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Lisa and David



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by Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D.



Lisa and David

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To Nathan Freeman, M.D.
Teacher and Friend

I want to thank my wife, Ellie, for
both inspiration and technical assistance;
and my children, Trudy and Jeff, for
helping me to understand other children.

Preface

This is a love story of two exceptional children.

The place is a residential treatment center.

The time, one year after admission, is a crucial period in their lives during which communication becomes possible.

September 15, 1959–September 15, 1960



“A big fat sow, a big black cow—and how and how and how.

“A big fat cow, a big black sow—and how and how and how.

“A cow, a cow; a sow, a sow—big and fat, big and fat; so they sat—so they sat, they sat; so they sat.”

She hopped around the room, first on one foot, then on the other. On her left foot she always said, “sow,” and on her right foot, “cow.” She sat down on the floor each time she said, “They sat, they sat.” But in seconds she was up again—hopping around the room and, in a loud, clear, high-pitched voice, saying, “A cow, a cow; a sow, a sow—

black, black, black, black, black, black, black, black, black.” Her voice changed. She was shrieking now. Then she sat down, held her head with her hands, and moved it up and back, moaning softly. “Dark, dark, dark, dark, dark—so, so, so, so dark.”



“Fuddy-dud-dud, fuddy-dud-dud-duddy—fud-fud-duddy fud-fud.

“Scudy-rud—rud-scud, rud-scud; duddy-scud fud rud, duddy scud fud rud.”

She sat in the corner and repeated the sequence over and over again. John tried to engage her in a sensible conversation—but to no avail. She listened to him, looked at him, and repeated the sequence again and again.

David listened and wondered what she meant. He finally gave up and thought about a big calendar clock he had seen a year ago.

That night before he fell asleep he had a fantasy. The sky was absolutely clear of clouds, the air cool, crisp, and dry. Thousands upon thousands of stars were visible. Planets could be seen, and the sun and moon, too. Beyond it all there were other suns and planets, other universes. They all moved perfectly, precisely, in exact relation to one another. The universes and galaxies and universes beyond them had all become part of a huge mechanism. It was the Universal Time Clock, and it measured Universal

Time. He lay back and smiled, for after all he, David Green, was The Universal Timekeeper—or, better yet, Keeper of *the* Time—all Time.

He made sure the cover was tucked about him perfectly. He lay still—and fell asleep, his right hand clutched around the ancient teddy bear ear under his pillow. The light remained on all night.



“John, John, begone, begone—enough, enough of this stuffy stuff.”

“Are you angry with me, Lisa?”

“Angry, angry—hangry, wangry,—be gone, John; John, be gone.”

“I guess you are angry. What is it that makes you so angry?”

“You foo, you foo—it’s you, it’s you—it’s you, you foo; foo you, foo you.”

She suddenly broke into a wild screaming laugh. She screamed and laughed continuously, imperceptibly inhaling air to laugh some more. After five minutes he interrupted her. “You’re still angry, aren’t you, Lisa?”

She stopped abruptly.

“You louse, louse—John is a louse, a big fat louse on a little gray mouse.”

She looked up at the big man and grinned—an inane, foolish kind of grin. Her mood changed suddenly. The expression on her face became one of utmost seriousness.

She suddenly charged away from the man and ran to the other side of the large reception room. She faced the wall and talked to herself in a barely audible whisper.

“He won’t give me anything. He’s big and fat and mean and why won’t he give Lisa the crayons? He would give them to Muriel. He likes the Muriel me—but today I’m Lisa me, Lisa me.”

Then she broke into a hop-skip-and-a-jump, quickly running around the walls of the room.

“Lisa, Lisa, is my name—today I’m the same—the same—the same, the same.”

“May I speak to you, John?”

John turned to the tall, thin, teenage boy. David wore horn-rimmed glasses, was fastidiously dressed in a gray tweed suit, and conveyed the impression of utmost seriousness and dedication to intellectual pursuit. His pinched, thin, white face seemed too small for his long body. He spoke with the utmost precision.

“Why, yes, David. What would you like to say?”

“Thank you for your indulgence. Of late it has become increasingly difficult to find ears for my words. I’ve been studying your patient, or, since you are not a physician, shall I say student. I have come to several conclusions, which I feel time and further study by your staff will validate. Lisa is schizophrenic and is a child—I would say approximately twelve years of age. Therefore, my diagnosis would be childhood schizophrenia, undoubtedly of the chronic variety. However, diagnostic work is no challenge to me. I prefer to study the dynamic aspect of a particular case. Do you follow me?”

“Yes. Yes, indeed I do.” John shook his head affirmatively.

“Good. Then I will continue.”

Lisa was still hopping and skipping around the room, now periodically emitting a loud war whoop.

David chose his words carefully, the effort graphically demonstrated by his eyes and mouth. “Lisa has a most difficult time with authority or authoritarian figures. It is therefore extremely important that you adopt an attitude of complete permissiveness in your relationship with her. You must realize that this child has utmost difficulty with her emotions. Now, it is my belief that this difficulty is related to her obsession with speaking in rhymes. The rhyming serves as a decoy or camouflage for what she actually feels. I therefore think that you should not have refused her the crayons, even though she marked the wall.”

Lisa stopped skipping and walked over to them.

“John, John, don’t be gone—don’t be gone.”

“I’ll see you later, David.” He patted David on the shoulder.

The boy lurched away and screamed, “You touched me, you boor, you unmitigated fool—you touched me! Do you want to kill me? A touch can kill—you bastard, you rotten bastard!” His face was contorted with rage. He turned and left them, muttering to himself, “The touch that kills, the touch that kills,” and carefully examining his shoulder.



“Can we sit down and talk a while?”

“Dr. White, I submitted to extensive testing, interviewing, and other such nonsense when I first came here, a year ago. I also spoke to you on occasion after that. Somehow I thought I’d go along with the routine here. New place—all right, I’d go along with the indignities. But there’s a limit, even to cooperation—and, frankly, I don’t care for more interviewing.”

“You felt, New place, get off to a new start.”

“Well, I suppose you could say that.”

“David, it’s not more interviewing I’m interested in. It’s talking things over so that perhaps I can help you. After all, that’s what we’re both here for.”

“You call me David—but I call you Dr. White.”

“You don’t have to.”

“What do you mean?”

“You can call me Alan.”

“All right, Alan.” He smiled. “Let me think about it. When I’m ready, we’ll talk.”

“Suits me—You know where to find me; I’ll be available.”

“Suits me too.” He walked out of the day room to the library.

She walked to where he was standing and placed herself directly in front of him. She looked up into his eyes and didn’t budge. He stared back at her. In a completely serious voice she said, “Hello, hello, kiddo, kiddo.”

He smiled. "Kiddo, hello; hello, kiddo."

She felt encouraged—and smiled ever so slightly at him.

"Me, the name; Lisa, the same."

For a minute he was puzzled, but when she repeated, "Me, the name; Lisa, the same," he realized she was asking him a question and then he caught on and answered.

"Me, the same; David, the name."

This time she smiled fully, and it wasn't a silly smile.



She passed David working at his table. On it was a large drawing of a clock.

Then she skipped about the room, chanting in a loud voice.

"Dockety dock, clock, clock; dockety dockety, clock clock clock.

"Hockety clock, dockety hock. Hock, hock; dock, dock."

Then she skipped over to John, who was sitting at the other end of the room. First she just stood in front of him. After a few minutes she slowly rocked from foot to foot. Five minutes later she rocked and chanted, this time in a low voice that only John could hear.

"Rockety rock, clock clock—
dickety—rickety—lock lock."

John started to say something, but she ran off on a tour around the room.



He spent days pouring over books. There were physics books, math texts, engineering manuals, and books on horology. When he wasn't reading, he spent hours at a drawing board, making elaborate plans of watch and clock mechanisms.

Alan made several attempts to discuss his work with him, but David remained seclusive. At times he ignored Alan. At other times he said, "You're not really interested," or, "You wouldn't understand."

Then one day he picked up the plans he had drawn and locked them in his foot locker. From that time, he began to make more frequent visits to the day room.



"Do you have a watch?"

"Yes." He held out his wrist.

"Don't touch me." There was panic in his voice. "Please, don't touch me."

The man let his hand drop back to his side.

"Oh, you can hold your hand up. I'd love to see your watch—but let's not touch." He laughed a small, apprehensive laugh.

The man held his hand up again. David looked at the watch but made sure not to touch the man.

“That’s not a very interesting timepiece. Is it the only one you own?”

“I have another, but right now it’s not working.”

“Oh? What kind is *it*?”

“A small, automatic, waterproof watch. I don’t recall the make.”

“I see. Probably not very good either. Do you know what kind of eccentric it uses?”

“Eccentric?”

“Yes—the rotor, the winding gear.”

“I really don’t know.”

“Probably on a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree track. The better watches rotate fully, three hundred and sixty degrees.”

“I see.”

“Do you?” He stared at the man’s eyes. “I don’t think you do. So few people do. But I’ll tell you anyway. There are automatic systems that work by bearings rather than rotor.”

“How interesting.”

David looked at him skeptically and said, “Perhaps we’ll see each other again later; I have to spend a little time observing Lisa now.”

“Could I possibly detain you for just a few minutes?”

“Detain me?” He rather liked the expression. “Yes, I suppose I could allow myself to be detained for several minutes.”

“Tell me, are you interested in clocks, too?”

“Of course, I’m interested in watches, clocks, sundials—timepieces of all kinds. As a matter of fact, I had my clock execution dream last night.”

“Clock execution dream?”

“I thought you would be interested. Frankly, I think you people put too much stress on dreams.”

“Oh? Would you tell it to me anyway?”

“Yes, why not? This is a repetitive dream; I’ve had it time and again. It is always identical; only the characters are different.”

“I see.”

“No, you don’t, but after I tell you, you will see.

