

Gladys Meyer, July 9, 1977, Interviewed by Jacqueline A. Carleton

(Gladys Meyer was the wife of Theodore Wolff, Wilhelm Reich's first translator, who was instrumental in bringing him to the United States.)

I am going to mainly ask you questions about raising Erica, but before I start I'd like to know a little about you and about your background. Tell me whatever comes to your mind, about your own growing up and your family background, just what it was like, where you grew up.

I grew up here in New York City, born in Maplewood, New Jersey, have no memory of it. My first memories are associated with when I first came to live in New York, at about 2 and a half. We lived in the Columbia University neighborhood, my father was a junior editor at that time in a publishing house, a religious publishing house, and my mother was a graduate student at Teacher's College. I'm the youngest child.

How many brothers and sisters do you have?

There were three, but I had a sister between my brother and me who died, and I was the replacement, a conscious replacement, a major effort. My parents were Westerners, my father was the child of German immigrants, and my grandfather was pastor for a rural German speaking community in Wisconsin. My mother grew up on a ranch in California, and they met: my father went to high school in San Bernardino, California where he had an uncle who kept a grocery store. And, then he went to Normal School in Los Angeles as my mother did and they met there. Then they married, and Normal School is only two years of college, but my grandfather, the rancher, gave them some money when they married, and they decided they would spend it on my father finishing college. So, they went to Ohio to a German-language college, which is now... I can't think. And, it was a very great experience intellectually for my father, because he had grown up very traditionally, and in a German language college all the professors were imported from Germany, and they were far ahead intellectually of anything he's been exposed to. He was marvelously excited by it all. It was, I think, a very fortunate experience for him. After that they came East to go to theological school and that's how he happened to come East. They were marvelously excited about education, they wanted to learn everything and gulp it all down and they wanted if possible to put it all into practice I would say that my own personal childhood was governed by their interpretation of John Dewey. They were very well married, devoted to each other. We were in some ways rather traditional. We had family prayers all through my childhood. Every evening. We enjoyed them on whole. My father would read selected passages from the Bible that he liked as part of the family prayers and then we would discuss them. My father was a very sensitive perspective person, who had a perfectly traditional idea that a father's role was to back his children no matter what. And I certainly grew up with the feeling that no matter how many things I did, that I didn't like myself for or were unsuitable in terms of the values that had been instilled in me, my father would never let me down. That's a lovely feeling. He was charming, he was affectionate, and certainly he was beloved by everybody. He was somewhat musical although he never had any musical training, but he played the organ in church by ear and piano by ear... so that's my father.

My mother was a doer, adventurous, wanted to see the whole world and very nearly did, in one form or another. I have to put in one aspect because in my therapy with Reich it came out as being very significant and that is when I was three my mother took up a homestead claim, because my brother had been in bed for a year with what was called then heart trouble and may possibly have been rheumatic fever, and her simple country attitude about this was "what this boy needs is an outdoor life." And, we didn't have any money, so she wrote to the government and took up a homestead claim. There wasn't very good land left by that time: this was 1911, and we got some land in Southern Idaho. So, six months of the year for five years we went to Idaho. My father had a job here in New York, and he only took a month's vacation, every year at harvest season he came out and helped with the harvest. The rest of it my mother did. Well, she was very

busy, of course, running quite an enterprise of over 640 acres and... I was left to my own devices and it was marvelous. I did not go the first year because they had to build a house. I was left with my grandmother that first year, when I was three. So, four, five, six, seven, those years.

It was dry land and we had to irrigate it so there were irrigation ditches to sail your boats on, there were chores to do, it was real country living. There were...we kept livestock, we had a granary and it was great fun and a special privilege to be allowed my brother and I to sleep in the granary, on top of all those nice smelly sacks, fresh grain sacks. And, it was a community of homesteaders so that when there were major things to be done, especially at harvest season, the community as a whole would rent a harvester and reaper and everybody would move from farm to farm helping with harvesting and little children of my age had to stand by the thresher and hold the gunny sacks for the grain to come into and then saw them up, that was our share. It was always a big picnic affair as well.

Back in New York, we lived in the Columbia University neighborhood where I still live where I went to kindergarten at age 3, beginning at Teacher's College...

Was it called the Horace Mann School then?

MMMM Hm... So that's my early childhood, anyway.

The other aspect, I suppose, that's interesting: I grew up bilingual, my father insisted on keeping the German language, although we only spoke German at table and English the rest of the time. To keep the language alive, we spoke German at the table until 1917 when the United States entered the war. Then we were conspicuous and stopped. Now, in the war period we were not in New York. The presses for my father's publishing house were in Cincinnati, the government commandeered the building that had the editorial offices. A religious publishing house is considered nonessential and so his editorial offices were moved out to Cincinnati where the presses were. I lived in that period in a suburb... well it was a strange suburb, kind of lower-middle-class. On the one hand it was only about five blocks from the university, and there were a lot of university people there, and then there were some estates. So it was all kinds of... The local public school was terrible, but I went to it, and I am glad I did because I would never understand what American children put up with if I hadn't gone to that school. All the rest of my school was at Horace Mann, which was an exceptional school.

Was it a conscious decision on your parents' part, that they wanted you to go to the local school?

It was because there was no private school that didn't require public transportation and they didn't think I was old enough. My brother went to the university preparatory school, which was a private school. He was seven years older than I. We moved to Cincinnati when I was six.

You were still going between Cincinnati and Idaho? Why did you stop after that? Why only five years?

Under the Homestead Law you had to have farmed it for five years before it becomes your property outright. My mother had worked very hard and she didn't want to go back anymore. We children wanted to go back always. But, she said it was too hard. They finally sold it many years later. And, I believe Kraft Cheese bought it and turned it back into range and they run cattle on it now to make cheese out of. So, I never saw it again after the final year that we went. And, I remember being so puzzled by my mother's saying it was too hard, she didn't want to go back. Well, there is no part of farm labor I haven't seen her do. But, she was always very well, very vigorous and very well. She had grown up on a ranch and knew everything that had to be done. But it was very hard work, so I understand that about her. She also found it isolated and lonely in a way, though she was so busy she didn't worry too much about it, I think, but I look back on her total character now, she certainly missed the university environment. One of the great things about the period at the ranch was that she read aloud to us a great deal, and she...

We didn't have any hired help at all. It was the three of us. We would get into mother's big bed, on either side of her and she would read aloud to us. And she read Ernest Holmsum Seton's

books about wild animals and Theodore Roosevelt's THE WINNING OF THE WEST, and he believed (and much to my surprise I took that as an assumption until I was in graduate school myself) was that the frontier was the basic experience of American life. She absolutely believed that myth. It was, of course, her family history. And, but, she had no real sense of the other aspects of American experience, such as the black experience or what an immigrant family went through. I would say it was a very stable family, good feeling in it on the whole. Certainly my mother and father never had any disputes that we ever heard. There were disputes that she told me about later, that all had to do with money. My mother was very careful and Scotch about money and my father, who was rural... My grandfather, who was also rural, as the minister, was the welfare officer and everything else in an immigrant community, and my father felt that he had to share money with anyone who asked, and he was often taken. He was very naïve about money. And at the same time my mother had a great deal of concern for his feelings. At one point I said that she should transfer all the money to her own self and she should handle the money and she said, "No, Dear, I couldn't do that, it would hurt his pride too much." It was the one area that I know there was any difficulty between them. Now the other thing that brought up kind of a blot into the household was that she had quarreled with my brother, over his marriage. He married a neighbor girl, a girl who had been our neighbor in Cincinnati, and whom my mother thought was superficial and foolish. She had opposed it, although because she had been a childhood neighbor she was welcomed to our house when she came to study in New York, and she had been around the house, but my mother had been quite plain with my brother that she did not think that this girl had much, so they eloped. And, my mother then refused to see them. For ten years she never saw them.

She softened over time, finally. My father saw them. He didn't let that interfere with his seeing them. And I did. But, my mother didn't see them. But, over time she softened and I think she regretted it. She said to me much, much later, not specifically about this, "but sometimes you do things you shouldn't do, and you know you shouldn't do it, but you can't help it."

How old were you when he married?

Sixteen. I was in college; he married at the end of my first year in college, I must have been a little older. I went to Wellesley. I don't know why and I didn't like it... I know why: because the entire crowd I went with in high school was going to Wellesley, a very bad idea, it kept us in a clique too long. Wellesley was not the right college for me. I wanted to go away from home, and my parents were willing to have me go away from home. They believed enormously in children's independence. For example, at the end of my freshman year at Wellesley, they let me go to Europe by myself. Now, for my day and generation, that was very unusual, but it's true I had names of families whom they knew that I was to go to see, and there was a family in Germany I was to stay with for a while, but I was allowed to bat around by myself. My mother's attitude was "we have laid down a base of values, and we trust you to operate within those values." And, it didn't worry her at all. I would not say that our family was an authoritarian family in any way, unless you want to call it authoritarian that people state their values very clearly and make clear that's what they are. Once in awhile when my mother was irritated, she used to say, "Well, you can't do it: not coming from our family." And, I don't think she meant status; I do think she meant values.

What were you interested in when you were in college?

I wanted to be a writer or an actress or both. I quit college and worked in the theatre for two years. Then I went back to college, thinking that I would probably come back to the theater. Well, at that time I was playing with being a playwright and I'd taken a playwriting course and when I was working down at Miss LaGallienne's theater, they had put on one of my one-act plays. I had a feeling that maybe I would make it, you know. And, I was very excited about all of that. But, when I went back to Wellesley, I switched my major from English literature to German literature. I liked the German department and didn't like the English department, and since I was bi-lingual, it didn't make any difference. And, when I went back to Wellesley I won the senior German

fellowship, which always went to the top student in the German department. And, that gave me a scholarship to a German university.

I went to Frankfurt/Main, and it changed my life... I became a totally different person. I came to Germany in the fall of 1930 to a new university. Frankfurt was new after the First World War. There had been a research institute there, but not a university, it got some of the bright, radical, young professors who were never going to get anywhere in the traditional universities, in order to create a faculty. It also, the condition of Frankfurt being allowed to have a university was that it would take the faculty from Strasbourg, because Strasbourg had gone back to France at the end of the First World War. The German faculty from Strasbourg was like very many colloquial administrators: it was more German than the Germans: it was extremely conservative. So, it was a kind of polarization in the university and you see that was only three years before Hitler. And, you could feel it. And you could see it. And, it was highly political. I was totally politically naïve. I believed in voting for the best man. That is about how much I knew about politics. And, I was ridiculed by my friends. I thought of my friendships in Frankfurt as not being dry behind the ears in any way: either politically or sexually. And I learned. I learned a great deal, and, as I say, it changed my life. I became involved in the student left-wing coalition and I was... I went to the lectures in Social psychology and sociology because German friend of mine said, "These are distinguished minds and you must hear these lectures" and I went and decided that that is what I needed to study: I better get busy and find out what the world was about. I stayed a second year. I intended to get my degree there, and when I was accepted (In the German pattern, a professor must accept you and sponsor you for the PhD, and I had done a test piece of work and then been accepted by Karl Mannheim, in sociology. But, he told me in the summer, spring of 1932 he told me to go home. He said I would not be able to finish because he would not be able to stay. So, I came to Columbia and did my third year here at Columbia. And, it was quite true, by March of 1933, Hitler was in power and all the Jewish professors had been fired. They had been extraordinarily politically aware, and being political sociologists, let's really call them that, enabled them to forecast what was going to happen. I helped pack books from the Institute for Social Research in Switzerland and ran around delivering handbills for the Prussian elections and then suddenly learned what political activity is. I would say that was a very shaking experience intellectually for me and emotionally because I don't think at that stage of my life I was split between intellectual and feeling very much yet, so that I became passionately involved. I had a boyfriend who I lived with for over a year there, an American, socialist. He was marvelously valuable: he opened horizons for me that I didn't know anything about. And, we stayed good friends. But, I was nowhere near ready to tie myself up very much. I was still discovering the world. And, I came back to Columbia, which was very, very stupid and dull after Frankfurt, did not work very hard, took most of my courses for H credit and spent a lot of my time running around with the Socialist Party in New York... where I was disillusioned because the chairman of my local of the socialist party became an informer with the Dies Committee. And, I sort of had had it, and I had a revolt against the academic then for a while and I wanted to do something useful. And through a friend I tried to get a job as an Indian organizer with the Textile Workers Union in Philadelphia: the headquarters were in Philadelphia. They told me I was not experienced enough: they wouldn't take me, but if I would go and work for the YMCA, in their department of industrial women (they had a nationwide program for industrial women) then I would get the kind of experience that would enable me to work with working-class women, because I knew nothing about them: at least not industrial working women and then I could reapply. So, with my good Protestant background, and what not, it was very easy to get a job at the YMCA. I went and applied at the national headquarters and I had the choice of three possible places which were looking for somebody and I wanted the place that was the most difficult: and it turned out to be in the South. I spent three years in the South. I took my orals and then I did this. That was also... I had read a lot of Marx because they had a Marxist Institute in Frankfurt and there was a lot of political Marxism. I was very interested in what this had to day for America, for I never could quite believe that Europe and America were the same or alike. And, I certainly had an amazing experience in this big mill town where I worked.

