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PSYCHOANALYTIC DETERMINANTS OF THE LOVE/WORK BALANCE IN A COHORT
OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN MEN

by

Joseph E. Brown

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Psychology in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York

2020

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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in Psychology
in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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ABSTRACT

PSYCHOANALYTIC DETERMINATES OF THE LOVE/WORK BALANCE IN A COHORT OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN MEN

by

Joseph E. Brown

Advisor: Steven Tuber

With the data derived from the life-narratives of a cohort of six African-American men, the research is an attempt to discern the effect that racial discrimination may have had on the love/work balance that developed as each participant progressed through his life-arc. The varying degrees of love/work imbalance, in the lives of the participants, are examined using a psychoanalytic framework. Through the use of this framework, each participant's work environment becomes derivative of the aggressive aspects of the id and the family, friends and community environment (love) becomes derivative of the narcissistic aspects of the id. Although the participants, to a man, did not acknowledge racial discrimination as an inhibiting factor, as each participant progressed through his life-arc, their life-narrative data indicated otherwise.

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CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

“Love and work are the cornerstones of our humanness” is a statement attributed to Sigmund Freud and, although it isn’t found in any of his writings, it inspired this study as a way to substantiate this maxim by the data derived from a cohort of African-American men, a group long marginalized in the psychoanalytic literature. As I began to unpack the data and actually “listen” to the life-narratives of the men in the sample, it became evident to me that the cohort exhibited varying degrees of imbalance between love and work in their lives. With a psychoanalytic framework in mind, the love/work environment became a derivative of the aggressive aspects of the id on one hand, and the family, friends and community environment became derivative of the narcissistic aspects of the id on the other hand. In other words, our aggressive tendencies, as human beings, find an outlet as they are sublimated in our love/work environment. And, in like manner, our narcissistic tendencies are sublimated as we start a family, develop a network of friends, and involve our self in the community in which we live. Needless to say, our time and attention must be applied, to both the cultivation of our relationships and our work identities, in order to maintain the level of gratification that we require from each of the two domains. Thus, the study evolved to become an inquiry into the juxtaposition of love and work as substantiated by the life-narratives, and the “life-arcs” (picture a negative parabola, opening down with its vertex at the top) that emanate from them, the participant cohort.

The cohort consists of African-American males, between fifty and sixty years of age, born and raised in the United States of America, who have earned at least bachelor’s degrees, and are successful in their chosen careers. They are men who were willing to share their stories

with me; men who were open to speaking to me about their lives. This study is directed by the data accumulated from the life-narratives of six of the several men I interviewed.

As I became engaged in the data collection, interviewing the participants, it became clear to me that the major life-transition that was to be the focus of the study concerned what I refer to as the “post-production phase” of the “life-arc”. Here’s what I mean. Imagine life unfolding in the form of an arc: we are born, life happens, and then we die. One way of formulating what occurs during the “life happens” aspect of a lifetime, taking into account the United States of America as the environment in which one lives, is to deem the first six years of life to be the “introduction phase” of the “life-arc”. During this phase, one learns how to interact with others and internalizes these others and the experience of them, in the form of objects, from an object-relations perspective, by which one is influenced for the remainder of one’s existence. The impact of such objects may be tempered or enhanced as one matures and gains new experiences, but the template, so to speak, is set during the “introduction phase”. During this phase, one also learns the use of one’s imagination, to fulfill wishes and dreams, in the form of play. These play experiences are also internalized as “objects” and are carried for the duration.

The next phase one encounters is the “preparation phase” of the “life-arc”. During this phase, one is involved in a formal training period that can last, for many people, from twelve to twenty years dependent upon how much higher education one experiences. It is during this phase that the internalized objects that one has developed, during the prior phase, are used and tested in the environment beyond one’s immediate family. This phase allows for one’s natural abilities and talents to be honed and melded with environmental factors, as one develops additional objects in the process, to prepare one for the next phase of life. It is during this “preparation phase” that one sublimates the forces attendant to the objects of imagination and play, into

sports, art, music, and dance, the goal of becoming a doctor, lawyer, teacher, or writer as well as many other such endeavors. The first two phases of life are represented by the upward swing of one's "life-arc"; a period of growth and maturity that advances one to the next phase of one's "life-arc".

The third phase of the "life-arc" is the "production phase" in which one enters into and commences one's contribution to the productive aspect of the environment, by taking a job, creating a business, or starting a career for example. This, of course, is a somewhat idealized description of the "life-arc" in that one's "life-arc" formation may be disrupted by physical or mental disability. One's "life-arc" formation may also be re-directed by one's being a woman or having black skin, for instance. It is during this phase that one establishes one's autonomy and demonstrates one's competence. If we consider an entry age of twenty-five and an exit age of sixty-five, the "production phase" of the "life-arc" can last upwards of twenty to forty years, dependent upon the occupation, profession, or career that one pursues. This phase presents one with the opportunity for one's sublimated wishes and dreams to hold full sway as one is allowed and encouraged to play out the fantasies that one may have harbored for years through the earlier "life-arc" phases. It is during this phase that one uses the forces attendant to one's imagination and play, to fashion a world, of one's own making, either objectively or through one's perception, in which one can pursue one's wish to cut open a human head to see what's inside, for instance, while contributing to the productive aspect of the environment as a neurosurgeon. It is the time when one might put into action some fantastical idea that earns one millions of dollars as one contributes to the productive aspect of the environment as a business tycoon and creator of jobs for many other people. During the "production phase", one reaches the highest position that one is capable of reaching on one's "life-arc"; a time when one can take full advantage of

everything one's autonomy, competence, and imagination has wrought. This "production phase" of the "life-arc" can be so engrossing as to seem all encompassing to the point that one may tend to form an identity that is closely aligned with what one does instead of an identity representative of who one is. The material rewards and the status bestowed upon one during this phase can become such an influential aspect of one's existence that the feelings generated by them and the feelings of love and affirmation generated by the objects one carries may become conflated. One's length of stay at the height of one's "life-arc" is not only determined by one's competence, ability, mental, and physical stamina, but often by environmental circumstances as well. Once scaled, one's experience of the heights is tempered by entering the "post-production phase" which is represented by the downward swing of one's "life-arc". The major life-transition represented by the move from the "production phase" to the "post-production phase" of the "life-arc" is the focus of this study. How does one make such a major life-transition in light of the psychological turmoil that often accompanies such a move? This is the question of interest.

The "post-production phase" of the "life-arc" is the phase in which one retreats from active participation in the productive aspect of the environment. It is the phase in which the environment has signaled its devaluation of one's contribution to the point of relieving one of one's responsibility to be productive. Often this devaluation is perceived on a deeply personal level determined chiefly by how closely one's identity and self-worth are aligned with one's experience of the "production phase" of one's "life-arc". One may also experience feelings of abandonment, at this time, determined by how conflated the feelings generated by material and status rewards had become with the objects that one carries representative of the love and affirmation one has experienced. During the "production phase", one may be fortunate enough to devise an exit strategy that allows one to enter the "post-production phase" of the "life-arc" on

one's own terms, but, depending on the circumstances of one's arrival at the portal of the "post-production phase" of the "life-arc", one may liken the trip to having been dropped from an airplane without a parachute. And depending on how high-flying one had been in the "production phase", meaning how identified one had become, and how conflated love and rewards had become, the fall from the heights can be psychologically devastating.

This study involves the examination of the six-member cohort, through the data afforded by their life-narratives overlaid with the psychoanalytic perspective afforded by the first two phases of each of their "life-arcs", with an eye towards understanding how they will make the major life-transition to the third phase, the "post-production phase", of the "life-arc". A unique allure of this particular participant cohort is the influence exerted on the formation of their "life-arcs" by the effect of the social construct of race.

At the start of the study, when I was preparing for the first interview, unbeknownst to me, I was filled with strong opinions, no, strong biases, that would accompany me into the research. Fortunately, that first interview brought several of these biases into my consciousness and made me mindful of the difficult task of neutralizing them; a task that I faced with each subsequent interview. I believe that the analysis of the six life-narratives represent my best effort at keeping my biases at bay as I eventually allowed the data embedded in the life-narratives to direct the research rather than allowing my biases to do so.

I collected data over a four-year period. In that time, I perceived myself as having developed a deep understanding of the participant cohort and how each member's "life-arc" had formed. As I read and re-read the life-narratives and surveyed the "life-arcs" in search of themes and patterns hidden amongst them, I finally discovered information that would lead me right into

the clutches of a confirmation bias from which I was finally extricated after a year of struggle. I had become aware of my expectation that these black men would persistently highlight ‘racial’ motivation for many of their experiences, as shared in their life-narratives, but the data did not confirm my bias.

The insight that was revealed early in the inquiry was that each participant, who by most standards of our society was successful, seemed reluctant to acknowledge their own success or derive any pleasure from it. As I transcribed the life-narratives of these men, I found myself wondering what was behind all of their self-doubt and inability to accept and enjoy the success that they had achieved. In a couple of cases, I would venture to say, that what I perceived were feelings bordering upon despair. From where did such depressive affect emanate? What came to mind, in answer to this question, were thoughts concerning the status¹ of the participant cohort as African-American men living in the United States of America; not an enviable status to have, by anyone’s stretch of imagination. I came to consider that the cost, to the participants, for their success, might have included a tremendous amount of anger generated by a phalanx of daily slights, either real or perceived, suffered and accumulated over time because they are black; anger turned inward that may have contributed to the depressive affect so many of them displayed.

The Complexities of Love and Work - Conflict

“Love and work are the cornerstones of our humanity...” is purported to have been uttered by Sigmund Freud (Erickson, 1963) at some point in his life but for such a prolific writer

¹ Indicative of the status of African-American men in the USA: African American men are twice as likely to have a stroke as their white adult counterparts. Further, black men are 60 percent more likely to die from a stroke than their white adult counterparts (U.S. Department of Health and Human Services Office of Minority Health’s website HHS.gov).

not to have jotted this down somewhere is a mystery to me. Nonetheless the implication that love and work, in tandem, is all that is required to live a life of fulfillment is an intriguing concept in that it opens up a host of interpretations.

While most of the literature on love and work treats them as separate domains, with the research involving work usually focused on work life satisfaction and the “love” research usually focused on adult romantic love relationships, an interesting departure from this approach is offered from an attachment theory perspective (Hazan & Shaver, 1990). This perspective suggests that the connection between work and love can be explained by the formulation that loving relationships in adult life support the “exploration” that the work environment represents. This position parallels Bowlby’s (1969) attachment theory in which children become attached to a protector and are then enabled to venture away from the “secure base” (Ainsworth, et.al. 1978) that the protector represents in order to explore their environment. The implication here is that having the “secure base” to which to return, gives securely attached (Ainsworth, et.al. 1978) children confidence to follow their desire to explore their world.

Since we all come into the world wholly dependent on caregivers (read parents), one of our early adaptations in life is to an environment in which we are taken care of. We become habituated to this life style and it persists throughout our lifespan. At the same time, as we develop, we are compelled to become autonomous and prove our competency. Thus a life-long conflict is set in motion: take care of me – I can take care of myself; I can do it.

An interpretation of love and work being all one needs in life might be that if one develops relationships with family, friends, and community, that offer love, affection, respect, and adoration, one has thus established, in one’s life, a venue through which one might be ‘taken

care of'. Similarly, if one is involved in work, vis-à-vis a career for example, one thus establishes a venue of exploration, in which to affirm one's autonomy and competency. Establishment of each of these venues takes effort and one must attend to each venue at the level required in order to sustain its value in one's life. When one finds "love", in the form of money, promotions, status, in the work environment, one may tend to neglect the relationships outside of that venue. "You Can't Go Home Again" (Wolfe, 1940) is a sentiment that may be true if one tries to 'go home' to family, friends, and community as the CEO, as the attorney, as the doctor. The point is that part of the effort involved in maintaining these essential love relationships is to resist the temptation to interject aspects of the work environment into the love venue. So, if one can successfully balance the physical and psychological effort required to establish and maintain the love and work venues, the prospect of one's living a life of fulfillment should be greatly enhanced.

Nexus: A Struggle on Two Fronts – Arbitration

Perhaps a psychoanalytical definition of living is the ongoing maintenance of equilibrium between the vicissitudes of our inner-life and the reality of life as experienced in our environment (Altman, 2010). Just as we reach a point where everything seems to be in balance – we feel good about ourselves, we are finding pleasure in the things we are doing and in the people with whom we are doing those things, we have gained a modicum of success in our life – something happens that disrupts the equilibrium. Sometimes it seems as though these disruptions occur so frequently, that periods of equilibrium are but fleeting moments in which we take a breath before having to reevaluate our situation, consider new doubts that have arisen and conflicts that have developed, and then forge new compromises in order that equilibrium be attained once more. We adapt.

According to Hartmann (1958) adaptation is not passive submission to the goals of the society (environment) but rather an active collaboration on those goals with an eye towards changing them if necessary. And although the structure of the society may determine which behaviors have the greatest adaptive chance (Hartmann, 1958), each of us is endowed with the knowledge of the generations that preceded our own, pertaining to how they dealt with their environment, so that we learn how to behave, from those who came before us. Through such superego-based, inter-generational transmissions, even though our environment may be different from theirs, we gain knowledge of the methods and understandings that enabled our ancestors to adapt to their environment and that may empower us to contend with our own. But adaptation is a struggle mounted on two fronts of which the environment is the most prominent for most of our life.

Racism as Leitmotif – Environment?

One of the most insidious things about racism is one having to prove that it exists anywhere in the United States of America other than in the minds of African-Americans who suffer it (Love & Tosolt, 2010). Racial strife and discord, racial prejudice and profiling, racial discrimination and injustice are things of the past, to many people; they're history. As far as they are concerned, these issues were dealt with during the Civil Rights movement of the sixties (Hollinger, 2011).

When we hold beliefs and attitudes, commit acts, or gain advantage from institutional arrangements that tend to denigrate others because of phenotypic characteristics (such as skin color) or ethnic group affiliation (Clark et al., 1999), we are practicing racism. We, citizens of the United States of America, have not only practiced and continue to practice racism, we have

also allowed racism to infest the very institutions, such as our legislature and our courts, on which our nation was founded, as attested to by the following:

“Senate to Atone for Lynching Ban Delays”

Washington (AP) – The Senate on Monday is making amends for failing to stand against the lynching of thousands of African-American people, a practice that continued well into the 20th century. Nearly 200 descendants of lynching victims, and a 91-year-old man thought to be the only living survivor of a lynching attempt, were on hand for the Senate apology for blocking anti-lynching legislation at a time when mob violence against African-Americans was commonplace...

The New York Times, June 13, 2005

“Justices Cite Possible Bias in Voiding Texas Murder Verdict”

Washington – The Supreme Court ruled in favor of a Texas death row inmate for the second time, declaring this time that the defendant was entitled to a new trial because of possible racial bias in the selection of his jury. In a 6-to-3 decision, the justices overturned the conviction of Thomas Miller-El, who had been found guilty of shooting to death a hotel clerk during a 1985 robbery in Dallas. In so doing, the majority chided Texas prosecutors, as well as the federal appeals court that reviews Texas cases...

The New York Times, June 13, 2005

Although the effects of racial discrimination on its targets are not as blatantly obvious to us as the racial violence perpetrated on African-Americans through the beatings, shootings, and lynching of a bygone era (Seguin & Rigby, 2019), racism, as practiced today in the United States

of America, has had and continues to have its most deleterious impact in the lives of African-Americans. Racial discrimination against African-Americans is widespread (DeCuir-Gunby & Gunby, Jr., 2016) and despite improvements in attitudes among whites over the past three decades (Torche & Rich, 2016), there are still plenty of important signs of continued resistance to full equality of African-Americans (Wilson, 2018) in such venues as housing (Lutfi, Trepka, Kristopher, et. al. 2015), employment (Pager & Pedulla, 2015), as well as health and social services (Cruz & Palmer, 2015) to name just a few of the most crucial environmental aspects affected. While African-Americans no longer have to fear for their lives over committing ‘offenses’ such as disrespecting a white man, being disagreeable or attempting to vote (Gado, 2005), in today’s racial atmosphere, African-Americans are still often confronted with major, life-altering issues such as whether redlining realtors in a community will steer them away from the house of their choice in order to maintain the pattern of racial segregation in that community, or being passed over for a promotion, on the job, by a junior colleague who happens to be white. Some of the most anxiety provoking concerns of African-Americans, moreover, stem from more mundane events that occur in their lives on an almost routine basis. These are the ‘little’ things such as being kept waiting to be served in a restaurant while others are served who have arrived after you, or being passed by while trying to hail a taxi only to see the driver stop a short distance away to pick up a white person. These slights, and many other “interracial interactions conveying disregard, ambivalence, or contempt” (Franklin & Boyd-Franklin, 2000) have an additive effect over time and will tend to shape one’s view of self in the world (Franklin & Boyd-Franklin, 2000). Unless one is African-American and has experienced the attacks on the self that racial epithets and racial discrimination represent, one can only imagine the tremendous stress that can be generated by coping in such an environment.

Racial discrimination is so frequently reported by African-Americans (Kwate & Goodman, 2016) that anger, anxiety, and depression due to concerns about racism are the most common problems presented by African-Americans in psychotherapy (National Institute of Mental Health, 1983; US Department of Health & Human Services, 2001). It is evident that racism has a decidedly negative impact on the mental health of African-Americans (Nguyen, Chatters, Taylor, et. al., 2018; Wallace, Nazroo, & Bécaries, 2016; Assari, Lankarani, & Caldwell, 2018; Darensbourg & Perez, 2010; Pieterse, Todd, Neville, et. al., 2012; Conner, Copeland, Grote, et. al., 2010). In their attempt to remedy the situation, Klonoff, Landrine, and Ullman (1999) completed a study and found that racial discrimination was the best predictor of anxiety among African-Americans and was a contributing factor, along with generic stress, when predicting depression among African-Americans.

Racism, as particularly directed at African-Americans, has become so deeply rooted in the foundational institutions of the United States of America, and so prevalent in the attitudes of its citizenry that any positive change in the environment, as represented by these factors, seems highly unlikely at any time in the near future. And the notion that African-Americans can successfully change their behavior in such a way as to become full participants in the society, limited only by the content of their character and not by the color of their skin (King, Jr., 1968), seems unrealistic because the most basic premise on which racism against African-Americans is practiced in our society is skin color (Maxwell, Brevard, Abrams, et. al., 2015; Daniels, 2015; Hochschild & Vesla Weaver, 2007). So, what is an African-American to do in order to live a mentally healthy life, loving people, including self, and working productively, in the United States of America? Learn how to cope with the environment as perceived, by living the best life possible under the circumstances (Brown & Tylka, 2011; Smith & Roysircar, 2010). One must

be able to transform the pall of racism into a “melodic leitmotif” that, although ever-present, stays in the background and does not become the main theme of one’s life (Forsyth & Carter, 2012; Truong & Museus, 2012). The participant cohort, to a greater or lesser extent, has each found his own melody, and for them, “racism has become their theme song”, always present, always playing in the background; a leitmotif.

Hypotheses

How does one cope with the major-life transition from the “production phase” to the “post-production phase” of the “life-arc” in the context of being an African-American male?

1. Aspects of the participant cohort’s life-narratives, especially as informed by early life experiences, such as their lack of societal acceptance, may account for the members’ imbalance: work over love or love over work.
2. Participants’ experiences with racism and in particular with micro-aggressions negatively impact their mental health and well-being.

CHAPTER TWO

Literature Review

Work/Life Balance; Work/Family Balance; Love/Work Balance

In the 1970s, work/life, work/family, or love/work balance issues became a focus of a major body of research. Prior to that time, 'work' and 'family' were primarily treated as separate segments (Blunsdon et. al., 2010). Early on, there had been a time when communal working and living, where whole families worked (on farms, i.e.) in order to subsist, was the norm (Carlson et al., 2013). As trade and craft businesses grow in size, the workplace and family life began to become segregated. When the use of machines and mass production necessitated the building of factories, it facilitated the further segregation of work and family life (Voydanoff, 2006). Due to technological advances, work and family life became even more segregated and coalesced around gender; men went out to work as bread winners while women remained at home in charge of family work. As more and more technological advances were achieved (computerization, i.e.). the need of physical strength in the workforce declined, which allowed more women to join (Grinin & Grinin, 2013). Subsequently, the work/family dynamic was affected in such a way that attention had to be paid in order to create equilibrium between them.

In an attempt to answer the many questions posed by the work/life balance issue, researchers generated several foundational theories. Kanter (1977) posited that aspects of work affected family life while, simultaneously, aspects of family life affected work. This 'spill-over theory' (Grzywacz & Carlson, 2007) was further elucidated upon by Pleck's (1977) notion of a work-family role system; a collection of male work role, female work role, male family role and female family role (Greenhaus & Allen, 2011). Peck also stated that women experience spill-

over from the family role into the work role and men experience spill-over from the work role into the family role. Staines (1980) enhanced the ‘spill-over’ theory when he suggested that spill-over from one segment of life into another can have both positive and negative consequences. Staines (1980) posited his ‘compensation theory’, according to which one attempts to compensate for a deficit in an aspect of life through additional investment in another aspect of life (Michel, et. al., 2010).

Work/family research was set in a new direction with the presentation of the ‘work-family conflict theory’ (Greenhaus & Beutell, 1985) according to which one has to perform different roles in which family and work compete as each demand time, attention and commitment to perform the role. Due to the demands of each, family and work roles compete with each other and create work/family conflict (Ode-Dusseau; Britt, & Greene-Shortridge, 2012).

The ‘boundary work theory’ (Nippert-Eng, 1996a; 1996b) classified workers as ‘segmentors’ and ‘integrators’. Work/life is deemed to be integrated when there is no distinction and mental boundary between work and home. Work/life is deemed to be segmented when there is a clear-cut mental boundary separating work and home. According to the theory, work/life integration and segmentation exist at opposite ends of a range. One can be at either end of the range, or at any point on it, as one mentally defines one’s boundaries (Park & Jex, 2011). The ‘work/life theory’ might be better understood, according to Byrne (2005) when we image the eight important aspects of life as the eight spokes in a wheel. The aspects are work, finances, spiritual, hobbies, self, social, family and health. According to Byrne, these eight aspects of life are of equal importance to us. Each one of us attempts to achieve a work/life balance amongst

these different aspects; some of us are able to achieve more success than others. With the love/work balance firmly in mind, we now turn to the methodology of the study.

CHAPTER THREE

Method and Procedure

The Participants

In order to be included in the study, the participant cohort met the following criteria: each man was between fifty and sixty-years-of-age, had earned a bachelor's degree or higher and had pursued a profession. The inclusion criteria were established in order that the participants would be prepared to share their experience of the vicissitudes of our society vis-à-vis events such as the Civil Rights movement, the assassination of President Kennedy, the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Vietnam War, the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and other sea-change events, in ways that would permit the study of the effects of racism on their development within a shared historical context. The participants would be African-American. This last criterion is crucial in that it afforded the investigator a unique opportunity to gain insight into the subjective experience of, arguably, one of the most maligned groups in the United States of America, African-American men.