“There’s a big clock on a spike set in a large white bathtub. The tub is ten times larger than an ordinary one. The hands are huge, exquisitely sharp blades. I sit on a plush perch on the large hand. The face is white enamel. The numerals are sparkling diamonds. The movement is made by Patek Philippe. There are holes throughout the face to accommodate the heads of people sitting on little elevated stools on the other side of the clock. At ten o’clock the execution begins. The large hand, minute by minute, cuts through each neck, cutting off heads. The blood and heads fall into the bathtub.”

“Who are the people?”

“They vary. Last night it was John.” He pointed to the big man. “It was John—over and over again John—eight times. Who knows? Tonight maybe it will be you.”

He walked away whistling.



“Did you analyze my dream—or does it require further study?”

“Neither.”

“Neither?” He was interested now. “Meaning what?”

“A dream has meaning only in terms of the dreamer’s symbols.”

“Sounds like double talk. Did you at least discern that I was crazy?”

“Crazy?”

“Yes, crazy, or—if you prefer—psychotic—though there’s something vulgar about the word ‘psychotic.’ I prefer ‘crazy’—more direct and at the same time homey.

“But what about my dream? You must have thought about it. Or will you evade my question with either more double talk or psychiatric gibberish?”

“You sound angry in your dream—cutting off heads that way. Specifically, you sound angry at John—at least in the last dream you told me. And you sound angry now, too.”

He laughed a high-pitched, forced laugh full of mockery. “Brilliant, a brilliant analysis. Killing—hostility—John, anger at John. But how about the fiendish execution machine—the clock death dealer—the bathtub of heads and blood? Surely, surely, you detect the bizarre formulations of paranoid ideation, the intricate workings of a schizophrenic mind.”

“Labels never interested me particularly.”

“Well, what *does* interest you?”

“People, and what makes them tick.”

“People ticking. I like that. Perhaps you *can* understand. I’ll tell you an aspect of my clock dream that you did not think of.” He waited patiently.

“The second-by-second, minute-by-minute cutting off of heads happens to all of us all of the time. The clock blades

represent time, and the victims are all of us; and time slowly, slowly cuts us down—and there is no stopping it—no slowing it. On and on it goes, most accurately and effectively concentrating on batch after batch of victims from the second they are born. There is no escape.”

They were silent.



“You said nothing when I interpreted my dream to you yesterday.”

“That’s right, I said nothing.”

“Are you trying to get me angry?”

“No. I will not attempt to manipulate you in any way.”

“Thanks,” he said acidly.

After a few moments of silence he looked up. “Well, how come you said nothing?”

“Well, what do you think about it?”

“If you have to stay on good terms with me, don’t touch me; don’t touch me, and don’t get Talmudic with me.”

“I haven’t touched you.”

“That’s true—but no Talmud, please.”

“Talmud?”

“Stop being cute. You know what I mean. The business of answering a question with another question, this psychiatric, ‘Well, what do you think about it?’ So how come you *did* say nothing?”

“I wanted to give it some thought.”

“Did you?”

“Yes, I did.”

Now he spoke in a soft, childlike voice. There even seemed to be a slight tremor in his voice. “Alan, will you tell me *anything?*”

“All right, I will.” He chose his words carefully, speaking very slowly. “I think you’re afraid of death—terribly afraid.”

“Of course, I am. Who isn’t?”

“Now *you’re* getting Talmudic.”

David laughed a full, hearty laugh. Then he spoke. “I know that you know I’m afraid of death. You knew from the start how I can’t stand to be touched—but the dream—I’m talking about the dream.”

“So am I.”

“Oh?” His eyebrow went up.

“Yes, it shows up in two ways. First, you’re sitting on the blade killing your enemies—which will make you feel safer. And, secondly, *you’re* sitting *on* the blade—controlling death and life.”

“Enough, enough! I’ve had enough now. I’ll see you later.” He walked away.



“Sitting here talking to you reminds me of the first time they brought me to a psychiatrist.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. You know—my first consultation.” He laughed bitterly. “I was ten years old.”

“What about it? How did it go?”

“When we got to the house, a big brownstone—just as we got there—a young girl, about eighteen, ran down the stairs—and into the street. A second later a very old, bent, woman came running after her yelling, ‘Come back.’ But the young girl was way out of her reach. The old lady yelled, and I remember the exact words—‘If you don’t come back for your shock treatments, they will put you away.’ She yelled back, ‘Grandma, I’m afraid. I can’t. When I’m ready—not now—not now, please.’”

“How’d you feel?”

He ignored the question and went on with the story. “She didn’t come back. A little crowd gathered, and they all watched. In no time at all the girl was a block away. The old woman kept chasing her but couldn’t possibly catch up. Everybody looked—but nobody helped; they just stood and watched. You know what I think?”

“What?”

“I think everybody wanted to see that girl get away. They were hoping she’d escape.”

“Did you?”

“Yes.”

“Then what happened?”

“I went in but hardly spoke to the psychiatrist at all. You know what he said?”

“What?”

“That I’d be all right—nothing serious—for them not to worry. An idiot—an M.D. idiot!”

“Are you angry with me, David?”

“What do you mean?”

“Would you like to call me an idiot? Would you like to run from here? You know—like the girl?”

“That’s a crazy idea.”

“Is it?”

“Well, this place isn’t the most fascinating, you know. Anyway, I have to go to the library now.”

He got up and left the room.



“Muriel, Muriel is a cigar—just like a car—a car, a car.”

She skipped around the room quickly and now changed the rhythm slightly.

“Muriel, Muriel, is a cigar—and it smokes like a car, smokes like a car.”

Then she changed to a hop-skip-and-a-jump and changed her rhyme again.

“Hop, skip, jump—Hop, skip, jump. I’m not alump, I’m not alump.”

John stepped in front of her. She stopped short.

“No, you’re not a lump. You’re a girl, Lisa.”

She walked around him and resumed skipping.

“I’m not a lump, and I like to jump. Lisa, Lisa is my name—but Muriel, Muriel is the same; the same, the same.”



“It’s not the time or keeping time that interests me. It is the timepiece itself. The accuracy with which a particular instrument keeps time is directly proportional to the effort and skill of the creator.”

“Creator?”

“Yes, creator!”

“Peculiar word to use in connection with a machine.”

“I know. You would say ‘artisan’—or, worse yet, ‘technician’—or even ‘mechanic’ or ‘manufacturer.’”

“Yes, I would.”

“Yes, indeed. That is because to you a watch is only a machine used to serve a purpose—to tell time.”

“And to you? What is it to you?”

He grinned slyly. “Thank you for asking me. I needed your question as an introduction. The timepiece to me, if it is a master timepiece, is a creation—a creation symbolizing the utmost skill and artistry. Think of the effort and skill involved in creating a clock that is nearly absolutely accurate. Think of the combination of these utterly precise instruments—and I call the clock parts ‘instruments’—arranged in an almost perfect pattern for the purpose of harnessing time.”

“Harnessing?”

He laughed an almost natural laugh. “‘Harness’ is only a figure of speech—a slip.” He became serious again. “I should say to measure time. You know—as one measures length, width, and breadth with a micrometer. To measure

this, the most important dimension of all, the most dynamic—this ever-moving, ever-changing, and not changing at all—this most terrifying dimension of all—Time. He stopped and then a minute later, almost as an afterthought to himself, said, “If only we *could*, harness time.”

“We can.”

“We can?” He looked up at Alan, his face a picture of alert curiosity.

“Perhaps we cannot change the time allotted to us—perhaps we cannot add even one extra second to it. But if we use time in our behalf, if in the time of our lives we have freedom of choice—so that we have grown even one iota, in one split second in all the time of times—then we *have* harnessed this dimension.”

“That is a difficult thought to digest. I must give it some thought.”

“And time?” Alan smiled.

“And time,” David repeated. He turned and walked away.



She stopped in front of David, stared at him, then said, “David, David looks at me—but what does he see, what does he see?”

He looked up from the desk. “It’s Lisa, Lisa whom I see—staring at me, staring at me.”

She smiled at him and came a little closer. He stood up quickly and walked a little distance away. “Don’t touch,

don't touch—me don't touch. All else will do—but please no such.”

She stood still and remained smiling.

“Touch, such—such touch—foolish talking, foolish squawking.”

He repeated, “Yes, but—no such, no touch.”

She agreed. “No such, no touch.”



“You made a friend?”

“Friend? What are you talking about?”

“Lisa. I noticed you talking to her.”

“Oh, that. Well, don't get any ideas. My social adjustment or any other psychiatric descriptive nonsense you want to apply just doesn't apply here.”

Alan smiled.

“What's so funny?”

“Funny? Oh, nothing funny. I was just thinking that I take great pains not to use so-called psychological technical language, and yet here you accuse me of doing just that anyway.”

“All right, that's true,” he said grudgingly. “You talk straight enough; it was the others. Does that make you feel better?”

“Yes, it does,” Alan said seriously. “It does make me feel better.”

“Good for you,” David smiled. “Can I get back to this Lisa-child business now?”

“Yes, please do.”

“Thank you,” he said, clenching his jaw. “Thank you, very much.”

Alan remained quiet.

“As I was saying, Lisa is not a friend. I have no friends. If I did have a friend—which is rather inconceivable—it is unlikely that I would choose a twelve- or a thirteen- or fourteen-year-old infant—obviously my intellectual inferior. I talk to Lisa only because she interests me clinically. I would hardly bother to do something as arduous and boring as to talk in rhymes for the mere purpose of a ridiculous friendship.”

“I see.”

“Good.”

He walked to the other side of the large day room to wait for Lisa to come down from her own room.

Lisa walked into the day room. Her head was bent, and she walked slowly.

David approached her. He said nothing. John and Alan spoke quietly on the other side of the room.

“Lisa, Lisa, do you want to talk; or would you rather take a walk?”

“Talk, walk. Don’t you see—today I’m sick; I’m not me.” She walked away and he followed. Her mood seemed to change abruptly. She skipped around the room but said, “Today I’m low, low, low; so, David, go, go, go.” He walked away.