The girls were textile and tobacco workers, and there wasn't much middle class. There were owners and there were workers: only a very tiny middle class. And, still, the majority of the mills

were family owned: and they varied. Some of them were nasty and some of them were in the best sense good paternalistic enterprises, with real early 19th century paternalism, you might say. For example there was a nationally known company with a nationally advertised product where the owner walked through the factory every morning and greeted every worker by name. It was the only mill that had maternity provisions, leave, maternity allowances, the same church for the owner and the workers, and I would say it was the best early capitalism, you see. And the South, of course, was just becoming industrialized in the 30s.

On the other hand, you had Reynolds Tobacco, which was a great big modern industry. It was a fascinating experience.

And, after that you came back to New York?

Well, various of my friends said, were pushing, that I was going to get lost down there in the South, so one of my friends who had been an instructor at Wellesley when I was there, who, aside from family was probably the most important influence in my life (she was in her first year of college teaching, and she wasn't much older than we were. She offered friendship and I reached for it, and we stayed friends for the rest of her life. She left Wellesley soon after and taught at Vassar, and was one of the great, distinguished people at Vassar: Hannah Lockwood). She is the person who got me to think, even before I went to Germany, to try to break me out of my world of theater and poetry and what not and made me take a course in economics... Perhaps I wouldn't even have responded to Frankfurt if I hadn't already prodded me about the limitations of my horizons. And, she again prodded me to come back to New York, and via her I was offered a job at Washington for the national youth administration preparing curricula for study for camps for unemployed women. These were women workers in industry, sort of a supplement to the CCC program. I worked at that and then I came up to New York and worked half time for the YWCA and wrote my dissertation. Then, again I think at least through her suggestion, although it was to be in a different department, (she was the person who put the name in the hopper) I went to Vassar and taught there for two years – the beginning of my academic career.

What was your dissertation on?

Well, it was in its way, though it may not seem so, related to some things I was trying to resolve in myself, and it was actually tackling Max Weber's claim that the Protestant which had a major causal area in the development of capitalism, and he uses as his major illustration for his argument, quotations from POOR RICHARDS ALMANAC, so I wrote on Franklin and what was the social structural situation within which Franklin operated and where did he get all these rubrics from that he put in POOR RICHARDS ALMANAC. Were they discussions of reality factors or were they descendants of the Protestant ethic? And, I came to the conclusion that, yes, in away you could say (but I didn't make this explicit in the dissertation) that it provided the ideological superstructure, but certainly what was stated, that Weber calls an intellectual derivative, was actually a statement of actual experience. In that sense, I would have said the economic-social situation created the ideology. The ideology then reinforced the development.

I see how that brings together a lot of things from your family, from the other things you were concerned about.

Right. I enjoyed it very, much. I worked in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and went to see Charlie Chaplin in the movies evenings when I was there all by myself, but I loved archival work, it is very germane to my temperament. I liked it very much indeed. So, I thought then this would be the first in a series of studies taking figures up through American history, but when I got up there teaching at Vassar, I didn't have time to do any research. I didn't know how to teach. I had to learn how to teach, and I had to teach economics and I wasn't really prepared in economics. I had attended some lectures at Frankfurt in economics and I took courses at Wellesley and that's all I had. I was alright in sociology, but I had to work like anything in economics. I enjoyed it. I had a marvelous chairman. She was one of the really fine women that I've been associated with,

Mabel Newcomer. And, when I left Vassar, she urged me not to leave, and I said “Mabel, I can’t stand it: there are no men.” And she laughed and she said, “Well, you’re lucky, in my generation we had to choose.” And, I left and came back to New York.

In the interim, I had nine months working in Washington working on the 1940 White House Conference and from that I moved to teaching and research at the Columbia School for Social Work. I stayed there until I took a maternity leave.

Well, between teaching and the maternity leave, how did you meet Dr. Wolff?

At a party! How do you meet people? At a party in Gramercy Park. When I lived in Frankfurt, the first semester, before I found more suitable...coming as a new person to Frankfurt I thought I must live right near the university in a nice, safe bourgeois household, so I rented a room in a bourgeois household, right across the street from the university. I didn’t care for them very much and at the end of the first semester I moved to a working class quarter where I had a great big studio, and was much more comfortable. Above my studio was a painter. He and his girlfriend and I and my boyfriend became good friends. It was all a different world and much more pleasant. However, when I lived with the bourgeois family, on the floor below me lived an English-speaking woman, and she turned out to be a German who’d married American and then been divorced and then come back to Germany and was also studying at the University, and she was taking pre-med courses hoping to get moved into medicine. She was, I think, something of a dilettante, really, she was no great brain, but she was an extraordinarily nice woman and we became acquaintances, not terribly close friends. (At a time—I didn’t know this—she left Frankfurt and went to Zurich where she met my husband where she was in medical school, and she never finished medical school, but she was in Zurich Medical School at the same time he was). When she came back to America and became a medical social worker, and when I was teaching at Columbia school for Social Work, I ran across her in the network of social work people and we revived our acquaintanceship then. She invited me to a New Year’s Eve Party and that’s how I met him.

Were you married soon after?

A year and a half.

Did he know Reich at that time?

Yes, he did. He was... he came here from Zurich to [Johns] Hopkins at the invitation of Adolf Meyer, who had been his professor in Zurich, and he was very involved with, although not yet at that time married to Flanders Dunbar. And, after a year at Baltimore, he and Dr. Dunbar were married and she got, I suppose... or at least anyway he moved to Columbia Medical School as an adjunct of some sort there. And, she was also on the staff. Now, they, together, got interested in psychosomatic medicine. Dr. Wolff said she had the ideas but didn’t have the discipline to do the work. He said she was much too anxious: she had so much anxiety about putting anything down... whether people would approve, or whether she would be right or what not that she never could get anything done. He said she was much more creative in her ideas than he was. And so, she did the work, and she had the ideas. And, they brought out **EMOTION AND BODILY CHANGES**. Before that came out, the research for that (it was all Dr. Wolff’s research), and in looking for material he ran across Reich’s publications and they interested him very much, and he wanted to go and look up Reich, who was at that time in Norway, so he went abroad to study with Reich, because of his interest in psychosomatic medicine. While he was there (he always referred to it when I knew him as his “other life”, before he encountered Reich)... So, he came back from Norway, felt that his perspective had changed (somewhere along the line, he and Dr. Dunbar were divorced)—I believe she would have been much too anxious to be in an avant-garde movement- and I think that other aspects of the relationship were probably not working out very well – actually, I never let him talk about it – he only once had an impulse to, and I said, “That’s past history, I don’t want to know about it.” So I don’t really know what the problem of their

relationship, except that they were extraordinarily handsome as a couple I am sure, because I only met Dr. Dunbar once in another connection and thought her one of the most beautiful women ever. And, he was also extraordinarily handsome: they must have been a striking couple. They were handsome and they were bright, both of them. I am sure that all those things were part of it.

So, when you met him, Dr. Reich was already in the United States?

Yes and Dr. Wolff had been five years divorced, a bachelor. They didn't call them Orgonomists yet: he was a Reichian therapist, and I think they called their therapy Vegetotherapy, at that point. He had given up his practice and when he moved out from Dr. Dunbar and took his own place and then he began working with Reich's techniques and he thought of himself primarily as a clinician. He did not... he thought that's where his talents were. He particularly like working with the borderline schizophrenics. He had been trained in Zurich by Bleuler, so he was already interested. And, he also had some schizophrenic mechanisms himself, which he knew about. And he had real empathy for the schizes. That's about all I can tell you.

I'd like to get back to how the association with Dr. Wolff affected you. Were you interested in psychotherapy? Did you become a patient of Reich?

Well, let me see. I'd been dating Dr. Wolff for about three months. All I knew about him was that he was a psychiatrist. We both enjoyed music and we'd gone to lots of concerts and I knew all about his hobbies, nothing about his work. And, finally, he brought me a copy of THE FUNCTION to read, saying, "You'd better know something about the work I'm in." So, I read it, and probably nobody ever read it on first reading with as much care as I read it with... I read it in the Wolff translation, and I tested every sentence in it by whether it matched my own experience, by whether I thought it was internally true. I decided it was, and so I was then... ready to hear more. At that point Wolff was working on the journal, and was also translating CHARACTER ANALYSIS, when I first knew him. And, I didn't do anything about it: I had no impulse to become a psychotherapist. I think I was a little cocky: that I could understand myself and I could understand what I read. But, I guess we'd known each other a year when Wolff said, "You really must go and have some sessions with Reich, you really won't understand it until you've had some, until you've been on the couch, you won't really know what this is about." So, with some sense of adventure and no particular commitment, I decided, all right, I would. I worked with Reich for six months, and it was enormously revealing. I was very impressed, with the kinds of things I found out about myself which I did not know – some of them very early – about areas I had been puzzled about in myself, and I learned something about – although not very much about in that first period – about my defenses. Now, partly, you must see, that I was in love, happy, and whatever was neurotic in me wasn't operating very much, so that it was a period in which therapy went illuminatingly, easily forward. And, at that time, Wolff and I finally came to the conclusion that we would like to set up a family, so we got married and we had a child. And, at that point, Reich said, "Well, go away and have your baby." So we did, in that way. There was some temptation at one point, never from Dr. Wolff's pressure, but a little bit from Dr. Reich's pressure, that I ought to do something in (quotes) "the work". There was even some suggestion that I ought to go to medical school, become a therapist, and I did go around and inquire, but I was 35 years old and I hadn't had any premedical courses, and I didn't know whether anybody would take me, though as always I looked about ten years younger than I was, and I did have some favorable response, that I could be considered. But it wasn't really my own impulse, and it died away... Then there was some thought about my starting a group for small children, and we had a rather talented person, Lucille Bellamy, who was working with small children, and perhaps I would tie into that, but I didn't do that, either. I had a baby and until six weeks before she was born, I was busy teaching, I liked my job, and I had also just written a novel and felt good about that, so I thought, "All right, I'll get married and have a baby and I'll write another novel."

Is that what you did?

I didn't write the novel.

When Erica was born, would you say that you had a rather consciously articulated idea of how you were going to raise her?

No, I don't think so. I knew that I wanted a child very much. That was something I was perfectly clear about. And, I never really gave it very much thought: about how I was going to bring her up. I coasted on the idea- in my innocence- that I would do it all right.

Did you see any relevance of the works of Reich you had read to rearing a child?

Well, as she began to grow, yes, but not ahead of time. I had no special ideology. I had done a lot of helping work on the journal, I had even written some articles for the journal, I had done paste-ups and helped get the thing ready, and I had been impressed with some of Felicia Saxe's work, so that I certainly probably not articulated but somewhere there were ideas of directions in which I wanted to move. But, the person who really had the articulated ideas was Dr. Wolff. He knew: he had it all cleared out. In this sense it was very useful because often he would catch me when I was not aware of what I was doing. He would catch things where I was being traditional or interfering.

Can you give me some examples?

I don't know: at this moment I can't think of a specific example. I only know that when he died I remember thinking, "I can't do it without his help."

How old was Erica then?

She was six when he became ill and eight when he died. I think we both discovered- he discovered it also, though he fought it- that we had carryovers from the way in which he had been dealt with came out in crises in dealing with our child.

In situations of stress?

Right, they came out, and they bite you. Now, I can give you one illustration, perhaps, of such a situation. This was after Dr. Wolff's death, and Erica was upset and she was badgering me, in a way in which I couldn't stand, because I was also working very hard, and I don't know what it was came- I have no recollection of having had my ears boxed when I was a child- but I boxed her ears, and was horrified at myself. So, I let myself calm down, and then I went and got her- she was in her own room- and I said, "That was wrong of me, I shouldn't have done that, I'm sorry, one shouldn't box people's ears, they're very sensitive and I'm bigger. Now you can box my ears." And she did with the greatest glee and with the greatest force. And I'll admit, that never would have occurred to me without the background of Reich, that she could retaliate.

