A DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

In 1985 Gisela Konopka turned 75. In celebration, Gisa, herself, was invited to deliver the eighth annual Konopka lecture. Over 300 friends and colleagues crowded into the Little Theater Hall, Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, to hear her paper and attend the reception that followed.

The seminar was co-sponsored by the College of Home Economics and the College of Liberal Arts, the two administrative units with which Dr. Konopka was associated in her long tenure at the University of Minnesota.

Keith McFarland, Dean, College of Home Economics, chaired the seminar. Fred Lukermann, Dean, College of Liberal Arts, provided opening remarks; Jack Darley, Emeritus Professor of Psychology, introduced Gisela.

REMARKS
Fred Lukermann
Dean, College of Liberal Arts

I was asked to make a connection between the 1960’s and the 1970’s, but I also, obviously, want to be personal on this occasion.

Let me be personal first. Gisela and Paul were one of my kind of people, and I think it was from the moment I first met her until this very last second that I can say that. I’m not going to be humble about it. I think she’s my kind of person because she cares. I think we too often in an educational institution talk about our professional life, but those of us who are in the liberal arts, whether its students or its faculty, should be quite aware of the fact that liberal education is for citizenry, and if there ever was a citizen worthy of the name, I think it’s Gisela.

My connection officially with Gisela came when I was Associate Dean of Social Sciences in the College of Liberal Arts in the mid-sixties. It wasn’t a tight relationship because Social Science and Social Work were not in the same division at that time. Social Work was a professional school, but I don’t think that ever concerned Gisela. She was as much a part of the Social Sciences, and the Humanities, and the Fine Arts as a part of Social Work, and that’s where I first knew her. I became a vice president in the Academic Affairs office in 1967, and that was at the beginning of the time of troubles in the sixties: student activism, community activism, adult activism, the war, minorities, whatever bothered the world bothered America, and bothered us at Minnesota. One of my first assignments was a “pot of money” from the state legislature to get this University to initiate some outreach with the disadvantaged. Now this was a land grant institution dedicated to service, but it was quite clear to many of us inside the institution, as well as out, that there was a large segment of the population: urban, central city, minority, reservation, black, white, red, brown that wasn’t being served. We set up what was then called the Center for Urban and Regional Affairs and which has since become known as GURA, and we went to work. The plan was to hire some faculty coordinators. Not to hire them in a sense of salary but to hire them in a sense of giving them support for projects that as scholars they wanted to do. I think it’s important to understand what we did in those days. We wanted projects to which faculty were committed, and after three years we would review them. If they weren’t any good, we’d get rid of them, and if they were good, we’d transfer them to some permanent collegiate home. The reason was perfectly selfish. We were intent on not building a permanent administrative center that could imperialize its own projects. We wanted activities and commitments to go back into the University under the control of faculty and students.

Gisela was one of the first coordinators in CURA. Her projects and experiments turned out right, or should I say, they turned out good. They were good, but they also had to be right and right meant that they had to be flowing back into the institution and whatever we hold dear in teaching, professing and curriculum. And it had to be research. We had to learn something from those experiments. That’s what saved the bad experiments; the bad experiments were as much learning to us as the good experiments. But thank God, the good outweighed, at least in number, the bad.

I won’t go into detail on the kind of projects. If you know Gisela, you know where they were; they were on the south side, on the north side, and they were at Glendale and at Rice Street, and they were here, and they were there, and they were out-state, and in-state, Sabathani, Pilot City, Glen Lake, wherever there was a need and wherever there was a community-and above all, I don’t think that we should ever forget that as faculty, as professionals, as educators, we need the community, we need them desperately.

Well the time came after three years to make a decision, and the decision was, of course, to continue and then put that work experience into a permanent structure. The College of Home Economics seemed the most logical place to put Gisela’s projects, but there also had to be a transition. There was a review, and there was a very deep concern on the part of faculty that these new centers of outreach, which weren’t quite the traditional research, the traditional publications, the traditional extension work be properly housed. We chose at that time Jack Darley to chair the committee.
Without any disrespect, Jack was an old hand. When I first met him, he was an associate dean of the Graduate School. And a long list of things followed, the Faculty Consultative committee, the Senate committees on educational policy, etc., and of course, as chair of Psychology for so many years, he was the logical choice. I'd like to introduce Jack now to Gisela's friends, his friends, and my friends, Jack Darley.

