

# Clio's Psyche

Understanding the "Why" of Culture, Current Events, History, and Society

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## Daniel Dervin's Suffer the Children Symposium

### The Children Continue to Suffer

Richard Booth

Black Hawk College and Private Practice

Professor Daniel Dervin, "Suffer the Children: Children in the Early Christian Centuries" (September 2006, pp. 81-86), constructs an interestingly complex, if somewhat disturbing, historical image of the salient perceptions about children and childhood during the early Christian centuries. I would like to comment on several them-

*(Continued on page 145)*

## The Psychology of Retirement

### Fantasies and Realities of Retirement

Paul H. Elovitz

Ramapo College of New Jersey

If we are fortunate enough to live into our fifties and beyond, as most of us are in the present era, what to do with the rest of our lives becomes an issue. Should we work as long as we can or retire to enjoy a well-deserved rest in our final years? If we retire what will we do with our time? Do we relocate, save for old age, or spend our money while

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we can? Do we start a new career, get or enlarge a hobby, write the book we always wanted to, or travel while we are still healthy enough to see all the places we have dreamt of visiting? Will retirement be the "golden years" or will we soon be bored and succumb to ill health and an early death? Is this the time to fulfill old dreams or vegetate?

Fantasies about retirement abound. Sleeping late and reclining on a warm, beautiful beach while sipping an alcoholic beverage are thoughts coming to mind, especially in the face of demands for greater productivity, new procedures and technologies to be learned, difficult bosses, or cranky co-workers. Yet, I find most people I know are reluctant to retire, in part because so much of their identity is tied up in their work. Some of the ambivalence regarding retirement is reflected in the action of a friend who, while at work, wrote an e-mail to a close co-worker-friend discussing her thoughts about retirement and asking for total confidentiality, then "inadvertently" sent it to all of her colleagues. Clearly her computer slip reflected her unconscious desire to retire, which she soon accomplished. She values her retirement, filling her time with meeting the needs of her

children and grandchildren, while spending more time with her friends and doing hospital volunteer work.

What are the bases of the ambivalence about retiring? They include a sense of worthlessness, a loss of professional identity and status, the fear of being "out of the mainstream," and a feeling that leaving work places you only a step away from the grave. Furthermore, leisure is often associated with laziness. In our formative years, parents, teachers, and coaches warned us of the evils of lassitude. It may have been a terrible struggle to get up on time to go to school and work in our younger days, however, by the time we are thinking of retirement, we normally wake up before the alarm clock! Work and profession form key elements in identity for most people. Some men suddenly face major health problems or die not long after retiring precisely for this reason. The realities of retirement usually involve a sense of loss: loss of a routine, status, and friendships as well as pressure to perform.

For example, a colleague who was forced by ill health to retire in his early seventies keeps referring to his students in the present-tense, even though he has not taught in years. When we spoke recently, and on other occasions, he fumbled for words as he realized the incongruity of what he was saying; I encouraged him by commenting that he will always be a professor. Though his health problems devour more of his time and energy, as a "professor" he continues to correspond with colleagues, research, write, and publish.

This introduction will probe some of the intricacies of retirement and the related issues of aging, discussing issues raised in a number of the articles submitted by members of the Psychohistory Forum and other colleagues. Ambivalence about leaving work, changing identity and body image, declining capabilities, fantasies of retirement, loss, the role of love and work in retirement, and transgenerational altruism are some of the issues discussed. This introduction will use the case study method to illustrate various points.

Though my prime focus is on qualitative aspects of retirement, some hard facts provide a framework for the numbers of people impacted by retirement. In 1900 life expectancy in America was 47.3 years, while of late (2003 figures) it is 77.5

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years (74.8 for men, and 80.1 for women). On average, a man at sixty-five can anticipate 16.8 additional years of life and a woman 19.8 years. In 1900 those over sixty-five were only 14.1 percent of the population, in 2000 12.4 percent and for 2050 the projection is 20.7 percent. Today, out of 300 million Americans some thirty-five million are at retirement age and beyond, a figure that is projected to reach ninety million at mid-century. The graying and retirement of Americans is a subject worthy of attention by all Americans, including psycho-historians.

An interesting case study of a man avoiding retirement is that of a seventy-two-year-old biological scientist named Erik, who rails against the aging process and says he wants to work until he drops dead on his job. It angers him that he cannot do the things he did twenty or even ten years ago. It infuriates him that he pays a high price in terms of his hurting body when he turns from his sedentary life in the laboratory—these days mostly in front of the computer—to repairs on his home and work in his garden. These activities used to offer him great satisfaction and pleasure. He expects his body to have the adaptability and flexibility it had in his forties and fifties. His wife's sensible reminder to be realistic regarding what he can now do and not do go unheeded: feeling that his slowed and thickening body has betrayed him, he stubbornly refuses to accept the new realities of his existence. Though he diets as part of a mostly vain attempt to stay in shape, he finds that even when he maintains the same weight his body mass shifts from his chest to his stomach, from muscle to fat. Erik curses at having to do stretching exercises every day. Part of the problem is that his self-image is as someone who can accomplish anything, no matter what the obstacles.

Erik's lifetime of achievement came through overcoming all obstacles in pulling himself out of poverty: no matter how tired and discouraged he felt he just kept on working. Denial of limitation has been a way of life. Furthermore, ceding some physical abilities to him is like giving up and taking a step closer to the grave; a sense of worthlessness is connected with retirement. Sexual intercourse is important both for its own sake and as a way of proving his manhood as his muscles sag and his memory slows. He takes Viagra to assure his performance, but his wife has little interest in sex,

saying that her girlfriends have long since given it up. On those few occasions when they are intimate together, she makes it clear to him that it is out of a sense of obligation more than desire. As his sexual gratification diminishes, his sexual fantasies involving women half his age increase. When he fleetingly considers retirement, he fears that he will feel even more emasculated and that the balance of power in his marriage will shift to his wife, twelve years younger, since she will still be working. He is quite dependent on his spouse, but has strong counter-dependency feelings. In some moods he hopes he will suffer a massive stroke and die while still working so as to not have to face the prospect of retirement. At other moments, he has fantasies involving the guilty pleasures of giving up work. At his wife's insistence, he recently entered therapy. He thinks it is because of his pronounced tick, but she is concerned about his grumpiness, changing body-image and identity. It remains unclear how Erik will reconcile his conflicts over how to conduct the rest of his life, especially because he inclines to drive away the love of his life and he does not think he can live without work.

"Love" and "work" are, as Freud has taught us, two of the great challenges and forms of satisfaction in life. (Incidentally, Freud uses the term "love" some 1,500 times, "work" 2,009 times, and "retirement" only four times in his writings.) On the face of it, retirement takes work away, and death, divorce, or the single life increase the likelihood of love also ending. In reality, retirees incline to continue to work though not necessarily at the same pace or under the same circumstances. Thus, some who have worked for corporations like the notion of working for themselves in retirement while retired business owners may prefer that ultimate responsibilities be left in the hands of others. Volunteerism increases greatly in retirement.

The life and philanthropy of my friend Fred Ludwig provides an example of volunteerism in retirement. Born in New Jersey on August 15, 1927, as the middle of three sons of a German immigrant knitter and German homemaker, he worked in a bakery after school from the age of thirteen on. At seventeen in World War II, he felt the need to serve his country by joining the Navy's construction unit, the Seabees, seeing action during the bloody 1944 U.S. assault on Iwo Jima. Upon his discharge from

the military in 1947 he bought the bakery in which he had worked and ran it for a number of years. He also married a woman with a small daughter and together they had a son to whom he is quite devoted. Throughout his career, he worked as a baker and cook in diners and for various large companies in their cafeteria kitchens. In the late 1980s, after he was divorced and had met his second wife-to-be, Fred became concerned about having health insurance as medical problems began to appear. He found it easy to find work despite his age, since there were few people with his culinary skills, but before long had to quit to have a knee replacement although former and perspective employers continued to pursue him for years. However, he started liking the freedom of his retirement. Soon his away-from-home-cooking was focused on monthly meetings of the volunteer fire department he served in for fifty-four years as well as cooking for his friends. Since Fred came into her life eighteen years ago, his second wife has not had to even boil water.

Five years ago Fred's wife saw an advertisement for Santa Clauses and suggested he apply after he grew a beard. She also bought him a costume. The Santa Claus persona soon took over Fred Ludwig's life. At five foot ten (in his prime) and 290 pounds, Fred looks like Saint Nicholas even when not dressed in a red shirt—which is seldom the case. His huge belly, pure white wavy hair, handlebar moustache, long white beard, and benevolent smile make him as close to perfection in appearance as one can imagine in a fantasy Santa Claus. Though he refuses to ever take money for his work as Father Christmas, in two different years he also went through the expense and fun of going to Santa School in Michigan to hone his skills.

Even in July children, especially three- to seven-year-olds, ask their parents, "Is that Santa Claus?" The answer is "Yes." For Fred will eventually go to them, if they don't come to him first, and say that he knows that they have been "good children because Christmas is coming and Santa has been thinking of them." To break the ice with shy children he will often say, "Give me a high five!" After a little drawing out of the children and bantering with them and their smiling parents, Fred reaches into his pocket and gives the boys a miniature Matchbox car or truck and the girls a golden bell on a colored string they can wear around

their wrist. Should the ten or fifteen of each of these gifts he keeps in separate pockets run out, there's a larger supply at hand in the car. To help assure parents that he has honorable intentions, he also hands out his card, "'Santa for Seniors' Fred Ludwig. Real Beard—No fee." The Santa business is thriving. Last year he went to twenty-seven nursing homes, played Santa at the firehouse, was the weekly resident Santa at the "Santaland" built by his volunteer fire department, traded being Santa with a supermarket to get cases of apples to give children who came to Santa, and, when not exhausted, even baked cookies to give away. This year for reasons of health he must limit himself to only two appearances a day in the extraordinarily active "official" Santa Claus season between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Like so many people in their older years, health is an important issue. Fred has had the following replacements: both knees, both rotator cuffs in his shoulders, one hip, and two lens replacements in his eyes. (Several of his many male friends joke about his being the Bionic Man who will next have a penile implant.) He has also had forty-five radiation treatments for prostate cancer, and, thus far, six chemotherapy treatments for bladder cancer. Despite these health problems he is quite vigorous, incredibly optimistic, and a good friend to those less well off. Most of his hospital visits are to sick firemen and the widows of dead ones. He tells them jokes for which he has a fabulous memory, and thinks little of driving across the country to visit his brother in California or his wife's relatives in South Dakota. When he suffers intense pain from the hip he was born with, as he does these days, he thinks he may have it replaced—after Christmas, of course. For his bladder cancer he chose the less invasive treatment which would not result in his losing the beautiful white beard, mustache, and hair before the new year. Fred Ludwig prefers to put smiles on the faces of young children, rather than to focus on his problems, buddies killed on Iwo Jima, or friends who have died more recently. At this stage of his life, Fred measures his worth by the smiles he puts on the faces of others. Intergenerational altruism helps get him out of bed in the morning.

Fred's wife is a seventy-seven-year-old psychoanalyst with no immediate plans to retire. Age, health restrictions, and the time needed to care for her sixteen-year-old grandson who now lives with

them have resulted in her cutting down her patient load from fifty-five or sixty hours a week to about twenty, plus conducting several groups. Instead of working all day and into the evening, she now mostly sees patients in the morning when she has the most energy. She no longer bothers dealing with insurance companies because of the frustration and time involved. (Diminished eyesight also impacts on decisions she makes.) After two knee and one hip replacement her mobility is somewhat restricted, but not her spirit. As a person, she is extraordinarily generous, in ways that are too numerous to mention here. Like her husband, she gains immeasurable pleasure from giving.

Most psychoanalysts and psychologists I know are slow to retire. Unlike carpenters, cable linemen, garbage men, plumbers, roofers, stonecutters, and others who rely on their brawn as well as their brains, physical disability is far less likely to force the issue of giving up their life's work. Long experience usually makes them better at their jobs.

Many people are forced into retirement because of changes in the industries and institutions they have served. Involuntary retirement is all too common these days in the face of foreign competition and corporate takeovers resulting in workers being displaced, businesses moving offshore, downsizing, making room for new technologies, or hiring different employees beholden to the new management. Politics results in many unexpected retirements. This week on November 8<sup>th</sup>, Senators Allen of Virginia, Chafee of Rhode Island, Conrad of Montana, Santorum of Pennsylvania, Talent of Missouri, and others were all retired by the voters, just as Jimmy Carter in 1980 and George Herbert Walker Bush in 1992 were retired. First elected as Senator from New Jersey in 1982, Frank Lautenberg tried retirement at age seventy-six in 2000, only to soon decide that it "was among the worst decisions" of his life. Thus, he jumped at the chance to return to the Senate when yet another New Jersey political leader's (Robert Torricelli) corruption caught up with him in 2002. Senator Lautenberg is far from alone in thinking retirement is a bad idea.

"I flunked retirement!" were the emphatic words of the newly named administrator of one Pennsylvania university whose forced retirement from business had included a golden parachute,

leaving him a rich man: "Playing golf whenever I wanted was not the sheer pleasure I dreamed it would be. I was miserable staying at home, so after six months my wife said I had better find something else to do, since I was driving her crazy. Plus, she worried about my health." Our Psychohistory Forum Research Associate, whose brother works for this university, reports that several months after this conversation, the administrator addressed his employees portraying his transition from business to education as utterly seamless—simply the fulfillment of a lifelong dream.

It strikes me that early retirement, especially among what the gerontologists call the "young old," can bring a great sense of liberation, but what happens after the novelty wears off? "Snowbirds," who maintain their familial home in the north and head for the warmer climates in the cold weather, often find absentee ownership burdensome as they grow older. They have neither the time nor the energy to maintain both residences. Of course, there are some, like one of my well-provided-for widowed neighbors, who keeps her house in the suburbs of New Jersey mostly for its memories. She is not willing to make the decisions about giving up various pieces of furniture stored in it. Though she appears to be in her early eighties, her routine is to drive through the night to visit her children and grandchildren in Texas and Chicago and then spend most of her time in her retirement home in Hilton Head, South Carolina. As she begins to show signs of becoming frail, she has purchased a condominium in Dallas close to one of her sons and is preparing to sell her northern house—if only she can part with all of the memories every object in it represents.

The comfort of routine is important to elderly retirees. Their circle of activities and friends diminishes along with their energy. The goal becomes how to keep doing the old things rather than finding something new. This brings up the whole issue of creativity in retirement. While it is in their twenties and thirties that scientists make most of their great discoveries, the creative powers of human beings continue until the end of our days, though usually in diminished forms. On their deathbeds many could echo Winston Churchill's last recorded words: "I'm bored."

Philanthropy often serves the purpose of fulfilling unfulfilled dreams. George Soros (born in

1930 as György Schwartz), the billionaire financial speculator, grew up under Hungarian fascistic dictatorship, Nazi occupation, and Communism, dreaming of a freer and better life and world. His enormous wealth (currently estimated at \$8.5 billion), gained partly from "breaking the Bank of England" in 1992, gives him the wherewithal to fund steps toward free and open societies in Eastern Europe. He retired from active running of his business to devote his final years to helping humankind achieve the freedom he dreamt of for himself as a teenager.

The Bronx-born multimillionaire high school dropout Russell Berrie, upon withdrawing in his final years from the active running of his manufacturing business, began funding colleges and universities close to where he lived and in Israel. All of his philanthropy required the maximum of publicity and some deference-paying by college administrators, men and women who normally had three or four more educational degrees than he had earned. He enjoyed their having to come to him and the honorary degrees that resulted from the funded programs and the buildings bearing his name in large letters. His negotiations with college administrators were as tough as with his business competitors as he sought to maximize his profits, as measured by his name on buildings and programs he usually only partially funded, while minimizing his financial expenditures. My sense was that this late philanthropist really enjoyed these "triumphs," proving in his mind that he was smarter than those "smart" kids who graduated high school and got all the fancy degrees. For their part, the college administrators were just happy to get the money for their programs and own personal professional advancement.

Gerontologists can offer some insights into issues of retirement. One of our Psychohistory Forum Research Associates who teaches gerontology devoted time to sharing some of the economic, sociological, and psychological aspects of issues of aging confronting the retired. She started by reminding me of the reality of retirement becoming a mass phenomenon only in recent times in rich, developed societies. Prior to that not many people lived long enough for retirement to become an issue. With the average life expectancy of Americans now seventy-seven and one half years, there are far more people at the age of retirement. In gerontology, distinctions are made between the "young old,"

"middle old," and "old old" (the "frail"). The "young old" are usually in good enough health to enjoy their retirement should they have sufficient funds and interest apart from their work. This is the time when the fortunate among them can do lots of travel or pursue a second career that previously had only been a dream. The "frail" are people who normally have lost mobility, need lots of support, and are typically within a year or two of death.

Our colleague teaching gerontology, whose generous sharing is characteristically cloaked in anonymity, reports: "poverty in old age is terrible. The poorer you are the less you retire and the harder your life is both in and out of retirement." The poor work as long as they are physically able to prior to relying on familial or societal welfare. She applies Elizabeth Kübler-Ross's stages of death and dying to how people respond to loss of physical function, poverty, and severe illness in the latter years of life: denial/isolation, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. Denial of diminished physical function can only go so far, since the aging body has many ways of reminding its owner of its limitations, to say nothing of its increased need for maintenance in the form of stretching exercises and visits to medical specialists. Frustration and anger at these added burdens is a common response, especially among those who took their bodies for granted throughout their early years.

Realism and optimism are useful traits in retirement. Clinically depressed people do not survive as long as those who are optimistic about their lives, even without suicide being a factor. As is well known, married people live longer than single people and women are certainly far more durable than men. Women even survive the death of their husbands far longer than men do the loss of their wives. Late last year when I attended the funeral service for a ninety-three-year-old friend, there were a large number of her female friends in their nineties who appeared to be in very good health and who were quite lively. One of their drivers was a ninety-seven-year-old.

Our optimistic gerontologist advises those angry at the need for prophylactic exercising to think of the results of George Valliant's longitudinal research project in which for seventy years men who graduated from Harvard in 1920 were matched with those who went to work after high school. The

results led her to be able to tell her students who are thinking of dropping out of college that a college education will not only result in \$10,000 more per year in income but also ten additional years in life. Furthermore, a study of workman's compensation claims reveals that college professors have a much lower rate than workers with physically-demanding jobs which they come to hate as they grow older precisely because their bodies cannot take the strain. It is no wonder that professors are slow to retire.

Retired professors often greatly increase their scholarly productivity because they can now focus their energies on research and writing rather than primarily on teaching and service to the university. Professors Dan Dervin, David Felix, and Lincoln Grahlf represent prime examples of this phenomenon. Of course, the pleasures of academic retirement should also not be underestimated. This morning I received an e-mail from Leon Rappoport, a retired academic psychologist from Kansas State University who serves on our Editorial Board, who noted "that it was only after retiring from teaching ... that I have begun to really appreciate the scholarly intellectual quality of the university!" He goes on to write about "the pleasure of browsing the library, pursuing little projects for their own sake, and even perhaps a bit of *schadenfreude* as I commiserate with faculty friends over the latest administrative nonsense. I might even feel guilty about this if I weren't almost seventy-five" (of course, reprinted with Dr. Rappoport's permission).

Many psychohistorians are retiring to write more books and articles, travel, relax on the beach, and form new friendships. Others are working into their seventies and eighties. All of them, younger colleagues, and the educated layperson, should benefit from reading the varied approaches to retirement enclosed in the articles that follow. I hope you do as well.

Psychohistory Forum  
 Work-In-Progress Saturday Seminar  
**Lessons from the Holocaust**  
 January 27, 2007  
**Isaac Ziemán**  
 With comments by  
**Eva Fogelman and Flora Hogman**

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## Considering Retirement

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### Retirement Fantasies

**Don Carveth**  
**York University**

I always imagined I'd be one of those people who would never retire, who would never *want* to retire, who would, in fact, *dread* retirement. Yet with less than three years to go until normal (now optional) retirement from the university, I may be ready to bring my career as a university teacher to a close.

Since we eliminated grade thirteen, the traditional fifth year of high school here in Ontario, the students keep getting younger. These days I'm getting seventeen and even sixteen-year-olds in my first-year classes. They're getting younger and I'm getting older. The cultural and generational gap just keeps widening. At times it feels as if I'm trying to shout across something like the Grand Canyon. Currently in my thirty-sixth year of teaching, I'm pretty sure that by my thirty-ninth, when I'll be sixty-five, I'll have had more than enough.

For those for whom stopping altogether seems too abrupt, my university offers a "senior scholar" option whereby one may take one's pension but continue to teach one course per year until age seventy. I might avail myself of that. But it's not as if I will be facing complete retirement when I stop teaching because, since the late 1970s, I have maintained a part-time psychoanalytic practice which I will continue. It's significant, however, that I have no desire whatever to expand my practice when withdrawal from the university gives me time to do so. I have a strong desire to pause and smell the roses.

For almost a decade I have been spending as much holiday time as I can manage at the beach in Florida and longing to spend more and more time there. I love lying under an umbrella with my wife on the beach reading detective novels, swimming and

sunning, then going out to dinner, or eating on the porch overlooking the ocean, perhaps going out later to listen to or dance to some live music, then repeating this routine day after day. It's true that, on vacation, I generally have my laptop and an Internet connection. I keep up with my e-mail. In addition to novels I read some non-fiction: psychoanalysis and theology, mostly. I write and submit an occasional paper or review, such as this piece. But I don't seem to get bored or tired of the routine.

True, so far this routine has been confined to vacations. There has always been an airline ticket and a countdown to that horrid day when we have to pack and return. But I'll be surprised if I feel any differently when my Florida beach life is no longer a getaway but a more permanent regimen. I expect I'll like occasionally to teach a few seminars in Toronto, Tampa, or St. Petersburg on clinical or theoretical aspects of psychoanalysis. Who knows, I might even get up enough ambition to embark on the book I have never had time to write ... maybe. Or maybe I'll learn that it wasn't lack of time, but sheer lack of ambition that caused me to pack whatever I had to say into dense and lengthy articles rather than the books into which some say they should have been expanded. I'm fairly certain of one thing: I won't be bored.

I blame my personal analysis for the erosion of my ambition, or at least that portion of it that was pathological rather than healthy, the part that was driven by my narcissism. I don't think all ambition is pathologically driven, but an awful lot of it is. For example, if Freud had had an analysis, it's not very likely he would have worked the way he did. It's not likely he would have given up sex at age forty and it's not likely we'd have the twenty-three volumes. We might have four or five, but twenty-three? I think not. Instead of working down there until the early hours, he might have wanted to go up to bed with Martha, or if not Martha, then someone who *would* inspire him to put away the manuscripts and join her in the sack—or at the beach, or wherever.

The role of clinical analysis in eroding pathologically driven ambition is one worth exploring by applied psychoanalysts, as is that of marital happiness in accomplishing the same result. For, clearly, it's not just that my analysis resolved a good deal of my need to impress and make a name for myself, but that the nature and content and focus

of my ambition have changed. Since meeting and marrying Jean, perhaps my main ambition has been to spend as much time as possible with her. Fortunately, she too loves Florida, the sun, the sand, the water, the dining and the dancing—our routine. Pretty soon Jean and I will become “snowbirds,” maintaining residences in both Toronto and St. Petersburg, continuing to work with our patients, but taking increasingly frequent weeks away, avoiding as much Canadian cold as possible, while also avoiding hurricane season down south. Complete retirement for me will likely evolve rather naturally, as I find myself losing more and more interest in working with patients and wanting more and more time to just walk the beach hand in hand with my honey.

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## No Retirement for the Alienated Exile

**Norman Simms**  
**University of Waikako in New Zealand**

It's already an old joke, but when my parents were my age they were much older than I am. In fact, I have already outlived my mother by close to two decades and, as for my father, when he was my age, he was already living in retirement in Florida. When I was a boy, my grandparents appeared



timelessly “old,” not just because to a child anyone in their sixties and seventies seems unimaginably decrepit, but in ways perhaps now imaginable. Grandma and Grandpa were set apart by styles of clothing, levels of education, and kinds of work experience. In my family, typical of so many other East-European Jews in New York City, the older the people, the more likely they were to have been born in Europe—and therefore speaking Yiddish, the language of the “old country.” Today, in contrast, though we are in self-imposed exile to the ends of the globe, my wife and I hardly feel we belong to the older generation, except insofar as we observe with a great degree of trepidation the delusions and selfishness in most of the younger people we come across (excepting our own two children and one granddaughter, of course). Sometimes, I wonder if our elders could have felt the same way about us? My suspicion is that they wouldn't have perceived the problem of recalcitrant, rebellious or indifferent children in this way. They had come to a New World to escape too many horrors and sacrificed too much of their own comfort and idealism for our banal clichés to work for them.

But I also believe my wife and I (and our few friends) are not alone in our feelings about the younger generations. Our own children, now in their late thirties, also speak of a vast chasm they see yawning between themselves and the age-cohorts behind them. In other words, something very strange is happening today as we grow older: instead of seeing ourselves as having passed through a successful middle age (we were born too early to belong to that special “baby boomer” generation who supposedly have garnered all the riches of the post-World War II period, and are, probably, more like the tail end of our parents' generation, those who matured during *the Depression* and *the War*.) Yet physically and psychologically, my wife and I have grown up (and lived in many countries around the world) in such a way that we do not look forward eagerly or resignedly to the so-called “third age” of retirement from work: withdrawal from the social environment where we did (and continue to do) our “real” accomplishments in life and the virtually inevitable years of decrepitude, sickness, and perhaps some form of dementia.

Since I hardly feel I have “experienced” the pleasures and successes of middle age (as they say in

the old folks' home advertisements) nor have the means or desire to retire into the next phase—a well-earned rest—the very notion of retirement is as frighteningly absurd as it is impossible to put into practice should sickness, accident or mere wearing down of the system cry out for such a move. At sixty-sixty, I am still waiting, in that sense, “to grow up,” that is, to reach a degree of maturity in my intellectual efforts that gains me the formal recognition I have always craved. What's that? Well, it hardly means financial rewards, though such a future would be most welcome. Rather, it means being able to think, read, and write more intensely than I do now, and do so without too many frustrating interruptions and pressures from teaching and keeping our modest house intact. It also means—perhaps especially means—having positive feedback on my articles and books, being invited occasionally to speak overseas or to submit something to a journal or an editor.

For many years, when I first began my academic career teaching English literature in a Canadian university, and then let it expand into a career of editing and publishing books and journals for others, I had two subsidiary goals (after being successful enough to move properly up the career ladder, as they say now). One goal was to live in some big, cosmopolitan city and mingle with other intellectuals, artists, and interesting people in general. Well, while I have gone through some of the motions of living and teaching in big cities, like Ottawa and Paris, and had even more interesting experiences in Israel and Romania, for instance, the truth is I was not drawn into any literary *cénacles* or schools of thought in cafés and bistros; wherever you go, I learned, you carry around your own eccentricities, hang-ups, and constitutional shyness. This is okay. I made many good friends, some of whom are still alive and even a few who remain in contact.

The other goal, at some times painfully near the surface of my whole emotional life, was the Jewish hope that I would please my parents, give them the *nachas*, the special reflected glory they wanted me to provide, that I felt it was my duty to give them, but I was unable to do it. Partly I failed them because they died too soon, or because I chose a career they could not quite grasp; so, though in their own ways, they were proud of me, it was not in the manner I felt they should be. But, be that as it

may, that second goal has now too faded away, at least from my everyday consciousness. I know, of course, as a psychohistorian, that it must still be deep inside me, niggling away—and probably very effectively—and keeping me from attaining the success I wanted my father and mother to see in what I hoped to accomplish.

