Clio's Psyche

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

Special Issue
The Psychology of
Ego Ideals, Heroes,
Mentors, and Role Models

International Views of
Health Care

Two Economists
on Currency Trauma

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The Psychology of Ego Ideals, Heroes, Mentors, and Role Models

Exploring the Psychological Roots of the Need to Emulate

Paul H. Elovitz—Ramapo College

Enthusiasm and Ambivalence for the Idea of This Special Issue

When Peter Petschauer proposed a special issue on heroes and role models, I welcomed the suggestion, but not without some ambivalence. Young people I know thirst for heroes and role models, as have all of the generations of college students I have taught. However, their judgments as to who constitutes a good role model are often faulty, as they are inclined to confuse celebrity with achievement and what was called "character" in the 19th century. In teaching senior -level students in courses on leadership, I have stressed their need to develop leadership skills, career plans, and mentorship relationships with role models.

I came to appreciate the mentorship system from psychoanalytic training and my research as a historian. The essence of training to become an analyst was the one-on-one work with my analyst and with my control analysts, rather than the mostly interesting course work. I experienced it as a type of apprenticeship. The literal apprenticeships of many of the inventors, innovators, and entrepreneurs who created the first industrial society in England offered the advantage of up-close role models and mentors mostly lost in our modern educational system. These were people whose lives I probed in archives in Great Britain and great American research libraries. Their examples inspired me to consider my position as a role model and mentor to my students and the

young people who assist me in producing Clio's Psyche.

Any idea coming from Peter Petschauer deserves attention because he is a history colleague and human being who, in my experience with him, improves whatever he touches. Here are some examples. Rather than look for a more prestigious institution after he started his professorial career in a then-backwater university in the mountains of North Carolina, he did yeoman service to improve it, devoting his last years to creating and directing a mentorship and support center for faculty and staff. Even in "retirement" he works hard for its visual arts center. Professor Petschauer's use of role models helps me to understand how he achieved much despite the difficulties of growing up during World War II and its aftermath, with a mother who was nearly incapable of doing much nurturing and a father whom he seldom saw. His father relocated him during the war to the mountains of South Tyrol with the expectation that he and his brother would have ready access to food and would be safer there. He grew up in a world of women—whose men were away at war—and subsequently wrote a doctoral dissertation on a woman—the German-born Empress Catherine II of Russia. The death of his brother due to inadequate medical care did not dampen his spirits for long, and he thrived in various boarding schools despite loneliness and the incarceration of his father by the American army. As a 17-year-old, he emigrated to the U.S. where he refused to settle for the life of a factory worker, soon becoming a night student at New York University, and eventually attaining there his doctoral degree. When his first marriage faltered, he picked himself up again and eventually made a wonderful life with his second wife, Joni, whom he often mentions in his writing. Even as he enters his seventh decade, he continues to grow; for example, I find his writing style to be much better now than it was a quarter century ago. Yes, for me, Peter Petschauer has been a model of a most decent human being who

uses the heroes and role models he finds to create a good life and to improve our world.

I should note that Peter Petschauer's search for heroes is intimately connected with the struggle to find his father. Most of his adult life, he feared that this seemingly gentle man, a German diplomat in Italy and after 1940 a lieutenant in the SS, had committed horrible crimes during WWII. Three decades after his father's death, he found the records of the secondary Nuremberg Trials and discovered that the father was not the monster the son had feared, but rather a disillusioned officer who was threatened with being put in Dachau when he realized the full monstrosity of the Nazi regime. By then, Peter had learned to adopt more traditional heroes and became open later in life to the sorts of mentors he discusses in "My Literary Role Models: Three Men and One Woman."

My initial uncertainties about this special issue were related to several questions. How would it be sufficiently psychological and psychoanalytic? What would academic psychologists and psychoanalysts think of the loose usage of both these terms? Might some historians be inclined to mutter about "the repudiated 'great man' theory of history" as the very notion of heroes brought to mind the essayist and historian Thomas Carlyle's *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History* (1841), Nietzsche, and the adoration of Hitler. Adding ego ideals to the title of the issue steered it in a psychoanalytic direction—though when I think of ego ideals, I have a sense that they are "heroes of the mind," and thus, not very different from traditional heroes. Whatever they are called—role models, heroes, or ego ideals—they represent a type of idealized self for those who seek to better themselves or who feel vulnerable or inadequate. For Freud, ego ideals were transformational elements in his development as the creator of psychoanalysis, as spelled out by Jacques Szaluta in a whole series of articles, including

"Freud's Heroes and Ego Ideals" in this issue. Millicent Lambert, "Heroes Are What I Am Not," shows how her life-long search for role models and heroes has been an effort to compensate for trauma she suffered as a very young child. Of course, the stronger our egos, the greater our ability to accept the mentoring of role models with the right elements for us, and the less need we have to search for an idealized self.

Freud as the Ego Ideal of Psychoanalysis and Psychohistory

Sigmund Freud invented psychoanalysis, out of which psychohistory has developed. His incredible contributions have enabled us to see ourselves, others, and the world so much more accurately then our predecessors have been able to view the individual and society. I personally enjoy reading Freud and about him; indeed, I have *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud* and the six-volume *Concordance to the Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud* on my bookshelves. Nevertheless, I am most selective of what aspects of Freud I choose to emulate.

As a human being, historian, and psychoanalyst, I am quite wary of idealization. When I have idealized people in my own life, mostly because they seemed to have characteristics I lacked or did not feel confident in the exercise of, it did not make me a better person nor bring me closer to either reality or them. It mainly blinded me to some aspects of their personalities. As a psychohistorian, I have always resisted the inclination I have observed at the professional meetings of various psychoanalytic societies to focus overwhelmingly on the writings and thoughts of this great Austrian. My Freudian ego ideals are his courage, creativity, humanism, methodology, and willingness to face the dark side of our nature. He had the courage to probe his own unconscious, right down to interpreting a dream revealing his death wish for a

beloved son who was fighting in World War I. Freud had the courage to keep working, despite the incredible pain caused by cancer, the resulting 30 operations, and the awkward wooden apparatus holding his jaw together after some of those medical procedures. It is Freud's methodology of probing the unconscious that inspires me rather than his failed work as a historian and the specific positions he took on the Oedipus complex, death wish, and penis envy.

It is the Freud who built the psychoanalytic movement who inspired me, not the Freud who insisted upon a high level of orthodoxy and broke off relations with those who strayed too far from the fold of what he defined as orthodoxy. It is good to know Freud's writing, but not to let it slip into becoming a kind of Gospel, as is all too common among some devotees of the *Old Testament*, the *New Testament*, and the *Qur'an*. In my capacity as a psychohistorical institution builder, I have been inspired by Freud's divisive choices to step around certain pitfalls he failed to avoid.

Mentorship in My Life

Clio's Psyche and the Psychohistory Forum have benefited from my parental role models being workaholics. My immigrant parents worked extremely hard and long hours, thus setting an example that would influence me throughout my life. Although I only lived above "the store" in which they worked for five years, it and its work was a focal center of my existence. I couldn't wait to be allowed to sweep the floor and do other menial tasks the way my older brother did. I was told school was supposed to be "my work," and despite my period of rebellion, school in the form of expanding knowledge, learning, knowing, and teaching has become my life's work. My teachers were certainly important mentors, although I did not always warm up to their concern. For example, the vocal prejudices of an eighth-grade teacher against Italian-American classmates seemed grossly unfair to me. Consequently, I was embarrassed by

her interest in me and distanced myself from her. In contrast, my teacher Ms. McGovern's love of history and learning was so transparent that I welcomed her encouragement and suggestions.

Sidney Halpern (1927-94), a colleague at Temple University where we taught Western Civilization in adjacent rooms, introduced me to psychoanalysis and psychohistory. Over coffee, he heard my despair at my lack of progress in writing my dissertation on the English Industrial Revolution, and suggested we meet on a regular basis so I could explain my research and literary roadblocks. Although he was a professor of ancient history and I was a modern European historian writing about a late 18th and early 19th century subject in English history, he was enormously helpful. Sid simply listened, and then made suggestions based upon what I had told him. As the sole supporter of my wife and three children, I had to write that dissertation, yet I was totally blocked every time I tried. (It did not help that my first memories of writing were of not being able to write!) But when Sid spoke, my thoughts appeared worthy of writing down. I soon went from someone who felt he couldn't write, to someone who had a friend who would be a sounding board to help him get past any and all problems of research and writing.

As I realized that I would be able to complete my dissertation, I became more and more curious as to what Sid was teaching in his classroom, since it was certainly different than what I taught in mine, with my pedagogy being based upon the knowledge gained from having studied with some of the best scholars in the field. This soon led to my auditing the very class I was teaching, which was a totally different course with Professor Sidney Halpern, who had the insights of a personal psychoanalysis, some psychoanalytic training, and extensive reading in the field of psychoanalysis. I found myself reading a psychobiography of Sir Isaac Newton and then every book on psychoanalysis I could get my hands on,

especially in applied psychoanalysis. The whole new world of the unconscious was opened up to me.

Although I had, and have, enormous affection and appreciation for my colleague's friendship, knowledge, and mentorship, I never wanted to *be* Sid Halpern. We had totally different personalities with divergent values. He was a contrarian who enjoyed scandalizing people, while I prefer putting people at ease. Sidney also was a Jewish chauvinist who had once picketed the White House because Nixon had invited French Premier George Pompidou, who sold jet aircraft to Israel's enemy Egypt, for a presidential dinner. However, when Nixon was on the road to impeachment, Sid became one of his strongest supporters. My marching and picketing were against the American involvement in Southeastern Asia, Richard Nixon, and for civil rights. He was as passionately for the war in Vietnam as I was against it. He thought the Save-the-Earth Movement was based on misinformation and hysteria, but his suggestions for the environmental studies week I was co-organizing before the first Earth Day were most helpful.

Although I "perished rather than published" at Temple University, before I departed for Ramapo College I was able to help Halpern become the dean at the small campus where we both taught. (He become a major administrator in a time of academic crisis.) It felt good to give something back to a friend and mentor who had helped me in so many ways. The Psychohistory Forum continues to sponsor the Sidney Halpern Award for Outstanding Contributions to Psychohistory. It should also be pointed out that the Forum's Work-In-Progress Seminars are designed to nurture; that is, to mentor scholars by providing historical, psychohistorical, psychological, or any other knowledge we can to strengthen their work.

Parents, Siblings, Caretakers, and Teachers as Our Earliest Role Models and Mentors

Merle Molofsky, "My Mother as My Ego Ideal," elaborates on the impact of her immigrant mother on her life and values. As children, we learn by identifying with our mother, father, siblings, and later, with our teachers and others. David Lotto, "Freud and Me: Idealization and Over-idealization," insightfully elaborates on this when he discusses how we learn by the processes of imitation, incorporation, introjection, internalization, and idealization. These things "from the outside world," which are "somehow taken inside, digested, metabolized, and turned into a part of you," are the things that caused the formation of our psychic structure. Yet, parents usually go off to work leaving others and television as caretakers of the children; teachers divide their time among 15 to 40 children at a time. Children often form a group identity, which is in opposition to the goals of the teachers, as a result of their frustration in not getting the full parental attention they crave when they want it. Rather than having the models of their parents working before them, as has been the case for most of our human history, they have little notion of what their parents actually do, aside from them getting in their cars or buses to go to faraway places called "work." Is it any wonder why youngsters become so enamored by the celebrities they see on televisions, online, and in the movies? These distant heroes and role models are the imagined, idealized selves of the young and have little to do with the realities of ordinary life. The imaginative worlds and the real worlds that their parents would like to prepare them for are often galaxies apart.

Celebrities as Role Models

Usually, celebrities are terrible role models! They are far more fantasy than reality to those who view them or read about them. They are distant objects, the reality of which is always dubious because more often than not the autobiogra-

phies they supposedly write are the work of some publicists or professional writers. Yet, these are the heroes and role models of so many young people. This is reflected in the number of college students flocking to the School of Contemporary Arts at my college. While I have enormous regard for the arts, the realities for the overwhelming number of these students is that they neither have the special talent nor the drive that will enable them to make a living in this extraordinarily competitive field. Similarly, many students are drawn to sports with dreams of great fame and wealth. The sad reality for those pursuing this dream is that they are 1,000 times more likely to have a sports injury that will pain them for the rest of their life than to succeed in living their dreams of becoming a rich professional athlete. The costs and pressures on those in sports are spelled out in the articles by Tom Ferraro, "Falling Heroes, Why Heroes Tend to Self-Destruct;" Christine Silverstein, "My Hero is a Nine-year-old: Not a Celebrity;" and Stanley Teitelbaum, "Sports Heroes and Mental Health Problems." I encourage each student to find a passion and build his or her future life around it where possible; however, as a strong advocate of realistic goals I recognize that a life of economic and professional frustration is not a fulfilling life.

Celebrity heroes are fine to look at on a screen at a distance, but in the end they constitute poor ego ideals, heroes, and role models. Reality television shows proliferate not simply because they are inexpensive to produce, but because it is easier for the audience to identify with the ordinary people who are having their 15 minutes of fame. Young people need to find role models up close, as well as at a distance.

Mentorship and the Fear of Being a Mentorship or Protégé

Bonnie Oglensky, "The 'M'-Word," highlights the importance of mentorship and the fear that is commonplace

among people who are fulfilling a mentorship role for someone seeking a mentorship. She explains this reluctance in terms of fear of self-aggrandizement and long term obligation, as well as boundary, control, and power issues. These fears may be mutual in all relationships with elements of mentoring. Peter Petschauer found a definite reluctance to accept the idea of mentorship in the mentoring center he headed at his university. Clearly there are power relations involved when someone becomes a disciple or protégé—the question of power granted is extremely important. Sexuality also may arise in such close relationships. Some modern historians of ancient Greece have depicted homosexual relationships whereby an older man sexually used an adolescent boy as involving issues of mentorship.

Student resistance to helpful mentoring by teachers can be considerable. Most 18 to 22-year-olds don't like to be singled out from the class as a whole. The exceptions I have noticed are among incoming freshmen who can be quite worried about their ability to perform in college, very needy students in general, students who are used to being helped by their elders because of warm relationships with grandparents or much older parents, and those who have a strong sense of self, and therefore need to be less concerned about being close to the teacher.

In a sense, most teaching involves elements of mentorship. Jeffrey Berman, "The Professor As the Role Model For Love, Loss, and Recovery," helps his literature students deal with the most personal and difficult of issues: death. Harold Takooshian, "The Courage of Stanley Milgram," is one of a number of former Milgram graduate students who have attested to the extraordinary impact of this remarkable professor on knowledge and the field of social psychology in this journal. Special types of mentorship teaching are those of the control analyst of the psychoanalytic candidate and the voice coach and her student as described by Susan Gregory,

"Mrs. Seyfert and Mozart." Michael Isaacs, "Career and Personal Role Models, Heroes, and Mentors," traces role models throughout his life, which has taken him to law, psychoanalysis, and yoga and meditation. It is noteworthy that those who inspire him have gone from being entirely men to predominately women.

The neediness of young students is often striking, as illustrated by LaToya Lewis' account, "How the Gift of Compassion Changed My Life," of her being rescued from dire circumstances as a fourth-grader by a kindly teacher who helped her to identify learning as a way out of an African American inner city cycle of poverty when growing up with a schizophrenic mother. Fortunately, she was able to accept his "gift of compassion." Her case reminds me of that of a businessman, born in a displaced persons camp after World War II, who grew up with a schizophrenic mother who adored her only child. Beyond intensely loving him to the best of her abilities and imparting a sense of his specialness, she could give him much less help than most mothers. In life, he had to figure out many things on his own. For example, he learned to drive simply by watching others do it. Although he could not articulate many of his needs or readily take help directly, he found positive people in his life he could emulate. As stated earlier, an enormous amount of learning in life occurs through the process of identification, which is one reason why role models are so important in life, and mentorship is a bonus even if it is approached warily by many who shy away from the labels "mentor" and "protégé."

Of course, there are some who welcome mentorship. For example, during his long career as an overworked, self-trained case worker for the New Jersey Department of Youth and Family Services, the psychohistorian Henry Lawton used his psychoanalytic and psychohistorical knowledge to greatly improve the prospects of some youths lost in the foster care system. One woman feels such intense gratitude to Henry for

his extraordinary efforts on her behalf that she wrote an article on him as her mentor and role model.

Whether the "M" word label is accepted or not, the act of mentorship is enormously important in the lives of many people.

The President as Role Model

American presidents are portrayed as being admirable and heroic to the youth of the country. However lacking they may be in personal charisma and heroic deeds, they have enormous appeal by virtue of their presidential office. The psychological role of presidents should not be belittled, especially in times of crisis. For instance, the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, as revealed by the research of Martha Wolfenstein whose co-edited 1965 book, *Children and the Death of a President: Multidisciplinary Studies* had a profound impact even on kindergarteners who had previously never heard of JFK. The president serves as a role model not simply for the children of the country, but for adults as well. This is why there are so many pure myths about presidents, such as George Washington never telling a lie, even as a boy when asked if he cut down the cherry tree. However ambivalent adults may feel about a particular occupant of the White House, he is the person in charge of keeping us safe while we sleep, work, or lose ourselves in the fantasies of television and other electronic devices. People are inclined to think well of him (and some day "her"), even while opposing particular policies. The president is put forth as a role model to the youth. Consequently, in electronically searching through public library card categories, I must be careful to exclude books on presidents listed under the category of "adolescent" and "juvenile" lest I be inundated by them.

Fatherless Obama As Father, Hero, Mentor, and Role Model

At his inauguration on January 20, 2009, Barack

Obama was a terrific role model for many Americans. The inspiring story of an African American boy raised by his single mother and his grandparents who goes on to become president is ready-made for children's books and made-for-television movies. A year into his presidency, there are innumerable laudatory adult and children's book about him. You can also go to the bookstore, where you can choose between two Barack Obama calendars and an Obama quote-of-the-day calendar from which you get your daily inspiration before ripping it off to face a new day with a new inspiration from the President.

Barack Hussein Obama grew up bearing the name of a brilliant, idealized, absent father who abandoned his family before his son was even a year old, and who appeared only once in the boy's life when he was 10 years old. President Obama's literary success is based upon his book, *Dreams From My Father.* Obama used the occasion of his first Father's Day as president to go to an African American church to exhort fathers to step up to be a part of their children's lives, setting an expectation of excellence and teaching their children empathy. He spoke of the "toll" being fatherless took on him and of his resolution "to break the cycle" of abandoning fathers by being "a good father to my girls," the "rock…on which to build their lives," as "the greatest gift I could offer." Although he preaches the importance of being with your children (close rather than absent fathering), by choosing the profession of the "Father of the Country" he is required to be away from them for long periods of time.

Idealization and Denigration

Molly Castelloe Fong, "The Statues of Central Park," focuses on how the statues in New York help immigrant and ethnic groups develop a sense of acceptance in our country, highlighting the important subject of idealization. Statues are made for people to emphasize their specialness. Yet I cannot think of statues without having images of those of Marx,

Lenin, Stalin, and Saddam Hussein being torn down. Putting people on pedestals is a way to protect them from negative feelings, since every hero may very well become an anti-hero. No amount of building statues of heroes of the moment can protect the reputation of somebody from these processes of denigration following idealization. A major reason for denigrating the formerly idealized individual is the unrealistic expectation. Even if most citizens did not bother going out to vote, they expect presidents to almost magically change things once in office. In "Presidential Savior Fantasies and the Election of Barack Obama" (March 2009) in this journal, David Beisel wrote about the impossible-to-fulfill expectations the President faced as he entered office.

The dynamics of idealization and denigration became clear to me in the course of writing presidential psychobiographies for over three decades, when I realized it wasn't just failed, "bad presidents," like Richard Nixon, who got knocked off the pedestal, but that all presidents were subject to the contrary impulses of being built up and knocked down by the electorate. The impulse to denigrate correlates with a declining economy, disappointed expectations, fears of abandonment toward the end of a term in office, and especially fear that the leader is weak; that he cannot protect the country.

The processes of idealization and denigration go on with almost anyone in the public eye, although they are especially intense with those related to politics. Thus, not long ago the picture of Elizabeth Edwards as the courageous, cancer-battling mother of young children and wife of former Senator and presidential candidate John Edwards began to be replaced by one of her as "an abusive, intrusive, paranoid, condescending crazy woman." "St. Elizabeth" is being knocked off her pedestal (Judith Warner, "Elizabeth Edwards Teeters on Her Pedestal" *New York Times* [01/17/2010]:ST 1, 6). This is the stuff that sells newsprint and books, but has

little to do with the lives of real people, especially that of a dying woman who grew tired of putting on an adoring face in public in looking at or discussing the charming, youthful husband who has betrayed her with another woman, fathering a now two-year-old child. The interested public condemns, defends, or empathizes with Elizabeth or John Edwards, depending in part on identifications based on their own needs. The pattern of heroes and heroines being displaced and labeled anti-heroes is endless because it connects to the human need to build heroes up and knock them down when they do not fulfill our fantasies.

Psychoanalysis, which works to make fantasies explicit and help the analysand develop a more realistic sense of self, can be an antidote to the patterns of building up and tearing down. It is the in depth study of the self. This is why one of the few articles Sid Halpern ever published argued that Socrates, famous for teaching his disciples to "know thyself," was the first psychoanalyst. The analytic process strengthens the ego, offering some protection against societal, as well as personal, emotional shifts. This frees individuals to more realistically use ego ideals, heroes, mentors, and role models to achieve their goals.

