

Classical Adlerian Brief Therapy

*The Innovative Techniques
of Anthony Bruck*

*Edited by
Thomas E. Clark, M.S.
Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
Laurie J. Stein, M.A., M.S.
James J. Wolf, M.S.*

*Published by
The Classical Adlerian
Translation Project*

© 2011 by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the editor. All inquiries should be addressed to: Henry T. Stein, Ph.D., Classical Adlerian Translation Project, 2565 Mayflower Lane, Bellingham, WA 98226. Tel: (360) 647-5670 or e-mail to HTStein@att.net.

Published 2011 by The Classical Adlerian Translation Project

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN 978-0-9798803-9-1

Table of Contents

Contents

Editor's Foreword	iii
Part One: Biographical Summary (1901-1979)	1
Part Two: Twelve Lives.....	5
Preface	6
Introduction.....	10
#1: A Domineering Husband	13
#2: A Brutal Husband	35
#3: A Tired, Nervous, Depressed Husband	57
#4: A Wife Who Feared Emotions.....	87
#5: A Masturbating Husband.....	105
#6: An Unenthusiastic Wife.....	119
#7: A Husband With Psychosomatic Intestinal Distress.....	135
#8: A Zoophile Husband.....	151
#9: An Unfaithful Husband Who Divorced His Wife.....	157
#10: A Sleepless Wife.....	161
#11: A Depressed Young Man Lacking "Life Force".....	165
#12: A Misanthropic Husband.....	179
Part Three: Guiding Principles.....	193
Gathering Information	194
Questionnaire.....	198
Ten Adopted and Adapted Adlerian Teachings.....	200
How to Get Quick Results.....	203
Part Four: "Visibilized" Adlerian Psychology.....	211
Five Fields of Striving.....	212
The Tree of Life.....	214
The Feeling of Community.....	219
Social Seesaws.....	220
Four Ways of Living.....	221
The "V's" of Choice.....	224
Relationship Twisting.....	225
Part Five: Articles.....	227
Vicious Circles.....	228
What Does Life Mean to Us?.....	231

Table of Contents

Part Six: Appendix	235
Chart #1: Five Fields of Striving.....	236
Chart #2: Examples of Fields of Striving.....	237
Chart #3: The Tree of Life.....	238
Chart #4: Four Ways of Living.....	239
Chart #5: The Feeling of Community.....	240
Chart #6: Breaking Out of the Vicious Circle of Discouragement	241
Chart #7: Social Seesaws.....	242
Chart #8: Approaching a Task.....	243
Chart #9: The “V's” of Choice.....	244
Chart #10: Relationship Twisting.....	245
Chart #11: Stages of Classical Adlerian Brief Therapy.....	246
Chart #12: Stages of Classical Adlerian Depth Psychotherapy.....	247

Editor's Foreword

Some of us who never studied directly with Alfred Adler have had the good fortune to be mentored by one of his students. I have had the doubly good fortune of knowing two of his students: Sophia de Vries, my friend and mentor for twenty-five years; and Anthony Bruck, (pronounced "brook"), my friend and colleague for five years. Both Sophia and Anthony remained absolutely faithful to Adler's theory, philosophy, and style of treatment. They are two of the original "Classical Adlerians."

Anthony's innovative, brief therapy offers psychotherapists and counselors simple, appealing diagrams that illustrate Adler's theory, and strategies for helping clients achieve useful, practical improvements when therapeutic time is quite limited. His love of language and graphics often adds a dramatic, clarifying dimension to the client-therapist dialogue. This volume provides a long overdue recognition of his creative contribution to Adlerian practice.

The book is divided into six parts. Part One: Biographical Summary, a brief outline of Anthony's background and professional life, was transcribed and adapted by Thomas E. Clark, M.S., from Anthony's autobiographical notes. Part Two: Twelve Lives, transcribed and initially edited by James J. Wolf, M.S., is based on a book of case studies Anthony wrote that reflects his insight, creativity, and ability to help people quickly. In Part Three, he explains several of his guiding treatment principles. In Part Four: "Visibilized" Adlerian Psychology, transcribed, assembled, and initially edited by Tom Clark, Anthony describes his graphic illustrations of Adlerian constructs. Part Five consists of two of his articles, "Vicious Circles," and "What Does Life Mean to Us?" Part Six: Appendix, contains ten charts which I developed based on Anthony's original drawings, to which he refers in Parts Two and Three, as well as two charts in which I clarify the differences between Classical Adlerian Brief Therapy (CABT) and Classical Adlerian Depth Psychotherapy (CADP). My wife, Laurie J. Stein, M.A., M.S., did the final editing of all material.

At first glance, it might appear that CABT is much easier for a therapist to learn and apply than CADP. However, the rapid improvement that Anthony achieves in many of his cases results from his having mastered Adler's original theory, philosophy, and therapeutic style.

Although the objectives of CABT are more modest than those of CADP, the initial stages are similar. (See Charts #11 & 12 on pages 246 and 247 in the Appendix.) In the Empathy-Relationship Stage (1), we

Editor's Foreword

establish a cooperative, warm, accepting relationship, generously offering hope, reassurance, and encouragement. In the Information Stage (2), we elicit relevant information: the presenting problem and its etiology, an overview of the client's approach to life tasks, and childhood influences and memories. In the Clarification Stage (3), we attempt to clarify vague thinking using Socratic questioning, evaluating the consequences of ideas, feelings, and actions; we may be able to correct some disruptive, mistaken ideas about the self and others. In the Encouragement Stage (4), we help the client generate new alternatives to older, familiar actions, eventually leading to new feelings and results. These four stages of CABT may be sufficient to meet the client's immediate needs for emotional relief and improvement of a situation. However, CABT does not address many of the deeper psychological issues that require a CADP solution, most significantly, dissolving a client's style of life and fictional final goal.

This volume offers descriptions and illustrations of the CABT process. It is not an instructional manual of how to do CABT. If readers aspire to learn this discipline, they need to consider engaging in the mentor-oriented, distance training program offered by the Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington. For additional information, contact me at (360) 647-5670, e-mail htstein@att.net, or visit www.Adlerian.us. We offer an eighteen-month Certification Program in Classical Adlerian Brief Therapy, and a three-year Certification Program in Classical Adlerian Depth Psychotherapy.

Final note: Anthony loved to play with words. Consequently, many of his capitalizations and word inventions, although not grammatically correct, have not been changed.

Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
Director, Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington
2011

Biographical Summary

PART ONE: BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY

(1901 - 1979)

Anthony Bruck was born in Apatin in Southern Hungary (now Northern Yugoslavia), the second of three children. Bruck's father was a lawyer with offices in the family home and at the age of six, Bruck began being interested in people's problems as he listened to the conversations between his father and his clients.

A voracious reader, as a child he was able to read books written in Hungarian, German, and French. At the age of twelve, he learned English, Latin, Italian, and Serbian. This background in languages contributed greatly to his wide range of understanding human nature and his life-long travels throughout the world.

In 1922, Bruck graduated with a Masters Degree in Business Administration from the Hochschule Fuer Welthandel in Vienna, a specialized University. He had a classical education and a passionate interest in music and the theater (he saw over 500 plays in countries all over the world). After graduation, he went to work in business in the United States. Although his family had encouraged him to be a businessman, the 20-year-old's greatest desire was to help people.

In 1925, he was introduced to Adlerian thought when he read a publication called "The Mother." Having already read many other psychologies, he was impressed by this article and felt he "had now chanced upon the most truly understanding psychology there was."

For years, Bruck had read about lectures in the auditorium of the Anatomical Institute of the University of Vienna, organized by the "Society for Individual Psychology," i.e., the Adlerians. A few weeks before leaving Vienna for New York, he discovered an advertisement in "The Mother" about a special edition of the Zeitschrift (Journal) Fuer Individual Psychologie on the "Psychology of the School Child." He sent for the special edition and found that, like the Adlerian articles in "The Mother," it helped him understand a great deal about himself as a child. He became a subscriber to the Zeitschrift.

In October 1926, when he read in the Zeitschrift that Adler was coming to the United States, he immediately wrote Adler and placed himself at his disposal. Adler wrote back, asking Bruck to try to arrange lectures for him in New York. Bruck did so, thus beginning his personal involvement with Adler.

Biographical Summary

From 1927 to 1931, Bruck arranged and attended lectures and discussions by Adler, also observing Adler at work with patients at the Community Church Clinic on 34th Street in New York. In the Clinic, patients sat with their backs to a sheet that had been thumbtacked to a door-frame, and behind this sheet, in a small room, Adler's pupils had a chance to witness the progress of therapy. No names were ever mentioned and the pupils never saw the patients.

From 1929 to 1931, Bruck served as Honorary Secretary first of the Group For The Discussion Of Individual Psychology which met in the New School for Social Research, and later the New York Circle Of Individual Psychology. The lecturers included Olga Knopf, M.D.; W. Beran Wolfe, M.D.; Alan Porter; Bruck; and occasionally Adler himself when he was in New York.

In order to acquire further Adlerian knowledge and skill, Bruck returned to Vienna in 1931, where he attended the 32 Adlerian Child Guidance Clinics. He began assisting at Adlerian public lectures, took courses by Adler, and joined the Adlerians at the Cafe Siller for lengthy discussions on Adlerian Psychology.

After Vienna, with the recommendation of Adler, Bruck consulted in Egypt, Spain, France, Yugoslavia, and Costa Rica. From 1942 to 1947, he was a professor of psychology at The School for Social Work, San Jose, Costa Rica; at Mexico City College, Mexico City; and the University of Kansas City, Kansas City, Missouri. He also taught Adlerian Psychology and lectured at the Arab University of Cairo, the National University of Mexico, and Purdue University.

After leaving the United States in 1931, Bruck came back in 1947, with 18 years of experience helping people with their psychological problems. He held professorships in the United States, Spain, Costa Rica, Mexico and taught eight different courses in applied psychology. In addition, he spent another 22 years as a psychological consultant. Writing in Arabic, English, French, German, and Spanish, he published articles in Argentina, Austria, Costa Rica, Egypt, Mexico, and Spain.

As he taught courses in Adlerian Psychology, Bruck clarified what he talked about with illustrations on the blackboard. He called his series of illustrations, "Visibilization" of Adlerian Psychology. In 1977, he presented his ideas and charts to San Francisco Adlerians in seminars at Catholic Social Services, in San Rafael, California. These graphics have proven useful as therapeutic and educational "visual aids." His presentations in these seminars and his writing are the basis of this book.

Biographical Summary

He knew Adlerian Psychology in all its aspects. He became a Classical Adlerian teacher and practitioner who understood, applied, and lived what he taught. Sophia de Vries, another of Adler's students, gave some insight into Bruck's Adlerian style, "Anthony possessed the loving, giving attitude Adler expected of practitioners. With colleagues and 'co-thinkers,' as he liked to call his clients, he shared his knowledge and wit."

The graphics in this book can be used with clients and students to clarify basic Adlerian concepts. However, because they simplify complex and profound ideas, they can be fully appreciated only by studying Adler's original writings.

The therapist should select the chart that helps illustrate a relevant, immediate issue for the client and then connect the general concept of the chart with the client's unique, specific concern. Offer only one chart in a session. This keeps the client focused and permits time to digest and apply an idea. Simply giving the entire book to a client would not be helpful. A complete set of charts is provided in the back of the book.

Twelve Lives

PART TWO: TWELVE LIVES

PREFACE

"I know," said the optometrist, "that I, myself, do not understand how talk helps. I should, but I don't. That is what I would like to see in a book: how you have a consultee talk out his problems, help him understand them, and overcome them."

On the Twelve Lives

I have attempted to present these cases of people in difficulty in such a way as to make them understandable to the reader who might have no previous knowledge of psychology. My purpose is to illustrate how "talk" has helped in each one. While most of the Lives are presented in story form, some with quotations from the "talk," others consist almost entirely of extracts of the "talk." In two of the Lives, the "talk" was entirely by correspondence.

Of course, the "talk" itself does not help, but rather the understanding it produces. The Lives show how the understanding grows through the "talk."

Problems of Married People, But of Interest to Unmarrieds, Too

The problems presented are primarily problems of married people, but only half of them are marital problems, i.e., conflicts between the partners. Interspersed are non-marital problems which show how the lives of both marriage partners can be affected by the problems of one of them. Often the wife or husband of the consultee is not even aware of the problem's existence. Both types of problems should be of interest to married people, as well as to those not yet married.

To me, it is fascinating to watch the growth of the consultee's understanding as a result of pertinent thought and "talk." I hope the reader will share this fascination.

The Telescoped Hours

To present these Lives to readers in a form that will not overtax their patience, the original conversations have been *telescoped* to about one-tenth of the conversation time. Thus, reading about the Domineering Husband and his Wife, with whom I spent 8 1/2 hours, or

Twelve Lives

510 minutes, takes only about 51 minutes (or less than an hour) of reading time.

The telescoping of the conversations has a side-effect against which I must caution the reader: I appear brighter than I really am. I had naturally asked numerous questions and said many things that did not help, and over more time than is apparent from the written dialogue.

Contemplative Bruck vs. Active Bruck

This book has been written by a Contemplative Bruck at age 67, who, as of 1963, has given up consulting work in order to concentrate on a dispassionate and objective examination of the work of the Active Bruck. Between 1930 and 1963, I had done "co-thinking" in 22 cities of 10 countries on three continents, with people of 29 national origins. I have written this self-examination to find out what this wide experience can tell us.

Why the Lives Can Be Told

For those who fear that the 12 protagonists might be hurt by the detailed publication of the problems they had, or that the readers might unwittingly invade the privacy of a friend or acquaintance by reading about these Lives, please consider the following:

1. It would be hard to pick out even one of the Lives and say that "it could not have happened here," wherever in the world that "here" might be. At the utmost, one could say, as did a Brooklyn housewife of the life of one Wife, "Not in our circle," and even that statement can be accepted only if it means "improbable," not "impossible."
2. The protagonists are only 12 people in an ocean of humanity. I had met them during a time-span of 33 years, in 12 cities of 6 countries on 3 continents.
3. I have waited two, three, and often nearly four decades to tell about these Lives.
4. A certain number of the consultees are no longer alive, nor are their spouses or friends.
5. Many of the protagonists and I were often only temporarily where the conversations took place, and no longer live in the cities or countries where we met. Besides, only New York City has ever been named in a Life, and the protagonist died nearly thirty-two years ago.
6. Few people ever knew that the protagonists had consulted me, and often not even their spouses knew it. Those who knew of the consultations almost never knew what they were about. To quote one

Twelve Lives

Husband: "My friends know I have been consulting you, though they do not know why."

7. Even though the reader might be interested in the looks, hair color, height, build, education, occupation, income and other details about the consultees, such have rarely been given and if so, only in a general way, even though after several decades it is improbable that they could lead to recognition.

8. The names of the consultees have been replaced with completely different names. All the other individuals who appear in the Lives have also been renamed.

9. Various psychologically irrelevant details have been changed in each Life, in order to further assure the confidentiality of the former consultees.

10. Some protagonists might still, of course, recognize themselves under these disguises, if they pick up this book somewhere in the world. If they do, I hope they will look with good will upon my efforts to use their long-past mistakes in thinking to prevent others from making them, too, and will register with satisfaction the human growth they have experienced since our "talks."

Terms Used Must Be In Accord
With the Approach to the Problems

Throughout the book, the terms used about my work with people have been kept in accord with the "Bruckian Approach" to the problems. Active Bruck was a "co-thinker," one who thought *with* people about their psychological problems, and helped them understand and solve these problems. I am relating "Lives," or in some cases, episodes from Lives, not "case histories." I have never looked upon the people in whose lives I have made guest appearances as "cases."

The following table contrasts Bruckian terms with the terms used by others:

<u>Bruckian Terms</u>	<u>The Terms of Others</u>
1. Lives	1. Case Histories
2. Co-thinker	2a. Psychotherapist
	2b. Consulting Psychotherapist
	2c. Psychologist
	2d. Clinical Psychologist
	2e. Psychiatrist

Twelve Lives

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----|---------------|
| 3. | Co-thinking | 3a. | Psychotherapy |
| | | 3b. | Psychology |
| | | 3c. | Psychiatry |
| 4. | To Co-think | 4a. | To Treat |
| | | 4b. | To Cure |
| 5. | Consultee | 5a. | Patient |
| | | 5b. | Client |
| | | 5c. | Caller |
| | | 5d. | Case |
| 6. | Conversations | 6a. | Consultations |
| | | 6b. | Therapy |
| | | 6c. | Treatment |

Co-thinking (3) is an art that rests on an understanding of people. It helps people to understand themselves, others (e.g., their marriage partners), and the logic of co-living. The new understanding, in turn, changes the thinking, feeling, and behavior of the people involved.

"To co-think" (4) is a much more fitting term for my work than the usual "to treat" or "to cure," which are terms taken from medicine.

A co-thinker has consultees (5): people come to him to consult him about their problems. These people are not "patients"; they are nothing as cold as "clients" or "callers" and they certainly are not "cases." This last name fits packing cases, not people.

Even the term "consultations" (6a) does not fit the work of the co-thinker, and the terms "therapy" or "treatment" do so even less. A co-thinker does not do "therapy"; he does not "treat"; he converses with his consultees. The term "therapy" in particular has always reminded me of "Shock Therapy," "Hydrotherapy," "Chemotherapy," or "Hormone Therapy," all medical activities, even though a therapist (the Greek word "therapis" means attendant) may do the actual work.

My attitude has always been: "Ailments, wounds, physical and mental defects must be treated, but psychological problems must be co-thought about."

Anthony M. Bruck
1963

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this book is to show the astonishing variety of problems people think themselves into, and how they can be helped to think themselves out again. It is understandable to anyone without any previous study of "psychology." Even seemingly "medical" problems are not "for physicians only," but of interest to anyone because they show up the problem-causing ideas behind the somatic symptoms, and how these have been discovered and changed.

The twelve Life-titles describe the problems as they looked when brought to me for co-thinking. In many instances, however, the causes of the problems were surprisingly different from what they appeared to be.

Just as "Lives" stands for the usual "Case Histories" because I consider "cases" a name fit only for packing-cases not people, I do not call the help I have given people with their problems "Psychiatry," "Clinical Psychology," or even "Psychotherapy", but *CO-THINKING*, i.e. thinking with others about their problems. I did not "treat" these people or give them "therapy"; I just thought with them. I was their co-thinker as long as they needed me as such.

One result of activity as geographically wide-ranging as mine is that I can say with first-hand knowledge that people are similar everywhere, and that the consequences of the local ways of living are insignificant next to the international similarities. The life of the middle classes in even very different countries, advanced or developing, is particularly similar.

The same goes for differences in the times. Some might suppose that problems discussed two, three, or even four decades ago are no longer with us, in a period of wife-swapping, living in communes, or dropping out of society that strives toward "square" objectives; however, the problems of most people today resemble more closely those in our 12 Lives than those of the social dropouts.

We still have with us the following marital problems: "malerightishness," i.e. belief in the male right to be unfaithful; divorce because of dissatisfaction with a wife who seeks independent significance; domineering attitudes; physical brutality; loss of enthusiasm for the marriage; and marriage with an insufficient basis; among, of course, other difficulties.

We also still have the following non-marital problems: psychosomatic intestinal distress; fatigue, nervousness, and depression;

Twelve Lives

curious justification for not having children; loneliness; sleeplessness; and various forms of illogical behavior.

All the problems discussed are problems of normal people. Such problems can be quite strange, as we shall see, without having anything "mental" about them in the sense of "sickness." They are *not*: mental aberrations, disturbances, derangement; mental and nervous disorder or disease, or illnesses; mental ill health, or mixed-up mental processes; they are the consequences of problem-causing ideas, old or new.

Nor has anyone in this book been labeled:

"nervous,"

"neurasthenic,"

"neurotic,"

"psychoneurotic," or

"a psychopathic personality,"

though a case might have been made for putting such stickers on at least two of the protagonists. However, that would merely have interfered with my work, and the post-conversation years clearly justify the rejection of any labeling.

Twelve Lives

1. A DOMINEERING HUSBAND

Mr. and Mrs. Ray came to see me at 5:00 p.m. on a Friday afternoon. Mr. Ray was 27, Mrs. Ray 26. Both were visibly healthy, very attractive people. Mr. Ray was a successful independent business man, while Mrs. Ray devoted herself to their home. The couple had two lovely little girls. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ray were high school graduates, but neither of them had any further formal education. When they came in together, they had that look in their eyes of people who have been deeply hurt by each other, but nevertheless, crave each other's affection. I soon learned that the husband was living in a downtown hotel. He had left his home the preceding Friday because of what he called "a clash of personalities."

After spending an hour with each of them, I felt that they needed more than once-a-week interviews. The husband was talking of "having it over with" right then and there, and letting him continue to roam the downtown streets seemed pointless. He would soon have picked a "consoler" and this would only have complicated the situation.

I proposed to the couple that we meet for a few hours on Saturday and for another few hours on Sunday, and expressed my feeling that some time Sunday afternoon they might be able to resolve the "clash of personalities."

First Conversation With Mr. Ray (Friday afternoon, 5:00 p.m.)

BRUCK: "How did you get to the point at which you are now?"

MR. RAY: "The conflict built up through the years; it's kind of hard to put the finger on the cause."

BRUCK: "How did you meet?"

MR. RAY: "We met at a dance, but we broke up soon afterward because we couldn't get along. At that time, she said to her mother that she would not marry me because I was too conceited. We did not see each other for a time, then I wrote to her. We got engaged through the mail. Previous to our marriage, she once came to the Naval base where I was stationed. I told her what I wanted. It was a monologue. Later, we bickered but made up. After this visit, she was

Twelve Lives

undecided whether she was in love with me or with my letters, but she acted very favorably. I wasn't certain of my own mind either, at that time, but I sent her a ring three months later."

(A beautiful young girl had gone to visit a seaman, only 22 years old, at a Naval base. Such a visit should have made the young man grateful and nobly interested in *her* personality and *her* wishes for the future. Our young man, however, used this visit for a monologue on what *he* wanted. No wonder there was bickering after the monologue, just as there had been a breakup after their first meeting.)

MR. RAY: "Another three months later, I got a furlough for marriage. I have very explicit ideas on what I want my home to be. I'm pretty domineering and I like things my own way, but I'm willing to pay for it and get things for my wife."

(Mr. Ray was fully aware of his domineering attitude, but he thought it admissible, as long as he was willing to pay the price in things purchased.)

BRUCK: "What does she do?"

MR. RAY: "In my estimation, she's lazy. There is no affection, except forced affection, if any. I have always told my wife to be at the door when I come home, and meet me with a kiss. She's never at the door. I must always hunt for her. She's usually in the kitchen, at the other end of the house."

BRUCK: "Is your wife a good cook?"

MR. RAY: "She's good if she wants to be. She usually makes routine things that can be made quickly."

("Laziness" is a behavior pattern that may spring from very different causes. It may be, for instance, a reaction to another person's behavior. We can well imagine that the young wife had no desire to cook for her domineering husband. Mr. Ray even believed that he could command his wife to kiss him. We cannot be surprised over the "just because" behavior of Mrs. Ray, who was always everywhere but at the door whenever she "should have" received his Homecoming Majesty with the demanded kiss.)

Twelve Lives

MR. RAY: "After a fight, we always sit down and talk. It's always me who talks. I always leave it up to her to make up. Till then, I don't talk to her, have nothing to do with her. In the beginning, she'd say she was sorry, after a few hours. Now it may take two, three, or four days. The last time, there were no signs of making up for four nights. I was coming home just to sleep and didn't eat at home. One night she was asleep when I got home, another night I was asleep when she came to bed, and twice we went to bed at the same time but my wife said nothing. Then I moved out."

(Mrs. Ray must have been silenced by the bitterness she felt. Mistreated people often react with passivity and let things go from bad to worse. Mrs. Ray may well have felt: "If you want a slave, I shall behave like a slave. You talk, I listen." It was still monologue after monologue.

In the beginning, she could not stand his not talking to her and "having nothing to do with her" for more than a few hours. Then, the more irritated she became by his attitude, the longer she delayed saying, "I'm sorry." By the time of their separation, she managed to go to bed at the same time as he on two successive evenings and say nothing.

There doubtless were at least two motives in this fact of going to bed at the same time: love that made for a desire of what we might call "proximity nevertheless," and hope against hope that this proximity might make him realize what *he* was doing to their love. There may also have been, by this time, a desire to apply counter-torture, by acting as if she would soon say "I'm sorry" and then not doing it.)

BRUCK: "Are you living at home now?"

MR. RAY: "No, I have been living in a downtown hotel for a week."

BRUCK: "Is there another woman?"

MR. RAY: "I did dance with taxi-girls."

BRUCK: "Have you had sex relations with another woman during this week?"

MR. RAY: "No."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Why not?"

MR. RAY: "After living with a person for five years, you can't brush it off that easily."

BRUCK: "Have you been separated before this?"

MR. RAY: "Two years ago, after three years of marriage, I walked out on her. We were living with her folks then, for whom I had tremendous respect. I went back to tell them what had happened. Her mother took it so hard that I said I would go back and I did go back."

BRUCK: "Have you been back this time, since you left?"

MR. RAY: "I left last Friday, eight days ago, but I have been over. She wanted me to come back, but she said it in such a manner that I didn't want to."

(According to Mr. Ray's own account, he went back to tell his in-laws that he had gone away, in order not to hurt them, and he stayed there in order not to cause his mother-in-law suffering. We may well assume, however, that there was a secret hope involved that they would keep him from leaving again.)

Dogs are often made to beg "nicely" by sitting on their hind legs and waving their front paws. After the second separation, Mrs. Ray did not beg to the satisfaction of her trainer, so he left.)

BRUCK: "What is your attitude toward your children?"

MR. RAY: "I think they respect me and I certainly love them."

BRUCK: "What do you feel you should do for these children?"

MR. RAY: "I know my children love me. They would have no reason not to. Respect without love is nothing."

(Not only Mrs. Ray, but also the little girls were expected to stand respectfully at attention, at least figuratively, before His Majesty.)

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Would you go back?"

MR. RAY: "Only if things would smooth out. I would like to have it over and done with, now, today."

BRUCK: "Will you pay for the consultations with your wife?"

MR. RAY: "Sure. But you won't be able to do much. You can just talk. I tried that."

BRUCK: "Except that as long as she didn't say she was sorry, you did not speak to her at all."

MR. RAY: "I came here only to give my little girls a chance. But it is a clash of personalities between my wife and me."

BRUCK: "Let me talk to your wife now. We can agree on our next meeting after that."

First Conversation With Mrs. Ray
(Friday afternoon, 6:00 - 7:00 p.m.)

MRS. RAY: "I have heard a great deal about your lectures and consultations from my friend, Mrs. Brown, but for me to come, that was another thing! I have no money of my own, so I could not have come. Finally, Mrs. Brown has now convinced my husband that we should both consult with you."

BRUCK: "Your husband says there is a clash of personalities between you. What would *you* say?"

MRS. RAY: "I think he has been as miserable as I have, this last week. My life is very monotonous. We live in a new subdivision, at the edge of the city, and I don't have a car of my own. I have asked my husband too many times for a day, a week, away from the children. I love my children immensely, but in two years I have been by myself, without them, approximately three times."

Twelve Lives

(Mr. Ray could well have afforded to give his wife spending money and a car, and to let her have a baby-sitter from time to time. This, however, would have weakened his absolute domination.)

MRS. RAY: "I would be quite satisfied if on such days we were together, my husband and I, by ourselves, but away from the children. We had no normal courtship before our marriage. We had only seven days together right after the wedding, then a few weeks later, about six months, until my husband's ship left for Chinese waters. In those six months, we lived on only \$80.00 a month, of which we paid \$35.00 for a room, and yet it was wonderful. After that, we were separated for more than a year. Our married life really started only upon his return."

BRUCK: "What about affection for your husband?"

MRS. RAY: "I loved him very much. He has affection mixed up with passion. My physician said long ago I should see a psychotherapist. If I had had the money, I would have come to you sooner. I feel nothing whatever during sex relations."

BRUCK: "Your husband seems domineering."

MRS. RAY: "Yes, he is. Definitely so. And I resent it. Besides, he does the same thing with my hair every time; he pulls it, rubs it into his face. It's too animal-like."

BRUCK: "Did you not know he was domineering before you married him? He related to me that when you visited him at the Naval base before your marriage, he told you in a monologue what he wanted in marriage."

MRS. RAY: "Until you marry, you do not know how far their conceit will drive them."

BRUCK: "Have the little girls noticed that you two have had conflicts?"

MRS. RAY: "I have kept them from seeing me cry."

Second Conversation With Mr. Ray
(Saturday, 9:00 - 1100 a.m.)

(As a young man, the father of Tom Ray had immigrated to the United States from an Austrian province. He was an uneducated worker who lived pretty much to himself. He never showed much love to his wife or to his children. "We children had not much to return to him in the way of love." The mother, "a wonderful woman," became seriously ill at 30, when Tom was only six years old. Until then, the mother had come upstairs every night to tuck each child in; now that her illness prevented her from paying much attention to her children, Tom felt very lonely. His sister, Harriet, was frantically trying to keep up with her school work and the task of caring for the family. She was kind to Tom, but did not have much time for him either. His brother, George, several years younger, was more of a burden to him than a companion. The maternal grandparents, kind-hearted people, tried to do for the children whatever they could. At the age of eleven, Tom lost not only his mother but also his father, who, after the death of his wife, simply walked out on his three children.

Because Tom had had so little emotional security in his family of origin, he was determined to have it in his self-founded family. A firm hand and prescriptions as to what everyone should do seemed to him the best way to attain his aim. His "private sense" made him seek security, even love, by absolute domination.)

BRUCK: "What is George like?"

MR. RAY: "Very headstrong, set in his ways, ambitious."

BRUCK: "And Harriet?"

MR. RAY: "Very much like my mother, a very sweet person, with no intentions to hurt anyone. She goes out of her way to do things for other people."

BRUCK: "And Tom?"

MR. RAY: "Also pretty headstrong. He likes things his own way, but is willing to give in return. A pretty hard guy to describe. He knows what he wants. He likes nice things and is willing to do his share to get what he wants. He gets them; the material things, anyway."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "And the non-material things?"

MR. RAY: "I guess, maybe he doesn't know how to go about that. He knows how to go out and make a dollar, but the other things, in the home, they haven't been forthcoming."

BRUCK: "He will soon know. Whom does George resemble more, your father or your mother?"

MR. RAY: "My father."

BRUCK: "And whom does Tom resemble more, father or mother?"

MR. RAY: "My father, but not solely that way. I think very much like my mother's father."

BRUCK: "Well, you doubtless are aware which type of behavior resulted in more affection. How is George's marriage?"

MR. RAY: "I don't see much of their marriage at all. I see them, perhaps, once a year, and then they are on their best behavior. And my sister has just gotten married, so I don't know how her marriage is."

(Mr. Ray is unwilling to assume that his brother's marriage might be more successful than his own, and rather impatiently forestalled a question regarding his sister's marriage.)

BRUCK: "What are your interests?"

MR. RAY: "There aren't many. I like to spend my time at home, to work in the yard. My wants are simple. I have everything I want: a paying business, a nice home, a fine car. The house is furnished. I have no outstanding bills to worry me. That's it ... everything a man would want ... except affection. The other night, while roaming aimlessly downtown, I got into the poorest section of the city and I kept on walking. I felt I belonged there, because I was poor, a poor man lacking affection. But I didn't belong there either. The houses were poor and dirty, the people had only broken-down jalopies, if any. They had heaps of

Twelve Lives

children to feed, and yet they were happy. I have health too, but happiness is definitely not there in my life."

(Profound pain was manifest in the voice of Mr. Ray, at this point. Pain even made him eloquent.)

BRUCK: "What is missing in your list of sources of happiness?"

MR. RAY: "I don't have the affection of my wife. I have my wife's love, there's no doubt of that, but it isn't an outspoken love, as I would want it to be. When we were dating, she was very affectionate; she always wanted to neck and kiss. I was against it then; I didn't want it prior to marriage. Not with her. I missed it when we were engaged but separated. Later, when I was at sea for a whole year, isolated from her, I built up a terrific desire for affection. When I came back, I didn't get it."

BRUCK: "How is your sex life?"

MR. RAY: "Our sex life, during the act, is very pleasant, but to get to it I must almost get on a stage and act out a play. She'll say, "I'm so tired," or "I have a headache," or she'll yawn to show how tired she is. Until 10:00 p.m., it's always the same. She'll watch television or listen to the radio, but between 10:00 and 10:30, she's always overcome by a sudden tiredness. Then she makes it known that she doesn't want anything but sleep."

BRUCK: "You will soon see that this behavior of your wife is intimately linked with the general problem. I shall see you again tomorrow morning."

Third Conversation With Mr. Ray
(Sunday, 10:00 - 11:30 a.m.)

MR. RAY: "I was home last night. In the early afternoon, I had gone home to see the children. They weren't there. I was thinking of asking the neighbors, but then I told myself they might find it strange that I didn't know. I drove over to Mrs. Brown's on a hunch and found my little girls playing dolls with Mrs. Brown's daughter, who is 14. My

Twelve Lives

wife and Mrs. Brown had gone out together. I felt uncomfortable, but I stayed on, watching the children, until Mrs. Brown and my wife came back. They had come home only to give dinner to the children; they had theater tickets for the evening. Though I am more used to the movies than the theater, I asked if we couldn't get a third ticket for me. My wife seemed glad. We had dinner and went to the play. I didn't talk to my wife, though she sat between me and Mrs. Brown in the car. The children stayed at Mrs. Brown's."

BRUCK: "What was the play about?"

MR. RAY: "It was about the troubles of a dress manufacturer. People laughed a lot around me, but I couldn't keep my mind on the play. I had too many troubles of my own. After the theater, I drove Mrs. Brown home. I wanted to drive directly to my hotel after that, but Mrs. Brown would then have had to drive my wife and the children home. It was too late to let her do that. I then thought I would drive my wife and the children home, but would not go in. Up to that time, we had not talked to each other. On the way home, I started talking. Not too loud, on account of the children. I told my wife I was sick of the way we were acting; I wanted either to make up or call it quits and not go to you any more for these lectures. She started crying quite hard, not loud but more desperately than I had ever heard her cry before. It got under my skin, with the children in the back and all. Then I said I might get something out of talking to you, that we might find the answer. She said that we needed guidance, that we had everything except understanding for each other. We went to bed with an understanding and feeling very good. This morning she made breakfast while I dressed. We kissed for an extra long time."

BRUCK: "How does this Sunday compare with the one two weeks ago?"

MR. RAY: "This time there was a little bit more affection."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "I am convinced that your wife is capable of intense affection for you. For the time being, this affection is blocked. You merely have to remove the block. But let's not be premature. Would you say you are conceited?"

MR. RAY: "Yes, I would say so."

BRUCK: "Why?"

MR. RAY: "Maybe because I have had quite a success with girls."

BRUCK: "You are also an economically successful man, particularly for your age, and you know that, too."

MR. RAY: "The other day I said I wasn't successful, but my wife argued that I was. My idea of success is greater than the one I have. I measure by what I don't have, my wife by what I do have."

BRUCK: "That's an excellent distinction you have made there. I also remember a monologue of yours, however, six years ago at the Naval base. We might call it the Declaration of Demands: D.o.D. How did you get the ideas that went into the D.o.D.?"

MR. RAY: "From what I saw in my parents' home; I wanted to improve on that. Also from my going out with women. That's where I found out what I did and didn't want. Also from my friends' homes. Knowing the type of person I was, I knew I couldn't marry a headstrong girl. I felt I had to marry someone who would give in; otherwise, there would be constant arguments, like between my parents. I felt I had to marry someone who really loved me, not just thought so or acted like it. That was one of the great qualities of my wife. I knew without a shadow of a doubt that she loved me."


BRUCK: "How long did your D.o.D. take?"

MR. RAY: "Approximately five to eight hours."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: (Making gestures of giving and taking): "What do these gestures tell you."

MR.RAY: "Give and take. That I am taking and not giving."

BRUCK: (Drawing a seesaw, with the board at even keel,  and showing it to Mr. Ray): "How does the seesaw stand in your marriage?"

MR. RAY: "I would say even."

BRUCK: "If one of the two individuals gave in, where would you be?"

MR. RAY: "I would be on top."

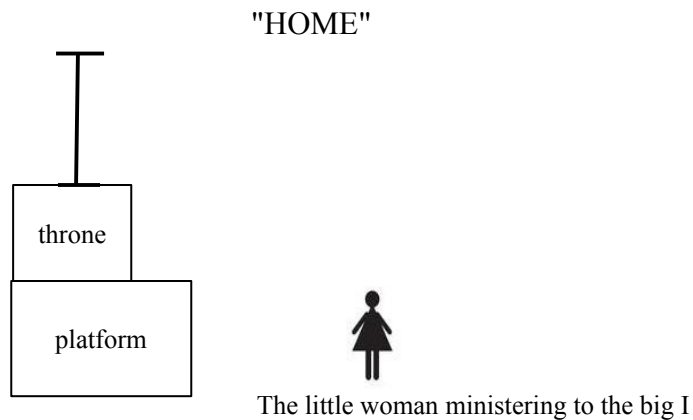
BRUCK: "You do not place your wife on a level of equality."

MR. RAY: "I am what I am, and she must be in accordance with what I am."

BRUCK: "What was your rank in the Navy?"

MR. RAY: "Petty Officer."

BRUCK: "That's not a bad name for what you have been in your marriage, too. But "Petty Commander" would fit the situation even better. You're tough about your "I." You declare it fixed for all eternity and want all its desires and demands satisfied. Now let me draw your home for you":



Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "You will have to soften if you want affection. And now, let's adjourn until this afternoon."

(Mr. Ray wanted a wife who would love him, so that she would tolerate his domineering. He had rejoiced that his future wife, a tender, peace-loving woman, was not "headstrong," but he did not know that even such a woman could be aroused to at least a passive resistance by behavior like his.)

Second Conversation With Mrs. Ray
(Sunday, 2:00 - 3:00 p.m.)

BRUCK: "Well, I have spent four and a half hours with your husband and only one hour with you, until now. What have you to tell me about the 44 hours since we last conversed with each other?"

MRS. RAY: "Last night, he came along to the theater but did not talk to me. When the lights went out for the second act, I put my arm through his and took his hand. He didn't react. I could feel no desire for hand-holding in him, and felt a little disgusted because I had made an overture."

BRUCK: "I understand he went home with you after the theater."

MRS. RAY: "Yes, but on the way home he told me that I had to change, that I had made his life miserable at his expense. I've had a different home than he has had. We had musical evenings at home, and I would like to go to operas and symphonies, while he thinks only of sex."

BRUCK: "I would say he thinks of affection and sex. There is no doubt that you have had a more cultured parental home than he, but you are quite capable of carefully and artistically influencing him in that direction, once all is well between the two of you. The attitude you seem to have now, 'Because I don't have what I expected to have, I won't...,' is certainly not making things any better, even though it is a very understandable reaction to his behavior."

Twelve Lives

MRS. RAY: "My mother was a domineering woman. She is, to this day; I have always resented her domination."

BRUCK: "It looks as if you had been conditioned, 'sensitized,' by your mother against all attempts at domination."

MRS. RAY: "He made it a 'must' that I wash my hair twice a week. When he leaves in the morning, he commands, 'Today you must wash your hair!' It reminds me of my mother, who used to command, 'Do your homework.' On such occasions, I would close the door and read a book. I would always do just the opposite of what she ordered me to do. As soon as I left high school, I came to live with Mrs. Brown, who is easy-going. I could talk to her and I used to confide in her. Here's the list of blocks to my affection you asked me to write out the other day."

BRUCK: (After glancing through the list): "Thank you. This will be very useful. What is your attitude toward the sexual side of your marriage? You seem to want to avoid sex relations."

MRS. RAY: "Before these talks with you, he couldn't put his hands on me without pawing me. There was no companionship, always passion only."

BRUCK: "I can well understand you. Sexual pleasure is highly psychological, especially with women. They are even more dependent on the emotional atmosphere than men."

MRS. RAY: "Today, it was different. Before we came here, we had been sitting together, with his arm around me, listening to the radio."

BRUCK: "It will be a slow, mutual education."

MRS. RAY: "An hour ago, he said he's going to buy season tickets for the opera. I wonder if I will come to him naturally tonight. I have almost never done so, in five years of marriage."

BRUCK: "I'm sure I can finish my talks with your husband this afternoon, but I would like to talk to you once more, on the phone. I will call you tomorrow."

Fourth Conversation With Mr. Ray
(Sunday, 3:00 - 5:00 p.m.)

MR. RAY: "I'm working on my softening. It can be done."

BRUCK: "Why, that's fine. You know, I've been somewhat harsh with you this morning. I trust you don't mind if I continue in that vein. You said Friday that you wanted to get through with these talks very quickly; well, now we're getting close to the end, if you let me be tough. Rudyard Kipling has a story about an orangutang who was being transported to Europe from the Malay peninsula. He was so noisy that they had to move him up on deck. Even there he was loud and boisterous. A gentleman who wanted to sleep on deck said to him, 'You have too much Ego in your cosmos.' "

MR. RAY: "I remember your drawing about the 'I' on the throne."

BRUCK: "May I tell you another story? I read it when I was in grade school, but I still remember it vividly: The Sun and the Wind bet as to which of them could get the coat off the back of a wanderer. The wind went into action first. He blew harder and harder, he tore the old coat into shreds, but the wanderer wrapped the tattered coat around himself even more closely, holding it fast with all the meager forces he had. Then the sun began to shine stronger and stronger. The wanderer felt warmer and warmer, and happily took off his coat. Which method, do you think, is more likely to get your wife to wait for you at the door with a kiss: the sun's method or the wind's method?"

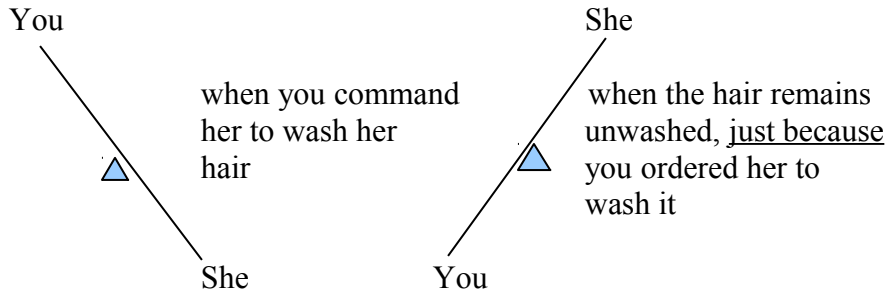
MR. RAY: "Up to now, I have used the wind method. She always has something urgent to do in the kitchen right at the time when I get home, so I have to go looking for her."

BRUCK: "There's also the matter of her hair."

MR. RAY: "When a woman's hair gets filmy, I don't like it."

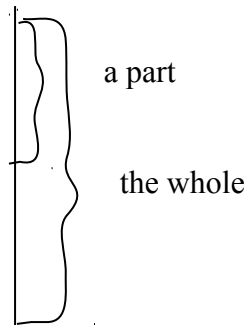
Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "You leave in the morning and command her to wash her hair right on that very day. Generally, the hair is unwashed when you get home. Do you remember our seesaw? We can illustrate the situation as follows":



MR. RAY: "I see."

