***“WHAT’S THE STORY?”: LIFE STYLE NARRATIVES STUDY GROUP***

(an affiliate of the North American Society of Adlerian Psychology [NASAP])

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 2023, ZOOM MEETING**

**Just in time for Valentine’s Day!**

**-- LIFE STYLE/S OF FAMOUS ADLERIAN COUPLE (Tee and Rudolph Dreikurs) --**

[**https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86399840320?pwd=RnpYRHZ2S2k1VlZyYlo4Zzh2MUtVUT09**](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86399840320?pwd=RnpYRHZ2S2k1VlZyYlo4Zzh2MUtVUT09)

(passcode, if necessary: 175908)

meeting should last up to 1 ½ hours

**1:00 p.m. Central Standard Time (Chicago); 2:00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time (New York, Toronto); 12:00 p.m. Mountain Standard Time (Denver, Phoenix); 11:00 a.m. Pacific (Los Angles); 7 p.m. Greenwich Mean Time (London); 8 p.m. Central European Time (Paris, Warsaw).**

**Check us out!**

[**https://www.whatsthestory.online/**](https://www.whatsthestory.online/)

***What’s the Story?*** is a book club with a twist in which we “string together” a person’s Early Recollections (ERs, or perceived important memories) into a kind of short story, then apply literary methods, such as those endorsed by The Great Books Foundation, to interpret it.(The Family Constellation, or descriptions of self and family members, serves as a kind of “Cast of Characters.”)

**What was written about Rudolph Dreikurs in 1967 still holds true today:**

**A former student and colleague of Alfred Adler … (Dreikurs) has probably had a greater personal impact on more members of the Adlerian community than any other single person. … (He) is undoubtedly the single person most responsible for the state of the practice of Individual (Adlerian) Psychology –**

Raymond Corsini,*Journal of Individual Psychology, 23*(2), p. 167, <http://www.adlerjournals.com/_private/JIP/jip%20v23%20n2/Consensual_Appreciation-Corsini.pdf>

**His wife, Sadie (Tee) Dreikurs was an artist and social worker who was instrumental in establishing art therapy as a discipline.**

 **Detailed Agenda/Outline of Meeting ………………………………………………………………. 3-4**

 **Why we collect ERs and Family Constellations (Life Styles) ……………………………… 5**

 **Adler on importance of ERs**

 **Dreikurs on Life Style (Family Constellation and ERs)**

 **OUR “READING/S” -- WHAT WE WILL FOCUS ON**

 **Sadie (Tee) Dreikurs**

 **Family Constellation …………………………………………………………………. 6-8**

 **ERs ……………………………………………………………………………………………. 9-11**

 **Additional Recollections …………………………………………………………... 12-15**

 **(incl. Professional Development and how she met Rudolph)**

 **Rudolph Dreikurs**

 **Family Constellation …………………………………………………………………. 16**

 **ERs ……………………………………………………………………………………………. 17-19**

 **Additional Recollections (incl. Professional Development) ..……... 20**

   

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[**https://www.praxis-fuer-individualpsychologie.de/s/cc\_images/teaserbox\_1457024.jpg?t=1465118345**](https://www.praxis-fuer-individualpsychologie.de/s/cc_images/teaserbox_1457024.jpg?t=1465118345)

**DETAILED AGENDA/OUTLINE OF MEETING**

1. **Introduction – statement of purpose; What is Life Style (LS), including Life Style “components”:**

 *Family Constellation* (“Cast of Characters” – simplistic descriptions of influential family members)

 *Early Recollections* (important perceived “guiding” memories)

1. **Reason for this meeting – Matching Life Styles: Tee and Rudolf Dreikurs**
2. **Quick review of main Adlerian concepts**, including:

 *Holism* (interrelationship of bio-psycho-social) and *“movement”*

*Goals/purposes of behavior*

*Social influences*

*Choice and creativity and “use (of choice)” to …*

*… “Solve” the challenges/“tasks of life” such as school/work, friendship, love/intimacy* (hopefully with regard to …)

*… Social Interest* (community feeling toward the social good)

*Life Style Assessment* – *Family Constellation* (influences, perceived birth order) and *Early Recollections* (one’s narrative: those “stories” we tell ourselves and/or “hang onto” which reflect what we think of world, self, and others)

1. **“Reflection” (Early Recollection) Exercise**

“Do you have a ‘characteristic’ memory that ‘defines’ you and/or reflects who you are: your thinking and behavior?”