Paul H. Elovitz, PhD, *is editor of this publication who can be reached at pelovitz@ramapo.edu.*

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Call for Papers

The Psychodynamics of Family Relations

Due October 10, for the December 2010 Issue

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Ego Ideals

Sigmund Freud's Heroes and the Concept of Ego Ideals

Jacques Szaluta—U.S. Merchant Marine Academy

In Freud's (1856-1939) voluminous *Standard Edition* (*S. E.*) and in his correspondence, there are richly informative themes including Freud's search for heroes, mentors, and role models. The men Freud came to admire went on to play a pivotal role in his life and career, and eventually led to his development of psychoanalysis. Many of Freud's heroes were his contemporaries, but numerous others were inspiring historical figures with whom he identified. By identifying with figures of great accomplishments, it stimulated his own creativity and minimized his intellectual isolation, thereby laying the foundation for his discoveries.

In line with many other theories he formulated, and in recognition of the importance of the men who influenced him, he also placed significance on such feelings, influences, and experiences on a scientific basis; thus his pioneering work, "On Narcissism: An Introduction," in which he formulated the concept of "ego ideals." Fundamental to understanding the significance of this concept is Freud's notation and explanation of the psychic importance of "ego ideals." He writes that, "Idealization is a process that concerns the object; by it that object, without any alteration in its nature, is aggrandized and exalted in the subject's mind" ("On Narcissism; An Introduction," *Standard Edition*, 1914, 14, p.94). In "The Ego and the Id," Freud further discusses the manifestation and significance of ego ideals. His exposition applies to him, given his personal search for certain "father figures" in a variety of fields. Freud sees the ego ideal as the heir to

the Oedipus complex.

Freud states, "It is easy to show that the ego ideal answers everything that is expected of the higher nature of man. As a substitute for a longing for the father, it contains the germ from which all religions have evolved." So, "as a child grows up, the role of the father is carried by teachers and others in authority; their injunctions and prohibitions remain powerful in the ego ideal and continue, in the form of conscience, to exercise the moral censorship." Furthermore, "the tension between the demands of conscience and the actual performance of the ego is experienced as a sense of guilt. Social feelings rest on identification with other people on the basis of having the same ego ideal" ("The Ego and the Id," 1923, 19, p.109).

Thus, Freud's development of the concept of ego ideal and the concomitant identification with people who have the same ego ideals apply to the founder of psychoanalysis himself—those role models he selected reveal aspects of his own psychodynamics.

Men with whom Freud identified play a decisive role for him. These individuals came from a variety of fields and times: medical figures include Wilhelm Fliess, Joseph Breuer, Ernst Brücke, and Jean Martin Charcot; Biblical ones Joseph, David, and Moses; historical personages Hannibal, Masséna, Napoleon (with reservations), Giuseppe Garibaldi, and Otto von Bismarck; philosophers Brentano, Feuerbach, Nietzsche (to some extent), and Schopenhauer; and authors Goethe, Shakespeare, Dostoevsky (of whom he was quite critical), and Cervantes.

What were the characteristics of Freud's ego ideals? In general, they were intellectual and innovative, had risen to preeminence in their fields, and demonstrated courage and independence of thought. In the political sphere he admired leaders who could be aggressive and had confronted great

odds, but were progressively minded or supportive of liberating policies. He appreciated men who were mavericks. Ideologically Freud stood in the tradition of the Enlightenment, appreciating the *philosophes* in that they promoted individualism, secularism, and materialism, and laid the basis for modern thought. In a radical historical change, which was decisive for Freud personally, the French Revolution led to the emancipation of the Jews, which changed the fortunes of his life. To dramatize this, when French armies under the leadership of Napoleon entered Central Europe, they tore down Ghetto walls. In line with the thinking of this momentous revolution, Napoleon promoted change with the slogan: "Careers open to talent" (Jacques Szaluta, "Freud's Ego Ideals: A Study of Admired Modern Historical and Political Personages," *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* [JAPA], 31:1, 1983, p.163).

Freud's search for outstanding men to emulate was a central concern to him, but there were times when he revealed ambivalence toward them and, by extension, revealed his ambivalence toward his father and possibly his mother. Freud tried to answer the question: What makes a man great? Their qualities are psychical and intellectual, certainly not muscular. Ultimately, Freud maintained, greatness is based on the two ways a man influences his fellow men: "by his personality and the ideas which he puts forward" (Moses and Monotheism, *S.E.*, 23, p.109). In line with his definition of the ego ideal, Freud explained the underlying reason for desiring these character traits with the statement that, "It is a longing for the father felt by everyone from his childhood onwards, for the same father whom the hero of legend boasts he has overcome. And now it may begin to dawn on us that all the characteristics with which we equipped the great man are paternal characteristics, and that the essence of great men for which we vainly search lies in this conformity." He goes on to say that "The decisiveness of thought, the strength of

will, the energy of action are part of the picture of a father—but above all the autonomy and independence of the great man, his divine unconcern which may grow into ruthlessness. One must admire him, one may trust him, but one cannot avoid being afraid of him too" (Moses, pp.109-110).

The first of Freud's ego ideals, or "great man," in the field of medicine is Jean-Martin Charcot (1825-1893). Freud was most fortunate when he received a fellowship in 1885 to study diseases of the nervous system with Charcot in France. Charcot's influence was to be decisive for him because the young Austrian had become interested in the phenomenon of hysteria. The French professor had established a large medical complex for neurological disorders in Paris—a treatment, research, and teaching center. He was a pioneer and bold researcher in the causes of mental disorders, achieving worldwide recognition. Nevertheless, Charcot's work was controversial, departing from orthodox medical practice as he defiantly put forward the diagnosis that hysteria also occurred in males. Being an innovator and a maverick enhanced his standing with Freud. Jones argues that Charcot decisively influenced Freud to change from being "a neurologist into a psychopathologist" (Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, 3, 1961, p.123). Furthermore, the significance of Charcot's medical discoveries for Freud is the demonstration that hysteria was psychogenic in nature; it was governed by a hidden mechanism.

When Charcot died in 1893, Freud wrote a moving obituary: "In him, all too soon, the young science of neurology has lost its greatest leader, neurologists of every country have lost their master teacher and France has lost one of her foremost men" ("Charcot," *S.E.* 3, p.11). Freud added that he was "positively fascinating," and that "Each of his lectures was a little work of art in construction and composition; it was perfect in form and made such an impression that for the rest of the day one could not get the sound of what he

said out of one's ears or the thought of what he had demonstrated out of one's mind" ("Charcot," p.17).

Political figures were another group from which Freud selected ego ideals, particularly the German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck (1815-1898). The reasons for choosing Bismarck were not only psychological, but also his own historical context. Bismarck exerted a special fascination for Freud, stemming from both positive feelings and ambivalences toward his father. He often wished his father Jacob had been stronger and more protective of him. Although Freud strongly identified with the Jewish people, starting in his childhood, he was made keenly aware of the liabilities of belonging to this group by noting his father's vulnerable attitude and position. Bismarck by contrast was a remarkable contemporary figure, one who dominated European affairs during Freud's maturity. Starting in adolescence, he closely followed Bismarck's career, fired on by his exploits (Szaluta, *JAPA*, 1983, p.168).

The years of Bismarck's successes were years of great upheaval and change, and directly affected the fortunes of Freud and his family. For example, for the Hapsburg Empire, in which Freud lived, it led to greater liberalization. All the public figures Freud admired advanced secularism or contested the power of the Catholic Church. Bismarck, as Freud knew, was essentially an aggressive and ruthless person, which should have made him pause in his partisanship. However, Freud experienced the many social changes that occurred, which for a time appeared beneficial for him. Given Freud's own vulnerable social situation and ambivalence toward his father, Bismarck appeared powerful indeed. That his policies at the same time entailed aggressiveness directed toward Freud's own Austrian government and whose forces he supported were not a conscious deterrent. In this instance, Bismarck being an ego ideal for Freud may be considered as a defense; a form of identification with the ag-

gressor (Szaluta, "Freud on Bismarck: Hanns Sachs' Interpretation of a Dream," *American Imago*, 37, 2, 1980, p.241).

Another person who played a decisive role in influencing him to look to Jewish Biblical figures was Dr. Samuel Hammerschlag, who taught Jewish religion and Hebrew at his *gymnasium*. Hammerschlag inspired Freud because of his humaneness, dignity, wisdom, and dedication as a teacher. In a sense, this inspiring man continued the direction Freud's father had initially given his son, but could not continue because of his limitations. Freud gratefully acknowledged Hammerschlag's paternal guidance and said that, "He has been touchingly fond of me for years: there is such a secret sympathy between us that we can talk intimately together…He always regards me as his son" (Jones, *Life*, 1, p.163). Of all his teachers, Freud only maintained an enduring friendship with Hammerschlag, which lasted even after his retirement. Freud's selection of ego ideals from the Bible was influenced first by his father and then by Hammerschlag.

The biblical Joseph was one of Freud's earliest ego ideals. By interpreting Pharaoh's dreams, Joseph had become famous and powerful. To be sure, Freud's discoveries as presented in the *Interpretation of Dreams* are original and revolutionary, but if it had not been for the example set by Joseph, it is unlikely that Freud would have discovered the meaning of dreams.

Freud's works are sprinkled with references to biblical figures, but Moses is the figure with whom he identified the most; later in life, he wrote the controversial *Moses and Monotheism*. In a revealing comment about it he exclaimed: "It is my first appearance as a historian; late enough!" (Ernst L. Freud, *The Letters of Sigmund Freud, 1873-1939,* 1961, p.436). The research and writing of *Moses and Monotheism* started in the early 1930s, and it was not published until the

eve of World War II. The work is revealing of Freud's inner struggles, professional difficulties, and the problems of being Jewish in Austria. His interest in Moses was thus overdetermined. As Jones recognized, Freud was motivated by and identified with Moses, whom he called "his mighty predecessor," a man who had "kindled his imagination," who had created Judaism and who had a preeminent impact on the Jewish people (Jones, *Life*, 3, pp.367-368).

Researching and writing about Moses served to answer central questions Freud had about himself, namely the development and character of the Jewish people and the personal consequences of being a Jew. Thus *Moses and Monotheism* may be read as a metaphor of Freud's life. By focusing on the greatest Jewish hero and studying him in an historical manner, Freud engaged in a form of sublimation of the highest order. The biblical Moses was also instructive for Freud as the prototypical great man, a primal father, and a person who grappled with intense feelings. Another related motive for the study of Moses was Freud's search for historical causation, an issue most historians struggle with. A close reading also indicates that a part of Freud's identification with Moses relates to a question he has about himself, and, ultimately, his own role for posterity. In the subheading titled, "The Great Man," Freud raises the question of the criteria for being great. Although the issue arose in reference to Moses, his answer has a general application. Freud's view is that the qualities must be "mental ones—psychical and intellectual distinctions." The characteristics that are the attributes of the great man are "paternal characteristics" ("Moses," pp.108-109). Freud appraised these in the following way: "The decisiveness of thought, the strength of will, the energy of action, are part of the picture of a father—but above all the autonomy and independence of the great man, his divine unconcern which may grow into ruthlessness" ("Moses," pp.109-110). Still another criterion in the composition of

what constitutes a great man, so associative for Freud, is that he be "far ahead of his time" (Max Schur, *Freud: Living and Dying*, 1972, p.468).

In sum, Freud selected heroic personages as ego ideals that he could emulate because they were intellectually stimulating, stood up for their principles, and were men of outstanding achievements. With some personages, even where there was ambivalence about them, he affirmed those he felt were progressive-minded. In his works, he amply accorded them credit and acknowledged their determining influence on him. This led him to scientifically develop the significance of the concept of having ego ideals.

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Freud and Me: Idealization and Over-idealization

David Lotto—Psychoanalytic Practice

In 1964, as a 17-year-old physics major in my fourth semester at Brandeis University, the direction of my life changed dramatically when I took the course, Psychology 18b: Motivation. It was taught by Richard M. Jones, author

of *Ego Synthesis in Dreaming* (1962), who had been a student of Erik Erikson and Andras Angyal. Professor Jones had a way of talking about himself, his dreams, his experiences, and his inner world that was both new and fascinating to me. This course was my introduction to Freud, Erikson, and psychoanalysis—it was something quite different from what I had learned about in physics classrooms and laboratories. Later, as a graduate student in clinical psychology at the University of Chicago and York University in Toronto, I had the good fortune to be able to study and do my master's thesis with David Bakan, author of *Sigmund Freud and the Jewish Mystical Tradition* (1965), and fierce critic of the cult of empiricism that has always ruled academic psychology. In 1968, Dr. Bakan left Chicago to relocate to Canada and I went with him to Canada, partly because I was at risk of being drafted to fight in the war in Vietnam.

Later influences on me were my psychoanalyst Paul Lippmann, and a number of teachers and supervisors at the analytic institute where I trained—they were mentors and role models who contributed to the creation of my ego ideals.

Now, a few brief thoughts on the formation of ego ideals. Psychoanalysts are very interested in the process of how experiences with other people can become part of oneself or one's inner life. There are several words, all of which start with the letter "i," that have been used to describe these processes—imitation, introjection, incorporation, internalization, idealization, and identification being the main ones. Something from the outside world is somehow taken inside, metabolized, absorbed, and turned into a part of you. In psychoanalysis this has been called the formation of psychic structure. Freud first accepted Jung's term for internalized images, yet another "i-word"—imago. Later he named the psychic structure that dealt with one's aspirations for who and what one wanted to be, the repository of a person's ideals and values, as the ego ideal. Still later, the ego ideal lost

its independent status and became the loving, as opposed to the punitive aspect, of the superego.

But it is not only the residues of one's actual experiences that can become part of the ego ideal; one can imagine, fantasize, and create an image, an ideal hero imbued with all sorts of admirable traits which one can then, by means of the same "i-word" processes, make a part of one's ego ideal, or more broadly, one's identity. These admirable traits may be more or less actually present in the model person to whom they are attributed. Also, one does not have to have had actual interaction with a role model for them to be taken into oneself. For me, Sigmund Freud, or the idealized version of him that was presented in, among other places, Ernest Jones' biography, became a major figure in the formation of my ego ideal.

Sometimes it's the little things that get incorporated. For example, for many years, long after most therapists had gone to 45-minute sessions I kept mine to 50 minutes, just like Sigmund Freud did. Or, maybe not such a little thing, a feeling that in the evening, even after a full day's work of seeing patients, I didn't feel right unless I spent some time being professionally productive, usually writing, or reading in preparation for writing, or corresponding, by e-mail rather than letters, but still clearly imitating the habits of my hero.

Finally I would like to add a word about heroes, idealization, and idolatry. It seems to me that there are some dangers inherent in the process of ego ideal formation by means of identification with role models. The more one idealizes a figure the easier it becomes to let them, or the idealized image of them, to become internalized and part of one's ego ideal. Idealization inevitably means distortion. The admirable and the good are recognized, amplified, and most likely exaggerated while faults, weaknesses, and defects that may be present are minimized, ignored, or denied.

There are two problems that can arise from this situation. The first is that idealization will slip into idolatry; which could lead to many pitfalls such as feeling the need to defend the reputation of one's "hero" and to either ignore or unjustly attack those who express valid criticisms of your role model. The second is disillusionment: the despair that can follow when reality intrudes and one can no longer deny that the idol has feet of clay; that they, like most human beings, are fallible.

So as an antidote for and prophylactic against over-idealization and hero worship, I try to be aware of the foibles of those I have taken as role models and not to be shocked when I discover that Freud was quite wrong about a number of things and had his fair share of psychopathology as well as poor judgment of both people and political situations. I find that recognizing the flaws in one's heroes actually strengthens rather than weakens my identifications with my role models. In psychoanalytic language, relationships are always ambivalent; fathers are both loved and hated. With regard to my relationship with Freud, the recognition and acknowledgement of his faults and weaknesses has made it easier for me to identify with the man in all of his complexity.

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Ralph Colp's Creative Identification with Charles Darwin

Paul H. Elovitz—The Psychohistory Forum

Scholars do not choose their subjects randomly, but rather because they have some meaning to them which will inspire their own hard work, creativity, and determination in pursuing their research to completion. Their identification with their subjects and passion for the task is what leads to great biography, psychobiography, and medical history, as in the case of Ralph Colp's exemplary study of Darwin's illness.

When instructing my students on how to review a book, I advise them that there are essential elements that should be examined. These are the subject itself, the author of the volume—including her/his viewpoints, knowledge of the subject, depth of research, and transference feelings regarding it—and finally the reviewer's own feelings toward the author and the subject. There is no secret of my feelings regarding Charles Darwin, Ralph Colp, natural history, and psychobiography; I have the deepest respect and affection for them all. Below I will use *Darwin's Illness* (Gainesville, FL: University Press of Florida, 2008, ISBN978-0-8130-3231-3, i-xv, 337 pages, $44.95) by Ralph Colp, Jr., as the basis for a discussion of the unique and invaluable relationship that sometimes develops between the author and his subject.

Ralph Colp devoted his scholarly life to the study of Darwin's life and ailments, resulting in a series of articles and two books. *To Be an Invalid: The Illness of Charles Darwin* (1977) was a most valuable study which Dr. Colp labored to update, especially when he was able to incorporate the great naturalist's "Diary of Health," which is included as an appendix in his final book—a book he was able to touch

and see blurrily during his last months in the nursing home. While dying of prostate cancer over a prolonged period of time, he did not have the consolation of reading because of the severity of his cataracts. Fortunately, his family read to him. Rather like his hero who in the last part of his life maintained consistent contact only with his wife, butler, and to a lesser extent with his children, Colp withdrew from the wider world and maintained contact only with his immediate family and those who visited him. In visiting him, it was my impression that he was stoically awaiting his death.

As a child, Ralph Colp was struck by portraits of Charles Darwin and Sigmund Freud, and devoted his considerable talents to knowing these two men. He read Freud, had a ten-year Freudian analysis with Freud's medical doctor (Max Schur) who became a psychoanalyst, and practiced a psychoanalytically informed psychiatry after he decided that he preferred listening to people to cutting them open as a surgeon. Colp's enormous empathy for Darwin and identification with this great naturalist was based upon his sense that they shared many traits: both were shy men who lost themselves in their passionate search for knowledge. Both had famous physician-fathers. Each suffered parental loss, Charles Darwin through the death of his mother before his ninth birthday and Ralph Colp through the divorce of his parents when he was a young boy. Both Ralph and Charles grew up in the shadow of overpowering, highly successful fathers to whom they felt unable to measure up, even though each tried his best. Charles Darwin studied to be a medical doctor at the University of Edinburgh, but since he ran out of the operating room during two operations, including a "very bad" one on a young boy, he soon dropped out of medical school and Ralph Colp became a surgeon, like his father, until he decided he had no special knack for it and would always be comparing himself unfavorably to his namesake. Charles could put aside his sense of inadequacy when losing

himself in nature, while Ralph forgot his self-doubts while listening to his patients and probing the lives of the heroes of his youth such as Darwin, the surgeon Halsted, and the revolutionary Trotsky.

I have long thought the naturalist had a more caring father than the psychiatrist. My primary evidence for this is Darwin's description of his father's lifelong financial support of him—Darwin never had a paying profession—and desire to bring pleasure to all he came in contact with, as opposed to the critical quality and emotional distance of the senior Colp.

Though Ralph Colp, Jr., like his subject, would be in awe of his father until the day the latter died, he was not as dependent on him as was the naturalist. Ralph, who lived with his mother, identified with her frustration with the ex-husband who had abandoned her for a younger woman. Dr. Robert Darwin was such an overwhelming force to his children that they said, "Tide's in," when he arrived home. Charles described his father as not only the physically biggest and smartest man he ever met, but also as someone who could read your mind. As a young boy he suffered "deep mortification" when his father once told him in frustration, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family" (Barlow, ed., *Autobiography* p. 27). The first signs of his heart palpitations occurred after he uncharacteristically did something his father at first didn't want him to do—prepare to sail around the world on the *Beagle* as a naturalist. This act of rebellion, to which Dr. Robert Darwin acquiesced, changed our understanding of nature. Similarly, the senior Ralph Colp was unhappy about his son's change of medical specialty, especially since he held psychiatry in very low regard. In contrast, his son saw medicine as an intellectual pursuit and science, rather than as a business as his father did. Dr. Colp's intense identification with Darwin led him to devote his scholarly life to studying him, to the point

that he used his vacations to travel to England to read the naturalist's unpublished papers, befriend the librarians in charge of them, personally pay for the translation of accounts of meeting Darwin in French, German, and Russian, and thank his family for living with him while "I lived with Charles Darwin." A further indication of his identification with the naturalist was his choice of a picture of the naturalist in middle age on the flyleaf of his 1977 book when he himself was middle aged and of Darwin in old age when he was in the same stage of life at the time of publication of the current volume.