Would you be able to put together a kind of summation of what the most important things are for a parent in raising a child well?

Confidence in yourself, I mean real, internal confidence in yourself, I don't mean a protective cover. Some real sense that you like life, that you can get along with life and that you'll manage. I think that's basic before any ideology about whether you do this kind of discipline or that kind of discipline. You must like life and have confidence that you can manage life. That's the real essence, the first thing. I think it's on the whole terribly important to want the children, but I don't think it's absolutely crucial because many people who have children by accident discover they love them after they have them. I certainly don't think you should have a child under any circumstances for the wrong reasons: to hold a marriage, or for some external reasons, to please

the grandparents or something, or because that is what is expected of a married family and now it's time you began to have your children. I have an illustration of that in a former student of mine and is 45 and getting a divorce and has two children, and who says "I never should have had any children: I'm just not the type. I never enjoyed them." But, it was the unexpected pattern, and so they had the two children, and the two children are not very comfortable children.

Could you outline areas in which you feel you were weakest and strongest as a parent?

It was harder for me not to have a child's life organized. That was a hard area. For example, I was brought up with bedtimes. I certainly tried to enforce bedtimes: not rigidly in the sense that "The clock has struck and you must go to bed," but one worked around toward a schedule of bedtime. And coaxed and shepherded in a way. Now, I didn't make it as early... when I was Erica's age, in the period I'm talking about, I was put to bed at seven. We did it at nine. I really had this notion that children need a certain degree of sleep and regularity, and parents need time to themselves. And, I certainly worked quite hard on that. Not with very much success, I might say. That was a carryover. I think that if I had to do it over again I would probably not do that. I would probably let the child sit around and fall asleep in the living room and put her in bed. I don't think I'd do it quite that same way. I think that younger parents- you know Dr. Wolff was in his forties, and I was in my mid-thirties- I think younger parents can be more flexible, perhaps, than we were able to be. And we were very engaged, each of us, in our work. And we needed...

Who took care of Erica when you were both working?

We had a full-time housekeeper. I had her for twenty years. She was a woman from the Virgin Islands, had children of her own, and who had also taken care of other children. She was unbelievably fine, and although she didn't always agree with me, in what to do about Erica, she also taught me a lot. At the same time, she also accepted the fact that she was my employee and she must do it my way. She was very warm and very devoted to Erica, and that was one of the fortunate things, because we had this long continuity, having her always. She came when Erica was six weeks old. I don't know how I would feel about it now. I absolutely am opposed to babysitters. I don't think these young college kids knew much about children. I didn't want a different person every now and then. And, it was financially a strain, I might say, after Dr. Wolff died. I had only my own income, and that was rather low because I hadn't taken my profession competitively seriously. But I was fortunate. I did have skills. And, there was a period there where I worked at two and three jobs. And, I used the university as my base, which wasn't, after all, a full forty hours in the office, and I worked very, very hard for a good many years. I had to learn about feeding problems, too, when she began to feed herself. I had to learn her pace. I didn't understand the pace of little children. And, again, being older and very occupied, where you're used to organizing your life and all. She was sitting in one of those low, little chairs with the border around (they have a name, a brand name) and eating- and she was half feeding herself and I was half feeding her, and I was hurrying her too much and she took a little spoonful of egg or oatmeal or whatever I was feeding her and flipped it as neatly as anything right into my face. I got the message. I think one of the things about a child is that if you allow them a decent amount of unoppressive growing-up, they'll let you know, they'll stand for themselves, even very early.

Where there areas in which you and Dr. Wolff disagreed, or did you always sort of take his advice?

Fundamentally, we agreed. And, even his kinds of hang-ups were sort of similar to mine. We came from not too different a background, for all the fact that he was European. I would say that I don't think we had any major areas of disagreement that I can think of now. I thought that he was wise; I thought he knew a great deal, and certainly he was very helpful. I think the one area where I was more conservative than he, that is I believed enormously in continuity and stability for children. And, there was a point at which "it is all right if so-and-so takes care of her, or somebody else takes care of her." I was much more cautious. Now, that may be partly my ideology, it may

be partly my narcissistic involvement with my own child. I don't know what those were, but in some ways he was a lot more casual than I was about things. I also partly attributed it also to the fact that he was her father and he saw the child from a masculine point of view that wasn't really there twenty-four hours a day with it all.

You were really more involved?

Yes, right... but he was really very involved, too.

Were there other people that you talked to about child rearing or that were raising children in ways similar to how you were raising Erica?

Yes, I did a bit missionary work. You know, we kept separate apartments, Dr. Wolff and I. We were both highly...we were both individuals. At one point we tried to find large quarters together. It was still during the war and we couldn't find anything that suited us, so we stayed the way we were set up.

How far apart were your apartments?

Oh, they were on the other side of town. He had his practice in his apartment, so it was also his office. And, it was on the Upper East Side. I lived at that time in Washington Square: I had a big studio, which I loved. And, our idea was that we would always keep the studio as a retreat and a bolt hole, even if we could find common housing, which we were for a while not able to do, and then we gave up on it, perhaps. And, in that very big studio-it was enormous-I started a playgroup for children who were between one and two-whom I met in the playground. There were six children, and they were children who had made natural friendships in playing in the sandbox in Washington Square Park.

Was it Paul Goodman's son?

Yes, Matthew. Then, Percy Goodman's daughter, Rachel, and a little girl who was the child of Naomi Goodman- Naomi is Percival's wife, and Naomi had a brother who was living with someone in the village, and they had a little girl, and she was in the group. And, there was a man who was on the staff of the New York Times, who worked at night, and I can't remember the name of that child- but anyway, he was a little boy that was in the group. And, there was a doctor who was in New York City Hospital Administration, who lived in the area and their daughter, Nancy, was in the group, and there was one other little boy, I think, but I'm not sure right now about who he was.

Were these people all interested in self-regulation?

They were not thinking about it at all until I began to missionarize a little.

Is that how Paul Goodman got interested...?

I don't know whether Paul had read something before. I didn't really know Paul very well at that particular moment. I knew Naomi and Percival fairly well, because Nancy was the person who my child related to first, of the kids who played in the playground...and we were all mothers sitting in Washington Square. And what we decided was that we would use the studio for the groups in the morning, and two mothers would stay, and the others could have the morning off. And, it was, well, I didn't go in like a missionary with readings or anything of that sort, but one of the things I felt very strongly about and took great delight in was the children should play naked. And, I think that was the first thing I was easily able to convince them about: that it was fine to let them play naked. I had a record player, and these kids were not yet two, you see, but every one of them learned to put on a record and take off a record, and they would dance around, you know, naked

and pretty as anything. It was just delightful. We took a- I had a great big arm chair- and we took a bridge table and braced it against the arm chair and made a slide so they could slide. I had a great work table, and we hung a curtain there so they could play house under the curtain. And, I insisted it was perfectly all right for them to play in the bathroom and do anything they wanted to: play in the tub, or they could sail boats in the tub, or they could show each other how they peed, it made no difference to me whatsoever how it went. And they all went along quite easily with this. I didn't say "this is Dr. Reich, this is Reichian," or anything: I said, "This is delightful and let's do it." And, I never had any resistance to that at all, though I am not sure how much it carried over in their own home.

And, were there other people, other vegetotherapists, people in Rangeley that you talked to about it?

Not very much. We didn't... it was a very social group. First of all, Dr. Wolff had come in early, before there were any other doctors associated, you see. They all stood a little in awe of him; the younger doctors.

Well, he was really the head of things in New York City for Dr. Reich for a while, wasn't he?

Right, for a while, yeah. With the exception of Simeon Tropp, who never stood in awe of anyone, and who was, after all, a close neighbor in Maine. We did not have any close relationships with other therapists. We had an annual party on our beach, and everybody came, but... The other thing, too, is that Dr. Wolff didn't like social life. He was a person who liked to do his work and occasionally talk with people who interested him to talk with, or with Simeon- they used to play and sing together a lot, because they were both musical. Simeon had a bass voice, Theo had a tenor voice, and they had great fun, you see.

Would you like to have had other parents to talk to?

I would have liked a little more social life than we had, but I'm not particularly sure I wanted it with these other parents. I found the other parents, for me, a little bit too ideological. And, I'd been through my ideological bit politically, and I was rather anti-ideology as such.

Were other people- neighbors, relatives- aware that the way you were raising Erica was any different?

My parents thought Erica was delightful. And, it's quite true, you see, that I brought her up with good manners. I do not believe that freedom means you do not have good manners. I remember once it came up when she went to visit Nancy for the first time. And, she said, "Nancy's house is terrible: you have to eat up everything that's on the plate." And, I said, "Well, some parents do it that way. That's not the way we do it at our house. If you can, when you're at somebody else's house, you do it their way. And, when they're at our house, they do it our way. So, that's what we have homes for: so we can do it our own way in our own home." And, she took that perfectly all right.

Did that sort of thing come up very often: things she would notice that other children did differently, or other parents?

Yes, well, she observed. There were other things. On the whole, though, not so much. That is one illustration I can think of. When we moved up- you see, the studio in Washington Square was demolished. It was where the Law School is now. And, we were dispossessed from the studio. And then I moved back up to the Columbia neighborhood, because I was teaching at Barnard, and it was so much easier, to be near my work. And, she went to Riverside Church to nursery school. And, at that time the head of the nursery school at Riverside Church was a most remarkable woman, who had written a great deal on early childhood. I can't think of her name at

the moment, but if you look at the Bank Street Library you'd find her stuff. She'd written, "The Life and Ways of the Two-Year Old" and things like that. And that was a lovely nursery school, just a lovely nursery school. It was housed in a church, but it had nothing to do with religion, unless, like my father, religion is what you are internally and has very little to do with anything else. But, it was a neighborhood nursery school that happened to be housed in a church. And, among Columbia people, whose children went there, because most of the people were, if not Columbia, related to one of those institutions up there, I found great relaxation on the part of most parents. There was only one mother, two mothers, I guess, with whom I discussed a good deal of this. And, one of them was a young mother who'd had a pregnancy before she was ready for it: she was teaching, had just married six months and she got pregnant. She was an ambitious woman, and in her case she was over-ambitious for her child. And, I used to talk with her about that, and she listened and paid attention. We're still great friends, and at my retirement party she came and she said, "I was never a student," (there were students at the party, former students) "in any official way, but I learned how to bring up children." So that, in a sense, with those two mothers... And both of those two children I took to Maine with me in the summer, several times.

Could you characterize a self-regulating child? What does the ideal look like?

First of all, he's able to stand up for himself. He doesn't have either the need to please or the fear. He's a cheerful... But, he's also, as he grows a little older, inventive in being able to do things for himself, to occupy himself. Erica has a friend, no Reichian ideology particularly, has a counter-culture ideology- and they have a farm and Erica says she's never seen a more delightful child or easier parents, and from all that I can find out, there is nothing there that is not perfectly self-regulated, for this child. Now, in school I think they encounter some troubles. First of all, they mostly express what they like and what they dislike quite openly. And, that doesn't work so well in school.

Did you ever experience any problems with schools?

Well, on the whole, school was alright. The only incident I remember now was a group in the third or fourth grade at New Lincoln went for a week in the country at the...some settlement house's farm. Erica was so delighted to be in the country, and she was radiating this and running around and talking about the country, because in Maine we did a great deal of country things. We used to take nature walks and do all kinds of things and the New York City kids who were in the school teased her ...enormously. And, made her feel odd and out. So, she did not have a good time on the trip. Now, that was one kind of situation. But you see, on the other hand, children have to come to terms with the society sooner or later and that's going to be painful no matter how you're brought up. And, there isn't anybody, probably, who's in touch with himself internally at all, who doesn't have some kind of quarrel with whatever school you go to, and the other children in some form or another.

What sort of adult should a self-regulating child grow into? I guess I'm asking you to characterize a healthy adult.

Well, I suppose I would put it: to try to be whole, and not split.

In what sense?