Alan walked to him. “You look angry.”

“Angry, bangry,” he grinned. “No, I’m not angry. It’s just that she’s hard to reach.”

“Maybe she just doesn’t feel well just now.”

"I have a feeling that she's trying to tell me that she's menstruating."

"Oh, maybe she is. How do you feel about it?"

"Feel! Is that all you think of—feel, feel? I don't feel. I don't feel a thing. Now what do you feel about that?"

"I feel you're angry. As Lisa would say, 'angry, bangry.'"

"I don't think it's funny, and I don't think you understand Lisa or me. I'm not angry—and I'll tell you what I feel—hungry. Yes, hungry. That's what I feel—hungry." He turned to leave the room.

"Well, feeling hungry is a feeling." But David paid no attention and walked out.



She printed on a white piece of paper with black crayon and then held it up to him. YOU RIME. TALK PLAIN—STRAYT.

"Oh, that makes it easier. It's not s-t-r-a-y-t; it's s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t—and r-h-y-m-e not r-i-m-e."

She printed STRAIGHT and RHYME.

"Can you spell it out loud?"

NO, she printed in huge letters.

"All right, all right—nobody is going to force you, Lisa."

NOT LISA—WHO LISA——MURIEL—MURIEL
—I—ME MURIEL.

"Lisa, Muriel. Frankly, I prefer the name Lisa."

She pointed at him with her left index finger—and then came a little closer. He backed away, but she followed.

“Lisa, don’t touch me. Now be careful, don’t touch me!”

She returned to the table and printed MURIEL in huge letters, filling up a whole piece of typing paper. She held it up to him.

“Yes—I see. All right, Muriel. Muriel, don’t touch me!”

She smiled a little half-smile and returned to the table and sat down.



Lisa and John sat at the table, the paper and pencils before them, saying nothing.

Finally, after some twenty minutes he asked if she would care to write something, or perhaps draw.

She shook her head no. She then walked to the screened window and looked out and watched the clouds. To her it seemed as though they were running after one another in slow motion. After a few minutes she returned to the table, picked up the pencil, and drew three clouds; then she drew them closer together—then overlapping, and finally one cloud within another. She then drew a big black X through them all.

David and Alan came into the room, busily talking in low voices.

Once again she picked up the pencil and printed, DAYVED.

John said, “Very good—very good, indeed.”

She printed, DAYVED, again, this time in much larger letters.

John took another sheet of paper and printed, DAVID—DAVID GREEN. “This is another way of spelling his name—the way he spells it. Green, you know, is his second name.”

She took a fresh sheet of paper and printed, DAVID GREEN——MURIEL.

She looked up at him and pursed her lips—but it wouldn't come. She couldn't think of her second name. Tears ran down her cheeks.

“Brent,” he said. “Brent.”

She tore the sheet up into little pieces; then took a fresh one and printed:

MURIEL LISA

and then broke into uncontrollable sobbing.



“Lisa, Lisa, why must we rhyme? It's so hard to do and takes so much time.”

“Funny David, can't you see? Rhyming stops her, she then can't be.”

He looked up with the surprise of discovery. “That's it, that's it. That's why you rhyme; you suppress Muriel by rhyming. You suppress her—now I see.”

She darted away.

“Lisa, I'm sorry. I'll rhyme; yes I will rhyme—slime, climb, rhyme. Lisa, Lisa,” he called. But she was away now, far away.

The panic overtook her. She ran around the room quickly.

“Climb, slime, climb, slime—I can’t rhyme; oh, I can’t rhyme.” She began to cry. “I can’t rhyme, I can’t rhyme.”

And a buzz in her head got louder. Then it grew and became a voice. The voice filled her head; it terrified her. And then she became calm. She sat down at the table with John.

“Do you feel better, Lisa?”

She looked up at him and laughed, a deep sarcastic laugh. There was no sound. But its expression was clear on her face.

“Won’t you talk?”

Again she laughed the soundless laugh.

“I see, you won’t talk.” He handed her the sheet of paper.

She drew a huge cigar and colored it bright red. Underneath it she printed:

I AM MURIEL NOW.



“I had a peculiar dream last night.”

“Oh? Would you care to tell me about it?”

“Yes, I will tell you. I searched and searched. It was terribly hard. But then I found it—the Lost Continent. It was a vast place and yet it was small. There were only thin, tall people there. They all wore glasses and were immaculately clean and young. Everybody knew that

they must not touch each other. I felt that I'd found—well, as if I'd found home.”

“You were comfortable there.”

“Yes, I was comfortable there,” he said, softly.

“Everybody in the dream sounds like you—at least from the outward description.”

“I suppose you could say that.

“Say, do you think it's because I would like to find a place—that is for me? You know, a place where all the others, the you's, would be strangers.”

“That may be,” Alan replied gently. “But, as you said, the continent was a lost one. Perhaps, David, it would be easier to get to be able to live in this, the world that isn't lost.”

“Perhaps, but I don't know.” He shook his head as if to clear it. “I mean I'll have to think about it some more.”



Lisa's heads poked through the holes. There was only one Lisa sitting on a high stool behind the clock. But she had eight faces, and each of them wore a different expression. One looked silly; another was frightened; the third had a crafty look, and the fourth laughed a high-pitched screaming kind of laugh. He couldn't make out the expressions on the other four but knew that they were all different. Then the sixth from the numeral twelve—and he thought, Twelve noon or twelve midnight—started to talk. “David, David, I'll talk to you, because that is

what I like to do.” The first face came into focus. It smiled warmly, even tenderly. He thought of his teddy bear—and its soft cloth ear.

Then ten o'clock rang out and the hands started to move. But a funny thing happened. All the heads came into focus, and the faces looked sweet and gentle. And the hands stopped. He yelled, “Go on, go on!” But they wouldn't budge. He pleaded. “Please, go on.” But they didn't move. Then he screamed, “Oh, God, my God!”

His screaming woke him. He was drenched in sweat. He felt very stiff. This was followed by an unfamiliar funny feeling, and then he became very frightened. He quickly stuck his hand under the pillow and found the soft ear of the ancient teddy bear. He brushed his nose, then his eyelids, and then his lips with it. It made him feel better.

Before too long he forgot the nightmare and fell asleep.



He sat at the table reading the math book.

She slipped the note on the table and then stood still. He read it.

PLAY WIT ME.

He looked up at her.

With controlled anger he said, “How stupid can you be! It's ‘with’ not ‘wit’—with, with, not wit. Now, go, leave me be.”

She turned around and started to walk away—but suddenly turned again and approached him. But she had changed, looked different, and he got up, a little frightened, ready to leave the room.

“Leave me, be me. David, shmavid, shmavid David.”

“Play, play another day,” he said, trying to placate her.

But she continued bitterly, “David shmavid—shmavid David.”

“All right!” He clenched his teeth. “Lisa, shmisa, shmisa, Lisa.”

He turned and left the room.



“Finish squawking and talking. Finish talking and squawking. Skipping, jumping, jumping, skipping—that’s what I want to do.

“David, skip and jump with me, and I’ll skip and jump with you.”

“I won’t skip and I won’t jump, but I’ll walk while we talk.”

“No squawk talk, no talk squawk—but let’s walk, let’s walk.”

They walked around the day room and said nothing. They were careful not to touch each other.

A nurse told him that Lisa did not feel well and could not come down to the day room. David sat down in an easy chair in one of the small side rooms. After several minutes Alan walked in and sat a short distance from him.

“A penny for your thoughts.”

“These are worth considerably less than that.”

“I see.”

They sat silently for some ten minutes.

“Do you know what I was thinking about when you came in?”

“No, what?”

“Well, just before I came here—that is, to this place—an odd incident occurred.”

“Oh, what’s that?”

“I had to go uptown to get a clock catalogue. Against my better judgment and with much trepidation, I took the train—the subway. As soon as I got on it, I knew it was a mistake. It looked filthy, but I had to get uptown—and at least it was almost empty. Well, we came to De Kalb Avenue, and a load of people walked in. I wanted to get out—but couldn’t without bumping at least one of them—and then the train started, and it was too late. I stood in a corner of the car; I steeled myself but it was no use—I felt very sick. Then we came out of the tunnel, onto the bridge. Being on the bridge made me feel even more closed in—more—well, caught. I had violent palpitations, felt I couldn’t breathe.” He

hesitated and then looked at Alan's eyes. "I guess I thought I'd have a heart attack."

Alan waited, but David didn't go on. He seemed to be daydreaming—away from the room.

"Then what happened?" Alan asked in a whisper.

"Oh, well, that's the funny part of the story—what happened next. And, you know, it all happened within minutes—from the beginning of the Manhattan bridge to Canal Street."

Alan waited.

"It was one of the few times I thought of my mother and father. Suddenly they just occurred to me, and for a second or two I felt better. Then I pictured them yelling at each other, and I felt awful again. That's when the funny thing happened. I saw this woman—a heavy, smiling, Jewish Mamma kind of woman. She was with her three children. There was a boy of about eighteen, a boy of thirteen, and a little boy about six. The little boy was leaning against the thirteen-year-old, sleeping and sucking his thumb. And they were all talking together. Mostly the conversation was about the little boy—how cute he was—Is he still sleeping? Let him sleep, let him sleep—that kind of talk. You know, she didn't have three children; she had four. I became the fourth. I was part of that family—one of her boys—and the funny thing is, the sickness left. I didn't even get off at Canal—I rode right on to Fifty-seventh. Funny, isn't it?" He laughed. "She never knew she had another boy."

"No. I don't think it's funny at all."

His face became serious again. "I'm going to take a walk in the yard now."

"Would you like me along?"

“As you wish.”

They got up and left the room.



He sat with the large physics textbook in front of him. But he didn't look at the material. Periodically he glanced over the top and stared at John and Lisa. They sat at the low table, printing.