Darwin's Illness is divided into 31 chapters followed by the appendix—"Darwin's Diary of Health" (70 pages), notes, bibliography, and the index. Deciphering Darwin's terrible handwriting and personalized abbreviations in the health diary he kept between the years 1849-1855 is of great benefit to scholars of the great naturalist. In the early chapters Darwin's symptoms are spelled out in precise and agonizing detail. These included "bad lips," boils, depression, "extreme spasmodic daily & nightly flatulence," headaches, heart palpitations, homesickness, hysterical crying, numb and unwell hands, malaise, physical weakness, seasickness, shivering, "violent eczema," "violent fatigues," and vomiting. Next Dr. Colp catalogs and probes the treatments, which started with those of his father, Dr. Robert Darwin (whose medical notes have not been found), his own diagnoses and remedies, and continued through the treatments of about 20 doctors, including Ayerst, Bence Jones, Brinton, Busk, Chapman, Andrew Clark, James Clark, Garrod, Gully, Holland, Jenner, and Lane. These are examined with microscopic precision with the greatest emphasis on the patient's responses to them. The theories of all these doctors as well as those of the patient are probed with Dr. Colp's well-known thoroughness.

Turning to the medicine men of our more modern pe-

riod, it has long been my impression that whenever doctors have a love of history, a "pet disease," and spare time on their hands, they write an article or book on the illnesses of Darwin, George III, Hitler, Napoleon, or some other famous or infamous individual. Unlike Ralph Colp, Jr., who knew more about Darwin's daily life and health than anyone since his last son died in 1943 (and probably anyone since Darwin's wife Emma died in 1896), these physicians are not usually good researchers. Colp described and assessed the theories of Adler, Alvarez, Atkins, Barloon, Bowlby, Brussel, Foster, Goldstein, Good, Gould, Hubble, Johnston, Keith, Kempf, Noyes, Pickering, and others regarding the illnesses plaguing the great naturalist's life. As a medical detective our author probed adrenal disease, arsenic poisoning, Chagas' disease, Crohn's disease, dysfunction of the immune system, skin disease, Systemic Lactose Intolerance, Systemic Lupus Erythematosis, and so forth. In the end, Chagas' disease and psychosomatic explanations are identified as the primary culprits in his illness. The evidence for a major psychosomatic component to Darwin's suffering is quite extensive, making Dr. Colp's insights as a psychoanalytic psychiatrist all the more valuable.

His wife Emma reported to a relative in 1851 "that his health 'was always affected by his mind'" (p.183). The sight or even the mention of the word blood would cause him great "dis-ease." At night, without the distractions of music, reading, or backgammon, he was prone to obsessive thoughts. Travel came to have a deleterious impact on his health, as visitors often did after he settled into the life of a gentleman naturalist and country squire in the Kentish hamlet of Down at age 35.

Colp's volume is an encyclopedic work of monumental erudition. Indeed, it takes the form of an encyclopedia in its discussion of Darwin's symptoms, treatments, and theories of illness. This makes it all the more usable for the

scholar and those in the general public wishing to check on particular points.

Unlike most great men who typically are quite self-centered and cut off from other people in the pursuit of their own agenda, Charles Darwin was a kindly gentleman known for his sensitivity to the criticisms, feelings, needs, and opinions of others. As George Pickering pointed out in *Creative Malad*y, illness for the great naturalist protected him from the interruptions of the world. Thus in the quiet backwater of Down village, in the womb of his family home, to the extent his health allowed Darwin could focus on his work, warding off interruptions since visits by others so often caused him great physical distress. Without his work, he became depressed, and—as enunciated by his wife—did not find life worth living. The same could be said of the biographer of his illness, since Ralph Colp appeared quite depressed in his last year of life, since he could neither read due to his failing eyesight nor do any work. Ralph Colp shared many traits with the hero on whom he modeled parts of his life and about whose illnesses he has contributed a second invaluable, encyclopedic volume.

Paul H. Elovitz, PhD, *has taught about Charles Darwin the man and his ideas for four decades, published an article on him, and was a friend and collaborator of Ralph Colp for over a quarter century. Prof. Elovitz may be contacted at pelovitz@aol.com.*

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My Mother as My Ego Ideals

Merle Molofsky—Harlem Family Institute

As a psychoanalyst, I see ego ideals as a component of the superego. The idealizations of primal maternal care-

taking I experienced growing up as the child of Eastern European immigrants developed into an appreciation of capable, giving, idealistic figures with whom I identified and wished to please.

Ego ideals are the model with which the growing child attempts to conform, in order to retain its love. The ego ideals I formed observing my parents, especially my mother, in action and conversation, and my need to win and retain their love and approval, involved how to behave in relation to others, with the assumption that the well-being of others involved self-sacrifice. Respect for individuality and needs of others was the most important element of morality. Yes, there was a degree of moral masochism involved, yet the underlying moral values are meaningful to me still. I have tempered the masochistic elements of my ego ideal, the result of years of intensive psychoanalysis, and 30 years of psychoanalytic clinical work. However, I retain gratitude for the moral values I learned and integrated into my ego ideal from both parents.

When I was a little girl, my parents told me iconic stories about their childhoods, rich with history, meaning, and moral and ethical resonance. My mother described a World War I childhood of desperate poverty, during which her younger brothers died of starvation. Every day her mother bought 100 loaves of bread, carried the sack of loaves several miles to the train station, and sold the bread to passengers. My mother, unable to attend public school because she was Jewish, wandered the streets unsupervised. After the turmoil of WWI, at age 10 she and her eight-month pregnant mother traveled third class rail from Poland to France, to set sail for the "golden land" of America.

Their arduous 1920 journey from Warsaw to New York City was traumatic. A group of drunken Polish soldiers grabbed my mother and grandmother, cursing the "dirty

Jews"—threatening to throw them off the speeding train. Someone intervened, and the soldiers released them. My mother said she could not tell if they intended to frighten them, or to actually throw them to their deaths. In Germany, drunken German soldiers began to sexually abuse a Polish Christian girl traveling alone. Again, someone intervened, and she was not bothered again. My mother told me she learned from these events that any ethnic group could be abuser or abused. Victims and victimizers were not defined by their ethnicity, but by power and by evil intent.

I was born in Brooklyn, New York, August 7, 1942. My parents were gentle, self-educated, idealistic working-class Jews who married during the Great Depression. All my life I have identified with their value system. Whatever form my rebellions took during adolescence, I never rebelled against their essential world-view, because I shared their values—as do my children and grandchildren. Their values began with a basic egalitarianism, the belief that all human beings are to be related to as individuals. People are not to be pre-judged because of ethnicity, race, religion, gender, sexual orientation, age, or country of origin. In other words, "avoid prejudice." Other values include a respect for education, love of culture and the arts, Zionism, a knowledge of our Jewish heritage from a secular perspective, and left-liberal politics.

As I learned these ethical values at home, I learned more about the world in the street. When I was eight years old, as I walked home from school, a group of children from the neighborhood grabbed my book bag and threw it into nearly impenetrable bushes. They shoved me, yelling "Communist!" I didn't know what the word meant, but I gathered it was shameful, something really bad. Around the same time I directly experienced anti-Semitism in my neighborhood. Jewish kids got dressed up on the Jewish holidays. Christian kids from a few blocks away, carrying

handkerchiefs wrapped around small stones, which we called blackjacks, "blackjacked" the dressed up kid who could not fight back because it was forbidden to fight on a holy day and we might ruin our good clothes. I discovered being Jewish meant not only that I was like most of the people in my world, but that somehow I was unlike most people in the outside world.

By the age of nine, my atheist mother had taken me to the house of worship of every religion we had access to in New York City, including a Buddhist temple in Chinatown, and eventually to a Baha'i temple in Chicago, in order to teach me religious tolerance. She gave me a children's book describing religious practices from all over the world, including Jainism, Zoroastrianism, and Shinto.

My ego ideal therefore is based, too, on my identification with my parents' values, although certainly some disidentification was necessary to allow for my own personality. What I have admired most in my mother is her open-mindedness, sociability, quest for knowledge, willingness to love, and courage. In my working class and lower-middle class, predominantly Jewish Brooklyn neighborhood, my mother actively campaigned for racial integration and tenants' rights, representing the Tenants' Council and other organizations. I aspire to all these traits, admire them in others, and experience a great sense of validation if I am recognized by others as possessing them.

The roots of my mother's altruism fascinate me. She was born in a tiny Polish village in 1910, moved to Warsaw with her family in 1915, and came to the United States in 1920. During World War I, as Europe was devastated by war, poverty and hunger were widespread. My mother was the first-born child in her family, and the only child who survived in Europe, although two American-born children survived into adulthood. She saw her younger siblings die of

malnutrition, watching them starve to death, while her strong constitution and the advantage of having had enough to eat in her earliest years allowed her to survive. Her imagination was fired by her early experiences of deprivation and loss, and she became dedicated to the advancement of all oppressed and deprived people. Nancy McWilliam's study of the background of altruistic people having good-enough nurturance, significant loss in early childhood, and role models exemplifying strong value systems and clear moral principles (McWilliams, "The Psychology of Altruism," *Psychoanalytic Psychology* 1 [1984], pp.193-213) describes my mother.

I expected myself to be as idealistic and altruistic as my mother. Perhaps because I was American-born (while I grew up poor by American standards, I certainly was not poor by war-torn countries' standards), I did not become the activist and idealist my mother became. My altruism has been satisfied by my choice of profession and my left-liberal politics and ballot choices.

My parents' continued dedication to civil rights and egalitarianism formed a meaningful background to my developing value system. I learned what it meant to be a Jew by living it, and I imagined what it might be like to be African-American because of my parents' willingness and ability to identify with others who had been victimized. My ego ideal grew to encompass the ability to imagine the life of another, essential to my eventual profession as a psychoanalyst. But most important to me, I learned that values are lived.

These accumulating experiences taught me as much, really more, about the value system of my society, culture, and country, as what I learned in school about the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the founding of the nation, the Civil War, our participation in World War I and World War II, the Great Depression, and the Holocaust. I became an American by living here, identifying with my im-

migrant parents' values.

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My Literary Mentors: Three Men and One Woman

Peter Petschauer—Appalachian State University

My relationship with the four individuals I am about to discuss began in one of my favorite bookstores; it is the one in the main railroad station (*Hauptbahnhof*) in Munich. Almost every time I am in Europe, usually two or three times a year, my path leads to this bookstore. It is a humble place, but its shelves are much more readily accessible than those in some of the massive bookstores in this and other cities.

This group of role models is a set of three men and one woman who lived through and have influenced the way we interpret 20th century European, particularly German, history. The individuals are Marcel Reich-Ranicki (1920-); Marion Countess Dönhoff (1909-2002); Raimund Pretzel, better known for his pseudonym Sebastian Haffner (1907-1999); and Fritz Stern (1926-).

These four human beings are a fascinating flock; I came across Reich-Ranicki in the later 1990s, Haffner in 2007, and Dönhoff and Stern in 2009. I knew nothing of

Ranicki before I read his autobiography *The Author of Himself: The Life of Marcel Reich-Ranicki*. I had read Haffner's *The Meaning of Hitler* before I came across his recollections *Defying Hitler: A Memoir (2002)*, but this rather lengthy exposition struck me so powerfully that I gobbled it up in one sitting on a plane from Munich to Charlotte, North Carolina. The same is generally true of my encounter with Dönhoff. I had read some of her articles and knew of her work with *Die Zeit*, a leading German paper. I had been especially impressed with two of her books, which are not available in English but could be translated as, *Names No Longer Mentioned: East Prussia-Human Beings and Stories*, which I also discovered in the same bookstore, and *What was Important to Me: Last Writings and Conversations*. It remains absolutely astounding to have read her account of the friends, almost every one of whom was murdered during or shortly after July 20, 1944 for their role in the last attempt on Hitler's life. Stern's *Five Germanies I Have Known* (2006) is the most recent of these discoveries; again, I found the German version. I had read his *The Politics of Cultural Despair: A Study in the Rise of the Germanic Ideology, An Analysis of the Thought and Influence of Lagarde, Langbehn and Moeller van den Bruck,* and Einstein's *German World*, but the massive tome of his recollections was an instant success with me.

Why these four? Most importantly is that the bookstore in the main railroad station stocked their books. Very important also, although all the titles are here rendered in English, I came across them in German, either because they were written in that language or translated into it. The German language is a part of me so rendering the titles in English takes away one reason for the appeal of these individuals. Importantly, through these men and this woman, I progressed from little concern to a deeper understanding of Germany and its National Socialist deviation. With this insight

comes my appreciation for their uncompromising stance against the Nazi regime. They arrived at this view from personal experience and subsequent efforts to deal with it. Their trauma made them all the more acutely aware of the calculated meanness of the *Schweine* (pigs), to quote my father, in Germany and beyond.

Marcel Reich-Ranicki, who describes himself as a Jew living in Germany, experienced the regime at its most vicious as the secretary to the infamous *Judenrath* (Jewish Council) in the Warsaw Ghetto, his tribulations in hiding afterward, and the eventual and not always pleasant post-war adjustment. Once he settled in what was West Germany, he became the most prominent critic of German literature. He worked at *Die Zeit,* then at the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, another leading paper and is probably best known for his TV show, *Literarisches Quartett,* on a commercial station.

Sebastian Haffner, in 1933 a German, immediately and intuitively understood the danger of the consolidating National Socialist Workers Party (Nazis) and emigrated to England in 1938. There he became a journalist and wrote some of the most perceptive analyses of Hitler and his regime. Until I read him, I did not appreciate the sheer brutality and ingeniousness of the Nazi machinery as it prepared and assumed power in Germany in January 1933.

Countess Dönhoff, a Prussian-German, experienced the Nazis as a young woman and fellow conspirator against Hitler. She survived because her name was not on the conspirators' lists, no one betrayed her, and she remained "cool" during *Gestapo* interrogations. Thus, she became another direct connection to the men of July 1944 whom I deeply admire. Whether they were in the *Wehrmacht* (the WWII German military) or not, they had the mental staying power and physical courage to understand the regime's horrific dimensions and reluctantly overcome their religious and other re-

sistances to killing Hitler. She became a prominent reporter and editor of *Die Zeit*. She also stands in for the female conversation partners whom I lost over the last three years and whose voices are not carried forward in the written word.

Fritz Stern grew up in Breslau (now Wroclaw) as German-Jewish before he and his family were forced out of Europe by Hitler's regime in 1938. In this country, he became a brilliant historian of German history with close ties to many contemporaries in Germany, not least of which was Dönhoff.

Another common denominator of these individuals is that they were driven from their homelands, only to "return" to it as perceptive analysts. I am all too well aware of the difference between their emigrations and mine. They were forced to leave their homeland; three as a consequence of National Socialist persecution, and one because of the war launched by the National Socialists. That is, these four were forced to migrate because of political circumstances and for that reason they gained their later outsiders' penetrating insightfulness. I see them as role models in part because we have this common denominator. I left Europe because of my miserable performance in gymnasium (the European equivalent of high school and the first two years of college) and the move to the U.S. gave me a new start. The experience of emigration and adjustment to another society may create a powerful drive to be successful in it. These four came out of what can be characterized as the middle, upper-middle class, and the nobility; their families also constituted the intellectual elite. Reich-Ranicki's mother was well educated and sent her son to study in Berlin while Haffner came from a family of attorneys and initially chose the same path, also in Berlin. Gräfin Dönhoff was the highly educated daughter of the Prussian aristocracy and Stern emerged from a family of prominent doctors. These backgrounds are most

likely the reason each of them chose writing as their tool of expression, analysis, and success.

Their profound understanding of the National Socialist regime, their clear opposition to it, and yet also their capacity to appreciate the post-war adjustments first in West Germany and then the reunited Germany, gives hope to all of us who find no excuse for the regime. This is the regime that created unspeakable misery and horror for Europeans of all ethnic backgrounds with its arrogant Aryan ideology; its vicious persecution of everyone who opposed it, or it thought to be inferior; and its unleashing of a devastating war that cost at least 60 million human beings their lives. But that was not all, as it also destroyed some of the most flourishing subcultures in Europe, including the Eastern-European-Jewish and German-Jewish cultures.

I discovered these individuals in a German language setting and in Germany. Part of my long-standing ambivalence about Germany was rooted in its National Socialist period, and so I encountered difficulties even thinking that one could criticize it in German, although others have done so. German is my first language and it fits uniquely with the abuses. Yet, these four individuals allowed me to disassociate it from them; one can indeed abhor the abuses of the past through the language of the abusers. In other words, the language of Luther and Goethe allows for critique as much as the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare. As Haffner and Dönhoff showed brilliantly, the German language was and is a powerful tool against the National Socialists; maybe it is the most profound tool because one can step with it into the deeper meaning of the words that set and accompanied the abuse.

I discovered or rediscovered these individuals in Munich's main railroad station bookstore, and each encounter began a new and significant conversation. Both the emigrant

and immigrant experiences, and their choices to write as a form of expression and understanding, are reasons for my sense of affinity. But it is more than that; it is guidance. However less the mental skills with which I operate, they encourage me to explore aspects of the past long after others have given in to daily routines and puttering about. They enable me, through their vibrant example, to dig deeper and not to give up the search for a meaningful life, hopefully until its end.

Peter Petschauer, PhD, *Professor Emeritus of History at Appalachian State University, served his university for 38 years, the last five as head of the Hubbard Center for Faculty and Staff Support. In addition to holding a named professorship, he chaired the Faculty Senate at Appalachian and headed the Faculty Assembly for the entire University of North Carolina system. Dr. Petschauer is an active scholar whose most recent book is about his father's disillusioning experience as an officer in the SS. Although he has spent his adult life in the U.S., he has spent considerable time in Europe on a regular basis. He may be contacted at petschauerpw@appstate.edu.*

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The Statues of Central Park as Ego Ideals

Molly Castelloe Fong—Psychohistory Forum Research Associate

The bronze and stone statues of Central Park in New York City represent ego ideals for the city's many diverse ethnic groups, especially for immigrants arriving in Manhattan during the late 19th century. The figures help us understand the organization of groups and the integration of for-

eigners into American social life.

The bronze bust of German playwright and philosopher *Frederich Schiller* is one of the oldest statues in Central Park, its pedestal engraved with "1859." Given to New York City by its German citizens, it symbolized a shared mental image of Germanic pride. Schiller was a cultural and political giant, and one of the most beloved German poets of all time. His poem "Song of the Bell," about the casting and life course of a bell, was honored as part of the high school curriculum until the 1950s. Schiller was a frequent visitor in Freud's dreams, and his bronze bust, located in the Central Park Mall Prominade next to Beethoven's, illustrates the Freudian concept of the "ego ideal."

The ego ideal is a person or abstract idea to which an individual or group aspires. Our country's collective democratic ideal is written in the park's motley cast of figures. Among *Schiller's* current companions are two monuments to Columbus; *The Pilgrim*, holding a flintlock musket above the park's best sledding area; founding father *Alexander Hamilton*; antebellum statesman *Daniel Webster;* and Augustus St. Gaudens' gilded masterpiece of General Sherman sited at the main entrance.

The statues, representing ego ideals, were integral to the formation and reinforcement of group identity. They reveal our propensity for what Freud called the "herd instinct" and the way we feel incomplete when we are alone (Sigmund Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego,* 1959, p. 65). A group is made of people who seize the same object as their ego ideal and in doing so, identify with all the other group members (Freud, *Group Psychology,* p. 61). Ethnic associations, who usually selected a sculptor from their own country of origin, sponsored most of the sculptures erected in the late 1800s.

The commemorative sculptures and those who wel-

comed them also tell us something about the relationship between leaders and followers. A leader inhabits the role of a group's shared ego ideal and this process enables a people's submission to one individual (Freud, *Group Psychology*, pp. 53-7). Huge throngs paid homage to their homeland heroes in the dedication ceremonies that included a parade through the city in the morning and a torchlight procession at night, which was then followed by a banquet. The formal unveilings midday attracted an international audience whose upturned faces savored the magnetism of the moment. Like the artistic and military leaders they commemorate, the statues of Central Park created a network of shared identifications through such hypnotic reveries. They were not only resplendent icons of the Old World, but they provided a critical locus for group emotion in a new one. These objects reactivated what Vamik Volkan calls the "chosen glories" of a culture (Vamik Volkan, *Bloodlines: From Ethnic Pride to Ethnic Terrorism*, 1997, p. 81-2). They enhanced the self-esteem of a transplanted people.

The dedication of Italian patriot *Giuseppe Mazzini* in 1878 featured the last public address by renowned poet and journalist William Cullen Bryant. This was a time when Italians in America were viewed as non-white and, 13 years later in New Orleans, victims of the largest mass lynching in our country's history. Bryant's impassioned speech received enthusiastic "Vivas" alongside "Hurrahs!" in the mutual acceptance of two races and a shared feeling of national identity. The statues invoked identifications across ethnic and nationalistic boundaries. They captured peoples' memories, spoke to those they were meant to represent, and inspired social connection in a city of difference.

To be sure, these cast and sculpted players did not always serve as peacekeepers in a pastoral landscape. They provoked heated conflict as when, in 1892, both the Italians and Spanish claimed *Columbus* as their national hero. These

idealized figures were also objects of ferocious denigration. Later that same decade, the monument of the Genovese explorer at Columbus Circle attracted not only Italian-Americans but also anti-Italian vandals who defaced its Carrara marble with mud. In the 20th century, disgruntled Southerners taunted the equestrian monument of *Sherman* trailing a female figure of victory: "Who but a Northerner would let a woman walk while a man rides!" (Sara Cedar Miller, *Central Park: An American Masterpiece*, 2003, p. 206).