When you have a whole lot of private, suppressed feelings, and an external behavior that is entirely different. I've just been reading a novel in which one of the characters is a very sensitive person who mostly wants to be a painter but who goes into the family business and has all the externals and he does go through law school and he does perform well, and he does do all this, but inside he's eaten up by the fact that he's not painting, which is what he really wants to do. Now, that shouldn't happen to a self-regulating child: he'll paint, if that's what he has to do, or he'll decide that painting isn't enough for him, because what you may have an impulse to do... there's

such a tendency to overdesignate a child if he has a tiny talent. He maybe like our Tim, who paints beautifully, but doesn't want to be a painter. It's a hobby. He's been very, very busy. And, he's just gotten back to painting again. And, he told me over the telephone, "Well, I'm feeling all sorts of things in myself that I had had to lay aside for a while while I was getting my degree.

Do you think you would've raised Erica differently if you hadn't met Dr. Wolff and Dr. Reich?

Yes, I think I would have done a worse job. There's no doubt about it.

How would it have been different?

I'd have been more rigid. I'd have been more afraid of... I think I might have been more performance-oriented. I'd have been more rigid in having a defined frame for her activities. And, what else...I probably would have been, not punitive, but uneasy about childhood masturbation. I have no memory of that in my own childhood whatsoever, even with such therapy as I've had.

Have you had more than six months with Reich?

I had another six months with him later, and I've had about two years with an orthodox analyst: eclectic, but orthodox-trained.

That is an area in which I don't know what I would have done, because I'm not in touch with my own experience about this. I think I understand why I'm not in touch with my own experience, but anyway I'm not. Childhood sex play, heterosexual play, would not have upset me because I did have experience of it myself. When we lived in Cincinnati, there was a boy-scout tent in the back yard, you know... So I don't think I would have taken any tail spin about that. But, I don't know. It's an area in which I think that I wouldn't have been as relaxed as I might have been. I can't be sure of that. I do remember that when I read, at Dr. Shea's suggestion early on, before Erica was born, Freud's *Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex*, I found that a little difficult to digest at first.

Are there other areas that you think you might have done differently?

No, I think the hardest thing is to handle your own hangovers under stress. That certainly is the hardest thing. Because none of us were brought up all that freely. I think that compared to many urban young people...I had a freer childhood than many, but...if you've got an irrigation ditch, you can play peeing with a cup, with the ditch...you can play all of those kinds of fantasy workings out of bodily functions if you're not supervised and yet if you're out in the open. This is why the ranch was so significant: all day long with no supervision to speak of. My brother went off with the other ranchers all day long (he was seven years older)- he wasn't around. I will say, in tribute to my mother, that he's never been ill since. She was absolutely right.

Now I'd like to go through some more specific things about how you raised Erica. Why did you decide to become pregnant at that particular time?

Well, our own relationship wouldn't have been ready for it a year before. We were working out our relationship to each other, and I would say that I was at a point, certainly, that if Dr. Wolff was not interested in a continuing relationship and a family life, I was not any longer interested in him. A decision had to be made in a certain way. I mean I had to make certain kinds of adaptations. First of all, digesting all of Reich, coming to the conclusion we would have to keep separate areas, because that was not my image of home life; many, many adjustments that had to be made, and I had made most of them, and I was certainly still entranced with Dr. Wolff. But, I also knew that to be me, I had to have something I was building in a different way.

I felt a year and a half was long enough to know whether this was going to work or not work, and Dr. Wolff was uneasy about having a child at first. He was not sure he would make a good father.

He hadn't ever seriously thought about being a father before?

Probably he'd rejected it. He felt himself to have changed incredibly through his therapy with Reich. And, he did not know whether he had the capacities for fatherhood as he now projected it. He was uneasy about this, and I know he discussed it with Reich. So, that is why I felt this had to go or it didn't. I felt his uneasiness, and he was candid about it. And, then he decided he was up to it, and indeed he was.

How old were each of you when Erica was born?

I was 36 and Dr. Wolff was 42.

And, when you discovered you finally were pregnant, how did you feel?

Marvelous...triumphant.

Did it take very long for you to become pregnant?

We decided to throw out the contraceptives in June, and in August I knew I was pregnant.

What was your pregnancy like?

On the whole, it was an extremely comfortable pregnancy. I worked all through- I was teaching a seminar at Columbia School of Social Work when I was as big as a house, and teaching from a case record that looked like a legal brief, and I had it sitting on my tummy and the baby would kick and it would bounce and the students would laugh. And, it worked out quite well, because Columbia School of Social Work was on the quarter system, so I could teach the winter quarter and take the spring quarter off, you see. As a matter of fact, I took a leave of absence intending to go back, but I was too entranced with what I was doing, and I didn't go back to work until Erica was two and a half.

What kinds of preparations did you make for the birth? Was it natural childbirth?

No, unfortunately we didn't know much about natural childbirth at that time. Maybe there was a little bit of talk, but it wasn't around and available this way. We went to Dr. Kulka, who was a friend of Reich's and who knew Reich well. Reich had worked with him in Berlin. Dr. Kulka was head of Gynecology at one of the Berlin hospitals. And, Reich had known him there and worked with him.

He was absolutely marvelous, and I felt complete affection and confidence in him. We had some difficulty: it may have been because of my age, it may have been psychological, psychosomatic, something... but in the delivery, the cervix caught between the head and the pubic bone and couldn't dilate. They had to make a small incision and a low forceps delivery.

So you had to be anaesthetized. Was it difficult labor otherwise?

Well, it took most of the night.

Was Dr. Wolff with you?

No, Dr. Kulka was a refugee, and the only hospital that he could have access to was Doctor's Hospital, and they didn't allow Dr. Wolff to come. The only hospital that would at that time that would allow delivery with the father present was a Roman Catholic hospital...

Was Dr. Kulka with you throughout?

Marvelously. He curled up on a surgical table right outside the “booth” where I was waiting, and he would take intermittent little naps, and every time I came to he would come to and come over and talk to me. He was absolutely marvelous. He was there the entire time. I felt so wonderful about it. Especially, because in the booth next to me was a woman, whom I also assume was a refugee, who was quite hysterical, with contractions, and she was quite uncomfortable and kept screaming for her mother, and carrying on in a way that I guess was WASP snottiness didn't feel very good. And, the nurse finally came and said, “Have some patience, the head's showing, it won't be long now, I'll call the doctor.” So she put on the loud speaker for the doctor and the doctor was a real WASP, and he took out his flashlight and said, “Oh, yes, you're almost ready, I'll go down and have a cup of coffee and come back and deliver you.” I thought she got what she deserved. But, there was Dr. Kulka by me like the greatest support ever.

Only once during the pregnancy, and I don't know what happened then, I had one day when I didn't feel well and I felt quite ill. I was quasi-nauseated, but I didn't throw up: about half way through the pregnancy. And, I stayed in bed that day. I also felt quite anxious. So, I don't know whether it was psychosomatic, whether there was some anxiety, or something like that... that is the only uncomfortableness I ever had. I had no morning sickness whatsoever. I had no problems at all in that sense. It was a biologically comfortable pregnancy. I felt like a ship in full sail. I felt marvelous. And, I had been concerned because I had been a heavy smoker, but I lost my desire to smoke entirely. I had no impulse to smoke whatsoever. I didn't drink either. I had no wish to, at all. I didn't have to think twice about should I give it up or shouldn't I? I didn't want it.

Had you made many preparations for her to be born? Had you changed your living arrangements? You were still living in your studio and he was still living on the Upper East Side?

We went and bought the cheapest baby carriage possible, and the cheapest crib: we figured she'd outgrow them pretty soon, and we didn't want to put money into them. And, my friends knitted things for me you know, and we got the minimal amount of stuff, and didn't make very much fuss about it.

Do you remember when you first saw Erica? How soon after she was born did you see her?

I don't remember how I felt when I first saw her. The only thing I remember about being in the hospital was that one day they brought me the wrong baby. There were apparently only two of us who were breast-feeding. I got the other breast-fed baby. I remember- they come all wrapped up, you know- wanting to have a look at her and unwrapping her and seeing it had black hair. I called the nurse, and oh what a flap there was in the hospital. I said I don't think it hurt the boy any and I don't think it hurt my child any. People have had wet nurses since the beginning of time, and I can't think it makes very much difference.

When did you leave the hospital?

After five days. I was up the second day: in bed for one full day, and then Dr. Kulka had me up and walking around.

You both left after five days? She was perfectly normal and everything?

Yes.

What sort of living arrangement did you and Dr. Wolff have?

It depended on how it fitted. Sometimes we'd jump in a taxi, sometimes he'd come down and stay with us. He always came at least once a day: he wanted to see her, he wanted to be fed. But, he didn't always stay overnight. And, sometimes he preferred me to come up there.

Did you have equipment for her in both apartments? A crib?

No, when we stayed up there, we'd put her on the couch and barricade it with chairs. We didn't really take all this fuss quite seriously, you know. Children can adapt to quite a lot. He had a fine couch, and you barricade it with chairs so she can't fall out, and what difference did it make?

Did she ever sleep with you?

I used to take her to bed with me once in a while when... I think it was when she began to teethe, and she was fussy at night at one period- quite fussy- and if I was alone and Dr. Wolff wasn't there, I would take her to bed with me at that time, and I was still breast-feeding her.

How long did you breast feed her?

Well, I began to supplement it about three months. I guess I weaned her- I gave up any breast feeding at about six months.

Why at those particular ages?

Well, it was patent that she was hungry at three months and needed more food. Indeed, I didn't know what was making her so fussy, and Reich said, "How much does she weigh? Well, you can give her something more to eat," so we began with the bananas and the mashed egg yolks and things like that and the baby applesauce- that was always a great favorite. That kind of thing came along as a supplement. And, I began then also to prepare a supplementary bottle. She had no bottle for the first three months. I would not do that the same now. I would begin to put in a bottle at the end of the first month.

Why?

So that the mother has some freedom.

You think that's really important?

Yes, I think that's very important. Mothers can get depressed being too tied, too confined, especially if you're not feeding on schedule, but letting the baby set the schedule.

What was Erica's schedule like?

Well, she pretty much set her own schedule: after about three months, or not quite three months. Up until that time, it was whenever it suited her. Sometimes it was at very short intervals, then she'd sleep a long time...

How long was a short interval?

An hour.

And, how long would be the most?

Oh, four or five hours.

Was it the same day after day?

No, it was higgledy-piggledy at first. And, I think that if you warm the nipple (nobody likes having cold rubber thrust in their mouth) and be sure it's a soft nipple and be sure the milk is skin temperature, a baby can take an occasional bottle.

I understood that bottles are so much easier to get milk from that if you give the baby a bottle, it won't want to breast feed.

That's not true, not true at all.

You can slip in a bottle a day and not disturb the breast feeding?

Of course, unless, if the baby doesn't want the breast anymore, it is because the breast isn't easily... a lot of people don't give milk easily. Some of them are cows and some of them aren't. People vary enormously on how much milk they have and how easily it flows. So, it is quite possible that the baby would prefer a bottle. But, if the baby is happy at the breast, it can also take a bottle provided it knows the breast is coming back.

Did you have a sense that she really preferred to be breast fed?

Oh, yes. That was perfectly plain. Well, it's alive. There is a kind of organotic contact, if you want to use the term, that is very real. I never gave her a bottle without cuddling her and holding her as if she were having... or instructed Emmy to do the same: a big, motherly black woman- so that she was cuddled and beloved while she had her bottle- when I finally began to use a supplementary bottle. And, then as she was eating more solid food and was comfortable with a bottle and I was going back to work (I wasn't actually going back to my job, but I needed more freedom) and I didn't have much milk left, even though I ate quarts and quarts of oatmeal to try to keep it up, and all kinds of things to keep up the supply. When I got back from Maine and I talked to the pediatrician, he said, "Oh, stop it now, she's fine." So, I stopped it when she was about six months old.

Did she have any sort of regular sleeping pattern in the first few months?

No, as I say, she sort of set a regulation for herself somewhere between two and half and three months, of sleeping and eating: every three hours with food. And, I don't believe she gave up a night feeding until we came back from Maine, at about six months.

You mean, then, every three hours, day and night?

MMM Hm. I really don't remember quite how long, I just remember I didn't have to get up at night: maybe 5:30 or 6:00 in the morning, but not the middle of the night.

Did Theo like to feed her or care for her? As a very tiny baby?

I never asked him to and he never expected to.

You did it entirely?

