

SPECIAL SESSION
OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF ADLERIAN PSYCHOLOGY
HOUSTON, TEXAS, MAY 28, 1972

At the 20th Annual Meeting of the American Society of Adlerian Psychology in Houston, Texas, May 26-28, 1972, Dr. Rudolf Dreikurs was scheduled to be the honored speaker at the closing banquet on the 28th. He died on May 25 in Chicago, in St. Joseph Hospital, after a lingering illness.

Walter E. O'Connell, president of the Society, following a widely felt need among the members to express and share their sorrow, assigned the time that had been given to the address by Dr. Dreikurs to a memorial meeting for him, at which Dr. O'Connell acted as the chairman. The speakers, in addition to him, were: W. L. Pew and Bernard H. Shulman, the two physician friends who were with Dr. Dreikurs to the end, Miriam Pew, Eleanore Redwin, Maurice Bullard, Genevieve Painter, Robert Willhite, Marvin Chernoff, Patricia Welti, Bronia Grunwald, and Harold Mosak. Their commemorations are reported in the following, based on a tape made available by Father Salisbury.

Dr. O'Connell rightly felt that something would be lost if the spontaneity of this memorial were not mentioned. "The speakers were not selected. I had mentioned to only two of them that I hoped we could talk about Dr. Dreikurs, but I did not know how we would do this until the time came. Without preparation, these expressions came closer to being 'from the heart.' "

WALTER E. O'CONNELL

Veterans Administration Hospital, Houston, Texas

As all of you are aware, this evening the guest speaker was going to be Dr. Rudolf Dreikurs, and he is no longer with us—at least physically. I think he is with us in spirit though.

I should like to read you the telegram that we sent as the Board of Directors, two days ago, to Tee [Mrs. Dreikurs]: "To help you fill the void created for you and for all of us, we want to assure you that the spirit of Rudolf is with us here in Houston, and his memory will always be honored by keeping his work alive."

I did not write this telegram, but I was very glad to send it, because I think it does embody the spirit that we have with us now, and I hope that as a result of the meeting tonight we will think more of what memories we want to keep with us. As Adlerians, I think we all be-

lieve that memories are very important, that we create them, and we train ourselves along this line. They are also very important as processes that are going on in our heads which we are not sharing with other people. I would like to have good memories of Dr. Dreikurs, and I think you do.

I believe that of all the people here this evening, at least at this head table, I have had least experience with him. I became an Adlerian through the help of the Ansbachers, people like Harold Mosak, and the tapes of Dr. Dreikurs, which I played over and over again. Some of my best memories are of Dr. Dreikurs in Waco. I have a tape that I prize so highly, I have about five or six copies and, like an alcoholic, I have them hid all over the place. I am always afraid one of them is going to be lost. But this was Dr. Dreikurs, when nobody knew him, at least in Waco, just a few years ago—it was not over six years ago. He was running into all kinds of opposition, and he was able to handle the situation so well, without anger. I prize this as a recollection, as a memory, and I think I will always keep it with me.

What I hoped we could do this evening, mainly because I feel as if we had not talked very much about Dr. Dreikurs in the last few days—I have not heard people talking about him, I myself have not—was that while we are together, we could turn to somebody and talk about the kinds of memories that we would like to maintain of Dr. Dreikurs. I think everybody has had some kind of exposure to him. It does not necessarily have to be face to face. Some of the people who have been most important to me, I have never met. It may be that you have just read his books. It may be that you have not even read his books, but you know there is something going on, there is some kind of atmosphere here this evening. So, I would like you to turn to somebody beside you and talk a few minutes about the memories you would like to take with you about Dr. Dreikurs. (*6 minutes interval.*)

Now I am going to ask you to share with us some of the memories you are going to keep of Dr. Dreikurs.