The commemorative sculptures were potent artworks that reached into our collective minds with polarizing potential. However, more often than not, these monuments reinforced shared identifications, a desire for equality, and a code of social justice. They charmed New Yorkers from their insular communities and soothed the tensions of diverse urban living.

Central Park was the first urban park to successfully integrate public space across deeply entrenched economic and racial divides (Roy Rosenzweig and Elizabeth Blackmar, *The Park and the People: A History of Central Park*, 1992, pp. 308-9). The sculptures erected during the 1860s-1890s helped create a sense of belonging for various ethnic groups at a time when mass immigration into cities was dramatically changing the social structure of America. Today the multicultural collection of statues totals over 50, including those erected against the park's outer walls. The most recent placement in 1997 is jazz legend *Duke Ellington* in a large tableau held aloft by the Muses. These stone and bronze figures are both an historical looking glass for a sauntering spectator and a reminder of the power of public art to galvanize group identity and emotions, both love and hate.

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Teachers As Role Models

The Courage of Stanley Milgram

Harold Takooshian—Fordham University

For 50 years, millions of people worldwide have come to know Stanley Milgram (1933-1984) as the larger-than-life scientist who reported the Yale obedience experiments of the 1960s. Even today, one cannot find an introductory psychology textbook that fails to include the findings first reported by this brilliant 27-year-old assistant professor at Yale.

Not many know Milgram was also a teacher during his 24-year career—from his start at Yale in 1960, until the very afternoon he died at age 51 on December 20, 1984, after mentoring Christina Taylor's doctoral defense at CUNY. In fact, those of us who were fortunate enough to be his graduate students at Yale, Harvard, or CUNY, actually saw Milgram less as a researcher than as a truly one-of-a-kind teacher whose gifts in the classroom rivaled his brilliance in the lab. For him, research and teaching were one. Even among other gifted faculty, there was simply no one like him, as he taught us on several levels—information as well as inspiration. Like Socrates, he rarely lectured, but used his incisive intellect to raise questions or create dilemmas for students to resolve in class. As a result, his classroom typically

scintillated with bold new ideas, strong emotions, clashing views, and unforgettable experiences, as each of us stretched beyond our own limits to impress the maestro and each other. When we entered his classroom, we never knew what to expect. I offer two crisp examples here.

One December, Professor Milgram ended the class by coyly instructing the 13 of us to take out a piece of paper and to write each others' names down and the final grades we felt each deserved, all as a way of helping him grade. When he collected the sheets and noticed one was missing, he asked, "Why?" One student sheepishly confessed his failure to participate, saying, "I feel uncomfortable with this." Milgram shrugged assent, and we sat silently while he proceeded to read all 12 sheets aloud—author, names, and grades—then thanked us and dismissed us until next week. The purpose of this activity appeared to be to teach us to put aside social politeness in favor of seeking the truth.

In another instance I can recall, Stanley Milgram often exposed weaknesses in even classic laboratory research. While we were studying Bandura's 1963 "Bobo doll" study, Professor Milgram impatiently asked, "Where is the aggression? Exactly what is the purpose of a Bobo doll if not to hit it? Should children caress it?" Similarly, in the classic 1959 Aronson experiment, on "severity of initiation" into a sorority, Milgram asked, "How severe it could be to utter swear words?" After he challenged us to identify the filthiest word in the English language, and we failed, he assigned us to canvass others and see who could return next Tuesday with the most embarrassing obscenity. He was right: no one could identify a word so filthy that its utterance was a "severe embarrassment."

As a teacher, Milgram surely had a profound impact on those of us who were lucky enough to study with him directly. But consider how his teaching just as surely impacted

those millions of students who were taught by him indirectly—through his classic films on obedience and on city life. Like thousands of other professors, I have repeatedly shown Milgram's powerful obedience film in class and witnessed first-hand the immense variations in students' reactions—from laughter to weeping—as one man is induced to kill another. There is no question that Milgram's film has been seen and absorbed by millions of people and has changed the lives of some of these (including me!), who later found themselves in an obedience dilemma. Those who visit the Milgram archive at the Yale library may see the binder of letters Milgram received from his research participants—many of them expressing their thanks for the invaluable insights they learned about their own behavior.

After Stanley Milgram's third heart attack in 1982 at age 48, his alumna Ronna Kabatznick made sure to get 40 of us alumni together for a big 49th birthday bash to celebrate his appointment as CUNY Distinguished Professor, for fear he would not make 50. After we regaled him, Milgram replied with an ever-eloquent "final lesson" for us based on his own life: "To have a successful career, I would say you need three things: one is courage, two is courage, and three is courage." The silence was deafening.

Of course, we learned from Milgram outside the class as well—such as his bold writings and presentations in defense of behavioral science against its critics and his ingenious application of research methods to all sorts of social issues. His little known collection of 25 essays on "The Individual in a Social World" shows his immense understanding beyond the obedience experiments. Thomas Blass' penetrating biography, *The Man Who Shocked the World* (2004), somehow managed to convey the Renaissance man that Milgram truly was. Without question, Professor Milgram's students feel lucky to have studied with the maestro and each of us have a quiver full of "Milgram stories" on how he influ-

enced our academic careers during our formative years. I would like to end by saying "Thank you" to Professor Milgram.

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How the Gift of Compassion Changed My Life

LaToya T. Lewis—Businesswoman and Author

Difficult childhoods can engender emotional and mental strengths in those who endure them, though some carry their childhood wounds throughout their lives, never quite able to live fully. I survived a very troubled childhood as the only child of a schizophrenic single mother. My ability to persevere is due in large part to an immeasurable gift of compassion by a grammar school teacher, Mr. Wester, whose intervention made a world of difference in my life.

My mother, Catherine, was born in a small Mississippi town in 1940. When she was in grammar school, the family moved north to Chicago to escape Jim Crow laws and hoping to find greater opportunities. Life in the North went

smoothly until my mother was in her last year of high school; that was when the first signs of trouble surfaced. My grandmother rarely talked about it, but when she did, there were stories of extreme mood swings prompting violent, erratic behavior.

These early signs were ignored and only whispered about in later years. My mother struggled with her illness to some degree through much of her life and although everyone in the family was reluctant to acknowledge my mother's illness, she did get treated periodically—usually when some extreme event warranted intervention. Suicide attempts and, in one instance, shooting at my father were among the events that triggered hospitalizations.

There were rare periods of normality when some combination of prescription drugs produced calm, but these were always short-lived and the combination of her illness and alcohol abuse made maintaining the medication regimen impossible. I'd hear extended family members say she just needed to "get herself together" as if the madness was under her control and she could, in the blink of an eye, be better. I spent my childhood wondering who was crazy: my mother or my extended family. It didn't make sense to me that she so obviously needed more help than she got and the sane people in her midst offered little.

I grew up in the shadows as my mother battled schizophrenia and the abuse and neglect it spawned seemed to go unnoticed. A punch, a kick, or a slap was never far off and it was impossible to feel safe when alone with my mother. Anytime she cooked my level of fear increased because I might have to dodge a hot skillet or another dangerous object. Simple, everyday tasks were nightmarish and many things were beyond my mother's ability. Things like grocery shopping could turn into fist fights with clerks if she didn't have enough money to pay for the items she wanted.

My problems were not limited to home; I was picked on and teased mercilessly by the neighborhood kids. I faced fights on an almost daily basis, just trying to get home from school. To face my mother's erratic behavior daily after the battles at school or en route to home was overwhelming. All this brought a lingering sadness to my life, a personal cloud that went with me everywhere. This was my daily life growing up on the West Side of Chicago in the years immediately after the riots prompted by the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., when large swaths of the city burned.

What sort of chance would a scared little black girl with a schizophrenic mother and an absent father really have? I would not interact with the other kids at school unless I had to, and I was very quiet at home, doing everything I could not to anger or irritate my volatile mother. I had no real friends and I didn't dare ask teachers or counselors for help even though I thought my mother and I needed it. I went to great lengths just to stay "under the radar" and out of everyone's way.

Unbeknownst to me, someone was aware of my quiet distress and of the difficult conditions I was living in at home. One fateful day, my fourth grade teacher, Mr. Wester, called on me to read aloud a passage in class; I declined.

Mr. Wester later took me aside, fearing that I might not be able to read and asked me again to read the passage. I was happy to read it just to him. I did not dare read aloud in class because the kids teased me mercilessly, saying I spoke "like white folks." I found it easier to say little in class.

After a few more questions about my mother, my family, and life at home, we returned to class. I didn't think anything of this—what nine-year-old would have—but years later I found out that Mr. Wester made further inquiries, speaking with a school counselor who knew about my mother's illness and our life at home.

Mr. Wester took an active interest in my education, becoming a guardian angel of sorts, as he gave me books and nurtured a love of reading that lives on to this day. This was especially important for me because, aside from the Bible, we didn't own any books. For the first time, I became aware that there were bookstores, where you could actually buy books and keep them. I felt privileged to go to the library, so this was really special. He helped me learn things I can't imagine I could have learned otherwise; new doors were opened to me.

He occasionally treated me to a meal in a sit-down restaurant—a huge treat to a poor kid—where we discussed what I was learning and the books I was reading. Mr. Wester also helped me with math, which was especially important, as it was never my best subject.

As my fourth-grade school year came to a close, Mr. Wester was preparing to leave to take another job and he did not believe I could succeed if I remained in my neighborhood school. He acted out of kindness, concern, and from a sense that I would succumb to the environment and the weight of my mother's illness without an intervention.

Mr. Wester contacted my grandparents, who met him with suspicion and who weren't initially open to his suggestion to move me to another school—a private school—where I could get attention and help. I'd also be removed from a neighborhood that "devoured" so many kids into a life of crime, drug abuse, gang violence, joblessness, or welfare dependence. Mr. Wester was able to convince my grandparents that my future hinged on a good education. After a lot of discussions, my grandparents met with school counselors, visited the proposed school, and finally agreed. Mr. Wester was able to convince my grandparents that my future depended on a better education than I'd get where I was and he paid my tuition, fees, and book expenses every year I attended private

school.

At St. Mel's Catholic School, I was surrounded by the children of middle class black families; I studied with kids whose parents were doctors, lawyers, executives, and architects. When my classmates' parents came to school to talk about their careers, lives, and travels, their stories amazed me. Many of my classmates had both parents and their fathers were involved in their lives—I had only seen my father a couple of times!

The exposure to this allowed me to fantasize about a future where I could be like my classmates' parents. I was able to see possibilities I could have never imagined without this experience. It had a lasting impression, even effecting the classes—particularly architectural drafting and debate—that I took in high school.

This small but critical intervention—the gift of compassion—opened the door to a very different world than the one I lived in with my mother. I saw what a middle class life could look like—and while at times it caused some sadness and jealousy given my family's poverty, it also served as the fuel that propelled me forward. Every day presented me with a view of another world; it did not seem like an impossible leap to see myself in that world as an adult.

Now at 46 years old, I can clearly see the impact Mr. Wester's kindness has had on my life. I attained a bachelor's degree in philosophy. I have held leadership roles in financial services and now run a business of my own. Mr. Wester's gift of compassion made the life I have today possible; as a result, I help others whenever and however I can. I understand how profoundly Mr. Wester's kindness impacted my life; giving to others is my tribute to him. I'm a testament to the difference a gift of compassion can make.

LaToya T. Lewis *is a businesswoman and author in Aurora, Illinois. She is currently working on the memoir, Even the Lotus Blooms. She can be contacted at lewis.latoya @sbcglobal.net.*

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The Professor as a Role Model for Love, Loss, and Recovery

Jeffrey Berman—SUNY Albany

Students are normally shielded from issues involving death and dying; however since the death of my wife, Barbara, on April 5, 2004, I have been teaching courses and writing books on love and loss. Consequently, students now see me as a person who has been "touched by death." The phrase comes from Robert Kastenbaum, who observes in *The Psychology of Death* (2006) that although there are many ways to describe a person's attitude toward death, probably the best distinction is that between the touched and the untouched. "This is the most basic and natural distinction that I have observed, whether in a hospital, a classroom, or a community setting. There are people who convey a sense of having been touched by death, and others who behave as though untouched" (233). In being touched by death, I have become, for many of my students, a role model for love, loss, and recovery.

To understand how my students regard me, I want to look at their responses to my book, *Dying to Teach: A Memoir of Love, Loss, and Learning* (SUNY Press, 2007). The memoir recounts my life with Barbara from her diagnosis of pancreatic cancer in August 2002 until her death 20 months later. She allowed me to read my eulogy of her to my Expository Writing students in the spring of 2004, and I kept

them informed of her rapidly declining health. I began writing the book immediately after her death. I told my students that after I finished the manuscript, I would send each of them a copy. If they were interested in writing to me, sharing their reactions to reading the manuscript, I promised to include their letters in the appendix. Sixteen of the 24 students gave me permission to include their writings, all but one allowing me to use their names.

The 16 letters offer a fascinating insight into how they viewed me. The letters are sincere and heartfelt; since the students had already received their final grades and had graduated from college, there was no particular reason for them not to be candid about their responses. A number of students, including Kunal, perceived me as a Virgilian guide who steered them through purgatory and hell and then brought them safely home again, changed irrevocably by the experience. "Jeff Berman's *Dying to Teach* takes you to a scary place but it brings you back with a greater sense of knowledge" (238). Kristen, who had lost four female relatives to cancer, felt that reading the memoir made her less "avoidant" of death. Like many of her classmates, she ended the letter by thanking me for sharing the story of Barbara's life and death with her. Leslie wrote that my course helped her to confront death for the first time. Attending the funeral of her beloved grandmother a few months earlier, Leslie discovered, to her dismay, that she remained emotionally numb. Reading aloud to the class an essay about her grandmother's death, however, proved unexpectedly wrenching to her. "Tears formed in my eyes. I could not finish the reading. This was a pivotal moment in my life. This was the first time I had publicly shed tears over a death" (245).

Leanne was surprised that I included in *Dying to Teach* the class's responses to my eulogy of Barbara. "This memoir exemplifies the ability to merge the 'advancement of knowledge' with its 'human application'" (247), something

that she had not previously encountered in her college courses. "You have given yourself a human face with which most students can identify and that in and of itself has a shock value that keeps students engaged and inspired" (247). Catherine did not mention in her letter the deaths of any loved one, but she sent me an email a year after the publication of *Dying to Teach* in which she revealed that her father had died recently of cancer and, as a result of reading my book, she was able to eulogize him.

Only two of the 16 students expressed ambivalence about reading the manuscript. Erin felt detached and cold, the same way she felt when her father died years earlier. She preferred to avoid thinking about death, partly because she was terrified that her husband would die prematurely, like his and her own father. Nevertheless, at the end of the letter she writes, "A college education should be about more than just guidelines, textbooks, and tests. A college education should include exploration and self-discovery even if it is uncomfortable, or perhaps especially so" (257). It was painful for Jennifer to read the manuscript because her favorite uncle had just died from AIDS. "I was angry that with each page I read, death was thrust into my face and I was forced to confront it. I was angry at my uncle for losing the battle." Yet she closes by admitting that reading and writing about our deceased loved ones keep them alive in our hearts.

By reading *Dying to Teach* on their own time, more than a year after the course ended, my students demonstrate that education continues outside the classroom. Many of them regard me not only as a role model for love, loss, and recovery but also as an attachment figure, for they regularly send me emails describing their present lives. Most of the 16 students believe that courses on death education should be offered at universities—though they are quick to add that such courses should be elective, not required. Most of them would agree with me that courses on death education are also

about life education. Reading *Dying to Teach* gave Matthew an insight into the "cliff of death," but he glimpsed another aspect of the view below. "It is not one of the 'valley of death' but of life" (243).

Because we live in a death-denying culture, it is rare for a professor to speak so personally in the classroom. Far from regarding my self-disclosures as narcissistic, self-indulgent, or transgressive, my students welcome them, since they are able to see me as a "real person." They also see me as a role model, a mentor. I am a role model in many ways: I encourage students to speak and write openly and honestly about death, express their thoughts and *feelings* about death (the Chinese ideogram for "thought" is made of two characters, "brain" and "heart"), eulogize their lost loved ones, reflect upon the meanings of death, and appreciate every moment of life. Perhaps most important, I demonstrate to them that one can remain attached to the dead while engaged fully with the living.

Role models are not experts: most thanatologists would agree that there are no experts on death. We all die in different ways, and no one lives to narrate the story of his or her death. Nor do role models need to be brave or courageous. I readily confess that I am a "catastrophizer," a word I learned when I was in therapy. I see myself as being blessed—a strange word for an agnostic to use—by the ability to love and be loved. I was fortunate to be married for 35 years to an extraordinary woman who was my muse in life and now in death. My classrooms are emotionally charged, but there are many more smiles than tears. My students, some of whom have no relationship with one or both parents as a result of death or divorce, see me as a person who loved deeply, experienced a devastating loss, and then recovered to write and talk about love and loss. My students don't feel burdened by my self-disclosures. On the contrary: they feel emboldened to write about their own experiences with grief

and, in the process, they feel better. As I have suggested in *Risky Writing* and *Empathic Teaching*, there are many commonalities between the talking cure and the writing cure. Death education courses can be helpful for those who have and have not yet been touched by death. All of us, teachers and students alike, will eventually confront our own and others' mortality, and we can all learn from stories of love, loss, and recovery.

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Mentors, Mentoring, and Heroes

The "M" Word: Fears and Fantasies

Bonnie Oglensky—York College of CUNY

The increasingly widespread attention paid to mentorship has led to producing an elastic and hollow usage of the term. *Mentor* has become a buzzword, bandied about generically and without much thought to describe almost anyone who even loosely fits the concept, including admired teachers, bosses, psychotherapists, sports coaches, literary heroes, parents, spiritual gurus, political figures, and so on. The relaxed usage seems to be based, in part, on a grammatical slip: that is, the word *mentor*—a noun—has been transfigured into a verb. Like the misnomer of saying that anyone who mothers *is* a mother, our lexicon permits anyone who mentors to be deemed a mentor.

Interestingly, while the term seems unfettered in popular culture, in serious conversation about mentorship the oppo-

site seems to hold true. A fair amount of deliberation actually goes into thinking about and deciding to name a relationship a mentorship. Indeed, a study I conducted a few years ago on the psychodynamics of long-term professional mentoring relationships revealed that the process of identifying a relationship as a mentorship carries with it a distinct emotional charge. When I asked someone if he or she regarded an influential person in his or her life as a "mentor"—specifically using that language—the response was often tentative or qualified. A number of people squirmed and replied, "It depends on what you mean by *mentor*." Unclear about how the term should be used, many groped for fixed criteria, wanting *me* to lead in setting the parameters of meaning. Partly, this is because the social rules for labeling someone a "mentor" are not set. Despite the fact that a good deal of mentorship is "in the eye of the beholden," as David Lazar facetiously put it (*The Ohio Review*, v. 51, 1994), individuals tend to be uneasy about affixing this name to their mentor-like relationships.

I wondered why people seemed timid about or even averse to using the term. Why would a protégé of a rising star in the modern dance world, for example, describe herself to me as being "receptive to learning *in that particular way*," but quickly add, "I still hate calling it 'mentoring'." Why, at an annual conference for female executives titled "Building Bridges: How to Build a Powerful Network. How to Find a Mentor. How to Be One," would the keynote speaker say that the term "scares people off"? For one thing, the act of naming a relationship a "mentorship" can seem daring as it announces something about the identity of the connection that may be called into question by the other party. "What if," frets the junior colleague, "my boss who I so highly regard doesn't think of himself as my mentor? What if he doesn't think of us as having such a special relationship?" The issue of reciprocity in the naming process can stir up anxiety. One risk is the exposure and humiliation of overstating the level of intimacy, commit-

ment, and significance of a relationship by using a terminology that may be unrequited.

Conversations about naming, including whether and when to use the "M" word were among the most revealing discussions in my study—uncovering fears and fantasies about power, control, idealization, loyalty, obligation, dependence, merger, and generativity. How each person interpreted and applied the terms of mentorship brought to light some of the underlying wishes and conflicts they imported into these alliances. Talk about the word "mentor," put simply, stimulated deeper reflection on the psychodynamics of their own relationships.

For some, naming oneself a "mentor" implied self-aggrandizement, a puffing up of one's influence on another person. One protégé, a 40-something-year-old woman in advertising, described her supervisor as "embarrassed that she even thought of herself as a mentor." Although it became clear during our interview that the mentor was not only comfortable enacting the role of teacher, role model, and sponsor—she was actually a staunch actress in each of these mentoring roles—she didn't like to admit this. Laced with Midwestern reserve, she distanced herself from the title of mentor because it conveyed an air of self-importance, a kind of hubris, a social taboo from where she came.

In other cases, mentors shied away from the title because of fears of getting caught up in long-term obligation. Signaling tension, a junior faculty member at a small liberal arts college noted that her mentor's "first reaction [to participating in this study] was 'are we in a mentor relationship?'" Indeed, playing down her effect on the protégé was part of what made the mentor "an attractive person—she does not know her own power...or charisma." Curiously, I found this otherwise intrepid senior professor anxious at the mere suggestion that she could wield such intense influence over others. Somewhat

withholding as a mentor, she drew boundaries constantly to buffer herself from the neediness of the protégé learner, afraid, I thought, of the possibility of quashing her younger colleague with her potent intellect and courageous academic positions. Still, this mentor's even greater anxiety had to do with dependence. She worried that making any gestures that would amplify the significance of the relationship (for example, openly acknowledging it as a mentorship) might be read by the protégé as an invitation to maintain a lifetime connection to her. She didn't want the strings attached—to her, mentorship represented a slippery slope to engulfment.