INTRODUCTION
John Darley
Emeritus Professor of Psychology

About a year ago, I was asked if I would introduce Gisa as the speaker at this, the eighth Konopka Lecture. Since then, at odd moments, I've outlined several introductions, none of which satisfied me. So I turned to some of Gisa's own writings: her 1977 autobiography; her 1979 Vermont Conference speech entitled “Social Change, Social Action as Prevention: the Pole of the Professional.” These gave me some gut feelings for my intellectual affection for her.

Let me assure you that she and I have much in common, even though our backgrounds were greatly different. For example, World War II made a social psychologist out of me as we studied the effectiveness of combat air groups on aircraft carriers in action in the Pacific. Prior to World War II, I had been a 'dust-bowl empiricist' in the late Richard M. Elliott’s definition of Minnesota psychology, and a specialist in psychometrics. But the military experience made me more open to change when I returned to Minnesota late in 1946. In 1947, I moved to a nine-year period as Associate Dean of the Graduate School, under Theodore C. Blegen, the great Norwegian historian. These were the years when first I began to work closely with Gisa.

Since my retirement in 1978, I’ve also had five years of additional postgraduate experience as a licensed consulting psychologist, working with the social workers in Anoka County.

When Gisa and I talked about her lecture today, we agreed that I should not read her speech in advance. Thus, I wait, as you do, for the renewed look she will present in the areas of human development, human needs, and human services.

It is with both pride and affection that I ask you now to welcome Dr. Konopka today for her presentation of the eighth Konopka Lecture.

A RENEWED LOOK AT: HUMAN DEVELOPMENT, HUMAN NEEDS, HUMAN SERVICES
Gisela Konopka, D.S.W.
Professor Emeritus
University of Minnesota

Last year Norm Sprinthall warned me that I would agonize over this lecture for many months. His prediction was right. The agony has persisted for practically the whole year. I wanted to put into the presentation of a short hour the whole insight of a long life. Certainly this is not possible. All I can do is to share with you some of the insights, some of the convictions that have grown through those years, and some of the demands that arise from them. You, yourselves, must go from there.

Sources of Insight

I purposely put into the title of this lecture the word “renewed”; a renewed look at human development, not a “new” one. There is far too much pretense to newness in various theories without acknowledgment of the contribution of others before us in philosophy, psychology, religion, poetry, and the arts. Understanding of human beings has come from all these: from Grünwald’s tortured presentation of the crucifixion to the desperation of Picasso’s Guernica; from Rafael’s gentle madonnas to Ka the Kollwitz’s sorrowful, but fiercely loving mothers. I am quoting Albert Einstein:

“Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow men... and bow earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received.”

My thinking comes from reading, discussions, lonely intellectual struggle and intense life experiences. If one lives life consciously one gains insight. Our understanding of human beings cannot be derived from the laboratory or from statistics. Human beings are too complex for this. Thomas Etten*, artist and philosopher said it very simply, “Human beings are not objects.” Not even biologically can we totally generalize from one human being to the others. The identical germ entering two different persons does not always result in exactly the same physical state. I often said, half laughingly, to my students that there is only one generalization we can make about human beings and that is that there is an infinite variety. And yet when I am speaking today, I will have to make some generalizations. I start through with a stern warning against them. Terrible harm has been done and is still being done by unsophisticated human service workers when they apply generalizations to particular individuals; even greater harm occurs when generalizations are applied to groups. Race prejudice is one of the horrible examples.

Now to my present understanding; in my life I have seen three devastating endings of life:

In the concentration camp I saw a man hunted to death until the blood spurted out of his lungs.

I found my own husband, who had been alive and vibrant in the morning, lying dead on the floor when I came home from work.

I have lived with the slow torture of the cancer death of a close friend: a young, incredibly gifted human being.