In a way, then, I have painted myself into a corner; and yet, after all, it is not such a bad corner. I have a loving and loyal wife, and we are best friends and mates. I live in exile at the bottom of the world, and perhaps because of age, health, and finances may not get overseas again; but so far I can keep reading, thinking, writing and publishing, and e-mail keeps me in contact in ways that were totally unimaginable a decade or two ago. It is a pretty scary, dangerous and vulnerable world out there, but, then, it always has been, and it is like that for everybody with half a brain—and for many people life is a lot worse than it is for me.

Would I like to retire? Yes, I would if I could. That is, if I had enough money to live without remaining full-time at the university, had access to the libraries, secretarial support, and occasional research opportunities. Unfortunately (or fortunately), I no longer expect there to be lively, interesting students or more than one or two congenial colleagues, and virtually no one else outside the halls of academe. Some current books or films or DVDs come all the way down to the bottom of the world, or at least to keep me busy enough not to long constantly after the unobtainable. Second hand bookshops are my domain.

Yes, it's true, I get tired more easily than I used to and have to take the "engine" in for a tune-up more than a young person does—sometimes it seems I am at the doctor or dentist or therapist for something-or-other every week. It would be nice if relatives, friends, colleagues, or "fans" could come to spend their holidays here in New Zealand and call in to see my wife and me.

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## How Retirements Have Changed My Friendships

Joyce Berkman  
University of Massachusetts-  
Amherst

Retirement can change friendships. Friends who retire enter a chapter of their lives that diverges from mine. They travel, they grandparent much more than was common in my parents generation, they throw themselves into fitness programs and develop hip problems and have hip surgery, they're busy renovating their homes, and they want to discuss the many movies they're viewing. They're happy to flaunt the variety of cultural events they have time to attend, while those who become more involved in community and political life talk at length about these activities. At the same time, many of my retired friends become less and less curious about my work life, and I feel more and more constrained talking about it. Various emotions surface: will talking about my work arouse their envy, their sense of my stupidity for still working, their unease with the difference in our lives? The balance of conversation is tilted toward my inquiry into their retirement activities. They happily share their travels with me, but they, perhaps, also are worried about stressing their leisure pleasures too much, lest I feel left out, even though my curiosity is sincere. These friendships remain strong based more on past experiences together than on our present lives.

I do admit to a certain unspoken criticism that I have about my retired feminist friends entering a grandmother form of "the feminine mystique." Have they also retired from feminism? They are available to baby-sit on call; they dote on their grandchildren as much as any 1950s mom did on her children, reveling in their every new skill; they appear to be living the alternate non-career parenting life that

represents a part of their psyche that, perhaps, they longed for much of their adult life.

Fortunately, I have a number of non-retired friends, but I miss the special closeness formerly enjoyed with the retired friends. Someday I will retire, and I plan to never be less interested than I currently am in the work lives of the non-retired.

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## A Selection of Doggerel on the Path to Making Peace with Retirement

**Howard Covitz**  
Temple University/ Private Practice

I don't recall any specific moment of change, though I do remember being amused upon waking one morning with the thought in my mind—initially, quite depressive—that I was old enough to be my father and it was about that time that I began writing doggerel:

### On the Fullness of Ink

The bottle of ink was but half-full.  
Missing were all the words  
That once filled the fullness  
Of the empty top half of  
The bottle of ink.

I had, indeed, come to understand that as I aged I had to choose between a multiplicity of tasks, each of which was individually doable, perhaps, in the years that I had left, but that could not likely all be done in that time:

### Choices

How did that honeysuckle get there?  
In, amidst, and all around the azaleas.  
The blooms of spring or the surprises of summer?  
The one choking, the other standing firm.  
I guess I'm not much of a gardener!  
Gardeners, they all seem to know  
Which to pull and which to let grow  
On these the first days of Summer.

Among my first reactions was terror.  
Someday, I would need to leave my office that had begun not only to look like me but maybe even to smell as I did. I slowly recognized that I was becoming personified in my ditties; I had acquired a new name, Abe Isaacs. Alas, Abe was depressed, too:

### Thoughts of Leaving Someday

From *ditties et lettres du Abe Isaacs*

Six bookcases lining the wall and filled on the inside with jacketed books and above with two philodendrons (one split-leafed), two senseveria that bloom every third year or so, an old microscope, test tubes on a rack, an oak bowling pin, a bulb that he found on the beach. On another wall is a glazed bookcase from his grandfather—a shaman of a different ilk—that one filled with sacred books. Hanging are diplomas and certificates and pictures of der Alte Hexenmeister from Vienna. There are, as well, five chairs, a desk, a couch and an awareness that he will and must leave this office some day.

Oh, my gosh, had I grown old? Did I need “meds”? I quickly became even more maudlin:

### Being that No One Writes Verse for Abe Isaacs Anymore

“A mere piss in the ocean, all these years,”  
Said Abe, as he trailed down birthday stairs,  
To serve birthday kibble to waiting dog and cats,  
To fetch birthday coffee, alas! No more birthday  
cigarettes.

“A day for all to revel with middle-aged me,  
How much more pleased could any man be?”

“A cosmic fleck on the Milky Way”  
Aside, said he, his fears to stay.  
Then appeared in his throat the telltale knot  
When noticing the cat's favorite spot

To shit upon when puss is feeling bitter  
 That no one had bothered to change her litter.  
 And while feeding the dog, the wish to run  
 Realizing that decisions are never made as one  
 But rather by the rule: my will be done.  
 "Didn't we agree on a uniform ban  
 on inuring the cats to eat meat from a can!?"  
 Abe found a solution, a tad-bit rash  
 Abe pulled out his sprinkler and made his own  
 splash.

"I piss on the world! Why the hell not?  
 Who gives the pussy dominion on that spot?  
 A day for all to revel with middle-aged me  
 Please ... save your sighs and no sympathy."

"For I'm no zit on the Lord's six day creation  
 Having arrived after all other failed experimentation.  
 Now, getting on, know what I ought' a do"  
 Abe barks at the rising Sun, "Hey Sun, Hey you!  
 Most years gone but some remain  
 Of vigor and charm and hearty refrain  
 Let all who've tasted their own felicity  
 Come and revel ... Mine lives, too!  
 Inside this protesting but vigorous,  
 Middle-aged me!"

The moral of Abe's story is plain;  
 I explain:  
 Many will scoff when you're pissed off  
 And laugh at you if you run off  
 But if you seek pet or missus to be cooperatively  
 compliant  
 Rather than covertly and silently defiant  
 Then the rule is:  
 He who pisses never misses.

As I railed against one and all, I found that  
 still and all Abe was finding his humor-groove and  
 some solace at laughing into the face of the future.  
 At the same time that he pissed and moaned, the  
 collection developed a full name: *ditties et lettres du  
 abe isaacs: doggerel from an analyst with too many  
 years behind the couch and, some say, too few upon  
 it*. Still, Abe barked and with any luck will continue  
 to for some time to come:

### **What Causes Some Psychoanalysts to Consider Retirement**

When young in training, Abe was told  
 To do surgery "You must need be bold.  
 You must not fear viscera nor fear blood  
 If you're to abate the awesome flood

Of those who come to seek your care  
 Whether on the couch or in the chair."

So Dr. Abe Isaacs trained in that fine art  
 Of the demons and devils that possess the heart.  
 He studied Sigmund and Carl and Stekel the Weird,  
 He smoked cigars and grew the right beard  
 So that  
 Neither Ego nor Id would induce in Abe fear  
 For those who came to seek his care  
 In the dimmed office that was Abe's lair.

Then one day ...  
 There came a rapping on Old Abe's door.  
 He'd never heard this one before!  
 Managed Care said "Nevermore!  
 Will we pay for your ten year habit  
 Not a dime to hares, we only pay rabbits  
 Who treat those who come to seek their care.  
 No Psychoanalysis! *Au contraire, mon frere!*  
 Or you'll have no friends in Managed Care."

So Abe went off to Seminars and  
 Studied the lore of others,  
 Malan, Davenloo, and Dr. Joyce Brothers,  
 Who advised against ever digging deep  
 "You'll actually make your poor patients weep!  
 Don't do that, dear Abey,  
 You say you really care.  
 Don't end up in that nasty snare  
 Of transference! Trouble beyond compare!  
 For one who says he really cares."

"There's a new method for you to know  
 Developed by Dr. Francine Shapiro  
 Who with her ever-wagging finger  
 Can rid one of memories,  
 They never more linger!  
 Once they meet up with Francine's  
 Wonderful finger!"

Now Abe does no more stable mucking  
 He's discovered Francine's finger-%&\*\$ing!  
 And no one now doubts that Abe really cares  
 And Abe's the Sweetheart of all Managed Cares!

So, what to say? I look Retirement and even  
 Death in the eye, for the time being, cock my beret a  
 bit to the left and continue to write for my folk hero,  
 Abe Isaacs. Abe has seen what the world has to offer  
 from behind the couch and is both fascinated and  
 amused by it all. And so, to my patients:

### The Mending Office

It was late

And he was in his room now quite alone  
 Visitors had come, visitors had gone.  
 Could Isaacs now return to his life?  
 The kids were now gone and his wife  
 She was still home  
 In her room ... and quite alone.

It had been a day, just like the others  
 Milton tiraded against father and brothers.  
 Sheila assailed herself, she could no longer write,  
 Isaacs muttered something ... father, envy, spite.  
 John wanted succor from his lover, Caruthers,  
 Isaacs would be swimming, if he had his druthers.

Barbara opined "My mother was perverse,  
 She hand-served each diner, a manipulating nurse."  
 Her friends' mothers indulged in congenial pratter  
 And left each to serve themselves from the platter.  
 Charlie hated mother too, she did exactly the reverse  
 And it was ... her fault that he carried a purse.

"Bonnie" thought Isaacs "I wish she were mute.  
 I wish she weren't so god-awful cute."

Bonnie droned on and spoke of her pain  
 Why did her love for good Isaacs need be contained?  
 "What's with you Abe? You some kind of fruit?  
 Make love to me Isaacs or there'll be a suit."

He knew of what she spoke, malpractice in court  
 "At least it's a day off" was Abe Isaacs' thought.  
 "Screwed if I don't and assuredly screwed if I do"  
 Abe smiled, his own joke or two he need not eschew.  
 "Twenty five years, sought, bought, caught, and  
 fraught

Started with nothing, ended with naught."

He was bothered. Abe assuredly had enough  
 Of the demanding, argumentative, threatening and  
 gruff

Visitors and all their "is this session over?" nay-  
 saying,

Tired of the backs of heads balding and graying.  
 Fatigued by years of listening to deep psychic stuff,  
 And fifty hours a week sitting on his duff.

It was late and anyway

"Who are they to think me some Mad Hatter  
 As they restrict their talk to obsequious flatter."  
 Alas! These visitors missed the point, lost and  
 erroneous

Never discovered the core of Abe Isaac's felonious

Exclusive attention to a most compelling matter,  
 Abe Isaacs was born with a fifty minute bladder.

*Howard H. Covitz, PhD, ABPP, NCPsyA, is a middle-aged retiring analyst who practices near Philadelphia. For many years he was director of the Institute for Psychoanalytic Psychotherapies. He teaches Mathematics in Temple University's Tyler School of Art and Biblical Characterology at Gratz College. His Oedipal Paradigms in Collision (1998) was nominated for the Gradiva Book of the Year Award from the National Association for the Advancement of Psychoanalysis (NAAP). Dr. Covitz may be contacted at [Hhcovitz@aol.com](mailto:Hhcovitz@aol.com).*

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## Deciding to Retire, Coping with Old Age and Narcissistic Injury

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### Never Retire from a Fulfilling Life

**Sander Breiner**  
**Michigan State University**

There are many different reasons why people retire, resulting in different dynamic considerations in understanding them. On the basis of my long experience as a psychiatrist I will outline some of these.

One is disability without any remaining abilities to participate in the original occupation. This is an unfortunate circumstance with which we can all sympathize and empathize. Another is disability with the remaining abilities to participate in some creative areas but not the original vocational venue. If the individual attempts to participate, we applaud that healthy, creative human element. If the individual does not attempt to participate in life, we will be observing the withdrawal from life and other symptoms of depression.

Premature or forced termination of employment often leaves people searching for ways to earn money. Where money is not an issue, and the

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individual does not search for ways to participate in some way that is interesting and valuable for them, we are observing clinical depression. Leaving one vocation to enter into another vocation may technically be retirement, but it is psychologically not true retirement. Leaving a vocation and participating in nothing creative is avoiding something. If their days are spent in recreational activities such as golf, they are living in a fantasy to avoid some experience with reality that is psychologically painful.

It is a significant psychological symptom when people choose to spend the majority of their adult lives in some vocational activity in which they have not been experiencing significant personal fulfillment, if it has not been due to monetary necessity. By contrast, if one's vocational experience has been normally fulfilling, one will attempt to continue in that activity or something related to it. An example might be an elderly scientist, who needs to work less closely with instruments in a laboratory, which require the steady hand and clear eye of youth. That scientist then would attempt to do things in a field that utilizes his intellectual skills, such as teaching or supervising. Another example could be a farmer who loves that activity, but whose reduced physical strengths and abilities make it less practical to work as before. There are so many variations in the agricultural world that it would be easy to make a very long list of the various activities of interest and fulfillment for him.

In the field of medicine, it is well known that surgical specialists express more dissatisfaction with their interesting vocation and made earlier attempts at retirement, avoiding afterwards any participation in medical activities. Psychiatrists, especially psychoanalysts, have the least dissatisfaction with their practice, and when they do retire, they continue to participate in some aspect of their profession, such as psychohistory.

Listen to what the person who is retiring says. Do they want to "get away," or do they want to do "something different?" Do they want to do something that is fulfilling, or play some "game?" Life should be fulfilling. When it isn't, one should inquire. The search for the relief of this discomfort reasonably would be a search for the cause. When one's vocational life isn't fulfilling, life is experienced as uncomfortable or worse. When escape from this discomfort, rather than resolution to

follow a greater interest, is the prime response, it is unfortunate and deserves our sympathy and maybe even some help. Numerous studies over a long period of time have established that rates of debility and death increase rapidly six months after retirement, without there being a causal connection found to any preceding illness.

Understanding the preceding requires dealing with the concept of love. Loving oneself, the child within, and the child within other individuals is the essence of mental health. To the degree that one can have these loving experiences one will seek no retirement from life, only more fulfillment in living.

On a personal note, following the best medical advice, "physician heal thyself," I will continue to avoid retiring. At age eighty-one, how long I will live is a question I am unable, or unwilling, to answer. But I promise never to retire from living a fulfilling life.

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## **A Decision to Retire: Mourning the Loss of Loved Relationships**

**Peter Petschauer  
Appalachian State University**

As I made the decision to retire, I did not realize the profound impact this decision would have on my life. I did not know how much I would miss my friends and colleagues, my mental and physical associations, my daily routines, the conversations, and my two offices at the university.

My stepmother's death in Germany, the land of my birth, on March 23, 2006, was the immediate cause of my decision to leave full-time employment

at Appalachian State University. Little did I know then that Emmie (Micky) Anders Petschauer's death and the loss of contact with so many friends and acquaintances, in addition to closing down of her apartment and my two offices at Appalachian would be difficult. It is commonly said that men have a more difficult time with retirement than women because we associate ourselves more with our work. Maybe so, even as increasing numbers of women are as deeply enmeshed in careers, or work, as men. My immediate stress seems to have emerged less from deciding to let go of the work itself, but having lost both my stepmother and the relationships and familiarities associated with it.

No doubt, inklings about getting older and closer to retirement had emerged before Micky's death. About the time I turned sixty-two or sixty-three, and my hair had turned almost completely white, a number of people had asked: are you retired yet? While I sought to dismiss the thought at the time, it raised the issue of what my plans were for the rest of my life.

In spite of other hints that at about age sixty or so one needs to at least think about retirement, I left for Europe in January 2006 on an off-campus scholarly reassignment with every intention to return to my administrative post at the university. This reassignment had two purposes: one was to write the book *Der Vater und die SS (The Father and the SS)*, the other was to be with my stepmother as she drifted closer to her final months, if not weeks. Leaving for Europe seemed unrelated to retiring; as a matter of fact, I fastidiously ignored the hints about it. Most significantly, I loved the service as an administrator, and the teaching and the research associated with work. According to my student ratings, I was successful at teaching; even my students' Internet assessment remained more than respectable. In addition, the writing projects were going well and presentations and papers were part of the annual routines. I especially enjoyed my leadership and mentoring role in Appalachian's Hubbard Center for Faculty and Staff Support.

In other words, I wanted to stay on in spite of a few minor disappointments. By the outset of January, I had assisted with the completion of the move into the new quarters of the Hubbard Center; that is, everything was unpacked and arranged for my return. But like the hints about aging and retirement,

when my wife Joni and I left, several general and specific thoughts and events indicated that leaving employment was becoming an option.

I had begun to dislike meetings in the History Department, even after we had gained an accommodating and competent department chair. Some arguments made me cringe, largely because a few colleagues never seemed to think beyond the immediacy of the department and disregarded the needs of students and university alike. At one point in my life, I would have enjoyed the challenge of a counterargument; now, I felt the *ennui* at having heard "all of this before." A similar disappointment set in with the Faculty Senate of our university and the Faculty Assembly for the entire University of North Carolina system to which I had devoted untold hours. By 2001 or 2002 my tiredness with the Senate closed me off to dealing with arguments I had heard before even though they were presented differently.

I should also have paid attention to three other specific events. One, I did not unpack the boxes in my History Department office that was around the corner from the Hubbard Center office. Two, I felt spent after the arduous task of coordinating the separation of one of our employees. Three, the Provost of the university and I had a conversation in my office a few days before my leaving in which he commented about one of our Associate Provosts (an excellent administrator and human being, as well as my supervisor) probably leaving his post because of the many changes in our upper-level administration. The Provost said: "It must have seemed to him that times were changing and that it was time to move on." He was most likely right, and I asked myself: "Is it time for me to move on?"

The specific reason that Micky's death impacted my thinking so profoundly was that we were with her as she neared it and she slipped away in March, one month and about a half after our arrival. In addition, she was exactly twenty years older than I; probably because of that realization more than any other, I suddenly realized about three weeks after her funeral that twenty years hence I would be eighty-six, just like she had been at her death. As importantly, she was the last of the older generation in my immediate and extended family ... none of us cousins in Germany and in the U.S. now

had an elder before us. We had become the *Opas* (grandpas) and *Omas* (grandmas).

Although Micky's death did not affect me until a few weeks later because of the many activities that surround a close family member's death, a deep sadness about it has returned on occasion ever since. We had been close friends since the early 1950s, a friendship that came to include my second wife Joni after we married in 1983. Micky often called me the son that she did not have and supported our marriage without question. Even during her final illness, she enabled my writing most of *Der Vater und die SS* in her and my deceased father's apartment on Lake Chiem southeast of Munich.

About a day or two after I realized the full significance of Micky's death, I also understood that I would not be able to complete other proposed projects before my brain and health ceased to function, unless I stopped teaching and administration. At that point I was still in the middle of *The Father and the SS*, but I already knew that at least two other books needed to be written. The closer I came to completing the book about my father, the more I wanted to proceed to these next projects.

In spite of the pre-retirement sense not to retire, and the initial serious doubts about it after we returned from Europe at the outset of July, I now realize that waiting to do so would not have been a good idea. I say this, even though several events made me doubt the wisdom of the decision after we returned. Micky's death was one blow, moving out of the safety of her apartment was another, leaving my colleagues and friends at the university was a third, and moving out of my offices there was a fourth. And no doubt, I had a difficult time with sorting out my stepmother's and my father's "things" and pictures. While Joni and I lived in their world, their apartment, I felt hardly any sadness. Now that I cannot return to their space, the memory of it returns occasionally with great intensity.

Indeed, one does not realize before one retires what it is like to be retired; no question, these losses turned out to be difficult to absorb at one time. In April, I felt only enthusiasm for leaving. The obvious question then became: How do I tell my department chair and the Provost? It is to their credit, that few steps in my life were eased so

generously as this one; I was able to resign from Germany and they assisted in easing the associated formalities and inconveniences.

The question now is: What have I missed and how can I overcome the losses? I still miss daily significant and insignificant conversations. I miss the colleagues in the Hubbard Center and in the department. This is an intense, almost physical feeling. I miss my boss; I loved our banter about budgets and other concerns. I miss not being able to work with his excellent successor. I miss students; that is why I am teaching one course in the spring. I even miss the Faculty Senate that I had grown tired of. I miss being a supervisor and sharing in the concerns of others. I miss being involved in the affairs of the institution at which I worked for thirty-eight years. Perhaps retiring from a job and institution that absorbed most of my life is like the death of a loved one, and like a death, it must be mourned. I had not anticipated this aspect of retirement.

But in the last two or three weeks, "things" have gotten better and I have regained the so-called flow of thoughts and activities. Some of my days are still occasionally filled with sadness, yet I feel that this time to mourn and readjust is coming to an end and it will turn into another positive experience. Already the daily routines are becoming more accommodating and enjoyable, and I am having an easier time working on my projects. I am having lunch with different friends and colleagues almost every day, I am working with several colleagues on their projects, I am chairing the board of the university's Turchin Center for the Visual Arts, I am excited about *The Father and the SS* being published shortly and I am writing again, although at the moment it is still about myself. But I can already feel the intense desire to turn outward once more since retirement has been a turning inward and enjoy oscillating between my personal world and the world around me.

*Peter W. Petschauer, PhD, is Professor Emeritus of History at Appalachian State University in the beautiful mountains of Boone, North Carolina. He served Appalachian for thirty-eight years, the last five as head of the Hubbard Center for Faculty and Staff Support. In addition to holding a named professorship for a number of years, he chaired the Faculty Senate at Appalachian in the early nineties*



and headed the Faculty Assembly for the University of North Carolina system in the second half of that decade. He just completed a book about his father who was an officer in the SS and may be reached <petschauerpw@appstate.edu>.

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## Coping with Old Age in Retirement

**Jerry Kroth  
Santa Clara University**

My ninety-seven-year-old mother is my ultimate role model for coping with old age. Margaret, as she is known, weighs eighty-five pounds. She used to be five foot two inches, but she's now about four foot seven inches. Arthritis and spinal stenosis have taken their toll. She has survived and gone through every unnamed developmental stage that professional gerontology might ever hope to identify, and she has done exceptionally well.

My mother has seen the loss and death of almost everyone she ever knew. Her husband is dead. Her best friends are dead. All her peers are dead. The friends she knew in college in Michigan are dead. She even experienced the loss of her firstborn son, buried him, and says prayers to his memory and for his intervention in her continuing and chronic pains. After his death she joined a grief group, upon her second-son's—this psychohistorian's—recommendation. The nun who monitored the group stayed in contact with her, sent her a Christmas card ... and then died herself.

When I confront her about her constant negativity, as in, "Jerry, you're having a party this weekend, that must be a terrible chore. Aren't you overwhelmed?" I tell her, "Ma, why always the constant negativity? Why can't you think that I'm having a party because it's something I want? I'm looking forward to it. There's nothing negative here." Sometimes she'll take me seriously and actually hear what I am saying. And sometimes she gives me an accurate answer, a real answer, one that causes me to sit up and take notice: "Jer," she says, "I think I'm negative because I'm in constant pain, I'm sorry."

Yes, it's true. Coping with old age, especially at ninety-seven, is coping with chronic pain. Pain in the middle of the night. Pain trying to get into the bathtub. Pain entering Safeway. Pain standing. Pain sitting. Pain lying in bed. Psychological pain as well, like when you realize you can't do subtraction anymore and can no longer successfully balance your checkbook. The pains are multifaceted and, frankly, everywhere.

But there are antidotes. My mother plays music. She has been playing piano since Duke Ellington played "Moon Indigo" in 1927. She plays three times a week with three separate senior musical groups. She even earns twenty dollars per week playing for a choir. Last year she had her driver's license renewed. She hobbles into her "gigs" any way she can and plays "Pennies from Heaven" the way Count Basie played it. Local newspapers write about her as the ninety-seven-year-old "Musical Dynamo."

As long as she is driven to her next job, she forgets about her pain, forgets that her firstborn baby boy passed away thirteen years ago, forgets that the neighbor next door refuses to talk to her, forgets that last week she lost her glasses, forgets her increasingly severe limp. Instead she feels useful, happy, sometimes even ecstatic and looks forward to all those incredibly exquisite "obligations" she has to cope with tomorrow.

**Jerry Kroth, PhD**, retired from the graduate counseling psychology program at Santa Clara University where he taught psychotherapy and personality theory, dreamwork, and research methods. He has written and presented over seventy papers on anxiety, child development, mass psychology, synchronicity, the dream process, psychohistory, and collective psychology. Eight of his books are in the areas of counseling psychology, child sexual abuse, learning disorders, metapsychology, and research methodology. His most recent books are *Conspiracy in Camelot: The Complete History of the Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy* and *In Search of Butterflies: The Quest for the Soul at the Dawn of the Third Millennium*. Dr. Kroth may be reached at [jerrykroth@yahoo.com](mailto:jerrykroth@yahoo.com).

## **Narcissistic Losses in Professional Athlete Retirement**

**Tom Ferraro**  
**Private Practice of Sports Psychology**

There are many stories in the news about professional athletes who are reluctant to retire and seem to hang on long past their prime. It matters little that they willingly risk crippling injury or that they have millions in the bank. They just want to keep on playing. The last big player to show us just how tough it is to say goodbye was the tennis star Andre Agassi, who needed cortisone injections in the spine to get through his run for the U.S. Open tennis championship. Readers may recall him as the star who said the phrase "Image is Everything" in Canon Camera commercials.

Of course Agassi is not alone in this difficulty to say goodbye to a career. Muhammad Ali undoubtedly suffered brain damage thanks to a prolonged career in boxing. He has millions of dollars but suffers with Parkinson's disease. Michael Jordan embarrassed himself by returning to the National Basketball Association (NBA) at the ripe old age of thirty-nine to try to compete with the younger set. Shaquille O'Neal, a great basketball player of the present generation, summed it up well when he said, "Hey, thirty-nine just ain't twenty-nine."

In my practice as a psychoanalyst and sport psychologist I am frequently engaged in conversation about the end of a sports career. It is very understandable that athletes resist the end. Invariably they are only in their thirties when they must confront this issue, far younger than the rest of us who must face these same issues a good thirty years later. An athlete's career starts early, usually in his or her teens, and ends ten to twenty years later. They are young and yet they are "finished."

Another problematic feature of professional sports is the massive competitive pressure that forces athletes to over-train and over-practice. All this invariably leads to injury of some sort. I have yet to work with a professional or elite amateur athlete who does not have a sports-related injury. They all have

torn ligaments, concussions, asthma or other play-related problems. This means that an athlete's career will be short indeed, often ending in the mid-thirties. The injuries may leave him with life-long physical problems. These considerations ought to prompt him to retire but he will resist, which will inevitably produce more serious injuries. Injured athletes enter a downward spiral which can be accompanied by depression, anger, and overuse of pain killers.

What makes the issue of professional athlete retirement so very difficult to manage is the narcissistic gratification they must give up. Sport is always played for a crowd, sometimes an audience in the millions. The narcissistic fulfillment this brings to the athlete can become quite addictive. It is almost inevitable that the cheering, the autograph requests, and the media attention produce the narcissistic entitlement often seen in professionals. There can be no doubt that for the guy or gal receiving all this glory it can become an addiction. I recall Gwyneth Paltrow's remarking after her second Academy Award that the kind of attention she was constantly given was very unhealthy. She was right.

Those who make it to the pros have been at their craft six hours a day since at least their early teen years. This produces what we call identity foreclosure, or a truncated sense of self absorbed by their sport. If you had a chance to sit with Tiger Woods for an hour you would find that he talks about golf and nothing else. Such athletes are totally psychologically dependent upon their sport.

These athletes need and can benefit greatly from psychotherapy. In therapy they finally have a chance to work through their identity foreclosure and narcissistic addiction to the crowd. When they are helped to realize that there are intrinsically worthwhile things they can come to see that they need not continue to risk life and limb for the smell of the grease paint and roar of the crowd. Applause and admiration can be a very seductive thing to deal with. Bob Dylan famously said that he never minded crowds that booed him and worried far more about the fans who loved him, "They can really kill you with kindness you know." Athletes sometimes need a little help in easing their way out from the applause and into a peaceful and well-deserved retirement.

