in a set sequence and not in a process that would suggest anything like a "therapy plan" similar to "lesson plans" used by teachers, in a natural way I was guided to:
1. experience and describe events in my past that I suppressed by telling myself I shouldn't get upset over them and for which I could provide myself intellectual and moral rationales for dismissing them.

2. get upset over them; feel the hurt; shed tears; feel emotions.

3. be assured that my "upsetness" was understandable, reasonable and "real."

4. explore the meaning in my realizations.

5. take on acceptance of myself, in part through experiencing acceptance by the therapist, and his own centering in doing so.

6. learn to pay attention to focusing on what was now—in the process of getting in touch with what was past.

7. listen to and trust my own self, my "being."

8. take initiative; to in part determine what I wanted to pursue.

9. make a choice to entertain transactions in which the therapist was amenable to share his experience with me.

10. view projections as to the positive aspects of where I was going. (In some cases he would surprise me with a statement of how something could be for me. In other instances he would "read on out" from my activities or writing products I brought him.)

11. consider concrete suggestions for things I might choose to do to facilitate my growth on my own.

12. celebrate and receive positive reinforcement for actions and behaviors indicative of my growth.

13. learn about much of what he was doing and why he was doing it. (He was a teacher gently teaching about the process in which he was teaching.)

In a few months I made some major decisions, and as the therapist pointed out to me, without consultation carried them out and reported them after the fact. This behavior may indicate uniqueness in a therapeutic situation, but by then I was trying to fully engage in the responsibility for increasing what I needed for my life. Psychotherapy was a
psychological) evolution of a person. As I create ... as I approach life experiences creatively, I evolve! In this manner, I see myself moving self-develop mentally thru life, which is to say that I am giving conscious attention to my own development (growth). Perceiving self-development as a series of transformations, is perceiving life as growth. It is growth and all that it means in terms of self and others, i.e., sharing, nourishing, caring, loving, etc. ... that is the essence of meaning in life. If life is to have meaning for me at all, and if I am to grow to my fullest potential, I cannot perceive life in any other way except that life is to be lived and if I am not growing as a person, if life is lying dormant within me, than I am not truly living ... I am merely existing! Where there is no such growth, there is no life! 

Throughout my paper I explain much of what I am doing and why or how I came about to do it as I do it. This is in keeping with my intent to observe my self doing what I am doing as well as doing it. In imagining what my paper might consist of I had not anticipated the amount of personal life experience that would surface as relevant. Although the section on dreams, images and visions is long, it also is the most "pared." There might be several reasons to consider for this phenomena: it was the first major section I attempted and I had to write extensively before I could get a grasp of the total configuration of this period of time; although a dream recalled may be very brief, in trying to translate that dream into words which can then only partially communicate the experience of that dream, the brief experience becomes greatly detailed; my dream life represents a significant and extensive part of me as person; in including much of my history in this section, which seemed very fitting, it was only natural that it became a lengthy section of the paper; and the exercise of writing about my dreams, images, and

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vital booster for what I was on to. The humanness, skill, warmth, depth and caring capacity of the therapist combined crucially with my own timing and provided me additional human support.

I never felt the need to be secretive or proclamatory about my weekly visits. Several persons frequently asked if I had fallen in love with my therapist yet. I found this puzzling for I indeed felt a loving relationship but I was not "in love" in the popular romantic sense. I pursued this point with the therapist and came to understand it is common in traditional psycho-analytical processes for the patient to develop a dependency on the analyst and thus be "in love" with them. He was very sensitive about this point and consciously attempted not to create dependency and thus create additional problems for the patient. In my own experience I could relate this to teachers taking on parental roles for children in their classroom. Especially in the inner-city, children would attempt to call their teacher "mother" and prevail upon her to take them home and provide them parental care and affection. Some teachers responded with the utmost sincerity for they realized the child hungered for such a relationship. I would never permit my students to do this, correcting them by telling them I was their teacher and their friend, but not their mother. I would show them affection as a caring person, but would never get caught up in trying to substitute for them something which I could not take responsibility to be. More than once I have been accused by my colleagues as being "cold-hearted" and "cruel." What I viewed as cruel was the disillusionment of children when the day ended, or the week ended, or the year ended and the person they were
trying to relate to as mother walked away from them leaving them confused and hurt by the precariousness of their relationship. To girdle children with dependency may feed the teacher's ego, but it stymies opportunity for children to reach out with increased independence.

Other "educated" persons made joking remarks to me about going to "my shrink." I thought in most cases they were embarrassed and did not know how to talk about it and yet really wanted to talk about it. Still others "helpfully" offered remarks such as: it was foolish for me to go (suggesting they thought I was not crazy); I shouldn't let anyone know I was going (suggesting there must be some shame or disgrace in the endeavor); it was a dreadful waste of money (I should put my earnings into something worthwhile); and those guys were so messed up they wouldn't be able to help me anyway. I found it next to deplorable that one helping profession could be so closed to and fearful of another helping profession. I also entertained discomfort for, as many of the jokes and criticisms made at the expense of educators, these attitudes have some credible base in the practice of some psychologists.

Dahms, in describing "mutual accessibility" in his book *Emotional Intimacy*, reports:

Accessibility must be seen in terms of a specific relationship, but it has universal implications. The healthy self-actualized person is comfortable in both offering and taking advantage of accessibility. Experienced therapists of various schools of thought often report that as a client learns to function fully he tends to see the therapist as a colleague rather than an all-knowing wizard. The therapist is gradually 'demoted' from wizard status to colleague. The relationship begins to show more mutual accessibility, naturalness, less role orientation, and more process orientation.\(^{28}\)

In my experience there was a certain mystique about the therapist on beginning therapy. This was in keeping with my ignorance of the practices of psychotherapy. As I worked with the therapist I began to penetrate him as person and the mystery dissolved. In penetrating him, I noticed I had to let go of barriers, or fronts, or facades, and I, too, became more penetrable. This was just not something that happened; I believe the therapist, apparently not having a need to be seen as an "all-knowing wizard," consciously facilitated such accessibility. As mentioned earlier, much of this was done through eye contact. The most strict advocates drawing upon the classic Freudian model, place the patient so that he cannot see the analyst. Though this may sound extreme, somewhat inhumane and demoralizing, it is not all that different from many teaching situations in which teachers literally make themselves inaccessible to students as well as each other.

As person, the therapist is as others for whom I feel a special caring and loving and whom in their strength and weakness and quality of "being" I feel I can freely "be" with little concern of bringing harm.

II. Boss

In my twelve years of full-time teaching I have worked for eight different principals. With all the arrogance that the statement connotes, I made all of them uncomfortable to different degrees because they were not fully capable of being open to or appreciative of what I was about. I was never treated as though I could be completely responsible; as though I could be completely trusted; as though I had anything to contribute that would truly improve the general school scene ("We've
always done it this way."); and that I had the intellect to be really qualified to make decisions about classroom content and activities. This was not my own individual problem. This was an attitude toward teachers in general. If my observations provide an accurate sample of the educational administrative population, they are suffering acutely from "system-inflicted" paranoia.

My image of the educational system is layer upon layer of persons allowed only partial responsibility for their actions. This creates circumstances in which responsibility is easily disowned by individuals. Maturity cannot be exercised. Human support is always in question. Authenticity is lacking. Creativity is thwarted.

January, 1971, (my second quarter on campus) I began working as a graduate research associate. There seemed to be no doubt in the "boss's" head except that I was bright, responsible, trustworthy, creative and capable of learning and making a valid contribution to the project we were then conceptualizing. We often disagreed and went to great length to hear each other out. I knew the final product was his defined responsibility and therefore felt: relieved that I did not have that burden; concerned that I use my resources well so as to provide him a base to make wise decisions; and attached as I was definitely a part of his final decision.

We both agreed my foremost purpose in being at Ohio State was to succeed in my studies. Agreed that my work as student held priority, he exhibited extensive flexibility and trust in letting me "work around" student and personal commitments. This enabled me to respond to the
work on our project, which fluctuates between high-level intensity to low-level, in a task-oriented responsible and committed way. He also went to great lengths to give me tasks that suited my interests. This experience has been refreshing and stimulating and unquestionably conducive to my own growth.

In addition to the much needed monetary compensation my work provided me with a place in which I could be "public" in various sorts of ways. Although we were a developmental project and built our guidelines as we went, there was a stableness in working with a project; there was often doubt about "how" or "what next," but the persons and the goal fluctuated very little.

Our project staff was isolated in a separate small rented office with persons on one other project for over a year. It was a congenial group which gave opportunity to allow each other to work and be in their own unique way. Especially for me when I was in Columbus four days a week and home for long weekends, it provided a social life that was lacking for me otherwise. Working has its drawbacks; part of the advantage in a job like mine was a consistent set of people.

The boss tends to make a clear distinction between his personal life and his work life. He makes the same distinction with his staff, yet he always indicated to me if he could be helpful to please ask. I knew I could, but it wasn't necessary. My work sometimes provided relief and distraction from the intensity of my own personal and scholastic pursuits.

I believe my work made a profitable contribution to my education and my well-being. It became intolerable when I began to give concentrated
attention to this paper. What had been a critical "middle" place for me in the formative stages of my growth became a "split" for me as I tried to synthesize my graduate effort. I had to back out of the action. Without a feeling of wavering in our caring, the boss was understanding and teased me by saying I'd contaminated his thinking forever. And I am appreciative forever to have experienced a work situation in which I could behave as mature. Now nothing else will do. Deep mutual respect continues to encompass our differences.

III. Professor

Searching out the catacombs of my past with the therapist; being productive and public in the social setting of my work; and pursuing what my eye saw ahead with the help of the guidance of a professor, brought me full cycle from private to public to private again. The private place I enjoyed with therapist and professor seemed essential to the reconstruction of my patterns of living, of addressing the world. The dream image of the ancient stone building comes to mind. Whereas some clearing away and digging out had to take place before the structure could be restored, plans and preparations had to be made for and in the process of putting it back together. The Therapist in one sense freed the professor and I from having to work on burdensome things.

This professor, my yellow committee member, has known me since the first quarter I was on campus. Well aware of the importance of a person's past, their personal life and current work engagement, he moved on out from these positions, choosing to pay close attention to the direction in which I was moving. He is, in his own words, a "frontier" man.
January 15, 1972, he put together a collection of what he felt to be central hypotheses of students he had come to know in his seminar a year earlier. He called the paper, "Persons as Hypotheses." Of me he writes:

To offer to children
the freedom to be
their own integral creatures;
alive in their knowing
of loving completions—
un-split, un-trammeled,
un-poisoned, un-twisted
by the cruelty of ignorant schoolmen
and mindless tradition.

Working with me in cultivating my strengths, he provided nourishment to me. He helps by projecting into me and futures he can foresee for me and by providing me "depend-able" human support. This support comes forth best in a dyadic relationship, similar to the one I had with the therapist in which what I brought to our meetings "meshed" with what he brought to me, and to a lesser degree in group settings where as "teacher" he was also engaged in cooperative learning with all of us. With him, like the therapist, there is frequent uncensored and fruitful eye contact. He, too, made it possible for me to discard his role as professor and meet him person-to-person.

My best effort in describing this man can be found in "Paper as Mirror," page 128. In reiterating the manner in which he has helped me, an image has come to mind as how his helping relationship fits into "The Triangle" so profoundly important to me in my second year in graduate school. A poem which he wrote and which I kept on my wall in the dormitory by an "enchanted" tree sketch done by my oldest daughter is descriptive of the image:
CONSIDER THE TREE

Consider the tree,
whose fitting task it is
to inter-knit the earth and sky
in one well drawn togetherness
of soil and sun,
as, from the deepest root,
a bit of earth is taken,
transformed, transported far
into the topmost tendril tip
to texture there
a newborn leaf
joining into sky;
a motion matched,
in fitting need,
as, from the highest leaf,
a bit of sun-lit air is taken,
transformed, transported far
into the deepest fibril tip
to texture there
a newborn root,
joining into earth
to make the living tree
symbol of
THE FITTING ONE
that, inter-living earth and sky,
gives birth to wholeness on the way
and gives to me
a birthplace, too,
for emerging life in me,
as I stand among the trees
and let them knit
a universe
on a Sunday afternoon.

Ross L. Mooney
January, 1957

The image is that of a tree. The professor was most influential in aiding me to put out the hypotheses—the shoots of new growth, the tendril tips which were to become new branches, bearers of new blossoms and fruits. The therapist was most influential in aiding me to attend to my roots, to pierce the soil with my fibers, to become more firmly and strongly entrenched with an adequate "underground" life system. The
boss was most influential in aiding me to function in the necessary
daily transactions, the leaves in their continuous and established process
of creating energy for the tree, the announcing place of what the tree
is as it does. The total configuration is that of a whole tree. The
Triangle helped me integrate toward wholeness.

The only other concrete clue I am able to muster from writing this
section may have something to do with age. The professor was considerably
older; the therapist is of the same birth year; and the boss is six years
younger.

FAMILY

The family constellation of mother, father, and two daughters I
consider to be my "immediate" family. Divorce has realigned the arrangement
but children in their relationship with parents remains to be a "mediate"
one.

Extending out from immediate family I have family which has become
separated, though linked from the original rearing constellation. I have
made reference to family in other sections. I would like to share some
comments and thoughts about family. In many instances I have observed
persons who appeared to be "trapped" by the mode of expectations estab-
lished in the family setting. In venturing beyond the mode (or code) of
expectations held for me by my family, I was not only delayed in striving
toward my own development, but in fact suffered because of them.

It appears to me that when family is no longer useful or satisfying
to its members, culture does them a disservice by creating guilt and/or
dishonest transactions to continue a myth outlived. One has only to
examine cartoons and comic strips to find evidence of this common problem. There are moments when I would like to explain or share my journey with my family. This is not only an impractical desire; it is a delirious one.

"The adventurer must always quest for the Grail, man alone. By definition you can’t bring the crowd along. After the adventure the hero can teach the crowd, if he chooses."

If they were to seek in a way that I could be helpful, then I could share. Their journeys, like mine, must be their own. When I feel pressed to give them a three-minute explanation of why I am doing what I am doing as a result of my lifetime and hordes of complex experience along the way I feel almost obscene. So many of our inquiries and responses are artificial. The most comfortable times have been when justifications were not solicited and acceptance of now glowed briefly.

For anyone consciously cultivating the circumstances for their own growth, it is important to pay attention to the family syndrome. Families continue to “see” with their embedded modes of expectations. One should be cautious in using their family's perceptions as points of reference for often their perceptions are locked in the past.

Last April I had a pleasant "get-together" with some of my family. My brother-in-law treated some of us to Easter dinner. We visited Elendon Woods and observed the ducks. In being who I was, where I was, I would get jolts of awareness. It was a knowing that we were not understanding each other very well. They were attempting to be courteous; I would get caught up in the dilemma of trying to provide background. It was not an

visions, and in so doing include my history, became a heavy emotional experience and aroused much affect in me which was naturally therapeutic to discuss at length. Although what remains of this section is long and very personal, as artist, I chose to delete much of the detail. I did not delete the most vivid and meaningful experiences. Although much of the content is very revealing, it is a human experience, my human experience, and I would not know how to talk about my total experience without this foundation.

Whether written or spoken, the more intensely personal, the more uniquely applicable to him a man's thoughts are, the more I find that what he says has meaning for me. There is usually more meat for me in a writer's journals than in his essays.

Chapters II, III and IV are chapters concerned primarily with my own personal experience, reflections and realizations. I view them as the content or "meat" of my dissertation. Much of what I say in these chapters is substantiated by documentation in the forms of diaries, letters, drawings, papers, and personal written accounts. Chapters I, V, VI and VII are written in extension of this central part which represents me--as-source. I was my own authority through most of the writing, although occasionally I included a quotation which flowed into my consciousness at the time of writing. There are two topics which I felt I could only speak about in a limited way, yet felt drawn to explore further. They are drugs and meditation. In these two instances I quoted from some "authorities." I felt it essential to discuss them as they related to my experience, but feeling confused, especially about

5Hugh Prather, Notes to Myself (Moab, Utah, 1970).
upsetting experience, but a puzzling one. Later that week I wrote concerning one of the incidents.

CONTAINERS

People are containers.
They have a scope of outward shapes
   They may attain
      Consciously
      Unconsciously
      By accident
      Or disease.
They have a scope of effects
   they may attain
By the way they dress
   these outward shapes.
But unrestrainable shapes
   Stir endlessly
More than fluid
More than gaseous
More than electric
   The energy of these shapes
      penetrate
      seep
      sift
      tangle
      inflate
      deflate
      cycle
      generate
      dissipate
Everchanging containers
   of many hues and shapes.
There is a scope of effects
   One may attain
      By what one does
      Chooses
      Selects to experience
         and integrate.
It can never be achieved
   by facade.
I was sitting containing
   in my container
Visiting family
   I had not seen for awhile.
I showed them some recent photographs
They looked at them curiously
   and said,
"None of them look a thing like you."
"If I saw this picture and didn't know it was you I wouldn't recognize you."
"I think that's the way I look."
My brother-in-law said,
"Well, maybe that's how you see yourself."

The day went on
Conversation levels fluctuating
Never reaching a band
    for complete exchange.
I kept getting caught
In revealing something I was into
For which they had little grounds to compare
    Experience.

Tactful attention
Careful response
A puzzle for them
For what they heard
And what they saw
Did not fit in the container
They held for me.

The fault must lie elsewhere
If the container does not fit
the containings.

How many times
Do families
And teachers
And bosses
Hold to these treasured projections
Furthering falsehoods?

Children are only one small part of these entangled specimens.

Writing "Containers" made me more aware of the assumptions I made for my family and the perceptual hold I projected on them.

Children in classrooms, peers, people all around me appear to have an inordinate amount of difficulty in their relationship with their mothers. The visiting professor I had for Advanced Educational Psychology in 1962 shocked me with the blatant statement that all mothers were a combination of both witch and madonna. Though puzzled and a bit aghast
at the time, I began to see through the perfect, pure and always good mother and teacher. I became sensitive to the shadow such a figure cast and the hopelessness of the child trying to compensate for their contrasting behaviors. All there seems to be left for the child to do is try to model or identify with the "good" figure or react to it and become its "opposite." I do not see men as immune to the same problem. Perhaps their dichotomy might be better described as hero and demon, but I do not recall having read or heard them described as such and not being a man I feel less comfortable in discussing them.

Mother, experiencing a high degree of dispensability when her children must be dependent, can easily fall into the treacherous anxiety of one day being dispensable. Perhaps this in part explains the sometimes crippling attempts she asserts to retain the constellation of family when it is organically correct for family to separate. In my own radical view of mothering I believe the state of motherhood to be an immature one. I see motherhood as developmental. It is not needed by the mature woman. The mature woman has the capacity for being mother, but she does not have a need to be mother. The immature woman feels the need to be mother in a quest for a means and process to become fulfilled, or mature. If motherhood is achieved and is not developmental for her, then she is caught in her own immaturity or neurosis. Perhaps this explains the "hold" some women exert on their children. I am not being facetious when I wonder aloud if my children aren't experiencing better mental health and well-being because I was often absent. Studies seem to concentrate on the damage done when children do not have extensive contact with parental figures at home or teachers in the process of
schooling. Where are the studies that concentrate on the damage done when children do have extensive contact with parental figures at home or teachers in the process of schooling?

This book is addressed mainly to those who hold conventional assumptions about the necessity of the nuclear family, the inherent nature of male and female sex-role differences, and the unchangeability of human nature. We would hope that even the most sophisticated would find some interest in the issues we raise, but our purpose is to do for the family what some poets have described as the main aim of poetic art: to make the familiar seem strange. Philosophers have often remarked on how we stop noticing things that are always before our eyes, but perceive strangeness only in deviations from the familiar. Thus, we often ask:

Why did couple X get divorced, rather than why does couple Y stay together?

Why are women protesting, rather than why have they accepted an inferior status for so long?

Why is he or she a homosexual, rather than how did that "normal" person come to identify with one sex and want erotic relations with the other?

Why do people live in communes, rather than why do they live in isolated houses in the suburbs?

Why was that child beaten or driven schizophrenic, rather than what goes on behind the closed doors of the "average" family?

Why do they rebel, rather than why do they "behave themselves" in schools and jobs that oppress and bore them?

What harm comes to children from mothers who work, rather than how are children harmed by long hours in the total power of their mothers, out of sight of any other eyes?30

In considering the plight of women "finished with mothering" consideration should be given to the number of women who continue on with their development and sometimes have difficulty in finding a fitting place in

a society which is not prepared to understandingly assimilate them. An enormous amount of resource must be dissipated in the non-integration of women as useful contributors to society.

If my language suggested I speak as "ideal" mother, it is the emotion of the subject. I make my own mistakes; mistakes are part of development. Some can be salvaged and learned from; some flip and become positive actions in the end; others sit, and ache, sometimes due to the maker's perceptual blindness. To know all of one's mistakes, with their full implications, surely would be unbearable to the psyche.

I have no idea what the stress resulting from my behavior causes for my daughters. Last May my oldest daughter, Michele, wrote up an event that might serve as an example:

Mrs. Something or other - Michele! Honey, how are you?

My Words - Oh—fine, and you?

My Thoughts - (I would be better if I hadn't seen you bitch.)

Mrs. S. - My, my, how you've grown -- -- --

My W - Oh -- -- --

My T - (If you only knew how I've grown, the things I've learned and discovered and, yes, even understand -- -- --)

Mrs. S. - ....since I last saw you.

My W - Yes -- it has been a long time.

My T - (. . . And how little I now know I do know and the hurtings and how they leave me.)

Mrs. S. - And just how is your mother? -- -- --

My W - Oh, she's fine.
My T - (I see the glint in your eyes, really you'd love it if she was locked up somewhere. She's locked out of your mind really -- -- --)

Mrs. S. - Really, you must tell her to stop by and visit, soon.

My W - Well I'll tell her but she's very busy.

My T - (Why are you carrying on so? Your teeth are so yellow, and breath as rancid as you.)

Mrs. S. - Nonsense! We always have time for old friends, don't we, dear?

My W - Yes, I suppose.

My T - (Time for friends, yes, but what were you to her? I doubt a friend, maybe a thorny acquaintance.)

Mrs. S. - Well, it's been lovely seeing you again -- --

My T and W - What the hell is your name, anyhow?

School seems to be particularly painful for Michele. She has always had an uncanny ability to "read" people. She sees through her teachers. I suspect my criticisms have served to reinforce her sensitivity to her school situation. It is sad enough to think of the tragic misuse of students in classrooms when students aren't aware of it. For the student to be aware of the idiocy of much they are asked to do and yet have no "acceptable" means to try to correct it, must be next to unbearable. Few teachers or administrators are equipped to provide ways for students to announce their honest feelings. As Mrs. S., few are even conscious of the wisdom students are capable of.

From a series of poems written by Michele during "Study Hall" on February 21, 1972.
Sitting in wood chairs (they last a long time)

Everybody busy works
    but me, I feel
    the wasted, nogood time

Crouching beneath table legs
    I look at multi-gum

Peering out between the pages I
    see a smiling face

Peering through a bad child's eyes I
    see a quiet threat

Underneath the neon lights
    everybody is blue ice
    shadows are gray slush

Stooping beneath the table caves
    on the floor I see
        tears & lonely
        forgotten
        learned things

I want to go and play a sad
    child's day games

Gifted in art, last November Michele related an experience that could have been devastating for her. She sat very pleased as she listened to her art teacher laud a piece she had recently submitted. At the conclusion of his extensive elaboration as to the merits of her exceptionally fine piece of work, he deftly announced he had given her an F as she had not followed the directions for the assignment. She wrote me of her anger. Feeling her pain, I replied:

"...

If I understand the circumstances
    which led to an F

    on A R T ?
I can only say to you

Your teacher must value
authority
More than Self-direction?
and
submission
More than creation?

If your being has been assaulted
It is no wonder
If your being has been crushed
You have permitted it to be.

May I encourage you to hold
steadfast
In believing
What you create that is right for you

I S R I G H T.

Are you strong enough
to educate your teacher?

For it seems to me
he needs educating:

We are talking about life.

""

I do not know if I aggravated or alleviated her hurt. She never mentioned the incident again.

It is so tempting to share my children's work. Not so much because they are my daughters, but that children's genuine work is exquisite and I am intimate with theirs.

In grade school Michele wrote a lovely poem. One of her first, she gave it to her teacher. Her teacher returned it pointing out she had one line too many in her last stanza. She learned not to show her poems to teachers. Many she has not shared with anyone. I've seen relics laying around, turning up in wastebaskets.
Her Freshman year she found a quarter of diagramming sentences stultifying. One day in her desperation she said she began to think about important things. She thought of a pine tree we had planted in the front yard and wrote:

He, she, or it had been planted there

loved there

rained, snowed and shined on, there

Forgotten there except for a mockingbird

who built a nest, there

branches from another tree, there

He, she, or it grew, there as "one," there alone there no one helped

I didn't

even look or wonder how it grew, there except the mockingbird who built a nest there

He, she, or it grew, there bigger than I, there
wonder how it grew, there
When no one even cared
about it, there
except the mockingbird
who built a
nest
there
little pine tree grew there

February, 1971

She brought it home crumpled and with lines marked on it. (Her teacher had begun to circulate to see if they were doing their diagramming sentence homework. Michele was quick to disguise her poem lest it be taken from her.) She read it aloud saying she wrote it for me.

I told her it made no difference to me if she made an F, she did not have to do the diagramming. She got a D that quarter. The A on her book report was not enough to average her F's to a D, but the teacher gave her a D anyway because the book report was outstanding. The teacher never inquired about the absence of her assignments.

I carried the poem to my yellow committee member. It was toward the end of a two quarter graduate seminar. I gave him the poem as the group was coming together. Toward the end of the session he read the poem aloud. The moment was so electric he had to sit down. He said what he had been trying to teach for two full quarters she had wrapped up in one little package.

Since this time her spurts of writing include diverse experimental styles, moods and topics. Her poetry appears to often serve her as a "whip" for the sources which cause pain and injustice to persons and other
meditation, I relayed my confusion through quoting diverse opinions from outside myself.

The format of this paper consists of a core of three chapters about my personal experience as I view the experience. Although I grouped my material in a way that came naturally and seemed to make it easier to write (and hopefully for the reader to follow) there is no separation. Events have a way of merging across sections. It is my life and it does "come together." The analytical reader will find an abundance of associations to be made. A human life is so simply complex.

The "content" chapters are: Chapter II, OVERTURE, is a paper written in April; an outgrowth of difficulty I was having in getting started on my dissertation; and a discussion of an art form called "Mandala" in relation to my position with my graduate committee; Chapter III, ARIA, is a section written about the things I do alone or my solitary experiences and how and why I think they are meaningful to me. The sections in this chapter are: "The Inner Screen"—dreams, images and visions as well as much of my history during graduate education; "Paper As Mirror"—dialogue about my drawings and poetry and some of my poetry; "Interlude"—a realization that what I am doing is "making sense" and taking form; "Breath and Body"—paying attention to my physical self; and "Other Nutrients"—other activities that hold meaning for me.

Chapter IV, CHORUS, is a discussion about people who are very significant to me and who I have found to be supportive of my self-development.

Chapter V, RECITATIVE, is a review of some literature that is applicable to the earlier chapters. Included is discussion on books
living things. A vegetarian since age thirteen, the following poem is in keeping with much of her thinking:

If Mrs. Jones hadn't seen Mr. Williams
take his dead metallic gun and hadn't
seen him
shoot the ducks while rabbit hunting
Perhaps she wouldn't have ever known
about destruction
Perhaps she wouldn't have ever
comprehended

strong downey feathers now
askew lifeless—blood sweating
from once perfect bodies—perhaps
she wouldn't have seen how easily
complete havoc had spread over
next of kin and close friends and
how easily they had left freedom
and had thudded to the hard
thorny earth from caressing
changing infinite sky with
glazed teared eyes and no brain

Perhaps, just guessing, maybe
she wouldn't have shot Mr. Jones.

She has a girlfriend who writes quite differently. They are able to share much of their inner thoughts through exchanging their poetry and have a collection of same. Often Michele's sense of humor, like the great comedies, carry somber messages. Shortly after she moved out of my apartment and back to her "home" she wrote me a letter in two handwritings. School had made her schizoid, she said, and appropriately separated her. "two selves" by the content in the two handwritings. Her poetry occasionally describes a splitting apart; a reality of twoness;
a longing or striving for oneness, such as, "Half, half, I'm sliced in half....Why can't we just be one?"

One of the most important lessons I have learned about life I learned through Michele when she was a tiny infant. I described this experience in my general examination in a section I was writing on "the nature of man." It is an excellent example of motherhood as developmental (page 182):

Almost precisely 16 years ago, when my first daughter was about three weeks old, I was visually absorbing her beauty with all sorts of feelings going on inside of me. She was awake, wiggling around in her bassinette. I do not recall any accompanying sound or physical touching as I was seated on the bed. Our eyes met and held. I have to step outside of what I had been taught was possible for her at that age in order to experience what was happening. She became stilled and attentive and I was filled with a surge of energy and an undeniable sense of communication between persons. Considering where I was at that point it was probably the most 'exposed' or 'unprotected' I had ever been in experiences I could recall. I have no idea how long we remained in that state for time became something different than what I had realized before.

After some time I remember trying to tell my husband about the experience. In trying to express my 'knowing' as a result of the experience I could only say that I knew her existence in the world to be very temporary and it had become very clear to me that I did not 'own' her, that she was on 'loan' to me. That was all I could say about it. In realizing these two conditions I had gone askew of all that I had been carefully taught. Motherhood did not mean possessing, it meant care-taking. I had consciously provided the environment for conception to take place, but I did not do the conceiving. I had consciously maintained as healthy a body as I could provide, but the instrumental function of nourishing and growing a baby was not my doing. The notion of temporariness sometimes arises as a burdensome one, but it also let me get hold of the progression of a species. When I looked deep into her eyes I had a glimpse of the eons of generations and a gnawing awareness that life exists only where death is possible.

I chose this specific experience for three reasons:
(1) I feel certain I had no formal 'learning' that could have provided me such knowledge and I feel more certain that at that time in my life I knew no person that was capable of teaching me such concepts.

(2) As a result of this experience, still to operate almost entirely on values and behaviors I had been taught, I began a very slow process of beginning to challenge myself. The experience was a wedge. It colored my behavior toward my daughter. I would become conscious of a conflict in myself as to how I was caring for her. The knowledge I gained from this specific experience became valuable and useful in sorting out what kind of mother I wanted to be. I had realized her separateness and could, therefore, function beyond what I remembered a mother was from my own experience. Years later when teaching I consciously made effort not to be the teacher that taught me. I was pushing 'out' and 'in' to be the teacher that was in keeping with me from a central place, not from something that was comfortable because some person in power was doing it or had done it in my memory. The 'out' was sort of the cognitive information I could collect. The 'in' was the 'feeling place,' sort of the affective base.

(3) Not to wander completely from Fuller, I can come more to terms with what he said when I think of genius as the fantastically complex and marvelously put-together system that arrives in the form of a human body. The ultimate question an educator might ask is how our culture has limited us so that we in turn could consciously know how not to limit the new-born with our perceptual limitations. I am quite hesitant to say in public that I'm convinced a three week old child without a learned language, extremely limited experience, and doubtful eye control, could engage in such communication with another person. But I am convinced. I am not convinced about what she processed, but I am convinced that she had some sort of equipment that made it possible for her to be attentive and in some way feel a bond with me.31

My youngest daughter, Ginger, has a mode of expression unique to her. She is inclined to say what she does not say verbally, through craft-type projects. The first year I was in graduate school she was in fourth grade. The elementary art teacher had his own room for the first time and he made it available for children to work in after school. It

31Mary Martin, Ph.D. Written Examination, College of Education, Faculty of Curriculum and Foundations, Winter Quarter, 1972, p. 2-4.
was a joy to visit that room in the evenings. Amidst many varied projects and separated yet community dialogues, Ginger tediously constructed a cat by twisting and sealing pieces of wire from coat hangers. When completed, she painted it dull black and nailed it to a large piece of driftwood. The cat measures 15" tall and 34" long. One front leg is extended and is hitting a ball. It is a delightful piece and to her proud esteem was a main attraction at the annual art show. At that time I really doubt she ever projected into the possibility of the acclaim she would get for her efforts. There was nothing competitive in her involvement. Cats have and continue to be a love of hers and she and her sculpture melded into one as she worked.

While living in the dormitory I would occasionally arrange for my daughters to spend time with me. I was certain the experience far outweighed the value of what they "missed" at school.

I was preparing a project for my art class wherein we lifted pictures or words from magazines which used a clay base for printing (e.g., Life) onto a clear paper that was adhesive on one side. Dampened, the magazine paper then peeled off. Separated from the paper, the color of the picture was intact and could be glued into a frame used for slide photographs. When projected with a slide projector the result was interestingly textured and enlarged and enabled persons to prepare slide shows inexpensively.