I learned from those deaths how easily we believe fairy tales about the gentle forms of dying, how different reality is from much of what we read. I learned about the great helplessness of the human being, of how little knowledge we have, even of biological processes. I learned also of the surprising strengths in human beings and I began to appreciate more than ever the incredible and strange gift of life. To work with others we have to delve into this amazing thing that is both the life force and its development. It is difficult. Wayne Miller suggests part of the difficulty when he says,

“As I progressed, I found that the closer and deeper I looked, the more I saw and the more there was to see.
When I couldn’t see any more, the deficiency was mine.”

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All my life I have been curious about what makes human beings tick. Among the great events of my youth were the discoveries of Freud and Adler combined with Simmel and Weber. They coincided with the experience of war, of revolution, of art and poetry, of young love, of revolt against established rules and a deep appreciation of mutual help and friendship. I have to smile at the so-called iconoclasts today who have to “debank” Freud. Their premise seems to be that one theory of understanding human beings can be perfect and totally right. Certainly Freud himself never thought that. He corrected himself frequently. Even in the 1920’s when we young people got very excited about his thinking, we never accepted his work as a dogma. We always disagreed, e.g., with his concept of “penis envy.” We were very proud of being young women. We surely did not envy our male friends. But Freud had helped us understand some of the dark corners of the human soul and this was important.

For those of us who grew up in a highly authoritarian structure, Adler added a very significant understanding of how this authoritarian principle influenced us. Understanding this, we could more easily free ourselves from it. But, again, we know that not everybody fitted into Adler’s theory. Only much later, as an adult student in a School of Social Work, I experienced Freud being taught dogmatically. I was fortunate though to have a professor like Gertrude Wilson, who, in her approach to what then was new, so-called iconoclasts today who have to “debank” Freud. Their premise seems to be that one theory of understanding human beings can be perfect and totally right. Certainly Freud himself never thought that. He corrected himself frequently. Even in the 1920’s when we young people got very excited about his thinking, we never accepted his work as a dogma. We always disagreed, e.g., with his concept of “penis envy.” We were very proud of being young women. We surely did not envy our male friends. But Freud had helped us understand some of the dark corners of the human soul and this was important.

I started my studies in the United States very shortly after my experience of having lived and fought with others against Nazi terrorism. This had been an act of conviction against many inner desires. I certainly could not accept a deterministic theory. Yet, I could and can agree with much of Freud’s sensitive insight into human suffering. I will always admire his work which combined scientific investigation with intuitive insight derived from observation and literature.

To me, Merle Curti’s warning is always significant:

“... that somehow changes my total concept of human development. I think that we have perceived developmental stages as stereotyped and have especially misunderstood that period of life we call adulthood. To ourselves and to young people, we have presented life as a move toward becoming “adults,” becoming “mature.” Maturing has been equalized with a state of knowing how to make decisions, being sure of oneself, being capable to accept limits, to set limits, to love and to take love, to handle one’s own life. These are all good qualities we would like people to possess and we have presented one age group as being able to develop them as an accomplishment. To me, today, this is a false picture. These are never totally achieved capacities. We will strive for them all our lives. Very rarely do we “have” them.

And they are capacities existing or not existing at any one state in development. They do not belong exclusively to adulthood.

I remember once saying to a three-year-old, “Can you help me with this?” and the little boy responding sagely, “I would like to, Gisa, but I am not sure I can.” He knew his limits. We say he acted “adult.” And we chide adults who do not have this security, as falling back into childhood or adolescence. I do not see it that way. I think that the human development is a continuous struggle with acceptance of oneself and acceptance of others, a continuous searching for a real meaning of this strange gift of conscious life; a continuous struggle with one’s own desires and needs and those of others. People are not immature when they struggle with acceptance of themselves. Think of Hammarskjold’s words in his diary:

“Uneasy, uneasy, uneasy-Why? Because when opportunity gives you the obligation to create, you are content to meet the demands of the moment, from one day to the next.

Because-anxious for the good opinion of others, and jealous of the possibility that they may become “famous,” you have lowered yourself to wondering what will happen in the end to what you have done and been.”

