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**The Autobiography of J. L. Moreno, MD
(Abridged)**

Jonathan D. Moreno, Guest Editor

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Contents

The Autobiography of J. L. Moreno, MD (Abridged)

Editor's Introduction	3
Foreword	13
Chapter One: Early Years	15
Chapter Two: A New Prophet	29
Chapter Three: Chaim Kellmer and the Religion of the Encounter	40
Chapter Four: Activism and Speculation: Nazism, Communism, and Existentialism	45

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Introduction

HOW COULD THE PIONEER of psychodrama and sociometry, of role playing and group psychotherapy, of the modern spontaneous theater, of encounter groups and art therapies, and even of a technique for sound recording—how could someone possessed of so great a creative genius with a seminal influence upon contemporary culture—how could such a man be so poorly understood in his own time? This is the mystery of J. L. Moreno's life.

In another time, Moreno might have been a religious prophet or a wizard or a guru; in his own time, he was all of these and a scientist. Whatever his role, he would have sought to heal broken spirits, to mend lives that had no meaning, and to help those who had lost their dreams to dream anew. What pained him most was to see people bereft of confidence in their creative powers and of the spontaneity required to create them. For Moreno, where there is spontaneity and creativity, there is at least hope.

Hence, Moreno loved children more than adults, mental patients more than the sane, and actors more than intellectuals. He could appreciate the child's imaginative play, the psychotic's excesses, and the actor's hunger to take another role. Institutions were for him "conserves" that restricted spontaneity and creativity. Machines were the symbols of the greatest danger facing humankind in the twentieth century: that we would ourselves become robots, unable to develop novel and adequate ways of living with one another.

Yet Moreno was no reactionary hungering for some "purer" past. On the contrary, in his lifetime he became engaged in an astonishing array of eminently modern activities, from designing therapeutic communities to predicting the winners of heavyweight title fights for major newspapers. He traveled and lectured widely and relished opportunities to help the spread of his ideas. Many of these ideas were, he believed, truly revolutionary, presenting the possibility of a far more fundamental change in social life than those of a Darwin, a Marx, or a Freud.

Thus, Moreno's inspiration came less from modern social science and psychiatry—though he was an unflagging scholar of these fields—than it

did from ancient religious traditions, Greek philosophy, and classical drama. Evidently this would set him apart from the scientific mainstream, even as he continued to exert an undeniable influence upon it, usually from without.

Moreno knew that his fierce independence and megalomania, as he himself often described it, would keep him an outsider, but he was ambivalent about this status even as he enjoyed the freedom it gave him. By the time he was 30, he had founded his own religious movement, his own theater, and his own magazine; 25 years later he had his own mental hospital, school, and publishing house. But he realized that total isolation was impossible and self-defeating, so with some ambivalence he offered presentations at professional societies, lectured at universities, and even accepted part-time faculty appointments now and then. Generally he found these contexts stuffy and boring, though he refused to let them stifle his natural spontaneity, sometimes with unhappy consequences.

Decades before the wide acceptance of group psychotherapy or the advent of encounter groups, family therapy, Gestalt therapy, and the rest, Moreno was virtually alone in his advocacy of group methods. His confidence in the healing power of the group was founded upon his faith that, in principle, altruistic human love is an infinite resource. In those days, the prevailing psychoanalytic temper in America reduced human nature to its basest components, an attitude Moreno found one-dimensional and destructive. Frequently, in trying to demonstrate action techniques built upon the present social system of an actual group of professionals, he would be hooted out of the room.

Such experiences consolidated Moreno's natural disinclination to submit to the constraints of someone else's institution. Although his stubborn commitment to his ideas did not degenerate into arrogance, its ultimate effect was double-edged. On the one hand, it enabled him to resist the self-doubt brought on by rejection from peers; on the other, it increased his desire that his ideas be maintained as they sprang from his mind, fearing that their purity would be distorted by others. Not that Moreno cared that his name be attached to his products. On the contrary, as a young man, he published a dozen short books anonymously, and he always believed that ultimately all ideas derive from the same spontaneous-creative source.

Ironically, this protective style brought two sorts of untoward result. Not only was Moreno's name often disassociated from his ideas as they permeated the wider culture, but lacking an "establishment" figure with whom to be identified, they gradually lost their wholeness. Psychodramatic techniques became role playing, drama therapy, or elements of other, later modalities. Sociometric analysis became generic for quantitative methods in sociology and social psychology and was detached from therapeutic

work with small groups. Group psychotherapy lost its systematic connection with psychodrama and sociometry. And the ripples of the impromptu theater dispersed into various versions of so-called improvisational theater.

It would be wrong to conclude that Moreno was an unrecognized prophet in his lifetime. Certainly there were honors enough that I shall describe, though perhaps they were not adequate to his achievements. But there is the tragic element of his story, tragic in the classical sense in which a hero's hubris is his worst enemy. Curiously, Moreno's unique brand of hubris did not manifest itself as disdain for others, but as a limitless confidence in the human potential. Those who did not share this confidence, or who were threatened by the way he pursued its logic, were those who could not abide him, while those who did share it or who needed to believe it found in him a powerful father.

The essence of Moreno's life story, I think, is his relentless pursuit of his faith in the potential in every person. In going down this path, he undertook his own psychodrama.

The existential dilemma that occurred to Moreno early in his twenties, though it had been prefigured in earlier events, was this: What is this "I," this "me"? Is it an insignificant nothing, a momentary speck in an infinite and eternal wilderness, finally without meaning? Or is it all there is and can be, the greatest thing that there is, the cosmos itself? Exercising a variant of what another philosopher-physician, William James, called the will to believe, Moreno chose the latter option. Why not? Why choose the least you can be instead of the most you can be?

Of course, many people have asked themselves this question throughout the ages and in every land. What has differentiated them are the ways they have given shape to their choice, and these have partly been reflections of their cultural circumstances, the traditions, images, and metaphors to which they had access. Moreno was descended from a line of Sephardic Jews, scattered in waves that extended from Spain to Turkey. The name Moreno had been in the family for many generations (though he was born Jacob Moreno Levy) and is an ancient and distinguished one in that part of the Jewish world. His immediate ancestors were scholars and businessmen; none, so far as is known, were physicians.

Frequently subject to vicious attacks, inquisitions, and pogroms in their adoptive homes, these people had as their greatest single spiritual preoccupation the problem of the messiah. Mysticism was an everyday part of their rich folklife, and the universe was seen as a mysterious and, in the literal sense, awful place. Pockets of religious enthusiasm sprang up here and there, and several very influential "false messiahs" appeared. One of these, probably the most prominent, surfaced in Turkey and is mentioned

in Moreno's text. Sabbatai Zwi's career created an extraordinary, convulsive reaction among the Jews and seems even to have threatened the stability of the sultan's rule. When it ended with Sabbatai's apparently forced conversion to Islam, the community was a shambles.

Moreno's father was a Turk and, therefore, in accord with contemporary practice, he was considered a Turk even though he was born in Rumania. It is not known for how many generations the family had lived in Turkey, but it is apparent that they were very much a part of that milieu. Moreno's description of his mother suggests that she was the medium of these mystical traditions in the household.

The messiah role was therefore intimately familiar to the young Moreno. It gave form to his expansive, gregarious, and compassionate personal style and to the tendency for others to admire him for his charisma. He said in retrospect that he could have descended into true psychosis at this time, but from the fact that he did not, he gained the conviction that there is not necessarily anything pathological in messianic preoccupations. Rather, they can be seen as expressions of hyper-creativity. Anticipating recent "anti-psychiatric" movements, Moreno's goal in therapy was never the achievement of some fictional (and dull) normalcy, but training in still higher levels of spontaneity so that, when ready, the protagonist could discard this role for another.

Moreno was unwilling to disassociate himself from these early insights. They were too much a part of him to be ceded or made "respectable" for his less imaginative colleagues. The simplistic tag ("That Moreno really thinks he's God") followed him throughout his career. Moreno could not or would not point out the next crucial step in his reasoning: if one wants to be truly loving and good, one must play God, for no other role can approximate the transmission of these qualities in their fullness. Anyone who strives for the perfection of these qualities must be a Godplayer.

In understanding Moreno's personal psychodrama, his identification with the Godhead, one must see him as a surrogate for all humankind. But Moreno was too busy pursuing his *idé fixe* to explain it to others. That is why we all need auxiliary egos, he would have said, to give us a hand when we need it; that is why we should help God in the work of the cosmos by being auxiliary egos for God. There is so much misery and suffering in the world, even God seems unable to heal it all alone, so we must share responsibility.

In that spirit I write this introduction—as my father's auxiliary ego. This is a traditional role for children to undertake, the oldest that there is. To be a good auxiliary ego, I must reverse roles with him, even though he is dead. The fact that he is dead need not matter in role reversal, so long as I am

spontaneous enough. Parents are able to reverse roles with their babies and attend to their needs even when those needs cannot be uttered by an infant; when parents age and become infirm, their children effectively role reverse with them.

By the time I came on the scene, my father was 63. The vigorous adventurer described in these pages was only sporadically present during my childhood, so I came to know my father in his prime much as the reader will. Like most sons, I was my father's most persistent critic as well as his most passionate defender. And, like most sons, I took little interest in the life he had before I came along. This began to change around the time I entered college, and, true to the proverb, I came home to find how much wiser and more interesting he had become. One morning I sat in rapt attention for 3 hours while he reminisced about his own years in the university, hearing for the first time many of the same stories set down in his autobiography. I began to urge him to put it all down, and, to my immense pleasure, he started to do so shortly thereafter.

The text itself is a *tour de force* of the cultural life of the twentieth century as well as an account of a spiritual journey. But the journey is described from "inside," not as an historical record. The reader will want to know more about actual historical circumstances, particularly in my father's last years. Such an account can only be provided sketchily here; it awaits the hand of a biographer.

I think that it is fair to say that, by 1950, Moreno's reputation in America was at its peak. His theories about the social reconstruction of communities, especially as represented in *Who Shall Survive?*, had attracted a great deal of attention in civilian and military circles during the war. President Roosevelt himself had asked to meet Moreno in Hyde Park and complimented sociometry as a "progressive sociology." The journal *Sociometry* was popular in the social scientific establishment and published the major figures in energetic articles and discussions. John Dewey had copies of *Who Shall Survive?* and *Sociometry, Experimental Method and the Science of Society* in his personal library and, with Margaret Mead, served on various of Moreno's editorial boards. So did the dean of American psychiatry, Adolf Meyer of Johns Hopkins. William Alanson White and Winfred Overholser had instituted psychodrama at St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, D.C., and admired its clinical power. What was then the Harvard department of social relations was peppered with Moreno's friends and collaborators, including Pitirim Sorokin, Samuel Stouffer, and Robert Freed Bales. Henry Murray in the psychology department was a close friend and remained so until my father's death. The psychodrama training center in Beacon was a hotbed of activity for young professionals looking for alternatives to psychoanalysis; the mental hospital in Beacon

catered to patients found “untreatable” elsewhere, and it seemed that nearly every school district in the country had some counselor designated a “sociometrist” to help organize a social environment conducive to learning.

Moreno could not resist remaining the *enfant terrible* of American psychiatry, even as mainstream acceptance presented itself. When he ran for president of the American Psychiatric Association, he said he was doing so because the APA had never elected a genius as president. In fact, the psychiatric community never fully embraced him, at least not in the United States, although the story was somewhat different in sociology and clinical psychology. Moreno often scorned the prestige that automatically attaches to the holder of a medical degree in America, and sociologists were less formal and responsive to new techniques for the application of their young science. In clinical psychology and psychotherapy, the story was more complex.

Moreno considered himself, with much justification, the *pater-familias* of action methods of therapy. But his standards of loyalty frequently jeopardized relationships with promising students. Kurt Lewin had been a protégé for a time, for example, and Moreno felt somewhat abandoned by the subsequent course of Lewin and his followers. But the most bitter break for some years was between Moreno and the founder of the American Group Psychotherapy Association (AGPA), Sam Slavson. Moreno’s American Society of Group Psychotherapy and Psychodrama reflected his freewheeling manner, and credentials were irrelevant to qualify for membership. The AGPA was oriented more toward professionals holding doctorates, an irony since Slavson himself held no degree. During the 1950s, the rivalry between Moreno and Slavson sometimes descended into the absurd, as when Slavson charged that psychodrama was invented by a Swede named Jorgenson and imported to the United States by a pretender named Moreno. I have no doubt that my father was not himself blameless in these affairs. But time is a salve, and it is fortunate that recent years have seen much cross-fertilization between the two societies.