Visiting while doing this homework, Ginger quickly created her own slide show using the same technique. An inquisitive and observant child she soon came to realize that many noses were ideally sized for this processing. With a rollicking sense of humor and studied purposefulness
she found intriguing noses—including Kruschev's (his became the nose of the witch). She was quick to write the accompanying poem for her selection of noses. I was intentful of the ease of her creation. She made her presentation with the rest of the college students. I was not the only one that felt her work far surpassed mine. The sparkling quality of unlaboredness flowed through her creation. February 12, 1972:

**THE NOSE**

I like the nose, yes I do  
I like it like the people do.

So if you have a nose that you don't like  
Don't throw it away.

Whether big or small, short or tall  
Like it, don't throw it away.

A nose knows everything about smell  
Whether good or bad, he knows them all.

And just think what a face would look like  
Without a nose with no place to blow.

And what would a clown do without a nose  
Then he wouldn't have a nose to paint?

What would a witch do without a place for warts  
What's a witch without a wart?*

What would hay fever do without a nose  
He wouldn't have a place to drip or sneeze through?

What would a ring do without a nose  
Wouldn't it get tired of fingers?

How would you do without a nose to stick into business  
How would I find out anything?

Gee! A bird is lucky he can smell the food  
He eats right before and after he chews it.

* In typing Ginger's poem I realized that I too have a wart on my nose!
What would a dog do for gosh sake
How could he hold it so long?

If you didn't have a nose
Where would you put your glasses?

Ginger hasn't written many stories or poems, but her very first recorded early childhood verse bespeaks of the same quality in her character:

Basement am I, basement am I
And even if I don't like it
I have to be a basement.

I have shared these samples of my daughters' work because their creations have nourished me. They have nourished me in significant ways throughout graduate school. Perhaps the meaningfulness of their creations is increased for me as I do not have the actual contact of their presence to the degree I would enjoy. In my loneliness for them I seek knowing them through their products. I also learn from them and they from me in reciprocal sharing of that which we offer as shareable. They are much more "process-oriented" than I; I have much difficulty in appreciating their attitude toward the enjoyment of creating a product rather than the product (e.g., mutilating an exquisite piñata after many hours of creating same). I am consciously working on staying more with the "now" as my daughters who do it so well.

My drawings are often related to my thinking about my children. In count, 13 of the 144 drawings in my Image Logs are directly concerned with them. My seventh entry, March 8, 1972, was in sharing Michele's feeling of desperation after visiting the local public and parochial high
school serving the district in which I was to live. I showed Michele locked in a smoked glass case. Strings were attached to her body as though she were a marionette. A skeleton, "High School Spirit" is in control and he is saying, "move only when I pull the strings." She is receiving an injection from a large hypodermic needle inserted into her brain. It says, "Sophomores get four ounces of curriculum B." There is a large wind-up key in her gut. It says, "When we turn the key you are to smile and say, 'Thank you.'" A tube is inserted into her nose. The tube extends to a vessel that says, "We provide the essence for your thinking." A similar one goes into her mouth. This vessel says, "We have lots of words for you to say. Keep swallowing; you'll jam the machine." The lock says, "This chamber is for your own good. It protects you from life." And the on/off switch says, "When you're old enough to see, we'll undim the lights." Below I wrote, "She died!" And then quoted directly from a counselor we had talked with that day, "Students today just don't appreciate what we do for them." It is a bleak image.

This past year, Ginger, in what I perceived as a "sense-full" way, worked quietly for several months in preparation for Christmas. She not only created an elaborate art piece for every member of her family, she saved and budgeted to buy gifts for family and friends. Without pre-planning, she timed her efforts to be completed close to the Christmas holiday.

Entry No. 94, December 10, was a drawing of two plants. One was orange. It had cup-shaped flowers and buds, rounded out into a shape depicting wholeness. The other plant was steel blue. Its flowers and
buds were kite-shaped. One flower was being eaten by a worm. Another had been trampled on and lay damaged on the ground. The central flower was intact but had an irregularity. I wrote "Ginger" under the orange one; "Mary" under the blue. The caption says, "Making or not making completions." What I perceived of Ginger's behavior was asserted action on her part to make completions in the face of stress caused by separations. As she acted out her creations, her gifts, she had integral symbols symbolic of her own on-going effort for integration. It was a joy to observe her. I learned from her. I was glad for her. She provided a balm for the rest of her family.

For a number of years we had been concerned about Ginger suppressing her feelings, all feelings, even celebrative feelings.* When receiving a gift that we thought would and later observed please her, one could actually see her employ behaviors to act a bit indifferent and not very excited or surprised. Somehow she had learned to play a role of acting "mature;" of distaste for "letting it all hang out." A year ago, about a month after she moved in with me, she was obviously holding in an extensive amount of anger and tears which made their presentation in a frustrating event that had taken place at school. Sensing all the turmoil that was buried underneath the "calm" description of the event, I confronted her head on about what I thought her feelings really were. (I learned to do this from my own experience in therapy.) I implored her to yell about it and cry about it if that was the way she honestly felt. I told her she was privileged to do that at home and I certainly would.

* I find it interesting that parents knew enough to be concerned about a child holding in feelings, but saw the same behavior in adults as inappropriate.
not get hurt if she behaved that way. We sort of made a pact to do that more often (including swearing). That night I drew a grotesque and humorous drawing of a man* wearing earmuffs on his ears, bathtub stoppers in his tear ducts, a closed zipper in his mouth, etc. For the caption I wrote, "Holding Feelings IN, DOWN, and OUT." The message was clear. This was my 31st entry.

We've both made a lot of progress. Discovering I was going to the filling station to have my license plates changed, she ridiculed me and insisted I let her change them as there was nothing to it. I did, calculating we'd end up at the filling station—especially with the meager tool collection I owned. She changed the plates quickly and without my assistance. I well deserved the ensuing remarks.

Recently I hit my lip in a freak sort of housework accident. It was bleeding and hurt and I felt stupid. I said I wanted to cry. She looked at me and I saw and heard myself as she said, "Then why don't you?" I did.

In closing this section on family I must include the appreciation I feel for the consistent interest and support my former husband has given me in my efforts. Pain serves as a peculiar wedge. These recent years he has written his first poetry, annotated several vivid and intriguing dreams (of which he formerly never remembered), and learned to make clay pots at the wheel. Repeating eagerly his anticipation for reading this paper, I hope that it will convey to him not only a better

* In writing this I just picked up the insight that it was a male I projected into to be so ridiculous and insensitive so as not to own his feelings.
understanding of me but some direction for the continued cultivation of his own self-development of which only he can be responsible.

INSTRUCTORS

Most of the contacts with instructors that I hold in a memorable way have been discussed as events throughout this paper. I attended a few courses in which the professors were elegantly prepared in a commercial sort of way. There is a charm in being exposed to content in an attractive way; little of the content has remained with me. I attribute this to the lack of affect, or emotional involvement of me in the evolvement of the course. What has come to be most meaningful to me in my coursework, has been the development of community, even though the community was temporary. Community has little likelihood of occurring where students are treated as audience—passive repositories. Reflecting on my pursuit of community I am currently of the thinking that it is appropriately desirable in a learning environment. It also seems unfortunate that one is highly limited to places where one can go to seek community. If community is indeed vital to learning and self-development (which I do not envision as separable), then courses as a "front" for community seem a paltry offering. If the educational institution is a place for humans to learn and grow and develop and become more human, then courses as the central mode of education are obsolete and ill-fitting.

Two professors I have not mentioned specifically were on my original graduate advisory committee through and beyond my general examination. They both gave generously to me and have been highly supportive of me as person and student. They graciously cooperated with me to the point of
which are simply favorites of mine and which I value.

Chapter VI, TONE POEM, is a curriculum I developed for a workshop in self-development. This workshop is based on my experience of self-development as discussed in Chapters II, III and IV. Though easily adaptable to any inservice training program it is written specifically for two groups: principals and education professors. I selected them as my "target" population because in seeing good cause for them to provide human support to teachers I realize that they, too, need human support.

Chapter VII, RONDO, is a summary of the experience of writing this paper, and Chapter I, PROGRAM NOTES, serves as the introduction and includes a problem statement and a description of study procedures.

For the reader that finds this method of researching or writing a dissertation "loose," or "unscientific," or baffling in any way, I would quote John Dewey:

Because perception of relationship between what is done and what is undergone constitutes the work of intelligence, and because the artist is controlled in the process of his work by his grasp of the connection between what he has already done and what he is to do next, the idea that the artist does not think as intently and penetratingly as a scientific inquirer is absurd.6

In lieu of dissecting one tiny bit of knowledge so as to give a thorough report of some phenomena in isolation from its larger whole, I have chosen to reach out as far and as big as I could reach in an effort to know a gestalt of the bits and how they go together and connect in me. Both notions are useful; both have advantages and limitations. Another

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realizing that they might be inhibiting me and thus agreed it might be conducive for me to find replacements for them on my committee.

I commuted to Columbus for a course the year before I began graduate school. (The instructor I had then was to become my first major advisor.) I was pleased and somewhat surprised at the latitude I had for fulfilling the objectives of his course. There were four objectives to be met if one desired an A. The objectives could be met by proposing your own activity or by taking examinations prepared by the instructor. These examinations could be taken at any time and repeatedly if the student was displeased with his score. I was surprised to learn at a later time that very few students proposed their own activities. Having been out of courses for several years I guess I had become disassociated with the "efficiency" game of collecting credits. I created a proposal for the school in which I was teaching and felt highly encouraged when this instructor wrote on the front of same, "Fantastic—this is one of the most creative and exciting ideas I have seen in a long time."

Having talked with them first, I submitted copies of this proposal to the appropriate administrators in my school system. No response. The proposal was to allow time for teachers and students to become acquainted in small groups in pleasant settings before the school year started. I am more consciously aware of the merit of such a program now than I was at the time I wrote it. Again, it was a creation that came from a gnawing within me that said, "Something's not right."—"What could be done differently?" The basic premise of the proposal is to bring teachers and students together as humans in human situations. The
hope in the proposal was to infiltrate then the school environment with humans coming together with human interests.

The other professor who served on my first committee is an older man. He has a feeling of toughness which is gentle and adaptable—like a sailboat. This summer I was saddened to learn he was quite ill. Sitting that evening with my Image Log, the picture that came to form on my paper was in purples, oranges and golds. The sun was setting. A sailboat was drifting unattended. That is how I came to view him like a sailboat.

Perhaps the wisest thing he did for me was in my second semester here to encourage me not to synthesize. He suggested I move with all my interests and ideas, jotting little notes down as I went. They could be scribbled on bits of paper, backs of old envelopes, in any form. At the end of the quarter I was to put all this diverse and unorganized data into a large envelope and hand it in!

Having this reaching-out freedom in his class enabled me to create and complete a more comprehensive paper for another class. (This was the paper I mentioned earlier on "Alternative Schools," wherein I separated the functions by the colors red, yellow, green, blue and black.) This paper served as the foundation for a major part of academic pursuits I pursued thereafter. I xeroxed a copy for him and included it in my "bits and pieces." He wrote, "You appear to have explored many square miles and got quite a few cubic miles."

The professor I prepared the paper for was very critical saying I was doing things in reverse, that I should establish a framework of
theoretical foundations before I attempted to create a proposition such as I had dared to do. I think he meant, one's dreams are worthless; one has license only to dream with the fragments of knowledge ill-carried by the frailties of language of those whose dreams were destined to be dealt with abstractly.

I have talked with various other professors and administrators in one-to-one conferences. It has been my experience to find many of these persons, though surely busy, easily accessible. In most instances such conferences are intense and leave me with generating thoughts and anticipations that are very long lasting. An additional self-satisfaction comes for me when I recall that three years ago I still experienced much anxiety over approaching busy, smart, rich, or high-status people. It was almost as though I was not worthy of requesting their time. I wonder how many of my fellow elementary school teachers feel they must apologize every time they ask for the time of a school-appointed "helper."

WOMEN

Male persons seem to be more influential in helping me to achieve my own growth. This presents a complex problem. In part, I am certain learned persons could explain to me a universal or psychological explanation. If this be the case, we have substantial reason to look closely at the arrangement of sex according to age groups being "taught." There must surely be advantages and disadvantages based on sex alone for children initiated into the throes of compulsory education predominantly under the control of women under the shadow of a father figure(s) somewhere "up" in the hierarchy. The same advantages and disadvantages based on sex
alone for adults appears at the college level. Slowly changing, the predominance of males in "higher" education still reign under the aura of a father figure. And thus my seeking out males to relate to is founded in the fact that the population to choose from is mostly male. The few women that are to be found in comparable positions have often paid a peculiar price for being there. This, too, diminishes the probability of finding a woman who has had similar richness of experiential opportunity and has come into her own with a feeling of wholeness and completion. The few professional women I have found that I feel "have it together" have certainly influenced me; none of them have been in a position where I could tap them for extensive help. For those women who have thrived and survived the obstacles created by the myth of male superiority, perhaps the men need most to learn from them.

In all honesty I must admit that I have a bias toward learning from and being comfortable with men, although I am quite critical and highly selective about which men. If I detect a strong lack of authenticity I become highly guarded and may even use one of a set of techniques I have to "close down" the exchange, if indeed there ever was an exchange.

This is the way it has been for me. I am aware that I, too, may be a victim of the male myth of which I have raised objection.

Fourth Grade Teacher

I am thinking of some women that are very dear to me and from whom I have learned. One is deceased. She was older and as I recall incredibly humane, patient, playful, clever, and wise. We taught fourth grade together. The year following my exposure to the man from England, it was
she who came through with all sorts of supports as I reached the place
where I knew I had the right to take a stand on critical issues that were
denying the dignity of life to children and teachers where I worked. She
gave generously to me and I took from her, little realizing what it all
meant. Now I have increased appreciation for her and for the risks she
took for me. I hope my acts nourished her for her death came suddenly
and before I had the comprehension to return to her conscious appreciation
for her helping me to begin my liberation. The image of so many element-
tary school teachers (women) is so often a lowly submissive one. I have
often thought much of my struggle would be relieved if I had some models.
She was a part-model; her vision for me took me much further than she had
been able to go. I learned from her strength, strategy, and undeniable
legitimacy to be. Encumbered as I was at that time, I wonder how she
had the wit to see in me the ability to overcome; to drop the husks of
learned behaviors and values; to take a risk. Ten years have passed.
She is timeless in this sense. She is a subtle and significant part of
my graduate education; a living "jaw-set" of YOU CAN.

The Sprite

Eight years ago, my first year teaching in the city of Dayton, I was
working late afternoon, completing preparations for the day of finale
that would usher us into the Christmas holiday season. A hectic year,
I had had almost no opportunity to become acquainted with my fellow
teachers, a virtue looked upon by the principal as a symbol of efficiency,
dedication and maturity on the part of her staff. Utilizing and fortifying
her need for control by keeping teachers out of contact with each other
and in isolation and "working" in their rooms, she exerted many of the principles used in prisons where inmates are kept in separate cells. A further insight into the principal's principles became explicit when in my efforts to acquire materials to supplement "Tom, Betty and Susan" as basic reading content, angry conflict arose and I was ordered not to think about the curriculum. I resolved that issue for myself by displaying the "proper" readers and using a modification of Sylvia Ashton Warner's approach to teaching reading as described in her book Teacher. As a child spun a tale for me, I typed it on the primary typewriter. The stories were juicy; so fanciful and bizarre I knew enough not to let them leave my room. The principal would spy me typing as she peeked through the window in my door. With a wearisome sigh and gestures of disapproval she would come in and retrieve this piece of equipment. She never checked out what I was doing with it. We would do some alternate things for the remainder of the day for teachers were forbidden to leave their rooms. The following morning I would borrow the typewriter again. Somehow I managed to complete a story with every child. Weary from the energy being consumed in playing "cat-and-mouse" I went to other alternatives. I learned many of the techniques of slyly employing alternatives and how to do them with a lighter heart from the Sprite.

The Sprite came stealthily into my room that December evening. Although her posture was that of openness, of taking in, of ready-for-what-come-may and her eyes appeared as though they were scanning and absorbing, her focus of concentration was in her nose. She sniffed carefully, studied, sniffed in different directions. Satisfied, she
announced my classroom smelled like she perceived me. She had stayed late with the explicit purpose of sniffing every classroom and getting a feel for the teacher and the environment of each one. She was surprised that I was still there and happily for me, risked disclosing her private mission.

We have never lived close, but the Sprite continues to wisp in and out of my life. She is ecstatic over my joy; she brings a breath of the sparkle of mountaintop air when I'm ill; she checks me out when I'm down (usually by an uncanny sense for a need to phone); her mind whizzes as she jumps on bits and pieces and puts them together in avenues that become possible alternatives; and sometimes she exhausts me with her energy. The Sprite is a bearer of gifts, a sensitive with a humorous lilt. She has been encouragement, comfort and inspiration. She also is a concern. Her finesse at nourishing herself and others is like the plant that would continuously bear fruit. Her busyness at nurturing must surely shield what comes to view when it is time to rest, to take, to know an alrightness that need not be adorned. As the sun dances merrily through the upper branches of the trees in the evergreen forest, so does the shadow and the scent lay heavy with spice on the cool matted floor. If her shadow is in contrast to her radiance, then indeed it must be awesome. With all her strengths and wisdom and support she has helped me quietly do some things for myself that she has not been able to "pull off" for herself. I work on trusting her timing.

The Sprite is meddlesome. Her mischief often has a double purpose. It is fun; it has meaning. Taking the initiative she has sought out a
medium and an astrologer. Being well pleased she enthusiastically encouraged me to do the same. I follow, for she is an intriguing teacher.

The Medium

I saw the Medium last December. Her physical appearance was grotesque. A friend tells me "real" mediums always have physical abnormalities as though their capacity to have vision must be compensated for through the physical body. Or perhaps mediums come from a sample species, a strain through which nature is testing out a hypotheses for human being capable of surviving in complex environment.

The Medium was very serious, crudely gentle and immediate to make contact. What and how she saw I do not know but I felt her concentration in and around me. She made some predictions; the first one should have already come about, but it has not. She gave me some family history and information about myself and my children. Names and circumstances proved to be accurate. She named my "guides" and briefly described my previous lives.

I left with a feeling of "May be." It was an exercise of letting go of my treasured, habitual and prejudiced ways of seeing myself and the world around me. If nothing more it served as a corrosive. For less than an hour I submitted myself to information about me from without, as far as the Medium was concerned, an unquestionable source. The mystery of "fringe" persons in our society seemed more mystical and more in order and acceptable.
The Astrologer

The Astrologer was an attractive middle-aged middle-class housewife who had become bored and got involved in taking some courses. She was exposed to Carl Jung and pursued his work with enthusiastic interest. Through her reading about Jung she got interested in astrology and has continued her interest through the demanding and arduous task of being certified as an astrologer. I perceive her as a highly intelligent woman. She is gifted with a natural sort of sense that is found in successful persons in helping professions. Combining her apparent brightness with a sensitivity to the person she is interacting with, produces not only an astrologer, but a counselor.

Again, I had to let go of my set for seeing myself. In allowing her to describe me in a configurative way, pursuing all the implications of my total chart and how they interact, I became introduced to a person that had some dimensions I was unaware of or had previously not clarified. I was forced to look at myself in all dimensions now and over time. Providing her information about professional and personal life, she would make suggestions as to how I could maximize my strengths and work with or around my weaknesses. The reading felt fairly accurate with the exception of my ego. I did not want to own what I read as out of harmony with what I thought my values are. This has caused me to think carefully about whether my life and my thought values are in harmony. I have tentatively concluded that through the deliberate and conscious efforts of facilitating my own growth, I have transcended much of what I rejected as being negative characteristics on my astrologic reading.
Without getting into the argument of whether astrologic influence does exist, the exercise of "as-iffing" oneself through another's eyes is a revealing one. For me it was useful and a bit frightening. I was so impressed with the self-awareness that I achieved from this experience that I later had charts done for my daughters and my mother. In each instance understanding of the persons being described was illuminated. I have acted on some of the information that felt correct and at this point feel my acts were wise ones, and probably ones I would not have focused in on without the astrologer's advice, (e.g., allowing my youngest daughter to acquire a long-desired pet kitten). The frightfulness came when on hearing other charts, I became more aware of the heaviness in mine and the gut effort it is taking to modify the more ominous aspects of my life.

GROUPS

Prior to the bulk of writing on this paper I attempted to itemize some changes I observed in me that I viewed as a consequence of my self-development as a graduate student. Pleased with some of what I viewed as positive accomplishment, I scanned the list to get a feeling for consequences I particularly wanted to convey. What came to stand out were two observations that had certain commonalities; they took place in the context of a group; they had to do with my responding to a person or persons in the group; and they were "fresh" in mind having an element of recency. They will be presented in the form of anecdotes.
person's story can never be fully known, but I hope you will find the reading of my paper, spirited, like a superb concert, and I hope that in the process of letting me share my experience with you, in some way I will touch your life, so like the memory of a concert, even though you can't recall the melodies, you will feel richer for having listened.

(Said in Behalf of a Bloom, No. 1)

Confront me straight on!
Use no name.
Perceive me as a living one.
Bring your life to me as I bring mine to you.
Connect.

May 27, 1973
Ross L. Mooney
I. Union Graduate School*

I applied for acceptance into the Union Graduate School (UGS) the first summer of its existence. Their intake of students was quite limited that year and it was recommended I re-apply the following year. I did not re-apply, as I began as a full-time student at Ohio State.

Late in my first year the director invited me to attend their monthly seminars. I have been attending fairly regularly since that time. In addition to UGS being the setting for my first anecdote, I feel it appropriate and fitting to include mention here of the benefits of these group meeting for me. The director and his wife have both extended to me their friendship and caring and I value them and our contacts with each other. The student-colleagues and guests at the seminars, beyond just being who they are, bring with them a rich and diverse assortment of experience, interest and capabilities. It has helped ornament for me the usual bland exposure experienced in educational programs. Coursework and employment tend to limit me to more educators or persons in the field of education. It is so easy to settle with a narrow view of the world in such a setting. If education is for life, then it need embrace an overall view of persons in and "out of" our society.

Early spring two graduate students of similar age to mine attended a Union Graduate Seminar with me. One is studying to be a clinical psychologist; the other is a mental health nurse with experience in family therapy. She is anticipating preparation as a clinical psychologist.

* Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities sponsors the Union Graduate School. Union Graduate School, located at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, was developed to aid competent students who find the traditional existing graduate programs inadequate.
The evening's agenda was a presentation of a "project of excellence"* by a UGS student. He apparently was in a time of transition as far as his values were related to his topic and ultimately his choice of lifestyle. He was having difficulty staying with the flow of his presentation. His procedure was muddled, he appeared to be very nervous and unsure, and I believe, without conscious intent, skirted the major implications of his study.

The group was small, nine present, seven of whom the speaker knew. I became interested in following the seven other "listeners." They kept coming in with questions and declarations of what they knew or thought about his area. I thought the obvious implication in their behavior was, "This man is not well-prepared nor has he thought through his topic. We will help him by trying to keep the conversations lively. We will ask questions to help him get to the important issues. We will relieve him by telling what we know. We will make things easier for him so he will get through his presentation. We will show him where he is wrong, but we will also find something to praise, even if we have to prefabricate it."

I became confused as to what was him and what was them. The image that came to my mind was the stutterer who continues to stutter and often becomes worse because his peers, teachers, family, etc., anticipate and fill in his words for him to "help" him. As a consequence he not only misses the opportunity to practice talking, he also learns that he is

* A "project of excellence" is completed in lieu of the traditional doctoral dissertation. It can be any kind of endeavor agreed upon by the student, selected colleagues, professors and other persons used as resource.
deficient and inadequate and can utilize self-defeating behaviors that will elicit "help" from others so that he can avoid the discomfort of stuttering through what he wishes to say.

Driving back from the seminar with the two above-mentioned graduate students I found it revealing to hear them account for their efforts in trying to "help this poor guy" and how hard it was to try to find something good to say about him. I then realized I had done nothing to manipulate the student to perform in a manner commensurate with my expectations of an "appropriate" presentation. (I realized I had sometimes done this for students when I was their teacher.) I was sensitive to the fact that he was having difficulty, but felt no need to push him or draw from him or camouflage his presentation. (I had been slightly annoyed at the continuous interruptions and had wondered about the game that was going on. Were indeed the students trying to 'fool' the director? Was the game "See me"?) I realized I was at the place where I could accept him regardless of the quality of his presentation. My style was to allow him the time and space to depict what he wanted to share and was trying to think through. If he had faltered completely we might have talked about that rather than the topic. The topic just didn't seem that important. It is my hunch if he had been left with the responsibility of owning his presentation, then, like the stutterer he would have presented. It might not have been an outstanding presentation, but it would have been his and it could very well have led him to a place of more confidence and security.
I told my friends I felt no need whatsoever to jump in and help him through the evening. Their reaction was, "Didn't you want to help him?" I responded that my way of helping was to give him a chance to do his thing and I wasn't uptight that he was having a difficult time or doing a poor job. They reassured each other that he needed them and they had indeed made it easier for him. My silent thought was that I was more developed in their profession than they. I felt the usually expected "elitist" air of psychologists with educators had been present in small measure. I was amused.

I felt reassured from the fact that I had had increased insight into a new dimension of nurturing growth in others. It was not preplanned, prescribed or deliberate. It has been spontaneous with me. I hoped I had planted a seed in my fellow-travelers' thinking about "helping." I felt sober and cared about the speaker and the anxiety he must have endured. I intended to further cultivate this quality for accepting and letting. I wondered what circumstances helped me arrive at this place to be.

II. Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development

On the morning of March 18, 1973, I attended the first of four consecutive morning sessions of a workshop entitled, "Freeing Human Potential: An Experience in Humanism." (This is one of a series provided by the ASCD Annual Conference. Participants have around 30 Action Labs to choose from for more concentrated application to a particular area of interest.)
We were organized into small groups of five to seven members, one of whom was a previously selected group leader. Most of the interaction took place within the small group. Activities were planned with the intent of fostering cohesiveness, trust and authenticity within each small group. (As described in the catalog: "This Action Lab, organized by the Center for Humanistic Education at the University of Florida, will encourage participants to examine their own roles in the process of humanizing and dehumanizing education. Each day, the sessions will begin with a sensitivity warm-up followed by small-group discussions of ways of facilitating the humanizing process in education."

The mix of people in my group allowed for a stimulating and productive experience. Although obviously at different levels of development, I believe each person held an appreciation and respect for every other person. The group leader made it possible for participants to "come forth" by "letting" and gently intervening to maximize the experience for all persons there.

Observations and reflections:

1. On day two and thereafter several of the members were so touched by the group experience they were trying to make arrangements to "hang on" to what was being fulfilling to them. Commitments to write afterwards, to visit (for those for whom this was possible), to be the same group at ASCD next year and not to forget each other were often solicited. I would try to reinforce the leader when he would move from this posture to planning for establishing "human support systems" back home. In most instances the lack of, or weakness of such
existing systems in the lives of these people were made apparent. One woman could think of no one other than her husband as a potential person to be included in such a network.

2. Myths of constraints from "somewhere" continued to come up. I watched and listened to members struggle with what is wrong and how they are helpless or at least severely handicapped in doing anything about it. The constraints are mostly self-imposed from my viewpoint. I recognized a lot of verbalizing similar to what I was doing last year/ several years ago. (I was older than most in group.) I thought, "If I recognize this today then I can expect next year to look at me this year and see better and more knowledgeably how I blind myself about choices."

3. Day two I chose not to talk. Past experience told me if I started coming through with many of the responses I was feeling it would be too strong for this group. I accepted letting those talk who needed to try to discover a way through some problems by talking about them. It seemed a general theme that educators feel powerless. They feel as they have little control over their lives.

I was content. I became aware that the leader realized I had not contributed anything. I silently tried to communicate to him that I was alright. Conversation moved along rapidly. The leader intervened to do a round-the-circle assessment of the relevance of the discussion to us personally. I realized the man beside me was aware of my silence, also. He hadn't said much and in taking his turn brought up a new topic. He announced he would return to it
later as we had not gotten around the group. I assured him it was alright to go ahead with it. The group picked up on it. I was curious, perhaps somewhat amused, as to how long it would be before the other members realized I was not saying anything. (Do they notice the silent student in their classroom? Does the principal notice the silent teacher in faculty meeting?) As I recall, one of the two men aware of my non-participation provided an opening for me. I moved right into it. In a way I think I felt arrogant; in another way honored, for the group gave me careful attention. Whatever I said somehow flowed from my center. It was moving as it came out. I had a sense of abandon tempered with cautiousness and simplification. I responded to various issues that had been brought up earlier. I became a focus, a resource, a curiosity to the group. I cracked open a layer which expanded our sphere of communication. It might not have happened had I not asserted myself and remained silent for fear of treading on others. It is a delicate tension.

Summarized, my observations and reflections say to me:

1. There is a painful gap in the knowledge about and practise of human support for and by educators throughout this country. If the educators themselves are deprived and hurting for lack of support and contact from other humans their influence on the emotional climate they bring to children can only be seriously impaired.

2. Many of our pré-conceived limitations on alternatives and choices for what we can do to alleviate difficulties are simply tricks
we let our mind play on us. (The myth of "It's easier that way," may in reality not pan out.)

3. There is a caution in exercising openness and making (forcing, seducing, etc.) contact with others. The risks in making contact may seem great, but once made tend to carry many more rewards and benefits than ill-fortune. Examples of avoiding contact given in No. 3 are: continuing to chatter on so as to avoid contact with others in the group and allowing contact not to be made by justifying the need for remaining silent and unseen.

The group experience was a powerful one for me. The power somehow came through the individuals there and the collective experience of our being together. I have held each person in my thinking and feeling and tried to write a short description about them in an effort to understand the energy I received from them and what I learned from them.

a. One young woman was looking for the legitimacy of her own Self to own her choices and to let others own theirs. She was fearful and continued to press with demanding questions. She was looking for someone to tell her it was alright to exercise the freedom to be. Although she claimed to be "disturbed" by some of my thinking she continued to pursue more information and remained open to the group. (On her last day she told us she had been a nun. She was now married, but I believe part of her distress in trying to believe she could trust herself was rooted in her dependence on the church.)

I admired her persistence in trying to untangle what she felt was tangled. I learned from her an openness about "attacking" our perceived weaknesses.
b. Another young woman from a small school district had been involved with her staff in some unique and personalized instruction. She taught art K-12. They were in a process of doing things for students, the community and each other. The attitude was one of looking for answers together, then trying and seeing what happened. (Their entire staff of 34 selects and attends an educational conference, etc. together each year. This is done in part for efficiency. Mostly for the staff to interact with one another and supposedly to gain cohesiveness. Once each year the school is simply shut down while the staff is sent off to attend something believed to be mutually beneficial.) She related a beautiful story of how she was instrumental (yet supported by staff, students and community) in helping an Indian boy returning from a sentence in a reform school for stealing cars. Again and again she verbalized her realization of how important, humane, unique and valuable their curricular approach had been for their students, as well as staff. On the fourth day she presented all the remaining members a drawing. Mine was a sailboat with reflections. It was drawn as she recalled my description of the opening page of my Image Log. I am convinced that this woman returned to her school with renewed fervor in the rightness and strength of their efforts to make school truly meaningful.

I learned from her a ruggedness in simply doing what is seen to be done. I also learned the importance of leaving one environment and stepping into another in order to better understand and appreciate the original one.
c. The principal mentioned earlier continued to hang on to his "established" world; yet he was listening. (I thought of Mooney's telephone poles* as he so obviously prejudiced what he heard.) He was considering the possibility of his upcoming dissertation being meaningful and yet defeating every prospect he had for making it so. He enjoyed treating the group to coffee. (In this gesture he brought to mind the man in Jack Huber's book, *Through An Eastern Window*, who in giving up trying to reach Kensho, stayed with the retreat, slipping out to bring the others ice cream and other treats.)

I felt pessimistic that in the field of educational administration this man would be able to use his dissertation to facilitate his own growth; I felt optimistic that he was seeking out the company of persons whom he could provide and he provided warmth and openness. I learned from him to be careful not to get caught in my stereotypic hostility toward administrators.

d. The counselor was a woman who quietly contributed to the group in her own gracious way. She was reinforcing and was reinforced. All of the members there at one time or more felt how exceptional she was as she related her beliefs and the activities she had implemented in her high school as a result of them. On the last day, after the leader had departed, she remarked how moved she was by his way of letting all the members of the group "be." The manner in which she addressed and accepted the others in the group indicated to me she

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* In the perception laboratory two lines illuminated in a darkened room are reported by observers as being two lines of different length. After it is suggested to them that they are telephone poles \[\text{||}\] many observers cannot let go of the concept of telephone poles so as to again see two lines of different length.
CHAPTER II

OVERTURE

The curtain stands ready
The overture begins
Complete in itself
Its completion prepares
Acquaints you with themes
To be repeated again
Sets cornerstones and dimensions
For your expectations.