W. L. PEW, M.D.,
St. Paul, Minnesota

As I rode down on the plane from Chicago, having been with Dr. Dreikurs until the last, I was thinking, and finally I started writing. And I wrote some poems. I am not a poet, but they meant something special to me in terms of the profound feeling that I was experiencing at the time. I wanted to share two of them with you. So I will. (*Dr. Pew then read the two poems on page 4.*)

BERNARD H. SHULMAN, M.D.

Chicago, Illinois

I would like to say something, but I really do not know what to say. Bill [Pew] was with him when he died, and I drove the car that took Bill and Sadie back, and I remember those two locks and the sand in her sandals, and I experienced it all again hearing Bill talk about it. And it was hard. He was sick for a long time. It's over.

He is not the kind of man you forget, because he left permanent impressions for myself as for Bill and Harold [Mosak], and many of the people here. He was a teacher and leader and mentor, and he made Adlerians out of us. He was, as Bob [Powers] had often pointed out, Adler's St. Paul, carrying the message to the gentiles. And I suppose when the smoke clears, we shall all want to do things, to write things, to say things, but it's all too close now.

Even the last few days he was trying to work, still trying to write a book. Harold had him on tape just a few days before he died. When his mind cleared and he was able to think, he would just start clicking away with his ideas. It is hard to see something like that stop. I had the feeling that if he had been around another ten years, he still would have died feeling that he had so much to do.

I think that eventually we shall all want to do and say certain things. Right now, all we were doing was just planning the funeral, deciding when to hold it. We figured he would not want this conference interfered with. So, we are going to have the funeral on Wednesday, and we shall be glad to see anybody who comes. There really isn't much more to say.

MIRIAM L. PEW

Community Offenders Group Counseling Project, St. Paul, Minnesota

We were going to talk about the things that we remember about him. Strangely enough, tonight, I remember, when we lived in Oregon, Dr. Dreikurs called every morning and said to me, "What's new, Mim?" And every single morning I thought I had to have an answer for him. I would spend quite a bit of time thinking, "Now, let's see, when Dr. D. calls in the morning, what am I going to tell him?", because I, for sure, had to have something to tell him, and I usually did. So, he never ceased calling to ask me, "What's new?" because he enjoyed so much getting an answer. I found out, quite a long time afterwards, that it was the punch line to a favorite story and he used it as an ordinary greeting.

I think of all the many times I have watched him teach. Sometimes in Oregon, when he sat on the table in front of us, he reminded me of Humpty Dumpty, sitting there with his legs hanging over the edge of the table. Always we learned a great deal from being with him. He was our friend and our teacher. We were close to him and we loved him.

We talked with Tee [Mrs. Dreikurs] this afternoon, and I told her it felt so strange because he wasn't here, and yet he was very much here, and she said, "What you are feeling, my dear, is that you are really, all of you, his immortality."

ELEANORE REDWIN

Chicago, Illinois

As one of the oldest friends and coworkers of Dr. Dreikurs, I have studied with him under Adler in Vienna. I knew him very well in Vienna already. He came to America one year before me. I had to leave Vienna when Hitler took over Austria.

Dr. Dreikurs was in America and I wrote him and asked if there was any chance for me. I was in charge of three child guidance centers in Vienna and directed a children's home. He knew my work very well. He answered right away: "Come, we might do something together. I have no job myself, it is a big struggle."

So I came. He never forgave me that he had to get up at 6 a.m. to pick me up at the bus station in Chicago. He just had a little bit of a brother-sister rivalry with me. The first few years we arranged two workshops. The first one was at a cottage in Indiana, with 15 people. We had daily meetings. One day, eight of us who stayed at one place, had chicken for dinner. The other seven, including Dr. D., who stayed at another place, did not have chicken. When Dr. D. complained to us about this, he was told to come and pluck a chicken so that he could have some too. So they brought a chicken and a chair, and Dr. D. had to sit there and pluck the chicken, which we all ate later.