Many of us retire by sixty or so and ease into entertaining activities such as painting, exercise or

volunteer work. The challenge of retirement is far different for the ex-athlete since they often have another forty productive years ahead of them with little chance of finding the kind of narcissistic gratification that greeted them before. This is the grave challenge they all must face when they retire from the playing field.

*Tom Ferraro, PhD, is one of the nation's few sport psychologists practicing on the basis of psychoanalytic psychology. He uses psychoanalysis with both professional and elite amateur athletes in the fields of golf, baseball, football, soccer, luge, tennis, swimming, gymnastics, and figure skating. He publishes widely in Asia and the United States, works with professional teams in the New York metropolitan area, and can be seen on Fox News Channel, NBC and WFAN. Dr. Ferraro may be contacted at [drtferraro@aol.com](mailto:drtferraro@aol.com).*

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## The Pleasures and Relief of Retirement

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### Retirement from Rocketry and Academia

**Thomas Vasilos**  
**University of Massachusetts-Lowell**

As a rocket scientist I worked in research and development in Massachusetts for thirty years to develop materials to survive the searing heat of reentry and the heat and pressure of rocket motor propulsion. In the pressure cooker environment of high visibility government sponsored contract development work, I worked on the Air Force's Titan, Minuteman and Peacekeeper intercontinental ballistic missile programs and NASA's Apollo vehicle's returning astronauts back to Earth.

My retirement from rocketry in 1987 meant reentry into the academic world that had trained me in science when I was labeled the "Rocket Man" by a professor at MIT, who facilitated my graduate education and research assistantship. My second retirement from academia freed me to enjoy my remaining years. Both retirements involved gains

and losses which I will discuss below along with elements of my personal history and psychology that have shaped my life.

### Retirement from Rocketry into Academia

With the Soviet Union facing a break-up in the late 1980s, our company offered longtime employees a financial incentive to retire early, and I accepted it in May 1987. But at fifty-seven years of age I was not ready to drop out of the workforce. Luckily, I had taught a number of courses as an adjunct professor in the engineering school at what is now the University of Massachusetts, Lowell, during the 1980s. When a position opened up for me as a full professor there the same year I retired, I accepted it. Taking the job in the Department of Chemical Engineering meant a significant pay cut but it did not matter since I was drawing my pension from the aerospace job and was also doing some consulting work. After a couple of years, when it was clear that my fellow professors and I liked each other and the students liked me, I was asked to go for tenure. Since I was appointed as a full professor, this was not going to be easy, but I had enjoyed challenges ever since I had grown up poor in an immigrant neighborhood in Astoria, Queens.

In starting over, I became Graduate Coordinator for the department, brought in research funding, wrote peer reviewed papers in journals, and co-authored a textbook in materials engineering. I was awarded tenure finally in 1993 and now I could really enjoy being a professor at the age of sixty-four. My personal life was quite satisfying in that I was happily married for forty years, had two daughters, who earned graduate degrees, and one grandchild.

A leisure retreat was long a part of our lives. In the late 1960s we had purchased property and co-owned a home with my in-laws in the Cape Cod National Seashore. In 1997, my wife and I purchased a condo in Naples, Florida. So we had prepared for eventual retirement with summer and winter homes. However, life is uncertain—my beloved wife died in 1999 of quick-killing pancreatic cancer. Despite the pain of her loss, I kept on at the university, continuing to serve as Graduate Coordinator and enjoyed teaching classes in materials engineering.

With the decline in aerospace activity, I shifted some of my research activity to biologic materials, with an emphasis on prosthetics. I was functioning well. My job allowed me to spend most

of my summer at Cape Cod and I had a month in winter between semesters I could spend in Florida. But I was getting older. In 2002 an early retirement incentive was offered. I intended to accept because it would provide me with financial freedom earlier than I had anticipated, so I told my chairman and faculty colleagues I was going to accept the incentive. They prevailed on me to wait since they really wanted and needed me to stay. They also assured me that the offer would be presented again, as it was. This time I accepted it and retired at the end of 2003.

### **Retirement Rationale, Losses, Risks, and Life**

Everything was in place for retirement. I was in my seventies, had both summer and winter homes, was looking forward to intellectual and physical emancipation, and wanted to enjoy my good health while I still had it to explore new adventures. Emeritus status was granted to me and I continued to work with some faculty members on projects. For fifty years I had enjoyed kayaking and distance snorkel swimming and I wanted to swim more in winter. At times I felt I had it all.

There were also losses in my new situation. Most notably, I felt the death of my wife more in retirement when I did not have the distraction of teaching. She had been my companion, and with more free time available, the sadness of losing her was more apparent to me. She was not there to fill the void as she had throughout our life together.

I found other avenues of expression, becoming a board member of my condo association in Florida, which I now serve as its president. This position of service to others is self-satisfying as well. I meet people and have conversations and feel good about solving problems in our community. Though I miss the daily interactions of students and faculty, I have a reasonable substitute with my Florida neighbors. I give guest lectures at the Boys and Girls Club of Naples and plan to expand that activity. Service plays an important role in my retired life. I have lost the power and prestige granted to an active professor, but I have gained some back as a condo board member, guest lecturer, fellow researcher, and consultant.

When I probe the unconscious reasons for the altruism that has led me throughout my life to spend considerable time helping colleagues, students, condo members, and young people, I find that it relates to

my doing for them what I wish had been done for me in my youth.

The risks in retirement I feared most were insufficient money and boredom. As of now they have not been a factor: I am protected from fund depletion by stable pensions and other investments. I have decided that I have too much curiosity about the world to ever be bored. Indeed, intense curiosity and optimism have been lifelong characteristics that others have commented upon, though I generally just take them for granted. I read various scientific and professional journals as well as *Clio's Psyche*, and I continue to have a reasonably active professional life. In looking after the condo and my own properties at seventy-seven years of age, I continue to climb ladders and go into crawl spaces—I dread the day when I may not be physically able to do so. Also, the potential loss of strength and stamina will influence my ability to kayak and swim for distance. I stay in shape and hope to have a few more good years. Fortunately, my doctor assures me that I have the body of a much younger man.

My overall assessment of my situation and opportunities in life are quite positive. I am grateful for what I have had and for what I currently have. As someone who grew up as the third of four children in a small New York apartment in the Great Depression, feeling grateful when my father had work as a cook, I do not take for granted my pensions, health insurance, and good health. As a child I had an intense interest in nature and a fantasy of flying like the birds I observed. Misfortunes in life, such as having to wear glasses which meant I would not be able to pilot planes as I dreamed I would as a boy, helped turn me in the direction of being the "Boy-Scientist" who designed toy fighter planes and then rockets. Tuition-free education at Brooklyn College enabled me to further my scientific training. My being drafted into the Army during the Korean War upon the completion of my doctoral degree in ceramics even placed me in a research laboratory where, with colleagues, I was able to develop a patent and write two peer-reviewed papers.

I was the beneficiary of two wonderful careers. Being a professor was particularly satisfying. I cannot think of a more desirable job. That I am able to have had this good life, I attribute to the availability of education, some ability, and lots of good luck (though a retired psychoanalyst friend

says that I make my own good fortune and then ascribe it to luck). Even the opportunity to review my retirement, career and life in writing this article is the outgrowth of the good fortune of meeting the editor of this publication on a beach in Naples some years ago.

*Thomas Vasilos, PhD, earned his degrees at Brooklyn College and MIT before working in the aerospace industry for thirty years for AVCO, where he rose to the position of Principal Scientist and then teaching at the University of Massachusetts in Lowell from 1987-2003. He has served as a consultant to the National Academy of Sciences and as a member of various ad hoc committees of the National Materials Advisory Board. He is past Chairman of the Basic Science Division of the American Ceramic Society, winner of various awards in his field, co-inventor on fourteen patents, and author or co-author of more than fifty published papers and a book. Dr. Vasilos may be contacted at VslThm@aol.com and Thomas\_Vasilos@uml.edu.*

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## The Art of Retirement

Joe Illick

San Francisco State University

I retired from teaching in June 2002. At sixty-eight I was not forced but chose to retire because my goals of intensive reading and writing were not shared by my students. I have not missed the classroom. At my retirement I published my fifth book, a history of American childhoods since the seventeenth century, and assumed it would be my last.

I left the field of history because I had an alternative: art. Neither my elementary school nor my high school nor my undergraduate college offered instruction in studio art. In my late forties I found myself interested enough in sculpture to enroll in a course on my own campus. This, in turn, led to encounters with ceramics, drawing, and painting. (I could never understand why my colleagues did not take advantage of our generous art department.)

Most recently I discovered printmaking, and I began to create woodcuts. Having often taught a course in American biography, and possessing a

fondness for clever rhymes, I decided to carve portraits of all the presidents of the U.S. and simultaneously write about them. The result has been an exhibit during the autumn of 2006 in the library of San Francisco State, my university, titled "From George Washington to George W.: Presidents Getting Verse." It is the second showing of my work, and I aspire to more.

As an undergraduate at Princeton I was a member of the swimming team, a sport I gave up in the face of library duty as a graduate student and a professor. But in my early fifties I re-entered the pool in U.S. Masters meets, finding enjoyment in competition and the fellowship that accompanied it. When I tired of the chlorine and the swim lanes I discovered open water. For the past decade I have begun every day with a long swim in San Francisco Bay, which refreshes me enormously. That is not to say I have been entirely healthy. In 2001 I was diagnosed with prostate cancer, and three years later I had two angioplasties. But I do believe my aquatic activity contributed to my rapid recovery from these illnesses.

One of my fellow swimmers created the San Francisco Ocean Film Festival, and I immediately volunteered to help locate films about the seas, their inhabitants (including humans), and coastal cultures. I have been the director of this festival for the past two years.

As a fully employed person I did not anticipate these retirement activities; indeed, I had given no thought to what I would do in retirement. At seventy-one I am still vital—and, in fact, I took a medal in an international swim competition a few months ago. Although since childhood I have been a bit morbid, I manage to put off thinking about death most of the time. Still, I imagine such denial could quickly disappear.

I provide significant financial support for two of my three adult children, yet I only infrequently see my far-away grandchildren. I regret but cannot alter this situation. I have been living alone since I divorced over twenty years ago, but I am almost never lonely.

As I paint this near-to-rosy picture, I know I have neglected the darker tones, much harder to articulate. Anxiety is seldom absent from my life, yet I cannot identify its source, save to observe that

my mother was a very anxious woman. As an atheist I am sometimes perplexed by the purposelessness of individual existence, even while I accept the evolution of the species. But time has not made such matters more difficult to live with; they have always been on my mind.

Retirement in and of itself has not been difficult for me, perhaps because my career did not define my life. But as I feel age limiting my movement, even slowing my mind, I know that growing old will be a critical issue.

*Joseph Illick, PhD, taught history at San Francisco State University from 1963 to 2002 and attended the first International Psychohistorical Association Conference in 1978. Childhood had been his primary interest in psychohistory. His books include William Penn the Politician (1965), Colonial Pennsylvania: A History (1976), America & England, 1558-1776 (ed., 1970), At Liberty. The Story of a Community and a Generation: The Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, High School Class of 1952 (1989), and American Childhoods (2002). He may be contacted at [illick@sfsu.edu](mailto:illick@sfsu.edu).*

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## Not a Finished Product

**Edryce Reynolds**  
**Psychohistory Forum Research**  
**Associate**

Fifty-three years ago I made a decision. Eagerly moving from college into the “real” world, I was a keen observer of those older than I. How had they found their way? What could I learn from them that would help me on my path? As I watched people retire, I also watched them die soon after. Certainly this has changed, as has the very concept of “retirement.” Yet our culture still has a focus on the idea of “resting” or “playing” after the age of sixty-five. That did not and does not appeal to me. I want active engagement with the larger community. I want to contribute something to that community. This was the source of my enthusiasm then and continues to be so.

Eighteen years ago I realized that I will never feel I am a “finished product,” something which I had been striving to accomplish. I had the notion that a

person should be “finished” at a specific point in time, but I didn’t know when. Maybe it was graduation from college? That didn’t happen for me. Maybe after I found productive work? No. Then when? When would I feel “finished?” Self-analysis has revealed early childhood experiences that led to that conviction. Parental and teacher expectations, processed in my developing brain, were the source of such a strange belief.

That we can and do continue to grow and learn throughout our lives has now become a deeply felt reality for me. An affirmation I often use reminds me: “I am a person in process, forever unfinished, and forever completely okay.” A follow-up affirmation provides excitement and zest for each day: “I fulfill my dreams as I discover them.” These affirmations bubbled up from some deep resource within me at times of distress. They continue to be helpful to me.

At the age of sixty-six I applied for and obtained a college teaching position. At the age of seventy-seven, I continue to work and to open up to new talents in myself. In my younger years, conventional wisdom said life was essentially over as of the fortieth birthday. I did not accept that. At the age of forty-three I obtained my doctorate, moved geographically, obtained a management position, and began a new phase of life. My approach to life could and would work the way I wanted it to. Why was I so sure? Because I felt and feel that each of us comes on earth to do something unique, to express who we are. First, though, we have to discover who we are! I at least have a beginning on this.

Many people say they want to travel, and that’s why they want to retire. I enjoy traveling, but not just to travel. I spent a year in Beijing, China, during my seventy-third year of life, teaching Chinese students about business and information technology. Regrettably, I did not learn to speak and read Chinese, but that has been added to my list of things to do. “Lifelong learning” has come into its own as we realize the flexibility required to fit ourselves into our communities effectively. Students of today know they will be training and retraining throughout their lives. They will have different decisions to make as they approach the age of sixty-five. They will also approach that age with very different thinking than past generations. I feel as if I am one of many vanguard leaders in this respect, at

least locally. We are walking new paths, blazing new trails, finding new resources for longer and useful lives.

The age of sixty-five was chosen for retirement because for most of the twentieth century few people lived longer than that. Today that is no longer the case and most of us over that age are still in good health. As I talk with people of all ages, they want to live long lives; they just don't want to be infirm and dependent. Virtually none of us want that.

I have been very fortunate to have had excellent health. My parents gave me a good start genetically, and they helped me to learn healthy ways of living. I take no medications. Sometimes I wonder who is taking all the advertised products I see for various maladies. A naturopathic physician can enlighten us on ways to maintain good health naturally, without pharmaceuticals. I have been seeing a naturopath for the last thirty years, with the goal of maintaining my good health. It does seem to be working!

What I wish for succeeding generations is what I plan for myself: to live long and healthily, full of enthusiasm each day. We know such living is part genetics, part habits, part attitude, and part luck.

So, in my "retiring" years, I continue to discover my talents, my dreams, and my purpose in living. It is never too late to have a happy and fulfilling life.

*Edryce Reynolds, EdD, a Psychohistory Forum Research Associate, teaches psychology, business, and mathematics for several colleges in the Puget Sound area. She has been the recipient of the Excellence in Teaching Award of the City University in Bellevue, Washington and the Extra Mile Award of Pierce College in Tacoma, Washington. In recent years she has focused on the underserved – prisoners and the formerly institutionalized mentally ill. Dr. Reynolds may be contacted at edryce@yahoo.com.*

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## Release from an Emotionally Demanding Profession

Henry Lawton  
Independent Scholar

Most people tend to define themselves, at least partially, in terms of the work they do. It is an important facet of our identity, irrespective of how we may feel about what we do. Retirement was supposed to be a reward for years of loyal service and a job well done. It was a time to do things we had always wanted to but never could, due to the requirements of work. But for me, at least, it was not so simple or clear cut.

Like many retirees I left with some feeling that I was being thrown away. My skill and experience no longer seemed to matter. My employer needed to cut costs and it was cheaper to hire younger workers for less money. I was lucky because as an incentive to retire I got credit for three more years than I actually worked toward my pension. But how many of you know someone let go after long years of service with nothing to show for his or her years of effort?

To make sense of my retirement experience, you need to understand what I retired from. For thirty-one years I was a caseworker in a large state child welfare agency. I worked with emotionally disturbed teenagers, many of whom were survivors of physical and/or sexual abuse. Many were delinquents, school failures, or addicts, or manifested every sort of emotional pathology you could think of. Some even became killers. Fortunately, a few embodied the best of the human spirit.

At this point you might wonder why anyone in his or her right mind would do this sort of work. It was hard and emotionally demanding. At best it offered uncertain chances of success and reward. The work was nearly impossible but I did it well. I knew I was special because few people were capable of doing my job. The average number of years a caseworker lasted on the job was fewer than five, but I hung on; doing so helped give my life meaning. My special motivation kept me from being emotionally broken by it. My mother had done public agency social work during the Depression and had always wished she could have done it longer. Good son that I was, I realized her dream for her. It did not seem to matter to my employer that I paid a price in the form of having exposed myself to long-term emotional trauma. This was not as bad as it sounds because I had ample opportunity for psychohistorical work on the side. This helped keep me sane.

My job involved trying wherever possible to keep these kids at home and out of very expensive residential schools. We had no supervision worth the name and often felt as if we were on our own. I did much of my work by the seat of my pants, hoping against hope that nothing major would go wrong. Most of the kids I worked with had been seriously traumatized. They had seen/experienced more horror in their young lives than anyone should have to endure.

Even though the population I worked with was routinely seen as hopeless, I was expected to get positive results. There was never enough time to help in the multitudinous ways necessary to change the path of troubled youths. The more the system seemed to change as a result of public scrutiny, the more it stayed the same. We were constantly trying to reconcile mutually contradictory demands. If you could not deal with the horror and trauma of the kids and what it evoked in you and your co-workers, you ran the risk that the work might literally eat you alive emotionally. The lifeboat was forever sinking and we only had a thimble to bail with.

As the years went by it slowly became obvious that the stress was getting to me. I was letting myself go to pot. Like many of my colleagues I found myself becoming plagued with chronic headaches and stomach upset. I often did not sleep well, ate too much junk food and put on too much weight. Even when I began to realize that I was not invulnerable and was beginning to burn out, I still agonized for several years before finally walking away. What would I do? I was a "child welfare" worker, what else could I be? Yes, I had done psychohistorical scholarship for years but I had no PhD, which meant that academia was essentially closed. With skillful neurotic ingenuity I had nicely boxed myself in a corner.

I knew it was time to retire, despite my anxiety. Yet, how would I occupy my days? I felt very uncertain that psychohistory would fill up the hours. I had fantasies that I would spend my days looking out the window. Also I felt I needed to continue making money, if for no other reason than to being able to continue to pay my psychoanalyst. I could not imagine myself as a gentleman of leisure. With the help of some friends I sent out a large number of resumes. I was able to procure a job as a Sunday reference librarian, which I still have.

Nothing else materialized.

About the time I left I developed a tear in the meniscus of my left knee. This was quite painful and could only be fixed by surgery. At the same time I was diagnosed with non-diabetic neuropathy (diminished feeling in the nerves of both lower legs), arthritic knees, and stenosis of several disks in my lower spine (compressed nerves in the spinal cord). All this affected my balance, which means that I fall down from time to time. Problems with pain were very difficult until my doctor finally came up with a regimen of medication that keeps it pretty well at bay. I have also been in physical therapy most of the time since my knee surgery. The on-going treatment gets me out of the house most every day for at least a couple hours. Dealing with these health problems (largely the result of neglect and denial) seems to have become my new vocation. I have gone from dealing with other people's problems to dealing with my own. I find myself wondering if there is not a psychosomatic element with my health problems, in the sense of having the same sort of besieged feelings that I suffered with while in child welfare.

My wife has been very supportive and helps a lot, for which I remain grateful to her. Both our children are married and my daughter is expecting her second child. Our little grandson will be two in late August. He is an excellent little fellow who gives my wife and me much pleasure.

I have been retired almost four years. I find myself less stressed and better able to relax. My life is much less frenetic than it used to be. Now I define myself as a psychohistorian who used to be a child welfare worker. The vicarious trauma that I absorbed from so many troubled children is slowly fading into the dustbin of my history where it properly belongs. I am freer to read a lot, write, do research and enjoy old movies. I sleep better and my chronic headaches and stomach problems have virtually disappeared. For years I have been a "night person," so it is good to be able to work on my various projects into the wee hours of the morning and sleep late instead of dragging myself out of bed to fight the commuter traffic to work.

As I get older I focus more and more on memories of the past and think less and less about the future. I just turned sixty-five and find myself more and more uneasily wondering how much time I have



left and what I will do with it. Though I do not know what the future will bring, at least my life will be largely free of the horror and trauma experienced by the kids I worked with. Retirement is supposed to be a time where you learn to relax, do things you always wanted to do but somehow never got to, relearn to play and have fun. For me it has also been a theater for working through unresolved painful problems. I continue trying to come to terms with my past, good and bad. If I am successful maybe I will come to know a level of happiness that somehow eluded me in my youth. I am realizing that I will go to my reward with the knowledge that I did my best and that I will live on in the hearts and memories of those I loved and cared about.

*Henry Lawton, MA, MLS, is a retired social worker and independent scholar in psychohistory. He is author of The Psychohistorian's Handbook (1988), the how-to text for the field, Book Review Editor of the Journal of Psychohistory, past President and long-time Secretary of the International Psychohistorical Association, and founder/director of the Group for the Psychohistorical Study of Film. Among the psychohistorical subjects he has published on are the psychobiography of Richard Nixon, transference to institutions, dynamics of public child welfare systems, the psychohistorical analysis and theory of popular film, philosophical aspects of psychohistory, and the state of psychological history. Currently, he is researching Joseph Smith, Jr. and the Mormon Church. Lawton may be reached at [hwlipa@gmail.com](mailto:hwlipa@gmail.com).*

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## The Retiree as Scholar

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### New Entrances after Exit from Employment

**Herbert Barry III**  
**University of Pittsburgh**

Three major types of activities in life are entrance, progress, and exit. Progress is defined as moving from the entrance to the exit. Progress during employment therefore may refer to motion of

the calendar rather than the employee's achievements. Retirement from employment typically is a stressful exit because it usually follows prolonged employment and coincides with the impairments of aging. Below I broadly consider the issue and then discuss my own situation.

Many people feel that retirement from paid employment is the end of productive life. Contrary to this sentiment, productive activities are more satisfying if they benefit oneself instead of an employer. The exit from employment can be followed by entrances to multiple activities. The retired person has the advantages of self-direction and more available time. The advantages of retirement are maximized if the person enjoys being independent and does multiple productive activities, some of which began prior to retirement.

Failure or rejection at the end of employment may be an incentive for better progress after new entrances. Several presidents of the United States have performed outstanding public service after they failed to be reelected. These include John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Taft, Hoover, and Carter. Their assets were the pride and experience obtained from a single term as president. Most employees, who were never president, can develop pride and experience that contribute to their performance after their new entrances.

People who retire after many years of full-time employment have developed the habit of diligent and focused efforts. They have accumulated much experience. They benefit from less concern about their personal future and more interest in the future of younger people. Age and experience help opinions and decisions to be more rational and careful—characteristics which are in short supply in contemporary society.

After thirty-eight years of service researching and teaching, I retired five years ago as a professor at the University of Pittsburgh. In common with many other professors, my exit from the university was not complete. I am Professor Emeritus, with access to the university's computer facilities and libraries. I am assigned a desk, computer, and file cabinet in an office shared with a few other faculty members. In a typical week I go to the office once or twice and my activities there are usually brief. Occasionally I attend a seminar at the university.

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The most conspicuous change from my employment is that my residence is the location of most of my activities, especially use of the computer. The increase in my available time after retirement is magnified because I do not need to travel to the office. The more convenient location improves the quality of my reading, data analyses, and writings. There are also fewer restrictions on my travel to conferences and for research. Thus the excellent training I received at Harvard and Yale so many years ago can be put to work with fewer impediments.

*Herbert Barry III, PhD, is a research psychologist who has also contributed to the fields of psychohistory, psychiatry, political science, anthropology, pharmacology, and alcoholism. He is a former president of the International Psychohistorical Association (1991-1992) and longtime co-director of the Psychohistory Forum's Research Group on the Childhood, Personality, and Psychology of Presidential Candidates and Presidents. A fair number of his more than 200 scientific publications were written after his retirement in 2001. He may be contacted at [barryh@pitt.edu](mailto:barryh@pitt.edu).*

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## Retirement as Re-invention

**Dan Dervin**

**Mary Washington University**

After thirty years of college teaching and having undergone hearing loss, I officially retired in 1997 at age sixty-two. In lieu of those embarrassing tributes at the end-of-semester faculty meeting, I suggested the Dean play Cole Porter's "It Was Just One of Those Things" as I made my exit—which he did. Teaching isn't show business, but it's still good policy to always leave them laughing.

In the previous fall, while poll-watching on the Democratic side, I chatted with a faculty wife on the Republican side. Unlike today's wide political gulf, we were well within speaking range and chatted away. At my mention of retirement, she mentioned a tax-accountant friend who was soon moving out of her office in an old wedge-shaped office building in town. It offered a cockpit for a word-processor, ample walls for books, and space for a coffee

table. There was also a central divider, allowing a section for my wife, Kate, who still works part-time as a psychiatric social-worker, to set up an easel for her artwork. We rented the space.

The onerous task of cleaning out an office which had accumulated more strata than an archaeological site became tolerable. Trips to the dump were interspersed with transfers to the new office. Ad-hoc decisions were based on jettisoning stuff I no longer identified with or saw any future in pursuing. Other projects were transferred with minimal breaks in continuity.

The prospect of year-round biking off to work had always offered bracing fresh air and exercise, but now it sealed off a clearly focused workspace, a much more restricted one than the convivial ambience of colleagues, students, and staff. If the new space meant that I hadn't really retired—which I hadn't intended anyway—and that I could concentrate more single-mindedly than before, the resounding sounds of silence took a bit of getting used to. The regressive pull of a comfy-cozy home along with the usual claims of yard work, the siren calls of CNN News and the Internet were all safely circumvented. There was also the prospect of an indefinite number of days stretching out with no other recourse than to "prime the pump" with a bit of reading and then eyeball the blank blue space of the computer monitor with its quizzical "what now?" The monitor served as both an unpaid therapist, receptive to whatever I might produce, and a demanding but patient editor extracting countless revisions.

Providing I tolerated the extended isolation, I could wean myself from academic habits, which too narrowly focused on sowing new seeds for the biannual "crops" (courses), and not thinking too far outside the box. Here I can hardly complain since from a teaching base in Modernism I strayed all over the compound from special courses in psychoanalysis and psychohistory to a stimulating master's colloquium in human evolution with a biologist. But every new course is ultimately a commitment and confinement. Even on vacations and sabbaticals, I have found one is still on a leash.

Retiring from fulltime work in reasonably good health certainly offers one the opportunity for continuity in pursuing tasks and projects proven to be

rewarding, but it also presents the possibility of more profound reconfigurations. Self-re-invention, anyone? Such a notion probably derails most life-cycle schemata that consider mature years a period of synthesis and slacking off. But as Gail Sheehy and others insist, we're not as old as we used to be; whether we decide to start over or merely to shift gears, we can look forward to added years of productivity.

Along with ongoing psychohistorical projects, I have become more receptive to purely creative pursuits. These two strains briefly fused one day in late January 1998 when I was tapping away at a laptop while staying with friends out West. What came up on the screen, from where in my imagination I know not, was the statement that on June 16, 1944, Mr. Leopold Bloom of Dublin, while having an espresso and roll with a relative in Budapest, was arrested by the Gestapo and shipped off to Auschwitz. At that point, forty years after the original Bloomsday during which *Ulysses* takes place, Leopold Bloom, the Homeric hero of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, left Art and entered History thanks to my creative leap. Ever since, I have been engaged in rewriting Joyce's classic itself a rewriting of the *Odyssey*. In short, it aspires to be a *Nulysses* for our time, an ongoing project which has taken me in unimagined directions with all sorts of new writing problems and that may prove an impossible enterprise in the end. But it will be fun getting there.