I, the conductor
Need players for conducting
My graduate committee
Agreed to be orchestra
Become part of my music
In response to my song.
had appreciated the leader's ability because she was at home with it. I don't believe she had an image of herself operating at this level. Since then I wondered if I could have told her that; would it have been believable coming from me. I did not have the "credentials" to really know.

I learned from her grace, inner tranquillity and the actualization of "There is more than one way to skin a cat." I also learned that I had every right to tell her what I felt about her and to withhold my thinking was defeating to both of us.

e. The man who was sensitive to my silence announced on day two that he experienced intense loneliness the evening after our first meeting. He had been at such a "high" as a result of our first meeting that finding himself alone created a distressing "low." He had picked up an image from me about the movement of the waves in the ocean, the naturalness of the peaks and the droops. He said it had been very helpful to hold that image.

The second evening I enjoyed issuing an invitation so that he would not be alone. We were able to enjoy the presence of each other alone and in groups through sharing which demanded nothing the other person did not offer from his or her own wellspring. Nothing felt artificial. He said he felt the experience of the workshop and the
persons in our group had left him considerably changed. * I was surprised. My perceptions of him allowing persons space yet apparently at the same time caring and being in touch with them indicated to me a lot had happened in his development before the workshop. Attending the workshop may have helped to "turn his eye inward" and realize through the various feedback that he was exceptionally different. I find it hard to believe that there was a large basic difference in the way he was.

I learned from him that I had guts. A lot of them. That's the best piece of direct information I received from anyone at the conference.

f and g. The leader and me.

I felt my energy field was sagging and limp throughout the conference due to excessive nose drainage which I attributed to the constant exposure to cigarette smoke, dryness in the area's climate and allergy. I was feeling badly from an antibiotic prescribed for my sore throat. It left me drained and shaky and, as was later explained by an M.D., was evidently killing off needed normal organisms and therefore my condition worsened and I developed the chronic nose problem. Carrying a box of tissues with me, I was continually pressed to blow my nose. The people in my group and the caring

* In correspondence three months post-workshop this man relates, "There was a peace of mind which I had not previously known. I seemed to have it together. I changed several ways I was doing things. I returned to meet classes and students were quite immediately aware of the change. They referred to my transformation. There was a general glow about me."... on and on... "I did not come back and resume the old trip through life. That trip is forever gone."... "Mary, you must believe that Minneapolis was fantastic for me. But without you there would not have been a Minneapolis of that magnitude at all."...
behaviors they exhibited seemed to indicate they were unruffled over my condition and I felt free to stay, runny nose and all. Nose sore from blowing, weakened and fatigued, I somehow never lost hold of the current that sustained our activities those four days.

There was a quality of energy flow between the leader and myself that set our relationship apart from the others for me. (From what he later communicated to me, he was feeling it also.) On Day Two, after I had said a lot of what was flowing through me, the leader in summing up our discussion kindly directed the knowledge to me that I had made him aware that there was something vital that was missing in his life, a quietness. The afternoon of the following day I shared my dissertation proposal with him and he shared some of what he was doing in his work and with his life. The complimentary exchange between us felt authentic, yet I was a bit cautious, for to hear such remarks from a new-found friend overwhelmed me. In a letter following the conference he remarks that he stands in "awe" of my gentle self and that I was a revelation of other, more centered ways of being. This is not the first time others have tried to describe me to me and have given me similar sorts of information about myself. I have difficulty in trying to understand what in me is felt as restoring and tranquil by others.

There was something of a birthing quality in my stirrings. In addition to our group several other human celebrations had taken place at this conference. I was sharing my thoughts, my atypical proposal, my Self; I was daring to say, "This is me," without daring. I saw this man with much respect and dignity and saw within him a
"gentle self" of his own, a huge capacity for loving. I noted brief moments when he was far removed from the persons and events in the group. I sensed a "longing" or "sadness" in his displacement. I wondered what effect these moments had on his contribution to the persons in the group. I wanted to reach out to him.

I can easily think of many fair-eyed men I have "grooved on," but as best as I can recall, the rich brown eyes of the leader are the first brown ones I dared trespass with such intimacy. Repeatedly our eyes would meet while we sat in group. My usual behavior in the past would have been to soon skirt away, not permitting much penetration, especially if I did not know and trust the person well. I usually felt my reaction to do this, but I sometimes chose to stay with the look. Our eyes would lock and without any other move we would be swept up into each other and touch somewhere in our core. Being only briefly experienced in meditation I still find it a descriptive comparison. The depth and clearing away of "surface" information allowed a penetration and communication void of any other signals.

I have often thought of how little we know about the eyes and the great unfoldings and transmissions that take place in them. Eyes are for seeing. Are we limited to the dimensions with which we bind the phenomena for seeing? Like limiting the dimensions of minding? And what of eye color? My grandfather was my pal. His eyes were bluish-gray. They held a twinkle and fondness for me.

Since the conference I have given thought to my father's eyes. With the exception of bedtime when he enchanted my sister and I with marvelous impromptu fairy tales, I was usually afraid of him. He
was someone to obey, please and seek approval from. At eleven I saw his eyes become holders of immense sorrow and pain. His eyes were brown. Somehow it is significant to find a man whose brown eyes let me touch him and whose penetrating glance warmed me. I am glad to have moved into an awareness and hopeful dissolution of yet another code of prejudice. "Who's that self within those eyes. Let me see."

In new measure I learned from the group leader:
That I could be lovable—and loving.
That I could be beautiful—and recognize beauty.
That I could be cared for—and caring.
This was the message that permeated our group.

The believability in my self-development as worthy, natural, organic and filled with life became strengthened. I want to share this message with educators everywhere. If educators do not grow, do not come in closer touch with their humanness, what is there?

Postlude

About a month after the workshop and after the above two anecdotes were written, I wrote the group leader and asked him to write his perceptions of our group experience in whatever form he felt comfortable with. It was my intent to check out my perceptions. He responded via letter saying:

The group experience in Minneapolis left me with a warm, supported feeling. It also left me with work to be done. It helped me re-learn the power in each of us which surfaces most when we feel safe. The highest accolade I feel is that I felt valued for myself and not under pressure to be some 'other self' (Laing).
I have turned earnestly to the task of insuring that no student-colleague of mine emerges from a course experience without being emotionally touched by his colleagues and, hopefully, by me. I realized after Minneapolis that even in courses where we discuss emotional intimacy it is entirely possible to remain on an intellectual level. I've re-doubled efforts to make the process more than that. It seems to be working! I'm realizing that I really have nothing to teach. My main impact should be directed toward saying, 'Yes, yes, ... yes, yes, yes!' and 'I'll be here if you need me!' Since tragically, people seem to need permission to dare to be themselves. I'm working at giving that permission away to everybody, all the time.

It's one thing to rant about the need for permission, but that alone is not enough. So I'm giving it to those who look to me for it and at the same time, I do go on screaming about the need for permission.

I often think that a small group such as we had is simply a legitimate gimmick to give each other permission to 'be.' It makes me sick to realize how much I need that permission in my own life. To step outside of my script of 'oughts & shoulds' scares the hell out of me and in those precious times with you I felt not only permission but encouragement.

Just consider how often we say I must, have to, should, ought to, can't help it and how rarely most of us say I WANT. Many of us haven't said I WANT since we were three years old. Since then we have said, 'If it's OK with you, we could.'...I wouldn't mind if you wouldn't...'. If things work out in this or that way, I will go along with it.' God! I think saying 'I WANT!', responsibly, is probably the one shorthand indicator of health I most value!

The group leader's encouragement has been more than verbal for me for he recently took the initiative and made arrangements for me to have my first experience as a consultant working with a school faculty.

COLLEAGUES

Busy-ness intrudes. External demands. Internal reachings. Closures. In spite of that, in spite of the limited clock-time together, there are those special colleagues with whom I have shared all sorts of moments, some of the simplest remaining steadfast in my memory. I don't know
how to talk about them without sounding like a list of descriptions in
a course catalog. I am older than most, but that does not seem to inter-
fere. We learn from and encourage one another. In accord with the
pulse of time and the needs of our personhoods we have provided valuable
resource to one another; we have learned to play and manage better; we
have tapped each other for advice and listening, celebrated together and
nudged reminders to one another; we have practiced the elegant and pre-
carious art of simply allowing one another to be who they are. It is a
meandering fugue. I am at a loss as to how to capture it.

What happens with one's colleagues, even those that drift in and
out of our lives ever so briefly, is so vital to one's growth. It would
be absurd to report as I did elsewhere. It would be absurd because there
is so much. So many shared comments and gestures and so many giving
colleagues and so many choices some of which we missed the promise of
the moment. I could easily continue to sit here and be touched with
memory after memory. And yet I have highlighted very little of my col-
leagues remarks and behaviors. In part it is due to the enormity of such
a task. In part it is because most were not formally kept, which says
something of how I view my world. I am learning. If my contacts with
colleagues had not existed, I fear my self-development would be sadly
lacking. They have provided me a rich, rich experience of humanness.
Their associations have been life-giving. How frequently graduate school
inhibits rather than fosters these precious connections.
Mid summer I treated myself to a week-long workshop for educators offered by the Gestalt Institute of Cleveland. It was held at a secluded country retreat. The Sprite and I were two of the eighteen participants.

My purposes for going were to:

1. put myself in a setting where I anticipated company, or companions, that I felt would have some similar interests and concerns and some understanding for me.

2. step out of my more-or-less isolated and familiar context into a larger social group in unfamiliar surroundings so as to "see better" when I stepped back into my isolated and familiar context. I was hopeful that this act of consciously stepping out so as to see more clearly when I stepped back in would enable me to arrange into better and more pleasing order my 16 (or more) ducklings. It was an effort I hoped would help me package up this slice of my life classified as "graduate education."

3. be physically, spiritually and emotionally renewed by resting and enjoying being in the country, taking part in activities, meeting new people, taking in new knowledge, being with the Sprite, and partaking of nutritional meals served three times a day.

I achieved my agenda and more for in the process the emphasis of my agenda changed. To write about the workshop would mean a separate volume. I value the persons there, the sharing, the nourishing, and the transactions between us. To pay homage to the nucleus of this experience, a 17th duckling, seems fitting as I conclude this section on persons
highly significant to my self-development while in graduate education.

Earth Man appeared trumpet in one hand, lute in the other. Images of towering tree trunks, defiant rocks, fertile soil, unabashed flowers, toughened clay, gentle butterflies and weathered branches.

Nectar and pine resin.

Wizards and weasles. (Maybe friendly ones....)

His eyes are blue. I penetrated into them and traveled the ageless journey to his core. What emanated came the journey back through me. This time I did not pull away. Nor did he. This time I dared stay with the connection. Hardly seeing his cloak I stayed with the feeling. Both of us had plenty of conditioning which said, "Don't trust." We trusted.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{In in full participation with the group;} \\
\text{Out in full participation with each other; } \\
\text{Embracing many dimensions of our ways to be.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{In in full participation with each other;} \\
\text{Out in full participation with the group;} \\
\text{Everything took on more life and meaning.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{In in full participation with persons;} \\
\text{Out in solitude and time to be alone;} \\
\text{An experiment of openness, honesty, acceptance and non-possession.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Nourishment not withheld} \\
\text{Became nourishment extended;} \\
\text{The loaves and the fishes.}
\end{align*}
\]

However humble my attempts to explain my self-development

In my heart it seems to reason

My drama has not been in vain

To be and watch myself be

Joyous confirmation

And painful
Accepting unfinished answers

Life.
Sitting solemnly for several hours one recent April evening I thought of myself as if I was being held by my graduate committee. I also realized that I held each of them in a universal yet separately appropriate way. I recognized I was allowing a substantial portion of my energy to be drained off by one member. Because I wasn't receiving any indication of being held by this member and whereas I had felt it before, I found I was extending evermore energy to try to make this completion. There was no visible channel for my energy to go forth for a human transaction. It felt dissipating and not beneficial to either the member or me. I had gone to this person and tried to explain while trying to understand what was happening with me as a result of this difficulty. For the reasons that my message was obviously not comprehended, and my expectations were in no way fulfilled, the frustration I experienced became worsened. I was having some other very supportive experiences, yet in trying to work with them the known gap hung like a weight in my spirit and ultimately required more energy for me to proceed. I tried to integrate the experience as a personal rejection, accept it as that, get moving and capitalize on the other favorable aspects of my efforts. I think I failed at this approach because I could not comprehend the rejection and therefore could not accept it. It did not seem fitting for me to go around the incompleteness or to attack it. Thus, I finally decided to represent graphically the difficulty I was feeling.
CHAPTER V

RECITATIVE

(Literature Review)

In arranging flowers in an artistic form
(Not a bouquet that lacks in plan)
The flower-arranger, as artist
Selects from flowers, greenery, containers, and accessories
In order to create one composite
That expresses through perishable medium
What she would communicate.

Flowers and greenery within the arrangement
May be trimmed, hardened, wired, dried and stripped of growing foliage
In complement to the larger completion
In which they will be part.

Creation complete
That which is seen
Is dependent on the voids.

You have experienced the flower-arrangement
Which I have prepared to express myself
As a person named student
In a period called graduate education
Living my life.

From my garden and my shelves
I have selected, not necessarily
My finest,
But that which is fitting
In artistic configuration.

And so it is from what I've read
For I have found company in books
As well as information.

Once again I'll select
What seems pertinent to me
In the spirit of continuation
For each piece read and treasured
And each piece waiting for my acquaintance
Mushrooms.
The utilization of Maslow's work and how it applies to educational practice is succinctly and profoundly stated in what was probably his last work. Edited by a student, Dr. Frances Conn, the work was completed with the aid of tapes made by Maslow and Louis Rubin. Throughout the article is an undergirding belief that "helpers" of others must themselves tend to their own development. A person that is not highly evolved, healthy, strong and fully developed cannot help another person to achieve these qualities. Maslow also stresses a need for a Taoistic attitude, where there is trust in human beings and a willingness to leave them alone; the need to help other people in order to develop one's own personal growth; the need for "American Taoism" to "permit freedom within varying degrees of very firm limits;" the need for recognizing and cultivating intrinsic learning, the learning that accompanies significant personal experience and is a part of learning to be and to become a human being; the need to humanize content in education so that relevance is felt by the students; the use of music, art, dancing and rhythm in intrinsic education,

...I think that the arts, and especially the ones that I have mentioned, are so close to our psychological and biological core, so close to this identity, this biological identity, that rather than think of these courses as a sort of whipped cream or luxury, they must become basic experiences in education. I mean that this kind of education can be a glimpse into the infinite, into ultimate values; (p. 303) *

the need for reparative inservice work for teachers in the field; and the realization that what he proposes may not be the best format for all persons. Maslow quested for feedback from practitioners in the field

* For complete references in this chapter, please see the Bibliography, pages
because he had observed in his own program that certain kinds of people
did not thrive in a purely Taoistic approach. These people were passive,
authoritarian, psychopathic and paranoid.

Abraham H. Maslow, "What Is A Taoistic Teacher?", Chapter 6,
ed. by Louis J. Rubin, Facts and Feelings in the Classroom.

Other significant works for me by and about Maslow are:

Stuart Miller.

Frank Goble, The Third Force: The Psychology of Abraham Maslow
A Revolutionary New View of Man.

A.H. Maslow, "Peak Experiences in Education and Art," The
Humanist.

And in a particularly outstanding collection of articles in the
1962 ASCD Yearbook (including one by Carl Rogers),

A.H. Maslow, "Some Basic Propositions of a Growth and Self-Actu-
alization Psychology," Perceiving, Behaving, Becoming.

A quote I have kept from this latter article is constant reminder

of the need for man to work diligently to improve his existence.

To the degree that this quality of hostility (destructive)
is instinctoid, mankind has one kind of future. To the degree
that it is reactive (a response to bad treatment) mankind has a
very different kind of future.

Carkhuff questions studies that equate psychological treatment with
no treatment. In studies reporting "averages," Carkhuff probes deeper
and makes a case that persons under treatment moved in the direction of
the level of functioning of their helpers.

That is, counselees whose counselors functioned at rela-
tively high levels of certain interpersonal dimensions demon-
strated constructive change or gain while counselees of coun-
selors functioning at relatively low levels of these dimensions
demonstrated either no change or deteriorative change. (p. 5)
He goes on to generalize how few facilitative teachers he could find and estimated the long-range damage done by teachers functioning at low levels of emotional and interpersonal skills. He extends from his findings to make a plea for persons in helping relationships to insure their own effective development.


Underlying Harris's bestseller is the value of "getting it together" in your self so as to have fuller, more human relationships with others.

Thomas A. Harris, M.D. *I'm OK—You're OK*.

Mayeroff stresses the symbiotic relationship in furthering our self-development. In this exquisite little book he talks of caring and being cared for, caring including a dimension of caring about inanimate things.

Milton Mayeroff, *On Caring*.

In a paper prepared by Charles Jung he discusses the beginnings of a theory he is developing to describe the evolution of the self. He has identified five phases: I. Animal Self; II. Stereotypic Self; III. Opinionated Self; IV. Existential Self; and V. Creative Self. Based on his criteria, many teachers (and other "educated" adults) are still functioning at Phase II., the Stereotypic Self, while at the same time many of our youth may be at Phase IV. Existential Self. He makes a case that the teacher in Phase II is ill-equipped to facilitate the growth and development of a student in a higher phase. He uses his proposed evolution of the social-psychological self to plan for teacher education programs. Given the criteria of Phase V. Creative Self,
there is little question that educators need to make effort to move themselves as well as their charges toward such a level of functioning.


Ross L. Mooney in conferences, seminars, and published and unpublished articles stresses the need for self-development.

No one can do self-development for another. We are each, therefore, also set on a personal task.

Our aim, at the core is to find a way in which we each, developing ourselves, can, at the same time, help others (colleagues and students) develop themselves.

Operationally, we need to emerge from the seminar with a plan in mind for our graduate program so that we can be consciously engaged in self-development while we arrange a way, as well, for our students to be effectively involved in their self-development.

To form such a plan, we will need clarification conceptually (how do we see the self-development phenomenon), socially (what curricular and personnel arrangements are indicated), and personally (how does my development fit within the give-and-take of the social-conceptual design).

Ross L. Mooney, "The Aim of the Faculty Seminar on Self-Development."

In a much earlier work Mooney posits that what goes on in the learner is the primary event; the learner is the center of the educational system. He identifies subtleties expressed in the form of certain negative assumptions after reviewing three case studies of graduate students. They are:

1. The seat of knowledge is not in the learner.
2. Values are not to intrude on scientific research.
3. Subjective feelings are not to intrude on scientific research.
4. Proof is not esthetic.

These negative assumptions—putting the seat of learning outside the learner, values outside of science, subjective feelings outside of research, and proof outside of esthetic self-processing—
have their subtle but damaging effect in putting the self of the student psychologically outside the center of his education.... (p. 93)

Experience with a student-workshop over a period of a year indicates that about six months are required for the students to achieve sufficient freedom from their immediate needs for expression to begin sensing themselves as independent and worthy instruments of inquiry. As they achieve independence, they integrate their course work, readings, seminars and informal experiences with much more sense of significant meaning. They also insist on freedom to continue in the same kind of relationships with their peers and their faculty aide throughout the remainder of their doctoral work. Having tasted their own growth they want more of it. (p. 94)

What Mooney describes here is significantly close to my experience with him in a graduate seminar the first two quarters I was on campus. Very soon into the seminar he assigned small groups of 4 or 5 a difficult question to pursue as a group. In addition to the benefits I received from the support I received from Mooney, the benefits I received from the small group transcended the seminar setting.


In my collection of published and unpublished poetry and papers written by Mooney two stand out in my mind in the section I have labeled, "Childhood." They are:

Ross L. Mooney, "Pressures on the Young."


In "Pressures on the Young" he talks of the refined systems for delivering death as produced by the "educated" man. Youth of today have grown up in this context and as a consequence he discusses what they need,
not to evade what is here, but to encounter what is here; not to hide from the realities but to see the realities; not to run away, but to attack. They need these strengths, supported and mounting within them, to transcend their problems and their times. (p. 6)

It is a law of life that creation must go on, and those who are not able to feel and know themselves as participants in the creative game are on a course towards death. (p. 5)

The latter paper was written in response to student riots on the university campus.

With the theme of ENVIRONMENT to join the LIFE and BEING HUMAN themes, the stage is now set for youth to know what we adults could not know so well when we were youth ourselves, i.e., that man can have his life only if he earns that life through what he does, quite consciously, to arrange it so, in concert with the earth. The central place is here, and it is now, and all else derives from this. This is the living place, and it begins within one's own consciousness. (p. 11)

Youth depend on being fed with challenges and valid forms of working out the human way, and they depend, as well, on a valid companionship. They need to be addressed as though they were both capable and motivated to integrate their life in both private and communal ways to honor life, and man, and earth, straight out, and work things through from there. (p. 12)

In addition to what has been discussed above, meaningful to me and to the effort of this dissertation are papers concerned with: research, the researcher and researching; creativity; perception; and nature, environment and man and their relationship to one another. A sample of poetry directly related to educational problems are:

Ross L. Mooney, "The Curriculum for Man."

Ross L. Mooney, "Prelude to a Trustees Meeting." Improving College and University Teaching.

Ross L. Mooney, "Our Minds Have Not Been Used."

The last stanza of the latter poem puts into one capsule the notion of self-development as essential for teachers.
"When students have asked how to grow a school, what I have found to say has been, 'Find out what brings each teacher's mind to life, and then amplify the chance for that teacher to have more life coming through; what vitalizes him, he will want to share; and the students, then, can have the chance to learn, themselves, what minds in them, and men, are for.'"

In a poignant spontaneous paper, King describes the process of "having your life" and relates this to the need for getting reacquainted with your Self, teaching as an artistic endeavor, the essentiality of the teacher to seek what is life-giving for him before he can provide life-giving energy to students (others), exercising discipline,

"...This manner of 'self-discipline' means that it is only right for me to seek those experiences that are complimentary to my nature—that are in harmony with my inner self...."

and an unusual approach to health education through the cultivation of "well-being."

Lou Ray King, PH.D. General Unified Examination.

In my interest in the use of art in the classroom, I have read several good volumes related to art education. In this search I took up a book written by John Dewey called Art As Experience. This was what I had been searching for. In his writing there is not a feeling of distance between the experiencing of art and describing the experiences one may have in art. He describes experience as art. Certainly then the teacher as facilitator of meaningful experience for children must indeed be artist.
"...Because experience is the fulfillment of an organism in its struggles and achievements in a world of things, it is art in germ." (p. 19)

John Dewey, *Art As Experience*.

Combs in Chapter 9, (p. 112-130), "Organizing the Professional Aspects of a Teacher-Preparation Program," claims the crucial element of a professional program is the student's use of himself as an increasingly effective instrument, not the content. He sees the teacher as a human process, not a finished product turned out of a degree program. He views teacher education curriculum to be of the nature that the teacher is opened to continuous future growth and development. He proposes a program based upon three principles: (1) providing information, (2) providing for involvement (practical experience) and (3) providing for personal exploration and discovery.

The popular current Performance (or Competency) Based Teacher Education plans provide for more actual field experience, but the opportunity for guidance in personal growth is still in large part haphazard and if desired falls upon the individual to be sought outside the mainstream of educational institutions.

Arthur W. Combs, *The Professional Education of Teachers*.

Galloway, in a moving address given at the ASCD (Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development) 28th Annual Conference, talks of the treachery in assuming that behaviors are proof of experience. Making a plea for teachers to bring their "person" to school with them he emphasizes the communion that can then occur when teachers and students experience together and teacher can be student and student can be teacher.
Institutional expectations ask for a "masquerade" and the personalizing teacher is caught between working for the system and altering it. Looking at the verbal and non-verbal behaviors of students and teachers alike he illuminates the possibility of a higher level of communicative exchange in contrast to the consequences of mindlessness encouraged by the institution. An expert in non-verbal behavior, Galloway demonstrated some of the more popular ones in an effort to look at the configuration of the event rather than to dissect and fragment isolated behaviors.

Charles M. Galloway, "Personalized Teaching for Individualized Learning."

Two excellent books that communicate the value of a teacher that is authentic "all the way through" (honest) are:

Sylvia Ashton-Warner, Teacher.

Clark Moustakas, The Authentic Teacher.

Teacher is Ashton-Warner's own dialogue about her reflections on teaching as well as material from her anecdotal records. Moustakas in the process of explaining what he means and why he sees authenticity as essential in a teaching-learning experience, gives personal accounts from teachers and makes suggestions as to how authenticity can take place in a "typical" environment.

Some of what I view to be dishonest thinking on the part of demonstrated "appropriate" behaviors on the part of the teacher is well exemplified in the following:

Everyone agrees that the affective attitudes that people have, how children feel about other children and about the world they live in, is of great importance, but that is also a very difficult thing to teach. We believe, for instance, that all children should accept differences in others without
I have been interested in the mandala as a universal art form for a number of years. I recalled from reading in *The Secret of the Golden Flower* that mandalas usually had a four-corner design but occasionally one is found with an outer design of three or five corners or points. I considered putting a symbol in the middle of the paper and constructing a triangular form with a symbol for each active member of my committee at each point. This could not describe "what was" for me. I felt it essential to describe the situation as I felt it.

The first drawing symbolized me. I was in the center. Beginning with a red nucleus revolving around a brown dot (for earth) I gave myself four rounded petals. I colored them a light blue. There is a "skyish" quality in me. It is aloof, airy, intellectual, cool, restful and gentle. The four petals would help me to integrate the design with the symbols in each corner. They laid North, South, East, and West.

This was not enough to describe me. I thought about my qualities and decided there was a deeper layer to me; not one that I tend to display, but probably what I've been told is the "mysterious" side of me. As an underlayer I began to construct four petals. They pointed to the corners of the paper. I was doing them in yellow. That was the part of me which is warm, assertive, yielding, energizing and expanding. That part of me reaps the full measure of joy. It is my laughter and my caring. Perhaps they are leaves more than petals. They sustain the more formal structured part of me which is more easily seen. Perhaps I put that part of me first as a protective device for the oncoming burst of life I would guard.

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prejudice or bias, and we believe that prospective teachers should do the same. However, if you have an explicit performance criteria that a teacher will call on minority children at least four times in every class period and will always praise them at the conclusion of their comments, the prospective teacher will do it. But the prospective teacher who may be bigoted to begin with, may be equally as bigoted when he completed the program, and the ability to demonstrate that performance when it is explicit in a training program does not guarantee that the teacher will exhibit that performance when in a classroom. On the other hand, if the teacher is able to perform in such a way that he or she appears not to be bigoted, that might ultimately be as much as one could expect. (p. 22)

Theodore E. Andrews, Manchester Interview: Competency-Based Teacher Education/Certification.

Combs speaks directly to this point in a recent book, Educational Accountability. Beyond Behavioral Objectives. The behavioral objectives approach can never be adequate in the sense of the information explosion and the rapidity of change; how could a common curricula maintain such diversity; how could we possibly forecast what students will need to know? Beyond these very obvious questions Combs goes on to explain,

"... it is apparent that behavioral objectives approaches to accountability are applicable only to the simplest and most primitive aspects of what is expected of modern education...." (p. 12)

The "putting on" of behaviors in the behavioral objective approach focuses attention on behaviors and controlling and fails to recognize causes, understandings, and real changes in students' perception, that which serves the student in a lasting way.

...Counselors and psychotherapists have long since learned to ignore most of the behavior of their clients' feelings, attitudes, beliefs and personal meanings, knowing that, when these change, changes in behavior will automatically follow. The principle is no less true in the classroom. (p. 26)
Combs goes on to discuss the necessity of personal meaning before information can affect the individual. He makes a strong case for the nurturance of human judgment, after all, most of what we do in the hours of living our life depend on human judgment.

...There is at this time no adequate substitute for human judgment in making such assessments. We have no alternative. Educators cannot abrogate the responsibility. They must accept it, live with it, and learn to do it well and reliably. (p. 121)

...Intelligent behavior is a gestalt— an intricate pattern of parts in which genius resides, as in a symphony, not in the notes but in the composition, in the way the elements are put together... The crucial test of intelligent behavior must be made when the individual is acting on his own. (p. 18)

Much of the fanfare about behavioral objectives is the gluttonous way in which they can be measured. Only the minor bits, the insignificant dissections lend themselves to our current ways of measurement. Is this then indeed reason to give up the broader goals, -- because we do not know how to measure in a satisfactory way what is needed to be measured?

Partner to behavioral objectives is the systems approach. Systems procedures have been introduced into education under the premise that they have worked so well for industry. It all depends on what one views as efficiency. Some industries are now moving away from their lauded systematic plumbing. Workers became so demoralized and detached from their product that they became less efficient. Is this what teachers and students need?

...Unfortunately, what teachers need today, in my opinion, is not more pressure but more time to work with pupils; not more complication but greater simplification. They need reassurance,
security, and a chance to develop their own unique styles.
Frightened, harried people cannot be creative or innovative.
(p. 17)


Knowing well I can never totally know the black experience in America, I felt more closely attuned to it after my first reading of a book that dealt frankly with black problems. Grier and Cobbs, body psychiatrists and assistant professors of psychiatry at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, make lucid observation of the miasma engulfing teachers throughout our public school systems.

Having made it to school, the child encounters that reluctant instrument of the establishment, the teacher. In such an encounter one is at a loss to decide who is more deserving of pity, the children or the teacher, who may have nursed an idealism longer than most people, who sees it eroding in the face of hypocrisy, who slowly comes to view her task as the crushing of spirit and the dulling of eyes.

Teachers are in low repute in America in large measure because they have no independent atmosphere in which to exercise their calling. The rigid control of teachers, curriculum, and budget by generally small-minded governing bodies again reflects the essential purpose of the schools—which is to serve the immediate economic ends of those who control them....

...The white teacher knows as well as her black counterpart that the general quality of education in this country is rather seedy and the training children get is geared to mediocrity. The teacher would doubtless welcome an opportunity to participate in the development of an enlightened and intellectually vigorous citizenry. But the slow disenchantment of teachers, as they see the true dimensions of their task, contributes heavily, we feel, to the profusion of 'bad teachers'—bitter resentful beings who arrive at school each day with a baggage of contempt, ridicule, and sometimes open hatred for their tender charges. Frustrated idealists make poor guardians of a nation's youth.... (p. 136-137)

It is appalling to read literature by supposed "leaders" in the field wherein they reduce such critical concern to counting the number
of times a teacher calls on a minority child in each class and whether or not, regardless of the circumstances, that teachers follow with praise. Do these people not realize that most children would easily recognize such lack of authenticity?

William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, _Black Rage_.

Riordon states in a study which begins with his life history and culminates in the teaching of a course in curriculum to undergraduates who plan to become teachers:

The educational process of teaching-learning is seen as human interaction and transaction of persons-experiencing-and-sharing-life-together. Persons no longer fill and play roles of dispensing and gathering-in-information, for the process of seeking information itself becomes a shared experience of living persons concerned about the acquisition of useful data from a transactional world. The field of education needs a new paradigm in which life and what is life-giving become the criteria for viewing the quality of interactions and transactions that are part of the teaching-learning process. (p. 236)

Tim Riordon, _A View of Self in the Teaching – Learning Process: Self-Development as An Approach to The Education of Teachers_.

Rasey gives a similar but extended account as she describes her life as student transitioning into teacher:

...She saw, in fact, that all personal solutions, even problems which still lacked solution, had implication professionally. The Prophet was right. Who could indeed 'separate his days, with this much for myself and this for God.' What she had said in answer to a student's question only yesterday had fresh significance. The answer had creamed off the top of her thinking, 'Nothing a teacher ever does for children is as important to their growth as what she IS.' Now she could feel this in the depths of self. (p. 118)

Marie J. Rasey, _It Takes Time: An Autobiography of the Teaching Profession_.

Rogers describes a situation where at the beginning of a course for prospective teachers he asked the students to list two or three
values they most wanted to pass on to the children with whom they would work. He was appalled at the number of important values that were listed such as, to avoid bad grammar, follow the teacher's instructions, neatness, etc. He stresses that certainly these behaviors had not been experienced as the most satisfying and meaningful elements of the students' lives. He believed the listing of such values could only be accounted for by the fact that these behaviors had gained approval—"and thus had been introjected as deeply important." (p. 17)


Rogers in his most complete and elaborated contribution to education specifies he wants to convey to the reader some beliefs about learning. He describes learning in two ways. One is the meaningless mastery of a task, which is most likely to be forgotten quickly; the other is the significant, meaningful and experiential learning. The latter is the theme which runs through his book.

It (learning) has a quality of personal involvement—the whole person in both his feeling and cognitive aspects being in the learning event. It is self-initiated...It is pervasive...It is evaluated by the learner...Its essence is meaning. When such learning takes place, the element of meaning to the learner is built into the whole experience. (p. 5)

Carl R. Rogers, Freedom to Learn.