The second workshop took place at the Co-op Camp at Circle Pines Center in Michigan. At the end, a young woman was asked by Dr. D. to evaluate the seminar. During the course, Dr. D. had told his earliest recollections, namely, "I took the doll of my younger sister and broke it in half." The young woman in making her evaluation said, "I liked everything very much. The only thing I did not like was how Dr. D. did the same thing to Miss Redwin as he had done to his sister, only in a different way. He dissected her lectures just as he broke the doll of his sister."

So I became his younger sister, and he got along with me. I heard from other people that we always had a brother-sister relationship. We started all the Community Child Guidance Centers together, and he respected my work very much. He was the great missionary who went all over the world, and I stayed home and developed the Family Education Association.

There is one more thing I want to say. He played the piano very well and improvised characterizing different people on the piano. When it came to me he played a tune which continued and always brought the theme back, "Elly just plugs away and plugs away." That's me.

MAURICE L. BULLARD

Corvallis, Oregon

I cannot claim to have known Dr. Dreikurs as long as his Chicago associates, but I did become acquainted with him back in 1957 out in Oregon. Starting in 1960, for some reason I became his assistant in handling details for his classes and social life. There are always considerable details when you are arranging things for Dr. Dreikurs. Under these circumstances you get to know him very well from eight in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. You may become worn out, but he never did.

I believe his associates will recognize that his time was spent more leisurely when in Oregon. Patio or garden groups discussed his concepts and procedures. Major lectures were formulated and tested in this setting.

During the time when the Oregon Society of Individual Psychology published its News Letter, reproduced his tapes, and quoted him, I gradually became aware of something which had gone unnoticed. In the larger issues, Dr. Dreikurs was a tolerant man. Inadvertently, we misquoted him, reproduced his tapes without permission, attributed all kinds of things to him. Never once did he take us to task. About these kinds of things almost any other person would have demanded, "Why did you do that?"

Dr. Dreikurs had that tremendous tolerance on the bigger issues which I believe has gone unrecognized.

GENEVIEVE PAINTER

Champaign, Illinois

Hearing Ellie [Eleanore Redwin] reminded me of the first time I had seen Dr. Dreikurs. It was probably in 1941, in Chicago. There was no

Alfred Adler Institute, no Community Child-Guidance Center called by that name. All I saw were a group of people listening, and they seemed to be really intent. For me it was a finding of life's puzzle put together in a way that made sense for the first time in my life.

I also recall, hearing Ellie talk about Circle Pines—I hadn't thought of that for a long, long time, and probably Ellie doesn't know my feelings on that seminar—that I at first refused to go because it was in a very primitive place and I had heard that there were out-houses. That scared me; I was a Chicago girl and had not been used to such countryside living. But the moment I arrived at Circle Pines the spirit of the place got me. I could think of nothing but the people and what was going on. And it was so overwhelming that it changed my whole life. That and the entire thing, I learned, of course, from the Adlerians.

But I want to show you most some very personal feeling that I have. I had absolutely wonderful loving parents who, of course, gave me my life—my mother and my father. But I really deeply feel that Dr. Dreikurs was another father to me and that he gave me the way to live life.

ROBERT G. WILLHITE

St. Paul, Minnesota

Dr. Dreikurs came to Minnesota in 1966 and gave a demonstration which I saw along with several others. It seemed so simple and so easy that, as a practitioner, I thought this was a good model of man. And I haven't worked so hard since. He has been a tremendous influence on us in Minnesota and helped us to found an Adlerian society and to grow and to develop into an institute.

One of the things that I remember is one evening in his hotel room he asked me what I was doing here in Minnesota. I said, "I have taken one course, and I don't know where to go from here." And he said, "You go from here to teach." I said, "You do what?" He said, "You teach." And I have been teaching ever since. So I shall be forever grateful to him for this contribution of encouragement, and the work that we can carry on which he inspired.