Ten interviews were conducted over a five-year period. Six of the ten interviews were used in the study. A six-member participant cohort is not large enough to derive ideas, concepts, or meanings that can be applied in any general way, however, the goal of this study was to take an intense, in depth look at the lives portrayed in the narratives offered by these six men with an eye towards gleaning some insight into the subjective experiences they have had. Four of the interviews were not included in the study due to the participants' life-narratives being incomplete. In each case, the participant, for whatever reason, was unwilling to make himself available for a follow-up after the initial interview.

Table I gives a brief summary of the six participants studied in the present work.

The depiction of the data for each participant is then described in the Results section.

Participant	Age	Degree	Occupation	Marital Status
Arnold	53	Master of Social Work	Corporate VP	Married (2x)
Bernard	55	Master of Economics	Chief Financial Officer	Married
Carl	55	Juris Doctor	Corporate Lawyer	Married (2x)
David	58	PhD in Physics	College Professor	Divorced (2x)
Edward	57	Master of Journalism	Writer	Divorced (2x)
Frank	58	Master of Social Work	College Educator	Married

Table I Participant Cohort Demographic Data

The Investigation

The investigator used a semi-structured interview as a data collecting instrument in order to develop the participant cohorts' life-narratives. The life-narrative content of each member of the participant cohort was then analyzed, from a psychoanalytic prospective, in order to glean any insights into how racism may have influenced the work/life (aggressive gratification/narcissistic gratification) balance of the participant cohort.

In order for this investigation to realize its fullest potential for success, it was necessary to use an approach to the research that would allow each of the participant cohort members a means to express himself in his own way. A qualitative research approach was the method of choice because it was developed for just the type of research this study undertakes; it enabled the investigator to gather data from the participant cohort in narrative form. And although a qualitative method generates large quantities of data that must be culled, it also allows enough

flexibility for the nuances of the participant cohorts' subjective experience to be captured. This is an exploratory research method designed to generate data in a first person account that encompasses the watershed events in an individual's life as well as the seemingly minor events that may tend to elaborate the meaning of them (Newton, 1995).

The participant cohort came of age during what is referred to as the Civil Rights Movement and is representative of the transitional generation of African-Americans who were first in position to take advantage of the opportunities available under the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Because this participant cohort was among the first to be exposed to this new version of American society, the cohort, as a consequence, had very few, if any, role models and no known limits to what they could achieve (Hall & Saltzstein, 1977).

The semi-structured interviews took from two to four hours to administer depending on how much the interviewee wanted to talk. The interviews took place in either the investigator's office, the interviewee's home, or his office. Before any interviews were undertaken, the investigator applied for and was granted Institutional Review Board approval by the IRB at The City College of New York. Each interviewee signed a consent form (see Appendix B) indicating his willingness to be a participant in the study. All interviews were audiotaped.

Semi-Structured Interview: Construction and Administration

One way an investigator can use psychological insight to present a person's life as a story, a psychobiological approach (McAdams, 1988), is to administer a semi-structured interview designed to elicit the participant cohorts' responses to open-ended questions. This is the method I used. Through the use of the semi-structured interview as a framework, the

investigator can ‘get the ball rolling’ so to speak, but is always ready to move away from the interview sequence and go where the interviewee leads.

The semi-structured interview I used (see Appendix A) was designed to elicit responses from the participant cohort in a way that allowed the cohort the greatest amount of freedom in telling their story while at the same time being guided to remark upon the areas that are of interest to the investigator.

The interview begins with a “warm-up” set of questions designed to gather required demographic information and begin the process of building a rapport between interviewer and the interviewee. Straightforward questions about the interviewee’s age, marital status, number of children, etc. were asked and answered.

The semi-structured interview is comprised of twenty-one questions in four categories:

- There are ten Life-narrative questions designed to allow the interviewee an opportunity to talk about himself in any way that comes to mind; ‘Tell me about you.’ is the opening prompt given to the interviewee. The interviewee’s response directs the administration of the remaining questions in this category in that, his initial response may include answers to some of the questions to follow precluding their being asked. The goal of these questions is for the interviewee to tell his family history in a way that resonates with him at this time in his life. If the response to the opening prompt does not trigger a family-history response, the interviewer has the option of following-up on the response given, if more data may be elicited, or going directly to the next item of the interview. Item 2 goes to the family history issue directly. Item 3 is concerned with identifying parental influences outside of the immediate family. Items 4 and 5 attempt to get at what people

and / or events that still resonate with the interviewee and therefore may have had a significant impact. Items 6, 7 and 8 attempt to get at how the interviewee sees himself by using how others referred to him as a foil against which he might reflect how he thought of himself. Items 9 and 10 attempt to get an indication of ways the interviewee might have attained self-esteem.

- There are seven Personal questions designed to allow the interviewee an opportunity to talk about himself and the course his life has taken. These responses should include the interviewee's perceptions of his life and how it has progressed thus far and his understanding of how other people, with whom he maintains interpersonal relationships, perceive him; 'How did you get to where you are now?' was the opening question of this category. The goal was to get an indication of how identified the interviewee is with what he does for a living. If the interviewee does not respond to the opening question by talking about work this should be noted and the interview is continued in the vein of the response. Items 2 and 3 attempted to gain a measure of how the interviewee sustains his self-esteem. Items 4 and 5 attempted to gain some information about how the interviewee presents himself to others. Items 6 and 7 attempted to get the interviewee to talk about how he sees himself when he isn't presenting himself to others.
- There are three Global Events questions designed to elicit the interviewee's opinions about certain events that the investigator determined might have influenced the interviewee's worldview. The first two questions in this category are open-ended – 'What are the events that shaped your life?' and 'What about those events was meaningful to you?' The remaining items are designed to allow the interviewee to broach the issue of

racism; the interviewee is directed to tell ‘what comes to mind’ when asked about the particular events.

- For the final Looking Forward category, the interviewee was asked to complete the following statement: ‘In the not too distant future, I imagine myself...’ The intent is to give the interviewee an opportunity to share his vision of how his life might progress into the future from its present state.

After each interview, the audiotape was transcribed verbatim and then scrutinized for information that might inadvertently compromise the anonymity of the interviewee. All such information was either transformed or removed. The pertinent information was then culled from each transcript and converted into a first-person narrative in order to make each man’s story as cohesive and readable as possible. The converted first-person narratives are the data of interest in this study.

Analysis

Although the men of the participant cohort are very different from one another, they are connected as a cohort not only by age and stage of life and all that being African-American symbolizes in the United States of America – observable behaviors and attitudes – they are also connected by the similarity of themes elucidated in their narrative data – indicative of inner-life functioning which cannot be readily observed. This study is an attempt to explore these themes and identify a few of the concerns and conflicts that emanate from the inner-life of each member of the participant cohort. Through the application of psychoanalytic concepts (see Table II, below), the dense narrative data offered by the participant cohort was unpacked in order to gain an understanding of the inner-life functioning of each member of the participant cohort.

A Psychoanalytic Schema

The inner-life exists and functions unconsciously. Aspects of inner-life functioning gain access to consciousness only through the ego, which is the psychic structure that connects the inner-life to life in the environment (Clarke, 2006).

We develop our first impressions of our self, others, and the world, as young children. These impressions are influenced by our basic aggressive and narcissistic (libidinous) instincts and are consequently skewed in such a way as to make it seem as though we are the ‘center of the universe’. We desire that this circumstance remain over the span of our entire life (Sokol, 2009).

Through continued development, we mature and our views of ourselves, others, and the world are no longer influenced by our instincts alone, but also by our experiences in interacting with others – read our family – and adaptation to the environment (Ogden, 2018). Early on during the course of our development, we reach a point of inner-life conflict in that the libidinous instinct in us becomes less focused on our self – our narcissism is tempered – and refocused on others. When this libidinous shift occurs, we tend to fall in love with the parent of the opposite sex, forming a libidinal wish that cannot be fulfilled, and we are therefore forced to adapt to the situation by identifying with the parent of the same sex. This posture makes us receptive to having our psychic structure expanded and inculcated with the values and mores, rules and regulations, beliefs and attitudes, etc. of our parents² and other authority figures (Carveth, 2015). This circumstance provides us some relief from the libidinous storm that we had been experiencing, allowing us time and energy to focus on developing competencies – we learn to

² By extension, we are influenced by the parents of our parents and the parents of their parents and so on and so forth. Through this mechanism, derivatives of values, rules, taboos, worldviews, etc. are passed on from one generation to the next.

read, write, manipulate numbers, play chess, and engage in sports, for example. With further development, distinctive, earlier impressions, of the way things are, become internalized, in packets – of images, sounds, smells, experiences, situations – that are referred to as objects. Although these objects are a part of our unconscious, inner-life, they can and do influence the way we currently relate to others and the way in which we respond to situations in the environment. Once we have reached the level of development where our instincts are no longer supreme and we are forced to adapt to the environment from a position of behavioral compromise, we become vulnerable to anxiety in anticipation of looming dangers that we perceive in the environment and depressive affect due to perceived losses we have suffered in our life (Hy & Loevinger, 2014).

The defensive maneuvers that we have always employed tend to become more sophisticated and flexible, as our ego matures. We become better able to maintain equilibrium between our inner-life – avoiding anxiety and depressive affect – and the environment – mollifying the impact of the stressors inherent in it (Rice & Hoffman, 2014)

The perpetual interplay between the activity of our inner-life and adaptation to the environment culminates in our observable behavior, attitudes, worldview, ability to relate to others or not, our body language, slips-of-the-tongue, our choice of vocation and other interests – all representative of compromises formed, at any given time, between what we need or desire instinctively and what constraints we meet as a result of superego inhibitions and environmental prohibitions (LeVine, 2017).

So, psychoanalytically, we might understand ourselves as operating in the following way: we are motivated by derivatives of wishes, desires, needs, and fantasies derived from our childhood calamities – we gain some assistance in coping with these powerful motivators by

taking on a set of values from our parents, including derivative values inherited from prior generations – a consequence of this development is that we become susceptible to anxiety and/or depressive affect when we go head-to-head against the inhibitions of the superego and/or the prohibitions of the environment – through our ego function, we employ defensive maneuvers that allow us gratification of our instinctive motivators while keeping our exposure to anxiety and depressive affect within tolerable ranges – all of this activity results in many compromise formations in our inner-life as well as compromise formations that can be observed as our day-to-day behavior (see Table II).

UNCONSCIOUS		CONSCIOUS	
INSTINCTS (ID)	SUPEREGO	EGO	ENVIRONMENT
Derivatives of infantile wishes, desires, needs & fantasies – results of childhood calamities.	Values & mores, rules & regulations, restrictions & taboos – resulting in susceptibility to anxiety & depressive affect.	Balances instinctual wishes, superego inhibitions, & environmental prohibitions – resulting in tenuous internal equilibrium.	Conflict: Work versus Family, friends, community involvement (Love).
Aggression & narcissism (libido)	Inner conflict	Defensive maneuvers: Sublimation & altered perception	Compromise formations: observable behaviors
MOTIVATOR	INHIBITOR	ARBITER	STRESSOR

Table II Psychoanalytic Schema³

As an addendum to the schema, consider John Bowlby’s (1973, 1980, 1982, 1988/1969) attachment theory. The use of Bowlby’s attachment behavioral system (ABS) would be embedded amongst the rules and regulations of the superego. Conceptually, a behavioral system has six components:

³ I was introduced to this schema and its use as a diagnostic tool for screening patients, by Dr. Yale Kramer, MD of The New York Psychoanalytic Society & Institute, Inc.

1. a specific biological function that increases the likelihood of an individual's survival and reproductive success;
2. a set of contextual activating triggers;
3. a set of interchangeable, functionally equivalent behaviors that constitutes the primary strategy of the system for attaining a particular goal state;
4. a specific set-goal — the change in the person/environment relationship that terminates the activation of the system;
5. the cognitive operations involved in the functioning of the system;
6. specific excitatory or inhibitory neural links with other behavioral systems.

According to Bowlby, the biological function of the ABS is to protect one from danger by compelling one to maintain proximity to caring and supportive others (attachment figures). The ABS is active over the entire life span. It is activated through thoughts and behaviors related to seeking proximity to attachment figures, in times of need, when their support and comfort can enhance one's coping ability. In an ABS strategy model, devised by Mikulincer & Shaver (2003):

1. security-based attachment strategies seek the formation of intimate relationships, builds one's psychological resources, and broadens one's perspectives and capacities;
2. secondary (insecure) attachment strategies endeavor to manage ABS activation in order to reduce or eliminate the pain of frustrated proximity-seeking attempts;
3. hyper-activating (secondary) attachment strategies keep one constantly searching for love and security, while compelling one, at the same time, to be on alert for threats, separations, and betrayals;

4. deactivating (secondary) attachment strategies compels one to keep the ABS in check by ignoring its activation triggers (threats posed by others, isolation, separation from or loss of an attachment figure, i.e.) which exposes one to dire consequences for cognitive and emotional openness.

This schema represents but one path to a psychoanalytic understanding of behavior. I've chosen to use it in this study because it provides a structured approach to unpacking the meaning inherent in my participant cohorts' narrative data.

Using this schema, compromise formations are first contemplated by describing the behaviors that are observed or reported and determining their meaning within the environmental context. This initial analysis leads to discernment of the defensive aspects of the compromise formations and the nature and target of the defensive maneuvers employed. This discernment indicates whether the defense was mounted to redirect instinctual motivators, neutralize superego inhibitors, and/or stave off environmental stressors and to what degree for each. Finally, the analysis would lead to understanding the nature of the instinctual derivatives that motivated and fueled what had become a compromise formation. That is how the analysis of my participant cohorts' narrative data is supposed to progress, but it won't. This type of schema is usually fulfilled in psychoanalysis applied over a several year period of time. In using this schema, I'm attempting to plumb as much insight from the data as is possible in the form that the data is offered, and no more. The analysis of the participant cohort data will culminate in a psychoanalytic formulation that expresses my best understanding of the inner-life of each of the participant cohort members.

The schema functions as a filter. The data is 'fed' into the filter from right to left. The analysis begins by focusing on the data from the point of view of environmental stressors represented by aspects of need. At this stage, the data is scrutinized for references directly related to addressing the stated needs or an indication that any of the stated needs is of primary concern. The goal is to uncover an indication of which aspects of need are perceived to be stressful. Discerning an Indication of the participant cohort's perceptions is key. An objective assessment may indicate that they have plenty of money and are very successful, while the participant cohort's perceptions of their circumstances are substantially different from the objective assessment. The perceptions formed by the participant cohort are a conflation of adaptation to the environment under the influence of superego inhibitions and instinctual motivations. As such, perceptions become the link between life in the environment and the inner-life. The participant cohort's perceptions in this first stage of the analysis become the focal point for the second stage.

The second stage of the analysis is concerned with teasing apart the conflation – adaptation to the environment, superego inhibition, and instinctual motivation – elucidated in the first stage. At this point the data are scrutinized for the meaning underneath the compromise formations – observable behaviors – as perceived by the participant cohort. The goal is to attribute proportionately aspects of the conflation to compromise formations of interest in order to discern how well the ego maintains equilibrium among them. More to the point is determining which aspects of the conflation causes the greatest disruption to the equilibrium that the ego must maintain. The results of this determination become the focal point for the third stage of the analysis.

The third stage of the analysis represents entry into the 'anteroom' of the 'inner sanctum' – the core of the inner-life. The bane of inner-life existence is the suffering that occurs when

anxiety and/or depressive affect reaches intolerable levels due to vicissitudes in ego strength allowing disruptions of inner-life equilibrium. At this point in the analysis, a determination is made concerning the effect of superego inhibitors. Are the inhibitors so strong that instinctive motivators are shutdown and depressive affect permeates the inner-life or is the superego inhibitive effect so weak that the instinctual motivators are unfocused, allowing anxiety to permeate the inner-life? The results of this determination become the focal point of the fourth and final stage of the analysis.

The final stage of the analysis enters the 'inner sanctum' of the inner-life. At this point the data is scrutinized for indications of what motivated the participant cohort to 'devise' the compromise formations and exhibit the behaviors that have been observed and/or reported. The vastness and complexity of this 'inner sanctum' precludes gaining definitive insight due to the limitations and context of a study as opposed to a full analysis. The goal of this stage of the analysis is to discern whether there is balance in the levels of gratification of the instinctual derivatives; are aggressive and narcissistic derivatives being gratified equally?

The analysis concludes with the – psychoanalytic formulation – formation of an 'image' of the participant cohort inclusive of an inner-life dimension that had previously been imperceptible. The 'image' represents a correlation between inner-life instinctual motivators and compromise formations in the environment, vis-à-vis the influences of the inhibitive function of the superego and the arbitrative function of the ego.

CHAPTER FOUR

Results

Arnold's Story

I'm taking care of myself pretty well physically. I'm really trying to do that but I wish I had taken care of myself more, physically, earlier and developed some skills that would keep me now; like, my son, he's in great shape, my daughter, she's in great shape, you know, she dances and he's an excellent tennis player. He's a real jock, very well built and takes care of himself. I mean, I'm okay, but I've got high blood pressure and even though I've dropped some thirty odd pounds, I'm still struggling with my weight and I could do more.

I'm really proud of my kids. My son is at U Penn, living on campus. He'll be twenty soon and my daughter is eighteen and in her senior year at a private high school. We just came back to the states about two years ago after living in Europe for three years. I was the Vice President for Human Resources of that division. As a matter of fact, my wife is currently consulting with companies that are transferring employees back from overseas. She helps to get them settled in and stuff like that; helps them find their housing, get the banking and everything setup, get their visas and all that kind of stuff. She works as a consultant to different organizations, so, she has a little niche and it works pretty well for her. She can control her work schedule.

It's interesting how things impact your life. At my high school in Manhattan, there was a large Hispanic population and I used to love learning about Latino culture. I had Latino girlfriends and I would dance Salsa and Meringue. So, when I was the Vice President of Human Resources for the Latin American division, I would go down to the Dominican Republic or Chile, or Argentina and then, when I would be doing the dances and they'd see an African-

American doing the dance and I could speak Spanish also they'd say "oh, look, where did you learn how to do that?"... it was, like, knocking the paradigm, you know what I mean? And then people felt that I was very simpatico, because I stepped out of my culture into theirs. I always have felt that the key to relating anywhere, is to step out of your world, into theirs, walk in their shoes, and try to understand where they're coming from. Some black folk are not as empathetic; white folk also. That's why I could understand what happened with the middle passage and all, but I could also see what happened in the camps in Germany and my tears come out in the same way. I feel the same emotions. I don't feel any less. I guess, that my high school experience and then later, going to all the different countries that I've gone to has really formulated my values in terms of being a global citizen. It was what made me want to live overseas also. I really wanted to live overseas, so, I brushed up on my French, went to France, learned it very well. My daughter is much better at speaking French than the rest of us, but you can get around as an American, without it. My wife is not as fluent, but, it was just such a wonderful experience living in Europe. I felt zero alienation there. They accept Black folks so much in Paris. I mean, like a lot of times people say, "oh, they don't like Americans over there", well, they don't like ugly Americans and I don't like ugly Americans either. You have to learn something about other peoples' culture. I always found, you speak a little bit of their language, it'll go a long way, you know, it goes a long way.

I believe very much in the Civil Rights movement and I believe very much in what King and Malcolm talked about. I believe that if it weren't for having laws in place, such as affirmative action, that America would not feel that it needs to appreciate diversity as much as it should. They would gravitate more towards the business issues and they might forget. If they didn't have that goal in front of them, they would not consider it as much, however, I don't feel

that I should be getting something just because I'm Black. I thought I would have an equal chance and an equal ability to live where I want and all that stuff. I believe very much in that, but I don't want somebody just giving something to me just because I'm Black. If they can create an environment where diversity is appreciated, affirmative action at least gives the legal backdrop to help with that. I think that it should always stay on the agenda of this country, because there're elements in this country, very conservative elements, which would just want to forget that and just go for the rich.

I can't stand racial intolerance. I can't stand it. I think that within the black community, I mean, some black folk will say, "oh, that person is West Indian or that person is Jamaican or that person is...", I mean, we do the same type of stuff. I don't know if I can explain this well. We can't keep an attitude of saying that other people are feeling certain ways about us if we have the same views of other people, you know. Sometimes we'll say, "oh, those people, are Puerto Rican, they're, you know, Latinos...", or something like that, I mean, we have that same type of racism sometimes and I don't like intolerance of any type and I can't stand weakness from the standpoint of people saying that things are beyond my control and therefore looking for somebody to be their social director [laughter]. You need to take control of your life.

I'm married now, in this second marriage, twenty-three going on twenty-four years and I'm proud of that too, especially now, I mean, I'm seeing a lot of my friends' marriages are breaking up. I guess one never knows what the future's going to be, but certainly, this isn't arrogance, the future will be what I make it, because that's been the way that I've taken all my life. I create the future. I create my future. It's not arrogance, it's how I survived on the streets of Brooklyn to get where I am right now and if I didn't take control of my life, as opposed to just letting stuff happen, then I wouldn't be where I am right now. So I'm not saying that with any

egotism or anything like that it's just [emotionally] there was a time when I didn't think I was going to get to twenty-five. It wasn't like I had a lot of role models who were going past twenty-five. Everybody was getting killed off about eighteen or so. The Vietnam War was going on. They were taking everybody from the block to go to the front lines of Vietnam. This is sixty-eight to seventy-two [calmer]. So, I didn't have a lot of role models for what life exists past, twenty-five. I guess I'm proud to have accomplished what I have accomplished on a personal and professional level. I can take pride for that now. I mean, I probably wasn't always at that point, when you're struggling through it, but I feel if I would die tomorrow, I'm not ashamed of anything and I feel that I gave it what I had. I gave everything that I could.

In my job I've traveled all over the world. I've been to more countries than I can remember and I have to say that it's good to be back in the states. I mean, when I'm at home with my family I can be myself; no airs, just myself. There aren't too many places in my world where I feel that way. I have certain friendships where I can be myself and not put on airs, but not many.

I'm in a really good place right now. At fifty-three I'm confident about who I am and what I bring to a situation. I didn't always feel this way. In management situations you're always going to get feedback. Your boss will tell you what you are doing well and critique other things that you do. I've become confident enough to know that I will be successful doing things in my own way. In companies like this one, there is always going to be the influence of the corporate culture and I'm open to that kind of structure, but there are some things where my own values make me say "this is me and that is not me". The one thing I like about this company is, for the most part, I can be myself.

I feel good about a lot of things I'm doing, especially for people, in terms of helping out. That's the way I want to make my contribution; helping people. From those of us who have received much, much is expected. I'm currently involved in some work with the Board of Education as a volunteer and every chance I get to do some public speaking, I take. I enjoy speaking before groups. I love talking about setting goals and chasing dreams. I feel like I'm being of help when I talk to people about dealing with the barriers that they construct for themselves; the ones that are internal instead of always looking at external things as barriers to their success. If you were to ask me what my dream situation would be, I would tell you that I wish that I had enough money so that I could set up a foundation and give a lot of it away [laughs]. My wife and I talk about this a lot. I'd like to give money to groups that are helping people to develop their skills and competencies so that they can improve themselves and prepare for something better than what they have now. And I'd like to make that kind of an impact on a global scale. I'd love to do that. I would even consider leaving here to go and head-up a foundation that is already doing something like that.