BRUCK: "There is something else to be said about that hair. Let me draw it first:



A woman wants to be loved 'for herself,' for her entire personality. If excessive importance is given to a mere part of this personality, especially a physical part, she is likely to resent it. During sex relations, you seem to pay more attention to her hair than to its owner. Your passionate interest in her hair actually hurts your wife instead of flattering her."

MR. RAY: "Hmm."

BRUCK: "Getting back to your fundamental domineering attitude, you want both non-sexual and sexual affection. So far, you have not been able to get either from your wife, except

before and during the first months of your marriage, when you doubtless were less domineering."

MR. RAY: "You're right. Much of this is due to my not having had a happy home life as a child. I was determined never to have that type of a home life again. This overwhelming desire made me too much of a wind."

BRUCK: "You did not go about it the right way. You cannot impose a happy home life; you must win it."

MR. RAY: "If I don't talk, how can I get the things I want?"

BRUCK: "The wind talked; the sun mildly caressed. The sun used the artistic method, the one that wins wives. The wind used a cold, war method. The sun used a method of heart-warming peace."

MR. RAY: "I'm afraid that if I become like the sun instead of the wind, she will acquire her mother's tendency, and the situation will be reversed. If I relax, her requests may turn into demands. Then she wouldn't ask me for a coat, she'd say, 'I want a coat' or 'I'm going to get a coat.' It's against my grain."

BRUCK: "It wouldn't be, in a case of mutual equality."

MR. RAY: (With sudden enthusiasm, the sentences almost stumble over each other) "That's true. We didn't have mutual equality for all the years of our marriage. It almost seems a battle of the sexes for superiority. I could never go through the life of her father with her mother. I couldn't stand a seesaw on which my wife was up and I down. I recognize that she accepted the opposite for five years, out of love. Now it shall be (he grabs a piece of paper and draws):

you _____ me


The other night I said, 'When I build my house...' and she interjected, 'Our house, dear.' It's going to be our house now."

BRUCK: "Then it will have all the chances for becoming a happy home. I have more things to tell you. I could save them for a 'next time,' but it seems best to give you 'the whole works' right now. I hope you don't mind. On Friday, I asked your wife to write out a list of blocks that keep her from being as affectionate toward you as she was in the beginning. I do not generally just read off such lists of one partner to the other, but I will do it this time. I think it will do you good to hear how you've gotten your wife to feel about you. It will explain why her affectionate nature is blocked":

The Blocks to My Affection

1. He treats me like a child. He can never be around without twisting me in some way, or tickling me, or just starting general horse-play.
2. He gives me no feeling of independence as a person. I receive no allowance. Recently I needed a dress and I asked him if one day soon I could get myself one. He went out and bought me a dress which did not fit and which I did not like. I had to be content with it. He buys all the food and I cook what he likes. The children and I never get anything else.
3. When we're with friends, he's always teasing and making fun of me. He makes me feel like a moron.
4. The children have been my responsibility since they were born. He has never helped me with them in any way, or been close with them, as a father should be. He teases the little girls until they cry.
5. I don't feel I'm his partner in any way. My advice is very seldom asked for.
6. His know-it-all attitude, on any subject, aggravates me. The safest way for me is to agree with him, just to keep peace.

Twelve Lives

7. We don't discuss anything. He may take even a friendly argument the wrong way and pout for days without my knowing the reason.

MR. RAY: (Completely taken aback, and really depressed) "I knew all of these things, but I did nothing about them. It was always I who took the sexual initiative, except nine times in five years. A man wants to feel that he's wanted."

BRUCK: "He must be 'wantable.' With your attitude toward your wife, you were not."

MR. RAY: "No, I can see now that I was not."

BRUCK: "You can now start anew to build a mutually satisfactory marriage. You will have to use the sun method and sit with your arm around her as you did when you listened to the radio earlier in the afternoon. You will have to caress her, rather than give orders about it. You can bury your face in your wife's hair if you wish, but do so peacefully and lovingly, instead of rubbing it into your face. Then she will be yours more completely than she has ever been. But now I want to leave you two to yourselves."

MR. RAY: "You've done it."

EPILOGUE I

Telephone Conversation With Mrs. Ray
(Monday afternoon)

BRUCK: "Bruck here."

MRS. RAY: "Whatever you told my husband, from last night on he's been a changed person. I'm elated."

BRUCK: "How does the change manifest itself?"

MRS. RAY: "He's much kinder, gentle. Yesterday, for the first time since our marriage, he helped me with the dishes. Then we had friends over. He treated me with respect. He did not

Twelve Lives

tease me or make fun of me. He said he'd drive me to town so that I may choose a car for myself. Later, in bed, he said, 'Now it's time for me to start to make you happy.' I hoped and prayed for this for five long years. Now it's happened."

BRUCK: "Well, under these circumstances, let me now wish you the fulfillment of all your dreams."

EPILOGUE II

Unrequested and Unexpected Phone Call from Mr. Ray
(Tuesday morning)

MR. RAY: "Yesterday was very, very nice. Everything was rolling along very smoothly. In the past, after a fight, everything was very smooth, too, but now it's different. Each of us is trying."

BRUCK: "Your wife told me yesterday that you are a changed man. Congratulations! As to her, if you want her to become as you would like her to be, then treat her as if she already is as you would like her to be."

MR. RAY: "That makes sense."

(The "sense" had been supplied by Goethe, some 150 years earlier.)

EPILOGUE III

Telephone Call to Mrs. Ray, A Few Weeks Later

BRUCK: "We had so little time for our conversations that I felt I should call you and find out how things are."

MRS. RAY: (With a dreamy, blissful voice) "My husband has engaged a salesman to do the traveling for him, so we can be together more. He's gentle to me. I can get around now when he can't take me; he bought me a car. It's Heaven now!"

EPILOGUE IV

News About the Rays, Seven Years Later

An article about Mr. Ray stated that he had his own company, and a fine house where he lives with his wife and two children.

CONVERSATION TIME

8 and 1/2 hours with Mr. & Mrs. Ray on a weekend,
from Friday 5:00 p.m. to Sunday 5:00 p.m.

<u>Conv.</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Hours</u>	
1st	Friday	5 to 6 p.m.	1	With Him
2nd	Saturday	9 to 11 a.m.	2	" "
3rd	Sunday	10 to 11:30 a.m.	1-1/2	" "
4th	Sunday	3 to 5 p.m.	<u>2</u>	" "
			6-1/2	
1st	Friday	6 to 7 p.m.	1	With Her
2nd	Sunday	2 to 3 p.m.	<u>1</u>	" "
			2	

Twelve Lives

2. A BRUTAL HUSBAND

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Foster

At the time of our first conversation, the Fosters had been living apart for almost a month. They had not completed their third year together. Just before Mrs. Foster called me for an appointment, the couple had sold their furniture and she had gone to live with a widowed aunt. He had moved in with a divorced buddy.

Mr. Foster was 26, a student in a School of Mining, with a remarkably fine figure and manly face. Mrs. Foster was 22, a beautiful young woman and a good pianist.

Mrs. Foster had considerable difficulty in getting her husband to come. They arrived an hour late, at 8:00 instead of 7:00 p.m. Their child, a fine boy just eighteen months old, was with them.

When I went out to meet them in the waiting room, I had intended to talk to the husband first, as he was the reluctant party. However, Mr. Foster said, "Let her tell you," and went on playing with his little boy whom he had joined on the floor.

Mrs. Foster did tell. From her descriptions of three incidents in the last three months of their life together, and from a few details supplied by her husband in the next hour, I pieced together the following scenes, which could well be scenarios for movie shorts on "Marriage As It Should Not Be."

Scene I

(2:30 a.m.: Mrs. Foster has been in bed for three hours. Mr. Foster is sitting in the living room. He took care to sit in the armchair which permits her to see him from the bed, even though the floor lamp is next to the other armchair. He has been asleep several times, but now he is reading the paper again.)

Mrs. Foster

"Honey, please come to bed! I can't fall asleep until you do. You know I have to get up at dawn, for the baby."

Mr. Foster

"Shut your damn mouth!"

Twelve Lives

Scene II

(Evening: Mrs. Foster has served her husband a fine dinner. He has visibly enjoyed it.)

Mrs. Foster

"Honey, why don't you *once* help me with the dishes? The baby is teething and has been more of a chore than ever today. I'm exhausted."

Mr. Foster

(Without saying a word, he gets up, takes his newspaper, and walks out. He crosses the courtyard, pulls out his keys to the apartment of his parents, which he had kept upon his mother's insistence, opens the door, mutters a greeting and sits down to read his paper.)

Mrs. Foster

(She has followed her husband's actions through the window. Now she can see him sitting "over there." For months she has begged her husband to move away from this proximity, but he wouldn't even answer. Lately, she has been afraid she might get to hear more of his invectives, so she does not say anything further on this point. She feels like sobbing out loud, but the little boy is asleep. She stifles her sobs, but she cannot do the same with her emotions. She has been much admired, both for her art as a pianist and for her looks. "So this is what marriage brings one to," she says to herself in a half-tone.)

Scene III

(Sunday morning, 9:00 a.m.: Mr. Foster is hungry. He has been waiting for Mrs. Foster to get up and fix breakfast, but she is just lying there, making no move at all that would show an intention to get up. The baby must have had its breakfast by now, so she must have been up. But, for him, she won't get up. Mr. Foster gets angrier and angrier. They have been married for less than three years, and she already refuses even to feed him! He is lying on the inside, next to the wall. He pulls his right leg up; then, with a sudden thrust, he kicks Mrs. Foster out of bed.)

Twelve Lives

Mrs. Foster

(Lying on the floor, sobbing) "I only wanted to teach you a lesson. You have not gotten up even once to let me rest a little longer."

Mr. Foster

"Shut the ... up!"

Mrs. Foster

(She continues her crying.)

Mr. Foster

(In the meantime, he has lit a cigarette. He reaches down, (she is lying face downward) and presses the glowing cigarette on her naked thigh.

After Mrs. Foster had related the three incidents, I asked myself if I might be doing her a disservice by striving to save this marriage. On the other hand, Mrs. Foster very definitely wanted her marriage saved. So I went to work, more conscious than ever that saving a marriage is not enough, and determined to get Mr. Foster to change himself from a brutish into a human husband.

*

At this point, it seemed clear to me that the couple's fights came mostly from a Conflict of Theories and a Difference in Expectations, brought into the marriage and based on their respective lives in their parental homes:

THE WIFE'S THEORY
AND EXPECTATIONS:

It is natural for a husband to help his wife. It is unfair of Jim not to help me. I am entitled to help from my husband.

THE HUSBAND'S
THEORY AND
EXPECTATIONS

All housework is the task of women. My mother never asked me to help. My wife should do her chores without complaining. She has no right to try to get me to help.

Somewhere in the universe, these two people might have found partners who would have automatically lived with them in accordance with their theories and expectations, but they had not chosen each other on that basis. The task now was to help them understand each other and find a new way of living together which would satisfy them both.

*

My First Conversation With Mrs. Foster

MRS. F.: "The three incidents I have just described are all from the last three months of our marriage, but the difficulties between my husband and me began shortly after we were married. Prior to our marriage, Jim was sweet to me and I never detected any evidence of his disagreeable disposition, but it became extremely apparent about a month after we were married. We lived with his parents. His mother would not let Jim lift a finger to do anything. For example, after breakfast, when I asked Jim to take the dishes to the sink, she would say, 'Never mind, honey, I'll do it.' Although I protested, this continued throughout our stay there. It was then that I became aware of the excessive mother and son bond that exists between the two. She waits on her son hand and foot."

BRUCK: "How long have you been married now?"

MRS. F.: "Almost three years. After three months with his parents, during which we had much trouble, we finally could rent an apartment. I begged Jim to move away with me to another building, but he took an apartment in the same court. This was early in the winter, and in the following months we had fun. Each Sunday we would go skiing early in the morning, and stay out all day. However, even then, I was having trouble getting Jim up and having him help me. Early in spring we went on a vacation trip, and things began to brighten."

BRUCK: "It looks as if you get along best when away from home."

Twelve Lives

MRS. F.: "Upon our return, our difficulties started again, and we decided that we would part at the end of his school year. Then, just before the vacation, I found out I was pregnant. Jim was very sweet about it and we called off the divorce; yet, since the birth of our little boy, things are even worse."

BRUCK: "Nevertheless, you seem to want to keep up this marriage."

MRS. F.: "Yes. We have everything in common. The same tastes. We both like sports. I am also afraid that I might never meet another man I could love and I do not want to go through life alone. But I don't want Jim back just to have him back."

BRUCK: "And how about the piano?"

MRS. F.: "That has been another difficulty between us. He would not stay home alone with the baby a single evening, so that I could keep up my music. I want to be a wife and mother, first of all, but I've always had a dream of being an artist. Perhaps not a great pianist, but I would like to earn a livable income by playing. Also, it's such a thrill to have an audience applaud, and for me to know that they've really enjoyed my effort. Also, playing was a great emotional outlet for me. I stopped playing half a year after our marriage to devote myself completely to our home. We thought that would bring us closer to each other. If I continued with my music, I would meet people of my own interests. I would then have an out, a getaway."

BRUCK: "Couldn't your mother-in-law take care of your son occasionally? She lived close enough."

MRS. F.: "She wouldn't speak to me. When I left the baby outside in the court, she used to sneak over to the crib to look at him. Jim's father is a miner; he's eternally tired. He hardly ever speaks at home; after work, he eats, reads the paper, and goes to bed early. He was crazy about his grandson, but he wouldn't come over to see him either. His wife must have forbidden it."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Rather unusual grandparents. With all the waiting your mother-in-law has done on her son, there seems to have been little chance in her home to learn how to be an affectionate husband. It does not seem, either, that your Jim is very talkative. I wonder how my conversation with him will be."

MRS. F.: "He has not opened up to anyone in fifteen years, I'm sure."

BRUCK: "Well, let us try, anyway." (I accompany Mrs. Foster to the door).

My First Conversation With Mr. Foster

BRUCK: "You realize, of course, that your wife has told me many things. You wanted her to talk to me first, perhaps to save yourself the trouble of talking too much. I do trust, however, that you will answer a few questions. First, what would you like me to do?"

MR. F.: "I would like to know if it's worthwhile to make another try."

BRUCK: "What are your complaints?"

MR. F.: "Nagging."

BRUCK: "Without provocation?"

MR. F.: "There is a cause for everything. She says that even if she asks me to do a thing three times, I never hear it. Then she gets exasperated."

The conversation drifts to Mr. Foster's experience in the War, then we discuss his schooling and present objectives. It becomes more and more clear that Mr. Foster's main desire in life is to have peace and quiet around him. In the last few minutes of the hour, I ask:

BRUCK: "Would you answer one more question? If you were standing at a crossroads, with one road leading to your wife and one to your mother, where would you go?"

Twelve Lives

MR. F.: "Right now, I would probably go to my mother. In the first year of our marriage, I would have gone to my wife."

BRUCK: "It is *you* who will have to decide, at the end of our talks, whether or not you want to make another try. I shall, however, do my best to clarify and improve things."

My Second Conversation With Mrs. Foster
(one week after the first)

BRUCK: "Well, how do things stand?"

MRS. F.: "He would never have asked me to do it, as he wouldn't ask for a favor, but on Friday I phoned him to bring his homework over and dictate it to me into the typewriter. He's under a terrible mental strain and hard pressed for time, since he works, too ... He did come over. When I do homework with him, he always gets gushy and lovey, but only then. On Saturday he took me to the movies, but afterward, as we drove by his parents' apartment on the way home, he saw that they had visitors. He dropped me at my aunt's and went over there. He stayed up with them until 2:00 a.m."

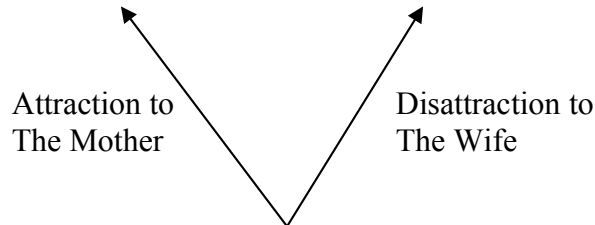
BRUCK: "How do you know this?"

MRS. F.: "I asked him this morning what he did after he had brought me home. He told me."

BRUCK: "He may be afraid of getting attracted to you again. I can understand that you feel he should have stayed with you, at least an extra hour or so, after the movies, and after you had worked for him on Friday and all day Saturday, but I don't share your theory that he goes 'over there' due to any attraction to his mother. I checked on that last time, and will go into the matter further today. We have to find out how far there is **ATTRACTION TO THE MOTHER** or **DISATTRACTION TO THE WIFE**. There may be both, but you seem to drive him over there by certain things you do."

Twelve Lives

MRS. F.: "I am an awful worrier. His mother kept saying, 'Your personalities clash.' " (She musingly turned around, over and over again, the "V" I had drawn for her).



BRUCK: "I have heard many mothers say that about the personalities of young married couples, who often feel that way themselves. Usually the clashes are due to behavior toward each other which may not be in accordance at all with the basic personalities. For instance, you are a very attractive woman, and yet, on one of the occasions you described last time, you were presenting arguments to your husband, at 2:30 a.m., as to why he should come to bed. Why not Attract instead of Arguing?"

MRS. F.: "Our sex life isn't good. I don't enjoy sexual relations."

BRUCK: "That's understandable. It doesn't seem that your husband has ever made complete abandon to common sexual striving possible for you. He probably never was tender enough with you. On what income do you three live?"

MRS. F.: "He gets \$120 on the G.I. bill each month, and makes \$25 a week besides that. He always takes the attitude that what he earns is his. I had been at him for two or three months that I needed a slip and a pair of shoes, but he did not react. Finally, I bought these things from some money we had received as a wedding present, and when he learned about that, he threw a plate against the wall in his anger. Before our boy was born, I worked too, and then I paid the bills; now I have to tell him, over and over again, that he should do it. Then he's angry at me for bothering him. One of our armchairs was broken, but in the entire two weeks of his last vacation I could not get him to call the man to repair it."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "I would like you to tell me all your complaints right now. I might discuss at least some of them with your husband today."

MRS. F.: "He used to criticize me, call me down, in front of our friends. He never praised me. He always enjoyed the dinners I fixed for him, but he'd never praise them. My type of person needs encouragement; I got much of it when I played in public. I miss it, even though, above all else, I want to be a housewife and mother. I enjoy both. Of all things, I am most interested in having a home. A happy home."

BRUCK: "Your husband has his complaints. He says you are nagging."

MRS. F.: "Mine is a helpful nagging."

BRUCK: "Let us call it a 'well-intentioned educational nagging.' It is not 'helpful,' because it does not make your husband as you would like him to be. And it has made him worse, not better, in the last two years of your marriage. But let me see what I can do."

My Second Conversation With Mr. Foster

BRUCK: "I wrote a few scenarios for movie shorts since we met the last time. Let me read them to you. (I read Scene One; see above.) Any comment?"

MR. F.: "It is not just nagging. It is also her whining tone. She is a musician. She should be more conscious of the pitch."

BRUCK: "Maybe, but you should be more conscious of the torture. Let me read on. (I read Scene Two.) Any comment?"

MR. F.: "She should also be more conscious of her loudness. There is too much voice in our little arguments. I do not feel like touching the dishes. I never had to at home. I expected her to scream and yell, so I just walked out."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "The understandable is not necessarily excusable. Your wife, though an artist on the piano, is not one of those wives who wants her husband to do the housework, too, after a day's work on the outside. Let me read to you what she just said: 'Above all else, I want to be a housewife and mother. I enjoy both. Of all things, I am most interested in having a home. A happy home.' (Mr. Foster remains silent, but his face shows deep thinking.) She probably *was* tired when she asked for your help. Perhaps it would be more appropriate to view such help not as a chore, but as an opportunity; an opportunity to do something for a lovely young woman."

(I was wondering for an instant whether or not I should continue bombarding Mr. Foster, whether or not it would be too much "self-seeing" for one occasion, but I decided that the young man was able to "take it." I read Scene Three.)

MR. F.: (With irritable self-righteousness): "She did not stop wailing, so I..."

BRUCK: "She probably wailed not because of the physical pain of the kick, the fall, or the burn, but because of the psychic pain caused by her husband's lack of love for her. He might have, for once, done for her what she had done for him for nearly three years and have made breakfast, allowing her to stay in bed a little longer. ... However, do you know what a catapult is?"

MR. F.: "They have catapults for launching airplanes from the decks of ships."

BRUCK: "When you go over to your mother's, how much of this going over is due to the attractions of your mother, and how much is due to the disattraction of your wife? Which is it: MAGNET or CATAPULT?"

MR. F.: "That's very well put. I would say, conservatively, 75% catapult, 25% magnet. Or even 90% and 10%."

BRUCK: "Let's continue working together, on the reduction of that 90%."

My Third Conversation With Mrs. Foster

- MRS. F.: "I softened up again this last weekend. He had three reports to make and two notebooks to copy, some one hundred pages. He was all honey-gushy Sunday."
- BRUCK: "Maybe he would be 'gushy and lovey' or 'honey-gushy' more consistently, if you would be as quietly cooperative also on other occasions as you probably are when he dictates to you. ... Do you wish to add anything to the list of his misdeeds?"
- MRS. F.: "One night, when we were still living together, he stayed at a poker party until 5:00 a.m. I waited for his return all that time, worrying. When I asked him why he hadn't phoned and told me how long he'd be away, he hit me and threw me down. You should have seen the expression on the face of the baby, who saw it."
- BRUCK: "You have told me many negative things about your husband. There must be positive things about him, too. Would you tell me about those?"
- MRS. F.: "I have a lot of confidence in him. He's going to be a fine mining engineer. He's a wonderfully wholesome fellow. ... He has a certain physical attraction for me. I like his looks. ... I never met a man who attracted me as he does. ... He's a nice, refined type of individual."
- BRUCK: "You know, I have a lot of confidence in *you*, that is, in your ability to play on the keys of your husband's heart as artistically as you play on the piano. ... Have you ever heard of a prayer mill?"
- MRS. F.: "No. What is it?"
- BRUCK: "The Chinese used to write prayers on rolls and then had a river turn these rolls, so that, in a way, the river rattled off their prayers for them, over and over again. You seem to have had the repetitiousness of such a prayer mill, when

Twelve Lives

you nagged, well-intentionally but also consistently. I don't mean for a minute that you should not have had help; I do believe you should have gotten it, but your method was ineffective. Complaining did not get you what you wanted. Nor did what your husband calls 'screaming and yelling.' ... Do you speak any German?"


MRS. F.: "No, I do not."

BRUCK: "Well, anyway, you only have to watch my mouth when I pronounce the two German words in the story I will tell you.

A woman from Germany was visiting in Vienna, Austria. She decided she would have her picture taken. The lady had a very big mouth. The photographer felt he had to tell the lady to make a smaller mouth for the picture, but did not know how to put it without offending her. Finally he hit upon an idea. He told the lady: 'When I say, "Ready," you say, "Zwetschke." '

The lady did say 'plum' when the photographer said, 'Ready.' The only trouble was that she was accustomed to using the name for plum more current in Germany than the Austrian word, 'Zwetschke.' She said, 'Pflaume,' thus displaying an even bigger mouth.

Let me draw the difference, too:

Zwetschke  Pflaume



Your husband seems to dislike excitement and to love calm. I am sure you would do better with the 'Zwetschke' than with the 'Pflaume' method."

(We should not blame people when they tell us only their side of a conflict. They may not be "lying" at all. They may be just too concentrated on their own hurts to also think how much they may have brought these hurts upon themselves. As Mr.Foster put it: "There is a

Twelve Lives

cause for everything." I soon learned, from the next conversation with him, how Mr. Foster got to go to that poker party and why he stayed so long.

People who are feuding with each other also often get so immersed in thinking about the negative traits of their "counter-persons" that they forget what had initially attracted them, and still does. It is good to make them list these attractions. It is rather surprising to hear Mr. Foster being described as a "nice, refined type of individual" by the wife he has ill-treated. On second thought, I remembered that at times Mr. Foster did display winning qualities, if only for seconds. I felt that Mrs. Foster may have experienced this other side of her husband, perhaps mostly during excursions and vacation trips, when there were no dishes and housework to make her scream.)

My Third Conversation With Mr. Foster

MR. F.: "You know, there is more to that catapult. She used to embarrass me all around the court. She used to run over to the neighbors in the middle of the night. She raised holy hell in Mother's apartment. Mother wouldn't come over, because my wife threw her out once."

BRUCK: "I heard something about your staying at a poker game until dawn without letting your wife know where you were. How did that come about?"

MR. F.: "The evening before, she shouted at me, 'Get out and stay out!' So I went to that game and stayed until 4:30 a.m. Then I drove home."

BRUCK: "You know, I also got some positive statements about you, just a little while ago. Let me read them to you (See above) ... Can *you* say any positive things about your wife?"

MR. F.: "She is physically attractive. Before our marriage, she had a pleasant personality. Her temper did not show up then. She was interested in sports and tried to understand when we went to games."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Your wife told me that she had never detected any evidence of your disagreeable disposition before your marriage, either. ... What would you lose if you did not get together again?"

MR. F.: "The companionship of the baby."

(This statement just did not seem natural. One does not usually talk about the companionship of a baby. To me it seemed that he had started referring to the loss of the companionship of his wife, and then substituted the baby for her in the sentence.)

BRUCK: "You know, the butchers in my home town in Southern Europe had a custom of throwing a bone on the scale after weighing the meat, and then wrapping up meat and bone together. This bone, in the German dialect they spoke, was called 'Zuwag.' What is your wife? Zuwag to the baby?"

MR. F.: "No, she isn't just a bone. I meant, if things stayed as they were before we separated, then I would miss only the child. If we get the emotional situation cleared up, everything else will work out."

BRUCK: "In your life together, there was much mutual irritation. I wonder which was there first, HER OVERSCREAMING or YOUR UNDERCONSIDERING?"

MR. F.: "That's a good question. Just about all my under-considering was due to her overscreaming and associated things."

BRUCK: "You know, you ought to get a patent on the PERPETUUM MOBILE you have invented. This could go on eternally: I underconsider -- she overscreams; she overscreams -- I underconsider; I underconsider -- she overscreams; she overscreams -- I underconsider; and so forth, and so forth.

Besides, you underconsider her even if she overconsiders you. She spends her weekend typing for you, regardless of the fact that you have separated, because she knows you are under pressure and hard-pressed for time. As things are between you now, many other women would be out on

Twelve Lives

weekends looking for a new husband. I think she is very decent to you, but I have not heard anything about any counter-decency on your part. ... Maybe I should."

My Fourth Conversation With Mrs. Foster

MRS. F.: "Since I last saw you, I have been repeating 'Zwetschke' many times a day, and I have thought of it hundreds of times. ... Jim, too, was very much changed after this third visit with you, and now I'm wondering if he will really want to change. Until now, I could not believe it, even though I was hoping he would. Right after the last conversation with you, we had dinner at the house of a classmate of his, and during the whole evening he didn't address a single statement to me. On such occasions, I get discouraged."

BRUCK: "It is quite probable that his mind was working the things I had discussed with him, and each time he looked at you he may have been wondering: Should I, or Should I Not? Under such circumstances, it is hard enough to keep up a conversation with the hosts, and he may not have found the 'right' attitude to talk to you."

MRS. F.: "I know I must develop patience, but it's hard to wait, not knowing what will happen. ... Of course, my greatest desire is to have my husband back, but I need some love and understanding. During the whole last year, I don't remember him telling me he loved me. ... He never compliments me on a meal. He couldn't have enough to say about his friend's dinner, but never a compliment for *my* cooking. I'm not a bad cook either."

BRUCK: "In 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' Oscar Wilde says:

'Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let it be hard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word.'

Twelve Lives

Your husband loves your love for him, but he was on the way to killing it with silence. Women, too, are apt to kill the love of their husbands, not only with bitter looks but also with screaming and yelling, and a 'Bewegunssturm.' "

MRS. F.: "A what?"

BRUCK: "When a bird flies in through a missing pane in a closed window, it gets anxious. It flies about the room, bumps into one wall or the other, or the glass panes in the windows; there is no rhyme or reason in the way it flies around. That's what we call 'Bewegunssturm,' a 'tempest of movements.' Human beings also get into a tempest of movements, especially women who have had special consideration at home, for instance because they were artists. Maybe they were told that they should not do housework, that they should save their hands for the piano.

When such a woman gets married, she may get a husband whose mother had concentrated all her attention and affection on her only son. The mother may have toiled for 18 years to get that son into college, and once she has him there, she may be unable to do anything for him, other than keeping him free from work around the house. She may tell him, in so many words or by her actions: 'Leave the menial jobs to me; you keep your hands for turning the pages of those big fat books of yours. That's all I want you to do. That's what will compensate me for all the drabness around here in my own life.'

Each may have entered marriage with the opposite expectations: the wife with the expectation that her husband will help her with the housework, the husband with the expectation that the wife will dance attendance upon him as his mother did.

Then the wife may get into a 'tempest of movements': She may run to the neighbors to complain about her husband, even late at night. She may raise 'holy hell' at his mother's and throw the mother out of her own apartment, thinking that it's the mother's attraction that makes her husband go 'over there' all the time. When one asks the husband how

Twelve Lives

much of this going to Mother's is due to the mother's attraction, and how much to the disattraction of the wife, he may say, as your husband did: 10% attraction vs. 90% disattraction. ... I'm sure if your husband were to choose a fifth freedom, he would choose: *FREEDOM FROM WIFELY TEMPESTS.*"

MRS. F.: "Zwetschke."

BRUCK: "Yes, 'Zwetschke.' The more 'Zwetschke'-mouthed you are, the more nice things the big, silent boy will say."

MRS. F.: "If only he would have been kind and had praised me in front of people. I lived each day hoping, but ... Oh, day before last he did say: 'I'll come over to see the baby, *and you.*' I nearly passed out. He is embarrassed to show affection to me now."

BRUCK: "That's understandable. After having cursed, hit, kicked, and burned someone, anyone would be embarrassed to show tender love. But he may still be making up his mind. He's not sure yet if he will have the Fifth Freedom."

MRS. F.: "He'd break his neck to get to a football game at \$5.00 a seat, but he wouldn't take me to a nice restaurant, ever."

BRUCK: "He's afraid you might fall back into your old role of a dissatisfied woman, just as you did now. ... I once read a novel by Knut Hamsun, translated from Norwegian into Spanish. The Spanish title was '*Un Vagabundo Toca con Sordina.*' I do not know the English title and I don't know what the English word for 'sordina' is. Let me look up the word --- oh, yes: the title, translated, would be: '*A Vagabond Plays with a Fiddle.*' If you play sweet marital music with a fiddle, I'm sure he will want to see your hands on the white tablecloths of nice restaurants. ... I regret that is our last talk, but my interest in you will stay alive. Let me know how you have made out."

*

My Fourth Conversation With Mr. Foster

BRUCK: "If I were a sorcerer, and whisked your wife and child away, what would you feel?"

MR. F.: "I really don't know."

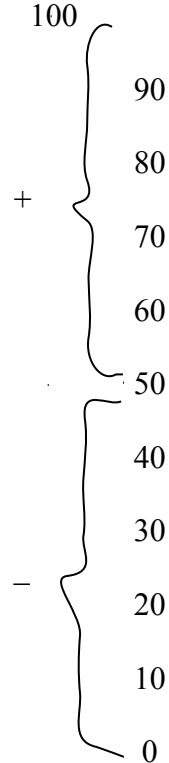
BRUCK: "Well, try to think it out."

MR. F.: "Sometimes, when I think of the extremely good qualities she has, so much better than others, and of the good times we have had, I ... But then I think of the fighting and nagging, and I think, 'Good riddance!' She was told she had an artistic temperament, so she acted as if yelling and screaming were expected of her. She yelled and screamed with her mother and father first, then she yelled and screamed with me."

BRUCK: "I grant you that she may have felt that, as an artist, she had the right to scream when she was made to do all the housework, including the dishes, all by herself. If she has had special consideration at home, you have had it in your home, too. You were kept from helping, and you have carried over *that* pattern into your marriage. You are right that your wife has 'extremely good qualities, so much better than others.' She would like you to give her the opportunity to play the piano in public, once a week, perhaps, by staying home with your little boy. As I read to you the other day, she enjoys being a homemaker and mother, first of all. Not all artists do. However, even non-artist wives want their husbands to help nowadays, not only because of the work, but perhaps mainly because they want to escape the feeling that they are nothing but servants of their husbands and children. Your wife would certainly scream less --- and be a more enthusiastic sex partner --- if she were less tired and more considered. ... Have you decided to separate?"

MR. F.: "No. I'm undecided, not going one way or another. You've helped me to see a few things and to go on from here."

BRUCK: "I told your wife I regretted that you felt we should end our talks, but if you feel sure that you can go on from here without me, so much the better. ... Let's use a meter as a measuring stick, considering the lower half, up to 50, negative; and the upper half, between 50 and 100, positive, like this (I drew the following):



If we eliminate the screaming and yelling and complaining to neighbors, and leave those 'extra good qualities, so much better than others' unchanged, where would she be?"

MR. F.: "In the top ten per cent. As things were, she was 50 or 40."

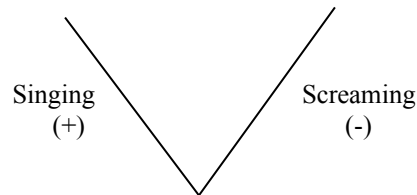
BRUCK: "Olga Knopf, the author of that book over there on *The Art of Being a Woman*, used to tell a story about a dentist, who, I would say, had the Art of Being a Man: Dr. Knopf was sitting in the dentist's chair one morning, and the dentist, while working on her teeth, was whistling away merrily. Dr. Knopf asked, 'Doctor, what makes you so happy?'

'Don't you hear my wife singing?' answered the dentist.

'Yes, but what makes your wife so happy?' asked Dr. Knopf.

'All I did,' said the dentist, 'was to go out into our garden and cut off a rose and place it in a narrow-necked vase in front of my wife's plate on the breakfast table. That's what makes her sing.'

As far as I know, you have never made your wife sing. It is up to you, on which side she will be:



How many of the things you dislike in your wife's behavior could *you* eliminate, by changing *your* actions?"

MR. F.: "That's another tough one. Offhand, about 25%."

BRUCK: "I am sure that, by now, I have helped her get rid of at least another 25% of those things; so, if you display the Art of Being a Man, you can get her to live between 90 and 100, where you would like her to be."

MR. F.: "How can we make the water flow backward?"

BRUCK: "By doing nice things for each other."

*

EPILOGUE

Letter From Mrs. Foster, One Month After the Last Conversation

Please accept my sincere apology for this long delay in contacting you again. I want to briefly bring you up-to-date on us, as I sincerely appreciate your personal interest in our problem.

Twelve Lives

Two weeks ago, that is, just two weeks after our last conversation, Jim expressed his love for me, for the first time in 1-1/2 years.

Last week, I said that I would go to his family and make amends if they would let me come, but then he told me that he is making a change toward them, because his mother had again told him, 'Don't bring your wife here.' I said I was still ready to go, but if they would not then come to our home, I would not go again.

I also plan to go to work for a year or so, to help Jim and me through the rough spots. He expects to get a job as a mining engineer after graduation this summer, but we need to buy new furniture to replace what we sold.

Please accept my sincere thanks for your interest and kindness to me. I know that it has been through your work with us that Jim and I were brought together again, and I am very happy.

Most sincerely,

*

Conversation Time

One hour each with Mrs. Foster and Mr. Foster, on each of four consecutive Thursdays, always with the wife first, then with the husband (four hours each).

Twelve Lives

3. A TIRED, NERVOUS, AND DEPRESSED HUSBAND

One of the most fundamental questions in psychological help is: Do the concepts on which a co-thinker bases his work correspond to truly vital factors in the life of human beings?

Nothing could prove the validity and value of the Adlerian ideas on which my work is based better than the fact that I have been able to help people whom I have never met, "par distance." In other words, I have worked with some people solely through letters.

The correspondence is published here in its entirety, with insignificant changes in psychologically irrelevant details so as not to endanger Mr. Riley's anonymity even after more than two decades. The conclusion seems inescapable that the effective help received by Mr. Riley could have come only from the clear recognition of the origin of his fundamental attitudes and of the reason for his psychosomatic symptoms.

The portrait in words I drew for Mr. Riley led to a self-understanding which, from then on, made it impossible for him to indulge in fantasies about physical impairments and led him to live in accordance with reality. Mr. Riley characteristically did not answer Question #15 (see the Questionnaire on page 64) about what he would do if he did not have his difficulties. His answers to the other fourteen questions of the Questionnaire cannot be called extensive. Nevertheless, the answers were sufficient for me to construct, first for myself and then, in written response to Mr. Riley, a revealing picture of the personality behind the difficulties.

Of course, such work cannot be done by just "dashing off an answer" in a few minutes. The time I invested was:

for the first letter:	1/2 hour
for the second letter:	2 and 1/2 hours
for the third letter:	1 and 1/2 hours
total time:	4 and 1/2 hours

not counting the "thinking time" spent before the actual writing.

*

Letter From a Former Student, Then Headed for Medical School,
Now a Physician With Unconventional Convictions

I am referring a client to you. His name is Riley. He is a man of 48. No one else has helped him, and I am sure you can.

He has had about \$300 worth of shock treatment. After he had displayed disgust with all the medical treatment he had been given, I mentioned to him that there was someone who, I felt, might help him. Riley seemed to think help by mail was preposterous. He is tragically unhappy, though he is a brilliant man in his field. I know that to get any happiness at all, he must first be pulled away from the unhappiness he now feels.

If he writes, he will be the first person I have been able to get in touch with you. He seems to me to be a very worthy person and quite reasonable and sensible about many things.

I feel you could help many of my acquaintances.

*

"Preposterous" or not, Mr. Riley was evidently desperate enough to write almost immediately. His letter arrived just one day later than the letter of my former student. He had written though he had to write to a foreign country.

An impatient reader will perhaps find Mr. Riley's letter too long, but I have quoted it without omissions in order to show how Mr. Riley had thought up an impaired heart and maintained his "diagnosis," even though five physicians had assured him there was nothing wrong with his heart.

To none of the five gentlemen had it occurred to refer Mr. Riley for psychotherapy; they gave him sedatives, vitamins, and shock treatments, only to tell him afterward that his troubles were due to "some obsession," that it was "up to him" and that he "had to do the rest." The last physician on the case, the man who gave him the shock treatments, also told him, *after* these treatments, that his "trouble was due to his wrong thinking all these years."

There is much propaganda against "lay" psychotherapy without medical referral, because of possible damage to the consultee. In view of what happened to Mr. Riley, one might just as well say that many physicians are "laymen" when facing people with psychological difficulties, and that psychotherapists should examine their prospective medical patients.

Twelve Lives

Apparently, the shock treatments have not permanently harmed Mr. Riley, but through them, he has lost six weeks of earnings, and he had to pay \$300 for the torture, before he was told that his trouble was due to "wrong thinking."

There is much talk about the harm that correspondence counseling can do the consultee. I do not doubt that some theoretical convictions of the counselors, as for instance Freudian concepts, could make a moralistic consultee feel terribly inferior, could cause him much suffering, and might even drive him to suicide. However, I knew from experience that telling Mr. Riley about the mistakes others had made in his formative education during his early childhood could free him from his suffering. In all probability, the new understanding would also enable Mr. Riley to face his problems in a more constructive way than ever before.

*

Mr. Riley's First Letter
(1/10/47)

Dear Sir:

I am the party Dan Southern wrote to you about. I will try to explain as well as I can about the trouble I am having.

I am extremely nervous, and, of course, experience all the physical disabilities which accompany this condition. I have consulted neurologists and have received treatment, but haven't obtained relief.

About nine months ago I even took nine electric shock treatments, which gave me some relief but no permanent cure.

I have been of a nervous temperament all of my life, I suppose, but not to the point where it manifested itself in my physical well-being as now.

When I became mature and looked back at my childhood, I concluded that, in view of the symptoms I had, I must have had rheumatic fever. In a number of cases, the heart of the individual who has had rheumatic fever is left impaired, and this became an obsession of mine.

M.D. #1: When I was about 20, I was very emotionally upset because of some love trouble. I went to a medical doctor who commented upon the rapidity of my pulse. This immediately caused me to recall my childhood illness and the possibility of heart trouble. The doctor did not explain that any emotional upsets will accelerate the pulse. I was upset for quite a while, but finally I won the girl and I seemed to have forgotten my phobia.

M.D. #2 & #3: A few years ago when two men with whom I worked had heart attacks, I again became upset. I worried, became extremely nervous. My family physician assured me there was no organic heart trouble and that the rapidity of my pulse was due to some obsession I had. When his assurance did not help me, he referred me to a neurologist who found no physical cause for my nervousness and merely gave me sedatives. I received some relief, but not for long.

M.D. #4: I consulted another physician. Though he made exhaustive physical examinations, including a basal metabolism and a cardiogram, no physical reason was found for my nervousness. This physician, after giving me sedatives and vitamins, dismissed me with the statement that it was up to me.

Twelve Lives

M.D. #5: The last time, I was treated by a neurologist and received nine shock treatments, two a week, at the hospital. Then the physician released me, saying that I had to do the rest.

I went back to work not much better than when I had left it ten weeks earlier.

This neurologist, too, assured me there was no trouble with my heart. When I called him after I resumed my work and still was very nervous, extremely tired and exhausted, he said that my trouble was due to my wrong thinking all these years.

At the present time, I am very depressed, to the point where I can't restrain my tears and cry. These outbursts leave me weaker and more tired than ever.

I am thoroughly convinced now that my heart is normal and don't give it any more attention, but I can't seem to forget myself and the way I feel. I have short periods where I can become interested in things such as sports, but then I go back into the same rut again.

I am 48 years old, and the health of my wife and my two sons seems to be good. I work for the X.Y.Z. Company as a specialist in repairing electronic equipment. I have no financial debts and no ambitions which might cause any frustration. Though my salary is moderate, it enables me to keep my head above water with the proper management.

I don't smoke or use liquor, and I try to do all things which are conducive to good health and well-being, but I feel miserable.

Twelve Lives

I hope the information I have given you is some basis from which to work. I don't know if I am right, but I think my obsession has caused my trouble. At any rate, I can't seem to find the pathway out of my dilemma.

I am trying to continue working, although I have to expend a great amount of effort to keep going.

My head feels as though it were in a vise, and all doctors have told me that this is a characteristic of nervousness.

Any help that you can give will be very much appreciated and is sincerely hoped for.

Respectfully yours,

*

To show that I was truly interested, and also for the reasons mentioned in the first paragraph of my letter, I immediately wrote to Mr. Riley as follows:

My First Letter to Mr. Riley
(1/15/47)

Dear Mr. Riley:

Your letter of the 10th reached me about 20 minutes ago and I am hastening to answer it, since I appreciate the confidence placed in me. I am passionately interested in such help by correspondence and I trust that you will benefit by my letters.