MARVIN CHERNOFF

Beverly Hills, California

Genevieve Painter said something about Dr. Dreikurs having been another father to her. That was also part of my experience with Dr. Dreikurs. During the time I studied with him for four years in Chi-

cago, one of my outstanding experiences was taking his course in Advanced Psychotherapy at St. Joseph's Hospital. The class was held in a large amphitheater where you would sit on the stage with Dr. D. and your client, and demonstrate to the audience hovering over you. Prior to the demonstration, you would formulate a life style, bring in the client, and have Dr. D. sitting right next to you during your presentation. I had spent about 3 hours interviewing a 31-year old divorcee whom I was working with, and another 8 hours going over the information and working up the life style. I was armed to the teeth to face Dr. D. and the class. That night, my client and I walked onto the stage, and before I even got a chance to introduce her, she sat down next to Dr. D. and gave a sigh. And Dr. D. said: "Ah, nothing is good enough for you, you expect too much from others, your husband can't satisfy you, men disappoint you," and several other similar statements. And he was right on! He blew my whole presentation. I fumbled around for the next hour trying to come up with something new.

I remember taking practicum courses with him. His style was to have you come up and work with a client that he was working with, and to sit right next to you while you continued the interview. As you probably know, he was very impatient, and if he felt you were going off the track at all, he was on you, holding you, touching you, and then finally breaking in with, "Where are you trying to go?" It was a terrifying experience. I had had my Ph.D. for 5 years before I went into training with him and I felt as if I were starting all over again. And I was. I was feeling teary, but I am feeling very good about him right now.

I remember also another, very pleasant experience. One year, he had Wednesday evening study groups in his home. We would present papers and talks on Adlerian topics. I was nervous about my particular presentation and prepared several. On the way over to his home from class at the Adler Institute, I changed the talk again and gave my presentation and felt it was okay. I felt I was doing a good job. He seemed to be listening intently, but after about 10 minutes, he gave a big yawn. He was seated across from me, and I just broke off and said "Oh, my god, you're yawning at me, you're bored!" and he said "No, no, I am very impressed with what you are saying, but I am also very tired."

Another precious memory of Dr. Dreikurs is, working with him on an article on parents and teachers, going to his apartment, and

working very fast and very hard and turning out the article. I just couldn't believe how fast one could work when you worked with him. As we did the rough draft, he asked me how long it would take to work up the first draft, and I said "I could probably be back in about four weeks." And he said, "Four weeks!" So I said, "Make it two." Well, I was back in 10 days with the first draft. He said, "Wow, you work fast." I said, "Well, I work very fast when I'm terrified."

About 4 months later, I left Chicago to go to Los Angeles. My first year there was a very difficult one for me in terms of jobs and a number of other crises that occurred to me. On his way back from Hawaii, a year ago last January, I think, he called me. He was in Los Angeles and wanted to see me. We were working on a book and I had not been sending him material on schedule. I went over to see him and I was excited since I had not seen him for almost a year. I also felt very sheepish about not following through on the writing and having trouble just making a living. But he was marvelous, encouraging, very supportive. He was not concerned with what I had not done, only with what I had done and what I was. He was very concerned with me personally. I had felt this before, but never as strongly as at that time. That he really did care, that I was not just another Adlerian or student, but that he really cared for me as a person, this was just marvelous.

I saw him the last time a year ago in March or April when I came back from a conference in Washington. I did not know that he was sick, and only when I got to Chicago did I hear that he was in the hospital. I saw his wife, and then went to see him. He was strapped in with all kinds of tubes and really looking bad and had just been through a terrible scare. I felt awful—and he cheered me up! There he was lying in a hospital bed, in pain, with a lot of things coming out of all parts of him. And yet, he told me stories of what had gone on in the hospital and again was also concerned with what I was doing and what was happening in California. He wanted to know my problems, as well as the problems of other people, and gave me a lot of insight and understanding, a lot of very good advice. I had walked in feeling terrible, awful, and miserable, and I walked out feeling so cheered up by this man.