In spite of being at the pinnacle of his career, he doubts himself. In looking at human development that way I begin to work differently with the young. I do not admonish them to become “mature.” I have to help them not only to accept this searching but also to have the courage to live with its never-ending demands. I think that the wave of adolescent suicide over our country is somewhat related to this false expectation of an adult stage that is supposed to represent stability and security, but so seldom lives up to expectation. I also think that the present wave of absolutism or fundamentalism—the wish to have total security—is related to this false expectation.

A Basic Human Need: Belonging

With this view of development I want to move into what I see as basic human needs and, as an example, I will speak mostly of those young people we have in our power. A short time ago, a friend of mine told me that at a meeting where I was not present, I was referred to several times as “the mother of juvenile offenders.” I had to smile and I don’t mind being called this. They do need a mother. Children and adolescents are the most powerless persons
and we are responsible for how they grow up. James Baldwin said it so well:

“The sea rises, the light fails, lovers cling to each other, and children cling to us. The moment we cease to hold each other, the moment we break faith with one another, the sea engulfs us and the light goes out.”

We want the light to continue. We have to do some serious thinking concerning what we understand about the needs of these young people. Adolescents are falsely seen as difficult because we pretend that the adult world is neat and orderly.

Only a while ago I met a fifteen-year-old in one of our treatment homes. She was willing to talk to me, but in the beginning of our discussion she was very suspicious and remote. She gave me, finally, one of her poems and I want to read it:

“Where will this black tunnel end?
I thought I saw some light but it is gone now.
I am getting too tired to run anymore.
Maybe I will just rest a minute
but I am scared I will fall asleep and never wake up.
I am just a black shapeless object
floating around the world. Please, someone stop on me
and make this senseless pattern of rotations cease from existing.
People play with my shape
forming it into whatever they want,
using it for their own greedy purposes. And when they are done
I am placed into my ugly pattern again
only to fall into the next pair of selfish hands.
I drift past.
Someone shape me into something sweet and keep me.”

(Michael Ann Bartusch)

There is not only the cry of the adolescent to be a person, to be herself, to get out from under the excessive “molding” but also the cry of the child to be “kept,” to be held, to belong. I increasingly see belonging as one of the most basic human needs. Freud once said that the two basic needs are “to love and to work.” Loving means that we are able to reach out to others. Work, in its best sense, represents self-respect. These are basic, and so is the need to belong. Karl Menninger, in a symposium, talked about belonging as being “a part of each other. A connection.” But this word “belonging” must be used with caution and discernment. Belonging also can be understood and too often is understood as being a property, being a slave. Too many people talk about the “good old times” and how wonderfully the family always provided for its children. We had better realize that this is fiction. We come from a history of family relations where children and, by the way, also wives were property and thus belonged to fathers who were the all-powerful authority with the power of life and death over them. It was no joy to “belong.” In 1628 the Massachusetts Colony passed the “Stubborn Child Act” which allowed children to be put to death by parents, if the child was “stubborn or rebellious son of sufficient age of understanding.” Nothing was said at the time about girls, but for centuries they were treated the same way. Some years ago, in another country, I was told that a girl who became pregnant out of wedlock was killed by either the father or the brother. When young people came into the hands of public representatives the relationship was not better.

Schools for rich and poor commonly used physical punishments. Slow learners might be beaten or sent to the corner to wear a dunce cap. One man’s biography describes how, after receiving 20 cracks at school, his hand became so black and blue and sore he could not open it for two weeks.

Many of the practices I see today in institutions are based on this negative concept of “belonging,” of possession, of being treated as a thing. A teenager said to me with great bitterness, “I belong to the state. That’s it.” And with belonging he meant the horrible power that held him in a vise, that pushed him around at will. This surely is not what Karl Menninger talked about. He has stripped the archaic sense of authority away from the concept and has given us the ideal of belonging, the meaning of “refuge,” the “warm corner,” the beautiful sense of connection with other human beings. When I think of it this way, I see before me the moving drawings by Kathe Kollwitz, where a mother holds the protecting arms around a frightened child. I also think of a totally different kind of belonging, the sense of being parts of others that awakens in us the responsibility to be available for others. Morris West lets a person say:

“Then I began to understand something. If I lived for myself and with myself I should always be hollow, always in Solitude.”