“Do you have from childhood a specific memory of feeling deeply inadequate to others? How did this affect you – then, and now?

1. **Reading/s**

 Our text/“reading”: the characterizations (Family Constellations) and recollections/stories (ERs) of Tee and Rudolph Dreikurs.

Sadie (Tee) Dreikurs

 Family Constellation …………………………………………………………………. 6-8

 ERs ……………………………………………………………………………………………. 9-11

 Additional Recollections …………………………………………………………... 12-15

 (incl. Professional Development and how she met Rudolph)

 Rudolph Dreikurs

 Family Constellation …………………………………………………………………. 16

 ERs ……………………………………………………………………………………………. 17-19

 Additional Recollections (incl. Professional Development) ..……... 20

 **To make the meeting and readings go quicker (there’s a lot here!), the basic Family Constellation descriptions are in bold-face.**

 **The recollections here are longer than those one would elicit from a simple Life Style interview. They were “pulled” from Tee’s autobiography, *Cows Can Be Purple* (1986), and an article Rudolph wrote, *Guiding, Teaching, and Demonstrating: An Adlerian Autobiography* (1967). Recollections from their adolescence and adulthood are included to further our understanding of how their influences and “movements” though life led them to solve the challenge/s of career** (in Tee’s case when she pioneered art therapy and met Rudolph; in Rudolph’s case when he substituted for Adler and took a walk with him). Some will complain that these are not “pure” ERs because they do not “show the style of life in its origins and in its simplest expressions” (Adler, 1932.p. 74).

Jot down anything that you wish clarification on or anything that you don’t understand, patterns you note, and anything that seems “out of step.” For the most part, the questions we will raise to guide our group interpretation are based on the (above) intertwining concepts of Adlerian psychology.

 **6. Interpretation/s**

For brevity (again, there’s a lot here!), we will summarize Tee’s and Rudolph’s influences and the movements, goals, and themes that are reflected in their recollections. What are the similarities and differences? Why would this couple “match up”? **Support your ideas with evidence from the text/s.**

**7. Wrap-up – and information about next meeting (Mother’s Day!)**

***Adler on Importance of ERs***

**(A person’s) memories are the reminders he carries about with him of his own limits and of the meaning of circumstances. There are no “chance memories”: out of the incalculable. Number of impressions which meet an individual, he chooses to remember only those which he feels, however darkly, to have a bearing on his situation. Thus his memories represent his “Story of My Life”; a story he repeats to himself to warn him or comfort him, to keep him concerated on his goal, to prepare him, byu means of past experienfes, to meet the future with an already tested styl of action.” (1933, p. 73)**

***Dreikurs on Life Style, Family Constellation, and Early Recollections***

Adler provided a definite and rather simple technique for a clear understanding of a person’s basic personality pattern, which he called his “life style” (LS). This very pattern which characterizes each individual and all his movements through life is developed in early childhood. It is impossible to understand any adult without information about his first four to six years of life which are the formative years. In this period, every person develops concepts about himself and about life which are maintained through life, although the person remains completely unaware of the premises he has developed for himself and upon which he acts.

A clear formulation of a person’s LS can be obtained through investigation of his *family constellation* (FC; *Dreikurs’ italics*), which is a sociogram of the group at home during his formative years. This investigation reveals his field of early experiences, the circumstances under which he developed his personal perspectives and biases, his concepts and convictions about himself and others, his fundamental attitudes, and his own approaches to life, which are the basis for his character, his personality. After we know the setting, we can determine from his *early recollections* (ER; *Dreikurs’ italics*) the conclusion he drew under those circumstances. From all the millions of experiences to which we are exposed in our early childhood, we remember only those which coincide with our outlook on life. All early recollections show, therefore, the same pattern; and where they differ, they supplement but never contradict each other (1954, p. 109)….

**Sadie (“Tee”) Dreikurs (February 28, 1900 – 1995)**

**Family Constellation (basic descriptions in bold)**

**PARENTS**

**Family Atmosphere:**

My family lived in back of my father’s shop in Chicago and my mother helped him with the business. **(Parents) had a very tempestuous relationship, because Mother was a rare beauty, 28 years younger than (Father), and he was horribly jealous** of her. When he had to leave her alone in the shop, his only sense of security was the knowledge that women did the marketing rather than men. Otherwise, he would not have left her because he wouldn’t trust her.