PATRICIA B. WELTI
Cincinnati, Ohio

I just want to bring out the charitableness of this man and how he made all of us feel worthwhile, even when he was tearing us limb from

limb in working with him, telling us that we were off the track and that this wasn't a tea party. One time I remember very clearly at Southern Illinois University, when he walked off the stage as I was counseling a family, and he threw up his hands and went "Aaaagh!" Now I was sitting there not knowing what to do, but he came back and bailed me out. And you know, I felt good about it. And I think all of us who worked with him felt good about it.

Another incident that I will never forget was also at Southern Illinois. It was toward the end of the semester, and you know how Dr. D. was: When he wanted something, he wanted something, and there was nothing in the world that was going to stop him. He wanted Don and me to take him out to eat that night. And I mentioned that we were living in a borrowed house, and the people were coming back and I had to clean it up. He said, "I'll take care of it." Well, I figured that Dr. D. was not going to clean up my house for me, although I would have liked for him to. But at the end of our class, he stood up before everyone and said, "I have an announcement to make. Pat Welti has neglected her work all summer and has not cleaned up her house. How many people in this class are willing to come and help her clean so that she can take me out to eat tonight?" Needless to say I started cleaning up. I mean, nobody came out, but I got the work done.

He was really one of the most charitable men, except when it came to a game of Hearts. One of my regrets is that I have never, I will never beat him in Hearts. And I tried and I tried, and we worked at it and we played every night when we were together, hours and hours and hours. Somehow his ESP knew where every card was and what was going to be played, and you could not trick him although I sat up nights trying to figure out how.

But the one thing that I would like to leave you with tonight, and that he left me with and that I try to remember daily, is his statement, "Always let the chips fall where they may." Although he is gone from us now, his memory is with us. Let all of us carry on and move into action, and see what we ourselves can now do, and let the chips fall where they may.

BRONIA GRUNWALD

Chicago, Illinois

If I become emotional please forgive me. Dr. Dreikurs and I had a very, very close relationship. I am what I am, thanks to him. I met him just two or three days after he came from South America. He had written to a friend of mine that he was coming and, of course,

typical of Dr. Dreikurs, he made sure that somebody would be there to pick him up, to do things for him, and so on. So I met him. I have so many memories of him because I am not only his student, his friend, but I am also his cousin; my husband and he are first cousins so that I know him also from the family side. I have literally thousands of memories of him; but when I started to think right now about Dreikurs and when I met and how I met him, some funny memories suddenly cropped up which I have not thought of in a long time. I remember the very first time I met him. I was then still in college. He asked me, "Do you have a radio?" And I said, "Yes." "May I borrow it for a few hours? I need a radio." I said, "Sure you may borrow it." He said, "Will you bring it over?" I had never heard of such a thing. I didn't know what to say. I looked at him and finally said, "Well, it's heavy, I don't know." Upon which he said, "Could you take a taxi and bring it over?" I think I did.

The second thing I remember, and I really didn't think of these things in all these years, is that at that time I studied both education and drama. And he talked to me about it. He said, "What do you want to study drama for? Drop it. You go into education. I need you." And I did.

There is something else that for some reason I remember very vividly and frequently. In 1962 when we had our International Summer School in Denmark, friends drove us from there to Norway. On the way, in Sweden, we stopped somewhere, as we stopped constantly. He would say, "Stop, stop!" He was such a dedicated photographer, he had to photograph everything. And so we stopped for him to take his pictures. When an hour had gone by, we wanted to go on. But there was no Dreikurs. We all went to look for him. Finally we found him in a cemetery, where he was photographing old gravestones from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and we could not drag him away. Funny, these kinds of memories to crop up.

But I also remember when Dreikurs was very ill in the hospital in the fall of 1971 when many of us were wondering whether he was going to pull through, realizing how sick he was, and he was very, very sick. Margaret Goldman [co-workers and good friend of Dreikurs] was in the same hospital at that time, and every single day he called Meg and either sent me or Tee, or somebody, to go over to see Meg. As sick as he was, he had to know how she was and was always talking to her and giving her some hope.