Concerns about boundary maintenance were prominent in discussions with another mentor pair: the modern dancers mentioned earlier. Though claiming, "I don't really call myself her mentor," this leader in experimental dance conceded that the term was palatable *only* if the counterpart term was "*not protégé.*" "*Protégé* to me," she explained, "means formed in one's own image…[implying] a degree of investment on the part of the older person that's not healthy—that their sense of self-esteem and ego gratification [are] bound up in the achievement of the younger person." Going on to render the mentor/protégé dyad as "creepy" gave us a vivid imago of this woman's uneasiness about mentorship merger. The idea that the disciple would be unable to separate herself from her mentor's persona and, as the corollary, that the mentor's narcissistic pleasures would vicariously hinge on the disciple's success seemed inevitable, if not discursively managed.

While many are put off by the emotional burdens they read into the terms *mentor* and *protégé*, some seize on these words for their seductive potential. Fantasies of control and professional ascendancy fuel shallow use of these words to engineer adulation, compliance, and productivity from would-be protégés. A mid-level manager at a pharmaceutical firm announced to her assistant of several weeks that she would "*be* her mentor." Simply calling the relationship a

"mentorship"—a naming by fiat, however, did not make it one. The protégé confided to me that it took her a good year before she felt it fitting to regard her boss as a mentor. When she finally did refer to her boss as "mentor," it was wrapped as an emotional gift—similar to the sentiment expressed by the daughter-in-law who takes the step to call her husband's mother, "Mom."

These illustrations highlight the fact that by naming a mentorship, the emotional associations the term conjures up are viewed as a declaration of commitment to perceiving the relationship in a particular cast as opposed to having it remain in a nominal limbo. Yet, there are no markers for deciding at what point a relation moves from a garden-variety professional or personal relationship into a mentorship. Parties might recognize the existence of a special bond but feel unclear about what language to use to describe this quality. A useful analogy is the dating couple who grapple with whether to think about and refer to one another as "friends," "lovers," or "significant others," and when to make shifts in attribution from one to another. However arbitrary, each naming creates a frame for the relation and as such becomes part of its discursive construction—reflecting and shaping how partners orient themselves towards each other. "The existence of a relationship is at least partly (but importantly), a result of a certain set of people coming to agree that there is one" according to Stephen Duck. "[O]nce partners come not only to believe that they are in a certain sort of relationship but to discuss and share that belief, then their discourse alters correspondingly" (*Journal of Social and Personal Relationships*, v.12, 1995, p. 537). In the case of mentorship, not only does their talk change, so does their concept of the emotional connection. While it articulates a more explicit outline for the relationship, using the "M" word saddles parties with expectations and responsibilities and an infusion of conscious and unconscious psychic fantasies, longings, and anxieties.

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Mrs. Seyfert and Mozart

Susan Gregory—Mentor/Teacher/Therapist

Elsa Seyfert pushed the silver spectacles up her nose and swiveled on the piano bench to face me, an excited and nervous young student. The year was 1972 and New York City Opera had just asked me to audition.

"Whatever you sing," Mrs. Seyfert intoned, "be sure to include Mozart. It's the most exposing, the most telling. You *must never* audition without it." I dutifully included Mozart in my book for that audition and the two that followed over the next three years. The auditioners never asked me to sing Mozart.

In 1975, after a decade of our working together, Elsa Seyfert retired from teaching in New York and, with her Jewish husband, a pianist, returned to Germany, from which they had fled decades earlier. They settled on Lake Constance in order to be available to teach two renowned singers who spent several months a year in Germany and Switzerland. I visited them there once while on an audition trip, and was given a single brief lesson. This took place in their home directly across the lake from Switzerland, the route they had originally traveled to escape from Germany in 1938.

Then we traveled to nearby Zurich together to assist a British student of Mrs. Seyfert, a wealthy amateur, prepare for a recital. At the recital, Mrs. Seyfert sat at the back of the auditorium mouthing every word of every song being sung, intent upon her pupil. I felt left out and longed to be the one up there singing; but in those years I did not have the cash to produce an event such as that. Thinking about it now, I see that I suffered with shame at being poor in an art form which, in the post-WWII era, became a socially acceptable pursuit for daughters of the rich.

Back in New York, as I began to prepare for my fourth New York City Opera audition, I missed my teacher's careful listening and advice; indeed, I felt musically alone and abandoned by Mrs. Seyfert. I had idealized her, never calling her "Elsa" as did some of her more famous students; I behaved as a "good girl," so to speak. In order to make what I thought would be a fresh start, I prepared five sparkling and dramatic arias, filled with emotional expression, fluid line, florid passages and plenty of high notes—the stuff of competition. In an action meant to mark Mrs. Seyfert's absence, I purposely did not put any Mozart into my audition book. She was not present, yet I was rebelling against her in my mind.

The day came. I stood on stage in the pale rehearsal light and announced "Stridano lassù," a song of reminiscence and hope, from *I Pagliacci*. I sang well—trills, high notes, and all. Then there was silence. Maestro Julius Rudel whispered to the man sitting next to him in the house (the auditorium), then turned to me and asked, "Do you have any Mozart?"

I held my breath. Mrs. Seyfert's face floated before me. "I don't have any with me; but would be glad to return another day to sing some for you." He spoke again to his colleague. "We'll send for some from the company library.

What will you sing?" I was embarrassed and wanted to whisper my answer, but forced myself to declaim, "Pamina's aria from *The Magic Flute*." "Go to the wings and wait. We'll hear you after the next singer," he said as the next singer swept past us on to the stage.

My pianist and I waited. We paced. I tapped my chest. I walked around with my arms held high above my head, using breathing stimuli I had practiced in lessons with Mrs. Seyfert. Throughout, phrases of soaring Verdi reached us backstage. The singer was well known and had just returned from a career in Europe. How could I compete with her? Although I was very talented, I felt small at that moment, and in fact had battled against those same feelings of inadequacy often when going and coming to and from Mrs. Seyfert's studio where, it seemed to me, the famous and/or wealthy students were received with more attention and more smiles. In those days, I did not have the courage, nor the language, to discuss this with Mrs. Seyfert.

As I worried, an assistant from the musical staff rushed to the wings, score in hand. It was a leather-bound European edition we had never seen before. There was no time to look it over. We could only hope the details on the page were the same as those we had been performing. We went on stage again. Even before I could signal, my pianist began to play. I sang. Maestro Rudel dabbed his eyes. Then, a "Thank you" from his assistant gave us our cue to exit.

The next morning, the company's business manager called and offered me a contract. I was shocked, happy and afraid all at once. I accepted, and wanted most to tell Mrs. Seyfert, to see her, to hug her, to show her that our work had paid off. I wanted her to smile at me with the fulsome pride of a teacher for her pupil, something she had rarely done. I believed I had triumphed, yet it was difficult for me to let

that in, because I had formed a developmental attachment to her which I needed to feel was mutual, through her words or her gaze. I can say this now, yet had no way to express it then.

Elsa Seyfert was far away *am Bodensee* (on Lake Constance). Rather than make a transatlantic call, I sat down to write her a letter. I waited months for her reply. By the time her pro forma congratulations came, I was singing at the New York City Opera and had consciously cast off my internal image of her as my mentor, although I remained aware that her teaching and advice had helped me to get the job.

As I write this, more than 30 years later, I see that it illustrates the nature of emotional attachment ("transference" in psychoanalytic terminology) that often occurs between singing teachers and their pupils, and how their relationship "holds" the craftwork they accomplish together. This is part of a master/apprentice tradition of musical education, with roots in the Renaissance and earlier, a tradition still alive in our culture and in cultures around the world.

When I was a young and ambitious student in the early part of my career, I had felt admiration, appreciation, love for, and then disappointment and abandonment from the woman I had idealized as my brilliant teacher. A woman whom I later realized was my complex, and therefore very human, mentor.

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Career and Personal Role Models, Heroes, and Mentors

Michael Isaacs—Licensed Research Psychoanalyst

For me role models are people we choose to mirror in our life's journey. Heroes are those we highly admire and often idealize. Mentors predominantly function in the teaching and coaching role. One person may embody one or more of these prototypes at a time, so some of my characterizations may appear fuzzy at times due to overlapping.

Role models and heroes often change with different stages of life. In my latency years, my heroes were cowboys, especially Roy Rogers; the Phantom, an awesome, fearless cartoon character; and Superman. At this stage, I do not remember what I wanted to be when I grew up, but I do know that I never wanted to be a fireman or policeman.

In my preteens and teens, I loved to hear the singing of crooner Frankie Laine, especially the song "Jezebel." Also, during this time period, rooting for the New York Yankees baseball team was a passion. I worshipped all its team members, especially Joe DiMaggio and pitcher Whitey Ford. What I wanted to be when I grew up, however, was not a baseball player, but rather a professional pop singer like Frankie Laine, or like the radio broadcaster baseball announcer Mel Allen of the New York Yankees.

Occasionally our heroes become our models. For example, a middle-aged patient of mine had cancer in his late teens. After successful treatment, he perceived his oncolo-

gist as having saved his life. This doctor was his hero. His physician-hero became his role model to the extent that he went on to become a knowledgeable and compassionate chiropractor.

While it is only infrequently that our heroes become our main role model, it is true that many of the attributes of our heroes become aspects of our role modeling. For example, the poet Walt Whitman is one of my heroes; yet, I have no desire to live like him. However, he has influenced my role-modeling by his choice to express his observational powers in writing, which in his case was free-flowing poetry.

Our first role models are our parents, for their behavior and our dependence on them, which is our first life experience. Even if their behavior is not exemplary, out of familiarity, loyalty, and needing their love, we often hold on to them as role models for too long and sometimes forever. As therapists, we often hear our patients' surprise when they are upset when they become aware of how they are repeating some abhorred qualities of their parents.

My father was my first role model. From his influence, I have incorporated the importance of education, his emphasis on moderation, his value in stable family life, his analytical mind, and importance of reputation in the community. He was an attorney and a municipal court judge. I also inherited his sense of humor, although his humor sometimes descended to puns that were not of high quality.

Thus, it is not a surprise that after college, I attended law school. That was based on identifying with my father's masculine yang side. After law school, I went on to obtain a master's degree in social work, a decision that was partially based on my mother's kindness and compassion, my feminine, nurturing yin side.

After my graduate school training in social work was

completed, I started a career in law and solely practiced law for ten years, first with my father and then several years later in my own private practice. At the same time, I commenced individual and group psychotherapy. My therapist was a psychiatrist who was just finishing his program at the William Alanson White Institute in New York City.

In his waiting room on a table there was a sculpture of Rodin's "The Thinker." The Thinker was sitting bent over, looking at the ground in deep thought. I was impressed and awed by this figure whom I perceived to be reflective and curious, willing to face his conflicts and demons with curiosity and courage.

My first therapist was my second career role model. In my two years of treatment with him, I learned about the world of the unconscious and my own hidden world. He emphasized the analysis of my dreams. From him, I was inspired to read the books of therapists such as Eric Fromm, Karen Horney, Viktor Frankel, Rollo May, and Harry Stack Sullivan.

I idealized my therapist. I wanted to be like him, listening to people and helping to solve their conflicts and problems; he rose to the level of a hero.

During these ten years, I also started a life-long spiritual path, strongly influenced by ancient Indian wisdom and philosophy. I taught yoga and meditation, and studied under a guru for many years. Now, not only was the world of the unconscious open to my experience, but studying and meditating in the area of the super-conscious. In addition to the statue of "The Thinker" I saw as my role model, there entered a statue of Buddha, sitting in silence with eyes closed, looking inward and with a blissful face.

While practicing law had its good points, I knew that only being a lawyer would not be fulfilling; for me, it lacked

passion. Thoughts of changing career directions crossed my mind. In addition to thinking about becoming a psychotherapist, I mulled over becoming an academic in the intellectual field of religious and spiritual studies.

After ten years as an attorney I needed to make a decision as to a change of career direction. I decided that my true passion was in humanism, psychotherapy, and the relationship between therapy and spirituality. I decided to obtain training in psychoanalysis part-time, while continuing my law practice.

It took me eight years to obtain my certification as a lay analyst from the New Jersey Psychoanalytic Institute. There I had many opportunities to follow role models who showed me how I would eventually think as a psychoanalyst. There were many mentors to observe: my Freudian analyst, and a host of supervisors and fellow candidates. I can't say that my analyst was my hero since over the many years of analysis the personal weaknesses and imperfections of the analyst are bound to be revealed. By the end of the analysis, any negative qualities and weaknesses of the analyst are hopefully accepted maturely. Although he was not my hero, many of his attributes influenced me to want to view him as my role model in being an analyst. That is, his concentrated ability to listen, intellectual and emotional curiosity, patience, and setting the frame.

During my training, certain mentors were role models for my practice. One control analyst helped me to take myself less seriously and enjoy the sessions more. Another control analyst's enthusiasm for Freud and help to better understand and appreciate Freud were invaluable. The writers and theoreticians that most influenced me in addition to Freud were Donald Winnicott and William Ronald Fairbairn from the English object-relations school of thought.

The fact that I had two concurrent inner growth paths

was often confusing. The theories and purposes on the quest towards happiness and fulfillment in psychotherapy and spirituality, of course, had underlying differences. When I brought up events like meditation and other spiritual dealings with my spiritual teacher, my analyst took a dim view of my need for all that. Similarly, when I told my spiritual teacher about psychoanalysis, he conveyed his skepticism about the relevance of delving into past family history, dreams, and free associations.

After becoming a certified analyst, I still continued as a lawyer until my therapy practice grew such that I saw patients full-time. After my certification, my spiritual practices also continued, but I opened up to learn more and practice spiritual principles from Buddhism and mysticism based on the Old and New Testaments. So, in my personal life there was less conflict between pursuing spiritual paths and psychological growth. I had more conviction that the two approaches were not mutually exclusive.

In 1994, I wrote an article that discussed the similarity of and differences between psychotherapy and spirituality. I concluded that the longer I observed the dual paths of psychotherapy and spirituality, the more I was impressed by the tenacity of the emotional obstacles preventing happiness and freedom. I also concluded that more harm is done to us by not accepting our "humanity" than by not realizing our "spirituality." Furthermore, there were many people that were attempting spiritual paths that were really defending against repressed material of childhood conflicts. This has been called "spiritual bypassing." (An article on this subject can be read on my website www.michaelisaacs.net.)

Over the years of doing psychoanalysis and psychoanalytic therapy, there were new role models, heroes, and mentors. I came to appreciate that on occasion my patients themselves were heroes, role models, and mentors! Here, I

will only mention two psychoanalysts that influenced me significantly as therapist role models. One was Joseph Weiss, the author of *How Psychotherapy Works*. He emphasizes the role of guilt in pathology, client testing of the therapist, and how the therapist can pass these tests. The other was Thomas Hora, a psychoanalytically trained existential psychiatrist and spiritual teacher.

In my later stage of life, I came to realize that the gender nature of my role models, heroes, and mentors had changed. In my earlier stages mostly all of my analysts, mentors, heroes, role models, and spiritual teachers had been men. Now, they are predominantly women. In one psychospiritual group that I have been attending for many years all but two members are women. This pattern of respecting knowledgeable and nurturing women has helped me in the transference to receive some modeling that my mother was incapable of giving me.

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My Heroes Are What I Am Not

Millicent Lambert—Psychoanalyst

I did not know how I would address this subject until I started to write and suddenly realized that all my heroes possessed similar characteristics. Many were men and all possessed characteristics that I thought I lacked—physical agility, stamina, clear-sighted goals, persistence, and emo-

tional resilience. Below I will review the heroes of my life, reflecting on what I have learned in psychoanalysis about some of the reasons I have needed them.

My first public hero was Edmund Hillary, the tall, lanky, New Zealander who became an instant, worldwide, heroic figure following his conquest of Mt. Everest in 1953 with his Sherpa guide. I was 13 and he was 33, single, and appealing in a rugged sort of way. I read all books I could land my hands on about Mt. Everest and Tibet and continued to admire Hillary, who had accomplished something unique despite his shyness, a trait I shared. He never capitalized commercially on his accomplishments as a mountaineer and explorer, and became known in Nepal for his humanitarian work on behalf of the Sherpa community.

Later, mentors provided me with professional guidance in college and graduate school. I admired them for their intelligence, proficiency in their subject matter, reserved and quiet demeanor, and accessibility. They paid attention to me, something for which I yearned. I was urged to publish papers I had written and commence a doctoral program. Their mere suggestions proved sufficient for me.

Much later, in my psychoanalytic training, I began to trust my male analyst in that unique and intimate setting. Over the years of my analysis, trust in my analyst grew and I cast him in the role of father-confidant and sometimes in the role of mother. He possessed the resilience, intellect, humor, insight, and persistence that I admired. He drew me out, patiently waiting as my ego and fragile self-esteem grew stronger and provided me with the empathetic attention I had missed in those early years. Always, these heroes and mentors urged me to make a name for myself—to be my own hero—but their attention and support were sufficient for me.

As I relived segments of my early life in psychoanalytic treatment, I learned about the origins of my need for

heroes and my characteristic responses. During the Second World War, my father served in the South Pacific for three years and my family life was quickly disrupted. We moved, my mother and grandmother went to work, my eight-year-old sister went to school, and at age three, I spent three years in dismal day care, where I was largely neglected by surrogate caretakers.

In day care my sense of security evaporated and my ability to cope shrunk. I recall being lonely, always waiting for the end of this loneliness. My memories are scant: eating very salty, canned spaghetti; being hit with a ruler on the top of my hands for venturing to the side of the building to view a distant, downed electrical line; and sitting outside in the cold as I stared at a bare tree on wintry, gray days. I think I was forced into a state of endurance or suspended animation well beyond what a tyke can take. Where were my mommy, daddy, and sister?

Recently, all these feelings came back to me. In the dark, early hours of an autumn morning, I anxiously awaited the results of numerous tests that my husband had undergone during an emergency hospitalization. I stared at the clock, willing the time to pass, but the hands on the clock simply would not move. I could not stand it. This is what I must have felt during those early years. I do not fault my family; they were making do as many wartime families were. Now I fear loneliness and anxiety spikes to great heights. Yet no one would know how I feel as I present a reasonably contained facade.

Upon reflection, there were also female heroines and mentors. My sister, a successful, self-made woman five years older than I, was someone I literally looked up to when I was a child. I took to heart every thought she voiced and every behavior she recommended until I realized that her worldview was not mine. We were born of the same womb

and shared many similarities, yet still were different.

One college classmate was a married woman in her 40's whom I admired for her ability to read people while being gutsy in an entirely feminine way. I eagerly accepted the very reasonable assistance from another woman, a college supervisor who treated me as an equal. Most recently there were two mentors: the first, a control analyst; and the second, an analyst working in academia. Both were assertive, outspoken, and held positions of authority. I consciously tried to take in their advice and model myself upon them. This worked only to a point, until I realized that professional self-interest motivated them far more than their relationship with me. Could my relationships with women be replays of losing the oedipal competition?

I think my analyst, heroes, and mentors possessed those characteristics which I value and which I lack, or have in small supply. I idealized these folks and placed them on pedestals. The men became my knights in shining armor in my rescue fantasies, and the women were nurturing mama figures, more aggressive than my sweet, loving, and reticent mother.

All these thoughts about the nature of my own heroes and mentors rose to consciousness very quickly as sometimes happens when analytic insight occurs. I realized the whys and wherefores of a topic I had heretofore never considered.

We humans need heroes to help us make sense of life, to remind us of what good humankind is capable of, and to develop within us a sense of empathy for others. Heroes fulfill the faith and hope that humans will, on balance, endure, succeed, and forge progress without wallowing in the basest of human behaviors. I recall Hobbes's dismal description of human lives in their natural state as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." This can't be all there is, I mentally scream. I remain amazed at what humankind is capable of

enduring and mastering. Perhaps I too can develop sufficient resilience to deal with whatever life presents.

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Sports Heroes

Falling Heroes: Why Heroes Tend to Self-Destruct

Tom Ferraro—Private Practice

Gravity dictates that what goes up must come down. It might well be the law of human nature as well. Most people have an extensive and growing list of fallen heroes. In politics, we have seen Richard Nixon, Bill Clinton, Ted Kennedy, Gary Hart, and John Edwards. In music we have had Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Jimmy Hendrix, Kurt Cobain, and Michael Jackson. In sports we have witnessed the fall of O.J. Simpson, Mike Tyson, Kobe Bryant, and most recently Tiger Woods. Below, I will explore the dynamics of the hero to help explain why so many tend to collapse, burn out, drop out, or die.