We children adored both of them except when they started to fight, and then we had very mixed feelings. If I thought Mother had started the fight, I hated her because she was scolding my dear father, but if I thought he was at fault, I hated him for distressing my beautiful mother (p. 3).

**FATHER:**

My father was **a very strong man until he had an accident**. … (He) really **wasn’t cut out to be a businessman. He failed in business constantly**. His meat marketing was not a success. (p. 4) …

… **he’d tell us stories of his days in Lithuania before he left at the age of 10. He painted very visual pictures with his story telling** *(see Tee’s ERs)*, as my brother did in later years. These wonderful stories which he wove were elaborated on at length and became exaggerated over the years. …

He painted these verbal pictures for us and we could visualize the whole scene. **My father had a strong influence on my imagination**. (p. 4)

**MOTHER**

*(also see descriptions above, i.e., “****rare beauty****”)* after Mother had started preparing the Sabbath meal. **She did everything very systematically**. (For example: when) preparing the Sabbath dinner … first she would bake the traditional Sabbath braided egg bread which is called “challah.” Then she started cooking the gefilte fish … (p. 4

**Sister (+2 years)**

My sister … was **radiantly beautiful with blond hair and rosy cheeks**. She **glowed with health and was my mother’s helper, taking care of me** (p. 1)….

My **very well behaved** and **efficient** sister preceded me throughout school, and I was introduced as Charlotte Ellis’ sister. She was described as **an angel** and **I was the opposite. …**

Charlotte, of course, was **excellent in math.** She was, in fact, **the shining light of the school.** Not only was she a good student, but was **so efficient in handiwork that she taught all the teachers and their friends how to crochet Irish lace**, which was fashionable at the time and a very complicated craft. Charlotte’s mathematical ability fitted her for the business world, where she became quite successful.

**Self (Tee):**

(I was) **a puny little thing**. **I had colic, I coughed, I was anemic and shallow-skinned, and later had to be kept out of school for an extended time because of bronchitis. I was skinny and my nickname was “Bones.” I was so convinced of my own ugliness in childhood that later in life I was sure that no man would ever love me**… (p. 1)

I did not think that I would ever be able to attain the beauty of my sister. Nor did I ever believe that I could grow to be as lovely as my mother. (p.2) …

I was **never a good student**, and I was **disobedient** as well… I was **very rebellious**, whispered to my neighbors when I wasn’t supposed to, and did all sorts of devious things. **Math was my worst subject. In no way did I believe I could solve problems on my own**.

My rebellion fitted me for the social world, for I could understand and easily relate to rebels, delinquents and misfits. (p. 10)

In my old age I am still following the same pattern. People protect me right and left. Charlotte at 84 will call me up on a cold day and say, “Be sure to dress warmly.” (p. 2)

**Brother (- 5 years)**

My brother, five years younger, was **the handsomest little fellow** you could imagine (p. 1).

**OPTIONAL:** In describing herself, Tee related a number of “reports” and/or “family myths,” which could not be considered ERs because they were too general, that is not specific enough. (If a structured Life Style questionnaire had been used, the interviewer would have asked Tee if she could relate a more specific incident.) These include:

I was a tiny baby, only two-and-a-half pounds, and I hung on for dear life. The doctor said, as I was being bathed in a small basin, “Oh, she’s a smart one. She’s hanging on.” The story goes that when my aunt brought her children in to see me as an infant they ran out screaming “She’s a devil!” because I was so ugly. (p.1).

I grew up with the idea that I was ugly and not really a white person. When people raved about Charlotte’s beauty my mother would have compassion and ask, “But what’s wrong with (Sade)?” the answer was, “She’s a schwarzeh,” which means “She is the black one.” I was also referred to as Japanese because I had slanty eyes, high cheekbones and straight black hair. (p. 2)

Because I was sickly as a little girl, everyone took care of me. Mother made me take a nap as soon as I came home from school, and Charlotte would sew on buttons for me. I was sheltered completely. “Don’t wash the dishes. You’re too weak and you might break them. You must conserve your energy so that you can do your homework and go to school tomorrow.”