While the 1950s saw psychodrama and sociometry under strain in America, Europe proved to be fertile ground. Moreno was not a good traveler by nature, but my mother, Zerka Moreno, had a genius for organization that smoothed his way back to the Continent on a series of busy tours. To his delight, Moreno found that his ideas were greeted with curiosity and enthusiasm by his European colleagues, hard at work in the post-war environment with complex social psychological problems. There he was welcomed as a kind of returning native son and hero, and he took his place as the leader of the international group psychotherapy movement. As founder of the International Association of Group Psychotherapy, he was also able to effect something of a *rapprochement* with the AGPA at home.

It was in Europe, then, that Moreno received his greatest recognition as he aged. The University of Barcelona awarded him a doctorate *honoris causa* in 1968, and the University of Vienna gave him its “golden doctor” diploma for 50 years of service since receiving his MD there in 1917. Bad-Vöslau outside Vienna, his home from 1917 to 1925, held a ceremony in 1968 in which a plaque was placed on the house where he lived as medical officer for the district. There he enjoyed his richest creative period and developed his basic ideas for psychodrama, sociometry, and group psychotherapy, the plaque notes. It was common for local newspapers to celebrate his visit to the city as that of a famous dignitary, as when an Amsterdam newspaper called him the “Freud of Group Psychotherapy” in a headline during the International Congress of Psychodrama in 1971.

Today, psychodramatic activity in Europe is vibrant. Psychoanalytic psychodrama is a major force in France and half a dozen institutes of psychodrama operate in West Germany, as well as others in Scandinavia, England, and elsewhere in Europe. In Eastern Europe, too, psychodrama is practiced regularly. Moreno’s ideas also penetrated the Southern Hemisphere, especially South America, where large societies of psychodramatists have sprung up.

But at home, the recognition was sporadic. In the late 1950s, Alexander King published his memoirs, centering around his bout with drug addiction because of a kidney disease, and had glowing things to say about his treatment at Moreno’s hands in the Beacon hospital. In 1962, John Kobler wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* that brought some rare major media attention to psychodrama and Moreno. But the 1960s were increasingly characterized by preoccupation with the new encounter movement. In *Please Touch*, Jane Howard offered a somewhat caustic sketch in which she described Moreno in unflattering terms. It was typical of his experience of that period, in which he watched the cannibalization of many of his ideas with much ambivalence.

Still, Moreno insisted on his priority, and not without results. Though he and Fritz Perls, who had been a devotee of psychodrama sessions in New York, had open quarrels, Perls, without referring to Moreno explicitly, acknowledged his debt to “psycho-drama” in his memoirs, *In and Out of the Garbage Pail*. From a very different corner, Viktor Frankl noted that the full insight that led to logotherapy came in a psychodrama session he was conducting. Often the compliments came as the sincerest form of flattery, as in the case of Ivan Janov’s “primal scream” therapy. Psychodramatists had been practicing the technique of regression for years with their patients, but not the exclusion of any other intervention as was the case with primal therapy. Janov, though, figured himself to be a critic of psychodrama.

suffered from some well-publicized excesses. Psychodrama already excited enough suspicion on its own. Meanwhile, psychodrama retained its place in clinical contexts, settings in which the “turn-on” and “growth” modalities could not take root, and without which they could only be passing fancies of sixties culture.

Thus, the force of Moreno’s creative genius was such that his ideas penetrated the society, even if his reputation remained marginal, appreciated mostly by those in the know. His resistance to conservatives worked against him, I believe, in two crucial ways. First, he refused to seek commercial publication of his books, insuring that only those already disposed to follow his ideas would be likely to take the trouble to be exposed to them. Second, he declined the sort of association with a major university that would have resulted in a generation of influential students who would perpetuate his work in the academy.

I offer these views as explanatory, not by way of second guessing. Compared with Moreno’s vision, any discussion of tactics must be trivial. I am too close to this text to know if that vision shines as brightly as it should, as it does every time a trained psychodramatist brings it to life in a session, or when a sociometrist exposes the hidden social reality of a group. These words were, after all, composed by a man at the end of his life, full of nostalgia and sentimentality. Can they be trusted?

I have already mentioned my role in our household as my father’s closest critic. It was his fate to have a son who scoffed at his seeming exaggerations, though this great man who had done and experienced so much took seriously the cautionary advice of an 8-year-old. No wonder, then, that even as I read his recollections with delight after his death, I held some skepticism about some of the more dramatic moments related. In a single memorable visit to Vöslau, his spiritual home, in 1984, my views were changed greatly.

I visited Vöslau with Gretel Leutz, one of my father’s best-loved students, who is described in this memoir. While there, we inquired as to the whereabouts of Marian, Moreno’s closest companion in those early days. It turned out that she had died 6 months earlier, but, to our delight, her younger sister was still living. A meeting was arranged.

For several hours on a hot summer day just outside Vienna, I was treated to a trip in time back to the colorful and romantic era my father describes in the early chapters of the autobiography. A round-faced, energetic lady in her late seventies regaled us with stories about the period, told us about the *Wunderdoktor* who would treat the peasants for whatever they could afford and tell the children fairy tales. “Did you know my father’s friends,” I asked, “like Peter Altenberg, the poet?” Oh yes, she replied. She knew them all. He would go to Vienna twice a week to the cafés or to

conduct the theater of spontaneity, and return to find people from kilometers around on his doorstep, waiting for a physical examination. He had the first X-ray machine in the area, she said, and she still had it in her attic because her brother helped him to run it. Her brother was the one with whom Moreno invented radio-film, the invention that took them both to America. She even showed us pictures of my father we had never seen before. For a son whose father was as a young man unknown, this was an extraordinary occasion.

But one anecdote in particular must be mentioned. He was famous for his eccentricities, she said, like the time he was in a café with some friends. Someone at another table said, as the Viennese still say for emphasis, "Great God!" at which point Moreno got up, looked around, and shouted, "Somebody call me?" True to his project, he was always ready to stand in for God when it appeared necessary, and everyone accepted this Godplaying as sincere, but still with some amusement.

My moving experience in Vöslau transformed my attitude toward my father's recollections. They are not only romantic reveries, but sharp and wise accounts of extraordinary times and people. Little wonder Moreno's favorite exhortation in a psychodrama group was for everyone to "get into action," for he lived amid and through a whirl of action that would leave most of us breathless.

A few years ago in her autobiography, Elisabeth Bergner, perhaps the greatest actress of German stage and film, recalled her girlhood tutor, the young man who introduced her to spontaneous play and gave her life as an artist. She was fascinated by his beard. "In those days, only very old men had beards. My father had a mustache. Moreno had a Christbeard, as I recognized much later. He was tall and slender, had grippingly beautiful blue eyes that always smiled, and dark hair. I believe he was wondrously beautiful. I still believe that today. Most fascinating was his smile. That was a mixture of mockery and kindness. It was loving and amused. It was indescribable."

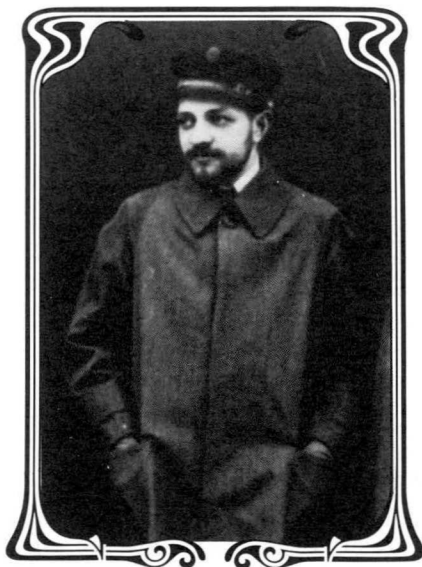
To many people, it seemed that Moreno had been born a wise old man, but in his last years he reassessed the megalomania that was such an essential part of his being. It was not that he was becoming more wise; rather, in the true spirit of wisdom, he learned from aging what could not be learned in youth. For Moreno the Godplayer learned late in life how great was his debt to others, that Godplayers depend on auxiliary egos no less than God. Well into his eighth decade, Moreno displayed an intellectual courage and honesty that gave his lifework new poignancy and meaning.

When my father lay dying, it was not like Moses alone on the mountain, but as a pioneer surrounded by his most devoted companions. And he did not wait for the dying to begin, for, in refusing to eat, he set the process in

motion. Moreno's was what Nietzsche called a "free death," coming at the right time and thereby affirming the life he loved so much. As he died, he reverted to his German. Perhaps he was remembering the children in the Vienna gardens who taught him role playing, or the little prophet he discovered in Bucharest 80 years before. When Moreno went to God, it was as an old friend.

Jonathan D. Moreno

Foreword



J. L. Moreno, ca. 1915, in uniform of the Tyrolean regiment.

DURING THE SEVERAL years prior to his death in 1984, J. L. Moreno prepared a large amount of autobiographical material. Although much of it was written in an aphoristic style and remains unpublished, the manuscript of about 500 pages was clearly intended as a traditional autobiography. Unfortunately, this work lacks the coherence Moreno might have been able to give it had he had more time and not been of such an advanced age. Apart from redundancy and irrelevance, the original manuscript is marked by a pronounced concentration on the years before his emigration from Austria to the United States.

Although the entire manuscript contains these limitations, it nevertheless has seemed to those who have had the opportunity to read it that portions contain material of great historical and philosophical interest. Much of it is also charming and provocative, potentially constituting a "good read," but not one that would be of commercial value.

Thus, my goal as editor was to reduce the manuscript to a leaner document without depriving the reader of its pleasures. Stylistically, this meant retaining Moreno's sometimes awkward Germanic English but deleting passages that circled around the same point. Where words or passages are deleted, ellipses (. . .) appear. Editorial clarifications in the text are bracketed.

I have tried to retain only those passages of greatest historical interest that deal with subjects not previously described in Moreno's writings. These are primarily examples of the way Moreno's early life brought him into contact with the extraordinary cultural and political milieu of Central Europe in the first two decades of the century. Historical passages that have been retained also focus on the development of Moreno's ideas, partly through his education and partly through more personal aspects of his life.

Regarding the latter, it should be mentioned that Moreno's incredibly active romantic life is a much more dominant feature of the original manuscript than of this version. Most of that material is deleted here, mainly owing to limitations of space, and partly because beyond a certain point, it seemed to add little to the message. What remains concerns relationships that were critical to Moreno's creative development.

Many great philosophers have barely distinguished between their lives and their thought. What would Socrates' philosophy be without the story of his life and death? The genre of the autobiography can even be said to have been born of Augustine's view, exemplified in his *Confessions*, that one should not distinguish too sharply between great insights and great experiences. Similar remarks apply to Rousseau and Kierkegaard. Nietzsche, though not strictly an autobiographer, writes in a fashion that renders transparent the main currents of his inner life. Throughout his writings, Moreno was part of this tradition, so this document counts as a legitimate part of the body of his work.

As a scholar, I would like to see these excerpts stimulate another project. No complete study of the relationship of Moreno's ideas to those of his contemporaries in Vienna and environs exists, yet his theological, scientific, existential, and theatric preoccupations are echoed in the work of many. They can even be said to represent the main lines of Western culture in the twentieth century. Evidence for this assertion I leave to another.

Jonathan D. Moreno
September 1988

Chapter 1

Early Years

IT WAS IN THE EARLY PART of our century that a young man tried to become God. The place was Vienna; the period of his appearance was between 1908 and 1914. He made a deep impression upon his contemporaries. He had his apostles, his gospel, his apocrypha. The religious books in which his doctrine was expressed had profound reverberations throughout the intellectual world. The cruel wars and revolutions through which mankind has passed since have destroyed or dispersed most of the original witnesses, but some of them are still living, and I am one of them.

The extraordinary thing is not the story about how a man becomes God. Many have tried and failed. The extraordinary thing is that a careful record of the internal and external events has been published by its chief protagonist. It is extraordinary, moreover, because it describes not only the transformation of a man into God, but the reverse, the retransformation of God into man. It describes how he climbed up the hill and then how he climbed down, seeing himself both ways, being his own control. Last, it is extraordinary because the man who went through this cosmic expedition was “normal” throughout and, discordant with current psychological theories, returned unscathed, became more productive, and was better able to meet the exigencies of life than he had been before.

One might wonder why a man living in the first quarter of the twentieth century in the heart of Europe should fall victim to the adventure of God-playing. It would not astonish anyone if he were a figure from the Middle Ages or another period, when the religious life was highly respectable. But this age is one of atheism and agnosticism, of a proud godlessness. What purpose would there be for a talented, educated man to involve himself in such an absurd and bizarre undertaking?