On reading Stevens' first essay, "Curtain Raiser," in Person to Person, I knew immediately I had found a friend. From "Flush the toilet at night so it will be easier to clean and don't flush the toilet at night, you'll wake people up" to, in her words,
So both I's have a house and a husband and children and all that, and friends and respectability and all that, and security and all that, but both I's are confused because other I says, 'You see? You're lucky,' while I goes on crying. 'What are you crying about? Why are you so ungrateful?' I doesn't know gratitude or ingratitude, and cannot argue. I goes on crying. Other I pushes it out, says 'I am happy! I am very lucky to have such a fine family and a nice house and good neighbors and lots of friends who want me to do this, do that.' I is not reasonable, either. I goes on crying.

Other I gets tired, and goes on smiling, because that is the thing to do. Smile, and you will be rewarded. Like the seal who gets tossed a piece of fish....

I refuses to play the clown any more. Which I is that? 'She used to be fun, but now she thinks too much about herself.' I lets friends drop away. Which I is that? 'She's being too much by herself. That's bad. She's losing her mind.' Which mind? (p. 10-11)

This volume is filled with notes and underlinings entered by myself and the woman friend who gave me her copy. I recommend this book highly. It is one of my favorites. Stevens stimulates my mind and my feelings.

This same woman friend gave me another book that has caught my fancy. It is a hard back and contains a personal autograph from the author. This friend never loaned her books. She enjoyed them and then passed them on to someone she thought would appreciate them. A book being returned did not seem to be a good thing for her. I treasure the two she gave me. I don't think I could give them away, but I have loaned them.

This second book is by a psychiatrist, Shafica Karagulla, who in assisting neurologists became interested in the abilities of the brain that were not known or included into the format of specific knowledge about the organ. Finding the means to do research in what she labels, "Higher Sense Perception," she found her first difficulty was finding
persons or sensitives willing to reveal that they had unusual abilities. The book is basically a narrative about the various sensitivities that persons unveiled for her observations. It is a fascinating account and highlights Wiel's argument in *The Natural Mind*, to encourage persons to value non-ordinary experience and to provide an environment in which it is safe to share these experiences.

Shafica Karagulla, M.D., *Breakthrough to Creativity: Your Higher Sense Perception*.


Barron reports on research done by the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research in an effort to understand what "makes" an individual creative. Convinced that creative thought and action may literally be the only means through which man's survival will continue, they find their investigation difficult. In the first place persons defined as creative or artistic were not very amenable to being investigated. Though their findings were "scant" they may also be "vast." The single most well-established conclusion to their work was concerned with the creative individual's response to apparent disorder and his own need to find a subtle ordering principle. Although the creative was much more appreciative of conditions such as nonconformity, imbalance, disorder and complexity and utilized the same preference in their creations as in their appreciation, they came to recognize that the creative response to disorder was to find a newer, more elegant or complex order. They also found the creative person to be more independent and "original" than the conforming, yielding and less creative individual. In psychological
health they found the creative person to be significantly superior to the general population with the exception of conformance and socialization. Convinced of their superiority in human potential they also describe their uniqueness in visionary experiences, including dreaming. Studies done with psilocybin were described and Barron reports,

What psilocybin does is to reverse or slow down some of the averaging process, alter our experience of the passage of time, dissolve many definitions and melt many boundaries, permit greater intensities or more extreme values of experience to occur in many dimensions.

In conclusion he states,

...And perhaps most important of all, creative persons are moved by an intense commitment of an almost metaphysical sort that impulses them to search for new forms of artistic vision.

(p. 305)


In reading Barron's article my mind came to compare the creative person he was describing to the System 4 person as identified by O.J. Harvey. Harvey in extensive studies has found individuals function on basically one of four belief systems. Very briefly, System I functions very well as long as stress is low. They put a lot of value in authority. They tend to see their world in a very concrete way and tend to be rigid and unchanging. Many administrators and teachers are found to be in the System I category. The System II person reacts against authority. He rebels, cause or not, and though more abstract than System I, he usually finds himself in difficulty. System II is the most frequent belief system of prisoners, and whereas many convicted criminals are System I and appear "to learn their lesson" in prison, System II is very
often a "repeater." System III persons function more abstractly than I and II. They are often persons found in helping professions. They often gain their feeling of worth from other people and may put extensive energy into "helping" others whether they are helping and wanted or not. System IV functions very well under stress and in normal conditions. They are not dependent on authority, nor do they feel unnecessary antagonistic toward it. They function the most abstractly and being very autonomous and self-directed have at their disposal multiple alternative ways of relating to the world. Although persons functioning in System IV would make the most desirable teachers, there are very few persons around with these characteristics. In some introductory studies Harvey found that prospective teachers moved more in the direction of System I and away from System IV as a result of their college education.

I have numerous references to Harvey's written contributions, but those I find most valuable are occasional papers wherein he speaks more simply and directly to the less professionally-prepared individual. Dahms also makes reference to Harvey's work in his book Emotional Intimacy.

O.J. Harvey, "Education—Freedom or Tyranny."

O.J. Harvey, "Belief Systems and Education: Some Implications for Change."

Huxley, in a very popular account, describes his experience with mescaline. He goes on to make provocative inferences about education and what this could mean through expanded consciousness. He makes some pertinent remarks about the limitations caused by the emphasis our culture puts on verbal communication.

Aldous Huxley, The Doors of Perception.
Huxley in an article, "Visionary Experience," infers a belief that children may be in touch with a luminous, more-than-real world that recedes in their processes of acculturation and education.

...Then in due course, as they are subjected to our systems of analytical and conceptual education, they lose the capacity of seeing this other world which gradually in Wordsworth's words, 'fades into the light of common day.' From having lived in a world which had 'the glory and the freshness of a dream,' they return to this rather boring, rather drab world in which most of us pass our lives. I would say, in passing, that one of the major problems of education is: How do we help children to make the best of both worlds? How do we help them to make the best of the world of primary experience (and of this extension of primary experience: visionary experience) and at the same time help them to make the best of the world of language and the best of the world of concepts and general ideas? At present our system of education seems almost a guarantee that while we teach them how to use words and concepts, we wipe out this other world of beauty and higher reality which so many children live in. (p. 38)


The book mentioned above is an interesting collection of articles about consciousness. As the editor states on p. ix,

It is only through a change of consciousness that the world will be 'saved.' ...The ultimate action, then, is no action at all except to change consciousness. In other words, the true revolution is revelation. When that has occurred on a global scale, the old problems and prejudices and inhumanities will vanish, and revolution will become evolution—but not until then.

In thinking about the merger of the best of two worlds, it seems appropriate to talk about C.G. Jung. I am about a fourth of the way into Memories, Dreams, Reflections. It is as though I am reading an account written by a highly intellectual and educated man who is a boy. I think it will become one of my favorites. I have purchased Man and His Symbols. I am anxious to read it. In glancing through more memories come back to
I find it curious that I am having so much to say about my mandala. I am trying to put in words the reasons for my choices. I am progressing with the drawing as I drew it, but at the time of drawing there was very little wordage going on in my mind. I began in the center of my paper. (How often I have heard elementary art teachers complain about children going directly to the center of their paper—especially when they want to cut only a small portion from the paper for some other construction.) I was somewhat limited as my skill in drawing and the deliberate use of a crude media (felt pens) permit very little detail and preciseness. Being aware of the limitations I first drew a small red circle and inserted a brown dot in the center. There was no question about the blue. I decided the muted grayish-blue I usually portray myself with was too dark for this occasion. I was showing myself sustained and sustaining. I needed a more spirited, youthful, fresh blue. I tested my blues and selected the best I had. It was a blue Hi-Liter. It gave a sheerness the regular felt pen would not, but I wished it was lighter. It felt bolder than me.

Minding now that I was not being verbally analytical, I was being analytical in feeling me, selecting and representing how I felt. There is a concentration in this effort. It is a tension or steadfastness which disciplines a listening to what it is that is here at the moment. A problem is being resolved, not unlike a reading problem in math. I can almost feel a shift inside my forehead. It is a little like double sliding doors being moved forward or to center. They cross above the nose, but inside the head. It is almost an internal frown. Then new spaces are created, especially on the sides. These spaces are stillled and a
me of my course to Henderson (p. 28). I feel drawn to read the notes from his lectures. I have borrowed Secret of the Golden Flower again. Each time I look in it I seem to find something more, something central. The I Ching or Book of Changes and An Introduction to Zen Buddhism, books I find of importance and value in and of themselves, both contain forewords by Jung. These books are not easy to read for me, but much easier than the ones I read eleven years ago. Some authors are difficult to restate in your own words, like Mooney. I find it hard to say what I get from Jung's writing, but I trust my attraction to him. Someday it may be "useful." That is not the purpose.

Carl G. Jung, Memories, Dreams, Reflections.


In the above work Jung describes the difficulty, but also the value to be attained by harvesting from both Eastern and Western thinking.

...Science is the best tool of the Western mind and with it more doors can be opened than with bare hands. Thus it is part and parcel of our understanding and only clouds our insight when it lays claim to being the one and only way of comprehending. But it is the East that has taught us another, wider, more profound, and a higher understanding, that is understanding through life. We know this way only vaguely, as a mere shadowy sentiment culled from religious terminology, ... But in this way Eastern 'realism' is completely misunderstood. It does not consist of sentimental exaggeratedly mystical, intuitions bordering on the pathological and emanating from ascetic recluses and cranks; the wisdom of the East is based on practical knowledge coming from the flower of Chinese intelligence, which we have not the slightest justification for undervaluing. (p. 78)

The I Ching or Book of Changes, the Richard Wilhelm translation rendered into English by Cary F. Baynes, Foreword by C.G. Jung.

Leopold reports an intriguing research effort he made while teaching high school English. Using symbols and archetypes as they emerged from students' thinking, traditional literature curriculum was postponed until nearing the end of the school year. His classes, which were already supposedly handicapped by being filled with the less "capable" intellectually and achievement-wise, far surpassed classes of "good" students taught the literature in the traditional way. Examinations were the same and agreed upon by the teachers involved. This may be a classic study, for it makes practical application of Jung's work in an everyday setting.


Milton Cudney through his guest seminars and recently copyrighted explanation of his work, has provided me some of the most exciting material I've found to work and think from. A counselor at Western Michigan University, Cudney has developed a workshop technique to help persons rid themselves of Self-Defeating Behaviors (SDBs). Using Mooney's model of the universe (p. 5), he came to be convinced that human beings integrated only what was fitting to the Self. SDBs incorporated to cope when wholeness was denied, or perceived to be denied, appear to work for the individual and therefore are maintained. They can be maintained only as long as they are practiced. SDBs keep people from being fully who they are and therefore extract a price from them in the energy they use to keep them. People build up myths as to undesirable consequences that would occur should they let a SDB go. The more the SDB is practiced, the more imbedded is the fear from their myth.
A process evolved by Cudney as he remained open and flexible to better fittings, now includes five conditions. They are:

1. Clearly identify the SDB to be eliminated.
2. Become responsible for the doingness of the behavior.
3. Identify and fully admit to himself the prices being paid for using the behavior.
4. Identify and take responsibility for the precise inner and outer choices that put the behavior into gear.
5. Identify and face the mythical fears avoided by keeping the SDB. (p. 26-29)

Clients at first had extreme difficulty in achieving the fifth condition. Then they began to describe visual images or pictures of the barrier that was keeping them from facing their mythical fear. Cudney moved with them to further explore the image and then to look for ways to "get through."

There is always that part of each human that comprises the integrated whole. It is the human organism that continues to fit together piece by piece, experience by experience, as the person makes his way through life. Although this integrated person is never totally lost, he can be buried under a multitude of ill-fittings. Many people operate their lives on ill-fittings and may even come to believe that the poor fittings actually are them.

For the possessor of self-defeating behaviors, what stands between the self with the defeating behaviors and the self without them (integrated personhood) are mythical fears regarding what will happen to him and what he will be like if he faces life with only his integrated self. (p. 81)

A sample of some of the imagery described by clients follows. Persons' images are uniquely their own. Though some at first are puzzling, they usually hold intense meaning for the individual visualizing them.

- a huge plastic transparent curtain like a paper sack with no way to punch out
- a huge, thick, high long wall made of concrete blocks that is sweaty from anxiety and has a bleak, grey, dismal quality to it
a fence with thick shrubbery around it with a gate with heavy locks
a bubble with no way to reach out and talk to people beyond the bubble
barricades, like police barricades
a thick, dark gloomy mist
being lost in a high, thick, dark forest
a gully with rapid flowing water with dangerous reptiles in it
a huge piece of construction paper with a vast number of scribbles on it and the impossible task of untangling them
standing by a road with feet encased in concrete
an old, rusty corroded gear (later to be discovered that this was her "unused" mind)
lying in a field with hands and feet tied to stakes driven deeply into the ground
etc. (p. 84-86)

In the following chapter Cudney goes on to describe his conscious application of the visualization technique to himself. Learning from both his own vivid personal experience as well as his professional experiences he describes fifty major learnings from his work with mental pictures.

49. There is something amazing about the inner makeup of the human brain that gives direction to the conscious mind to develop appropriate images which enable important learnings to become a reality.

50. There is also something fantastic about the fact that if these inner data are given half a chance, they will always come through to reveal the direction one needs to take to grow and be more whole. (p. 101)

The inspiration I feel from Cudney's contribution is that given his theory is correct, there are no hopeless persons.

Reflecting on the image I had of myself in a cocoon in 1960, I come to realize, as so many times before, that that experience that imposes on the human mind, without cognitive invention, is not only natural, but correct. And so it is with many expressions that take form in my Image Log and that surface in my own personal psychodrama are rich with meaning.
These experiences may not always be pleasant, but they are "whole-some" as they strive to integrate the life-system of my being.


The phenomena of emerging images into consciousness, more or less "stumbled" on to by Cudney, has long been established in the field of psychology. Roberto Assagioli, trained as a psychoanalyst, believed the practice neglected the higher reaches of human nature and created his own discipline, psychosynthesis. A complex concept in the way Assagioli uses it, most simply stated I understand it to be the formation or reconstruction of a coherent, organized, and unified personality around a unifying center that has been found or created. Of greatest interest to me are the techniques used to elicit from the patient's source, or imagination, imagery which facilitates integration. Crampton in a paper presented at the first meeting of the International Society for Mental Imagery Techniques at Geneva, Switzerland, in July, 1968, concludes her discussion with a section called "Potential Applications." She believes the field offers a vast range of procedures to both education and psychotherapy. Industry and research are also developing programs using mental imagery techniques to stimulate the process of creative problem-solving.

If education were more generally concerned with its true function, that of 'drawing out' the highest potentials of the human being (which include the emotional, interpersonal, sensory, physical, creative, intuitive, and 'depth' or spiritual potentials as well as the traditional intellectual ones), it would have a great deal to learn from psychotherapy, and undoubtedly could do much to prevent psychic imbalance in later life as well as be more involving and fulfilling for the child. (p. 151)

I would like to end this paper, then, with an invitation to the practitioners of mental imagery to not only develop the many fruitful avenues within the field of psychotherapy, but
also to extend their vision beyond to the broader fields of
education, growth groups, and preventive mental health in which
far greater numbers of people can be reached and where there
is a possibility of eliminating mental disfunctioning at its
roots. (p. 152)

Roberto Assagioli, M.D. *Psychosynthesis: A Manual of Principles
and Techniques.*

Martha Crampton, "The Use of Mental Imagery in Psychosynthesis," *Journal of Humanistic Psychology.*

Corlis and Rabe in their book written for the psychotherapeutically
oriented reader, describe the "Image Technique" as one of many in their
chapter, "Toil and Trouble: Techniques."

The fantasy is responsive to mood, and intent, and is
the very stuff of which imaginative problem solving is made....

In contrast to the work with body sensations, there is
considerably more variety in visual constructions. For that
reason there is no way of predicting at all what will come up
with the use of the image technique. (p. 77)

This charming book which converses therapy rather than theorizing
or analyzing therapy leaves the reader with a feel of the contact sought
between therapist and patient. Grounded in existential-phenomenological
developments of the present it is more a sharing of the therapists' cre-
ative moments as they move with the here-and-now needs that present
themselves. For the reader curious about what goes on in psychotherapy
it removes the shroud of mystery often imagined by the layman. I found
it of particular interest in relation to my own experience in psycho-
therapy and my ongoing interest in facilitating psychological growth and
well-being.

Rahe B. Corlis and Peter Rabe, *Psychotherapy from the Center: A
Humanistic View of Change and of Growth.*
Campbell claims the source of myths which regulated and taught various cultural groups in the past is the unconscious. Looking closely at dream material he suggests man again may find appropriate universal myths which can help regulate and unite diverse groups all over our planet.

Sam Keen, "Man and Myth," A conversation with Joseph Campbell, Psychology Today.

This past summer my enjoyment and appreciation of Frederick Perls' "free-floating" autobiography was doubly increased. Spilling out his frustration, anxiety, doubts, elations, confusion, and other assorted feelings about his writing as he writes, I often found good company for my own fluctuating discipline and to-hell-with-it moods. There is much to be learned from this man in this book as well as what is to be learned from him as sample of writer, psychiatrist, and man. I have purchased Gestalt Therapy Verbatim, and judging from my response to In and Out the Garbage Pail, as well as friends' recommendations, I anticipate delving into this more solemn volume. For those interested in using gestalt techniques in the classroom I would also like to recommend an attractive little book, Anger and the Rocking Chair. It is about gestalt awareness of children.

Frederick S. Perls, M.D. Ph.D., In and Out the Garbage Pail, Autobiography.

Frederick S. Perls, Gestalt Therapy Verbatim, Ed. John O. Stevens.

Janet Lederman, Anger and the Rocking Chair.

Dahms, in his book Emotional Intimacy, uses a model to describe a hierarchy of intimacy. Though interrelated and all of importance the
three levels are: INTELLECTUAL (Ideas, Words, Roles, Games, Defense), PHYSICAL (Touching, Proximity, Hugging, Caressing), and EMOTIONAL (Mutual Accessibility, Naturalness, Non-possessiveness, Process) (p. 20). A very practical and easy-to-read book, Dahms argues that to live fully, to be fully human, persons must be developed in all levels. Self-defeating behaviors learned through acculturation and assisted by narrow concepts practiced in our educational institutions have frozen many people at the lowest level (INTELLECTUAL). A vigorous worker in the area of human growth and development, Dahms stresses not only the necessity, but the "reason-ableness" of cultivating intimacy at higher levels. The implications of exploring and becoming acquainted with emotional intimacy are that much unlearning will have to be undertaken.


Richard Jones, in a more elaborated book, makes similar plea to teachers functioning in classrooms everywhere. Though not a handbook, his text may evoke practical applications from the teacher somewhat developed in the affective or emotional domain. For the teacher that fears an emotional climate he may produce some questions. Written in response to Jerome Bruner's failure to recognize that teachers could not use affective curricula materials appropriately if they had not developed a personal capacity to handle the emotions associated with their meaning, Jones touches on one of the major problems in education.

Richard M. Jones, Fantasy and Feeling in Education.

In a more recent book filled with activities and examples, as well as rationales, John Mann uses a humanistic approach that is definitely
academically-oriented. He calls his approach "the internal curriculum" and discusses areas such as meditation, body awareness, environment, visualization and imagination, creative expression, body awareness, empathy, values, will, paranormal abilities, movement, roles, conditioning, emotions and the integration of human functions. In a more general and lower risk way, he looks at many of the same phenomena in the classroom that Corlis and Rabe consider in the therapy session.

John Mann, Learning To Be: The Education of Human Potential.

Becoming thoroughly confused with the various definitions of, philosophies about and approaches to curriculum, I found an application created by Paul Klohr to be immensely helpful. What he proposes could probably be used as an "overlay" on any other approach or description utilized in the study of curriculum. Moving from noun to verb he identifies two crucial elements, "energizing" and "integrating." If curriculum has anything to do with learning and learning maintains the necessity of process, then it must belong to that which we identify as "living." The ecologist serves as example when we view curriculum as the energizing and integrating aspects of all living things.

Paul R. Klohr, "Seeking New Design Alternatives."

Moshe Smilansky, a visiting professor from Tel Aviv University (Professor and Dean of the Department of Educational Sciences), Tel-Aviv, Israel, provides a definition for curriculum which I feel comfortable with. I quote from my notes,

Curriculum is a configuration design for the fostering of the socialization of children to promote their self-identity and coping capabilities toward emerging futures they will encounter or build.
In addition to the richness of the actual experience of a two-quarter seminar with Moshe Smilansky, I have notebooks full of relevant information related to educational development and a collection of important papers. In a historical account as well as an examination of the process, he reports on major school reform in Israel.

Moshe Smilansky, "School Reform As An Approach In Macro Development."

The following is an examination of the role of developer:

Moshe Smilansky, "Socialization for Development: Some Principles Relating to Roles."

A paper prepared by him and his wife, Sara, also a visiting professor from Tel-Aviv University (Department of Psychology) provides practical knowledge as well as an approach filled with hope.

Sara and Moshe Smilansky, "The Use of Preschools for the Intellectual Advancement of Culturally Deprived Children."

Having the good fortune to also have Sara Smilansky as an instructor my first quarter at Ohio State, an outgrowth of the content of that course became an actual research study. Completion of the report was accomplished just recently.

Sara Smilansky and Ross L. Mooney, "An Experiment in the Use of Drawing to Promote Cognitive Development in Disadvantaged Preschool Children in Israel and the United States."

A study using socio-dramatic play in a similar way is reported in:

Sara Smilansky, The Effects of Socio-Dramatic Play on Disadvantaged Preschool Children.

Way discusses the importance of drama in development in his book, Development Through Drama. This book is easy to read and provides many concrete suggestions for implementation in the classroom. In Chapter 2,
triangular effect is strengthened from the sides of my temple to a spot somewhere at the base of the center of my front rib cage. An increased awareness is felt and choices are made. Some strain is felt as the pen tries to transmit the simplified yet concentrated form I feel. Strokes are often made before the choice to make them. They are usually satisfying. The image is never adequate but the attempt at completing the concept is rewarding. As I thought of my state, my relationship to the members of my committee as I attempted to make my own breakthroughs in my growth, I also experienced a feeling of closure. To illuminate this experience was to separate it from others. Not to deny the other connections, but to simply close them out in an effort to make this one event more lucid.

Three yellow leaves took form. I began the fourth and felt distraught. I could not complete it. A small portion was drawn at the base. Something was apparently wrong. I knew the last yellow leaf was impaired. I left it not knowing how to illustrate it. There was some sadness and some anger, some frustration and an insistent feeling to repair or revive.

I moved to feelings whose representation were more evident. The member I have worked with the most needed to be in the upper right hand corner. I knew not why. I tried to get a feeling of the corners by drawing a red line from the red in my nucleus out to the symbol that was to be drawn representing the committee members. The incomplete leaf presented a problem. Again I left the problem and moved to the apparent. There was no question about the color. I have usually seen this person as a sun figure without the harshness of the sun. There is a vibrancy,
"Consider a Human Being," he proposes that the person has seven dimensions that need development. All of these dimensions are readily and easily integrated through the use of drama, or more clearly as Sara Smilansky describes it, "socio-dramatic play." (The emphasis is on the process of being and doing, not on the performance or product of preparation.)

The dimensions he identifies are:

1. Concentration
2. The senses
3. Imagination
4. Physical self
5. Speech
6. Emotion
7. Intellect

These dimensions of a person must first be discovered within their own resource. From this posture persons may move outward to personal release and mastery of their resources; sensitivity to others within discovery of their environment; and enrichment of other influences both within and outside personal environment.

Brian Way, Development Through Drama.

John Mann in his chapter on "Meditation," (Learning To Be), gives an overview of many processes for meditating and some specific meditative exercises. I am beginning to think the word "meditation" is as ambiguous as the word "curriculum." Regardless of its connotations and implications, Mann, too, agrees in the benefits derived from meditating. Common to all practices seems to be increased awareness and ability to concentrate. All processes require discipline of the meditator and do not promise quick results. To be effective, practice should usually be on a regular practice over a long period of time. Most meditation
procedures require a quietness on the part of the meditator.

Transcendental Meditation (TM) is a procedure for meditation that is being marketed on a large scale. It is a process wherein it is claimed the meditator comes to receive an improved physiological state and use of the mind. TM is grounded in the Science for Creative Intelligence (SCI). Several articles have appeared in recent magazines in the past year. The first discusses TM as it is directly useful in school curriculum.


Kenneth Goodall, "Meditation As a Drug-Trip Detour," Psychology Today.


Raths and others address just the area of values alone and offer a process for determining a personal value. He calls this the "values-clarification approach." In the book he gives 7 steps, but in a lecture in 1970 he announced he had grouped the first three steps into one. The rational approach he uses is based on choosing. (Charles Jung makes distinctions for ability to choose according to the level in which the Self has evolved and would probably find Rath's approach inappropriate at all levels.) In brief Rath's steps are:

1. CHOOSING FREELY
2. CHOOSING FROM AMONG ALTERNATIVES
3. CHOOSING AFTER THOUGHTFUL CONSIDERATION OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF EACH ALTERNATIVE
4. PRIZING AND CHERISHING
5. AFFIRMING
6. ACTING UPON CHOICES
7. REPEATING

Louis Raths, Merrill Harmin and Sidney B. Simon, Values and Teaching.

The instructor that asked me to bring him an envelope of bits and pieces as my final work at the end of a quarter, loaned me a book which has had definite influence on my way of looking at research. Out of print, he loaned me his only copy. The Vermont Story is an account of research undertaken with schizophrenic patients. The approach was flexible and open to alterations. All persons within the institution participated in trying to facilitate the movement of patients getting better. This included patients. As the patients moved from one level of responsibility and complexity to another they also had the choice to make visitations ahead or to return to a former level according to how they felt about it. Patients also regulated their own use of drugs. A remarkable number of patients were released and continued to function satisfactorily in the "normal" world and many others were able to live comfortably in half-way homes.

I found this approach for increased responsibility and complexity applicable to the public schools. It is an unnecessary limitation to only move students from one level to another beginning in the fall. The only reasonable rationale is to do so for office and scheduling efficiency only. I was also impressed with the research techniques and the trust involved in letting persons function largely on their own feelings. There are strong implications as to the positive use of lay people in various "specialized" fields.
Another book this same professor put me in touch with is *Elmtown's Youth*. This classical sociological study makes clear the stultifying effect social position has on the future of a young person. As I re-think this account I relate it to my poem, "Faculty Baroque Ensemble." In rejecting expectations held for me at various levels of schooling, I went beyond the projections others held for me. How many persons never see these alternative possibilities?

Rupert Chittick, et al., *The Vermont Story*.

August de Belmont Hollingshead, *Elmtown's Youth, the Impact of Social Class on Adolescents*.

Schmieder posits a somewhat "mind-boggling" but optimistic view about resources. He insists that resources do not exist, they become. Therefore, the more educated the mind of a person, the more the resource creation of a single mind exceeds the needs of that person. Assuming that minds are going to indeed be tapped and persons are going to have the opportunity to be educated, the population explosion will provide more potential for increased resources.


Somewhat in contrast to Schmieder's optimism is Toffler's popular *Future Shock*.

Other popular writers that have had definite influence on me but for whom I do not have a specific work I want to include, are Fuller, Piaget, Illich, William Glasser and B.F. Skinner. My most vivid contact with Ivan Illich was in a lecture two years ago. I used many of Glasser's group techniques during the last year I taught and feel I probably would not have made it without them. In contrast to what he prescribes,
we had circle group once a week because it took exactly one entire morning to work through the violence aroused at simply getting into a circle. Once ready to work, the students (sixth graders) didn't want to stop. Being bell-oriented to go home for lunch, it was almost as complicated and disruptive to disassemble the circle. The exercise of getting into a circle at first appeared almost insurmountable, but that in itself was a worthy exercise. Finding the circle group satisfying seemed to cause increased self-discipline in the process of physically moving into it.

I believe the one most simple and useful thing I have learned from Piaget's studies is the reality of the evolvement of abstract thinking. A good example is reading problems in math. Many times students are paralyzed with this task and take on negative attitudes about themselves and mathematics when in essence the task laid on them was impossible in the first place. Henderson, the visiting professor I had from England, continuously stressed age-appropriateness. A clear example I recall from his course was the use of a time-line. He estimated most children can in no way comprehend the meaning of a time-line until about the age of 16. Think of the idiocy of having children repeatedly doing this task for which they have no way to integrate the significance. Consider what better things might be done. What of studying heroes instead of making chronological records of past events? This last proposition is the kind of thing that Leopold attempted in the study I described earlier.

In criticism of school curriculum I want to include an old favorite,
a spoof that does an excellent job of mocking the absurdities we continue to exercise. For satire on common school practices I recommend,


Two other old favorites that continue to hold much meaning for me are *The Art of Loving* and *Summerhill*. Fromm and Neill both have other popular works out, but these selections continue to be especially meaningful.

Erich Fromm, *The Art of Loving*.


Faulkes has written an excellent basic and simplified book on the understanding of sleep and dream research. Written with the layman in mind, it was recommended to me as probably the best published of its kind. Although much research has been done since publication, especially some related to parapsychology, this is an excellent beginning place for those who want a general understanding of the process.

David Faulkes, *The Psychology of Sleep*.

A book written for juveniles helped me to grasp a better, and again simplified knowledge of an area of which I have interest, but do not desire expertise. Much of the literature I have been into talks about the mind (brain). Feeling inadequate in my efforts to relate to some of this jargon I read the following. (This book also gives an interesting and systematic explanation of evolution and makes some reference to the functions of a computer.)

Judith Groch, *You and Your Brain*. 
In addition to Huber and Alpert transcending Western ways and touching in with the East, is another charming and fanciful real life story of a Westerner who goes to Japan and takes up archery with a Master there. Since he was a Westerner, he had a difficult time convincing the Master to take him and a more difficult time learning the art. After about six years he does succeed. The Master's way of "instructing" appears to be an anomaly to the Western-oriented teacher. Rarely did any conversation take place. The Master, so delighted with Herrigel's success, gives him his most treasured bow. Herrigel does an excellent job of trying to explain how this experience changed his life in subtle yet positive ways.


*Be Here Now* is good sample of the transcendental, mystical, magical tour; it represents the cosmic view of man.

Baba Ram Dass, (Richard Alpert), *Be Here Now; Now Be Here*.

Jack Huber, *Through An Eastern Window*.

Krishnamurti, in a more recent work, *The Impossible Question*, proposes a most refreshing and provocative viewpoint. If man is concerned about the plight of the world, if man desires to live more fully, free of fear, violence, fragmentation, conditioning, dependence, etc., then he must first free himself. Krishnamurti claims that it is possible. This is the threshold where man must begin; this is the center for which man can take full responsibility. Speaking in seeming paradox, Krishnamurti excites my imagination and confounds my intellect. He claims that such tranquility can be found, (of which the owner can still be active
in the work-a-day world), and that in this state there is no further need for the process of dreaming. He is a proponent for staying in the now and observing the self in a continuous learning from self-discovery.

J. Krishnamurti, The Impossible Question.

Characters and concepts continue to creep into my thinking as I try to communicate or make sense of more abstract thoughts. These come from two books of fiction. One is This Perfect Day. The other, a well known one, Jonathan Livingston Seagull. This Perfect Day is a future fiction about a world in which the computer is God. Everything is regulated and perfected. Self-determination and emotions are unknown. Living robots, persons, obey Unicomp (God computer) and do not question their obedience. All is bland. And then there are occasional genetic "slips." The main character of the story is born with one green eye. With that eye came a bit of questioning. Struggling to dare to question in a placid world of conformity where question is pitied as mental disease and those who are diseased get larger doses of tranquilizer, he finally breaks free and thus an adventure ensues. This is a very easy novel to read. My daughter read it as a freshman and related to it immediately. Much of what is happening around us is not that different from this world were people are doped to keep them in line. It provides superb reference for those who recognize diversity as necessary for continued life.

Ira Levin, This Perfect Day.

Jonathan provides analogies for many views and many viewpoints. He is cogent reminder that the "oddball" may indeed be on the cutting edge
of something better. Again there is much to be said about conformity and habit and the dangers inherent in them. It is delightful and poetic reading.

Richard Bach, *Johnathan Livingston Seagull*.

Two other important poetic books about the experience of Self living life are *Notes to Myself* and *Centering in Pottery, Poetry and the Person*. In the first the author, Hugh Prather, has made public notes he wrote for himself while attending his growth and unfolding as a person. They are experience as being experienced. They are incomplete in the sense of growth being developmental, but they are complete in the sense of the moment. The book can be opened anywhere and read for a minute or read through completely. There is an aliveness in his human experience; his falterings and his achievements are there; that which feels static is often prelude to that which is mobility; that which shows movement often moves to a place of rest. It is almost as if the book breathes. The style of the writing and the format of presentation are natural. My youngest daughter was more interested in the way it was written than in what was written. She was surprised to see that there were other ways to write other than in paragraphs with titles and subtitles and punctuation. As she looked through the book and appeared to feel an attachment and fascination with the variations of two leaves used to separate the flow of thoughts, her fingers reached out and touched many of these symbols. In this creative act I suspect a lasting note was made in her as to better and more personally satisfying ways to order.