*Dan Dervin, PhD, is a prolific psychohistorian. His publications include Enactments, Matricentric Narratives, Father Bosetti in America: A Biographical Study (2004) and numerous articles in these pages and elsewhere. He is a Research Associate of the Psychohistory Forum and emeritus professor of literature at Mary Washington College. Professor Dervin may be contacted at [ddervin@umw.edu](mailto:ddervin@umw.edu).*

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## My Scholarly Lifeline

**David Felix**  
**The City University of New York**

Sabbatical years provided the basic training for my retirement. It was easy to move from

teaching, research, and writing to pure research and writing—except for the fact that my own standard of work was harder than that of my former employer. I was willing to grant that I was an “old man” at age sixty-nine but brushed past what this had meant to me throughout the earlier years of my life.

I continued working on my own while also enjoying my morning runs. Some thirty years earlier I had begun running an hour, more or less, four or five times a week to control back spasms. I had discovered a deep physical pleasure that included the morning experience of changing seasons, dogs on *their* morning runs, and other runners, including the generous supply of pretty girls. I had challenged age at sixty-three by running in the New York City Marathon, a rich experience of the city's variegated boroughs. It was enhanced by the chance companionship of a charming young woman who, however, ran away from me when we got close to the finish in Central Park. The next year I trained up to better my time of five hours and twenty-one minutes but failed when I suffered a heel injury. Still, when restored, I could complacently contemplate the physical exertions combined with the mental as a pattern of healthy living. I proposed to run into my nineties, when the approach of the centenarian state would be graciously recognized and I could flicker out without complaint.

While this is in obedience to Freud's dictum about work, the attention to the labor of mind and body does not exhaust my existence. (I do not enter here into the corresponding dictum of love.) I cannot find the day complete without a finalizing martini. My wife, an adept of the good things of life, had also happily entered into my enjoyment of serial summer vacations in unspoiled Nantucket, among other locales. At the moment I am now looking toward our pending tour of Verona and the Veneto region of Italy.

My life plan, I grant, has been incrementally eroded. Before I retired I had required hearing aids to hear my students. Then afterward came a successful prostate operation, a mild (but always threatening) heart attack, and the insidious creep of arthritis requiring an invasive spinal operation. My running had to be transformed into slow, if still pleasurable, race-walking.

I had been researching and writing ever since, as a journalist departing journalism, I got the idea for

a book on the Sacco-Vanzetti case in the 1950s. I presently recognized such projects as my lifeline. It was not terribly distressing when my books on Sacco-Vanzetti, German reparations, and Karl Marx were mostly ignored or denounced. In academia they could serve as scholarly credits if not as income producers. When I retired a decade and a half ago I was working on a book about John Maynard Keynes and his economics. I went on with it and found that it became two books—on the great man's economics and on his life, published in 1994 and 1999 respectively. Clinging to my lifeline, I then searched for a new subject, wanting to do a biography, but failed to find the essential, a project that would keep me mentally alive for the duration. After a few months, as I was entering the status of octogenarian, I conceived a larger project, one that would fit together what I had earlier investigated with newer material. This is a study of the major world political and economic interactions of the twentieth century, a gathering together of the preoccupations that have seized me all these years. If I am still capable I will not stop with this formal ending. I can always find another subject.

One of my choicest pleasures is to spend a day, accompanied by laptop computer, in Room 315 of the research libraries of the New York Public Library at 42<sup>nd</sup> Street. Word by word, page after page, I add enlivening new meanings to my life story. It is not all labor. I arrive supplied with a sandwich and a piece of fruit, and buy a drink at a nearby newsstand. In warmer seasons one can find chairs and tables scattered thoughtfully about the library terrace and enjoy a picnic lunch among others similarly occupied: a pleasant and economic break. In the winter I find shelter in the library entrance and take my enjoyment compressed.

While I think the political-economic book is a promising idea, I doubt that many editors will agree. One of them who was interested in the work-in-progress turned away at the view of the first half. Indeed I have had difficulty in publishing all my books except one, my carefully modest dissertation, and even this one, the reparations study, aroused hostility because it suggested that the ogre Germany had been abusively treated in the 1920s. I have always been attracted to themes that offended or bored the majority of potential readers. But I have long realized this. Thus, I once managed to get

through on the telephone to the editor holding my Sacco-Vanzetti manuscript and got a righteous denunciation. I later learned that he had suffered unpleasantnesses during the McCarthy era. Similarly, the editor of a psychohistory publication, no longer in existence, psychoanalyzed me instantly and assured me that he was “not interested in your angry article on Marx,” defended Marx against criticism I had not made, and demanded a stamped, self-addressed envelope if I wanted it returned. Since I can do no other, I write for my benefit and only incidentally the reader's. For me the journey rather than the arrival suffices.

*David Felix, PhD, is an intellectual and economic historian who has published biographies of Walther Rathenau, Karl Marx, and John Maynard Keynes. For many years he taught in the City University of New York (CUNY) including its Graduate Center across from the New York Public Library. He is still working on the political-economic study mentioned in the text. Professor Felix is a Research Associate of the Psychohistory Forum and active participant in its Psychoanalytic Autobiography and Biography Research Group who may be reached at [dflix@msn.com](mailto:dflix@msn.com).*

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## **My Wife Says I Never Truly Retired**

**F. Lincoln Grahlf  
University of Wisconsin**

It's true; I started receiving monthly pension checks in 1988. But, all these years later, it doesn't feel as though my life has changed that much. Probably the greatest difference is that I essentially set my own schedule.

I was one of those veterans of World War II who returned to school under the GI Bill. I also had a family to support, so in 1956, a year after receiving my master's degree, I accepted a position as a college professor. This was the beginning of a pleasant and rewarding career.

When I was approaching the age of sixty-five, my wife Joan, who is somewhat younger than I am, was an adjunct instructor of mathematics on the same campus with me. As she had only a bachelor's

degree she was never considered for a permanent position, but every Fall the dean would call and tell her that he needed someone to cover a couple of sections of mathematics. I decided that I would retire and we could live on my pension while she pursued a graduate degree. Then she would be able to seek regular faculty status.

Joan began applying to graduate schools and I became convinced that I should take the opportunity to complete work for my PhD. We both obtained assistantships, sold our seven-room house and moved into married student housing at the University of Michigan. This was a wonderful experience for me. On the one hand, I was accepted by my fellow graduate students as one of them. However, because I was not dependent on my professors for references, at times I felt freer than some of my classmates to challenge opinions expressed by some of those professors. I think everyone profited from the resulting discussions.

By the time I completed my doctoral degree in 1995 Joan had obtained a position in St. Louis so we had moved there. After we got settled I started missing the classroom so I obtained an adjunct appointment in a community college and taught for five years more. When I reached my eightieth birthday, I retired from teaching because I had tired of the daily drive to and from the campus.

This left me time to increase my lifelong involvement with volunteer non-profit organizations. During my teaching career I had pursued research interests and occasionally published an article. Since retiring I have increased my publication rate. In short, I spent most of my adult life being paid to do things that I enjoyed doing, and this continues. I feel blessed in that a generous pension makes it possible for me to continue this way. I am still in good health and mentally alert, so it is sometimes difficult to accept the fact that my body is aging. My first jolting awareness of this occurred while I was at the University of Michigan, when a young co-ed got up and offered me her seat on a campus bus.

*F. Lincoln Grahlfs, PhD, born in 1922 and raised in metropolitan New York City, served in the U.S. Navy during World War II and participated in the first post-war test of nuclear weapons. He studied sociology at Hofstra College and Columbia University where he also took a certificate in East Asian Studies. From 1956 to 1988 he taught*

*undergraduate courses in sociology at various colleges, retiring in 1988 from the University of Wisconsin Centers where he was chairman of the department of anthropology and sociology. His publications include the books Voices From Ground Zero: Recollections and Feelings of Nuclear Test Veterans (1996) and Undaunted: The Story of a United States Navy Tug and Her Crew in World War II (2002), as well as numerous articles. Dr. Grahlfs feels it is his patriotic duty to protest against improper acts of his government. He may be reached at [flg17@columbia.edu](mailto:flg17@columbia.edu) and [flg17@sbcglobal.net](mailto:flg17@sbcglobal.net).*

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## Retirement Poem In Winter John V. Knapp

### Northern Illinois University

(With apologies to W.H. Auden and his *Musee de Beaux Arts*)

— About retir'ment they were never wrong,  
The old masters; how well they understood  
Its human position; how it takes place  
While someone else is working, or opening a  
window, or just walking dully along.  
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately  
waiting  
For the miraculous word, there always must be.  
Youngsters who did not especially want it to happen,  
skating on a thinning line at the edge of forever.

They never forgot  
That even the dreadful hum-a-drum must run  
itscourse.  
Anyhow, in a corner, some untidy spot  
Where kiddies go on with their kiddy life as the  
indifferent watch  
Scratches his unknowing behind next to me.

In Breugal's Icarus, for instance, how everyone  
turns away  
Quite leisurely from my disaster. Security —  
— Social heard the splash, the deliberate cry,  
As if I were a kind of an important flyer; the sun  
shone  
As it had to on the slight voice disappearing into the  
eternal

Water; and the expensive delicate trip that must have seemed

Something amazing: A man falling out of a life,  
But they had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

*John V. Knapp, PhD, is Professor of English at Northern Illinois University. His publications include Reading the Family Dance: Family Systems Therapy and Literary Study (edited with Kenneth Womack, 2003), Striking at the Joints: Contemporary Psychology and Literary Criticism (1996), and an essay on teaching *Animal Farm* in *College Literature* (1996). Prof. Knapp occasionally writes poetry for this journal and may be reached at [tb0jvkl@corn.cso.niu.edu](mailto:tb0jvkl@corn.cso.niu.edu).*

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## Women in Retirement

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### On Narcissism, Loss, and Adaptation in Later Years

Hanna Turken  
Psychohistory Forum Research  
Associate

As an adolescent I made a promise to myself that I would not follow in the footsteps of my mother, who dedicated her life *only* to her children. Not that she lived an unhappy life, but to me, as an adolescent, to be just a wife and mother did not seem sufficient. I have been fortunate enough to accomplish most of what I set out to accomplish; I have a husband, children, and I work in a field that has increased my self-esteem and healthy narcissism. I was quite content: I never thought of living my life in any other way—until unexpectedly the lease for the Manhattan office, in which I had practiced for sixteen years, was not being renewed. My stability was shaken, and for the first time the thought of semi-retirement—giving up my practice in Manhattan and continuing to practice in Queens—was up for consideration. But soon that prospect became unpleasant and, to a degree, traumatic. I was no longer simply dealing with the loss of my office but also with the reality of my aging and the aging of

important people around me: family, friends and colleagues. I was also dealing with the possible demise, because of decreased membership through illness, death, and the lack of younger members of the organizations that have been a vital part of my profession.

Freud, in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920), introduces the complex idea that there are forces within us that work to bring the living being back to the inorganic state, the death instincts opposing the living instincts. From biology we learn that from the moment a cell is born it is on its way to dying. This natural process of aging is also the belief in some Eastern philosophies. What I have been speculating about is why, if this is a psychological and a physiological imprint, was I so in denial of the passage of time until it was thrust upon me? It is as if I was young and then not so young anymore, as if I was not the same person that I was the year before. The integrity that I had experienced was disturbed and felt unrestorable.

In my practice I have three patients older than sixty-five. Each, in different ways, has experienced this disturbance in their sense of integrity. Roy relied on his good looks as a way to seduce women and obtain opportunities for himself. The loss of his youthful appearance and the power it provided destabilized his established sense of security, and he presented what can be described as a “melancholic” state in the old Freudian sense as pertaining to older men. Mary, a divorcee, had depended on the structure of her working week—earning power and socialization—to maintain her emotional stability. Severe arthritis of the knees diminished her ability to get to work in bad weather. At such times the nature of her job allowed her to work from home, but two months before reaching her retirement age her company “downsized,” eliminating her job. In this case lithium has been effective in preventing a serious depression, but she is not anxiety free. Anne, seventy-four, was an aspiring actress married to an actor. She limited her own career in order to give most of her attention to her husband’s and to her two children. She rationalized that it was better that way since she was not such a good actress. Her symptoms at present are an increasing inability to breathe and she sometimes has severe claustrophobic episodes. These episodes seem to be centered around the fear that something might happen to her husband,

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who is six years older than she, and that she will be left to face life alone as a non-contributing member of society. My assessment, which has not as yet been shared with her because she is still unconscious of it, is her wish to die first, as well as the fear of her own death, which is symbolized by her claustrophobia.

The connection between our roles at home, at work and in society are a clear component of our developmental well being, but the compounded losses that accompany the aging process makes it more difficult to maintain a stable self identity. Freud, in *Mourning and Melancholy* (1917), identifies the fear of the loss of the loved one (the object), the fear of the loss of love, and the fear of loss of self-esteem as three areas of psychological danger. In aging, as the adaptive defenses become less effective, the dangers become intensified. In *Childhood and Society* (1950) Erik Erickson addresses the tasks of this period as identity vs. despair, where the more developed the individual is, the more integrated is the sense of identity and the less the despair.

For myself, I recovered my sense of stability. The regression that I experienced in the moment of crisis contributed to a mobilization of my psychological resources and to realistic solutions that, rather than debilitating me, have made me feel stronger. This has worked for patients as well. Roy found a part-time job at a mental health clinic counseling clients as to how to improve their skills in their fields of work. Being appreciated for the skills and emotional resources he gives to them has shifted his criteria for self-worth. Mary, who finds driving soothing, has placed her car and her energies into providing her elderly friends and neighbors with needed transportation. Anne has come to the realization that she is walking, "living history;" and that in passing on her knowledge of historical, political and artistic events during her life span to her grandchildren, their friends or any young person who will listen, she is making a contribution.

*Hanna Turken, NCPsyA, LCSW, is a bilingual psychoanalyst in private practice in New York City who supervises analytic candidates and is a member of the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis. She is a Forum Research Associate who writes for this and other publications. Turken may be contacted at [hjlturken@verizon.net](mailto:hjlturken@verizon.net).*

## Retired Self: A Work in Progress

**Vivian Rosenberg  
Drexel University**

In August 2001, I retired from Drexel University after thirty-seven years as a faculty member in the Humanities program. At the time my husband was ill with heart disease; my beloved sister, only three years older than myself, had been suffering for seven years with an increasingly debilitating neurological disease; my Mom, who had been alert and charming at her ninetieth birthday party, was now, at ninety-four, seriously and sadly declining. I needed to retire so that I would have more time for overwhelming family needs.

My sister died in August 2002. Four months later, my husband died, and barely a week later, Mom died, too.

In my apartment, especially late at night, I felt unbearably lonely. Most of all, I missed talking and joking around with Ed; I missed telling him about what I was reading or thinking; I missed his warm body close to mine at night. I told a therapist that when I was alone, with no one to care for or touch, I sometimes felt as if I didn't exist.

But during the day, I was astonishingly free. Gone were the frequent trips to Ed's doctors and to the pharmacy and to his physical therapist; gone were the rushed and sad visits to my sister and to my Mom. Moreover, the "children" were moving into middle-age, and even the grandchildren no longer needed babysitters. Throughout the different stages of life I had taken up the roles of student, teacher, scholar, wife, mother, stepmother, grandmother, daughter, and sister. Interlaced through all of these was the caretaker role. Now, no one needed me. My script had run out. Who was I? Who could I become, with so much of my life already over?

This is when I discovered what retirement really means: you have no schedule, and there is not much you *must* do. It was time to decide what I wanted to do, and what I could do when I was already white-haired and over sixty-five. Until a retired person figures this out, she needs to invent herself every day.

Clearly, we are living in a time of

extraordinary and often unsettling changes. At least in the Western world, it is no longer necessary to travel routes mapped out by tradition and authority. A widowed grandpa doesn't have to live in the downstairs bedroom, and grandma, although she may be lonely, doesn't want to spend all her time cooking for the family. Our children wanted their independence, and we want ours. Furthermore, society encourages us to go for it.

First, I needed to build myself up. I slept a lot. I exercised. I spent time with loving friends and family. Eventually, I found myself hopping and popping in all directions: taking and giving classes part-time, driving long distances to visit family and old friends, going to more movies and art museums than ever before, and ordering more books than I could possibly read.

This is a very good era for retirees, at least for those of us who are still fairly healthy and who are not burdened by family or financial problems. More than ever before, people well into their eighties are showing up in gyms, on tennis courts and golf links, and even on college campuses. Many are taking part-time jobs, some returning to work they once did and others trying out new types of work, often as volunteers.

Now, five years after my retirement and almost four years after my husband's death, I am involved in so many activities that I often feel overwhelmed. With no one around who will be affected by the chaos I make around myself, I can more easily ignore it. But the clutter makes me anxious. Periodically, I have to force myself to stay home to do damage control as books and papers migrate and proliferate on tables and chairs. I realize that I have used the requirements of my professional life as well as the needs of others—or, let me be honest here, my own assumptions about the needs of others—to contain me.

So here I note a downside of the freedom of retirement: having reached the end of my script, I can't seem to focus my energy. Friends have asked—kindly—whether I might be running away. From what? My silent apartment, perhaps? Or my lonely bed? But I think I have become accustomed to these, and even find some benefits I hadn't experienced in years of family life. I say I'd like to write, but except for long e-mails to good friends, I

don't. Having lived a long time in the academic world, my head is filled with too many ideas. As soon as I decide I will write about X, I think about Y and Z, either one of which might be a better topic.

Contemporary life offers more, more, more of everything. When does more become too much? Like people whose closets are too cluttered with "stuff," I wonder if *my head is cluttered* with too many ideas accumulated over a lifetime of teaching and research? Or are long-standing insecurities preventing me from accomplishing something more, in a life already marked by a series of accomplishments? But what? Why do I need to focus on accomplishments in the years ahead that could be devoted to relaxation and enjoyment?

Now when I think about what I have written, I stop—paralyzed by the thought that I sound like a spoiled brat with too many choices. If I were reading this, I might think: "Who is this woman? What is the matter with her? She is aging, yes, but she's still lively and healthy and financially secure. And her privileged education and profession have set her afloat in a sea of interests and ideas that will protect her from boredom for the rest of her life."

As I write this, I think: I have had the best of Western Civilization. The thought of all those who have so much less hovers over me. Yes, I'm a volunteer teacher at Temple Association for Retired People, but why haven't I explored opportunities to help others who are really needy? If I'd rather not think about the homeless man I saw lying on a pile of dirty blankets yesterday, I could tutor adults who might never face retirement angst because they might never have a job from which they will have to retire. My complaints, in the context of my very full life, make me feel guilty.

I think back a generation or two. My grandmother lived with us, quietly sewing, knitting, and cooking. She hardly went out. After Mom was widowed, she decided not to live with a daughter; she moved into a retirement community and lived on her own as long as she could, baking, cooking, reading, and knitting. I never heard my grandmother or my Mom complain of being too busy or being too lonely. They grew old in expected ways, without voicing questions about whether they were "happy." They didn't even complain about the opportunities they



never had as women in their traditional world or lament that they weren't "self-fulfilled."

I don't see any way, at this moment, to pull my different selves together in any coherent way. Is this just a reflection of the postmodern world, the world of multiple selves, of multiple connections, of fragmentation, of overwhelming stimuli coming in from all sides and, for some, of multiple choices and proliferating wants and desires? I wonder: How, in such a world, can we grow old gracefully?

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## Recovering/Rediscovering One's True Self

Ruth Neubauer  
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The overarching psychological issue I have witnessed during these years of co-facilitating support groups, co-leading workshops and discussion groups, giving lectures, and writing about the subject of retirement, is the fear of loss. Inevitably, loss entails dealing with or avoiding grieving, mourning, and letting go. Along with letting go, questions of meaning, identity, self, and aging emerge, ultimately leading to the question of "what next?" The reader should note that although it is likely that many of the same issues facing women about to retire or already retired also occur for men, my work with women of retirement age over the last ten years explains my focus on women for this essay.

"Retirement" is no longer limited to meaning "the rest of my life of non-working," since we live longer and have a great deal of vitality and energy at

fifty, sixty, seventy, and beyond. Because we have no precedent or role models for this new phase of development, our current retiring generation is left with the task of formulating the relevant questions and finding ways to answer them – one person at a time. Although we have more resources available (self-help books, some institutional assistance, and many professionals with expertise in issues which arise) the task remains quite lonely and isolating. This is especially true in the beginning when rumblings in the deep internal water of change do not yet have a voice, a forum, or a community of women, to affirm the validity of the questions as they begin to take shape.

The most interesting finding in the informal research I have done with my colleague, Karen Van Allen, is that all the women we have worked with have similar questions after about fifty – no matter whether they have always worked/never worked/sometimes worked, are in long-term marriages/second marriages/divorced and living alone/or never married – have had children or not, have loved their work or just had a job. The deep questions about loss of structure, identity, "bag lady" fears, and the search for meaningfulness surface at this time of life more than before.

The universal issues involve feelings of isolation ("I'll lose my working community of peers"); fears of the loss of external structure ("what will I do with my time?"); and questions about self stemming from a loss of the well-worn belief that what one does is who one is. In addition, financial worries, whether realistic or not, seem to surface in old un-worked-through forms stemming from cultural and familiar attitudes toward money. These need sorting out in order to separate the diffuse anxiety from whatever the reality may be. Several steps need to be taken to enter into this transition, make use of it, and move on in a meaningful way.

### Acknowledging the Losses vs. Denial

Retirement is indeed a change and a significant one at that. Change implies loss whether it is wished for or not. Avoiding the feelings of loss which accompany change is likely to result in the psychoanalytic idea of the compulsion to repeat. Unconscious and well practiced, the inability to face the loss, feel the loss, grieve the loss, and give language to the loss, is likely to take away the option of choice and is likely to cloud the opportunity to

face the unknown in order eventually to create something new. This requires time, support, and the willingness to feel one's feelings as well as the understanding that the fear of the unknown is just that - a fear, a belief - not something real and reified, not something solid and true. It is a fear. It is an idea. It is a thought. It is a constellation with deep origins in the denial that the unknown has been accompanying us all along. Once we realize that, we may be able to put it aside, visit it once in a while, pull the covers over our head, but emerge again to face the changes we are making.

### **The Manic Defense vs. Holding Still**

One of the most common forms of avoiding the unknown is the manic defense which compels us to act, to do, to hurry up, to avoid being still, to avoid feeling sad, to avoid being scared. It may actually work well in the short run but fails us in the long haul. For we cannot feel our feelings when we are too busy doing. We cannot "be" when we are fixated on what to "do." Holding still is difficult. Sitting with silence and going into our heart is what is required. Although it is difficult, it harbors the riches. W.B. Yeats, who wrote his greatest poetry after midlife, often depicted his experience of major developmental transitions by using the image of the ladder which is widespread in literature and mythology. As he says in his poem, "The Circus Animal's Desertion," now that my ladder's gone, I must lie down where all the ladders start in the foul rag and bone shop of the heart.

### **Identifying Old and New Passions**

One way to come closer to one's heart is to remember current and/or forgotten passions. Ways in which one's true self is known are manifest in one's creativity. Times when time went by unnoticed. Times when one felt whole and complete. Times when a sense of boundaries defining our separateness faded into a different consciousness and nothing mattered but the experience of passion. This is important because it is a very tangible, palpable reminder of how it feels to be one's true self. This is the very state which will become the meaningfulness we are seeking as we trudge through the murkiness of acknowledging the losses trying to believe there is something on the other side.

### **Getting Rid of Old Injunctions/Assuming Permission**

Often there are obstacles in the way which keep us from achieving a state of passion. They appear in the form of injunctions and rules. They have words attached to them such as "should," "can't," "don't," "must," and "not." These too must be identified, named, and let go or at least put aside, in order to let the passionate self through. Often we need support and help to grant ourselves the required permission. This support by a friend, therapist, good grandmother, teacher, or mentor can be quite manifest. Or it can be symbolic such as a heroine from a favorite book, or someone in our past who we felt "understood me." We call upon these wise women and men for their counsel and support to say "yes" and to help us believe in ourselves.

My experience with women's groups has taught me that what is lost in this transition may seem real and frightening, but what is already there within us is the unexpected joy and consequence of sitting still and listening in. For we will not be left alone. We will be accompanied by the strength, resilience, talent, abilities, and passion of who we already are.

The fear of loss, once again, is just that: a fear. An idea. A thought. A belief. When women retire, they are making a move, a change. It is fraught with fears and it is experienced as a loss. The fears are replaceable with all the creativity that is already inside. The loss must be grieved and let go in order to search for what is next.

It is important to let go of the too-big question, "what do I do with the rest of my life?" and break it down into one step at a time. You only need to do what is next because what is next will inevitably lead to unforeseen meadows where, once again, you can ask yourself, "what next?" If that means sitting still for a while longer, then do so. You will not be disappointed.

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## Freedom, Enjoyment, Fear, and Limitations in Retirement

Paul H. Elovitz  
The Psychohistory Forum

Retirement offers both freedom and restriction. There is greater freedom to speak your mind because there is no longer a boss to please, or at least not offend, as well as greater self-understanding and acceptance at this stage of life. In our era the status of the retiree has been elevated to that of senior citizen. The greater restriction has to do with declining physical capabilities, fear of disease, infirmity, and poverty, and a loss of status in a society obsessed with the new and the young.

A statement I have heard from older people is "I'm old, I can speak my mind," sometimes followed by "what can they do to me now?" This psychic freedom is often followed by the expression of emotions and ideas others may not want to hear. *Grumpy Old Men* (1993) is the name of a comedic movie reflecting a common perception of older men as being angry, depressed, openly envious, and generally avoidable. With a loss of the sense of identity provided by work, the anticipation of declining powers, often chronic pain, troublesome reactions to numerous medications prescribed in later years, the pessimism often accompanying the expectation of death, and the psychic pain from the loss of friends, spouses, and even children, it is not surprising to find this reaction among many older males.

Of course it is not only men who can get grumpy with age. Jerry Kroth, "Coping with Old Age in Retirement," describes his ninety-seven-year-old mother as extremely pessimistic. He relates this to "coping with chronic pain. Pain in the middle of the night. Pain trying to get into the bathtub.... Pain standing. Pain sitting. Pain lying in bed." He goes on to point out the psychological pain that follows from no longer being able to do mathematics as well as other things learned in a lifetime. Incidentally,

*Grumpy Old Men* touched such a chord in society that it was followed by *Grumpier Old Men* (1995) and in the United Kingdom the BBC2 television series *Grumpy Old Men* (1994) and *Grumpy Old Women* (1996).

The mixed feelings of some retirees have to do with their having failed to think through and mourn what they have given up. Peter Petschauer, "A Decision to Retire: Mourning the Loss of Loved Relationships," writes about a rapid decision to retire which subsequently left him keenly aware of what he had left behind. Though his outstanding service to his university was recognized by a retirement party attended by one-hundred and thirty colleagues, he still misses his job. The losses of retirement should never be ignored.

A respected colleague in his sixties told me that, like so many men, he feared retirement and didn't like to think about it as a possibility. However, after recently suffering a narcissistic blow at work, he has begun to contemplate it, cleaning out his office as a step in the direction of leaving a beloved job he does in an outstanding fashion, precisely because he always finds new creative challenges. Should he leave after thirty-five years of award-winning service, he will not avail himself of a special three-year phased-out retirement program, which offers a semester off and half-time teaching, but rather quit directly. His decision is based upon hearing complaints from colleagues opting for the gradual program that they felt "shrouded" during their remaining time on the job. In decisions on campus their voices were no longer heard, so that they might as well be dead to the organization. For professors strongly identified with the governance of a college, this can be quite painful.