Twelve Lives

It is of particular advantage that so many physicians have found your heart in good order and that now you, too, are convinced that it is normal. As your physicians have also indicated that your trouble was in the field of thinking, we can safely concentrate on our psychological work.

As far as I am concerned, you can write 20 or more pages in answer to my enclosed questionnaire; I shall study all of them with full attention. Whatever you have told me in your letter of the 10th need not be repeated; you can just refer to it whenever indicated.

It seems to me that the physicians were right that your trouble is due to wrong thinking during all these years, but it is wrong that the rest is "up to you." At least it is not possible for a man to lift himself out of a depression by his shoestrings.

It is quite possible and even probable that the trouble is not at all in your present life, or at least, that this present life is not the primary cause of it. I am confident that, on the basis of your answers to my 15 questions, I shall be able to help you to become a calm and contented or even happy person. We are of the same age; this increases my co-feeling with you.

Looking forward to your next letter, I am,
dear Mr. Riley,

Very sincerely yours,

Enclosure: Questionnaire.

Questionnaire

1. What are your most outstanding difficulties at present?
Since when have you had them? What else happened when they first arose?
2. What organ inferiorities or inferiorities of appearance did you have as a child? How did you feel about them?
3. What was the social and economic position of your family in your childhood?
4. Make a list of your brothers and sisters and state, next to each name, the number of years by which they are older or younger than you. (Include all that were alive during the first six years of your life, even if they died afterward).
Give examples of your relationship with each sibling.
5. What did you feel about being a boy (a girl)?
What made you feel so? Have you since changed your opinion?
6. What was the behavior of your father and mother toward you?
And that of other adults during your childhood? What was your behavior toward them? State examples and incidents.
7. What were your outstanding personality traits as a child?
Give examples that show these traits.
8. What things do you usually remember from your early childhood? If you do not usually have such recollections, state those that have come into your mind on reading this question.
Please number your recollections in order of their appearance.
9. Relate some dreams that you have had and indicate when you had them. Give special attention to dreams that you have repeatedly. Try to relate your dreams to the circumstances that prevailed in your life at the time of each dream.
10. What are you most interested in?
11. What are you most afraid of? Why?

Twelve Lives

12. Write about your friends, past and present. Describe your enemies, if you have any.
13. Why did you choose the profession you have or are studying for? Is there another one you would have preferred? Which one? Why?
14. How do you feel about the opposite sex in general and about some of its members in particular? Describe your premarital sex life and, if married, your marital sex life.
15. What would you do if you did not have the difficulties mentioned under #1?

General Instructions for Answering Questionnaire

- I. In referring to the past, always include your age at the time to which the statement refers.
- II. In answering questions referring to your childhood, try to remember experiences, feelings, and thoughts you had before the age of five. Also report experiences, feelings, and thoughts after that age, including some from your adolescence.
- III. Whenever you remember something that does not fit into what you are just describing, jot it down, in a few words, in order to be sure to relate it whenever you get around to it.

*

Mr. Riley's answer arrived only seven days after I had mailed the Questionnaire. Considering the distance of some 2000 miles between our cities, and the need of at least some thinking in answering each question, this was a remarkably quick performance.

Mr. Riley's Second Letter
(1/26/47)

Dear Sir:

Following are my answers to your questions in the Questionnaire under their respective numbers.

1. My most outstanding difficulties at present were outlined in my first letter.

2. I had no organ inferiorities that I know of, with the exception that I was always small of stature and was many times called Shorty or Pee-Wee, etc., by my playmates. This, of course, was when I was twelve years or older. I always wanted to be normal in stature, but have been able to hold my own with most of my friends. In fact, I am at present only 5 feet 7 inches tall and weigh 115 pounds.

3. My father died when I was ten years old, and it was necessary for my mother and me to live with my maternal grandmother. My father did not leave us provided for; however, my mother did typing at home for different people and supported us.

Until my father's death we were in normal circumstances, I would say. He always provided well enough for us to have at least the necessities in life.

4. I am the only living child of my parents. A little girl died in infancy before I was born.

5. I can't recall any unusual feelings.

6a. As far as I can remember, my father, up to his very death, was kind to me and even idolized me. He went to great lengths to please my childhood desires and whims.

I know of several instances where I wanted some toy, and my father went to great efforts to obtain it. Once I wanted a rabbit which jumped when you pressed a rubber bulb attached to it. He practically scoured the whole city until he finally obtained one for me.

6b. My mother probably had more influence on my life than my father. She was and still is very possessive. She was very much concerned with my cleanliness, even to the point where I was forbidden to do things that other children did because it might scuff my shoes or dirty my clothes. Even today she boasts of how clean I kept myself as a child. She made all my clothes and took great pride in having people comment upon my being so clean.

6c. My mother is very dominating, and even today tries to tell me what to do. She always seemed to think I was not able to stand the knocks and hardships of other boys and when I became a young man, she constantly impressed upon me that I couldn't do some things that boys and even mature young men do without a bad conscience.

6d. My mother always seemed to want me to be a perfect example. Although she would boast to others about my accomplishments, she would seem to criticize me and underrate me and break down my initiative. She always seemed to picture the worst outcome of any

undertaking. This attitude has manifested itself in my attitude also. I seem to have this same outlook to a great extent. I try to overcome this attitude through my reasoning, but there is still a trace of it in my mind.

It is doubtful that my mother was doing these things to hurt me; she must have thought they were the best for me. I now try to ignore any of her forebodings, but I suppose they have made a deep impression on me.

6e. Many times when I was a young man over 21 and I came home after an evening out, my mother would sit at the window and wait until I came home, even if it was after midnight, and she scolded me many times for staying out, with the assertion that she was unable to sleep until I came home.

7. About the only outstanding trait that I recall is that I played piano quite well. My grandmother had taught me. I disliked playing for people.

8. I can't recall anything unusual in my childhood other than what I've explained above.

9. I don't seem to dream often, and if I do, I don't have any recollection when I awake. The last dream I remember was about a week ago. It related to black snakes entering the house, but I attribute it to a television program I saw that night in which a person was crushed by a boa constrictor. I have no repeated dreams I can recall.

10. I have no intense interest. The only thing that I am at all interested in is sports -- not as a participant, but as a spectator and grandstand manager. Football is my favorite; however, I also attend other games. The sporting page in the newspaper receives more of my attention than any other part of the newspaper. I try to keep up on the current happenings in all the sports.

11. My first letter to you explained the fears that I had. I seem to have overcome the original fear, but I still feel apprehensive for some reason I can't fathom. As I explained in my letter, I seem tired most of the time, and I am concerned with this feeling, although all physicians have assured me there is no physical reason for it.

12. A friend of mine in high school was interested in electronics, and he suggested that I, too, should enter this growing field, in which we always would be likely to have work. We first worked on X-ray machines and other medical tools, later on the electron microscope.

13. I have several friends since childhood, and we seem to remain friends through all these years. In fact, our children are friends and have become schoolmates. I have acquired other friends through other contacts and am on good relations with all, it seems. We don't overdo our friendship to a point where it breeds familiarity and contempt, but we visit them and have them visit us occasionally.

14. Before my marriage I suppose my sex life was normal. From the experiences and

Twelve Lives

conversations of my friends, I gathered that my sex life was no different from theirs before I was married.

During my married life, I suppose my sex life has been satisfactory. My wife is reasonable and usually responsive. I have always been able to control myself sexually and never made unreasonable demands.

I hope the above answers will give you the information necessary to help me.

Looking forward to your reply and solution, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

*

After a careful study of Mr. Riley's answers to the Questionnaire, I spent two and a half hours in writing the following answer.

The notations in parentheses indicate the answer of Mr. Riley (e.g., A6a) to which I am referring in each case.

*

My Second Letter to Mr. Riley
(2/1/47)

Dear Mr. Riley:

I take pleasure in answering your letter of January 26. It took a long time to reach me; if you use air mail, you will get my answers much sooner.

Your answers to my questionnaire are quite revealing. They show very clearly

the considerable negative influence that your mother has had upon your fundamental attitudes in life. Since we will often have to talk about these attitudes, I shall list them here, together with the abbreviations that I shall henceforth use for them and which you may also use in your letters:¹

ats: Attitude Toward Self

atd: Attitude Toward Difficulties

atl: Attitude Toward Life in General

ato: Attitude Toward Others

(A6a) Your father, too, though his behavior toward you was positive seems to have produced a negative result. It seems to me that the intensity with which he tried to please you has created in you a fundamental attitude of:

DISSATISFACTION WITH LIFE IF IT DOES NOT GIVE AS EASILY AS YOUR FATHER DID. (atl)

Life without father, in which one has to work for whatever one wants, is not to your liking. You remind me of a Latin American young man who, as a child, liked to break toys.

The boy's father used to go out on Christmas Eve and buy up all the plastic toys that the itinerant merchants in the tents on the marketplace did not want to cart home, keeping their little capital invested in them until the next Christmas. Once home again, he sat down with the

¹ I have not mentioned the fifth attitude (a.t. the other sex) in this letter; the information Mr. Riley had already given had shown that a discussion of this point was not necessary.

boy on the tiled floor, where they jointly broke the toys and set fire to the remains.

Your father seems to have been similarly overindulgent, and while such behavior is very pleasant for a child, it also creates an early atd of "non-fightingness" and a lack of self-demand, i.e., of not demanding from yourself that you strive hard to attain the things you would like to reach. (ats)

(A4) The fact that a sister of yours had died before you were born may well have caused your mother -- and perhaps also your father -- to overprotect you. This usually happens; too much fear of losing the child makes parents too anxious for the child not to catch cold, etc. Such a child may well become:

A MAN OVERANXIOUS ABOUT HIS HEALTH. (ats)

(A6B) The fact that you were not allowed to live and play like other children (so as not to get dirty) has also been bad for your self-reliance (ats) and for your atd., because by overcoming the difficulties of childhood play and associations, one learns to rely on one's own ability. What you say about your mother always trying to impress upon you that you were unable to do what other boys and young men did seems to confirm my supposition that you have been overprotected, with bad consequences for your ats, i.e., your self-reliance, self-confidence, self-demand, and your atd.

(A6c) A very dominating mother is unhealthy for a child, because she is likely to cause him to develop a negative ats. The child then becomes an individual who

does not have the confidence in himself to undertake things and who does not display initiative.

Such an influence is particularly harmful if coupled with overprotection and self-overindulgence (which may well have developed in you under your father's influence).

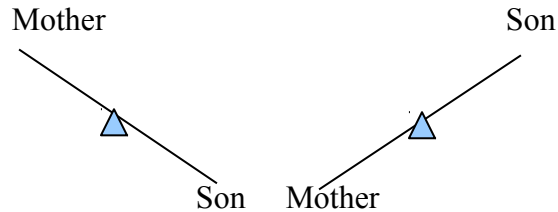
(A6d) Her always picturing very bad consequences for what you might do has harmed your atd. On the other hand, she made you feel that you should always be the perfect example. She demanded of you but did not give you the self-confidence that would have been necessary to fulfill her demands.

(A6e) It often happens that a widow will try to make sort of a second husband from a son, in all but the sexual sense. Your mother seems to have done this. She was possessive and also did what I call "enslaving the son's conscience," preventing you from living freely as a young man, by telling you that she was "unable" to sleep before you were safely back home.

I had to criticize your mother, but I must also warn you against showing her what I wrote or telling her about it. Your task is not to "punish" her for not having been a better educator of her son, but to understand that she had not been taught by her parents or by our society to be a more constructive educator, and that she is not responsible for the mistakes made some four decades ago. Your task is to change yourself, and it is best not to irritate your mother. Whatever satisfaction you might

get from criticizing her now would be what I call "seesaw-ish."

She put you down on the seesaw by dominating you; now you would put her down by showing her that she has harmed you. It would be a childish satisfaction.



(A7) It is understandable that, as a child, you disliked being made to play for people, submitting to their criticism. On the other hand, this early significance and recognition made you desirous of more of the same, in all walks of life. In the past few years, past 40, feeling that you were not particularly significant and rich in your prestige, you became "nervous."

(A1) Your physical tiredness may well be the consequence of your general dissatisfaction with your present life; it does not have a physical cause. The same goes for your nervousness and depression. These three traits are all very possible consequences of dissatisfaction with life. I suppose you now feel that at your age you should at least have your own house, more money in the bank, etc., and that you should have had an education that would have helped you to make more money. Also, working for and with professional men, you are likely to feel that you, too, should have become a professional man,

that it was wrong to become a worker, because this gives no prestige in the eyes of people, certainly not the prestige of an M.D. or university researcher. The solution here, however, is not to feel tired, to look for a heart ailment or other disease within oneself as an excuse for not striving, but to do what one can still do.

(A 12, 13 & 10)

Of the three fundamental attitudes, your ato seems to be the best, at least as far as your friends are concerned. As to interests, your interest in sports is o.k., but it is just spectator interest. It is healthier for people to have interests where they *do* something rather than just *watch* something.

(A2) The fact that you were short in stature may have added to the feelings of inadequacy and incapacity to do things promoted by your mother. Yet, 5 feet 7 is quite o.k. You are two and a half inches taller than Napoleon was. Your weight is too low for your age, but it is quite possible that you will put on weight if you get to feel better physically. You may also be the asthenic type that never gets heavy.

*

As you will notice, the consultant, especially in such work by letters, must SUPPOSE, CONJECTURE, ASSUME, SUGGEST POSSIBILITIES; it is up to the consultee to study how far these suppositions hold true in his particular case. It is important that you carefully do these self-studies, because only in this way can you get to give up attitudes formed in early childhood and strengthened in the course of time, thus becoming free to live in a more constructive and happier way.

It seems to me, dear Mr. Riley, that we have made a good start. You have entered well into the spirit of our common work and this suggests that it will be possible to help you further. Please comment on my different statements in this letter, so that I may judge what it has said to you. If you have any recollections that prove or disprove what I have said, please state them.

In your next letter, please respond to the following.

16. Other examples of your being overprotected.

17. What significance you could still acquire. (i.e., what you could still do in order to have more prestige in your own eyes and also in the eyes of others).

18. What you want from life now and in the future.

19. Your wife as an individual; and your wife and you.

20. Your sons as individuals; and your sons and you.

21. Your mother's behavior when you wanted to get married; and her attitude toward your wife and children.

I am looking forward to your answer and shall be glad to do my best to further your progress.

Very sincerely yours,

*

I was pleased to see from Mr. Riley's third letter that the impact of my second letter on him had been considerable. Practically overnight, he had changed from negative to positive thinking about himself, and had discovered that the beginning of his last obsession with the condition of his heart occurred at a moment when he felt he had become, after having been a "big fish in a little sea," a little fish in a big sea.

In his third letter, Mr. Riley also stated that he had mentioned to his mother "long before," that "it may have been her overprotection which has laid the groundwork" for his difficulties.

This raises an important point. Many people believe that no one can know them better than they themselves do. Mr. Riley's statement on his pre-knowledge about having been overprotected made me recall a Costa Rican young man who, after thirteen conversations about himself, exclaimed, "One believes one knows oneself, but how differently one knows oneself when one knows oneself psychologically!"

*

Mr. Riley's Third Letter
(2/10/47)

Dear Mr. Bruck,

Received your analysis of my answers to your questionnaire and I find it very revealing.

I have read and re-read your letter several times, and I believe I have a much better understanding of myself and the cause of my trouble.

(A16) I can't recall any particular instance of where I was overprotected as to my health; there was the general protection in all respects that I stated in my previous letter.

Twelve Lives

It is true that I am entirely too overanxious about my health without any concrete reason.

Everything you say in your letter of February 1 is true, and I can find no reason to dispute your analysis.

I have never consciously felt an animosity toward my mother, even though I believed she, and to some extent my father also, was responsible for my present negative attitudes. If they had thought for a moment that they would be achieving these results, they would have been the first to try to rectify them. I love my mother very much and am on very cordial, friendly terms with her. I have mentioned to her long before that it may have been some of her over-protection which has laid the groundwork for my condition, but I have never said it in such a way that I antagonized her. She was doing, just as you said, what she thought the best for my welfare.

(A17) It may be true that I desire prestige, but if so, I am not aware of it. I am not without confidence in the work I am doing. My company has confidence in me also. I might recite an instance which will bear this out.

At present I am in charge of the maintenance of the electronic equipment that the X.Y.Z. Company built for the University. This requires all my time and carries enough responsibility for me not to feel that there is a lack of confidence in me. This new electronic equipment that the University is using now was installed and put into operation just a few months ago. Five men were sent to New England

to be trained and schooled in the maintenance of this equipment, yet I was put in charge of it, although I was not sent along to New England. My superior made the remark that he thought my background and experience enabled me to take over without any schooling, if I read all the specifications and studied the diagrams. It was very agreeable for me to see that my ability was viewed in this light. In many instances, I have been given assignments by my company which other men failed to do properly.

I have been with the X.Y.Z. Company for the last seven years since they bought up the company for which I had been working for nearly two decades.

The only possible reason that I can find for a feeling of lack of prestige is that with my former company, a much smaller one, I was, you might say, a big fish in a little sea. Now, although I am given the confidence of my superiors, I am not quite as important as before.

Incidentally, my nervousness may have had its inception around the time when I came over to my present company; however, I have not, until now, realized that there was a connection.

I don't know just how to answer the question about what significance I could still acquire, unless I concentrate on the thought that I am just as important and useful in my present job as I was before the two companies merged.

(A18) In answer to the question about what I want from life from now on, I can't

Twelve Lives

say that I have any high ambitions. All I seem to want now, or from now on, is a reasonably comfortable home, my health, the health of my wife, and my sons, and some security. In other words, if my position becomes no worse, I would be satisfied.

(A19) I would describe my wife as a very pleasant person. She has always been very cooperative in our undertakings and has never discouraged me in anything. She has never made any unusual demands or expected any bigger things of me. She has always lived within our means and has been satisfied with the things I was capable of giving her. She has been very economical and has been mindful of my welfare and the children's. I would describe her as a conscientious and devoted wife. She has always done her own housework and in general cooperated in every possible manner. We have never had any real differences that would have caused any serious possibility of a break. She has a reasonably calm personality and doesn't blow up very easily.

(A20) My sons:

(Mr. Riley's report on his sons was about as glowingly positive as the one about his wife. What he had to say about his sons, however, is of particular importance. We see that, preoccupied with himself, he has neglected to be a father, both intellectually and emotionally).

I can't say I am very close to my sons. I have never been too stern with them or whipped them or used any harsh disciplinary measures. My wife many times has said that I should do more for them by finding mutual interests. My younger son is shy and does not visit the

Twelve Lives

houses of friends or bring any friends home. This, my wife claims, is my fault, because I haven't shown the children proper interest in earlier childhood. However, the boy does unusually well in school.

(A21) My mother was not very happy when I decided to get married. I suppose this was due to the fact that I was getting married. She had never shown any dislike for my wife; she actually likes her, and they get along without difficulty. In her way, my mother also seems to be very fond of the boys. She is not very affectionate toward them, however, just as she has never been toward me.

I have not answered sooner, because I wanted to get the significance of your analysis and get some of the results of your reasoning.

I must admit I have felt somewhat better in the last week.

Very sincerely yours,

*

Compared with the "food-for-thoughtfulness" of his own second letter, I felt that his third would naturally be an anti-climax. There really was not much more to say.

However, I had received answers to the six new questions in his second letter and, in general, I felt that it should *not* be *me* who ended the correspondence.

According to Alfred Adler's teaching, the consultees, besides receiving help with their problems, also need the feeling that, in the therapist, they have a "trustworthy fellow man" they can count upon absolutely, in case of necessity. Writing to Mr. Riley that he did not

Twelve Lives

need any more help would be counterproductive; it might discourage him rather than encourage him. I felt that Mr. Riley's relationship with his co-thinker should not end as that with his fourth physician did: he should not be *told* that it was "up to him;" he should *feel* it.

In consequence, I wrote the following letter, in which I still tried to point out a few things that were likely to be useful, but asked no new questions. This made it easy for Mr. Riley to break off the correspondence if he felt like it.

*

My Third Letter to Mr. Riley
(2/14/47)

Dear Mr. Riley:

I am more than pleased that you did get the "much better understanding" of yourself, which I expected you to get from my long letter of February 22nd, and that you could state, at the end of your last letter, that you "felt somewhat better in the last week."

(A19 & 20) Your letter of February 10th must, I believe, have made it clear to you that you have more reasons to be satisfied than most men in your country. There is an air of peace in your immediate environment which few men enjoy today: a pleasant, cooperative, non-demanding, economical, motherly, calm, un-nagging wife; a reserved, sensible elder son with decent interests, home-loving, clean-living, satisfactorily employed; and a younger son who is an outstanding student. Also, you may have a fine task in helping the boy get rid of his shyness; it is, at any rate, infinitely better than, for instance, juvenile delinquency, which is more frequent nowadays. And there may well have been

advantages in that shyness. A Costa Rican high school youngster once wrote a paper for me on "The Advantages of Timidity." He pointed out that he turned his timidity into an advantage: he studied and studied, while his classmates were roaming the streets making wolf calls. Your son may do "unusually well" at school due to his shyness, rather than despite it.

It may not have been enough that you were not negative toward your children; you could have been more positive, if less preoccupied with yourself, both for their benefit and your own. Buddhists teach that it is best to stay separate from others, then one can do no harm to anyone. That is not absolutely true, as we can hurt people who expect psychic closeness from us. Also, we ourselves lose the pleasures of psychic proximity, as well as of intellectual closeness and of common leisure-time activities. People are like banks, they return with interest (in love and happiness) what one puts into them. Some people fail to do it (like some banks), but then, at least one has had the satisfaction of having done something good for them. The best way to find "mutual" interests is to try to share the interests of the other person, if at all possible.

(A21) Even your mother appears, in your last letter, as a much more pleasant person than she appeared in your second one.

(A16) About your over-anxiousness in connection with your health, we sometimes find people who (especially when they have been made health-conscious in their youth, as you have been) develop a disposition to worry about themselves,

even if they really have nothing to worry about. In North Africa I once had a consultee who had a life about as satisfactory as yours, yet he always worried that if he went up to the top of a tower (he had no earthly reason or obligation to do so), he might want to jump down. There was nothing wrong in his real life, but he thought up a possible danger.

(A17) Your work life, too, appears more satisfactory than I thought. I do not know how much chance you have to become an even bigger fish in the new sea, or if it would be worth your while to strive hard in this sense, but, if you chose to do so, the only logical thing is to do it without overexertion.

(A18) There is also a good possibility for a man who has reached our age bracket to find fields of striving outside of his work.

When an old gentleman died here a few years ago, his family discovered that he had a large number of admirers they had known nothing about. He had not worked in the last years of his life, but he did such things as driving up to the home of some elderly woman on her shopping day, taking her to the store and back. He remembered a great many lonely people's birthdays and took them for rides. In contrast, his wife, when she lost her husband, ended up in a mental hospital, because she could not think of anything but her loss of importance in the life of her children. She never thought of doing anything for anybody beyond the family circle.

Twelve Lives

At our age, we have even greater possibilities than the old gentleman I have just mentioned. There are, for instance, dozens of voluntary organizations in every city that would welcome a volunteer with your special knowledge and ability for organized thinking and acting.

Some people are quite astonished when they discover how little they have done to cause pleasure to those closest to them, and that they could do considerably more for their spouse and children than they have done.

I shall be glad to go on corresponding with you, but you are the judge about what you want me to discuss with you.

Very sincerely yours,

As I expected, there was first a long silence, then on March 23rd, 1947, Mr. Riley wrote the following fourth (and last) letter:

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you again for your help, and try each day to apply your suggestions. I believe I am getting results. I know this will take time, but I am on the right road and am making progress.

I may, in the future, request further help and am confident you will help if I do. In the meantime, however, I am applying the lessons I have so far learned.

Thanking you again for your time and help, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

*

Epilogue

Seven years after the foregoing correspondence, I obtained the following information on Mr. Riley: "Foreman, well-regarded, steady and reliable."

It does seem that Mr. Riley had gone on "to get results."

*

Chronology of the Exchange of Letters

Letter of a former student:	1/9/47
Mr. Riley's first letter:	1/10/47
My first letter:	1/15/47
Mr. Riley's second letter:	1/26/47
My second letter:	2/1/47
Mr. Riley's third letter:	2/10/47
My third letter:	2/14/47
Mr. Riley's fourth letter:	3/23/47

Writing Time

Letter 1: (Only a friendly note with the questionnaire): 1/2 hr.
Letter 2: Analysis of the answers to the questionnaire: 2 - 1/2 hrs.
Letter 3: Tying up the loose ends: 1 - 1/2 hrs.

4. A WIFE WHO FEARED EMOTIONS

While I was resting and reading on the almost deserted promenade deck of an ocean liner, around 9:00 a.m., a tall, well-dressed woman of about thirty was walking up and down with a resolute step, passing my chair several times. She seemed to be making up her mind about something. The struggle for a decision was very evident.

Suddenly, she threw herself into a deck chair next to me and began to speak: "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation with those nurses yesterday. I am in a state of depression and I need to clarify my thinking. My husband will be waiting for me at the pier on Tuesday. We have five more days on this boat. I would like to talk with you for an hour each day."

"Why only five hours?" I replied. "Perhaps it would be better not to limit the number of hours ahead of time. We might need more time."

"I have been on a couch some five hundred times," she said, "You seem to be proud of your results, so you should be able to come up with something in five hours."

Feeling somewhat like a circus animal over whom a resolute trainer cracks a whip, but also feeling challenged, I then asked, "Where shall we talk?"

"We can use my stateroom. I will get the maid to come in early. Let's make it at 11:00 a.m., starting today. I am Petra Langshaw."

My First Conversation With Mrs. Langshaw (Thursday, 11:00-12:00 p.m.)

Petra's mother had been raised in a foreign country in an orphanage. Considerably younger than her husband, she had depended absolutely on him for guidance, and was completely lost after his death. While trusted employees now ran the huge maritime business that had been in her husband's family for several generations, she was expected to make the important decisions. Other demands, too, deepened her feeling of inadequacy. She had not been allowed to raise her own children. The boy had been handed over to tutors, the girl to French nurses. Now, left to her own resources, she was overly conscious of her responsibility toward Nicholas, 12, and Petra, 3. Their heritage had to be conserved, and they were to be educated in the way her husband would have wanted.

Twelve Lives

Petra's mother consulted with a spiritualist who came to the enormous castle-like house almost every night to lead seances. The spirit of the deceased husband appeared repeatedly and answered questions from his wife about decisions to be made in connection with the business. He also gave instructions on how to bring up "his" children.

BRUCK: "Did you sneak into any of the meetings?"

MRS. L: "No, never, but I heard enough to be scared. The servants talked about these seances all the time and my mother's conversations with visiting widows and fellow spiritualists were exclusively about this same subject. She also used to produce highly dramatic scenes talking to my father as if he were alive and present, even when she was alone with me."

BRUCK: "Were you afraid of the spirit?"

MRS. L: "I was, especially at night. A huge cabinet stood diagonally in one corner of the large hall where the seances took place. I formed the idea that the spirit of my father lived behind that cabinet and that, at night, he might come to my bedside. I often woke up at night and when I heard my mother moan, I was always afraid that my dead father might be coming. I used to scream desperately."

BRUCK: "Was your brother as scared as you were?"

MRS. L: "He did not live with us. The spirit had decided, only a few weeks after my father's death, that Nicholas should be sent away to a boarding school. He did not come home, even during the vacations."

BRUCK: "How long did this go on?"

MRS. L.: "Almost two years. When I was five, my mother was placed in a mental hospital and I was sent to distant relatives. When my mother was released, two years later, I was returned to her."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "By now you were seven. Did you become more attached to your mother?"

MRS. L.: "No. Though she was calm now, she spoke very little and showed no motherly feelings toward me. I felt very lonely."

BRUCK: "Did you ever feel loved by any of your nurses?"

MRS. L.: "No. There was an endless succession of them. They never felt at home in our house and seemed to be concerned only with getting away as soon as possible. At seven I took to reading, in German, French and Swedish. One of the first books I read was *Christine of Sweden*."

BRUCK: "How was your school life?"

MRS. L.: "I was always an outstanding pupil. It came easily to me and I graduated from secondary school two years earlier than usual, at sixteen. This was in Germany, where we had moved a few years earlier. I received a hundred marks as a graduation present, and disappeared."

BRUCK: "Where to?"

MRS. L.: "To Vienna. I had a second cousin there of whose love affairs I had heard quite a bit. I wanted to know what sex was like and I asked him to show me. He did."

BRUCK: "Your story sounds like another episode for Schnitzler's *Anatol*. It could be called "Post-graduate Instruction." ... I suppose you returned to your home-town?"

MRS. L.: "Yes, I did, after a few days. Then I went to University for two years. At eighteen, I got married. My husband was twenty-one, the son of a very important manufacturer."

BRUCK: "Were you in love with the young man?"

MRS. L.: "No, I had gotten bored with being a student."

Twelve Lives

- BRUCK: "How long did this marriage last?"
- MRS. L.: "Six years."
- BRUCK: "And your second marriage?"
- MRS. L.: "I re-married two and a half years later."
- BRUCK: "Out of love?"
- MRS. L.: "No. I don't like his type, even though he's very attractive to other women."
- BRUCK: "Have you thought of children?"
- MRS. L.: "During the last few months, I have been thinking that I would like to have a child, in order to feel how it grows in me and to experience the expansion of my body. I would rather have a child by someone more like myself than by my husband, but I would accept the latter."
- BRUCK: "Aren't you interested in taking care of the child after it has been born, and in educating it?"
- MRS. L.: "No, I'm interested only in physically experiencing advanced pregnancy. After that, if they want to, they can take the child away."
- BRUCK: "You have a strange aptitude for kicking the greatness out of life's great experiences:
You got instruction in how to 'make love' before
you learned how to feel it.
You married twice, without love.
You want to have a child for the physical
experience of it, not in order to have
someone of your own to love."
- MRS. L.: "This is the first intelligent thing you have said to me in an hour."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "I shall try to do better tomorrow. Before we part, however, let's look for you in this chart: "The Four Ways of Living." (See Chart #4 on page 239 in the Appendix.)

As far as I can see up to now, you are to some extent in both of the central columns: The most fitting motto for you seems to be: 'I must live my own life!' You are clearly co-living without enthusiasm; you are just active enough to 'carry on.' Your marriages are certainly not 'intensive and lasting unions,' but more like 'temporary solutions.'

Also, there is a strong 'preoccupation with the self,' as well as 'egotism and isolation.' I don't know about 'tyranny'... yet."

MRS. L.: "All this fits only too well."

BRUCK: "What you call a 'state of depression' appears in the chart as 'asocial.' ... And yet you seem to me more 'discouraged' and 'distant' than 'asocial.'"

MRS. L.: "That's at least one consolation." (She said this as she shook hands with me. The hand felt like a board.)

My Second Conversation With Mrs. Langshaw
(Friday, 11:00-12:00 a.m.)

BRUCK: "Tell me, what do you consider the meaning of life?"

MRS. L. "That's what I'm asking you to tell me. I am completely negative."

BRUCK: "When have you last given pleasure to someone?"

MRS. L.: "On my recent trip to the West Coast, I brought a friend along with me, and I took her around New York to show her things. I made all those bus and subway trips for her sake alone." (Mrs. Langshaw visibly searches her memory for a few minutes, without finding any further examples of pleasure-to-others).

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Have you ever been romantic? After age seven, when you read that book on *Christine of Sweden*, I mean."

MRS. L.: "Yes, around the age of fourteen. I was then wondering if I, too, would experience love."

BRUCK: "But then, at sixteen, you went forth to find out about the physical sensations linked with sex, without even wanting the emotions linked with love."

MRS. L.: "In Los Angeles I had a lover. We liked the same things and got on beautifully. Our weekends were wonderful. No fuss. No sentiments. We just went to bed. There were none of those dreadful emotions I have had with my husband."

BRUCK: "What about emotions with your first husband?"

MRS. L.: "There were none then, either. When I met him, he was already in psychoanalytic treatment, nearly always seven times a week, from 8:00 to 9:00 a.m. It continued during the six years of marriage. After these sessions, my husband was so worn out he could not go the factory."

BRUCK: "You mean to his father's factory?"

MRS. L.: "Yes."

BRUCK: "Did he want to?"

MRS. L.: "No. He hated it. He was a sportsman and he resented his father's efforts to bring him into the business."

BRUCK: "What did the analyst find?"

MRS. L.: "Among other things, a 'triangle complex.' "

BRUCK: "That's a new one to me. Will you describe it?"

MRS. L.: "My husband wanted sex relations only with an elaborate arrangement. We invited a friend and had a number of drinks together. My husband acted drunk. Then it was

Twelve Lives

my task to convince the other man that he could stay with me for the night because my husband would not wake up until the morning. When the friend was about ready to stay, my husband 'woke up.' We put out the friend and went to bed together."

BRUCK: "You must have consumed quite a few friends. ... Did you know about this 'triangle complex' when you got married?"

MRS. L.: "Yes. I found it interesting."

BRUCK: "And duly unemotional. How did *you* get on the analytic couch?"

MRS. L.: "My husband's analyst was of the opinion that I should be analyzed, too. He referred me to a colleague of his. I went there for about two years."

BRUCK: "How did the first marriage end?"

MRS. L.: "I was bored. I told my husband I wanted to see Hollywood and asked him if he would come along to America. He said he wouldn't. Then I said I would go alone. I did, after a divorce."

BRUCK: "Who financed the trip to California?"

MRS. L.: "I had some money of my own, but it wasn't much. Later, when I had to make money, I suffered a great many difficulties. Even hunger, for a while. I was not the type for the movies. Finally I got a job as a receptionist. It's through that job that I met my lover."

BRUCK: "Where did you meet your second husband?"

MRS. L.: "On the boat to New York. He's a steel company executive. He fell in love with me, wanted me to marry him right away and to go with him on his next assignment, to South Africa. I wanted to see the States first. ... He kept writing to me, and a year later, came to Los Angeles to ask me again to marry him."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Did you have that emotionless, perfect lover at that time?"

MRS. L.: "Yes. I also knew that Mr. Langshaw was a very emotional person. So I told him that I had to think it over for twenty-four hours. Then I asked my lover if he would marry me. He answered in Spanish, "Eso si que no!" I could never understand why he didn't say yes. I asked him if he ever wanted to get married. He said he did, but not to me. And yet we had gotten along so wonderfully!"

BRUCK: "What is good for weekends is not necessarily good for a lifetime. Not to have to act 'in love' in a temporary affair probably was just as welcome to your partner as it was to you, but most men want their marriage to be 'an intensive and lasting union,' a union based on emotions. ... That is, evidently, what your present husband wants, too."

MRS. L.: "I have always been afraid of emotions. When my lover refused to marry me, I did say yes to my present husband and, after a few weeks, I flew to New York and married him. But I can't stand drivel, sentimental nonsense. During the two and a half years of our marriage, I have been on the West Coast three times. When I get bored with the emotions of my husband, I must get away."

BRUCK: "How is your sex life with your husband?"

MRS. L.: "We generally sit up together until about ten o'clock in the front room, but we have separate bedrooms. If he wishes to follow me and puts on his pleading look, I generally say, 'No, my friend, I'm too tired tonight,' or I give some other excuse."

BRUCK: "May I tell you a story? Lord X is showing his castle to a Frenchman. They walk up a pompous flight of stairs, which divides at a central landing and leads up to doors on either side. Lord X points out that his apartments are on the right and those of Lady X are on the left."

Twelve Lives

The Frenchman hesitates, scratches his head, and asks, 'If you desire to be together with her ladyship, my lord, what do you do?'

'I go out on the landing and whistle.'

The Frenchman hesitates again, scratches his head and, even more embarrassed asks, 'And if her ladyship wants to be with you some night, what does she do?'

'She comes up to my door and asks, 'Did you whistle?'

You don't even whistle."

MRS. L.: ...

BRUCK: "There is the luncheon gong. I shall be back tomorrow."

(As Mrs. Langshaw's eyes were lost in the distance, I withdrew without attempting a more formal leave-taking).

My Third Conversation With Mrs. Langshaw

(Saturday, 11:00-12:00 p.m.)

BRUCK: "What are your interests?"

MRS. L.: "Traveling. Reading. That's all, I believe. ... I like to leave places and not stay anywhere for a long time. ...Theaters and concerts used to hold a great attraction for me. I also liked to go to lectures. Newspapers interested me, especially the book reviews and motion picture criticism."

BRUCK: "And now?"

MRS. L.: "Now I am too preoccupied with myself to care about anything else."

BRUCK: "When I asked you yesterday about pleasure to others, you gave only one example. Can you add anything?"

Twelve Lives

MRS. L.: "I made dresses for the children of Europe, but only because I had nothing better to do. If I had had other things to do, I would have bought the dresses."

BRUCK: "Have you ever done anything that would have required an effort on your part, for somebody else?"

MRS. L.: "Putting myself out? No!"

BRUCK: "When I asked you about your sex life with your husband yesterday, you told me how you avoid it, nothing about its quality."

MRS. L.: "I do not get much pleasure out of sex relations."

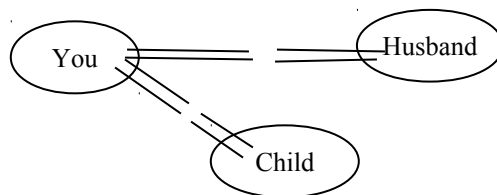
BRUCK: "Not even with that wonderful lover in the City of Angels?"

MRS. L.: "No. I liked the playfulness of our relations, the easy, emotionless atmosphere."

BRUCK: "You pay a high price for your freedom from emotions. Emotions are the very essence of life. You get bored with your husband because you do not let him approach you with his own personality. You are never soft."

MRS. L.: "How does one get soft?"

BRUCK: "Through self-abandonment. What you do can be drawn like this:



You live on an island. You are constantly severing the emotional bridges that would unite you with your husband. If he tries to cross over to you, you cut his bridge. You do not let your relations with him intensify into emotional bonds.

Twelve Lives

Even in your fantasies about bearing a child, you want only physical sensations, and not the deeply satisfying love a child could give you. You are in a state of depression because you flee from emotions.

You 'de-nature' your life. You are alive, but you do not live."

My Fourth Conversation With Mrs. Langshaw
(Sunday, 11:00-12:00 a.m.)

- BRUCK: "Tell me, what do you consider to be your own personal value?"
- MRS. L.: "Very little indeed. I suppose I am necessary to my husband. That's about all."
- BRUCK: "What about your potential value?"
- MRS. L.: "I think I could develop a certain amount of it, if I were forced to. I have never participated actively in anything. I would never initiate anything unless forced to, as I was by hunger, in Hollywood. I wouldn't let myself die, though."
- BRUCK: "That's good. It sounds as if you would not kill yourself either. ... Tell me a few things you would like to be."
- MRS. L.: "Intellectually brilliant ... A happy, married woman ... A mother ... A good newspaperwoman ... A very good actress."
- BRUCK: "Which of these objectives do you consider most worth striving for?"
- MRS. L.: "I believe that to be married is, after all, the most satisfactory solution."
- BRUCK: "Why, then, don't you make your marriage more satisfactory by being nice to your husband?"

Twelve Lives

MRS. L.: "I am exceedingly nice to servants. Everybody wonders how I can keep them so long."

BRUCK: "That's very commendable, but ... have you ever thrown your arms around the neck of your husband?"

MRS. L.: "You're trying to make me act artificially."

BRUCK: "I am trying to help you feel and behave naturally. You remind me of an architect to whom I once said I liked booths in restaurants because there one can sit next to one's wife. He looked at me greatly surprised and said, 'I never sit next to my wife.' Later, when I met his wife, I could see that she was emotionally starved. So is your husband."

MRS. L.: ...

BRUCK: "The other day you told me that you have separate bedrooms. Do you close your door when you go to bed?"

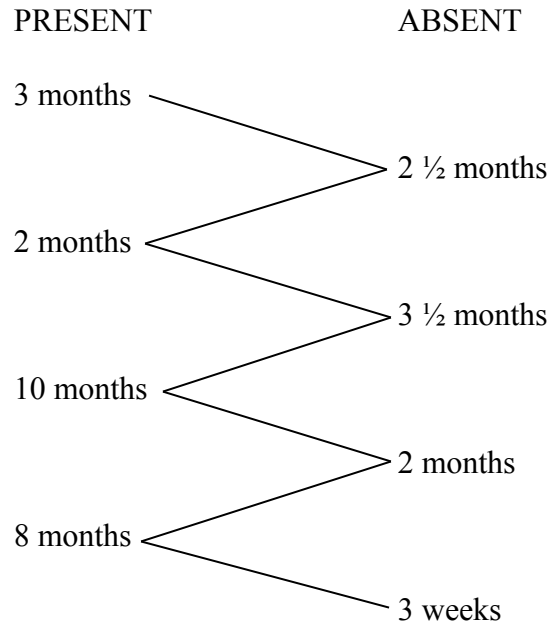
MRS. L.: "No. I leave it open for the cat."

(A guilty look in Mrs. Langshaw's eyes shows that she has realized the implications of what she has just said.)

BRUCK: "You have been away three times since you have been married, before the present trip. Let's look at the record":

(see next page)

Marriage Attendance Record of a Wife



(Mrs. L. silently contemplates the record.)

BRUCK: "You said the other day you have made those trips because you got bored with your husband."

MRS. L.: "Yes. Bored with his emotions and his periodic impotence."

BRUCK: " 'Periodic impotence?' Sounds psychosomatic. Let's see. When you came East to marry your husband, did he know that you had been with your lover, even after his proposal, until your departure from California?"

MRS. L.: "Of course. When he was in Los Angeles, he met my lover and he knew about my relations with him. When I came East for our marriage, he asked me if I had kept up that relationship. I answered, 'Why not? I wasn't yet married to you.' "

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Well, that's one point of view. Just recently a former consultee of mine told me that though he had daily sex relations with prostitutes, when he became engaged to a girl in Europe, he stopped having sex relations for seven months, until he could get the girl over here and marry her. Your emotional husband must have hoped for a similar emotional attitude on your part. ... Did you resume your sex life with your lover after your marriage?"

MRS. L.: "Why shouldn't I have done so? I had suffered long enough in this respect while I was with my husband to be entitled to some compensation."

BRUCK: "And your husband knew about it?"

MRS. L.: "I did not hide it from him."

BRUCK: "Why did you go back to your husband after the first trip?"

MRS. L.: "Out of decency. I knew my husband was suffering due to my absence."

BRUCK: "And after the second trip?"

MRS. L.: "The second time I came back discouraged. I was pregnant by my lover and he still refused to marry me. Mr. Langshaw then went to South Africa on an inspection tour and I went along. He was terribly unhappy but exceedingly kind to me. I wanted to be with him all the time, so I went along even on an automobile tour over impossible dirt roads. Due to all the shaking, I had a hemorrhage. I was three months pregnant then and the doctors said I could keep the child if I remained in bed. Though my husband knew that the child was by another man, he did nothing to influence my decision. I was impressed by his silence in spite of his suffering. I decided all by myself not to keep the child and did not stay in bed. ... We went to a resort and there my husband was entirely free of his impotence."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "You were psychically closer to him and softer than ever before. This one time you did appreciate emotions: the emotions of the only person in the world who had emotions for you."

