In a Mirror Dimly

CHARLES S. MILLIGAN

THE subject of identity has received a great deal of attention in recent years. Many associative terms come to mind: "self-image," "self-esteem," "masks or persona," "defenses," "security systems," and the like. One of the conclusions that has emerged—and about which I would guess we would find considerable agreement among ourselves—is that self-esteem is a good and healthy thing: good for children to have; good for friends; good for ourselves. We would make a distinction between authentic, wholesome self-esteem and assertiveness or aggressiveness or defensiveness, and so on.

The various religious traditions, however, seem to have been in a state of strange uncertainty on this subject. When it comes to moralistic preachment, here is a statement that is not only typical of many threads that run through the Bible, but which run through Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, and especially Confucianism and Shintoism: "For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." (Romans 12:3) More extreme quotations could easily be found. This is a very popular view among parents when looking at their children, among majority group persons when beholding a minority, and generally among those in positions of institutional responsibility when considering underlings. Of course we all know that what is obnoxious is an over-compensating aggression or boastfulness, which actually hides self-doubt and depreciation.

But on the other hand, when Paul was defending **himself** in writing to the Corinthians, he recounted what he had suffered for his faith—which was after all quite extraordinary—and says he counts himself not a white inferior to the other apostles. (II Cor. 11:5) And that so often has been the way in the religions of mankind, to commend abject humility, even grovelling self-abasement, when speaking in general and moralistically, but in actual life situations to exhibit a most extraordinary self-assurance. It is not evident to me that men like Luther and Augustine, Gandhi and Schweitzer, Jesus and Tolstoi were altogether humble or totally lacking in vanity. Luther had one moment of blessed insight, when it momentarily dawned on him that he was being more than a little audacious in standing at Worms and challenging the entire establishment—somewhat at variance with his usual preachments of Christian humility. But he recovered sufficiently later to turn vehemently against the peasants in their revolt of 1525, on the basis that they had no business questioning their betters.

I think this difficulty is compounded by virtue of the fact that so many of the spiritual heroes of the world have for some reason had an extremely blurred self-image. Augustine put it quite bluntly when he said, "I became a mystery to myself." Or consider what an extraordinarily confused self-image St. Paul had to be able to say, "I no longer live, but Christ liveth in me." That is a dybbuk delusion for sure.[1]

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[1] On Paul's "Christ-mysticism" cf. Albert Schweitzer: *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle,* New York: H. Holt and Company, 1931.

Perhaps it is further compounded by an assumtion that all other men have the same problems, the same psychological experiences and crises.[2] A beautiful example is found in a letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. to William James. He wrote: "The great act of faith is when a man decides that he is not God." (1907) If there is any implication —as there seems to me to be—that all men have this particular problem, of course Holmes was much mistaken. The crisis of faith for far more men—and men of accomplishment among them, such as William James—is to have **some** faith, a sufficient faith, in themselves. And Paul might far better have written to the Romans for no man to think more lowly of himself that he ought, or at least he ought to have added some such thought. For when we think too highly of ourselves, we are merely a bit ridiculous—which is well and good; the world can always use more amusement than it finds at hand —, but when we think too lowly of ourselves, we are defeated and defeating.

Nietzsche was, I believe, the first to pinpoint this negation, masquerading as pious virtue, in his analysis of "slave morality." It was a masterful insight to see this as founded in resentment.

I.

The first suggestion I have to offer is that what we need in this regard is **not the urging of stronger self-esteem, but finding a more accurate self-image.** I am willing to make the assumption that if we know ourselves with some clarity, we will forsooth think well enough of ourselves.

When we say, "be yourself!", although a rebuke, there is this implicit compliment, that the authentic self is better than the false one which appears on the surface. Let me hasten to add that there are crisis experiences of self-revelation that are devastating for a time—and perhaps ought to be—, but I mean to say that over the long haul, and especially when emerging from some deep disappointment in oneself, "know thyself" is a more useful maxim than "esteem thyself." As with so many other good things, self-esteem cannot be come by directly, but is a by-product of other, more mundane matters.