That bastard, he thought, that vicious bastard. He'd like to see me dead—I know—I just feel it. I'll watch. I'll watch—touch me, touch me. Probably says vicious things about me. She doesn't understand anyway—how could she—that silly child—that man—a fool, a complete fool—therapist—therapist and he touched me. How he hates me, how he hates—that coarse, stupid, dirty, ridiculous bastard. He doesn't understand that child. Look at the man—big, fat, stupid, vicious, insensitive. Probably wears an American watch—a Mickey-Mouse American watch. No accuracy in that man—no precision—clumsy, stupid clumsy. I hate to even look at him.

He got up and stalked out of the room with his physics book.

There was a large clock. It ticked steadily as the hands slowly moved around the face. He stood under the large hand and held it, trying to keep it from moving. But it was too strong and kept going. He hung from it—but it moved with him on it. He threw things at it—it kept moving. He struck it again and again with the ax—but it didn't make a dent. He hit it with the sledge hammer. There was a hollow ring that changed to a laugh. The laughing was like a ticking now, and the laughing-ticking said, "Can't stop me, me me me—can't stop me, me me me." He screamed in his sleep and woke up feeling mixed up. But he quickly got up and in so doing re-established his equilibrium.

He went to the bathroom and showered. He soaped himself scrupulously, accounting for every millimeter of skin surface. He soaped and showered eight times, the entire operation taking an hour and ten minutes. He shaved with utmost care, making absolutely certain that no hair remained on his face. After urinating and defecating, he washed his hands six times, brushed his teeth three times, and then carefully combed his hair, making sure that the part was perfectly straight. His entire bathroom activity took two hours, but he had plenty of time until breakfast. After he finished dressing, it was only seven thirty.

She looked at herself in the mirror. The girl who looked back at her seemed indistinct, blurred. She tried to make her more real, but she still looked wispy, faded, as if she would disappear. Then she tried to make her more real by making silly faces. She blew her cheeks up with air. She stuck her tongue out. She smiled foolishly. Nothing worked; the image was still vague. Then she clenched her teeth and curled her lip; an angry face looked back at her—but it looked real, of substance, alive. But the anger in it scared her. She turned away from the mirror—and was out of the room, away from the hateful face.

For several days she didn't dare look at the mirror in her room.

She lay in bed and looked up at the ceiling. A little light came through the shaded window. She could just make out a vague shadow on the ceiling. She put her hand on her face. Then her hand seemed to be separated from the rest of her. It was as if it had a life of its own. She regarded it in a detached way—but at the same time concentrated on it so that it absorbed her completely.

It lightly touched her hair and mussed it up in an almost affectionate way. Then it traced the outlines of her nose and mouth almost as a blind person would. Then it came down to her neck and clenched it tightly. At the same time, she felt a kind of bubbling laughing in her head

and got frightened. Then she grasped her right hand with her left and removed it from her neck. It moved downward. It touched her small breasts and nipples, and this felt pleasant. Then it went over her belly to her thighs, to her clitoris. It rubbed her clitoris, and it felt nice. After a while the fear and tension was almost gone, and she fell asleep. When she woke in the morning, her hand was part of the rest of her again.



He lay in bed, and at first he didn't sleep. Then he had a fantasy. After a while the fantasy slipped into a dream as he finally fell asleep. There was a great clock—a huge precision instrument made up of extremely complicated parts. It read four o'clock, and chimes rang out four o'clock. Then a voice—neither male nor female, a metallic voice—said, "It's four—one, two, three, four o'clock." Then the clock stopped. It would go no further. Then for an important reason he added twelve to the four and it added up to sixteen. But the clock still didn't move. After a while the clock turned back to number 1 again, and this time went to sixteen o'clock. But it stopped short at 16 and would go no further. The clock then turned into the most complicated mechanism possible. It was an electronic, atomic clock. It was very strong. But it could not break through 16. He then had a funny sensation. Half of him felt different from the other half. It was as if an invisible line was drawn through the

middle of him, dividing him into two hemispheres. He looked back at the clock. It was trying desperately to move past 16. It seemed to move past—a second and a half past—and then he stopped dreaming.

When he woke, he had a fleeting thought—he was trying to charge through a concrete wall but made no impression on the smooth hard surface.

He spoke to Alan later that day.

“Do you know anything about electronic clocks?”

“No—but sounds interesting.”

“I’m sixteen today.”

“Oh! Happy birthday.”

“About that talk we had——”

“Which?”

“You know, some time ago. Controlling time.”

“Oh, yes. What about it?”

“This business of choice. If you have a choice over the time, you said.”

“What about it?”

A look of disgust came over his face. “Stop this pedantic what-about-it stuff! I’m asking you about it. It’s your production, so can you spare a few words to elaborate on it?”

“Choice means just that—choice. When people are not well, much of what they do is done because they have to do it. But if they get better and become themselves, then they are free to do as they please; they have a choice.”

“You mean compulsive versus noncompulsive.”

“You could say that—though I prefer to use plain language rather than technical terms.”

"Thanks for being so condescending. Also thanks for the 'they' routine—when you mean me." He suddenly got angry. "Mel! That's right, me. Me—David. Real compulsive nut—aren't I?"

Alan started to answer, but David suddenly got up and walked away.



"David, David, here you are; come with me far, oh far." She looked up at him beseechingly.

"Not today, not today—tomorrow I say, tomorrow I say." He walked to Alan's office. The door was open.

"Hello, David. Please come in."

"She irritates me—certainly can be a nuisance."

"She?"

"That Lisa child."

"She annoys you?"

"Well, sometimes she—oh, I don't know. It's like—oh!" He threw his hands up in exasperation.

"Everybody is irritated at times."

"Is that supposed to make me feel better?"

"Better or worse—it's simply a statement of fact."

"Statement of fact—I like that. Well, I'll tell you a fact. I had a really crazy dream last night; a real . . ." He looked for the words but couldn't find them.

"A real lulu."

"Yes." He smiled. "Could say that—a real lulu. You want to hear it?"

“Sure do.”

“I had a funny feeling in my stomach and then the feeling turned to a pain—a gnawing kind of pain. Then in my dream while I had the pain I had a fantasy at the same time. The fantasy involved my having a rat in my belly—which was slowly but methodically eating through my diaphragm trying to get to my heart. The next thing, my fantasy changed: instead of a rat, there she was—that ridiculous Lisa child. And her face—that sweet insipid smile of hers.”

He waited. Alan said nothing.

“Aren’t you going to say anything?”

“Do you want me to?”

“I don’t care. But—if you want to—go ahead.”

“I think Lisa is getting to you.”

“Getting to me?”

“Yes, getting to your feelings. Perhaps you’re beginning to like her.”

“Like her! How ridiculous can you get!” He spoke between clenched teeth. “She’s a clinical study—only clinical. Sometimes you sure can be ridiculous.” He got up and left the room—muttering, “So ridiculous, so ridiculous; almost as stupid as that bastard John.”



He ran faster and faster but knew that it was not fast enough. He had a pain in his side and was out of breath but kept running. The thought flashed through his mind

that he should have been more of an athlete. But it was too late now. He kept running, and the pain in his side now extended itself to his chest. It became unbearable, but he had to keep going. He looked down. It was there all right, and he couldn't jump to the side. He could run, but some kind of magnetic pull kept him glued to the treadmill. But it wasn't a treadmill; it was a clock, a linear clock. It was a ribbon of ever-moving time that kept disappearing into a huge abyss of nothing. He ran counterclockwise, but time ran out a little faster—and every second brought him closer to the nothingness. Then he realized that running served no purpose; he could not escape the movement of time. And then he was in the nothingness—falling; falling through space—and there was a clock in his head that ticked off the seconds; time was running out, fast. He would soon become part of the nothingness. The ticking stopped—and he woke.

For several days he spoke to nobody. He went to meals and spent the rest of the time reading his books and drawing plans of elaborate clocks. He did not return Alan's greeting.

Then one day, after nearly a week had passed, he returned to the day room. Alan walked up to him.

"Good to see you back, David."

"Good! You mean good for you. You like winning, don't you?"

"Winning?"

"You know what I mean. Winning—between us. Me being here again."

"I didn't know we were having a battle. As a matter

of fact, I consider us both on the same side—your side.”

“My side?”

“Yes, your side—to help you. After all, that’s what I’m here for.”

“Sounds corny.”

“What does? That anybody should want to help you?”

“That’s enough of this psychology. Let’s talk of other things.”

“Suits me.”

“Alan, have you ever considered the possibility of a radio clock?”

“You mean a radio alarm?”

“No, no. That’s just a gadget everybody has. I mean—well, this is a new idea. You wouldn’t say anything; I mean, I want secrecy—absolute secrecy.”

“Everything you tell me is confidential.”

“Well, people would wear this clock receiver which would be timed in to a central electronic device—through which they would constantly be informed of the exact time.”

“If they were interested.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I think the idea shows much ingenuity—but few people are interested in constantly having the exact time.”

He did not answer and just sat still.

After a few minutes Alan asked, “Have I offended you, David?”

“No.”

“David, what made you so angry? You didn’t talk to me for about a week.”

“It was my feeling.”

"Yes, what feeling?"

"I felt you and John were talking about me—that he said vicious things about me. Did—I mean, did he?"

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"The feeling was very strong."

"Your feeling about John must be very strong."

"I hate him! He's an uncouth, savage, ridiculous idiot. I don't see how he'll ever help that child."

"Lisa?"

"Yes, Lisa. What time is it?"

"Ten minutes to lunch time." Alan smiled. "David, how come you own no watch?"

"There isn't a timepiece made that interests me. They're grossly inaccurate—clumsy junk. I don't like them next to my skin. Some day, when I make one—a real piece—a masterpiece—then I'll carry it. It won't be a wrist watch anyway."

"Oh? Why not?"

"They can never be really accurate. Besides, I don't like to constrict my wrist. I'm hungry."