**INFLUENTIAL PERSON:**

**Blanche**

At the age of 11, on the first day of school in September, I met Blanche Maggioli. **I stepped out of my middle child position in my own family and became part of her world. Everything Blanche wanted to do, I wanted to do. I escaped being sandwiched between my very capable, beautiful sister and my mischievous darling brother.** Albeit, **everybody continued to protect me and do things for me, and I continued to depend on someone to provide leadership and to take care of me. Later in life I had to change my role and become a caretaker for my *(first)* husband *(who had a heart ailment)*, Leon Garland. That indicted my growing flexibility.**

Blanche and I had a marvelous relationship. **She has as much imagination as I, and was a very creative person. It was through her that I became interested in painting** *(see ERs)*. *(Blanche would become the first woman Walt Disney hired in the Disney story department; she was instrumental in such movies as Pinocchio, Fantasia, and Cinderella.) (pp 6-9)*

**TEE’S EARLY RECOLLECTIONS**

**ER 1 – F**irst Grade

My first grade teacher handed me a pattern for a cow. In those days, painting lessons consisted of tracing and filling in a pattern with color. I was a city person and had never seen a cow. Purple was a desirable color to me, so I filled in the pattern with purple. The teacher came by and said, “Cows are not purple. Cows are brown.” She tore up my paper and gave me another with an outline on it, but I refused to do it. I had to stay after school and stand in the corner, but I would not fill in the drawing. That was the end of my creative activity for many years, although I continued my preference for purple. I was a girl smashed between a beloved younger brother, who in those days wore blue, and a beautiful sister who wore pink, and if one combines pink and blue the result is purple. I was purple from the start. I even wanted my purple cow to be pretty like my sister and mischievous like my brother. (p. 1)

**ER 2** (a report at first: that is, not detailed)

Saturday mornings … was one of the few times Father had with his children. He sat in his huge wooden rocking chair, and my sister Charlotte and I would each sit on a knee while Charles, the baby of the family, stood on Father’s feet. Then he’d rock back and forth in his chair while we took turns playing with his moustache. He’d try to bite our hands which produced peals of laughter, because he could never catch us. It was just great!

Finally we would settle down and he’d tell us stories of his days in Lithuania before he left at the age of 10. He painted very visual pictures with his story telling, as my brother did in later years. These wonderful stories which he wove were elaborated on at length and became exaggerated over the years. One example was the story of his great strength:

My father was a very strong man until he had an accident. He lived on his uncle’s mill and helped with the packing of the flour and taking it to market. When the story was first told, the sack of flour weighed at least 50 pounds. He would put it over his shoulder and get it into the wagon with no trouble at all. After three years, the sack weighed 2,000 pounds, and he could still throw it over his shoulder with no trouble whatsoever (p. 4).

**ER 3** – 4/5 years old

Most of my recollections are of sights and smells and places, and not just social situations. Chicago, when I was four or five years old, was a picturesque city. The streets were made of stumps of trees with earth packed around them to keep them steady, the sidewalks were wooded, and there were only horse-drawn conveyances. Vendors came down the street clanging their bells and selling various items.

One was an Italian vendor who had a pretty cart with a fringed awning around it. He sold eight or nine flavors of shaved ice for a penny. You’d point to a flavor and he’d made a cone out of a newspaper, put the shaved ice in it and then add he flavor. This was a delicacy. I remember one time, just as I was about to put one in my mouth, a red fire engine drawn by six white horses with their tails up high came rattling down the street and stirred up all the dust, which settled on the cone, ruining my delight! (p. 5)

**ER 4** – 11 years old

It was through *(childhood friend Blanche)* that I became interested in painting. On the day I met her, she had a music lesson after school at Hull-House, which was about a mile from where we lived, and I walked along with her. This walk to Hull-House became a source of joy – all the sounds, smells, and beautiful sights.

We walked through a small wooded square amidst the jungle of tenements, dubbed “Peanut Square” because the peanut vendors rested here during the day and exchanged stories while eating their lunch. The organ grinders also rested here and the monkeys would jump around and tup with their hats when you gave them a penny.

After Peanut Square we entered an exclusively Italian neighborhood where vendors had their vegetables out in front of their stores. Each house had a row of green peppers and tomatoes drying on the window for making spaghetti during the winter. We could smell these pungent odors, savor the colors of the vegetables like confetti, and hear the neighbors shouting to one another. The streets were full of children playing. It was so different from my own neighborhood – a whole new world of sights, smells, and sounds.