I grew up in Brooklyn; Bedford Stuyvesant. My family consisted of me, my sister, who is four years younger than I am, and my parents, both of whom have a high school education. All of us lived in a one-bedroom apartment. I grew up at a time in the fifties and sixties when there was probably a point at which I wondered whether or not I'd make it to age twenty-five, you know, based on how I was coming up.

My father was a handyman and my mother stayed at home. My father and I didn't get along. He wasn't a nurturing person. He was an alcoholic and you could never tell when he was going to come home drunk and become abusive. I actually ran away from home and slept in the street on a couple of occasions to avoid being beaten... when I was born, he was like, fifty years

old. So, he was an older man. I'm not even sure he wanted to have children. My mother was younger... he was married, and all of a sudden, now, you have one kid, then you have another. I remember when I wanted to see what kind of work he was doing, you know, because, the only thing my mother would say is he's going out to work. I thought, maybe, he had a store or something like that. So, one day I followed him to Eastern Parkway. In those days there was a whole bunch of guys who had their shoeshine thing on Eastern Parkway... there was a whole row, you know, down this whole two blocks, there were black men there... that's how he made his living. Then I understood what he was doing, I mean, how much money could he be making doing that? And that is what he did every day. He had a whole closet full of suits and ties that he wore and he had to go out everyday and shine shoes... I did hate him for a very long period of time... I've gotten to a point where I have forgiven my father. He had a stroke in 1973 [Arnold was twenty-three-years-old]. And, I saw him more vulnerable than I ever saw him before. He couldn't talk anymore. I took him to the hospital... went over to the house, cause I wasn't living at the house then. My mother and sister didn't know what was happening. He was disoriented and I realized that he had a stroke and I got him to the hospital. When I would visit him in the hospital, he was just as meek as a cat. He was vulnerable and he couldn't talk anymore. It was sad, and I guess if he could talk, he would say some things differently. But, I've understood what he went through and the hard time that he had and he just couldn't cope. He couldn't deal with it. It wasn't easy, but I had to forgive him. I cried at his funeral. I really did. You're sitting there and all of a sudden you're weeping. I try to get in touch with those feelings to find out why I was crying at his funeral. It was because I was hurt for him. I imagined what he had to go through and what he had to resort to in order to try and make himself whole. It wasn't easy because I did hate him for a very long period of time. I had to step back and look at what he was going through

as a black male. I mean, I hadn't ever thought about it in those political terms, but I had to, after awhile, and I realized that he provided the best that he could.

My family didn't have very much but we were never on welfare. My father would shine shoes and do all sorts of odd jobs. He always worked but he couldn't afford to give us an allowance so, in order to have a little spending money, I had a paper route... I also ran numbers as well as shine shoes during the summer but I would be careful not to go where I knew my father shined shoes.

I would go out and buy some papers, sell them and then buy some more. I'd just keep turning over the profit, you know. But in order to sell papers, I would have to go into some neighborhoods where I knew that I would get ripped-off; I'd have to pay a tax just to be there. I used to carry my money in several different pockets, in my socks, and even in my underpants so that when I got ripped-off they never got all of it. I still separate my money into different pockets because when I would travel overseas, especially to countries in Africa and to Russia, I would often have my money confiscated or have to pay a bribe entering or leaving the country.

I joined a gang when I was a kid because the gang would protect me in certain neighborhoods. But being in a gang meant that I had to learn to handle myself physically and I did well enough that I became the leader of one faction of the gang. The other guys in the gang knew that they could get a rise out of me by calling me this stupid nickname they made up. I can't even remember it, Bozell or something like that [laughs]. Whatever it was it had no meaning at all but they knew that when they called me Bozell, that I didn't like it and that I would come after them and that I would start fighting them; roughing them up. That was like a pastime. So, when they wanted to be chased,[laughs] they'd call me Bozell and I'd chase after

them, you know, and we'd fight. I mean not hard fighting like I was going against another gang, but more like, you know, lions or something; cubs fighting with each other [laughs]. Duke, now there's a cool nickname, 'The Duke of Earl'; that's more my style. Bozell, can you believe they used to call me that?

The gang was like my family, but it didn't become my whole life. I still went out every day and sold my papers and made my pocket change. It was during this time that I came to believe that if everything was taken from me I was self-reliant enough so that I would never be in a situation where I was begging without being able to give something back. I would clean people's basements, and I worked in a Jamaican restaurant where people would offer me odd jobs and I'd make a dollar or two. In those days, if you had a dollar, you really had something.

I always had the feeling that I wanted to uplift myself; that I didn't want to be a slave to my background. Whatever my situation was, I felt that I could improve myself and I believed that I could do it through education. So, one thing I did with the money I earned was to buy a set of encyclopedias one book at a time. I would make two or three dollars a night running numbers and by the weekend, I'd have twenty dollars. I earned money this way from the time I was twelve-years-old until I was fifteen. I would take whatever profit I had earned from the paper route and the numbers and go to this bookstore downtown and buy an encyclopedia. I started with the letter 'A' and worked my way until I had the whole thing. I used to read the encyclopedia as a pleasant pastime. I would also go to the library. The library was free [laughs]! I could walk in there anytime I wanted to. It was another one of my pastimes. I would read Greek and Roman mythology and I loved history and art. I enjoyed seeing how history was reflected in art.

When I was in the gang, I met a man who would eventually become my godfather. He was a Pentecostal preacher who worked as a laborer but had his storefront church. He was the type of person who could connect with young people. Everyone respected and trusted him. He would give gang members money on occasion and visit them when they were locked-up. It was through him that I found my faith. He and I adopted each other and he became my godfather and at fifteen I left home to live with him.

At this point I was attending high school in Brooklyn, where the influences were mostly negative and then, two guys who were with me in the gang died; one was killed and the other OD'd on drugs and I said, "I'm not going to windup like that." This was in the days when people were shooting-up with heroin. Marijuana wasn't even on the scene in those days. I made up my mind to leave the gang and to go to a different high school and even though I had to fight my way out of the gang, to prove that I wasn't leaving because I was scared, I made it out of the gang and into a high school in Manhattan. I had gone to two different high schools in Brooklyn, but in order to overcome everybody that I knew, I had to leave. People were dropping out. There wasn't much of a feeling of upward mobility or anything... what I wanted to do was to break away from that and I went to high school in Manhattan... that helped me because I was able to tear myself out of that environment that I was in. I was able to separate myself from the mentality of... the "getting over" mentality, the mentality of ripping-off others, the mentality of non-achievement. I began thinking maybe there's something else out there and I can prepare myself.

To me, the biggest barriers that I've seen are not so much external, but they're internal; they're in the mind. If we can overcome those, then we can overcome a lot of external barriers. I mean, yes, sure, you're going to have institutional racism and all of that. That's a given, to me.

I've always taken that as a given, but I've always said that I would never let that hold me back and what I had to do was just reverse the paradigm to think about some things a little bit differently to try to overcome some things.

At high school I decided to study business and merchandising, because I felt that I was entrepreneurial. I tried to set goals for myself. I don't believe in luck. I believe that there are situations that a person will have in front of them and that one needs to take advantage of... opportunity will come your way and you have to recognize it and be opportunistic enough to take advantage of the situation when it comes and be quick enough and be willing to take the risk and not be afraid. When I got out of high school, I started out at community college and then, I went to a four-year college... when I started out at community college, I actually worked two jobs. I would have classes say from eight till one or two or something like that... because I was working with the computers, I could work part-time any hours that I could put in during the week... I would work... maybe to five or six o'clock, go home, you know, rest, sleep, eat, do my homework, then I had another job, I was working at the post office. I worked there from twelve midnight until seven in the morning. I did that for about a good year, and then, you know, after a while it kind of gets to you because you're not getting as much sleep as you want, but [chuckles] I had to. I was living with my godfather at the time. I had my own room and felt that I had to contribute to the household. He couldn't afford to pay my tuition and other college expenses, not that it was a whole lot, but at that time it was a lot and so I felt I had to hold up my own end, so, I worked in order to do that. When I started at college... I started working at my old high school part-time as a family assistant... I worked there part-time... whenever I had a chance to work, because I could also dictate my own hours. When I completed my graduate program, I worked there for about three years.

I met my first wife when I was at community college. She was a nurse and I was studying business administration. We got married after I left... we probably shouldn't have gotten married because when we were dating, we said we would live with each other, see how it goes, and then after a year, if we liked it, we'd get married and if not, we'd break up. What happened was that we just continued living together, made plans, and eventually got married... back then I had a lot of girlfriends, but decided to marry her. We stayed together for about maybe three years but when I started graduate school, I think that we drifted apart. I think that anytime a marriage breaks up, it's something with both parties. I did not feel she was very motivated. She got the nursing thing, but then I said "well, why don't you go on, you know, and get your bachelors". She was just very self-satisfied and she wanted me to be her social director. When we would talk about going out, or doing things, I always had to direct everything. She didn't take a lot of initiative to do things and I just got tired of that. In terms of decision-making, she wasn't bringing much to the party and, naturally, I was seeing a lot of people who were a lot more assertive women who had a lot more on the ball. I just felt that she wasn't up to it and she didn't know how to carry herself. In college, I was head of the Black Student Union, involved in a lot of stuff politically, used to write for the newspaper and I used to be a speaker on the radio station. I was doing all kinds of stuff, and I just felt that she needed to be a person of a certain stature and that, well, she wasn't bringing it. I wasn't satisfied enough to just stay with that situation, so, we got a divorce.

After college I applied to about twenty different schools' PhD programs, fifteen schools of law, and a graduate school of social work. I even got a fellowship. I got accepted into some of the PhD programs, but they were out of the city and so, I didn't consider them. I got accepted into this joint law degree, jurist, PhD program, University of Buffalo, that's way out of the city,

[sighed] and I didn't go. I went to the social work graduate program which was really practical and it was during the sixties so it had the psychosocial piece, and the community organizing. It was something where I felt I could give back and get involved in and really learn some good skills. Luckily I was able to parlay the fellowship. I went to my program and said, "look, I've got this fellowship, can you do full tuition" and they gave me a full ride. But, what happened was that, I didn't go away to school because I think I was afraid to leave the New York area. When I look at it, I was afraid to leave the New York area. I wasn't upset with the choice that I made, but I still realize that a piece of my decision was because of that fear of leaving the city.

I met my current wife while we were both in grad school. They had first and second year students at the school of social work. I was a second year student and she came in as a first year student. I was head of the black student body and she was the head of the first year class. I just became enamored with her leadership abilities and the rest is history. We got married after we left there.

When I finally got out of grad school I took a position directing an Urban League up in Westchester County, then an opportunity came up to go back into the private sector... I wanted to hone my skills in the area of human resources. I started seeing that I could help people. I wanted to help people and do it in an environment which was more developed and had more resources... this job opportunity came up and it was in Human Resources... in Chicago Illinois... I hadn't traveled... I hadn't been anywhere, but I decided to go. Now, my present wife was my fiancée at the time and I asked her to come with me. I needed that crutch. I needed that security. It's not like Chicago is that far away, but that was the beginning of kind of being more concrete with my career goals... I had done a lot of work around my personal goals, just in terms of surviving, quite frankly, [chuckled] but I hadn't done as much thinking about how I wanted to

hone things from a career prospective. I think that's when I started really sorting out the field of Human Resources; how I wanted to do it, the competencies that I wanted to gain, and the assignments that I wanted to get. I became very goal directed from the standpoint of my career.

I had a friend of mine who was working at this company. He was like a mentor to me when I was at college and he was in the Human Resources area... he was living out in Chicago... he was the head of the counseling department at the college when I was there. He really was a good mentor to me from a professional standpoint; he said "look, you could come in here as a training person, with your skills and your background, what you've done and your education, you could start out here as a training person", so, I went and, thank God, my fiancée went with me.

Analysis of Arnold's Story

- Arnold has internalized aspects of his father, such as his father's work ethic, pride in appearance, tenacity, and persistence that have allowed him to accomplish many of the goals that he has set for himself. I believe that a great deal of Arnold's ambition was motivated by the conflict inherent in his experience and perception of his father. It seems to me that on the one hand, Arnold experienced his father as being a violent drunk who was capable of abusing his son, while on the other hand, Arnold eventually came to a perception of his father as being a proud, hardworking, black man doing his best to provide for his family within the context of a racist environment. I believe that this internal conflict fostered a dynamic within Arnold that juxtaposed his hatred of his father, for his abusiveness, with his empathy for what he perceived as his father's suffering intolerable circumstances. Not wanting to end up as his father had seems to have

motivated Arnold to take risks, in his own life that allowed him the success that he enjoyed. I also believe that this dynamic gave rise to Arnold's self-reliant attitude as reflected in his statement that – "... the future will be what I make it... I create the future. I create my future." Arnold has internalized his father as a profoundly conflicted object and although his accomplishments outstrip those of his father, nevertheless, he has come to identify with his father, conflicts and all.

- Arnold's perception of his "adoptive" father is as an object that is representative of all of his, Arnold's, aspirations of helping others. I believe that the fifteen-year-old gang leader that Arnold was at the time of meeting the preacher that would influence his life in such a profound way, was in dire need of being rescued and found his rescuer in this man. According to Arnold, his "adoptive" father connected with young people in such a way as to garner their trust, presumably by showing them attention, affection and respect. This, it seems to me, was exactly what Arnold needed at just the right time. I believe that the preacher's willingness to take Arnold into his household and offer him as much support as he could make an indelible imprint on Arnold's psyche that would inspire his aspiration to help others.
- Arnold doesn't say very much about his mother. All that he tells us is that his mother was younger than his father, a fact offered, from which I perceived that she might have been a lot younger than his father. Arnold also mentions his mother in the context of her and his sister not knowing what to do when his father suffered a stroke. Now it is purely conjecture on my part, but it seems to me that Arnold's attitude towards his mother, and, by extension, towards women in general, is one of indifference at best and possibly hostility at worst. It isn't hard for me to imagine Arnold taking in his experience of his

mother as being ineffectual in that he may have perceived her as being unable to intercede in his behalf as he suffered his father's abuse.

- Although Arnold could laugh about his first wife's needing him to be her "social director", it seems clear to me that he found her lack of motivation, her lack of ambition, and, most ardently, her dependence on him, intolerable. It seems to me that Arnold might've seen, in her, attributes that he associated with his mother, namely an inability to step up, take charge, and handle the situation. And he also may have perceived in his first wife, attitudes that he had been struggling to overcome in himself. In keeping with his stated goal of uplifting himself, when he contrasted the attitude of his wife with the attitudes of the women he was meeting in graduate school, the disparity was more than he could bear; a divorce was inevitable.
- Upon meeting his second wife, Arnold had found the ideal partner; a woman whose attitude reflected what he was aspiring to become. In this person, he not only found someone who could offer him the support structure that he needed in order to get himself to the next level professionally, but, perhaps, also in this person who had consented to becoming his wife, a continuation of the fulfillment of his goal of uplifting himself. With her help and support, Arnold was able to venture beyond his comfort zone, New York City and environs, and make his career-changing move to Chicago. And with her attitude of self-reliance, that complimented his own, the burden of dependence on him, that was so prominent in his relationship with his first wife, was lifted from his shoulders.
- Arnold takes pride in the accomplishments of his children and clearly sees in those accomplishments a reflection of his own accomplishments as a provider and, possibly, as

a good enough father. Arnold's brief representation of his children is a far cry from the depth and breath of his representation of his father. The only indication of a personal connection to his children is his comparison of their physical fitness to his own. Perhaps an indication of the type of relationship Arnold might've had with his children can be gleaned from the career path that he followed. Arnold states that his son is in college and is about to turn twenty-years-old and that his daughter is in high school and is eighteen-years-old. He also states that he and his family had been back in the states for the past two years after having spent the prior three years in Europe. So, Arnold took his wife and children to Europe when his son was about fifteen-years-old, the same age he was when he left his family to live with his adopted godfather, and his daughter was thirteen-years-old and perhaps in the throws of her own coming-of-age crisis. The family landed in Europe and as Arnold began to get himself established in his new position, perhaps his wife was left to get everything else in order including enrolling the kids in school and supporting them as they made their adaptations to their new life. Arnold probably didn't spend very much time with his family as he was traveling a great deal. Perhaps his wife is able to run a niche business, these days, helping families acclimate to their new environment as they arrive in the United States of America, based on her experiences as she learned to provide the same services to her own family when they arrived in Europe. And perhaps, due to the circumstances in which he placed his family, in which his children would have had to learn to become somewhat self-reliant and where their mother might've raised her ability to be self-reliant to new heights, Arnold has assured, inadvertently as a consequence of his own upward mobility, it seems to me, that the

legacy of self-reliance that was passed down to him through his father, has been preserved in his own children.

Here are a few additional considerations concerning Arnold's development.

- Arnold's attitudes about compartmentalizing his money in a defensive effort to retain a portion of it in case of being encumbered by hard times, seems to have been established during his youth as he sold newspapers. The object represented by this early experience occurs in Arnold's experiences crossing borders between countries as he travels in doing his job. I find myself wondering whether this same attitude has also permeated his life in ways that aren't so evident as, perhaps, in his emotional life.
- Becoming a gang leader probably presented Arnold with a boost of confidence in his ability to successfully account for himself in a physical way in an environment which he was able to bend somewhat to his will. I believe that his experience of having to fight his way out of the gang was more important in that the act of doing so enabled Arnold to affirm his ability to discern and uphold his own will even at the risk of exposure to physical harm.
- Although Arnold was fearful of leaving his comfort zone, I believe that his experience of interacting with people of different cultural backgrounds from his own served at least two purposes: it seems to have taught him that taking the risk of exposing oneself to the potential ridicule of trying to speak the language of another is worth it and that an aspect of upward mobility is to recognize traits in others that will bring one closer to the self-image that one aspires to.

Arnold appears to be an extremely confident person who believes that he is capable of adapting to any environmental obstruction he may encounter as his life unfolds. He has proven his capabilities to himself in that he was able to rise above his boyhood circumstances and achieve success. Arnold believes in himself. He is a person who has effectively managed to build a world for himself in which he has achieved the proper balance, as he perceives it, between his home life and his work life. Arnold, with the support of his wife and children, has come to perceive himself to be an exceptional husband and father who has consistently provided for the needs of his family while maintaining himself in his demanding position within his company. With his interest and energy focused on his corporate career, he doesn't seem to realize the high level of maintenance afforded him by his family as he traverses a career path that has allowed him the level of success he has achieved. Arnold is a person who seems not to be aware that the price of his continuing success may become too high a price for his family to afford.

Bernard's Story

I'm busy; I'm bored, um restless, um bored, um busy. I guess I'm mostly busy. Sometimes I wonder if, if I made the right choices. I was talking with a guy who heads a foundation and we were talking about his son who wants to be a writer. He had sent his son to us as an intern for six weeks during the summer and I think he was hoping that we would get his son interested in some profession, other than being a writer. The kid worked for me and I said to my friend that I really didn't get his son interested in being a bean-counter or anything like that. He said "Oh well, I guess you've got to let people do what they want to do." I said to him that at one time we all wanted to write, or create or paint or play, but, at sometime in your life the ugly specter of having to make a living raises its head and you wind up doing something else, so, every once in awhile I wonder if I could've written. Well, it's more that I wonder how I've

managed to do this for so long, and whether or not I've got the stomach to do it for another ten years.

At the symphony, we say that we're a non-profit ... and we do provide... do we provide a valuable service? Most of the people who come to our concerts would go someplace else if we weren't here. Are we strictly that necessary in the scheme of things? Probably not. Well, it's not nearly as bad as when I was down in Philadelphia making weapons of mass destruction. I mean, I didn't make them myself but I was working for the part of the company that made weapons of mass destruction; it's not that bad. But by the same token, certainly what I do is not vitally necessary. The symphony board would disagree. They would hate to hear me talking like this.

I never think of my life as being successful or not successful because I never had any plan or goal. I never knew what I wanted to do. I mean [long pause] when I was a young... in one of my post-Algeria jobs I met this guy who was in Human Resources and he said to me... "Bernard, you've got to have a plan. You've got to have goals, a timetable as to how long it's going to take to reach them, and a plan of how you're going to reach them. And you have to do whatever it takes to get there." And I remember thinking, why? What's the big deal? So what? I majored in economics because I couldn't think of anything to do and that seemed to be interesting and not so fluffy. I knew what I didn't want to do which was teach, even though I probably would have been good at it. I knew I didn't want to teach. I knew I didn't want to preach. I didn't want to go to medical school. I didn't want to go to law school. So, I mean, I always kind of... I never said – this is how I'll know if I'm successful or this is how – I don't ever feel that way because there are always... bills to pay and stuff to worry about. To be successful, at least to be successful financially certainly, then you have to be secure financially. To be successful... I don't know what it means to be successful professionally because there's

always another level that you can reach. I mean, there are levels that I could reach if I... I'm past the point, now, of caring so much but if I wanted to be... more successful then I'd go after the next, um, I'd try to find a twenty-million-dollar non-profit instead of a fifteen I'd just find bigger budgets. You just keep climbing up the professional ladder. Do these jobs, ah, give you a lot of satisfaction in terms of anything other than money and the acknowledgement of your peers? Maybe some days they do, some days they don't. Personally I'm more interested at this point in gearing down. I'd like to find a nice little civil service job and work nine to five.

I never said if I have this, this, this, this, and this I'll be a success. My parents had a house and a car, two cars, so, that's no big deal. We didn't have a second home but [long pause] you know, I never put a... I don't know what success means. I really don't know what success means. I know that you're supposed to grow up, take care of your family, have a little savings in the bank and, not be a burden on anybody. What's the tipping point between success and failure... Well, I'm not a failure., so, I guess if you're not a failure... I've got some of the accoutrements; the material things. Does success really mean... well, I don't know... does success mean that you really feel great about what you do? I don't know what success is. I think I know that it's not about money... even though I still fantasize about winning the lottery. I think I realize, it's not about money. It's not about5... as I say it's not having a wife of twenty-five years and a daughter and a grandson. I mean that doesn't make me successful. I'm happy I have them but it doesn't make me happy, do you know what I mean? I don't know. I mean success is... [referring to a previous position] you'll get to be so and so and you'll be vice president and, yeah, I suppose that would have been nice. Would I have been a failure if I had stayed, well... a buddy of mine stayed in the State Department... he's now Inspector General or something like that. He doesn't consider himself a failure. Do I... consider him a failure? I'm saddened that he

took such a boring route, but he wanted to stay in Washington. So what is success? What is failure?

I wish we hadn't started talking about success, because that has bothered me. I keep going back to... well; I wonder... the whole philosophical thing... am I a failure?

My parents were... well, they weren't workaholics but they were hard-working. They were basically solid, working-class people. Both my parents worked all the time except, I remember once... I dimly remember now, a period when my mother didn't have a job. When we were real small, I just remember she was home a lot. I used to come home for lunch and she was home, but then, after awhile, she wasn't anymore, you know, she got a job. I think that was the Eisenhower recession... I remember somebody reading about that... oh, yeah, that must've been when... because he came in and he cut a lot of people out of government. My mother was a "pink-collar" woman and was released from her job when the men came back from the war. She had gotten a job in the Treasury Department right after she graduated from high school. That would have been a man's job. But I don't think it was that long before she had another job in the Federal government and then she worked until she retired.