I was born [May 18, 1889] on a stormy night on a ship sailing the Black Sea from the Bosphorus to Constanza in Rumania. It was on the dawn of the holy Sabbath, and the delivery took place just before the initial prayer.

ital prayer. My being born on the ship was due to an honorable error, the excuse being that my mother was only 16 and little experienced in the mathematics of pregnancy. No one knew the identity of the ship's flag. Was she a Greek, a Turkish, a Rumanian, or a Spanish ship? The anonymity of the ship's flag started off the anonymity of my name and the anonymity of my citizenship. When World War I broke out in 1914, no one knew whether I was a Turk, a Greek, a Rumanian, an Italian, or a Spaniard because I had no birth certificate. When I offered my services to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, they would not accept me at first because I had no proof of nationality. I was born a citizen of the world, a sailor moving from sea to sea, from country to country, destined to land one day in New York harbor. [Moreno's 1914 registration form at the University of Vienna shows his nationality as Turkish, following his father's nationality rather than his place of birth. This was the customary practice.]

My mother would never verify this fantastic story of my birth; she made some comments and modifications: "It was a stormy night. It was on the dawn of the holy Sabbath. You were sailing on a ship, but the ship was my body, which delivered you." Hence the story of my birth moved into the realm of myth.

My parents were of Sephardic Jewish descent. My mother, Pauline, was an orphan whose two older brothers brought her up. When she reached adolescence, they sent her to a Roman Catholic convent school because they had no idea of how to take care of an adolescent girl and because the only place a girl could get any kind of education in those days was a convent. The nuns exerted a good deal of pressure on her to convert to Christianity. She felt they might have converted her if she had stayed in the convent another year. My uncles, fearful of possible conversion, arranged a marriage for her at age 15. Such an early marriage was not at all unusual in those days.

My mother had a strange, confused attitude towards religion. It combined elements from her Jewish upbringing and her days in the convent. She was also superstitious, a strong believer in the interpretation of dreams and in fortune telling. She used to lay out tarot cards for neighbors, friends, and especially, for her children. She predicted the weather, wars, marriages, childbirth, divorces, and deaths, told fortunes from coffee grounds and tea leaves. She read palms and taught us how to do it.

My mother was full of ideas and dreams, a great teller of tales. Versatile in languages, she spoke German, Spanish, French, and, of course, Rumanian. But she never learned to speak English well. Luckily, the immigration judge was understanding when she applied for United States citizenship in her seventies or her great fear of not achieving naturalization would have been realized.

Wherever she went, my mother was a popular woman. A friendly spirit, she talked to strangers and they responded. She had a good sense of humor, and whenever life got too complicated she said, "*Was kann man machen? Umdrehen und lachen*" (What can one do? Turn around and laugh). She loved gossip and carried tales. She was naive and gentle, good-natured and motherly, always younger looking than her years.

She had a good ear for music. She loved to sing in all her languages. I still remember the cradle song my mother sang to us. It was a dialogue between a man and a grove of trees.

Man

*Ce te legeni codrule
fără ploie fără vant
Cu crânjenele la pământ.*

Man

Why do you sway back and forth, little grove?
There is no rain. There is no wind.
With your branches down, down to the ground.

Trees

*De ce nu mas lejăna
daca trece vremea mia
Ziu scade moaptea creste
Si frunzisul mil răreste.*

Trees

Why shouldn't I sway?
My time is passing by.
The days get shorter and shorter.
The nights get longer.
And my leaves fall down to the ground.
Soon nothing will be left for me.
My branches will be barren.

The lyrics were by a great Rumanian poet and playwright, Eminescu.

My father, Nissim Moreno Levy, was a slender man about 5 feet 8 inches tall. He was serious and retiring, absolute master of the house, a loving and affectionate father. Somewhat irregular in his habits, a philanderer, he came and went as he pleased. He was also very good at starting new businesses and failing. He and my mother finally separated for good when I was about 14 years old. The separation took place without any violent, overt conflict or any formal, legal separation or divorce. It seemed that he just drifted away. I understand that, in his old age in Istanbul, he married at least once more, but it may have been as many as two or three times. He may have fathered more children. We don't know for sure. The rules about such things were far looser there.

My first 5 years were spent in Bucharest, Rumania. We lived in a small house on the Danube River. Rumania is primarily an agricultural nation. Its corn is famous—the best I have ever eaten. The land is relatively flat, becoming hilly towards the Hungarian border. The Danube River flows

through Rumania on its way to the Black Sea; the Danube delta is responsible for Rumania's agricultural riches.

Bucharest was often called Little Paris because the French influence was so strong. All cultured Rumanians spoke French. The fashions of Paris, the culture of Paris were immensely important in Bucharest. Like Paris, the city has many wide boulevards.

So I spent those first years in a strange cultural milieu: the civilization of Paris and the preliterate peasant mentality; the cultural ferment of a cross-roads city in a great empire and the provinciality of an agricultural backwater. I grew up with these contradictions.

When I was a year old, I was stricken with a grave and lingering illness, the "English disease" rickets. My appetite was poor. I lost weight. My legs and feet were deformed. I could not walk. I was taken from doctor to doctor, but none of their remedies worked. No one knew how to help me. I was fading away.

One day my mother was tending me out in our yard when an old gypsy woman went by. She stopped when she noticed my condition. She asked my mother, "What is the matter with the little one?" My mother cried and told the woman my story. The gypsy shook her head, pointed at me with her bony index finger. "The day will come," she seemed to be looking into the future, "when he will be a very great man. People from all over the world will come to see him. He will be a wise and a kind man. Do not cry."

"My boy is so sick," my mother replied.

"He will get well," the old gypsy said. "Do what I tell you. Go and buy a large cartful of sand and spread the sand in the yard. At noon, when the sun burns hot, put the baby on it and the sun will heal the baby of his sickness."

My mother followed the old gypsy's instructions. In a few months I was cured, although my teeth still show signs of rickets.

In the fall, when the leaves began to turn, I was again in the yard with my mother, walking and chatting and playing. The gypsy came back. She stopped and looked at me, her face glowing with joy. Part of her prediction had already come true. . . .

Among the earliest events I remember—at the age of 2—was my first fight with an animal. I was resisting the attack of a dog who was trying to bite me. My grandmother was the only spectator. She was sitting on a chair in the yard sewing when the animal appeared. Helpless and sick with cancer, she could not come to my rescue. I wound up with a severe bite on my right hand and a lifelong aversion to animals. I prefer human beings.

Shortly after that, I had my first encounter with death. My grandmother was sinking rapidly, finally dying from the cancer that had made her so sick and feeble. She was stretched out on her deathbed, two tall candles burning at either side of the head of the bed. . . .

During that time a wild fire broke out across the street. There was an explosion. Firemen came running. A woman burned to death. My grandmother's death and the fire are, therefore, twined together in my mind. I recall that I faced my dying grandmother without fear. But my aversion to fire equals my dislike for dogs. There are later memories within this same period. My Aunt Bulissa, my father's older sister, lived on the same street as we did. She had a house with a veranda. One of my cousins was engaged to be married. She and her bridegroom sat together on the open porch holding hands and kissing one another. They were, so to speak, on show so that the whole town could see that they were betrothed. Nothing was hidden. Everything was wide open, a display of a very personal experience. It was so totally different from the way things are done in America. Friends and neighbors came to the house and brought flowers and gifts. This show of intentions was carried on for several weeks, or however long was necessary to proclaim their betrothal. My cousin was young and beautiful, her bridegroom equally attractive.

During my boyhood, we had fantastically festive holiday dinners and family gatherings. These meals were attended by a huge number of older people—they all looked very old to me. As the eldest son of the family, I was required to go around from guest to guest, make a bow, and kiss the ladies' hands before I could sit down to eat.

When I emigrated to America, as if by gentlemanly instinct, I carried with me the custom of kissing ladies' hands. I honestly believe that my success depended largely upon the number of hands I kissed and upon the appreciation the ladies felt when I kissed their hands. It was so European. It was a gracious message from the Continent to the new country. . . .

When I was 4, I started going to a Sephardic Bible school. I attended for several months. The director of the school was Rabbi Bigireanu. I was exposed to the Bible for the first time, to the book of Genesis, which opens with the words "*Brayshith Boro Elohim es Hashomaim ves Ho-orets*" (In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth). That was probably where I first learned to read—in Hebrew.

In those days, no house owned bathroom facilities. We had an outside latrine. Piroshka, our Hungarian maid, took me to the latrine at regular intervals and acquainted me with the mysteries of urination and defecation. It was bitter cold. Snow was on the land.

My vision of Piroshka was that of a guru of mystic animism. She explained to me that the urine goes into the water, into the river, into the lake. Feces go into the soil, into the earth and into the surrounding hills. She gave me a profound respect, not only for her but for the primitive cosmic events and for my place in the universe.

So my fascination with the God idea began in early childhood. The most famous person in the universe was God, and I liked to be connected with

Him. The first psychodramatic session took place when I played God at the age of 4, sometime in 1894.

One Sunday afternoon my parents went out to visit friends. I stayed home to play with some of the neighbors' children. We were in the basement of my house, a large room, empty except for a huge oak table in the center. Trying to think of a game to play I came up with, "Let's play God and His angels."

"But who will play God?"

"I am God and you are my angels," I replied. The other children agreed.

"We must build the heavens first," one of the children declared. We dragged chairs from all over the house to the basement, put them on the big table, and began to build one heaven after another by tying several chairs together on one level and putting more chairs above them until we reached the ceiling. Then all the children helped me to climb up to the top chair, where I sat pretty. The children circled around the table, using their arms as wings, singing. One or two of the larger children held up the mountain of chairs we had assembled. Suddenly one of the children asked me, "Why don't you fly?" I stretched my arms, trying it. The angels who were holding up the chairs flew away, too. A moment later, I fell and found myself on the floor, my right arm broken.

The psychodrama of the fallen God. This was, as far as I can recall, the first "private" psychodramatic session I ever conducted. I was the director and protagonist in one. I have often been asked why the psychodrama stage has the form it does. The first inspiration may well have come from this personal experience. The heavens up to the ceiling may have paved the way for my idea of the many levels of the psychodrama stage, its vertical dimension: the first level, the level of conception; the second level, the level of growth; the third level, the level of completion and action; the fourth level, the balcony, the level of the "superegos," the messiahs, and the heroes. My warming up to the difficult "role" of God may have anticipated the warming-up process of spontaneous role acting on the psychodrama stage. That I fell when the children stopped holding up the chairs may have taught me the lesson that even the highest being is dependent upon others, "auxiliary egos," and that a patient-actor needs them in order to act adequately. And gradually I learned that other children, too, like to play God. . . .

My love life has been very intense. I have loved a great deal and have also been loved quite often. However, as far as I can remember, I have never committed rape, although I was raped at least once.

I was about 4 or 5 years old. Piroshka, our Hungarian maid, was about 15 years old. She was already a woman. She tried to make love to me in a very physical way, as it might have been practiced on her. She aroused my

curiosity and I did not resist her. How could I? At that time I was not aware that it was seduction or rape, but years later I realized it, since it was certainly not by consent. It was either a powerful impulse on her part, or she was attracted to me, or she just liked to play with little boys as a dream target for big boys. Also, I learned later, it was customary among the Balkan peasantry to initiate sexual relationships with children quite early in life. What is in our culture regarded as pathological—incest between brother and sister, parent and child—was quite the usual pattern in those times and among those people.

Piroshka excited me. She conditioned me very early to become a lover. I still remember the first incident very vividly. I see her before me, nude, blue-eyed, blonde, sprawled out in a variety of coital positions. She stayed with our family about a year, and all that time she made love to me at every opportunity. . . .

[At age 6 or 7 Moreno moved with his family from Bucharest to Vienna.]

One of my most vivid childhood memories can be traced back to the age of 6. In the middle of one night I slipped into the kitchen with one of my younger brothers. My mother had prepared dough for a big cake and it was set to rise overnight. We worked silently in the dark and slipped back into our beds. When my mother awakened and went to the kitchen the next morning, she must have been horrified to find the dough gone. Instead, there were figures of people, animals, and objects on the table and the floor, in the sink and on the windowsills. She must have had a hard time undoing the figures and restoring the dough. When we got up, we could not believe our own eyes when we saw the cake on the table.

The moral of the story is, great men begin to write their great books in the crib, soon after they learn to walk and speak. I created the world and wrote *The Words of the Father* in dough before I wrote them in ink. . . .

My mother adapted quickly to life in Vienna. Her talent for languages and her gregarious nature made her adjust to Viennese [life] after 2 years.

My father never mastered German completely. As a traveling merchant, he did not stay in one place long enough to learn a language properly. He never learned to accept Austrian ways. . . . Our family's transformation into Viennese was quite revolutionary to him. He could not cope too well with it. He remained true to his Rumanian-Sephardic background. . . .

Our transformation into Viennese was never quite complete, however. We were one of many typical, marginal families of Jewish origin that survived by developing a strongly knit family life. As a matter of fact, we were, in Vienna, almost up to the time I left for the United States, foreigners or refugees. In the Austro-Hungarian empire of that period there were thousands of families like ours who were tolerated by the government as long as they lived a quiet life, not threatening to the stability of the nation.