I will refer to Joseph Campbell's classic text *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949) in this paper and use his model of the hero as a point of departure. Campbell's theory was that most hero myths across nearly every culture describe a similar journey. The hero hears a call to adventure and with the aid of a special person, he departs to a strange world where he is initiated in battle and returns home with a boon of wisdom to share with his culture. He calls this a

"monomyth" and suggests that every great myth contains this narrative arc, including the lives of Jesus Christ and Buddha. Campbell's writings and theories have been used by noted filmmakers, including George Lucas as well as the writers of the following film series: the Matrix, Batman, and Harry Potter. He summarizes: "A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder: fabulous forces are then encountered and a decisive victory is won: the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man" (p. 30).

I wish to discuss three elements of the hero myth. The first is early childhood precursors of the hero, which are always referred to. The second is the role of the mentor or guide in the hero's life, and the third is the overcompensation seen in most hero stories.

The Anti-hero within Every Hero

Nearly every comic book hero has an alter-ego. Superman's also Clark Kent, Spiderman's Peter Parker, and Batman's Bruce Wayne. These comic book heroes were all orphaned at an early age: Superman was orphaned when Krypton was destroyed, Bruce Wayne witnessed the death of his parents, and Peter Parker not only was orphaned, but also lost the kindly uncle who raised him.

In our real life heroes, we frequently can see similar childhood trauma. Barack Obama's father left before Barack was a year old, Bill Clinton's father was killed in a car accident before he was born, and Richard Nixon had an abusive father and controlling mother. Tiger Woods, an African American raised in an all-white neighborhood, was ridiculed throughout childhood. Early childhood experiences are formative. When a child experiences this kind of chronic deprivation, loss, or parental failure, they will frequently develop a narcissistic character structure. Inside, they remain the "antihero," the indecisive, frightened, self-hating, and empty

self. On the inside they are confused, hesitant, and shy Clark Kent hiding behind his glasses, and our real life heroes are the same. They simply suppress, repress, and deny their weak, self-hating persona; but it remains. Tiger Woods gave up his thick glasses and became a body builder, and Obama gave up his shyness, as did Nixon. They set themselves on a hero's quest to redefine themselves without the benefit of a suit of armor, but the antihero remains alive.

I would suggest that contrary to Campbell's idea that the hero hears a calling early on, it is more accurate to say that the hero has an inner need which gives them the enormous fuel it will take in order to reinvent themselves into supermen. The journey is one that will take them 10 to 20 years to complete.

The Need of the Mentor or Guide

Campbell gives short time to the concept of the mentor. He simply says that after the hero commits to his quest, his guide or magical helper will appear to him. George Lucas gave this mentor figure more attention when he introduced Luke Skywalker to Jedi Master Yoda, whose puppet was modeled after the face of Albert Einstein. Yoda was Luke Skywalker's mentor and teacher though in most films, comics, and usually in real life, the training period is minimized or denied. In therapy, the narcissistic patient will want to deny any real dependence, and this is what makes it so difficult to treat them successfully. As Heinz Kohut remarked, they tend to steal or swallow whole any interpretation and then run from the relationship prematurely. We even see that in the Star Wars series, when the young apprentice leaves Yoda before completing his training. In reality, this sets up the inevitable collapse of the hero, as we shall see in the next section.

Overcompensation and Inevitable Collapse

Alfred Adler (1870-1937), together with Freud and

Jung, was one of the three founders of depth psychology. Adler was most famous for his theory of the inferiority complex and over-compensation, which I believe can be applied to the theory of the hero. We have seen how there is a duality in the makeup of mythic and real life heroes. Superman is also Clark Kent and Tiger Woods is also the shy, stuttering boy who was laughed at in kindergarten and tied to a tree. This duality, as Adler explained, sets up an endless and unconscious need to overcome a sense of inferiority and self-loathing. It produces the unquenchable greed and insatiable hunger, that we see in all heroes. If our hero, perchance, becomes as successful as Tiger Woods, then this leads to grandiosity, a sense of invulnerability, arrogance, and the fatal mistake. Such mistakes laid low Bill Clinton, Richard Nixon, and Tiger Woods.

Freud once wrote an article entitled, "Wrecked by Success," and I used it to write about what happened to Don Imus, the famous radio shock jock who went too far and was fired. Many of our heroes are wrecked by success because they are driven by the unquenchable need to undo childhood emptiness, and ultimately cloak it with a sense of omnipotence. This is quickly followed by a collapse or a grand mistake. It is what killed Michael Jackson, who worked himself to death; it brought down Tiger Woods, who sought women to fill up his particular emptiness; and it destroys most of the rest.

Conclusion

This is the sad story of the hero; it is not a story of rising action to the glorious summit as Campbell outlined for us. The rising action of the hero is often followed by falling action and a sad denouement: the hero is defeated by his own nature, one that is hidden from him and us until the last chapter. Tiger Woods, Richard Nixon, and the other modern heroes live out their lives in shame with their scarlet letter, and we the public simply change the channel and look for another

hero to adore. So where is the boon that Campbell spoke of? What do we learn from these heroes? An immoderate life will inevitably destroy you, but it certainly is entertaining to watch it happen. Such is the hero's life.

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My Hero Is a Nine-Year-Old, Not a Celebrity

Christine Silverstein—The Summit Center

Who is a hero? Felix Adler (1851-1933), founder of the Ethical Cultural Society, once stated: "The hero is one who kindles a great light in the world, who sets up blazing torches in the dark streets of life for men to see by." Does Tiger Woods fit Adler's description of a hero? Woods described the process he goes through to determine when or when not to play the hero. He wrote, "When I do hit an errant tee shot, I've learned to accept it and just get the ball back into play…There are times, though—if I'm down with two to play and have to make birdie, for example—that I will still try to hit the heroic shot" (Tiger Woods, *How I Play Golf*, 2001, p. 213). Does the ability to hit a "heroic" birdie (a hole-in-two strokes) to win championships make an athlete a hero?

Society puts athletes on pedestals and places them in

positions beyond reproach. Ironically, Woods is an example of a talented athlete who fell from favor because his morally clean image was tarnished by revelations of infidelity with various women. He did not know the difference between being touted as a hero, with multi-million dollar endorsements, and being a "genuine" hero. Although he commiserated that he has not been true to his values and that he is not without faults, his role model status for young golfers and minorities is currently in question, as well as his lucrative contracts (Lisa France, "Tiger Woods' role model status in question," CNN, http://www.cnn.com/2009/SHOWBIZ/12/04/tiger. woods. role.model/index.html).

Writer Gerald W. Johnson noted that, as in Woods' case, "heroes are created by popular demand, sometimes out of the scantiest materials, or none at all." But why does society create heroes? What purposes do they serve? Could it be that people live vicariously through the achievements of their esteemed heroes and see them as extensions of their ideal selves? Freud spoke about the "ego ideal" as a structure created by the internalization of cultural values, moral precepts that guide actions and concepts of self, and idealized parental representations (Richard Pfeiffer, "A brief psychoanalytical look at shame," http://growthcentral.com/shame.htm).

A French psychoanalyst, Jacques Lacan, interpreted Freud's theories and created his own. He made a distinction between the "ego ideal" and the "ideal ego." The former was associated with the *symbolic order* and the latter with the *imaginary order*. Lacan's ideal ego is one of ideal perfection that the ego strives to emulate, which develops during the "mirror stage" between 6-18 months of age. This normal stage of development sets up the imaginary fantasies that dominate during a person's psychic lifetime. On the other hand, Lacan saw the ego ideal as the way a person views himself in contrast to that ideal perfection. From this vantage, he sees an inversion of his "normal life and views him-

self suddenly as useless, vain, and repulsive" (Dino Felluga, *Introductory Guide to Critical Theory*, http://www.purdue.edu/guidetotheory/psychoanalysis/psychterms.html).

In Woods' athletic drama, a point can be made that the establishment of the ideal ego, which was supported by his parents, culture, and moral tenets taught during childhood, drove him towards stardom with a focused eye for perfection on the fairway. However, in his personal "off-the-course" drama, the ego ideal has exposed an image that is not up to par. As Tauer, a psychologist and assistant college basketball coach, stated, "He's [Woods] made his bed, and no pun intended, he now has to sleep in it" (Quoted in Lisa France, CNN, http://www.cnn.com/ 2009/SHOWBIZ/12/04/ tiger.woods.role.model/index.html). So what is a true-to-himself hero to do when he gets caught in a sex scandal?

Boxer Jack Dempsey scored when he claimed: "A champion is someone who gets up when he can't." This skill of bouncing back from adversity is called resiliency, and it is necessary for all children to acquire so they can handle life's challenges with aplomb. One way to gain resiliency is to suffer a trauma and to learn from it. Richard Warshak, a professor of clinical psychology, discussed the phenomenon he called "the echoes of trauma," in which people gain strength from adversity and are inspired from their sufferings to create positive outcomes. If you understand the impact of trauma, Warshak enunciated, it becomes clear what role heroes play in transcending it. As an expert on heroes, trauma, and children, he upholds the belief that children need heroes and explains how parents can play a major role in teaching children what makes a genuine hero (The Atlas Society, *Navigator*, 2002, Interview with Dr. Warshak, http://www.warshak.com/ author/heroes.html).

The importance of children's heroes was stressed in an article by John and Barbara Frazier, who referred to the

ego ideal as "an image of the goal" (http://www.thesuccessfulparent.com/infancy/childrens-heroes-and-the-ego ideal). They noted that hero-worship begins to emerge towards the end of the preschool years and blossoms during middle childhood. During these times, children naturally desire to push themselves to master developmental tasks and to set new challenging goals. As a clinician, I considered this natural inclination of children and took advantage of it when working with a nine-year-old client who experienced an eating disorder. Karen (not her real name) arrived at my office, refusing to eat or drink and looking extremely frail.

Karen's mother, an intelligent and caring parent, explained that during the previous year, while Karen was playing soccer and scoring goals, she suffered an acute appendicitis attack on the field. Immediately, she was rushed to the hospital for emergency surgery. Her physical recovery was rapid, but her mental health lagged far behind. The hospital's psychiatric consultant called in for Karen's case neither spoke English well, nor understood her panic and trauma. Karen believed that she caused the attack by eating something toxic. After taking appetite stimulants that did not work, her pediatrician recommended treatment in a boarding facility for anorexia that was more than two hours from her home. Some months post-surgery, she was once again rushed to the hospital for heart irregularities and electrolyte imbalances, resulting in nasogastric tube feedings, which added to the trauma. At this time, her father, who was her soccer coach, and her mother were in a state of panic and were hesitant to send Karen away from her social network of family, friends, and school. Karen wanted desperately to please her parents but could not bring herself to eat.

In the mirror of her mind she saw herself as overweight as well as having ingested something toxic. Although the nutritionist recommended that she curtail playing soccer until she gained weight, I suggested that she continue to play,

while encouraging her to increase consumption of nourishing food and rest periods. During a six-month period of weekly visits, Karen and I worked with Ericksonian hypnosis, cognitive restructuring, and imagery, such as kicking her emotional pain out through the soccer ball into the net to score a goal. Such techniques assisted Karen with the release of vestigial traumas, to promote healing. We worked with imaginary order (ideal ego) and symbolic order (ego ideal) through the use of metaphors, which were told in stories, such as *Stone Soup* (Brown) and *Henry's Awful Mistake* (Quackenbush). Representing the ego, id, and the superego, puppets of three fledglings in a nest were used as an adjunct for Parts Therapy. To improve body image, we regularly visited the imaginary "Pond of Love," where she saw a reflection of her ideal self and nourished her body, mind, and spirit. The end result of our effort is that Karen is eating well, and is happy to be back to scoring goals in soccer, school, and life.

Poet Maya Angelou has noted how important it is for society to recognize and celebrate its heroes and she-roes. In Karen's case, her role model and hero, Mia Hamm, and her love for the sport of soccer won out. Karen dressed up as Mia for Halloween that fall. We watched video footage of Hamm giving instruction on nutrition. In contrast to Woods, Hamm is renowned for being the best role model in pro sports because she possesses humility and feels responsible to the following generations. She recognizes what her work means to millions of female players around the United States and the world (Ian Bellis, http://www.nasl.com/articles/best_role_model_in_pro-sports.htm).

So who is a hero and how does one become a hero? A hero, stated mythologist Joseph Campbell, "is the man or woman who has been able to battle past his personal and local historical limitations." How do heroes accomplish their goals of heroism? Carol Pearson (author of *The Hero*

Within) wrote that, "Heroes take journeys, confront dragons, and discover the treasure of their true selves." Karen wants to share her journey with others, and I have helped by writing this article. Karen is my hero, for she has set up blazing torches in dark streets to see by!

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Sports Heroes and Mental Health Problems

Stanley H. Teitelbaum—Postgraduate Center for Mental Health

Professional athletes are no strangers to mental health problems, but the recognition, acknowledgment, and acceptance of these issues has been extraordinarily slow. The lack of public awareness, the macho sports culture, and the disdainful attitude of the sports leagues toward emotionally challenged players have contributed to this dilemma. The spectrum of mental health problems among professional athletes runs the gamut from anxiety, depression, narcissism,

paranoia, bipolar disorder, dissociative identity disorder, post-traumatic stress disorder, adjustment disorder, and antisocial personality disorder. In recent times a cluster of athletes including football players Terry Bradshaw, Herschel Walker, and Ricky Williams have been openly discussing their mental health problems, which reflects a step toward significant progress in this area.

Some sports heroes have contended with longstanding emotional disorders, while for others, it is the pressures that accompany being a sports celebrity that puts them at risk for developing mental health problems. Once an athlete arrives on the big stage, the pressures of maintaining peak performance and living up to the expectations of idealizing fans living vicariously through their heroes' accomplishments, can be intense and take a toll on mental stability.

In the former category are baseball legends Tyrus Raymond ("Ty") Cobb (1886-1961) and James Anthony ("Jimmy") Piersall (1929-). At the beginning of his career Cobb was traumatized by the murder of his revered father at the hands of his mother, who shot him after mistakenly thinking he was a prowler in her bedroom. Cobb suffered from delusions of persecution and his earlier tendencies toward violent acting out were exacerbated by this horrendous trauma. His biographer, Al Stump, described him as a paranoid schizophrenic who played baseball as if a cadre of enemies attempting to annihilate him were in pursuit (Stump, *Cobb: A Biography*, 1994, p. 298).

Jimmy Piersall is remembered as a baseball player who, five decades ago, entertained the Boston Red Sox's Fenway Park fans with comic actions such as hula dancing while playing the outfield, squirting a water pistol on home plate, pretending to hitchhike a ride on the cart escorting relief pitchers, and running the bases backwards after hitting a home run. The crowds grooved on his weird behavior, which

was precipitated by the manic side of his bipolar condition. What seemed funny was actually sad, but the public was unaware of its source. Nowadays, we can readily identify and successfully treat people with bipolar disorders; but in Piersall's era, it was not easily diagnosed. *Fear Strikes Out*, a 1957 movie about his life, highlighted the resistance of athletes and baseball culture to psychotherapy, while exploring the roots of their emotional issues. A key scene takes place in a mental hospital between Piersall and his psychiatrist. In the session, the therapist is trying to get Piersall to examine the effect of his harsh father as a factor in his emotional breakdown. However, the baseball player, embracing the defense mechanism of denial, exasperatingly shouts out, "If it wasn't for my father, I wouldn't be where I am today!" The camera then pans the barren gray walls of the room, and the scene ends.

Many sports stars have been catered to since they were eight years old, when they first displayed their athletic prowess and, as a result, their personality growth has been stunted. It is our need to anoint sports heroes, so that we can identify with them and feel like winners when they excel. Essentially, our society is creating a climate in which it is difficult for celebrity athletes not to become narcissistic.

In doing so, we are conditioning them to acquire what I refer to as the "toxic athlete profile," in which arrogance, grandiosity, and entitlement become central personality characteristics. They grow up with an exaggerated sense of their importance and function in an unreal celebrity bubble in which they are adored for their performance. As a result, there are often serious gaps in the development of a cluster of dimensions that are essential for mature functioning. These gaps include lapses in reality testing, deficiencies in judgment, poor frustration tolerance, difficulty postponing gratification, a compromised capacity for empathy, and a limited ability to engage in reciprocal relationships. Professional

athletes are particularly susceptible to adjustment disorders after they retire from active involvement in the game. The statistics for separation and divorce are staggeringly high, especially in the first 18 months after retirement, and the rate of suicide within 10 years of retirement as an active player is also alarmingly high (Teitelbaum, *Sports Heroes, Fallen Idols,* 2005, pp. 205, 30).

The relationship between personal stress and performance is intriguing. By most accounts, increments in stress have a negative impact on the level of performance. For example, John Daly's golf game seemed to deteriorate when he was under severe marital stress. Tiger Woods's not making the cut in a major tournament in 2006 was widely attributed to the stress of his father's death. In view of the monumental emotional toll the recent scandal has inevitably had on Tiger Woods, it will be interesting to see how he performs when he returns to the tour. Ironically, some sports stars have acquired adaptive defense mechanisms, like compartmentalization, which allows them to separate the more stressful sectors of their lives from their athletic performance, which remains unaffected and may even become enhanced. For example, when Pete Rose was served with divorce papers in what promised to be a highly contentious situation, his batting productivity accelerated, and he rose to the occasion by getting 60 base hits over the next month. Sometimes one can focus more intensely on succeeding in one area of life, while feeling vulnerable and threatened in another sector. The interaction between stress and performance can play out in either direction.

Sports stars traditionally have been loathe to accept their mental health problems because they function in a culture of machismo where such afflictions are considered to be a sign of weakness and softness in place of a gladiator image of toughness. These disorders are usually accompanied with feelings of shame and embarrassment. For decades, players

have tended not to be supportive or understanding when a teammate succumbs to a mental health disorder. When football star Barret Robbins disappeared under the sway of a bipolar episode just prior to the Super Bowl game in 2003, it became a distraction for the Oakland Raiders. The Raiders were handily defeated the next day by the Tampa Bay Buccaneers and Robbins' fellow players expressed resentment rather than sympathy toward his plight. Teammate Mo Collins expressed the general antipathy toward Robbins by stating, "Whatever rock he came up from, he can stay there as far as I'm concerned." The problem is further compounded by the major sports league establishments, which often adopt prejudicial approaches toward mental health issues, demonstrate an attitude of disdain toward these problems, and view them as something to will yourself out of, to shake off and get over, rather than as something which requires understanding and professional counseling. In a typical example of this insensitive mentality, New York Mets pitcher Pete Harnisch claims that when he confided in his manager about his debilitating symptoms, which were interfering with his effectiveness and were clear but unrecognized signs of depression, he was told that he was "gutless."

Fortunately, since the Robbins and Harnisch episodes, the landscape is changing in the sports world toward a greater acceptance of mental health problems. No longer are players, teammates, and management automatically reacting to these issues as a sign of weakness. The progress is especially apparent in Major League Baseball where All Stars such as Dontrelle Willis and Josh Hamilton were challenged in the 2009 season by anxiety and alcohol addiction relapse, respectively. Zach Greinke, despite his struggle with depression and social anxiety disorder, became the American League Cy Young Award winner.

It is commendable that sports heroes speak out. Terry Bradshaw talks out about his depression, Ricky Williams dis-

cussed his social anxiety disorder on the interview program, "60 Minutes," and Herschel Walker wrote a book about his battle with dissociative identity disorder. Additionally, Major League teams are granting players time off to deal with personal issues. Hopefully, we are entering an era in which such afflictions are increasingly de-stigmatized and are viewed and responded to with compassion and assistance.

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Voltaire: An Adored, Un-Heroic National Hero

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Preoccupied with his own glory as a young playwright, there was hardly a single heroic bone in the body of François-Marie Arouet (1694-1778), known later by the pseudonym Voltaire. Already, in his teens, one can find a tendency to stay out of his strict father's reach as much as he could. Friends of the family, with estates and chateaux in the vicinity of Paris, would not mind having the precocious, intellectually curious youngster around for weeks at a time. Like the Marquis de Saint Ange, Louis Urban de Caumartin, formerly a prominent statesman at the court of Louis XIV, served as a precious source of knowledge in French history for young Arouet. The history of civil war and bloody religious conflict, particularly in the 16th century, fascinated him. In fact, it laid the ground for Voltaire's grand epic, *La Henriade*.

During the long years of tug-of-war between father

and son on the issue of career choice, direct confrontation was carefully avoided by young Arouet. Passive-aggressive tendencies, including manipulatively submissive behavior at times, was also reflected in his fantasy productions, *Candide* in particular. Most of his life, choosing the place for his home was dictated by concern about personal security. The risk of retribution by the long arm of the law for some of his anti-establishment writings was always on his mind. So, he would only feel safe in a place close to the Lorraine or Swiss borders, where he could step over into safe foreign land when feeling threatened to end up in the Bastille again. (He had been there before when, as a naïve young rebel, in one of his famous satires he dared to mock the Regent.) Bottled-up resentment toward coercive paternal authority is bound to create a mighty internal (subliminal) force, analogous to the energy produced by a pressure cooker. If, then, there is unusual and persisting discomfort with expressing, or just contemplating, negative feelings toward someone emotionally close, whether by family ties or intimate friendship, relieving the pressure by allowing such feelings to surface will be well-nigh impossible.