As long as the question is posed in terms of self-esteem or pride or humility, we are not going to get very far with it. For that cuts only to a very superficial level, and the answer we find then becomes one of gaining more skill in disguising our defensiveness and more adroit in striking poses of confident, wholesome, socially-acceptable self-assurance. And this is the tie with "faith," by which I mean an inward affirmation carried with as much joy as determination. As we are wont to say in a religious context, it has to do with our inmost heart, the doubts and fears that lurk there, the wanted assurances and rightful hopes that should be there. The more skillful we are at disguise and pose, the more this inmost feeling is infected with hidden self-doubt and suspicion.

Inevitably Robert Burns' lines come to mind when we deal with this subject:

> O wad some Power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us!
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
> An' foolish notion;
> What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
> An' ev'n devotion!

This is quite true, but it has to do with appearances and the avoidance of appearing ridiculous. What is needed is to get to a deeper level of how we feel about ourselves, not how smoothly we move among our peers.

The prior problem is not whether we approve ourselves, but whether we know ourselves to some degree; not to

[2] This assumption seems to me as prevalent in psychology as philosophy. In its most pernicious form a man insists that everybody has *his* neurosis and must repeat precisely *his* diagnosis and *his* cures.

grade ourselves on deportment as if grade cards, whether heavenly or psychological, were the ultimate question of life, but to see ourselves and have some conviction that there is somebody at home. At least for many people, I would simply turn Holmes' claim completely around and say that the great act of faith is when a man is able to say something like this: "crumb though I am, when you get right down to it, I am a rather lovable crumb; whatever God is, there is somewhat of it in me."

The reason, it seems to me, that pursuing self-esteem directly is ineffectual is that we cannot know ourselves completely or with great accuracy. Knowing that we cannot, it is very easy to assume the worst or to fear what we do not know. It is a rare person indeed who does not shrink from some new encounter with himself.

A few years ago I had an opportunity to observe this by being on a TV panel for several weeks. Almost invariably those who saw themselves for the first time on video tape were dismayed. "I think the camera must have been out of focus . . . Do I really look that much overweight? . . . Has my hairline receded that much? . . . I didn't dream that jacket was so ill fitting . . . Heavens! is that what my voice really sounds like?" At the same time, each one seemed satisfied with the way the others looked and sounded. Now these people had seen the same image in the mirror at home; they had heard their own voices every day. But this new dimension of self-encounter made them look afresh, especially since it was in a situation of responding to other persons.

A most interesting transformation would take place the second week, however. The panelist would brace himself to endure watching the video tape, but once confronted with the image, he not only found it an improvement but rather enjoyable to contemplate; the third week and after it was almost as a thing of beauty and a joy forever that one would behold himself.

Now you may be thinking that this process was merely the result of our extraordinary ability to accommodate ourselves to "selective inattention," and of course that was a part of it. But as far as I could observe, it was also in part a justified self-confidence based on a small but significant increase in knowledge of oneself as a person. What these people saw in themselves was reality based, and as Burns observed, what happens when we see ourselves somewhat more truly as we are, is that it frees us from some unnecessary burdens.

II

How do we come to see ourselves as persons? The wisdom of mankind is rife with admonitions about knowing thyself, but most annoying in its silence generally as to how we are to go about this. Let me come at this by way of another quotation from Paul, that is as perceptive as the previous one seems to me insensitive. It is the familiar verse from I Corinthians: "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." (13:12)[3] I have doubts about the latter phrases, suggesting that complete knowledge will be given in the sweet bye and bye, but that we see through a glass darkly and that we know in part is beyond cavil. In fact, what Paul said is really more perceptive than "through a glass darkly," which is, of course, a mis-translation. The Greek word is not that for a dark glass, but **esoptron**, meaning mirror. What Paul wrote was "now we see in a mirror dimly," (RSV) which makes a great deal more sense, especially when you think of the metal mirrors of antiquity, which you may have seen in museums, so often giving a dim, blurred or distorted reflection.

[3] Despite the obvious references to self knowledge, I consulted several commentaries, not one of which referred to this aspect of the passage.