To this should be added that we lived in an environment of aggressive German nationalism reinforced by a strong Roman Catholic constituency. Our family was outside the mainstream of Austrian life on more than one count.

My father's frequent absences from home and his eventual separation from us created for me, the firstborn, a special position of authority very early in life. The central figure of the family was always my mother, whose exemplary devotion to her children was nevertheless not able to replace the absence of strong leadership, which is usually expected from the father. When my father was there, he was strong and authoritative. An image of my role from the early days in Vienna comes to mind when I think about my father's role in the family. We were accustomed to going out for walks on Sunday afternoons with my father. We children marched in formation, in twos, boy-girl, boy-girl, boy-girl. He and my mother formed the rear of the procession. I had the job, at the head of the column, of looking out for traffic when crossing streets.

Also, there was, during that period, a deterioration of religious observances among Jews, except for the very Orthodox families where ritual compulsions had largely replaced religious feeling and religious loyalty. This fading out of religious sentiment was characteristic of our family, too. But the tradition was still strong enough to help hold the family together until the girls were old enough to marry and the boys were able to earn a living. We lived in mixed neighborhoods, Jews and Gentiles, in Bucharest and Vienna, exposed to a wide range of influences throughout our childhood. The years my mother had spent in the convent were useful in helping us to deal with people in such an aggressively Catholic culture as existed in Austria during my youth.

Although my family life did not emphasize the development of an unshakable Jewish identity, I did have a bar mitzvah in the Sephardic temple in Vienna. I have only a hazy recollection of the event and of the inevitable religious instruction which must have preceded it. The bar mitzvah took place in a relatively calm period of my youth, in an interregnum before the final separation of my parents. They were both at the ceremony.

A really important link to the old, more stable life of the Balkans was our food. My father's mother had taught my mother to cook all the old dishes like eggplant and baklava. We continued to eat Balkan dishes as we grew up, and dining was always a central experience in our days. . . .

My father's exporting business [in Vienna] suffered too, after a successful start. He sold merchandise to Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey. He sometimes went as far as Smyrna or Palestine. But he had difficulty collecting payments. Written contracts were not only a rarity, but businessmen who relied upon them were thought of disparagingly. My father

had to spend longer and longer periods away from home, which, in turn, alienated him from us. It was not too long before his ability to support the family slackened. My two unmarried uncles, Markus and Jancu, my mother's older brothers, stepped in and assumed responsibility for our care. They were both rich grain merchants, especially devoted to my mother, their youngest sister.

My father was seen in Vienna more and more rarely, coming only for a few days at a time. I took sides with my father against my mother and uncles, although I was never entirely clear about the reasons that nourished the rift between my parents. But my bachelor uncles did have a great deal to do with the breakup of our family. Uncle Markus and Uncle Jancu had three younger sisters. Curiously, all three married men who turned out to be unsuccessful. The uncles had selected their sisters' husbands—those were the days of arranged marriages. In retrospect, it would appear that they wanted to hold on to and dominate the affections of their sisters by marrying them to ineffectual providers.

On one of his visits to us, my father brought the news that his older brother, a doctor in Istanbul, had died in a cholera epidemic. My father said, "Maybe you should follow his example and become a doctor." And that is what I did. . . .

My behavior in school was exemplary and I was always the pet of my teachers. I was a very, very good boy. Because of my language limitations, I felt I had to be *extremely* good; this persisted when my German became as fluent as that of the natives. Whenever a task had to be done, the teacher usually asked me to do it. I also had to explain new tasks to the rest of the children. I was the teacher's deputy, always in a first row seat so that I could be available to the teacher. I was very proud of my status in the classroom, what the Germans call *ein stolzer Knabe*. I was, however, popular with the other children. They seemed to accept and enjoy my leadership and my superior status.

My life, in those days, was highly regulated and orderly. After school I went right home and did what was expected of me. I was reported to have been a very happy child, although I was never a "normal" child. Despite my regularity and my extremely good behavior, I was very, very active. I was always at the center of events, never a spectator.

I have been asked whether my fascination with the play of children, which was so central to the development of my theory of spontaneity and creativity, stemmed from playing with my five younger brothers and sisters. In fact, I was isolated from them throughout my childhood, only associating with them in the normal routines of our household. . . .

[On a trip with his father to Calaresi on the Danube at age 11, Moreno contracted malaria.] After I had fully recovered from malaria, my father

said, "I'll take you to Istanbul for a vacation to see our relatives there." And that is how I got to stay in a harem for a while.

When we visited the estate [of my father's great uncle], I was escorted to the harem building in back of the main house. I remember walking through a very dark corridor at the end of which was a light. Two men conducted me inside. My father was, of course, excluded. The two men who took me in were eunuchs, men who had been castrated. They were sterile but could have erections.

When the wide door opened, I found myself in a beautiful piazza with a pool in the middle. Forty to 50 girls were bathing and massaging one another. The girls were nude. I have never seen so many beautiful women in one place: they were all very white-skinned, between the ages of 15 and 21. The girls greeted me in a very friendly manner. They showed me around and embraced me. I was very embarrassed. There were a few other children in the harem, for that is where the children spent their early years. Then I met an older woman, well over 30, who seemed to supervise or dominate the situation. She was the legal wife of the harem owner. Everyone treated her like a queen.

The harem is a mysterious institution to Westerners. There is a good deal of folklore about it. In essence, the harem was a social mechanism for taking care of surplus, unattached women in society. A woman either had to be married or be a concubine attached to a household. An unmarried woman could live in the household of a relative, but her status was poor, even if she lived with a wealthy person. A man could have as many as four wives under Islamic law and as many concubines as he could support. There was no prostitution in Islamic nations.

Concubines were the property of the harem owner. There was a busy market in their buying and selling. Girls were sold for cash or traded for sheep, textiles, or any other commodity that the buyer and seller could agree upon. It was always possible for a concubine to buy her freedom and have a legal marriage arranged for her if she could find the dowry.

According to the rules, the harem owner was obligated to care for the women as long as they lived. They did useful work for their masters: weaving rugs and fabrics, drawing, painting, sewing, cooking, cleaning; often the work was hard. But a harem woman could never lose her home.

Only the owner of the harem had access to the concubines, although it was the custom of hosts in some Islamic nations to share their concubines with their guests. The eunuchs in the harem I visited coupled freely with the girls. With them there was obviously no possibility of pregnancy. On the whole, there was a tendency for the women to avoid pregnancy. That may explain why there were so few children around the harem while I was there. The girls were primarily concerned with preserving their youth and

beauty, and they seemed to spend a great part of their time tending their bodies and faces, oiling and perfuming themselves, massaging, bathing. Women aged fast in Turkey and, by the time a woman was 30, she had to be extremely careful to preserve her looks.

While I was in Istanbul, I was betrothed to the 9-month-old daughter of my father's cousin. It was all arranged beforehand, a simple ritual, which I cannot recall. I remember asking my father if I should send the baby a gift. The "bride" was sent a piece of cake. A dress and some other gifts were sent in my name. It was all done according to the prescribed customs. Of course, I never kept the promise. In any case, child marriage was abolished when Atatürk came to power in 1923, at which time he also abolished the harem and concubinage. . . .

I grew up with an independent air; difficult to manage, self-willed, rapidly outgrowing the family orbit. A child can never repay his mother for what she has done for him in the first years of life. The child has no memory of it; all the memory is in the mind of the mother. Also, a child grows out of the womb into the world. Mothers are blind to this. They fear it, even. For them, the child is always a little one, but he grows away, out into the world, never to return. My mother used to say to us, half smiling, half sad, "When you were just little ones, and you were naughty, I could spank you a few times on the popo and it was all over. But now, what can I do? If I should ever be reborn, I would never come back as a mother, '*lieber ein Hund.*' " This was her response to me when, many times, she waited for me to come and see her and many times I failed to come. When I finally came, she was tired of waiting for me, and she said, "*Lieber ein Hund.*"

By the time I was 13, my uncle Markus had married. Uncle Jancu was, however, a fanatic bachelor. I don't think he ever had any intimate contact with females in his life. Jancu was attached to my mother and, because of that, very devoted to me. Due to my prospects, he always called me "doctor." Jancu was often lonesome, particularly after his brother's marriage. He came to Vienna and offered to take me on a trip around the world. He was proud to travel with me, to be seen with me, his brilliant nephew. He was sure that one day I would surprise the world with my cunning.

Our trip "around the world" took us from Vienna over Graz, Fiume, Brioni, Trieste, Venezia, Milano, Firenze, Roma, Napoli, traveling by train and by boat.

Jancu found me too idealistic and impractical, with too little respect for the material things of life and the need to earn them. He shook his finger at me and admonished me, " '*Geld regiert die Welt,*' you should always remember that." I laughed in his face. He was worried because I did not share his philosophy of money. He showed me that he had to pay the hotel

bills and the fares and that everything costs money. But despite his efforts to teach me the importance of money, I laughed and laughed. I thought I could do without it. . . .

In Firenze, we stayed at the Albergo del Porta Rosa. No one can imagine Firenze who has not been there. You cannot tell whether the statues on the sidewalks and corners are people or not. It is a city created by God for his own pleasure.

I met Pia, just as I had met the statues and other great forms of art in Firenze, one day in the lobby of the hotel. We maintained contact on the pretext that she was teaching me Italian. She was a beautiful girl, about 15.

Our relationship was entirely innocent. She was an exceedingly virtuous girl. I don't think I even kissed her hand.

But Pia did something entirely un-Italian and improper, especially for those days. She used to sneak away from home every night and came to see me at the hotel. She feared, sometimes, that her father might find out what she was up to, but I don't recall that he did.

My uncle was anxious to keep on going, going, going. He didn't understand why I should be so enchanted with Firenze. I found it the most beautiful city in the world and Pia the most beautiful girl in the world. We had a marvelous, warm feeling for one another.

Let's go back to Firenze! . . .

My relationship to my name has been curious from that time on. My Biblical name was Jacob. My secular name was Jacques. From the time that my behavior became strange in early adolescence, as I withdrew more and more from my family, I also began to withdraw from my name, that is, from my first name. I seemed to be looking for a new identity and, perhaps, for a new name which would better fit my changed status, that new identity. Knowing the first name of a person and calling him by it is a sign of intimacy, suggesting a closeness, an equality of status, being, so to speak, from the same clan. And so I did not want to be called by my first name, although I acted with a certain arrogance when I continued to call the people around me by their first names. I talked to Victoria, Robert, Hans, Wilhelm, but because of my forbidding, righteous air they hesitated to initiate any conversation with me at all, and they began to drop my first name when they were compelled to address me. Instead of saying, "*Jacques, was willst du?*" they dropped the "Jacques" and they said, "*Willst du etwas?*" I never said outright, "Please don't call me by my first name," but it happened increasingly that people perceived my attitude and did not call me by that name.

There is a deep psychological meaning in the use or disuse of names. In the Mosaic religion [Moreno uses the expression to refer to Judaism that was common in his childhood in Central Europe] the name of God was not

to be used, apparently in order to maintain the majestic distance between the masterful Godhead and little man. In the process of becoming a prophet, I expected people to assume towards me the same kind of behavior they were supposed to have towards the Godhead, not to know my name, and, if they did, not to call me by it. It helped to give me a mysterious aura and to maintain the appropriate distance from others. Then, too, knowing the name of a man means having power over him. We always use a name to designate a concrete individual, in the absence of that person. By using his name we are actually possessing him. I did not want to be possessed by anyone. I wanted to be free of all chains, whether spiritual, moral, psychological, or nominal. So I did not want my name to be on anyone's lips when I was not present. And when I was present, there was no need for anyone to call me by name. This was the source from which my idea of anonymity sprang, anonymity of the Godhead, anonymity of the "I," and the namelessness of things. It appeared to me that a name was a substitute, a stand-in for someone who was not present. The absolute presentness of God makes his namelessness a logical consequence. That which is always present does not need to be named. I think I wanted to assume the prerogatives of the Godhead with respect to namelessness. . . .

By the time I was 14, my father had several business failures, and each time my uncles stepped in to get him out of bad speculations. Uncles Markus and Jancu became more and more integral to our family sociogram. The more involved they were in our family's affairs, the greater was the alienation between my parents.

The last great experiment my father made to keep the family intact and to regain his stature as the breadwinner and head of the house was to move from Vienna to Berlin [probably in 1903 or 1904]. I imagine that the thought of going even farther, that is, to America, was simmering in his mind when our family arrived in Berlin. It is a testimony to my father's devotion to me, his desire to help me develop my talents, and to give me every conceivable opportunity of continuing my education, that he employed a tutor to teach me Latin to prepare me for the examination I had to pass in order to enter the fourth class of the Berlin gymnasium. It was a great sacrifice because he was very short of money. It was a sign of how much he believed in my ability. . . .