It is the sense of belonging that is essential for growth. Why? Why do we need it? Human beings cannot live without this attribute. Surely, physically the child cannot survive unless somebody provides food. Actually this dependency on others continues all through our lives. Who of us can live without the help of others? It is a myth to talk about complete independence. We are always interdependent. Emotionally we can only find out who we are in interaction with others.

Some people think of “belonging” as a place. They think one must have a “place of return”; an actual spot in the universe that gives one a feeling of home. I think that it is rarely the place that counts. It is the human environment. I can give an unusual example of this. A colleague of mine spent the early years of his childhood in concentration camps. The Nazis had separated the child from his mother and he was completely alone. Yet, as an adult today, he is a very giving person who has dedicated his life to work with physically or emotionally abandoned children. When we talked about his early experiences I wondered how he felt when he was so alone. He remembered that he was always very, very sad, especially when he saw dead people being thrown on a heap. Yet he also
remembered faces (to him old) who looked at him with friendly eyes. There were hands who wiped his little bottom or put a piece of bread in his mouth. He said, “For some reason these people were my home and this is why I still believe in the power of love.” So, it is not a piece of geography, not even always the family into which one is born, but loving and compassionate human beings who can make growth possible.

When one is older, this warm experience will provide the capacity to venture out, to risk, to make new commitments. We cannot live and be productive without being capable of doing this. There have been families who provided a sense of belonging, but they intertwined this with making the children prisoners and not allowing them to move out of the nest. Children growing up thus cannot make new connections, new friends, or become part of a larger community, marry and even be alone at times. Recently one of my friends said that he misses in many young adults the courage to risk themselves and to make a commitment. I think that these are people who have never experienced the warm soil of a love that allowed them to belong and yet to leave without rejecting their relationships. I do not think that this confidence is always or must always be given in the family even though this is probably the most natural, original group. It can be given by other groups, by friends, even by strangers who reach out. I remember when I was in solitary confinement in a concentration camp and felt surrounded only by hate, I felt first as if I was totally alone. Yet, suddenly, there appeared before my eyes some of the members of the underground movement to which I belonged and I thought, “I’m not alone, there are always people to whom I belong, even if they are not present.”

After the death of my husband, who was my friend, was well as my beloved one, I felt like ice. I felt that there was no more “any connection.” I remember that I wrote to myself that there is never anyone anymore to whom I will be “the one and only;” never, never again. I almost heard the raven in the famous poem by Edgar Allan Poe, “Quoth the raven ‘Nevermore’ “I am sure that if our love had been an exclusively possessive one, this sense of isolation would have continued. But it did not. Our strength of closeness and yet our freedom allowed renewed reaching out to others, to make new connections, though in a different way. if we know that belonging is a basic need, then we will have to look at what we are doing with many of our young people. We see many adolescents who are actually “throw aways” like discarded paper plates or who are victims like paper, shredded to pieces.

I interviewed a number of young men who were “certified” by the juvenile court and sent to adult prison at the age of 15, 16, and 17. They had very little in common but one thing. Every single of them was an abused child:

“When I was a little kid I used to get whipped a lot…I got a whipping a lot for being bad.”

Or one is put in a special school:

“It’s one of these schools, they have teachers who grab you and they take you in there and they shut the door and they lock you up and you just stay in there and kick on the door all day.”

There are those who have lived through sexual abuse, which is especially confusing. It does give the young person, sometimes, a sense of warmth and yet it is an attack. One of the young girls I interviewed, wrote:

“My father hurt me,
Filled me with pain inside,
I never wanted him to desert me.
I never told I laid in bed by his side.
Some days I wish
After four years have past,
He would have never
Given me that kiss,
And made me grow up
So fast.

Pornography, prostitution, intercourse
It’s all the same,
It’s a secret
Everyone closes with force,
But that has never stopped
The victim’s pain.

Alienation is very strong among many young people with whom we work. One of them wrote:

“God, have you forgotten me?
I’m so lonely, can’t you see?
No one needs me or even cares,
My family’s gone I know not where.
Do I deserve all this hate and scorn?
It must have been raining the night I was born.”