This is exactly how we come to get some picture of ourselves as persons. Just as we cannot look at our own face directly, but must see our reflection in a mirror, so we cannot look directly at our psyche or self-hood. The more frantically we try, the more we suspect that there is nobody at home, just as you might imagine Narcissus running about trying to see himself directly in the atmosphere, instead of mirrored on the water's surface. Or, as Thoreau said, "It is as hard to see oneself as to look backwards without turning round."[4]

The child comes to see himself as he is mirrored in the aspect and actions of his family, as someone who is loved, who is a nuisance, as the center of the universe or as one among others, as one who is merely tolerated, or, worse, who is really not there and causes no recognizable responses of affection, anger, delight, disgust, hope and worry. And the mirrors are inevitably dimmed or distorted at times. But in any case, two things are intolerable. One is lack of response, as if you were to look in the mirror and see no image there at all. This is often the description, or very like it, which patients who have suffered emotional breakdown give. The second is to feel that the appearance is so different from the reality that a massive burden of secrecy and hyprocrisy is mandatory. The very word, de-pressed (press down), suggests that it is not outward obstacles that are causes of depression, but something one carries, such as this burden of "discrepancy," to borrow Sartre's term. We see something of ourselves reflected in the eyes—the outlook, the response—of those who care about us.

But we also see ourselves by situations of contrast and difference: as contrasted from those whose responses and preferences are different; against obstacles and difficulties; in distinction of selfhood from that which is not self. And here we encounter, it seems to me, an explanation as to why it is that we are evidentally so troubled about this matter of self-image. For the necessary arrangements of society, for sake of efficiency, conspire to keep us in groups of like minded persons; persons of generally similar concerns, values, patterns, and so on. Many things about this are good, certainly understandable and unavoidable. All the more reason, then, to be aware of the hidden cost of social arrangements that tend to blur individual distinctions, personal uniqueness, and those everyday contrasts which in former times helped people to have a clearer concept of their own identity. All the more reason to be wary of our tendency, when there is opportunity for unusual encounter, to protect ourselves by the insulation of repetitive sameness. I remember, for instance, the touching relief with which some Harvard-Radcliffe people sought each other out on shipboard, so that they could confine their human contacts to this group, where the same old saws and anecdotes could be repeated. This, of course, was not a new experience, but the same old records merely played in a different locale. It is a most unusual person who does not tend to protect himself from novelty in just this way.

It is intriguing to think about some of the other things that serve as mirrors of self-hood. Among them you might list: works of art, especially drama, in which some facet of character is recognized as one's own, often in persons and circumstances very different; persons we admire, although this can be a very deceptive mirror; therapy or any prolonged shared introspection, with our rationalizations and re-interpretations, and eventually discovery and insight; the exchange of role or

[4] Quoted by W. H. Auden in his foreword to Dag Hammarskjold's *Markings*. Auden goes on to account for our suspicion that others have a stronger character than we do. We cannot know all their indecision, doubts and false starts. "We only know what, in fact, they do," whereas one knows this dimension of himself all too well (p. ix).

function; the sharing of somebody else's difficulty, in which we find some aspect of our own make-up. Perhaps it is this mirroring of self which accounts for the effectiveness of many form of group therapy.

The list could be extended. My main purpose is to advance the suggestion that we come to see ourselves as persons—just as we do physically—by means of reflections and very partial reflections at that.

It is not needful that we know ourselves completely or with perfect accuracy. We see in a mirror dimly; and we know in part. That is enough, if we do know in part, and what we know is insightful and reality based. But if we see in the mirrors of day by day experience only carbon copies of other carbon copies, or only masks and cloaks, it becomes most unsettling.

The adult, no less than the child, needs to be reassured that there is somebody at home in his own selfhood; to have his self-image revised and corrected from time to time; to have a few accurate ideas of the sort of person he is, **really;** to be spared some of the burden of false expectation and self-rejection. Self-acceptance, about which so much is said, can only occur, if in the bargain we have some clear notion of what it is we are accepting.

The metaphor, "in a mirror dimly," helps explain some aspects of the distortions, discrepancies, resistance and pain which we find in "the identity crisis."

If you put on a mask and look in a mirror, what is reflected is the mask, not your face. Suppose, for instance, that the wicked step-mother in the fairy tale puts on a Snow White mask and asks, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest one of all?" If the mirror replies, "you are," she is put in a most disconcerting position, since she does not know whether the mirror is speaking of her or the mask. If it is the function of a mask to hide what you really look like, there is little point in asking the mirror to report on you. Yet that is the function of the mirror. Suspecting that the mirror is reporting on the mask, the result is to become fearful lest the mirror catch some glimpse of the person behind the mask. If the mirror is speaking of the person, it means the disguise has been a failure, which as we know is an infuriating sort of thing: a child playing this game of disguise will dissolve in tears if someone makes a point of not being fooled. Adults are not very different on this score.