The young poet's painful frustration with the senior Arouet's determined effort to block his son's plans for a literary career was no secret, yet one cannot find a single word in Voltaire's writings, recorded conversations with friends, or in his *Memoires,* showing rancor or as much as a hint of acrimonious feelings with reference to his father. This conspicuous clue about the poet's extreme sensitivity on the matter (which would essentially block any possible relief) was astonishingly missed in all conventional biographies. A step-by-step exploration of what accounted for the extraordinary sensitivity, resulting in lasting repression, would, of course, be beyond the scope of this essay. Its importance, though, cannot be neglected: it signals an unusually radical form of repression. Correspondingly, conscious aware-

ness—including his passion for reasoning—became disconnected from the emotional predicament, making conflict resolution through rational means unavailable to Voltaire.

In such situations, relief is often sought through some substitute target for the pent-up emotions. This is where the political conditions of 18th century France had played into the poet's hands: the pervasively unfair, unjust, religiously discriminating system of Church and State, robbing an innocent populace—Huguenots (French Protestants) in particular—of their rights to freedom in practicing their faith, choosing their occupation, receiving just treatment in the courts of law, etc., resonated strongly with Voltaire. He became a fierce champion of those rights, challenging the theocratically-biased, corrupt, and heavy-handed *l'infâme* (the infamy of intolerant, oppressive authority) as he preferred to call it. On a personal level, this fight indeed provided some relief. He once claimed that when he fought *l'infâme*, he experienced temporary relief from his chronic intestinal ailment.

So, how did the poet conduct his famous campaign against *l'infâme*? He did it in a typical Voltairean style, and in an amazingly multifaceted array of genres. There was hardly any literary format he had not tried at least once in his life. Early during his career as a playwright, it was one of the poet's gimmicks to sandwich poetic lines of arousing political content into verses of his play. For instance, he did this in *Oedipe*, his very first tragedy and a spectacular success at the Comédie-francaise. Voltaire proved himself a superb master in the art of eluding the censor's attention, without losing the desired impact on the audience. The French theater-going public was thrilled by the liberating effect—at least for the moment—of the thinly veiled political message. The smuggled-in poetic lines, poking fun at the hated system, meant for his audience a glimmer of hope for change. For instance when he wrote that "Our priests are

not what an idle populace imagines, their knowledge is merely our credulity" (Theodore Besterman, *Voltaire*, 1969, p.76).

"Ridicule," said Voltaire, "gets the better of anything; it is the most powerful of weapons. It is a great pleasure to laugh while taking one's vengeance" (In a letter to d'Alembert). Satire, with its potential of exposing folly or vice, was another favorite genre of the poet.

In a politically effective approach—through pamphlets, leaflets, and occasional pieces published and distributed through clandestine channels, together with a continual flow of his enormous personal correspondence—Voltaire called nationwide attention to the sins of a theocratically-biased, autocratic, corrupt, and uncaring government. Relying on his uncommon gift as a publicist and propagandist—as well as the skills of a fine journalist, according to the eminent French critic, Gustave Lansone—he would energize the public to demand change. Arousing general outrage about the utterly inhumane, medieval practices of the French criminal justice system was among his objectives. It has been claimed that the concept, as well as the political power of *public opinion,* has its origin with Voltaire.

Sadly, the inner Voltaire, traumatically injured by early events in his life as now revealed by painstakingly thorough psychobiographic research, presents a rather dismal picture. Perpetual, life-long repression of hurtful experiences and associated bitter feelings took their toll. Discharge of anger upon substitute targets, while providing some momentary relief, could evidently not rid the soul of deep feelings of resentment, hostility, and rage. We know this from sporadic asides and sudden, unexpected reactions, containing fantasies of uncontrolled anger and violence. Once, when asked what he would have done had he been born in zealously religious Spain, Voltaire answered, "I would have had a great chaplet,

would have gone to mass every day, I would have kissed the monks' sleeves, and I would have tried to set all their monasteries on fire" (Norman Torrey, "Voltaire and the English Deists," in William Bottiglia, *Voltaire: A Collection of Critical Essays*, 1968, p. 4).

All the personal vulnerabilities notwithstanding, the poet's influential role in the critical events of 18th century French history is unquestionable. The public persona of paradoxical Voltaire served as a desperately needed catalyst for the masses' disapproval of the prevailing theocratic/ political regime. Evidence of admiration of Voltaire as their national hero was overwhelming. When celebrated upon his return to Paris after 28 years of exile, the outpouring of jubilation and glorification in the streets of his beloved city was unprecedented. At his favorite theater, the Comédie-francaise, the delirious excitement of the audience focused not on the stage, but on the loge where the idealized playwright was seated. At the demand of the public, he was crowned with a wreath of laurels. The packed house dissolved in happy pandemonium, widely celebrating their adored champion of freedom. The august body of the Academie-francaise honored him in a special session where he was asked to preside over the proceedings.

After the triumph of the Revolution, he was, in 1791, posthumously honored and lionized by his people. The National Assembly ordered Voltaire's remains to be returned from their clandestine burial site and placed in the company of the nations' greats in the Panthéon. A procession of 100,000 men and women escorted the cortège, while 600,000 flanked the route to the final resting place of the revered poet-*philosophe*, remembered as one who had single-mindedly and unremittingly challenged tyranny and paved the way to their liberty.

If he were alive today and realized the service he had rendered his compatriots as, first of all, an uncommonly effective catalyst for their yearning for liberty and then as being instrumental in accelerating the downfall of the oppressive regime, he could take pride in the prominent role he played in those momentous pre-revolutionary events in his country's history. Voltaire did much to destroy the old regime, the abuses of which he so hated.

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Psychoeconomics Revisited

How the Actions of Central Bankers Are Shaped by Past Currency Trauma

Robert W. Dimand and Robert H. Koehn—
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The leaders of the world's major central banks responded very differently to the credit crunch that began in August 2007. Ben Bernanke, chair of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System (the Fed), acted promptly to commit the Fed to maintaining the liquidity and functioning of the U.S. system of financial intermediation, and began a series of reductions in the target rate for overnight lending

of federal funds. Bernanke gave the Fed's function as a lender of last resort priority over defending the exchange rate of the U.S. dollar or avoiding the moral hazard risk of bailing out private and semi-private financial institutions.

In contrast, the European Central Bank (ECB) kept the prevention of inflation as its main priority, and left its overnight lending rate unchanged for more than a year—and then raised it (although the ECB subsequently followed other central banks in reducing interest rates). Mervyn King, Governor of the Bank of England since 1993, emphasized the problem of moral hazard (that banks and other institutions would adopt riskier behavior if they thought they could rely on being bailed out), and, until sandbagged by the collapse of the Northern Rock Bank, did not follow the Fed in subordinating macroeconomic goals to preserving the functioning of the system of financial intermediation. Their reactions differed in ways that reflected the lessons they had drawn from past traumas that had affected central bankers in their countries (Robert W. Dimand and Robert H. Koehn "Central Bank Responses to Financial Crises: Lenders of Last Resort in Interesting Times," Conference presentation at "The Political Economy of Central Banking," Ryerson University, Toronto, 5/28/2009, pp. 27).

As a 2008 headline in *The Economist* puts it, "The lessons of German history haunt the single currency." As may be seen in the writings of Otmar Issing, who became the European Central Bank's first chief economist after serving as chief economist of the Bundesbank, the ECB has continued the Bundesbank's traumatic memory of the hyperinflation that increased the German price level in 1923 to one trillion times its level in 1914 ("Leader: The Bank that Failed: The Governor of the Bank of England is the Biggest Casualty of a Financial Fiasco," *The Economist*, 9/22/2007, p. 16). One U.S. dollar exchanged for 4.2 marks in 1914, and for 4.2 trillion marks in 1923. Because money was losing its value,

people wished to avoid holding money, so the price level (P) rose faster than the money supply (M), even though the excessive printing of money was the cause of the rising prices. John Maynard Keynes calculated in 1923 that the real quantity of money (M/P) in Germany had declined by 92%. But, notoriously, Dr Rudolf Havenstein, the long-serving president of the Reichsbank (the predecessor of the Bundesbank), misunderstood the cause of the soaring prices, and promised that with 38 new high-speed printing presses, the Reichsbank would be able to print money fast enough to catch up with the rising prices, telling the Reichstag on August 7, 1923, that "in a few days we shall be able to issue in one day two-thirds of the total circulation" (Irving Fisher, *The Money Illusion*, 1928, p. 66).

The hyperinflation of the 1920s provides a more painful memory for German central bankers (and for other European central bankers at the ECB, influenced by Bundesbank traditions even though the first two ECB heads have been Dutch and French) than does the mass unemployment of the Great Depression of the 1930s, because German central bankers are not blamed for causing the Great Depression. The resulting attitude is illustrated by a machine in the Bundesbank's Money Museum, where:

> museum-goers are…invited to grab a lever, and choose how much money to supply to a slowing economy…The machine shows prices running out of control, warning lights come on, and the game ends. 'Sorry, but you've failed,' reads an illuminated rebuke. 'Go back and review the basics of money again.' The real-life costs are spelled out, a few meters away, by somber displays and newsreels describing the misery of currency instability. They show Germany's hyperinflation in 1923, when it became cheaper to burn banknotes than to buy fuel…A display marked 'conflicts' describes how politicians from Konrad Adenauer to Helmut Schmidt all failed to browbeat the bank into bending the rules on inflation. Each

> time, visitors are told, the bank was ultimately proved right ("Don't Play Politics with the Euro: The Lessons of German History Haunt the Single Currency," *The Economist*, 3/8/2008, p. 62).

Ben Bernanke is haunted by another historical trauma, which was the subject of his doctoral dissertation: the scramble for liquidity in the United States in the early 1930s that led to the temporary complete closing of the U.S. banking system in the "Bank Holiday" of March 1933 (Bernanke, *Essays on the Great Depression*, 2000). More than 4,000 banks never reopened, and, according to Bernanke's research, the U.S. banking system was unable to function effectively as a system of financial intermediation between savers and borrowers for the rest of the decade (Milton Friedman and Anna J. Schwartz, *A Monetary History of the United States, 1867-1960*, 1963). The trauma of such a meltdown of the financial system, due to the rising risk of bankruptcy and default as deflation raises the real value of debts, is shown by the representation of the credit crunch of the early 1930s as "It" in the title of Hyman Minsky's *Can "It" Happen Again? Essays on Instability and Finance* (1982).

In 2002, shortly after becoming a member of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, Bernanke spoke at Milton Friedman's 90th birthday party, and delighted the audience by wittily remarking, "Let me end my talk by abusing slightly my status as an official representative of the Federal Reserve System. Regarding the Great Depression…we did it. We're very sorry…we won't do it again" ("Leader," *The Economist*, p. 16). Today's financial crisis resembles one that happened three-quarters of a century ago ("1929 and All That: How Today's Financial Crisis Resembles One That Happened Three-quarters of a Century Ago, and How It Does Not," *The Economist*, 10/4/2008, p. 83). When the credit crunch began in August 2007, Ber-

nanke, by then chair of the Board of Governors, had no doubt who was responsible for ensuring that "it" did not happen again, and who would be blamed if it did.

Mervyn King also studied the debt-deflation of the early 1930s, devoting his presidential address to the European Economic Association to the topic. But Britain never experienced waves of bank failures and a freezing of the system of financial intermediation, such as the United States did in the early 1930s, any more than it ever experienced a hyperinflation, as Germany did in the early 1920s. The crucial traumatic experience for a British central banker was the stagnation and unemployment that followed Britain's return to the gold exchange standard in 1925 at the prewar parity of $4.86 to the pound sterling, known as "Norman conquest of $4.86" because of the central role of Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England from 1920 to 1944 (D. E. Moggridge, *British Monetary Policy, 1924-1931: The Norman Conquest of $4.86*, 1972).

The thoughts of King and his colleagues have not been as overwhelmingly focused on avoiding inflation as has been the case with Issing and the ECB, nor were they as concerned as Bernanke with the role of the central bank in keeping the system of financial intermediation from grinding to a halt—until events forced them to be so concerned, belatedly and at some cost to their reputation ("Leader," *The Economist*, p. 16). The leadership of the ECB does not wish to be remembered like Rudolf Havenstein, who unleashed spiraling inflation. The Federal Reserve's Board of Directors wishes to avoid following the example of Eugene Meyer (Fed chair from 1930 to 1933), who allowed the implosion of the banking system. Their colleagues at the Bank of England worry about the precedent of Montagu Norman, who made the wrong choice about how to set a key monetary policy variable (in his case, overvaluing the exchange rate).

In each case, their mindset is shaped by the past experience of their own central bank (or its predecessors), experiences that were traumatic for their national economies but also were traumatic for the central bankers involved.

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International Views of Health Care

Canadians Watch the American Health Care Struggle

Andrew and Helen Brink—Psychohistorian and Nurse/Potter

Canadians watch with incredulity and a degree of smugness as Americans take extreme positions on the issue

of health care. Yet, it took a real struggle before universal health care became an accepted service in Canada. For those whose memories do not go back to the era before its 1961 introduction, it can be taken for granted, or even roundly denounced for its imperfections. It was not until 1984 that comprehensive health care for Canadians was finally enshrined in the Canada Health Act, but even so, not all accept the result.

The need for reform of the inadequate piecemeal health services of the first half of the 20th century came as part of the appalling conditions of the Great Depression and the dust bowl drought that afflicted the Canadian prairies. The rural poor were especially vulnerable. Some Christian clergy, especially those of Methodist and Baptist persuasions who were serving the poor, became activated in the cause of social justice. Among these were Salem Bland, and later, Tommy Douglas. Douglas, a Saskatchewan Baptist preacher, was so incensed by the lack of medical care for his congregation that he took up their cause politically. Douglas's political rise is legendary. Despite fierce opposition by doctors, insurance companies, and conservatives, he became premier of the province, helping to establish universal, publicly funded health insurance mandated in 1947.

The success of Saskatchewan's plan, which neither caused the predicted financial ruin to the province nor undermined the independence of its doctors, led Douglas to the wider field of Canadian politics. As leader of the Canadian Commonwealth Federation, forerunner of the New Democratic Party, he pressed for extension of universal health care to the whole of Canada. We Canadians may gripe about excessive wait times for certain types of surgery, or to see specialists, but there is almost no complaint about the quality of care. We both can testify from recent illnesses that the care can be superb.

However, it seems that no government is able to assess the demographic predictions so that numbers of doctors, nurses, and medical technologists balance with public need. Yet to be covered are dental and pharmaceutical costs outside of hospital, and there is a lot more that could be done towards improving mental health services. In fact, the national health plan is under constant constructive scrutiny, as shown by the 2002 Romanow Royal Commission with its 47 recommendations for improvements. But these are minor problems in a system providing great security to every person carrying a social security card—the right of every citizen. No Canadian need allow illness or injury to go unattended or be ruined by medical debt.

What puzzles us most about the present debate in the U.S. is that infant mortality, the best known measure of the level of health care in a country, is far higher there than in any other developed nation in spite of spending more per capita, only to have poorer outcomes. This fact alone should prompt fundamental re-thinking about how health care is funded and administered. But no: reactionary forces are able to mobilize significant opposition to President Obama's moderate proposals for health reform. Unfortunately, dissident Canadian voices are helping them.

The appearance on American television of a Canadian woman, Shona Holmes, purporting to be a victim of excessive wait times in the Canadian system, has produced a widespread public reaction defending our system. Newspapers have been full of accusations against Holmes for misrepresenting the severity of her illness, for misusing the system, for her alignment with right-wing politics, and raising the possibility that she is taking money for T.V. interviews. While Holmes's allegations have been discredited, they nonetheless pose an ongoing risk to Canadian health care. Private insurers advocating a two-tier health system in Canada are an ever-present pressure group taking comfort from

Holmes's position. Under NAFTA regulations, if private health services are permitted in Canada, the field is wide open to American corporations, which are ready and willing to exploit the field for profit.

The Canadian health care system may have its imperfections, but the vast majority of Canadians feel that it is a major defining point in who we are as a nation. In fact, in 2008, when a poll was conducted identifying the greatest Canadian, Tommy Douglas was endorsed across party lines. If we find ourselves ill while on the American side of the border, we scamper home to the excellent medical care we can count on. Personal experience makes this a heart-felt statement, though of course there is always expensive private health insurance for those who can afford to travel and pay for the privilege.

Overall, Canadian "socialized" medicine is humanely efficient, cost-effective and it greatly reduces the anxiety that goes with injury and illness. The very words "socialism" and "socialized" applied to publicly funded health care strike fear in the hearts of many Americans. In Canada, the words are seldom used. Call it what you will, the imperfect system that we enjoy aims ultimately towards a concept of positive health and acknowledges a shared responsibility when illness or accident strikes.

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Creativity & the History of Psychoanalysis Forum Meeting
On March 6, 2010
Nellie Thompson, "Phyllis Greenacre on Creativity and the Creative Individual"

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A Finnish Perspective on Health and Health Care

Juhani Ihanus—University of Helsinki

The health care systems in both the U.S. and Europe are undergoing re-evaluations and reforms. The Scandinavian health care systems have long been seen as the examples of excellent health care that takes into account medical, psychological, and social factors, and combines equality and freedom of choice. Finland has been able to balance the provision of universal coverage for a broad array of health services with effective cost control to a greater extent than many other countries.

A possibility to bridge the American and Finnish discussions on health care reforms is offered by Michael E. Porter and Elisabeth Olmsted Teisberg's *Redefining Health Care, Creating Value-Based Competition on Results* (2006). One of their key messages is to move from an activity-based service system to a new approach where the patient is in the center and where his or her health outcomes are given the guiding role. Often economic-administrative reports tend to forget the importance of personal, developmental, and interactional-psychological factors in health-related issues, and focus on the misconception that health care, and not health, is the output. As *Redefining Health Care* rightly reminds us, from the patient perspective, care itself is not the goal but merely a means to achieve and maintain good health. Given

a choice between more care and more health, a patient's choice is obvious. However, health care systems around the world remain organized to deliver treatment, not to maximize health. Thus, I present some points of departures concerning the topics raised in a recent report, *The Finnish Health Care System: A Value-Based Perspective* (2009; Helsinki: Sitra), co-authored by Porter.

Well-being is not guaranteed by any extrinsic production of managed care and its cost computation. Neither do evidence-based medical procedures nor medical and information technologies as such allow enough attention to the experiential space and to the psychology and phenomenology of the patient-subject, which includes autobiographical and collective memory, the self-stories, and co-narrated and co-constructed meanings of being ill in a personal life-world. Even positive psychology and health psychology tend to evade the rich spectrum of human experience while stressing the need to keep to solely creative, happy, and successful life projects.

Current discrete health care interventions minimize patient involvement. For the patients, such systems are both fragmented and externally regulated. When patients see many clinicians across multiple sites, hardly any individual provider has the time or responsibility to ensure that patients understand what is expected of them. Because each provider meets different types of patients with different diseases, attention on patient engagement can be very limited.

In Finland, care delivery already has the exceptionally strong elements of integration. The reform should involve moving toward the true integration of primary, specialized, psychological and rehabilitative care, as well as social work within integrated practice and research units. The monopoly of the "medical" should also be reformed by the more interdisciplinary endeavors and bio-psycho-socio-cultural

conceptions of personal-existential and interactional problems and conflicts.

One of the negative features in all technologically advanced health care systems is the tendency to patronize patients and bypass the active participation of patients in their health care. Patients are truly the co-producers of care, the subjects of their illnesses, and should not be subjugated to the medical professionals and their diagnosis, treatment, and administrative power. For example, patients with chronic conditions are often the best "experts" on their disease and its impact on their ability to function, even if they may also have limitations and resistances in accepting their precarious situation. Nevertheless, well-informed and emotionally involved, "empowered" patients will have better prerequisites for choosing treatment options, being motivated, and joining forces with clinicians and their teams in shaping a culture of personal care, cooperation, and mutual understanding.

Various surveys and interviews have shown that the socially marginalized suffer from ill health physically, mentally, and socially. Their health status is, in all measures, markedly poorer than that of the general population. In qualitative studies, the interviewees have described their situation as lonely, stressful, and filled with anxiety and/or depression. The mental well being of the marginalized is strongly affected by negative childhood experiences, violence, abuse, and other traumatic or highly stressful experiences continuing into their adult lives, as well as by unbalanced relations to those nearest them and a general hopelessness regarding their situation.

Health-psychology research indicates a need for holistic and lifespan approaches, opposing fragmented self- and other-representations and contributing to personal experiences of meaning and coping alongside health promotion ini-

tiatives in the social web of health care. The marginalized are not in our web of care, instead they are displaced, outside of our security system. Their life-storylines have been cut and their self-narratives are broken and silenced. The ongoing health care reform does not give insurance against marginalization or the reverberations of early negative experiences into the later life situations of the silenced and the abandoned.

The emotional concerns and conceptions of health and illness have their roots in childhood. Children's health attitudes and behaviors are formed in their secure–insecure attachment relations and are linked to the values and activities of the adults who are raising them. Home and school are the most important environments in advising and educating the primary-school children. Health guidance at home and at school with mutual goals has a major preventive influence on the child's health-related problems and risk behavior. Interactive, continuous collaboration between home and school is found to be essential for promoting children's health learning. A development and research program "Schools for Health in Europe" is led in Finland by Professor Kerttu Tossavainen. The aims of that research are to: clarify the child's health learning process in home and school community environments, explain what possibilities the health-related program of home-school partnership brings to support the child's health learning, evaluate the progression and effectiveness of health-learning programs in families and in the school community, and to compare possible changes in partnership between school community and parents in experimental and control schools. Previously, education for health promotion practice has paid little attention to dealing, in adequate and context-sensitive ways, with psychological resistances and personal security concerns.