MRS. L.: "Shortly before my third trip we met a compatriot of mine. This man and I amused ourselves by teasing and irritating my husband."

BRUCK: "Did you start to regret that you had been soft?"

MRS. L.: "You're right. I wasn't aware of it until now."

BRUCK: "And your husband was impotent again?"

MRS. L.: "Yes, he was. Then I left again."

BRUCK: "It is rather clear that your husband never had a fair chance except during your stay at that resort. Right at the start of your marriage, you declared that you had considered yourself free during the engagement period. He must also have felt that he had to compete with the 'perfect lover.'

After he had experienced ten months of emotional proximity, you cut his bridge again by ganging up against him with a stranger. No wonder he reacted psychosomatically in the same way as before."

MRS. L.: "On the third trip I had no sex relations with anyone."

BRUCK: "And the somatic reaction?"

MRS. L.: "There was no difficulty on that account during the eight months that followed."

BRUCK: "Is this present trip another flight from your husband?"

MRS. L.: "This trip is an entirely different thing. I had to settle some business in Europe."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "Then you are in a state of depression either despite or because of an improvement in your marriage. Let us concentrate on this problem tomorrow."

Fifth Conversation With Mrs. Langshaw
(Monday, 11:00-12:00 a.m.)

BRUCK: "Tomorrow your husband will be waiting for you at the pier. Tell me how you feel about that."

MRS. L.: "I am still afraid of emotions."

BRUCK: "Let us look back into your childhood and see how this fear has developed. I would have preferred to help you slowly discover by yourself what, in view of our limited time, I am now forced to sum up for you: As a child, you did not have a family circle, with father, mother, and siblings to love and be loved by.

Among the succession of French nurses and English governesses, there wasn't one who was humane enough to take the place of your mother. None of them completed the two tasks of the mother: to establish a feeling of community between herself and you, and to help you include others in this feeling.

The only emotions you have observed as a small child were the excessive ones of your suffering mother.

You learned to fear emotions and not to welcome them; you reject love.

You did not learn to accept love or to give it. Because of this lack of education for emotional life, you never developed close ties to anyone. In all that you have told me, there hasn't appeared a single friend in your school years or later on."

MRS. L.: "I mentioned a friend whom I brought along from the West."

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "You called the lady a friend, but you did not feel the joy a friend feels when giving pleasure to a friend. To you, it was a sacrifice to show the lady around.

You have remained an emotionless island even in your relationships with your lover and your two husbands."

MRS. L.: "I could be hurt. If I loved my husband, I might suffer if he died."

BRUCK: "As your mother suffered after the death of her husband? ... You are suffering *all the time* because you do not dare to live. *That* is the cause of your depression."

(Mrs. Langshaw shook hands with me. The board had turned into a soft, expressive human hand.)

BRUCK "I am sorry that we won't continue our conversations."

MRS. L.: "It won't be necessary. I can go along from here."

*

EPILOGUE

I felt that the time Mrs. Langshaw had given me was hopelessly inadequate, considering the degree to which her personality had been warped.

Seven years later, I heard that the Langshaws were living together in a foreign country. Maybe my five hours with Mrs. Langshaw had helped her, to some extent, after all.

*

CONVERSATION TIME

Five conversations of one hour each, on five consecutive days.

Twelve Lives

5. A MASTURBATING HUSBAND

I.

Many married men auto-satisfy themselves, though the "satisfaction" is limited:

Some do it because they are away from their wives for long periods, for instance while in military service, and wouldn't touch another woman.

Some do it because their wives are ill for a long time, or in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

Some do it because they are angry at their wives and want to punish them with sexual neglect.

Some do it because of physical limitations of their own, such as, lack of erection after a prostate operation.

Some do it because they have been unfaithful, have picked up a venereal disease, and don't want to infect their wives.

Some do it because they find their wives too unattractive, and would rather "mas," thinking of more attractive women whom they have seen in real life, in the movies, in magazines, or on T.V.

But why would a young, healthy, potent husband with a lovely young wife who loves him and whom he loves, sex¹ with his wife only rarely and mas² while sitting behind his desk in his office?

1 Words referring to sexual activities have, for so long, carried the burden of moral opprobrium that it is best to shorten them. Experience has shown that such treatment of the words makes them easier to use and hear, as if the burden of moral reproach they carried had been cut away with the cast-away part.

Thus: "*To sex*" is a morally freer term than "to have sex relations" or "to enter into sex relations" or "to consummate the marriage" or "to have sexual intercourse" or "to be sexually intimate with each other" or "to engage in sex" or "to have sex with" or "to copulate" or "to cohabit," and it is a more logical term than "to sleep with," because one does not sleep while one sexes and does not sex while one sleeps.

2 Also: "mas" is a morally freer word than "masturbation;" "syph" and "gon" and "pros" are more sayable than "syphilis" and "gonorrhoea" and "prostitute."

One may, of course, "sex" with or without love, in or outside of marriage, with paid or unpaid partners, and one may "mas" to avoid infidelity, or because it requires no involvement with others, or less loss of time. Whatever the reasons for the choice made, it can be discussed more freely from any point of view, even the moral one, if the shortened terms are used.

Twelve Lives

And why does he often sneak into his house, unlocking the front door silently, and instead of hurrying into the kitchen where his wife is preparing dinner in order to enjoy her lovely welcoming smile, sneak into his den right next to the front door, sit down behind his desk there in order to be covered, and then masturbate?

This problem was brought to me by a 29-year-old C.P.A., who had heard half a dozen lectures of mine and was convinced that I could help him.

II

As Mr. Verdi also has normal, satisfactory sex relations with his wife, loves her, has nothing to reproach her for, and only economic reasons for not having children, I decided to treat the problem of the "mas" as if Mrs. Verdi did not exist, as long as no fact turned up that would involve her.

This immediately brings the "mas" into the well-known realm of self-doubts, discouragement, and apprehension due to real or imaginary difficulties, so I spent seven hours with Mr. Verdi without even mentioning the "mas."

III

Charles Verdi was the only son of a couple, who had four daughters in the first twelve years of their marriage. Another twelve years passed in which the elder Verdi's, with no preventive measures on their part, had no further children. Then, suddenly, Charley came along.

His parents, by then of advanced age as they had married late, and especially Mr. Verdi, Sr., who had suffered from the thought that he had been unable to father a son, considered the birth of the latecomer a "divine gift," and would have named him "Diodato" (God-given) if they had not feared to harm the boy by such a fancy name.

The four Verdi girls were trained to see their little brother in the same light as their parents did, so that from birth on, Charley actually had six mothers, not one. The most solicitous of the mothers was Mr. Verdi, Sr., as economic success had allowed him to retire early and he could now devote himself completely to the care and upbringing of his son.

The six mothers, with their special outlook on Charley, of course managed to commit practically every mistake the books on child-rearing warn against. Put in Bruckian language, they:

1. de-self-confidentized, self-doubtized, discouraged and timidized Charley;

Twelve Lives

2. dependentized Charley;
3. puppetized Charley (causing him to act only when one or another of the six mothers pulled the invisible strings that linked her, or him, to the boy);
4. impatientized Charley; and
5. takerized Charley (turned him into an eternal taker, who always expected others to do things for him).

By the time he was six, Charley's father had died, and all his four sisters had married. They carried with them into their marriages their maternal attitude toward Charley, and they did not lose it even when they had children of their own. They enlisted their husbands as lifelong fathers for "orphan" Charley, who from then on, had four fathers and five mothers.

In reality, for nearly two decades, Charley remained only a half-orphan. He lived with his mother until his marriage, more worried over than ever by the elderly lady, who felt that he was the "only" child still completely hers.

Mr. Verdi, Sr., in Charley's early childhood, when the fundamental attitudes of the boy were formed, was both very loving and very severe. Occasionally he became quite violent, especially when he felt that he was not being obeyed. No matter who was the target of his father's wrath, little Charley suffered a great deal of fear, because he loved every one of his mothers. When he compared himself to his father, he felt that he could never become as self-assured as his father was. Experiencing great love one minute, hour, or day, and severity the next, little Charley became very unsure of himself.

There was also considerable early preoccupation with sex. He was eight when a "degenerate" friend told him "everything." At eight and a half he loved to play at causing a coin in his pocket to move by bringing about an erection, concentrating his thinking on sexual matters. At nine he "used to grab" a little girl about his age and play "father and mother" with her (without penetration). When he was nine or ten, he had an erection in church and was much disturbed by the fact that he had it in a holy place. However, while others started to do so at nine, he was thirteen before he joined in the mutual penis-sucking parties at the religious school he went to.

He never mentioned these activities in the Confessional, and he had many pangs of conscience on this account.

IV

All through our first seven conversations, I kept jotting down Mr. Verdi's statements about himself. These statements show clearly how much damage faulty early upbringing can cause to the fundamental attitudes of a person.

Mr. Verdi's Negative Thinking
(at about the age of 20)

1. It must be difficult to get a wife to love one for ten, fifteen, or more years.
2. Will I be able to work like my brothers-in-law do, all day long, in an office? Will I have the patience to do so?
3. Will I have clients when I open my own office?

Mr. Verdi's Negative Thinking
(still, at 29)

4. I lack will-power. and 4a. I have no will.
5. I am negligent. and 5a. I am disorderly.
6. I am mentally disorganized; I think of too many things at the same time.
7. I make good plans, but afterward I do not act according to them.
8. I have planned to do physical exercises daily, but I don't.
I have planned to study daily for the courses that I teach, but I don't.
9. I lack perseverance.
10. I find it difficult to concentrate because, at all times, pessimistic ideas crowd into my mind.
11. If I read a book, I do not get anything out of it. My mind is too preoccupied with other things.
12. I always leave things for "later."
13. I am seldom "stick-to-ish" in my work.

Lack of Intellectual Self-confidence

14. I believe I do all things badly.
15. I often think I am stupid.
16. I believe that well-trained people must see me as a deficient person. If they don't, they just haven't found out yet how I really am.

Lack of Social Self-confidence

17. Sometimes I think I disturb people.
18. I always fear that people will think badly of me.
19. I often think that people do not find me congenial, then I begin to feel hostile toward them.
20. I often feel that the people around me think I am inferior, ridiculous, and uncongenial. When I notice that someone is watching me, I am convinced that he or she must be thinking, "What a ridiculous guy over there! He looks stupid."

Lack of Self-confidence in the Economic Field

21. None of all the work I have is due to my own aptitudes.
22. Will I be able to keep the clients I have?
23. How long will I be able to keep this job? (When receiving his first salary check from the Business College).
24. I dislike picking up the phone. I am always afraid of getting bad news.
25. I am very pessimistic. I often feel that I shall fail, that I shall suffer some mishap.

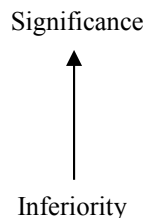
V

The Therapy

In my work with people, there never was any clear-cut separation between "diagnosis" and "therapy." Right from the start, I was striving to build up Mr. Verdi's *self-confidence* and *disposition to face difficulties*, in spite of his negative attitude toward himself. This approach could only benefit Mr. Verdi, whatever the cause of the "mas" might turn out to be.

One of the most useful measures, as usual, was showing him how his "family constellation" had logically led to his self-doubting.

In the fifth conversation, I suddenly asked, drawing the following arrow:



Twelve Lives

"What do *you* see as "significance?"

MR. VERDI: "To have adequate knowledge and to be successful in one's work."

BRUCK: " 'What profiteth it to bray at the moon?' "

MR. VERDI: (startled) "What do you mean?"

BRUCK: "All your self-accusations, self-berating, self-blaming, self-despair, self-deprecation, self-disapproval, self-disdain, self-distrust and self-doubts are nothing but brayings about yourself. There is an Italian song you may well have heard:

'Ma la luna me ha detto,
Ma che follia,
Fuggiando via.'

In your case, too, the moon that has watched you progress quite well throughout your life, despite all your braying, must be thinking: 'What nonsense!'

It may be true that, for instance, without your brother-in-law you would not have obtained the clients you have or the job you have, but you have *held* both clients and the job up to now, and there is no reason to assume that you might not continue holding them. In general, all these brayings, no matter how different their numerators are, all have the same common denominator: the feeling of inferiority that your six mothers and four fathers have built up in you.

My mother, as a little girl of three, had a small parasol with a handle that represented the head of an eagle. She used to hide with this parasol when visitors were expected, and she greeted them by jumping into their path, holding the handle of the parasol close to their chests, and shouting, 'Eaglehead!' As most self-doubting people do, you have, ever since your early childhood,

turned the eagle-head against yourself and developed dozens of self-scarers.

You also always imagine economic Damocles swords hanging over your job and your professional work, even though there is no sign whatever that anyone is dissatisfied with you.

Only you, yourself, imagine that you are (see the 18th braying) 'a deficient person' and that people *might* find out how you *really* are. In your early years, you lived in a warm, feathered nest, and you still fear you might fall from 'the nest,' i.e, your well-paid teaching job and the security of having good accounts.

(Mr. Verdi immediately sensed how well this 'falling from the nest' fitted his fearing and thinking, and he began to use it as a symbol for these).

Why don't you write for me, for tomorrow, a list called: 'Encouraging Experiences I Have Had.' "

VI

To our sixth conversation, Mr. Verdi came with a happier-than-usual face. His list of encouraging experiences was not extraordinary: items #1 and 6 were even rather pathetic for a 29-year-old, quite successful man, but at any rate, Mr. Verdi had started to think more positively about himself. Items #2, 3, 5, and 8 show what positive results a self-doubter can overlook.

Encouraging Experiences I Have Had

1. I was about eight when I carved a wooden figure for my mother. I worked all morning and I finished it. My mother was very appreciative.
2. When I was fifteen, I decided I would become the best student in my class. I did.
3. At the School of Business Administration, I earned "honorary mention" with most of the papers I wrote.
4. When I was twenty-two, I thought my present wife wasn't interested in me. However, I soon found out that she was,

Twelve Lives

and when I proposed that we get engaged, she quickly agreed.

5. One paper that I wrote brought me a scholarship. Though I was not satisfied with the quality of my work, the fact that I did get the scholarship was a stimulus for me.
6. Once, when I was in grade school, I challenged a classmate to a fight, and although I had never fought before, I came out victorious.

Of the first five years of my life, I have only vague recollections. I believe I always got many presents, but I cannot remember any opportunity to do anything that would have encouraged me.

After having read Mr. Verdi's list, when I asked him to try to remember further encouraging experiences, he added:

7. My grade school marks were good.
8. In a professional group, when I presented a paper on the new Income Tax Law, there was much applause.
9. Even if I present a paper with no time to do it well, the others are satisfied.

I now explained the concept of "tendentious appercertion," or TAP, for short. I pointed out to Mr. Verdi how with his tendency to perceive only negative things about himself, he had not mentioned a single one of his encouraging experiences in the preceding five hours of conversation. With his TAP, he saw only negative traits in himself, and possible disaster in the future. His TAP had prevented him from seeing what he had already accomplished, among other things:

- Success 2 & 7: in grade school and high school;
" 3 & 5: in the School of Business Administration;
" 8: when presenting a paper in a professional group;
" 9: even papers prepared with insufficient time were found good.

I told Mr. Verdi that these six successes proved he should have more well-justified intellectual self-confidence, and more confidence in his economic future.

Success No. 4 should be sufficient proof that he had no good reason to think of himself as an "uncongenial, inferior, and ridiculous"

Twelve Lives

person. If he had been that, the present Mrs. Verdi would not have been interested in him six years back, would not have accepted his proposal, and would not have married him. Being a lovely girl, she must have had other beaux, and the fact that she chose him was hardly due to her not having found out how he "really" was (see braying 16).

Perhaps it is the others who see Mr. Verdi objectively, and not he, himself.

VII

The Seventh Conversation

BRUCK: "You have probably heard me present my 'VICIOUS CIRCLE' in my lectures. Let us look at it again: (See 'Breaking out of the Vicious Circle of Discouragement': Chart #6 on page 241 of the Appendix.)

To get out of this circle, a person circling in it must first develop the 'PERHAPS I CAN DO IT' feeling (Position D), as a substitute for the 'I CANNOT DO IT' feeling (Position A).

Then he must expose himself to new experiences and keep trying (Position E). If he *has* encouraging experiences (Position F), and with his new 'perhaps' attitude, he is likely to have some if he tries often and hard enough, his 'Vicious Circle of Discouragement' will become a 'Beneficial Circle of Encouragement.'

Let us now see if we can personalize the general V.C. for our common friend, Mr. Verdi³, using nothing but utterances of his own:

Mr. Verdi's Vicious Circle #1

3 I sometimes speak of a consultee in his or her presence, as if I were discussing a third person. This helps the consultee to look at himself or herself in a more detached manner. In the summary of what "Mr. Verdi" would have to do, the "detached observer," who had studied the circles I had drawn, quite naturally used the manner of speaking I had introduced.

Twelve Lives

- A. Mr Verdi feels and thinks, 'I am unable to acquire any account by myself.'
- B. This doubt prevents him from seeking accounts.
- C. He has not yet experienced that he can convince people to make use of his services.

Mr. Verdi may have, by now, acquired the 'PERHAPS I CAN' feeling. If he can go ahead and get himself encouraging experiences, and not let himself be discouraged by failures which from time to time he may also experience, he will soon move into a 'Beneficial Circle.'

Mr. Verdi's Beneficial Circle #1

- A. I can acquire new accounts!
- B. I will try again and again!
- C. I can convince people!

Mr. Verdi's Vicious Circle #2

- A. Mr Verdi thinks and feels 'I might lose my job.'
- B. This keeps him from concentrating and preparing his classes in an efficient way.
- C. He never gets to feel that he can do at least as well as any one of those more dedicated teachers he compares himself with.

It is probable that Mr. Verdi should stop worrying at least once (A), would be able to prepare more efficiently (B), and get to feel that he is a good teacher (C).

Mr. Verdi's Vicious Circle #3

- A. Mr Verdi does not trust his own independent thinking.
- B. He does not try to present ideas of his own in his classes.
- C. He never gets to feel that he has a capacity to think out things by himself.

Twelve Lives

Mr. Verdi might well give himself the benefit of a doubt (A), and present ideas of his own in class (B). He is likely to discover that his ideas are worthy of further consideration (C).

Mr. Verdi's Vicious Circle #4

- A. Mr Verdi feels and thinks, 'I have no will, no order, no perseverance in my work.'
- B. He doesn't try to stick to anything he does.
- C. He never gets to feel that he is not as he imagines himself to be.

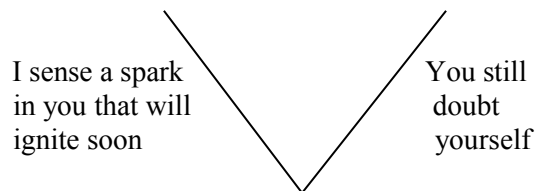
If Mr. Verdi will stop berating himself and self-scaring himself (A), he is likely to find himself 'stick-to-itive' (B), and that he has all three things: 'will, order, and perseverance.' "

MR. VERDI: (after having watched the birth of each of the four personal V.C.'s very carefully): "Then, to sum up, Mr. Verdi has to do just what he hasn't done until now:

1. visit people without his 'fathers,' to solicit new accounts;
2. prepare himself for each class he gives;
3. strive to destroy his doubts about his own independent thinking, and
4. stick to doing whatever he has started.

I now believe he will be able to do just that. The 'PERHAPS I CAN' feeling is growing in him."

BRUCK: "I am glad of that. May I add that our opinions about you diverge:



Take this V along. We shall see who is right. (Then, after some hesitation:)

I could also give you the cause of the "mas" right now, but I think you will be more able to take it if you come back in three days."

VIII

Three days later, Mr. Verdi appeared with the report that he had acquired a new account by himself and that he was now more able to study. He was, however, evidently not interested in talking about these things any further, and I did not keep him waiting any longer for what he had really come for.

BRUCK: "A very special mood is required for sex relations with a lovely young woman. It is a mood of freedom from preoccupations with self and difficulties. One feels one should be able to give oneself to her completely, and if one is preoccupied, one avoids her instead of going to her.

The problem of the 'mas' is a rather independent one. The 'mas' is a phenomenon of self-doubts, and a means to calm the consequent restlessness, even if the latter has an asexual origin, as in your case.

Millions of people of all ages 'mas' also to give themselves pleasure, in the midst of unpleasurable lives. You 'mas' on occasions when you sit in your office and have been, for some time, fretting over a possible loss of your clients and of your job. If no one comes in for an hour or two, you are in the mood to 'mas.'

Then, you get home a few hours later, and if no client has turned up in the meantime, you do not feel like going to your wife, even to greet her. She is, then, for you a walking reminder of your robbing her of pleasures she well deserves, including the pleasure of motherhood. You sneak into your den, and to drive away all the displeasure that you feel, you 'mas' again.

Twelve Lives

So the 'mas' is a link in a VICIOUS CIRCLE of its own:

- A. You feel and think you might become unable to provide.
- B. You 'mas.'
- C. You consider yourself inferior.

And this V.C., too, like all the others, has kept you running around in it. After C, there comes A again, then B, and so on, over and over again. However, I feel that your new understanding of the connections will stop you from continuing the circling."

Both Mr. Verdi and I sensed that all further talk would be anti-climactic. A very pensive Mr. Verdi left quickly after a wordless but heartfelt handshake.

*

Epilogue I

For a few years thereafter, I occasionally met Mr. Verdi on Main Street. Even if he was on the other side of the street, he used to shout over, "I still admire you!"

On the fifth or sixth such occasion, I crossed over and asked, "What is all this admiration for?"

"Not for the help you have given me," answered Mr. Verdi, "though it was completely effective. It is for the sensitivity with which you sensed, at the end of our seventh talk, that I would be able to take the solution of the 'mas' problem better during a further conversation than immediately. It was as you expected. You had probably figured that, in three days instead of the usual 23 hours between conversations, I would go out and try to acquire a new account by myself. On visiting the third firm, I succeeded. And I also tried to concentrate my attention on studying for my classes. Here, too, I succeeded."

(I had, in effect, anticipated these probable successes. They turned all the talk of seven hours into a valid preparation for a new way of life).

Epilogue II

In my collection of children's photos, in which those of the children of friends, relatives, and consultees are inseparably mixed and all anonymous, to prevent anyone from trying to guess at my connection with any child's parents, there is a photo of a three-year-old charmer. Seeing it reawakens in me the pleasure over the help I could give, not only to Mr. Verdi, but also to the very lovely Mrs. Verdi, who probably never learned of my contribution to her happiness.

*

Conversation Time:

Eight conversations of one hour each, in ten days.

(The first 7 on consecutive days, including Sunday; the 8th, three days after the seventh conversation).

6. AN UNENTHUSIASTIC WIFE

I

In my course on The Psychology of Man and Woman at Mexico City College, back in 1945, I read to the students the answers of a few people to the 15 questions on my Questionnaire (see page 198). These were answers of consultees who had come to their first consultations with the Questionnaire already completed, and I showed how clearly the statements revealed the personality of each consultee. I also remarked that, with sufficiently extensive answers to the 15 questions, I could help even individuals I had never seen, *par distance*, i.e. by correspondence.

Out of this casual remark was born, only a few weeks later, my work with the "Unenthusiastic Wife," to whom a young lady student, whom we shall call Lucille, introduced me, *par distance*, only two weeks after her return to the West Coast of the United States.

Letter From Lucille, 1/18/47

Dear Professor Bruck,

A friend of mine, Myra, a married woman of 24, has read a number of your cases which I had taken notes on in class. When I brought up the idea of putting her in touch with you, she rather enthusiastically accepted. She has respect and admiration for you, born out of my talk of you, I suspect. She said, "I'll do it!" With her husband due back here in a month, her apprehension is increasing.

We have discussed the questions you like consultees to answer, and as a matter of fact, with the thought in mind that you might want them as a start, she paced the floor of her room, thinking out her answers to the questions aloud, while I took them down in shorthand. This seemed a good idea to both of us. She is loath to sit down and write out her thoughts; she feels that thoughts run more quickly than handwriting or even a typewriter could follow. I, too, believe she could express herself better in this way; I feel she has done very well in expressing herself.

I got to understand portions of her life that I had never understood before. She has a very forceful

personality and could do a lot for herself and others, if she could learn to carry on sustained effort in one direction and solve her great problem: her doubt of the strength of her love for her husband.

I know you can help her.

Lucille

Response to Lucille, 1/22/47

I would like to see what I can do for your friend, from a distance. Send those notes as soon as you can, since her husband will be back so soon.

Letter From Lucille, 1/27/47,
Accompanying Myra's Answers

Here is Myra's story, at last. Your note was the final inspiration I needed to type it up. Let me tell you a few additional things about Myra.

When she was about 15, she was raped by a field hand who, with the point of a jackknife in her back, forced her into his car and drove off with her. Nobody had seen her abduction and it was only several hundred miles away, and many hours after the rape, that she could contact the police.

The incident seems to have affected her quite a bit, although she has talked little of it. Only to tell me about it one time, and then she had said that the first year of marriage was "hell" for her, without specifying, although she says her husband, Fred, was very understanding.

Well, perhaps she will tell you this better than I can. At any rate, I am sure it will do her good to hear from you.

Fred has studied for his Master's Degree in zoology at a university in the East. She was with him only 3 months of that year. Then, suddenly, he rejoined the army. He was sent to the Midwest for flight training

and Myra lived with him there for a year. She has said that they didn't actually consummate their marriage until she joined him in the Midwest. Now, he will probably want to leave the army and work in a museum of natural history. His master's thesis was on lepidoptera.

Lucille

II

In view of the abundance of material dictated by Myra, most of which has nothing to do with her unenthusiastic attitude toward her marriage, we shall concentrate on the following:

Myra's Answers to Several Different Questions
Relevant to the "Most Outstanding Difficulty"

1. I suppose my most outstanding difficulty is my feelings about my husband.
2. Before he was sent overseas, when we were in the Midwest together, we were what I call happy. We did not have a wild, exuberant happiness, but a nice, quiet one.
3. We had gone together before he was first drafted into World War II and everybody expected us to be married when he came home from the war. I had an odd feeling of being pushed into marriage.
4. The part of the first year that we spent together was hell. I could not respect my husband the way he was.
5. When we went for walks together, he used to take a butterfly net along and run after butterflies as if he were six years old.

As a matter of fact, he had been six when he started to become interested in butterflies and

insects. I can't understand them and know nothing about them. He has pursued them since the age of six. Twenty years.

Everyone says "Once the bug bites you." The bug hasn't bitten me. I have been exposed long enough -- it should have. They say there is more to insects than there appears to be. I know I have got to learn about them, but they seem dull. How anyone could sit for six or eight hours, as I have seen him do, with butterflies and insects, is incomprehensible to me.

6. I am married and intend to stay married, regardless of what happens. I know I love him. Don't know why I do, but I do. I know that I do. That sounds silly, but that's the way I want it.

There will be a problem as there was before; he won't understand, won't say anything one way or the other. He will be unhappy. He was unhappy and will be again.

Why doesn't he stand up and say so? We have got to strike up some basis.

7. I was born to parents of rather advanced age; 18 years after the youngest of six brothers.

All my brothers are big men. He-men. I always thought I would marry one. Not a brother, but a he-man. My brothers are bronco-busters, hunters, mountain-climbers. He-men.

8. For years I wanted to learn anything and everything I could. I did start out and study a little of this and a little of that, never finished anything. I did want to learn. Still do.

9. The past three years since the day I married -- since that very day -- I didn't do a thing. I did not learn. I did not think. I did not try to.

Why?

I am afraid I can almost answer that myself. Perhaps I was afraid of becoming more than my husband and not being able to respect him.

I almost became what I was trying to be -- a dull little housewife.

10. It has taken me 8 months, after my husband was overseas, to go back to thinking, to even want to read, to discuss things with people. What will happen the next time? What I am trying to express is that for three years I was one way and even so, it took less than 8 months to go back to what I was.

Can I change back again to my "little woman" role?

III

My First Letter to Myra, 2/1/47

Dear Mrs. X:

This morning, just about six hours ago, I received the transcript of your answers to my questionnaire. I am hastening to write, since your husband will be back in two weeks and I very much desire to give as much help as possible in this period.

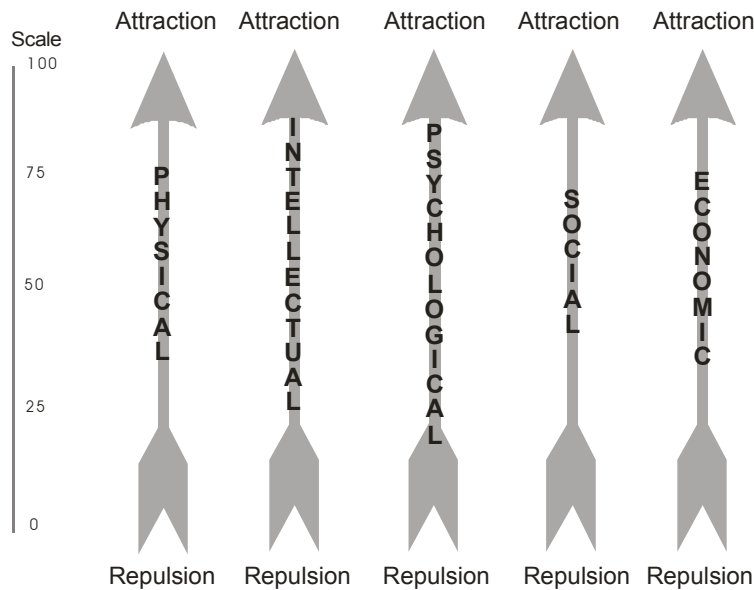
It would be fine if you could take up life again on a more suffering-preventing and happiness-bringing basis than on previous occasions.

Your biggest problem at present is in the "Man and Woman" Life Problem (referred to in my initial questions about her difficulty), and that is the problem you have dictated about least.

Please send by return mail a self-study entitled:

"My Husband and I"

describing your first meeting, and the attractions and (possibly existing) repulsions he had and still has on each of the following five arrows.



"Love" is a composite of the effect of the five arrows. You say: "I know I love him. Don't know why I do, but I do. I know that I do."

These arrows may clarify the basis of your love and also what you find unsatisfactory in your husband, what would have to change. Also what you want to change in yourself, to make your life together happier.

Your husband does not seem to be of the he-man type, and that may be disappointing to you.

Recently a young woman of Indian origin complained to me about her boyfriend and stated it was better in the past than now, when he is no longer jealous but feels sure of her. She would have preferred a beating due to

Twelve Lives

jealousy to the compliment about her trustworthiness. In her eyes, that would have been real-er love.

You say:

"He will be unhappy, he was unhappy and will be again. Why doesn't he stand up and say so?"

He probably doesn't because he is a butterfly and insect man, not a bronco-buster. Besides, why should he get up and say something which you already know? The problem now is: for you to do something about it. Maybe, then, you two will be able to "strike up some basis."

If he is not the standuppish type, sit down with him quietly, if you consider the man, as a whole, worth your while. You might not be entitled to stay married to him if nothing happens to establish a better basis for co-living with him.

Trying to keep yourself artificially inferior to your husband won't work. You will have to find a way together to make this a happy cooperation between people who agree that they are different in many ways, but still have enough in common to strive together for greater happiness.

As to "the hell of the first year," much of this may have to do with what we shall call the "exat15" (your experience at the age of 15).

Very sincerely yours,

Bruck

IV

Letter From Lucille, 2/7/47

Dear Professor Bruck,

We hope the information enclosed will help to give you a clearer picture of Myra's husband and their relationship. She expresses her appreciation of your kindness in spending time on her problem.

Standing here, at 11:30 at night, Myra said: "I feel better than I have in days."

She says she didn't seem to get as involved in dictating her response as last time, which is true. The thing about her relationship with her husband is that she wants something which goes a little deeper, and yet she has no special complaint.

Myra would like to know why her moods -- height of happiness and depths of depression, etc. -- disappeared.

Lucille

Myra on "My Husband and I"

When I was 18, I was going with a boy and we had frequent spats. After some time, we broke up.

Then I met Fred. He was so nice and agreeable after the boy I had gone with. I enjoyed being with him very much.

We just sort of kept on going together after that, for over a year.

Twelve Lives

I would occasionally get interested in someone else; then Fred would disappear. However, he also always knew when the episode was closed. (Probably from mutual friends, how else?) Then he would be back.

Never at any time while we were going together did Fred make any of the plans. I tried and tried to get him to say what he wanted to do, where he wanted to go, and whether he enjoyed being in the company of whomever I was interested in at the time.

I was attracted to Fred because I wasn't afraid of him physically, as I had never been particularly at ease with boys or men. With *him*, I was at ease.

The fact that I could do as I pleased was also a factor. In attempting to see what he thinks of me, I realize that I don't try to evaluate what other people think of me. I try to evaluate their ideas about life, religion, their fitness for their work, etc., but these things keep me too interested to evaluate their opinion of me, except in a casual way.

Myra About Her Husband on the Five Arrows

Physical Attraction:

(Myra has not mentioned her reactions to Fred's physical traits, which she has reported. In my view as an outsider: height o.k., considering his low weight Fred might be attractively svelte, and his inabilities in the field of music-making are inconsequential.)

What I termed "the hell of the first year" was entirely due to my attitude toward my husband. I looked at the wrong side. I defied him, in other words: I was a little snob. He was very patient. Right at this time, I can't relieve that experience, but I don't like myself for it.

We had been married well over a year before we completed the sexual act. I repeat; he is a very patient man.

Twelve Lives

Fred is a kind and tender lover. He isn't what you would call proficient at it, but I don't imagine I am either. Over a period of time, we became adjusted and free, to and with each other. I would say that we satisfy each other. Score: 99-1/2% on the arrow.

Intellectual Attraction:

Fred is a natural scientist. In my estimation, this is very intellectual, even though I do not like his butterflies and insects.

I do not believe he has ever been aware of what we consider the fine arts and I know he has never been trained in any of them.

I am slightly envious of a person, in this case my husband, who can be interested in the same thing from the age of six to twenty-six. I highly respect him on that account and am sure that some day he will contribute significantly to his science.

Free-time Pleasures:

In our free time we have played bridge, poker, tennis. We aren't wrapped up in any of these things. The things I would like both of us to be interested in are classics and good music.

We aren't on the same wave length. Three years is a very short time in some respects. Of our three years of married life, we've been together a little less than two.

In the first year, when he was in graduate school in the East, I spent only three months with him. Then we spent a year in the Middle East. For the last year, he has been overseas.

We never really had time to establish a basis for our life together, intellectual or otherwise. (A poor excuse is better than none.) In the first year of our marriage, I

Twelve Lives

tried, in my own dogmatic way. I would start out by saying, "Let's discuss something," which, of course, is the worst thing I could have done.

The only way I ever found to start a discussion with anyone is to make a definite statement, usually contrary to what the other believes in, and nine times out of ten, to what I believe in. At least it gets things started.

Fred has never risen to the bait.

Psychological Attraction:

Somewhere along the line I discovered that just because I could henpeck Fred, I didn't have to. But I always have to remind him to be sure he has his glasses, wallet, car keys, handkerchief.

I have tried not reminding him and some of the funniest things happened, like going to a show and not having money to get in.

Social Attraction:

When we are with other people, Fred sits back and is very quiet while I bounce all over the place, sometimes forgetting he is there. When I remember he's there, I'm very sorry I have neglected him.

He is the type of person who doesn't have to satisfy his conceit by proving to others they are wrong. Sometimes I get very unhappy with him when we are with someone else and Fred tries to say something, starts to say it, but never breaks into anyone else's conversation long enough to say it. He will agree to what the other person is saying, sometimes merely to save the energy or effort of expressing himself. It seems an effort for him to build up to saying something.

Economic Attraction:

I have no doubt of Fred's ability in his science. As I said before, he will some day reach his goal. I'm not too much set on money for money's sake; I don't need to have the best of things. I don't think about it too much. I spend what I've got and when I don't have any I don't spend it.

V

Both studies of Myra show a considerable softening of her attitude toward her husband. Under "Intellectual Attraction" we find, this time, quite a different statement from her earlier angry outburst against butterflies and insects. The arrows seem to have done a good job in clarifying Myra's ideas about her husband.

I had expected a high rating in "Sexual Attraction," but I was surprised at the 99-1/2% rating for the "kind and tender lover" and "non-he-man." Though Myra had put it among the physical attractions, it actually was a psychological attraction of her husband who had been so patient during the year of sexless marriage and so different from the rapist of the "exat15."

VI

After she had dictated "My Husband and I" and "My Husband on the Five Arrows," Myra stated that her "moods" had disappeared.

These "heights of happiness and depths of depression" had started about 2 years before her marriage and Myra very ably described them in three essays she sent to me together with her answers to the Questionnaire. The disappearance of the moods and the change in attitude toward her husband apparent in Myra's second dictation seemed to make another letter from me unnecessary.

However, Myra had asked me a question about the "moods," and there were a few more remarks that seemed appropriate. So I wrote more than just a few encouraging words.

Second Letter to Myra, 2/12/47

Dear Mrs. X:

You needed the feeling that the man you were to marry was not a raping he-man, while on the other hand, as a child, you had learned to admire he-men. It seems that you have now come to the conclusion that a "kind and tender lover" is more right for you than a hunting, climbing, bronco-busting he-man.

I do not doubt that from now on, you too will be kind and tender. Some day, you may be astonished how much more he-mannish, in the positive sense, Fred will become with considerate treatment.

People often marry the type that is not "right" for them. A "he-man" type like your brothers would not have been right for you. He certainly would not have waited patiently for a year for you to finally feel inclined "to consummate the marriage."

Wives can make husbands very insecure. I once had a consultee in New York who had recently come to the States from Austria and married an American girl. She insisted on his walking next to her on the side of the curb, all the time. He was used to walking on the left side of a lady, as they did in Europe, because a lady belonged on the right side of a man, his "better" side.

So, if they were walking uptown on the right side of the street, things were all right, but if they happened to walk uptown on the left side of the street, the husband used to start out on the "un-American side," and that was an unpardonable social sin. Similarly, of course, walking downtown on the right side of the street, the husband was "correctly" on the curb side, but if they happened to walk downtown on the left sidewalk, the husband tended to be "un-American," until he noticed the peeved face of his wife. The husband feared that peeved face, and as a

Twelve Lives

consequence, he became insecure. He then made more mistakes than he normally would have made.

I am sure Fred will forget things less and speak up more when his wife is less "unhappy" about his being as he is and makes him feel more sure of her love.

Lucille writes that you would like to know why your moods have disappeared. I see only one possible reason: that you have come to feel that your husband is a kind, patient, tender, very likeable person and that the objections that you have had to him are not such that, if you wish to make it so, the marriage couldn't be a success.

You seem to have subjected your past feelings to a logical examination and have found many of them lacking in justification. I also trust you will no longer scare yourself with big words like "we are not on the same wave length," or "he is not aware of what we consider the fine arts," but that instead you will become a "psycho-artist" in creating a common wave-length. And in so doing, you will make Fred aware of, and able to enjoy both being with you and the finer things of life.

I shall always be glad to know what you are feeling and thinking.

With great hopes for your common future with Fred, I am,

Your well-wisher,

Bruck

Epilogue I

There are no more exchanges of letters but, almost to the day, a year after the return of her husband from overseas, Myra asked Lucille to advise me of the birth of her first child.

I sent verbal congratulations through Lucille. I did not write because I didn't know, and still do not, if Fred had ever been told about my brief assist to his happiness.

Epilogue II

For seven years, up to the moment that Lucille went to live in France with her husband, I had occasional news about Myra. There was a second, and then a third child during that period.

At the end of these seven years, a letter from Lucille included the following statements:

Myra and I are still very good friends.

She takes care of her children, reads quite a lot, and does a little art. She is quite good at it.

Fred is also rather successful in his work. He is writing a book on it.

When I see Myra, she almost always asks about you.

Twelve Lives

Chronology of the Exchange of Letters

Letter from a former student:	1/18/47
Student sends friend's answers to Questionnaire:	1/27/47
My first letter:	2/1/47
Student sends Myra's requested study:	2/7/47
My second (and last) letter:	2/12/47
Student reports on Myra's request re: the birth of Myra's first baby:	3/19/48
Student about Myra, 7-1/2 years after the correspondence:	10/18/54

My Total Writing Time

Letter 1:	1 hour
Letter 2:	<u>2 hours</u>
	3 hours Total

7. A HUSBAND WITH PSYCHOSOMATIC INTESTINAL DISTRESS

A few years before Mr. Flanders Dunbar published his book on "psychosomatic relationships" in 1935, Mr. Norton came to me after a neurologist had found no organic cause for his somatic symptom. I was lecturing in a foreign country at the time. Mr. Norton, age 36, a tall, broad-shouldered, rather handsome man, manager of the local American stores of an international chain, had been suffering from intestinal distress for about ten months, but only on very specific occasions.

Occasion I: Calling on Friends (for the previous ten months)

Whenever Mr. and Mrs. Norton go out to call on someone, it is the same story all over again, no matter how many "precautions" Mr. Norton may have taken.

PRECAUTION 1: When Mr. Norton gets home from the store, he goes to the bathroom in an attempt to trick his bowels into inactivity during the latter part of the evening.

PRECAUTION 2: After dinner, Mr. Norton pays another visit to the bathroom.

PRECAUTION 3: Just before he leaves the apartment building, Mr. Norton's bowels begin to act up. He invariably asks his wife to wait for him, rushes back into the elevator, back into his apartment, back into the bathroom. No results.

PRECAUTION 4: Mr. and Mrs. Norton usually have to transfer buses at the center of town. When they get there, he always rushes into a cafe, where to his great embarrassment, he has to pass friends and acquaintances without having the time to greet them.

All the way to their destination, Mr. Norton hopes against hope that everything will be all right this time, but hardly have they shaken hands with their hosts and met all the other guests, when Mr. Norton has to disappear. First visits are even more awkward, as he has to inquire about the whereabouts of the bathroom.

Occasion II: The Perfume Salesmen (for the previous three months)

Sitting in his office, looking through its glass partition, Mr. Norton sees a salesman from a perfume factory entering the store at the opposite end. The man has been in before, several times, with no

negative effect on Mr. Norton. This time, Mr. Norton feels a spasmodic contraction of his bowels, a severe gripping pain around his navel, just like the week before when another perfume salesman had been in. "It must be diarrhea," thinks Mr. Norton. "If only we were in America. There, no one would build a store without a bathroom."

Mr. Norton runs to the front door and across the street into a cafe. He almost runs down the salesman who has extended his hand toward him. Several ladies of the American colony turn around at the counters. Mr. Norton feels their eyes boring into his back. "They must be aware of why I have run past them." Despite all the commotion, however, it was a false alarm.