He was the most optimistic man I have ever known. No matter how badly things went, he was always like the little boy who when he got a box of horse manure for Christmas started digging, saying, "Where there is horse manure there must be a pony somewhere, there must be a pony." Dreikurs reminded me of this kind of man. I remember one time when he gave a lecture and demonstration and the audience was very hostile and angry, he was downhearted, really felt bad. But all of a sudden he cheered up and said, "You know that's the best thing that ever happened in my life because now when I come back tomorrow I can show them what I mean by the democratic principle: that only in a democracy this can happen. I can show them now my principles, how you don't have to give in without fighting."

Another thing that I remember is team teaching. I did a lot of team teaching with Dreikurs. I used to be scared to death, and liked to sit in the background and let him take over. First of all I felt who am I in comparison to him, let him teach. And besides, often when I said something he would put me in the wrong; so I did not say anything. Then one day he said, "You know, you have been sitting very quietly all the time. This time you are going to do the teaching." And I said, "No, please." But he insisted, "Today you are going to do the teaching." But as soon as I opened my mouth and said one word, he said, "No, you should know better," and took over. When we were all through he said, "See, I told you it wouldn't be bad." So I told him, "Rudolf, you know what you did?" He said, "No." So I told him. He said, "Oh dear! Next time when I do this kick me, kick me in my legs under the table so nobody will see." So the next time when he was counseling some teenagers and I volunteered something like a comment and he immediately jumped at me, I kicked him. But he paid no attention to me and went on. I kicked him harder, and he looked at me like saying, "What's the matter with you?" So I kicked a third time, and then he couldn't stop laughing.

Those of you who knew him, know what a generous person he was, and how he encouraged people. I don't know of any other person who has helped as many people to become what they are, like he helped me. How many people he has seen! He went out of his way to counsel, to give therapy, without receiving a penny, without mentioning it. It was the most natural thing to him.

At the end let me say that I am rather pleased with myself that I was able to say all this without crying.

HAROLD H. MOSAK

Chicago, Illinois

Like Bernie [Shulman], I don't really know what to say. My usual facility in public speaking eludes me. Until Thursday I was chairman of a committee to observe Dr. D.'s 75th birthday at this banquet, and while I knew he could not make it here physically, at least we had arranged for a telephone hookup so that he could address you from Chicago. Then I thought that with his death my committee was discharged. About ten minutes before the banquet started this evening, I was asked to sort of summarize his life. But I don't know how to summarize his life; I don't even know really how to express the feelings I have. For more than two decades I probably spent as much or more time with him than I did with my own family. I lived with him day by day, seeing patients with him, teaching with him, doing child guidance with him, and having the same kinds of experiences that Bronia [Grunwald] described for you. Perhaps rather than summarize his life I would like to share some reminiscences with you.

The first thing that impressed me about Dr. D. when I came to work with him was his courage. I was probably the first clinical psychologist in Chicago to enter full-time private practice. This was at a time when clinical psychologists didn't do things like practice psychotherapy, but he hired me anyway. He felt that good therapy is good therapy. He didn't care what kind of degree you had in order to do it. The next thing I knew, I was being charged with practicing medicine without a license. For about seven or eight months we fought that battle through, as we fought through a good number of other battles after that.

While Dr. D. enjoyed international acclaim, he was a prophet without honor in his own city for a large part of his professional career. At his own medical school the Department of Psychiatry no longer assigned him classes. But two months ago, at the Chicago Medical School, which every year has a brief psychotherapy conference, this year's conference was dedicated to Adlerian psychology, and we spent two days there.² The week before that, Dr. D. who was pretty ill, said, "I can't make it. We'll have Shulman deliver my speech, and you will do one of the demonstrations, and somebody else will do the other demonstration." He asked me, in the last several months, to serve as his "psychotherapist" because he was kind of depressed. He

²For a complete report of the proceedings of this conference see this *Journal*, 1972, 28, 119-266.