Hugh Prather, *Notes to Myself*. 
Centering was given to me in the past year by my yellow committee member. Each sentence, each paragraph, each thought, each page, each section, its entirety, is a work of art. Richards’ dialogue shimmers for me. It is so intense, so full of meaning, so direct and honest, so provocative and yet healing, I can only read her for short periods of time. I am charged everytime I look into this book. I am at a loss to be analytical as to what she has done through her writing, through her living. It would indeed be humbling to attempt to paraphrase what she has said. It is a beautiful book. It is not an easy one, but probably one that continues to be on and off the shelf of persons moving with their own growth and development.

Mary Caroline Richards, Centering in Pottery, Poetry, and the Person.

"Picture" books I have that I have found to draw me to them and tease and satisfy me with a mix of tranquility and excitement are:

Jean Leymarie, Who Was Van Gogh?, (includes many pictures of Van Gogh's works).

Not Man Apart, Ed. by David Brower, lines from Robinson Jeffers, photographs of the Big Sur Coast.

Ernest Braun and David Cavagnaro, Living Water.

Appel's Appels, a catalogue including 77 color photographs of his paintings and sculpture, excerpts from writings and pictures, etc. of Karel Appel, contemporary Dutch artist.

Ammons is a poet who speaks nature. He has been a companion to me in many moods. One particular poem speaks direct to me about growth and the pain and confusion and eventual order and beauty that comes from that growth. In closing this section on literature, I would like to share that poem with you.
a radiance, a quest for life, a joy, a clarity, an intensity, a warmth that could only begin to be portrayed with a pure, bright yellow. There is also some historical influence, for he has announced how a yellow flower served as an umbilical cord to connect him with Nature. Since the drawing he has shared with me a recent poem describing an experience of exquisite beauty experienced through a forsythia blossom.

Design was no problem either. Several months ago he had drawn for me a representation of a new source of energy in his life. It was a four-petaled design, also, but one petal was enlarged. I used this design. The results were pleasing but the symbol was bare and abrupt. Thinking more of rosette-type designs such as might be found in stained glass windows, rather than flowers, per se, I decided there should be a circle as a holding base. Immediately I reached for a fresh shade of green, the color being much like new blades of grass. I drew the circle behind the flower, but it does not encompass the irregularity of the flower. I was stroking in the green choosing to give texture to this base. I realized the green was going to be too much. A moment in my feeling state and I selected a rich yet soft blue, similar to the water, a clean blue lake, or perhaps sometimes the sky at twilight. The green predominates, but the blue was a happy addition. Since then I've wondered what it meant to me. It was a much needed contrast and somehow I felt happy with the representation. I do not recall at what point I added the radial lines of red, suggesting movement or flowing energy originating in the nucleus.

I had thought briefly several weeks ago that each person on my committee represented a color for me. The basic colors were red, yellow,
MUSE
from the dark
fragmentations
build me up
into a changed brilliant shape,
realized order,
mind singing again
new song, moving into the slow beat and
disappearing beat
of perfect resonance:
how many
times must I be broken and reassembled!
anguish of becoming,
pain of moulting,
descent! before the unending moment of vision:
how much disorder must I tolerate
to find materials
for the new house of my sight!
arrange me
into disorder
near the breaking of the pattern
but
should disorder start to
tear, the breaking down of possible return,
Oh rise gleaming in recall,
sing me again towering remade, born into a wider
order, structures deepening,
inching rootlike into the dark!

A.R. Ammons, Northfield Poems.
You, now, will only integrate
What I've said that fits in you
The other heard, may sit and hold
And return to you in memory
Perhaps disguised
But meaning clear
When meaning links in your own Self
And likeness shows
Untiringly
That human stuff (though in varied robes)
Goes on and on
And yields so constant
In species one.

What you resist, affirm, reject
All that I've said
Remains to be
Explored
For what in you and me
Can be flaunted brave
With certainty?

And what we've missed
Can be blamed less on fault
Than readiness
For in looking back
I see I often write
Before the fact
Before I know the wisdom spoke
And question remains
As to clarity.

My song thus sung
Leaves sentiments
And melodies fade in and out
And furnish me the rudiments
To orchestrate for others now.

So pause with me
Listen near
Let emerge your imaginings
Perhaps you'll have a song to share.
IN REFLECTION

In proposing self-development as a viable alternative for teacher education, I have continued with the theme of my self-development and made the writing of my dissertation developmental. In paying close attention to the content I have chosen to share that describes for me what I found as developmental, I come to a new crossroads. I can now examine those writings and learn again new significance relevant to me and perhaps relevant for others.

I have composed two lists. One list is a partial collection of what I have come to observe as benefits for me as a result of the process of writing about my graduate education. I used this list as reference for completing this paper; I chose not to include the list per se. The other list is a partial collection of what seemed meaningful to me that might in some way be meaningful for others (p. 288). I use the word partial, for in development, nothing is ever finished. I do not believe it facetious to hypothesize that for every statement stated, in the process of considering, implementing and discarding that statement, more than one other statement will come to mind.

I suspect many teachers are ready and eager to proceed to higher levels of human functioning in the classroom. Given the environment and the human support, I am optimistic in believing that these teachers could make phenomenal leaps in the quality and the alternatives of instructional settings they could provide. I base this assumption on my belief that teacher-as-person can free up enormous amounts of energy
in concert with students-as-persons. Given the excitement and creativity that a cluster of teachers could generate within a single institution with the proper environment and human support, other teachers resisting growth would be able then to make smaller moves of their own. However minute, a bit more of humanness, of understanding, of enthusiasm, of empathy, of caring, is one more bit. The accumulative effect can only spin on to more fulfilling returns. Not that I am suggesting that such a plan would be easy, or obvious, or foolproof. In attending to what is developmental, of the hypotheses tried, many will be let go. In the spirit of growth and human caring, support and caution must accompany these hypotheses, not condemnation and punishment.

I have identified two elements crucial to any major expectations of teachers' growth and development,—proper environment and human support. Being an "outsider" I can set up the conditions to provide experience intended to cultivate human support, but I am almost at a total loss as to provide a proper environment within a given institution. A "proper environment" must be a part of, and in interaction with, those stationed in it. Therefore, I will focus my attention on the element of human support.

I see two major groups that I would like to work with in a long-range effort to provide teachers human support. They are key persons which from my observations usually appear to need to practice and learn how to provide human support to others.

One group would be acting principals within reasonable proximity to each other geographically. I see no particular need to have them
from one school system. Principals have a Herculean assignment. Becoming supportive of each other across boundaries of grade level, location, school system and any other status classification, is of itself a promising proposition. Being asked to attend many inner-system meetings where the same problems are laundried over and over but never hung out to dry, I sense that the principals go bored, leave bored and more discouraged, and find little, if anything, that helps renew them in a way in which they have more energy and enthusiasm to share with their staff.

The workshop I have in mind would help alleviate this problem.

The other group would be an entire college faculty responsible for the preparation of teachers. This to me appears to be more nitty-gritty to take on. Education professors are so accustomed to exercising what they perceive as their autonomy, that any group effort immediately seems to suggest a personal loss of identity. Nevertheless, to get in touch with what's actually happening out in the public schools is to know that previous fragmented attempts for preparing teachers (and administrators, etc.) have failed dismally. To rupture such entrenched programs is no easy task. Immediately a claim of helplessness may be invoked as to the impossibility of doing things differently due to college standards and state certification policies. This is a tough problem, but it does not keep the professor from coming to his student-colleague as person. Many trick their minds and manage to stay inactive by failing to recognize the extent of alternatives available simply by "being."

For a faculty to become supportive of one another does not mean that autonomy will be lost; in fact, I see no reason why autonomy wouldn't
be facilitated.

Perhaps this whole proposition appears presumptuous to you. How could I, student and elementary teacher, offer an experience to two such powerful groups of people that could be of any import? How could I? Because I have learned and I am convinced that persons who take on the role of "helpers" or "supervisors" fail when they do not recognize what it is the "helpee" or "supervisee needs or wants from them. They can play all sorts of games in their head to keep from recognizing their failure, (including not asking those they intended to help and guide) or to put the responsibility of the blame somewhere else, but the failure remains.

I speak as person when I say to those in these "power-granted" positions, "Listen carefully to me. See me. These are the things that really made a difference for me. Trust me. I want to share that which was life-giving to me. Try some of the things I offer. Let me know how it is for you. I want to learn from you. I want to learn from me. I want to learn. Try some things you want to try that I do not mention. Let go of some previous ways of viewing. Observe what happens with you. Report it if you wish. Together we may discover some very important things. We may break out of our perceptual molds. We may be in for a big surprise."

A WORKSHOP IN SELF-DEVELOPMENT

"When you flourish, a hell of a lot more zip goes through your trunk."*

*In conversation with Ross L. Mooney.
Purpose

The purpose of the workshop in self-development is to aid all the participants in becoming active partners with themselves in attending to and facilitating their own self-development.

The following workshop is designed to be as easily and readily implemented as possible. It is also quite flexible and could be adapted to almost any inservice training situation. Being quite cognizant of the financial problems plaguing college education faculties and public schools, I have skirted away from activities and engagements of a costly nature. If additional monies were to be made available there would be many excellent considerations such as a retreat with visiting specialists in a secluded country setting. People, time and circumstances would contribute to the selection of cost events.

My purpose here is to be as realistic as possible. Using myself as soul resource, the investment I would ask for from the college faculties or public school systems would be bona fide released time for one-half day of the work week for a period of six consecutive months. I would need a comfortable meeting place and a minimum of materials with which to work. In most instances those materials could be taken from the general supply and hardly missed. There are several activities I would ask individuals to provide for themselves. Monetary compensation for these activities could be provided for in the budget. It is hoped that if it is not, individuals will see fit to arrange for something on their own at whatever cost is reasonable for them. That is part of the purpose of the workshop, to find alternatives that might not ordinarily be considered.
Assumptions

There are three basic assumptions underlying the process and content of the workshop. The first assumption is that while school principals and college professors have extensive training in their profession and experience doing their profession, their personal development has been left in most part to chance. This is a critical point. Combs, Mooney and Dahms all refer to a three-fold program of providing education in a sensitive and balanced way. They all mention deficiencies in the area of personal or self-development and a need for remediation in this neglected area. Few educational programs pay attention to the most vital spot of the learner, his center, his innerness as a functioning, processing human being. In a similar three-fold consideration Rogers looks at three basic criteria for the selection of students almost guaranteed to thrive under their own self-direction in a graduate education program. The considerations of the above-mentioned authors when reading across from "Emotional intimacy" and "Intellectual intimacy" show remarkably consistent dimensions. (See Table I: Three-Fold Emphasis for Human Growth and Development in Balanced Educational Programs, p. 278).

Acting on out from this first assumption, the concentrated effort of the workshop will be to alleviate deficiencies assumed to be resultant of culture and former and existing educational programs.

The second assumption is that the workshop is to be directly concerned with the self-development of the participants and any growth they may experience as a result of their involvement in the workshop will naturally flow into their way of being and doing at work. Underlying
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Emotional Intimacy</th>
<th>The discovery of personal meaning</th>
<th>An opportunity to value himself as a self-generating learner.</th>
<th>Degree of empathic understanding</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Physical Intimacy</td>
<td>Provision of practical experience</td>
<td>An opportunity to intimately share with teachers who are revealing themselves as self-generating learners.</td>
<td>Spontaneous curiosity and originality exhibited.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intellectual Intimacy</td>
<td>Exposure to ideas</td>
<td>An opportunity to become richly involved in subject matter, methods, and materials for learning.</td>
<td>Intelligence; problem solving.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Criterion for selection of graduate students


this assumption are decisions that have far-reaching implications. No coercion will be placed upon the participants to attend or to do the activities of the workshop. No measurements will be taken in relationship to the workshop of them, or teachers or students under their supervision. Trust in the naturalness of behavior when it is appropriate from the inside out must be exercised fully. Participants who feel pressured to outwardly demonstrate growth or no growth is in conflict with the nature of self-development. Belief that a higher level of functioning on the part of the participants will make it possible for a higher level of functioning to take part on the part of their supervisees makes it essential to trust the participants to move in their own time and in their own way. In offering the participants what is expected to be "life-giving," in whatever way they find life and meaning they can offer it to others. To assist the birthing chick by helping it to emerge from its shell is to cause its death; to pry open a rosebud is to bring forth a deformed rose. Participants must feel free from having to show they are applying what they are learning in the workshop.

Patience over long-termed evolving studies is often misconstrued as failure. This needs to be understood before the workshop is determined.

The third assumption is that my experience of self-development is in many ways common and generalizable to others members of the same species. Underlying this assumption, the content and process for the workshop is drawn from my source and my experience in self-development. If this be so, then all the participants in the workshop also have a source of their own. The differences in the expression of that source
green and blue. None of the persons could be adequately described by one color. A fleeting memory stirred in my mind. It was from a book written by Carl Jung. It has something to do with a man's dreams. When blue was finally included in his dreams, making an arrangement of four, rather than just the three former colors (red, yellow, green) he had confronted a problem holistically and had received insight and satisfaction from his action. It seems there was some religious significance for him and the inclusion of the blue was the inclusion and acceptance of the essential feminine quality into the whole. It somehow had to do with the unavoidable failure of any structure built on the Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. This memory comes to me now as I write. (I was exposed to Jung and read some of his books eleven years ago. Two years ago I reread The Secret of the Golden Flower.)

I moved to the lower right hand corner. This was the member I had seen as red. I started out with the intent of a six-sided figure. First would be a red triangle holding the nucleus. Behind this I would do another triangle to attend to other feelings I had when I held this person.

I had met this person about nine months ago. We have not had a lot of contact; much of it has been on an informal or spontaneous basis. Word from other students was not consistent so when I first went to see him my expectations were far from being solidified due to the diversity of opinions. I was also shaken at the time for I had experienced a sequence of inharmonious events, culminating in a kaleidoscopic event, which I will discuss elsewhere (p.71). Being upset over other events, I was not sure I would even be able to talk with him. I was on the verge of tears and the conference was just ill-timed, so I thought.
are at this point considered to be less significant than the commonalities. If in studying carefully my own humanness in the process of growth I am sample of human species, then in activities and events that helped my evolvement there is good chance many of these same activities and events will help others. The probability of this being increasingly so beyond the elemental fact of being human is based on similarities in culture and professional choice, preparation and experience. In the process of the workshop participants will be encouraged to draw from their source and to offer those things which emerge as facilitative to their growth. Thus the content and process with which I will begin will be continuously enriched, enlarged and altered. By the end of the workshop, if all goes well, the content and process will be arrived at cooperatively. Perhaps as teacher I have more to learn than anyone.

Objectives

I have four objectives in mind for the participants of the workshop. (In a larger sense they are unified to provide four foci to one objective.) The objectives are also for me. The objectives of each individual in the workshop are solely their own. They will have opportunity to make public what their personal objectives are and in such a way influence me or the direction of the workshop. As we progress, a need for clarification of existing or additional objectives will be likely.

The first objective is for all participants to make conscious effort to stay alert to what is happening as it happens. The emphasis is to attend to what is now rather than what is expected, outcomes or past experiences. Activities are designed with the intent of helping partic-
participants increase their awareness of the moment in which they are living. In a way this may be thought of as developing concentration as well as awareness.

The second objective is for all participants to expand their perceptual field for the viewing of alternatives. The emphasis is to attend to what is now. Hopefully this expansion will include seeing, imagining, inventing, considering, altering, implementing, and discarding alternatives. If this is achieved on a level of Self in personal life transfer is expected to apply to social life. In a way this may be thought of as practice in problem-solving.

The third objective is for all participants to be able to experience more fully persons and situations which are "not me" and "not mine." This may be called the developmental of empathy. It is often risky business to let go of Self long enough to visit other Self and then get back to own Self. Experiencing what is "not me" or "not mine" tends to illuminate the experiencer with a reality of "more like me than I thought" or "more like mine than I realized." In so doing, sensitivity, understanding and caring are more likely to influence the experiencer's behavior. Communication has better chance to take place. Dahms discusses this more thoroughly in his Chapter, "Need for Intimacy." 32

The fourth objective is for the workshop to be an ongoing research effort. A search, or "re-search" effort will permeate the workshop. Participants will be encouraged and supported to take on a "Let us see

what happens," "Let us look," "Let us try and see if it seems to work," and "Watch carefully," attitude. The fact that the workshop is very open gives it more chance of stumbling on to some highly valuable insights. From the workshop other similar research efforts may evolve as well as traditional experimental studies born in this creative environment.

**Beginning Posture**

I have in mind a set of guidelines with which I would probably begin the workshop. I hesitate to call them guidelines because I do not intend to be limited by them. If at the time of beginning or at a later time a guideline seems to no longer be fitting, a decision in that moment will have to be made. The decision could be to drop it, keep it, change it, evaluate it, or set it aside. Therefore, at the time of writing a description of the workshop, I have simply stated what I think would probably be a sound beginning posture for me. After experiencing a workshop I might have a clearer idea as to the posture I would take, but that must always remain open to the moment, the setting, the group with which I would work and me. I do see it as essential to have firmed up in me a place from which to begin.

1. Participants are everyone in the workshop, including myself. Objectives I have in mind for participants are objectives for myself. If I would help the group to work toward better empathic understanding, I would work toward better empathic understanding. I would not ask the participants to work on anything that I would not work on. I will work on the same activities with a spirit of personal meaning
and purpose unique to me; I would hope individuals in the group would also work in the activities in the same spirit of personal meaning and purpose unique to them.

2. All participants have a choice as to whether or not they will engage in any specified activity. They will be encouraged to try all the activities and to attend every workshop, but I will make personal effort not to use coercion or subtle punishment when participants reject an activity. In working on my trust of the participants' wisdom in timing I work on trust of my own wisdom in timing. I would intervene if I felt a participant struggling or ready to make a choice to try a new activity. This choice to intervene would be determined by my artistry as teacher and person in offering human support. If I succeed in helping a person take a step toward living more fully we can learn from that. If I misjudge and a person appears to regress and become more withdrawn, closed, resistant or whatever, we can learn from that. Sometimes a backward step is taken before a forward step. The process of observing what we do as we do it is keenly involved in participants' choices to take a risk. The rationale for encouraging participants to try activities is that the more they experience the more opportunity they have to learn. The more they learn the more they have to choose from that can provide them personal meaning. Participants always have the choice to refuse to do what I ask. There is a vast amount of learning for participants in allowing them to make this choice.
3. Participants will be asked not to interfere with others' choices. If an individual wants to sit out an activity and observe, or leave, he is totally free to do so. If necessary, he will be asked not to throw obstacles in the way of participants choosing to do an activity. Intellectualizing about the activities will be strongly discouraged. We are so well versed in intellectualizing—about we continue to defeat ourselves when it comes to actual doing. The workshop is geared for doing and being. Now!

4. Purposes of activities must in the end be determined by the experiencer. I intend to give out very little or any information about what I think the purpose of an activity is. Again, it is a research effort. We will try something and see what happens. Participants will be encouraged to search for their own meaning and purpose. What ushers from their well-spring is uniquely theirs. They will be encouraged to actively contribute this or other ideas to the content and process of the workshop.

5. Participants will be assured again and again that everything they are asked to do is done in total seriousness. In no instance is an activity chosen to belittle, embarrass, trick, expose or defeat an individual. They will be asked to trust me in the selection of some of the activities for they at first may seem bizarre. If we do not get to the bizarre, how can we extend our perceptual field?

6. Formality will be discouraged throughout. We are very well-prepared in formality in our professional roles. This again limits the perceptual field and becomes prohibitive of authentic human interaction.
I will make every effort not to respond to Dr. or Mrs. My name is Mary. I like the name. If participants want to name me another name, be it slang, projection or what, I can accept that and will try to respond. I will attempt to address all participants in an informal way. Again, they have choices, too. If a participant insists on being called Dr. or Mr., etc., then I will make an effort to call him that.

7. Throughout the workshop I will continually make invitation for participants to use me as a resource. Participants will be encouraged to arrange individual conferences and to call on me if they find they are having difficulties, etc. I would make myself as available as I possibly could, keeping in mind that I, too, have limits and that it is my responsibility to maintain what I need to have for my life. In my experience a significant condition of human support is to know that a person cares and is truly available and to know that they will not let another usurp their time. Knowing this often seemed to preclude my need for asking for time or help. Part of this knowing came via their offering. Receiving human support, my need for it diminished.

8. What participants wish to disclose to me in individual conferences is assumed to be confidential. If they choose to bring such revelations to the larger group, or others, they may do so, but again that is their choice. If what they bring to discuss with me seems relevant to be shared with others I would ask them to, or give me permission to, share it. The individual’s choice would be honored.
Some of what would come to happen in the workshop through simple sensitivity would be kept confidential.

9. Participants will be encouraged to increasingly use each other as human support. Part of this will be accomplished by working in small groups. If the opportunity arose, I would gently intervene to initiate invitation between persons to support one another. Trust, authenticity and cohesiveness in the group are essential to making this a fertile individual experience.

10. All participants will be asked to keep a log about their workshop experiences. They will be encouraged to expand their log-keeping to include other experiences. I, too, would keep a log of workshop experiences. I would make extensive and detailed documentation of the workshop and any significantly-related experiences in the interim. I would expect a wealth of resource to come as a result of this documentation. It would provide me personal learning as well as social learning. It would be a source of ongoing evaluation of the workshop. It would facilitate my own self-development.

Activities: Content and Process

Following are fifty activities that could be used in the workshop. They should be viewed as "starters" and not the content and process. I find it useful to have in mind a set of activities that I view as possibly conducive to the self-development of the participants. This provides me a base to begin from, to work with and to germinate other activities from. Activity in mind, persons assembled, creating begun, the spontaneity of the moment is apt to take the participants anywhere.
As teacher my capacity is put to the test as I move with the movement.

The starters are written in a manner of process. This is my way of "lesson plan." Providing myself a mental framework in "as-iffing" a potential experience, I rehearse a sequential flow. The reader should bear in mind that pauses of various length will occur in the sequence. Also, that as the experience emerges I may deviate from the anticipated sequence. Supplementary explanation, encouragement and provocation would occur in the unfolding of the activity. A starter may become a unique and separate experience for each participant; it may become a unique communal experience. There is virtue in allowing for creative utilization. The starters are not stated in a sequence I would follow. There is not a necessity to use all of the starters. They are simply a source to draw from. Other starters will emerge as the workshop proceeds. The first starter (on keeping a log) will probably be initiated the first day of the workshop. The fiftieth starter seems like a good one for the last day of the workshop. Starters for consciously choosing a strength and a weakness to work with will probably be introduced early in the workshop. The starter for the autobiography is now envisioned with a basic plan. That plan is to start the participants on a private autobiography half way through the workshop (in three months). One month later, the beginning of the fourth month, participants will be asked to start a public autobiography to share with other members of the workshop. The fifth month the sharing of the autobiographies will begin. This provides a month for examination and review of one's most private, darkest and innermost thoughts; a month for what is seen as
shareable; and a month for cooperative examination and learning from the commonalities and diversities in the autobiographies. Underlying this extended activity is the belief (from my experience) that such a progression is holistic and natural and provides powerful resource to the persons engaged in it.

I have a hunch that most of the starters will bring such a wealth of meaningful content and process into the workshop that a major dilemma will occur as to how to honor all that is relevant and meaningful to the various participants. This has always been a problem for me in my teaching. Small group work may provide more opportunity for learning from the participants' own sources but the task that may be most challenging for me is to come up with starters that provide opportunity for appreciating that which has been started. Perhaps the participants can help me with this.

**Starters**

1. I am going to ask you to start today to keep a log of every workshop experience. This log can be in any form. I do not expect you to show it to me or will I ask to examine it. It can be on bits and scraps of paper. It can be writing. It can be drawing. It can be taped. Better yet you will enter things in your log in between the workshop experiences! Record with abandon. If you feel it necessary, keep your log under lock and key. If it is dynamite, at the end of the workshop burn it. Or sell it as a bestseller. I am very sincere in asking you to keep a record of each workshop experience soon after you've experienced it. I ask you to do this because in so
doing I'm convinced you will derive more benefits from your investment of time and energy.

2. Think of some things you do very well. Think of the ways in which you feel strong. What kinds of things do you do with confidence? Select one thing you do well that you enjoy doing and/or would like to do even better. Throughout the workshop that will be called your strength. Later I will be asking you personally what you chose as your strength. I will be asking you how you are cultivating that strength. I will be interested to know how you are getting on with it.

3. Think of something you are convinced you will never be able to do well or to do at all. Think of something you might possibly work with. Think of something you feel you could not possibly work with. Think of something you would really like to learn to do or to do better. Think of some behavior in which you feel little or no confidence in executing. Think of your weaknesses. Select a weakness you could elicit courage and perseverance in which to work. Be extravagant. Throughout the workshop this will be called your weakness. Later in a personal conference I will want to know what you selected as your weakness and your plan to work with it. I do not expect any giant steps. The teeniest step toward becoming less weak in what you perceive as a weakness is a profitable step. This can be a personal or professional endeavor.

4. When you are at home relaxing, being your most casual self, what do you wear? Is it comfortable? Is it more comfortable than what you
SELF-DEVELOPMENT: AN ALTERNATIVE APPROACH FOR TEACHER EDUCATION

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate School of the Ohio State University

By
Mary Alice Garrett Martin, B.A., M.Ed.

* * * * *

The Ohio State University
1973

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Approved By
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Department of Education
When I went in to meet him, only having heard rumors of how he looked, I was immediately comfortable. Energies flowed, barriers were not felt, my sorrow became tucked away in a holding place, and an excitement and anticipation became grounded between two human beings who obviously could communicate with each other. This has not been a common experience for me. Many times I have been told and have experienced that I tend to hide myself, remain aloof and reserved and only after some trust is established, do I carefully remove that cloak. This behavior has been usually consistent though I am now making conscious effort not to do it. I unabashedly moved right into his space. Once I had a verse nearly completed in my head (alas I didn't get it down and it is lost) as to how it was when I was with him. The image was his mouth represented a cavern. It was a safe, cozy and enlightening cavern. Almost like a mind in a skull. It also provides closure. The dynamics we experience cannot tolerate much intrusion by other persons. They do not disappear; they just change. In the presence of a third party they cease to whirl and bounce and take on the delightful drama of children pretending whatever their minds can muster.

If his symbol was to be basically red, then the nucleus would probably be in contrast. I held this person and concentrated deciding on a moss or olive green and a brown center. As I look at the nucleus now it is pleasing to me. The association did not present itself before, but it is almost like the odor of moss in an evergreen forest. This person has a very earthy quality.
are wearing now? Next week we will have an unmasquerade party. Wear exactly what you wear when you are just messing around the house not expecting to see anyone. This includes what you do to your face and hair. Is it too extreme? Then compromise. Be casual. Inside and outside. This is your assignment for next week. Come dressed "down."

5. Today we are going to practice the usage of foul and course language. We will write all the cuss words, slang, uncouth jargon, etc. we can think of. We will scrawl them with felt markers in large writing on these large sheets of paper as well as on the chalkboard, like kids do in the restroom. You may want to pretend you are kids in the restroom doing this. Perhaps when you go home you might like to take a bucket of paint and paint some words on the sidewalk and the side of that cranky neighbor's house. Outdo the person beside you. Be competitive. This week practice saying these words. A good place to really practice is when you are in your car with your windows rolled up and the traffic problem and idiot driver problem is getting your goat. This is the time to yell them with gusto. Watch your feelings as you work. If it is very difficult for you to practice this type of language try whispering. What happens to your body when you talk differently? Perhaps you might like to write an ode to four-letter words. Perhaps you would like to write a skit wherein the main characters are very stupid, almost illiterate. Would you like to recite your ode? Would you like to have your skit performed?
6. Search for something that you take for granted over and over again. It can be a thing or an event. It might be an ant, a bird, a flower, a rock, shaving, your spouse fixing dinner (or something they always fix), sounds in the morning, your secretary's task, a weed, a habit, saying "Good-by," brushing your teeth, crawling in bed, tying your shoes, blinking, a cloud, the rain, turning your key in the ignition, etc. Concentrate on this taken-for-granted thing or event. Explore it. Get acquainted with it. Go on to another one.

7. Are you a dream recaller? A dream recaller is someone who remembers dreams they have during sleep. All of you do dream. That seems to be a fact. Those of you who recall some dreams, try recording them in your own way. Telling may help to give you insight into their meaning, but the process of recording is often more revealing. You might like to do a mini-drama of a dream you find interesting enough to explore and share. We can move with this in any way you wish. For those of you who do not recall your dreams, keep a tablet and pencil by your bedside. Make an effort to remember your dreams. If you are still fuzzily staying with a dream try to jot down some things on your tablet before you are fully awake. Waking up naturally may help. Unnatural wakening devices hamper your chances for recalling. You might ask someone to gently waken you and ask you questions about what you are dreaming. They could then report back to you when you are awake.

8. I am going to try to help you relax your body and relieve yourself of tensions. Then we will try to pay attention to the feelings going on in our body. You may want to do more of this on your own.
9. Pay attention to your body. Observe your body parts. Decide on some activity that you will engage in as a gift to your body. You are your body. Loving and caring for it is loving and caring for your being. Think of a body part you think is inferior or unattractive. Stay with the thought. Think of a body part you think is functioning very well. It may also be attractive. Stay with the thought. Exchange some of your thoughts with each other. You may be surprised to learn that your thoughts about your body may be very different than what others perceive about you. Do something for the part you feel is inferior or unattractive. We will return to this assignment in several weeks. Try to work with the thing you are going to do on some regular basis. What happens?

10. Experience the sea. There are many, many ways to experience the sea. The best way is to go to the sea. You figure out a way to experience it and do so. Do not share the plans of your strategy until everyone has had an opportunity to try to experience the sea in their own imaginative way. Would you share the "how" of your experience?

11. When was the last time you did something very sexy? Are you satisfied with your response to this question?

12. Arrange to spend, hopefully, a minimum of twenty-four hours in solitude. The more you cooperate with this exercise the more you will experience it. It may be necessary for you to rent a motel room, cabin, etc. in order to accomplish the solitude. The woods are very good. It would be most favorable if it is a quiet setting. Have a
supply of food and drink but preferrably avoid anything more than
mildly depressant or stimulant. Arrange to be protected from phone
calls, work, people, books, radio, newspapers, clocks, TV, etc.
Permissible are blank paper and pens (colored are best) and records
and tapes of music only. Try not to have any contact with any per-
sons. Report or record data about this experience. If you wish,
share it with the workshop. Remember, in our culture this is not
an ordinary experience.

13. If at any time you feel in any way poetic, stay with the feeling.
Write your thoughts down. If you are not accustomed to writing poe-
try, jot down the descriptive words. Are they corny? That's mar-
velous. Being corny is fantastically human. Work at being corny.
Write a corny verse. Write a corny love letter.

14. Do you have a playmate? Someone with whom you really enjoy playing
and being with? If your answer inside is affirmative, invent a new
dimension to your play, something exciting and different. If your
answer inside is hesitant or negative, look for a playmate. Dili-
gently. You may have to take some risks. Be frivolous. Set aside
time for playing.

15. Select a child you have an opportunity to observe, and better yet,
relate to. Think of the child as your teacher. What do you learn?
Try not to teach the child what you know. Be dumb. We'd like feed-
back on this one.

16. Find a person considered to be somewhat in a "fringe" group. You
decide what "fringe" is for you. In my case two of these persons
were a medium and an astrologer. It could be a person racially, socially or ethnically different from you. Make conscious effort to communicate with this person. How is it?

17. Look around your home or place of work for junk. Create something from the junk. It may be useful. It may be totally non-functional. It may be pleasing to look at. It may be blah. It may be bizarre. The only requirement is to turn pieces of junk into a composite. By all means consider bringing this to the workshop next week. On completing your creation what did you want to do next?

18. What is something you would like to do that for some reason you cannot seem to make or allow yourself to do it. It can be something you see as good or bad. Watch yourself closely the next time you keep yourself from doing it. Draw a picture and try to show in visual form an obstruction that keeps you from moving into this new behavior. We will talk about this. If you can do anything with the obstruction, demonstrate it through another drawing. If necessary, make a sequence of drawings. It is not important if your drawing in your drawings is lousy. They are not for display. They are to talk back to you.

19. Today we will work with breathing. Write a definition of breath. Try to write your own. Do not be a dictionary. Maybe it would be easier for you to write a mini-essay on breath. Now we will do some breathing exercises together. I recommend you practice them daily. They can be done most anywhere and anytime.

20. Set aside a chunk of time to observe the eyes of persons around you.
Develop your own way of recording what you observe about others' eyes. What do you find? Make direct and deep eye contact with someone you are comfortable with in the workshop. If you like you may try someone you are not comfortable with. Describe the experience. The next time you are aware that you have glanced away rather than to make direct and deep eye contact with someone you do not know very well, you dislike, or you do not know at all, try to come back to the look and stay with it. What happens? What do you see? What do you feel? Develop your own eye exploration exercise. Consider sharing it.