[After three weeks in Berlin, Moreno and his parents agreed that he should return to Vienna. He did not feel comfortable in Berlin and felt he could support himself in Vienna as a tutor.] I returned to Vienna without any prearrangement, a few gulden in my pocket. I rented a room with a family not too far from the gymnasium. It was a huge room, abnormally large, without windows. The apartment was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hindler. They charged me very little rent and asked that I tutor their two daugh-

ters, aged 9 and 11, in order to make up for the low rent I paid them. Both of the Hindlers worked during the day, so I was alone with the girls when they came home from school at noon. Well, to make the whole story short, I began to make love to the girls: first to the younger one. She seemed to enjoy it. She guided me with her little hands so that our sexual union was easily managed, although she was a virgin. The elder sister also became involved in the love-making, but she was not a virgin, so there was no trouble making love to her. For several weeks, my young life was quite a heated one.

My tutoring was a success. I soon had a number of wealthy clients. I would have two meals a day in each house, 5 o'clock tea and 7 o'clock dinner. I received 10 gulden in cash for each session as well. . . .

As it turned out, my instinct for leaving Berlin was well grounded. Berlin did not bring my father any luck. As he had done so many times before, he made a successful start. The business was a partnership with a manufacturer of coffins and shrouds for funerals, along with icons and other requisites for Greek Orthodox rites. These were exported to the Balkan countries and deep into the Near East, wherever there were Orthodox Christians. My mother said that he sold thousands of coffins and shrouds. He was, again, hopeful that prosperity was just around the corner.

But the Berlin police stepped in. My family's police permit, something like a visa, had expired. The authorities refused to renew it. The family was classified in the "unwelcome foreigners" category. They moved to another German city, Chemnitz, because the police regulations were more flexible in Saxony. . . .

Chapter 2

A New Prophet

BACK IN VIENNA in my early teens, I began loafing and dreaming, trying to understand myself. Who am I? Is the body which I possess me? Is it all of me? Is it all matter? Or is there any part of my body, or some other manifestation of me, that could be called *soul*?

I was moody and disrespectful of everything. Whenever I heard from my parents or visited them, my mother, whose view of me had changed, expressed the opinion that I was mentally *kaput*. I experienced a considerable loss of sexual appetite and decided to be celibate.

I was considered a handsome young man. One day a young married woman who found out that I was out of circulation came to me. "You know," she said, "my husband is away on business one night a week. Would you like to come and spend the night with me?" I refused. "Are you married?" she asked me in a mocking tone. "Yes," I replied, "to a higher cause."

Extensive and feverish reading of religious, philosophical, and esthetic literature set the internal, psychic scene for the decisive period to come. The reading of religious books centered around the Old and New Testaments, Saints Paul, Augustine, Origen, Benedict, Francis, Meister Eckhart, Angelus Silesius, Friedrich Novalis, the Apocrypha, the Sohar and Jezirah, Blaise Pascal. Søren Kierkegaard's writings were having great impact throughout Europe at the beginning of the twentieth century, and I, too, fell under his spell. Among the philosophers in whom I was particularly engrossed were Spinoza, Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Marx, Schopenhauer, and Neitzsche. Among the novelists and poets were Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Walt Whitman, and Goethe. It is obvious from this list that I shared these books with many of my generation, but it was my reaction to them that placed me apart.

My reading was in no way systematic. It was a book here, a book there. I was particularly stirred by the Cabala at one point. The Jewish mystical movement came to the fore during my student days and touched me deeply. The central tenets of Cabalism—that all creation is an emanation from the deity and that the soul exists from eternity—added to my original preoccupation with the book of Genesis. “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,” moved me deeply. . . .

One result of all my reading in theology and philosophy was violent opposition, not so much to the remedies the writers offered, which were excellent and beautifully expressed, but against their *behavior* as individuals and as representatives of the values they preached. They predicted disaster unless a prescribed course of action was followed, but they left it to crafty and opportunistic politicians to run the world. With few exceptions, they did not act themselves. They hid behind profound books and beautiful sermons. They seemed to think that having written their books or having preached their sermons, their jobs were ended. None of them made the jump out of the book into the reality. . . .

I was still in school, making a living as a tutor, living in a furnished room. In Chemnitz, my family’s situation was rapidly becoming untenable. My father’s business got worse and worse. Due to several small wars in Bulgaria and Turkey, he couldn’t collect the money that was owed him. My uncles stepped in with a monthly stipend for my mother. Then my father left the family more or less for good. He moved to Istanbul; my mother moved the rest of the family back to Vienna from Chemnitz.

When they came back to Vienna, I could have moved in with them and completed my education with relative ease now that my uncles were supporting us. But I took sides with my father against my mother and uncles. I resented my mother for years because of the break with my father. There is no question that the amatory alliances that my father established on his trips to the Balkans contributed to the disaffection between my parents. But we children had only hints of the real reasons for the breakup, and the whole family drama is an obscure one, even now.

After my family moved back from Chemnitz, I grew a beard, quit school, and began to lead a roaming life.

Jesus was angry with his mother and indifferent or resentful towards his brothers and sisters, according to the Apocrypha. He was supposed to have left his family early and lived by himself. He, too, like myself, tried to find followers, to create a higher kind of family which gave him a more genuine feeling of belonging. He, too, although poor and of humble origin, tried to do things that were far above his means, helping children, treating the sick, rejecting the lawgivers and the rich of his time. Gautama [Buddha] left his princely home, his wife, his child, and wandered off. St.

Francis of Assisi left his rich parents to live like a beggar. Dozens of lesser prophets had similar fortunes.

That I was to follow the same course was a sign for me. I, too, was a chosen one, on the right track. Instead of thinking or feeling that my conduct was unfair and arrogant, these ancestral tales made me feel proud and righteous.

My mother often cried her eyes out. Indeed, this was the way she had tried to control my behavior since earliest childhood. When I behaved badly, she cried. Naturally, I then felt guilty. My sisters and brothers looked at me with awe and fear. Why did I act like a stranger in the house the rare times I was home? I stayed in my room in seclusion, eating alone, mincing words or not talking at all, preoccupied with things they did not understand. The tension grew. Much later, in 1912, people from Russia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Turkey, old and young, began to come to our house, often with newspapers in their hands. They had articles about me, sometimes with photographs.

The word had gone round from mouth to mouth or in letters home. The story was that there was a group of young men in Vienna, led by myself, who would help, had helped them in distress, finding them work or getting money for them so they could continue their voyages to their destinies—New York, Chicago, Montreal, Buenos Aires, Jaffa, or wherever they had to go. The group consisted of myself—the man playing God, who came from Bucharest to Vienna; Chaim Kellmer—Chassid from Czernowitz, Bukowina, doctor of philosophy which he gave up to work the land, a warm, human man with a cherubic face; Jan Feda—from Prague, friend of Thomas Masaryk, overcoming Kant and Hegel, friend of Bezruc, tall, thin, ascetic, the flower of Czechoslovak youth; Hans Brauchbar—Viennese, doctor of medicine, later moved to Russia, disappeared; and Andreas Peto—polygamous man, came from Budapest and later returned there and developed a new method for treating motor-handicapped children. The fame which came from this unexpected source pleased me. It just happened. It was not planned.

But it both distressed and amazed my family. I tried not to show any pleasure in any of this. It would have been at odds with the saintly attitude I tried to maintain. They knew nothing of my efforts or my ideas. Where did I get the influence I had and the money to do what I was doing? To them I was just an unkempt young man with a mysterious air and an irregular life style. They were probably as much, or even more, upset by my lack of openness with them, my unwillingness to share any of my experiences with them.

I was, at that time, so deeply driven towards establishing the exaggerated role of a benefactor to mankind, a saint, that I did not realize how

paradoxical and ridiculous my conduct must have appeared to plain people. It is as if I was deeply pushed forward towards some kind of internal victory which could not have been attained except by doing extraordinary things.

Later in life I realized that there was a fairly normal component in my attitude, not too dissimilar from the conduct of many other adolescents. Every individual, man or woman, goes through three stages in the course of his lifetime. In the first stage, as an infant, he clings to the family. In the second stage, he withdraws from it, often not without a violent battle. In the third phase, he clings again to someone he loves and needs, usually to a family he has formed himself. It is as if he has returned to the beginning again.

At that time and for many of the years that followed, I had the sensation that I was the chief actor, the protagonist, in a drama with great scenes and exits, one act climaxing the other, culminating in a great and final victory. It was drama, but it was not theater. I was my own playwright and producer. The scenes were real, not like those in a theater. But they were not quite as real as in a simple life. They were of a higher reality. They were created by my imagination with the help of actual people and actual objects in the midst of real life. I escaped the fate of the schizophrenic who operates in a vacuum and has to fill the void with hallucinated figures up to the point of making himself believe that these figures interact with him.

In contrast to this, I was able to arouse the people around me to identify themselves with me and to create, with their aid, a supraworld in which I could test my prophetic role in a comparatively safe environment, made to order for me. . . .

The psychodrama of my life preceded psychodrama as a method. I was the first patient of psychodramatic therapy, protagonist and director in one. With the aid of unwitting auxiliary egos, the people around me, I developed a surplus reality, a new world which the actual culture did not, could not, provide. From such experiences and from my success with them came the vitality and drive to apply such techniques to other people. I also realized that I had developed a powerful vehicle for a cultural revolution. I was challenged because, not only did I have to inspire myself to play my part, but I had to inspire the people around me to play with me. At times, it appeared to me as if I was able to convince the grass to be as green, the sky to be as blue, and the trees to be as tall as I wanted them to be. The greater the barriers that I was able to overcome, the more my confidence grew that I could conquer new barriers. I lived in a state of constant suspense.

My becoming a prophet was not sudden. It was a slow, gradual growth whose determinants could be traced to my early childhood. This may ex-

plain the firmness and the stability of my conduct and why it never resulted in mental aberrations of crippling proportions.

I began to play the part. I wanted not only to become a prophet but to look like one. That a first beard grew was unavoidable for an adolescent approaching 18, but that I did not shave it had the mark of an important departure from the norm. By means of the beard, I made the point that one should not interfere with the healthy spontaneity of the body. Nature should be allowed to take its course. My beard was reddish blonde and sparse. In the course of years, it took the form which some medieval painters ascribed to Christ. Unconsciously, I must have approved of its appearance and of the effect the beard would have on people living in a Christological culture. Looking fatherly and wise, anticipating old age, was exactly what a young God would like. Often, however, the opposite effect is produced: How young must one be that he tries to look so old? I worked on the premise that my coming was expected and that I must look the part. Obviously, there are two compulsions operating here, a cultural compulsion and a private compulsion.

My eyes are blue. I was told that they were large and smiling with gentleness and love. Looking into my eyes, people would feel that I could read all that was in their minds. My affectionate bearing and overt kindness seemed to be deeply concerned with the affairs of the person just facing me. I was always most reticent about myself. My pronounced unselfishness would easily have been labeled as hypomanic behavior were it not for the fact that I lived the role, not only in public, but took it to bed with me.

One day a distraught mother came to see me. Deeply concerned about her child, who was a pathological liar and mischief-maker, she poured out her story and pleaded with me to work with her daughter, Liesel. The girl was on the verge of being thrown out of school, where she was always in trouble. She told fantastic lies to her father about her mother, causing terrible scenes in the household. The father, Herr Bergner, was a tailor, and the family was rather poor. Word of my saintly, prophetic mien had passed around the neighborhood. Although I was quite young, people in trouble turned to me.

Liesel prospered under my tutelage. I discovered that she had incredible dramatic talent, and I encouraged her mother to give the girl dramatic training, which she did. Liesel became Elisabeth Bergner, one of the most famous actresses of the German stage in the twentieth century.

There are few recorded observations of my life during that period. One is by Arthur Eloesser, the biographer of Elisabeth Bergner.

The children were, for a long time, tutored by a Spanish-Jewish student of medicine, an apostolic character who could have been the creation of the fantastic ethic of Jakob Wasserman. He was, first of all a brilliant pedagogue, so

naive or so much an artist that he was not even able to keep the various disciplines apart. Liesel . . . does not know even today whether she learned them all at the same time. It all came in a natural way. There was no question of homework, results, or exams. He was a strange teacher, all the more strange as he did not accept any compensation from the people who hired him: "Give the money directly to the poor." I do not know whether the poor ever received the money, I know only that the, I would almost say, truly Christian young man, bequeathed his pupil a heavenly fairy tale which is still with her. He taught the three Bergner children—besides the two sisters there was a younger brother—how to pass daily through the eye of a needle and how one can even make this still uncomfortable and unpopular passage entertaining. On their walks the children were induced to give their few pennies to still poorer children, the pennies which had been given to them for milk, fruits, or even for the carousel. The teacher had them fill their cheeks with air and assured them enthusiastically how wonderful the imagined piece of chocolate tasted, or they gave their balls away when playing in the city parks and then they threw chunks of air to one another with empty hands. The young enthusiast who was, notwithstanding, a very well poised and positive man, caused his pupil only two disappointments. One time, in the beginning, Liesel came home for dinner and wanted to see him right away. She was told that he was eating. She looked through the keyhole: he really ate! And then, at the end, the other disappointment, that he still lives. Yes, said I, if the friend were really a character out of Jakob Wasserman's world, he would have received what he justly deserved. The good poet would have taken him back at the right moment by letting him pass away through a noble kind of consumption or through a gentle heart attack. But now, being older, he may have abandoned his adolescent ideals. Oh no, he is a *wunderdoktor* in a suburb of Vienna. He still treats the poor without accepting money . . . but he still lives. (Arthur Eloesser, *Elisabeth Bergner*, Berlin, 1927, pp. 23–25, translated by myself)

I wore a dark green mantle which fell almost to my ankles. Everyone began to identify me with it, "the prophet's mantle." I wore it summer and winter, perhaps with the intention of making myself easily identifiable, like an actor who wears the same costume at every performance. At times, it seemed to me that I was creating a type, a role, which once encountered, could never be forgotten.