I always worked. My mother... once, I remember, when I was in college I used to come home from my job at the Library of Congress, not far, and she'd fix me dinner and I'd sit there and eat dinner and then maybe sometimes I'd study while she would be in the kitchen ironing and I remember asking her once if she resented having to work because... no moms worked on TV. She... she [laughs] certainly let me know how unrealistic these TV shows were. She said "there's no way I'm giving up my job, my independence". She had her own money. She had a car, which I wrecked once, but that's another story... but she had her own car, she had her own

money and it turned out, when she died, she had a little stash... her own stash that my father didn't know about.

My father was ah... my family is not very demonstrative. At least my parents' generation wasn't. My sisters were. Let's see... I remember we had... my parents bought this little house and it was my brother and me and my mother and my father that was it. When I go back home, I'm surprised at how small it is. I thought it was a lot bigger than that. Growing up I thought it was huge. It was this little house. But we had this um... my mother only had her sister and her sister married this guy who drank a lot and there are a couple of vivid things I remember. I remember him coming over to the house stumbling around and stepping on my brother's toy Ferris wheel [laughs]. He didn't do it on purpose; he was staggering. And I also remember that when he died, we were told it was a boating accident. Everyone could believe that he was drunk and fell off the boat. People believed that... to make a long story short, my aunt and her three or four children... three children moved into our house... she might've had four children. There were another five people in this little house. My brother and I shared this little tiny bedroom with two other boys. There's a window on this side and a window on this side. This is all in the pre-days of air-conditioning. Ah... but... and I do remember that I resented that. I mean, I was a little kid... we were in elementary school. I don't remember much of the bedroom before that. I just kind of remember they were there for a long time... everybody got paid on Friday... towards the end of the week; there wouldn't be anything in the refrigerator. It would be bare [irritated] and you couldn't leave anything because it would disappear [irritated]. You didn't buy a soda and put it in the refrigerator because it was gone by the time you needed it. You didn't buy a candy bar... you couldn't even hide it in your draw because it would be gone – I used to get into terrible fights because my daughter would pick up things and I wanted to be able

to... that was one of the things I wanted to be able to do was to put down money, for instance, and leave and come back and there it would be – for a long while you couldn't do that. I remember... I resented that to no end. Anyway, so years and years later my father told me that... was telling us... he explained why he did what he did. It never even occurred to him that he wasn't supposed to... this is what he did. He said that he let them move in because his sisters... I mean they weren't even my mother's sisters, his sisters... they were all willing... they all wanted to divide up the family... they would have been all split up and he didn't want that. I remember being very impressed. I was in my forties when my father told me this... I never knew why, they just showed up one day... and you know, I didn't ask... I was a kid. My uncle had died and they were going to live with us. But I did resent it... but I knew better than to say I resented it because it wasn't for me to resent. But anyway that gave me a little bit of insight into my father because there was another thing.

When we were sitting at the table one evening waiting for him to come to dinner and he took a long time to come. It turned out that he had been at the local greasy-spoon with this guy and the guy asked him for some money to get something to eat. My father said. "I won't give you any money but I will take you over there with me". He said he took the guy over there and got a bowl of beans. My father said he gave him a bowl of beans; he wolfed it right down so he bought him another. So the guy wolfed that one right down so he bought him another until he finally started eating normally [laughs] so he figured that was enough so he left and we were sitting there waiting for him... that was kind of how he was but it didn't translate to me... he was all... he was... my brother used to say "country"... he was all "family"... I mean we never did anything that didn't involve our families. His family... his vacations were spent forty-five miles away in Maryland on the farm. He and his brothers used to go down... when my grandfather got

sick, before he died, they used to go down there and harvest his tobacco. So, let's see, they always worked, never argued, except a couple of arguments towards the time when I was around eighteen my father was getting a little overwhelmed because his boys were getting ready to leave and the girls were... they were all ah... I don't know, I never understood that, but he had a little rough period... but they, you know... I don't know how to argue to this day because I never saw my parents argue, never heard them argue... I never, just never did... just never... they weren't very affectionate but I knew they loved each other. They weren't very affectionate with us, you know, I don't think anybody's parents were affectionate, you know, in those days it seemed that way to me.

My parents didn't go to... the opera, theatre, plays or anything like that certainly. They didn't um... I don't remember... if they went to the movies they didn't go with us. They sent us down on Saturday afternoon... you know, the theater... gave you a buck and you stay there all day... but that was primarily to get us out of their hair as opposed to going with us.

I knew I was going to college, but I never knew what that meant, you know what I mean? My parents always said so. From the time I was a little guy, I remember hearing that. My poor brother – Bernard is going to go to college and Jonathan, well, we don't know he'll get a job someplace – [laughs]. I had cousins who went to college so it wasn't like it was such a big deal. One of my cousins came up and lived with us while she was going. Her sister went too. It wasn't that big a deal.... they didn't make it like a big deal... it was kind of what they did...they were both teachers. I just knew that I didn't want to be a teacher.

The other thing that I always knew was that I was going to leave Washington DC when I grew up. I mean I always knew that. Nobody ever told me that. I remember my mother would

tell you from the earliest days that I would say: “Yep, I’m out of here as soon as I get old enough to go”. I had no idea where I’d go. Washington wasn’t a particularly awful place to live for anybody... by the time I was seventeen or eighteen, it was mostly black and there was a big black middle-class and all these government jobs [a hint of disdain]. I had a lot of friends there. I’d gone from grade school through college there.

I remember we had books growing up. I remember we had a set of encyclopedia and we had some other books which I don’t remember now, but I remember we had books... and it would... I remember looking through the... like thumbing through the encyclopedia reading stuff... I remember getting thrown out of the house on a summer day when I wanted to read because I wanted to read. I had library cards very early and I would go to the library and that was good... we had a TV... we were early adapters of TV... I don’t know how early but, certainly... I remember people would sneak up to our porch and look in the window while we were watching television so it must have been kind of funny... no, not funny, you know, new.

We were raised to be... Roman Catholic... my mother and her mother were very active in the church... my father wasn’t [pause] ever... we compartmentalized our religion... religion was something you did on Sunday.

I don’t know if I ever had any mentors. I don’t know that I ever had any friends. I guess I’d have to say that my brother and I were pretty popular. And, I have to say that ah, maybe because I was tall and wore glasses, I kind of remember being looked up to. Now, that could be just my physical stature. I mean I wasn’t huge but I was taller than most kids my age and skinny. But I remember I had... one of my nicknames was the professor... and I don’t know why. I wasn’t particularly smart I didn’t think. And um, when we were little, under twelve, I kind of

remember kids hanging around. Some of the young... I mean they could have been a couple of years younger... not asking for my advice, but I remember kind of being sort of a leader. At one point in my life I got... well, I wasn't really that shy. By the time I got to junior high school it was a big enough set that everybody had a bunch of friends. I was never in the most popular set or anything like ...in high school I was one of the people with the flashy clothes but I wasn't in the set. I had a job so I... my clothes were... the flashiest. We were known... for dressing well... really didn't say very much in high school until my senior year. I really think I learned a lot in high school. We had this teacher at my high school. She taught English and she was a pisser. She had taught at Morgan State and her idea... for people she thought were halfway... weren't knuckleheads and there were about five of us as I remember... she sat us all down individually. We all told each other later. She'd go to great pains to tell us that she had only given one "A" in her life and that was to this kid at Morgan State, but if you worked very hard some of us were getting "Bs". When I went to college and had to take a placement test for English... I had thought that the placement test was a breeze... I was one of two freshman in the class... the hardest part I had about that course was actually doing the work...because, you know I had to...I needed a certain level of pressure before I could actually get it done... start at midnight the night before... I'd get it done and then get a decent grade... other than that, I cannot think of a course that I found memorable in college or graduate school – I hated graduate school. I thought it was a waste of time – and I attribute that to my high school English teacher because when you left her class, you knew some English. Naturally, being passive-aggressive, I did not get a "B". I got a "C".

The day I graduated... I took my last final on, like, a Friday... I don't remember the exact day but within a week I was on a plane to Pittsburgh. I had a job. I went to a minority

recruiting job fair. Companies were beginning to think... they had to colorize their staffs. So, there was this bank in Pittsburgh. Now, I'd never been to Pittsburgh. I had no relatives in Pittsburgh. I didn't care... I took the job in Pittsburgh. It was with this little bank. They were starting a training program. They were all screwed up and I was... we were all pretty immature. The bank was immature. They didn't know what they were doing. But I stayed there for a couple of years. I had a lot of fun. I liked Pittsburgh, but, I finally decided it was time to go when I realized what they wanted me to do. They wanted me to run a branch in a housing project. The job was to sit in the branch all day approving welfare checks... it was pretty clear they were trying to get somebody to do that. You sit up there, and approve welfare checks and food stamps. I didn't want to do that... I left and got a job with a manufacturing company, which was a real eye-opener because they worked. Whew! We were working. We worked hard. We worked long hours and not just sitting around. So, I took that and did that for a couple, three years, almost four maybe and this opportunity became open in Algeria. I said "hey, I always wanted to travel" and they dangled this little carrot that, because we were illegals... we weren't supposed to be working in Algeria. You had to leave when your visa expired, every three months, and come back and get another one. You had to get them in a major European capitol where they had an embassy or consulate or something. And so, you got three paid days off plus airfare and three days in a hotel. You'd get what they called a visa break every three months. And so, if you could sandwich it with the weekend, you'd get five days. It was only a two-hour flight to Paris. Or maybe four, but it wasn't long. And... well, there were no direct flights to London, unfortunately. They dangled that in front of me and I said well... and it was supposed to be an eighteen-month assignment. I said "hey, I could do that standing on my head". I don't care how... how bad could it be?... the only thing I regret about that decision to work in Algeria is

that I did not learn... take the opportunity to learn French when I had the opportunity. I have to say though that by the seventeenth month I was ready...so I came back after eighteen months, got a job in New York, got married, moved to Brooklyn where we met a couple who lived in Montclair. They invited us out to Montclair. We looked around... we bought this place and stayed there for about five years.

I got another job. I thought I saw the handwriting on the wall. Well, I had a couple of jobs by then where I could see the handwriting on the wall. They moved the job to Connecticut and they said "if you want to stay you'll probably have to take this job in Connecticut". And I said, "okay, let's do that". We moved to Connecticut and stayed there for a few years. I thought I saw the handwriting on the wall again [laughs]. I got a job back in New York. I didn't see the handwriting there and wound-up in Pennsylvania. Stayed there for a little while, got totally sick of it; got a job back in Jersey. Here we are. Bought this house and here we are. So, that's kind an encapsulated... my entire work career... from [chuckles] 1970 about to 2000... thirty years. That's thirty years. Thirty years of my life just like that. It was pretty boring. I've had [chuckles] fourteen different positions. Woooo, that's a lot in thirty years. That's a job every two years. That's what I used to say. Ah, yeah. That's what I used to say, every two years. But see, I worked for... a long stretch in there I worked for the same company. I've only worked for six companies in thirty years. That's not so many when you think about it. I mean, you know, you were supposed to kind of move around at the manufacturing company. That was one of the things you join a big company for; you can move around. There were jobs that I tried desperately to get that I couldn't get. I tried for a job in San Francisco... a job in London. I would have loved those... I would have absolutely loved those. I mean, I only took the job in Algeria because I thought I could get to go to Europe. I tried to get a job in Europe.

Working in Pennsylvania for this woman was more difficult than anything I had ever done before. That's when I got my ulcer... because I'm not used to having people lie... everything was about her and making her look good and she didn't really care whether the project went or not... she showed no sympathy to anyone... we were sending these young kids to company towns where we wanted to consolidate businesses, put them up in fairly expensive hotels while they're training to take these people's jobs... and then when the training was over, she took the transition team all out to dinner... like a fifty-dollar-a-head dinner for these people who were going to lose their jobs... I mean, she had a job to do but she tended to antagonize everybody... it had to be her way... no input from anybody else... she was going to do this... this was the schedule. She hated me. She used to trash me to people... I finally left. But I already had my reputation so it didn't really matter. I managed to get another job working for another guy. That was impossible. I got an ulcer. I never had an ulcer before or since.

In another situation, they were installing a new general accounting system and it wasn't working. It was a terrible system. It was badly installed. They tried to do it on the cheap. They had one guy who didn't really know what he was doing. It was all crap and we didn't have any help... we had a couple of other guys. We had one guy who was a decent manager. I liked him. And we had this other guy, who really [pause] thought he was an accountant but he really wasn't. So when one of the guys left, I basically had to carry the stuff and I was new. So, I was like dying and plus half my staff was... I had two trainees and two fulltime people. Well the two trainees... rotate every six months. We spent most of our time training, so I was dying... things just weren't going well... we had this disaster, at the end of the year... we couldn't get the numbers... corporate wanted the numbers, but the guys upstairs had to see them first so they could massage them and we couldn't get the final... and you didn't want them to... if they came

back changed it was too late and then you could get fired for not having the numbers... things were tight... oh, it was awful. It was awful. I was working... I think I did at least one all-nighter... my first all-nighter other than college. I just put my head down on my desk and fell asleep for like fifteen minutes, woke up, do it again. So, after it was over, they had the post mortem. And somehow this whole thing got to be my fault. I couldn't understand it. I said, "What do you mean". Well, this whole thing... this entire disaster... my boss, was doing my performance review and he said "well basically..." in so many words... so, I said, "you mean this entire fiasco that we had is the fault of one level nine supervisor?" because I wasn't a manager then. So, he kind of scoffed and he said... he changed... he couldn't say "yes, that's right" so he started talking about something else and he said something about, "well, I expect my supervisors"... I didn't like that at all... "to know how to do the job of everyone who works under them". I said, "...really? So that means then, as you work your way up the levels, you can do the job of everybody below you?" And he said, "Well, yeah." So, I said, "So, the CEO can do every job in this three hundred thousand employee company?" and he realized... and then, I started yelling and screaming. I threatened to throw him out the window. I said, "if you say one more word to me I'll throw you out the...window". The guy who worked for me, said that he had hung around because he heard me in there and he thought that I was going to do something, so he hung around so I wouldn't do anything. That was another low point, but I didn't get an ulcer. And so anyway... so, after that I was pissed and I thought I should resign. For some reason I didn't and um [long pause] to make a long story short, about a year after that I got promoted and the manager I liked said, "basically, you know what you're doing and you're the one... basically, you're the one". So that was cool. But, then, after that, they moved all that work to another city and, I wasn't supposed to go. And this guy I had worked with on the phone, I had never met, but

I knew, he had one of these distinctive voices I'll never forget him. When I got to the new place, he made it his business to come over to me. He said, "oh, you're Bernard... I told the people here that if they wanted me for this work, they'd better get Bernard up here". And I felt like, really good, to know that I had a reputation for not being a dunderhead. I mean, I felt really good because I worked hard for that. That was the high point.

Analysis of Bernard's Story

- It seems to me that Bernard's worldview was greatly influenced by the values and integrity exhibited by his father. The influence of Bernard's father was brought to bear not through his son's emulation of his values nor by his son's aspiring to model his worldview. Bernard seems to have been influenced by his father in his rejection and repudiation of most of what his father embraced. By his own admission, Bernard didn't understand what his father was all about until he was an adult, by which time he had spent a great portion of his own life carrying objects, representative of his father and situations to which Bernard associated him, that motivated him to strive to be the opposite of what his father had been. I believe that intellectually, Bernard admired his father in spite of or, perhaps due to his "country" ways, while his emotional response to his father's actions was rage. To my mind, it seems clear that in Bernard's perception, his father had rejected him in favor of those others that he had chosen to serve; a situation that Bernard found to be intolerable. As a result of this contrarian posture in the formation of his worldview, Bernard seems to have missed out on the opportunity of acquiring some of the wisdom that his father might have been able to contribute. Instead, Bernard, was left to develop a worldview that seems that fosters the idea that he may not know where he was headed when he left home, but he certainly wasn't going to remain in

Washington, DC. Or, in like manner, he didn't know what he wanted to do, but he certainly wasn't going to be a doctor, lawyer, or teacher. It seems to me that instead of developing a set of values on which to base his life, Bernard spent much of his life trying to prove to himself and others that he wasn't one of the "knuckleheads" to his own detriment as attested to by his difficult career path.

- Bernard's mother not only took care of him, but she seems to have been the one member of his family whom he truly admired and respected. That is not to say that he accepted her as a role model or anything of the sort. As far as I could tell, she was his mother, in his perception, with all the rights and obligations associated with that role, which included caring for him as one of her children; nothing more, nothing less. I believe that his telling of the "stash" of money that his mother had acquired was a "tip-of-the-hat" in acknowledgement that his mother might have been cleverer than he had thought her to be.
- It seems to me that Bernard carries an object of his younger brother as someone with whom he could compare himself throughout his life. I think that Bernard perceived himself as the one who would always come out ahead in these comparisons. I also believe that as their lives progressed, Bernard began to experience his brother as somewhat of an enigma in that despite his perception of his being ahead of his brother, especially when considering their career choices, I believe that as time passed, Bernard's perception of the situation became less stridently in favor of his ascendancy over his brother.
- As Bernard reported, in reference to his family, "... it was my brother and me and my mother and my father that was it." But that was not "it". Bernard had sisters. How many?

He doesn't say. What he does say is that, in contrast to his parents, his sisters were "demonstrative".

A few additional observations follow:

- I got the impression that his success in his career was extremely important to Bernard, so much so that he seems to have spent an inordinate amount of his time in search of someone to impress with how good he was in his job, to almost no avail. And as for comparing himself to his brother and his boyhood friends, perhaps in hope of affirming the correctness of his career choices, it seems to me to be analogous to the story of the tortoise and the hare with Bernard in the role of the hare, in that the careers of the people with whom he compares his own, seem to have been successful despite being tedious, in Bernard's perception.
- I believe that Bernard's perception, in his early childhood, of the desolation of his family so traumatized him that he was unable to develop the insight to experience his father, mother, and brother, in any other but tragic terms. I believe that this circumstance almost forced him to forego any support that they may have been able to offer him. In his perception, he had been rejected and abandoned by his father and there was no one left to turn to.

Bernard is person who perceives himself to be of much higher intelligence than average. And, due in part to this perception, he has developed a worldview exclusive of the insights that he might have gained from his immediate family and close friends. He is a person who has developed into the proverbial lone wolf without having any insight concerning this circumstance. As a consequence of this situation, Bernard is a person who finds himself somewhat confused by

his feelings of uncertainty about whether or not he has been successful in life. He is a person who has seemingly given little thought to the development of goals or standards with which to measure his own success and when he compares his career outcome with those of the external benchmarks he has set for himself – the career outcomes of his brother and others – he’s a person who comes out wanting.

Carl’s Story

[Shakes his head and makes sounds as though he were a bear shaking himself awake, laughs] I think confusion is a good place to start. I’m not sure if this is the right term, but I think apathy yeah, apathy might touch on confusion; the absence of passion for anything. Well, not anything, because, you know, children are passions, but I haven’t felt that passion for awhile... I just feel kind of apathetic about stuff.

I’m still trying to build bridges with my children after divorcing their mother. You can throw a little bit of 9/11 in there, but not too much, I mean, that’s just another one. And I guess that being hit at one time with downsizing at the company and divorce and just things in general. Now, I don’t know if all of that basically affected, I’m sure it has affected me, but I don’t know to what extent it contributed to this confusion slash apathy. I guess it’s just the aging process, I mean, I’ve done so much in my life that, now, not doing has to have an impact. I guess I just feel tired. I don’t know if that’s another slash to add to confusion and apathy. Upon reflection it seems to be more, let’s say, it seems to be a feeling of resignation, a feeling of being resigned and disappointed. I mean, at fifty-five I thought maybe I’d be in a different place. I mean, I would have these continued passions, I’d probably accumulate more money, or that I’d have businesses, stuff like that. When you grow up people tell you, “Oh, you can be the president of

the United States” and somewhere along in the process you realize that that’s not going to happen. So, I feel a sense of confusion slash apathy. It’s basically a feeling of not being clear on what I should be doing. It’s... “should be doing”, that’s interesting ... it’s also, lacking purpose it’s floating it’s the apathy basically that’s it, you know, that’s it.

I don’t have a lot of faith in the future right now. I mean, that’s kind of sad but true. I would like to see myself, although I can’t... I can see... I can paint a picture, but I can’t put myself in it I’d like to see myself in more loving, supportive, challenging, relationships with my family and maybe with some friends. I would like to see myself spending more time doing something productive. I would like to see myself making a more... more of a financial contribution here. I would like to see myself doing some of the kinds of work that I would find fulfilling. I mean, these are basic kinds of things. I’d like to see myself spending time out in the summer place even during the off-season. I’d like to see myself writing and reading more. I’d like to see myself maybe exercising, continuing to loose the weight, but, doing some exercising... being outdoors more. I would like to see... I mean, obviously when I said family I’m talking about all the girls, grandchildren and all that... that’s important. And I’d like to... to be able to talk, the way we are talking right now, with my wife.

I think we grow up with what the agenda should be what the plan should be, you know, and you’re always... and it’s an illusive kind of thing... should be... what the resume should be, or what the next goal should be. You hit one point and then there’s another one and you hit that one, there’s another one and so it’s like... there is an expression, and I can’t remember it all but – life is what happens when you’re too busy planning – it’s something like that, I think. You get the idea. Basically I think that captures it.

My grandfather on my mother's side had six daughters. I was the first grandchild. Until I was around three-years-old, we lived near him, in the South Bronx, and at times, I lived with him. He was the superintendent of a building and I used to get up with him at some ungodly hour in the morning and we would have coffee. [Pause] I was young... I may have been three or four... I was young but we were just really that close. He was the first relative that I can recall who died when I was... I can't even remember but maybe I was like, maybe, ten, I'm not sure... maybe younger and he was in his sixties [pause] I seem to recall that he had a room... his own bedroom and I seem to recall that after... I don't remember the funeral or anything like that, I just remember him dying... I remember [pause] the need to – it was kind of scary down in the basement apartment I think – but I remember sleeping in his bed, to be close to him, for days after he had passed so... I mean, he treated me like I was a prince, you know [chuckles].

I grew up in the South Bronx until I was about seven or eight and then we moved up to the 'country' which was a notorious housing project in the northeast Bronx. So, during my early life and then when I grow up a little bit it happened that my maternal grandfather was my favorite relative. My grandfather, early on, was somebody who I was really close to and I guess I was affected most by him in my early life because, again, being the first grandson and him having six daughters. I used to basically go around with him. He was the superintendent of a building and I used to get up with him at some ungodly hour in the morning and we would have coffee. I was young... I may have been three or four... I was young but we were just really that close. He was the first relative that I can recall who died when I was... I can't even remember but maybe I was like, maybe, ten, I'm not sure... maybe younger and he was in his sixties.