Occasion III: Phone Calls to the Capital
(for the previous six weeks)

Whenever Mr. Norton has to phone the capital, he has these attacks of intestinal distress. The telephone service here is not like in the United States; in this country, when we place a call, the operator says, "Ten minutes, please." That does not mean that we can leave the phone, as the connection may be made at any time within those ten minutes. Mr. Norton suffers excruciating pain during this waiting period, and also during the phone call, but the minute he puts down the receiver, the distress leaves him as if by magic.

Even if Mr. Norton had not reported that the neurologist found no organic cause, I would have felt certain that the case was not organic because the distress appeared only on very specific occasions. The "soma" clearly played merely the role of a seismograph: It recorded the psychic earthquakes. I knew that to free the "soma" from the symptoms, he had to find the cause of the quakes.

Already at that time, I had been convinced that "somatic symptoms of psychological origin" (this was the pre-Dunbar term) were the consequence of "ill-at-ease-ness." Mr. Norton was ill at ease on three different occasions: when perfume salesmen came into his store, when he had to phone the capital, and when he visited friends with his wife. What made him ill at ease in three very different situations? Was there one cause or different causes?

First Conversation With Mr. Norton
(Wednesday, 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.)

BRUCK: (After Mr. Norton has discussed the details of the "three occasions" which we have just seen:) "Where do you eat lunch?"

MR. N.: "I go home for lunch. I could take the bus, but I usually walk. I can't stand the buses in this country; they aren't made for my size. I always sit next to the center aisle and stick my legs into it. This causes conflicts, because people often stumble over my feet. Yet I can't stand being cramped."

(The buses were uncomfortable, but Mr. Norton's reaction to confinement in an inadequate place seemed due to psychological, not to physical objections. Maybe he resented being constrained rather than just uncomfortable.)

BRUCK: "Why don't you drive a car?"

MR. N.: "Everything is so close together here that one can walk practically anywhere. The second store of our chain, which I have to supervise daily, is so close to the main one that it wouldn't be worth driving through these narrow streets. Besides, I enjoy walking home. I walk on the curbstones, taking care not to step off them. While doing so, I think about how wonderful it would be to be admired as a baseball star."

BRUCK: "Have you ever been on a team?"

MR. N.: "No. I was too eager to get good grades and had no time for sports."

(Here is a man of 36, in a responsible managerial position, daydreaming about public acclaim as a baseball player. It looked like a strong need for significance.)

BRUCK: "Which is the most uncomfortable of the three circumstances in which you have your distress?"

Twelve Lives

MR. N.: "They are all uncomfortable. But if you can free me from the distress in the store, I don't care if I ever go visiting again."

(This statement showed a readiness to cut off social interaction that made me wonder just why Mr. Norton did not have a stronger desire to associate with his "friends." It also suggested that the symptom in the store and the symptom in his social life should be considered separately.)

BRUCK: "Why were you so sure that all those ladies of the American colony in town followed you with their eyes when you rushed past them?"

MR. N.: "Because I have accustomed them to expect me to say hello each time they come in. All these women are hungry for attention, and I give it to them. I know a pleased smile when I see one. They must have been astonished to find that I paid no attention to them this time."

Second Conversation With Mr. Norton

(Thursday, 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.)

BRUCK: (noticing Mr. Norton's wry face) "Any perfume salesmen today?"

MR. N.: "No, but I made a long distance call to the capital and it was an agony."

BRUCK: "I am sorry to hear that, but we shall have to know more about you before we can understand these things. You must have patience for a few days. Why did you say yesterday that you did not care if you never went visiting again? You said that the people you usually go to see were friends of yours."

MR. N. "They are friends, but I really have only one friend, Percy."

BRUCK: "Will you tell me more about him?"

MR. N.: "Percy has a government job and makes very little money. He does not strive for more, however, as he wants no responsibility. He does not want to get married either. He's quite satisfied to visit our home almost daily and spend the

Twelve Lives

evening there with my wife, my son, and me. If I'm not home yet when he gets there, he will patiently wait for me at the street corner and we go up to the apartment together."

BRUCK: "Why can't he wait for you inside?"

MR. N.: "My wife is mortally afraid of 'wagging tongues' and she won't let any man in when I'm not home."

BRUCK: "That's an unusual attitude nowadays."

MR. N.: "She was a shy child of only fifteen and a half when I married her. Her family had been zealously watching over her good name. She was hardly ever allowed to talk to a young man. Even now she won't stop to talk to a male acquaintance in the street."

BRUCK: "How many employees do you control?"

MR. N.: (Proudly) "About twenty-five, in the two stores. Apart from my symptom, I feel wonderful in the stores. I have a clear mind, I know how to organize, and I know how to please customers."

BRUCK: "Do salesmen of any other product affect you in the same way?"

MR. N.: "No, perfume salesmen are the only ones."

BRUCK: "Did you ever have a conflict with a perfume salesman?"

MR. N.: "No. I have not had any occasion for conflicts, either. They have been coming in for years, to show me their wares, but it was only a few months ago that I had been authorized to buy goods for the local stores. Up to then, all our merchandise came from the capital. Now I order things through these salesmen, even from abroad, if I think I can sell them."

BRUCK: "What things?"

MR. N.: "Mostly perfumes, until now. I have many North American and other foreign customers here and they all want perfumes

Twelve Lives

made in their home countries, or special Parisian brands which they have heard or read about. I must keep the shelves well stocked with all kinds of perfumes."

BRUCK: "Well, that sounds like a nice way to give pleasure to ladies. Didn't you say yesterday that the ladies enjoy your personal attention to their wants and needs?"

MR. N.: "Yes, but perfumes are expensive and those salesman bring in new brands each time they come. And they won't take orders for less than a dozen bottles, and often the bottle is more attractive than the contents."

BRUCK: "Don't they let you smell the perfumes before asking you to order them?"

MR. N.: "They do, but I still don't know if the ladies will buy them or not. It's always a risk."

BRUCK: (Thinking it may well have been the risk that the intestines objected to:) "Hm ... Let's talk a little about your childhood."

MR. N.: "My father died when I was three. My younger brother was born a few months after his death. My older brother was only five then. My mother had a hard time raising us three boys, because she had only a rudimentary education and couldn't earn much money. She had a tendency to tell us the same things over and over again. For instance, that being orphans, we could count only on ourselves, and that we had to learn how to fend for ourselves in life. I shall always remember one of her exhortations: 'My sons, when you grow up, you must see to it that you have few bosses and many people working under you.' "

BRUCK: "What has become of your brothers?"

MR. N.: "My younger brother is the most successful of us all. He is the export manager of a firm in New York that does a worldwide business on a very large scale. I got my job here through him."

BRUCK: "And the other brother?"

Twelve Lives

MR. N.: "He is in an important managerial position, too, in Berlin.
Both my brothers are more successful than I."

BRUCK: "I see a common 'guiding line' in all three brothers, from early
childhood to the present:

MANAGERSHIP



The mother's exhortation:
FEW BOSSES -- MANY SUBORDINATES

It is most interesting to see that all three sons of your mother
have become managers. None has become, for example, an
independent businessman. Working for large corporations, a
man is likely to get more people to work under him than trying
to build up an independent business without capital of his
own."

MR. N.: "I can see that."

BRUCK: "I shall have more things to tell you tomorrow."

MR. N.: "I would like to introduce you to my wife and friends. Will
you come to see us? Any evening this week."

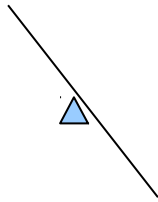
BRUCK: "Well, I don't think that would be a good idea. Let's wait until
we have calmed your intestines. Then, if you wish, I shall be
glad to come."

Mr. Norton and His Supporters

At this point in our talks, Mr. Norton had already established
himself in my mind as a person with a very strong striving for
significance. Thinking over his relationships with the people around
him, this is how I saw them:

Percy

Mr. N.

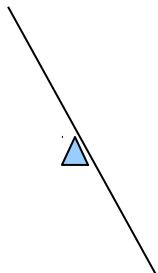


Percy

In comparison to Percy, Mr. Norton (manager, husband, and father) was definitely in a superiority position. Mr. Norton, who had grown up in an inferiority position between two more outstanding brothers, had in Percy a much needed and welcome supporter of his self-esteem, a walking reminder of what he himself might have become.

Mrs. Norton

Mr. N.



Mrs. N.

The fact that Mr. Norton married a girl as young as his wife was at that time may be due to a lack of self-confidence in regard to the task of being a husband. In his marriage with his child-bride, Mr. Norton could be sure that he would have a superiority position. Throughout their ten years of marriage, Mrs. Norton kept on looking up admiringly to her husband, thus bolstering his ego.

Significance

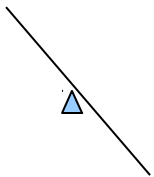


The Son

Mr. Norton's nine-year-old son, Jimmy, by his very existence, greatly increased his father's self-esteem. The fact that he was a boy made Mr. Norton particularly proud of himself.

The Stores and the Employees

Mr. N.



25 employees

Whenever Mr. Norton spoke of "the stores," he sounded like the famous "Little Klaus" in Hans Christian Andersen's tale saying, "Ho, my seven horses!" The two stores were Mr. Norton's kingdom and the twenty-five employees were the subjects of 'His Majesty.'

Third Conversation with Mr. Norton
(Monday, 1:00-2:00 p.m.)

BRUCK: "Do local telephone calls ever affect you in the same way as those to the capital do?"

MR. N.: "No, but then the local calls do not have this 'ten-minute' waiting period during which the call may come through any time. I feel tied to the phone by the cord."

BRUCK: "Are any members of your family living in the capital?"

MR. N.: "Yes, an aunt of mine. Come to think of it, I called her on the phone a few months ago."

BRUCK: "Did your bowels act up on that occasion, too?"

MR. N.: "No."

BRUCK: "Then it is not the 'ten-minute wait' that disturbs you. We will have to find another explanation. Did you make calls to any other people in the capital?"

MR. N.: "I haven't spoken to anyone there for over a year, except that one time to this aunt, and then, once or twice a week, to the Big Boss, the head of our chain."

BRUCK: "What type of man is he?"

MR. N.: "A big bully. He comes down here every month or so and bawls me out when the stock does not move fast enough. I hate to call him on the phone, too. He always shouts at me for something. I have also often thought he might fire me some day, during such a phone call. The intestinal distress is worse when he's talking to me. It's over when I put the phone down."

BRUCK: "Look, Mr. Norton, let me sum up a few things from what you have told me so far. For the moment, we shall leave out of the picture the matter of your distress when you go visiting, and will consider only your symptom in the store. Once upon a

time, there was a little boy. At the age of three, he lost his father. His mother had one ideal for her sons, which she formulated in one long sentence and repeated to them almost every day: 'My sons, when you grow up, you must see to it, that you have few bosses and many people working under you.'

All three sons became executives. The youngest surpassed the other two, and as a matter of fact, he is the one who arranged the present managerial position for our friend. So our friend feels a particularly strong urge to succeed, even if he is never quite sure that he will.

A few months before, our friend was given the right to purchase supplies for the two stores of his local managerial kingdom, and at first, he was quite happy about this. But he has a Big Boss only a few hours away, and that Big Boss is likely to bawl him out when he realizes that the stock does not move. So purchasing is no pure fun.

Until now, our friend has bought mostly perfumes. He loves to gain the admiration of the ladies of the American colony and other foreigners by his politeness and by keeping at their disposal, for instance, all the perfumes they might ask for and a few new scents besides. This, however, is a risky proposition, because if the perfumes do not sell, the Big Boss will be angry. And if the Boss bawls out our friend, our friend is reduced from a boss to a subordinate.

So now each perfume salesman is a potential source of danger, because our friend feels he might not resist the temptation of ordering more perfume. This is why his bowels revolt at the sight of perfume salesmen entering the store. They do not really react to the salesmen, but to the prospect of being humiliated at a later date. They are afraid of his purchases and their possible consequences.

Then there is the telephone. His bowels do not object to local phone calls. They stayed calm even when our friend called his aunt in the capital, but when he calls the only other person he ever has to contact there by phone, the 'Big Bawler,' his

Twelve Lives

bowels are afraid. That is why they act up even ahead of time, as soon as the call is placed.”

MR.N.: (Who listened intently, excited) "How will I know that you're right?"

BRUCK: "We shall see what happens when you have to make the next phone call to the capital and when the next perfume salesman comes in. You will have to learn to react with your brains, not your bowels. Now, let's adjourn until Monday afternoon."

Part I of the Fourth Conversation with Mr. Norton
(Monday, 1:00-1:15 p.m.)

BRUCK: "Well, how did the bowels behave over the weekend?"

MR. N.: "Saturday, I had no occasion to be aware of them. I made no long distance phone call and there was no perfume salesman. But this morning I had to call the capital and a perfume salesman came in, too."

BRUCK: "And?"

MR. N.: "The experience with the salesman came first. I saw the man come in and my bowels began to act up. But I told them -- or rather myself -- that I was under no obligation to order anything, and that in any case, instead of running from the salesman, all I had to do was not let him talk me into any risky purchase. My bowels quieted down. I talked to the man peacefully and even gave him an order."

BRUCK: "And how did the call to the Big Boss go?"

MR. N.: "The same thing happened. At first, my bowels became restless. But now that I understood why they were acting up, I said to myself, while waiting for the call to be put through, 'React with your brains, not your bowels!' "

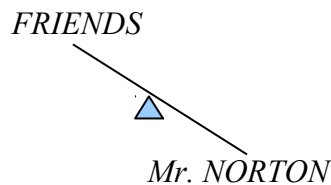
Part II of The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Conversations

(Monday, 1:15-2:00 p.m.; Tuesday and Wednesday, 1:00-2:00 p.m.)

The appearance of the symptom in Mr. Norton's social life still needed to be solved. I thought to myself, "If the third type of occasion on which the symptom always appears is when the wife is present, does she trigger it?" Checking this possibility, I investigated as to whether Mrs. Norton was perhaps too ugly, too old, or too stupid; also whether she was too beautiful, or too superior intellectually.

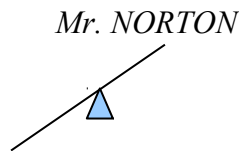
It turned out, however, that Mrs. Norton was a rather attractive young woman. Only 25 1/2, she was well versed in the type of conversation current in the Norton's circle, yet she was not so beautiful that she would have been an irresistible target of male desire and seductive efforts. Also, as she was not superior intellectually to Mr. Norton, she did not make him appear inferior in his own eyes or those of others. The cause, therefore, was not either vicarious inferiority or fear of losing his wife, or even fear of being "inferiorized" by her. What was it then? Was it the friends?

Did Mr. Norton feel inferior to them physically, psychologically (e.g. because they were better fighters for success than he), intellectually, socially (were they "upper uppers" or "lower lowers" while he was only "upper middle class") or economically (were they better off, did they have more important American gadgets for conspicuous display)? In short, was it:



Mr. Norton had no trace of any such feelings.

Was it then just the contrary? Was it:



FRIENDS

Did Mr. Norton, who had recently moved to a new neighborhood, feel that he should not keep on associating with people who were socially and economically beneath him? (Except, of course, Percy, the private admirer).

That wasn't it either. What was it?

Seventh Conversation With Mr. Norton
(Thursday, 1:00-2:00 p.m.)

BRUCK: "Have you ever had your symptom when you met your friends or acquaintances somewhere other than their homes?"

MR. N.: "A strange thing happened a few days before I first came to see you. We had entered a movie in the dark. In the intermission, when the lights went on, we discovered that we were sitting right next to a couple who are close friends of ours. The husband turned to me, "How about coming to our house after the show for a game of cards?" That was enough to send me running to what my son calls 'the little boys' bathroom,' but as usual, it was a false alarm. I did not, however, go back into the movie; I waited in the lobby until my wife and my friend came out to look for me. Then I told him I had to go home and lie down. My wife and I went home right away."

BRUCK: "Doesn't your wife resent that your physical difficulties rob her of all kinds of pleasures, and cause her to wait for you in all kinds of places?"

MR. N.: "No, on the contrary, I think she's glad she can show me her love by silently tolerating all these inconveniences."

BRUCK: "And what happens if your friends come to your home?"

Twelve Lives

MR. N.: "Nothing. I do not even make the precautionary visits to the bathroom which I always make when we go visiting. I never have to go to the bathroom when we have guests."

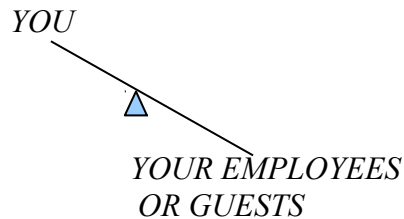
BRUCK: "Do you remember your first visit to friends on which the symptom appeared?"

MR. N.: "Yes. It was ten months ago. When we went to the house of these friends, we expected to be the only guests. There were about twenty people besides us and we all split up into groups of four and played cards. I played with strangers, something I usually do not do."

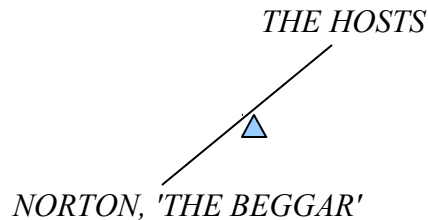
BRUCK: "Did that disturb you?"

MR.N.: "The first attack came when the host's daughter came over to our table, handed me a cup of tea and insisted that I take some cookies. That's the moment I dislike most when we go visiting. You're given a plate and a few cookies, as if you were a beggar."

BRUCK: "My dear Norton, I think we've got it now. You don't mind *giving* the cookies, but you dislike *getting* them. When you are the host, everything is fine. Then the situation is just like that in your stores. Like this:



But when you go visiting, you do not think of yourself as an honored guest, you feel like this:



Twelve Lives

And your bowels can't take the inferiority position you imagine yourself to be in. You are suffering due to a 'private sense' about being a guest, contrary to all common sense. You and your bowels just can't stand it if you are not 'up' on the seesaw."

MR. N.: (With the gleam of recognition in his eyes, enthusiastically:)
"I feel that's right! ... We have guests tonight. Will you come? I must introduce you to my friends. They all know I've been consulting you, though they don't know why. They're all eager to meet you. I've told them that you have already helped me with two out of three important things. Now, I can tell them that you have helped me with the third one, too."

BRUCK: "I shall come, but only if you will come back tomorrow afternoon, so that I may tell you what I could tell you now."

MR. N.: "If you could tell me now, why don't you?"

BRUCK: "Because then it wouldn't happen."

Eighth Conversation With Mr. Norton
(Friday, 1:00-2:00 p.m.)

When Mr. N. appeared, he looked like a deeply disappointed person.

BRUCK: "What's the matter?"

MR. N.: "Did you notice that I had to go the bathroom yesterday, while you and the guests were there? It was the first time this happened in my own home."

BRUCK: "Yes, I saw you disappear and I heard the toilet being flushed. But that was exactly why I wanted you to come here this afternoon. I felt certain yesterday that this would happen."

MR. N.: "Why?"

Twelve Lives

BRUCK: "It's simple. You were enthusiastic about introducing me to your wife, your friend Percy and the others, as your savior. I felt that your bowels would resent your bringing into your 'castle' and introducing to everybody a man whom they would view as superior to you, because *he* had saved you."

MR. N.: (Again he had that gleam of recognition in his eyes.) "But this is formidable. Then it's not necessary to always be 'up' ... We can drop all talk about the symptom. It won't come back again."

EPILOGUE

As Mr. Norton had predicted, the symptom did not "come back again." On one occasion a few months later, however, it tried to put in a farewell performance.

Mr. Norton had to call on the president of the country with some sort of public petition, and he was kept waiting in the anteroom for quite some time. His bowels reacted to his being "down," when he felt that, had he been a more important person, he would not have been kept waiting. However, his brain silently told his bowels that the president was just another "Big Boss" to talk to, and that he would do so in a well-organized way. If the president was "up" because of his position in the country, he himself was "up" because of his familiarity with the subject.

The interview was successful and Mr. Norton told me about the brain vs. bowels bout only a few weeks later. He was not worried about what he might have looked upon as a relapse. Nor was I worried either, as Adler had pointed out in a lecture that such one-time farewell appearances are to be expected. They are not back-sliding, but rather final proof of the effectiveness of the psychological help given.

*

CONVERSATION TIME

Eight conversations of one hour each over 10 days, always from 1:00 to 2:00 p.m., during his two-hour lunches.

8. A ZOOPHILE HUSBAND

After we had once met socially at the home of a mutual friend, Mr. Domo came to consult with me about an "obsession" which he said "does not particularly bother" him: for some time he had the desire to copulate with a mare.

What I Learned About Mr. Domo Even Before the Conversation

A few days before Mr. Domo's one and only visit to my office, I had obtained the following details, volunteered by an adult student with a very good psychological eye.

Mr. Domo, 34, comes from a family of no social or economic status and has only rather unimportant commercial employment.

He has married a young girl from a very rich family, very intelligent and very intellectual but rather lacking in physical attractions, for the sake of the social status that this marriage brought him.

He is eager to impress people by not accepting money from his in-laws. He insists on his wife also working in an office, in order to show people that he did not marry for money, and to be able to cover their expenses. He has, however, accepted an apartment (an entire floor) in the palatial home of his in-laws, for which he pays no rent.

The couple has a three-year-old daughter.

After her marriage, the young wife, who had met her husband at a lecture course on philosophy in the University Extension Program, soon discovered that Mr. Domo is of rather limited intelligence and that he

had taken that lecture course not out of genuine interest in matters of the mind, but because people from "the good families" took it.

The young woman had not married without ulterior motives either. Conscious of her lack of physical attraction, she had been eager to marry a handsome man as a compensation.

As soon as the young wife discovered that her husband was generally considered to be a stupid fellow, she took to constantly stressing that she was emotionally and intellectually independent of her husband.

The evening I met the Domo, friends of Mr. Domo's wife of many years standing, some of whom doubtless felt that she would have done better to marry any one of them, drove Mr. Domo into self-conscious, self-revealing confessions. His intellectual limitations became so manifest that Mrs. Domo felt obliged to declare, "As far as I am concerned, my husband may say about himself whatever he likes; it does not touch me in the least."

Considering what I had heard and witnessed, I said to myself: Mr. Domo seems to be one of those handsome fellows who usually were beautiful children and who have grown up with a certain amount of constant success due to their exterior attractions. This exterior success usually leads to a desire for easy success also in other things, without any efforts.

Mr. Domo has already:

1. Married in order to get into good society. He now "belongs," but he also does nothing to belong intellectually.
2. Married a very rich girl but now makes her work as an untrained and poorly paid secretary, in order to be able to demonstrate that he did not marry for money.

3. Assisted at lectures on philosophy to be seen there and not to learn anything.

"The obsession" probably also serves some devious purpose.

*

My First Conversation With Mr. Domo

BRUCK: "When did you have this desire of yours for the first time?"

MR. DOMO: "In an isolated artillery position, high up in the mountains, during the World War."

BRUCK: "How long had you not seen any women at that time?"

MR. DOMO: "For about six months."

BRUCK: "Were there horses about?"

MR. DOMO: "Yes, we had horses that pulled our cannons."

BRUCK: "Did you give in to your desire in those days?"

MR. DOMO: "No."

BRUCK: "Well, as far as the idea of doing it is concerned, it could have come to anybody, in the circumstances in which you were living there. ... Have you ever acted in accordance with that desire?"

MR. DOMO: "Never."

BRUCK: "Have you thought of entering into homosexual relationships with your comrades? That idea is more frequent in the trenches."

MR. DOMO: "No. Homosexual relations have always seemed to me contrary to nature. I have hated even the thought of them."

(At this point I thought to myself: In a man-to-man relationship, Mr. Domo, the "handsome guy," would have had to play the feminine role, and his striving for significance must have protested against this part. With a mare, he would at least have been a *male* facing a four-footed prostitute. Hence the preference in his sexual fantasies. I said nothing to Mr. Domo about this analysis).

*

The conversation now brings out that Mr. Domo had been studying in a foreign city when the war broke out and that he went to considerable pains to be admitted as a volunteer into the army of that country, even though, as a foreigner, he might have moved to a country at peace and continued his studies there.

When I asked why he did so, Mr. Domo related that he could not bear the people in the street looking at him as if they were saying, "Why is this well-built fellow not in the army yet?" Besides, all his fellow students of that country were in the army and he did not want to be less than they.

Once more Mr. Domo had acted in a devious way to attain significance. He got himself into an army in whose war he was not interested, in order to be viewed admiringly by the people in the streets and especially by his former co-students. I considered this as #4 among my examples of striving for easy success without any efforts.

A general took a liking to Mr. Domo, still a common soldier, and made him a member of his entourage. His low rank notwithstanding, he ate at the table of the general and traveled with him in his special railroad car.

Apparently, Mr. Domo had been puzzled for several years about why he had not accepted the general's offer to make him an officer, if he took command of a trench in the front line. Wounded six times by then, he did not fear death. The promotion would clearly have been a brilliant rise in rank and fear did not cause him to decline the offer. To me, there seemed to be no insolvable problem here.

Mr. Domo's striving for significance always had an aspect of effortlessness. Here he was, eating at the table of a general even when other generals were invited. Though merely a common soldier, he was serving as an adjutant of a sort, worried over by the general when he got wounded on errands the general sent him on. This was more significant than commanding soldiers in a trench as a "mere" officer. (Example #5 on my list.)

Given my explanation, Mr. Domo immediately said that it solved his riddle.

Twelve Lives

Returning to the question of the "zoophilia," I then asked, "How long have you thought of mares?"

MR. DOMO: "Ever since the end of the World War, for over fifteen years."

BRUCK: "When did your idea about such sexual contacts come back?"

MR. DOMO: "About two months ago."

BRUCK: "What new facets appeared in your life at this time?"

MR. DOMO: "My wife thought that she was to become a mother once more."

BRUCK: "Would you like another child?"

MR. DOMO: "I would then have to accept money from my father-in-law."

BRUCK: "Did you tell your wife about your obsession?"

MR. DOMO: "Yes, and I told her that we had luck the first time, when we had a daughter. This time, I said, she would have to have an abortion, since we might have a son, who could inherit my abnormality."

BRUCK: "What did your wife say?"

MR. DOMO: "She did not take me seriously. Besides, it turned out that she was not pregnant at all." (There was a flash of comprehension in the eyes of Mr. Domo).

BRUCK: "My dear fellow, I see in your eyes that you have understood why you unearthed this old idea from 15 years ago. You must have racked your brains how to convince your wife not to have another child and stumbled upon that supposed desire. No wonder that what you call an "obsession" did not really bother you all these years. Come back again, I have many other things to discuss with you."

*

Conversation Time:

1 Hour

*

Comments:

Although I would have liked to help Mr. Domo become a worthwhile husband to his wife, I was not surprised when he did not return for further conversations. It would have been quite a task to help the handsome seeker of effortless significance become a striver toward knowledge, reasoning ability, or even business success.

While Mr. Domo had little to start with in any one of the three fields, most of all, he lacked the disposition to make any effort.

9. AN UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND WHO DIVORCED HIS WIFE

Dr. X was the first physician I visited after my arrival in the colony. I did expect that, after showing him Adler's certificate, he would send me consultees, but I did not expect that he would appoint me the "Judge" of his actions, especially not on my very first visit.

Dr. X had recently gotten a divorce and wanted me to confirm that he had been justified in that action, because he had been unfaithful. I said I could not give my opinion on such an isolated fact and that I would have to know more about the context of the infidelity. For the next few weeks, I did not hear from him; then, one evening, walking through a dimly-lit residential street, I found Dr. X standing at the railing of a modest house, looking with delight at a peaceful scene on the open terrace.

A man sat there, with a heavy tome open before him in which he was reading, and next to him, with the light from the table lamp playing in her hair, sat a lady, tranquilly knitting. When I approached, Dr. X put his index finger across his lips, unmistakably asking for silence. I complied. After lingering for another minute or two, he repeated his sign of silence and motioned to me to come along.

After we had turned the corner, I asked, "Dr. X, why were you looking so intently at that pastoral scene?"

"It was a colleague and his wife." answered Dr. X. "I admired the harmony in which they live."

BRUCK: "Was there no harmony in your marriage?"

DR. X: "There were no conflicts between us, not even after I forced a divorce on her. She just left. She was sad, but she did not fight."

BRUCK: "Why don't you tell me more about your marriage now? There is no one here in these streets, and we can take a walk around the lake. That will take some time and I might be able to give you the opinion you asked me for weeks ago."

Accepting my proposal, Dr. X now related that he had met his wife while he was studying medicine in a mountainous region of Europe. His wife-to-be was the owner of a medical laboratory, but she was more famous in the region for braving high snow and storms on her skis to

reach isolated farmhouses where women had difficulties in giving birth to their children, no matter how much loss of business to her competitor her frequent absences meant. The mountain roads were not passable for automobiles, and the doctors of the towns close by, or those of the university town, were unable, or unwilling, to try to reach the expectant mothers in any other way.

Soon the young technician had become known all over the mountain as a savior of women. The physicians did not like it, but since they were unwilling to do what she was doing, they had to tolerate her activities. At that time a young idealist himself, Dr. X fell in love with the heroic young woman, and when he had obtained his medical degree, he married her.

For a while, he practiced in his wife's home town, but his enthusiasm for his wife's heroism rapidly diminished when she went off to the mountains each time she received news about a difficult childbirth. She stated repeatedly that she, too, had a professional conscience, even though obstetrics was not her profession, and that she simply could not deny help to any woman in her difficult hours. After a few months, Dr. X found out that he had good chances of building up a flourishing practice in the colony, where I met him some two years later. Mrs. X sold her laboratory and accompanied her husband to the colony.

The husband's practice grew and grew, but his wife did not find it easy to be a colonial wife. The activities of the other ladies did not interest her and she soon found unlimited work for herself in aiding the natives of the colony. Besides this outside work, she ran her household to perfection and was also a perfect wife in every other sense.

Then came Dr. X's infidelity. On a house call, he accepted the proposal of a not very attractive woman, for whom he felt nothing at all. After the deed, he became violently angry ... at his wife. He felt she was at fault for his acting against his convictions that marriage meant absolute sexual fidelity on both sides, and he told her she was to blame. Despite his wife's attitude that such a one-time infidelity could be forgotten by both of them, and that she would strive even more intensively to re-establish the happy relationship of their engagement and early marriage periods, he practically forced her to leave and sued for a divorce.

As we neared town again, I said, "Dr. X, I am sorry I cannot agree with you that your infidelity was the cause of your divorce. On the contrary, the infidelity may well have been a consequence of an already existing desire for a divorce. You needed an excuse to chase away your wife and you got yourself one, which to you, seemed ethically validated by the principle of absolute sexual fidelity in marriage.

Twelve Lives

Because a person naturally does not understand the real motive of any unusual action, he then tends to give himself a reason for it that flatters his self-esteem. Your interpretation of your infidelity helped you to keep viewing yourself as a highly ethical man, whose wife had caused his infidelity, and at the same time, you had what you considered an ethical basis for a divorce.

In connection with your delighted look at the fence of your colleague, you simply could not tolerate the fact that your wife's horizon did not end at the limits of the 'My husband and I' circle, that she had -- so to speak -- 'other gods before' you.

One of your main reasons for coming to practice here may well have been the hope that, away from the field of her heroic activity, your wife would turn into a knitting wife, one like the lady on the terrace tonight. You fell in love with a heroic woman, but your ideal was that she should turn into a 'little woman,' who would peacefully sit next to her husband while *he* reads in big fat medical tomes."

"You may be right," was all that Dr. X said.

Actually, I was clearly right, because after the walk around the lake, Dr. X referred many consultees to me, although we had only telephone contact from that point on, with no further reference to his past marriage.

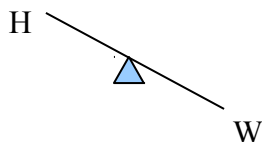
Conversation Time:

One hour

*

Comments

We have seen that Dr.X had a



attitude toward his wife. He was dissatisfied because she did not look up to him from a level sufficiently far under his own and because she had other aims besides the one of caring for him.

When I learned from Dr. X that his wife had offered to give up her other interests, I asked why he had not accepted that offer. With a nervous gesture, he answered, "And bear it on my conscience that I was twisting her life? No!"

Evidently, even the sacrifice of her other activities would not have helped. Dr. X would always have felt, anyhow, that she did not look up to him and even might consider him "small-minded" because he had forced her into a "little woman" role.

After the departure of his wife, he imported his mother, a practiced "looker-upper," who had looked up to his father for something like half a century. Dr. X had patterned his expectations of his marriage according to what he had observed in the marriage of his parents, but he had not made his marital choice accordingly. He seemed to have expected that his wife, once married to him, would automatically "forsake all other gods."

From his father, Dr. X had also learned that a self-respecting man must always be ethical in all he does. This was the reason why he had been anxious to get my approval of his divorce. Though recognizing as valid his attitude that only a marriage with mutual faithfulness is a real one, I could not give the doctor even an unwritten "certificate of ethicality"; it was too clear to me that the doctor had been unfaithful not because of a lack of holding-power on the part of his wife, but because he had been unethically out to get for himself an "ethical" justification for a divorce.

10. A SLEEPLESS WIFE

"Bruck," said the mistress of Hilltop House, after her husband had retired for a nap, "I have long wanted to ask you why I can't sleep. The clock of the church over there has never bothered me until a few weeks ago. I had hardly ever noticed its existence. For the last few weeks, however, I have been waking up every morning when that clock strikes five. Then, a terrible desire to cry takes hold of me, and I must restrain myself so as not to wake my husband. As a structural engineer, he works with figures all day long and needs his sleep badly."

The view from the terrace of Hilltop House was one of the delights of my stay in the colony. The terrace had a magnificent view of the harbor, and around lunchtime, the harbor was full of sailboats in motion, with the cloudless blue sky forming a lovely backdrop to the white sails.

This was not the first occasion that Mr. Lindley had called for me at his office and invited me to join him and his wife at home for lunch. Each time, I looked forward to the post-lunch hour of relaxation on the terrace with the view. I was not too happy that, this time, I was given a problem to solve, but sipping my coffee, I asked, "How long can you restrain yourself?"

"My husband should sleep at least until seven o'clock, but at six I cannot restrain myself any longer and I start crying."

"Is that why your husband naps?"

"Yes. He immediately wakes up when I cry."

"Is he angry?"

"No, he is very sweet about it. He consoles me."

"What do you need to be consoled about?"

"I am 32 and I fear that with my youth waning, I shall soon not be attractive enough."

"Isn't this worry rather premature at 32?" I said, but my mind was already off, thinking of a scene of rivalry in an old movie of Fritz Lang: Brunhild, the queen, and Krimhald, the king's sister, are walking up the steps of the cathedral of Worms, not together but against each other, vying for the position of superiority. The scene in the movie was not so far-fetched as it might seem; it perfectly portrayed the local situation.

There were two social clusters in the city: one around Mrs. Lindley and the other around Mrs. Shuttleworth, more than ten years older than Mrs. Lindley, but a great beauty. Each lady resented when any member of her circle also visited that of her rival, but I, who had

constantly heard about the beauty of the counter-person, had run the risk and gotten myself taken along to Shuttleworth House on one occasion, a few weeks before this conversation.

A real beauty, Mrs. Shuttleworth "throned" in her drawing room in a truly regal fashion. She seemed, however, over-preserved, practically embalmed for her at-home day. I could not help thinking of an Italian novel I recently read, in which a small daughter, on the days when her beautiful mother received guests, could get to see her only through a crack in a partition. On such days, she was never admitted into her mother's presence. Of course, Mrs. Shuttleworth's son and daughter, just about to grow out of their teens, were away in school in England, so as not to be conspicuous reminders of the "forty-plus" status of their mother.

I preferred the vivacious and unpretentious Mrs. Lindley to what I, disrespectfully, but only in my own mind, came to call "the incense-breather," since all the people around Mrs. Shuttleworth acted as if she were a high priestess, enveloping her in an unbearable social incense. Due to my visit to Shuttleworth House, I now had difficulty understanding what made 32-year-old Mrs. Lindley worry about what would happen if *she* should turn forty-plus. She was not a beauty even now, and it was no wonder if she felt that lacking the beauty of her rival she would then lose all attraction for the members of her circle.

To Mrs. Lindley, I said merely, "Cream-deep beauty is just as impermanent as youth," turning the conversation to Mrs. Lindley's childhood. I learned that Mrs. Lindley had lost her mother at the age of three, but before then and from then on even more, she had been greatly overindulged by her father, who had never remarried.

A high official in the colonial government, her father often had political meetings in the library of his palatial home. Though she was usually allowed to come into the library at any time, the little girl was locked out on such occasions. She used to wander disconsolately through the corridor, then stop before the library door and cry.

At that point, her father would come out and console her until she calmed down, no matter how important the talk inside was. Noticing that in her early childhood Mrs. Lindley had used "water power" as a means to get consoled, I suddenly asked, "Mrs. Lindley, why don't you cry from 6:00 to 7:00 in the afternoon?"

The answer was instantaneous and evidently given without reflection, "Because, then, my husband is not home."

Hardly had she uttered this sentence when Mrs. Lindley realized by herself that she was not really the victim of crying fits, but a grown-

Twelve Lives

up little girl, who though she did restrain herself for one hour, cried awake her husband after that, to be reassured by him.

As the effect of her self-insight was plainly visible in Mrs. Lindley's face, I thought it best not to talk about the crying any longer. I devoted all my attention to the view. Mrs. Lindley excused herself "for a moment."

After a rather protracted "moment" of 15 minutes or so, her husband came to fetch me for the return trip to town. He excused his wife and said only that she asked him to thank me for her.

Epilogue

When I left the colony a few weeks later, Mr. Lindley unexpectedly appeared on the ship, a short time before its departure. He brought two books written by Mrs. Lindley in her student days, now dedicated to me "with sincere thanks," and said, "My wife sent me to personally thank you, for both of us. Whatever you said to her that afternoon, she hasn't cried again since. We both sleep until seven, when the alarm clock wakes us up."

It seemed that Mrs. Lindley was "saying with books" that she would again take up her intellectual pursuits, because she now recognized that inner youth and beauty were more important than their exterior counterparts.

Conversation Time

45 minutes

Twelve Lives

**11. A DEPRESSED YOUNG MAN LACKING
"LIFE FORCE"**

Dr. Alfred Adler

Vienna, June 19, 1931
Nervenarzt

Dear Dr. N.,

The bearer is a well-trained Individual Psychologist, and is destined for Mr. B. He will stay at your institution seemingly as a patient and seek to get acquainted with B. You can perhaps give him a room very close to that of B.

With many kind regards,

Adler

With this letter, I had arrived at a rest home for nervous people, at about 1 1/2 hours by train and bus from Vienna, on June 20, 1931, Sunday evening. Dr. N., medical director, Mrs. Z., the economic director of the institution, and I agreed that I would get a room with twin beds, that Mrs. Z. would introduce me to B. the next morning, and that I would try to convince him to share the room with me, saying that I planned to stay for a longer period and that I found a room with twin beds, the only one they could give me, too expensive. Mrs. Z. expected B. to welcome the occasion to save money for his father, because he was constantly worried his father might not be able to afford to keep him in the institution.

On that day, B. had been particularly difficult, having gone on a hunger-strike, and six different people who had gone to talk to him had been unable to convince him to eat. Finally, a nurse was instructed to sleep on the sofa in his room, because the staff was afraid he might kill himself. He had insisted that he be given injections of some hormone he had read about in the paper, since he lacked "life force," but Adler had forbidden that he be given any injections, so as not to nurture his belief that he was physically ill.

II

Adler had given me practically no details on what had happened before I met the boy, or for that matter, what had happened before he met him. He did say that the boy was eager to escape from the situation of inferiority into which he had gotten himself by not going through secondary school, that he had been overindulged, and that he would resist my efforts to help him get back into life outside the institution, if he discovered I was there for that purpose. Adler was eager for the boy's mother who stayed with him at the rest home to be replaced by someone to whom the boy "would not have to prove that he was ill," and was very glad when I offered to become such a "friend" to him. The boy's father, agent of my New York cousin in one of the countries bordering on Austria, had asked me to get in touch with Adler and see if I could assist him. This gave me the opportunity discussed with Adler in New York to pass a sort of examination by being put on a case whenever the opportunity should arise. I knew enough about the father's business connections to stage the following little scene the next morning, in the garden of the institution, when B. was passing on his way to the hydrotherapy building.

Mrs. Z.: "Mr. B., here is a gentleman from America, whom I am sure you would like to meet." (B. wanted to go to America and try to get into the movie industry. He came closer and Mrs. Z. made the mutual introduction.)

I: "Where are you from, Mr. B.?"

B: "From X."

I: (musingly) "I know a Mr. B in X, but he is older than you."

B: "It must be my uncle. He is in the textile business and he trades with the USA."

I: "No, the gentleman is an agent of my cousin, who is a broker in commodity futures."

B: "But that's my father!"

I: "How small is the world! Well, we must become friends. When you are through with your bath, or whatever you get in that building, let us meet again." (I have started right away to underplay the importance of the "cure" that B. was religiously taking. It served him as an alibi before himself and others: he was being treated, so he was ill).

III

B. joined me in the garden about an hour later. I told him I had been working in my cousin's office in New York, had over-worked considerably and had come to the institution for a longer rest, though I feared I might not be able to afford it. I mentioned the room with the twin beds, proposed that he share it, and he immediately accepted. We went into the building, and had his things transferred to my room, thus gaining the advantage that he would no longer be classified as in need of a night-nurse. By this time, it was 12 noon and the lunch bell rang. I proposed that we have lunch together. B. had not eaten anything for some 26 hours, and he was, of course, facing the dilemma whether he should or should not let his new-found American friend discover that he was on a hunger strike. After some hesitation and with a shrug of the shoulders, he decided to come along.

(In the dining room, our scheme was almost given away by a detail which Mrs. Z. had not taken into consideration. The custom was that the individuals who were there only to accompany certain patients got less delicate, cheaper food, even though they ate at the same table with the patient.) B. was served chicken and I some sort of meat. I sent the waitress to Mrs. Z. to tell her that I needed the most delicate food that they had and was willing to pay for it. I made it appear as if Mrs. Z had sent me second-class food because I told her I wanted to save money. Usually very suspicious, B. knew nothing of the inferior food for inferior persons scheme and so we got by. None of the 200 patients ever found out that I was not one of them, except one shrewd Polish professor, who noticed that I spent too much time with the young man for my intellectual standing and told me, when no one else was present, that he knew I was there for the boy. There to escape something at home, he was keenly aware of the schemes of other patients as well. Temporarily, a Viennese writer was also there in order to consult with me, but I resolved his problem in one day, and he left soon thereafter.

Twelve Lives

Starting with that first day, I spent about six hours with B. every day. Since he was bound to notice that I talked too much like an Adlerian Psychologist and that I spent "too much time" with him, I told him that I vowed I would use the knowledge I had acquired for the good of others. He asked me if I knew Adler himself; I said I had heard him lecture in New York and that I found him very impressive.

B. was to see Adler twice a week and was officially in treatment with him. Dr. Adler, however, limited himself to some 20 or 30 minutes each time, usually only reinforcing the effect of what I had talked about with B., and had reported to him in frequent, long, morning letters.