Such alienation is sometimes explained away by “the generation gap” as if this is something that exists by nature. I can only testify that in thousands of interviews I have found young people to yearn for relationships, surely with their contemporaries, but also with adults.

**Human Service Practice**

What have we, the professionals in human services, done? Frequently we have added to the fear of adolescents, which pervades our society, by constantly pointing towards all the problems that they create or even that they supposedly are. Hostility toward the young is very strong. It is often even stronger when the young person is not Caucasian. One of the young women I interviewed said:

“The teachers are sort of scared of Blacks here. I’m not the kind of person that shows how much I hate them. I just sit back and do mostly what I’m supposed to do. But teachers are still scared. If I ask a question, some of the teachers just ignore me. And I sit back and I watch this and I feel it.”

We have often not only violated the Bill of Rights, which includes “the prohibition of severe fines or cruel punishment” by plac-
ing children into institutions where they are demeaned, beaten, and/or placed in solitary confinement. Unfortunately we have also used the word “treatment” to employ more subtle weapons against them. In one institution the talk is about “behavior modification” and the use of contracts to help young persons participate in learning about the consequences of their behavior. The “contracts” are odd ones: a powerful person dictates the terms and sets the fines for violations. The powerless child signs it-no other way out. There is a poem of a girl who “conformed” under such circumstances:

> I no longer use my mind,
> Nor think of anything.
> For I’m just a puppet,
> And my master pulls the strings.
> There’s just one thing about it
> I fear he doesn’t know;
> Strings are easily broken
> And then he’ll have to go.”

Under the pretense of “science we deprive young people of the beauty of gentle feelings and affection. Empty technology replaces individualized caring. In one treatment institution I saw children run around with three cards in their hands begging for punches that indicated their good behavior. “Positive reinforcement?”

Another game of therapy is the misuse of methods that can be helpful when used judiciously. It is like the misuse of drugs. We all know that people, because they need other people, want group associations to relate to others. The group work method is one of the most significant ones in helping people to develop their own individuality by relating to others. Yet we have often made group approaches into torture instruments. We have forced people to interact in groups and punished them when they did not want to participate. The beautiful opportunity to learn how to open up with others, to gain inner freedom by learning that others, too, have problems, has been twisted into an instrument to harm individuals.

The mechanistic use of group procedures was brought home to me by a visit to a delinquency institution which is run on the so-called “scientific” approach of “positive peer culture.” The atmosphere in the cottage was a totally inhumane one. Staff was forbidden to develop any positive relationship with the young people with the rationale that “they must learn to help each other.” The adult was only the watchdog.

Those who cannot stand the kind of pressure brought on by this “technique” become extremely agitated. Adolescents often run away from such treatment. When they are caught they are adjudicated “delinquent,” thus increasing the sense of alienation.

Any approach which is not accompanied by warmth, love and respect for those with whom one works becomes harmful and damaging. “Confrontation” has become another therapy game. But confrontation can be helpful only if one knows what he or she is confronting and is not told by someone else who one is or what one should confront.

Or in discussions with adolescents, I found over and over that they felt insulted by therapists who constantly “interpreted” and told them what they were supposed to feel or think instead of letting them say what they felt or what they thought.

Being in power we sometimes forget how important self-respect is to the other person and especially how fragile it is in children and adolescents.

One of the most appalling omissions then is to forget the absolutely basic need to belong and to make harmful policy. Over and over I have seen children who have gone from one foster home to the next and then to an institution and then make the rounds again. Just recently I met Ingrid, age fifteen, in a group home. She is completely “treatment” wise. She speaks the language of psychology and she is very troubled. She tells me and I checked out that her account was valid—that she was placed at birth in a foster home which never adopted her. Soon she was in another foster home. From the age of nine she was constantly running away. What was the use? To her it meant that nobody cared. She spent time in shelters, foster homes, a whole number of treatment homes including a stay in a locked ward of a mental hospital. Her last stay before she came to the group home in which I saw her was in another small institution. She liked it there, “I loved the staff there, I could trust them, they cared. They let me help with the younger children who were even worse off than I.” Ingrid showed me an album full of photos of this place, staff and children and described, with enthusiasm, every person and every occasion. She finally belonged! But, there is a policy in this state that a child can stay only six months in the same place. And, so, she had to leave. I do not know the end of the story. I only know that Ingrid had never been allowed to find a place or people where she could feel that she belonged.