My paternal grandmother was special. I mean, she was your prototypical grandmother but unfortunately she smoked and probably died earlier from smoking. She had this big, long face,

these big cheekbones, this maternal, perpetual smile on and she was just a very loving person who opened her home, her heart, herself not only to her grandchildren, her children, but people in the neighborhood. She raised two brothers, I think twins, who didn't have a place to go. I mean, she was just warm and loving and even though they were only able to go from a tenement to a housing project... no matter how little they had, they always... the door was always open when somebody needed.

My father wasn't the oldest, but he was kind of like the enforcer in his family. He was the tough guy. He was the guy that everybody went to for protection or whatever. If anybody bothered any of his siblings, or whatever, he was the guy that took care of everything. There's a whole field of psychology, I understand, about figuring out one's personal characteristics and personality types based on your placement in... the sibling thing... you know, so I would think that, him not being the first had a lot to do with it.

I was called Little Carl, because instead of saying junior they'd say Little Carl and it became a joke when I became a lot taller... my father was only five-nine and here I was playing football... until he died and even now, occasionally somebody would say Little Carl to me it's funny. My father died when he was forty-three... about forty-three, I guess, in the seventies.

My mother is the oldest in her family; she's dying of cancer at seventy-three. I'm the oldest of my mother's children. I had to be the one. I was the first one to college, the first one out of graduate school that kind of thing I don't know to what extent I've ever had to make clear decisions that said, 'What do you want? What are you good at? What do you like? What do you really want to do?' I've never felt that... I always felt kind of the pressure to do. There was never anything specific because that's one of the problems. When you're the first you don't have

a lot of role models, so, you don't get advice or pressures or whatever on specific plans. It's more of a general expectation pressure than specific plans. My mother tells me that I should have been a doctor.

I'm basically pretty close to my two brothers... close chronologically and I have a sister who's probably in her forties. My youngest brother is fifty-two and the middle one is somewhere in between and I'm fifty-five. We had a very close knit extended family, except that when my grandparents started dying things just fell apart at least for us, I mean the younger generation cousins and so forth and maybe my sister... they seem to have more of a bond than the older cousins who gravitated to each other around my grandparents.

We used to do things like hangout in the South Bronx but not hangout like kids hangout today. My uncles used to meet in parks in the days when there were nice parks like Tremont Park and all these little parks in the Bronx and used to play pick-up games of baseball for a case of beer and a couple of bucks or whatever, and we kids would all be there, and there would be a lot of us. I had one uncle, I remember, who used to drive a laundry truck for a Chinese laundry company for many years. He used to just pile a bunch of us kids into his truck and take us up to Croton on the Hudson or Van Cortland park. There was always some family oriented thing going on. Every Sunday there used to be meals. I mean, they weren't fancy by today's standards, but they were basic chicken, roast chicken type thing. That was a lot of fun.

I kind of liked school and, I liked the social life, you know, in school. I mean around my block and in school. I just liked people liking me. I was involved in a lot of activities that I had fun at both in school and outside of school. In school I always got along with my teachers and the kids in the class. I participated in sports. In high school, I was president of the student body. I

was in band, orchestra, and I ran track. I wrote for the school newspaper; a sports column and I got to write a column because I was student-body president. I guess, I basically did what I wanted. I mean, I liked writing... journalism was cool. I enjoyed foreign languages. I did well but, I think I could've done a lot better academically; I had a full high school life. I got elected president of a fifty-five-hundred-member student body. My recollection is that I don't know what I was doing in the school, I mean other than classes and all of these activities and so forth but there were kids there with plans. I remember a couple in particular including 'The Man' in the school. He was the master politician and so forth. He had, by plan, presumably, run for lower-level offices from grade representative to a vice-president of the student organization and he was primed to run for president. I had run for nothing. I don't know how or why but people thought that I should run for president. I had no experience at all. I had never done anything like that before. At the insistence of the student government faculty advisor I ran, but it wasn't planned. I beat this guy. Looking back now, I didn't realize it then, but you basically had mainly black guys running against white guys. I mean, the school was mainly white and I don't know if they thought we would lose or what, but, I won. I look back and think that was a pretty good deal. I mean it was a nice experience. Basically, it's kind of been like that, for the most part, with a lot of other issues as well. The lack of planning or proactive decision making has basically become worse... a bigger problem... a bigger issue.

I went to college right after graduating from high school, but I had no plan for what I wanted to do. I just had these expectations... other people's... the family's expectations. There was no formal plan. When I got to college, I studied pharmacology because I had been working, since I was about eight-years-old, making deliveries for a pharmacy. Even in high school I worked there making deliveries and helping in the store. I did it for a long time. When it was

time to go on to college, my working at the pharmacy kind of addressed and alleviated another one of the pressures I was talking about; the pressure to be a professional; it had the veneer of being a profession. The choice of pharmacology relieved an unstated pressure from the family. I mean, you can call it what you want. I don't say it in a negative way. You might want to call it direction, but that's a little too specific. I would say, it was an answer, even though it wasn't a specific plan or direction. It just seemed to be a path that solved an expectation or addressed an expectation, and so I did that.

I was working my way through college when I got married, and my first daughter was born. I mean, I don't even know how law school went, because, I had a kid and I worked in a mall at night. But I did okay at grad school, which I thought was a big deal, to pass and get out of there, and go to work. I don't know how I did it. I worked all through grad school. I feel tired just thinking about it. I graduated from law school and again, not planning... not knowing. I mean, I didn't know, really, coming from where I came, what the stock market was about, never mind, Wall Street law firms. So, again, following the crowd, I applied to what was then a Wall Street firm, but it was on Park Avenue, and did okay there. Then I went down to Wall Street and it was another culture shock. There was a big difference between firms. The first one was a big in-trust, primarily Jewish firm that... they were nice people... they were somewhat patronizing, but well intentioned. The other firm was basically kind of Irish Catholic, then was taken over by Jewish guys, but the first firm was through and through Jewish. You could hear guys arguing Talmudic law at lunchtime. I went to the Wall Street firm and did okay there and then decided that I wanted to do something that combined the science with the law, so I went to a pharmaceutical company. I guess the move was kind of a reaction to... this Wall Street stuff was, like, wow, new, and overwhelming and I wanted to go do something that might be more

manageable... more comfortable... not comfortable, I mean, none of the stuff was comfortable, but something I could do with more confidence.

A headhunter contacted me about a position doing medical type stuff, regulatory, FDA stuff. I went to another pharmaceutical company in Jersey and it was awful. It was more money and I could see why. It was a terrible commute. I did that for a couple of years and then the headhunter called again with a regulatory position at the healthcare group of a big pharmaceutical company and that was great. I had a boss who had a bad reputation but he liked smart people. He liked people who could write. I did some of my best work up there and I thought that I would be there forever.

In those days, the work mainly involved the regulatory things that I did... some of the things that I thought no one else or very few people could do. I came up with advertising claims in a competitive market... I mean, this might sound a little esoteric but, this is the kind of thing that turned me on. I was confident that my efforts would give management the opportunity to say that they weren't going to get stopped by the government, on the basic labeling of a product, in the middle of their advertising campaign. That was my forte, to be able to work with the scientists to understand and design studies and then translate the results into marketing claims.

I look back and I try to analyze my twenty years with the company and what it meant to have been an executive there. I like to look at both sides of the coin and on one side you can say that I was 'high up' there, but on the other side of the coin, what does that mean, 'high up', when you can lose your job, basically just like that, after a takeover. What does 'high up' mean if you can be used, as I was, to defend the company against some 'black issues' that they had. You're the token. Is that really being 'high up'? It wasn't just that kind of tokenism when I was there,

but, when they had a boycott, they basically put me kind of quote, in charge... out front then. I did a good job establishing a lot of contacts in the community etc. and doing a lot of things that benefited the company.

It seemed like maybe at that point, the world started falling apart for me in that after almost twenty years, the company is taken over and I'm out. I mean, that was stressful. At the end it was just bad and then divorce, the kids... I mean, it's just really a black period. I should say black-hole in that I don't know if I've ever come out of it. No, I know I haven't really. And I think what happens is that with the aging process and reflection I think there's a confluence of factors that got together and snowballed into a black-hole... I'm still in it. It's where I am.

Analysis of Carl's Story

- Carl reports that he had grown up under the strong influence of his maternal grandfather. It seems to me that Carl has idealized his grandfather, in his recollection, as someone who treated him as though he was a "prince". Carl stated that he was very close to his grandfather and that when he was about ten-years-old, his grandfather died. Carl's remembrance of his sleeping in his grandfather's bed, for days after his funeral, to my mind, is not only an indication of the depth of mourning, his grandfather's death, Carl had experienced, but perhaps also an indication of the depth of abandonment that he might have felt as well. I believe that Carl's experience of the relationship with his grandfather may have established in him the beginning of a worldview inclusive of his own specialness and importance; a circumstance that he strove to affirm throughout his life with, what he seems to have perceived to be, a modicum of success.

- In describing his paternal grandmother, Carl presents an idealized portrait of a “special”, warm, loving, generous, benevolent figure who had the emotional capacity to not only be available to her own extended family, but to neighbors as well, even to the point of taking two boys into her home to raise as her own. It is conceivable to me, that Carl perceived himself as having benefited from his grandmother’s love and attention in proportion to his ‘princely’ status in the family. To my mind this means that through the lens of his specialness, Carl may have perceived the love and attention bestowed upon him by his grandmother as being more expansive than it was. So, possibly, as a result of his worldview, Carl’s perception of his grandmother’s premature death due to her “tragic flaw” of smoking may have seemed an abandonment that could have been prevented, which, perhaps made the whole matter feel worse to him than if she had died of natural causes. This significance of this point of view is that perhaps, in Carl’s perception, his grandmother chose to abandon him.
- Carl’s story includes tales of the family outings, in the “nice” Bronx parks that no longer exist, where his uncles would challenge all comers to pick-up baseball games for “a case of beer and a few bucks” and where, presumably, he and his cousins would take part in the event by cheering on their family members. Couple this image with the description of the extended family gathered for Sunday meals that were not fancy but, as Carl recollects, lots of fun, and one can perceive the situation as being a ‘paradise’, so to speak, to a youngster. As Carl stated, “We had a very close knit family, except that when my grandparents started dying things just fell apart...” and thus paradise was lost. Although paradise may have been lost, it is not hard to imagine the internalized objects generated

by Carl's perception of the world he had known; objects representing his grandparents, his uncles and cousins, and the family gatherings; paradise indeed.

Juxtapose the richness of the recollections of the prominent people and events of his youth to the dearth of descriptive information that Carl presents pertaining to his parents, his siblings, his ex-wife, his current wife, and his children.

- Carl stated that his father was considered the “enforcer” in his family, although he wasn't the oldest, and then proceeded to compare himself to his father in terms of physical stature in recollecting that he was called Little Carl, until his father died at the age of forty-three, even though he was taller than his father who was “only five-nine”. The identification that Carl seems to have with his father is one that implies that he, Carl, should be the “enforcer” in his family especially because he is the oldest of his siblings and bigger than his father was when he took on the role.
- When talking about his mother, Carl reports that she was the oldest of her siblings, and then speaks about her dying of cancer at the age of seventy-three. Carl then compares himself to his mother from the perspective of his being the oldest of his siblings just as she was the oldest of hers. The next thing that Carl speaks about is the precedent setting family events that accompanied his being the first born sibling: first to attend college and first to attend graduate school. Through this identification with his mother, of being the first born, Carl gave me the impression that he was expected to forgo his own wishes and dreams in order to fulfill the wishes and dreams of his family – read mother. Being first not only meant that he had no role models, but also that he wasn't allowed to develop plans for his own future but instead had to succumb to “pressures” to follow the

unspecified expectations of his family. As Carl reports, “My mother tells me that I should have been a doctor.”

- In both impressions, of father and mother, Carl makes death an issue, perhaps due to his state of depression, in that, in his perception, they each, in turn, saddled him with expectations and “pressures”, then abandoned him, leaving him to fulfill those expectations, without their support or encouragement or the ability to renegotiate those expectations with them.
- When Carl stated that he was pretty close to his brothers, my first impression was that he was referring to being emotionally close to them until he made it clear that he meant chronologically. He noted that he was fifty-five, his youngest brother was fifty-two and that his other brother was “somewhere in between”. Carl also stated that he has a sister who was then, “probably in her forties”.
- Carl makes reference to his first wife and the first of his five daughters in stating that he got married and had his first daughter when he was still an undergrad. He implied that his recollections of how he did in college were overshadowed by his being a husband and father. He also stated that one of his current goals was to “build bridges with my children after divorcing their mother” and that he would like to see himself in positive relationships with family including “...the girls, grandchildren and all that...” Although his words and tone seemed genuine to me, Carl left me with the impression that he was disinterested in achieving his stated goals. This may have been due to the level of depression he was suffering.

- Carl’s only reference to his current family was in the form of one of several laments offered when he remarked that he would like to: “...be able to talk, the way we are talking right now, with my wife.”
- After several years of moving from one law firm to another, Carl had landed a job, in a corporation, with a boss that had brought him closer to paradise, it seems to me, than he had ever imagined being – “I had a boss who had a bad reputation but he liked smart people. He liked people who could write. I did some of my best work up there and I thought that I would be there forever.” In his position as in-house counsel in a large corporation, Carl had found a paradise that he inhabited for twenty years before being “downsized” and ousted from it. I believe that Carl’s departure from the company, under the circumstances in which he did, represented for Carl a final fall from paradise in that this time the plunge from the heights of achievement and satisfaction ended in the “black-hole” of despair.

Carl is a person who had been striving for most of his life to reestablish himself as a “prince” in a world he viewed through the lens of the ‘paradise’ in which he was raised. He is a person who wasn’t able to achieve the status, to which he aspired, in his family life. After several failed attempts at reaching his goal in his work environment, Carl assumed a position within a corporation in which he had come as close as he could to regaining ‘paradise’ only to lose the position. As a result of his catastrophic loss, Carl finds himself suffering from depression and struggling in his attempts to redirect the tenor of his life.

David's Story

I think you try to do the job as best you can and I think it's very important you try to build something. I mean I think that once I got into a position of leadership in the college, I tried to do the best I could. I tried to... I did try to do more building after I got involved with JPL [Jet Propulsion Laboratory]. Getting involved with JPL was being in the right place at the right time and taking advantage of some opportunities. I mean, I've always wanted to work with JPL, and when I got the opportunity to work with them I really pushed it.

A friend of mine told me, "I'm going to do a grant". So, he calls me and a couple of other people together, he gets some ideas from us, talks with us, puts in a proposal, it doesn't get funded. Well, it turned out that [our project] was part of a proposal submitted by another college in the university and, needless to say, we didn't know that; the university has a tendency to do that. We were told by the chancellor that one proposal comes out of the university and my friend basically got it and rightly so. It was a minority grant, he was a minority chemist and all the other people who wanted to head it up were white. Come on, this was a minority thing, what the hell is this? He wrote a good grant and he actually included the people that he said he was going to include and let them know that they were going to be part of it.

So, it was the relationship with my friend that basically started to get me out of my college, which is very important, you know. Actually it started a little before that because I became, ah, let's see, chair of the faculty senate and as chair of the faculty senate of the college, I also went to the meetings of the university faculty senate. So that got me out of my college. And then, when I stopped being chair of faculty senate, I became a [representative to the faculty senate] from our college so that I started to meet people outside. I felt more comfortable being

outside of my college which is probably the best thing I did. One of the things that you have to do is to get beyond the confines of your job if you want to do some really good stuff; you have to see what's out there. That's one of my complaints about a lot of the faculty at my college; they never go outside of the college. They don't see what's happening in the rest of the university.

I don't think I've done research well, that's for sure, I really haven't had time to develop that, but I've done well otherwise. I've taught students, mentored students, brought students along, getting the next generation of scientists, as JPL says. I've done that to some degree. Certain types of administration I do well, although I don't like administration. I didn't like being chair of the department, but I did it. I did what I had to do. The JPL stuff I do is more fun. I'm not too good on some of the nitty-gritty details, but if you look at an overall plan – okay here is where we want to go – I think I have a good vision for what's really going to be good. I think I have good overall vision and I think I can set things up to make them work.

When I was the chair and faculty had to come up for promotion and re-appointment, I was very good at making sure that all the documentation was in order. I'm very good at mentoring faculty as well as students and I used to remind faculty of what they had to do to get a promotion or to get tenure or to get re-appointed. I look out after faculty and I've been very, very good about that. If a faculty member was coming up for promotion, I would make sure that at least there was something from within the last year or two even if I had to say, "I don't have an observation for you for the past two years, I'm going to observe you tonight" so I could take it to the committee. If the student comments were bad, it would be a different story about whether or not they were permissible. If everything is good, we can use it. The president hated me for that but he couldn't say anything because one, everything else was wrapped up tight, and two, I was bringing in JPL money and when you walk into the room with some money in your pocket, it

turns a lot of heads, you know, even the president's. I'm proud of what I brought to the department with the JPL money and the grants. I think I set up a very good department. As a matter of fact, one of the reasons why I remained chair two years beyond which I had originally planned, was to get the BS degree in computer science put in. And I think that I made some good moves in order to do that.

My colleague was at another college in the university and we collaborated on several grants. She was on my space science grant where I was PI [Principle Investigator] and when I was on her grant she was PI. She was not given tenure at her college. She was unanimous in her department, four to one vote, which is a very good vote, from the school of engineering, but when it went to the administration, she was voted down because she didn't have enough publications. She had publications, but not enough for her college. Here was a black woman, PhD in computer science and what really pissed me off is that I was at a meeting with the president in the chancellor's office for something else, and he started talking about the need to get black professors and I'm looking at this guy and saying to myself – you've got my colleague's thing sitting on your desk, what are you going to do about it? But then, I went to my president, who is black, and said, "Here is this black woman, she's got JPL money and we need a PhD in computer science in order to get our four year degree program." So he looked at it and he said, "hey, you're right, this is ridiculous". We brought her in, gave her tenure that fall and a promotion to associate professor and we got our BS degree program a year and a half later. I know this created some bad blood in the department cause she comes in and she gets... but I'm saying, "wait a second, she's coming in with a million dollar grant; I don't want to hear it". She came in with a million dollars because JPL moved the grant. It was an institutional grant, which could have stayed at her college; they moved it to my college when she came. We had this black woman PhD in computer science and

we had nobody with a PhD in computer science in our department. All of our faculty members were working on their dissertations. They were really instructors.

There's a committee, called the Personnel and Budget committee that hires and fires faculty. As the chair, you automatically chair that committee. It's a committee that's responsible for our own faculty within the department. Whatever judgment we make goes to the college-wide Personnel and Budget committee on which the chair of each department sits. Well, the departmental committee consists of the chair of the department along with four of the faculty and two students. When I left the chair, a colleague became chair. He was on the Personnel and Budget committee so his seat on the committee became vacant. Since I'm no longer chair, I'm not on the committee, so, I ran for his seat. I lost by two votes. I've earned a certain amount of loyalty among my associates, so that sort of surprised me. I mean, I voted for me, a white guy, who is my office mate, voted for me. The Asian guy, this physicist, he voted for me, which means I got one vote from the other six people who are all black. I know what that one black vote was. I know who voted for me; the youngest guy to come to the department. The computer person I brought in didn't vote for me and another computer person didn't vote for me. I think there was an object lesson sort of thing that actually backfired on them. The computer person I brought in got pissed off at me the week before because I said I wasn't going to support her for the P and B. The other computer person and I had this conflict over the amount of physics in the computer science program. I've always supported him as well as he has supported me. I don't think they expected the vote to go that way; that I would lose. The fact of the matter is that all these black people did not vote for me and I not only got them hired, I got them promoted or I got them tenure. I would have never done that. I would not have voted against somebody that I felt was supportive of me, you know, even as an object lesson. Maybe I should have done some

politicking beforehand that I didn't think was necessary. Obviously I was wrong. I'm debating whether or not I'll run again.

Some of the folks I helped with promotions and tenure realize the part I played, and others don't. And some do, but are looking at their own agenda. But you see, one should not be vindictive. With my JPL money, I gave everybody reassign time. As the chair, you get a certain amount of reassign time, but I got a lot of reassign time because of my JPL grant and I gave it out. Nobody in my department taught a full load. Twenty-one hours of teaching usually means three courses one semester or the next; nobody did that. Everybody got at least one course taken away. And those who were directly involved in my grant got more reassign time, so they taught one course or two courses. I could've said I'm going to give out reassign time to my friends, but I didn't want to do it. But now, as a civilian, with grant money, I'm going to give that money to those who are doing my JPL work. If you're working with me in my JPL project, I will give you release time. And, if you're not doing JPL work, like my buddy, whom I'm going to support because he's someone whose been in my corner, I'm going to be a little more political and I can do it now. Hey, my JPL grant is two hundred and seventy thousand dollars per year for three years. At my height, I had about three or four grants and I was pulling in, probably, about a half a million dollars a year. Now, I want to try to get into a position where I could get money for myself so that I can do my research. I'll be fifty-nine soon. I'm looking at teaching at least until I'm seventy. I don't want to teach where I have to do three courses one semester or the next. If I get myself a nice little JPL grant, fifty thousand dollars or a hundred thousand dollars a year, I won't have to teach more than two courses a semester, do some research, mentor some students, and cool out for the next ten years. That's the game plan. I figure I've got a good shot at doing that.

I think when I look at what shaped me, probably, in the long run, had to be my father. I think, the idea to become a... ever since I was a kid, I remember that I was going to go to City College and become a mechanical engineer. That was my goal; that was all of our goal. I didn't know what high school I was going to go to, all I knew is that I was going to go to City College and become a mechanical engineer. My father worked in an airplane factory during the war and he had all these books on airplanes. We threw the books out, but the thing is that we all had this science thing. As a matter of fact, when I finished my dissertation, I don't know if people dedicate dissertations, but I did. I dedicated it to my father, because, basically, I mean, he set the tone for us in many respects; take care of your mother and get your college education. Jerry became an electrical engineer, Nick eventually got a degree in physics or chemistry, and I, of course, went into physics and went on.

When my father died in fifty-eight [David was thirteen-years-old] boy, that was the toughest time because the church next door bought our building at the same time my father was suffering a very serious heart condition that he died of in the fall of that year and then a month later, we had to actually move out.

I knew we were poor, but I didn't know how poor we were. Certainly we had everything we really needed, I mean, Dad really helped... ah, provided for us pretty well. But when he died, we moved further uptown to this tenement that was just terrible. We lived there for a year until we moved into another house a few blocks away where my aunt had moved out. She moved over into Brooklyn and then we moved into that apartment. That was a real rough year because we were on welfare and we had never been on welfare. My brothers had to go out and work. My father's death affected Nick a great deal. He went from pretty much a B+, A- student down to like a C, D student. Nick had a nervous breakdown probably when he was nineteen. I don't

remember whether it was his sophomore year, or junior year in college. He did finish college though. I actually saw his degree. He actually did get his degree, so that was good, but he was never able to get a job.