did not know how to be sick gracefully. And I told him at this time, "No, we don't want your paper; we want you." Those of you who were in Chicago for that conference saw Dr. D. come and give some of the most brilliant performances of family counseling and interviewing that he had ever given. The next day he went to the hospital, but those two days, he was in there, doing his job. It was in the introduction to this conference that the dean of the Medical School said that as a student and later as a psychiatrist he had not been interested in the approach of Dr. Dreikurs, but that time had proved him right in pointing in the direction in which psychiatry was moving.⁸

For years the psychiatric community and the psychological community did not treat him well, and yet he just went about doing his job. When I returned to Chicago about 21 years ago to work with Dr. Dreikurs, I met a professor from the University of Chicago who asked me what I was doing back in Chicago. I told him I had come to work with Dr. Dreikurs, and he said, "That man? When is he going to learn some psychiatry?" Three years ago we started an intership in clinical psychology in our private practice. Our first intern came from the University of Chicago. The director of clinical training at the University of Chicago was this same professor. I am told that he told our intern that he would get the very best internship in this country. So, things have really changed throughout the years, and I was elated the night of the banquet of the Chicago Medical School conference to see Dr. Dreikurs finally receive honor from hundreds of people, practitioners in his own home town, who had come to listen and to do him honor.

He was sick, and he did not take sickness very well. Some years ago when he had his heart attack he called me and asked me whether I could take an engagement up in Minnesota. I said, "Why do you want me to go?" He said, "I had a heart attack two days ago." I said, "Oh, what have you been doing since?" He said, "Well yesterday I had an engagement in Kalamazoo, so I went up there and kept it before getting some treatment." I said, "Dr. D., you had a heart attack and you went up to Kalamazoo?" He said, "Don't worry, I didn't drive. Somebody else drove me." Subsequently in the last few months he was depressed at times, and yet he kept in there working. Just a week ago Friday I was at his bedside with Bronia. It was a day when he was alert; he wasn't heavily medicated. While we were talking, he

⁸See this *Journal*, 1972, 28, 123-124.

suddenly said, "Harold, let's do some work. You know, we have been making some tapes. Let's continue." So we made tapes, and his mind was just as alert as ever. He fished in his memory for things fifty years back, and he found them every time. Some of these tapes, I imagine, will either be distributed or published in one way or another.

As much in pain, uncomfortable and sometimes depressed as he was, he did not lose his sense of humor. One Sunday I received a call to come and see him. I went over. He was depressed and behaved like every depressed patient. He knew all the patients' tricks very well. I decided that to get him out of this depression I had better do what he taught me, that is, get the patient angry. So I set out to provoke him, and I got him real angry. He flared at me. But right in the middle he stopped, smiled, shook his finger at me, and said, "Harold, I taught you too good!" I am glad he did, because he stopped being depressed.

There are thousands of things like this that happened over the years that I could share with you. But I guess we have to leave some for other times. We have come here not to mourn, but to honor the memory of Dr. Dreikurs who at once was our friend, mentor, healer, a man who tried to bring to fruition his vision that man could be a fellowman to other fellowmen. He was a *Mitmenschen* himself. We shall miss him. We shall not see the likes of him again soon.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS ANNOUNCEMENT

The Papers of Rudolf Dreikurs have recently been added to the Library's collections. . . . Dreikurs has been a major force in . . . the transformation of Adlerian psychology . . . into an actively practiced therapeutic technique of increasing significance. . . . Building on the theories of Adler, he systematized their application, particularly by detailing the goals of misbehavior in children, the dynamics of the family constellation, and the techniques of family counseling, and by further sharpening diagnostic techniques for elucidating a client's life style. . . . The Dreikurs papers comprise approximately 1,840 items. . . . When processed, the papers will be available for scholarly use in the Manuscript Division Reading Room.—[JANET R. TERNER.] From *Library of Congress Information Bulletin*, June 2, 1972, 31(22), 242-243.