Besides agency policies that set arbitrary limits of time for the young person to be in a particular place, we also frequently, make the stay in our substitute homes dependent on good behavior. It has always appalled me that treatment centers for drug dependents will expel a person who takes drugs while he or she is in this place. What does one expect? Is it not the job of such facilities to continue trying? Is this not the purpose of drug treatment? If a person has the willpower to “shut-off” the use immediately, he or she hardly needs the institution.

Though it is hard on adults, adolescents must try out themselves, in reality, not merely fantasize or play-act. If at this time no sense of basic connection with others-family or friends or even a significant cause has been established, the void invades the person and leads to a total feeling of worthlessness. The feeling, then, is often acted out either through attacks on others or on oneself-suicide or prostituting oneself, which is proving that one is worthless. Thus we encounter suicidal, hostile, cold, cynical adolescents. A boy wrote:

> “Isn’t it a beautiful world we live in?
> Playing our games, telling our lies,
> Cheating our friends.
> Oh, what a beautiful world we live in.
> Isn’t it a wonderful street we live on?
> The junkie next door, the dogs with their barks,
> And my master pulls the strings.
> For I’m just a puppet,
> And my master pulls the strings.
> There’s just one thing about it
> I fear he doesn’t know;
> Strings are easily broken
> And then he’ll have to go.”

Isn’t it a wonderful street we live on?
The junkie next door, the dogs with their barks,
and the mugger in the park.
Oh, what a wonderful street we live on.
Isn't it a comfortable house we live in?
Daddy’s not home, mama’s on the phone,
I feel all alone
Oh, what a comfortable house we live in.
Isn't it a wonderful room we hide in?
Posters pinned up, music's up loud,
but when the doorknob turns, I fall off the cloud.
Oh, what a beautiful world we live in.
Isn't it a wonderful escape we rely on?
Stuffing our fears, hiding our thoughts,
all the lovely friends we have bought.
Oh, what a wonderful escape we rely on.
This is the story of a very sad little boy
who played all the games, told all the lies
and cheated all his friends.
Isn't it a sad story I tell of?*

(Kevin Rogers)

Only when a new sense of belonging entered his life, when
he learned that making mistakes is part of life, then the cynicism
melted and there was some cautious hope. The same young man
gave me a second poem, written later:
"All my thoughts are singing through my soul
and all of the sadness is burning aglow.
I wish I could see what's up ahead,
I wish I could change the things I've done and said."

(Kevin Rogers)

A beginning.

How can we provide what is needed? I could give a whole
outline of services but this I will not do here. I do think that the
important thing is to help adults understand that the young people
whom they raise or with whom they work are people like themselves. They need a warm sense of belonging, of continuing relationships. Only that way can they develop the necessary inner courage to meet the demand of a continuous search in life, of making decisions, of caring for themselves and others. It is a disastrous education and we still have it in the families as well as in our professional services-that raises children to blind obedience. Obedient people follow the Pied Piper who can sway them any way he or she wants them to go. Because of the horrible need for power-not all human needs are good-the Pied Piper's very often preach hate and destruction. Adolf Eichmann, on trial for his life because of the unspeakable atrocities he committed, said,
"All my life I was used to obedience, since my earliest
childhood till May 8, 1945 . . . .what profit would
disobedience have brought to me, in which way would it
have been useful to me?"

Obedience is demanded to achieve a person with discipline.
But this is a discipline that comes from the outside and works only
when one is afraid of someone who is stronger than oneself. We do need discipline, an inner discipline to order our life. What is inner discipline? To my thinking it is the opposite of blind obedience. It is the development of philosophy and a sense of values, a conviction about those and the constant effort inside of oneself to put those values into reality, even if this is not comfortable or easy. It does not allow the person an "easy way out," it demands one frequently to do the hard thing. Thomas Etten* defined it: "Internal discipline exists when we hold ourselves to what we see as true and real."