My mother pushed us for education too, I mean, there was not one parent doing it, it was both parents doing it. One of the funny incidents I remember, I had just turned sixteen, I was really young. I came back home from college at Thanksgiving vacation and as I'm going out, my mother says, "I want you back here by...", I said, "mom, there are no hours at college" and I walked out real quick but, I came back about eleven... eleven-thirty. I didn't want to push it but I wanted her to know that I wasn't going to listen to hours. Once I got to college, I was effectively out of the house. Jerry stayed in the house for awhile. Nick always stayed there, but, after college, man, I was gone.

I didn't realize it, but Jerry actually helped support me when I was in college. I didn't have a lot of spending money, but the little that came through, apparently was from Jerry because mom really wasn't working. Maybe I suspected it, but I really didn't know or maybe I didn't really think about it, but it was really nice.

I think I was a pretty happy child except for being victimized by my older brothers until about the age of nine or so. They picked on me as a little brother. But I had my group of friends and my brother Jerry had his group of friends; there seemed to be two groups of kids. What I didn't realize is that the older group of kids, my brother and his friends, looked after our younger group, because we never got beat up. I mean, we never got picked on and it never occurred to me that as long as you had these older brothers there, you were kind of protected. I think I was pretty happy.

I think I've always been interested in science mainly because of my brothers. I mean, what they did, I did, you know. I guess I've always been kind of an independent kid. I never realized it till I looked back at my life. I was a little more independent than my brothers because I was able to slip through behind them as the youngest.

I always liked mathematics. I was always good in mathematics from as early as I could remember. And I guess I was affected by the space race and always liked science. I think there were a couple of things that were pivotal about me enjoying science. One was a 1951 article in Collier Magazine. I never read it. My brothers read it, but I looked at the pictures. I was six years old, and I remember those huge things sitting on the moon with these cylinders and spheres. And I think it was in fifth grade, it was just before Sputnik, there was this kid named Charlie. I went to, probably, the only integrated school in Manhattan at that time. It was actually used as a teaching school for Columbia Teacher's College, so, basically it was predominately white, with a few minority kids. So, basically I grow up in a kind of integrated atmosphere in a very good school at the time. But this kid, Charlie, stood in front of me on line and he said, "Certain people in the world understand the Einstein theory of relativity" and I remember thinking – I'd like to learn that!

I think a lot of my life is being in the right place at the right time. There're some people who say well, maybe you make your own luck, but I was in the SP class in junior high school. I've always been in the top two classes going all through elementary school. In SP you did three years in two. You effectively skip the eighth grade. We had a pretty good thing, but what happened was I didn't make it to Stuyvesant High school where my brothers went and I was devastated, I didn't pass. It was really a low point... man, I didn't get to Stuyvesant. Oh, man, I must have cried for a couple of days, at least. It turned out to be the best thing for me in the long

run because I went to another high school and got into a special program to get poor kids into college. We had double periods of English all the way through high school. We took a definite academic program. When most of the black and Hispanic kids were shuttled into general diplomas or commercial diplomas we were in academic diplomas. One of the things they wanted to do was to get kids to go out of town to college, so they had us apply to all these places.

Mathematics was my favorite subject. Always do mathematics. Actually physics was kind of like a... I never really thought about becoming a physicist. I liked chemistry a great deal and I did very well in it. Physics was sort of a challenge in the sense that when I took physics, I don't think anybody did well on the first exam and I knew my brothers had done well in physics and it just bothered me that I couldn't do well in physics. So, I knew that I really needed to study for the second exam. I was the only black kid in the class so I knew, but I think more so than that, my brothers had taken physics in college – I can't do physics; I've got to do physics. So, I studied. And I remember when the teacher handed back the papers, and I had over a ninety, he just looked at me. I felt really good, you know, I felt really good. I tried to follow my brothers. I could've taken AP Calculus but I didn't, I took Solid Geometry because my brothers did.

My average wasn't high enough to get into City College. I got accepted to two out of four out-of-town colleges and I was planning to go to one of them. It was all set up but the money wasn't right, even though it was cheap. The other school came through with a pretty nice package and I went there. If I had gone to Stuyvesant, I doubt very much that I would have gone to college out of town, because it just wasn't fashionable, but, in this program, the guidance counselor really worked with the students to apply to colleges out of town.

It was funny, I declared three different majors on my applications to three different colleges: mathematics, chemistry, and physics, because, frankly, I wasn't sure where I was going to go. I liked them all. And when I got into the college I attended, I had declared physics as my major so I was in the physics department, which turned out to be good because the physics department was much better than the math department.

Like other members of my generation, I did everything in order to avoid going to Vietnam. I graduated from college in sixty-five. I figure well, okay, man this is great, you know, I'm going to get out of school and I'm going to go to graduate school part-time. I'm going to get a job, make some money, you know, enjoy myself and then they had this big call-up in the summer of sixty-five. I decided that I had to go to graduate school full-time. I didn't have any money. I got accepted, but I didn't get any money to go to graduate school. So, I worked as a social worker and I went to school full-time. It was just killing me. And then when I had to get my draft status renewed; I got a 1-S [draft eligible]. I expected to get 2-S [student deferred]; I'm a student. So, I asked all my friends what their status was and all these white kids had 2-S. So, I called up my congressman's office, complained and about a day before Thanksgiving, I get a call from the office saying that my status was changed from 1-S to 2-S. That was very interesting that I'm the only black kid, I'm a physics major and they want to draft me. Man, you know, it tells you a little bit about racism.

I think getting a PhD is... I mean you've got to be bright, you've got to have knowledge, but you've also got to have perseverance. PhD is perseverance; you've got to stick with the stuff. Everybody puts something in front of you. You think you did something really great and it turns to crap. A good mentor is very important. A mentor is really key. I have a colleague who ended up having to chase his mentor and that's the worst thing. In fact, he ended up starting all over

again, but it happens. This guy, who was in physics, told me that it could seem like prejudice because I'd been in school for a long time. He said this when I was just about done. I never felt that my mentor was prejudiced towards me at all. I never got that feeling at all. Anyway I was struggling trying to get out, just tedious things, so I never thought about that as being prejudice. As a matter of fact, I felt one hundred percent sure that he wasn't. But what convinced me even more so was at the end, I went into the library archives and I looked at two dissertations that were done by his students and realized that mine was of the same quality as theirs, no better, no worse.

My first wife and I lived in my Greenwich Village apartment before we were married. Well let's see, we met probably when I was about twenty-two... twenty-three... something like that. We married when, I think I was twenty-five... twenty-six. Of course that didn't last. I mean we were too young. Actually, my relationship with her is still very, very good. We call each other around holidays. We were married, I think, in sixty-nine... in the fall of sixty-nine and eventually I filled for divorce just before I had my dissertation. I think it was about eighty-one... eighty-two. I recently went to visit her. We spent about four or five days together; it was fun. I enjoyed being with her, but I'm glad I'm not married to her. Actually, we were married for ten years. I mean, we went together for about two years, got married, we lived together in married life for about two, two and a half years, then we broke up and we weren't together again, but we never filed for divorce. There was just something there; we were just really crazy about each other. Now, we're very close in a different kind of way. I don't have that with my second wife at all. Maybe it's more on my part than on her part but there's a lot of bitterness between us.

It was during my second marriage that my son was born three months pre-mature. It was just one of those things. Actually, we knew why it happened and it might've been preventable.

My ex-wife... I can't remember my ex-wife's name... it's a Freudian thing, had a condition that causes... it was sort of similar to lupus and we never knew this until afterwards. They made some investigation as to why she would have... why this would have happened twice. She lost the first baby at six months. The baby died immediately, but the next time the baby was a little over two pounds and probably, if he were born now, he probably would have had a better shot. He looked about six months, but his lungs were too underdeveloped and put a strain on his heart and he eventually passed. That was hard. That was hard. But the Christmas that he was home, he was about four pounds then, I mean, that was just the greatest Christmas. It was really, probably the happiest Christmas I've ever had. Of course he died just about a month before father's day so that was the absolute worse time in my life.

It was my second marriage and it lasted for about, oh, a couple of years, then after the baby died it went to hell in a hand basket. We ended up buying a house out in Brooklyn. I didn't want to live in Brooklyn but I didn't mind buying a house because I thought... she was very reluctant, at least at that point, to have another child. My thing was, now that we know what the problem is, we know what we have to do, what to look at, let's try and have another child. When that failed it just went to hell in a hand basket really fast. I mean, I was happy living in the house but she was unhappy that I kept my apartment. No sense in giving up a village apartment. If everything had worked out with my wife, I probably would have sublet it.

Analysis of David's Story

- David implicates his father as being the guiding influence in his life – "... what shaped me, probably, in the long run, had to be my father. " This shaping seems to have occurred as David's father taught him, by example, to take care of the people he is responsible for

and by imploring David and his brothers to strive to become professionals. David seems to affirm the role that his father played in his life by responding with gratitude – “I don’t know if people dedicate dissertations, but I did. I dedicated it to my father...” I believe that, through the identification with his father, an ego ideal was formed within David that motivated him to support and care for others as he perceived to have been supported and cared for by his father. I also believe that as David put forth the effort in his attempts to fulfill his ego ideal, he expected to be held in the same high esteem, in which he held his father, in response to his efforts. David’s expectations were often left unmet.

- David stated that he was “...a little more independent than my brothers because I was able to slip through behind them as the youngest”. Although this statement might have been true earlier in his life, after the death of his father, when David was thirteen-years-old, and the psychological breakdown of his oldest brother Nick, in response to their father’s death, David seems to have homed in on his brother Jerry as a role model whom he had chosen to follow throughout his life. As reported by David, Jerry seems to have exemplified the ego ideal that David was striving to fulfill – “I didn’t realize it, but Jerry actually helped support me when I was in college. I didn’t have a lot of spending money, but the little that came through, apparently was from Jerry...”. I believe that what stemmed his identification with his brother was not only a reaffirmation of what he learned from his father but also the additional aspect that he must protect as well as support and care for those for whom he is responsible. – “... we never got picked on and it never occurred to me that as long as you had these older brothers there, you were kind of protected”.
- David was able to express some feelings of gratitude and respect for both his father and his brother in indirect ways. For example, his stating that his brother’s financial support

of him was “really nice” instead of, perhaps, attributing the quality of “being nice” to his brother. A departure from this reserved posture was in evidence as David described his feelings upon the premature birth of his son – “... probably the happiest Christmas I’ve ever had”. And the subsequent death of his son only a few months later –“... he died just about a month before father’s day so that was the absolute worse time in my life.” As illustrated by each of these quotes, David orients his limited emotional responses to his own viewpoint with not a single empathetic reference to his son. Instead, David seems to be mourning the loss of his son from the perspective of his having taken on the responsibility for bringing his son into the world, albeit with a substantial amount of difficulty, and before he could begin to fulfill his obligation to support, care for, and protect his son, his son died. This tragic situation left David with feelings of having failed to uphold his responsibility to his son, which I believe he was trying to express when he offered the previous quotes.

- David indicated that after the death of his son and his wife’s refusal to attempt to have another child, the marriage –“... went to hell in a hand basket” and divorce followed. The impression that I’m left with, arising from this situation, is that David’s orientation was not towards seeing the death of their son as an opportunity for him and his wife to become closer in their relationship. Instead, without the ability or inclination to empathize with his wife and what she might be feeling upon the death of their child, David seems to have responded from the perspective that his wife was being uncooperative in helping to conceive another child thereby allowing him another opportunity bring a child into the world and protect and care for that child in the way that his father protected and cared for him.

The themes outlined above were the ones that came through most clearly in David's narrative, but there were others:

- David reiterated in many ways the frustration that he experienced when his efforts in support of his colleagues at work, for instance, didn't result in the sort of recognition and gratitude that he felt his effort deserved. This pattern of relating his frustrations would sometimes become conflated with his anger concerning the futility of African-Americans attempting to achieve their goals in the face of racist opposition.
- David was married and divorced twice and it struck me as being an exceptional circumstance when he stated that he couldn't remember his first wife's name. When I examined his narrative in search of some indication of how David viewed women, I was also struck by the paucity of comment on the matter. The one impression that I got was that he didn't seem to hold his mother in the same high esteem in which he held his father. He seemed not to take her authority over him very seriously, as exemplified in the vignette in which he describes an encounter with his mother concerning a curfew – "... mom, there are no hours at college' and I walked out real quick but, I came back about eleven... eleven-thirty. I didn't want to push it but I wanted her to know that I wasn't going to listen to hours." I believe that David's hanging on to his Greenwich village apartment throughout the entire time of both his marriages may be indicative of his needing to let each of his wives know that she was not dictating the direction that his life would take, but that he was responsible for supporting them, caring for them, and protecting them and not for taking direction from them. I believe that David's posture, towards the women in his life, is the outcome of his identifying so closely with aspects of the attitudes of his father and brother (males) as opposed to any of the attitudes that may

have been contributed by his mother (female). As a result of his identification with his father, David's attitudes, concerning how support, care for, and protect are oriented heavily towards dealing with providing for people rather than empathizing with them.

- The dynamics of David's object relations may be summarized as his needing to relate to those he feels responsible for in such a way that he perceives himself as being supportive of, caring for, and protecting his charges. In order to complete the circle of such achievement, David must receive positive feedback, in the form of an attitude of appreciation, respect, and gratitude, from his charges.
- An example of how vulnerable David can be as he pursues the fulfillment of such an ego idea unfolds in the narrative segment in which he describes his son: he and his wife conceive after a prior failure; his son is born pre-maturely; David's perception would be that he was responsible for supporting, caring for, and protecting his son; his son lives a short while and then perishes; David's opportunity to experience the appreciation, respect, and gratitude that he felt for his father, is lost upon the death of his son and perhaps David perceives himself as being undeserving of such appreciation, respect, and gratitude due to his fail to support, care for, and protect.

David perceives himself to be a responsible person who is capable of supporting, caring for, and protecting those he deems to be in his charge. I believe that he has developed these self-perceptions, in part, as a consequence of an idealized view of the relationship that he had with his father before his father died when David was thirteen-years-old. In this view of his relationship with his father, David perceived himself as being supported, cared for and protected by him and subsequently developed a strong identification with him. The boundaries of his

responsibility, as perceived by David, include physical and material support, care, and protection, while excluding the same when the situation requires the ability to feel empathy for another. David expects his charges to afford him the level of respect, appreciation, and gratitude that he offered his father, in return for what he perceives himself as having done for them. As a consequence of this dynamic, David is vulnerable to feelings of unhappiness, anger, and frustration, when he doesn't receive the respect, appreciation and gratitude, from his charges, that he feels is his due for having upheld his responsibility to support, care for, and protect them. Another aspect of David's identity is that he sees himself as being no one's charge; he looks for no one to provide him the support, care, or protection that he feels responsible to provide his own charges. Consequently, he forecloses on the possibility that through such relationships could come the understanding of what else is required to reap the sort of admiration he seeks.

Edward's Story

I am on my eighth career as an administrator of a public access station where we operate three channels and I supervise several people. I spend a lot of time doing that, and, as with all of my occupations and jobs that I've had, I'm doing this one because I enjoy it. You know, financial compensation has always been secondary and it's beginning to show, I guess, at my age, but, I really have to like what I'm doing.

I have, as I've said, been married twice and been in any number of relationships and being alone and living alone right now, at this point in my life, is a little surprising. It's surprising and not surprising. I do write, and I know that writing is a very solitary kind of experience and occupation. As a child, I spent a lot of time alone. I was sick, a lot, with asthma, so, there was a lot of isolation, but as I got older, I became more and more of a people person. I

was, a great deal of the time, I think, in search of family, in search of relationships, to avoid what had happened in my life; absence of family. I just constantly felt this need to have people around me that I've tried to build community and family with. Having tried those, with somewhat limited success and a great deal of failure, I guess, most of the time, I really just need to take a step back from it and then find myself obviously being alone and saying, "Wait a minute, this is pretty good", okay. So, I enjoy being alone and it's some down time in order to reflect; a little bit more, as well as quality time for personal relationships I let myself enter into. It's a good time. It's a good time in my life.

I don't know how I arrived at this point in my life. It would be presumptuous of me to assume, I think, that I had any substantial part of that. I am not religious but I am spiritual. I certainly believe in God because God has asserted its presence in my life on countless occasions. There is no rhyme or reason why I should be here today given where I started out. I look at what happened to my brothers. I look at what happened to my family. I just can't tell you why my life turned out the way it did. It happened because of a number of fortuitous events. To the extent that I can get my small intelligence around it, the fact that I was stricken so severely with asthma that early. At the time, certainly, it might have been a curse, but I think, in the long run, it was a blessing. It didn't have me out running the streets when a lot of young people my age, were out in the streets getting involved in things they shouldn't have been getting involved in, or things that were not good for them. It may have kept me from doing some positive things, but certainly it kept me from doing some negative things, right? I also couldn't go out for the football team, which I would like to have done. There were a lot of sports that I may have wanted to play, but that solitude gave me a lot of time for introspection. I think it made me also somewhat shy and reserved, which was a way of teaching me to stay in the background, listen, and absorb. I think

that has also served me well in life, but in the end, it's the fact that I have found myself in situations with people who have come along and have said, "I think I'd like for you to do this for me; with me". I have just been very lucky. I have been very fortunate, in so many ways. People seeing or thinking they saw something in me and nurturing me and helping me to develop it, and that kind of thing. I think I listened to my aunt more than, maybe, my brothers did, about manners and being a gentleman and being courteous. And this whole thing with personal diplomacy in terms of how you deal with people in different situations. I know that I can be very impulsive sometimes and get very angry, very quickly, especially at insults and injustices that people use against each other. Stuff that people do to me, right; I don't have trouble with because I feel like I can survive it.

I worked with a lot of young people and young families, in my life, and they have come back, later, to tell me, to affirm, that my presence made some kind of mark in terms of decisions that had been made for their lives. And that's great, and so, ironically, I think the thing that I have not done well, at all, is this whole thing with my own family having been married twice and having two daughters. Having one daughter, to this day, who is not speaking to me. And it's not so much a question of whether or not I think she's justified. You always have to look back and see, well, what could I have done to turn that around? She's not speaking to me, it seems, because her mother and I got divorced, and she was put in a position where she felt she had to choose sides and she chose her mother's side, and that's fine in terms of her feeling she needed to do that. I hadn't done it well, and I don't beat myself up about it, because I didn't have very much of a model for that. If you don't come from a family where people model family behavior that's positive and productive, then, what is your model, okay? So, I was poorly trained for it, and it shows. And again, even with that, the commitment that I've made to my children was that,

I would be there and I think I fulfill that. I think the times, to the extent that I may not have been there or wasn't there, it was not my decision. Other people had control in not allowing me to be a part of their lives but, I think I've worked well with other families and other children.

I don't mean this to sound harsh, because I don't mean it harshly. When I was young and my feeling, in some sense, is harsh, what others say would hurt me. I got to the point in my life, I can't tell you when it was, I got to the point where it really just didn't matter. I tend to think that it was some time during my involvement in the Civil Rights movement. You'd find yourself in a situation where you're being spat on, rocks are being thrown at you, you're being called nigger, and you're being denigrated in so many ways. You're looking at all this anger in all these people's faces and finding yourself in a situation where you're walking down a road just wondering whether you're going to get run over or shot or something. I think that did wonders for me, in terms of my own psyche about these are people who don't know me who are making decisions about me. People who don't like you making decisions about you, are making them because they don't have your best interests at heart. And the people who do know you and do profess to love you and care about you are making decisions about you and even if they are partial to you, they're wrong. They're doing it well intentioned. They are doing it with your best interests at heart, but the fact of the matter is, they're both wrong. And maybe I was able to rationalize it so that it just got to the point, early in my life where it just didn't matter to me at all that much.

When I'm sitting at a word processor these days or when it used to be a typewriter or pen and paper before that, when I'm writing, I like that person, and I can hold that person accountable, okay? With some pain, but no harm, I can just look at that person and say, "Hey, you know, you're okay", and "We'll be okay", or "You know, you need to get out there and do

this now.” I can be most honest with myself. I can also feel that way when I’m with my children or with my granddaughter. I’ve spent most of my life without a familial connection to the world like I’ve said. I’m sure I have cousins and distant cousins somewhere in this country; no one, certainly, that I know or could locate. Right now, it’s just me and my two daughters and my granddaughter in terms of my family, so, when I’m with them, I have these ancestral ties that just seem to connect me back to the world.

Certainly I’m a child of the sixties. The Civil Rights movement was a time when I probably never felt more like an American than I did when I was on the line fighting for America to be what America should be. I was reading Langston Hughes’ line “America never was America to me” and trying to change that; trying to say well this is my America too. I remember watching John Kennedy’s inaugural speech. I had just moved to Queens and I was what, fifteen years old watching his inaugural speech. The line that resonated was when he said, “The torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans born in this century...”, and it had never occurred to me that every president up to that point had been born not in this century but, in the nineteenth century. That line just resonated with me and it was a call to the young people of this country saying this is your country. To be on the front line at such an early age and saying “Okay, I’m willing, ready, and able to risk it all...” Being young you probably thought you were invincible anyway. It really didn’t have the same significance to someone who was older. Just being there taking a stand, knowing that you would spend the rest of your life taking a stand, that’s what I think of when I think about the Civil Rights movement. I think it shaped who I am.

Even in my quietest moments, something will happen or something will be said that just goes to the quick and goes to everything that has been a part of me; injustice. Not the capital “I” and not the capital “J”. It’s what Jules Fieffer referred to as little murders, it’s the little things.

It's a death by a thousand cuts, that kind of stuff. People taking advantage of people because they think there is some advantage there and there never is to me. I just don't get it. Maybe it's part of my naiveté, but to step on someone, or to put somebody down, whether it's verbally, emotionally, or physically, to use your strength against someone because you think you're gaining something, whether it's monetary or ego, just throws me. You would think that someone who is my age, and maybe has seen a lot and has been through a lot, would have a more level understanding of that kind of thing, and I just don't. Every injustice is like the first time for me. The cut is just as deep, the sting is just as keen, and I don't know where that comes from. Immediately, I will respond to it and not always in a most appropriate way. And I will do it whether it's a friend or a relative. I will do it whether it's a co-worker. I have done it to bosses. I will not be a party to that. I will not tolerate that. I've had people come to my house and make [ethnic] jokes and I have said "You have to leave my house, you cannot be here" and they thought I was kidding until I've said "Get out, you cannot do that in my house". I just can't tolerate that. So, maybe that's the one thing that when you put it all together if one item motivates me that may be it.

I love the phrase – it's not where you start, it's where you finish – given where I started, given where I likely could've wound up, except for some interesting things that happened that kind of kept me away from the negative things going on, I think, not to see my life as successful, is to be ungrateful. It would show a lot of ingratitude towards God. It would show ingratitude towards a lot of people who sacrificed, maybe not willingly and maybe not knowingly, okay? People who sacrificed, at a time in their lives, whether it was my brother or my aunt or her daughters or whoever, to do something for me or to make sure that I had clothing or food. I don't

say successful because of any great discipline or achievement on my part, but simply because I have redeemed those sacrifices, I believe. I believe that they would be proud of me.