One of the issues involved in retirement is the fear of going from feeling middle-aged and vital to thinking of oneself as an old man or woman. It is long been my observation that many people who perceive themselves as being chronologically much younger than the calendar indicates, awakened to their age when they are forced to give up work because of medical reasons. It is my sense that this acceptance of their age may connect to being a step closer to the grave. I recollect a conversation with the late John Blakeley Caulfield of our Advisory Council when he was about eighty—which he looked despite his sharp mind, physical vitality, and continued work (though

on a reduced scale) until a year or so later when complications from his heart condition and the extreme pain of pancreatitis forced him to retire. John made a comment regarding an "old man" we passed, causing me to laugh and exclaim that that "old man" was probably only seventy (but "old" looking). My chuckle did not seem to bother John, who was ramrod straight until his last year of extreme pain, but I thought of it four years later well after he was forced by ill health to give up working and when it was getting harder to carry what he considered to be his share of household chores. After suffering considerable pain from various ailments, he began to think of himself as an old man—within six months he gave up the extremely painful battle for life in part because he no longer felt useful. As discussed in his memorial in the last issue of this journal, his remarkable achievement of living over two years as an at-home hospice patient was not something he wanted to continue (September, 2006, p. 104). Sadly, many men die within several years after retirement.

This phenomenon reminds me of having taken a graduate course with a demographer working in the parish registers of eighteenth-century England. He reported finding a surprising number of retirees who hanged themselves so as not to be a burden upon their adult children. There is also the death of those who cannot tolerate the loss of loved ones. This was the case with my father, who had survived the loss of his wife in his early fifties, but who died of a "broken heart" within the same year of the death of his eldest son and a grandson.

There are people who have trouble contemplating retirement. Michael David Elovitz was one such person, yet he ultimately found retirement to be most pleasurable. Throughout almost all of his working life my father thought he would work until he dropped from illness or old age. An emphatic pronouncement of his was, "If I get too old to work and can't care for myself, I will just shoot myself." Fortunately, he never did! After my mother's four-year-long struggle with cancer ended in her death when she was fifty and he a few years older, he was like a broken man for several years. Despite his grief and inclination to deaden the pain with alcohol, he somehow kept his business going and assigned himself the task of helping my older sister and her children. Urban redevelopment forced

him to relocate his fur shop at a time when changes in fashion meant that his business was much less profitable despite almost all of his competition closing down. Though he retired by age sixty, he set up a fur shop in the basement of his condominium (which was seldom used after a few years) so that he could feel like he was still in business. He then spent part of every day in my brother's jewelry store, feeling like he was an essential helper, though that was far from the case. His self-image required that he somehow be working, even in retirement, except when he was on vacation in Florida. In fact he enjoyed retirement, while insisting on seeing himself as working part of the time. (Dad died of a massive stroke at age eighty-two, while grieving the death of loved ones and at a point when he was on the verge of not being able to fully care for himself anymore.)

Retirees often congregate in community centers, Elderhostel education courses, retirement communities, and senior travel tours. While there are practical reasons to live in proximity with each other, such as less expensive housing, lower taxes, milder climates, and shared experiences, there is also the sense of not being looked down upon as a non-working person who is a step closer to the grave than those who are working. The denigration of the *old* in our youth obsessed culture focused on the *new* is considerable. The intergenerational struggles within organizations often result in the older employees feeling out-of-date or being forced out, especially in periods of rapid technological change. If all employees must communicate by e-mail or use special computer programs as a condition of their job, it is easy to ease or push them out to speed up the process of a newer generation of workers taking control. Of course, in what often appears to be the blink of an eye, they too will discover that they are now the "older generation" and feel the pressure of younger rivals. In my lifetime the diminished respect for the "wisdom" of the elders is striking.

The art of retirement is, as Professor Joe Illick says in "The Art of Retirement," to find new forms of creativity, in his case art, and to return to other enjoyable activities such as swimming. Running in the New York City Marathon was to David Felix, "My Scholarly Lifeline," a way of reasserting himself in his retirement as well as associating with attractive younger women. (The pleasures of just looking at the attractive younger

bodies of both men and women may be something that increases with age.) As he approaches eighty, after a half century of deepwater swimming, for the first time Tom Vasilos, "Retirement from Rocketry and Academia," just experienced being rubbed against by a manatee for the first time. In a telephone call he described the incident with the sense of pleasure one might expect in a young child.

While physical limitations become greater with age, there are also ways around them. For example, due to a bad back Sandy Breiner, "Never Retire from a Fulfilling Life," could no longer climb mountains so he had helicopters drop him on mountain plateaus so he could hike around them. When he could not bend over to garden, he had his garden beds raised so he could continue to grow flowers and vegetables. Despite the physical restrictions accompanying age, retirees are more likely to enjoy what their bodies can do than they did when they took their physical capabilities for granted.

The greater longevity of women than of men is perhaps a reflection of retirement being easier for them, apparently because in the past they usually have been more comfortable *being* rather than *doing*. Normally being raised sixty and more years ago to center their lives around home and family helps prepare them for their final stage of home centered life—prior to the "retirement home." (Gender relationships in our world are changing so rapidly that it is hard to predict what the future will bring.) As pointed out by Vivian Rosenberg, "The Retired Self: A Work in Progress," who retired from her professorship to care for loved ones who are now deceased, the need to nurture others is quite strong in some women and the loss of this role may result in some uneasiness and guilt.

The pleasures of retirement should not be underestimated. Seventy-seven year-old Edryce Reynolds, "Not a Finished Product," discusses the joys of her "retiring years" in which she continues to discover and rediscover her "talents," "dreams, and my purpose in living," since "it is never too late to have a happy and fulfilling life." One author, whose submission was too literary for our referees to accept, wrote of her utter delight in sleeping late in retirement.

There is considerable gratification in spending money on oneself, on travel, education, and so forth, rather than on the family. The joy of a

warmer climate in the dead of winter entices not only Canadians like Don Carveth, "Retirement Fantasies," but many others in the north. While some retirees worry a lot about leaving money for their children or having enough money if they become frail or incapacitated, most recognize that there will be no pockets in their coffins so that they might as well spend what money they have while they can enjoy it.

In conclusion, the pleasures and freedom of retirement beckon and most colleagues answer the call in their sixties and seventies while others choose to work until they are no longer able to carry on or they just die in harness. The more directly all colleagues confront their fears and fantasies, as well as the limits and other realities of aging and retirement, the better off they will be.

*Paul H. Elovitz, PhD, who has no plans to retire, continues his work of applying psychoanalytic, psychohistorical, psycho-political, and historical concepts, without the jargon, to as many aspects of the human condition as the members of the Psychohistory Forum can visualize. He may be contacted at pelovitz@aol.com. □*

## Symposium: Booth on Dervin

(Continued from page 109)

es Dr. Dervin raises in his paper.

Perhaps one of the most compelling themes in Dervin's work is the clear and general ambivalence people of that era manifested about children. This ambivalence is notable, on the larger scale, by the theopolitical writings of Augustine and Pelagius, who argued in favor of (Augustine) and against (Pelagius) infant baptism. Baptism, in general, would serve to properly place the infant into "right relationship" with the Church (and God) by cleansing the infant of that with which the child was born, namely, Original Sin.

However, Augustine had another agenda, in my view. His thinking, including the ideas he presents in his famous *Confessions*, assumed that humans being born into a state of sin (i.e., born evil) inherited from the first parents, Adam and Eve and, as Dervin adds, from their own parents' sexual behavior. If the child were to die in that state, without benefit of baptism, the child would be lost to God. Baptism, which could be performed *only by the Church*, forced all Catholic families to take their

children to the priestly class which performed the ritual of cleansing. Augustine was one of many who, through time, made the Church a necessary institution, instilling ultimate fear into those who would remain outside its walls. Threats such as "eternal damnation" (which I would argue the human brain cannot even comprehend), became, as Dr. Dervin suggests, one of the ultimate control mechanisms maintained by the Church.

To understand Augustine's role in this endeavor of cleansing, I find it helpful to think about him as a follower of Manichaeism, which regarded all matter as evil, early in his life. Later, as it turns out, he becomes one of its chief opponents, almost as if he converts, reverses his espousals, and severely threatens those who indulge in physical pleasures. His psychology and his theology are, in my view, almost reducible to the simple cliché, "Do as I say, not as I do (did)," albeit that is, of course, far too simplistic an explanation. Jung might consider Augustine to be fighting his own Shadow self; others might consider him in severe reactance; still others, to have as a life goal, following his conversion, to save, like a Messiah, all the world from the evils of the flesh by demanding baptism as a condition of salvation.

Moreover, I sense a certain narcissism and egocentrism when I read Augustine, as well as the presence of a powerful dualistic subtext. Augustine fights Manichaeism so intensely that I wonder what kind of reaction formation might be operating within the man. While he may believe he possessed the answers for the alleged existential dilemma of having been born evil-in-the-flesh, I wonder about the possibility of projective identification here, as well as possible preoccupations with fleshly desires within Augustine the cleric, even as they persist in all of us. Precisely, what was the direct object of his theological war?

Paul Johnson, who considers his *History of Christianity* (1976) an historical analysis of Christianity from 50 BCE to 1975 CE, supports my notion of the possibility of narcissism when he says that "For a thousand years Augustine was the most popular of the Fathers; Medieval European libraries contained over 500 complete manuscripts of his *City of God*, and there were, for instance, twenty-four printed editions between 1467-95." Johnson declares that "above all, Augustine wrote about himself; he

issued his *Confessions* in 397, two years after he became a bishop. He was a tremendous egoist: it is characteristic of him that his spiritual autobiography should have been written in the form of a gigantic address to God" (p. 113).

The dualism, the ambiguity about children, the splitting between Augustine's "all bad self" and his mother's (a canonical saint in the Church) "all good self," which may also have been a reflection of his own, given the relationship between Augustine and his mother are, I believe, implied and sometimes directly stated in the Dervin article.

Professor Dervin also mentions that some Medievalists, like Anselm and Aquinas, inserted a less severe negotiation than hell into Augustinian theology by utilizing the Pelagian notion of "Limbo," a "place" where the unbaptized go following death. Thus, Limbo allows the unbaptized to avoid eternal damnation while continuing to deprive them of the Beatific Vision, the immediate presence of God.

It is notable that Dervin, discussing some of the ideas of Wood, indicates that children during the early Christian era were never perceived as mere adults-in-progress. Interestingly, the adults-in-progress notion did make it into the human psyche and language later in the form of the Homuncular theory. The word "homunculus" derives from the latin words "homo" and the diminutive "unculus." "Homo," of course, means man or humankind so, literally, the homuncular theory argued that "a little man" resided in the head of every sperm. Essentially, when a sperm united with an ovum, this interaction resulted in a little person who merely had to grow taller and stronger over time. This theory is not to be confused with Paracelcian alchemy or any other interpretation of the word "homunculus" (see "homunculus" in *Wikipedia*). It was partly from this notion I am here describing that child labor laws were avoided until modern times; multitudes of children were parentified before their time. The notion of developmentalism had not yet been well understood.

I believe that, in view of Professor Dervin's paper, three main ideas can be derived and applied to our cultural and societal perceptions and behaviors today, including those we have about our children.

The first idea is that of Limbo. Limbo is commonly understood to be a state in which we are

merely suspended in mid-air, with no grounding and no clear idea about projecting a future. The word connotes timelessness as well as a vacuous reality. I believe we leave most of our children in "Limbo" even today.

In a time when parents would prefer to be their children's friends rather than their authority figures and positive models, children are left in the confusing state of having no one to look up to or to mold them into socialized members of the society in a consistent, systematic, truly adult way. Children are, fundamentally, on their own, even if parents are actually physically present in the home. Working outside the home, balancing family needs with available resources, and the overall pressure of our times leave millions of parents exhausted, thus relegating their children to computer games, excessive television viewing, or poorly socialized and, perhaps deviant, peer networks.

Secondly, leaving our children in Limbo (in this sense) is a subtype of abandonment which, in itself, can and does sometimes lead to unfortunate outcomes in children's lives. We abandon our children by neglecting their psychosocial needs. We abandon them to bullies. We abandon them to too much time with too little responsibility. We also abandon them by not allowing them sufficient access to our attentions and affections. As a society (and partly a matter of public policy) we abandon them to poverty and lack of medical care. In 2004, for instance, thirteen million children were living under the poverty line, with nine million children uninsured medically. The United States itself, for all of our talk about caring about children, did not ratify the document on the Rights of the Child. We underfund the No Child Left Behind Act, making our stated commitment to better and more equitable education hypocritical. This is just the beginning. One might also look at the statistics on physical, psychological, and sexual abuse and ask whether we are vocalizing one thing and doing another. Or, in Alderian terms, are we living a "fictional finalism," a life-lie, with respect to our children? While Dervin supports deMause's conclusion that the early Christian era constituted, literally, the "Abandonment Mode of Childrearing" (p. 81), I would argue further that the child abandonment mode continues still, in many forms, not the least of which is the objectification of children for political and economic gain.

I recently finished reading David France's book entitled *Our Fathers: The Secret Life of the Catholic Church in an Age of Scandal* (2004). This was a very painful book for me to read, comprising 587 pages of human damage, clerical narcissism and self-protection, and an overwhelming number of evasions, denials, projections, and rationalizations on the part of Church clerics, including many in Rome. While reading the book, I was reminded of my own Catholic school socialization/indoctrination and years of seminary training (both of which I have abandoned for numerous personal reasons). I felt like I was sometimes in an altered state of consciousness as I read page after page of the evil perpetrated and maintained by the leaders of the church to whom I had once been devoted. More importantly, though, I was acutely aware of how little many clerical celibates truly value the children under their direction. During my seminary years, I came to understand that no one in the Church was quite as important as the priestly class because priests are "chosen" by God Himself. The "others," the laity, the "outsiders," were to be led to the truth but not allowed to debate it or participate in exploring it.

I came to the conclusion that many priests who had sexually abused children had traded their religious responsibilities for momentary gratification without actually considering their behavior problematic and, if problematic, not responsible to civil authority. After all, I believe many unconsciously believed "I am special; I am a priest who can be forgiven by one of my fellow priests." So, the abandonment issue that Professor Dervin writes about and deMause's Abandonment Mode remain intact with us, and are played out in our politics.

Finally, the dualism Dervin discusses, which can be traced back to times prior to Augustine, remains strong: there are the "worthy people," who feel entitled to tax breaks and excessive salaries, and there are the "unworthy," who are not similarly entitled. The salaries of chief executive officers (CEOs) of large U.S. corporations are 230 times those of the median income category—this has major consequences for average children without vast familial resources. As we watch where the money goes, we can find our social values.

Although the psychological and other human sciences have made progress in reducing the

Cartesian split between mind and body, it remains present in our day. Many Christian churches still preach from the Augustinian persuasion; many people continue to prefer to maintain a poor class for many reasons; and many people still separate "body" problems from spiritual and psychological ones. One of the scholars attempting to bridge the gap between the body self and the psychosocial and spiritual selves is John Dominic Crossan (a former Jesuit priest), the Catholic theologian. In one section of his book, entitled *Jesus: A Revolutionary Biography* (1994), he discusses the miracles described in the Canonical Gospels. He argues, in short, that the incident with lepers was actually not addressing leprosy at all because of the etymology of certain words that have nothing to do with leprosy as we know it; but, Jesus was, Crossan says, dealing with a body issue, perhaps, psoriasis. Due to the body problem referred to as leprosy in Scripture, the society had cast the afflicted out, severely labeled and denigrated them, and completely ostracized them from all social intercourse except with each other. Crossan argues that the salient dimensions of stories like this is not merely the body issue itself, but Jesus's actual touching of the "leper," which defied the entire society's normative structure, and the psychological issue of "curing" the leper by helping the victim to perceive herself or himself as "worthy," *despite* the body ailment. Because of fundamental psychosocial and psychological worthiness, Jesus sent the leper to the priests at the temple, which was equivalent to a social revolt within the Jewish community at the time.

Crossan, then, is attempting to interpret what is perceived as a mere medical problem in both social and psychological terms. He is deliteralizing the medical condition, broadening it to encompass Jesus's true mission, which was, he argues, in part, to revolutionize the perceived and real helplessness of an oppressed Jewish population, so human honor could be restored. In so doing, over time, the Romans would theoretically be dealing with an objectively oppressed group, but one whose sense of humanity and self-efficacy had returned. This is surely a non-dualistic perspective that confronts aspects of literalized faith for many but opens up many possibilities for others. It, and work like it, constitute a good beginning.

In closing, I would again like to say that Dr. Dervin's article took me not only into the early era of Christianity, but also sparked other psychohistorical and sociopolitical ideas about which I have long been concerned. I found his work to be insightful and intellectually stimulating.

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## Children in the Early Christian Centuries

**Jerrold Atlas  
Medieval Historian and  
Hypnotherapist**

Dan Dervin has created a consequential overview of the life opportunities for children—from the Greek/Roman era through to the late medieval period—and finds that children were treated with caring and love and a unique group-accepted identity. This is in stark contrast to my own findings and the difference seems to lie in how one interprets some of the documents and how one defines generalized group attitudes. The author seems to believe that the punishment of the children he describes was acceptable and the result of Catholic theological conundrums, that the punishments and teachings weren't designed to create delusional thinking about self and the heavenly reward. I'll try to show the opposite in my remarks.

While I'm certain that Professor Dervin doesn't join in this child abuse or hatred, his dispassion may be seen as favoring the historicity of it. Indeed, he focuses on the Limbo problem for the unbaptized addresses a current issue for the Church – why would God choose to ignore the unbaptized when he embraces and loves all people? The issue will soon explode into Catholic consciousness and favor the unbaptized as having entitlement to heaven-



ly rewards.

The medieval world, in particular, inherited many of the worst features of previous civilizations that were only exacerbated by this persistently dysfunctional period—horror fills the diaries, journals, biographies and autobiographies we have found. Would that we could simply declare that early childhood abandonment (e.g., to relatives, craftsmen, church, colleagues, as well as foster care) established psychic defense patterns in children conditioning the willingness of adult societies to harm others. Or that projection onto others of one's own unresolved abandoning-parent issues allowed these societies to viciously attack/destroy/forcibly deport those whom they had declared as their "enemies." Of course, this is all true *but* it is definitely not simple.

The psychohistorical approach and evidence has provoked extreme displeasure among others too resistant to admit the preponderance of the evidence: *childhood was an awful experience.*

Clearly, there was a universality of child abuse, usually inflicted by immature parents, built into the social fabric. It was molded into each society's fundamental essence, supported by accepted moral values and overlooked or embraced as "normal" by literature and religion. Thus, inserted into society's fabric in childrearing (the pun is intended), abandoning and intrusive and always abusive childhood encouraged group fantasies allowing war, depressions, social injustice and mass delusions—to "stay 'sane' by being able to participate in group craziness rather than having to experience idiosyncratic craziness" (Lloyd deMause, "Schreber and the History of Childhood," *Journal of Psychohistory*, 15/1 [1987], p. 428). Ralph Frenken has added to the growing body of evidence conclusively proving that childhood was bleak at best, normatively abysmal, horrifying in reality and its repetition served to make the human condition awful (Ralph Frenken, "Child Witches in Renaissance Germany," *The Journal of Psychohistory*, 26/4 [1999], p. 864-867).

Indeed, thirteenth to fourteenth century accounts frequently reveal urban poverty and rural vagabondage—these were not the most ideal of times. Thirteen-thirty Florence had a pauper population of over 17,000 and the post-plague bourgeoisie attempted to hold onto their positions by enacting restrictive regulations and laws suppressing the

advancement of the apprentices, laborers and women. A large class of laborers emerged who were prevented from having the ability to organize themselves; their bitterness frequently erupted in riots against bourgeois-dominated city governments. In 1980 Aurel Ende writes, "The increase in infant mortality and the acceleration of industry go hand in hand...It was working class parents who were unable to 'care' for their five to ten children. They, and most of their children, had to work—that is, the *surviving* children did, because death was well known to the working class family." Moreover, "infanticide, in both hidden and open form, was not unusual...the corpses of newborns were often found in Berlin's sewers" (Aurel Ende, *Journal of Psychohistory* [1980], pp. 252-253).

Violent social conflicts accompanied the cycle of dislocations and disasters. Famine, plague, war and royal tax increases led the most miserable part of the population to recognize that their lives had become intolerable. After a swath of death was carved by the plague, there was still a lower birth rate, a higher death rate, and widespread malnutrition. Endemic plagues produced a mentality of panic, demoralization, desertion of family and community, incomprehensibility about the source or meaning of the horror, the fantasy of poisoning, a search for and labeling of scapegoats (Christian hysteria centered on pogroms against Jews), the decimation of monastic communities (severely restricting their positive contributions to society's stability) and eruptions of bizarre religious behavior (such as the extraordinarily ascetic Flagellants).

These social conflicts exacerbated underlying pathologies and heightened popular irrationalities so those negative behaviors became dominant and helped tear society apart. We should view this sundering as an impetus to construct something better, "restoring unity and social order to a fragmented and conflict-ridden society" (Michael Goodich, *Violence and Miracle in the Fourteenth Century* [Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995], p. 22).

### **The Nature of Childhood**

From the thirteenth century onward, greater focus in the miracle records was placed on the childhood of saints as well as on infancy and childhood for all. This has erroneously misdirected many into believing that childhood had improved.

Michael Goodich reports that "The uncertain conditions prevalent in the fourteenth century appear to have enhanced concern for the safety of children in the face of the dangers lurking in the natural world, the perils of war, the high mortality rate of the plague years (particularly among minors), and the disrepair of Europe's physical substructure." And "the sharp drop in population further heightened the desire to insure the survival of endangered infants and children"(Goodich, 1995, p. 86).

The years 1250 through 1360 witnessed a significant drop in children per family from 3.5 to 1.9 (Goodich, 1995), as well as a life expectancy decline that combined to maintain a reduced population rate until the sixteenth century. Furthermore, "Anxiety over the vulnerability of children, coupled with a belief in their innocence and purity, led to their prominent placement in religious processions, a growing number of visions of the Infant Jesus and of visions credited to children, and the celebration of the Feast of the Innocents" (Michael Goodich, "Il Fanciulo come Fulcro di Miracoli e Potere Spirituale [XIII e XIV secolo]" in A. Paravicini-Bagliani & A. Vauchez [Eds.], *Potere Carismatici e Informali* [Palermo, 1992], pp. 38-57).

Canonization cases, miracle records and saints' lives are filled with tales of children helped, for, it would seem, "concern for the welfare of children had become public policy"(Goodich, 1992).

This alleged growing concern for the survival of infants is claimed to have resulted from the new mendicant orders' belief that childhood innocence offered the best chance for acceptance of Christian teaching, the growing urban charities' special focus on the care of orphans and poor children, the severity of plague death among the child population making so few children available to each community (this idea would appear to be based on the notion that absence makes the heart grow fonder) as well as a decline in lifestyle, health and hygiene which particularly impacted children's survival expectations.

The failure to have one surviving child assuring family and inheritance continuity was met by anger toward wives—a grand gesture of displacement. Fetal mortality was rivaled by infant mortality—postnatal diseases and loss of appetite were listed as the highest causes. Superstition, magic and

herbal remedies were popularly combined to assist in the relief of infant problems—while some herbal remedies worked, most herbal and all of the other remedies did not. Saints noted for their child assistance efforts were routinely invoked—again, with a variety of successes attributed to saints that, most probably, belonged to natural causes. Infant and child mortality had a more serious side within the scope of religion, for it denied access to Christ in heaven to the unbaptized child's soul; it also had a more serious practical side for it eliminated support for parents in their old age and seriously complicated inheritance issues.

Miraculous child revivals or rescue strengthened the unity of the medieval communities. Their huge number also reveals the significant life threat to children (especially rural) from drowning and falls. The majority of recorded child-accidents involving miraculous salvation deal with near-drowning (boys were twice more prone to this than girls) in "wells, ponds, lakes, ditches, marshes, streams, pits, cesspools, dams, springs, vats of wine, beer and water, threshing pits, canals, sewers, baths and floods"—in short, in any body of water (Goodich, 1992). Burning occurred in "ovens, boiling oil or porridge, hearths, fires and lightning storms" (Goodich, 1992). Children frequently fell from "overturned boats, towers, benches, steps, ladders, bridges and open windows" and (as if this wasn't enough) children were injured by "falling trees, knives, falling bricks, collapsing walls, spindles, runaway carriages and mill machinery;" there were also "poisonous roots, dog bites, marauding wolves, snakes, spiders and horses" (Goodich, 1992). Children were frequently injured, killed, sexually abused and taken for ransom in the fourteenth century habit of victimizing civilians during war.

This stands in paradoxical contravention of the above noted heightened care and concern for the welfare of children – it would be better understood as the defense processes of splitting or ambivalence. "Angry, abusive parents may produce angry, abusive children not just by the example they set but by the injuries they inflict" (Carol Tavris, *Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion*, 3rd ed. [NY: Touchstone, 1989], p. 75). Therefore our paradoxical contravention may more accurately reflect the reality of medieval childrearing. Assumptions that children

were valued more because there were so few of them are not supported by reliable evidence (Frenken, 1999). Pretending that concern for children had risen to the level of public policy contradicts statistical realities and the evidence noted above -- *children, then as now, remain the convenient target for abuse.*

Suffocation in bed led the list of home injuries and was particularly connected to prevalent parental drunkenness (and the unconscious turning over onto the small child lying next to the drunken parent). Of further hazard to the child's life was working at an early age as well as neglect and abandonment as the frequent outlook for children, especially of the lower classes. Higher class children didn't have it much better, however, and had the problems of strangulation or drowning while in the care of their nurse, inadequate or nonexistent rescue efforts (because of fear of legal penalties for touching their bodies before the coroner's arrival), misjudged physical ability (being expected to do more than they were really capable of doing) and simple parental neglect. Most accidents occurred while children were able to move about unsupervised (from ages eighteen months to seven years), from late March to early October (because of the frequency of child labor and outdoor activities) and after three o'clock.

In my opinion, Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID) is easily diagnosed in many medieval autobiographies, diaries and elsewhere. So much so that we should better understand this as a fundamental factor influencing medieval lives. Thus, "The existence of persecutory alters, organized parts of the personality that are hostile to and punish the host personality, are quite common in medieval literature. What is not often appreciated is that these persecutory alters are not simple introjections of perpetrators of abuse. Rather, they more often begin their existence after traumatic events in early childhood as *protectors* and only later on turn into persecutors." So, "after the traumatic event has occurred, the child sets up a part of his or her personality as a protector that prevents the child from ever having to experience the trauma again. The alter sees to it that every action of the child is monitored so that the situation that led to the trauma isn't repeated—the child being convinced that he or she is responsible for whatever is done to him or her." Frenken reports that "in severe traumas, this means, in essence, that the child has to be careful not to

grow, explore, need or desire too much, lest they bring on the dreaded traumatic event or rejection. The protector starts using persecutory behavior toward the host personality when the child starts getting more freedom and opportunity to grow, individuate and get satisfaction." This is "usually in puberty, when the persecutor fears that sexual behavior will mean loss of control over the host and a repetition of the traumatic situation. From puberty on, the protector turns into an active persecutor" (Frenken, 1997, p. 395).

I agree with Scheck who argues that "Violence among children and legal public violence have a close relationship" (Scheck, 1987, p. 414). Certainly, the frequency of medieval public violence could not be lost upon its traumatized children—public executions, burnings, hangings, beatings, flagellation were seared into the child's mind along with the fear of demons, witches and assorted frightening creatures. Add to this the frequency of public abuse of animals and the lessons of violence and abuse become concretized in a dysfunctional society (Deborah Tanzer, private correspondence).

Doesn't this make one want to revise all of those allegations of happy medieval childhoods?

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"I'll never retire.

My life is an intellectual one more than physical. The only way I would retire is if my brain retired."

Sander Breiner (born in 1925)

## Dervin on Medieval Childhood

**David R. Beisel**  
**SUNY—Rockland**

When Dan Dervin turns his most talented hand from examining contemporary American culture and politics, his usual beat, to the history of childhood in late antiquity and the early Christian era, it is cause for considerable interest and anticipation.