I had the *idée fixe* that a single individual had no authority, that he must become the voice of a group. It must be a group, the new word must come from a group. Therefore, I went out to find friends, followers, good people. My new religion was a religion of being, of self-perfection. It was a religion of helping and healing, for helping was more important than talking. It was a religion of silence. It was a religion of doing a thing for its own sake, unrewarded, unrecognized. It was a religion of anonymity.

I felt that, even if my modest effort should remain entirely ineffective and be forgotten, it would have been important from the point of view of eternity that such things were tried and existed, that such things were cultivated, and that such purity was maintained regardless of whether it paid

off. The new religion required a mood of resignation, of just being and having the immediate satisfactions of such a state of being. If love or comradeship should arise, it should be fulfilled and retained in the moment without calculating the possible returns or without expecting any compensation.

At the same time, I was aware that enormous inner forces, the desire for recognition and power, pushed me towards overt expression. I felt a pressure towards trying to create a religion of the masses. These forces were difficult to channel, and I had a difficult time just being satisfied with the world of immediate meetings. Had I wanted to, and had I been less given to perfectionism, I could have summoned the strength to create a religion involving large masses of people. But a strong daimon held me back from too much organization. The daimon assured me that I might be able to pull through to victory even by such a naive level of conduct. The daimon tried to kindle in me the hope that the apparently impossible can be achieved, even if it should take a thousand years. It lulled me into believing that I was strong and powerful enough to wait, and I could not resist the dream of the romantic new universe within me. My love for that universe was so deep that I could not see how I could ever depart from it. I made the error of underestimating the growing impact of the technological world around me and clinging too closely to the antiquated models of the Middle Ages. Many of my predecessors in religious experimentation may have had to face similar challenges. There are recurrent cultural patterns in which every religious innovator becomes involved. *The crux of the problem was how to create a religion without being caught in the wheels of an organization, how to lead a religious life without becoming a business prophet* [Moreno's italics].

By 1908, I was back in school, this time at the University of Vienna. I never received a diploma from the gymnasium but was able to take the entrance examinations for the university and become a matriculated student. My intense religious life did not prevent me from continuing with my studies.

It is hard to recapture the mystic mood which enveloped our group during that summer of 1908. Chaim Kellmer, Hans Brauchbar, Hans Feda, Andreas Petö, and I walked through the night for hours at a time. No one spoke. We expected Christ to be born again. His arrival was imminent.

Adolescent men are nearer to Christ than are mature or old men. Christ is a symbol of youth. He came for children and young people. We looked with curiosity and suspicion at every man who walked by. Then we looked at our own reflections, at our own shadows. Who could tell? It could be one of us. Once when we were speculating on the coming of Christ, Kellmer and Feda suddenly looked at me with an expression of awe and rever-

ence. They expected it from me. They pushed me forward to the great deed, the transformation. The questions that preoccupied us were: How would He look and act? By what signs could we recognize Him? We stopped at the bridge across the Danube. There was no one there. One of us muttered, almost inaudibly, "He will be naked." One by one we all joined in, "Not a stitch of clothes on." "Long hair and long beard, not because they are necessary to His appearance, but because hair and beard grow." Thus we amplified upon one another's fantasies. And no fantasy was too absurd or crazy to be exchanged with the others. We were free in one another's company to share our inmost thoughts.

Christ would be naked, we decided, not because He was a primitive being, but because nakedness is the dynamic, external gesture of excluding and rejecting all cultural paraphernalia. It was not Adam who was to return, but Christ. Our returning Christ would need a dramatic way of announcing His nonacceptance of our technological culture. He would not be an exhibitionist, but a man who had reverence for the natural state of His body. By contrast, it is modern "culture" which "exhibits" clothing, shirts, hats, underwear, shoes, and socks. Christ would have His body nude as it came from His mother's womb. Thus Christ had to be nude. We tried to envision His conduct in our time. He would come walking. He could not come riding on a white horse, in a chariot, or in an automobile. He would not go into theaters or motion picture houses. He would not go into temples or churches. He would go into people's homes, into their workshops, into their stores, into hospitals. He would be out on the streets, wherever there were people.

Since the greatest crime in our culture is to be pathological, to behave in a pathological manner, He would appear in the manner of the pathological man and exhibit, humorously, all the paraphernalia of insanity. He would say, "I am a mental patient; look at me; let all the mentally sick come to me." We really warmed up to the part. . . .

Christ heard voices. We all hear voices. Anyone who does not hear voices is not normal. "This time Christ will be naked. He will hear voices and the voices will tell Him what to do, and He will hear the voices which we hear within us."

Such was the dream we had of Christ. . . .

The first encounter I tried to have was with the child. I turned to the offspring, the babes, the children. I moved into places where children played, where they were left by their parents when mothers and fathers had to go to work. Instead of talking to the children in plain language, I told them fairy tales. I discovered that I could never repeat the same fairy time, that I felt an obligation to myself and to the children to maintain their sense of wonderment even when the plot was the same, to maintain myself on a

level of spontaneity and creativity in order to live up to the rigorous demands of my creative ego, which did not give me the "prophetic license" for less. I watched with astonishment my transformation from a humdrum student into an adventurous prophet. I was aroused to greater deeds every day by the imaginative pleas of the children.

When I look at a child I see "yes, yes, yes, yes." They do not have to learn to say yes. *Being born is yes*. You see spontaneity in its living form. It is written all over the child, in his act-hunger, as he looks at things, as he listens to things, as he rushes into time, as he moves into space, as he grabs for objects, as he smiles and cries. In the very beginning, he sees no barriers in objects, no limits of distance, no resistances or prohibitions. But as objects hinder his locomotions and people respond to him with "no, no, no," he starts on his reactive phase, still reaching out, but with growing anxiety, fear, tension, and caution.

I found a deep meaning in children's Godplaying. As a student, I used to walk through the gardens of Vienna, gathering children and forming groups for impromptu play. I knew, of course, about Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel. But this was a new slant. It was a kindergarten on a cosmic scale, a creative revolution among children. It was not a philanthropic crusade of adults for children, but a crusade of children for themselves, for a society of their own age and their own rights. I wanted to give the children the capacity to fight against social stereotypes, against robots, *for* spontaneity and creativity.

It was in my work with the children that my theories of spontaneity and creativity crystallized. Inevitably, the older the child the less spontaneous and the less creative he was. The two factors, spontaneity and creativity, went together. Also, I found that whenever a child repeated himself in the playing out of an idea or a dramatic sketch, his portrayals became more and more rigid.

I myself took to anonymity, spontaneity, and creativity like wood takes to fire. This is how my Godplaying in the gardens and the streets of Vienna began. One day I walked through the Augarten, a park near the archduke's palace, where I saw a group of children loafing. I stopped and began to tell them a story. To my astonishment, other children dropped their games and joined in. So did the nursemaids with their carriages, the mothers and fathers, the policemen on horseback.

From then on, one of my favorite pastimes was to sit at the foot of a large tree and let the children come and listen to a fairy tale. The most important part of the story is that I sat at the foot of a tree, like a being out of a fairy tale, and that the children were drawn to me as if by a magic flute. It seemed to me that they were bodily removed from their drab surroundings and brought into a fairy land. It was not so much what I told them,

the tales themselves, but it was the act, the atmosphere of mystery, the paradox, the becoming real of the unreal.

I was in the center of the group. Often I moved up from the foot of the tree and sat higher, on a branch. The children formed a circle around me, then a second circle would form behind the first, a third behind the second. Many concentric circles. The sky was the limit.

Why I chose the course of the theater instead of founding a religious sect, joining a monastery, or developing a system of theology (although none of these alternatives excludes any of the other) can be understood by taking a look into the setting from which my ideas arose. I suffered from an *idée fixe*, or from what might have been called an affectation then, but which could be called today, now that the harvest is coming in, the grace of God. The *idée fixe* became my constant source of productivity. It proclaimed that there is a sort of primordial nature which is immortal and returns afresh with every new generation, a first universe which contains all beings and in which all events are sacred. I liked that enchanting realm which was disclosed to me in the godplaying of children, and I have kept myself tied to it. I did not plan to leave it ever. . . .

Gradually the mood came over me that I should leave the realm of the children and move into the world, the larger world, but, of course, always retaining the vision which my work with the children had given me. I decided that the *idée fixe* should remain my guide. Therefore, whenever I entered a new dimension of life, the forms I had seen with my own eyes in the virginal world stood before me. They were my models whenever I tried to envision a new order of things or to create a new form. I was extremely sure of these visions. They seemed to endow me with a science of life even before experience verified their accuracy. When I entered a family, a school, a church, a parliament building, or any other social institution, I rebelled. I knew how distorted our institutions had become, and I had a new model ready to replace the old.

Behind the screen of telling fairy tales to children, I was trying to plant the seeds of a diminutive creative revolution. This carried double significance. It was a test of the living God idea *within* the framework of our modern civilization, not in comparative safety outside of it, as in the deserts of Africa or on the plains of India. It was my intent to be a fighting saint, not a recluse. I also intended my work to be a demonstration against the psychoanalytic theory of heroes and geniuses then rampant in Vienna, which said that they were all mental patients, more or less, or at least touched by insanity. Therefore, I wanted to show that a man who showed all the signs of paranoia, megalomania, exhibitionism, and other forms of social and private maladjustment could still be fairly well controlled and healthy. Indeed, such a man could be more productive by acting out his

symptoms than he would be if he tried to constrain and resolve them. I was the living antithesis of psychoanalytic doctrine, foretelling, in my own life, the protagonist of psychodrama.

The only way to get rid of the God syndrome is to act it out [Moreno's italics].

Chapter 3

Chaim Kellmer and the Religion of the Encounter

EARLY IN MY UNIVERSITY YEARS, I met a man who was to become the closest friend and companion I had as a youth. I was stopped by a stranger one cold winter morning while crossing the street from the Votivkirche to the university. He came close to me and said in a deep, melodious voice, "I've seen and heard you many times and I've wanted to speak with you, so here I am." We shook hands. From that moment on, until his death, Chaim Kellmer was my steady companion.

Chaim had a powerful physique. He was taller and broader than I was, quite a few years older. He flung words out of his mouth with great rapidity. He explained to me that he was about to receive his doctorate of philosophy. He was on his way to a seminar that morning, but felt that meeting me was more important. Chaim had come from Czernowitz in the Bukowina, now part of Russia, then a Rumanian district. He had been exposed to Chassidic teachings and came to Vienna to find answers to the many riddles brooding in his mind and soul. But the riddles were unanswerable, he said with sarcasm.

He looked at me with his deep-set eyes and said, "I know that you and I together have the answers and that is why I want to speak with you and know you. There are three things that plague me," he continued. "Should I go and teach philosophy? I have not found anything worthwhile here to teach. The second thing is, should I work with my hands instead of teaching, since all these intellectual things are useless and vain?" I looked at his large, powerful arms and hands. "I was planning to pack my belongings and go to Palestine to work in one of the colonies there." Suddenly he looked at me and said, "But why go so far away?" Chaim had a vigorous

face with an overly healthy-looking, ruddy complexion. It was almost as if he was burning from the heat of his inner passions. I thought his appearance quite curious on that freezing morning. Later I learned that Chaim Kellmer was a sick man and that the ruddiness was the flush from a tuberculous's low-grade fever that rises throughout the day. His zest for action arose from a deep anxiety to fill his short life with abundance.

"The third and most important thing," he said, "I want to live a good life. Goodness comes first." Then we both stopped, leaning on one of the columns that lined the university facade. "Tell me how to live and tell me what to do." It was as if he was putting his whole life into my hands. It was such a dramatic, deep experience for me. It had never happened to me before that a man greeted me and showed me so much respect. I felt humble. Who was I to deserve it? I remained silent. We walked. He stopped talking, and the silence we shared seemed to create a lasting bond between us.