He played with her. He held her. And, I even got him to wash some diapers...up in Maine where we had no real facilities. At that time we didn't have running water: we had to bring water up in pails from the lake. It was too much to do the cooking and the cleaning and take care of her without some help. I just said, "Come on, I know you're not accustomed to it." I just said, "Come on, I have to have some help: I can't do it." And, then he did. But feeding her, no. I think he had a very strong sense that the baby needed the mother at feeding time.

Do you agree with that?

I don't really know. It depends. I know one instance of a mother who insisted on the father feeding the child, and the father was so detached in the process, and primarily concerned to get it all down I thought it must have been terrible for the child, just horrible. But, that wasn't a very

maternal mother, either, so I don't know that it made much difference. I don't really know about that. I think that certain kinds of fathers could do it very well, if it's bottle feeding. By the time they're eating with a spoon, that's a different story. I'm talking about where it's still sucking. I think some fathers could probably give bottles very nicely. Simeon Tropp could have, although I don't remember that he did: he was a very warm kind of man and had some kind of quasi-maternal streak in him. But, many men can't, and shouldn't be asked to: I don't think it's good for them or for the baby. But, I think they can help with the chores. It's funny about men. I've never encountered a man who didn't feel it was some terrible oppression to do diapers. And, I can't believe they were all so over-toilet trained. I don't know why. I've seen men who got very casual and cheerful about it, but without an initial resistance, that's something they can't do.

And, you don't think women have that resistance?

I'm inclined to think it may be because they menstruate. And, they have a whole different kind of relationship to bodily excretion.

What was...could you outline some of the most and least difficult things for you in taking care of a tiny baby?

There are times when you feel helpless because you don't know what is bothering them. They can't communicate yet. You couldn't know what it was. Now, it's true that you learn to distinguish what cries mean. Early on, you know the difference between hunger and anger. But there are times when you don't know what's going on, and that's very anxious-making for a mother. I think that's one of the things that's difficult. I think the confinement is difficult if you've been a very active person. And, I think that if I did it again, I'd do a great many more things and take the baby with me. I see all these young people carrying the kids around in back packs. The kids seem to be alright. And, women have done it since the beginning of time. And, I think I would have done that. I didn't: I was a little over-protective, I think, about taking her around.

So, you made the trade-off of staying home much more than you planned?

Yes, much more...at home. And, sometimes a little stir-crazy with it. Now, part of that was my own anxiety to do it well. Because, after all, Emmy was there too. But, what I tended to do was to have Emmy doing the housework and me doing the baby, in the early days. It was quite some time before I really got it organized. I would say it was by the time we got back from Maine when she was more than six months old, that Emmy would take her out for an hour or two a day, to the park or something. But, in the sense of the real care of the child, I'm afraid I didn't let her do any of it, at that stage. Now, when I went back to work, when Erica was two and a half, it was Emmy's job to pick her up at nursery school and take care of her until I got home: that might be a few hours or a long stretch, I don't know. So, from then on, Emmy was rather in charge, but not until I went back to work.

But, by then you must have had a lot of confidence in Emmy and the two of you had had a lot of time to be around her together.

Right, right.

Are there parts of it that you think were easier for you than for most people?

I wanted the child: that's the most important thing. And, the other thing is that comparing it with some of the young mothers I've seen, I did not miss social life. I missed it a little, but not so terribly. You see, a young mother who has a first baby, who is used to going out a lot with her husband, or with other dates or whatever, they mind that terribly, that shift in how you structure your day, the fact that the evening is the time when you live it up a bit. Now, being older, that didn't bother me. I did wish to sit and gossip with friends a little more than I did. And, I wished to

be able to go out and do some professional things that I was interested in. But, and just to get out of the house, or off the property in Maine.

Did Emmy go up to Maine with you?

No, no. I had an arrangement with another family she worked for who went to the country in the summer and needed a second maid, and so she went to them in the summers. She had worked for them before: indeed, that is how I got her: she had worked for them, so it worked very well. I did take her to Maine once, because we talked about it all the time, and she wanted to see. So, I took her to Maine for a few weeks at one time.

Was caring for Erica much like you had expected it to be? One thing you said was that you had expected to go back to work sooner, but you got so entranced with her that you stayed home for two years, but were there other aspects that were a shock or a surprise, or was it pretty much what you had expected?

I don't think anything was unduly shocking or surprising. I don't think I had any clear image of what to expect. I was the youngest child, and I hadn't been around small children much. So, I didn't really have much of an image. I can't think of myself as being shocked or surprised. Now, it's a long time ago, and I can't be absolutely sure of what I'm saying, but I don't think of it in that way. I'm open about the things... I remember discomforts which had to do with me and my mobility. And, it's true that I was very anxious when she cried and I didn't know what it was about. And, she was a somewhat fussy baby for a while.

What do you think that was?

I really don't know. I don't know. I wondered if it had anything to do with the trauma of birth. I'll tell you a little incident about that in a minute. And, or (she had her own room there in the studio: there was a little bedroom and I had set that up for her) and maybe she didn't like that. And, she was a very hard teether. She had really a very unpleasant time teething. I did a lot of massaging of her gums and one thing and another. She was a very late teether: she could walk and talk before any teeth came through. But that runs in our family. Then dentist said that that's true, that those are hereditary things, in my family. So, there was that. And, it may have been that I wasn't as Madonna-like comfortable as I should have been.

Do you mean that she might have picked up some of your anxiety about her?

Right, anytime anxiety's around, I think they pick it up, whether it's focused on her or on myself, or on my own discontents, or whatever, there may have been some of that. I'd like to tell you about the birth. It's about what happened. She was perhaps 15 months old, and she invented a game. We had a big woolly blanket, and she would put it on the floor and she would burrow into that blanket and cover herself all up, and then she would push herself out on her hands and knees and stand up and say, "I got out." She played that for weeks...that game. And, she was just a little over a year old, and I have a feeling that she had a memory of this. I used to catch her and pick her up and say, "Always remember you got out." Well, I wanted to put it down early that if she ever felt herself boxed again she could get out.

Did your relationship with Dr. Wolff change much after her birth?

Well, I can't answer that with any assurance. Our relationship changed. Whether Erica had anything to do with that, I don't know. It did not change for about two years, three. And, then it changed rather radically. I'm inclined to think that it had more to do with Dr. Reich, than it had to do with us, although we got the backlash of it, certainly. I really don't know what the origin of it was in any clear way that I can say, "Yes, I know these things for facts." I do know Dr. Reich, about the time Erica was three, was trying to get Dr. Wolff to do something else in the work than

what he was doing. He didn't want to do it. And, it depressed him to quarrel with Reich. And, he spent most of the summer quite depressed. And then Dr. Reich decided that I was trying to take him out of the work. And, well, that is when I went back to therapy with Dr. Reich, to see if that was true, if unconsciously I was, or at least I went on Dr. Wolff's insistence. I didn't really believe I was trying to take him out of the work or whatnot, and it took me six months and I finally convinced Dr. Reich on the couch that I was not. I would lie there and say, "It isn't so, it just isn't true. You're wrong. I don't care what he does as long as he's happy. He's unhappy now. I don't care whether he's in your work or out of it, but who am I to tell a man where he should work?" Dr. Reich would tear his hair, "What a woman!" But, in the end, I won. But it did change the relationship from then on.

For the worse, in a sense?

Well, for a while anyway. For the worse for a while. But, in any marriage, relationships change, they take on a different quality. I had a feeling that many things were happening to Dr. Wolff about which he didn't talk. And, a narcissistic defense was coming up very strong. And, that he was very troubled. But, he didn't talk about it, and I didn't probe because I didn't think that was my function.

So, it changed much more than it did around Erica's birth?

Yes, I don't think it had anything to do with Erica's birth, though at one time, when he was angry at me about something, he said, "You only think about the child, you don't think about me..." But, you know, any father could say that if dinner wasn't on time or something like that. I didn't take it very seriously. That's the only time he ever made any comment. He adored Erica: he just thought she was beautiful and wonderful. But, he lost something in himself along in those later years, and I kind of think it had to do with his relationship to Reich. But, I don't have chapter and verse to illustrate, so... you take it as my perception.

Did Erica like to be bathed? How did you bathe her?

Well, Dr. Reich had a great theory which I followed, which was that you put the baby in feet first so it doesn't feel as though the support were being lost. Don't put it down so that it suddenly is buoyant on its back. Slide it in feet first gradually. She loved baths. We played in the bath a lot. She took baths with me, and she took baths with Theo, she took baths by herself, she took baths with other little children.

So she was never afraid of the water?

In no way, in no way. And, of course we had a beach in Maine, so she was in the water all the time. I have wonderful pictures of her in Maine: of her and Jimmy, lot of them; of her and Zoe Neill playing on our beach. The Neills were there for one summer, and Zoe is about six months younger than Erica. When they were babies, they played together. I have pictures of them bare, both of them, stirring something in a pot.

Okay, let's talk about toilet training a little bit. How did that work? When did she begin to have urinary control and bowel control?

Relatively early. Now, I don't know whether I would do it that way again, but I began with a child's seat on the big toilet, because I never closed the bathroom door, and she said, "I want to wee wee in the big toilet like Mommy." So, I got a child's seat and I put her on the big toilet.

How old was she?

Between one and two...And, I put a little step there, so that she could go- initially, of course, she couldn't go without me helping her with her clothes. I won't know that I wouldn't do it with a potty now; instead, I think I might do that instead of the step up to the big toilet, because she would be sooner able to manage it by herself. And, I believe I would do it that way if I were to do it again. Now, of course, the wonderful thing in Maine is you don't have to worry about a toilet in Maine.

She was just naked all the time?

Right. We didn't allow them to have a bowel movement on the beach because people swam there, or in the woods because we walked there. There was a privy and they had to use the privy for a bowel movement, but they could pee any old place they wanted to. And, how the little boys who came to visit us enjoyed that: New York boys. We had one who was enuretic when he came, and he never was enuretic after he spent the month with us.

How about bowel control? How did that come about?

I don't remember anything particular about it.

Did she initiate it?

I suppose so, I don't really know. The only thing I remember about toilet training was that Emmy and I had a discussion which I then took to Theo for his judgment, because Emmy thought she ought to be made to go to the toilet before she put on her snowsuit to go out, and I was not sure...Emmy was quite right practically: she said, "Well, there's nothing but a public toilet there and I don't like to take her to a public toilet. And, if she wets herself, she'll be uncomfortable and unhappy."

Was she in fact uncomfortable when wet then?

Well, it's early on, and occasionally, I guess. As soon as she could walk I put her in training pants and took her out of diapers except at night, because I felt bodily freedom was important, and besides you can pull the training pants down, and you can't get the diaper off yourself. So that the minute she could walk I threw away the daytime diapers and put her in training pants. And, I never used rubber pants: they're terrible because if you wet yourself all that steams and you get a rash and finally after some small accident where she made a puddle on somebody's rug, I did put on rubber pants when we went visiting: not to her playmates and stuff like that, but to proper people. But, that's the only time I used them. By the time she went to nursery school at two and a half, she was completely trained, on all levels perfectly well.

Did she ever want to play with excrement or play in the toilet?

I don't think that happens when you leave the kids alone without enough other things to do. I used to babysit for the child of a friend of mine who always painted the walls beside the crib, but they left him in the crib for hours at a time, without enough stuff to do. And, I'm not sure that that's the answer. But as far as I know... you can ask Erica if she ever had such impulses, but it never occurred to me to ask her. I used to-when I was a child- I used to enjoy seeing myself pee, by leaning over and watching. And, I used to like to play a game, where I used to have to carry the milk from the barn to the house, and I would spill some of the milk and pretend it was the cow peeing. Somewhere there, there was some residue... And, I don't know what went on in Erica's fantasy life about this, but certainly there was no problem with it.

<END OF SIDE TWO- SIDE THREE BEGINS>

Do you remember observing Erica masturbating, or being conscious that she was?

Perhaps in the bath, and in the bath once, when she was three or so, she told me that the front hole was the nicest. And, I imagine that she masturbated in the bed and in the bath. But, I never paid any attention, and I never had any particular memory of it. Nor did I ever see the kind of compulsive masturbation that comes from anxiety. I saw it often in other children, where their mothers would slap them, and what not because it was embarrassing.

Were you and Theo nude much in front of Erica?

Yeah, we were quite open about it. Yes, and we didn't worry about- you know how it's always in all the psychoanalytic literature- the difference in size. No, we didn't worry about that. And I don't think there was a very great significance. In Theo's apartment, there was a doorstep for the bedroom door and Erica must have been a little over a year, came home from Maine the only place where we were really ever nude- we used to swim a lot and lie on the beach in the nude- and she saw that doorstep and she went up to it and she patted it and she said, "Daddy's wee-wee." Now, when he played in the tub with her, he always wore shorts. I think he was always uneasy about too much close contact with her when he was naked.