*(Near the Italian neighborhood was)* the original Hull-House, founded as a social settlement in 1889… the original Hull mansion, which, being made of brick, was one of the only buildings to survive the Chicago fire….I saw this marvelous place for the first time … and in the courtyard was the music school where we sat waiting for Blanche’s lesson. …

We had a half hour to wait, and Blanche said, “Why don’t we paint the geranium on the window?” So we did. Coincidentally on that day we had been painting in school and we each had with us a little tin with red, blue, and yellow watercolors, a pad, and a brush. (By this time I was painting what the teacher told me to.) We were in the process of painting the geranium when Emily Edwards, a lovely tall young woman came in and in a southern voice said, “Children, what are you doing here? You belong in the art class.”

She took us in immediately and that was the end of Blanche’s music lessons. We remained in the art classes from then on, and when we were 15, Jane Addams became interested in us after hearing from Emily that we were talented young girls. She obtained scholarships for us at the Art Institute. That was the beginning of my artistic career. Although I began to realize that I could paint, I never believed I really had much ability. I was only doing it because Blanche was, and it was part of our relationship. Later, experience and *(first husband)* Leon helped me gain more confidence in my abilities (pp 6-7).

**ER 5** – 13 years old

 Two years later we went to Hull-House summer camp in (a far suburb). We were fortunate enough to be given a room of our own, because we were such close friends, instead of being in the dormitory with other girls. As is often true for me, I was struck by the physical surroundings of this place. There was a deep ravine outside our window, and it seemed to me as if we were on the precipice of a mountain. In later years I went back to look at it and realized that it was only a slight incline, but at the time it was a real mountain.

 Even in our private room the nights were very cold. I respected Blanche’s Catholicism and she respected my Judaism, so when she got on her knees on the cold floor the first night we were there, I said “In our religion we don’t kneel and I might as well stay in bed under the covers and say my prayers.” I didn’t actually pray at all, because I had never done so as a child, but I accepted the idea that Blanche needed to pray.

 This went on for the entire 14 days. I wondered why she prayed so long each night. By the time she finally got up, her knees were sore and she shivered from the cold. When we were adults, I asked her, “Blanche, why did you pray so long? Did you have so many sins?” she replied, “I wasn’t praying at all. I thought you were praying and I didn’t want to interrupt you. I kept on waiting for you to say ‘I’m done praying. Good-night’” (p 7-8)

**ER 6**

I remember goading my little brother into fighting my big sister because she was bugging me (p 53).

**ADDITIONAL RECOLLECTIONS (& MORE)**

**CAREER/PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT (artist and social worker)**

Tee, through Blanche, became interested in painting. At Hull-House she and her first husband taught painting *(Hull-House was an influential center for social reform in Chicago; it was started by Jane Addams, an activist, co-founder of American Civil Liberties Union, and a recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize*). Regarding Tee’s becoming a social worker:

My (career in) social work career began (because) they were so short of social workers during the depression that agencies accepted anyone who had studied with Jane Addams as an officially trained social worker. I worked first for United Charities, then for the … Bureau of Public Welfare, and then went to work full time for Hull-House as a social worker

**The Beginning of Art Therapy – a Recollection**

My career as an art therapist began at Hull-House in the mid-’30’s … I was employed as the director of community services … I was also in charge of the children ‘s art department … during which time the neighborhood around Hull-House began to change (*Greek immigrant families were now living in an established Italian neighborhood).*

*(Because of)* fights and stabbings *(between the youth)* … the delinquent boys (were) dumped in my lap and (I) was told to take care of them (p. 22).

At first everything went smoothly because they had to prepare the materials (the paints, the canvasses). Then they painted for a few minutes, but soon they began pushing each other around, egged on by their leaders. They got into fights, kicked ach other under the tables, threw paint, and dumped over jars. Frankly, I didn’t know what to do at this point. Should I give up and send them all out?

There was a roll of yellow wrapping paper left in the room, and I had an idea. Why not spread it all on the walls and get these adolescents out of the chars where they wouldn’t stay anyway and have them paint standing up so that their activity might serve some constructive purpose

I had spotted the gang leaders and I put one in charge of each wall. I merely announced that those who wished to work with Tony, Mike or Frank could go to that particular wall. I said, “This is your business. I’m not going to pay any attention to what happens. It’s up to you to do what you want. If it doesn’t work, we’ll have to stop, but let’s see if you can do something together with these three in charge.”

When all the delinquents and regular students flocked to them, the three boys became constructive leaders. They talked over what they wanted to do and divided up the responsibilities. …

Those in each group helped each other and cooperated, as they decided who was going to paint what. I would hear someone say, “I want to make this man run but I don’t know how. Who can show me”. In this way they all became part of a group.