I think he's right to begin his essay by citing authorities such as Boswell and deMause, especially because an article by Boswell on the practice of oblation, published in *The American Historical Review* several years ago, called for historians to more seriously consider deMause's childhood history work.

Dervin argues from the few documents available that some kind of softening took place in attitudes toward children despite beatings, other harsh punishments, and childhood abandonment—the latter amounting to between twenty and forty percent of all children, according to Boswell's figures. Nor does Dervin deal particularly with the issue of the large number of infanticides almost certainly also taking place in the period.

Some new and softer attitudes toward children were clearly abroad at the time and the appearance of ambivalent feeling towards children must have signaled a positive shift in their treatment. Relying on sources such as St. John Chrysostom is inevitable for any scholar of the period but necessarily begs the question as to what was actually being done to children as opposed to what was being suggested should be done to them. Still, sources are scarce and evidence such as Chrysostom, as well as the words of the early church fathers and Augustine, cannot be dismissed out of hand. I very much like the way Dervin brings in the traditional historical argument that outside forces do play a role in changing consciousness and behaviors and are not mere reflections of psychological changes already having taken place.

This is especially evident in his introduction of "real world" economic issues when he points out, for example, that necessary "sweat-of-the-brow labor," child labor and apprenticeship "may have cut

short childhood but did not disregard children per se." (These reality factors are too often ignored by psychological historians focusing almost exclusively on inner psychodynamic processes.) The essay's implicit and explicit reminders that the history of childhood is really quite complex and nuanced—what we intuitively understood all along—is a welcome addition to the literature.

More problematic to me is the introduction of documents from a later era to argue points made for earlier time periods, as for example, with the invocation of Anselm of Canterbury, Aquinas, and Dante in an essay on the early Christian centuries, although I'm aware that Dervin is using them to draw comparisons and contrasts to highlight those earlier points.

The essay takes on special psychohistorical substance for me when Dervin moves into the region of trauma and disguised and symbolic memories of child abuse. Provocative notions such as Michael Grant's blunt pronouncement that the Murder of the Innocents "is invented," (apparently largely confirmed by the conservative *New Catholic Encyclopedia*), and Dervin's several subsequent and stimulating paragraphs at making psychological sense of the original myth and its persistence are for me the essay's high points. It's here where a detailed and complex give and take—more than can be provided here—will doubtless sharpen and enrich our understanding. As Dervin puts it so aptly in the essay's last sentences, "traumas centering on separation and abuse...gain conscious representation and survive through dubious historical displacements...[and] can neither be assimilated... nor safely repressed and laid to rest," confirming yet again what psychological historians have repeatedly found (need it be said again?) whatever their particular subject or time period.

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## Reflections on Dervin

**Sander Breiner**  
**Michigan State University**

The article contains a long list of documentation on Christianity's early response to children. Though he notes that abandonment of children was common, the reason for the condemnation by the Church in the fourth century puts a different slant on things. The sin that was to be considered was not the abandonment of or indirect murder of children by such behavior, but the danger that such a child would be picked up and turned into a prostitute and the father would unwittingly have incestuous sex with his daughter. The early church was against the sin of incest, not the abandonment or murder of a child. That did not come into play till about 800 A.D.

St. John Chrysostom was "a pivotal figure" in the early church. But his distortions and hostility can be seen in his vicious diatribes against the Jews. He was one of the earliest and most vicious of the anti-Semites to follow.

In reading the material of this period of time the avoidance of washing, bathing and general cleanliness, along with the beating and rigidity indicates a general anal psychological configuration in the leadership and much of the population. Quite correctly, the author notes the "dualist attitudes," which further confirms the anal dynamics. A further example was Augustine, who was a libertine and hedonist of the most intense quality, who made a sudden reversal into marked piety leading to his sainthood.

The article clearly demonstrates a society that rationalized its disturbed destructive and sadistic response to small children. The question that looms in front of us is, "what must have been the psychopathology of parents and political and religious leaders for so many centuries?"

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## The Larger Context

**Michael Britton**  
**Psychohistory Forum Research**  
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Professor Dervin's essay makes a strong case that actual family experience in the early Christian era generated a range of emotional reactions that were then worked-over in the religious thinking and imagery of the period. That argument is persuasive, coherent and traced through a number of theological themes, practices (e.g., baptism) and images. The essay effectively argues that religious culture-making in regard to childrearing served to express and contain many of the feelings, including those least easily managed, that arose in actual family life.

The essay also asserts a relationship in the opposite direction, that religious culture-making altered the world of child-rearing (citing St. John Chrysostom's instructions as an example). Recognizing that a single essay cannot fully illustrate every point it makes, it would be helpful in a larger work or a follow-up essay to have examples of the child-rearing practices and concepts that preceded Christianity's influence, with comparisons and contrasts so that the degree and nature of change would be clearer. This essay seems to say there was little, if any, change in rates of abandonment and beatings, but that a more kindly strain of thinking, feeling and treatment was fostered alongside abandonment and harshness, a strain that had not previously existed or had not existed to the same degree. A follow-up spelling out of the "before and after" would be most welcome.

The essay invites questions about another matter not part of its agenda: the historical organization of adult life in its own right, as the context for both family life and religious culture. What was going on in the historical world that left families so inclined to abandon children? Were ordinary families so bereft of resources (like food) that children overtaxed parental

resources to the point that abandonment was the only solution? If so, as seems to be the case, was this the result of: a population growing faster than the agriculture of the time could support; the organization of the Roman world with its mechanisms for acquiring and distributing wealth; the evolving chaos as Rome's ability to sustain its legions sank in the face of invading peoples; or other historical or climatic factors? The answers would enlarge our understanding of the context for this intimate portrait of emotional life as experienced in families and religion in early Christendom.

Given the continuity in abandonment and beatings, the essay seems to imply that early Christians, Christian though they might be, nonetheless grew up as members of a Roman world. While Christianity offered its adherents much that was different from the world view of Rome, Christian families lived in the world Rome built, and that was a world built by war. Rome's existence was steeped in warring with other peoples and in the battling of Roman armies against each other at the behest of its elite in their endless struggles over power. Having created an urban poor with little to no means of self-support, the elite solution to discontent lay in providing mass displays of murder and other slaughter as entertainment (along with grain). So violent were the times that antipathy for Cicero was resolved not only by having him murdered, but by nailing his severed head and hands to the podium in the Senate where he had given his offensive orations. For all its glories, Rome's was a culture in which physical violence was a normal part of life at home and abroad. With the emotional arousal of physical violence so much a part of adult life, it is little wonder that beatings of children would be common and that parents would find themselves seesawing between rage and affection. The indulgence of violent impulses in a brutality-prone adult world and the indulgence of violent impulses in relating to children would appear to be all of a piece. Can the bulk of the violence in the adult-adult world be attributed to the emotional sequellae of widespread abandonment and child-beating? Or did the adult world have systemic dynamics of its own that fostered a pervasive culture of violence, which, affecting the emotional state of parents, led to their beating their children? Was the fondness for mulling over the mangling of saints and the mangling of Christ's body in the crucifixion a

cultural working-over of sadistic and masochistic elements arising only from childhood experiences, or was it a response to the pervasive violence of the adult world in its own right, did the two act as "independent variables" reinforcing each other?

That question raises another. Children grown into adulthood participate in the economic, political, religious and military life of their times. Given the myriad choice-points when historical circumstances are pushed in one direction or another by the options that seem plausible, actions taken or refrained from, relationships built or abandoned, impulses given free reign or submitted to law, adults whose feel for life ripened in an emotionally seesawing, abandoning, brutal childhood might well choose brutal means over concern for others, and impulse-indulgence over submission to lawful procedure, with enormous import for the kind of world they and their contemporaries would inhabit. Recognition that history's movers and shakers interpret situations, size up options and take action based in part on emotionally-charged templates forged in early life casts light on an aspect of the project of historical change left out of calls for change that define themselves purely in political, economic, religious, ideological or nationalistic terms. An adult world given to violence appears to be at risk of perpetuating itself in part through the experience it gives its children, teaching them by immersion that this is the kind of world they will have to navigate and these are the means for navigating it. This puts the next generation at risk of finding that the kind of world they knew as children will prove to be the only kind of world they will ever know. The capacities for innovation, reason and generosity offer the prospect of going beyond navigating the world as it has been to reshape that world to be something better. In that context, as Eli Sagan might ask: Did the emergence of the splitting of feelings in relation to childhood and parenting that so marked Christendom's thinking and art, as documented here, in some way contribute to ameliorating violence in the post-Roman world? Or did violence continue unabated? Did it continue but reorganized into different avenues of expression? If change did occur, did the cultural work performed by Christendom in regard to childhood contribute to producing it—or just follow in its wake? If change happened, was it a result of a change in the level of scarcity regarding food; a shift in the nature of societal organization resulting from

technological innovation during the middle ages or beyond that shrank the percentage of the population caught in scarcity's grip; the coming of an outside influence; other historical or climatic factors?

Thoughts about the back and forth interplay of emotional life (born in childhood, worked-over in religion, played out in adulthood) with the organization and events of the larger adult-adult historical context (that impact parenting and thus the world of childhood) would be most welcome, both in their own right and as a context for addressing the role Christendom's culture-making about childhood may have played in the evolving drama of this civilization's relationship to its own capacities for violence and for the cherishing of life.

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## Reflections on Dervin's Essay

**Lloyd deMause**  
**Institute for Psychohistory**

As Dan Dervin is well aware, my designating parenting in the early Christian period as "Abandoning Mode" goes beyond the forty percent that are *exposed* according to Boswell (actually much higher). Beyond killing the babies through exposure, I discuss in all my work over the past three decades abandonment by sending newborns to wet nurses, who usually managed to kill them; by the nearly universal practice of sending children out to other families as servants and apprentices, where they were routinely beaten and used sexually; by oblation to monasteries and nunneries, where again sexual and physical abuse was common, and so on. That this was not because of poverty I gave a lot of good statistical evidence for, since the rich actually had higher infanticide and apprentice rates than the poor. Good records were kept in later centuries of actual abandonment to wet nurses; in Paris, for instance, by the 19th century the police still counted over ninety

percent of newborn babies who were wrapped up and sent out of town to peasant wet nurses, never to be visited by the parents and — if they lived — considered strangers by their parents when they returned at the age of four or five.

As Dan is also aware, my designation of parenting as "abandoning" also referred to the emotional abandonment in the early years when attachment is so important. All infants were tightly wrapped up in yards of bandages so they wouldn't "crawl around like an animal," left in their feces and urine for days, and, since they were considered "evil" and "filthy" and "preyed upon by ghosts," they were dumped in a crib in a dark room "to ward off incubi" or "tossed in a corner" or "hung from a nail on the wall." Twentieth-century visitors to Germany spoke of "the wretched newborn" still as "loathsome, foetid things, offensive to the last degree with their excreta...never washed," "strapped into a crib in a room with curtains drawn to keep out lurking evils," "covered with lice." All this abandonment of course was true of the period Dan characterizes by Chrysostom's advice to "show our affection and mold" the children. That the "affection" that was shown was often enough sexual I gave extensive evidence of, since parents routinely slept with their children and used them sexually (see the movie "Incest" soon at your local theater, featuring myself giving wide evidence of this fact.)

In addition, in my book *The Emotional Life of Nations* I give good evidence that the "pedagogues" that Greeks and others attached to their children were less "third parents" than pederasts whose task it was to be sure the children were only sexually used by "good" men, like those shown in all those Greek drawings of men pleasantly stroking boys' genitals. Every boy was expected to have a lover, and the pedagogue was to guard boys against rape by unapproved men (or the pedagogue might assault the boy himself).

The reason why academics like Boswell, Harris and others prefer to ignore my decades of evidence (plus evidence from other psychohistorians publishing in my journal) and instead cite this or that Christian who advises people to "show affection" toward children does not lie in their citation of evidence. It lies in the fact that they get their paychecks from university departments where you damned well can lose your job if you call Christians

violent pedophiles and especially if you call Christian *mothers* incestuous killers. Christian mothers are handled by reprinting thousands of drawings and paintings over the centuries of Mother Mary, lovingly depicted as smiling into the eyes of Christ. They do not print in textbooks the pictures I printed in my book of the grandmother of Christ stroking his penis (advocated even by doctors “to make it grow longer”). With my over two thousand primary source references to the brutality of childrearing over the centuries and its slow and uneven evolution, I can only conclude by saying, as I did decades ago, that there did not exist a single “good enough” mother anywhere on earth prior to the eighteenth century, definition of same being a mother who would not today be thrown into jail for child abuse. My offer of a prize for anyone who can find one remains. No one as yet has claimed to have found one.

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## Reflections on Childhood and St. Augustine

**Paul H. Elovitz**  
**Ramapo College of New Jersey**

As an editor, historian, teacher of childhood, and psychoanalyst, I was delighted when Dan Dervin submitted his manuscript under the initial title of “Suffer the Children: Conflicting Representations of Children in Early Christian Centuries” and pleased when our referees accepted it for publication as the basis of a symposium issue. The large number of commentators is an added source of enjoyment. While I eagerly encourage potential authors to write about childhood in all periods of history, the submissions I get are far fewer than I would like and seldom focus beyond the contemporary world. Indeed, most are in the context of the

psychobiography of individuals rather than on childhood in general to say nothing of it in history. Similarly, in teaching “Children and Youth in History” I find that my students have far more interest in contemporary childhood than in that of our historical forbearers.

Upon reading Dervin’s fine article, I was left with a series of questions which include: why, historically, has the education of children been left to a Church which believes that children are not only born as a result of sin (sex) but *with* original sin being transmitted to each child? Could it be because sex is usually quite pleasurable, and the Church wants pleasure sublimated onto religious activities? The Bible says to be fruitful and multiple, which leaves parents with the hard work of raising children.

As much as I tell my “Children and Youth in History” students that the greatest experience of life, in my opinion, is having children, later in the course I usually say that some of the worst moments of one’s life relate to the same activity. I then get specific, referring to when you hear coming out of your own parental mouth the very words that you swore as a teenager you would never say to your kids—it is not pleasant. But beyond this factor of the extent to which the act of parenting forces us to confront the difference between our dreams and realities, our ideal and real selves—a disparity making growth possible—it is just plain hard work to raise children.

Could this hard childrearing work have anything to do with why nuns, who historically did so much to educate the young, consider themselves married to God as they go about their important work of educating the young and caring for the sick and needy? Does marriage to Christ create a “religious fantasy family,” with them as pure Virgin Marys as a reward for caring for the children (“their children”) entrusted to them?

Dan Dervin is well aware of the incredible ambivalence people have and have had historically to children. We love children because they represent the new start, the *tabula rasa*, and then Christians project original sin onto them. Theists, atheists, and agnostics alike are drawn to young children because of their innate desire to pursue the pleasure principle, dear to anyone old enough to be well-versed in the frustrations of life, and then we frustrate this pleasure principle by socializing/civilizing them.



I like the way Dervin treats the ambivalence toward children and childhood. As a historian I wonder what evidence he can find to back up some of his speculations. However, in the next breathe I find myself speculating—as should already be apparent to the reader. As a Jew I find myself wondering why baptism is so important an issue? Yes, as Chrysotom says, the baptized are alone in having “been enrolled as citizens of another state, the heavenly Jerusalem,” and Augustine advocated such baptism. Is it that baptism undoes original sin? Let me turn from this uneasy ground of speculation to thoughts about our prime source for childhood in this period: Augustine of Hippo in North Africa.

Aurelius Augustinus (354-430) is best known as St. Augustine. He is such an important person in Church history that even his mother Monica was made a saint. Augustinian monks, of whom Luther is the one best known to me, carry on their religious work in his honor with one hundred and forty-eight priories still in existence in a Europe where religious belief and institutions are dying out at an amazing rate. (Unlike Augustine, who was apparently killed by the Germanic Vandal tribe, European Christianity appears to be dying due to its inability to compete with a prosperous secular society in our era.) His *The Confessions* is often credited as the first autobiography in literature and it stands out for just how much discussion of childhood it contains.

*The Confessions* is striking not only for the discussion of Augustine's childhood and childhood in general, but also for the extent to which Augustine puts himself in the position of a child in his references to God with statement after statement along the lines of “Hear, O God,” “Lord,” and “O Lord my God, who gavest life to this my infancy.” He discusses his mother who did not breast-feed him and who, with his father, was so approving of the harsh beatings he received at the hands of his tutors. Augustine is quite sensitive to children, as when he, an oldest son, notes a baby “pale with envy” at watching his foster brother suckling at the breast of his nurse. He is a man worth reading and I will see if I can find selections from him to assign to my students studying childhood and youth.

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## The Children Are Still Suffering

### Harriet Fraad Psychotherapist in Private Practice

Dan Dervin's “Suffer the Children: Children in Early Christian Centuries” clearly illustrates Lloyd de Mause's Abandoning Mode of childrearing. For those of you unfamiliar with the path breaking “The Evolution of Childhood,” (1973) the dominant historical modes of childrearing are, by centuries, Infanticidal (Antiquity to 4<sup>th</sup>), Abandoning (4<sup>th</sup> – 13<sup>th</sup>), Ambivalent (14<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup>), Intrusive (18<sup>th</sup>), Socializing (19<sup>th</sup> to Mid-20<sup>th</sup>), and the Helping (Begins in mid-20<sup>th</sup>). Note that I find some advantages in using the term “Individuated” rather than “Helping” in discussing the last mode. In reading Dervin, I was reminded that historic changes happen in a similar way that change happens in the personal history of each of us. As we advance from one developmental stage or one stage of thought or personal maturity to another, we leave strong imprints of the past along the way. Both historic modes and personal developmental modes progress like batiks leaving an imprint of former colors that bleed into each new layer of color, changing its hue. I looked for the ways that the Abandoning Mode of Childrearing bleeds into the present Socializing or Individuated U.S. childrearing modes.

One way that the Abandoning Mode lives on may be in the very structure of the infant brain. Even the young, underdeveloped infant brain contains numerous mirror neurons that permit the infant to sense and respond to the mood of the caregiver. Children from their earliest development survived, in part, because they learned how to please. Perhaps those children who survived the earliest Infanticidal and Abandoning modes were those well endowed with the mirror neurons found in abundance in the infants of today.

There are other traces of the Abandoning mode that exist in the primitive splitting of concepts of the innocent beloved infant Jesus and other “good” children and the evil monster children in such films as *The Bad Seed*, *Poltergeist*, *The Exorcist*, and *Lolita*. America is rife with religious dualism that differentiates the good obedient child from the willful devil whose will must be broken. Childrearing texts from the Religious Right with

James Dobson in the lead stress children's evil ways that must be broken. (See particularly *Dare to Discipline* and *The Strong Willed Child* series).

However, the greatest evidence of the Abandoning Mode today is in the way that large numbers of American children are emotionally abandoned. A considerable percentage of parents do not realize that their children are sentient humans. Parents are often surprised that parents' own out of control rages at one another or at children actually impact their children. It is similarly difficult for them to imagine that their withdrawal and depression seriously affect their children. They cannot make the leap from their own feelings to those of children. That constitutes a routine abandonment of children which is ubiquitous. In that sense the Abandoning Mode, like the batik previously mentioned bleeds into the reality of modern U.S. childrens' lives.

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## Do Children Need to Suffer?

**David Lotto**  
**University of Massachusetts**

Dan Dervin has applied his well-honed psychohistorical tools to understanding our conflictual attitudes and behavior toward children. In this paper he has limited his focus to early Christian times. In particular, on the intense ambivalence expressed in both the foundational myth of Christianity—the birth of the Savior, which is accompanied by Herod's murdering of the infant males of Bethlehem, the slaughter of the innocents—and in church doctrine, with the apparently opposing notions of the innocence of children and their being contaminated by original sin.

I would like to suggest a direction that a

psychohistorical exploration of this ambivalence toward children could take. If we accept that this ambivalence toward children—on the one hand, valuing and even cherishing them, and on the other, killing them, abandoning them or abusing them—is something that has been part of human experience for as far back as the historical record goes; and we also see this same ambivalence in myths, legends and religious dogma, we need to ask the psychohistorical question of why this is so.

I would like to suggest a hypothesis: ambivalence toward children is an inherent (inherited?) trait which, from an evolutionary perspective, has served an important function for our species. The positive side of the ambivalence—loving, cherishing, even sacrificing on the part of adults for the sake of enhancing the survival of their children has a clear and obvious benefit for the perpetuation of the species.

Understanding the evolutionary benefit of the negative side of our ambivalence toward children is much more difficult. On the surface, killing and maltreating children is the very opposite of an adaptive trait that helps us to increase and multiply. However, if we keep in mind that overpopulation can be undesirable and maladaptive (from the point of view of maximizing the evolutionary success of the species) for the group as a whole, we can see at least the possibility of there being an evolutionary reason for there to be limits on the number of children who survive to adulthood. Thus, a desire or wish to destroy children would, along with wars, genocide, massacres, disease, famine, and a host of natural disasters be seen as another form of birth control preventing the population from growing bigger than the available habitat can accommodate.

Lloyd deMause has argued that certain aspects of the negative side of this ambivalence—direct infanticide, abandonment, and physical and sexual abuse of children—have been diminishing over time. If we take the notion of a deep-seated and, in some sense, hard-wired ambivalence toward children as an intrinsic part of our nature and we accept Lloyd deMause's argument about child rearing improving through the ages, then we might predict that the decline of the negative side of the ambivalence in one area will be accompanied by an increase in other ways of preventing the existence of children. One candidate would be the worldwide

increase in the use of contraception and abortion, despite the opposition of the Catholic Church.

Now for a brief digression on the Catholic Church. Following Dan Dervin's lead and looking at church doctrine, we see some interesting paradoxes. The Church's strong condemnation of birth control and abortion is justified as being pro-life and pro-child, seemingly coming down on the positive side of the ambivalence. However, large numbers of people acting in accordance with this doctrine leads to higher birth rates and overpopulation; things get worse for the group as a whole. Too many children creates too many burdens on the family, community, and nation. Resources become scarce and in non-labor-intensive environments (like most first-world countries) having more children impoverishes everyone. I would argue that this serves to promote and strengthen hostile and destructive feelings and actions directed toward children.

As a further psychohistorical speculation, I would suggest that the vehemence with which some within the Church promote their anti-birth control and abortion stances is fed by the unconscious knowledge that they are guilty of harboring infanticidal wishes toward children; that their "protesting too much" fanaticism is an indicator of the presence of a reaction formation, that the conscious wish to save all the children, potential and actual, masks an unconscious wish to do the opposite. The argument here is analogous to David Beisel's account of the British and French appeasement policy of the 1930s; on the surface it looks to be in the service of preventing war by avoiding confrontation, but actually, it serves the opposite aim, making war more, rather than less, likely.

However, there are other ways of controlling the population. There's the "one child" policy in China, and, on a more hopeful note, the option of individual families choosing voluntarily to limit their size. There is considerable data indicating that rising levels of education and affluence lead to lower birth rates. First-world nations have largely achieved zero population growth through birth. At this point, the majority of the population increases in North America and Europe are from immigration.

I consider this means of curbing population growth where families freely choose to have less children to be an extremely hopeful development both because it raises the chances that ravages to the

environment and murderous conflicts between people will decrease if the scourge of overpopulation abates. It may also remove what I see as one of the underpinnings for the impulse to destroy the lives of children.

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## The Suffering of Children Through the Ages

**Paul Salstrom**  
**Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College**

It is good to have the chance to comment on Dan Dervin's essay. My specialty of American history may be far from late Roman antiquity and medieval Europe, but for any historian interested in psychology the importance of childhood looms all the larger the younger the age of the child—right back to the "trauma of birth" (and perhaps even before birth). I was sorry to learn from Professor Dervin's essay that child-rearing in the Roman Empire was often brutal: little wonder that gladiatorial contests fascinated Rome's masses. As Professor Dervin says, "Many who suffered these traumas would emerge with a split and fragmented self-core consonant with the chaotic scene of slaughter" (p. 85).

It came to my attention that even the "Third Rome" of Moscow wasn't altogether different. While reading a life-guidance book by a Russian Orthodox abbot of the mid-1800s, I was saddened to learn of parents being told to break the spirit of little boys through whippings. Happily, by that time Charles Dickens' tales of childhood misery were spreading *empathy* among millions of readers, fostering more respect for children's sensibilities.

Thanks to the straightforward first half of

Dan Dervin's essay, I am now better informed. Regarding its second half, where Dervin describes early Christian theologians' attitudes toward childhood and speculates about what influenced those attitudes (such as the doctrine of original sin), I'm not well qualified to comment. When Professor Dervin reaches the story of the Slaughter of the Innocents, I felt that, yes, it's interesting to find Jesus' incarnation immediately followed (according to the Gospel of Matthew) by one of the bloodiest deeds in the New Testament—and it's also interesting that early Christian theologians had trouble figuring out the eternal fate of the souls of those unbaptized infants so undeservedly slaughtered. Eventually, says Dervin, their souls were assigned to a "children's Limbo" invented especially for them.

That far, Professor Dervin's article seems useful. But I fail to follow his point when he then speculates that, since "somehow the birth of the one [Jesus] set in motion the deaths of the others," there remains "a darker implication" embedded in the Slaughter story (p. 84). For one thing, Dervin doubts any such Slaughter of the Innocents ever occurred. He calls it "pseudo-history" but suggests that it has, in his words, another sort of "veracity" and invites us to think of it as part of a group-fantasy system. Via further conjectures he finally hypothesizes that "envy and resentment" of the Christ child's perfection and good fortune "aroused too many discordant feelings for direct expression among those who were enduring the many trials and tribulations of an actual childhood," and so, motivated presumably subliminally, they sullied Jesus' birth by also giving the Slaughter of the Innocents major coverage: "The assault on helpless undefended young bodies may be displaced memories of actual beatings administered by designated adults" (p. 85). Dervin adds that "perhaps repressed fantasies of revenge are gratified via the scourging and the stages of the cross" that Jesus suffered later. Admittedly, major coverage of the Slaughter of the Innocents did occur in Christian exegesis. That's documented not only in Dervin's essay but in chapter six of Rudolph Binion's recent book *Past Impersonal* (2005), which was reviewed in the last issue of this journal. But that major exegetic coverage was not motivated by psychological drives. It was motivated by theological Christian conventions centering in the twin concept of pre-figuration and fulfillment. (On details, including when those conventions finally ended, see Binion,

pp. 96-115.)

My point is that Christian cogitation about the Slaughter of the Innocents probably had little to do with ancient or medieval brutality toward children. Granted, Christian *artists* too worked the Slaughter quite heavily, but does that tell us anything more psychologically profound than TV ratings tell us today?

I'd also like to mention something possibly as damaging to children as brutality: the lack of parental attention. Percentages of infant abandonment in today's United States are tiny compared to the twenty to forty percent estimated for the Roman Empire (p. 81), but beyond *having* parents, children also crave their attention. Dan Dervin speculates that in ancient and medieval times, "demands for sweat-of-the-brow labor from children encroached on abiding family ties" (p. 83), but I personally view parents' demands for their children's labor quite differently. Again, I'm no specialist on ancient or medieval times, but I think of children's labor in pre-industrial times as mostly *fostering* family ties, not encroaching on them. In the United States until about 130 years ago, most children were actively being mentored on a daily basis by their same-sex parent. Children contributed to their families' well-being by helping their parents do useful work. In millions of U.S. households today, girls often still help alongside their mothers, but almost all boys in the U.S. are now deprived of helping alongside their fathers. What had mainly provided boys with their fathers' mentoring attention was family farming and work in small shops. Nothing subsequently has replaced the social enrichment that happened through father-son relationships in those small-scale venues. To quote Dwight Eisenhower, "I often think today of what an impact could be made if children believed they were contributing to a family's essential survival and happiness. In the transformation from a rural to an urban society, children are—though they might not agree—robbed of the opportunity to do genuinely responsible work" (Dwight D. Eisenhower, *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends* [Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1967], p. 33).