Was that a personal thing?

I think it was probably an idea in his head. You have to remember that he was first of all an orthodox Freudian before he encountered Reich. But, since we all swam naked and sat around naked on the beach, that was a different context. It was not an intimate context: it was a doing context, and we didn't worry to hurry and cover ourselves up in the house, or some thing of that sort. On the whole, in the intimate context, we were not naked.

How about making love? Would you make love with her sleeping in the same room, or did you try to have privacy?

We only did the first summer we had her. Her crib was in our room when she was that tiny little child not six months old yet. Yes, then we made love with her in the room. Otherwise she had her own room.

Was that a matter of your preference, or did you feel it was not good for her to be in the same room with you?

I think both elements were there. Certainly I wanted the privacy. I wouldn't have wanted somebody in her Doctor Dentons standing up and having a look. I certainly wouldn't have enjoyed that at all. I'm a very private person myself and have a great deal of difficulty with not being private. And, I wouldn't have liked that at all. And, because I'm a very private person, I also believed the child had a right to privacy. I felt she should have her own room from the beginning.

How did Erica learn sexual information?

Well, I think she had the usual development pattern. Some kinds of questions came at the three and four stage. The first one was, I think, almost classic: "Where was I? Where did I grow?" "You were in my tummy." "How did I get out?" "Well, you got your little slide. You've got one too, but it isn't big enough, but it'll stretch when you have a baby so it can come out comfortably." Certainly it's my principle in sex education with kids never to tell them more than they ask. And, not to worry about deciding at that moment that they're ready for sexual instruction. Questions will come along as they're there.

Did she ask Theo questions?

Oh, yes, and often the two of us together. And, somewhere within that period she got it all straight: that Daddy's penis- I don't think she'd ever seen an erect penis- had planted a seed. Somewhere around three or four.

And, how about after that?

Well, she had some sex play with a little boy and announced triumphantly that "We have made a baby." And, I said, "Well, I don't think you have. I don't think you're big enough yet." So, they told me what they did, and I said, "Well, you tried." And, they had been trying to have intercourse. I also in that instance tried very hard to protect both children because they were so open about it. They were then in nursery school, in her last year of nursery school, and I said, "I don't believe I'd talk about this. When grownups make babies, they don't talk about it either. It's kind of a private matter." Unfortunately I told the boy-child's mother the same little story and she got frightened, so we never had that little boy visit again.

Did you have many experiences like that?

That's the only one. Because, I wanted her to know in case he talked about it, so she'd know how I handled it. I said that I wanted them not to feel that there was any guilt. But, she was shocked, really shocked, and she turned right then and there and said, "Colin, don't you ever dare do anything like that again."

Were there other occasions when she had heterosexual play?

I think that she probably did. I don't really know, to tell you the truth. I know that there was some exhibitionism on the block, which I only learned about this past winter. Well, there was a Catholic family on the block and there were two boys in that family and she said, "They were so determined to know how a girl was made that they badgered us to show them, so we showed them." So, I imagine that in neighborhood play, there is always this kind of thing to a degree. I don't know of any other. It may well have transpired or it may not have. She was a very busy child, too, with lots going on.

I understand that one of the differences between Freud and Reich is in their conception of the developmental stages: that Reich doesn't really think there has to be a latency stage.

I think that he's right in the sense that... Well, I'm not sure whether he's right or not. If you take the latency stage in a naïve way of thinking, there are no sexual feelings until, then that's wrong, because there are feelings and sexual urges. There's no doubt about that. And sexual pleasures. In that sense, I think Reich is right, and I think he was criticizing a kind of derivative Freudianism. But, I really do think, from Piaget and others that it's a period of enormous consolidation of other kinds of development, that do take kind of priority. And they relate to people outside the family socially in a way that they never have had to before. And the whole problem of friends and peer groups, that take an enormous amount of energy, and you have only a certain amount of energy and not a great deal of it is going to go into sex if you're busy...

Are there any other aspects of the generally accepted developmental stages that you feel is modified by self-regulation?

Reich always argued there'd be no Oedipus complex. I don't know whether that's true or not.

How did you experience it with Erica?

It's hard to tell. She lost her father. When she was six, he went away. She saw him once after she was six. I don't know what he might have picked up. He played with her a lot. She loved to play

with him. And, he played bodily games with her, mild roughhousing and splashing each other, and I've got a wonderful picture of the two of them in the bathtub squirting water at each other. I would suppose that there were some residues. The first boy that she had any sexual relationship to as an adolescent was a boy who was very like her father, in appearance, and had some of the same talents. I suppose there's something in that but I don't know that you have to make that into a big thing like an Oedipal complex. The man who's been impressed on your early childhood is your father, so it would be natural, when you're first beginning to move out toward men, people who attract you are people who in some way remind you of your father. But, I don't know: she doesn't talk to me much about Theo. She talks to other people about Theo sometimes, but not to me.

Why is that?

I don't know that I handled his death very well. I went into a depression, a rather acute one. And, therefore, she didn't have the support system that most people have in these kinds of transitions.

When he became ill, or after he died?

After he died.

Did that last a long time?

November until June. Well, I went for help right away. But, I couldn't grade papers: I couldn't tell if an answer was right or wrong. I was afraid I'd lose my job. I was really out.

What had it been like during the last two years? You said she only saw him once after she was six. Was he hospitalized?

No, but he was infectious: tubercular and infectious. And, he wouldn't go to a hospital. He couldn't stand sanatoria: he'd worked in them and he couldn't stand them. He wasn't going to save his health and lose his mind. So, I said, "Where do you want to go?" And he said, "Where it's high and dry," so he went to the Southwest, and he lived out there. He came home for about ten days at the end of the first year, found it cold and unpleasant and left- he had intended to stay longer- but he was uncomfortable and he left. And, I heard from a friend of his out there who kept in touch with me- he never told me anything about how he was doing- he wrote me rather nice perfunctory letters about external details, but he never told me anything internal- he was not the kind of person who could write internally anything about himself- or talk very easily internally about himself- and even at his most open, he couldn't really very much talk about what he felt. And, so, I heard from a friend that the tuberculosis had spread and that they wanted to remove a kidney and that he had refused. And, they had warned him that it could go to the bloodstream and could be fatal at any time. So, at that point, as soon as college was over, I took Erica and I went West, and we spent a month there. And, he was not very well, but he made a beautiful effort on behalf of her. He did all kinds of things with her, and you could see that they were a strain. And then I- you see, it's complicated by the fact of why didn't I go west with Erica with him? Well, we decided, no, first because he was infectious; then when I heard he wasn't getting better, why didn't I go? Well, because we were broke. Somebody had to earn some money. He wasn't earning any and was ill and costing money. And, somebody had to earn some money. So, I didn't go: I had some economic security at home and I stayed.

You sound a little as if you're not sure you would do it the same way again, for yourself.

I'll never know what was right about that one. I don't suppose I ever will. I honestly don't know, I only know that it was probably right for me because I did it: whether or not it was really right for the two of us, I don't know. And, I can't say that: I can't answer that. So, in any case, we'd been out there a month in June, and usually we went to Maine on the first of July, and I also had a

contract for a book that I was anxious to have out, and so I thought we better come home and go to Maine, and I said to Theo, "I think that we are tiring you, and I think we'd better go home, and I'll come back before the end of summer by myself. I'll take Erica to Maine and she can stay with Simeon and I'll come back. And, six weeks later he died. So, I don't know... There were a whole lot of things there..."

Were you there when he died?

Oh, no, I was in Maine. And, you know, when someone you care a lot about dies, especially if they die relatively young, partly you feel guilty because you are alive. And, you wonder if there was anything more you could have done, or better. When you know, even though I knew all these things about... you don't believe they're going to die. You just don't. Maybe if they're old.

Do you think he did?

I doubt it. Maybe the last few days. But, I don't really think so. I mean, his head knew, but I don't think he really knew.

What happened with Erica? How did she react?

Well, I left her...I went out to the Southwest right away. I told her right away why I was going. She was quite open about it and cried right away quite seriously. And, I said, "Do you want to come with me, or do you want to stay in Maine with Simeon and Jimmy? So, it was her choice to stay with Simeon and Jimmy, which suited me fine. I really didn't want her out in all that. So, I went out to pack up his stuff and came back.

How long were you gone?

Oh, ten days at the most, maybe eight. Maybe only a week, I really don't remember. I wanted to get out of there fast. So, as fast as I could get things attended to, give his clothes to an Episcopal Church bazaar, sell his cameras to a refugee who needed cameras (I'm not a photographer, and I didn't care anything about them, so I sold them to him) and packed up the rest of his things in the back of the car- the things I wanted to keep- put them in the back of the car and took off but fast. I spoke to a few people whom I met there. I had gone out several times while he was there by myself without Erica.

So you went back to Maine to pick up Erica?

To spend the rest of the summer: this was July, the third week in July. So, we spent the rest of the summer in Maine. It seemed to me the most important thing I could do was not to change her life. So, she went to the same school and up to Maine in the summer, the same way.

But it wasn't until November you said, that it really hit you?

Right. Well, I'm a person of delayed reactions. So, it's possible that she remembers that depression. I remember that at one time she wanted to see slides of the Southwest and I couldn't bear to see them. So, she never asked again, and we've never shown them.

You have them?

Yes, I have them. So, there may be that involved. We talk about Theo a lot, but not...she doesn't talk about her feelings about Theo. We talk of things we remember together or things like that. It isn't that there's not talk about Theo. We talk about him perfectly normally, in the way we might talk about anybody. But, she's never talked to me about her feelings about him. She's had strong feelings about him, and perhaps maybe she'll have to work those out some time. We have a sort

of an adopted member of the family, a former student of mine and a social worker, and it was at her house that Erica married and she feels very close to Joan. And, Joan told me that recently she's been lunching with Erica and that Erica likes to talk about Theo to her.

How old is Erica now?

Erica's thirty. And I think one reason why she wants to talk about Theo is that she's breaking up her marriage. And, I imagine quite a lot of early stuff is coming up about why did she get involved with Jack, what is it about these various men she's known, and her judgments about them, and where is all this? It's part of what's behind it. So, I don't really know.

One topic we've alluded to but not discussed is her anger. How would you handle it when she became angry?

Encouraged her to get it out.

Did she express anger very differently at different ages?

I think that as she grew older she suppressed her anger a great deal, so I didn't know what it was about. Look, it doesn't work in the social situation. You can't hit them.

Did she hit you and Theo?

Well, only once when she boxed my ears.

Did she ever want to hit you?

Not that we know of. It didn't emerge in any way that I know.

Did you use corporal punishment at all?

Oh, no.

So, you never hit her, and she never hit you.

No, other than that one time. I never had any corporal punishment myself except that my mother used to shake me when she'd get angry at me. And, once she asked my father to spank me and he couldn't. He cried. He wouldn't. Then he talked to me about what I'd done and how to think about it.

When you were angry or annoyed with her, how would you express it?

To Erica? Verbally.

Would you shout?

Well, on the whole, I don't think so. Now, I've shouted a lot at Billy, because Billy's a shouter. But, Erica's not a shouter, so I don't have to shout at her. And, on the whole, you see, I've really hardly ever been angry with Erica. It's hard to think of times when I've been angry. She's bugged me sometimes when she was little, but in the sense of being angry with her, I never have been, really. I wrote her a reproofing letter when she overspent money when she was in a boarding school. I was irritated with that and I wrote her a strong letter. She didn't care for that, because she wasn't used to strong statements from me.

What about table manners and etiquette when she was tiny?

Well, first of all, I never taught her any table manners, really. The principle on which I operated was that at a family meal, we all make it as pleasant for one another as possible. And, I think she learned what table manners she knew by imitation. I don't think we made any point of it, in any way.

How about things like saying thank you to other adults? Sometimes children don't feel like saying thank you.

Yeah, I've always said, and I've always said to my friends that they're too little.

So you just let them develop spontaneously?

Right. No "please," no "thank you." No rewards for good behavior, just expectations. Oh, I had a fight with a friend of mine who offered Erica a dollar if she would do something: that was to swim a little farther than she'd ever swum. And, I dressed down my friend, and I said, "You cannot do that in our house. We don't offer rewards. When she's ready to swim farther, she'll swim farther." And, my friend was so confused, "My father gave me rewards for doing all those things." She's a very competitive woman.