The leadership was complex and combined a rather loose democratic approach with an absolute autocratic rule…. The deviant youth were completely integrated with the regular ones without any harassment.

**“Connecting” being a painter and Art Therapy**

Art therapy for me implies help through art. This medium can help people feel better about themselves, change their perception of themselves, or merely provide an enjoyable experience. … After participating in the art activities *(such as painting one’s ERs or Family Constellation)* they often … become more aware of their movement in life (p. 57) … (because when) finished, each talks about what was experienced during (the activity, p. 74). (Similarly), although I never really valued what I did as a painter, I thoroughly enjoyed the process (p. 20).

**RECOLLECTION: HOW TEE AND RUDOLPH DREIKURS MET**

I continued to do the group painting with adolescents for two or three years before meeting Rudolf and beginning my studies with him in 1938. I … was floundering in regard to a psychological understanding and approach to the group process…

(Another social worker who) was trying to integrate Blacks and Whites, suggested I come to a class being conducted by “a little Viennese professor.” …

I thought I’d give it a try. I arrived a little late and heard this booming voice as I started to enter. “Social worders! What do they know about children? They collect facts, facts, facts, and all they have is factophilia, but do they understand the child? No!”

I was quite offended and had not come to be insulted, so I turned and started to walk out. Dr. Dreikurs spotted me and said, “Oh, come in, come in.” Of course I came in then and sat down. After his tirade against social workers and the psychoanalytic method, he analyzed a case and I was fascinated.

However, when I returned home that evening I decided not to go to the class again. What he did was interesting but I didn’t like the way he abused social workers and psychoanalysis…

The next day (the social worker who had recommended I go to Dreikurs’ class) called. When she heard my reaction to Rudolf Dreikurs, she said, “You’re unfair. Come and try it again.” I went another time, and during this session he analyzed a case, sentence by sentence *(that is, he made guesses re a person’s “movement” or goals after every line of a case history or interview that was read)*. …

That night Dr. Dreikurs asked me to read a case history for his presentation, and I completely froze. I was trembling and could not utter a word. I didn’t know what he was expecting, and I was terribly afraid to make the wrong guess. He excused me, but as were leaving to go home he asked where I lived. When he discovered that he had to go in the same direction, he asked if he could come along with me. I really didn’t want him to but we had to take the same streetcar anyway. As we were approaching Hull-House *(where she lived)* he asked me to have some coffee with him. I said, “I’m sorry but I have a sick husband and I really want to go home. I can’t take the time to have coffee.”

He answered, “I’ll get off when you do and take the next streetcar,” which he did. At the corner was a small Mexican coffeehouse, and he said, “It won’t hurt to spend a few more minutes and just have a cup of coffee.” He could sense that I was still frightened and wasn’t relating to him at all.

I went into the coffeehouse with him. The moment we started to sip our coffee he spied a pinball machine, whereupon he got up, walked over to it and began to play. I really was furious! No man had ever treated me that way, not even my husband. How could he offend my majesty and pay attention to the pinball machine after I was sacrificing so much to have a cup of coffee with him! I went over to him, said “Good night, Dr. Dreikurs,” and walked out of the shop.

As I crossed the street I thought, “How stupid can I be? Why am I so afraid? This is just a little boy having a good time with a pinball machine.” I laughed at my fear of him and from then on did not take offense at anything. I thought of him as a soft, gentle human being who can enjoy pinball machines in spite of the great elegance of his knowledge and all he had to offer.

When I got home I apologized to (husband) Leon for being late and told him what had happened. Leon was intrigued with my description of Dreikurs and expressed a desire to meet him. *(They became good friends; a few years after Leon died, Tee and Dreikurs, who had become Tee’s supervisor, married)* …

 

 https://news.wttw.com/2013/08/27/leon-and-sadie-garland

**RUDOLPH DREIKURS (February 8, 1897 – 19720**

**FAMILY CONSTELLATION (basic descriptions in bold)**

**FATHER:**

My father was a **successful businessman**, compensating for the fact that, as **the youngest of four brothers and a sister**, he did not have a chance to go to the University. **All three brother brothers had their doctorate. He tried to show them that he could surpass them, at least financially**. (p. 145)

**MOTHER:**

My mother was a **soft and idealistic woman** who somehow **supported me in my rebellion against my domineering father who did not spare the rod. I never could live up to his expectations**. (p. 145)

**SELF (1897- 1972) AND SISTER (-5 years):**

I was an “**only son**” with a sister five years younger (p. 145). …. **I was withdrawn and convinced of my inadequacy and stupidity** (p. 146).