"Good. Just about time for lunch."

"I've been thinking about this business of Lisa getting to me."

"Yes."

"Well, she is a rather interesting child."

"Interesting?"

"Well, there are times she—well—when her face is interesting-looking."

"She is nice-looking. Beautiful eyes."

"Nice, beautiful—I didn't say that."

“No, you didn’t. I did.”

“She does have expressive eyes.”

“I think so.”

“But she can be silly.”

“Silly?”

“Well, this jumping about—rhyming and the rest.”

“Perhaps she can’t help herself.”

“Perhaps? There’s no perhaps about it. You know very well she can’t help herself. After all, she is a sick child.”

“Yes, I agree.”



FOURTEEN AND A HALF

FOURTEEN YEARS—AND SIX—MONTHS

“Very good—very good, indeed. That’s how old you are now—well, to be exact, a week ago.”

YOU—YOU, she printed.

“Me?” he said. “If you want to know how old I am, print the question and end it with a question mark.”

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

“I am sixteen and a half years old—sixteen years and six months.”

JOHN, HOW OLD IS HE?

“Frankly, I don’t know and I don’t care. But I would judge about three—no, maybe only two.”

ALAN—ALAN?

“I don’t know—perhaps forty or forty-five or so.”

A week later she spoke to John.

“You’re three, three, three; you see, you see.
Maybe two, two.
Poor you, poor you.”



“I notice you ignore all the other people here.”

“Your observation is correct.”

“Do you ever have any desire to socialize with any of them?”

“Socialize—that’s quite a word to use for a place like this.”

“How so?”

“‘Socialize’ implies freedom of choice with whom you have social contact. You should know about the phrase ‘freedom of choice,’ since you are always using it.”

“Always?”

“Almost. Not always—sometimes. Anyway, since talking with people must only be with people here—how much freedom can there be in such a social selection?”

“You can freely choose from the people here.”

“Thanks, but no thanks. There’s no freedom in that—and you know it. It’s like—well, like asking about an opinion of Republican policy among an all-Democratic group. Besides which, there’s another implication that I sense.”

“What’s that?”

“Well, it’s that even though we here in this institution are all individuals and as such different, being here,

having the same problems, ought to make us enough the same—that is, people think we ought to be enough the same—so as to give us the desire to socialize. Let me tell you I am not the same. None of us are. We may be here—but we're still different.”

“I'm glad you recognize that everyone is different, because we all are different. As for problems, everybody has them—in and out of here. But sounds to me as though you're protesting too much—reacting too strongly.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, like being here does in fact make you the same as everyone else—and that talking to them will add to the similarity, and as such is dangerous.”

“I don't know what you're talking about. Besides, I have some research to do now.” He left for the library.

Three days later he returned another patient's greeting and later on beat him in a game of chess.



She sat in the corner of the room and said in a loud, clear voice,

“Holly, golly—golly, holly. Golly, holly—holly, golly.”

When John approached her, she stopped talking. As soon as he left, she began and repeated over and over again,

“Holly, golly—golly, holly. Golly, holly—holly, golly.”

A week later the room was stripped of Christmas decorations.



The snow lasted more than an hour. They searched all over and couldn't find her.

Then John discovered her hiding place. She was in his coat closet. She stood perfectly still inside the heavy tweed coat, using it as a tent. When she came out, the snow had stopped. She skipped and jumped around the room yelling, "Snow, snow, go, go. Go, go—snow, snow."

John spoke to her. "Were you afraid, Lisa? Were you afraid of the snow?"

But she paid no attention and continued to jump about the room.

"Go, go—snow, snow. Snow, snow—go, go."

Then it began again, and she ran for the closet. This time he put a little stool in the tent, and she sat on it until the snow stopped.

She went to the new poster on the wall and looked at it. It was from a travel agency and pictured a beautiful green farm scene with snow-capped mountains in the background. John came up beside her.

She turned to him and said, "So green, so nice—no snow, no ice."

"Yes, Lisa. Green and nice—no snow, no ice," he repeated back to her.

She went to the table near the window, sat down, and drew on a large white sheet of paper. John sat next to her and watched. When she finished, there was a fairly

good replica of the poster in miniature. They took it to the wall and tacked it up next to its parent poster.

She stood back and looked—then said, “No snow, no ice—green and nice.”

That night in bed she spoke to herself. “Green grass—tall, warm, green grass.” She pictured herself putting her face into it. It was warm and tickled. After a while she fell asleep.



“A page to write my age—to write my age, I need a page.” She skipped about the room slowly, repeating again and again, “A page, a page to write my age—to write my age, I need a page.”

John stood in her path, and she stopped short. “Here, Lisa. Here is a piece of paper and a pencil—a page to write your age.”

She sat down at the table and printed,

I HAVE A PAGE TO WRITE MY AGE—I'M FOUR-TEEN AND A HALF THATS NO LAFF.

She looked up at him and smiled. It wasn't a silly smile.

David walked over to her and said nothing. She went to one of the tables and sat down. He sat opposite her. She printed on the pad,

LET US SIT AND TALK.

“You mean let us sit and talk and write, and talk is spelled t-a-l-k.”

YOU PLAY GAME BOY. She pointed to the other side of the room.

“Yes, I played a game of chess with the boy—with Robert.”

Her face crackled into a silly grin. She got up and skipped away from him.

“Game, game—boy, poy—chess, chess; mess, mess.”
She paid no more attention to him that day.



“Do people really change, Alan? Or I should say, can people change?”

“Yes, I believe they can, and I believe they do.”

“I don’t know. It’s easy to say. You’re so glib about it.”

“It is easy to say, but that doesn’t make it less true. People change; people grow!”

“Words, words—just words.”

“No, not just words. People change. Look at Lisa.”

“Lisa?”

“Yes, Lisa. She writes more, her speech makes more sense—she certainly has improved her relationships here.”

“Relationships?”

“Well, like with you. She’s friendlier.”

“Big change,” he grunted.

“Little changes can be important. Growth is a slow process. It doesn’t happen suddenly—it’s really hard work.”

“Hard work, slow process. Funny, I just remembered something.”

“Oh? What?”

“When I was very young—maybe seven or eight—two things happened the same day. Completely unimportant—but I never forgot them. About once every year or so I remember them.”

“Yes. What were they?”

“If this is psychotherapy, I don’t know how it helps—and yet . . .”

“Yet what?”

“Well, I do like to talk—when I’m in the mood. Alan, do you think—well—me here, I mean . . .”

“Yes, you’re changing too, David. And I guess I am also.”

“Well, anyway, what I remembered was this. My mother and I were on the train going from Brooklyn to Manhattan. We sat near the door. We were both afraid of not being able to get out on time when we’d get to our station.”

“Did she say she was afraid?”

“No, but she was; I just knew it.”

“I’m sorry for interrupting your story.”

“That’s O.K.” He smiled. “Anyway, on Atlantic Avenue a very old lady got on the train. She was very thin and dressed poorly, but she kept smiling all the time. As thin and poor as she was, she seemed happy. Anyway, I then noticed she had a package. She sat down next to a heavy, well-dressed woman and then opened the package. She took out three dolls. They were small but exquisite dolls; each feature was perfect, and they were very elaborately dressed. She fussed with each one—straightening the dress, fixing the hair—and all the time smiling and happy. The next thing, the woman next to her started a conversation with her, and in a few minutes I saw her hand the old lady some money and take one of the dolls—a dark one. Then the old lady moved to another seat next to another

well-dressed woman and started fussing with the dolls again.”

“Did she sell another one?”

“I don’t know. We got to our station about then. Well, when we got out and walked a while—the second thing happened that I never forgot.”

“What’s that?”

“We came to this nice quiet street, and there was a woman cooing and kissing and patting and cuddling a baby in a carriage. When I got up close, I looked at the baby. It was deformed. I don’t remember now—but it was abnormal; even it’s face wasn’t right. But she didn’t seem to know about it. She just went on kissing and loving that baby. I thought about it a lot that night. Couldn’t sleep—that and other nights.”

“Where were you going with your mother that day?”

“I don’t remember—but it was probably to the doctor.”

“The doctor?”

“Yes. Around that time they kept taking me to doctors. I was too tall, too thin, underdeveloped—all kinds of faults.” He looked into Alan’s eyes. “You know something?”

“Yes?”

“They really were stupid. There’s Lisa. I’ll see you later.”



“You know, I haven’t had a clock dream in about a month.”

“In a month, you say?”

“That’s right—at least that.”

“I noticed you playing chess.”

“Yes, I’ve been playing with Robert Salkin. Not a bad player—but not much competition. I always win.”

“Oh.”

“You know something I observed?”

“What’s that?”

“I think Lisa gets irritated when I play with Robert.” He shrugged his shoulders. “Part of her sickness, I guess.”



“David, David, look at me—who do you see, who do you see?” She looked up at him questioningly.

He observed her in a clinical, detached way, as he would a clock or a watch, but said nothing.

“David, David—say to me; say to me what you see.”

After she repeated the rhyme some ten times, he finally answered. “A girl, a girl—I see a girl. Who looks like a pearl—a small black pearl.”

“A girl, a girl—a small black pearl. Girl, pearl; pearl, girl.

“Pearl, girl; girl, pearl. I’m a girl, a pearl—a black girl pearl.”

She ran to the other side of the room.

“John, John—I’m a girl, a girl—a pearl of a girl.”

David sat by himself at the table thinking of rhymes. It was more difficult than he had anticipated, and such silly things came up: Come away with me—just you and me—away, far away, to a distant sea.

Then he changed it: Come away with me to a distant sea, a distant sea.

Then he thought, slime, slime—climb, chime, dime
dime—girl, pearl, pearl girl. A distant land—foreign sand
—no touching with a filthy hand. Lisa, Lisa, name the same
—enough, enough of this stuffy stuff—stuffy stuff.