While we work to help young people accept life with its difficulties we should help them also develop the capacity for beauty and the opportunity to enjoy it. Literature and the arts, music and dance are as necessary as drink and food. I could not have lived through the solitary confinement in a concentration camp standing in a coffin-like box listening to others being beaten and demeaned, without the hundreds of poems I could recite. The poems of Rainer Marie Rilke were as necessary to me as the conviction that I fought an evil.

At another time, when I felt desperately lonely and without recourse to friends, I walked into an art gallery and found solace in the colors of Van Gogh's paintings or the stern sculpture of Barlach. I have seen the same influence of art on many children and young people. I have never forgotten the unruly, "difficult," little group of nine-year-olds with whom I worked in a child guidance clinic when I took them to a concert. Never had they heard live music. Those "kids who couldn't sit still" did not move, and one of them held my hand through the whole concert, shaking with emotion.

Poems and Rilke's words to me as necessary to me as the conviction that I fought an evil.

Education for Human Service

A university whose task it is to "be dedicated to the advancement of learning and the search for truth, devoted to the instruction of youth and the welfare of the state," should not put higher value on technology than on the liberal arts and human service. I will never downgrade technology. Science and its application are of great value to the human being, but philosophy, the arts and human service are just as vital.

When we educate human service professionals we should better not make them into cold observers or technicians. Observing the other person is important, but it must be done with the sensitivity of both the scientist and the artist.

Professionals must be people who can accept life with its joys and its sorrow. True professionalism lies in the increase of one's own capacity to understand other human beings-and that comes from a look into oneself-from getting to know a large variety of people and cultures and also from literature and the arts.

True professionals should also have the capacity for compassion for other human beings. The word "compassion" has not been used in its full and demanding glory. The word com, "with," means that one must feel with. The word passion is a strong one. Passion consumes the soul, sets us on fire. It is com-passion we need in the
professional. It is a fire of love that should be conveyed to the other person. One of the most tragic mistakes made in educational, psychological and social services is the idea of “non-involvement,” of intellectualized technology.

And there is the tragic feeling that it is always “they” and “us.” This is one of the curses of humanity. It has lead to wars, racism, and all kinds of cruel suppression. We must realize that “we” are all mankind.

Professionals should have a rich life of their own and know more than to “just talk.” An arm around a young person is as good as to teach them to saw a piece of wood or to run with them or to let them cry or laugh.

Professionals should be people who admit that they can make mistakes but that others can make mistakes, too. William Saroyan in his beautiful book, THE HUMAN COMEDY, let the mother say to her son who worries about something he had done:

“You are now on your way so of course all the mistakes are ahead—all the wonderful mistakes that you must and will make... no matter what the mistakes are that you must make, do not be afraid of having made them or of making more of them.”

I recently read that Mary Bethune wrote into her last will and testament, “I Leave You Love. I Leave You Hope. I Leave You the Challenge of Developing Confidence in One Another... I Leave You a Respect for the Use of Power... I Leave You Faith. I Leave You Racial Dignity... I Leave You a Desire to Live Harmoniously With Your Fellow Man... I Leave You, finally, a Responsibility to Our Young People.”

For myself in addition to this, I would like to quote Thornton Wilder in his book, WOMAN OF ANDROS:

“I have known the worst that the world can do to me, and nevertheless I praise the world and all the living...... Remember someday, remember me as one who loved all things, the bright and the dark. And do you do likewise.”

This is not cheap optimism that denies the dark sides of reality. It is knowing pain, feeling hurt, having experienced ugliness, anger, hate and admitting that those are part of life. But it means to help develop with young people and encourage in them the strength to slay the dragon of despair, to scale the hard walls and to feel the warm glow of love. Human services need people, not procedures.

If I have done something in my life and if I can still do it I would like to leave as a legacy people who can work with the young with strength, knowledge, imagination and deep caring. I hope they are people, as Morris West wrote, “with winged feet and burning hearts.”

REFERENCES

4. Frank, Viktor E., MAN’S SEARCH FOR MEANING, New York; Beacon Press, 1959
15. Bethune Memorial, Lincoln Park, Washington, D.C.