If this procedure is a kind of game, in which both questioner and mirror are pretending that there is no mask there, it creates a psychological burden, regardless of the mirror's response, in direct proportion to the discrepancy between the real person and the pose which he presents. The more favorable the response, the more essential that the true self be kept hidden. Lacking any responses reporting on the real person, the deeper the self-doubts about the worth or acceptability of that person. Thus the greater the anxiety. Reassurances which shore up a disguise become quicksand for the personality behind the disguise. Hence the emphasis being placed on candor and honesy at Synanon House and the "integrity therapy" of O. H. Mowrer and "reality therapy" of William Glasser.

The primary mirrors of self-hood must be those persons who are important in one's life, H. S. Sullivan's term, "significant others," commonly being used to denote these people. Yet these are precisely the persons before whom one tends most persistently to hide aspects of himself or facts of his behavior. If the burden of mask and cloak becomes too oppressive, one must then deceive himself on the matter that there is any disguise involved. My guess is that most people find it very difficult to think of themselves as disguised when around those who are close to them, despite the most obvious evidence to the contrary. The self-deception be-

comes then an additional mask. As an example of this, I note with interest that in our school library the one periodical which must not be placed on the open shelf, because of continual theft, is **Pastoral Psychology**, the magazine which probably refers most often to personality masks. It is not likely that the theological students who steal it see themselves as thieves, nor that they present themselves to their significant others as thieves. This underscores the point that the function of a deceptive mask is in part to leave the wearer of the mask unaware of what he is doing. Thus, instead of being surprised that this is the magazine which disappears, it is exactly what we should expect.

But self-deception is never wholly successful. There is a nagging voice from within the super ego which threatens in various non-verbal ways to tattle. An enormous amount of energy, physical as well as psychical, must be expended to prevent giving the game away. It is, in fact, very like the situation of one who is being blackmailed, except that the pressure is more constant because internalized.

Little wonder, then, that people crack up under such a strain. Little wonder, too, that when they finally remove the mask and cloak in a clinical situation, they experience an overwhelming relief, like that of the person who has finally decided to pay off the blackmailer no longer, because nothing could be worse than continuing to live under such threats. The fear that one has had, where this discrepancy pattern has become a way of life and where the internalized blackmailer has never let up and never been wholly bought off, was that the significant others in his life would "find him out" and see the truth about him, and having seen, reject him totally. For after all, they have responded in their reports of approval or acceptance not to him, he thinks, but to his mask. If they have expressed love, the troublesome internal blackmailer has reminded him that it is not really he who is loved. This helps clarify why it is that so many alcoholics and neurotics, for instance, voice absmal and unbridgable loneliness, although physically surrounded by people. The more desperately the mask is clutched, the more certain the delusion that ne, himself, is not known, and if he became known, would be rejected.

Nor is it any wonder then that when in group therapy an individual really "levels" about himself, he is not only relieved of the burden of discrepancy, but finds (1) that his "significant others" were aware of the mask all the time, although they were baffled about its function; (2) that they prefer him to his mask; (3) that the now reflected person is not as worthless or unreal or despicable as he had come to feel under the constant threat of the internal blackmailer; (4) that openness is not only socially preferable to addiction or neurosis or anti-social behavior, but psychologically far more rewarding as well.

My range of observation is much too limited to venture any judgment as to how far this model goes to describe the core difficulty of persons suffering personality disorders. I can report, however, from observation and work in the Research Hospital that many people do respond to therapy constructed along lines of this theory. I have avoided extended references to the abundant literature extant on this general orientation, because I am mainly concerned to set forth here what I have found that makes sense to me, and no one else ought to be blamed for views on which I either do not correctly understand the theory or understand it and disagree. But I take it that it will be obvious that I make no claim for originality in the comments here about neurosis or group therapy. The relevancy of the mirror metaphor to the functions and problems of self-image, however, was something I worked out well in advance of my work in the Lilly Foundation program. Perhaps it should also be said that there