B. was regularly given the strongest sleeping potion available in those days. He drank it on going to bed, but he never slept before the morning, burying himself with his thoughts. The thoughts were stronger than the medicine. This fact gave me an opportunity to write to Adler practically every morning. I was expecting directives and from time to time asked for some, but never got an answer. After a few days of uncertainty on this account, I figured out for myself that I had to be doing right; otherwise, I would have heard from Adler, and also that Adler probably wanted me to work "as if" I were completely on my own. I usually hid away in some distant corner of the garden with my typewriter, so as not to be surprised by B., if he woke up earlier than usual.

IV

In our conversations, B. never mentioned how he had gotten to Vienna. I learned about this when I accompanied him on his trip home, accepting an invitation from his father, who still could not believe that he would be getting back a "normal" son, after having brought him to Vienna in a cataleptic state a little over four weeks earlier. Previous to that time, B. had been working in his father's office for a few months, after having spent more than two years in London and Paris with no other task than that of learning English and French. He disliked all commercial work, as a matter of fact *all* work, and stated that something was lacking in him. Unknown to his parents, he started going to physicians in search of more "life force," trying to convince them to give him injections of some hormone advertised in the newspapers.

Finally, he landed at a psychiatrist's, who called his father and told him that the boy needed observation in the insane asylum. There B. kept on insisting that he needed hormone injections and the physicians decided to give him injections of distilled water. B. found this out, made a scene in the physician's office, and upon returning to his room, threw

Twelve Lives

the pitcher that stood on his table against the wall. It is not clear whether the physicians understood the probable connection between the attack on the pitcher and the fact that they gave him injections of water; all we know is that they locked B. in a padded cell. He began to shout that there were no good physicians in the city, that only in Vienna were good physicians to be found, and that he wanted to be sent to Vienna. The physicians disregarded this slight, until B. was suddenly found in a cataleptic state. Then the father was called and B. was taken to Vienna on a stretcher, impervious to all that went on around him. His father and mother accompanied him in a private compartment of the train.

In Vienna, they were received by a physician relative, who decided that it would be a mistake to send the boy to an insane asylum again and signed a guarantee that the boy was not a contagious or violent case, so that they could take a two-room suite in a hotel. Adler was called in. After carefully informing himself in the adjoining room about the boy's childhood and adolescence, he went into B.'s room, and "as if" the "suspension of consciousness" did not exist at all, told him B's own life story as he saw it. When Adler left the room, B. called his mother, asked for his trousers, got out of bed, and said that he wanted to go to a rest home near Vienna. I do not know if Adler had suggested this, but B. and his mother then moved to the institution where I met him a few days later. His mother had left by then, knowing I would take over.

In our conversations, which took place in our room, in the beautiful big garden of the institution (mostly), or on walks through the equally beautiful Vienna forest right across the street, as well as over meals in the dining room, we came back over and over again to B's contention that he was lacking "life force."

On the fourth day of our acquaintance, June 25th, he suddenly said over lunch, "If we agree that I do not lack vitality, there still would be the depression left, due to which I would have to stay here."

I responded that depression did not come from the clouds like the little Murillo angel's harp, that people had depression because they wanted to avoid getting out of it. He then said, "You are not very wrong at all."

(My reference to the Murillo angels was prompted by B's often voiced desire to understand the history of art. I had pointed out to him that he never used any term that implied any effort, such as "to study," and now wanted to indirectly remind him of that).

In the next few days, he seldom talked about a lack of vitality or "life force;" he stressed a new objective: to weight 70 kilos (some 152 lbs.) instead of 64 kilos (139 lbs.) which he weighed then. He ate well, but as soon as he noticed that he would soon be "well" at that rate, he

Twelve Lives

suddenly lost his appetite.

He told me that, as a child, he had eaten only when his mother started to cry and when his father or the governess begged him to eat for his mother's sake, because he never liked any food. He tried to convince me that this was because of some inferiority of his digestive organs, but I said that, even if he had some such handicap, it was definitely very much smaller than that of many people who face "the fight of life" valiantly.

During one of our conversations about this point, I showed him an excerpt from Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, which impressed him very much:

"Almost all that is great and has lasting value exists NOTWITHSTANDING sadness and suffering, poverty, abandonment, weakness, vice, passions and a thousand handicaps.

Gustave Aschenbach was the poet of all those who work at the edge of exhaustion, of the over-burdened, of those who have already spent their forces, of those who can stand only with difficulty, and of all those who see in creation a moral duty. He was the poet of those who, although they are physically delicate and have little strength, through their ardent desire to create and a clever handling of their remaining strength, get out of themselves, at least for a short period, achievements that make them great. There are many of them and they are the heroes of our times."

V

Friday the 26th was an important day in B.'s thinking. In the morning, I had read a short story in the Viennese newspaper, which I later gave to B. He read the story with unusual concentration and handed it back, saying that it was a "good story." The story told of a man who had been in prison for twenty years. During all that time, he had been planning what he would do on his first day of freedom. The program started with "a good meal," then he planned to go to a movie.

On the long-awaited first day of freedom, the man went to a

Twelve Lives

restaurant and ordered lentil soup and steak, both favorites of his pre-prison days. He could hardly finish the rich lentil soup, unaccustomed as he was to the quality of non-prison food. By the time the steak had come, he could only nibble at it, and he left the restaurant in disgust.

The movies were not any more of a pleasure, either. He could muster no interest for the love story on the screen; he had lived too long in a world of brawls and brutality as the only object of true interest.

He left the movies and tried to get work. However, when asked to show certificates on the work he had done in the last few years, he produced a letter from the prison warden stating that he had been tending to the prison garden very efficiently while jailed there during twenty years; nobody wanted to give him work.

When the evening came, he returned to the prison and asked to be readmitted. He promised he would tend the prison garden with equal diligence free of charge, if only he were allowed to live in. Told that nobody who was not sentenced to prison could live there, he sat down on the threshold and spent the night there. The man returned to this uncomfortable "bed" night after night, until one very cold morning he was found there, frozen to death.

During the lunch hour, I heard from the director, Mrs. Z., that they planned to close the institution for the winter. I immediately thought about the impact of this plan on B. When we left together in the afternoon to go to Vienna, I casually told him, "You know what I just heard? They are going to close the rest home for the winter."

With lightning-like rapidity, B. replied, "Wonderful, then I, too, can freeze to death on the threshold." He had hardly uttered these words, to his own surprise, when he warmly shook my hand and said, "I thank you."

Evidently, his own words, uttered as a reaction of surprise and without preceding reflection, convinced him that he really did not want to leave the institution and go back into "life," just as I had always pointed out in our conversations.

That evening he volunteered the statement that he would not go to one more resort, as he had planned to, before returning to work, but would return directly to his home town, even though -- he added with his characteristic "YES, BUT" tendency -- he would like to "work on a basis of one week of work followed by six weeks of vacation."

On Saturday the 27th, I succeeded in getting information on his life in Paris, a period where Adler felt the trigger of the depression would have to be found. During a walk we took, I asked B. about his sexual experiences in Paris. He told me that, for six weeks, he had a mistress there, who had "spoiled" him very much. When I asked him what that

Twelve Lives

spoiling consisted of, he said she had gotten him to have sex relations every second night, and that he had carried on similarly with the same frequency ever since, with "innumerable women." He now had had no sex relations for the last five months and felt very good that way, was not desirous of having any, and just wanted to get strong again.

When I asked him why he had not stayed in Paris, he told me that he wanted to go to America from there, with a German cameraman. He had given this man his last \$240 for the purchase of equipment for a variety show, by which they were to make enough money to go to the U.S.A together. The man disappeared with the money. When he asked his parents for more money, they both appeared in Paris and took him home.

VI

We might, at this point, introduce the information I have gradually obtained about B.'s early years. He was an only child up to the age of five, a period during which he had been exceedingly overindulged and over-attended (see Part IV, about his eating only when his mother cried). He became even more difficult when his brother was born and when, a few years later, he also had a little sister. He was always a bad student, and violently resented the success in school of his "less intelligent" but plodding brother, and gave up studying completely when, just past fourteen years of age, he started sex relations with the governess of his little sister. After this relationship had been discovered and the young woman dismissed, he used to meet her in a public park. She always brought him a pair of long pants, which he put on over his short ones, behind a tree, so that they could enter a hotel and spend a few hours together.

The school asked his father to withdraw B. and the father, not knowing what else to do with the boy, sent him to London and Paris to study foreign languages, as we have seen. B. did acquire a considerable knowledge of both English and French, but largely through his intimate associations with women, who evidently enjoyed having such a young foreigner for a lover, ... and pupil. He also spent many hours in the movies almost daily, and began to day-dream about success "a la Chaplin" in the United States.

VII

In this first week of our association, it was not possible to get B. to read anything beyond the short story already mentioned. He

Twelve Lives

pretended that his lack of "life force" prevented him from concentrating, while I kept stating that the cause of his non-reading was his preoccupation with his own pressing thoughts about organizing his life around striving toward a goal still to be found. He did, however, enjoy walks and the observation of life around him, as well as our conversations.

Somewhere in the first week, I told B. the essence of Thomas Mann's novel, *Zauberberg*, i.e. how Hans Castorp, up on the Magic Mountain, had no desire at all to return to life, and produced somatic symptoms of psychological origin when the doctors declared him healthy, just so he would not have to return to life in the valley.

On Sunday, June 28, six days after my first meeting with him, B. told me over the luncheon table that he had written to a girl who wanted him to join her in the Polish resort of Zoppot, but that he would not go there, since it was senseless to go on "hanscastorping."

On Monday the 29th, B. stated he would leave within a week and return to his hometown in order to work for his secondary school final graduation examination. He would need no more injections. When I suggested that he walk through some of the most beautiful parts of Austria, he said he wanted to get back to work, i.e., his studies, as soon as possible. He added, however, that he could not work without also simultaneously enjoying life and that he would write to the girl in Zoppot to come back home, because he needed a mistress. I immediately pointed out that he should not make his main objective dependent on side issues and that he should study without having to bribe himself to do so.

By this time, B. was in a much better humor than in our first week and had begun to read *Barbara* by Wefel with interest. However, he was not enthusiastic, and could not be convinced to go to the nearby beautiful swimming pool in Baden. He still seemed to be worn out by his thinking.

VIII

On June 30 and July 1, B. fell asleep early in the evening, leaving his sleeping potion untouched. He slept through until the morning on both occasions. Thereafter, he was no longer given any soporific. He promptly "slept badly" for two nights and said to me on Thursday, the 2nd of July, "It does not matter if I do not sleep, at least then I am ill again."

He was also striving in other ways to get himself an alibi for staying on. Thus, for instance, he stated he would have to stay because he had finally gotten Adler to authorize some type of injections. He said

Twelve Lives

that each of the tubes had cost 10 shillings (about \$1.50) and that he could not leave those. I responded that one day in the institution probably cost him twice as much as an injection.

On that Thursday, the medical director had given B. his word of honor that he would be well within two weeks. For a while, B. was quite happy about this, but by July 4, (my 12th day with him), he started saying he might not be getting well because he was suffering from "a sort of cretinism." Right after this statement, however, he proposed that we discuss whether or not he would overburden himself if he simultaneously worked in his father's office, studied for the graduation examination, and improved his neglected knowledge of literature.

In this connection we began to discuss the atmosphere at home. He said that his brother was always bringing friends home and that his sister brought in playmates, so that he would be unable to study at home. He said he would rather rent a room somewhere in his hometown, to get away also from the many visits of relatives to his home. It became clear that B. disliked both his brother and sister, and that he disliked the attention that relatives gave to them.

On Saturday the 4th, B. had again arranged with the medical director to be given a sleeping potion. After drinking it, he said to me that he would go on thinking before falling asleep, in order to "help himself" by producing dreams. On Sunday morning, however, he said that he had dreamed so much that now he could not remember anything. Nevertheless, on Tuesday, July 7, in the morning, he dictated to me the following dream:

"I saw myself in a resort where my parents, my siblings, and I had spent a fortnight last winter. There were many people but I did not clearly see them all, only my brother, my sister, and several girls whom I have liked, though in reality I met them in different countries.

There was a rather wide and not too steep road, with curves, that wound itself through a forest. We were all striving to get to the top.

When we reached a plateau, the group disappeared and I saw myself pushing a toboggan down that road with such force

Twelve Lives

that the two-sexed 'being' in it, which resembled my brother but had the size of my sister, was unable to stop it.

After giving the toboggan that big push, I saw myself behind a barrier on the left side of the road, (though I do not know how I got there), with my mother, my grandmother, my maternal aunt and my girl cousin, a daughter of this aunt. There were also other people, but I could not see them distinctly.

All these people were afraid that the toboggan would be run over by a car once it got to the main road.

Then I saw myself in my home town, on a street which I crossed every day when I went to my father's office, and where I bought myself cigarettes every morning. An over-sized man met a little, under-sized, funny small-town man, who was loaded down with parcels, and put these down right in front of the big man. The big man was forced to stop, and stupidly looked into the air while the small-town man asked him for some information. The big man had seen everything that I just stated. He was very irritated and shouted at the little man, without any good reason, that he finally wanted to be left alone. He shouted this so loudly all across the street that he was made to pay a fine."

I had no difficulty interpreting this dream for B. With little help on my part, he discovered that he had not placed himself, at first, in his home town but in a resort, and that he had assembled a dream-court for himself of the girls he had liked, as befitted a self-overindulger. He also immediately discovered that the scene on the plateau meant that: 'If I did not have my brother and sister, I would be an only child again, and could live without needing to work.'

Twelve Lives

I then asked, "How did your mother treat you in your first five years?"

"She overindulged me."

"And how did your grandmother treat you?"

"She overindulged me."

By the time I got to ask about his aunt, B. discovered with considerable astonishment that she, too, as well as her daughter who was much older than B., had overindulged him terribly.

When I sent him a carbon copy of B.'s dream, the only point on which Adler disagreed with my interpretation was the identity of the big man. With my reverence for Adler, I felt that he was the big man in the dream, but Adler felt he was the "little under-sized, funny small-town man," while B. was the big man who did not want to carry the parcels (the "burdens of life") that the little man wanted him to pick up. (I felt that B. had dreamed he had come from a small town and had put his problems before Adler so that Adler might solve them for him, but Adler made him carry the "parcels" himself.)

I could not get B. to settle this controversy by any amount of associating; however, he was very much impressed that, as I had always said he would, in his dream he had manifested the same personality that we already knew from our daytime discussions.

After this dream, which came on the 15th day of our conversations, it became evident that B. would soon give up his "hanscastorping." He became truly interested in discussions about his return to the outside world. I have one of these written down, because I proposed to him (using this technique for the first time on that occasion) a "conversation on the typewriter," so that he could keep a copy of what he said. In this "conversation," I typed his statements while he stood behind me and read them; then he read my answers as they were being born:

B. "Perhaps these injections harm me."

I. "In that case, don't make the doctors give them to you."

B. "What should I do then? Go away?"

I. "Why not?"

Twelve Lives

- B. "Where should I go? Shall I go back to my mother, my brother, my sister?" (Note that the father is not mentioned. The thoughts about the mother, chief over-indulger in the past, immediately bring up the memory of the competitors).
- I. "Do you want to go there?"
- B. "No."
- I. "What do you want to do then? Study medicine?" (I asked this because I did not want to refer to the graduation examination directly. However, a certificate verifying his passing such an examination was indispensable for the study of medicine).
- B. "For that, I would need the certificate of graduation."
- I. "Do you want to get it?"
- B. "Yes, but it is difficult. If I cannot even concentrate my attention on a light book, how would I study Homer and the logarithms?"
- I. "There we are again! I say that you are fighting imaginary ghosts because you believe everything to be too difficult; you answer that you cannot concentrate on anything because you totally lack vitality. If I ask you what causes this lack, you tell me it is there because you are psychically weak. If I ask you what causes this weakness, you tell me that it is because you live consciously while others live unconsciously. You tell me that you are different from others, because you are constantly conscious of what you are doing, and of what you will soon be doing.

All this 'lack of vitality' and 'psychic weakness,' however, just like your idea that you are more 'conscious' than others, are nothing but ghost-boxing. You are not different from other psychological sufferers; your problems have the same origin as theirs: the belief that life is too difficult."

Now, B. began to sleep again without drinking the sleeping potion, placed religiously on his night table each evening. He was quite decided to go back into life as soon as the period his father had paid for in the institution had run out, which was to be the 19th, a full month to

Twelve Lives

the day after my arrival there. His father's letter, telling him that he no longer could afford keeping him in the institution, provoked no despair or anger at all.

While both Adler and I felt that B. was not completely "psychologically healthy," and that, especially, he had not yet sufficiently freed himself from wanting to get results without effort, we could do nothing in view of the father's economic straits, caused by the Great Depression in the United States. The father invited me to accompany his son to his hometown, and Adler would have liked me to stay there with him for some time. But I was due to leave soon for Alexandria, Egypt, and so stayed with B. and his parents for one day only.

B. went to the university for information on examination requirements the day after my departure, and he took up his studies the very next day. A few days later (while still in Vienna), I received a letter of thanks from him, telling me that I had helped him.

He also wrote to me a few times while I was in Egypt. He had taken up his studies again in a preparatory school, and had become a leader in a youth organization, which invited Alfred Adler and sexologist Max Hodaun from Berlin to speak. He wrote that he would have liked to invite me to lecture, but because of the distance, they would take articles from me for a youth newspaper they were planning. I never got around to sending them anything.

In 1952, I inquired in B's city about what became of him. All I could learn at this late date was that he had died in 1939, during the Nazi occupation of the city.

12. A MISANTHROPIC HUSBAND

I

New York City, June 1930, 4:00 p.m.: An informal group for the discussion of psychological problems was meeting at the home of a member at 277 Park Avenue. The ten men had heard a number of Alfred Adler's lectures and were interested in further improving their understanding of themselves and others. At 29 years old, I was perhaps the youngest member of the group.

The discussion leader was Alan Porter, a sensitive and insightful writer (*The Signature of Pain*), and a *New Yorker* for the last year or so. Before that, he was a long-time, very active member of the Adlerian group in London.

To the group's fifth meeting, Mr. Porter brought a sixty-year-old man, whom I shall call "Mr. Sixty." Porter stated that although Mr. Sixty had never heard a lecture by Adler personally, he knew more than enough psychology, Adlerian and other, to join the group and be granted the opportunity he had asked for: to speak about himself during this very meeting.

Mr. Sixty then related that he had read many books on psychology in the last eight years and added:

"When I had closed the final book, I said to myself, 'I will not read any more books on psychology, as Alfred Adler and his followers are the only ones who understand human nature and who understand me.'

From the four or five books on Adler, I gathered that I had a false concept of life, and that other people are not all hostile or indifferent. I have acted in accordance with this concept for 60 years and I cannot get rid of it, although now, on the basis of my Adlerian readings, I doubt the justification of my feeling. I have my doubts about my concept of life, but I can't change it by myself.

I also know, gentlemen, where I got my concept that the world is hostile. Adler teaches that childhood recollections tell us how our education forms our concepts. My mother was a typically hostile woman who

Twelve Lives

always had pursed lips and looked angry. I shall give you one example of how she treated me.

When I was about five, I was run over by a carriage in the street. Nothing happened to me, but someone took me home in his arms and my mother undressed me and put me to bed. Then she went back to the parlor, where she had guests.

From her sofa in the parlor, she could see into my room and she noticed that I had gotten out of bed and was playing with my top, on the floor.

She took the cat-o'-nine-tails from the wall and whipped me, because I had gotten out of bed without her permission.

I felt terrible about this, because I said to myself that she should have been happy to see me play again, instead of beating me up.

I know that we should not take any single experience to be traumatic, and I do not believe this one experience is the only reason that I am as I am. What I have just narrated is only a sample of the first five years of my life, but how could a person not believe that others are hostile, if the person closest to him was hostile? I am hostile with people because I believe they are hostile with me.

As to Adler's idea of the three life problems, we have just discussed my Relationships with Society.

Regarding the second life problem, Occupation, I am a paper salesman who sells to printing shops. I became a paper salesman because my father was a printer. He placed me with a paper manufacturing firm and I have worked for it for nearly forty years. It is a highly competitive business, and I have many special difficulties.

My eyesight is very bad. I am unable to see the watermark of the paper I sell, and I try to identify the paper the customer has selected by its feel. Consequently,

Twelve Lives

I frequently make mistakes. Also, I was never good as a salesman.

The printing shops are often in streets where the tracks of the elevated train greatly reduce the light. Rents are cheaper there and the noise made by the 'El' drowns out that of the printing plants.

The offices of the printers are usually up front in order to get as much daylight as possible. When I come in and stand at the counter, I face the light from the outside; the people who talk to me stand with their backs to the light. This makes it hard for me to recognize the person I am speaking to. I try to guess right, but customers are often offended when I address them by the name of some subordinate in the plant.

Regarding the third life problem, Love and Marriage, I am married. Eight years ago, when my eyesight was already bad, I had an automobile accident which broke the arm of my wife who was with me in the car.

In the hospital, they put a weight on her arm, in order to stretch it. The night nurse forgot to go back into my wife's room and take off the weight; it was on all night and overstretched the arm. My wife has never been able to use her right arm again. She has tried to console me, but I can never forget what I have done to her.

Now, gentlemen, may I select the discussion topic for today: How can those here help me? I need no economic help, but I need the trustworthy fellow man Adler writes about."

II

I felt a strong co-feeling with Mr. Sixty, who from books alone had acquired enough knowledge to apply the fundamental Adlerian concepts to his own life and on that basis, clearly knew what was "wrong with him," but even so was unable to help himself.

Twelve Lives

The group's custom was for each person to speak on the subject of the day, each in his turn as they went counter-clockwise from the one who had selected the day's topic. On this occasion, I felt apprehensive, because the first person to answer Mr. Sixty's question would be an attorney who had said to the group at a previous meeting, "If I were passing in my car and saw someone run over who needed to be taken to the hospital, I would do it out of a feeling of duty, but not out of a feeling of community with the wounded person."

I feared the lawyer could not be counted on to say anything encouraging to Mr. Sixty. He might even say, "I don't consider it my duty to help you," or some such thing. So I spoke up, "Mr. Sixty, will you please consider that some of us here do not live in Manhattan and it would thus be difficult for us to do something for you. Why don't you change your question?"

Mr. Sixty did change his question, but not much. He now asked, "How can anyone help me?"

By this time, I had mentally summed up for myself Mr. Sixty's problem: He had had a mother who did not fulfill either of the "two tasks of the mother." She had not given her child the feeling that he could count on her absolutely, in case of necessity, and she had not developed in him a feeling of community that would include his father and all other human beings. What this man now needed was someone to complete the two tasks of the mother, belated though this would be.

Adler says the psychologist must often do what the mother has not done. Could I, at nearly 30, do for this man who was twice my age, what his mother had not done for him some 60 years ago? Impelled by my co-feeling, I spoke up and said, "Mr. Sixty, if you want a friend with whom you can discuss your problems, I would be glad to have you come to my home and very glad to discuss any question with you that you wish to discuss."

Mr. Sixty's reaction was immediate. With a voice that showed he was deeply touched, he said, "This is the nicest thing any person has said to me in my life."

The other members of the circle each said a few things, too, but Mr. Sixty seemed preoccupied with his new find: a friend. Whatever the others said did not seem to affect him much.

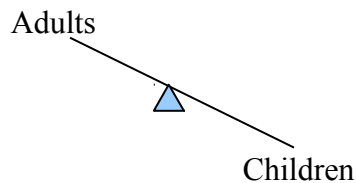
III

The next afternoon, Mr. Sixty made the hour-long trip from Battery Place in Manhattan to my home in Queens ... and stayed four and a half hours. I felt that what I might say to him was much less important than the amount of time spent with him, for the willingness to spend hours in my home with him would prove to Mr. Sixty his new friend's interest in him. Nevertheless, our conversation brought out a few important things.

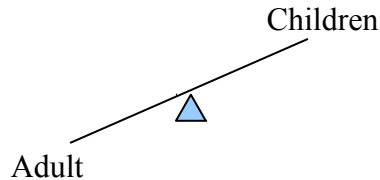
As an example of his reaction to people, Mr. Sixty related that whenever he noticed children playing on the sidewalk where he would have to pass, he automatically jaywalked to the other side of the street. He had had, he said, too many experiences with the hostility of children not to do so; they often ran after him shouting aggressive remarks.

I made Mr. Sixty realize that he created his own negative experiences; fearing the children and showing this in his behavior, he only incited them to attack him, at least verbally. Children who might pay no attention to him if he walked past them were quick to notice that he tried to avoid them.

Used to being down on the seesaw:



the children were quick to sense that, with *this* adult, they had a chance of reversing the seesaw and riding high.



In this conversation, Mr. Sixty also revealed the personality of his father. After several hours, he suddenly said, "I do not remember that my father ever spoke to me during the first nine years of my life. He did on my ninth birthday. I was astounded."

Twelve Lives

His father was a printer who used to come home late from his work. His wife served him his meal, but he never said a word to her. After the meal, he took the newspaper and sat reading next to the fireplace. He spoke not a word to his wife or child at that time either.

We might speculate if the wife's hostility was due to the husband's neglect of her, but we might also just as well assume, and possibly with a greater probability, that the husband's behavior was due to the wife's hostility. By 1930, both Mr. Sixty's parents were dead, so the problem of who had been hostile first, the husband or the wife, had to be left undecided. However, one of Mrs. Sixty's statements in the Epilogue points to the mother.

Nor could we establish any longer what formative education the father and mother of Mr. Sixty each had. Adler used to say, "so that children might have a constructive education, it would be necessary to start by educating the grandparents." In the case of Mr. Sixty, this would have had to be somewhere in the 1830's, a century before my conversations with him.

To me, at any rate, his father had seemed to be a picture of indifference and he might have furnished the foundation for the second part of Mr. Sixty's concept of other people: "indifferent." When I pointed this out to him, Mr. Sixty said that this might well have been the case, but he seemed to have lost interest in his childhood and to be mentally concentrated on his present, late-found friendship.

IV

The next afternoon, Mr. Sixty once more came to my home on Long Island. This time, he stayed for 3-1/2 hours, though the trip home, including the use of the ferry and a streetcar, would take him another two hours.

During this conversation, I found a way to eliminate his long travel time. I suggested that henceforth, we meet daily if he wished to do so, at an upstairs tea-room just off Battery Place in Lower Manhattan, to which I myself had long been fleeing from the business atmosphere of the entire neighborhood. All Mr. Sixty would have to do was call me just before noon, and I would come to the tea-room alone.

This meant, of course, some disappointment on the part of other friends. One co-worker in particular had gotten used to rattling off a litany every time I received a phone call just before noon: "I know, Mr. Sixty has called, and now you must cancel our luncheon appointment."

Twelve Lives

However, I stuck to a preference for Mr. Sixty, saying to myself that even though there were some 20-odd such phone calls in four weeks, each call must be treated as a "necessity," to which I, as a "mother," must respond without fail, so that I could maintain my absolute dependability in case of need.

After this series of meetings, Mr. Sixty suddenly declared, "I have lost the feeling that everyone is hostile or indifferent. You are not."

The "first task of a mother" thus having been completed, I attacked the second task with great enthusiasm. I knew it was not enough that I had gotten him to feel that at least one person in this world, me, was not "hostile or indifferent." I had to prove to Mr. Sixty that others were not, either.

V

With the purpose of benefiting Mr. Sixty, I brought together a group of eight to ten people, whom I could rely on to keep the objective in mind and not become hostile in turn if Sixty should manifest hostility. The group members gladly accepted the task: to prove to Mr. Sixty that they, too, were neither hostile nor indifferent.

I suggested to the group that they watch the difference in Mr. Sixty's reactions to whatever I said, as Mr. Sixty knew I was neither hostile nor indifferent, and his reactions to whatever *they* said, as Mr. Sixty would, for some time, think them hostile. This suggestion reduced Mr. Sixty's manifestations of hostility to phenomena to be observed; they were no longer attacks to be returned in kind. It was like a guessing game, "What would Mr. Sixty say?" and the members of the group must never counter-attack.

Three people in the group had a very salutary effect on Mr. Sixty. Two of these were fraternal twins, 19, and their first names deserve to be put into the record: Betty and Ida. They never spoke much in the group and when they did, Mr. Sixty did not lash out at them, probably because he could well imagine them to be hostile.

Mr. Sixty used to leave before the other group members, because of his two-hour trip home. On the fourth or fifth evening, when he was getting ready to leave, Ida, the shorter of the twins, followed him to the small entrance niche where he was putting on his coat. On her own initiative, she got on tiptoe and kissed Mr. Sixty on the right cheek, saying, "Good night, Father Sixty." Betty had followed Ida and now felt she had to follow suit; she kissed Mr. Sixty on the left cheek.

Twelve Lives

I was observing the scene from the living room, where the group was still in discussion. Obviously, Mr. Sixty had been emotionally shaken up. Here he was, an unattractive old man who had never paid much attention to these girls, and yet the girls had shown affectionate regard for him. They, too, were neither hostile nor indifferent, but friendly and affectionate.

Soon after the evening of the kisses, I invited the group to a public lecture of mine at the New York Circle for Individual Psychology, on January 26, 1931, in the French Room of the Park Central Hotel. One young married man in the group, Mr. Morris, whom Mr. Sixty had attacked on more than one occasion with his usual "that remark of yours is, of course, directed to me," turned to Mr. Sixty and said, "My wife and I want you to stay at our home overnight, after the lecture. It is only half an hour from the Plaza Hotel to our home, by the BMT subway; this will make it possible for you to come with us to Child's for the usual after-lecture discussion. We shall be glad to have you as an overnight guest."

Again, as a few weeks earlier when Ida and Betty kissed him, Mr. Sixty was evidently amazed. "How can anyone invite me?" he must have thought. With a tremulous voice he thanked the young man and accepted his invitation, probably the first he had ever received in his life.

During the question period after my lecture, Mr. Sixty again showed considerable hostility; this time, however, it was not because *he* felt attacked. It was because he took quite unaggressive questions to be attacks on me and sallied forth more than once to defend me. Later, during the discussions at Child's, over coffee and pastry, he was calmer. In the following weeks, it was evident that the experience with the twins and with Mr. Morris, as well as the fact that he had become a regular and welcome member of a group, had a salutary effect on Mr. Sixty.

The firm for which he had sold paper for 40 years also helped, doubtless unaware that their decision would be a psychic boon for him. They had found that they could sell more paper to the printers if they sent another salesman and they pensioned Mr. Sixty off, with \$25 a week. This "pension" was for one year only, but luckily, in the course of 40 or so working years, Mr. Sixty had paid off the mortgage on the home he was living in and on another one which he rented out, which thus brought him an income. In the last years, he had made only a little more than what his "pension" now was, and he was now calmer because he no longer had to face the daily defeats of not being able to see the watermark in the paper, and of mistaking one person for another because he could not see their faces.

He still made the trip to Battery Place several times to spend some time with me at the tea-room. But the group that had met at my

Twelve Lives

home had been dissolved. It had served its purpose as Mr. Sixty no longer believed that everyone was hostile or indifferent, but primarily, I was preparing to leave for Vienna, in order to continue my studies with Adler and to study the work of the 32 Adlerian Child Guidance Clinics scattered throughout the city.

Two days before my departure, Mr. Sixty accompanied me on a trip to City Hall. On this occasion, a most significant detail of his life and thinking came to the fore.

As we were crossing under the Brooklyn Bridge, Mr. Sixty suddenly mentioned that he had been married for twenty-two years and that he had an adopted child of nine. As he had never volunteered any information about his family life, except that he had broken his wife's arm in an accident, I had assumed that, though at first she had tried to console him, his wife had also turned at least indifferent. (At that time, I did not, as from then on, check every assumption carefully.) I also supposed that Mr. Sixty had not been married very long before the accident, eight years earlier.

Now Mr. Sixty, perhaps in an elegiac mood because of my approaching departure, added, "My wife is a wonderful woman and the child loves me very much," possibly as a self-consolation.

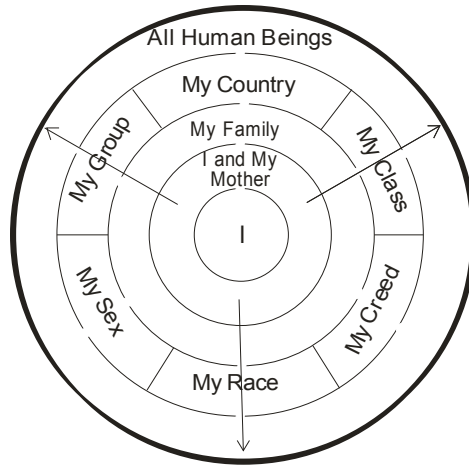
"How come that, despite the very positive attitudes of your wife and daughter toward you, you have still maintained your conviction that 'everybody is hostile or indifferent'?" I asked.

"But they are me," answered Mr. Sixty with great simplicity.

(Juxtaposing the normal development of a person's feeling of community and the "Private Sense" of Mr. Sixty, we get a clearer picture of what had gone on in his mind.)

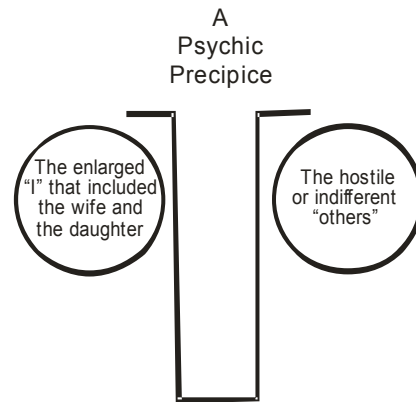
(See next page)

Healthy Development
(Growth from the "I" outward)



People with a healthy formative education in their early childhood are liable to develop a feeling of community for increasingly larger groups until, from the original "I," they reach a co-feeling that embraces all human beings.

Mr. Sixty's Private Sense



Mr. Sixty, with his psychically damaging formative education, never developed a co-feeling except, at 38, for his wife and, with her help, for his little daughter. Apart from this enlargement of the "I," Mr. Sixty was separated from the others by a psychic precipice which I helped him bridge.

Due to his inclusion of wife and daughter into the "I," they were not proof that the world was not hostile or indifferent; that proof had to come from someone who was not part of the "I."

Mr. Morris, Ida, and Betty ("the sunshine sisters" Mr. Sixty called them), and I delivered the proof, but by then, Mr. Sixty had lived six decades with his exaggerated concept of the hostility and indifference of others, and he had only four more years to live. As reported by his wife, in these last years he had more tolerance and kindness for people and tried hard to be different.

VI

I did not "drop" Mr. Sixty upon my departure for Europe. I had an immense goodwill for the man who, through an insight gained from books, was making an effort to make his behavior toward other people more rational. A correspondence developed, which I kept up for 4-1/2 years, no matter whether I was in Austria, Egypt, or Spain.

As I had previously figured that the time spent with him would be more important than what was said, now I figured that the quantity of what I wrote would be more important than the contents. In view of this, I somewhat reversed the situation that had existed and became a thirty-year-old who wrote about "everything" to my sixty-year-old friend. Using the letters to Mr. Sixty as a sort of diary, I gave him not only the feeling that I was his friend, but also that he was now, in turn, a "trustworthy fellow man" for me.

Mr. Sixty discussed every detail in my life in his letters, occasionally making quite helpful remarks, for which he was regularly thanked. In this way, the correspondence grew and grew, until 9-1/2 months after its beginning it amounted to:

8 letters of mine with 25-1/2 single-spaced pages and
7 letters of Mr. Sixty with 19-1/2 single-spaced pages.

His seventh letter brought the following statement: "No matter what else you may or may not do, you have put something into my life, some faith and good-will, or courage and social feeling, which I sorely needed and which no one else was ever able to put there."

The correspondence continued for nearly another four years. There were:

another 10 letters of mine with 30 pages and
another 8 letters of Mr. Sixty with 30 pages.

In June, 1932, I arranged for another encouraging experience for Mr. Sixty, all the way from Egypt. In my files pertaining to my activity as honorary secretary of the New York Circle of Individual Psychology, I found a letter of November, 1930, written by a 52-year-old mechanic, who had been in a poor psychic state at the time. Even two years later, I figured the mechanic could probably still use whatever psychological help Mr. Sixty could give him.

Twelve Lives

The man had been to some of the Adlerian lectures at the Park Central Hotel and wrote that his "inferiority complex" prevented him from speaking up in the question periods. He did, however, state in writing a few subjects he would like the lecturers to address.

At that time I asked a student of mine to offer his friendship to the man, but the mechanic wrote back that he had: "a touch of Walt Whitman inferiority," i.e., that he enjoyed mingling only with people who were his mental inferiors and did not want to meet "expert psychologists who might have a good time seeing things in me which I might be unconscious of and which they would be afraid to tell me about."

In view of the man's reticence, I wrote him in my letter that Mr. Sixty was not a professional psychologist, but just a man with similar experiences as his own. Their similar ages should also help in establishing a friendship.

The mechanic promptly wrote to Mr. Sixty, who answered immediately. Only a day or two later, Mr. Sixty received a long letter starting: "I think you must be a genius, certainly a genius in analysis. If you are not a practicing psychologist, I cannot imagine anyone who would have a better right to be. And I thought I had covered psychology rather well myself!" The two men kept up the correspondence for some time, until the mechanic moved to Chicago, where he had a brother.

Some time after this experience, Mr. Sixty wrote to me that, "The reason why you did not hear from me these last ten months was that it seemed to me that I should talk and write less, and live more and differently. This I have been trying to do."

Unluckily, Mr. Sixty had little time and opportunity left to live differently. As Mrs. Sixty revealed after her husband's death, he had had heart trouble for five years, but he never complained to me about it. Only on March 29, 1935, about a year before his death, did he write in his last letter: "I am having great difficulty in reading your letter and writing a reply. I am not feeling at all well, and in fact, my heart and lungs are in bad condition."

Quite possibly one of the last things Mr. Sixty had read was a letter I wrote to him dated July 25, 1935, for -- as I later learned from Mrs. Sixty--he was blind for ten months before his death from heart trouble on May 28, 1936.

Epilogue

Passages from Mrs. Sixty's letter of September 12, 1936:

"He was taken to the hospital eight days before he died and I was with him night and day. On his last day, he said he found heaven when he found me."

"He was very fond of you and it made him happy to get your letters. Your friendship meant a great deal to him. He often talked to me about you."

"Had you known his mother, you could have readily understood the hatred that he had for people."

"In the past three years, he had more tolerance and kindness for people and tried so hard to be different."

Post-Scriptum

If I were to get a gravestone for Mr. Sixty, I would have the following carved into it:

"Here lies Mr. Sixty, the man who by giving me the opportunity to do for him, in the seventh decade of his life, what his mother had not done in his first five years, has caused me to discover what my life's work should be.

Anthony M. Bruck"

Conversation Time:

Some 25 hours, in the course of seven months.

Group Evening Time:

Some 20 hours with the group, formed exclusively for the benefit of Mr. Sixty.

Final Comments

It might be useful to point out the great difference between the work needed to help Mr. Sixty and that needed in the other, previously discussed cases.

In the other cases, I either had to gradually explain, or first discover and then explain the origin of the problem and what could be done about it, but Mr. Sixty needed no explanation of anything. He knew his problem all too well. He was also well aware of the origin of his problem-causing idea that others were "hostile or indifferent," and on the basis of his readings of Adlerian books, doubted the justification of this idea. His complaint was that his intellectual doubting did not change his *feelings* and that he still *felt* that others were "hostile or indifferent."

The ordinary psychological approach to problems of "feeling" is via the route of thoughts, thoughts like "nobody likes me or is interested in me" are discussed, their origin is pointed out, they are shown to be unjustified generalizations, and the consultee is encouraged to try to awaken the interest of people in him and get them to like him. The efforts of the consultee in this respect are regularly discussed, errors in his approach are gradually eliminated, and partial successes are hailed as encouraging milestones. The consultee thus gradually gets to feel differently about people and learns to win them.

Mr. Sixty was not amenable to the usual approach; he did not want to be taught how to go out and win people. He wanted the others to come and convince him that they were not hostile or indifferent to him.

This was doubtlessly "asking too much," but remembering Adler's teaching about the psychologist's task of fulfilling the tasks of the mother if she has failed to do it, I accepted the challenge, and at 30, became the second "mother" of a man of 60.

I did give Mr. Sixty the feeling that he could count on me absolutely and when I had gotten him to feel: "*You* are not hostile or indifferent," I organized a group with the purpose of giving him the opportunity to feel that others were not necessarily hostile or indifferent either. The group, constantly cautioned by me before Mr. Sixty's arrival or after his earlier departure due to his two-hour-long trip home, had done its job well, and as Mrs. Sixty reported later: "In the past three years, he had more tolerance and kindness for people and tried so hard to be different."

Guiding Principles

PART THREE: GUIDING PRINCIPLES

GATHERING INFORMATION

Occasionally, I have used a familiar or freshly invented device to facilitate the gathering of general information. Some of these devices are as follows.

1. Making consultees talk about themselves in the third person.
If the question is phrased accordingly, consultees are likely to slide into this type of self-study without taking clear notice of it or bothering to change what they say over into the first person form.

Saying things about ourselves, particularly if they are unpleasant, is usually easier if we speak as if talking about a stranger, rather than saying:

I am pretty headstrong.
I like things my own way.
I am a pretty hard guy to describe.
I know what I want.

Chances are that consultees would say only one or two things about their "I," and these probably would not be the most negative things; whereas, a question in the third person is like an invitation to analyze ourselves, as if we were a third person.

2. Reductive Naming.
When one woman referred (by letter) to her experience of being abducted and raped at 15, I proposed that we call that experience "exat15" in our further correspondence. In her reply, she approvingly remarked that this was "a good expression." The invented name gave the experience a more bearable character.

Similarly, talking to one husband about his auto-erotic practices, I reduced "masturbation" to "mas." This reductive naming made it easier for him to bear the awareness of his practices.

3. Listing worse things than the one which consultees are reluctant to name.
When one man was reluctant to state what the "something terrible" he had come to me about was, I offered that I could imagine that he might suffer from:

Guiding Principles

necrophilia,
murder preceded by rape,
rape of children, or
zoophilia.

In this way, by the time I came to list "homosexuality," he was glad to state: "That's it," as his supposed affliction seemed to him less degrading than any of the peculiarities previously listed.

*

GATHERING INFORMATION RELEVANT TO THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

The most important element in this technique are the questions. In personal conversation, every statement of the consultee is likely to trigger a new question, the nature of which cannot be predicted. It depends on what the co-thinker expects to be relevant at that moment.

On the other hand, the Questionnaire (see page 198) sent to people in other cities, or given to local people to be answered before or instead of personal conversations, is the same for everyone and must, therefore, contain questions known usually to elicit relevant information.

I have used the Questionnaire at the end of this Part for some 50 years. The questions can be grouped as follows:

Question 1 refers to the consultee's present difficulties.

Questions 2 to 6 refer to the usual childhood experiences:

Q2: the physical constitution and aspect,

Q3: the social and economic position of the family,

Q4: the family constellation,

Q5: the fact of being a boy or a girl, and above all,

Q6: the formative education.