He smiled to himself. Enough of this stuffy stuff, indeed
—enough of this nonsense.

He got up and went to the library. For a while he sat
and did nothing. Then for over two hours he drew an
elaborate plan of a clock. It was a precision instrument
capable of nearly absolute accuracy. But it didn't satisfy
him. He turned it over and drew the face. When he
finished the numerals, he recognized the execution
machine. He quickly tore it up and threw it into the waste-
basket.



She lay in bed and thought about the snow. It seemed
so gray and strange and cold. She pictured the sky
opening up and tons of it falling down all at once. She
pulled the cover over her head, shutting out the little light
that came through the shaded window. She remembered
the smell of John's coat. Remembering the tweediness of it
almost made her sneeze. After a while thoughts of the
snow disappeared, and she felt better. After much tossing
and turning—so that the bed looked like the scene of a
great upheaval—she fell asleep, curled up at the foot of
it, the cover over her head.

The dream was one of the few clear ones she ever had.

There was a great snow storm and she had to get to the other side of the huge square. She couldn't move. Then she saw John's coat—it was very long and stretched clean across the square. She still couldn't move. Then she saw David on the other side—beckoning to her—and she heard his voice calling, "Lisa, Lisa, Lisa, Lisa——" She stepped on the coat.

When she woke in the morning and looked out the window, she saw the sun, bright and warm.

It was a lovely spring day.

John and Lisa sat together at the large round table in his office. She looked through the magazine, slowly turning the pages and studying the pictures. John read the newspaper. But then she looked up at him and pointed to the white sheet of paper.

She had printed,
HERE DAVID ———→

She then took the piece of paper and held it so that the arrow pointed to the magazine picture of a tall blond boy.

John smiled and said, "It does look like him. Yes, it does, Lisa."

She snatched the paper back, turned it over and printed,
MURIEL
MURIEL

She then gave it back to John.

"All right, Muriel."

She took the piece of paper back and printed,
MURIEL—LISA—MURIEL. She smiled at him.

He said nothing and smiled back.



“A clock is to tell time. You know, twelve o’clock, two —Say, do you know about numbers? Did they teach you about numbers in that school?”

She wrote, 1 2 3 4 5.

“That’s right. Very good—very good, indeed. You apparently know more than you let on.”

David spent the next half-hour drawing clock faces and teaching her how to tell time. Even he was surprised at the rapidity with which she learned. However, when he became philosophical about time, telling about it as a dimension and discussing its importance, she lost interest and no longer paid attention. After a while she left, to look for John. When she found him, she drew clocks for him and demonstrated her new-found knowledge.

David went off to play chess but couldn’t find the boy he had played with. He went to Alan’s office and told him that he couldn’t find his chess partner. Alan suggested that they play a game together, and they did. After the sixth move it became apparent that David was in control of the game.

“Are you letting me win?”

“Letting you? Indeed not.”

“Are you sure? You know, part of the therapeutic approach—Getting-to-know-you-better kind of rot—plus, Make the kid feel good.”

“You are suspicious; but let me tell you, as I did once before, I have not and will not manipulate you in any way whatsoever.”

“I don’t know about me being suspicious. But it seems—well, you’re not playing too well.”

“Now let’s get this straight. I play chess with you as I would with anybody. I have too much respect for you to play down in any way. I am playing my best. Did it ever occur to you that you’re just a better chess player than I am?”

David smiled. “Me better than you? Well, seems funny.”

“Doesn’t seem funny to me. I may be older and more expert in psychiatry—after all, I’ve studied it for years—but you undoubtedly are better versed in other things than I am.”

“You’re trying to make me feel good.”

“Not at all. If you feel good, I’m glad for you. But I am simply stating a fact. The fact is you know more about physics than I do, certainly more about horology. I know more medicine—more psychiatry. All of us, you know, have different assets, abilities, and educations.”

“Let’s play chess.”

“OK.”

They made two more moves. David now had him in an impossible position. Another move and Alan would be set up for the checkmate.

David got up. “Well, that’s enough. Have some work to do in the library.”

“Just a minute.” Alan reached up.

“Don’t touch me!”

“I won’t—but we’re close to the end; why not finish?”

“What for? It’s—well, it’s late.”

“David, are you afraid—afraid of beating me? We’ll still be friends, you know. It’s only a chess game. I’ve lost before.”

He sat down and said nothing. In two more moves he mated him.

“Good game, David. I really enjoyed it.”

“But you lost.”

“I would get a kick out of winning—but you know something?—the real kick is in playing—especially with a good player who can teach me a thing or two. Now, how about some lunch?”

“I am hungry.”

They left for the dining room—together.



MURIEL MURIEL MURIEL, she printed.

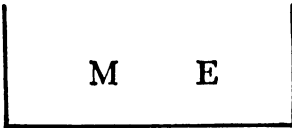
“What about Muriel?” John asked.

MURIEL MURIEL



“Yes, yes,” John said eagerly.

MURIEL—LISA—SAME



“Yes. All you—that’s true.”

But she got up and ran off to the other side of the room.

For a minute she stared at Alan and David, who were talking, but then got bored and went to look at some magazines.



“Clocks are more interesting than people.”

“How so?”

“They’re more accurate, more predictable, and just plain more interesting.”

“They’re more intricate.”

“Clocks?”

“No, people.”

“Well, I don’t know. Some of these timepieces—but —” He smiled. “Yes, I must admit the human mechanism is more complicated.”

“It is—but that’s largely because it is not a mechanism. It is not an it; it is a he or she—a person.”

“A person. So—what are you getting at?”

“A person. You’re right—not predictable because not mechanical. A person—human.”

“Human? What’s ‘human’ supposed to encompass?”

“Well—human being—feeling—changing and being unpredictable.”

“What’s so hot about that?”

“Hot, cold—we are what we are—humans, not clocks.”

“A clock is still easier to cope with.”

“David, perhaps you are afraid of people?”

“Afraid of people? I suppose so—and perhaps with good reason, too!”

“When you trust yourself more, you’ll be less afraid of other people, too.”

“Words—just words.”

"I don't think so."

He got up and went to his room. He studied the clock plans—but kept thinking of the conversation he had with Alan.

A week later he sat with Alan. For a while he said nothing, but after about ten minutes he spoke.

"I thought about it."

"About what?"

"Me. You know, being afraid of people."

"Yes."

"Well, I think—well, I am afraid—but I'm still interested in clocks and time and things."

"They're not mutually exclusive."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning, you can still be interested in clocks—just for their own sake."

"But what about death?"

"What about it?"

"Well, I admit it—I'm afraid of it."

"Must be a relief to admit it."

"Yes, I think it is. But isn't everyone afraid of it?"

"Not everyone—but lots of people—to a lesser or greater degree."

"Lesser, greater?"

"Well, my feeling is that people who are afraid to live are afraid to die."

"You mean, if you do a lot of living—then you haven't missed much when you die."

"More or less."

"You know, I just remembered something."

"What's that?"

“I remember going into a movie. I was thirteen years old; it was a bright, sunny day. The movie was dark, pitch black. I found a seat—away—away from everybody. I sat and watched the movie for a while. Suddenly I had a terrible feeling; I broke into a sweat—my heart beat wildly. What I thought of was being dead—the world being there and me gone. The feeling was awful; I felt like I was losing myself—like I was disappearing. Then I ran out of the blackness of the movie into the sunlight. As soon as I got out into the light I felt better.”

“You hadn’t disappeared.”

“No,” he said solemnly. “I was still there.”

“What were you watching when the fright began?”

“I don’t know. You know, I thought about it many times but could never remember. It’s funny—my memory is nearly perfect—but that—I couldn’t remember.”

“I see.”

“I’ll tell you something I do remember.”

“What’s that?”

“Well—about a year after that movie incident—I figured something out.”

“Yes?”

“I figured out that in a way we never die at all.”

“How’s that?”

“Well, if people have children and children have children—in a way we go on living just like the branches of a tree.”

“It’s a very interesting thought.”

“Interesting? Well, I don’t know. But this I know: at times thinking about it in this way makes me feel lots better.”

“Good.”

“There’s Lisa; I’ll see you later.”

“OK.”



“What do you think about what I told you last week?”

“What are you referring to?”

“Oh, you know—my fears. You know, all that pathology.”

“Pathology?”

“Yes—my being afraid of death, and of people.”

“Well, its being pathological or nonpathological is not terribly important.”

“Not important! It’s important enough to be keeping me here.”

“While that’s true, I’m still not terribly interested in your fears pathologically. Setting judgments—sick, sicker; pathological—it’s not too important.”

“Then what is?”

“Your fears are symptoms—and also symbols. As such they have value—value as routes to what it is that generated them in the first place.”

“I see.”

“Do you?” Alan smiled.

“Yes, I think I do—but—well, you’re so bland. So—well, isn’t it unusual to be so accepting of such sickness—of being crazy?”

“Bland, unusual—words, only words. This I can tell you: only by accepting our difficulties can we use them to better

understand ourselves—and to grow healthier. Calling ourselves names—crazy and so forth—it just doesn't serve any purpose."

"Healthier, that's a laugh."

"No, it's not a laugh. Let me tell you, everybody—no matter how sick—also has much health, too."

"You mean a combination?"

"Exactly."

"Even me?"

"Most certainly you."

"You know, it just occurred to me."

"What's that?"

"Your name and mine are colors. Alan White, David Green—White and Green."

"That's true; I hadn't thought of it either."

They sat a while and said nothing. After five minutes, David spoke. "The other day there was something I remembered that I wanted to tell you."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I sat here with you and kept thinking about it—but couldn't talk about it."

"Oh, that will happen—and perhaps one day, when you're ready, you'll talk about it."

That night before he went to bed he thought about it again.

He was eleven and went to a freak show. He saw a boy who was supposed to be turning into an elephant but that didn't bother him. Then he saw a man who put needles through his skin, and he didn't like that at all. At another platform he saw a dwarfed, hunchbacked man billed as "The Human Frog," and he felt terribly sorry for him.