21. Think of a book you've enjoyed that has no direct implications or relations to your professional work. You may go back and pick up one from childhood. It can be any kind of book, on any subject, fiction or non-fiction. If you have the book and do not mind loaning it or showing it, bring it with you next time. Find a new book in an area that is almost totally foreign to you: hard, easy, extreme, just so it is strange to you. Read it. Find a picture book. Look at the pictures. Look at the pictures for a long time.

22. Think of something or a time in which you experience exhilaration. What elements went together in your life that may have contributed to this sensation or emotion? In some art form try to symbolically represent the coming together that made you exhilarated. Or was it a coming apart? Do you have something you want to say about this?

23. Think of someone with whom you identify. This can be a movie star, football hero, colleague, imaginary person, parent, TV celebrity,
author, anyone. This can be in the present or in any time in your life. When you are that person what is it that seems to give you satisfaction? Can you itemize some of these things? Is it easier for you to identify with something other than a person? An animal or a phenomena in nature? Could you do a mini-drama for the workshop in which you will be what you identified with?

24. What is a route you take regularly? It can be in your car or in your home or in your place of work or in your neighborhood, etc. Take a different route. Pay attention to what you experience. Do not be preoccupied with the most efficient route. Pretend you are an explorer.

25. The next time you "do your thing" professionally, make some videotapes. Preferably make one of your "audience" and a simultaneous one of you. If you can only do only one tape, do your audience. If you cannot do a videotape ask someone you trust to be a secret, silent observer. The task is to note who in your audience is the most invisible. Who are the silent ones? Follow through in whatever way that seems fitting. Do whatever else with the tapes you feel warrants exploring. They're packed with information.

26. There are many ways to meditate. Today we are going to experiment with several simple techniques. You may wish to work with this further. You may already be a meditator. You are encouraged to work with meditation. The benefits for you may be physiological as well as mental. We will not work with meditation regularly. This is simply an exploration into some processes of meditation. There are many ways. You may want to develop your own.
27. Think of something dirty. Stay with it. Can you think of something dirtier than what you thought of as dirty? Does the thought repulse you, disgust you, arouse distaste, cause you to recoil? Is it an awful thought? Stay with it. Your mind may want to sidestep thinking about it. If you catch your mind sidestepping bring it back. Stay with your dirty thought. What is the dirtiest thing you can think of? Investigate the dirt. (This exercise can be done with any descriptor.)

28. Do you have someone that you can spend considerable time with one-to-one? This does not mean existing in the same room, house or building. This means you and the other in concentrated attention to each other. You may talk or you may do or you may be, but you are to be conscious of the fact that you are matched to communicate at a deeper level than what you can expect in most relationships. If you do not have someone, your assignment is to search for someone that is willing to give you regular time in a one-to-one exchange. You may have to pay for this time. If you do, it may be a good investment. If you already have someone, your assignment is to deliberately and consciously set aside time for one-to-one experience with each other. Take it from there.

29. We are going to do an exercise that may help you re-experience a joyful event. Stay with your feelings.

30. Work on being sad. Does an event in your life come to mind? Move with the sadness. Could you get into your sadness to the degree that you could shed tears? This may be a behavior which some of
you have not experienced for many, many years. Is there some way the workshop can help you feel your sadness more deeply?

31. This week illustrate the concept of community through any media, preferrably in an artistic way. I would like for you to bring your illustration to the workshop next week. Given your illustration of community is there community in this group? Identify seven fears of engaging in community. They do not have to be your fears. Can you communicate the fears you identify through creative dance or charades? Music is available. You may engage others in your efforts. You may go solo or in groups.

32. Today I am going to tell you a story. It is a conversation I overheard in the restroom. Two teachers were talking over activities they had engaged in in an education course they were taking.

"Have you done your interview?"

"Yes."

"Who'd you do it with?"

"My student. Isn't he something?"

"He wasn't so bad as I expected, really."

"He came in wearing a T-shirt. I said, 'Put your jacket on.' He wanted to know why and I said, 'Because I said to.' He really got uptight about it. He said 'Don't you want to see my beautiful body?' I said, 'Yes, if you had one.'"

Make some assumptions about the persons in this event. Think of other real-life "put-downs." I would like to hear about some of the "put-downs" you thought of. This week watch carefully for "put-
downs" at home and at work. We should have some interesting reports.

33. Spend some time thinking about all the teachers you have experienced. Spend some time deciding on the teacher that meant the most to you in your growth and development, your being fully human. This week write a "Nomination for Distinguished Teacher of the Year" for this teacher. The teacher can be living or dead, retired or active, professional or in some other capacity. I am going to ask you to share your nominations. We will see what we can find that is common in them.

34. Reliable sources, including educational literature contain many positive accounts about the use of drugs, especially the hallucinogenic ones. We can talk about it. Do you want to do anything with this?

35. Are you prone to daydreaming? Let us cultivate the use of daydreaming. I will attempt to help you manufacture your own reverie. Practice these reveries on your own. Your fantasies can far surpass anything you will see on the movie screen.

36. Take a risk. Trust someone (or a group of persons) in a way that is different than you ever have before. It is splendid if you just happen to observe you have done this or you are in the process of doing it while you observe yourself. You should not feel badly if you have to consciously say in yourself, "I do not feel safe in trusting that someone, etc.; I will try trusting them." What happens?

37. Engage in an activity that appears senseless. Engage in it just for the experiencing of the senselessness. It does not count if the
The triangle turned out to be elongated. It was an arrow point. It felt very incomplete. The more I held this person and moved through the problems of trying to represent him graphically the more inappropriate the dominant red felt. I chose the soft blue I had used in the yellow symbol to fill out the sides and give some roundness to the symbol. I knew the symbol was still incomplete. I was not too pleased with it. Then I saw I could connect the blues by filling in with the moss green. It felt much better. Then I realized with a sense of relief that one more touch could complete the representation. I added yellow at the top. I captured the feeling of my going into his space. The warmth and the light that radiates from within the sometimes flamboyant nature, the sometimes plain or solemn exterior. Later I had the image of a tulip. I felt happy with the comparison. I decided the red represents his showmanship, his keen ability to capture an audience, clown on the stage while entertaining them and bringing them to laughter, and oh so subtly deliver his plea, his desire, his compassion to bring more humanness, more awareness, more sensitivity to the miasmic classrooms abundantly covering our nation.

I moved to the upper left corner. This is the corner of my chairman. I feel his confidence in me and the direction I am moving with the yellow member. He has a gentle calculating way of completing the business that needs to be completed, but I never feel that he loses sight of the importance of how that business is done. He is practical and has a clean way of helping me get hold of the practical side of my efforts. I feel very safe with him. I feel I can easily approach him, but there is a certain
activity is done with the expectation of rewards or for marketing purposes. The activity must be done without any expectations of benefits. It is a sense-less activity.

38. Create your own drama wherein you go through a scene breaking from family ties and/or expectations in real life or in a way you could fantasize. Stay with your feelings. What happens with your emotions? (You may call on your colleagues for assistance.)

39. Create a drama wherein you go through a scene of someone you know who you think would benefit from breaking from family ties and/or expectations in real life. Perform for the workshop. Be as big a ham as you possibly can. What do you find out?

40. Think about shadows. We are going to be silent for a long while. If you feel at any time you need something to think about come back to shadows. What were your thoughts? Think of an activity we could do working with shadows.

41. What can we do with anger?

42. This week have an adventure; step out of the boundaries you perceive of some activity or behavior as good or correct. Do it. Do not be inhibited by the consequences. Watch what happens.

43. In your own way make public an experience of caring. This can be in relationship to persons, living things, or inanimate things. What are others' responses to you? This can be a beautiful exercise.

44. Develop your own technique to practice caring in a way that is foreign or uncomfortable to you. Practice it. What do you learn? Is there something you would like to share?
45. In your own way demonstrate a way in which you make something "bigger" (you may have to add more parts, make it more complex, look in a larger context, expand a notion, etc.) to enable you to then see a smaller part more clearly. You may have to work on this one. How was the experience? What did you do?

46. This one may not be so simple. Make your own private plans to be in a setting with other people participating in an activity. The assignment is that you will go to this situation not knowing anyone there. You will go and remain as anonymous to others as far as you can in all the status things that people will easily stereotype you with. This is your fling to go incognito. Be careful about telltale accessories that suggest you are making a good income—elegant make casual clothes, fine watch, expensive pipe and tobacco, exquisite perfume, etc. If you have a fine car, borrow a rattletrap. If you drive a rattletrap, rent a fine car. Be extremely careful not to mention your college education or trips to other countries. Do not ask questions that will give you status information and provide you ways to stereotype others. Work at being who you are and attending the purpose of the situation. Interact with others, but experience who you are outside of role. Brace yourself. This can be a tough one. The longer you can stay or the more places you can go the more information you will get about yourself. Who are you when you are not an occupation? It is hoped you will report. If it is a bad experience you may later come to recognize it as one of the most important in your life. If it is a good experience you may later
come to recognize it as one of the most important in your life. What do you think I mean?

47. Think of a time in your life in which you were heroic or near heroic. Relive that time in your fantasies. Think of how you could share this event with others. If it is not too uncomfortable, share it. What does this elicit from others? Think of this same time in your life in which you were heroic or near heroic. Do you feel differently about it than before you shared it? How? Why? What happens? Do the persons you shared with have the same feelings? Responses?

48. What is unsaid in you about the workshop or to any person or persons in the workshop? If it goes unsaid we can never have the opportunity to work with it. Does anyone want to say something?

49. Write an autobiography just for you. Include much of your life. This is your private autobiography. This is your own conversation with yourself. Put as many hours into this task as you possibly can. This is not for a reader so you can write it as it flows, not as it needs to be for someone else to follow. Write an autobiography from your autobiography. This second autobiography is for public sharing at the workshop. Tell only what you want to share. It can be any time segment of your life and any length you desire. You may bring with it any products or other media that you want to share. You have one month to work on this. How do you want to share your autobiographies?

50. This is the last day of the workshop. You have lots of paper and finger paint. Express your feelings through this media. Have a celebration.
CHAPTER VII
RONDO
(Summary)

The rain is coming down
   In showers of ribbons
To be gathered up again
   In elusive vapor

The rain is coming down
   In showers of ribbons
To be gathered up again
   In elusive vapor

The rain is coming down
   In showers of ribbons
To be gathered up again
   In elusive vapor
Creation, Itself, Coming On

The fruit of the tree ripens;
it offers itself as seed for the morrow.

Creation creating, created—
and the createds now form
the source for creations
on their way to creating
creations, again, and new born;
the creators, involved,
to discover themselves
as means to the song—
and more—
as creation, itself, coming on.

Ross L. Mooney
The Seminar
December 15, 1970

The end of my first quarter at Ohio State; the end of the first quarter of a seminar with Ross Mooney; the end of what was planned to be one semester's leave-of-absence for professional study; and the beginning of new reachings for what I found to be life-giving. In reaching for life there is direction. The next meeting of the seminar was in the first week of January. We met in the perception laboratory and our teacher, Ross Mooney, demonstrated in an electrifying and emphatic manner, ways in which our perception deceives us and the urgency of the life/death choices being made in our time. That morning, with the exception of one remote chance at a job, I had no idea as to how I would continue my graduate education, but I was there and it was clear with me that I wanted more. That evening I got a phone call informing me that I had been hired as a research associate and that my application was probably the fastest ever processed in that institution. It was my birthday.
I tried planning out my life—it didn't work. It was the plan that didn't work. My life was working all along. Makes me think there are more good lives than good plans. At least I feel better living a life than living a plan.\textsuperscript{33}

Being required to construct a plan for my dissertation for the Graduate School, I wrote,

My study will evolve and be continuously influenced by my current states of being (the results of experiencing I am purposefully seeking; the results of experiencing due to where I am in time and space and the persons with whom I will come in contact; and the direction my Self will go as I am drawn into the future).\textsuperscript{34}

In anticipating what I would say in studying myself in the process of self-development as a graduate student pursuing a graduate education, I mentioned human support, roles and facades, activities, authors as resources and offerings I might make to other persons as individuals or as groups in institutions as to things they might like to try.

Several months passed before the writing began to emerge. At first it was in sketchy but concentrated periods of time. As it proceeded it became more continuous and flowing but still in concentrated periods of time. Without intent on my part the sequence in which I wrote became almost in entirety the sequence in which my paper is presented. The order in which material flowed from my pen seemed to be a natural order for the larger composite of which I could only wait to see how it would all come together into one unit. In living my life I had something to say. As I said what seemed important a plan emerged. The plan became


what I was living. The plan yielded to me. I sacrificed nothing through avoiding yielding to a plan. The only chapter out of order is Chapter One, and indeed I do not see it as out of order but in order, for how could I write an introduction to something of which I was yet to create?

Material is ingested and digested through interaction with that vital organization of the results of prior experience that constitutes the mind of the worker. Incubation goes on until what is conceived is brought forth and is rendered perceptible as part of the common world.35

Having brought forth that which has been incubating, I recognize with renewed fervor and awe the immenseness of the resource within a human being.

Karel Appel, 1969

As I see it, life consists of many skins that must be peeled off, like peeling a banana before eating it or better yet, like eating an artichoke, leaf by leaf until you finally get to the heart; only then, is my work finished, stripped bare and free of inhibitions and the so-called skins of the past. This is why some say my work is childish or stupid but to me it is as life itself. Changes or change of techniques can often work to expand awareness. Through concentration and practice, one can free the subconscious and make it known in art and by these means create the possibility to express oneself through the unlimited forces of the imagination based upon the knowledge of the wider memory of the subconscious.36

The observant reader can note transitions occurring from Chapter II on. Many continuums could be identified and my placement could be visualized as moving along those continuums. There is a set of continuums which in their polarities represent a wholeness. There is no judgment

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36 Appel's Appsels, Catalogue designed and printed by Rothmans of Pall Mall Canada Limited, photographs of Karel Appel's paintings and sculpture, excerpts of his writings, and biography, Canada, 1972, p. 57-58.
on one being "better" than the other. I see that I moved from inner to outer; from private to public; from dark to light; and from more dependent to less dependent. This does not preclude that at another time it might be more fitting for me to move from outer to inner; public to private; light to dark; and less dependent to more dependent. I have gone through some transformations. I feel them. I seduce them. I resist them. I ignore them. Nevertheless, the transformations represent a cogent reminder of what it is to be alive.

Acceptance is a part of love. It is devotion to the whole. When the doctrine of acceptance speaks of doing away with the categories of good and evil, it is not in order to turn everything into good, nor to turn everything into nothing. Rather it is to prepare a meeting between man and phenomena at a level free of category, of evaluation. This is a preparation for the acceptance of the 'is-ness' of each thing. Life then takes on its natural colors as natural values. We do not create them. Metamorphosis shows itself to us. We see our abilities transform themselves into each other. Emotions turn into physical symptoms. Bodily rhythm turns into feeling. Powers of growth turn into intellectual aptitude. Insight turns into countenance. We realize that we are educable. Diet affects inner capacity; meditation affects physical capacity. Everything we are and do becomes a calligraphy of gesture, inner and outer, which more and more we will learn how to read.

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amount of strength and motivation of the almost detached way in which he helps me to take new steps.

As I held this member in my being I had no image of a representation. I had formerly seen him as green. The concentration included a bronzish gold and a touch of pink. I decided to make the pink the center of his nucleus. There is something of the artist in him; a clearness, an appreciation of beauty. I was pleased with the pink. Holding a while I enclosed it with a small circle of gray. Now that I look at it it seems quite appropriate. That is the practical or business side of this artistic being. A rich, deep green seemed representative. I did not know what I wanted to do with it. I had a feeling of muchness and solidarity but not solidity. I began to circle the nucleus with short strokes of green. They were layered. The circle grew. The core of this symbol was centered. It was open. It could reach out and it could hold. Now I had the problem of what to do with the bronze. I felt an all round completeness which soon emerged into the image of a daisy. Something was not yet right and before I filled in the first circle of petals I again concentrated very hard, moving into this person as I held him. My first realization was that I had not arranged to include any part (color) of me into his symbol. It would be as though we had no common means through which to channel our likenesses. He had offered me my first opportunity to use a class session to present the ideas I was formulating into a Title III proposal for a middle school. I decided there was some of my blueness in this man. I blushed the base of each petal with the same blue. It was almost a joyful feeling that I had not overlooked this quality in him, especially
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from the intellectual viewpoint. I filled in the remaining circle of petals and sat back to check the feel of the symbol with my image of the person. It was incomplete. With a burst I knew there was much about this man I did not know and did not need to know. The feeling was of many and varied interests, many and varied experiences, a life filled-out. In the background I drew another circle of petals. I used the bronzish gold again, but I did not fill them in. An exciting pleasure came from the completed picture.

What I left for last was probably the motivation that aroused the need for the drawing in the first place. Although I had skirted the problem throughout the experience I had also been holding it. It was almost a ritual leading up to the climax; the encounter. I did not know what to do. With deep emotion I tried to hold the person and obtain an image, doing so separately from seeing me. There was something twisted. The image twisted around and then back on itself. It was almost like some one had "wrung out" a freshly washed garment. I could not see how it would turn out. I selected a dark aquamarine felt pen and my whole body sort of moved with the feeling of the shape. Having completed the outline I wasn't sure of what to do with it. Caring about the person there was some inner pain involved. The object was too small. Where I wanted it to look twisted, it only looked more narrow to the viewer.

Although I had formerly held this person to be blue I could only accept a mutation of a true blue. The basic color would have to be the aquamarine. The nucleus was an enlarged one with red in the center and a rim of brown around the edge.
I had not achieved an immediate feeling of comfort or relaxation in my first meetings with this person. I attribute this partly to the situations in my own life at the time we became acquainted. I found him likable. His laughter bubbles in my ears. There was also a whole realm of mystery that I felt he contained. It was perplexing and at the same time intriguing. In addition to what was cognitively evident I had a feeling he was filled with things I wanted to know about.

During the noon before my divorce hearing, by strange coincidence, I found myself lunching with him and two very significant friends of mine. The friends were effervescent. They reminded me of sparklers being whirled in the air on the fourth of July. That was an easy thing to see. I sat at the table and tried to feel an image for this member. It came with full impact. I had not identified it before, but it made a lot of sense to me then. He was like a pool of dark water. The pool was deep, the bottom could not be seen, but it did not appear treacherous. The darkness might be accounted for by the placement of the pool. It was a secluded place, heavy rocks set amongst lustrous grass. Such a pool can also reflect. It can contain the moon and the stars, the lightning and the storm. And thus, it is vulnerable to any reflection which can come to it.

Through the year the dark water image had held for me. It is not necessarily a negative image. Perhaps I am drawn to it because I sometimes feel very watery myself. The opening fly-leaf of my first Image Log is my reflection scattered in concentric circles of a disrupted pool of water. I saw that when the water became stilled I would be all together
again. Our Selves can easily get scattered like that but the integral wholeness continues to provide a tension which makes possible the containing of togetherness.

In the lower regions of this symbol was the nucleus. I'm not able to come up with any reasoning for its coloring. I just now noted that it was the inverse of mine and the yellow member at its opposite pole on the page. I did not think the word "pregnant" at the time of drawing it enlarged but I felt the concept. It was a feeling I had in holding his image that he was containing a lot of life and energy down in his depths but had not found a way to release it. A birth of some sort seemed essential. Filling the symbol in with the aquamarine felt appropriate. The symbol being small I felt it incomplete. I decided a gray border would be appropriate. Now as I look at it I feel the gray is a facade, a crust built up due to the lack of much energy exchange. It is a closure from the water that can be refreshing. I see that the top of the symbol looks like a drooping penis. I am disturbed. I did not intend to portray a sexual image. I wondered about whether I had portrayed a sexual image. I let go of debating about whether I did or didn't.

I know now what to do with the corresponding leaf. It is drying up. The flow of energy has been cut off. The red connecting line is drawn weaker than the others. Parts are completely missing. The connection is severed. A question comes to my mind as to how I will compensate for this imbalance. What action should I take? Will this leaf dry up and fall off without further impairment to the central figure? The top of the symbol being turned back on itself must also suffer from the severing.
I color the forefront brown. I am caring for the member as I draw.

There is something wrong. Something is too drastic. I study the representation. I concentrate on the image I hold. There is life there. It is red and yellow. It has penetrated the dark water. It is in the air. I draw it with tenderness. I believe in it. I may be helpless to tend it, but I feel joy to know that it's there. The "sprout" is tucked under the top of the figure. It is as though the symbol is saying, "It is mine. I must tend it. I will not share it. You cannot have it. I am afraid to expose it. It is so delicate in comparison to the boldness of the other figures."

I look at the composite on the page. I am startled with some of the aspects. I am moved by the representations. I look at the connecting red lines. I wonder why I didn't make them infinity signs. I put some red borders on my blue petals making infinity signs. I extend the yellow leaf reaching toward the yellow flower. It suggests the degree of energy and life I get from that source.

The red lines are not enough. There needs to be a unity. I wish I was skillful enough to show other significant persons in the design. I realize I hold each of these people. I draw infinity signs around the base of two petals and out to include each symbol. I am annoyed at the miscalculations. My error in drawing distorts the intent in my head. I decide to border my three complete yellow leaves with the shade of blue I usually represent myself with.

I have a feeling of satisfaction. I am tired. I am impressed. My drawing communicates.
I think of what kind of flower I might be. Possibly a columbine. They also come in two hues. I look at the twisted figure. A wild flower comes to mind; a jack-in-the-pulpit. In its natural state it would be erect, with only a small projection overhead. It is a watery plant. It can also contain water. The base is very often toned with deep blues and purples.

I don't know what to do with the drawing. The next day I looked at it several times. The following day I described their representations to the red, yellow and green members. I want to show them but I become more aware of the revelations in the distorted corner. It became clear. The member with whom I had failed to communicate must see the drawing.

Communication was experienced. The member was somewhat open and talked with me about the problem I felt. I thought some barriers came down.

I later thought about manipulating people. I have a great need to resolve misunderstandings which may or may not be mythical. In that sense I am manipulating. In a sense holding people may be manipulating. It is a bothersome concern. I have my preconceived notions of what I think are good choices for someone. When I hold them I hold an array of containers that can contain them if they move on to what I see as life-giving choices. In that respect I do manipulate them for if they are full of life and living, then I live more fully, too. As a teacher I will probably continue to make these choices. I know there has to be an extensive amount of letting go so the student can reach to their own inner source. I think to completely let go is not to care. In my case if I can help others to extend themselves I am extended.
I am tried after writing this. I have been trying to honor my feelings as much as I can. I "should" not be sleepy, but I am. I nap. I waken. I feel fear. My pulse is rapid. I am afraid to lay my feelings and innermost thoughts out for public view. I am no longer the wide open blue-petaled flower. I am frightened to hold that posture. I question my strength. I want to close up; to seal off. I have an insight. In holding the symbols on the page I am what I project. I am the twisted flower. I am the watery one. I am pregnant and resisting birth. These consequences may be shared, but they are all in my pathology. I see why so much energy was draining there. I see the importance of support from the member on the Southwest. Our struggles are not that dissimilar.

Note: On editing this paper for inclusion into my dissertation I came to realize with renewed excitement that I had identified my committee members as:

"Sun figure" : yellow
"Earthy" : red
"Intellectual" : green
"Watery" : blue

My conscious attention had been toward the feel for a balance represented by colors. On rereading this script I recalled a lecture eleven summers ago wherein the teacher, an advocate of Carl Jung, labeled the sides of a square with the words fire, earth, air and water. As I recall, fire was the symbol for intuition; earth for the physical body, nature; air for the intellect, spiritual; and water for the affect, the emotions or feelings. His point was that persons contain all four of these capacities.
It is to be expected that two capacities will be stronger and two weaker. Which two depended on the individual. The way curriculum is set up in our schools air is the only capacity emphasized. Some aspects of the other tendencies are denied and may even be labeled as "bad" or "evil." For those students who feel a natural strength with air, school may not be so abrasive. For other students school can only posit a continuous inner conflict.

My curiosity aroused, I located a notebook from this course. The notes are sketchy as we were told we did not need to take any and the instructor preferred we give our full attention to what was being said. I quote from my notes:

4 functions 1. sensation - earth  
                2. feeling - water  
                3. thinking - air  
                4. intuition - fire

Every individual has these in four proportions. A most developed one and a secondary satisfactory one. Other two are very weak.

(Clue: Do not expect pupils do-be same.)

(Clue: Study of history)

Extrovert thinks in facts.
Introvert thinks in ideas.

Extrovert finds significance in object-outside.
Introvert finds significance in inside.

Jung defines intuition, "a perception of realities which are not known to consciousness and goes ?? by the unconscious."

Combine extrovert and intuition. - Let's take a chance.
In Loving Memory

of my

Grandmother and Grandfather

Mary Emma Howard
1872 - 1942

and

Charles Thomas Howard
1869 - 1951
Well-balanced uses all four functions in relation to their own structure.

(A price must be paid for genius - they cannot be "well-adjusted.")*

* Dr. James Henderson, Instructor visiting from England, Summer 1962, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, Course: Advanced Educational Psychology.
CHAPTER III

ARIA

In private hours
It is I alone
Who sees in me
And feels my song.

What are the tunes
That come to be
In those long stretched hours
Of sleep and solitude?

They are my lyric
The primal mystery
The essence, the substance
The very core of me.

I feel you ready now:
The expanse of the arena
My smallness
The notes of my aria
    waiting in my throat
My breath in harness...

From the mouthpiece of my soul
From a sample of this human
From my single strand of song
Look with me for common union.
THE INNER SCREEN

This section is not entirely devoted to the phenomena of dreaming for my own experience with imagery is inclusive of dreaming, but not exclusive to dreaming. It is my attitude that our unconscious holds a wealth of information and wisdom for persons and that there are ceremonies other than dreaming whereby we can have transactions with our unconscious. In respect of what I believe to be the power of the unconscious and in my trust of its inherent value to the human being, it has been my intent to cultivate the circumstances to reap benefit from my unconscious as an inner source.

I have provided an account of significant and vivid transactions I experienced in the process of deliberately attending to my own self-development. Of necessity, some accounts of imagery and dreams have been included that are prior to graduate education. I believe they are directly related to the need for and event of personal growth during graduate education.

Also interwoven with events portrayed on my "Inner Screen" is much of my history. My history and the revelations that came to my mind as transpiring during or related to my past three years of graduate education provide a basis for all other sections of this paper.

It is my purpose to provide my experience as an example of the strength and well-being to be derived from paying attention to our "Inner Screen," that place within us which succinctly portrays, through integrated and concrete form, though not always visual, understandings which are a gestalt of person-in-universe, and which if confined to thoughts
and words would not be transmittible to consciousness. I am suggesting that due to the unfortunate circumstances of our culture (and our schools) adults must often make conscious effort to become acquainted with sources that were natural in childhood and have been meticulously undone by "educating."

**Coming of Age**

Although my family was open to the possibility of mystic experience, the usual every night dream was not considered to be of much importance. Perhaps this bears influence on the fact that there are only three dreams from childhood that I recall quite vividly. At a very early age I recall dreaming I could float over and down the stairs. I remember considering trying such a feat and deciding against it. Although I remember having occasional "bad dreams" the only one I can recall from early childhood was a train (pulled by a locomotive) plummeting down our attic stairs. It was filled with candy corn and used the candy for fuel. I was afraid because my bed was in its path.

The third childhood dream I recall was during early adolescence. We had moved in with my grandfather in the hills of West Virginia. I was sleeping with my sister in an old-fashioned fold-away bed stored at the end of the dining room. A window faced the east. The bottom sill was low enough to allow me to look out across the yard and driveway and see the foothills of surrounding mountains. A graveyard claimed the knoll of one. My dream came to be about the end of the world. Through this window I watched the sun moving closer and closer to the Earth. In terror I laid in my bed looking out the window as this demonous red-
dipped ball of death got larger and larger, closer and closer. About the time the window was nearly filled with that which was coming to destroy me (and the Earth) I wakened terrified. A tinney-white moon hung innocently over the foothills. It was passive and ghostly; cool and secret with mystery. I was alive and everything seemed o-kay. No dream was to equal the terror I felt that night until October 1969.

I don't recall any dreams during high school but I remember that we got in a discussion about our dreams in English class and when I had related a dream that included necessary reference to colors, the teacher interrupted and told me I couldn't dream in color. I was shocked to learn there was any other way to dream. I saw that she thought I was a liar, so I let the matter drop. It was bad to argue with your teachers.

The next dream to leave a strong residue in my memory came during the first two years of marriage. This would be between the ages of seventeen and nineteen. This dream was about my husband. It was very perplexing for me at the time and I questioned my integrity for dreaming such a thing. In recent years I have come to feel I have a grasp of the meaning my unconscious attempted to convey to me nearly two decades earlier. When in thinking through this dream which left such a marked impression on me, I can easily dredge up some of the same affect I experienced at the time I dreamed it. Affect in dreaming has become more and more significant to me. I suspect that part of the difficulty in the ordinary man believing he does not have the knowledge to understand what his dreams convey to him, is the emphasis on the meaning of the symbols. This dilemma may be in part a result of the abundance of
inexpensive dream "dictionaries" that encourage dissection of the visual experience without consideration for the affect, the total configuration of the dream story and the dreamer.

Of Age

During my second pregnancy I began to have a most distinct image. This image has become quite significant to me these last three years.

I would have moments when I would feel as though I was in a cocoon. The image was not darkened or without my usual visual surroundings. Once it occurred late summer as I stepped up on to the cement patio. I had been out in the yard. I was wearing my maternity swimming suit. It was a Hawaiian print; a rich bluish aqua. It was a very pretty suit and I enjoyed swimming and sunning in that outfit. I recall seeing myself at the moment of lifting my leg to step onto the patio. I felt enormously saddened. I felt so sad for me because I was in this cocoon and I was never going to get out. I wondered what my butterfly would be like. I felt I had this capacity to be a magnificent and highly valuable butterfly. Then I would scold myself. If I stayed in the cocoon I would not have to risk finding out that maybe my butterfly would not be one of beauty and special capabilities. If I left the cocoon I would be vulnerable to all sorts of dangers. I would tell myself I shouldn't think thoughts like that; that that was a foolish thing to think.

Once I mentioned to my husband the feeling of being in a cocoon and wondering what I'd be like if I ever got to be a butterfly. He thought it a rather peculiar thought and dismissed it readily. But the image was to return. Five or six years later it was more like fleeting moments
of a sort of momentary paralysis. After this wave of feeling would swamp around me like a sickening fear I would feel a lot of guilt and would consciously remind myself of how nice I had it. My life was filled with many good things. There were times of happiness. There was satisfaction. The feeling would be dismissed, unknowingly shut out, pushed down and repressed.

Two years later and at the age of twenty-nine, I was attending summer school to work off a requirement I needed for certification. It was my good fortune to experience a visiting professor from England. If I recall correctly he had advanced degrees in psychology, history and German. He taught the course mainly through the use of examples of literature. We spent a week focusing on Freud, a week on Adler and the remainder of the term on Carl Jung. He had studied with Jung. I believe he considered himself to be a Jungian disciple. He referred to Jung's teachings as they applied to persons and ultimately what went on in the classroom as "the gold in the shadow." The course was exciting, stimulating and most unsettling. His emphasis was that a person must first understand himself before he has the capacity to be a teacher.

I had very little background for such a class and only regret I might have been better prepared to understand more of what he was saying. Whatever the assortment of wedges I had found to keep the door cracked, this course was to leave a persisting desire to know and experience and to get in touch with my core, my humanness. I began to consciously pay attention to my dreams. I recorded quite a few. I used dreams as content for activities in my classroom. And I began to check out trying to
see students with conscious attention to what I might be projecting on
them.

The following autumn I had another exceptional and supportive teacher.
I began to take action on what I believed. The accompanying anxiety was
great; I was still extremely cautious, but I began to believe I just
might be right—at least part of the time. I wrote an article which was
to be published in the university's magazine. I was clearly labeled a
"troubblemaker" in my school system and began to experience the subtle
and sometimes overt retaliations of administration against teachers (or
anyone else) who stirs the water.

The last year I taught school and the year prior to my attending
graduate school at OSU I had a dream which ultimately became a turning
point in my life. It was the dream of terror I made reference to
earlier. As I wrote about my most terrifying dream in childhood I became
aware of similarities and differences in the two dreams that I had not
realized before.

It was late October 1969. I was thirty-six years old. My new
teaching assignment had proven to be a very strenuous one and emotionally
exhausting. Feeling as though my energy was draining off, a sensation*
I often have before an illness, I decided to take a day of rest.