Question 7 is intended to elicit some examples of personality traits as they already existed in childhood. It may bring out early general attitudes toward the self, difficulties, others, and the other sex.

Question 8 is expected to elicit more details about the formative period and its early results, especially in Childhood Recollections.

Question 9 seeks to ascertain how individuals see themselves and life in

Guiding Principles

general, when they dream.

Question 10 is about the individual's special interests.

Question 11 relates to the individual's fears.

Questions 12-14 elicit how the individual tries to solve the three life problems all of us have to face:

Question 12: The Individual and Others

Question 13: Occupation

Question 14: Man and Woman (Love and Sex)

Question 15 refers, again, to the consultee's present difficulties.

These 15 questions contain no magic, yet many people have been partially helped by the process of answering them, even before submitting their answers to me. While they usually were not aware of just what had benefitted them, they found that their feeling and thinking were freer from irritation, dissatisfaction, and resentment than before.

Among the Lives, those discussed "par distance" probably best show the value of the Questionnaire, as it helped elicit extensive written material on the problem.

In the person-to-person consultations, the answers to the Questionnaire often brought enough material for me to construct a "portrait" of the consultees, which they recognized as correct and which helped them to understand themselves. Sometimes the answers led me to ask additional questions which proved to be relevant and revealing. Occasionally, a question can be singled out as one that brought an answer which greatly advanced the understanding of the problem, for both consultee and co-thinker.

During the conversations, I used to jot down only those potential questions which I felt to be promising, and those which the consultees' answers proved to have been well chosen. Thus, it is not possible to establish from this distance, exactly how many questions were asked.

Also, in personal conversations, when the Questionnaire had not been answered in advance in writing, I did not necessarily ask all fifteen questions. At any rate, I asked them in the order in which they occurred to me, rather than rattling them off from the list.

Guiding Principles

HELPING THE CONSULTEE TO UNDERSTAND AND CHANGE

In securing information relevant to the solution of the problem, the focus is on showing how co-thinkers procure for themselves an understanding of the problem and its origins. Here, the focus is on what facts and ideas must be presented to the consultees, in order to help them change their thinking. In general, it is not the number of questions that counts, but the comprehensiveness and relevance of the answers. Questions can be brief; it is the answers that should be long and detailed.

Questions can be the result of many years of experience in co-thinking, or of knowledge about the usual human reactions gained from reading, the theater, and observation of life in general. Often they are prompted by statements just made by the consultee. Questions may cause consultees to tell about facts they have long been aware of, without knowing what to make of them. Answers are like pieces of a puzzle; co-thinkers must put them together in a way that will give them, and their consultees, a problem-solving picture.

All the material so useful for understanding the consultee like Childhood Recollections, Formative Education, Social and Economic Position of the Consultee's Family in His(Her) Childhood, Family Constellation, has been obtained in answer to questions. Experience has shown that in personal conversations, consultees tend to give brief answers, not long stories. This necessitates the asking of many questions; while in a self-description, as given in answer to the Questionnaire, fewer questions suffice. Consultees often write pages in answer to a single question.

Guiding Principles

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What are your most outstanding difficulties at present?
Since when have you had them? What else happened when they first arose?
2. What organ inferiorities or inferiorities of appearance did you have as a child? How did you feel about them?
3. What was the social and economic position of your family in your childhood?
4. Make a list of your brothers and sisters and state, next to each name, the number of years by which they are older or younger than you. (Include all that were alive during the first six years of your life, even if they died afterwards.) Give examples of your relationship with each sibling.
5. How did you feel about being a boy or a girl? What made you feel that way? Have you since changed your opinion?
6. What was the behavior of your father and mother toward you? And that of other adults during your childhood? What was your behavior toward them? State examples and incidents.
7. What were your outstanding personality traits when you were a child? Give examples that show these traits.
8. What are the things you usually remember of your early childhood? If you do not have such usual recollections, state those that come into your mind on reading this question. Please number your recollections in the order of their appearance.
9. Relate some dreams that you have had and indicate when you had them. Give special attention to dreams that you have had repeatedly. Try to relate your dreams to the circumstances that prevailed in your life at the time of each dream.
10. What are you most interested in?
11. What are you most afraid of? Why?
12. Write about your friends, past and present. Describe your enemies, if you have any.
13. Why did you choose the profession you have or are studying for? Is there another one you would have preferred? Which one? Why?
14. How do you feel about the other sex in general and about some of its members in particular? Describe your premarital sex life, and if married, your marital life.
15. What would you do if you did not have the difficulties mentioned under #1?

Guiding Principles

General Instructions for answering the questionnaire:

- I. Never make a statement referring to the past, without stating your age at the time to which the statement refers.
- II. In answering questions referring to your childhood, try to remember experiences, feelings and thoughts you had before the age of five. Also report experiences, feelings and thoughts after that age, including some from your adolescence.
- III. When you remember something that does not fit into what you are currently describing, jot it down in a few words, so you will be sure to relate it whenever you get around to it.

**TEN ADOPTED AND ADAPTED ADLERIAN
TEACHINGS**

I consider what I did for my consultees not "therapy," but co-thinking about problem-causing ideas. This co-thinking was based on the following Adlerian concepts.

1. THE MIND IS INDIVISIBLE.

The mind is not split into "the conscious mind" and "the unconscious," as parts that may work against each other. As Adler saw it, the mind is "individuus" in the sense of being "indivisible." Back in 1912, when he originated the term "Individual Psychology," the Latin term "individuus" was translated as "individual." *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* still lists "not divisible" as a primary meaning of the adjective "individual." "Individual Psychology" is the Psychology of the Indivisible Mind. Many people have misunderstood this name, including Freud, who stressed that his Psychoanalysis, too, was a psychology of the individual person, i.e. of "a single and particular being."

Ernest Jones, in his *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (Basic Books Inc., New York, 1961), p.306, says: "Adler had so little access to the unconscious that he soon came to disbelieve its existence." The Freudians have always treated their "unconscious" as the swindlers in Hans Christian Andersen's "The Emperor's New Clothes" treated the clothes they supposedly had woven. According to them, people who do not have "access to the unconscious" are unfit as thinkers.

I have always seen things differently; not to swallow the line about "the unconscious" was one of Adler's greatest contributions to psychotherapy. I got along fine without the Freudian concept of "the unconscious"; as a matter of fact, this "heresy" has been one of the fundamental causes of my quick successes.

Even today, after 40 years of co-thinking and five years of examining my past work, I would say: There is only one mind, indivisible, though people may need help to understand what has gone on and is going on in it.

Guiding Principles

2. WHAT WE MUST CURE IS NOT THE SYMPTOM, BUT THE INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS IT. The task is not:

to fan away the smoke BUT to extinguish the fire,
to lower the fever BUT to cure the illness,
to eliminate the symptom BUT to eliminate the cause.

3. INFERIORITY AND SIGNIFICANCE:

- a) Human beings dislike inferiority and will strive to escape from it.
- b) One can suffer from feelings of inferiority even if quite successful in life.
- c) Nobody is as inferior as he may feel or think himself to be.
- d) Human beings love significance and will strive toward it.
- e) Any loss of significance is a fall toward inferiority.

4. THE EXPERIENCES OF CHILDHOOD HAVE A LIFELONG EFFECT ON THE INDIVIDUAL.

These experiences usually belong to one or more of the following subdivisions:

- a) Physical Constitution and Appearance
- b) The Social and Economic Position of the Family
- c) The Formative Education
- d) The Family Constellation
- e) The Fact of Being a Boy or a Girl.

The reinterpretation of these experiences during the co-thinking process can change their effect. As early as 1913, Adler taught: "It is best to establish a connection as if there were a line from a childhood impression to the present fact. In many cases, one will succeed in drawing the intellectual line along which the individual has hitherto been moving. This is the line of movement along which the life of the individual has unfolded, since his childhood, in a definite pattern."

5. TENDENTIOUS APPERCEPTION (TAP):

People develop a Tendentious Apperception (TAP), which is the tendency to see themselves, others, or events and situations not as they really are, but as they imagine them to be.

Guiding Principles

Because of TAP, people often bring about their experiences.

6. THE TWO TASKS OF THE MOTHER:

a) The first task of the mother is to give the child the feeling that, in case of necessity, he (or she) can absolutely count upon her.

b) The second task of the mother is to get the feeling of community that has grown up between herself and the child to spread in order to encompass the father, the siblings, the relatives, and ultimately, all human beings. If the mother has not completed her two tasks, later on, a psychotherapist will probably have to do so.

I have found that the tasks "of the mother" are really tasks of both parents. Usually, the mother spends more time with the children than the father, but if both are accessible, then the child will count on both, in case of necessity.

7. THE CAUSE OF THE PERSISTENCE OF A SYMPTOM MAY BE IN FRONT OF IT, NOT BEHIND IT.

Symptoms may be used finalistically.

8. DIFFICULTIES EXIST IN ORDER TO BE OVERCOME.

9. TO POSSESS IS NOT ENOUGH; ONLY THE USE OF WHAT WE POSSESS CAN GIVE IT IMPORTANCE. THE MEANING OF ONE'S LIFE DEPENDS ON WHAT ONE DOES WITH WHAT ONE POSSESSES.

10. THE CHIEF TASK OF THE PSYCHOLOGIST IS TO MAKE HIMSELF SUPERFLUOUS.

These last three Adlerian teachings have been of great importance in my own life, as well as in my work with consultees.

HOW TO GET QUICK RESULTS
(ISN'T IT TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?)

THE TOTAL HELPING TIME IN THE TWELVE LIVES

My conversations with most of the consultees ranged from 1/2 hour to 8 1/2 hours, with the longest, Life #12, totaling 45 hours. Due to my efforts to schedule conversations daily or for several hours a day, including each day over weekends, most of the protagonists were helped in two weeks or less. When consultees could come to my office only once a week, or when the mail delivery was involved, then the time was between two and five weeks.

SIX REASONS FOR THE QUICK RESULTS

Reason 1: Seeking Only Relevant Information

One of the most abundant sources of time-wasting in "long therapy" is best illustrated by juxtaposing the quantity of information aimed at in Freudian vs. Bruckian work.

Freud stated, in *The Problem of Lay Analysis* (1928), "...have the patient tell you all his thoughts even if they seem unimportant to him or lacking in sense."

The quotations below from F.C. Schiller's *Logic for Use* (1930) offer a vivid contrast:

"A judge or an advocate cannot follow all the conceivable ramifications into the infinite. He must draw the line between the circumstances which he considers *relevant*, that is, helpful to his purpose, and those which are not. He must make up his mind about the facts ... which have a bearing on the case... and those which are irrelevant. He concentrates on the really vital and essential points; the more he can do so, the more expeditiously can the case be decided and the better will the decision be."

"... for any human purpose we consider only the part which seems to us likely to further our inquiry and to solve our problems."

"... at the outset, the pertinent area is relatively large. It contains the

Guiding Principles

truth we seek, but we do not yet know its whereabouts and it is our business to find out."

" ... the better the reasoning, the more rapidly it will contact the *relevant*."

"...we have the right to select the *humanly valuable* part, the right to desist from vain attempts to include everything in a whole world which could only be chaos."

"...selection by ... willed, purposive, and rational concentration upon *the point*."

"... *relevance* avows its dependence on the purpose and needs of the moment."

"...most minds are apt to include too much and to clog themselves with much that is irrelevant."

F.C. Schiller, a respected professor of philosophy at the University of Southern California at the time of the publication of *Logic for Use*, insuperably points out the mistake in the method of Freud and probably also of the majority of today's psychoanalysts, but a note to the preceding juxtaposition is in order. Though I was in New York in 1930, I did not learn about the publication of Schiller's *Logic for Use* at that time. I read it much later, in April, 1968.

As a child, I had learned the principle of relevance and the utility of pertinent questioning by listening to my father, an attorney-at-law in Southern Hungary, decades before the appearance of Schiller's book. Later, several years before the publication of that book, I watched Adler select details from the lives of people that gave him important information about each individual he was concerned with, while neglecting other details.

Supposedly "a pupil" of Freud, Adler had deviated from Freud's teachings also in regard to eliciting from a consultee "all his thoughts." In a similar situation as the judge and advocate in Schiller's book, Adler evidently evolved by himself the method of asking questions about facts that seemed to him *relevant*, even though he may never have used this term, using "important" instead.

Guiding Principles

Reason 2: Not Scheduling 50-Minute Hours

Early in my co-thinking work, I noticed that people became more and more ready to say important things at the end of an hour. (With me an hour was always a full hour.) Perhaps they, too, became tired out by so much thinking and were less preoccupied with appearing in a good light ("to edit themselves" as Czech movie director Milos Forman puts it), or they had just begun to think themselves deeply enough into their problem.

Scheduling conversations at least an hour and a half apart, I always had time for a 70-minute hour, if this seemed to be promising results, or for conversations of 1-1/2 hours or 2 hours, and even of 2-1/2 hours. The usual half-hour between two consultees could also be used for re-thinking the conversation just finished or for planning ahead for the next one.

Reason 3: Making Oneself Superfluous

I have always tried to live up to Alfred Adler's precept, "The chief task of the psychologist is to make himself superfluous" and even added my own codicil, "as soon as possible." This attitude does not permit any delaying action.

Reason 4: Making the Consultee Do Homework

This is especially important when the consultee's income is low and his financial obligations are numerous. One way to reduce the cost of co-thinking is to have the consultee answer the Questionnaire (page 198) before the first or second conversation and to bring it along.

Discussing a detailed answer to the Questionnaire may take two or three hours, particularly as the co-thinker, while reading it, may ask a number of additional questions. If the co-thinker is willing to read the as yet undiscussed answers in the time between two conversations, and to jot down additional questions to be asked, two or three hours of conversation time can be saved.

Another method of speeding up matters is to have the consultee report in writing on his thoughts after each conversation, either mailing his text in, or if there is no time for that, to have him bring the text to the next conversation.

Similarly, in "par distance" work (correspondence by mail), having the consultee present his case first, by answering the Questionnaire, and then working on new questions or thinking

Guiding Principles

assignments, cuts down considerably on the time the co-thinker invests.

Reason 5: Not Leaving the Work "To George"

Many psychotherapists "let George do it," in the sense that they expect the consultee to work himself out of his difficulties by talking about himself in their presence. They do not *reflect upon* what the consultee says, like thinking human beings; they *reflect back* what he says as if they were reflectors, in the sense of sound-reflecting devices.

As a co-thinker, I reflected upon what I was told, both during and between conversations. To me, every problem brought in was a task to think about, requiring work toward extensive and lasting results, as fast as possible. I constantly reflected on which terms and ideas already "in stock" would be effective, and constantly invented new ones or adapted others. Above all, I focused on asking questions that would bring relevant answers.

Reason 6: The Characteristics of An Effective Co-Thinker

Alfred Adler used to mention four such characteristics:

1. "Sensitivity in the fingertips," i.e., the ability to sense when and how to explain things to the consultee.
2. Capacity to feel and think oneself into the feeling and thinking of the consultee. The co-thinker must not co-suffer; he must co-think, based on his ability to sense what the consultee is feeling and thinking, even before asking about it.
3. Sharpness of hearing: the ability to detect even apparently insignificant and quickly passing manifestations of the consultee, looking for the nuances of terms used and their implications.
4. A fine "epidermis": Summing up the undefinable ways in which a co-thinker senses the personality of a consultee, Adler used to say, "a good psychologist feels with his epidermis what type of person is sitting opposite him."

*

We might add six more characteristics, all of which help to do quick, extensively useful and lasting work:

Guiding Principles

5. “Tellability” and “unshockability”: My “tellability” greatly helped consultees tell me about any problem they were having. They felt my desire to help, and also found me “unshockable.” Through international reading, living, and theater-going, I had acquired a “freedom from flappability,” so that no matter what “terrible thing” I was told, I always saw it as merely one more human mistake from which I had to help the consultee free himself.

6. “Axlessness”: The consultee must be able to feel that the co-thinker has no ax to grind, not even a “moral” or “ethical” ax; that he can tell the co-thinker anything without the danger of triggering sermons or moral indignation.

7. Impartiality: Especially when the co-thinker converses with both marriage partners, he must clearly be impartial and not allow himself to be drawn into either camp in the conflict. If the co-thinker tells about the feelings and thinking of the partner, it must be particularly clear that he does so only in the interest of mutual understanding and that he does not take sides.

8. “Placing on zero”: Adler used this expression taken from the roulette game, to indicate that the psychologist must not appear too eager to “solve the case,” to the point that the consultee will discover his ability to reward or irritate the psychologist by his actions or omissions.

9. Ability to face the consultee all through the conversation: Sitting behind the head of the “patient,” as psychoanalysts generally do, is good for dozing off, pipe-dropping and pants-burning, but it does not enable the consultee to see and feel consistently that the co-thinker not only acts “as if” he were truly interested but actually is, that he has co-feeling, and that he earnestly searches for the best and quickest way to help.

Consultees easily spot fake interest in a therapist's face, and they should not give up the opportunity of watching him all the time. They should run from any therapist who wants to sit behind them and not face them.

10. Equality with the consultee: To speak freely, a consultee must feel that the co-thinker does not look down upon him but considers him his equal, despite the differences in knowledge in the field and the mistakes the consultee has made.

I have always shared the attitude of the medieval German

Guiding Principles

schoolteacher. The story goes that this teacher used to greet his pupils every morning by taking off his cap to them. When asked why he did so, he said, "I know who I am, but I do not know who they will become." One of the pupils was Martin Luther.

No therapist can know what his consultee will make of himself if truly helped. People who seek psychological help are not "weak," "inferior," "incapable," or suffering from any other unsheddable handicaps. They are merely in temporary difficulties because of problem-causing ideas.

Marcel Breuer, the architect, said in a television interview, "The artist works on a high level of feeling; the technician works on a high level of logic." The co-thinker, to use Breuer's terms, must be both artist and technician, both sensitive and logical.

THE EXTENT AND DURATION OF THE EFFECT: (ARE QUICK RESULTS INFERIOR RESULTS?)

We hear much talk about "substitution of other symptoms" for those given up. This can occur only if the help given a consultee was a mere "symptom-cure," with no real change in feeling, thinking, and action. In 1949, I heard about research done at the University of Minnesota on the effect of psychotherapeutic help given seven years after the therapy. The findings were so disastrous that the University decided not to publish them.

Convinced that my results would be better, quick though my work had been, in the next ten years I made special efforts to get information on or visit former consultees. On my personal visits, I was enthusiastically received, and reinvited together with friends.

The husbands and wives I had professionally conversed with, often decades earlier, had no new psychosomatic symptoms or plaguing ideas, and their behavior toward each other was as good, if not better, than right after the original conversations. Evidently, the former consultees had lastingly and extensively profited from their co-thinking with me.

*

I hope these statements will not be viewed as self-praise or self-delusion. I am not inclined to either. I am satisfied with the consciousness of having helped a thousand or more people in my 40 years of co-thinking and seek no public acclaim.

Guiding Principles

As I am not in and do not wish to go back into practice, I trust I shall not be said to be doing propaganda for myself. However, I freely admit that I am greatly interested in propaganda in favor of co-thinking as a method of psychological help that nearly all people in the United States can afford, or that can be given by co-thinkers in public agencies without overwhelming costs for their communities.

Guiding Principles

**PART FOUR: “VISIBILIZED”
ADLERIAN PSYCHOLOGY**

FIVE FIELDS OF STRIVING

(See Charts #1 & #2 in the Appendix: pages 236 & 237.)

The central idea of Adlerian Psychology is the striving of an individual to overcome difficulties and to attain superiority or significance. The movement is from a real or imagined position of down to up, from minus to plus, from inferiority to significance. We can distinguish five fields in which the striving of an individual takes place and represent them by five upward-pointing arrows, as in Chart #1 in the Appendix. The feeling of inferiority is a form of pain; significance is a form of pleasure.

Each person has some pleasures and significance which he desires more than all others. Our happiness depends on how high up we are in each of the five fields. Many people, particularly those who have made mistakes in the past, have a tendency to feel very low in one of the fields. The feeling of inferiority can be used as a stimulus for striving, or as a blockade and an excuse for not striving. An individual who feels blocked from achievement in one field may cross over to another field and compensate or over-compensate for his feeling of inferiority.

PHYSICAL FIELD: (ARROW 1)

The experience of individuals with organ deficiencies; ill health; weakness; physical handicaps; ugliness; real or perceived abnormalities of height, weight, or size; masculine characteristics in a female; or feminine characteristics in a male, all provide the potential for exaggerated striving for significance. These feelings and others can also be used as a blockade and an excuse for not striving in the physical or other fields.

INTELLECTUAL FIELD: (ARROW 2)

Experiencing ourselves as intellectually inferior, particularly compared to others, provides fertile ground for striving toward significance. This striving can lead to the development of excellence in the positive extreme or avoidance of intellectual pursuits in the negative. If an exaggerated feeling of intellectual inferiority persists, the striving will usually cross into one or more of the other fields, often in an unusual way.

PSYCHOLOGICAL FIELD: (ARROW 3)

An awareness of negative traits, whether real or imagined, can lead to a feeling of psychological inferiority. Some people suffer because they know they are hostile to other people. Fear of negative experiences or fear there is something wrong with us because of our family background or heredity, all can lead to a feeling of psychological insufficiency. A courageous striving to overcome these feelings would

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

lead to a movement of developing ourselves as people of character, as people who are liked and admired.

SOCIAL FIELD: (ARROW 4)

Perceptions of being alone, being abandoned, not being loved, being excluded or coming from the “wrong side of the tracks,” are examples of the feeling of social inferiority. Developing a feeling of belonging, a feeling of being with others, of being valued and approved of reflect positive striving for social significance.

ECONOMIC FIELD: (ARROW 5)

Poverty, financial distress, and the feeling of not keeping up with the standards of the world as depicted on television and in commercials, often lead to the feeling of economic inferiority. These feelings may lead to striving for basic employment security, a good income, or the accumulation of great wealth.

USING THE "FIVE FIELDS OF STRIVING" CHART:

One of Adler's important teachings is: “Nobody is as inferior as he or she might come to think.” Those who seem to be superior to us may not be so superior. They may not be globally superior, just in some fields. Individuals must be assessed globally to be really understood.

In Cairo, Egypt, I met a young man who came to me and said, “I have a date at two o'clock in the afternoon with the most beautiful girl in the world, and I want you to give me the courage to go on the date.”

I said, “Well, that leaves us with about three quarters of an hour, but I will try.” This young man's face was covered with pock marks. When he was twelve years old, he had smallpox, which was frequent in this part of the world. The people in the street were very nasty about his disfigurement; they shouted at him about it. Even the most lowly beggar in the street felt superior to him and made fun of him. The young man ran to and from school, so he would be exposed to less of the ridicule of the people in the streets. However, this concentration on being home had its good effects. He learned to play the violin and became the first chair in the Cairo orchestra. The Vienna opera and part of the Vienna ballet were in Cairo, and one of the ballet dancers had asked him to show her the city. The young man was afraid that she had not seen his pock-marked face, because she had asked him to escort her in a darkened area behind the scenery. Maybe she hadn't noticed the pock marks and maybe when he met her in the full daylight, she would say, “Oh I didn't see this; I cannot go with you.” He saw only his inferiority and let the inferiority direct his life.

What I saw was quite different. I saw the inferiority, too, but I didn't find that it counted as much as he did, because globally the young man was a very attractive person. First of all, he had the figure of a Greek god. I told him he looked like Michelangelo's David. Quite

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

possibly, the girl had noticed his wonderful figure, as well. Also, she may have noticed his pock marks, but in the semi-darkness, his figure may have made the greater impression on her. He was a refined young man, too. He played the violin beautifully, and I could imagine that the girl, who had heard him play in the orchestra, was interested in him. I told him her possible romantic interest in him would be the “maximum” he could expect. The “minimum” would be that the girl thought he would be more decent than the other Egyptian men whom she had contacted. The Viennese girls had to travel in pairs, and even so the Egyptian young men stood in the halls, pushing each other against the girls and treating them rudely. Something the girls were not used to in Vienna. I imagined that under these circumstances, the girl picked someone who she felt would not be vulgar toward her. I told him, “If you go, the 'minimum' is certain and the 'maximum' is very possible.” So he went to the meeting that afternoon.

The next day he appeared in my office at the same hour, threw up his arms and said, “It's 'the maximum!' ”

I had helped him see himself globally, not only his inferiorities, but also his advantages. The role of even the most visible inferiority is determined by the individual's attitude toward the inferiority. The individual must be encouraged, but not merely by words or nice talk. He must be encouraged to develop a different way of seeing inferiorities.

The psychologist must help individuals see their inferiorities, even if they are real and lasting, as inconveniences, not as handicaps. We must help them to use their inferiorities as stimuli, which make them develop their assets

Chart #2 in the Appendix (page 237) offers examples of inferiority/pain and significance/pleasure within the five fields of striving.

THE TREE OF LIFE

(See Chart # 3 in the Appendix: page 238.)

Chart #3 describes graphically an overall conception of Individual Psychology. The main parts of the tree are:

- a) The five "Roots" representing the formative period in which the "Style of Life" is formulated.
- b) The "Personality Core" which is my term for "Style of Life."
- c) The three main life tasks: Other People, Occupation, Love & Sex.

THE FIVE ROOTS

Adler distinguished the first five years of life as the formative period in which the “Style of Life” is formulated. So when we examine the life of individuals, we must pay considerable attention to the five roots shown at the bottom of the “Tree of Life.” From these roots, individuals absorb experiences and perceptions which they will use to solve even the smallest details of the three life problems.

ROOT ONE: Health and Appearance

Weakness, illness, sickliness, organ inferiorities, physical appearance, and the individual child's interpretation of these will play a positive, neutral, or negative role in the formation of the individual's personality core.

ROOT TWO: The Social and Economic Position of the Family

How people experience the social and economic environment in their early childhood influences their subsequent attitude toward the tasks of life. When children grow up with maids in the household, they acquire a different social outlook from that of poor children.

In Latin American schools, students are required to wear a school uniform mainly to make the economic differences between their families disappear, as far as possible. In Costa Rica, students have feelings of social inferiority if they live in a district called “El Tejar” (the tile-kiln), because it is automatically assumed that their parents work at tile-making. It is significant if one's home is in “El Centro,” in the center of town, even if the family is poor. On Sundays, young girls walk around the park in the center of town in one direction and young men in the other, with ample opportunity to observe each other to be well-dressed. Gossip soon circulates that some families “eat dresses,” because they often go hungry in order to be able to dress up on Sunday.

ROOT THREE: Parental Attitudes

This is the most important root of the personality. A favorable parental influence can change the effect of any of the roots from a negative to a positive, or vice versa.

Let's take, for instance, the effect of physical handicaps. These can be strongly discouraging and children may completely give up striving as a consequence of them. A positive formative education can get children to try to overcome their handicaps. Recently, on television, I saw a documentary that showed blind people and one-legged people skiing. The film stressed that there is a difference between looking at our infirmities as “handicap” or as “inconvenience.” Parents should develop a “nevertheless” attitude in their children.

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

In connection with Root Two, poverty is a handicap, but it also may be turned into the foundation for a particularly strong striving to move “up.” The formative education given by the parents largely determines whether children will strongly strive or merely accept poverty as an unchangeable curse.

In the following example, we see how a mother's miseducation fueled her daughter's inferiority feeling and influenced her life. A Swedish-born woman, whom I met in the United States when she was about fifty, told me how she had escaped from her native Sweden at age eighteen, after suffering all through her earlier life from the consciousness of being brown-haired and not blond. She was barely able to understand words when her mother, who had borne six blond daughters before her, began to tell her: “You have been born dark-haired because you came at a time when I wanted to take a trip around the world with your father and he canceled the trip because I was pregnant.” The mother never relented in causing her seventh daughter to feel inferior; consequently, when this very jittery eighteen-year old young lady was on a trip to Copenhagen to pay the dressmaker for the clothes of her mother and six sisters, she took the money and used it for a trip away from the inferiority position she had at home. Once in the United States, she soon got married, and her hair has proven no obstacle to being loved.

ROOT FOUR: The Family Constellation

According to Adlerian Psychology, each position in the family constellation has different consequences. Being a second child, for instance, often is a stimulus toward striving. Second children usually try to get ahead of their older brother or sister.

Youngest children are often overindulged, and as a result, become self-overindulging. No position in the family constellation, however, brings an obligation toward a certain type of development. Many youngest children strive to get ahead of older brothers and sisters.

We call a child who has the position between, let's say, two outstandingly intelligent, studious brothers, the “buffer child.” He will either make efforts to keep up with the others, or become discouraged and give up striving.

Among other influences within the family circle, whether the grandparents live in the household, or the children see them only seldom makes a great difference. In Latin America, I had a high school student who described, in a childhood recollection, how she had been playing her maternal grandparents against each other. She went to the grandmother when she was alone and told her, “I like you better than Grandfather.” Then she managed to catch her grandfather alone and told him, “I like you better than Grandmother.” The two old people often fought with each other over whom the little girl loved more. Each of

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

them made efforts to keep being her favorite, while the little girl enjoyed both the gifts she obtained and watching the fights.

ROOT FIVE: Gender Roles

In the United States, parents usually are equally glad if a boy or a girl is born to them, though I have heard of a mother who said, "What should I do with a boy? You can't put ribbons in his hair."

In traditionalist countries, the fathers prefer boys. In North Africa, I once asked a father to come to my Child Guidance Clinic, because his nine-year-old daughter was evidently discouraged about being "only a girl." A definite pattern of discouragement showed up in a composition she had written on what she wanted to be when she grew up. She wrote, "I think I will become an attorney or a secretary. I also would like to be an aviatrix, but maybe I will become a salesgirl."

I didn't tell the father about the composition, but it soon became evident that he was the cause of his daughter's self-doubts. He stated, "You know, Mr. Bruck, a girl is a promissory note one will have to pay some day, while a boy is a draft one will cash some day." According to his world view, daughters are a burden because their fathers have to give a dowry to get them off their hands; whereas, boys are likely to take over the family business and support their aging fathers.

After a lecture of mine in which I mentioned the North African father, a young Chinese woman told me that Chinese fathers prefer boys because the boys carry on the family name.

THE STYLE OF LIFE : PERSONALITY CORE

The trunk of the "Tree of Life" is what I call the "Personality Core." We can consider Adler's "Style of Life" to be composed of these five attitudes:

- The attitude toward self.
- The attitude toward difficulties.
- The attitude toward others.
- The attitude toward the other sex.
- The attitude toward life.

These attitudes represent the confluence of the five "roots." The individual uses these pre-formed dispositions to face the three life problems.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARD SELF

The North African girl whose father considered her a promissory note and the Swedish girl whose mother made her feel inferior because she was not blond are good examples of how parents create a "negative attitude toward self" in their children. Individuals with a positive attitude toward self are usually courageous. Such people are probably self-demanding, want to get ahead in life, and want to take action. In our work as consultants, we often see individuals with discouraged or negative attitudes toward themselves. I have invented a chart to illustrate the complaints of such people and I suggest the "Perhaps Bridge" to get them to a more encouraged, positive attitude.

In "Breaking Out of the Vicious Circle of Discouragement," Chart #6 in the Appendix (page 241), at point A, individuals feel and think, "I cannot do it." Then at point B, they do not even try. As a result, at point C, they have no encouraging experiences. Then at point A again, they continue to feel and think, "I cannot do it." They go on with a negative attitude toward self.

To help people get out of their vicious circles, we have to find ways to give them the "Perhaps Bridge" over to the "Beneficial Circle of Self-Encouragement." If they feel, "perhaps I can do it" at point A, then at point B, they open themselves to new experiences and keep trying. Finally, at point C, they make their own encouraging experiences. The result is a self-encouraging feeling: "I can do it."

If people encounter some failures, we must show them what has caused these failures, helping them to develop better ways of meeting difficulties, so they can build an improved attitude toward self.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARD DIFFICULTIES

Adler used to say: "Difficulties exist in order to be overcome;" and "It is a tragedy for a person not to have had difficulties to overcome in his or her childhood."

The attitude toward difficulties is an outgrowth of the attitude toward self. If the attitude toward the self is good, if the person is self-confident, the attitude toward difficulties is likely to be good. Lack of self-confidence, however, generally leads the person to see difficulties as bigger than they actually are.

Through the striving to overcome difficulties, the child learns to trust himself and to fight and solve problems in childhood and during later life. "Approaching a Task," Chart #8 in the Appendix (page 243), illustrates this situation. The individual with "normal self-confidence" is likely to think of difficulties, for instance, three years of junior high school and three years of senior high school, as a sequence of challenges to overcome. When he has finished the first year of high school, he feels he already is a sophomore. Having finished the second year, the individual with normal self-confidence feels like a third year student and

so on. It is like mounting a ladder and each completed year of study means one more rung of the ladder attained.

On the other hand, the individual with insufficient self-confidence fixes his eyes on the final result, graduation from high school. Instead of seeing six individual years to be successively passed through, he sees before him, "The Big Objective." This objective is at least six times as big in his mind as the individual years of the self-confident person. Accordingly, he will strive for a while toward "The Big Objective." But, of course, he will fall short because the goal is too high. He will become discouraged, strive less strongly, until finally he enters a period of lingering. While he may remain in school, he will not strive. There may follow a second year of striving, discouragement and lingering, and maybe a third year, but this time discouragement leads to dropping out. If the student gives up striving, his discouragement is likely to make him take the road to neurosis.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARD OTHERS

The third attitude developed in the roots is the attitude toward others. "Mr. Sixty" (Life #12) is an example of a negative attitude. All his life, he had been convinced that others were either hostile or indifferent. At one time, he stated, "How can one fail to believe that others are hostile if one's mother has been hostile?" Expecting hostility or indifference on the part of others, he naturally kept to himself all his life.

In his book, *Civilization and Its Discontents*, Freud asked, "Why should I love my fellow man?" When someone reported this to Adler, he responded, "I don't know why he should, but he will see what happens if he doesn't."

The "Feeling of Community," Chart #5 in the Appendix (page 240), shows the ideal attitude toward others. Reading the chart from the center outward, we see that the individual first becomes aware of himself and then, usually, his relationship with his "Mother." Beyond that, he discovers his relationship with the "Family," which includes the father, brothers and sisters and more distant relatives, especially those who live in the home. Beyond the family circle, the individual develops feelings of community with people belonging to "Nation," "Races," "Religions," (all) "Men," (all) "Women," and the "World." Each circle represents psychological growth of the individual as soon as it is entered, but it may also become a psychic trap, if the individual does not grow beyond it. We all know individuals who got trapped in the "myself and my mother" circle.

The ideal development for each individual is attained in a feeling of community with all human beings. For this to happen, we must build bridges across all psychic circles that separate human beings. The only ideal worthy of humanity today is an unlimited feeling of community.

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

“Social Seesaws,” Chart #7 in the Appendix (page 242), illustrates graphically the common dilemma of alternating between feeling inferior and superior to others. Feeling inferior to others leads to avoidance, self-protection, dependency, distance, and protest within the self. Feeling superior to others leads to domination, depreciation, punishment, distance, and protest within the other. The feeling of equality leads to cooperation, appreciation, intimacy, and the elimination of protest from either person.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARD THE OTHER SEX

Root Five, “The Fact of Being A Boy or A girl” plays a very large part in determining a person's attitude toward the other sex. Some fifty years before women's liberation, Adler established the term “masculine protest” which is actually the protest of a female against the fact of being a female. The idea is that the girl protests against being what some people call “only a woman.”

Certain situations in the family constellation promote this idea. For instance, a girl between two brothers in the sibling birth order may become a tomboy, because she wants to play with the brothers and doesn't want to be isolated. If a girl gets a strong impression that to be female is to be inferior, she will protest, so much so that it may interfere with how she approaches the task of “Man and Woman” or either of the other two tasks of life.

Adler also pointed out the masculine protest in men. Faced with an exaggerated ideal of masculinity, men may also protest the narrow confines of this unreachable goal.

The “Social Seesaw” chart illustrates three positions of the “Self” and the results likely for each position. Cooperation, appreciation, and intimacy can be achieved only when “Self” perceives the “Other” as of equal value.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE

Adler said, “There is no general meaning of life. Each life has only that meaning which its owner gives to it.” The understandings that people reach during the time of the formation of the “Roots” of their personality will form their character traits, their concept of life, and their ideas about significance. We must remember that children have creative powers and with these creative powers, they interpret the world around them and experience that world. Mistakes are often made, and as Adler said, “All we can do is advance from bigger to smaller mistakes.”

FOUR WAYS OF LIVING

(See Chart #4 in the Appendix: page 239.)

Described below are typical attitudes toward life and the approaches toward the three problems of life to which they lead.

THE SOCIAL ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE

CHARACTER TRAITS: Social or normal individuals have self-confidence and co-feeling.

CONCEPT OF LIFE: They believe they must cooperate with others.

TYPICAL MOTTO: "I shall cooperate with others and be useful to many people."

SOCIAL IDEAS ABOUT SIGNIFICANCE: They gain the esteem of all by striving in accordance with their own interests and with the feeling of being "for" others.

**LIFE PROBLEM I
THE OTHERS:** Social people are spontaneous cooperators who recognize the needs of the situation and respond appropriately.

**LIFE PROBLEM II
WORK:** Self-confident people, with a cooperative feeling, will use themselves in a socially useful activity and take initiative.

**LIFE PROBLEM III
LOVE & SEX:** Social people usually have an intense, lasting union with a focus on enhancing their partner's life.

THE DISCOURAGED ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE

- CHARACTER TRAITS: Discouraged or distant individuals display hesitancy and limited co-feeling.
- CONCEPT OF LIFE: They recognize they must not withdraw from others. They consider others vaguely important, not because they are particularly interested in them, but rather because they need them.
- TYPICAL MOTTO: Misunderstanding the importance of connecting with others, they are "with" them only because they need them. They believe: "I must live my own life."
- DISCOURAGED IDEAS ABOUT SIGNIFICANCE: The objective of their idea about life is to be "someone" in their own eyes.
- LIFE PROBLEM I THE OTHERS: At most, co-living, but without much enthusiasm.
- LIFE PROBLEM II WORK: They approach work with limited activity, and just enough commitment to get by.
- LIFE PROBLEM III LOVE & SEX: Because of their hesitancy, they generally achieve merely temporary solutions to the problem.

THE ASOCIAL ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE

- CHARACTER TRAITS: Asocial individuals usually manifest despondency, depression, and an aversion to others. They live "without" other people.
- CONCEPT OF LIFE: They mistrust others.
- TYPICAL MOTTO: "Others must consider my needs." When these needs are not met, they consider life very unfair.

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

ASOCIAL IDEAS

ABOUT SIGNIFICANCE: They seek the consideration of others, but feel no obligation to reciprocate.

LIFE PROBLEM I

THE OTHERS: They manifest egotism, tyranny, and isolation.

LIFE PROBLEM II

WORK: Their occupation is to be preoccupied with themselves.

LIFE PROBLEM III:

LOVE & SEX: The problem of love and sex will be left largely unsolved.

THE ANTISOCIAL ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE

CHARACTER TRAITS: People with an antisocial or criminal attitude toward life display hostility, aggression, and false courage. Adler said that a criminal who uses a pistol has only false courage, not real courage.

CONCEPT OF LIFE: Being "against" leads them to disregard or ignore the impact of their behavior on others and often use force.

TYPICAL MOTTO: Their motto, "I'll show them who I am," expresses an exaggerated striving for significance and carries the implication of the feeling of exaggerated inferiority.

ANTISOCIAL IDEAS

ABOUT SIGNIFICANCE: Antisocial ideas of impulsive indulgence and the absence of consideration for others leads to false significance without happiness.

LIFE PROBLEM I

THE OTHERS: They involve themselves only in relationships with others who share their ideas about aggression and provocation.

LIFE PROBLEM II

WORK:

They strive to live without effort and at the expense of others.

LIFE PROBLEM III

LOVE & SEX:

The idea of "conquest" dominates their antisocial approach to the other sex.

THE "V's" OF CHOICE

(See Chart # 9 in the Appendix: page 244.)

Years ago when I was in Costa Rica, the American Embassy distributed red, white, and blue "V" for victory signs for us to put in our windows to show others that we were not Nazis. The trouble was that the Nazis also sent for the "V's." Suddenly, the homes that we knew were Nazi also had "V's" in the windows -- a sort of side-changing. As I was looking at the "V" in my window, I realized there can be no victory on two sides. There can only be victory on the positive side and failure on the negative side. I remembered how Adler talked about the positive and negative sides of life and how the task of the consultant was to help the consultee to change sides. So I started making attitude "V's" to help people change sides, and I have made some five hundred "V's" since then.

Adler never saw the "V's." They were born fifteen years after his death. I can't say that the "V's" are the tools of Adlerian Psychologists; they are my tools, but I believe they are in the spirit of Adlerian Psychology. I was very glad when Sophia de Vries, who also studied with Adler, recognized the value and Adlerian nature of the "V's" and the other charts I have constructed to illustrate Adlerian Psychology.

I kept the attitude "V's" on cards arranged according to the five attitudes of the Personality Core. These charts have helped consultees recognize themselves and see the alternative choice they could make on the positive side of life. Consultees often found it helpful to construct their own "V's" to identify more precisely their own mistaken attitudes.

In general terms, one arm of a "V" refers to action on the useful, positive side of life, and the other refers to action on the useless, negative side. When people make mistakes in the development of the attitudes toward life and have poor self-confidence, they often become afraid and flee to the negative side when they approach the three problems of life. They will strive there, too, but now for negative significance.

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

When consultees are on the negative side of life, our task is to lead them to the positive, thus enabling them to face their life problems in a positive way, so that they can achieve significance that others approve of, admire, or find useful. Academic psychologists are now realizing that Adler was the first social psychologist because he stressed the difference between socially approved of and socially disapproved of significance, that is, significance which is either useful or useless.

Children with mistaken attitudes learn ways to gain useless significance very early, and often use them in the classroom. In a Latin American grade school, the principal pointed out a ten-year-old boy in the fourth grade who always startled his teacher. I asked the boy point blank, "Why do you startle your teacher?" His answer came back with lightning-like rapidity, "Because I like to see her jump." We can call this boy a "self-amuser" (at the expense of others), but he also gained negative significance by amusing his classmates. The way to positive significance by reading aloud in class was barred to him by his inability to master the textbook, so he strove for the negative significance of "class clown."

RELATIONSHIP TWISTING

(See Chart #10 in the Appendix: page 245.)

Cooperation is essential to a psychologically healthy relationship. If there are significant differences that lead to conflict and the demand that one partner bends to conform to the other's values and preferences, tension and resentment may gradually build, eventually leading to distancing or separating. Compatible attitudes toward the three life tasks generally lead to a united outlook on living, and a lasting union.

***** Editor's Note About the Use of The Charts*****

Charts #1-10 in the Appendix may be shown to clients during therapy sessions. They may not be revised without the consent of Dr. Stein. All the charts are protected by copyright and may not be reproduced or included in publications without permission. For additional information, contact Henry T. Stein, Ph.,D. at (360) 647-5670 or e-mail: htstein@att.net.

Visibilized Adlerian Psychology

Articles

PART FIVE: ARTICLES

VICIOUS CIRCLES

by

Antony Bruck and Hilde Bruck, M.D.