My silence said this to him, "I do not want to speak words in vain. You know that you must make your decisions yourself, and you *will* make them."

I was the model of his glowing dream to meet a superior being, a messianic soul whom he could follow, and he was the victim of my craving for omnipotence. We were both swept by a wave of religious contagion. . . .

Like me, Chaim made his living by tutoring. One day, following my example, he stopped charging for his work. The families he had been with for several years were embarrassed. They invited him for extra meals. They kept a bed for him so he could stay overnight any time he wanted to. They gave him clothing and showered him with gifts. He was such a wonderful teacher and friend to those families that they did not want to lose him. In the end he was the best-dressed and best-fed tutor I knew. He laughed when I teased him about it. "If you give love to people, they give it back to you," he replied.

Chaim also visited people and gave them his counsel, trying to help them solve their problems. People would call on him whenever they needed help. Often they insisted on giving him money for his help, but he always refused, saying, "There is only one thing I can accept. We have a fund for renting a home in the city for people who need shelter. Give the money to the fund."

Thus the religion of the encounter came to life in the years between 1908 and 1914. My group of followers and I numbered five young men. We were all committed to the sharing of anonymity, of loving and giving, living a direct and concrete life in the community with all we met. We left our homes and families and took to the streets. We were nameless but were easily recognized by our beards and our warm, human, and gay approach to all comers. None of us would accept any money for the services we ren-

dered to others, but we received many gifts from anonymous donors. All the gifts received went into the fund for the House of the Encounter. A Catholic relief organization also donated funds for the house.

In the years before World War I, the turmoil and political instability of the Austro-Hungarian Empire expressed itself in the vast numbers of people who were seeking new homes, either in the Americas or in Palestine. They poured into Vienna, as refugees still do, and they often had a long wait before they could get passage, sometimes as long as a year. Frequently during the long wait, they exhausted their meager savings. Transients or refugees could not get work permits. Someone in our group had a connection in city hall and was able to get work permits without any delay; that was a tremendous accomplishment. We found jobs for people on farms, as helpers in homes, as laborers of all sorts, as bricklayers, anything we could get for them. They were not particular. When they were ill, we got medical care for them.

We found a house in one of the central districts of Vienna. Whoever came was welcome and could stay without paying. So they came from all over. They did not know our names, but they carried pictures or descriptions, often quite bizarre, of the founder of the house and of his helpers. They heard of us through letters from relatives and friends and from newspaper accounts of our work. Some came alone, some with wives and children. They rarely came by prearrangement, but just showed up at the house holding the much-handled letters or clippings.

On the walls of the house were colorfully drawn inscriptions with the following pronouncement, "Come to us from all nations. We will give you shelter."

It still amazes me that so many people crowded into that house and shared with one another whatever they had, without fighting or rancor. We tried to keep families together, but there was little privacy. Nonetheless, there were several babies conceived and born during the long wait for passage. We held nightly sessions after supper in which problems were brought forth and grievances were settled. These early "encounter groups" were the model for the encounter groups now spreading throughout the world. But the nightly meetings were not just discussion sessions. After we shared our feelings, we sang and danced and played games. Participating in the encounters was a religious experience, a joyful one. . . .

Soon Chaim received his degree, doctor of philosophy. "I've finished," he said, "here is the diploma," and he tore it up before my eyes. "I won't go to Palestine. I've been reading your mind and I know you don't think I should go. I don't know why I should go so far. The world is here just as well as it is there. There is land here that needs hands to till it. The idea of

going to Palestine as a Chalmutz was a dream from my early days. I thought then that, since I was a Jew, I belonged there, and that I belonged to the Jewish people. But now I have lost the sense of what a Jew is. I try to find the Jew in myself and I cannot find it. Maybe some people can do that. I think that Palestine is right here." He hit the ground violently with his foot. "I have taken a job as a farmhand in Kagan. I have found a fine old farmer to work for. I start tomorrow." . . .

Kellmer had visionary ideas about the spontaneous power of the body to cure every ailment. He had no respect for doctors or for potions, and refused to bow to the imperatives of his body. He refused to give his body sleep or food or rest, in the childish notion that his body would follow his will. But the body would not. At certain moments he said he knew that he was going to die young. At other times when he was lying in bed with a high fever, full of dreams, really delirious states, he feared the nearness of his death. He was convinced that he would not see the next day when he was in such states. He feared the dreadful spells of coughing that came upon him. His great breast heaved with pain, trying to throw off the mucus. He felt that he might be choked by the expectorant some day, or that his heart would stop beating from the strain of coughing.

Paradoxically, the patent nearness of his death gave him enormous strength to live more and more carelessly. He squandered his energy and was more determined than ever to hone his ideas to the sharpest point, to test them, to prove them to the world. Thanks to his innate strength, fierce will, and boundless energy, he lived 7 more years. But in those 7 years, he lived with greater intensity than many others might live in a century. Chaim's relationship to his death was a sensuous one.

Chaim also had a sensuous and passionate love of women, although he had never slept with one. He was always tempted to do it. He resisted. He also resisted all the women who wanted him. But one day he came to me with a glowing expression in his eyes. He put his hand on my shoulder and looked into my eyes. There was a long, intense silence. He always wanted to think that I knew what he was thinking. Then he burst out into laughter. "Well, it happened last night. For the first time, I was with a woman for whom I have felt great love from the moment I met her. We waited for years for the moment. It was a glorious experience, and I am still trembling in ecstasy. I have been fasting today. I felt like a bridegroom who has met his bride, but I've had to struggle with my conscience all day. The question is, should I continue the affair? Is a great experience like a sexual act with a woman you love not desecrated by repetition? The sexual act was so unique and complete from both sides that it seems to have consumed all of my sexual hunger. Repetition could turn a wonderful thing into a habit. There's nothing new I could learn from a second time."

Chaim kept his faith. Never again did he have intercourse with a woman as long as he lived. However, that young, lovely woman became the hostess of the home we had started for refugees. They were always close to one another and continued to love one another until his death.

Kellmer's life was symbolic of a new religious outlook that tried to integrate sex and love into a bigger framework of life. He lived with unique devotion to the daily tasks and callings he met with until the outbreak of the First World War. To the surprise of everyone who knew him, he volunteered to serve as a hospital aide in the Austro-Hungarian army. He knew that a regular medical examination would bar him from service, so he found some way of circumventing the requirements. All his friends warned him that military life would probably kill him, but he resisted all of our well-meant advice. To his misfortune, and against all of his calculations, the military authorities insisted that he go through the regular period of basic training. All this was an enormous shock to his sick body, but he endured heroically, always maintaining that he expected to attend the wounded and console the sick. Finally he was assigned to a Lazarett. His friends saw him in the hospital uniform, going from bed to bed, giving the soldiers a lift here, a word there. A few weeks later, he was taken to the hospital in a high fever. He never recovered from that attack. I was able to see him again when he was transferred to a hospital in Vienna shortly before his death. He was buried somewhere near Kagrán in a country cemetery. No one knows where his last remains rest. He died as he lived, anonymously.

Chapter 4

Activism and Speculation: Nazism, Communism, and Existentialism

BETWEEN 1910 and 1923, Vienna was the place where many significant movements were plotted. Some of them became historical, and it is worthwhile to go back and to discuss their origins in terms of my experiences during those years. Nazism, communism, and existentialism had their underground beginnings between 1909 and 1913. In the war years, most political and social movements subsided, subordinated to the war effort, only to explode on the surface between 1919 and 1923.

Adolf Hitler came to Vienna to study art. His father had thrown him out of their home in Braunau on the Danube. The art school rejected him. In order to support himself, he used to go to the Vienna parks and paint scenes on postcards which he then sold to tourists for a few pfennigs. He seemed poverty-stricken, dressed like a tramp. I learned that he was living in a flophouse.

One day after one of my storytelling sessions in the park, Hitler, Schickelgrüber then, came up to me and shook my hand. We introduced ourselves, and he told me that he had enjoyed the session. He had no particular distinction but had an enthusiastic spirit.

Years later, in 1921, our *Stegreiftheater* troop was touring Germany. After our demonstration in Munich, a young university student invited me to come and see a group of revolutionary workers in the *Brauhaus* he frequented. Hitler was on the platform exhorting his listeners to their future glory.

As far as I could see, Hitler was just another nationalist with a following among the factory workers. He was the same enthusiast I had met in the park, but still not particularly distinctive. Hitler had left Vienna in May

1913. His National Socialist movement was anticipated by many years in the activities of the Germanic nationalists and anti-Semites which became more intense, more outspoken, and better organized every year. I grew up in that atmosphere, and, luckily for me and my family, I was very sensitive to it.

At the University of Vienna, there were numerous clashes between nationalist students and Zionist students, followers of Theodor Herzl. One morning when I tried to make my way to the university, I found the Ringstrasse blocked by a cordon of police on horseback and on foot. No one was permitted to pass. The nationalists had given notice to the rector and to the deans of university departments, as well as to all the other students, that Jews would no longer be permitted to participate in classes. Neither would Jews be allowed into the university's precincts. Should a Jew attempt to enter, he was beaten up and thrown out. The *Deutsche Volkstudenten* had placed their guards at every entrance, all around the university, at every window on the upper floors, in front of every classroom door. The occupation of the university led to a meeting of the rector with all the deans and faculty members. They decided to close the university.

Even though the university was closed, Jewish students, in blocks of 10 to 20, tried to force entry. The nationalists counterattacked with their fists, with sticks, and even knives. The casualties were heavy and severe, with the Jews taking the brunt of the fighting. Day after day I went to school, but the situation stayed the same. Bloody, vicious battles went on. The university stayed closed. Many members of the faculty were nationalists themselves. The police department of Vienna was controlled by the notorious anti-Semite, Burgermeister Lueger. Actually, Jewish students were only a small percentage of the student body. Later I found out that the original cause of the unrest was a fist fight between a Jewish boy and a German nationalist student in which the Jew had given the nationalist a bad beating.

The University of Vienna, a world center for scholars, especially renowned for its faculties of medicine and science institutes, was a shambles. Every effort at reconciliation failed. I tried to mediate the dispute for a time. I held a position of leadership in the university community. My seemingly mysterious religious, prophetic activities and my group of disciples gave me an unusual status. I was an outsider to the political wars that had ravaged the university. No one really knew who I was. The nationalists thought I was German; the Jews thought I was Jewish; no one really knew. . . .

Leon Trotsky was in Vienna many times in the years preceding the Russian Revolution, as were many of the other leaders of the Bolshevik movement. Vienna had a large contingent of Russian immigrants. Trot-

sky occupied the basement in the same building we rented for the children's theater. We moved the work in the park indoors in the winter. Every evening he held gatherings of students and workers, among whom he tried to spread his message.

One evening he saw me coming to the theater with a group of children. In marked contrast to his usual manner of highfalutin tirade, he said to me, "Politics is the greatest of all sciences."

"Maybe," I replied, "but how do you start? It seems to me that before we can get to politics we must do something else. Here we are, face to face, but the distance between us is appallingly great. It appears to me to be greater than the distance between us and that shining star above us, millions of light-years away. How can we cross the bridge between you and me?"

There were communist and socialist groups at the university while I was there. Like the other groups, they engaged in demonstrations, celebrations, and fist fights. At the university, the big thing was to control the large entrance hall, and all of the political groups were involved in a constant jockeying for power to see who could take over that hall.

The third significant movement during those days with which I associated myself was existentialism. The early existentialists were few, easily identified by the beards they wore. The beard was the sign by which they were recognized and by which they could recognize one another. It was a symbol of natural manhood and a challenge to the bourgeois and the communists alike, as something which grows in its own way and does not stand still. It was, therefore, the symbol of one's freedom to *be*. . . .

The principles of the three movements were clear. The Nazis proposed to conquer the world for the Germans so they could rule it. The communists wanted to conquer the world for the working class. The early existentialists emphasized, in contrast, existence itself as something sacred. They already had the world. They did not have to conquer it. Whenever they saw existence threatened, they tried to restore it in its native form against the invasion of the robot. . . .

The first principle of this group was the "all-inclusiveness" of being and the constant effort to maintain from moment to moment the natural, spontaneous, uninterrupted flow of existence. No moment could be bypassed because every moment was in the being. No part could be left out because every part was a part of the being and there was no other being. Their second principle was goodness, the natural blessedness of all existing things. There were the idea of the "moment" (*Augenblick*), neither as a function of the past nor of the future, but as a category in itself; the idea of the "situation" (*Lage*) and the challenges emerging from it; the ideas of spontaneity and creativity as universal processes of conduct, counter-

ing the clichés of the ethical and cultural conserves; and above all the idea of urgency, the urgency of their immediate experience. . . .