I usually enjoy taking a nap. It has something to do with my energy
flow. A day of rest for me would almost always include a nap after
lunch. I don't recall what I did this particular morning, but I recall

* This sensation is a feeling of downward movement, especially in my
arms. It is almost as though I could look down and see something dripping
from my fingertips. There is also a drawing sensation similar to the
feeling of rapid loss of water from the flesh during extreme dieting or
under medication given to relieve the body of fluids.
nothing upsetting, strenuous or particularly eventful. It was a typical quiet, restful kind of morning when one stays home alone with nothing in particular in mind to do. After lunch I curled up in my queen bed set in a cheerful room of mostly light yellows and whites. I anticipated the luxury of a nap.

The first of my dream was like a visual affective summary of my life throughout childhood and adolescence. The only non-member of my family was my oldest sister's husband; he had been around for quite a while. My family was doing things together. We traveled by car; then we selected a boat and were to go on a pleasure boat ride. The basic feeling for me throughout this part of the dream was I was always included but never valued in a sense of consulting my wishes, etc. I was the classic tag-along; the youngest child of five.

It was a poignant summary of how I now consciously see a large part of my years of growing up. There was a feeling of resentment in me; a desire to have more recognition as a feeling, thinking human being that had some opinions about what we did, too.

I don't recall what happened between the onset of the boat trip and the following most significant scene. I was mature; probably in the present, alone and I don't believe clothed, but I don't recall my external looks for I was preoccupied with what was happening to me from the inside out. I believe I was standing in the center of an old-fashioned kitchen like several we'd had as I was growing up. I recall a door going into a hallway and the fact that the ceilings were high. I recall no other particulars about the room except that the floor was
covered with a linoleum rug and it had a design. I stood in the center of the room as though I had been planted in that spot. I don't recall trying to walk or move away or run. I became aware that I was shriveling up. I could feel this actually happening. I was filled with alarm and terror and hopelessness. As I become smaller and smaller, lesser and lesser I don't recall body parts with the exception of my right hand and part of my right arm. Again what I looked like from the outside was not what I was paying attention to. What I was feeling was happening to me was where my attention was. Feeling helpless as my existence was disappearing, feeling very sad about me, feeling there was nothing I could do, I still managed to keep my hand and arm extended above me. They were getting smaller but remained whole.

I heard footsteps from down the hall. In a weak voice I managed to call "Help" several times. I strained to keep my hand up so as it could be seen. (I guess I had the idea if someone took my hand and pulled I could be pulled back "up" to my normal me.) I was certain the person heard me. I thought the footsteps come to the door and stopped; I felt the person's presence or shadow fall across the room from the door. Somehow I knew it was a man but I wasn't sure who. I was sure he had seen me and would come to help me. Then I heard the person turn and walk away. It was a feeling of complete disbelief that anyone could be so cruel. I couldn't "hang on" much longer. I wakened.

I have experienced several "nightmares" and the resulting physiological changes that accompany them, but my physiological state accompanying the shrinking experience is by far much more severe than any I
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For the three years I taught in one school, I do not believe the principal once forgot to say over the intercom to the children each noon and afternoon dismissal falling on a snowy day, "DON'T TOUCH THE SNOW!" And that is how it is that that which is ours comes to require permission to experience or not experience. Our process of educating manages to corrode our thinking and create the need to hear permission to reach for the life that is already ours. To those persons who have said to me in their own ways, "DO TOUCH THE SNOW," I want to express my feelings of deep and warm appreciation.

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Paul R. Klohr
Ross L. Mooney
Charles M. Galloway
Lawrence J. Monroe

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To the Sprite;
had experienced before. I was perspiring heavily, my pulse was extremely rapid, my heart was literally "pounding" and my breathing was affected. The emotional experience was so traumatic I could only weep. I wept the greatest part of that weekend. I could not stop. My immediate conscious response to the dream was that I was either losing my life or my sanity. In either case I was dying and the death was occurring rapidly. I felt an urgency to discuss the dream although every time I would try to talk about it I would sob uncontrollably. After several scattered attempts I finally managed to get the major part of the dream told to my husband who remained indifferent to the dream and mildly puzzled as to my behavior. He said he did not know anything about dreams and he didn't want to talk about it. I believe this was my first fully-conscious realization of the enormous gulf that separated us. As I now think about his inability or unwillingness to be responsive to me it would seem as though he was the man who came to the door and turned and walked away when I needed him. I had never previously considered him as the person. I thought it might have been my doctor, my brother-in-law or a close male friend (all of whom are very authoritarian and whom remind me of my father).

In contrasting this dream with my adolescent dream of terror, I see a distinct inversion of forces and the manner of which I projected into life. In the adolescent dream I remained stable throughout the trauma. What would destroy me was in the environment, out there. What was out there was what was unstable, uncontrollable, expanding. In the shrinking experience what was out there was stable. What would destroy me was in
here, in me. That was where life was and that was what I was losing; what I felt I had lost control over. Whomever came to the door could not have helped me. I had to own responsibility for my life or die.

It seemed a long while before I had the privacy and trust of another person to try to share the dream. The affect was the same. (As I described the dream earlier I was surprised how much of the affect still exists in me.) This second person was sympathetic and understanding but at a loss as to how to comfort me. I began to write about the experience. By summer I had managed to consciously disown the meaning of death in the dream. In a copy of a letter (7-13-70) to my friend that I had discussed my dream with, I intellectualized,

I understand my October dream. No wonder it terrorized me; it should have. The only way I was able to interpret it was I was losing my life or my sanity. Now I see it as the stark realization of complete and total aloneness. My first interpretation was indeed close according to my understanding of Albert Camus: THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS. As Camus explains, when a human being becomes truly aware of his total aloneness, his desire for unity that can never be attained, his finality when he becomes only history, that that person might commit suicide, physical or philosophical, (which might include religions, concern for immortality, marriage, causes, clanism, etc.), or recover. Recovery never releases the individual from the thorn in his heart. Indeed the thorn must remain there to allow him a new dimension in awareness and consciousness....

The song I wrote seems to be in harmony with the philosophy of Camus. ...MY HURT IS SO DEEP, I UNDERSTAND NOT, IN TIME I'LL FIND COMFORT, IN TIME I WILL ROT. ROT AWAY HUNGER, ROT AWAY NEEDS, ROT AWAY HAPPINESS AND UNFINISHED DEEDS.

Late winter, the year of the dream of terror, I had a long illness. My image of myself the following summer was that of a cool, passive yet deliberately directed slow-paced snail. I consciously attended to my
diet, rest, exercise and activities with family and friends. I did a lot of reading and found myself absorbed in household chores that had not been of usual concern. Whenever I saw the opportunity I would try to describe my restlessness to my husband. He encouraged me to go to Ohio State to get my Ph.D. He reasoned I could stay in the dorm and travel back and forth on weekends. It was very important to him that his work and place of residence not be disturbed, yet he wanted me to move ahead with my interests. He was helpful in aiding me in whatever preparations I needed. Unknowingly he was facilitating the increasing distance that was to come between us.

First Year Graduate Education

For the first time in my life I had my own room, my own bed and my own bathroom. The solitude in the dormitory was delicious. I did not know anyone. I was saturating myself with recluseness. Sometimes I would lie awake just noticing that the only breathing in the room to listen for was my own.

I took five courses (15 hrs.) the first quarter. I had arranged my schedule to have my classes on three consecutive days so that I would only be away from home two nights a week. I was very industrious about my studies, for I wasn't sure how I would come out academically. I received an A from every instructor and in addition to being somewhat surprised, found it highly motivating.

I prepared a case for a sabbatical leave from my school district. It became obvious that confusion over budget would make it impossible for me to know in time if my request would be honored or not. My
savings were depleted. I was totally ignorant about fellowships, etc., that were available. There was only slight possibility of a teaching assignment in my department. If I could not locate a source for definite income I would have to drop out of school and pick up a teaching position at semester break. Three days into the winter quarter I applied for a fellowship a friend knew about. With his help I was hired as a research associate. If my work was satisfactory the job would be available for as long as I needed it.

My time away from home was now extended to four consecutive days and three nights. The inclusion of twenty hours of work and travel time getting back and forth to my job required an even more disciplined use of my time on campus. Being away from home more, I tried harder to attend to my studies while on campus, allowing me the opportunity to engage in family transactions as fully as possible while at home. I was hungry for my studies and found intense satisfaction in delving into content and exposing myself to lectures, concerts, etc. I was gaining reassurance as I again and again found support for many of the activities I had attempted as a teacher.

About this time I decided the only way to provide an alternative life-giving education to children would be through a privately supported school outside the system. I spent winter quarter putting together a major paper (an integration of all my coursework) on an alternative school. I even envisioned a structure and its physical organization and saw it in my mind on the sloping pasture beside my home.

Winter quarter at school was a quarter of putting-together. It was a productive one for me as I thrived on my studies, the increased
transactions with the "yellow member" on my graduate committee and the stable setting of my work which provided me a setting and time to enjoy some social life and develop more lasting interpersonal relationships. I was putting my activity on campus together in a way that could provide a place for me to be and a way to give back home. I was consciously trying to share my campus experiences with members of my family. The two worlds I was living in had not become distinct enough from each other as to make translations very difficult. I was thriving and coping.

Another important dream came at this time. I've often longed to have another such dreaming experience. It held for some moments as a complete, whole and integrated harmonious symphony of being. I was so moved that soon after I sat down at the typewriter and typed from my head phrases that described the dream.

DREAM

There are dreams of integration
and dreams of disintegration
of personality.
Dreams of disintegration I have many;
Desperate childhood attempts to be me, to be part,
to belong to a galaxy.
A dream of integration fed me.
On January 20 I drove a car
to a privileged place.
I was alone
and not at all afraid.

Up and down vertical hills—
My car did not fall off; I did not fear it would.
Then I was face to face
with a most magnificent sight.
I knew my visit must be brief;
I could not stay.
An ocean surrounded by mountains.
A tranquil ocean,
Crystal clear the world would say,
With calm green growth on gentle rocks
framing it.
This trip I could not stay;
I knew I would be back.

Then there were peaceful people.
They wore no clothes.
No one took notice.
Some swam.

The sky and the reflections
were not in bright of day.
Was it sunrise or sunset?
I could not know.

As is the case in many of my dreams, I am driving a car. This activity usually is accompanied by a problem or set of problems (e.g., My brakes have given out and I am plunging forward without any control; the car is traveling rapidly in reverse and I cannot stop it or get it in drive; I am in the back seat, etc., other people are in the way and I am struggling to operate the car from some position other than behind the wheel; I am driving on a road so steep [and often narrow and curvy] that I am frightened the vehicle will literally fall off, etc.).

In this instance I was driving this odd sort of yellow vehicle (car). I am alone and in complete control. The car is functioning perfectly. I feel no concern that I am alone and feel no fear that I will not have anyone to help me if I have any problems. It feels good to be alone driving. I approach a hillside (or mountainside) so steep as to be almost vertical. Now the road is a bit like roller coaster tracks. I am ascending the hill and all is going well. I remember that I remember that my fears of my car falling off steep hills is not present. I also remember that I remember I am not afraid to be alone or out of control. During part of the ascent I am watching from outside
the car as though I was viewing a movie of me taking this trip in my car. The hills are green with grass on either side of the road, or tracks. Then I am at the top. The road is no longer odd. I forget about the car. I am on foot, alone and the experience is spectacular.

The part of the dream that is most lasting in my affect is the sound. It is a sound I am at a loss to describe or identify with any other sound I know. It was a sort of hum or vibration and it permeated all. It was present and suspended the experience but it was not what I was paying attention to, not vivid like the visual experience. (The nearest description I can come to for sharing the sound is the hum of a wooden sailing boat when it maximizes the breeze and is clipping along in perfect harmony with the elements of nature. The craft I experienced would "sing." ) It was a joyful feeling and difficult to separate what was heard from what was felt. This sound held for me much as the strings in a symphony orchestra can maintain an even and continuing "sustenuto" while the other instruments engage in melody and rhythm.

I was on the edge of a body of water. The edge was different from a shore. I guess the reason the edge was different from a shore is that a shore is created by moving water (pulsating waves). This water was still, marvelously and tranquilly still. It was bluish and clear and clean, scrupulously clean. I did not question that it was anything but the ocean. I was interested in and delighted in the stillness but it did not seem extraordinary such as it would when rationally considered. I was aware that it was not bright of day but gave no attention to whether it was morning or late afternoon. My view widened and my
whole being continued to be thrilled with this spectacle I was being privileged to see. This body of water, this ocean that was more like a lake just small enough to allow viewing of all its banks, was surrounded by mountains. They were complementary in size, just high enough to make an aesthetically tasteful border. The mountains were rocky, but not jagged. I considered the fact that this ocean was at the top of a mountain(s), but again this fact did not seem extraordinary. There was rich green shrubbery growing amidst the rocks. It did not look like a planned garden for it did not have a formal or studied look, but the overall feeling was that the shrubbery was tended, cultivated and in its natural form displayed so as to be in its most pleasing state. I have no idea how long I stood there more or less not even aware of myself. I just soaked in the beauty, the peace, the harmony, and togetherness, the vibration, the joy.

Then I became aware that some people (adults) had come to the cleared area where I was standing. They seemed to be native to the area. They were peaceful and contented people. They did not disturb me, approach me or make me feel at all uncomfortable. They wore no clothes but the appropriateness of their nudity was something I did not consider. Clotheslessness was just fitting at this place. I was not preoccupied with the fact. One of the men dived into the water and I was aware they were going to swim.

It was time for me to leave. The spell was broken. I was grateful and at peace with the glimpse I had. I was a bit sorry to leave but I knew I had other things that needed attending to. I felt reassured
knowing I would be able to come back at some future time.

On waking I felt very refreshed. It was a most unusual dream. I thought it promising, but I did not understand why. My scant knowledge of dreams did not include Frederick Perls' ideas at that time. I saw the dream as possibly archetypal and considered the ocean as the center of a mandala—my center, a centeredness. What was most significant to me that winter was the fact that I had driven my car alone, successfully and without fear and it had been alright. The direction of my life, what I was doing, seemed to be sound.

Spring quarter completed, I left with my family to enjoy summer break at the beach. Without any warning I was conscious of, I awoke in the night with a severe headache (which then I attributed to allergies). My left nostril became engorged and my face and head on the left side throbbed in extreme pain. Past experience would indicate I would experience this pain off and on for two or three weeks; the attacks would last from 30-45 minutes; I would have from one to three attacks a day; on most days at least one attack would occur in very early morning; I would suffer from extreme fatigue after each attack; my nostril would burn all the time and would give me increased pain whenever I was exposed to cigarette smoke, perfumes, dusts and molds, and any other pronounced odors or polluted air; I would suffer some nausea and would generally remain sick-to-my-stomach; my eyes would be sensitive to light; during attacks I would often perspire heavily and occasionally experience dizziness; and in general I would be apathetically irritable. When I was not in severe pain, what I refer to as having an
attack, I would experience discomfort to the degree that I was con-
stantly aware of the aching. I settled in thinking in two or three
weeks it would be over and I would probably not be plagued for another
year or so. My first experience with this type of headache came at
age fourteen so I was familiar with the pattern.

I was puzzled to find myself in this state. I thought my circum-
stances had some influence on the occurrence of these headaches. It
did not seem to me that things had been that much out of order for me.
My health was much improved to what it had been a year before. I was
panicked, annoyed and irritated that this "affliction" had hit me. I
was working with an allergist and I began to complain loudly that I was
having so much pain. He wanted to know if I was upset over anything.
I insisted I was fine. Happy. I believed it. Matters got much worse.
Every weekend I would have unusually severe attacks. Some did not let
up at all for periods of as long as eight hours. Five weeks passed.
I was still in the heat of the attacks with no indication that the head-
aches were beginning to phase off. I had sinus x-rays. Nothing showed
up. My doctor was giving me all kinds and combinations of medications
which only increased my nausea. Twice he gave me an injection which
gave me unusual (but not total) relief for 24 to 36 hours. He said the
injections should have helped for at least a week or two. I had another
one of these injections under his prescription while at the emergency
ward of a hospital near my home. Again I had relief for less than two
days. I was barely able to attend to any of my school responsibilities
and through the graciousness of my supervisor, went to work only when
To Earth Man, for a brief week of integration;
To my student-colleagues, "teachers," and companions;
To Harold, Michele and Ginger Martin for their acceptance, encouragement, and lovingness throughout my efforts;
And especially Ginger, my living-companion, who many times over sustained and advised me throughout a wide spectrum of moods accompanying the creation of this paper.
I could manage. I thought I felt better when in air-conditioning and thus the decision was made for me to stay in the dormitory over one weekend to try to get some work done.

I so hoped to have a good weekend. My sleep had been erratic for five weeks. I went to sleep hurting and woke up hurting. If I dreamed during this period I was unaware of it. I think I may actually have been dream-deprived for it was as though I never really went "sound to sleep." Sleep was to be achieved only for brief periods of time scattered throughout the day or night.

I wakened Saturday morning with an attack, but not a severe one. I walked to the Student Health Center. I asked the doctor on duty to please call my doctor in Dayton to see what the injections were he had given me and to see if I could have another one so I could try to get some work done. I told him I was taking four different medications but I did not know what any of them were. He insisted it was not necessary for him to call my doctor that he had just the thing for me—it was a new drug and worked wonders on cases such as mine. He wanted to know if I was driving. (The state I was in did not lend itself to questioning; I was desperate for relief.) The inference was that I would not be capable to handle a car, but I would be alright to walk back to the dorm. I was directed to get the injection, go straight back to the dorm and go to bed and take a "nice, long nap." It was necessary for the injection to be given in the buttocks. The nurse asked me if I had taken this drug before. I said I didn't know, I didn't know what it was. She warned me never to drink any alcoholic beverage when taking
it. I still asked no questions and with the expectation of relief started back to the dorm.

I planned to nap and then get up and start on my work. I remember as I walked to the dorm that I began to feel a bit odd. Things did not look quite the same. The trees ahead of me were starkly pronounced. What I was seeing did not seem quite real. It was like looking through special glasses or machines to get a 3-D view. Everything was so distinct in its place in distance. I thought it must be my imagination and dismissed the phenomena. Returning to my room I was soon in bed anticipating a much-needed nap.

Saturday morning the dormitory was usually deserted and I expected unusual quiet. I expected sleep to come, but it didn't. I thought it odd but just continued to rest. I had yet to notice any relief in my face. I rested in several positions for what seems like might have been 45 minutes to an hour. Then I began to feel very strangely. My skin felt strange. It began to feel as though it was slipping around all over my body. I thought it might slip off in chunks. Alarmed I rolled over on to my back. For a moment I wondered if I was dreaming. I seemed to be very much awake. Then I saw that the soundproof squares on my ceiling were not square. They dipped and curled and continually distorted themselves. I was almost afraid to look. I checked out again to see if what I really saw was what I saw. Now some were a heavy purple and others were a bright chartreuse green—similar to color under a black light. My skin was all over. I began to cry. It was like I was listening to this cry I'd never heard before or maybe it was more
like the animal-sounding moans uttered in the last stages of delivering a baby. The sobbing was in enormous heaves now. It was a pathetic, desperate, hopeless, mournful, spasmodic sob. Breathing became labored. I couldn't understand why someone somewhere in that corridor would not hear me and come to my aid. (It happened the girl next door to me was in and did hear me and as she later apologized, did not want to intrude into my business.)

I had no phone in my room. The few people I knew in the dormitory were not there that weekend. Barely able to hang on to the particulars of what to do to phone I managed to crawl around on the floor trying to think of where I had some phone numbers. I thought of calling my boss but couldn't remember how to use information. About a week before a group of us had met at a friend's home as an extension of a student seminar. I found his number from the written arrangements. I found a dime. I can barely recall how I got down the hall to the pay phone. There are a few glimpses of supporting myself against the wall. I had one dime and one number. Fortunately he was home. When he and his girlfriend came to my room they immediately prepared to take me to the hospital. They kept questioning me as to what I had taken. An injection at the health center seemed unbelievable and they gathered up all of my bottles of medication to take with me for analysis. I found breathing more and more difficult. The sobbing subsided into some sort of unconscious state. I thought I might be dying but literally gave up struggling for breath. My friends tell me I became stiff.
Staff at the university hospital told us they couldn't find out what the university health center had given me because the health center's records were locked up at noon on Saturday and no one could get to them until Monday morning! No one had heard of or could locate the doctor I had seen, but I had his signature back in my room on a reference sheet to go to the allergy clinic the following week! Very few tablets were gone from my bottles and none of the medication proved to be in question. I don't think I remained unconscious for very long. I was told that since no one knew what I had had no one could really do anything for me. My blood pressure was checked frequently and I was being eyed as some sort of anomaly. It didn't seem as though I could be telling the truth, but it seemed as though I must be telling the truth. The worse was over for me and though I had occasional recurrence of the sobbing spells the nightmarish effects of the drug had left me. I never did get any relief for my headache.

I finally felt able to go home. The doctor there suggested I see a neurologist in the very near future. He gave me a prescription for a very fine pain killer. I said I didn't want it, I was afraid to take anything. He admitted that once in a great while this drug causes people to feel a "wee bit eerie" but that its benefits were so great I should try it. The prescription was for Tolwin. I did not try it. On Monday I learned the injection I had had on Saturday morning was Tolwin! I've wondered since about the physician telling me about the occasional bad effects of this drug and yet not having recognized them when he had just witnessed them.
My knowledge about drugs and their effects was extremely limited. My friends that took me to the hospital asked me later if I had ever experimented with drugs. They told me what I had evidently experienced had a lot of similarities to a "bad trip." Prior to the experience my attitude toward hallucinogenic drugs was that they were "bad" and only emotionally disturbed, foolish and unhappy people would take them. My nature was that I would not deliberately consume anything in which I might feel as though I was out of control. After the Tolwin experience I began to question all drugs, prescribed or over-the-counter. Curiously though I still retained an interest and desire to achieve some altered states of consciousness. Weil in his interest in consciousness and the value of and need to express nonordinary experience discusses the difference in straight thinking (what our universities tend to perpetuate) and stoned thinking.

Tools. Straight thinking and stoned thinking are two very different ways of using the mind, but I do not refer to two different groups of people. It seems to me that stoned thinking, like daydreaming, is a natural component of consciousness that all of us have available to us all the time. It predominates naturally in states of consciousness other than the ordinary, ego-centered waking state; consequently it correlates with drug use only to the extent that drugs are used intelligently as tools to enter altered states of consciousness. I know many persons who use many drugs and yet think in straight ways most of the time. On the other hand, I know a number of persons who are very stoned in their thinking and yet have never used drugs.

Straight thinking is ordinary thinking. It is what our minds do most of the time when we are alert and functioning in the world. It is what our conventional educational systems
reward us for doing well. It is the kind of thinking that now predominates in most of the institutions of our society. We are so used to it that many of us do not suspect the existence of another way of interpreting our perceptions of the world around us.³

In the past year I have read several interesting accounts about the different drugs and have found several persons who use or have used some hallucinogenic drugs and were willing to talk to me about them. I feel certain these persons' colleagues and families would agree with me that they are not only experiencing unusually good mental health, but are also bright, competent, dependable, creative, moderate and humanistically-oriented people. This is certainly not the stereotyped image that is prevalent for drug-users in our country today.

Huxley, an advocate for experimenting with drugs and legalizing them so as to assure purity, argues:

I am not so foolish as to equate what happens under the influence of mescaline or of any other drug, prepared or in the future preparable, with the realization of the end and ultimate purpose of human life: Enlightenment, the Beatific Vision. All I am suggesting is that the mescaline experience is what Catholic theologians call 'a gratuitous grace,' not necessary to salvation but potentially helpful and to be accepted thankfully, if made available. To be shaken out of the rut of ordinary perception, to be shown for a few timeless hours the outer and the inner world, not as they appear to an animal obsessed with words and notions, but as they are apprehended, directly and unconditionally, by Mind at Large—this is an experience of inestimable value to everyone and especially to the intellectual....⁹

In letting go some of my former prejudices I have attempted to reexamine my Tolwin experience. I now believe that I had coped with a

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situation to the breaking point. There had to be a letting go, a recognition of what I was doing to myself, a getting in touch with my anger. A friend recently used the image of collecting packages to describe learning. There comes a time when you want to pick up and carry one more package and in so doing all the packages you are grasping will have to drop when you reach for this new one. I believe my mind was using whatever means it had to inform me of my "state of mind" and force me to make a move (to drop some packages) to get myself centered around a more fitting center. The Tolwin provided a chemical alteration, a disruption of rigidly guarded viewing. Perhaps as a pain killer it numbed parts of my nervous system designed to report pain (physical pain). There was then a weak place in my perceptual hold—a break in the fence—and I was out of control to suppress what I feared and needed to pay attention to.

Stevens quotes from a letter written by Euguene Gendlin, a contributor to Person to Person:

It seems that whether an individual under the influence of the drug (LSD) comes up with horrible experiences or with wonderful experiences depends not on him (as a self-enclosed piece of well or poorly working machinery) but on the relationship situation in which he is (and feels himself to be) when he takes the drug. If he takes it in a friendly situation close to someone he trusts, he has a wonderful experience...

I was reminded of the slippage and disintegration of my skin when recently reading about Richard Alpert's first experience with Psylocybin.

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Acting out the drama of losing his various social identities, he reassured himself that as long as he had his body he could always get another social identity. He then looked down to see the disappearance of his physical body. In the panic that followed he heard an intimate voice quietly say, "'but who's minding the store?'" He became calm as never before.

...I had just found that 'I,' that scanning device—that point—that essence—that place beyond. A place where 'I' existed independent of social and physical identity. That which was I beyond Life and Death. And something else—that 'I' K new—it really K new. It was wise, rather than just knowledgeable. It was a voice inside that spoke truth. I recognized it, was one with it, and felt as if my entire life of looking to the outside world for reassurance—David Reisman's other-directed being, was over. Now I need only look within to that place where I knew.

Unfortunately, "immediate wisdom" was not to come from my experience. In fact, the wisdom may have precipitated the experience. Three days before the Tolwin I took action to free myself from acting out a role to please another person who exerted will and power over me. At the time I did not know why I was doing what I was doing; I just knew I must. I also knew the consequences would probably be unpleasant. I realized I was not being who I was; I was puppeting the projections of what this other person projected on me. With very little previous thought I sat down and wrote a very long and emotional letter. It was one of those rare circumstances in which I behaved in almost total abandonment. The gist of the letter was, either we work out a rela-

11Richard Alpert, Be Here Now; Now Be Here (New York, 1971), second page of "Turning On."
tionship where I am free to express who I am without subtle punishments, or we end the relationship. The following Monday I got his response; he leapt at the chance to get out. It was two days past my Tolwin ordeal. I was oddly indifferent.

The wisdom that came from (or generated) the total configuration of that summer was that I knew I had to be me. And I had to find out who that me really was. There was an almost ruthless honesty in that quest. I knew what I had to do for me could bring pain to persons I loved and I was not without feeling in that respect. It was just that once I determined what was a fitting thing for me to do to have my life, I must do it. It isn't a sudden, clean knowing; it is a direction, a searching, an ongoing reorganization with essential separations that must accompany building, centering or integrating. I am not free from but I am watchful now about playing roles. I am watchful of being caught in filling out others' (or my own) projections, in the moment and from past conditioning. I am learning how I do it and how I don't do it. At times I feel in my utterness that I am without any intrusions of shoulds or oughts. It is a complete and centered feeling. I must get acquainted with the butterfly. The cocoon image is finished. The cocoon was broken. Light and air flowed through. That element of closure is history.

It was almost six months before I did not have any discomfort left from this sequence of headaches, but I did not have another serious or severe attack after the Tolwin (or the letter). It was a slow recovery at first. My system had taken a lot of abuse. Back to the image of a
I eventually regained my strength and naturalness in daily body functions.

I did get a complete physical check-up following the experience. The doctor, recently recommended to me by a friend, presented me with the conclusion that there was very little wrong with me physically and that my life must be a mess. He had me grip my fist as tight as I could, then let it go. He told me my complete body was like that clenched fist. I was shocked. Friends and family were often reporting about how our home permeated with love and peace. I was often told what a very calm and tranquil person I was. Friends often reported how good they felt being with me. Persons tended to tell me their problems. I would not do much more than listen and they would go away feeling better; (I usually felt worse but somehow I never saw that I had any choice.)

The doctor would have been much more helpful if he had given me explicit directions to find a professional person to help me identify and deal with my problems. It was obvious there was no medicine that was going to help. The injections that did give me brief relief were Aristocort and they may cause harmful side effects. The antihistamine given to me to help relieve the inflammation in my nose was in my doctor's words, "like throwing a bucket of water on a house that is engulfed in flames."

Second Year Graduate Education

During autumn quarter I produced an outstanding amount and quality of academically-related work. In the meanwhile I made countless efforts trying to arrange for psychotherapy through university or community
VITA

January 7, 1933  Born - Uniontown, Pennsylvania

1950  Buckhannon-Upshur High School
      Buckhannon, West Virginia

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1952-54  B.A., Marshall University
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1965  M. Ed., Miami University
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PUBLICATIONS

1964, p. 4-6+.

STUDY EMPHASIS

Curriculum and Foundations, Self-Development and Educational
Development.
services. The whole engagement was dehumanizing. I was told migraines are not considered to be a crisis and that these agencies did not have enough resources to just work with the crisis cases. The implicit message I got was that they doubted they could be of any help to a person suffering with migraines; in other words, recovery was doubtful. It was December before I located someone in private business for whom I could feel confidence. We settled down to work.

There are three dreams which I recall vividly from the early stages of therapy. One was completely silent. It was as though I were a movie camera hovering at a distance over some historical artifact. On the other hand I was not present or was any object present that was doing the viewing. I was viewing with interest this old massive building. I was in the sky doing it, moving in an arc along one side of the building so as to get a more complete view and occasionally zooming in on parts of particular interest. I was there viewing in silence, but I was not a part of the dream. This seemed to go on for five or six minutes. Then I moved on and I recall nothing else.

What had caught my interest was the remains of this old building. It was a large stone structure similar to an ancient cathedral or castle, having four towers ornamented with turrets at each corner. The towers were completely intact. The building was rectangularly shaped. The two towers at each end were a pair; the opposite pairs were different but aesthetically complementary to each other and the total building. The towers had exquisitely intricate sculptured adornments fitting to the total effect. I am sure it was an architectural masterpiece. Though
beautifully strong and sturdy there was nothing "unreal" or hallucinatory about it. Most of the roof was gone and part of the walls had fallen down. On one side the remaining part of the wall had been taken down, obviously to make room for a large earth-moving piece of equipment. The building was void of any inner structure. The floor was earth and although no activity was going on at the time I viewed I could see that a large bowl-shaped hole was in the central part of the "floor." I was not puzzled about this. I knew the building was in the process of being restored. The earth was being removed to secure the foundation and to build a basement under the structure.

Although I knew I could not draw, I even tried to sketch the structure on the following day. The details evaded me. This is the first dream I recall of silently studying some interesting creation without being a participant of the dream. I recall several since. I related to the dream immediately. Having an interest in mandalas I could see that it had the characteristic though with an added dimension. I had a feeling of reconstruction, renewal, value, clearing out so as to fill in, wholeness, complexity, simplicity, satisfaction, hope, beauty, strength, solidarity, a link with the past and correct action. The concept and affect was nourishing and encouraging.

The other two dreams from this period had to do with seeking my identity. In the one I needed a new coat. A woman friend and I went shopping. (The same woman who had recommended my therapist to me.) I tried on many coats, but none of them were quite suitable. Then I found a blue one I liked very much. It was very suitable and I considered
buying it. I quickly decided not to take it for it was very much like the old one I'd been wearing for a long while. I left the store without making a purchase and content that I had yet to find the appropriate coat. In the other dream I discovered I had two sets of handwriting. In one set of circumstances I wrote one way; in another set I wrote the other way. I was very surprised and longed to find out which one was "my" handwriting.

My boss arranged for me to have extra time off during January as I was preparing for my general examinations. My committee decided I was the best person to determine what my questions should be. This was not an easy task. Several weeks prior to the exam the questions were finalized. I was responsible for them.

I wanted to go into the exam and write with a spontaneity so the most I could do ahead of time was to think about the questions I had posed for myself and continue to tend to my own well-being. Several friends helped me by talking through the issues I was confronting. The written examination was the first week of February. Several days before the examination I had a most vivid dream. That dream was to create a mood in me that carried me throughout both the written and the oral examination, and the action I would take immediately thereafter.