Did other people often interfere or tell you how to treat Erica?

Only once. You asked if I yelled at her, and I did yell at her once. And, I can't remember why. It was in that period when Theo was depressed, before he was ill, and I was nervous and anxious and I didn't know what was going on, and again she was bugging me some way, and I yelled at her, the length of the apartment. And, I got a note from a neighbor saying that whether you belong to the old school or the young school, there is no excuse for yelling like a witch at a small child.

The only time you did it, you got community reprimand.

So, yes, I yelled at her. I suppose that's not the only time, but... And, she was always a reasonable child. You could say, "Well, no, sweetheart, don't do that," and if you explained why she would take it.

Did she ever go through a period of rebellion?

Well, not really of rebellion, in that sense where we were at swords' points with one another.

How about the terrible twos? The "No!" stage?

Well, yes, half past one to half past two, that's when I had that play group, so they were all in the "No!" stage, and so we were coping together with that. It wasn't too terrible. You had to learn that "No" meant "Yes" and you were pressing too hard, that was all. That's all that stage means. It means, "Please don't tell me, let me do it." That's exactly what the "No" stage means.

How did she handle money when she was little? Did she have an allowance?

Always. From the time she went to school, right on up. Well, she didn't have to keep accounts and turn them in, she had to try to live within the allowance: it was modest. And, if she didn't make it, I would supplement it: she would have to explain why. I would supplement it: I didn't make a big thing of it, but more or less that was what she had to try to live within. I don't think I gave her a clothes allowance until college. At boarding school, she had a covering allowance that covered all sorts of things, and if she managed well, she could buy a few clothes out of that. It was for all kinds of extra things and what not; and she roomed with a girl whose father had a

store in Tucson, and she could get things very cheaply from that store, and she bought several things from her roommate's father's store. But, you see, clothes are not a problem with Erica, because she sews so well. She makes all her own clothes.

Are the costumes you referred to one's she's made?

Some she has made, and some of them we have collected. But, she could make a tailored suit by the time she was through boarding school. She does almost all her own clothes. Occasionally, now, when she doesn't have time, she buys clothes, but mostly she makes her clothes. She can do fine tailoring; she can do any kind of sewing, and embroidery, all that kind of stuff. If she has the time, she can make something much more attractive than she can buy. That may change, but Erica manages money very well, indeed. She's very responsible about money. And, she has had her periods of overspending, as I suppose anybody does: they feel liberated once in a while. But, on occasion she has borrowed money from me for something special, but she's always paid it back. I haven't given her any money outright.

How long did you support her? Through college?

Yes, but she earned her spending money by babysitting. She had all her food, but she had to earn her spending money. And she had, of course, free tuition at Barnard. And, when she got through Barnard- she accelerated and got through Barnard in three and a half years, so she had nine months before she entered theater school and she got a job and saved her money to pay her tuition at theater school. I gave her some money when she got married to help furnish her house, and I lent them money for Jack to get his teeth capped, and varieties of other things, and she inherited a little money: a small amount from Simeon, and a small amount from another friend who died, and ran through that, so that she had the possibility of being a little bit high, wide and handsome beyond what I was willing to do. But, I was determined that she be able to be responsible for herself. Furthermore, I didn't have any money in those days. Life has changed, but at that time I had to be very careful of money, and I worked very hard for it.

When she was growing up, did you feel free to express your own emotions, or are there emotions you feel shouldn't be expressed in front of a child?

I would certainly not talk to her very much about my inner spirit, and its struggles: no, I don't think that's a burden to put on a child.

How about feelings. For example, after Theo died, did she see your grief? Or did you try to protect her from that?

Well, it wasn't protecting her. It's that I can't show emotion easily. And, I could translate my depression into open grief with some therapeutic help: that was possible. But, I don't have the capacity to do that easily. The other thing I felt very strongly about- I don't know if I rethought it how I would do it, but I never brought into the household any man I thought I would be interested in. I mean, if I was having an interim affair or something, never in the household. That didn't mean the man wouldn't come to call, but I never believe in having your lovers in the household unless you've made up your mind that this is going to have some stability and continuity. While you're in the stage of finding out where you are with other people, which involves- I don't see how you can find out unless you have a sexual relationship, too- I don't feel- I made up my mind about this because I saw this in a little boy whose mother was divorced, who spent a lot of time with us and used to go to Maine with us in the summer, who went through a great series of lovers as she was trying to find her way to a new life. And, this little boy would attach himself to one or another of these men, and then they would disappear. And, the same thing happened with Billy and Simeon's girlfriends. I never allowed that. They could come to the house as friends: I had many friends who were not lovers: colleagues and what not. They could come to the house as friends, but nothing indicated any kind of love affair. And in the end, as it turned out, I didn't want any of

them. But, I feel quite strongly about that: I don't think children should be allowed those kinds of disappointments. Attachments and disappointments make for great anxiety, great unwillingness to trust.

How about anger? Do you feel it's wrong to express your own anger toward someone else in front of the child?

I think that's cultural. I think that depends entirely upon whether your culture lets you. You get these noisy Mideast families all screaming at one another, and they're devoted to each other. It's culturally different. I can't do it. It's impossible for me to do it.

But, you don't feel any "should" about it?

No, it's wrong for me, but it would not be wrong for other people. Children perceive where there's real love. If the love's there, they'll know it. They won't care if everybody's arguing and shouting at each other. Really, in the long run, they won't care. It might irritate them, and they might join in and say, "Shut up, you two." But, I'm not the kind of person who can do that. As I say, I've had more shouting matches with Billy than I ever had with Erica. But, Billy's a very strong person, and he comes out of a shouting culture, and he shouts, so you shout back. I think that's largely cultural: I don't think that's a hortatory matter. The question is quality of feeling in the family.

That's about all my questions. Are there things that occur to you that we haven't covered?

Well, I suppose I would say that one of my concerns about the self-regulated child is the task it puts upon the parent to make them also to some degree viable in the general world.

And, what do you mean by that?

Well, they will have disappointments, because other children will not be brought up the same way. They will have confusions about conflicting sets of standards. And, you must balance this almost as if you were doing intercultural education: that other people may do it some other way, but this is the way we do it.

But, you said you didn't have much of that problem.

Well, I probably did it all the time unconsciously, because, first of all, we did live a civilized life. And we were well-behaved adults on the whole. And, well, in relationships, with my mother, for instance, who lived with us for awhile, we said, "Grandma's old and she can't change her ways, and she will say things that I don't agree with, but you just don't talk back to her because she can't change, but you come and tell me and probably you don't have to do it."

And, did that work pretty well?

It worked perfectly well. It seemed to me that one had to respect differences, that it was essential that she grow up not feeling that nobody else had the whole truth except she. I don't like those kind of people. That she was capable of behaving in a civilized manner when it was demanded, in situations that demanded it. You asked about manners, for instance. I have no recollection of teaching about manners as such in any way. However, when she was with her roommate in Tuscon, her roommate's family, I said, "Now that was awfully nice of them and Mrs. Betts had to do some extra things because you were there. I think you ought to write her and thank her." And she did. And, she is punctilious about thank you notes. Because, I explained to her what it means to have a visitor. And, actually, on the whole, I think that she sloughs them off in this theater crowd she's in, but Erica, put in a straight situation, has beautiful manners.

And, you see, I involved her also in the institutional ties that were relevant to us. I don't believe in keeping it all involved in the family. I believe in support systems, in the community, too. I don't go

to church, my mother did, and at Christmas we would go to church with my mother as a support to her. It was important to her because it was a family...Christmas, for us, is a children's holiday: it celebrates children. And, we would go with Grandmother, because this is where she liked to go at Christmas. I don't think Erica liked it all that much, but we went. Or, I was busy at the Community Center, and Erica went with me to the Community Center to see what we did. And, later on she worked up there for a while, after school, teaching creative writing and drama class.

In the beginning, I asked you to define the goal of self-regulation and you said that a person be a whole person, connected in both sides. Do you feel Erica approximates that?

Yes, perhaps as much as anybody can. I would say she's an extraordinarily fine person. She had a kind of integrity that is really very rare. And, it's an unrigid integrity in the sense that it's not linked to specifics. It's linked to motivation, human effect, that sort of thing. She is probably vulnerable in the sense that she hopes too much of people, is too optimistic about the degree of... a little less so, having burned her fingers a bit. And, I've tried to have her... I've tried to take Reich as showing me some things about the way adults intruded on children's integrity. At the same time, I've tried to bring her up to stand for certain kinds of values that I stand for, because I'm not anti-society totally, you see. I certainly think that our society today is pretty sick, and she sees a lot of the sickness in the theatrical world, and among her theatrical friends her language has deteriorated something awful.

What kinds of values...

Respect for people, from whatever background, class, ethnic group, racial group, whatever. We've always tried to keep the world a multi-group world. That is something I feel very strongly about. Certainly, no shoddy manipulations of people: don't be manipulative in human relationships. On the whole, for anything as important as people, truth absolutely. You don't always have to speak the truth like a child: you don't have to be afraid to tell a while lie, but the truth is the truth, and one stands by it. If things are unbearable, you get out of them. If there's something you want, you're willing to fight for it: you're willing to exert yourself and make a real effort. That probably most people have the potential for something more than they are, and for certainly a good deal of genuineness. And, you can find it if you look. That kind of thing.

Cultural or educational values?

I certainly wanted her to have as much and as rich a cultural and educational background as she came from. I didn't want her to be- well, let's put it- thinner. I certainly have brought her up on how much education meant to her grandparents. They worked for it, what excitement it gave them, how interesting they were, for they were in their very different ways. There was no question, there was never any issue that she would go to college, that didn't even come up, nor did she have any rebellion about going, because I don't think she ever thought there was any possibility of that. It was on the schedule, and I suspect she wanted to go. Everybody else she knew was going to college. She went to a school where everybody went to college, so I assume...I think she might have liked to go away to college, but she knew she couldn't. I just couldn't swing both boarding school and college. She knew that. She has some of her grandmother's spirit of adventure, and she likes to look at things and to travel and to observe. I think I told you I had a lovely letter from her: she was playing summer stock down in Pennsylvania in Lancaster in the Amish country, and I had a long letter from her, a marvelous letter. She said, "I'm writing because there's nobody here who likes to look at things the way I like to look at them, so I thought I'd write to you about it." And, you know, my mother read to us, and my father discussed ideas and values and things with me and I've done that with Erica, too. And, with Jimmy and Billy, too. Billy said to me- that was really the payoff, because Billy has been difficult and I've not always been good with him at all- but he said, "It sure was lucky that I got you instead of Helaine (his stepmother). I don't have to have a college education living with you. We spent all yesterday evening discussing whether art had to convey an idea or whether it had to be simply a form to let people project their own ideas.

Billy has an interesting mind. He's a very interesting child, wrestling with all kinds of things in a most fantastical way. If he lived somewhere else, I would adore him. He's hell to live with.

You've really raised two or three children at least, haven't you?

Well, Billy, at least, I think I've had a very decisive influence on. And, Jim to a degree because he spent a lot of time with us. And, I've had an important influence on Anita, because I've been a bolt hole. And, to some extent, it's very hard to know how much what I care about penetrates to Anita, because she is so schizophrenic, you see. Sometimes she lives in a world that she is trying very hard through therapy to put together now. But, she doesn't hear much from other people, really. What she gets from me, and what she needs is my respect for what she's trying to do for herself, instead of the devaluation she gets from her parents. And, I've had to underline over and over again, "You are not going to be like me, you are a different person." I can tell you what I think, but it may not be relevant to you.

I said to Anita, well, grandfather thought that heaven was irrelevant, that kind of immortality you had was dependent entirely on what you had contributed to the world. And, she was really shocked. She said, "Grandfather thought that?" He was very modern. That was his revolt, of course. And, my mother said God was the goodness in the world. That's the degree of theology I was brought up with. My father thought theology was mostly for the birds. He was very interested, however, in values, and in what he called religious values. My mother said, "The church is essential to the community: it has to have a center...it stands for the community. The church is essential." She was very practical in her way of viewing it. My father, I think, felt he had a kind of immediate contact, with some larger spirit than individual human beings. He got interested in Buddhism for a while, not in the sense of ever abandoning Christianity, but he read a lot about it and was very interested. But, I certainly think he thought that all religions, all of the great religions anyway, were man's attempt to find out what was the essence. I don't think he really thought of transcendental God that either punished or rewarded. I think he thought more nearly of an imminent God or an imminent spirit. And, he certainly didn't bother with the Trinitarian doctrine at all. He didn't believe Jesus was divine. He said it wasn't necessary. And, fundamentally, he and my mother were people-oriented. They really wanted things for people. They wanted good works, to some degree, where they perceived it, more justice, they were really not very sophisticated about all those things: helping people in trouble.