Then he came to Alan-Adele—half-man, half-woman. He looked, fascinated—one side bearded, the other side smooth-shaved; flat-chested and full-breasted; long hair, short hair. Then he made the error; he thought of himself. He became terrified and ran out of the show shaking and sweating. He still felt odd when he thought about it. But he couldn't talk about the memory to anybody. Not yet.



He decided to try it. He would not rhyme; he would talk to her straight. He sat in the day room in a large rocking chair. A few other patients came in and walked about, but they ignored each other. John came in and said, "Hello," but David did not reply. It was raining outside, a heavy spring rain, but the room was large and bright, well lighted, with many pictures. He looked out the window, at the rain—and the picture of a big beach umbrella popped into his mind. Then he thought of his mother's diaphragm. It was well hidden, and he came across it by accident. He had heard about condoms and thought this was one. It had been in one of their secret places. He didn't touch it—just looked. It seemed all rolled up. But its diameter, its circumference, was huge. He would never grow into the size of that. He remembered running out of the room.

Just then Lisa came in. She immediately walked over to him. John sat at the other side of the room and read the newspaper.

“David, David, how are you? It’s raining out—what shall we do?”

“It would have been nice to walk in the garden. But we will do it another time. Come sit down in the chair—over here.” He pointed at the other rocker.

She looked at him quizzically. She had rhymed—and he hadn’t.

“Chair, there,” she whispered, and sat down.

“Lisa, it’s hard for me to rhyme. Listen to me—even if it’s plain—straight. Lisa, stay.” He spoke very slowly and carefully. Now he hesitated—then said, “Lisa, trust me.”

She looked up into his eyes. She looked startled and afraid. Then she said in a deeper voice than usual, “David, David, your face is nice; soft, soft—not like snow, not like ice.”

He smiled. They sat in the room and rocked up and back in the chairs.



“David, hello, you look nice.”

“So do you, Lisa.”

“Today I’m fifteen David—fifteen. Let’s go and look out the window.”

“Happy birthday, Lisa. Lisa, you’re not talking in rhymes.” His heart beat wildly; then he whispered, “And you’re not writing. You’re you—Lisa, not Muriel.”

“Lisa, Muriel, different, the same—just names. Let’s look out the window.”

He became very pale and he trembled and his breathing became quicker and deeper. "Lisa." He swallowed hard. "Lisa, take my hand."

She looked up into his eyes and slowly took his hand.

He stiffened and felt a surge of fright course from his hand through the rest of his body. He clenched his teeth and tears ran down his cheeks, but he hadn't died.

Hand in hand, they walked to the window.

Notes

Lisa Brent

INITIAL INTAKE NOTE

September 15, 1958

This thirteen-year-old white girl initially appears about two or three years younger than her stated age. Physical examination, however, reveals a normally developed thirteen-year-old, menarche having commenced at age eleven.

Age—13

Height—5' 4"

Weight—98

Blood pressure—100/70

Pulse—76

Respiration—Normal

Skin reveals no stigmata.

Eye, ear, nose, and throat are normal.

Heart, lungs, and abdomen are normal.

Extremities are normal.

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Temperature—98.7

Urine Analysis—Negative

Blood Study—Negative

Chest X-Ray—Normal

Neuromuscular reflexes are slightly exaggerated but are within normal limits. Neurologic examination—including response to light, touch, heat, cold, pain; hearing, seeing; and fundi examination—is negative.

In conclusion, there is no evidence of system pathology. Neurologic, respiratory, circulatory, digestive, and urinary examination reveals no demonstrable lesion.

PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION:

Lisa is a tall, thin, dark-complexioned child. Her eyes are large and light brown; her nose is short and straight. She has a small mouth and even white teeth. Her straight brown hair is parted on the side and is usually disheveled and occasionally neat. Lisa's expression, appearance, and the impression she makes are more than ordinarily linked to fluctuations in her mood and personality. She is about four-fifths of the time a pixie-looking, eye-darting, disorganized, hyperactive four-year-old. She darts about the room, hopping, skipping, and jumping—at times in a dystonic fashion, feet and arms disorganized and going in all directions, and at other times skipping and jumping with the precision of a practiced athlete. In this identity she calls herself Lisa, fluctuates from poor to fair contact, and speaks only in rhymes—in a high, sing-song, infantile voice. Occasionally she moves about in a sluggish fashion, appearing depressed. During these usually brief periods her eyes change from a darting near-squint to a wide-eyed expression of dreaminess and pathos. The observer was surprised during observation of the first of the latter moods at the unusual size of her eyes.

About one-fifth of the time Lisa's identity, mood, and activity become radically changed. Her psychomotor activity becomes markedly reduced. She walks about in lady-like fashion, almost gracefully. The pixie quality disappears, as does the affective impression of seeming to be a very young child. There is no longer evidence of giggling and silliness. Lisa then appears to be her stated age. However, she no longer calls herself Lisa. At this time she becomes "Muriel," a name which often comes up in her rhymes as Lisa. During the Muriel identification the patient is mute, but she can write, a skill learned in the A—— School prior to her admission here. When given pencil and paper, she may or may not print a few words. Her printing and language are surprisingly good, but we feel that she has even better potential. As Lisa, she is aware of her Muriel characteristics. We suspect that she is aware of Lisa as Muriel—but not as aware. Is it possible that her antics as Lisa embarrass her?

There is undoubtedly considerable autistic preoccupation, but at present it is not possible to expose or to evaluate it.

Attention span is extremely poor, making testing almost impossible. From her rhyming productions, however, we can ascertain good orientation in place and person (Lisa/Muriel). We cannot evaluate her orientation in time. From her rhymes, printing, and previous testing we suspect the existence of a superior I.Q. and considerable talent. There are no demonstrable hallucinatory experiences; however, their existence would not be surprising. Aside from the Muriel delusion and preoccupation, there is no evidence of delusional production.

From observation and the small amount of testing pos-

sible, we discern much underlying anxiety. To ward off panic attacks, which occur infrequently, she obviously defends herself with hyperactivity, rhyming, disassociation, and mutism. The hyperactivity probably serves to rid her of the excess energy of her anxiety. The rhyming may be a way of repressing certain affects by a veneer of silliness or nursery-rhyming activity but at the same time managing to communicate. Now these affects may be bound up in the compartment labeled "Muriel." The mutism of Muriel may be a last-ditch attempt to repress threatening displays of unwanted feelings. Of course, the latter explanations are only speculations which will or will not be substantiated only after much time has passed.

From the history and the small amount of testing and contact possible, we feel that Lisa is having much difficulty with the upsurge of sexual feeling and affect in general, particularly anger. Her sickness is essentially an attempt to cope with the latter uncontrollable feelings.

DIAGNOSTIC DISCUSSION:

The patient projects a general feeling characteristic of hebephrenia. The giggling, silliness, autistic preoccupation, and affective display of a much younger age level—all contribute to that picture.

However, while her rhymes are sometimes irrational and characteristic of a thought disorder, they are more often rational and indicate a relatively good ability to communicate. There is seldom evidence of a word salad. This, plus the presence of a disassociative process, detracts from that diagnosis.

Suffice to say, then, that the patient is a very sick little girl presenting elements characteristic of hebephrenic

schizophrenia complicated by an ability to disassociate, characteristic of multiple personality.

PROGNOSIS:

Very serious in view of present findings and their duration, which is dated from at least age six.

RECOMMENDATION:

Continuous relating treatment with a therapist—not necessarily a psychiatrist—and maximum freedom, including mixing with one or two other children in the day room.

Lisa Brent

SIX-MONTH INTERVAL NOTE March 15, 1959

The patient's relationship to her therapist and to other patients remains completely superficial and paltry. There have been no changes in her productions or general behavior pattern.

No discernible progress can be noted.

Lisa Brent

SIX-MONTH INTERVAL NOTE September 15, 1959

The patient is beginning to relate simultaneously to another patient—David Green—and to her therapist. Her

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rhyming productions are directed toward them, as is a considerable portion of her interest. There is no other great change in her productivity or general behavior pattern.

Lisa Brent

ONE-YEAR SUMMARY NOTE *September 15, 1960*

There have been some significant changes during the last twelve-month period. Testing is still not possible. Her writing ability is definitely improved.

Lisa has continued to relate to David Green (see notes on David Green) and the relationship has become less superficial. This has apparently led to a more solidified transference to her therapist, with whom she spends more time and to whom she is more communicative. Her attention span has increased, and it is now possible to discern good orientations in time. There is less hyperactivity, giggling, and silliness. Her disassociative activity seems to be diminished. The compartmentalization of Lisa/Muriel is becoming more fluid. Though she still uses both names, Muriel comes up more frequently in the Lisa rhymes and Lisa in her Muriel printing. It is not possible to determine the degree or significance of an integrative process at this time. It should be noted, however, that on at least one occasion Lisa and Muriel became one and the patient spoke without rhyming.

Her rhyming activity has undergone a significant transition. Her rhyming two years ago consisted of nonsense

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syllables meaningful only to herself and was full of neologisms and clang formations. The rhymings at this time were largely primitive productions of primary process and mainly autistic formulations. At times the productions were jumbled enough to be considered a word salad not unlike that of classic hebephrenia. About a year ago her rhyming underwent a more and more pronounced change. It seldom resembled a word salad and began to make much sense. It lost much of the neologic formation and began to deal less with autistic material and more with environmental properties. In short, it changed from a primary-process phenomenon to a secondary-process one. It dealt less with her inner world and more with the outer one she lives in. Her rhymings more and more became comments on things going on about her. The third and final phase of the rhyming transition occurred during this last year and has become more developed during the last six months. This phase has largely consisted of using the rhymes to communicate—to talk to both John and David. An obviously increased desire to talk with David and her therapist has made it more difficult to rhyme. Perhaps a combination of things is taking place. Perhaps her increased trust in herself plus the desire to talk are leading to loosening of the rhyming defense.