The first part of the dream I was walking down a one-way highway. There were numerous lanes labeled from time to time according to the mode of travel (e.g., a lane for walkers; a lane for bicycles; a lane for cars; a lane for trucks, etc.). It was especially necessary for the walkers to be watchful for now and then the order of the lanes would
change and there would be considerable risk for the walkers if they were out of their designated lanes. I was being watchful, but not fearful. My walk was almost a strut. It was childlike. I was like a child walking proudly, facial expression revealing pride and satisfaction from the esteem gained from a recognition. Behind me I dragged a great long banner shaped like a pennant. It must have been 15 to 18 feet long but it was not laborious to pull. I don't recall what the banner said, but it enabled me to have the right to travel this road. I was smugly happy and pretty much unaware of the other travelers although they were all around me. I had started down a sloping hill and for some reason was prompted to stop and look behind me. My husband was smiling at me and beckoning for me to come back. He pointed to an overhead concrete bridge for walkers only that went off in an angle from the busy highway and took its occupants directly to their destination. The road I was traveling was dangerous, out-of-the-way and longer and it ended up at the same destination. The simple uneventful walkway seemed reasonable but I just really wanted to go the hard way. He continued to beckon. I realized there was a very deep chasm in the road behind me. (In the dream I gave no thought to how I had proceeded down this highway now that there was a chasm in it.) I examined the distance and saw if I was very careful my body was just long enough to reach back and pull myself to the other side where my husband stood. It never seemed to be a consideration that he could be convinced to cross the chasm and travel with me. I was afraid of falling if I tried to get back over to his side. I did not know where the "bottom" was to the chasm. I wasn't too keen on going
back when I noticed on the other side an escalator moving against me. It would have been difficult enough to pull myself back but the added complication of the escalator pushing me off was too much. With a curious grin on my face I looked at my husband and shrugged my shoulders as much as to say, "What else can I do?" I felt very separate and free as I turned and continued to walk down the highway.

With my own private sense of humor about the ceremony of the general examination and the mystique of the Ph.D. and with a relief (but not exactly a guiltless or fearless relief) knowing that I would step out of my marriage, I was able to attend to the examination giving it full attention but not allowing it to constrain me as I pursued its completion. (The greatest problem I had was to discover how very much I had to say. There was just not time enough to write about all the things I wanted to discuss.) The choice I had made about moving out of my home and acquiring an apartment in Columbus was clearly in my mind and for this reason I could put that action on the shelf until after my oral examination and the "granting of the banner" which gave me "permission" to be on with my education and my life.

After the generals and after the move I found I had a great need and capacity for sleep. Spring dissertation quarter proved to be "recoup" time for me. As I recall my yellow committee member tried to explain, "The threads are cut. It feels so good not to have them stretched anymore. Yet they are tender and need time to heal."

This period seemed to be a time of remembering many dreams and hypnagogic and hypnopompic images. I had noticed the images before, but
the ones I recall had always been bizarre. One comes to mind of a typical two-story house with a pointed roof; a horse looks around from behind and the image holds of a house and horse’s head peering from behind (The house had no dimension or depth). The images were presenting themselves now in designs, some geometrically exquisite. I would try to recall them and record them in my Image Log, but I was always at a loss. Usually they were a black design on what might be described as frosted or translucent glass with light flowing through. Occasionally they had color like an unmoving field of scattered pink-petaled flowers with blue centers.

I am going to describe three specific dreams from the spring quarter which I believe are indicators of my growth and development. The first is concerned with birth. The second is concerned with metamorphosis or molting. I recall several others quite easily that involve danger, risk, difficulty and then safety and success, but they were not so easily understood and required some help from my therapist before I saw the pattern.

In the first dream I was in full labor on a delivery table in a hospital. There were several heaves downward (none of which were painful) and I felt my baby move out of the birth canal on to the table. I was not aware of anyone helping with the delivery. I remember reaching down to feel my baby. It was quite wet but covered with a powdery, silky residue. There was some relief that it had not drowned in all the water. I was joyous over the birth of this little girl. Later I nursed her and held her in my arms and rocked her. I felt good and very happy. It came time for me to leave the hospital since I was doing so well, but
my baby had to stay. I was to come back and breastfeed her at the appro-
priate times.

Then I was home with my family. (In the dream my family consisted
of my mother and father and my brother that is still living.) I needed
to go feed my baby. We all got into the car. My father was driving.
My brother sat in the front seat beside him smoking a cigarette. My
mother sat in the back seat with me. I was happy to be getting back to
my baby. As we continued to drive I was beginning to feel an urgency to
get to my baby. We drove through city streets and stopped at a movie
theatre. I couldn't understand why we were stopping here. (In real life
in my childhood the movie theatre was not an important or frequented
place.) My family said they had to see the movie; they would take me to
the hospital when it was over. They went in and sat down and became im-
mediately absorbed in the colors on the screen. I couldn't believe their
insensitiveness. I stayed in the lobby and cried and felt anger and help-
lessness. I was afraid my baby would die. I knew it was crying from
hunger pains and I wanted to get to it but I didn't know the way.

Finally I realized the baby's cry had weakened. I was becoming
desperate. I started out walking. I had to find my baby before it was
too late. I stopped at a hospital. It was not the right one, but they
directed me to the one where my baby was. I was overjoyed that I could
walk there. It was not far from the theatre. I was incensed that we
had been so close but my family had refused to take me there. They had
said it was too far. There were more delays but I was still on my way
to get back to my baby.
I thought about this dream throughout the following day. I did not know quite what it meant. The following night I decided to record it in a sequence of pictures in my Image Log. As I drew the major scenes from the dream it became clear to me. I was both the Mother and the Baby. My Baby was my Self. I had been separated from my Self through my rearing and acculturation, but my Self was still alive and crying for my attention and nourishment. I found I could take action and go on my own to find my Self and to merge in a manner that would not permit future separations. I had to provide my own nourishment from my Self to my Self. Regardless of the events that had caused the neglect, I urgently needed and responded to the caring of my Self. I was doing just that. It felt inspirational and good. I closed my Image Log that night with a sensation of revelation and promise.

The second dream occurred within a week of the Birth Dream. In the first part of the Metamorphosis Dream, Ginger, my youngest daughter and I were compassionately handling this long dark ropelike creature. It was not a snake. It was cylindrical from beginning to end. It had no features of a living creature (eyes, mouth, etc.) but it was alive. It must have been five or six feet long and perhaps about an inch and a quarter in diameter. I realized then that the creature was trying to molt. I noticed its skin was very hard and dry and from my experience with pet snakes (and cocoons) I knew it was having a difficult time due to lack of moisture. I told Ginger it would be more helpful if we didn't handle the creature but to bring it a bowl of water, that the water would help it shed its skin. I wondered secretly if the creature would
actually be able to get out of its skin. Offering it water was all we would be able to do to help.

The creature wasn't nearly so large now, but that was irrelevant. It soaked in the water and then began a long and obviously painful process of shedding its skin. We more or less gave it the privacy of its struggle. Checking on it we discovered the last stages of the molting were being completed. What had emerged was a small furry creature similar to a hamster, but probably a bit larger. It was new, just born, but mature. The grueling process of getting out of its skin had left many parts of its body raw and inflamed from the friction caused by the difficult separation. Its skin was obviously smarting and the creature was flopping and floundering around in reaction to the pain. The smarting was only on the surface and the rest of the creature appeared intact, undamaged. It finally came to rest.

Time passed and the creature was covered with soft brown fur. It seemed to feel good and was apparently thirsty. I saw that it was going for its own water. It went to the edge of a pond, down the sloping bank and began to drink from the edge of the pool. My first reaction was fear for the creature for it must be extremely weak and probably naive. The pond was quite deep. I was afraid it might drown. I stayed at a distance overseeing its activities. Then I saw that the water was shallow at the edge and became deep in a slight graduation and I was no longer afraid. I was able to "let the creature go." It was a moving and tender experience. I had brought water and helped the creature do its own birth; then it went to a natural source and got water for itself and I was able to love it and give it up in so doing.
The creature was taking the freedom and wisdom that was inherently its own and moved on with its own life. I had shared and cared in its metamorphosis and I marveled in the sadness and joy of the separation. This dream continues to arouse deep emotion in me as I re-experience it. I believe somehow the creature was me.

In a sense the third dream does not seem to be as profound in meaning as the above two. I decided to include it as it was a very vivid dream and representative of a series of dreams in which I would be engaged in free and joyful dance or movement and which occurred generally during the spring and summer quarter.

Almost two months had passed since the molting or Metamorphosis Dream. The first I remember of this dream was a large audience sitting in a theatre. I was one of the actresses in a bit part. At the beginning of the story that was taking place on stage I entered from a rear door behind the audience and skipped, whirled and danced happily down the aisle and onto the stage. I was dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt and a black shoulder bag I carried during that time was slung over my shoulder. I thought a man who had once been very important in my life was in the audience. I was glad he would have a chance to see how happy, carefree and successful I was.

I was Cinderella in a play that was not about Cinderella. I had wandered into the kingdom in my humble dress and unaffected behavior. I was Cinderella that had no need for a Prince. (I was also entering a kingdom where the Queen seemed to have no need for a King.) My basic charm and worthiness won me a place in the kingdom without any difficulty.
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Later on in the play I was to take the Queen some water in an exquisitely beautiful golden goblet. There was some confusion and hassle back stage; a common hallucinatory dream confusion; I had to get dressed and I had to get the goblet from a case and fill it with water. There were some problems in getting dressed but I finally got myself together. I was wearing an extraordinarily fine purple velvet gown. It had short puffed sleeves and a low round neck. It was trimmed with elegant purple lace or crocheted work. My hair was fixed in a sophisticated and "proper" hair style and I had a matching purple band that complimented my hair-style. I truly was a lady in the Queen's Court.

The goblet was not in its proper case. There was a searching and anxiety for the designated piece. Not only was there a concern that it would not be the appropriate prop in the play, but it was a true piece of value and its loss was to be regretted. I finally looked in cases of ornate glass and ceramic goblets that were stored backstage. The time was drawing near and I would need something. I selected a cream colored ceramic one decorated with pastel flowers. I came on stage with much elegance and finesse and pulled the part off with the replaced goblet. It was a "tongue-in-check" scene. I could play the role but I knew I was playing it. I was still me under all the "trimmings." I don't recall ever seeing the Queen.

The basic importance of this dream to me is my transformation; my acceptance, satisfaction and elation with my own "being."

The Cinderella dream was the entry on the last page of my first Image Log. Although I occasionally wrote a dream down it seemed as
though I stopped recalling dream material that was highly motivating to record. I believe the act of recording images itself may have facilitated the quality and lucidity of the dreams I had during this period. There was also an unusual content to draw from as I deliberately worked toward my own self-development. It may be that I had just simply shifted my attention to some other things.

Summer arrived and I was into my second dissertation quarter. There were many long discussions; many short-termed hypotheses for a paper. As my interests were taking shape two of my committee members and I came to agree that they were not the best people to help me. I sought out other persons in my faculty. On going to visit with what came to be the "red member" of my committee, I experienced the image of a kaleidoscope. There had been a series of disturbing events in my life and though some were somewhat trivial, the closeness of the sequence distorted their importance. The old family bugaboo was present again and I was the uninformed, uninvited bystander. Nursing my hurt from a just received letter I wondered how I would ever manage to talk to this man I had not met before. I thought of Jung talking about moving on up the mountain to get out of the storm. The storm doesn't go away but above it the view is widened and cleared and a new perspective is reached. It was then that I felt the kaleidoscope. All the elements that are me were in a design, but the kaleidoscope was being turned. The pressure was building up and the design was not going to be able to hold. When the elements

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broke loose they scattered every which way. There was a moment of wonder-dering if they would just continue to scatter and "fly" around. They quickly settled into a new and pleasing design. I saw that they came together in the middle. The hurt I was feeling was still there but it was not of major significance. I had a new perspective. I went into the conference paying attention to our agenda.

No headaches this summer. I began to pay attention to my body. Diet and exercise were deliberately pursued. I felt lighter; I needed to match with my body what I felt. My children spent much of the summer with their father. I felt good and I wanted to share that goodness. I have some valued friendships, but no playmates and I was ready to play. I wanted to celebrate being alive, but I was to learn I am in a very lonely place. The kaleidoscope keeps turning; there are scattered moments, but in many dimensions I am forced to reach back into my Self to nourish my Self. In a broader view I can see that over time such cultivation may be beneficial and rewarding, but it is not always easy. I also believe there are dangers in extensive continuation of such a life-style and make conscious effort not to be "locked in" to an iso-lated posture. I, too, need a way to give. I am beginning to comprehend another man's words, "I have to fight like hell to find a way so as I can give my gift."

Third Year Graduate Education

September came and my eldest daughter, Michele, moved in with Ginger and me. In less than two weeks I was helping her move out. What she had to do for her own well-being was not that different from
what I had to do for mine. What I had held in joyful anticipation crumbled about me; we had been separated so much in the last few years and now it was like sending her off to college two years prematurely.

My divorce hearing was scheduled for a Tuesday in September. The Sunday before caught me frightened and feeling very alone. My close friends were away for autumn break. It takes a select sort of person to just be with and to feel comforted. I called the only one of these persons I could think of that I perceived as available and I felt I could ask to be with, but he wasn't feeling well. I was without company. I dipped down into my Self, into my wellspring, and pulled forth from my own depleted level of renewing energy. The image came clearly to mind. I remembered from my childhood the rare and delicate treat of a chocolate soda at the dime store. There was always a layer of sweet, light foam coating the inside of the tall glass. In the ecstasy of savoring every drop of the treat I would pull hard on the straw and try to suck the sweet into my mouth. I was a chocolate soda. I was empty. I pulled hard on my straw (source) and was rewarded with a taste of sweet (a bit of energy, comfort). I could even hear the sound. The following week I terminated therapy.

This was the beginning of my recognition of my own inner strength and durability. Fall quarter was beset with difficulties. I traveled alone on my job, met with all sorts of confrontations and complications, handled them and was strengthened by them while at the same time watching my strength in handling them. I decided to jog and learn horseback riding with Ginger. Both of these activities proved to be way beyond
my structural and physical limits. I finally stopped pushing and gave them up. I was struggling with a proposal for a dissertation and being stimulated by a seminar related to imagery. During much of this quarter I had the sensation I was racing down a decline in a car on a roller coaster. Although the plunge was exhilarating I longed for the car to level out and allow me time to "catch my breath." It seemed as though I might race on forever.

I was having my usual types of dreams. One type was related to my anger and frustration toward my family. I am often a child and trying to accomplish something, but getting no appreciation, recognition or cooperation. Sometimes I suspect that current problems present themselves in childhood figures, for I have little dream recall that includes contemporary figures. The other type of dream is trying to get ready. Either I am preparing a meal or getting dressed and/or packed and attempting to complete the meal or get somewhere at an appointed time or place. The confusion is bizarre and I am very frustrated in my efforts.

One dream stands out. Several months after my divorce my family and I sat at a picnic table looking at my Image Log. I had jokingly and ceremoniously propped my wedding gown and veil and mask over a fence post. The gown was of flowing chiffon and was a fuschia pink. It looked ghostly as it blew about like a scarecrow. There was a liveness about it; a hollowness which was eerie. My family was surprised I still had the mask that I wore on my wedding day.
Off and on while going to therapy I had noticed a burning, heated or smarting sensation in my skin. In trying to describe it it was as though my skin was designed in patches similar to a crocodile. These patches were of different temperatures and occasionally some of them felt hot. I even had an image of them being different colors. There seemed to be a relation between this sensation and rapid moves or changes in my growth. Amidst the tears, the loneliness and the restlessness, I was experiencing many positive things. I was also getting more and more remarks about how I had changed and persons who had not seen me for even brief periods of time would say they did not recognize me.

Two days following the wedding gown dream I had a very marked skin experience. I quote from my diary on December 12:

"Last night much turbulence enveloped my being. The image—tho' fleeting—repeated. White flames, with such intense heat and brilliance they were cool, were lapping at me. I felt them several times today amidst continued turbulence. Also last night and in bits again today I had a notion of a sparkling gem or faceted thing. It seems as tho' the process of the flames can purify the gem. It's a bit different from the endless decline on the roller coaster."

The previous day I noted Ginger had been very affectionate toward me. I felt she had been picking up some of my inner turmoil. I also felt as though I had lost weight during this experience. I checked my weight in the morning. I was three and one-half pounds lighter.

December was eventful and the good times and the difficulties continued. I report the following dream as an indicator of my state. I recalled the dream when I saw it in my diary. I had forgotten about it.
December 27:


Before 1972 came to an end I purchased a copy of I Ching, visited a medium and went on two dates to New Year's parties. I felt my car on the roller coaster had finally leveled off. I felt a need to seek to open myself to new experiences and more people.

Early Winter quarter I completed a proposal for my dissertation. I sat in on some experimental classes as well as two for which I just had interest. Again I was traveling alone for my work. My destination was Oregon and I splurged and took a side trip to see my brother and family in Washington. The day I traveled there began with a spectacular sunrise that ushered me to the seashore where I touched the water, walked and gathered shells and driftwood, listened, sniffed and absorbed the view as I sat shivering on the trunk of a great fallen tree polished by sea and weather. That morning was as though Nature herself had achieved orgasm. I had been in communion with it all the while. Later I was to see evidence that that communion had been shared by another person over two thousand miles away.

The flight that day exposed glaciated mountaintops portrayed in grandeur on a clear sunny day. The high I felt continued throughout my visit. It was a joyful and satisfying reunion. Having been such a long time we had all had our doubts; we all agreed on how much we'd changed and our appreciation of those changes. I quizzed my brother about some times in my childhood when he could remember my display of
any anger. He was surprised that he could not come up with a single recollection. It was insightful for both of us.

I "spread myself too thin" winter quarter. I was trying to maintain a demanding schedule, attend to an ever widening circle of friends and reserve weekday evenings for consistent availability and sharing with my daughter. Evening phone calls which I could not seem to manage to keep brief were consuming our time and interrupting our activities. I became ill and upset before I realized I had moved from one extreme to another. I was nourishing more people than I had the physical or emotional capacity to support. Again I realized what a lonely place I was in. I saw I was caught in the projections again and firmly took some rather drastic steps to relieve myself of many of the demands being made on me. I was also spurred on to working on my own dissertation when a dear friend whom I've worked with while at OSU, casually remarked while looking over my shoulder as I typed furiously on a contribution for a friend's dissertation, "Why is it, Mary, that you can produce all this stuff for other people's papers, but you don't produce any for your own?"

Most of my dream life that is vivid for me from this quarter is related to sex. There were also two highly affective dreams of reunion with a person I cared about; I was consciously resisting his counter-message that it was not the same for him and that he was highly indifferent to me. During my flight to Oregon I wrote a letter to him describing a recent dream about him. I still have the letter because I decided not to send it. I quote from the letter:
A lot of typical busy stuff going on. Others in dream but recall little of who. Then there was an event involving our touching, my giggling, your giggle (your laughter ripples through you in a most refreshing and spontaneous way). There was a union in the giggling and our separateness was keen in the midst of it. It was as though all the barriers, the repellents, the rejections, the rigidities, the concealments, crumbled away and the space around us was full of sunlight, warmth and breezy air. It's a bit fuzzy here, but then you enjoyed the event so much you tried it with someone else. Later in the dream you announced (evidently feeling much lighter)—in a sort of yielding way that all the stuff you've been doing to keep from knowing me was because you loved me and you didn't want to admit it. Then you did a most curious act. It was a behavior* that you felt was expected of you—a duty—because you had admitted you loved me—it was sort of a sigh—now I must succumb to this whole set of things. I was so surprised and curious and told you not to do it if you didn't want to; I hadn't done it and I had no intention of doing it. And then in a sort of contented carefree way I went to help in the kitchen leaving you freely to your decision.

When I wakened it was the sensation of the merger of that laughter that was with me. I think the completion I desire with you is that of bringing you joy and comfort and tranquillity and by doing so experiencing it myself. It is curious how truly genuine spontaneous laughter is a sort of death. For many of our fierce attachments to darker sorts of things cannot survive.

We are descending. What a sensation for me to find my way in the big city, by myself, at night.

During the quarter break I attended the ASCD (Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development) Convention. In addition to staying with friends I was lonesome to see, I found the morning workshop to be most crucial in seeing where I was and how I was relating to other people. On the last morning our group of seven had dwindled to five due to transportation schedules. We were all cozied together on the rug and my eyes fell on the underside of a coffee cup lid. The

* The behavior was sending my brother a birthday card.
impression was much like a five-pointed star. I got the image of an apple. I felt the womb-like skin of the apple around us. Each of us was a seed cradled in a point of the star found in apples. The star came together at the core. The two tiny green impressions beyond each point in the apple were our plus and our minus. The energy (electricity) flowed throughout, across and around. I decided to put the image in my Image Log on returning home. I also thought I would be wise to again try to make regular entries. The drawing activity had been so fruitful a year ago.

I continued exercising care in selecting how I would use my time spring quarter. I had to make some effort at not feeling guilty when I "selfishly" chose to do what I wanted to do and not what I thought I should. When I felt like socializing I would issue invitation; likewise in responding to invitation. There are many friends I enjoy; I am getting more comfortable with the long span of time between contacts.

Ginger and I became involved with Transcendental Meditation mid-February. I practiced it religiously but all the good things that others were proclaiming happened to them weren't happening to us. In April I began Hatha Yoga. I have now personalized the two practices and feel more comfortable with them. Several weeks after beginning Hatha Yoga I had a fleeting image in meditation that was related to the exercise. It was a complex intertwining and entanglement of body parts. It was like a frieze; not suggesting discomfort or disattachment. It was an all over survey of the body's capacities in movement and position, tension and relaxation and I'm sure it must have been inspired by the
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concentrated effort I've been making with Hatha Yoga.

Later in May I had a second image. It was a rectangular frame of twigs interwoven together. The intricacy of the weaving was somewhat like that found in a mocking bird's nest. It was strong, carefully-woven but crude. Then I noticed that some twigs had been removed from the weaving in the upper left hand section, but not including the border. There was something partly revealed through this now loosely woven section. On examination I saw that it was an eye. It took time to describe this image but it was momentarily fleeting. I like to think this was an indication that I have started to uncover some sort of seeing or knowing. It is still a problem for me to let go; I want the experience but I want to stay in control of the experience. I know this is a Self-Defeating Behavior so I just continue to work with it. I consciously want to open myself up to more access from the wealth in my unconscious.

As soon as I began to make effort to set aside regular time to draw in my Image Log (but with diminishing uptightness about missing the activity on all the days that get depleted elsewise) I had clear recall of three dreams. The first and the last seem related.

In the first, a huge cat (perhaps wild; lioness-type) escaped its cage. I was afraid but I did not know whether I needed to be. I was protecting a kitten that did not know to be afraid. I fled to a more secure room feeling the warmth of the kitten against my ribs as I ran. The Big Cat pursued us. I shut and locked two of the three doors on three separate walls in this small dark room. I then became frozen-in-
place and could only call, "Help." The third door remained open. Light flowed in. I was not sure if the cat would find the door or whether we were in danger, but I wakened frightened.

The last was about a superbly artistic-looking purple vinyl rhinoceros. It was night and I saw it in my yard. I was in my Grandfather's farm house in West Virginia. I called the dog warden on the antique phone. I knew not to tell them it was purple and vinyl for that would be unbelievable. They still would not come because they had no authorization to pick up a rhinoceros. The rhinoceros opened the front screen door and came in while I talked on the phone. He appeared docile and well-behaved. I coped by simply not staying in the same room with him. He was very much like our bean bag chair, seams and all.

I think these dreams carry one of two messages for me that are somewhat related in that they both require tolerance and acceptance. One is my unconscious and the animalish instincts I inherit as a member of the human species. It is still my struggle to let go of learned behaviors of "appropriateness." It is a "letting go" I need to do with what might be natural for me. If this is the case I feel reassured that I moved from fearfully running away and attempting to shut myself off, to a level of acknowledging but still remaining cautious and somewhat disattached. The second possible meaning has to do with my discomfort about female homosexuality and my conscious effort to be accepting of persons as persons without any conditions imposed due to their sexual preference.
The second dream must surely be of archetypal significance. Somehow it makes me think of Barry Stevens' remarks in Person to Person. She talks about choices to face things, go around them, or avoid them. The analogy she used was that if a steam roller is coming at you, you run. I quote from my Image Log:

An unprecedented wind storm was striking. The man-tree had weathered all storms before. He did not want to leave his place, not fearing he would be blown over. I think his name was Atlas. The woman-tree finally yielded. Standing close to the porch and accompanied by people who lived in the house, she helped convince the man-tree to this time protect himself. He yielded and in the storm agreed it had been wise. I think I was the woman. It was the side yard and porch of my 'high school' home. The palm trees (bent completely to the ground in the wind) were amongst other appropriate but less significant vegetation. The man had a face I don't remember. (although people-trees that were brown and weathered from exposure, they were shaped as humans and though they had been rooted to a spot they had no roots.) We were perfect specimens and evidently as old as time.

Late in April I recall a dream where I was very annoyed at my mother. I had prepared beef stew for my children but she had prepared vegetable soup and fed them earlier without letting me know. Puzzled over the dream a friend suggested that what was satisfying and fulfilling for my mother (vegetable soup) was not adequate for me (beef stew).

I took some time off from work and discovered twice, that a week to myself precipitated significant moves for me. I decided to phase out of my job. The weeks began with some drawing, reading, Self-attention and relaxation and culminated in a burst of writing.

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The mandala discussed earlier in the paper came during one of these times. The following described image took about five hours to draw. It was a satisfying and concentrated involvement in which I felt free from other things and positive about my own being-place. I started out drawing a garden of flowers that was in full-bloom but not yet exposed in "public." I drew the garden before I considered the context, although I knew they were "close to the surface." The picture ended up to be flowers generating their own energy in a womb or pocket just beneath barren soil. A tiny fissure connects the garden with the outer world. It is newly-formed. A rain cloud is moving off the setting. The sun is shining. The garden is fed by underground springs. It is the magic of a childhood fairy tale. Called "Possible Impossible" the notion in my head was that this enchanted garden, in full bloom, would be borne up on to the barren land. It has a marked feeling of renaissance.

A recent but somewhat repeated event inspired the next described image. It is of one butterfly in two separate situations. I drew it in anger. I was angry with a person who had tried to "consume" me.

One representation is of a butterfly lighting freely on the finger of a person's hand. In all its beauty of being it has come to share its gift with another creature. It is allowed to "be." No harm comes to either one. The caption says, "DO." The other representation shows a hand clasping the butterfly firmly by the wings. The person is charmed by the butterfly's beauty, its life, and wants to capture it. The butterfly is in distress; it cannot be what it is in such a posture.
Damage will be done to its wings. Much harm, perhaps death, may result. The caption says, "DON'T." On viewing the drawing my yellow committee member remarked, "and having short stubby metal wings does not resolve the problem." There is the delight of experiencing the DO. Hopefully I can allow it for others. And there is the pleasure I had when in seeing what I had drawn I realized I not only was out of the cocoon, I was using my wings.

Two recent dreams seemed to present a sequel to me. In the first I had gone to much effort to board a train to go somewhere in Los Angeles. At the last moment I told my daughters I didn't know why I was going there, I had all I needed here. We could use the money for a vacation at the beach or somewhere. We gathered up my scattered belongings in preparation to go home. The next night I dreamed I had gone through all kinds of red tape and effort to get into a class to learn about bird songs. I finally got there but on the way there was occasion to sing. I had forgotten how pleasurable it was to sing. I did not go into the class and remarked as I walked away, "I can sing my own songs. I don't need to go anywhere to do that. It's all in me."

I would like to mention one extraordinary visual image that took place midstream in a dream I dreamed one Sunday morning in May. I had been unusually restless. I had gotten up and drawn four pictures in my Image Log. I felt tired and at peace and returned to bed. I don't recall the dream before or after the image. The part I recall is that I went out and laid down under a tree. I looked up through the tree to perceive a glorious sight. Evidently the sun was shining down through
the leaves. The effect was like a stained-glass window. The leaves were oval-shaped and the branches were black and in design. The leaves did not overlap and the image was perfectly still. I don't have any recollection of the tree's trunk. It was just a complete and satisfying arrangement of leaves. The leaves were light green with the yellow glow coming through them. The rest of the "sky" was a golden yellow, a radiant yellow but not of a brilliance that would hurt the eyes. Then I noticed a leaf somewhat separate from the rest. When I transcribed the image to paper it ended up in the upper left hand corner. It was reaching out from the rest—perhaps the tip of a branch. It dazzled. I could see that it was generating energy and light and yet it was still part of the glowing composite.

The following week I remember dragging a word into consciousness from a dream. I wakened carefully repeating the syllables for it was an important word to remember. I wrote it down. It said "Sup-er-em-pa-re." A wise man has told me since that it says, "Supreme Power." Perhaps that is what this section is about.
PAPER AS MIRROR

The concept I am going to discuss in this section is described very well by the three words, "Paper as mirror." The exercise of putting marks on a piece of paper is an act of creation with unlimited variations. Once the marks begin to flow on to the paper the creator has at his disposal an accumulative reflection of Self. There is a curious dichotomy in this reflection for as the reflection on the paper can never be all that it is or what precipitated it, the very existence of the marks on the paper fixes the reflection in a stable or concrete way and provides rich potential for the creator to get a clearer hold on what it is he would pay attention to. Part of the benefits and the clarity derived from this activity are involved in the actual process of putting the marks on the paper and the accompanying experience of the creator as he searches for what it is he wishes to express and for ways he can communicate that expression. The process includes another dichotomy of broadening one's view while at the same time setting arbitrary boundaries so as to focus on a smaller view. It is a process of enlarging so as to isolate a part to be better understood in its context.

Once projections have been made in the form of marks on a piece of paper they take on a symbolism for the creator that is in part shareable with others. The beauty of engaging in the exercise of using paper as a mirror for our thoughts and feelings is the range of choices available for what one can do with the products. Created in private space the reflection may also be kept private, but the exercise itself may be meaningful in a manner to the creator that will synthesize in a revelation
in the being of the creator and in a vicarious sort of way become public.

Choices may be made to share the reflections with others. This sharing is likely to bring increased insight to the creator although the insight may not always be a pleasing experience. To be misunderstood may be as enlightening for the creator as to be understood. There is also the feeling of harvest and joy when what is chosen to be shared is understood and appreciated.

"...Perhaps few things are more encouraging to another than to realize that his growth evokes admiration, a spontaneous delight or joy, in the one who cares for him..."

The sharing can take on all the possible responses as the giving of any gift; it can allow for community; it increases for the creator his potential for appreciating the efforts and gifts shared by others.

In this section I am limiting myself to two basic strategies for using paper as mirror. There is a rich variety of media that could be used for the same purpose. In part my selection was influenced by cost; I also began to consciously exercise what I knew and had experienced as a strength (written expression) and as a weakness (drawing). The strength was to become cultivated in a way that was personal to me. How shocking it was to realize I had rarely written anything for myself; letters; themes, learning exercises, were all written with the "other" in mind. The strength also just happened to present itself when I was in dire need to express myself and perceptually (and perhaps realistically) had no other means to do it.

The weakness was something for which I had carefully learned I could not do. Being the youngest of five children and having observed superior drawings by talented older siblings inhibited my choosing to draw in early childhood. It was more satisfying to have the older ones draw for me. There were only minimal amounts of material with which to experiment, also. It was much safer to be an observer than an experimenter.

Drawing

I find it interesting that I came to provide more and more opportunity for students to have visual expression in my classroom and came to value the experience highly, but had not considered it as equally valuable for me. After three years of teaching in primary grades I returned to teaching in the intermediate grades. I was able to keep some of the material and equipment I had been able to acquire as a primary teacher. When boys or girls left for physical education class I provided "free time" to the remaining students. Sixth graders floundered for a while with choices that had to be determined by their own self-direction, but after several weeks of eying a prepared easel, one timid girl asked if she could paint. The spell was broken and she labored cautiously on a most simplistic painting comparable to a first grader that has been taught and restrained to do "nice" pictures. Her painting contained a simple house with door, windows and chimney, a tree, a lawn with stiff and evenly spaced flowers and a sun. She was prudent with her colors and the amount of paint. When she was finished she wanted to show me the painting. I asked her if she'd like to put it up. She was pleased and did. We were deluged with nice house pictures by boys and girls.
Most of the students chose to put them on display. They were getting bolder with color and freer with house variations.

Then the "infamous trouble-maker," an over-aged boy, did a very messy and "meaningless" painting. I was aware that he, as well as the other boys in the room kept watching me to see if I was going to get mad, etc. I remained in most part indifferent. I usually did during free time and although I was silently making observations I stayed available for those who wanted to just rap or whatever with me. This boy dribbled paint and experimented with brush strokes, movements, etc. He was caught up in a creation which I thought was an outlet for much of what was twisted up inside of him. The colors were dark (he used a lot of black), and the paper was heavy with the moist tempera. The period was about to end and it was time to put everything back in order. One boy asked me if I had seen the painting. I came through with a complimentary remark and asked the painter if he wouldn't please put it up after it dried. My behavior was regarded with awe but a new era came to be at the easel. We went through several months of paintings done with the obvious intent of simply enjoying the media. Out of the joy of being allowed to mess (which was messy, and trying, I admit) forms began to take shape. The last several months of the school year were rich with all sorts of content being used for subject matter and all sorts of approaches (techniques) being developed. Popular records were often used as background. The result was often abstract but beautiful. To mess just to mess was finished.

There were several heated confrontations when some students "cheated" and tried to get a turn ahead of others on the waiting list. The art