The question "Can we afford it?" is often posed. Concerning our health, the answer is evident: "If we cannot

afford it, who else can?" We even have to afford others' health care, because their health is ours too.

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Letters to the Editor

Reflections on "Death Commissions"

Dear Editor,

The December "Psychology of Health Care Special Issue" brings to mind the massive confusion regarding the proposed reforms. Much of this mystification is due to misstatements by the opponents of this legislation, such as "keep the government out of our Medicare," which resonates with many citizens. The greatest fear is that the government would determine which older individuals should be denied medical coverage and therefore die—the so-called "death squads."

Since cultural fantasies and their origins need to be probed, I will offer two possible sources of the above fears. The first is from another culture, while the second source is derived from psychoanalytic patients.

There appears to have been a culture with "death commissions." The Inuit constituted a nomadic existence in an extremely cold, isolated, and sparse region of the world. They often barely subsisted and everyone was expected to share the burden of life. The elderly often felt like a burden and are reported to have asked to be sacrificed in times of desperate hunger as a form of assisted

suicide. The senilicide of the Inuits might have involved setting the elderly adrift on a floating iceberg, throwing them into the sea, locking them outside in the subzero temperatures, burying them alive, or starving them to death.

However, the literature is contradictory, with some authors denying that senilicide was ever practiced. They argue that elders were too highly respected as the keepers of communal knowledge and would not be sacrificed. While it may not be possible to arrive at the reality of these earlier Inuit behaviors, the contradictory claims reflect that this is an emotional topic. Clearly, the elders were both treasured by many and were burdens at times.

Most of my patients are inclined to be political liberals; however, two have been fearful of government interference in health care and especially apprehensive of the government somehow pulling the medical plug. This led me to look for differences in how patients were handled as ill youths. While most of my patients were treated lovingly when ill (even by distant mothers), some were not. The first was the youngest of seven children of an impoverished family. She was poorly cared for, as reflected in her tooth being pulled to save money when she had a cavity. This factor shaped her mistrust of government. The other had a narcissistic mother who had little to give him when he was sick. He felt she wanted him to die so that she would not have to be bothered.

In conclusion, there are many factors that play on the fears of so many elderly Americans. Two worthy of consideration are the examples of the practicality of the Inuit people in harsh times and the inadequate mothering of two sick and needy children.

Sincerely,

Neil Wilson

***Neil Wilson, PhD**, is a psychoanalyst, psychoanalytic educator, and psychologist in private practice in Teaneck, New Jersey, as well as a long time reader of and sometimes reviewer of psychohistory. Dr. Wilson was co-founder and the director of the New Jersey Institute for Training in Psychoanalysis who headed its clinic for several decades. He can be reached at neilwilson88@yahoo.com.*

From the Navy to Sociology

Dear Editor,

The call for papers on role models and mentors led me to reflect on these issues in my career as both a student and professor. A good college education exposes the student to many new concepts, insights, and professors. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that a significantly large proportion of those students make one or more changes in their major field by the time they graduate. Such a change can be quite consequential, and the student frequently feels the need for consultation before deciding on it. It is in such instances that the college professor can render service as a sensitive and responsive listener. Because I had been such a student I was able, on numerous occasions, to be similarly helpful to my students. In fact, by my very presence, I served as a role model for these young people.

In October of 1948, I completed a six-year enlistment in the United States Navy and accepted an honorable discharge. This was not an easy move because I had risen through the ranks quickly and had obtained the job classification of "assistant to the navigator on small ocean-going vessels," with a high, noncommissioned rank. About two months earlier, my commanding officer had called me to his cabin and told me that if I would "ship over" he would recommend my promotion to chief petty officer which, at that time, was essentially the highest enlisted rating. I loved my job and was respected for it, and now that it was peacetime, I could look forward to a secure future; however, I declined the offer.

Both personal and ethical considerations impelled me to leave the service and, as the old-timers had warned me, the transition to civilian life was not easy. Three years after the end of World War II, I was no longer looked upon as a hero; for many people, veterans were regarded as a problem. As I had been instructed to do, I went to the state employment office for assistance in finding work. Whatever job listing I inquired about, I was told either that I was over-qualified or under-qualified. I ultimately concluded that the personnel at that office didn't particularly care about me. The longer I kept coming in each week to collect my 20 dollars, the more secure their job was.

During my military service, I had acquired a wife and child and with only 20 dollars a week coming in, I knew that my mustering-out pay wouldn't last long. I searched the want-ads and found myself a job as a service station attendant. Before the war, I had spent one year in college and I hoped to eventually return. The GI Bill would pay for me to complete my college education, but I didn't feel ready for that step just yet. First it was necessary to make the adjustment to civilian life; I had to come to terms with who I was and what I would do with my life.

Finally, in the fall of 1950, I enrolled as a sophomore at City College of San Francisco (a community college). I also changed jobs, driving a taxi at night and attending classes in the daytime. Ten years earlier, when I first started college, I had been primarily in an engineering curriculum. On the basis of that information the Veterans Administration, which was now paying for my education, designated me as a physical science major. At the time though, my ultimate vocational goals were a bit vague, so I enrolled in courses that would satisfy the elective requirements for graduation. One of the required courses was Political Science 101: Introduction to American Government.

I had always been interested in civic affairs and the working of government, so it was not surprising that at the end of that class I frequently found myself engaged in discussion with Mr. Slosberg, the instructor. When we realized one day that my next class and his office were both on the other side of the campus, he suggested that we walk over together and continue the conversation.

My last year and a half in the Navy had been aboard a small cargo ship providing logistic support to the native populations on the many small islands of Micronesia. In the course of that experience I had become fascinated with those people and their culture. In fact, disillusionment over the extent to which American trusteeship over Micronesia was undermining their culture and their economy was one of the factors in my decision to leave the service; I didn't want to cooperate in such a policy. Inevitably at some point, my military experience became part of the conversation between Mr. Slosberg and me, and at one point he remarked, "I wish I had your experience in my field." This started

a whole new train of thought. At the end of that year I moved back to New York, transferring to Hofstra College in New York. I was still identified as a physical science major, but the encouragement I had felt from those conversations was having an effect.

I felt then that I had to learn as much as I could about social, cultural, and ethnic diversity and put that knowledge to work, somehow, in the interest of better understanding among people. Soon after enrolling at Hofstra, I petitioned the Veterans Administration to change my major to social sciences. My petition, supported by a letter from my former political science instructor, was successful. I earned a BA in sociology and went on to Columbia University, where, along with my master's degree in sociology, I was awarded the Certificate of the East Asian Institute. I was still in graduate school when I accepted a position as a sociology professor and for the next 47 years, in one way or another, I was employed in the field of higher education; 28 of those years were spent in two-year colleges. I found teaching in two-year colleges particularly rewarding because, in my opinion, it is there that you find many students with a particular need for a sympathetic ear and a few wise words of encouragement, students much like I was in 1950. I feel that I performed that function many times during my teaching career. My unique combination of experience and education, at the same time, facilitated my active participation in significant civil rights, civil liberties, and anti-war actions.

Most high schools do not include sociology in their curricula. Most college students enroll in introductory sociology courses either out of curiosity or to fulfill an elective requirement. When I first started teaching sociology I was frequently asked, "Why do I have to take this course?" or "What good is this going to do me?" It wasn't long before I routinely included, in my opening day presentation, a statement to the effect that in any human endeavor it is important to understand the social forces that shape the attitudes and behaviors of the people with whom you are dealing. I also presented social structure as a dynamic entity, constantly adjusting to an evolving world.

I always told my students that I was there for them and that they could come to me with questions; many did. Inevitably, some of those students had begun to perceive new career possibili-

ties and were looking for encouragement. In responding to them I always tried to provide a responsible balance between encouragement and reality. On the whole, I would say that the results have been rewarding.

It is indeed rewarding to have contact with former students in later years and to have them acknowledge that I was instrumental in helping them decide on a career. By chance I have met some and some have sought me out. Among them are at least two professional sociologists, three social caseworkers, a children's protection worker, and several elementary and high school teachers. My greatest satisfaction, however, derives from a number of students whom I first encountered when they enrolled in a course or two for the purpose of upgrading their skills to qualify for a promotion on the job and who then decided to go on to earn a degree and change their entire outlook. Teaching and mentoring provides considerable satisfaction.

Sincerely,

F. Lincoln Grahlfs

F. Lincoln Grahlfs, PhD*, was born in 1922 in New York City, making the transition from adolescence to adulthood in the military. Since his retirement from the University of Wisconsin Colleges from which he is emeritus, Dr. Grahlfs has devoted a major part of his time and effort in the interest of peace and nuclear disarmament. He is currently vice-commander of the National Association of Atomic Veterans. Dr. Grahlfs can be reached at flg17@sbcglobal.net.*

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My Peace Movement Mentors: 1961

Dear Editor,

This issue's focus led me to recall my major ego ideals, role models, and mentors in becoming a committed anti-war activist. I am inclined to think that "ego ideals" are simply projections, perhaps fantasies of one's identity. I hope psychohistorians will know how to interpret what follows.

I was born in the summer of 1940 and by the spring of 1961 had achieved directionlessness—except for what one's genes or upbringing, or momentous youthful experiences might contribute unconsciously to "direction." What I knew of religion I felt no affinity for, but did prefer it to what I knew of science. I had tried college without liking much there, except listening to Richard McKeon and Paul Tillich, philosophers, and David Grene, the Greek translator.

My summers did, however, have a direction: west. I liked rock climbing and had been hired to represent the Sierra Club as its full-time employee in Yosemite Valley in the summer of 1961, providing mountaineering information and caretaking Ansel Adams' "This Is the American Earth Photo Exhibit." But first, after a wet 1960-61 winter of working in Seattle, I headed east with two climbing friends who had heard about a San Francisco-to-Moscow Peace Walk. We located a motley band of American Gandhians 40 miles west of Cleveland. They were camping overnight inside a like-minded Brethren or Mennonite church. That evening at a public meeting, I listened while some of the more articulate "peace-walkers" advocated nuclear disarmament, nonviolent action, and simple living. Those ideas resonated with me, for I had a Quaker pacifist uncle whose ideas had always interested me, even though they usually reached me second-hand through my like-minded Lutheran father. The uncle lived rustically in a spacious rural Quaker commune of Celo in western North Carolina and my family had visited him at length the summer I reached age nine. After that I read many library books about "intentional communities" devoted to a more communitarian, egalitarian life than we lived.

In the spring of 1960, after dropping out of college and steel-working for a while to save up money, I went to see Celo and my uncle again for a longer visit. By the next winter (1960-61) I had applied for status as a conscientious objector and had in fact had a contentious meeting with my draft board, in which I was told, "We ask the questions here, not you." An elderly gentleman on the draft board had served in the 1898-1902 Philippine War and I had asked him if he saw anyone tortured, to which he defensively replied, "We did what we had to do." This disgusted me.

So it was that when my climbing friends and I managed to

find the San Francisco-to-Moscow Peace Walk in Ohio in spring 1961, we promptly joined it. The next evening it camped (indoors again) at Oberlin College, where the Student Peace Union of those days was trying to organize a "mass" return of 50 draft cards.

Now, the military draft had already caught my attention. I had been late in registering for it when I turned 18, but while attending the University of Chicago in 1958-59 I had been told I was automatically exempted from the draft as long as I remained a student. That had affronted my egalitarianism and I complained to the Registrar's Office, where a young woman explained to me that, legally, male students were required to *personally* apply in writing if they wanted a student exemption—but that in fact UC and most other colleges simply sent Selective Service all their male students' names and then they all received exemptions. She promised to promptly have my student exemption voided.

After listening to the peace-walkers and the Oberlin activists criticize the draft, I found total draft refusal attractive. As we peace-walked through Cleveland, I dropped my draft card into the mail addressed to my local draft board back home, accompanied by a letter explaining that I no longer intended to comply at all.

By the time the peace walk reached New York City seven weeks later, its leaders had designated who would be allowed to continue on to Europe and Moscow, and I was not among those selected. After hearing battered-and-bandaged Freedom Riders report on their Southern experiences at New York's Community Church, I next visited a longer-term project of the same direct-action-minded American Gandhians, the Polaris Action project at New London, Connecticut. There I met a man I would soon learn a great deal from, not so much about organizing as about alternative economics—Bob Swann, whose life and ideas are the subject of Stephanie Mills' book *On Gandhi's Path*, set for release this spring. In retrospect, I realize that Bob Swann and his wife were my chief mentors in life. But first, I fulfilled my promise to be Sierra Club's employee in Yosemite Valley that summer of 1961—and while there failed to convince Ansel Adams and other Sierra Clubbers that conservation groups and peace groups should set up a process for exploring their commonalities.

Back at the Polaris Action project in Connecticut, I acquired a working knowledge of organizing, not so much from Bob Swann as from his remarkable wife Marjorie. It was a harsh winter (1961-62), much of which we spent passing out leaflets during the shift changes at Electric Boat Company, the division of General Dynamics that was building the Polaris nuclear subs, and that later built the next generation, the Trident subs. Fortnightly we would dash down the Connecticut Turnpike to New York City for the impressive national committee meetings. Bayard Rustin and Dorothy Day would lock horns with each other on Castro's Cuba and other issues of the day—politics vs. principles—oblivious to A.J. Muste's injections of soothing compromises. It was educational by any standard. At one meeting I suggested reaching out to civil rights activists by sponsoring a peace walk from Nashville to Washington, D.C., coincident with two other walks to converge on Washington, one from Dartmouth and the other from Chicago. Those took place in the spring of 1962 and I organized the one from Dartmouth to D.C. Meanwhile, back in October or November 1961 I had been ordered to report for induction into the Army, and at Christmastime had held a vigil at my draft board for 23-plus hours before finally being arrested for failure to report as ordered for induction into the Army. The judge ordered me to "stay put" while they did a pre-sentence investigation, but I headed back east to organize the Dartmouth to D.C. peace walk. Apparently in June 1962 they noticed I was gone, and just as the three peace walks were about to converge in Washington, I was ordered to report in three days for sentencing.

I was sentenced to three years' incarceration, which proved interesting. Morton Sobell, Chuck Berry, and the Birdman of Alcatraz befriended me. Upon my release in July 1965, I went back to Polaris Action—which by then was based on a large Connecticut farm with an adjacent children's summer camp. There I started trying to actualize an idea for a United Nations-related nonviolent peacekeeping profession. It didn't get far, except to help start the International Peace Academy, which still publishes books and occasional papers on world trouble spots. Bob Swann's initiation of the Community Land Trust movement, in which I participated, proved potentially more fruitful. Eventually we both got

involved in issuing local currencies to supplement the U.S. dollar as a way to reduce Americans' need for dollars and thereby reduce the growth of dollar-debt, and in the process to reduce the outsourcing of goods and services that could be provided locally.

Such were my ego ideals, role models, and mentors. I hope it is clear that 1961, the year I turned 21, turned out to be my life's pivotal year since that was when I acquired a direction. In retrospect, I have no regrets whatsoever about becoming an anti-war activist. In fact, even though I've now ended up in academic life since age 40 I think the education I received from Bob Swann and other activists was better suited to someone of my high-spirited temperament than a University of Chicago education would have been. Some people learn better via role-models and direct experiences than they would learn through purely mental efforts.

Sincerely, Paul Salstrom

Paul Salstrom, PhD, *teaches American history at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College in Indiana and can be contacted at PSalstrom@smwc.edu.*

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An Appreciation of Psychohistory

Dear Editor,

The study of psychohistory has opened my eyes to a new understanding of human beings and society. The combination of psychology with history enriched my education as a history major—making both subjects more enjoyable and meaningful. Bringing psychology and history into a wider perspective is crucial to completely understand historical events. Studying leaders through the lens of their "ego," "id," coping mechanisms, personalities, and unconscious motivations brings out the most important and interesting dynamics of a shaper of the collective or superego of a whole society—a whole nation.

Much of the history taught today seems to be simple tales of heroes and villains set in a storybook narrative. When the principles of psychohistory are applied, the historical figure is revealed

in all their humanity—with their strengths, vulnerabilities, and weaknesses. It is my conviction that history must be taught in this way in order to understand where humanity came from and where it might be heading. Even so, it should not be used for justifying inhuman acts or assigning blame. The present historical model makes it very difficult to learn from past mistakes and relate those lessons to current situations.

Psychohistorical studies of American history are quite beneficial to the study of ourselves and our place in the world. Considering that the majority of students in this country have only been taught the most basic understanding of American history, the methods of psychohistory could shed light on our current global situation. Consequently, I am interested in taking a psychohistory of America course. I would love the opportunity to dissect the *Federalist Papers* and other primary sources of the time, delving into the consciousness of our Founding Fathers. The trauma of the Civil War and its effect on our modern-day nation would be another fascinating topic to explore from a psychohistorical perspective.

At the beginning of the semester in conversations with classmates in our junior level course, it seemed that many of us were unsure of just what exactly psychohistory was, despite the extensive definitions at the beginning of our reader, *Appearance and Reality: Applying Psychology to Culture, Current Events, History, and Society—The Best of the Journal* Clio's Psyche (2009 edition). It occurs to me that it might be beneficial to have a sophomore level introduction course to psychohistory to discuss the integration of the two disciplines before beginning actual analysis. Additionally, for those of us students not solidly grounded in psychology, it would be helpful to begin the study of the three components of the human psyche earlier in the semester.

My psychohistory course was immensely enjoyable because it was the most fascinating study I have so far come across in my college career. Psychohistory unifies knowledge from many perspectives to examine the role of leaders and followers in historical events without bias. The field offers me an opportunity for great intellectual and personal growth; it has changed my understanding of the historical process forever.

Sincerely,

Tom Burzi

Tom Burzi *is an undergraduate history major at Ramapo College of New Jersey where he took a psychohistory course in the fall of 2009. He may be reached at tburzi@ramapo.edu.* ❑

BULLETIN BOARD

CONFERENCES: Two **Psychohistory Forum Work-In-Progress Saturday Seminars are scheduled** on the general subjects of creativity and the history of psychohistory. On **March 6 Nellie Thompson** will present "**Phyllis Greenacre on Creativity and the Creative Individual**" and on **April 10** there will be three presenters: **Ken Fuchsman**, "**Freud and His Circle of Historians**," **David Beisel,** "**The Resistance of Historians to Psychoanalysis**," and **Paul Elovitz,** "**L. Pierce Clark, Preserved Smith, and Other Early Practitioners of Applied Psychoanalysis**." **Marilyn Charles** will be speaking on **March 20** on "**Psychoanalysis and Creativity**," at the Philadelphia "Perspectives on Creativity Conference." **Thomas Blass** and **Harold Takooshian** are participating in the Fordham University **March 27** Social/Psychology Forum on "**Stanley Milgram's Legacy: Fifty Years Later**." Presentation proposals are still welcome at the 34th Annual International Psychohistorical Association (**IPA**) meetings at Fordham Law School in Manhattan on **June 9-11**, where David Beisel will give the Keynote Address, "My Thirty Years with the Second World War." Upcoming professional meetings include the **July 13-17** International Society of Political Psychology (**ISPP**) in San Francisco, and the **October 22-23** Association for the Psychoanalysis of Culture and Society (**APCS**) in Rutgers—New Brunswick. **PUBLICATIONS:** Congratulations to **Philip Pomper** for *Lenin's Brother: The Origins of the October Revolution* (Norton, 2010) and **Stanley Teitelbaum** for *Athletes Who Indulge Their Dark Side: Sex, Drugs, and Cover-*

Ups (Praeger, 2010). **OUR THANKS:** To our members and subscribers for the support that makes Clio's Psyche possible. To Benefactors Herbert Barry, David Beisel, Peter Loewenberg, and David Lotto; Sustaining Members Andrew Brink, Ken Fuchsman, Peter Petschauer, and Jacques Szaluta; Supporting Members Rudolph Binion, Susan Gregory, Carol Lachman, Mena and Dominic Potts, and Hanna Turken; and Members Lloyd deMause, Paul Elovitz, David James Fisher, Marvin Leibowitz, Dennis O'Keefe, Vivian Rosenberg, Christine Silverstein, and Stanley Teitelbaum. Our special thanks for thought-provoking materials to Jeffrey Berman, Andrew and Helen Brink, Tom Burzi, Robert Dimand, Mary Castelloe Fong, Paul Elovitz, Tom Ferraro, F. Lincoln Grahlfs, Susan Gregory, Juhani Ihanus, Robert Koehn, Michael Isaacs, Millicent Lambert, LaToya Lewis, David Lotto, Merle Molofsky, Alexander Nemeth, Bonnie Oglensky, Peter Petschauer, Paul Salstrom, Christine Silverstein, Jacques Szaluta, Harold Takooshian, Stanley Teitelbaum, and Neil Wilson. To Caitlin Adams for editing, proofing, and Publisher 2003 software application, Brian Todd for editing and proofing, and Devin McGinley for proofing. Our special thanks to our numerous, overworked referees, who must remain anonymous. ❑

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Due April 10, 2010

Articles of 500-1500 words (and two longer ones) are welcome, as are additional suggestions. Contact Co-editors Ken Fuchsman at kfuchsman@gmail.com or Paul Elovitz at Pelovitz@aol.com

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