Despite obvious progress, the patient continues to be hyperactive, continues to rhyme, continues to be autistic at times, continues to disassociate (though diminished), and in general continues to be extremely immature. She also continues to demonstrate inappropriate affect—though not as inappropriate as on admission. She continues to be fearful, at times hiding in closets for long periods.

PROGNOSIS:

In view of duration and intensity of illness, prognosis, while brighter, remains very serious.

RECOMMENDATION:

Continued institutionalization and continued relating therapy.

David Green

INITIAL INTAKE NOTE

September 15, 1958

This fifteen-year-old white boy appears to be about his stated age. Physical examination reveals a tall, thin, normally developed fifteen-year-old.

Age—15

Height—5' 10"

Weight—131

Blood Pressure—110/76

Pulse—70

Respiration—Normal

Temperature—98.6

Blood Study—Negative

Urine Analysis—Normal

Chest X-ray—Normal

Skin reveals no stigmata.

Eye—myopic, moderate.

Ears, nose, and throat are normal.

Extremities are normal.

Seventy-one

Neurologic examination—including neuromuscular reflexes; response to light, touch, cold, heat, pain; hearing, seeing; and fundi examination—is negative.

In conclusion, there is no evidence of system pathology. Neurologic, respiratory, circulatory, digestive, and urinary examination reveals no demonstrable lesion.

PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION:

This is a tall, small-boned, narrow-shouldered, white boy, who appears to be approximately his stated age. His hair is straight, dark blond, and perfectly parted on the side. His eyes are large, light blue, and sleepy-looking. His skin is light and clear, his mouth small, teeth even, and nose straight and fine. His features are regular and in good proportion to one another, but his face seems small for his body and has a pinched quality. David is always dressed completely and immaculately in either a gray tweed or blue serge suit, white shirt, and matching tie. His black shoes shine faultlessly, and his socks are held high by garters. He wears brown horn-rimmed glasses.

He speaks in a low, well-modulated voice, often with obvious if not blatant sarcasm, at other times with only a suggestion of sarcasm and bitterness. His pronunciation is excellent—each word being enunciated with precise clarity. His characteristic precision of speech seems to be effortless and probably a habit of long standing.

The patient is well oriented in all spheres and does not demonstrate overt evidence of hallucinating phenomena. His memory is excellent, and his vocabulary extensive. I. Q. is extremely high. The patient enters interview situations and psychologic testing reluctantly. There is sufficient cooperation, however, to glean considerable information.

During interviews the patient demonstrates considerable controlled hostility which makes itself felt by sarcasm and an occasional muffled outburst of anger. Affect is appropriate for the most part. There is, however, some flattening, best demonstrated in areas where considerably less emotion is expressed than would be expected. There is enormous arrogance, and a thin veneer of superiority, undoubtedly evidence of extreme underlying fragility and fear of emotional contact. The patient had become increasingly seclusive and fearful up to the time of his present admission. The latter seclusiveness and fear continue.

The patient is phobic about bodily contact. He cannot tolerate being touched. Physical examination was very difficult, David having insisted on placing the stethoscope, diaphragm, etc., himself. The latter condition has existed for at least five years and has increased in intensity in the last few months prior to entrance at this institution. At present this phobia borders on the delusional, inasmuch as the patient feels that touching may result in death.

David is obsessed with cleanliness, neatness, logic, and precision. A specific obsession involves time and time-keeping mechanisms. He spends many hours drawing clocks and watches and during interviewing expressed much preoccupation with time.

He has good abstraction ability but unexpectedly tends to become concrete intermittently. This concrete approach is mainly expressed in an attempt to mechanize much of his thinking. When he does become involved in discussion, he intellectualizes a great deal and in general impresses the examiner with much overintellectualization. He undoubtedly spends much of his time secluded and preoccupied in autistic activity. While he will discuss general

issues, physics, math, clocks, time, and some philosophy, he remains detached and alienated when discussing himself, absolutely refusing to describe early memories, relationships, or his family. Attempts at such discussion result in circumstantiality and evasiveness. Despite some apparent intellectual insight as regards his condition and admission here, insight on any deeper level—that is, on an emotional level—is remarkably lacking. There are well-guarded manifestations of paranoid ideation, but no evidence of a thought disorder other than extreme fear of bodily contact and time-clock preoccupation. Attention span in contact with interviewers is only fair; therefore, a number of short interviews were used to elicit the latter material.

While the patient did permit psychologic testing, cooperation was at best limited. He was sarcastic, resentful, bored, and restless. Nevertheless, there were enough Rorschach and T.A.T. responses to permit some theoretical conclusions. He found I.Q. testing more tolerable and at times seemed involved and even interested.

I.Q. is above 145. General knowledge is extensive and characteristic of a much older individual. However, despite the great fund of general knowledge, a naivete characteristic of a much younger child is always in evidence. The patient demonstrates considerable narcissistic preoccupation and much infantile omnipotence. Identity is poor, as is self-esteem, with much evidence of fragility and a great fund of self-doubt. There is much underlying anxiety and anger, and a very poor ability to accept and to handle these. General fearfulness and preoccupation with death are evident throughout, as is fear of people and relationships of even a superficial nature. There is evidence of sex-

ual upsurge and an intense effort at control, repression, and denial. There is also much sexual confusion, especially as regards his own sexual identity, which is very poorly established. The patient is extremely defensive, and his defenses for the most part follow an obsessive-compulsive pattern with a definite tendency toward paranoid ideation. While responses and general ideation are not typically characteristic of schizophrenia, they are nevertheless quite florid and at times very bizarre. This is especially true when his anger is tapped. There is also evidence of considerable hopelessness and underlying depression, undoubtedly a function of much self-hate and degradation. There is an unusual degree of cynicism in one so young.

DIAGNOSTIC DISCUSSION:

The patient has suffered from a multitude of neurotic symptoms during a majority of his young life. While the predominant symptomatic thread is characteristic of an obsessive compulsive neurosis, there are sufficient other symptoms (phobias, anxiety attacks) to warrant a diagnosis of neurotic reaction, chronic *mixed* type. However, there is also evidence of graver pathology. There is much basic anxiety, poor identification, especially in the sexual area, much self-hate, poor relatedness, and bizarre Rorschach responses, all of which make us think seriously of a diagnosis of pseudo-neurotic schizophrenia. In any case, we are dealing with a very fragile, anxiety-ridden, adolescent boy, who, defense-wise, is treading the line between neurosis and psychosis and who, despite great intelligence, is at present almost nonfunctional. The diagnosis of mixed neurosis with possible schizophrenic underpinnings will be retained for the time being.

PROGNOSIS:

Serious.

RECOMMENDATION:

The patient will be allowed as much freedom as possible and will be seen in psychotherapy, as willing, with Dr. Alan White.

David Green

SIX-MONTH INTERVAL NOTE: *March 15, 1959*

The patient remains seclusive, spending almost all of his time alone, with books. His motivation in treatment has been very poor. Instead of regular sessions, Dr. White has made himself available at any time and has spent time in the day room with him. However, David speaks to him only infrequently and for a few minutes at a time.

David Green

SIX-MONTH INTERVAL NOTE: *September 15, 1959*

David has become slightly more communicative, occasionally returning the greeting of other patients and staff members.

He seems to be interested in Lisa Brent, at least super-

Seventy-six

cially, observing her and trying to talk to her. He is also spending more time with Dr. White.

He is making more use of the library and day room.

David Green

ONE-YEAR SUMMARY NOTE: *September 15, 1960*

At the beginning of this period David became interested in Lisa Brent on what he claimed was an intellectual, clinical basis. This apparently changed to an emotional relationship. He has spent increasing time with her, and there has been communication between them. He has even allowed himself to be touched by her on at least one occasion. He has also played chess with another patient, has become less seclusive, and spends time in the day room.

There has been at the same time increased interest in sessions with Dr. White and the establishment of a fairly strong positive transference.

In treatment it is obvious that he is emotionally involved with Lisa and has focused some of his externalizations and paranoid process on Lisa's therapist, probably a function of his jealousy and possessiveness. He has become less arrogant, less sarcastic, and less intellectualized. There is also evidence of less autistic preoccupation, with greater interest in himself in relation to Dr. White and the rest of the world. He has also begun to repress less, bringing up emotionally laden early memories. He does not speak of his family, however, and Dr. White has not pressed for such productions. Dr. White has likewise not touched any

Seventy-seven

of his neurotic defenses (phobias, fears, or externalizations). David has also steered clear of sexual subjects, though his therapist feels that there are undoubtedly sexual feelings for Lisa present. His dreams have become less bizarre and less replete with anger and murder. In general, there is less fear of anger. Anger toward his doctor is now expressed with affect rather than as superior, intellectual statements. The patient seems more hopeful and, interestingly enough, has begun to ask for reassurance as to the possibility of growth and change.

Rorschach demonstrates slightly less bizarreness in the quality of the responses and somewhat less confusion as regards identity sexually. There is still considerable anxiety and anger, and a tendency toward paranoid ideation. There is still considerable infantilism and naivete.

Compulsive cleanliness, fear of body contact, and for the most part detachment from other people continue. The obsession with clocks and time persists, but to a lesser degree. Intellectualization also persists, but to a lesser degree.

PROGNOSIS:

In view of obvious progress, especially as regards emotional involvement with another child and his therapist, prognosis is improved. David seems to be veering away from the borderline of schizophrenia. However, in view of long history and seriousness of illness, prognosis must still remain guarded.

RECOMMENDATION:

Continued institutionalization here and treatment with Dr. White. If improvement continues, discharge from the

institution and treatment with Dr. White outside may be possible in the next six months to a year. It must be remembered that David is still anxiety-ridden and many months away from the time when he will be able to become involved in the problems of his neurotic defenses, sexuality, and family relations.