One afternoon in 1913, I walked through the Praterstrasse after a session with the children. I met a pretty girl who smiled at me. She wore a striking red skirt and a white blouse decorated with red ribbons to match her skirt. I had scarcely begun talking to her when a policeman came between us and took her away. Outrage and shock prompted me to follow the pair to the police station and to wait for the girl to come out. When she emerged, I asked her what had happened. She told me, "The police said that we are not permitted to wear such striking clothes during the day because we might attract customers. It is only after sundown that we are allowed to do so."

My compassion was aroused. I was not conscious of any sexual motives, but rather of a profound anger and resentment at the abuse of these women by the little gods at the police station.

Vienna's red-light district, a ghetto for prostitutes, was in [the] first borough, located in the famous Am Spittelberg. Here was an entire class of people segregated from the rest of society, not because of their religion or ethnic character, but because of their occupation. They were unacceptable to the bourgeois, the Marxists, even the criminals. The criminal, after serving his prison sentence, is again a free agent. But these women were eternally lost. They had no civil rights. There were no laws, or even social mechanisms, for protecting their interests.

I began to visit their houses, accompanied by a physician, Dr. Wilhelm Gruen, a specialist in venereal diseases, and Carl Colbert, the publisher of a Vienna newspaper, *Der Morgen*. Our visits were not motivated by any desire to reform the girls, nor to analyze them. The girls were suspicious of us at first because the Catholic Charities in Vienna had frequently tried to intervene in their lives. Nor was I looking for the "charismatic prostitute" among them. She is the creature of a social worker's fantasy: a strong, attractive woman who could be induced to change her ways and to lead her sisters out of lives of corruption.

I had in mind what LaSalle and Marx had done for the working class, ideology aside. They made the workers respectable by giving them a sense of dignity; they organized them into labor unions, which raised the status of the entire class. Aside from the anticipated economic benefits to the workers, this organizational activity was accompanied by ethical achievements. I had in mind that something similar could be done for the prostitutes. I suspected, to begin with, that the "therapeutic" aspect would be far more important here than the economic because the prostitutes had been stigmatized for so long as despicable sinners and unworthy people that they had come to accept this as an unalterable fact. It was easier to

help the working class. Although manual labor had been and still is considered by some people as a vulgar status, it was still comparatively easy to give it, with the aid of skillful propaganda, the emblems of service and dignity.

But we were optimistic and started to meet groups of 8 to 10 girls two or three times a week in their houses. It was during the afternoon when the Viennese had what is called *Jauze*, a counterpart to the British afternoon tea. Coffee and cake were served, and we sat around a table. The conferences, at first, simply dealt with everyday incidents which the girls experienced: being arrested, being harassed by a policeman for wearing provocative clothing, being jailed because of false accusations from a client, having venereal disease but being unable to get treatment, becoming pregnant and giving birth to a baby and having to hide the child under an assumed name in a foster home, and having to hide the mother's identity from the child, just being a beloved "aunt." At first the women were fearful of persecution and opened up very slowly. But when they began to see the purpose of the group and that it was to their benefit, they warmed up and became quite open.

The first results we noticed were rather mechanical. For instance, we were able to find a lawyer who would represent them in court. We found a doctor to treat them and a hospital to admit them as patients. Gradually they came to recognize the deeper value of the meetings. It became possible for them to help one another. The girls volunteered to contribute a small amount of money each week towards the expenses of the meetings and to start a savings account for emergencies.

At the end of 1913, the prostitutes held a mass meeting in one of the largest halls in Vienna, the Sofiensaal. By this time, there was a real organization with elected officers. They led the meeting. Dr. Gruen and Mr. Colbert were up on the dais. I was there only as a "civilian" and stayed in the audience. The girls were very proud of themselves that night.

In the end, it turned into a wild affair. There was a conflict between pimps and prostitutes. The police finally forced their way into the hall and broke up the meeting.

From the outside, it looked as if we had "unionized" prostitutes. Actually, it was one of my early efforts at applying group therapy to one of the most difficult of human problems, that of prostitution. . . .

I wrote on page 1 of my diary, "God is Spontaneity." On page 2, "If there is a God, He must be a mathematician," and then, "The mathematics of the universe must extend to the social universe. A sociometry must be possible." But the question was, and still is, how can spontaneity, which is so elusive and contradictory to the idea of constancy, the basis of most physical science, ever be caught in the network of measurement and

prediction? It seemed to be an insoluble paradox. I had worried over it for a long time, ever since I had envisioned the Godhead as the protagonist of the universe and made the first sociogram, the sociogram of the Godhead.

The advent of sociometry cannot be understood without appraising my presociometric background vis-à-vis the historical-ideological setting of the Western world before, during, and after the First World War. Marxism and psychoanalysis, the two opposites, had each spent their theoretic bolt: Marxism with Lenin's *State and Revolution*, psychoanalysis with Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*. Nationalism did not have any rigorous theoretical basis but was, rather, an attitude, an emotional state of reaction to Marxism, psychoanalytic theory, and the stresses of the twentieth century. Marxism and Freudianism had one thing in common: they both rejected religion, disavowing the idea of a community based on spontaneous love, unselfishness, and sainthood, on positive goodness, and on naïve cooperativeness. I took a position contrary to the Freudians and the Marxists both, the side of positive religion. The fact that Christianity, Buddhism, Judaism, and the other religions of the past have had limited success did not prove that the concept of religion itself had failed. My contention was that religion had to be tried again, a religion of a new sort, its inspirations modified and its techniques improved by the insights which science has given us, by no means excluding some of the insights brought forth by Marxism and Freudianism. My position was threefold:

1. Spontaneity and creativity are the propelling forces in human progress, beyond and independent of libido and socioeconomic motives [that] are frequently interwoven with spontaneity-creativity, but [this proposition] does deny that spontaneity and creativity are merely a function and derivative of libido or socioeconomic motives.

2. Love and mutual sharing are powerful, indispensable working principles in group life. Therefore, it is imperative that we have faith in our fellow man's intentions, a faith which transcends mere obedience arising from physical and legalistic coercion.

3. That a superdynamic community based upon these principles can be brought to realization through new techniques. . . .

My purposes were first expressed in the creation of the religion of the encounter with my friend Chaim Kellmer. After the First World War, I wrote *The Philosophy of the Here and Now* and *The Words of the Father*, which state my religious position. I have never abandoned it.

My philosophy has been misunderstood. It has been disregarded in many religious and scientific circles. This has not hindered me from continuing to develop techniques whereby my vision of what the world could be might be established in fact. It is curious that these techniques—sociom-

etry, psychodrama, group therapy—created to implement an underlying philosophy of life have been almost universally accepted while the underlying philosophy has been relegated to the dark corners of library shelves or entirely pushed aside.

There is a simple explanation for this. It has been generally accepted that a scientist may have two compartments, one for his religion and the other for his science, as long as the scientist is, like Copernicus, Newton, Kepler, Mendel, or Darwin, a physicist, a chemist, or a biologist. But there is a profound bias against social scientists having two compartments. However, the two compartments can be kept apart. Indeed, one is able to do conscientious screening and not let one activity interfere with the other. In short, the social scientist indulges in role playing. It must be added that the positive religion which I offered was just as much in contradiction and opposition to the official religions of the time as it was to the agnostic psychological and political doctrines current then. I consider that the religious tenets I have always held, when removed from their metaphoric shell, contain the most revolutionary kernel of all my work.

I arrived at the conclusion that the next necessary step was the further realization and concretization of my ideas in the flesh, rather than in further intellectual extension. Therefore, I continued to become a psychodramatist and a role player. Systems analysis of the cultures of the past and declarations about what should be done tomorrow were anticlimactic. Book writing has become a worldwide obsession. From the point of view of a creative revolution, the book is a symbol of reaction, not so much in terms of its contents but because of the book's form as the conservator of creative behavior. Would God start the world by writing a book? Did He start the creation of the universe by writing Genesis? What comes first? How would God behave if He were to create the world again? . . .

The genesis of the Godhead fertilized another idea in my mind. God was not just a godplayer in the literal sense. Had God been only God, a Narcissus in love with Himself and with His own expansion, the universe would never have come into existence. It is because He became a "lover" and a "creator" that He was able to create the world. If God came into the world again, He would not be incarnated as an individual, but as a *group*, a collective. . . . What picture of the universe did He have on the first day of creation?

I felt that one of the first blueprints might have been a universal axio-normative order of the cosmos. Accordingly, I formulated two hypotheses:

1. The *spatial-proximity* hypothesis postulates that the nearer two individuals are to each other in space, the more they owe their immediate attention and acceptance, their first priority of love, to one another. The prescription would be: Do not pay any attention to the individuals farther

away from you unless you have already fulfilled your responsibility to the nearer ones, and they to you. By the "nearer" is meant the one who lives closest to you, the one you meet first on the street, the one you find working next to you, the one sitting next to you, the one who is introduced to you first. The sequence of "proximity" in space establishes a precise order of social bonds and acceptance; the sequence of giving love and attention is thus strictly preordained and prearranged according to a spatial imperative.

2. The *temporal-proximity* hypothesis postulates that the sequence of proximity in time establishes a precise order of social attention and veneration according to a "temporal imperative"; in other words, the here and now demands help first, the next in time to the here and now, backward or forward, requires help or attention next.

With these two hypotheses, I had some of the ingredients of the sociometric system: the idea of proximity and the metric, the love of the neighbor and the idea of the meeting, in addition to the factors of spontaneity and creativity. I cast God as a super sociometrist, imposing His system on the cosmos. As my speculations about the Godhead and my projections of His character deepened, I began to see God, not only the One who assigned some of His spontaneity and creativity to every particle of the universe, but as One, who by so doing, created for Himself innumerable oppositions, the counter spontaneities of innumerable beings. Thus He made Himself dependent upon every being, and because of the enormous distribution of His spontaneity and creativity through endless space, *almost helpless*. But, by the same token, it made us and all beings far more dependent upon Him than we would have been had we not a share in some of His initiative and responsibility. The distribution of His spontaneity and creativity made Him a partner and equal. He was to serve, not to rule. He was to coexist, cocreate, and coproduce. This model of the Godhead, the "objective eye of God," was an excellent basis from which the sociometric investigator could build. . . .

J. L. MORENO CENTENNIAL-YEAR CELEBRATIONS

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| Jan. 27-29 | Australian and New Zealand Psychodrama Association Conference, "Catching the Light," Perth, Australia. |
| Feb. 2-9 | West Coast Psychodrama Conference, Santa Monica, Calif., "Psychodrama: Past, Present & Future." Sponsored by The Fed. of Trainers & Training Programs in Psychodrama, The California Chapter of ASGP&P and The Western Regions of ASGP&P. |
| May 6 | Official Opening of the J. L. Moreno Collection at the Francis Countway Library of Medicine, Boston Medical Library, Harvard Medical Library. |
| May 11-14 | Annual Meeting ASGP&P, Roosevelt Hotel, New York. |
| May 19-21 | Symposium for the Centenary of J. L. Moreno, Bad Vöslau, Austria, sponsored by the Osterr. Arbeitskreis Für Gruppentherapie und Gruppendynamik and the Fachsektion für Psychodrama, Soziometrie und Rollenspiel. |
| Aug. 27-Sept. 2 | 10th International Congress of Group Psychotherapy, Free University, Amsterdam, Netherlands. |
| Sept. 8-10 | Fifth Annual Conference, The British Psychodrama Association, University of Keele, Staffordshire, Great Britain. |
| 1989-90 | Conference of Solidarieta, CEIS, at Centro Paolo VI, Roma, Italy. |
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The *Journal of Group Psychotherapy, Psychodrama and Sociometry* publishes manuscripts that deal with the application of group psychotherapy, psychodrama, sociometry, role playing, life skills training, and other action methods to the fields of psychotherapy, counseling, and education. Preference will be given to articles dealing with experimental research and empirical studies. The journal will continue to publish reviews of the literature, case reports, and action techniques. Theoretical articles will be published if they have practical application. Theme issues will be published from time to time.

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1. Contributors should submit two copies of each manuscript to be considered for publication. In addition, the author should keep an exact copy so the editors can refer to specific pages and lines if a question arises. The manuscript should be double spaced with wide margins.

2. Each manuscript must be accompanied by an abstract of about 100 words. It should precede the text and include brief statements of the problem, the method, the data, and conclusions. In the case of a manuscript commenting on an article previously published in the JGPPS, the abstract should state the topics covered and the central thesis, as well as identifying the date of the issue in which the article appeared.

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4. Reproductions of figures (graphs and charts) may be submitted for review purposes, but the originals must be supplied if the manuscript is accepted for publication. Tables should be prepared and captioned exactly as they are to appear in the journal.

5. Explanatory notes are avoided by incorporating their content in the text.

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Fleming, D. Russell; University of Toronto, Canada

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Morrison, Delmont; University of California, San Francisco, USA

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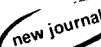
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