are several aspects of the various approaches found in this general orientation about which I have doubts and questions, and it would be foolish to set forth a point-by-point discussion before I have come to more definite conclusions about what I do think. I am, nevertheless, ready to dissociate myself from the views of Dr. Szasz in **The Myth of Mental Illness,** especially since I find that readers of that book understand him to be saying such different things. What does impress me is the degree of clinical evidence lending credance to the claim that some patients respond quickly and in a healthy way to group therapy emphasizing candor. In this connection there are two things that have surprised me. One is the insistance that if one were to change this or that part of the theory and this or that part of the therapy, the results would be even better. The suggestion is not that this be done to see what happens, but that we know in advance it would be better. Since the improvement is known a priori, experimentation is unnecessary. I happen to have found this most often among Behaviorists, which is surprising since they of all people should be skeptical of mere theorizing and especially insistent upon actual experimentation. For my part, I see nothing whatever to be gained in this area by mere psychological theorizing and everything to be gained by experimentation, combined with repeated reconsideration of theoretic explanations. My effort here has not been to describe therapeutic methods, but merely to argue that the "in a mirror dimly" metaphor supplies a basis for clarification of what in fact happens to many people who suffer from what might be called "the discrepancy neurosis" or "my name is Legion complex." If there is validity in the notion that we are psychologically reflected by other persons, it is obvious why various forms of group therapy are in certain cases demonstrably more effective than individual therapy, provided the group confronts the patient with honesty and demands honesty, rather than that **verbal** sympathy which is the usual community response to personality disorder or breakdown.

The second factor which has surprised me has been the extent of dishonesty that keeps creeping into therapeutic procedures, often as an inescapable part of organizational structure. For instance, more than once I have heard someone explain the withholding of information or distortion of fact in his consultation with psychiatrists, sometimes through several illnesses, because of fear that this would delay his discharge from the hospital. There are several such understandable mechanisms which obviously delay rather than promote recovery. Disguises worn within a hospital may be quite different from those worn elsewhere, but remain disguises for all that. The problem of having someone reply in terms that he believes will be approved—learning the "lingo"—is an ever present problem, and an additional form of the discrepancy device.

There is nothing mysterious about the way this operates. It is so simple to understand that one is apt to forget why it is so difficult to deal with. Reflecting on this, I devised the following fable to indicate both the simplicity and the understandable inclination to perpetuate the disguise which is a basic part of the trouble, as a drowning man might hang on to an anvil if he were sufficiently convinced that it was the only thing that was keeping him from sinking even faster. Here is the fable:

Once there was a bear who smelled some honey that happened to be in a tree that belonged to another bear colony. There was a treaty between the two colonies forbidding such poaching, but the bear thought it over and decided to take some of it. Which he did. Unfortunately in coming down the tree he ripped one of his legs on some

barbed wire that had been put there to discourage theft. The bear thought, "ah me, but it is a small cut, and I believe it was worth it; indeed, creatures mean enough to place barbed wire around things deserve to have their honey stolen."

Alas, in time the wound became infected. The bear delayed seeking treatment, because he was not anxious to have the doctor asking nosey questions, such as, "How did this happen?" But at last it could not be put off any longer. The doctor said, "Why didn't you come to see me sooner?" and sent him to the hospital, where they had nice clean sheets and blankets, called "covers." When the doctor there asked him what was wrong, he replied that he "hurt something terrible," as indeed he did. And he showed them the inflamed limb. The doctor said, "This calls for treatment," a point very well taken.

Now the bear surmised that the treatment might hurt. He could not stand the thought of having his throbbing limb touched, let alone treated. Furthermore there was the matter of the stolen honey and possible questions that could lead to knowledge of it. So he hit upon a very clever plan. Whenever a doctor would ask about his health, he would show him the infected limb. The doctor would say in a kindly way, "That must hurt frightfully." But the moment a doctor would appear to be ready to start some treatment or to ask embarrassing questions, the bear would distract him in some way, such as saying, "Is not that a ruby throated nut-hatch yonder outside the window?" Or, "Whatever did you step in this morning, doctor?" Or, "Have you read the latest **Reader's Digest** article on wonder drugs?" Or, "Tell me doctor, how do you feel about socialized medicine?" Then during a period of distraction, lasting from ten to eighty minutes, the bear would hide his infected limb under the cover and put out his sound limb. Examining the sound limb, the dotcor would say, "This is very mystifying; it calls for consultation; why, that is as sound a limb as I've seen in many a day." Before long, however, the bear would be forced to put out his ailing limb again and with great pleading for help describe how terribly it hurt.