I had two brothers. They're both dead now. I was the youngest of the three of us. We were born in Brooklyn, and when I was about four, we were taken from my mother and father who were having their own problems. My father had a history of mental illness and my mother seemed to like the party life a lot and was out of the house most of the time. My brother stopped going to school and so, a social worker came and took us away. We were sent to live with our aunt in Manhattan, in New York City, and that changed everything, I think, in terms of what our lives would have been. My aunt had two daughters and her husband had been killed in World War II. We grew up there and it was from my aunt that we got a lot of stability in our lives. I was four, and my brothers were five and six-years-old.

I remember living with my parents in a situation where sometimes the place was cold, sometimes there wasn't food, sometimes we didn't have adequate clothing, but I remember my brother, who was six-years-old, knowing how to read, for some reason. I don't know how he learned to read. My father never finished high school; neither did my mother. My father was probably illiterate. He died when I was twelve, so I really didn't know that much about him. I did not live with him after I was four-years-old. I think my mother could read but probably not very well. Anyway, my oldest brother taught me to read, or he read a lot to me. I realized later that he probably did that to keep my mind off our situation. He would bring home his books from school, what could he have been in, first or second grade the most, I guess? But, anything he could find, he would read and so that by the time I started school, I actually started school in the first grade, I actually skipped kindergarten because I had learned how to read. He had taught me how to read.

Anyway, we moved to Manhattan and lived a block from Central Park. It was great. We were there maybe six or seven years. We grew up on a block that was really a great community block. People actually looked-out for each other. That was the true community and it was a version of family on a large scale that I had not had as a child up until the time I was four. But, we did get a real sense of family. We got our religious background and training there. That was great, living there for that amount of time.

I had asthma a lot, and so, I missed a lot of school. I was hospitalized several times for three, four, five months at a time as I was growing up there. Probably one of the great tragedies, I feel, in my life was urban renewal was beginning to take over at that point. I wound up going to the hospital one year, a few months before Christmas, and apparently eviction notices had been given to people on the block. They had to vacate their buildings and so when I came back home, just before Christmas, this was 1957, a lot of the kids that I grew up with had already moved from the block and I had no idea where they were. I just found that community, and that world, falling apart. In a very short period of time, fifty-seven maybe through fifty-eight, my whole world turned upside down. We left Manhattan and we went up to a housing project in the Bronx, which was a great housing project. I mean it was not like the stereotypes you see today. But we didn't live in the housing project for long. My aunt had a stroke and I went to live with her daughter. One of my brothers got in trouble a few times for truancy, so he'd gone to a boys' home upstate. My other brother had quit school and he was in the youth house a lot. But I stayed in school. There isn't an awful lot you can do when you have asthma. You can't be running the streets in the middle of winter with asthma, so I guess that maybe in some way having asthma was a blessing.

When I lived with my aunt, from that point on, we never had a problem with having enough to eat. My brothers and I were on welfare, and that welfare cheese saved many a hungry day. Aside from that, it was fine. But, again, that world turned upside down and I went to live with my mother who was living in Brooklyn and who I had seen very little of. My mother was a twin and a couple of times my aunt would come to visit me and I would confuse the two of them. I would think that my aunt was my mother. That's how seldom I had seen my mother or had any kind of relationship with her. My mother had remarried. My father had died by then. He and my mother had long since divorced and he had gone to Virginia. He actually died in a mental institution in Virginia. Anyway, I went to live with my mother and she had remarried, a guy who was an interesting character. He also had no use for school. He had always lived by his wits. He did general contracting work, laying patios, painting houses, that kind of thing, and just didn't see the need for school. My middle brother also went with me to live with her. He came a little after I did. We were with them and my older brother was still upstate in the boys' home. He jointed us eventually.

When I was about fourteen years old, all of this instability in my life had begun to affect my attending school and so, the one thing that gave me a lot of support and affirmation [school], I stopped doing. I became truant. I started just not even going to school. Sometimes it just had to do with, I think, not wanting to go to a place where I had always done well, and begin to screw that up or begin to have problems there. I didn't want my anger or my depression, about things that had happened in my life, to affect that place I had always found this positive kind of thing; so, I just stopped going to school for a while.

Anyway, my brothers and I moved around several times and wound up living in Queens, where something fortuitous happened to me. My stepfather's cousin had bought this house in

Queens in this very middle class neighborhood. She had more room than she could use and she asked my stepfather to “Come and bring the family”, and he did. It was there, on that block, that I fell in love for the first time. I found my first love on that block; this wonderful girl. How could she be interested in a guy like me? I think that actually turned my life around. I had this very positive feeling. I had stayed out of school for a year. I was in high school at that point and I’d barely graduated from what we called junior high school then, which is called middle school now. I had barely graduated after being an honor student for almost all my school career. I got into high school and then, just couldn’t go to school for a year, until I moved to this block, and met this girl. She was in Catholic school and she was this great person who had all this interest in me and I said, “Well, what do I need to do to shine in her eyes?” I started going back to school and over the next three years did very well. She moved away shortly after that. She moved away almost that same year. We also moved from that block to another place and, for the next three years, I choose to stay in school. I had to resist my mother, who wanted me to work with her husband on his truck rather than go to school. My middle brother had already done that. My older brother came home to live with us, but he also dropped out of school not so much to work with my stepfather, he had just, at that point, decided that he wanted to hit the streets. So, I stayed in school, got up every morning, took that walk to the train station in Queens, and rode to Brooklyn. I did that for three years and loved being there, loved being in school, again. It became that place again; that haven for me.

School was a place where I did well because I had started out with this foundation of knowing how to read and just loving to read and having the time to read. I guess being sick a lot, what do you do? I remember reading, even to my aunt, before she became sick. Everyday I’d go out and get the Daily News and come back and read her the paper before I’d go to school. I did

very well in school. I was a very good student and you could go there and the kinds of affirmation and attention that I may not have gotten at home, I got in school. Being a good student then was a positive and so, if you weren't the most athletic or if you weren't the best looking, or if you didn't have the best clothes, if you were bright there was a time when it came your time to shine, when it came your time to showoff and be the star and I guess I was just drawn to that. It was a great feeling, to have the right answer in school and to get that kind of recognition.

I took a lot of time out of high school. I spent so much time out of high school those four years that the week before graduation, the attendance officer comes to me and says, "You can't graduate". He said that in my four year history, I had missed too many days of school and that I would have to somehow make up the days. I said, "What difference do the days make, look at my grades". He said, "No, it's just a law that you have to be in school so many days and you have missed too many days of school". I finally went to the principal and I asked, how is it going to look, on the education system, that here I can miss those many days of school and still be in the National Honor Society. They said that if I could document all this time and all these places I went, they would call it an independent study and give me credit for it. Somewhere, maybe it's on microfiche, in the educational system is a letter from Dr. King, saying yes I've heard of Edward and I've encountered him several times. That's how I graduated.

I had fought so hard to graduate from high school. I guess I was very conscious of the fact that I was the first high school graduate in my family. And I should say that, even though I was the first high school graduate in my family, no one from my family was at my graduation. There was a women who was with me at my graduation, but she was not a direct family member. She was the niece, by marriage, of my stepfather. She had come up to stay with family and had

been up here a couple of years. She and I had grown pretty close. So, after some doing, she decided that, yes, she would come to my graduation. So, she was there and it was great because she was, let's see, how old was she? She was thirty years old and I guess all the guys thought that she was my girlfriend. I planned it that way, I guess, for some strange reason.

It's very interesting when I talk about graduating from high school because I received an excellence award in English. This award had always gone to a white student. I went to school in a time when most of the schools in New York City were not predominately black. The school I went to was predominately white and this was the award that was given out every year, excellence in English, and in the history of the school, it has always been given to a white person. That year I was the editor of the yearbook and was an honor student in English. The person who gave me the award was a black teacher who nominated me and was also the advisor to the yearbook. As I'm going to the stage to get the award, I walk past the guy, who everybody thought was going to get it and who also lost out as editor of the yearbook, and he said, "Well, you know" he didn't use the word black, he said, "you only got it because you're colored" I walked to my seat and I sat down and I was like stunned. I sat there for a moment and then I got angry and I walked back up to him and I stooped down next to him and I said, "Yeah, but you know what, it beats the hell out of not getting it because I'm colored."

I got on the train and rode up to the Bronx, to my aunt who had raised me. I went to see her on my graduation day to thank her because, had it not been for her, I would not have had the background to stay in school. And she was the one who gave me and my brothers a sense of family and stability and discipline, so I rode up and thanked her.

I also went back home and saw my mother that day. I wasn't living at home. I had my own place. She saw me dressed up and was just, like, "Oh, where you going... what?" She had no idea that I had just graduated from high school. When I told her that my graduation was that day, my mother always had this issue with me of being this great "actress", there was all this melodrama. I have always been almost passive about what was going on with her; the arguing, the drinking, the fact that I had to leave home in order to be able to stay in school, and she was apologizing to me for not coming to my graduation. I looked at her and I realized – my oldest brother was in the army and my middle brother had become an alcoholic and was on a downward spiral – I blamed her for that. After having gone back to live with my mother when I was fourteen and really looking for a way for us to get past the fact that I had not lived with her for the ten years prior, I felt that she had just not been a part of our lives; was not my mother really. And, when she starts this melodramatic nonsense about, "Oh, I'm sorry...I didn't know... I... why didn't you tell me" and blah, blah, blah, blah, blah and "I'm sorry I wasn't at your graduation" and I looked her dead in the face and I said, "Don't be sorry, you weren't invited", and I walked away. Until this day I don't know if she lived to understand, or not, what I was saying to her, but, I simply said to my mother, "Well, you weren't invited". And immediately the mouth had gotten wide and it was like a slap in the face to her, which is what I meant it to be. I just wanted that she suffer that, not so much for me, but because I still held her responsible for what happened to my brothers really. Eventually, my brothers would die from drug and alcohol related conditions. I tend to be a forgiving person, but I still harbor some resentment about that.

My mother passed away on my birthday last year and I didn't know it. She had since gone back to South Carolina. I had actually been the one who had taken care of her by sending money down and making sure that she was taken care of. She still had some property down there

that really should have come to me. The family wanted it and so they found a way to get guardianship of her behind my back. We used a private hospital and when I went to inquire as to where she was because I needed to send some money there, they sent the money back and said, "Well, she's not here anymore." I found out several weeks later that they had moved her and then I found out, maybe, a month after my birthday that she had actually died on my birthday and that they had cremated her without even calling me to talk about it.

The advantage to having gone to vocational school was that I needed to be independent and on my own as quickly as possible and I knew that a trade was almost a direct route to that. I went to work as a technician and I was on my own. I actually moved out of my house when I was still in high school. I had a part-time job and had gotten a room someplace, simply because I couldn't deal with the drinking and the fighting [at home] and do well in school, so I just did that on my own in my senior year. It was great. I worked until I got drafted.

I went into the military during the Vietnam War. I went into the army and then did everything I could to get out of the army because I didn't want to be in the army. Actually, I had tried to sign-up for the army after high school. I wanted to take control of the situation and go where I wanted to go, rather than having them put me where they wanted to put me. They turned me down because I had asthma as a child. A year later, they drafted me and I spent about eighteen months trying to get out of the army. I was angry about that. Anyway, I wound up going to Officers Candidate School, became a lieutenant, and that was one of the great experiences of my life. One of our things as an officer was that we went over to Vietnam. I was an infantry officer and I just saw things there that scared me and I said you know what, we are fighting a war that we're not going to want any part of. I came back and just felt that I was sending young men to die in terms of the kind of training they were getting. I knew the training I had, which was

much better and I just said, you know what, I'm not going to do this. I came back and had to make a decision. I was sitting in the officer's mess one day. We were all just talking and going on and so Vietnam came up and I said, "Well, I'm not going to Vietnam". The post commander was sitting at his table and you can hear a pin drop in the place. Everybody looked at me. It was like a freeze frame. It was like this silence. Everybody started talking and eating again, but I could see people looking at me and so, obviously, my commanding officer called me over afterwards and said that we were going to have to talk. Anyway, long story short, the day that my unit was being shipped out and I'd made it clear that I wasn't going, so MPs showed up at my barracks as the unit was lining up to be shipped out. and took me over to the commanding officer, who I liked and who liked me. He asked one more time, "Lieutenant...", blah, blah, blah, "are you going to march out with this unit", and I said, "Respectfully, no sir, I will not" and he handed me an envelope and said, "Well, have a good life" and gave me a medical discharge. I had been fighting for this medical discharge because of the asthma and so they found a way to not have to deal with a lieutenant, at that time. It wasn't like it was a private or somebody, it was an officer saying he was not going to go and they were going to have to arrest him and throw him in the brig for five years. I guess they didn't want that exposure. As I thought about it later, I admit I was relieved. I didn't think about anything but getting on a plane and coming home. So, they gave me a medical discharge on the day that I was supposed to ship out, rather than force this confrontation over me saying that I wasn't going to Vietnam.

The most memorable time in my life was being at the City College of New York. I went there four years and then transferred to this five-year program at Columbia, which eventually got me my Masters and a BA. The time, at City College, was in the midst of the protest movement. I was there when we took over City College for open admissions. I was still very much a part of

the Civil Rights movement. I did a lot of campaigning for Robert Kennedy and in fact things happened which eventually got to me leaving politics and going into social work. I was one of the youth advance people working with the black community, to try to get them to come out and support Kennedy. I was with him in Indiana when Dr. King was killed. And I was with the advance people in Chicago when Robert Kennedy was killed. But all of that paled by what happened at City College when we took over the administration building seeking open admission.

When I was on the campus of City College, I was older than a lot of the students there because I had been in the service. I was maybe two years older than people who were in the same class I was in. I haven't really talked to any blacks or Hispanics or contemporaries about this, the Vietnam War was a sideshow for me. It was certainly important as just another example of America gone astray. On the City College campus, while there were students who were protesting the Vietnam War, they were mostly white students. And the Civil Rights movement, the non-violent movement was very much waning. Dr. King was killed in that time. Malcolm X had come along in that time and yet here we were still struggling. The white students who were protesting the Vietnam War were, as far as we were concerned, the same students who were taking advantage of the fact and benefiting from the fact that so many black and Hispanic students, who were qualified, were being denied access to the City University of New York.

I remember at some point in City College, Mark Rudd, from Columbia came over to City College to talk about the war, and about civil rights. He was the star of the revolt over at Columbia. I remember he was talking to all these black and Hispanic students on the south campus and it was, "Yeah we all got together as brothers and sisters...", and blah, blah, blah, blah and blah, blah, blah, blah and all the black and Hispanic students walked off that campus

and down Convent Avenue to the train station. Mark Rudd turned around and walked up the hill and got in his sports car and drove away. To me, it just began to mark something that a professor of mine had always talked about; certainly it's about race, but a lot of it is about class. We felt that if there had not been a draft which caused middle class white families worry about whether or not their sons were going to be classified, there might not have been such a protest in the white middle class communities against the Vietnam War. But, we also felt it was taking attention away from the fact that the Civil Rights movement was not over and there was still a lot of inequities in the society.

When my first daughter was born, I was kind of like, "Oh, okay". By the time my second daughter was born, it was like, "Hey fella, you better hunker down here". Since then, a lot of it had to do with I did not want their lives to be without a father, the way my life had been without a father and so, I just made decisions at some significant personal sacrifice, which is what I'm supposed to do. I decided I would be there for the two of them and fight for them, especially my youngest daughter.

I won't say that my marriages worked and that's not, in any way, to denigrate them or put them down or reduce them. They did work in my life in ways that were significant. I got married for the first time when I was twenty-eight years old. My wife was nineteen years old. I did that under some pressure, [quickly states] she wasn't pregnant or anything. I did that, not really wanting to do that, but certainly being attracted to her and she and I had been seeing each other and so, by the time she had our daughter three years later, she had gone through some growing. She was just about a kid when she got married. She had decided on her own that she would get pregnant without telling me. It was a choice that I would not have made at that point in our life. Both of our work lives were in flux and we weren't really sure where we were going. When we

separated a couple of years later, and I became involved with someone else, I made it clear to that person that I really didn't want to have children. On her own, she decided that we would have a child together, so she did. I had said to her that if she and I were not prepared to get married in a year from the time that we got together, then I would move on. Rather than honor that, she chose to get pregnant and have a child.

There had been another woman whom I had fallen in love with years before I had met either of my wives and she and I had kind of reconnected somewhat and, after my second daughter was born, I had to make a choice of whether to go with that woman or not. I had two children in the world that I had to take responsibility for and so I said to this woman that my second child is going to be born. I said that I needed to go bond with her and be with her. That made her very nervous that I would be involved again with my daughter's mother and she just said no; she wanted no part of this. What is sad about that to me is that this probably is the greatest love of my life and basically she was telling me to make a choice between her and my children and, of course, I made the only choice I could make. I'm sorry she posed it that way, but she did. And so, I made that sacrifice.

I had other work opportunities in other parts of the country. I was offered a job with the San Francisco Opera as the director of development, for example, and because my daughters were here, I just did not want to go that far across the country, things like that. So there were job opportunities that have been offered and certain personal things in my life that I had been offered that I just said no, I will stay here and do what were my obligations. They were heavy obligations but I have no regret at all over the decisions that I made in that regard.

Analysis of Edward's Story

- It seems as though Edward had learned to perceive his mother as somewhat of an enigma in that she must have cared for him and his brothers until he was four-years-old and yet, from his referring to her as someone who – “... seemed to like the party life a lot and was out of the house most of the time.” – left me with the impression that he blamed her for many things especially for abandoning him. So, on probably the most important day of his life, graduation from high school, Edward confronts his mother by telling her in no uncertain terms that it was alright that she didn't attend his graduation because, “... you weren't invited”. Edward goes on to confess that, “... it was like a slap in the face to her, which is what I meant it to be. I just wanted that she suffer that, not so much for me, but because I still held her responsible for what happened to my brothers...” This incident seems to me to represent the partial release, by Edward, of a great deal of pent-up rage against his mother. And I believe that this same rage may have been sublimated, throughout Edward's life, in his taking up the mantle of the fight against injustice vis-à-vis the Civil Rights movement as well as other causes through which he pursued the reversal of injustices he perceived.
- In his actions concerning his mother, Edward seems to confirm a level of conflict that I discern as follows: he blames his mother for not being a responsible person when it came to dealing with the needs of her children, and in direct contrast to the irresponsibility that he proscribes to his mother, he takes on responsibility, writ large, throughout his life even to the point of caring for his mother, in her invalid state, until her death. It seems to me that Edward perceives himself to be such a responsible person that he sometimes performs responsibly to the detriment of his own wellbeing. As an example of what I

mean, in the vignette just related, Edward makes the point that he confronted his mother in the way that he did – “not so much for me” – which implies that he did it more for others than for himself. Similar statements are offered by Edward throughout his narrative.

- Edward spent from age four to age fourteen in the guardianship of his aunt, whom he credits for bringing “a sense of family and stability and discipline” to his life. And although she had to move the family from the “community” which Edward had felt at home in, his aunt seems to have provided Edward good enough level of structure in his life. Edward’s aunt supported him so that he was able to get treatment for his asthma when he required it, as well as allowed him the opportunity to attend school consistently enough for school to eventually become a “haven” in which he could thrive. In short, Edward’s aunt was a role model of responsibility that Edward seems to have internalized in such a way, perhaps, that he perceived his aunt as rectifying the injustice of the maltreatment that he and his brothers suffered through the neglect of their parents. I believe that Edward’s experience of his aunt not only fostered in him his ideas about family and community, but also became the basis for his life of fighting injustice wherever he perceived himself to have encountered it. As a testimony to his appreciation of all that his she had done for him, his aunt was the first person that Edward visited on his high school graduation day – “I got on the train and rode up to the Bronx, to my aunt who had raised me... to thank her because, had it not been for her, I would not have had the background to stay in school.”
- Edward credits his six-year-old brother with having taught him how to read when he was only four-years-old. Being able to read at such an early age not only provided Edward

with an edge, when he started attending school, but I believe that it also gave him a level of independence that provided him with the ability to tolerate living in the isolated world that having asthma had relegated him to. It is easy to imagine Edward, having been separated from his parents, having to endure being alone a great deal of the time, becoming totally absorbed in the internal world's that one can conjure up through reading. I believe that for Edward, this was the natural state of existence. As a parallel to this existence, Edward seemed to long for the possibility of becoming involved in the outside world in meaningful ways. As a kid, he wanted to be able to play and run around as everyone else did, but since he wasn't able to, he learned to accept his lot – "... the fact that I was stricken so severely with asthma that early... might have been a curse, but I think, in the long run, it was a blessing... it may have kept me from doing some positive things, but certainly it kept me from doing some negative things...". As an adult, Edward's disposition led him to choose an intellectual life and writing, "a very solitary kind of experience", as an occupation. And in parallel to this existence, Edward pursued an activist lifestyle that involved him with others around many and varied causes.

- Edward's two marriages ended in divorce. I am struck by the approach Edward took to each of his marriages, in that he placed strictures upon the relationships that seemed almost guaranteed to move them in the opposite direction from where he insisted he wanted the relationships to go. Edward claimed that he was, "... in search of family, in search of relationships, to avoid what had happened in my life; absence of family." When he and each of his wives, in turn, conceived children, the relationship ended in divorce. This repeated course of action and response might indicate that Edward was in search of something else in each of these marriages that he could not articulate. I believe that in

entering into his two marriages under the proviso that no children be conceived, Edward may have been not only in search of someone, a wife, to attend to his needs exclusively, but he also may have been concerned about the level of responsibility required for him to parent children.

- In describing his relationship with one of his daughters, Edward frames their estrangement in terms that almost makes it sound as though she had abandoned him, "... she felt she had to choose sides and she chose her mother's side". This seems to me to be representative of Edward's breaking ties with his family even as he states that, "Right now, it's just me and my two daughters and my granddaughter in terms of my family, so, when I'm with them, I have these ancestral ties that just seem to connect me back to the world." It seems to me that many of the choices that Edward has made throughout his life would inevitably lead him to the point where he would say, "... being alone and living alone right now, at this point in my life, is a little surprising." Edward leaves me with the impression that despite the hardships that it has entailed, he still sees himself as having upheld his responsibility to his children.

I would like to expand on a couple of other patterns that I've gleaned from the data that need to be considered:

- The aggressiveness, with which Edward pursues people, and situations, that he deems to have been perpetrators of injustice, is striking. I believe Edward's confrontational style to be a sublimation of rage that, if not for his verbal acuity, might be relieved in a much more violent manner. I also believe that Edward's military experience offered him some insight into the rage that he carries within him, in the context of the

sanctioned violence of war, and that insight frightened him so much that by declaring, before his fellow officers, “Well, I’m not going to Vietnam”, he started the process of removing himself from that venue. I believe that being exposed to Vietnam also put Edward in touch with the level of responsibility he would have to put forth in order to successfully lead men in combat. His refusal to go to the war zone was a rejection of the mantle of that responsibility. And again, he expresses his concern by stating that he knew that he was trained much better than his men had been, so his refusal was not about his ability to survive, but more about their inability to do the same.