**“PROMPTED” ER (when relating Family Constellation information):**

*(This recollection was obviously prompted by Dreikurs writing about his father. It directly follows his “I was an ‘only son’ with a sister five years younger.” This recollection is not what many would consider an ER as it is not an early memory, but a memory of when he already was a doctor. For this document, in addition to Dreikurs’ “bona fide” ERs, I have included other recollections or incidents or reports that he related when writing about his family and ERs.)*

In this connection I remember an incident which took place years later in the large ornamental hall of the university of Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. Alfred Adler had been invited to give a lecture there, but he became sick and asked me to substitute for him. It was a most impressive formal setting, with hundreds of very dignified academicians in attendance. I spoke about education of children. In the discussion I was asked whether I believed in spanking. Quite impulsively I answered, “Yes, I believe that everybody who abuses children should be spanked.” I certainly evoked a shock reaction, because at that time spanking was still accepted as an educational method. In that moment I recognized the reason for my outburst: My identification with children – and with all suppressed groups – was an effort to get back at my father who had spanked me frequently.

**RUDOLPH’S EARLY RECOLLECTIONS**

**ER 1** – 5 years old

My earliest recollection, from the age of five, is about the events of the day my sister was born. For me it became a day of wonder and excitement when I was taken away from home to stay with my cousins to whom I felt very close. I went first to my father’s office; I saw there, for the first time, a military funeral passing by and was very impressed with the spectacle. I went for lunch to my favorite aunt, and then was escorted by an uncle to his family outside of Vienna. I suddenly became a man of the world. There is not a trace of memory about the dethronement, although I was told my resentment over this came out pretty strongly in my becoming such a severe feeding problem that for many months I could not keep any food down, regardless of how everybody tried to cater to my taste. (pp 145-6).

**ER 2** – 6 years old

I was withdrawn and convinced of my inadequacy and stupidity. At the age of six one of my More sophisticated friends mentioned a rare stamp he had gotten an I meekly said, I had it too. Whereupon I was told that I certainly did not understand anything about stamps. Consequently, I became an avid philatelist (p. 146)

**ER 3** – 5/6 years old

The first day I went to school, I was seated next to a boy from a very poor family. He treated me with great respect, in contrast to the neighbor boy who beat me up. I immediately brought the schoolmate home, declaring proudly that now I had a friend, too. I could not understand why my mother disapproved of this friendship and sent him home (p. 146)

**ER 4 (more a “report” than a specific incident; i.e., too general, not enough detail)** – 4th grade

In the fourth grade I went to a private school to skip a year. I felt quite inferior to the wealthy children. I was not particularly well dressed since my father was very stingy in regard to such things as clothes (p. 146).

**ER 5 (again, more of a “report” than a specific incident)** – 10 years old

When I entered the first grade of the *Gymnasium* *(Driekur’s italics; a secondary school preparing students for university/higher education)* at age 10, trouble really began. I simply could not learn Latin. Both mother and father sat with me every evening to make me remember the words and the verbs. I almost flunked that year, and through the ensuing eight years, I barely passed (p. 146). *(For clarification: Dreikurs probably means just the subject of Latin and not school as a whole.)*

**Adolescence and Youth**

***Dreikurs titled the sections coming directly after he listed his ERs, “Adolescence and Youth” and “Professional Development.” Though many would consider the material here superfluous – or rather, the kind of material that is not the main focus of What’s the Story?, which focuses on ERs – it relates information regarding his family environment. It also reflects what many Adlerians consider important: that is, changes during adolescence and decisions made on the threshold of adulthood, including those concerning relationships with others, school and occupation.***

***These sections also show his “reactions,” given his perceptions of his upbringing, that influenced his choices regarding his direction or movement through life.***

***ER – age? (Also, Family Constellation material, re cousin and attitudes of parents):***

An interesting aspect of my motivation to learn is my experience with music. A cousin of mine, a half year younger, was a musical genius as a composer and violinist. He probably would have become one of the great musicians of his time had he not been killed in World War I. We were the only two boys in the family and my father decided that I had to learn to play the violin, too. I was not delighted over the prospect because now I had to study even more, and I had a rather poor teacher. After a few years I wanted to stop. But I was told that since my parents had already invested so much money I had to continue. I wanted to play the piano. So my parents made a deal with me. If I would practice for the next recital which the teacher gave for his students, then I could switch to the piano. And that is what happened (p. 146).