They planned their family very exactly, didn't they: one boy and one girl.

No, no, my mother's first pregnancy occurred at a time when my father had just lost his first job, and she was very frightened by this. But, she had a principle: always go forwards, never go backwards. And, she said, "Well, alright, now it's time for you to go to theological school. Since you don't have a job, let's get on with your career." In those days, theological schools were free, so my mother tutored high school kids in Germany to support the family, because she had learned German when she married my father, and then they'd had a year in Germany together at the university there. I was there too. Indeed, I am told I learned to speak German before I learned to speak English. Well, I was between one and two, just learning to talk. And, so, they went to the Methodist Seminary which is now Drew University, in Madison, New Jersey. And, my mother, as I say, tutored, and there were many theological students in that era (1901) who did not have adequate preparation for theological school, so she taught them what she would call "common subjects," to make them catch up, and she supported the family while he went to school full time. Then he took a charge in Mount Vernon, and my sister was born there. She was the second child. And then he got this job as the editor of the Methodist Publications, and they moved into New York. It was part time only, originally, but they moved into New York. And, both of them started for Master's degrees at Columbia, and they wiggled along- they were used to living poor anyway- and they had two children then, and apparently my sister was an extremely lively child and quite a beautiful child, from the pictures of her, and it was a very easy pregnancy and delivery for my mother, and she was not quite three and she fell out of a window. So, my mother went into an acute depression, and the doctor told my father, "Get her pregnant at once." And I am it.

Did you ever have funny feelings about being a replacement?

I didn't know I was a replacement until I was grown up. I have wondered whether the fact that I'm a depressive is related to the fact that when she was pregnant, she was probably still very depressed. But, that's the kind of thing we can't know... And, my father always said I was quite a contrast to my sister, because she was so lively and I was so quiet.

Your mother might still have been somewhat depressed when you were born.

I don't know how it was. She delivered me by herself. Well, they didn't have any telephone, and my father went to get the doctor, and when they got back, there was I. But, I think that she had very complex feelings about my brother. She was very ambitious for him. He looked like her side of the family. He has her coloring and her bone structure. And, then he became ill... And, I don't think she ever thought very much about me, except to allow me to be within the family and behave according to family standards. I really don't think she concerned herself very much about me, which was all to the good, because she was a rather controlling person by temperament.

Was she warm?

She was very controllable. She was a well brought up WASP. She controlled herself and she controlled others. And I remember challenging her once "You always talk about people managing their children. I think that's a terrible statement." I was an adolescent, I guess, and she was quite surprised. She was quite innocent. She had no capacity for internal reflection whatsoever. She wasn't onto herself in any way whatsoever. She was energetic and doing, and she was a warm woman. And, she enjoyed sex: she was quite candid to me about that, not when I was little, of course, obviously, but I asked her once how often- I was a high school kid- how often married people sleep together, and I hazarded once a week, and she said, "Well, if they're healthy, it's quite a lot oftener."

That seems incredibly open.

Well, I think they got it out of their studying. You see, I really think, you have to remember that both of them had Master's degrees from Teacher's College, and they were terribly interested in new ideas in education.

You don't think it just came out of their feeling?

Well, that too. Remember, they both had country childhoods. And that makes a lot of difference, because they certainly grew up around the animal world and the natural world and my mother told me that when she went to Normal School, she had to have a course in, --I don't know what they called it, but it was one of those sex education courses- and she was very amused at a school mate of hers who said [MISSING WORDS- SIDE 4 OF TAPE]

But, she would let me wear overalls when I was a little girl, and that was unusual. Children should have the freedom to run. I think she was wearing skirts down to her ankles. She loved bodily freedom, in a way. She rode sidesaddle; she wasn't allowed to ride astride. But she didn't ride in the city: that was too expensive. But, she rode at the ranch.

When you read Reich, then, it must have fitted in...

I didn't find it shocking, you see, and I didn't feel I had a mission about it. Indeed, the only mission I've ever felt about Reich was not to make him such a revolutionary character, to see him as a logical development of what had developed. It's only the Germans that have to make these polarities, because in the Germanic education pattern, the intellect is so separated from anything else, and given such high priority, that they create a schizophrenic.

And, you don't find that a part of American experience?

For many Americans, no. For some Americans, yes: I think it's harder for people who are close to European roots.

But, how about the Puritanical...

Yes, it depends on how much of that vestige of Puritanism is left. And, urbanization makes a great deal of difference, because you put many more demands on children in an urban environment. You have to live crowded up with them much more, they have to relate to many more different kinds of people, where you will feel embarrassed if they don't show well. In the country, a child can be off somewhere. You don't know. You don't care.

But, don't you think that most of Reich's idea about the family and sexuality would still be shocking to most Americans?

Yes. It certainly would have been to my family.

What did your family think of you and Theo having separate apartments?

My mother said, "He's forty-two years old, and this is the lifestyle he's built for himself, and he's not going to change. She thought it was odd, but she didn't think it was terrible. My mother was somewhat of a feminist, and I'll bet there were times when she'd wished she had her own apartment. I wouldn't be at all surprised. She certainly was very much a separate person, a busy woman, and by the time I entered junior high school, she was a full-time employee again: she was working. And, she felt herself very much a separate person. But, also very devoted to my father.

How about Reich's idea of non-compulsive monogamy?

Well, she would have been jealous of other women: passionately jealous. Indeed, she was sometimes jealous where there was no occasion for jealousy. My father had a secretary who played the piano very well, and she used to come and play the piano and my mother said in such a tone of voice- I was about six then, or five- but in a tone of voice where you knew it had nothing to do with this lady's playing the piano, "If I have to hear that piano any more evenings, I cannot bear it while I am out in the kitchen washing the dishes." And, the lady stopped coming. She also had the feeling that men were easily sucked in by women, you had to watch them. She would have said that compulsive monogamy is bad for people only if they don't have the sense to choose wisely. And, she said, "Marriage is an enterprise: you undertake it, and you make it work." And she said, "Of course there are problems and of course there are adjustments, but if you undertake it, you can make it work." But, underlying it all certainly was her strong feeling that she said more than once, that no one ever understood her so well as my father did. She appreciated that incredibly, and he allowed her to do what she wanted to do. He was not authoritarian with her. He was proud of what she did. They did have the same values, basically exactly the same values, and therefore within that harmony they could let each other alone enough. And, my mother would have said, "Marriages that don't work are because you don't think enough about it beforehand."

Was she aware when things were difficult for you with Theo?

Yes, she knew, but she didn't ask me about it: she didn't believe in talking about it. And my father- once Theo knocked me down and I was kind of black and blue- it was in this period when I didn't know what was going on and he was upset- nobody had ever knocked me down in my life

and I was really shook, more psychologically shook than I was physically hurt. I just got a few bruises and they got well. But, my father came and wanted to see me, and he said "I want to see the bruises" and he rubbed and he had some liniment and he petted me, and he said, "Now I think you had better call your husband: it is so hard on him to have lost his temper this way."

Did you?

MMMMM Hm. Then he told me a little story about how he threw a lamp at my mother once. I had a feeling that he especially reflected on life, and she mellowed: she was able to be more adaptable than when she was young. And, she achieved a lot of the things she wanted. She spent two long periods in China, she travelled all over the Middle East, they went to Europe half a dozen times. She wanted to see the world, and she did see the world and she loved it, was fascinated. She read about everything, and she went to see everything, she felt as though she was really touching the world, and that is what she really wanted to do. She wanted to break out of the confinement of those corrals, you know.

Was she aware when you saw other people, beside Theo? You said you sort of protected Erica...

I never saw anybody else when I was married to Theo. It never crossed my mind.

I meant afterwards.

Oh, afterwards. Oh, I don't think she...the only person I ever introduced her to was Frank Fridell, a colleague and friend from a California background like her own, and I don't think she thought anything about that. She just thought he was a colleague. I think that my father knew about my Frankfurt boyfriend. He knew about that. I don't know whether my mother did. Neither of them brought it up. The only thing my father ever said to me was- when I was bacheloring and living down there in Washington Square before I met Theo, he was spending an evening, and at the end we were talking, and I was commenting on how well he understood people, and he said "I've often thought you would make someone who would understand people very well," and I said, "But, I don't have your experience and your wisdom," and he said, "Sometimes I wonder." That's all he said. He never said anything closer.

But, mother was...for example when Theo was ill, mother wrote to him, sent him puzzles to do, that kind of thing. She liked men. And, she understood them quite well in many ways. And, she certainly liked them. And men liked her. She was good looking... and she always had men friends. I asked her whether she ever contemplated having an affair after she was married. "Oh, yes," she said, "other men attract you. Well, when I was traveling up in the mountains of Turkey with Dr. Downey, we were clearly attracted to each other, but he was married and I was married, and you have to think about those things: what kind of an effect will it have on the person you primarily care about?"

She had a kind of earthly common sense, in a sort of way.

But Theo, now that's European. You know, I really think some of these neuroses are at least different in Europe, and they're more nearly classical. Theo didn't like me to see much of my father, and he didn't like my father. And, he didn't really like me to talk about him. And, he didn't like me to see him. He tried to put him down a lot: he was just an old religious dodo. Theo was too courteous to do that to my father, but my father was a little hurt that Theo didn't want to be associated with the family. For instance, he would not go or let me go to my parents' golden wedding anniversary. And...it was an ideology, a Reich ideology: that was familitis. And, I said to my father, "Well, he has his own life and his own ways, and it's just the way he is. He's not as interested in philosophy or religion as you are, so he doesn't know what to talk to you about." So, my father thought for a while and he said, "Well, you know, I was not very interested in your mother's father after I married her."

Does Erica see her Swiss family very much?

There's a tie: when she was thirteen, I sent her over to spend the summer with her grandmother, so she would know her grandmother, who was quite a different kind of woman, very, very, very conventional, very much afraid of what the world would think, looked like a piece of Dresden China: was quite beautiful, a lovely woman, and like all the Swiss, quite interested in her garden and in trampling about, walks in the mountains, that sort of thing.

Now, all the younger generation of the Swiss come over here and they all stay with me, so I've had her cousins around quite a lot. I think she feels the ones who have been here as persons. And, she writes the letters to the Swiss family. I don't write them. I hate writing letters: I'm a bad letter writer. She's a very good letter-writer. And so I ask her "Will you write to _____ and ask her this, explain to her that I don't have time to write. You write a good letter and I don't." So, she does.

Do you think she'd be interested in being interviewed? Would she mind?

She wouldn't mind.

I'll have to get her phone number for you.

I'll have to look it up in the telephone book, because I never can remember it. You may get quite a different picture: it'll be very interesting. I think you might get quite an interesting contrasting picture. Some of it will overlap, and some of it will be quite different, I would imagine.

Now, there was one other thing on my mind. I made this comment about ideology, about Theo having an ideology. But then I think you have to make a difference here, too, because in his childhood, everything was compulsively ordered for the children. There was in no way any autonomy for any of the children. He was one of the six, they had a governess, they didn't eat with the family, they took little walks in a little line like French children. And, there was corporal punishment at home and there was corporal punishment at school. And, that's a wholly different kettle of fish. And, it is out of this that he felt that he got rid of being a little, narrow European, by his association with Reich. He felt- probably the thing that started him off best, that started the breakdown of how he was brought up- first of all, he was the eldest son, so he had some favors. Second was, when they lived in Germany his father was the manager of an automobile factory, an employed manager, and when the first world war came, German schools were so chauvinistic in what they were teaching the kids that they went to Switzerland to school, and he went to one of the really elegant boarding schools in Switzerland and all of my nieces and nephews are astounded to know that Theo went to Shears. It was up in the mountains, and there he was really quite happy. He sang in the choir, and it was a Protestant religious school, and he made a collection of herbs and he made a collection of Alpine flowers, all this kind of thing, and in a certain way began to expand, out of the very rigid, tight little world that he grew up in. Now, he said that his mother got better with the younger children. His youngest sister was nearly 20 years younger than he, and he thought she was more delightfully brought up.