So, in retrospect, maybe the Roman Empire and all other pre-industrial societies did practice *something* beneficial to their children, something we today don't provide ours. Above I quoted Dan Dervin on the "split and fragmented self-core" that

brutality plausibly left within ancient Roman children. For *unbrutalized* but also *unmentored* U.S. children of today, the “self-core” may be intact but muffled. After all, parents are infants’ primary reality. Perhaps our sense of our own reality never completely escapes our specific relationship with our parents. There’s no need to know which is worse for children—being hurt by parents or being unable to help them. *Both* are best avoided.

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## The Psychohistory of Christian Antiquity

**Howard F. Stein**  
University of Oklahoma Health  
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Daniel Dervin has long been one of the most thorough and creative scholars doing and writing psychohistory. His latest essay, “Suffer the Children,” exemplifies these virtues. It shows how psychohistorical theory is nourished by historical evidence. Dervin explores the complexity—specifically the duality—of the view and treatment of the child in early Christian antiquity. This was the world of “other worldly morality” and “child-centered religion.” Dervin’s point of departure is problematic Biblical texts, their interpretations, and contexts. He demonstrates a *double* splitting to have occurred: (1) between demonizing “images of children as vehicles of sinfulness” and idealizing images of children as “vessels of innocence;” and (2) a kind of role-splitting between ordinary, sinful adults, and cloistering, which embodied and sought to preserve “childlike purity” and perfection into adulthood.

His guides to childhood beatings, hand-offs to wet nurses and pedagogues, and idealization, are early Christian theologians and philosophers. Contra Philippe Aries, Dervin finds childhood to be not only

present, but a social cynosure, to early Christians. Further, he finds continuity of the ideal of childhood into the adult institution of monasticism. He brilliantly observes that “childhood is no longer a purely time-bound period nor yet the cult of later centuries, but rather an ideal spiritual state to be preserved through celibates who embody the Gospels’ child-imagery into adulthood.”

Along the way, Dervin shows how cloistering condensed abandonment and the preservation of purity; he demonstrates that the “Children’s Limbo” of unbaptized children to be a cultural compromise formation; he argues that the Slaughter of Innocents is a psychological (symbolic) event (screen memory for maternal loss, beatings, and other traumas) rather than a necessarily historical one; he shows that “the lives of the Christ child and of the other Bethlehem babes are bound together” psychologically and literarily; he argues that “intolerable feelings of envy and resentment” were split off; and finally he brings the whole matter up to date, suggesting that ambivalence toward the Christ child is not only ancient within Christendom, but survives to this day in the form of vandalism of Nativity Scenes during the Christmas season.

In indirect support of Dervin’s argument about envy toward and resentment of the Christ child, is the late L. Bryce Boyer’s classic paper, “Christmas ‘Neurosis’” (*Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* 3 [3] 1955: pp. 467-488), which argues that depressions occurring around Christmas trace largely to reawakened, unresolved sibling rivalry, symbolized by the futility of competing with the unconsciously envied Christ Child.

In sum, methodologically, Dervin has demonstrated that historical reality and cultural symbols are indeed psychoanalyzable, if one is able to look in the right places that are often staring us in the face. Further, Dervin offers a taut “case study” in the origins and perpetuation of cultural beliefs and myths.

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*Beneath the Crust of Culture* (2005). Dr. Stein can be reached at [howard-stein@ouhsc.edu](mailto:howard-stein@ouhsc.edu).

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## Limbo, Faith, and Child Abuse

**Nancy Unger**  
**Santa Clara University**

Daniel Dervin's fascinating "Suffer the Children" on the possible reasons for the tenacity of the pseudo-history of the Slaughter of the Holy Innocents dredged up some very strong memories for me. When I was pregnant with my first child, my local paper ran a story on the Parental Stress Hotline. I had a hard time imagining that having a baby would make me so stressed that I'd need to call an emergency number for assistance, but since I was heading into uncharted waters, I clipped the contact information and taped it inside a kitchen cupboard where it remained, unused, for years "just in case." Because I never felt the need to call that number, I assumed this was an indication of my excellent coping skills and non-violent nature, as well as my deep love for my son. I kept the number, however, "just in case."

After years of infertility treatments, including five in vitro fertilization attempts, my second child was born. (I wonder if Augustine would consider my daughter, conceived in a Petri dish, to be immune from the "original sin and spiritual concupiscence handed down from generation by means of propagation.") When she was three years old, I learned that deep love and excellent coping skills were no match for the truly monumental tantrum she threw when my son and husband were out of town. To my shock and deep shame, I understood how parents could hit their children. I resisted the temptation—barely—and called the Parental Stress Hotline, which offered me much support and helped me through this extremely disturbing episode.

The extreme and timeless range of emotions involved in parenting combined with those evoked by the teachings and doctrines of the early Church must have been powerful indeed. In a time when beatings of children by designated adults were commonplace, Dervin's theory on the longevity of the story of the Slaughter of the Holy Innocents and countless works

of Christian art depicting assaults on helpless young bodies serving as displaced memories is a compelling one.

Dervin thoughtfully analyzes dualistic perceptions of children as both innocents and sinners, and as both ideal spiritual beings and here-and-now flesh and blood human beings who must be fed and cared for. The Church's strong and conflicting feelings about children continue to be expressed, at least in my parish, where a well-worn theme is that today's Catholics should be "childlike" but not "childish." So what to make of the Church's current rejection of the concept of Limbo, with its total lack of scriptural basis? To some, the current insistence that unbaptized innocents go directly to heaven is simply a way for the Church to win souls in the developing world. But upon reflection on Dervin's essay, it may instead indicate a tipping of the scale in favor of children's innocence, perhaps itself a reflection of the growing unacceptability of corporal punishment in much of the world. (Interestingly enough, the exceptions include some Christian fundamentalists).

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## Response to Commentaries

**Dan Dervin**  
**Mary Washington University**

To Paul Elovitz, whose patient editorial labors shepherded this paper to fruition, I am thoroughly grateful, and equally so to everyone's far

ranging commentaries. These are especially gratifying since one of my purposes was to develop bridges between other disciplines and more traditional historical scholarship. Excerpted from a longer work on the history of childhood, this paper explored anomalies and unresolved conflicts over children's lives when a religion uniquely privileging the child encroached on preexisting parenting practices. In doing so, I drew on existing scholarship and especially Lloyd deMause's historical parenting modes which take, as I wrote, "abandonment, mostly through exposure, was a common practice." The question of whether religious ideals impacted on practice is entertained and not settled. David Beisel infers a "softening" in attitudes toward children, but I would not want to leave that impression since, as he and I both note, practices were most often oblivious to ideals. Similarly, I would not want to claim that "religious culture-making altered the world of child-rearing," as Michael Britton notes, though I remain open to the possibility, and agree that the present paper is a preliminary foray.

What did emerge from various historical records was a cluster of peculiar phenomena, notably controversies over original sin and infant baptism, a trumped-up Slaughter of the Innocents by King Herod, the creation of a special spiritual space for unbaptised children, and an enduring enactment of ambivalent hostility to the infant Jesus. These topics comprise visibly conscious levels on which, it dawned on me, unconscious conflicts were being played out. Thus I relied on the inner-conflict model of psychoanalysis as an explanatory tool and found the extension of this dynamic within and between emerging religious groups to be congruent with the group-fantasy concept used in psychohistory. Both approaches are predicated on the recognition of illusion through such mechanisms as splitting and projection, which point to underlying, unconscious conflicts. I also employed a biocentric model of adaptation, grounded in survival strategies of parental investment in successful offspring, to balance off the high incidence of mortality rates through abandonment, neglect, and abuse. True, these three models present a complicated picture, but I am persuaded they do a measure of justice to the infinitely more complicated historical lives which are our ultimate database. I consider that children generally in the early Christian centuries were "abused and treated inconsistently." Some were

subjected to a modified form of abandonment known as oblation—offering a child to a monastic order—where despite avowed ideals of purity, they were "chastised" with "sharp blows." I agree with deMause's reminders of pederasty and homosexuality both in the monasteries and through appointed pedagogues; and no question, my reading of historical data is far more circumspect in regard to violence toward children than his and Jerry Atlas's, where the emphasis is on the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Nonetheless, their commentaries make for serious reading. But while granting various high-percentages of infant deaths and the multiple hazards of their lives, they remain mostly peripheral to my central focus on the construction and perpetuation of illusion within mainstream Christianity. Is it necessary to say that by discrediting the Slaughter of the Innocents fantasy I am not dismissing the actual "slaughter" by other means of real children? On the other hand, it seems plausible to view the enduring Slaughter fantasy along with the reparative fantasy of Limbo as containers for the unassimilable violence dealt to children as effectively demonstrated by psychohistorical research. Given the dismaying mix of huge and diverse populations with the paucity of bankable historical data, I am content to posit certain interpretations and consign to them to a Limbo of uncertainty, as long as they can be accessed.

Although I cannot do justice to all the other engaging responses, I will expand on several. Richard Booth's insightful discussion of St. Augustine supports my view that Christianity injected a new model of inner-conflict into cultural discourses. When Booth asks, "What was the direct object of his theological war?" he has partially answered his question with an earlier reference to "cleansing." Saint Augustine is a central but equivocal figure in the history of childhood: both abuse's victim and its enabler. I infer Booth is alluding to problems in the awareness of child-development through the homunculus, or little man, allegedly presenting each spermatozoon. Interestingly, in a new study of scientific discovery of sexual reproduction, Matthew Cobb quotes a seventeenth century scientist as explaining the transmission of original sin via the ovum and sperm (*Generation* [NY: Bloomsbury, 2006], pp. 235-6). In the present context the fanciful figure may on one level suggest instant (male) self-sufficiency and denial of

dependency on primary caregivers. I agree that Limbo is a valuable term deserving to enjoy an existence independent of its theological origins. Much of this denial of development and dependency persists in contemporary American parenting, as Harriet Fraad points out. Her implicit but creative application of Haeckel's formula that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny" is suggestive. Not only is it plausible that children growing up pass through some version of deMause's parenting modes but that, as most psychohistorians agree, several parenting modes thrive in any given society along with a dominant one. Her observation that children's brains play a role in their learning the rules of the game of survival points to an adaptive model for understanding childhood.

David Lotto's welcome contribution continues to explore psychohistorical positions in an evolutionary framework in order to reconcile the enduring problem of ambivalence. If I read him correctly, this hard-wired ambivalence, especially its destructive side, is directed to other measures of population control, e.g., abortion and contraceptive, as children's lives over the centuries improve and their survival rates climb. The strategy of balancing economies by curbing populations modifies the biological imperative but does not, he suggests, resolve the underlying hostilities toward the young. Recent studies of trends toward later pregnancies, smaller families, and greater investment in the planned-for child support his more hopeful scenario (see Susan M. Bianchi, et al, *Changing Rhythms of American Family Life*, Russell Sage Foundation, 2006). Despite having difficulty following the drift of my essay and his own misgivings, Paul Salstrom does a decent job of paraphrasing its psychological reasoning. I'm surprised, though, that he finds the impact of "Christian artists [that] worked the Slaughter quite heavily" to be "no more psychologically profound than TV ratings." Such prevalence and endurance of this subject over many centuries would indicate to me the power of a historical group fantasy wherein Christians perceive themselves as helpless victims of ruthless, uncontrollable forces. This profound identification (perhaps with the aggressor as well) may help explain why recuperative efforts arose to find a place for the pre-Christian children in a more benign afterlife, i.e., as split-off self-representations. Sander Breiner correctly notes Chrysostom's notorious anti-

Semitism, but where do we take this? Should it discredit his treatises that deal with children? This is a dicey proposition. Does Martin Luther's notorious anti-Semitism vitiate his exposé of ecclesiastical corruption?

Paul Elovitz raises questions that extend beyond this paper and with which I am still grappling. Definitely, the Church offered an array of fantasy systems to be played out and that may be one key to its survival. His sense that parenting injects a host of personal conflicts into one's life confirms my sense of this process being historically intensified with the rise of Christianity which privileged the child on various unprecedented levels. Historically, the Church was in competition with families for primary loyalties, zealously pursuing offspring for service, while at the same time recognizing that warm bodies were needed to fill the pews and the collection plates. As noted, St. Augustine is a pivotal figure who embodies and articulates many of the Church's early conflicts.

My appreciation to Howard Stein for hearing the themes of my paper with empathy and clarity. When he writes that the children's Limbo functioned as "cultural compromise formation," and the Slaughter of Innocents was a "screen memory for maternal loss, beatings, and other trauma," he sharpens my own analysis. I confess to a certain nostalgia for the time when there was a thriving psychoanalytic anthropology. Finally, Nancy C. Unger provides a timely and thoughtful personal narrative of parenthood which serves as a reminder of how parents in all ages were faced with painful dilemmas—most not of their own making and many beyond their psychological resources. In sum, I hope to have turned these responses into an ongoing dialogue. While they articulate distinctive points of view, they also traverse the three models of childhood that underpin all my writings on the subject: the psychohistorical, the psychoanalytic, and the adaptive.

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## Victor Wolfenstein: Psychoanalytic-Marxist Scholar

Bob Lentz and Paul Elovitz

Clio's Psyche

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*references in the questions are to Paul Elovitz.)*

**Clio's Psyche (CP):** Please tell us about your family background.

**Eugene Victor Wolfenstein (EVW):** I was born as the only child of my parents, although I have three Parisian half-siblings from my father's second marriage. My great-grandfather, Samuel Wolfenstein (after whom my father was named) immigrated to this country from Moravia in 1870. He held a PhD in philosophy (with a thesis on Spinoza), was a Reform rabbi, and became a prominent figure in Cleveland Jewish society. My father was a mathematician, who ultimately received his PhD from the Sorbonne and taught in the French University system. My mother Maxine's family, originally "Turetski" but anglicized to "Ture," were part of the great wave of middle European immigration of the early 20th century. Maxine and Sam were both Communists in their late teens and early twenties; my mother was a graduate student in psychoanalytically-oriented psychology at the time of her death in her late twenties. So sometimes I think I'm just carrying on the "family business."

My parents were divorced when I was five and my contact with my father was irregular thereafter until his death in 1985 at age sixty-four. The defining event of my life was less the divorce, however, than my mother's death from cancer when I was ten and she was not yet thirty. She was a remarkable woman—loving, life-affirming, and intelligent, with a wonderful imagination and sense of humor. There is sadness in me, and sensitivity to suffering, that grows out of the experience of losing her. But there is also a profound sense of gratitude. As I said in the dedication to my Nietzsche book, she has always been my best thing (referencing Toni Morrison's *Beloved*, 1987), an internal presence and resource that I have done my best to cultivate and use well.

After her death, I went to live with her parents in Toledo, Ohio. Her mother, Anne Ture, was gentle and wise. She handled my upset (and guilt) about Maxine's death with unfailing patience. My grandfather, Albert Ture, was a decent and smart man—a fairly successful businessman and something of a socialist. Their love and devotion enabled me to get on with things.

**CP:** Some Psychohistory Forum researchers have

been struggling with the issue of identification with a particular parent and achievement. If you would like to comment on this, it would be helpful to them.

**EVW:** As you see, my principal identification is with my mother. My father was undeniably brilliant and there was an element of competing with him on that score, into my twenties. But high levels of intellectual achievement were a family given, both a birthright and a pressure. I grew up assuming I would go to good schools and had a basic confidence that I would do well. (I might add that, although I worked at part-time jobs in high school and college, I never had any real financial worries. I had, in short, all of the privileges of class, race, and gender. In teaching, I use my experience as an example of the *real* affirmative action program in the U.S.)

**CP:** In your experience and life, are high achievers more identified with their fathers?

**EVW:** I don't think so. Paradigmatically, the position of the father in early life opens the mother-child dyad to the greater world. It isn't the father as such that matters, however, but rather the performance of the function, which is not inherently gendered. Beyond that, I see no evidence of such a correlation. Limiting myself to the individuals I have written about (Lenin, Trotsky, Gandhi, Churchill, Malcolm X, Elaine Brown, Nietzsche, and W.E.B. Du Bois), only Malcolm had an important identification with his father. But, even so, I wouldn't say that it motivated or supported him. Nor do I see such identifications in my colleagues or patients.

**CP:** Following up on an issue raised by Freud, what is the impact of parental loss on your level of achievement and those of subjects you have studied?

**EVW:** I don't think my own ambitions are rooted in loss (although my sensibility and interests are, in part). For the people I have studied, parental loss during childhood always has an impact, but not a clear correlation with achievement.

**CP:** Your aunt Martha Wolfenstein's (1911-76) pioneering study, *Children and the Death of a President* (edited with Gilbert Kliman and published in 1965), helped us to understand the impact of the assassination of President Kennedy on young children and the ways in which political leaders are parental figures. What was her influence on you?

**EVW:** Martha was my father's older sister, and she was a part of my life from the beginning. My relationship with her intensified after my mother's death, and even more when I got to Columbia College since she lived in Manhattan. My aunt did not directly influence my choice of career or my approach to it. But when I fell into the field of applied psychoanalysis, she was my most important mentor and the de facto supervisor of my PhD dissertation, later published as *The Revolutionary Personality*. We shared work with each other from then until her death in 1976.

Martha was a practicing child analyst and a psychoanalytic scholar of great range. She wrote books on the movies (a cross-cultural comparison of themes in French, English, and American films), children's humor, and reactions to disaster, as well as articles on literature and the visual arts. Her aesthetic sensibility was quite exceptional and her writing a model of clarity and understated eloquence. Her own mother died when she was young, and children's reactions to parental loss were a major preoccupation. She headed a psychoanalytic research project on the subject at the Albert Einstein School of Medicine for many years, and the Kennedy book grew out of that work.

**CP:** What brought you to psychohistory/political psychology, and who was important to your development as a student of psychosocial phenomena? Also, what books were important to your development?

**EVW:** When I graduated from Columbia, I was mainly thinking of going to law school as a step toward a political career. I was admitted to Harvard and Columbia law schools but couldn't quite get myself to go. As a fallback plan, I applied to and was admitted to the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton—figuring to get an MA in public affairs and then go on to law school. But I switched over to graduate work in politics within a semester, mainly because I really didn't want to leave the academy. Then, in seminars with Michael Walzer and Harry Eckstein, I was exposed to work by Erikson (*Young Man Luther: A Study of Psychoanalysis and History*, 1958, first, and then *Childhood and Society*, 1950) and Lasswell (especially *Psychopathology and Politics*, 1962). Somewhere in there I went from wanting to be a political leader to studying them;

Erikson and Lasswell gave me the basic tools for doing so. Of course, I also read quite a bit of Freud as well as classical clinical and applied psychoanalytic theory.

**CP:** Throughout my academic career, I have known a number of adherents of Marxism and psychoanalysis. As someone who wrote *Psychoanalytic-Marxism: Groundwork* and who teaches Marxist political theory, would you comment on this phenomenon?

**EVW:** That question brings me to the decisive period in my own intellectual development. To put it briefly: if in Princeton I went from wanting to be a political leader to studying them, in L.A. I went from studying revolutionary movements to participating in one. No *Motorcycle Diaries* [Che Guevara] romanticism here. I was hired to teach political theory at UCLA in 1965 and never contemplated a change of institution, much less a career change. By 1966 I was the divorced father of a daughter and a son. In 1968 I met Judy, with whom I have been ever since. It was never a matter of sacrificing the personal to the political. But the Radical Movement with its two sides (black revolutionary and anti-war) pulled me out of my centrist-liberal political groove and into more radical channels, even if it did not lead me to abandon house and home.

**CP:** Turning back to your personal life, do you have any grandchildren? What does Judy do and do you have children together?

**EVW:** I have two children from my first marriage and their five children. Judy did an MA in history at UCLA and became a full-time mom when our second child was born. She has been involved in public education, to which we are both deeply committed, and more recently has been working with the UCLA arts outreach program to school children. One of our sons has a PhD in European history from UCLA and will be a teaching fellow at Stanford this coming year, and the other recently took an MA from Columbia Teachers College and this fall will be entering the PhD program in educational leadership and public policy at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

**CP:** Tell us more about your radicalization.

**EVW:** Along with direct political participation, reading *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (1965) and the various volumes of his speeches was especially important. Malcolm spoke from not only a black

nationalist but also a mass perspective. In both regards he opened my eyes. I became, after his death, his student, doing my best to see the world through *his* eyes. This led me to Franz Fanon and the larger project of Third World de-colonization. The war in Vietnam was understandable from this perspective, as a neo-colonialist and imperialist venture. This meant that the two sides of the Movement had a common enemy: the international power structure of, as Malcolm put it, white racist capitalism. The Black Panther Party, for all its flaws, came closest to basing radical politics on this understanding.

As suited these political commitments, during this time I became seriously engaged with Marxist and Hegelian theory. My psychological interests were placed on a far back burner. But by the early 1970s they rebounded and I confronted the task of reconciling the two sides of my intellectual personality. I did not approach this task not as one might expect of a political theorist: through a critical engagement with Reich, Fromm, Marcuse, Adorno, Horkheimer, etc. I read them, of course, but I felt the need to think the problem through for myself. So I attempted to crack two or more nuts together, as Freud liked to say, and sort out my views about race matters while simultaneously addressing the “Marx-Freud problem.” Taking Malcolm’s perspective as my Ariadne’s thread and his life experience as an individual and collective historical story line, I tried to work out a psychoanalytic-marxist theory that would be an adequate interpretive vehicle. *The Victims of Democracy: Malcolm X and the Black Revolution* was the result of this effort. Its coherence is a function of dialectical method, on the one hand, and a theoretical conception of the relationship between social classes and emotional groups, on the other.

Here’s how the idea of class-group analysis came to me. In the autumn of 1972 I was once again teaching a course on the political theories of Hegel, Marx, and Freud. My aim, as in previous offerings of the course, was to provide students with a critical but also syncretical interpretation of these three thinkers. In the Marx section of the course and emphasizing the notions of praxis and class struggle, I focused on the problem of the consciousness of the proletariat—the disjunction between its actual forms of consciousness and the revolutionary consciousness

Marx attributed to it—and proposed a psychoanalytic approach to bridging the gap.

A few days later—actually quite late one night—I was preparing my lecture on Freud's *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*. This was hardly a new undertaking. I had used *Group Psychology* in my own work from the very start, and I had offered its arguments as an explanation of political irrationality in many an earlier lecture. But as I wrote out the familiar beats and measures of the text, the concepts of class and group juxtaposed themselves in my mind, and a new thought formed out of the juxtaposition: *a class is a group* and, conversely, *a group is a class*. That is what I said to myself, although it only approximated what I was thinking. What I meant was something like this: if Marx and Freud were to observe the same collective political phenomenon and each were to utilize his own theoretical optic, the one would see a class and the other would see a group. To put it another way, the concepts of class and group were isomorphic. They occupied analogous positions in the structures of the two theories. Just as a social class was not merely the summation of a number of discrete individuals, so a group was a collective emotional structure, a whole that was more than the sum of its parts.

The upshot was that my analysis of Malcolm X and the black revolutionary movement took form as a class-group analysis of white racism and internalized white racism, and the struggle of black folks to overturn the one and overcome the other. In the process, I also parted ways with the earlier Freudian-Marxists. They saw Freud as offering a radical view of the self and Marx of society, and so sought to combine individual and society through joining them. Emancipation was the aim. I shared and share that aim, but after that autumn night in 1972 no longer viewed the theoretical problem that way. Rather, I saw the task as joining the analysis of interests and desires, at both individual and collective levels. But I remained convinced that the Marxist and psychoanalytic traditions were the vital resources for realizing this project.

I also should mention one other research venture from this period. Judy and I were both interested in folk music and politics and did a substantial amount of field work on Woody Guthrie and the American Left. We interviewed members of

Woody's family (including his Uncle Jeff, with whom we shared quite a bit of whiskey, which led to a fairly blurry first interview), childhood friends and acquaintances from his early years, and various participants in the urban folk revivals. When it came time to write the book, however, I was distracted by race matters; and our tapes and notes were put aside, until Ed Cray came along and made very good use of them in his definitive biography, *Ramblin' Man: The Life and Times of Woody Guthrie* (2004).

Meanwhile, and partially as a pedagogical matter, I continued work on developing the basic principles for a psychoanalytic-marxist theory. *Psychoanalytic-Marxism: Groundwork*, which I view as the companion volume to *The Victims of Democracy*, was the result. It is based on two "advances" (if one wants to look at it that way) from the point of view of *Victims*. First, following my own engagement with the work of the psychoanalytic feminists, and Dorothy Dinnerstein (*The Mermaid and the Minotaur*, 1991) in particular, I attempted to articulate a version of psychoanalytic-marxist theory that focused on the intersection of class, gender, and race. Second, and in part reflecting lessons learned in clinical practice, *Psychoanalytic-Marxism* has a much more developed anthropological foundation—theory of history and human nature—featuring (1) a radically revised version of Freud's drive theory (2) embedded in an inter- as well as intra-subjective model of human development (3) that unfolds dialectically as a manifold of sensuous interaction, interpenetrating modalities of work and desire, and conscious activity. You'll have to read the book to figure out what that means.

**CP:** What led you to psychoanalysis and psychoanalytic training? What has been their influence on you?

**EVW:** By 1974/75, I was feeling the absence of a psychoanalytic practice to go along with psychoanalytic theory and I was increasingly aware that I had unresolved issues with my mother's death and with my father, too. I even undertook a self-analysis, successful on one level but suggesting the desirability of the real thing on another. So I applied for admission to the Southern California Psychoanalytic Institute (SCPI), was admitted, and got fellowship support to help offset the cost of the training analysis. (Thanks once again to Peter Loewenberg who, more than any other single

individual, pushed through the licensing of “research psychoanalysts” in California.) My analyst was Ruth Aaron, who initially saw me at five dollars per hour (plus the pretty minimal funding from the fellowship) and then without charge. She was quite classical and restrained in terms of technique, but also enormously caring. I saw her for three years, five times a week, and stayed in touch once the analysis ended.

I began training with a bad attitude. I’d read more of Freud and the psychoanalytic classics than many of the instructors and I had been teaching for ten years. But my irritability wore off after a bit. I took to clinical work avidly and easily. Leonard Comess was my first supervisor and a truly wonderful one. We’ve been friends ever since.

I started out as a true Freudian, but the combination of the SCPI curriculum, my own analysis, and most of all doing clinical work led me into the Kleinian and Object-Relations world, where I have remained.

**CP:** How has the practice of psychoanalysis influenced your work as a political theorist?

**EVW:** Well, it cured my infatuation with libido theory, replacing it with a focus on psychical pain in general and anxiety in particular. More generally, my interpretive notions have been tested and refined through engagement with the lives of my patients. Also, I’d like to think I have learned to listen and read better.

**CP:** As someone who has won awards as a psychoanalytic instructor as well a graduate and undergraduate professor, what is your approach to teaching and the secret of your success?

**EVW:** Ah, yes, trade secrets: use olive oil where possible instead of butter, go light on the salt, and avoid cheap red wine. Probably this isn’t what you had in mind, but the “secret ingredient” is the experience of connection I had with my mother and the desire to create pedagogical analogs to it. Students know when you want to make contact with them and tend to respond. Second, and here my clinical training has been of great help, being a good facilitator of discussion requires being able to listen to students and sense the mood in the room (whether large or small). Third, I love what I teach, and I get enormous pleasure from teaching it.

As to approach, I try to create a ladder with

respect to the materials I teach, from simple representations and analyses to extremely complex ones. I never talk down to students; I do try to help them learn to think for themselves. I encourage, in a loosely Buddhist sense, mindfulness.

**CP:** What is the main difference between teaching graduate political science students and psychoanalytic students?

**EVW:** With political theory students, the aim is to impart the skills of textual and historical interpretation. With psychoanalytic students, my aim is help them improve their ability to listen—or, to use the formula from my Nietzsche book, to tolerate the maximum of anxiety with the minimum of defense. For a number of years, Lenny Comess and I taught a clinical seminar together, “Maintaining the Analytic Space,” which was based on this orientation toward psychoanalytic practice.