The bear would have died of the infection eventually. But actually he died of exhaustion from switching his good and bad limbs, complicated by the strain brought on from fearing that he might some time slip up and put out the wrong limb at the wrong time.

III

Finally, I would like to suggest that self-affirmation—that is, self-image plus self-esteem—is closely akin to what religions have traditionally called faith. James Luther Adams once put the matter exceedingly well:

> Nothing else matters much — not wealth, not learning, not even health —without this gift: the capacity to keep a zest for living. This is the creed of creeds, the final distillation of all man's important faiths: that he should be able to believe in life.

And of course, one cannot very well believe in life except he believe in his own life, his own career as a human being.

Whatever the philosophy or theology that is held, if there are values that are affirmed at all or loyalties that are sworn to in a sense that is deeper than formal and verbal acceptances, there is something that is by way of a denial of that faith when we lack belief in ourselves. The ultimate atheism — whatever doctrines may be claimed verbally—is when we say, petulantly, and mean it **as a summing up**, "I don't care."

And there is something inherently by way of being an affirmation of faith in any deeply felt affirmation of yourself. Walt Whitman can be somewhat tedious on this subject, but I must say that I think nobody else has said it better.

I celebrate myself.
I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand not God in the least.
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself..
I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones . . .
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood;
I see that the elementary laws never apologize . . .
I exist as I am—that is enough . . .
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.[5]

Somehow, although Whitman's song is not my song and perhaps not yours, there is something salutary in this kind of audacity. All schools of thought have given us entirely too much by way of "the ideal type of person," whether it is the orthodox attempt to imitate Christ or the liberal ideal of the reasonable, right-thinking, Stoically controlled man. And as a result our society is filled with people who see themselves as something very different from what they are and those who see themselves as failures, because they know they are so different from what they have come to believe is the ideal type.

But meet one person who somehow embodies an affirmation of his own self-hood, and he does you more good than all the ideal types, because he reawakens this poignant and authentic faith—so easily crushed by the exigencies of life or mislaid in the housekeeping of life—that if **he** can know, accept and affirm **himself**, I can do the same with **myself.**

If what I have been saying has validity, we can do with much less probing of ourselves, which so easily becomes pseudo-psychoanalysis and rationalization. For we see ourselves not internally, but in reflections. The Stoic, "look within, within is the fountain of good," is a non-sequitur; for when one looks at himself he sees his navel, which is notoriously uninspiring; but in the mirror of life he catches glimpses of his psyche, which is at least interesting.

If what I have been saying has validity, we can forget Riesman's inner versus other-directed dichotomy, for it misses the point, which is to find ways of inner-directedness **and** of other-directedness that make sense. The inner directed ideal is simply a person — I have come to believe — in whom the direction is by remote control, more insidiously camouflaged.

If what I have been saying has validity, we can add to Sartre's doctrine of the self as being not only the ensemble of one's actions, but of one's whole range of feeling and inherent tendencies, in their culminating pattern. What I understand the quality of faith to be is an interrelationship within this ensemble, so that it is in some basic sense a harmonious ensemble and not a mere jumble or collection. And what I understand by "soul" is precisely this ensemble of the history and nature of one's own life as it marshalls its resources and organizes its constituent parts to meet the day at hand.

If what I have been saying has validity, it finds new significance in that much abused doctrine of the "unforgivable sin,"—and the only "unforgivable" one—which is to deny the witness of the spirit within one's own self.

[5] "Song of Myself," lines selected at random. Emerson's essay "Self-Reliance" does in its frockcoat way a similar sort of thing. The title is singularly unfortunate, but the comments on authenticity and his unwillingness to spend the day in explaining are quite extraordinary. This observation is a bit out of harmony with the prevalent mode of equating liberalism with "nineteenth century," but never saying "nineteenth century existentialism." On this point, of course, Kierkegaard and Emerson were in agreement—as, indeed, on so many others.