Money lost -- nothing lost,
Honor lost -- much is lost,
Courage lost -- all is lost.
Old Saying.

(Editor's Note: Bruck has already used this case in Part Four: "Visibilized" Adlerian Psychology to illustrate "The Five Fields of Striving" chart. Here he uses it again as further illustration of "The Vicious Circles.")

"I am sorry I didn't call for an appointment, but I am to meet the most beautiful girl in the world two hours from now, and you must give me the courage to keep the date."

"That's a very short time. You will need an hour to get back to town, which leaves only one hour for our talk"

"What a nice, refined young man," I thought. "It is a pity he has those pockmarks on his face."

Ordinarily, I would not have referred to such an obvious inferiority before the caller mentioned it himself, but in view of the time limit, I said: "You probably think those little holes in your face are all that counts. I see more. I see that you have the figure of a Greek god and your eyes show that a deep suffering has made you a very humane person. I wouldn't be surprised if a sensitive young girl could feel these things, too."

The young man was startled. This complete stranger, who had seen him for only five minutes, had told him things about himself he had never thought of. Yet these things were true. He began to feel more hopeful.

The conversation turned to the young man's childhood. Smallpox struck when he was eleven. He suffered during his illness, but more so

Articles

after his recovery. People in the streets made fun of him. Cruel, pitiless playmates called him names. Tormented by the shouts of the mockers, he used to run to and from school. The rest of the time, he stayed at home.

For eight years, he had played the violin some six hours a day, always classical music. Beethoven seemed to express his inner turmoil best. "This explains the eyes," I thought. Then I said: "Did the young lady hear you play?"

"Yes, at the theater. She is in the ballet. I play in the orchestra."

"Doesn't the ballet have its own musicians?"

"Yes, but they needed additional violinists. I was the first among the local men to be employed, after the final try-out."

"Then you must be very good at the violin. Are you as good at making dates?"

"No, I have never had one. The young dancer asked me to show her the city. I never would have dared to speak to her first.

Only a few weeks ago, an attractive young widow, eighteen years old, was visiting with my mother. She asked me to walk her home. When we crossed over to her house, I shouted 'good-bye' to her right in the middle of the driveway, then I ran away. I hadn't the courage to go up to her door. I felt sure she would say: 'Oh, you thought I would ask you in? No man with a face like yours will ever enter my house.'"

I took a piece of paper from my desk. "Look here, this is what you are doing." Then, with the young man looking over my shoulder, I wrote down the following sentences in the form of a circle:

- A. You feel and think: no one can love you.
- B. You run away from women who show interest in you.
- C. You have no encouraging experiences,
and you are back at A: feeling and thinking no one can love you.

There is no reason for you to live in this Vicious Circle. You have an inferiority-focused feeling and thinking. If you look at yourself globally and include your whole person in your thinking, you will realize that there is more to you than those traces of a long-passed illness.

At any rate, I am sure that the girls have seen more in you than you yourself have. The young widow and your 'most beautiful girl in the world' definitely must have been attracted to you."

Articles

“Last night, when the dancer spoke to me, it was rather dark. Maybe she has not really seen my face. If she sees it today, in broad daylight, she might not go with me.”

“That's most improbable. At any rate, if you do not keep the date, you might reproach yourself for a lifetime for having missed your greatest opportunity. The minimum the young girl felt is that she could trust you. But she may also have seen more in you; she may have seen your soul in your eyes. She may have fallen in love with you. Maybe it's love. Maybe it's the maximum.”

By this time, the hour was over. It had been an hour of re-appraisal for the young man. It was clear that he would keep the date.

Next day, the young violinist dropped in again. Radiantly happy, he shouted, right in the doorway: “It is the maximum!”

* * *

Our lives are full of Vicious Circles.

The student who says to himself: “I cannot take the test. I am sure I wouldn't pass it,” and does not even go to the examination;

the young girl who feels and thinks: “I am not attractive enough. Nobody will ever marry me,” and hides away at home;

the handicapped veteran in his wheelchair, who takes the attitude: “I cannot do it. I cannot go back to work,” and continues focusing on his inferiority;

they all do not even give themselves a chance by trying; they all rob themselves of possible encouraging experiences.

WHAT DOES LIFE MEAN TO US?

“We” is the totality of all those personal pupils of Adler who do not feel that an extensive psychological practice alone gives true meaning to our lives, who are not willing to sell or conceal our Adlerian convictions for a professor's chair, and who do not strive to hide that we are pupils of Adler behind the smoke screen of new terminology.

So far, only the most commonplace element of Adlerian psychology has gained world-wide acceptance: the importance of the feeling of inferiority. There is, however, a vastly more important element: Adlerian philosophy. Whatever we may do to make a living, through psychological practice or teaching, we should always consider our main objective in life to fight for recognition of our philosophy as a world-wide basis for education and re-education.

The Feeling of Inferiority

This concept has been “eclecticized” out of Adlerian thought. It is now used by all psychologists, but the ties that united it with the style of life have been torn and it has been misnamed a “complex.” Most people look at it as something psychopathological, something that only “patients” can have, just as if it were a brother of that imaginary Oedipus complex, while in reality, the feeling of inferiority is a perfectly normal consequence of certain clearly traceable facts and circumstances.

We Adlerians should always correct all those who use the expression “inferiority complex” and explain that there exists only a more or less profound and more or less pervading feeling of inferiority. If we do so, we shall get a chance to help people who have protested for years against the idea that they might have an “inferiority complex.”

Adlerian Philosophy

When we work with consultees, we make them see that only by living on the social side of life can they get significance, which will also give them happiness. Yet we should all clearly realize that we do too little if we teach our philosophy only to people who have failed.

We all must try to be what Adler was, teachers of logical living. We should consider our main task in life to be making the world re-

Articles

educate itself, and educate its future generations in such a way that they will have a logical outlook on life from the start.

The world is in crisis because human beings have not yet learned to live logically, i.e. in accordance with their own psychic constitution and the inescapable realities of human co-living. We must make the world understand that the fundamental element of our psychic constitution is the desire for significance. Whatever happiness we get out of life results from some form of significance, whether in the eyes of others in general, in those of one person by whom we particularly want to be considered significant, or only in our own eyes. And, in accordance with the inescapable realities of human co-living, only socially positive significance can give us happiness. The depth of this happiness is directly proportional to the degree of "sociality" of our significance, while asocial or antisocial significance can give merely temporary, superficial satisfaction. International cooperation, this vital necessity of the human race, will never be truly possible until the individuals who make up the smaller components that have to cooperate have learned to live logically, in accordance with the fundamental wisdom here expressed.

Adlerianism is not, in the first place, primarily a method for "curing neuroses," although it is also that. Primarily, it is a philosophy that we must get the world to live, even if some say we are propagating "a new religion," even if some call us "unscientific," even if the psychoanalysts, who think themselves to be so terribly "profound," call us "naive."

Other Psychologies

We are up against a united front of psychoanalysts, medical psychologists, symptom-fighters, eclectics, and givers of good advice, even if they all disagree among themselves as well. These are merely some of those who try to "cure" and "influence" people; Ferdinand Birnbaum, in his "In Memoriam" written at the death of Adler, shows clearly how many psychologies cannot reconcile their ideas with ours, and how in order to join us, they would have to throw practically all their own ideas overboard. They cannot reconcile their methods of symptom-fighting with the idea that mistaken thinking must be changed, in order for the symptoms to disappear and for no new ones to crop up.

We must also consider the economic motive. We cannot make people come for years, make them lie down on a sofa and struggle (it does make them suffer), in order to express every thought and feeling

Articles

that comes into their head; we must try to make our consultees understand the errors in their outlook on life as quickly as possible, and help them become independent from us as soon as possible.

Furthermore, Americans seem to favor technical methods which do not take into account the personality of the psychologist or therapist. We Adlerians can succeed only if we are understanding human beings visibly eager to help, and if we give the impression that we are not bothered by our own unsolved personal problems, while methods for mere symptom-reduction give the psychologist the easy and impersonal role of the prescribing physician.

Adlerian Psychology and the Medical Profession

The M.D.'s among us should reflect upon how much they still feel like physicians. This is easy to comprehend, as a true understanding of Adler leads to a desire to become a teacher of logical living, to help by solving psychic problems, and not to concentrate on physical symptoms. Many of those who come to us from medical practice might never have taken that detour had they known Adler's teachings before starting in the field of medicine.

This is very important, because there has been a tendency in our movement to concentrate all our efforts on getting physicians to join us, regardless of whether or not they had that philosophical mind and the disposition to be an educator which the Adlerian M.D.'s will doubtless find in themselves. I think that too much importance has been given to the physical symptoms that might accompany psychic difficulties and too little to the type of mind needed for Adlerian work, whether psychological practice or the spreading of Adlerian thought. If my thesis is accepted, that Adlerianism is more a philosophy of logical living and an educational program than a method of curing neuroses, we must all, M.D.'s and not M.D.'s, teach, teach, teach, and create a new generation of well-trained Adlerians, no matter from what field of activities they come to us. It is the attitude toward life that counts most, not previous education, and the attitude of many M.D.'s is absolutely un-Adlerian (because of their primary focus on symptom relief).

We personal pupils of Adler have twenty or thirty years more of active work life. Let us use them well. We can all train new Adlerians if we only look for the right type of mind and attitude toward life.

Let us work together. All of us.

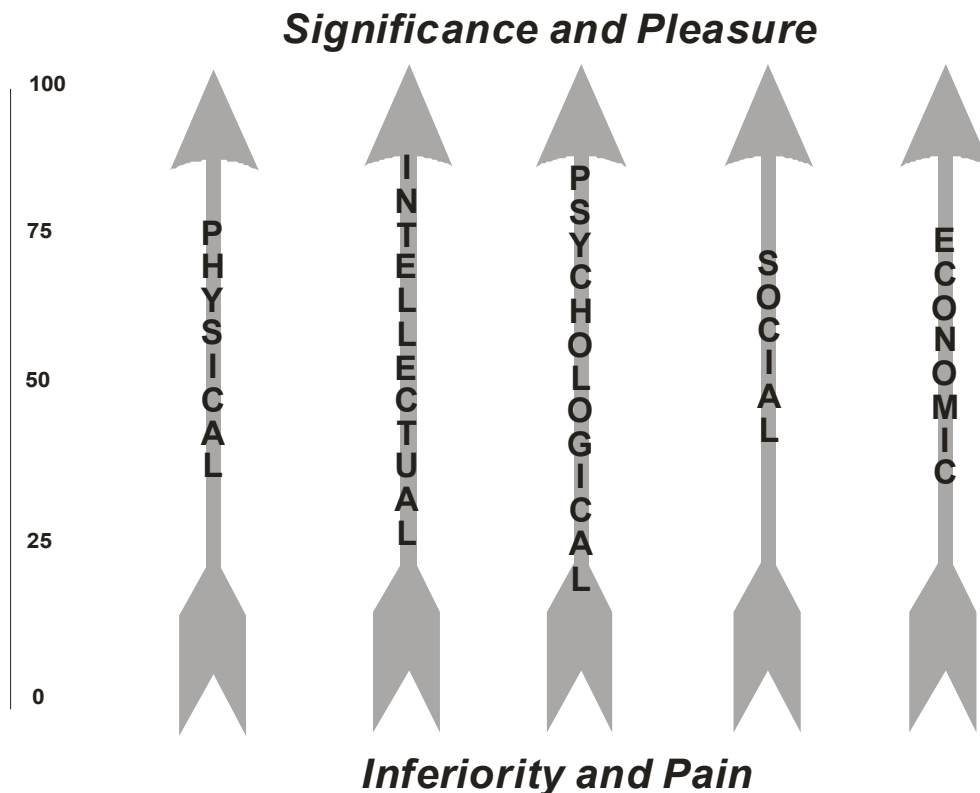
Articles

PART SIX: APPENDIX

Appendix: Chart #1

Five Fields of Striving

Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
(Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission



1. The central idea in Adlerian Psychology is the striving to overcome subjective and objective difficulties, from a felt minus to an imagined plus, from a feeling of inferiority to a feeling of significance.
2. Inferiority is a form of pain and significance is a form of pleasure. Most people tend to dislike pain and inferiority and like pleasure and significance.
3. Individuals have some pleasures and sources of significance which they desire more than all the others. Our happiness depends on how high up we feel we are in each of the five fields.
4. Many people, particularly those who have made mistakes in the past, have a tendency to feel very low in one of the fields.
5. The feeling of inferiority can be used as a stimulus for striving, or as a felt blockade and excuse for not striving.
6. Individuals who feel blocked from achievement in one field may cross over to another field and compensate or over-compensate for their feeling of inferiority.
7. If we imagine each arrow as a scale of 100 points between inferiority and significance, we can grade ourselves or others as to the degree of significance attained on each of the five "arrows."

Appendix: Chart #2

**FIVE FIELDS OF STRIVING
EXAMPLES OF
INFERIORITY/PAIN AND SIGNIFICANCE/PLEASURE**

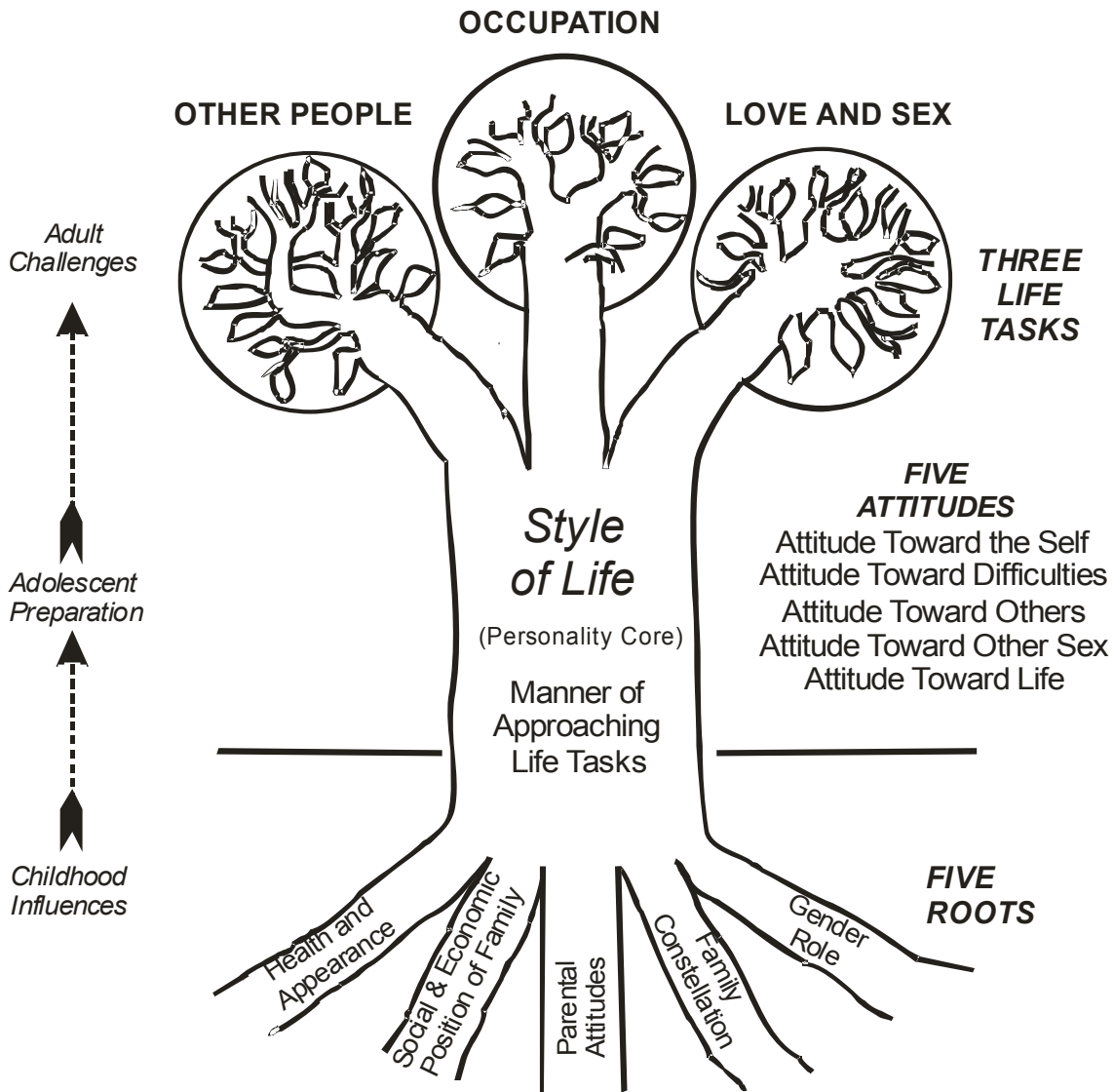
Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission

FIELDS	INFERIORITY/PAIN	SIGNIFICANCE/PLEASURE
PHYSICAL	INFERIORITY: Organ Deficiencies Physical Handicaps Deformity, Ugliness Weakness Abnormal Height/Weight PAIN: Sickness, Physical Distress Hunger, Thirst Sexual Frustration	SIGNIFICANCE Strength Beauty Athletic Ability Good health PLEASURE: Sensory Pleasure Enjoying a Good Meal Sexual Gratification Physical Closeness
INTELLECTUAL	INFERIORITY: Ignorance Illiteracy Feeling Stupid Lack of Skill Difficulty in Learning PAIN: Boredom	SIGNIFICANCE: Knowledge Understanding Skill Artistic Ability Academic Success PLEASURE: Enjoyment of Music, Art, Drama and Literature
PSYCHOLOGICAL	Negative Character Traits: (Real or Imagined) Feeling or Acting Crazy Feeling Disliked or Hated Ashamed of Oneself Feeling Bad or Guilty	Positive Character Traits: Proud of Oneself Liked by Others Admired by Others Loved by Someone Self-Actualizing
SOCIAL	Being Alone, Isolated Being Excluded, Not Invited Abandoned "Wrong Side of Tracks" Socially Awkward	Contact With Others Membership in Organization Identifying With Group Socially Adept Social Acceptance & Approval
ECONOMIC	Poverty Financial Distress Underpaid For Work Loss of Job Not Keeping Up With Norm Losing Money	Good Income Paid Well For Work Financial Security Wealth Getting a Raise in Salary Winning the Lottery

Appendix: Chart #3

The Tree of Life

Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
(Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission



Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington
Web site: <http://www.Adlerian.us> E-mail: htstein@att.net Tel: (360) 647-5670

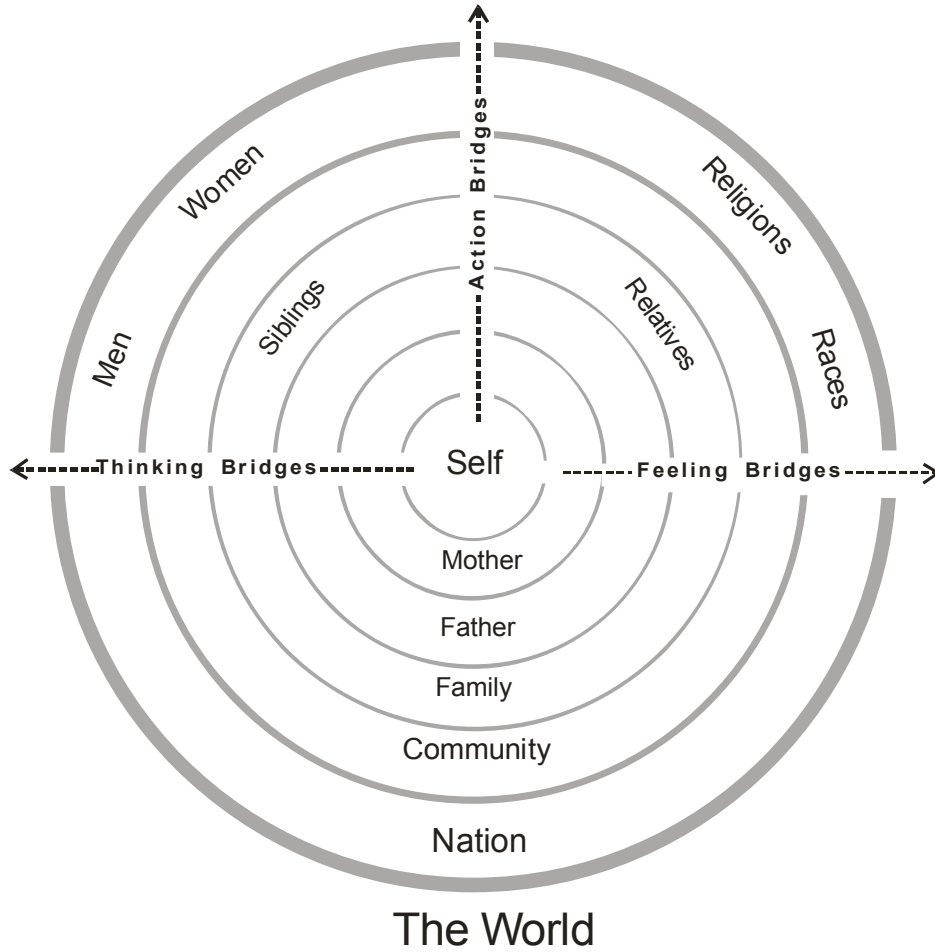
Appendix: Chart #4

Four Ways of Living Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D. Based on an Original Chart by Anthony Bruck Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission				
Attitude	<i>SOCIAL</i> <i>Living For Others</i>	<i>DISCOURAGED</i> <i>Living With Others</i>	<i>ASOCIAL</i> <i>Living Without Others</i>	<i>ANTISOCIAL</i> <i>Living Against Others</i>
Character Traits	Self-confidence and co-feeling.	Distance and limited co-feeling.	Depression and fear of others.	False courage, hostility, and aggression.
Concept of Life	We must cooperate with others.	We must not withdraw entirely from others.	We must mistrust the others.	We must use force against the others!
Typical Motto	"I shall be useful to many people."	"I must live my own life."	"They must consider my needs."	"I'll show them who I am."
Ideas About Significance	The esteem of all gained in accordance with one's own personality.	To become "someone" in our own eyes.	The obligatory consideration of others.	Impulsive indulgence. No consideration for others.
Significance & Happiness	Significance with happiness.	Significance without happiness.	Significance without happiness.	Significance without happiness.
Life Tasks:	Spontaneous cooperation.	Co-living without enthusiasm.	Egotism, tyranny, & isolation.	Aggression and provocation.
Other People				
Work	A socially useful activity, taking initiative.	Limited activity. Just enough to carry on.	Preoccupation with the self.	To live without effort at the expense of others.
Love & Sex	An intense and lasting union.	Temporary solutions.	The problem is left unsolved.	Seeking to conquer and dominate.

Appendix: Chart #5

The Feeling of Community

Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
(Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission



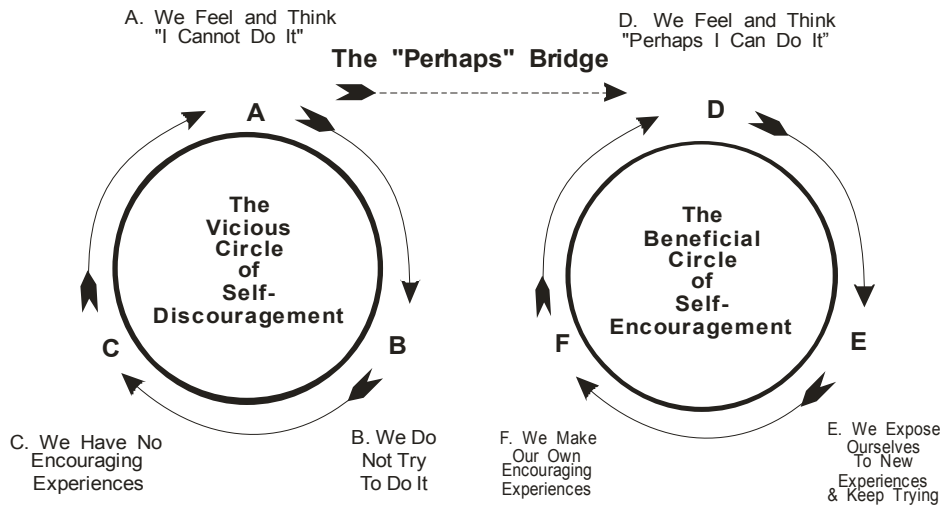
To create a world of unlimited community feeling and cooperation, we must construct thinking, feeling, and action bridges that connect us with ever-widening circles of people. Our feeling of embeddedness in life depends on the range of our circles. The feeling of community can gradually increase and eventually encompass all of mankind.

Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington Web site: <http://www.Adlerian.us> E-mail: hts1@att.net Tel: (360) 647-5670

Appendix: Chart #6

BREAKING OUT OF THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF DISCOURAGEMENT

Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
(Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission

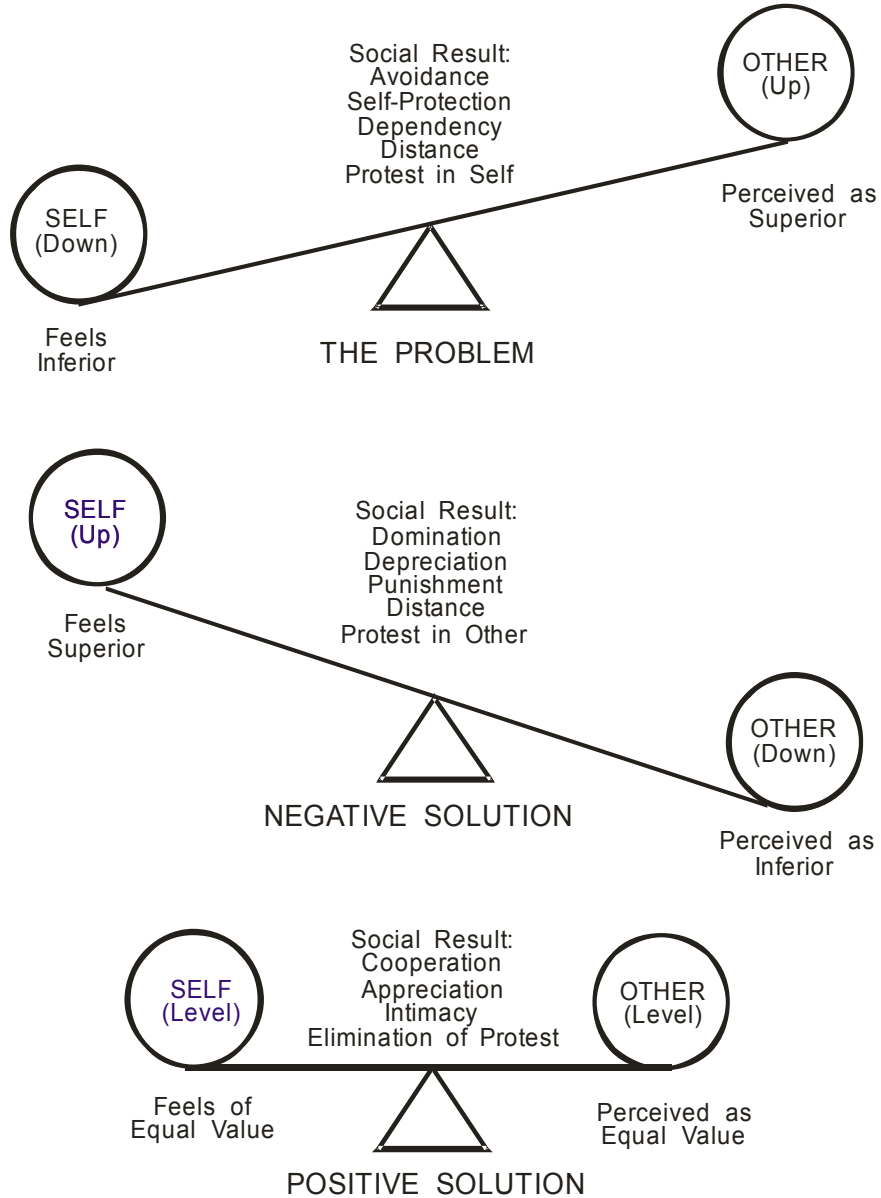


Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington
Web site: <http://www.Adlerian.us>
E-mail: htstein@att.net Tel: (360) 647-5670

Appendix: Chart #7

SOCIAL SEESAWS

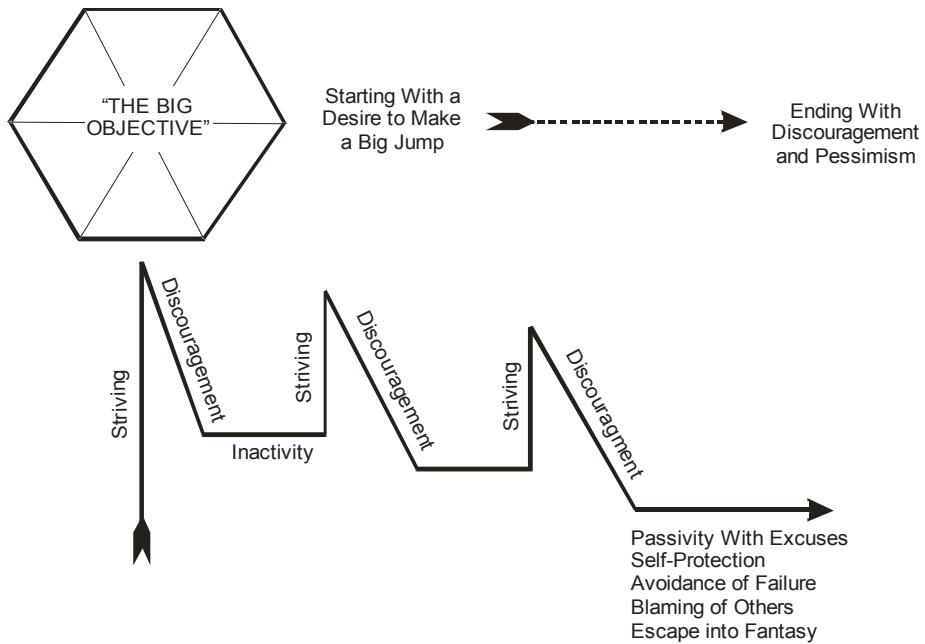
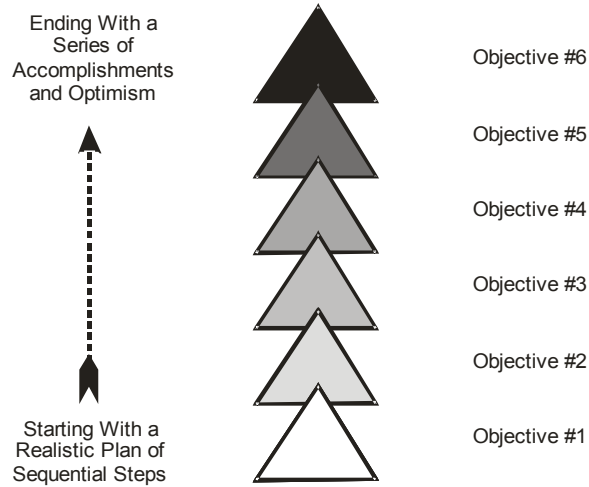
Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
(Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission



Appendix: Chart #8

APPROACHING A TASK

Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
(Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission

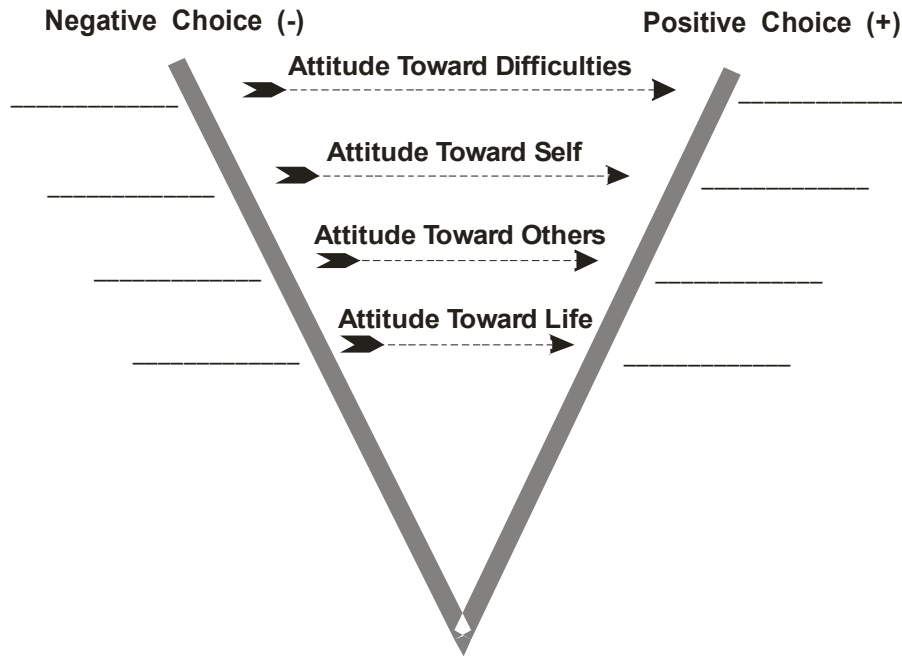


Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington Web Site: <http://www.Adlerian.us>
Tel: (360) 647-5670 E-Mail: htstein@att.net

Appendix: Chart #9

THE "V's" OF CHOICE

Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
 (Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
 Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission



Attitude Toward Difficulties

Just Talking About It
 Making Excuses
 Avoiding a Difficulty
 Doing the Minimum
 Doing It Later

Taking Action
 Making a Plan
 Attacking a Difficulty
 Doing the Maximum
 Doing it Now

Attitude Toward Self

Indulging Oneself
 Staying Confused
 Killing Time
 Staying Dependent
 Making Demands on Others

Developing Oneself
 Seeking Insight
 Creating
 Becoming Independent
 Making Demands on Self

Attitude Toward Others

Being a "Taker"
 Staying Self-Centered
 Depreciating Others
 Punishing
 Dominating

Being a "Giver"
 Becoming Interested in Others
 Appreciating Others
 Educating
 Cooperating

Attitude Toward Life

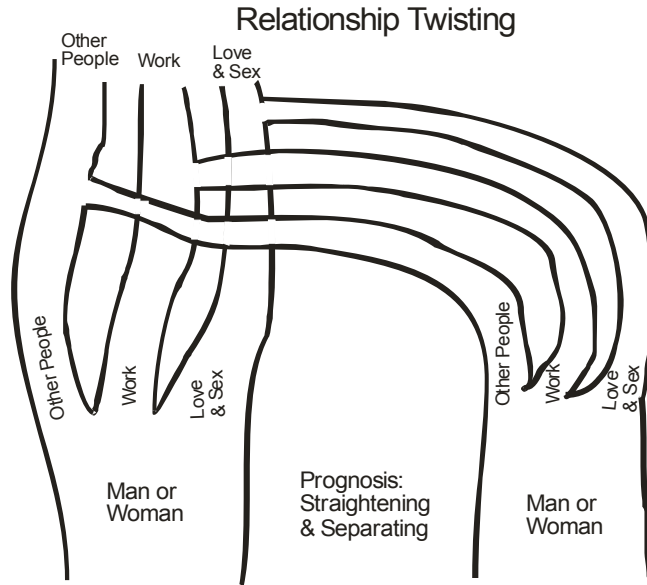
Living in the Past or Future
 Living for Vacations
 Escaping into Fantasy
 Exploiting Life for Self

Living in the Present
 Enjoying Life Daily
 Accepting Reality
 Improving Life for Everyone

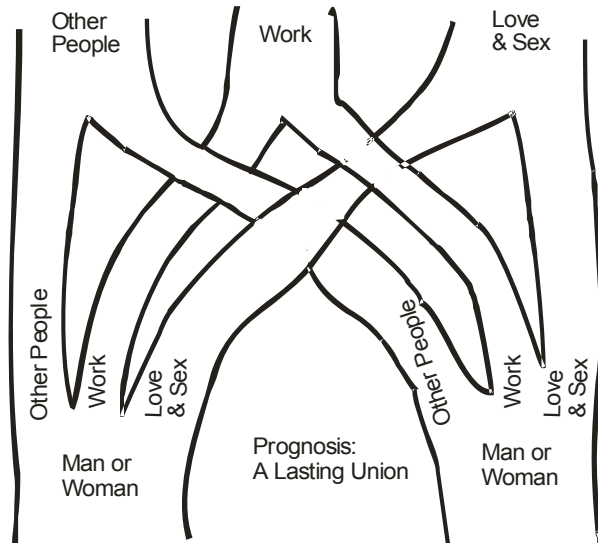
Chart #10

Relationship Twisting

Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
(Based on an Original Drawing by Anthony Bruck)
Copyright 2006, Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission

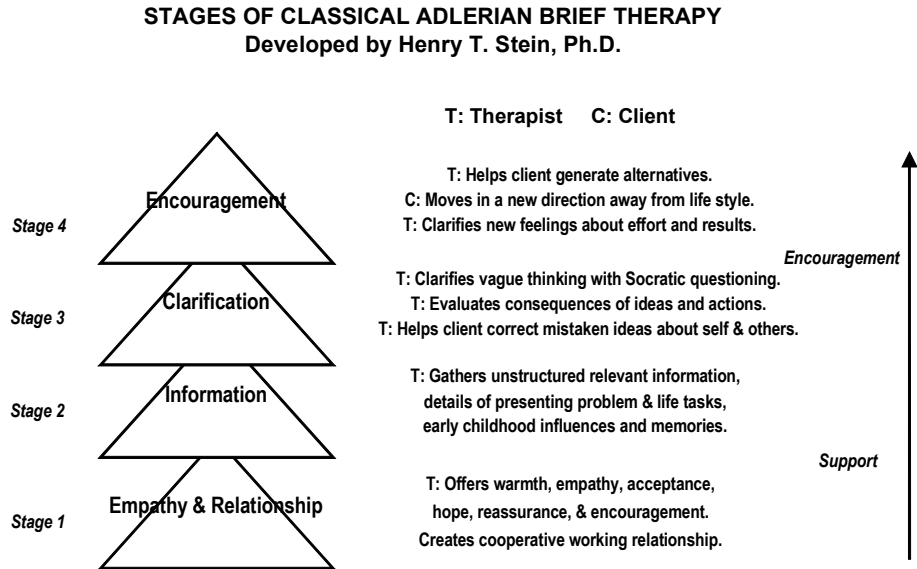


Mutual Relationship Approach



Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington
Web Site: <http://www.Adlerian.us> E-mail: htstein@att.net Tel: (360) 647-5670

Chart #11



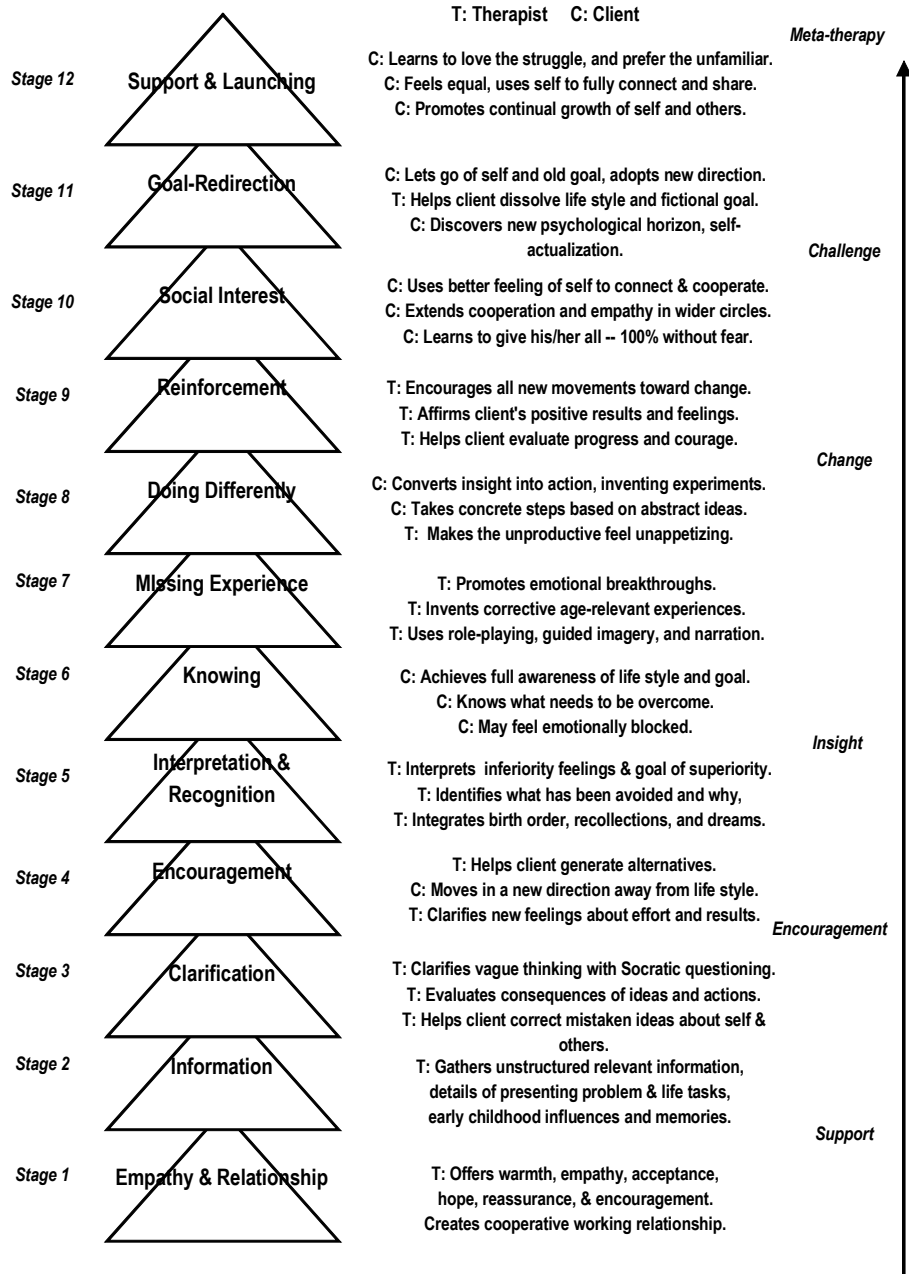
The Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington
Tel: (360) 647-5670 E-mail: HTStein@att.net
Web Site: <http://www.Adlerian.us>

Copyright 2005, Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
Reproduction prohibited without permission.

Classical Adlerian Brief Therapy (CABT) usually comprises the four therapeutic stages described in this chart, which may be sufficient for a client's needs and budget. In other cases, Classical Adlerian Depth Psychotherapy (CADP), as shown in Chart #12, may be necessary to dissolve the style of life and the fictional final goal, or support the client's aspirations.

Chart #12

STAGES OF CLASSICAL ADLERIAN DEPTH PSYCHOTHERAPY
 Developed by Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.



The Alfred Adler Institute of Northwestern Washington, Tel: (360) 647-5670
 E-mail: HTStein@att.net Web Site: <http://www.Adlerian.us>

Copyright 2005, Henry T. Stein, Ph.D.
 Reproduction prohibited without permission.