**CP:** Have any black students had a problem with you as a white man teaching African-American history, as has sometimes been the case elsewhere?

**EVW:** I have actually never had the problem, despite teaching courses on black nationalism. Sometimes there is skepticism at the beginning of a quarter, but I encourage people to speak out if they are concerned about it. Beyond that, I’m completely forthright about my own position—not making claims that I know black folks better than black folks know themselves. At the same time, I’m good at articulating an African-American perspective, so black students tend to feel recognized. When I first taught a course on Malcolm, back in 1980, I was worried about this issue—but relieved when, by quarter’s end, someone referred to me as a “white black nationalist.”

**CP:** In my experience political scientists are generally much more open to psychoanalysis than historians. Is this also true in California and how do you explain this phenomenon?

**EVW:** It’s quite the opposite around these parts. Political scientists pride themselves on being social scientists (think quantitative methods and game theory). Political theorists, historians, and many in the humanities are much more open to psychoanalytic thinking (although mainly in its Lacanian or other French modes). The more general point is that hidebound empiricism and thinking psychologically don’t go well together.

**CP:** What is your experience with the University of California Interdisciplinary Psychoanalytic Consortium?

**EVW:** Peter Loewenberg, Nancy Chodorow, and Bob Nemiroff are the founders of the Consortium. Until this year, it met annually at a University of California facility in the San Bernardino Mountains. Each year there was a general theme with plenary sessions and workshops grouped around it. Saturday nights we viewed films; the discussions following were among the most interesting. Graduate students were participants as well, so we've been conscious of issues of inter-generational continuity.

I might add that the large number of people involved in these meetings, from a wide variety of disciplines and cutting across generational cohorts, speaks to the vitality of psychoanalytic thinking in academia. Also, a significant number of people, whose first area of professional training is academic, have also undertaken psychoanalytic training.

**CP:** Of which of your six books are you most proud?

**EVW:** I have a fondness for *The Revolutionary Personality* because it embodies my relationship to Martha. But it's the work of a good student, who could make economical use of what he had been taught. I'm least proud of *Personality and Politics*, which really never got my full attention. I began to define myself in *The Victims of Democracy* and in some sense everything I have published since is a refinement of its basic perspective. But the book itself is burdened with remnants of psychical energy theorizing and too much Hegelianism. *Psychoanalytic-Marxism: Groundwork* summed up twenty-plus years of work and I'd say it's the most useful of my publications.

This brings me to *Inside/Outside Nietzsche*. After I had finished *Psychoanalytic-Marxism: Groundwork*, I was looking for something that would challenge its basic concepts. The obvious contemporary opposition came from Foucault (1926-84); both *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison* (1978) and *The History of Sexuality, I* (1978) can be seen as neo-Nietzschean. Further, I liked teaching Nietzsche, because he's the joker in the deck of Western political philosophy. He plays that role so well because of the linked principles of the overman, will to power, and eternal return in his later

work. Of this triad, I thought the will to power—the basic drive in all things to overcome resistance—had to be taken seriously. For if Nietzsche were correct and all utilitarian (interest-based) and hedonic (pleasure and pain-based) principles were a secondary matter, then the theoretical edifice I'd built would have been overturned—to say nothing of the works of the real builders of Western political philosophy! So *Inside/Outside* is set up as a confrontation between psychoanalysis (with psychoanalytic-marxism in the background) and Nietzsche. It has two biographically based chapters, on eternal return and the feminine. But the core of the endeavor is the appropriation of the will to power and perspectivism for psychoanalytic employment (both clinical and theoretical). As to the former, my reformulation of the will to power is: overcoming pain to gain pleasure, including the pleasure of overcoming pain. I argue that what clinical practice requires is the disciplined suspension or suppression of the will to power, which translates into tolerating the maximum of anxiety with the minimum of defense.

**CP:** I found your 1967 *Revolutionary Personality* to be especially helpful in my early psychohistorical teaching about Lenin, Trotsky, and Gandhi. Has it been translated into other languages and is it still in print?

**EVW:** I'm glad it was of use to you, and thanks for saying so. It's not in print, so far as I know; it was translated into Portuguese.

**CP:** As an author you have been quite prolific. How do you explain this?

**EVW:** Not all that prolific—I have been at it for over forty years, after all. But I like to write and problem solve—and to lose myself in lives and worlds other than my own. I'd say that writing projects in my adult life is in part the successor to reading fiction when I was a boy. Not that I ever stopped reading fiction, but especially after my mother's death I lived inside of books (although not to the exclusion of ordinary boyish and adolescent sociability). Anyhow, I'm happiest when I'm in the middle of a writing project.

**CP:** You have written about both Malcolm X and Nietzsche. Are there any comparisons you would like to make between them?

**EVW:** I think there are some commonalities linking Malcolm X and Trotsky. Both were highly intelligent, in love with the word, extraordinary speakers, and men of principle. But Malcolm and Nietzsche are about as different as any two people could be; my interest in them was quite different. Malcolm I did take as personally exemplary and I meant to honor as well as learn from him. With Nietzsche, it was a matter of respectful intellectual combat and not a personal engagement.

**CP:** What are you working on now? What is its importance and when do you expect to have it published?

**EVW:** I have just finished a study of W.E.B. Du Bois's *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903), which Cornell University Press is publishing, probably in the spring of 2007. It bears the straightforward title, *Reading the Souls of Black Folk*. It's the first full-length interpretive study/narrative reconstruction of this canonical text, written from a non-reductive psychoanalytic perspective.

Du Bois is one of the great figures and leading intellectuals in African-American and European-American history and culture. He's very different from Malcolm, except in strength of character, intelligence, and commitment to the progress of black people. *Souls* is his most consequential work. It was famous first for its critique of Booker T. Washington and then for the linked notions of the Veil, double-consciousness, and two-ness (dual identity, American and African). There is a very large critical literature on it. For my part, I began teaching it some years ago and came up with ideas for an article or two. But as I was working on them and reading and re-reading the text, a unifying interpretation emerged, cutting beneath the appearance of the book as a collection of loosely linked articles. So I ended up writing a book about a book, motivated most of all by the desire to give added recognition to Du Bois's achievement.

Next up is a volume of essays, tentatively titled *Beneath the Color-Line*. The frame and first part of the book sets up a debate about folk and high culture between Du Bois and Zora Neale Hurston. The second part is an integrative and phenomenological reading of three novels by Toni Morrison: *Tar Baby*, *Beloved*, and *Jazz*.

**CP:** Have you published, or do you plan to publish,

an autobiography or any autobiographical writings?

**EVW:** No, except in the sense that whatever we write is autobiographical in one way or another.

**CP:** What is your primary professional affiliation?

**EVW:** I think of the yin of my professional identity as clinical practice and the yang as teaching. I write for the pleasure of self-expression, to solve problems presented by texts or circumstances, and to occupy the mental space of imagination. I think of myself as working theoretically within the psychoanalytic-marxist or critical theory tradition. I'm increasingly preoccupied with matters of race and gender. If I try to cut through these modalities, I'd say I'm a psychoanalytic psychologist at heart.

**CP:** How do you define *psychohistory*?

**EVW:** I know *Clio's Psyche* has been exploring this issue, and with considerable subtlety. My simple formula is: interpreting history in depth psychologically.

**CP:** What is the importance of childhood to psychohistory?

**EVW:** Obviously very important, so long as we recognize that "childhood" is itself historically and variably determined. For the most part, I think one does best by working from historical circumstance and adult choices of action back through familial relations to childhood, and then forward reconstructively, rather than beginning with childhood as a self-sufficient starting point.

**CP:** What special training was most helpful in your doing psychohistorical work?

**EVW:** The politics of the 1960s forced me to take history seriously—which is also to say that I'm pretty much self-taught when it comes to doing history. I don't really have a historian's sensibility. Be that as it may, those experiences and then clinical work have been foundational. My graduate work in political science taught me methodological discipline but little else. My undergraduate education, although not special training, was of far greater lasting value than my graduate work.

**CP:** What training should a person entering psychohistory and political psychology pursue?

**EVW:** Assuming the psychology involved is more or less psychoanalytic, actual psychoanalytic experience

seems to me invaluable. Of course, a good psychohistorian should also be a good historian.

**CP:** How do you see psychohistory and political psychology developing in the next decade? What is the impact of psychohistory on your area of expertise?

**EVW:** I think psychoanalytic approaches to culture are gaining wide acceptance, although mainly along Lacanian and post-Lacanian lines. If I take the two major foci of my work, critical social theory and African-American culture, then I'd say there is good psychological and historical work being done, but not much of both together.

**CP:** Please list the five people who you think have made the greatest contribution to psychohistory in order of their contribution.

**EVW:** Sigmund Freud because he's the *pater familias* and Erik Erikson as the real founder. Then I'd say your community of scholars, more than any one other individual.

**CP:** Now for a series of questions: how do you explain the growth and psychology of fundamentalism; what do you think about the psychology and psychodynamics of violence in our world and victimization; and how do you understand the psychology of terrorism?

**EVW:** Maybe I should just say something about how I view the current historical conjuncture, as the French Marxists used to say. The big issue is globalizing capitalism and its pathological by-products. The fall of the Berlin Wall and the end of the Cold War are important in this regard. I was happy, as were most of my Marxist friends, to see Soviet Marxism come to an end. It was oppressive to the people under its control; it was terribly destructive ecologically; and it was used as an ideological hammer in this country to beat on people like me. One historical consequence is that the classical Marxist vision of the future must for the most part be consigned to the past. The global capitalists, now without any significant opposition, are systematically undercutting the tenuous balance between social welfare and corporate profit that was the class struggle trade-off in the Western democracies. Rampant development aimed at capital accumulation and not human welfare is the result.

Let me shift the focus. Globalization mobil-

izes a kind of instrumental rationality, on the one hand, and the various fundamentalisms we are now confronting, on the other. The latter reflect the contradictions of capitalist development, although they are not directly reducible to economic factors. The various fundamentalisms both rationalize and legitimate ur-Fascistic tendencies, of which two are most basic. There is, first, a politics of *ressentiment*—politics originating not only in relative powerlessness but even more in the envious desire to destroy that which is more powerful and admirable. Ur-Fascism enacts an overriding *will to destroy*, no matter what the price paid from the perspective of an interest-based rationality. Second, the will to destroy can take the form of a politics of revenge. The latter is based in the experience, actual or imagined, of *humiliation and attendant narcissistic rage*. Think here of the misbegotten war in Iraq as a response to the 9/11 attacks. As to terrorism, it grows out of these fundamentalisms (including here that form of terrorism known as the "War on Terror").

Next, to spend a moment with our own national situation, we are the beneficiaries of the long march of freedom beginning with Reconstruction after the Civil War and ending with the passing of the Civil Rights Act in 1964 and Voting Rights Act in 1965, the women's movement extending from the nineteenth century suffrage movement to *Roe v. Wade* and modern feminism, the gay rights movement, and the various social trends and political movements that have created our current multicultural situation. At one time, I would have said we are the beneficiaries of the labor movement as well. But who, one might ask, are "we"? For as the other progressive movements advanced, labor (except now in the service industries) languished and retreated, in the face of triumphalist and globalizing capitalism. So, given this regression consequent to globalization and the consequences of social progress, the former "backbone" of U.S. society—white middle class people—are insecure and anxious. Just so, they become susceptible to the rationalized ur-Fascistic appeals of the Right, and the hard-won gains of progressive social movements are called into question.

Finally, the worst news is ecological. It is patent that there are not enough resources on this planet for all people to live at the current American standard. Also, as especially India and China



advance, the strain on resources is going to grow exponentially. Meanwhile, it seems that in the next few years we'll reach the tipping points in oil production and global warming; and I don't think (to use just the right metaphor) there's a snowball's chance in hell that anything near the measures needed are going to be taken before time runs out.

In a recent commencement address, I said to the graduates: only by touching the wounds in the heart of the world can we begin to heal them. How many national leaders do you suppose would be willing to take those words seriously?

**CP:** To some extent, especially in parts of California, Latinos appear to be taking the place of African-Americans as the underclass of American society. What are your thoughts on this issue?

**EVW:** It is true that the simple bipolarity of white over black has been replaced by the complexities of multi-culturalism. There is a very large and diverse Latino population in California, especially here in LA and the San Joaquin Valley—part of which is black. Further, the immigration issue has a lot of heat around it, with in-group/out-group dynamics being mobilized by many right-wing and even moderate white leaders. Meanwhile there is a successful if embattled black middle class, which is the visible part of the black community. The upshot is that poor black folks who, along with poor Latinos and poor white folks, remain the underclass and underdogs are invisible, except in exploited crime and prison statistics and the stereotypes of rap music.

**CP:** Thank you for participating in our featured scholar interview series. □

## In Memoriam: Jean Baker Miller

**Teresa Bernardez  
Michigan State University**

The noted feminist, psychoanalyst and social activist, Jean Baker Miller, MD, died on July 29, 2006 at her home in Brookline, Massachusetts after a thirteen-year-long struggle with emphysema and the lifelong impact of polio she had contracted as a ten-month-old child. She was born September 29, 1927, in the Bronx, New York to parents of modest means and attended public schools, including Hunter College High School. As a scholarship student Jean

went to Sarah Lawrence College and Columbia University where she earned her medical degree. After training in Psychiatry and Psychoanalysis, she taught at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Harvard University and Boston University, while maintaining a private practice.

Baker's 1976 groundbreaking book *Toward a New Psychology of Women* traced the connection between women's mental health and sociopolitical forces. (It was translated into over twenty languages.) This marked the start of the development of the relational-cultural theory which maintains that women's relational capacities and emotional accessibility are essential human strengths and not weaknesses as traditionally regarded. Dr. Baker Miller co-authored *The Healing Connection: How Women Form Relationships In Therapy and In Life* (1998) and *Women's Growth In Connection* (1991). She also edited *Psychoanalysis and Women* (1971) and numerous articles.

Dr. Baker Miller was the Director of the Stone Center for Developmental Studies at Wellesley in 1981 and later its Director of Education. In 1995, with others, she founded the Jean Baker Miller Training Institute where relational-cultural theory was taught to practitioners and business professionals. Jean is survived by her husband of fifty years, S.M. (Mike) Miller, an emeritus professor of sociology at Boston University, two sons, and a grandson. On October 7, 2006 a memorial was held for her at Wellesley College.

*Teresa Bernardez, MD, is a psychiatrist/training and supervising psychoanalyst and a founding member of The Michigan Psychoanalytic Council. She was a Professor of Psychiatry at Michigan State University and a training and supervising faculty member at the Menninger Clinic. She served on the Board of the Wellesley Center for Women and is one of the founders of the Jean Baker Miller Training Institute. She has a psychoanalytic private practice in East Lansing, Michigan and may be reached at [bernar20@msu.edu](mailto:bernar20@msu.edu). □*

### Call for Papers

We seek papers applying psychoanalytic, psychohistorical, psychopolitical, and historical concepts to our world—its history, and future. Papers are normally no more than 1500 words and without technical terminology. For details go to [cliospsyche.org](http://cliospsyche.org) or contact the editor at [pelovitz@aol.com](mailto:pelovitz@aol.com).

## Jean Baker Miller: Changing the World a Day at a Time

**Teresa Bernardez**  
**Michigan State University and**  
**Private Practice**

When I think of Jean two vivid memories come to mind: one is of my receiving some of the chapters of her groundbreaking book: *Towards a New Psychology of Women* and my excitement in reading it and the other is of Jean and I smoking and laughing in our hotel room. We often shared rooms in those early days in the seventies because we were some of the few smokers left. Those were heady times; the women's movement was at a peak and spreading into every classroom and every home and moving into the inhospitable male bastions to bring change and freedom to women everywhere.

We were powerfully influenced and inspired by Betty Friedan's "Feminist Mystique," Adrienne Rich, Gloria Steinem, Phyllis Chesler, and other sisters of the feminist movement of the sixties. I had just moved to a University position at Michigan State University's Department of Psychiatry in an innovative and welcoming medical school. I had left organized psychoanalysis disheartened by its misconceptions about women, and their disavowing of our right to revolt. I pursued my interest in psychoanalysis on my own and began to write about my views of the socio-cultural norms that ruled the behavior of women. Jean came to meet me after my first presentation at American Psychiatric Association (APA) on "Women and Anger" and shortly after I received her chapters.

With her, we joined innumerable battles at home, at the university, in the medical school, and nationally with a courageous group of women psychiatrists determined to bring the women's revolution to the American Psychiatric Association.

We shared moments of great excitement in our determination to transform the ways our discipline saw the diagnosis and treatment of women. Jean's brilliant insights were accompanied by a great humility and simplicity of manner. She was of delicate figure and yet transmitted a strength of character and an authority in her very presence that

was compelling. She had had polio as a child that left her with an atrophied leg and limp. But she did not let that get in her way. Gentle, rational and persuasive, she was a careful listener as well. We had similar aims and similar upbringings in psychoanalysis, having been similarly disillusioned by discriminatory practices and rigid theorizing.

Jean had formed an intimate work group with Irene Stiver, Judith Jordan, Janet Surrey, and Alexandra Kaplan, her collaborators in a number of projects in Boston. For my part, being the only woman professor in my department, I had to gradually create a cadre of women students and colleagues with feminist aspirations and join the few women faculty in the University to organize our efforts. Jean and I shared each other's struggles and fought many battles together in the national arena. We were few women psychiatrists: with Alexandra Symmonds we stood firm for the passing of the ERA, (the Equal Rights Amendment), we opened up the curriculum of courses and the presentation of papers and panels by women in the annual convention and began a serious revision of the approaches to the psychotherapy of women.

A significant accomplishment of Jean was the development of a relational theory of development that vindicated the strengths of women in areas that had been pathologized and revealed the importance of connections and interdependence rather than the spurious conception of "autonomy." On my part I placed the lens on the suppressed expression of anger in women and its relationship with an environment that designated her role as subordinate. Because of my having been educated in the Argentine culture where I was not a victim of sexism and racism, I could observe in the U.S. the specific cultural restrictions placed on women and the expectations of docility assigned to a model of femininity totally incongruous with the reality of women's lives. I wanted to give anger against injustice a place among the healthy attributes of persons of any gender and to stimulate its liberation from a yoke of fear and despair. Those differences in the theoretical realm and in our clinical practice were enriching and led to our collaboration in courses and presentations for colleagues and students. Jean became the Director of the Stone Center for Developmental Studies at Wellesley in 1981. Under her direction, the Center opened its doors to researchers and clinicians in a

new view of creative research since we were all involved in “doing and changing” and not just in “thinking and researching.” Jean was a model of civility and respect of others views: she listened to differences from a position of learning and always found the way to empathize with you. She did not preach empathy, she practiced it. It was that authenticity and congruence in her ideals and behavior that made her efforts so successful. She had “heart” and her generosity with others gained her many friends and followers. She was amazingly free of narcissism and thought her contributions were modest. I remember having to convince her that she had to give a name to her developmental theory. Although I never saw her angry or resentful she was indignant and sometimes frustrated when change was slow and difficult. I was temperamentally quite different from Jean and yet we had a great time together she celebrating my “rabieta” (temper) and my impassioned speeches, I learning from her countenance and tolerance.

In the application of a feminist perspective to our clinical work we both valued the contributions of every one in our fields of psychology, psychiatry and social work as well as the social sciences. She “gave me my voice,” Carol Gilligan said in her memorial and many women colleagues testified to Jean “changing our lives.”

Jean and her group moved further away from psychoanalysis than I did but we remained closely attached to the main goals: to evolve a manner of understanding women in the cultural context and device treatment approaches that revised old assumptions, specially the “doctor-patient relationship.”

It was Jean who alerted me to the possibility of a sabbatical as an Associate at the famous psychoanalytic training ground for object relations and British psychoanalysis, the Tavistock Clinic, where I attempted my own integration of object relations and other relational views of psychoanalysis and the analysis of culture. Jean and her Stone Center Group moved decisively in the de-pathologizing of the relational capacities of women and together we collaborated in presenting many courses, papers, panels and discussions at the American Psychiatric Association, the American Orthopsychiatric Association, the American Group Psychotherapy Association, and the American

Academy of Psychoanalysis and Dynamic Psychiatry. This latter organization gathered and sheltered psychiatrists like us, and unlike the American Psychoanalytic Association it welcomed feminists and the dynamic analysis of culture including women’s issues in courses and papers in the yearly program.

We gradually succeeded in getting a cadre of activists, including Judith Herman, to the Committee on Women of the APA and worked there to introduce reforms and new perspectives that could put us in a position of influence on the issues of diagnosis of women. Jean and I were corresponding and sharing information about innovations in teaching and administration. The series of working papers published by The Stone Center broke away with the customary tendency to select a small group of contributors and involved a larger number of psychotherapists and activists in their publications. They became an exciting forum of diffusion and discussion of new work and new approaches, spreading hope and instruction on how to conduct the treatment of women to preserve and develop their relational talents, giving hope a voice to this silent majority, evolving theory while testing practice.

While I was active on the Admissions committee of my medical school in Michigan and on the Advisory Committee of the Provost in increasing opportunities for women and minorities, Jean was the Director of Education at the Stone Center. In ten years the picture had changed enormously and the efforts of thousands of women made that possible, leading to an inspiring new sense of selfhood in a sustaining community.

Along with others we parted company with APA after a battle over diagnostic labels for women we viewed as biased and unscientific. We concentrated our energies on our local communities. Jean was the founder with several of us of the Jean Baker Miller Training Institute at Wellesley. In my community I joined an exciting group of psychologists, psychoanalysts and feminists in founding a new psychoanalytic institute—the Michigan Psychoanalytic Council in 1989. Despite our local interests, we maintained connections, Jean presenting in our Institute and I by becoming a member of the Board of the Wellesley Centers for Women, supporting the base of financial sustenance for their developing institute.

The last time I saw Jean in 2005, she was in delicate health. We reflected and reminisced on times past, on death and illness. It was a moving dialogue. Jean was keenly alive. She remains that way to me: an indelible, numinous presence. ▢

## In Memoriam: Charles Gouaux (1937-2006)

**Paul H. Elovitz**

**Ramapo College of New Jersey**

At age seventy Victor Charles Gouaux died on June 25, 2006 of cancer of his large intestine, which had metastasized to his liver and vital parts of his body. After his diagnosis in April 2004, he fought a determined and heroic battle for health and life prior to his death at home. As a psychologist in private practice in St. Louis for thirty-five years, he spent the month of April preparing his patients for the termination of their treatment by him. In the process they learned quite a lot about death and dying. Having freed himself from his responsibility for their treatment Charles felt revitalized until his final days.

Charles Gouaux was born in Lake Charles, Louisiana on January 22, 1936 as the oldest of two sons, with an older sister who died at birth a year or so earlier. His father was an accountant and his mother a schoolteacher. After a brief career as an engineer, he enrolled in the Perkins School of Theology where he discovered the pleasures of intellectual pursuits and writing. Following graduation, he attended the University of Texas in Austin where he studied psychology and personality theory, earning a degree in social psychology. Gouaux also did postdoctoral work in clinical psychology at Southwestern Medical School in Dallas. After teaching personality theory at the University of Missouri in St. Louis and working at the university's counseling center, he bought a practice as an individual and group psychotherapist in 1972. Among the psychological thinkers influencing him were Carl Rogers, Harold Searles, D.W. Winnicott, and Heinz Kohut. He was an avid reader of history, religion, and psychology who left a large library.

Many years ago he came to psychohistory as

a member of the International Psychohistorical Association (IPA) and then joined the Psychohistory Forum. He presented a number of times at the IPA, most notably on fathers and methodology. He authored, or coauthored about fifteen articles. His widow is working with this editor and an editorial associate to see if some of his unpublished manuscripts on General "Fighting Joe" Hooker, fairy tales (Perrault, the Grimm brothers, etc.), projective identification, defensive anger, and other subjects might be published in these pages or elsewhere.

Dr. Gouaux served his country as a captain in the Air Force, stationed in Nebraska and the Azores, prior to his discharge in 1960. He requested burial in the Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery for War Veterans. Charles Gouaux is survived by Sue, his wife of thirty-nine years, their son and daughter who are educators, and a son from a brief, earlier marriage. Sue was a teacher who became a certified social worker before establishing her own practice in 1982 in the same suite with him. Condolences may be e-mailed to her at [smgouaux@gmail.com](mailto:smgouaux@gmail.com).

*Paul Elovitz, editor of this publication, knew Charles Gouaux for many years. ▢*

### BULLETIN BOARD

The next **Psychohistory Forum Work-In-Progress Saturday Seminar** is **January 27, 2007** when **Isaac Zieman** (retired psychoanalyst) will present "**Jewish and Universal Lessons from the Holocaust.**" **Eva Fogelman** (Psychologist/Psychoanalyst) and **Flora Hogman** (Psychologist) will also speak on this important subject. **CONFERENCES:** The 30<sup>th</sup> Annual International Psychohistorical Association (IPA) meetings will be at New York University in lower Manhattan on **June 6-8, 2007** and the 30<sup>th</sup> annual meetings of the International Society of Political Psychology (ISPP) will be in Portland Oregon on **July 3-6, 2007**. **NOTES:** Congratulations to **Howard Stein** who is one of thirteen nominees for Oklahoma Poet Laureate on the basis of his poetry including *Prairie Voices; Evocations; Learning Pieces; Sketches on the Prairie;* and *From My Life*. Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton and the Child Development Center/Foundation announced the November 30, 2006 establishment of the **Kestenberg Archive** housing Judith Kestenberg's extensive interviews and papers on child survivors of

the Holocaust. Dr. Kestenber, a former Psychohistory Forum member, died in 1999 at age eighty-eight. **Glen Jeansonne**, Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, is a resident scholar at the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library in Iowa. This year Jeansonne has published *A Time of Paradox: America Since 1890* and *A Time of Paradox: America From the Cold War to the Third Millennium, 1945-Present* and several articles including "Historians Change at a Slower Pace Than History," in the American Historical Association's *Perspectives* (April, 2006). At an international United Jewish Appeal conference on working with Holocaust survivors Flora Hogman gave the November 14<sup>th</sup> talk, "Identity of Hidden Children Through Their Adult Years." **OUR THANKS:** To our members and subscribers for the support that makes Clio's Psyche possible. To Benefactors Herbert Barry, David Beisel, and Ralph Colp; Patrons Andrew Brink, Mary Lambert, Peter Loewenberg, David Lotto, and Shirley Stewart; Sustaining Member Jacques Szaluta; Supporting Members Rudolph Binion, David Felix, Peter Petschauer, Jacqueline Paulsen, and Edryce Reynolds, and Members Sander Breiner, Michael Britton, Paul Elovitz, Glen Jeansonne, Michael Isaacs, and Isaac Zieman. Our appreciation to Forum hosts Flora Hogman and the Shneidmans (Connalee and Lee). Our thanks for thought-provoking materials to Jerrold Atlas, Herbert Barry, David Beisel, Joyce Berkman, Teresa Bernardez, Dick Booth, Sander Breiner, Michael Britton, Don Carveth, Howard Covitz, Dan Dervin, Paul Elovitz, David Felix, Tom Ferraro, Harriet Fraad, F. Lincoln Grahls, Joe Illick, John Knapp, Jerry Kroth, Henry Lawton, Bob Lentz, David Lotto, Ruth Neubauer, Peter Petschauer, Edryce Reynolds, Vivian Rosenberg, Paul Salstrom, Norman Simms, Howard Stein, Hanna Turken, Nancy Unger, Tom Vasilos, and Victor Wolfenstein. To Cathryn Davis for proofreading and Theresa Graziano for proofing/editing/Publisher 2003 soft-ware application. Also, to Bob Lentz for helping to edit the Retirement Special Issue. We wish to thank our numerous referees, who must remain anonymous. □

<><><>CP<><><>

*Applying Psychology to Current Events,  
History, and Society:  
Essays from Clio's Psyche*

Paul H. Elovitz, Editor

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