***(above continues – a REPORT; also Family Constellation info re parents):***

I had a piano teacher, whom I liked very much. I often preferred to talk with her than to play the piano. And before long, I was again tired of practicing. In the meantime I had discovered the pleasure of sight reading, stimulated by the mother of my best friend, who invited me to play duets with her. After that, I played whatever music came into my hands and I also began to improvise, to “play around.” This probably had the expected results, since my parents objected to the time I spent at the piano instead of doing my homework. Their objection became rather vociferous when I discovered Wagner and not only played the score but also sang to it. It certainly must have been distressing to the others in the family, but the consequence of it was that I became a rather good pianist. Not until I met Leonhard Deutsch *(author of guided piano sight reading help books)* did I understand how I became efficient on the piano, i.e., through sight reading. Then I began to study composition and almost became a professional musician (pp. 146-7).

***The following reflects making important decisions re behavior, and is reminiscent of “On the Threshold of Adulthood”-type decisions (cited in the work of Bob Powers and Jane Griffith) and the “(influential) Most Memorable Observation (when an adolescent)” (which is cited in the work of Frank Walton; Powers and Griffith and Walton were disciples of Dreikurs)***

***Also, a Report/ER-like:***

The turning point in my life occurred when I was 16. At that time I was stricken with poliomyelitis *(polio virus)*, and barely escaped lasting paralysis. While I was away for treatment, my friends joined the youth-movement which affected their lives and mine. After my return to Vienna I joined them and very soon became one of its leaders (p. 147).

***(More about this youth movement and Driekurs’ character – written immediately after the above:)***

The Viennese youth-movement of 1913 was part of the rebellion of youth, enflamed by the German educator, Gustav Wyneken (1875-1966). He and Alfred Adler were the two personalities who, with their ideologies, had the greatest influence on my life. Wyneken, whom I never met personally, founded in 1906 the Free School Community *(Freie Schulgemeinde – Dreikurs’ italics)* in Wickeersdorf, the first truly democratic school with students as full partners …. At one of the youth gatherings on the Hohe Meissner mountain in October, 1913, Wyneken made his famous appeal to youth to determine its own destiny. From there, a group of university students returned to their communities to propagate the thoughts and ideas of Wyneken … (organizing) discussion groups where (Vienna high school students) could freely express themselves. Later we dragged our parents once a week to hear Bernfeld *(Seigfried Bernfeld, 1892-1945, “who became a leading psychoanalyst” who advocated non-authoritarian schooling and who died, an educator, in San Francisco)* telling them about the problems of youth who had become free to determine their own destiny and looked critically upon adults. I started one of these discussion groups *(Sprechsaal – Dreikurs’ italics)* in my community and was almost expelled from school because of my “subversive” activities. But inviting our teachers and parents to come whenever they wanted to hear what we thought of them saved me, because we were not a secret organization. This youth-movement probably had a lasting effect on most of us. I owe my leadership ability to it (pp. 147-8).

**ADDITIONAL RECOLLECTIONS – PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT**

***Dreikurs titled this section Professional Development. It came soon after his discussion of the youth movement. I included it because it concerns the “work task” – and reflects some of his attitudes toward school, equality, and belonging:***

(In 1915, after graduation from the *Gymnasium* I served in World War I as a lieutenant….) In 1918 I was sent by the army to the University of Vienna to study medicine. Before graduating from the *Gymnasium* I had decided to explore the mysteries of the mind. To this end two avenues were open: through psychology which was part of philosophy, or through medicine and psychiatry. Knowing my tendency to go far afield, I thought that medicine and psychiatry would keep my feet on the ground, which philosophy would not. But actually I was not interested in medicine as such, and again, was a poor student, this time at the University, particularly since I became interested in politics as soon as the monarchy collapsed. I organized a group of medical students interested in socialism, and was sent by the student body with two others to represent the University in the Labor Council (*Arbeiterrat*) which was set up after the revolution *(November 1918, which established Germanic Austria as a republic – my italics)*. Here --

**PROMPTED RECOLLECTION (obviously, too old – 21-ish – for an ER!):**

-- I met Alfred Adler for the first time. I remember one incident, when we were walking together and he explained to me that anybody can be helped who wants to be helped. This optimism was beyond my grasp, at least then.

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