- I believe that in pursuing marriage, Edward was continuing a search that started, in childhood, upon his perception of being abandoned by his mother and persisted until he encountered his “first love” as a teenager. The quality of that relationship was such that it inspired him to go back to school and excel. And although he might have felt abandoned by her, as she moved away, it seems that the good feelings outweighed the bad. In marriage, it seems to me that Edward was continuing his search for what he perceived to be “family” but what was instead, it seems to me, a search for a relationship with a woman in which he was the sole object of interest to his wives. Further more, I contend that this process of picking a female on which to focus his attention, in hopes of having her attend to him exclusively, was an attempt by Edward to compensate for the broken attachment to his mother. It seems to me that in each encounter, he was affording his mother an opportunity to redeem herself to be responsible, reliable, someone he could count on.
- Edward seems to have convinced himself that the injustice that he attempted to rectify was on behalf of others, not himself. He spoke in those terms concerning the racial

inequalities faced by African-Americans which motivated him to become so active in the Civil Rights Movement. He spoke in similar terms when he spoke about doing social work and helping families. He used the same sort of language in talking about his rage against his mother on behalf of his brothers. I believe that in each of these cases, Edward was acting on his own feelings, projected on to others, which he couldn't express directly.

Edward perceives himself to be a caring, self-sacrificing person who would go to any lengths to right a wrong, especially if he has witnessed that wrong being perpetrated by one human being upon another. Edward is someone who, because of illness, has been forced to lead a solitary life, at times, and who, upon reflection, can state that he prefers the solitary life. Despite his preference for being alone, Edward is compelled to be in the world through his activism as a sublimation of the rage that he feels as a result of his perception of being neglected and abandoned by his mother. Most of all, Edward is a supremely responsible person who perceives himself to have sacrificed his own happiness, in many ways, in fulfillment of his responsibly, especially as a father and grandfather.

Frank's Story

I've been here at the university for eight years, but, I don't know. We've got a new president coming in and hopefully, things will work out. Yeah, it'll work out, because this program is a profit center. We make money. We generate our own dollars here. The captains of industry, CEOs of corporations, send their people here for training. We don't charge enough though. We've had a standard price since, it seems like forever. The Director is not into the money; he's just into providing a service. But, I'm saying, hey, everything goes up every year.

Our training consists of no more than thirty persons in a class and at least seven contact hours a day. If you only need one day or a full five-day program, we will develop any kind of curriculum that you want. You tell me what you want, and I can develop a training curriculum for you. You tell me what you need, I'll put something on paper, we'll discuss it, and I'll get the instructors. We have a cadre of instructors, all experts in their field. We'll put it together for you and if you agree, we'll do the contract and we'll provide you the training. We can develop a course that takes from one to five days and if you go for a five day course, the per day rate is reduced. That's what we do and I love it. I love it. So far, our training curriculum has been delivered to ten thousand people since I've been here.

Five o'clock, at the end of the day, going home, I just really get back into myself because this is just work, this is my job. This is not who I am. When I leave here, then I become who I am, which is whoever I want to be that day. I mean, basically, what I'm into, I'll usually... my routine. Mondays I usually go see my adopted mother who's in a nursing home. I try to do that every Monday. I volunteer at a community center, uptown, on Wednesday nights. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays are usually my time to myself and I usually go home after work. I cook. My wife hasn't made... I fix dinner and I've got no problems with any of that. I'll go play ball. I'll shoot around a little bit out there at the park not too far from us. I usually get myself a sherry or something when I come in. I like sherry, so I have a little sherry. I usually try to make sure something is there to eat. I love McNeil-Lerher. Well, it's not McNeil-Lerher, now it's the Lerher Hour. I will watch the Lerher Hour. I used to listen to Tavis Smiley. We turn the TV on at seven o'clock, turn the radio on at eight o'clock, listen to Tavis Smiley, that goes off at nine, and then I'm in my den, reading or at the computer, listening to jazz. I like music. I'm there till like eleven, eleven-thirty, then I usually get up, take a shower and go to bed. That's the routine. I'm a

morning person. I'm a Home Depot guy. I put up some new Venetian blinds and curtains, that my wife wanted, that kind of stuff. Yeah, that's what I do. It's nothing too exciting I guess, but, I'm enjoying it. My wife works longer hours than I do, so, I'm usually the first one home, especially with our son not there. I'm usually home in an hour, depending on the traffic, cause I drive. I drive back and forth. I go across the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. We're in Queens. I take the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge right on out to Queens. I park the car and if there is something that needs to be picked up from the supermarket, I'll go there. I have no problems with that. I shop, I do laundry, vacuum, all those things that I guess guys aren't supposed to do, but that's the way I was raised. We had to do things in the house. We had to wash dishes. My mother taught both my brother and me how to iron. We both learned how to cook, clean, wash ourselves and others. And I thought that was invaluable. She had a lot of foresight. They say mother's usually raise their daughters and love their sons, well, she didn't have a daughter, so, I guess she raised her sons and loved them too.

People say very nice things about me. As a matter of fact, my wife gave me a card for father's day and, part of the card talked about how proud she was because other people admire me. Yeah, people like me. I'm a people person. I think I'm extraverted. I can interact with people at all levels. I don't see myself as a victim. I think, as African Americans, some of us remain and behave and react to incidents and even events as if this was 1940. I'll go to a store in a mall or somewhere, and the guys follow me. I'm saying this guy's got a problem, but, I'm still the Associate Director at a university. I still got a boat. I mean, I don't feel like I'm suffering because this guy is following me around. I mean, does racism still exist in America? Absolutely! I don't know if we'll ever get rid of it. For example, look how they jumped on Bill Cosby. I agree with Bill Cosby. There is a slice [of the African-American population], I don't know the

dynamics of it, the dimensions of it, how big it is or how small it is, but there is a slice that are still stuck and I think part of the reason why they're stuck is because everything is the "man's" fault. It's the "man's" fault; no it's not, no it's not. Don't bring that here. I don't want to hear that. I can feel sorry for you. I can empathize with you, but, I'm not putting myself where you are, because I'm not there.

I'm formulating this idea more and more with my students. I teach several very good texts on race and race relations in my courses, but my students don't read them. The students don't read. So this one [shows me a book] is more of a textbook, with pictures and all kinds of crap. It's easier for them. It's got maps and everything. I have to be conscious of the fact that some of these students were born eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, they don't know anything about separate water fountains. I mean. they need to know about it, but that's not their reality, so for me to kind of pound them with racism, racism, racism, I'm doing them a disservice. I never gave that to my kid. My kid can be the president of the United States. That's open to him as well. And I think when I say I'm not a victim, I don't see myself as a victim. I see myself almost like Sidney Poitier in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. He told his father "You see yourself as a black man. I see myself as a man." That's the way I see myself and that's the way I move through the world. I move through the world that way and every now and then, I bump up against some fool who has some problems, but that's more an aberration, that's not law. Before it was pervasive, now, that's an aberration, I think, from my experience, and I work with all kinds of people. It was white folks that got me this job, you know what I mean? I'm here because of white people, so what am I going to say, everybody is racist? That's not me, I'm not a victim. I can do anything I want to do. I mean, I don't have a whole lot of money, but I've got a couple of nickels and when I've got my nickels, I can do what I want to do. I can always go carry

those bags again [as he did as a boy]. I don't know why some of us don't have that, I guess the term is personal responsibility. We still have a segment that seems to be mired in anti-intellectualism.

During the Civil Rights Movement was a very provocative time for this country. I mean, we were pushing the envelope. Folks were saying you've got to deal with me. I mean the beauty of the Civil Rights Movement was the spiritual dimension; the high ground. We were coming at it from a place to where these white folks were made to look in the mirror and see their own ugliness and that's what turned this thing around, I mean, particularly the way they treated children and then the media had their lens there and this goes out across the world and everybody sees this, simultaneously. We're in this cold war thing and we're trying to tell everybody that we're the best on the globe and don't go with the Russians come with us and then they see this. The Civil Rights Movement was bigger than just black and white. There was a whole lot of stuff in the Civil Rights Movement. I mean, you've got people marching in Poland talking about "no justice no peace" and "we shall overcome" you understand. It's amazing. They have mirrored the tactics of the Civil Rights Movement. And I believe it was most effective because of the spirituality of it. It was God sent. It was God sent. Yeah.

I got something out of the Times today, I will give you a copy of it. Affirmative action, affirmative action... what is that? What is 'affirmative action'? What is it? What is it? We've got an argument going on between the folks at Harvard who are complaining that the black folks who get into Harvard are not American blacks. There are too many West Indians. There are too many Africans and its not meeting the need of improving the life situation for American blacks who came through slavery. What a boondoggle. I mean, it has it's place, but, I've got a problem with it. I think, we have a situation where people are benefiting from affirmative action who

don't need affirmative action, number one. And I agree too with the feeling that it's a stigma. There is a part to affirmative action that's a stigma. I do a lot of work with the Catholic Church and we have about fourteen or fifteen black bishops. Black bishops are adamantly opposed to anybody making any reference that they became bishops because they were black. Their hackles get up behind that. Their thing is, "Oh, that's not why I became bishop, I became bishop because I had the skills, the vision, the charisma, the spirit... whatever the criteria is, I met the criteria. I just happen to be a black person." I think that's the way I would like to see us approach affirmative action. We have black folks who are qualified statistically. I think there needs to be more areas that we look at to make our selection. It should not only be SATs because everybody's not a good test-taker. Some folks get prepped and all that stuff. That should be one factor. The other factors are grades, class work, community service, and volunteering that kind of business. But, I think there are enough of us who meet the criteria, straight up. You don't need to give me anything, just don't hold it against me. Just give me a fair shake. No legacy because it's a joke. When you look at the athletes, the schools that won't take me or you or your kid or my kid, they'll take an athlete and the guy can't even read, but he can shoot, he can hit a ball, he can run, he can swim, play a violin, that's what they bring. Now, I'm not knocking it because that's a talent. You want a well rounded university, but don't hold it against me because I didn't get sixteen hundred on the SAT. How do we measure a kid who comes out of 118th street, single parent, numerous siblings, maybe not gone to the best schools, yet and still, has achieved. Is that person worthy of going to Harvard as opposed to the folks that come out of South Hampton and go to the private schools and are doing nothing? So, I think affirmative action, conceptually, they were sincere about it. I mean, I think people had the right idea. They had good intentions, but what has happened, I think, is that we kind of lost our vision here.

One of the big questions is who gets reparations? How is it distributed? Now, there is a debt to be paid, but that debt should be focused on those... don't give it to me. Don't give it to me. Don't give it to your daughter. If there's a debt, then the debt should be targeted for those black folks who are still mired in poverty, ignorance; that slice. Fix that slice and those who are close to the slice. Fix that. This is going to take twenty-five years, thirty years, but fix that slice so that we don't have that. That's like, from my understanding... from my thinking, a direct descendant of slavery. They just never got out of it. Other folks have been able to move past it. These folks, for whatever reason, are still mired in it. Fix that. You're going to allocate five hundred billion. Who's going to get it? I mean, you've got to prove that your grandfather or great grandfather was a slave and all. There's a debt that's owed because black folks built this country. Come up with a figure and use those resources to lift those at the bottom up. Lift them up.

I'm proud of what I've accomplished, even though it's minimal, to a certain extent. I'm proud of my family. I'm proud that I was able to get off the block in Harlem because a lot of guys didn't get off the block and that I had an upbringing that had moral values. I was in the church. I was an altar boy and all that kind of stuff. Now, for some people, that's all kind of corny, but, as a matter of fact, I went to two churches cause my mother was Catholic and my father was Episcopalian. I used to go to Catholic Mass, where I served as an altar boy and then I'd walk around the corner to my father's church. I still do that today, it's funny, because my wife is AME [African Methodist Episcopal], I'm Catholic. I come out of Mass and I go for another two hours with my wife. By the time I get there, they're just warming up.

I guess in some ways I can be a better husband. Not that I'm running the streets or anything, but, sometimes I always think that I could always treat my wife better. I could always be a better person. I could always be a better teacher. I could always be a better husband. I could

always be a better friend. Sometimes I'm impatient. My wife tells me that if somebody is looking for a shoulder to cry on, they shouldn't come to me. For example, yesterday, she comes with a problem. Well, once she lays out the problem, I say, "Why is it your problem?" That's not your problem. The way I see it that's someone else's problem. You know, keep the ball in the other man's court. Don't come here with this nonsense. I could always be a better listener. In terms of health, I could change my diet. I don't have a lot of things I'm unhappy with. I really don't. I mean if I was to be more introspective I might. Life is good. I've got relatively good health. I have a lot of good friends and good family members. God has blessed us so that we can eat everyday. I've been blessed. I've been blessed, no question.

I'm not looking to retire any time. I see myself working till seventy doing pretty much what I'm doing now. I hope to be working towards a doctorate and finishing up a galley for a novel that I have. So, I have some goals for, as we say, the not too distant future. I'm talking about ten years. In ten years I'd like to have written my first book maybe two by then. I would like to have written a book. I would like to have if the spirit moves me, I would like to maybe finish the PhD. Ten years should be more than plenty because I have no commitments. I have time. I have time. I need to be more thankful because, I'm not thankful enough, really. I've got a lot of life left. I tell people I'm looking for eighty. I'll be disappointed if I don't get eighty I'll be disappointed. I'm looking for eighty.

We were poor but never knew it. We lived in Sugar Hil and all the sugar was gone. I only realize it looking back. You never knew it. You never knew it. I wish I could get... I tell everybody, I wish I could get the apartment we grow up in. This was a four bedroom, two baths... it's still there. I would love to get that apartment as a coop or condo.

My father is from Jamaica and my mother is from Florida. I always say I crossed the divide there; we bridge onshore, offshore. My father had three kids. He had a son when he was in Jamaica, my half-brother. I have an older brother who's retired now. I was born and raised, at least for the first sixteen years of my life, in Harlem. I went to public schools and to parochial schools. I was raised Catholic. It was very interesting, how I started parochial school. For some reason my mother and father broke up. I was about eight or nine at the time and my mother thought it would be good for us to get out of the city. She was afraid of the city. So, she sent us to boarding school in Pennsylvania. I was about nine. I went there in fifty-five. As a matter of fact the headmistress died in March of fifty-five and we came in September. My brother and I, had two friends – I'm sure that's how my mother found out about this – who used to live on St Nicholas Avenue. They both went and another friend of ours went too. As a matter of fact, this guy has written a book and he talks about it in his book. I mean, basically it was kids from Washington, Baltimore, New York, and Boston. It was black kids whose parents thought they were doing them a favor – they weren't – but, they thought they were doing them a favor by getting them out of the inner city. That was my first experience with parochial school. Prior to that, I went to public school. We stayed in boarding school for three years until my brother knocked out one of the nuns. I'm glad though because they put him out and I said I wasn't staying there by myself. So, I came back and we went to a Catholic school in the neighborhood. When I left the Catholic school, I went to public junior high and high school.

We had a good life, I mean, even after my father left, we had a good life. I mean, because my mother had a job doing domestic work for a wealthy woman who wrote for a magazine. She paid my mother pretty well for what she was doing, you know what I mean. I enjoyed it. I enjoyed being in Harlem. I learned to swim in the local pool. I played baseball. I used to go

down to Riverside Drive and fish. I'm a fisherman still, to this day. Started fishing in Central Park; 72nd street lake. I am still a fisherman. We used to go to Central Park, sit on the bridge; the 72nd street bridge. It's amazing, I'm looking back now, I'm saying I really had a great childhood and we had nothing. I mean, yeah, we had bicycles, and we would make our own scooters and our own linoleum guns. We played tons of stickball and never knew that we were deprived. I wasn't deprived, really in actuality. In actuality, in actuality, I wasn't deprived. Never knew that we didn't have a lot of money because there was always food to eat, clothes always clean. We used to go down to Bloomstein's on 125th street. My mother would bug my father, because my father was still living in the neighborhood. She would bug him for money, He was a policy [illegal lottery] man and he would take us shopping on 125th street. I had a good life. I didn't have a lot of trouble. Of course there were gangs. But what really got me reading, since we're on this, was Claude Brown's 'Manchild In the Promised Land'. I read that once when I was twelve years old. And you know it's all about right there. It's all about that neighborhood. That's what mainly got me going because I'm saying I know all these places. I mean I walked down Eighth Avenue. I walked down Bradhurst. I know coming out of the 145th station. He was obviously much older than me and he was into a different game than I was into. But I didn't have a lot of problems. I never got into a lot of fights.

I used to go visit my father on Sundays. We used to play checkers. He was a checker player. I remember beating him one time. And, you know what, he never let me beat him. I would go to church and then I would go see him almost every Sunday. And, he would make breakfast and we would sit down and play checkers and just shot the breeze kind of thing you know what I mean?

I'm a very family person, even to this day. I mean family to me, that's where the value is. My aunt always used to say you can choose your friends but you can't choose your relatives. So, family is very important. That's high up on my list; values, family. Even with my family now, I say as we get older, we're getting closer. My brother never fished. As a matter of fact, he used to laugh at us and now he calls up to go fishing with me. And even if you don't catch anything... it's not about catching fish. If you catch something, that's good, we've got dinner. But I can go out there and catch nothing. It's very therapeutic.

My first trip south was to Richmond Virginia to visit my cousin at boarding school. We took the Greyhound bus down and pulled into Richmond Virginia. This had to be fifty-seven. Now nobody did anything to me, but it was the white, black, white, black, white, black. It was funny. I was hungry, so they had the white cafeteria and a black restaurant. The black restaurant was just a counter with stools. I wanted something to eat. I wanted breakfast. My mother gave me the money to go eat, but she did not. She did not eat. She stayed right in the colored waiting room. And the colored restaurant was attached to it. And what I got from that is as an adult, she didn't buy into that. She did not buy into that. And I think it let me know that you didn't have to buy into it. I'll never forget that. I was a kid and I went down with her to see my cousin and that was very memorable. The experience meant a couple of things. It certainly meant that we had a lot of work to do in this country and I was like, eleven. I think the most meaningful for me, I guess, was my mother's, and aunt's response. It was their response, more so than my response, because they were very dignified women. These folks had dignity, personal dignity even though they didn't have a lot. You could not take that dignity away from them and that's what I got out of that. That's one of the things I got out of that other than the good piece of ham and eggs I got served. And it was southern cooking and it was great. What I got mostly was how dignified my

mother was. She just sat there. She wasn't going to buy into it. She'd wait till she'd get to the school, because they'd feed her at the school and she was not going to succumb to being denigrated. She saw it as a sign of denigration; this separate stuff. I'll never forget that.

In 1963, I was in the twelfth grade when my mother moved. She bought a house on Long Island. Her sister had moved out there already. She had moved from Queens. Her sister moved out there in fifty-eight. That was like my camp. I would go to Long Island for the weekends and summers. I loved it out there too.

My aunt and I were very, very close because she was my mother's sister. There was only the two of them. My aunt was also somewhat handicap. She was in a car accident that affected the way she walked. I don't think that had anything to do with it, but I think she was my favorite because of the way she treated me. I was special. Now, my mother treated me special as well, but my aunt... was very good to me. She spoiled me. She loved me. And I was named after my grandfather on my mother's side. And she was my favorite because, again, she had this ranch that I would go to. That's how I described it. She had the ranch, you understand, where I could go. She was very loving, very caring, and very, very generous.

I would go around the corner to the supermarket and carry packages for people. I had my regulars. I'd take a bag on my shoulder down to Riverside Drive and she'd give me a quarter. This other woman, I had other regulars, I go across the street, she'd give me a dollar. So, I definitely waited for the regulars and I knew when they shopped. No matter what I was doing, I'd stop because I had to take care of my regular customers. That's how I made some dough.

So, my mother just decided that she wanted to go out there [to Long Island], so she bought a house in sixty-three and in June of sixty-three, we moved to Long Island and I

graduated from high school out there. Now, my brother had already graduated from high school in the city. He's March forty-five; I'm July forty-six. It's like sixteen months or so, yeah. But we didn't hangout. We didn't hangout. He liked to hangout with the fools. He, got in some trouble, nothing serious, but we had... the father figure was, my uncle who was a gold-badge detective. He was a very special guy. One night he had to help my brother... help my mother out... because my brother was there mugging somebody up on Convent and he got caught and they took him to jail. They had him overnight and all. She called my uncle at four o'clock in the morning and he goes down with her in the morning, gets him out, blah, blah, blah. Yeah, my brother had a thing about... I guess it wasn't exciting enough for him. He only wanted to hangout with the dummies. So, we really went our own way and pretty much till this day. I mean, we talk, we're trying but he's still kind of crazy. He went to Viet Nam, got all banged-up. He's another one of these veterans that really didn't come back well. He got in a bad marriage; just suffering. But, he's trying to come out of it. He calls me. We talk now more than we did twenty years ago. But now he knows, it's only us, see. We're the only two and he gets very melancholy. When he calls me, he's always drunk. See, that's another thing that bothers me, he's always not himself, see what I'm saying? Then he calls you at four o'clock in the morning and say "Did I wake you?" Well, yes, you did. Four o'clock in the morning, what do you think? What do you think I'm doing here, waiting for your call? But, I give him space because I know he's not himself. He never came back, which is really, when you think about it, it's horrible. During the Viet Nam era, he got wounded twice. He was in the Marines. He got wounded, they'd ship him out to Japan, patch him up, send him back. He was over there and did his twelve months. He did his time. He did his time.

I graduated from high school out on Long Island and then I went into the Air Force. I had gotten drafted and I couldn't go to Canada. I wanted to go to Canada, but I just couldn't. So, to me, the next best thing was to go some place where I thought I'd have a better chance of avoiding conflict, so I went and joined the Air Force and gave them three years, ten months, and sixteen days. It was wonderful. I mean, that helped me grow up. That helped me grow up. Yeah, I went to Lockland. It was the first time I got on an airplane in my life. The first time I got on an airplane was Uncle Sam put me on one of those yellow birds. What was the name of the... Braniff... Braniff Airlines. Braniff had all those different colors. Braniff had just, like, a rainbow fleet; I was on a yellow one... took me down to Lockland Air Force base. I was nineteen. I was nineteen, yeah. It was 1966. I was supposed to go in October sixty-five and I had appendicitis and it burst. So, luckily I got to the hospital on time, had the operation, and that postponed my entrance date until January. I had a great time, I mean, I was lucky because, I was a 70250, which was a clerk-typist, and so I learned how to do this administrative stuff. Went from Lockland to a SAC base in California. There was a base on Long Island, out in West Hempstead... rather West Hampton. That was my first choice. Dix was my next choice. They sent me to California. So, I think whatever you put down, they're going to send you the opposite way. But, I was lucky though because I could have gone out to North Dakota. I could've gone to some real nasty joints. I mean, they got some real bad spots and bad postings. I did that for three years, ten months, and sixteen days.

I was a basketball star at my Long Island high school for one year and met guys who are friends to this day. So, I came home to Long Island, in October 1969, and reconnected with a lot of the guys. One of the guys who was a sophomore when I was a senior, was now playing in college. He called me up and said, "Would you mind... would you want to play for us?" and I

said “Well, you know, why not?” I had taken some classes through correspondence while I was in the service. The University of Maryland has a lot of correspondence courses. So, I had taken a couple of courses. I had about twenty-seven credits by then. My friend said, “Bring your stuff.” They were practicing that day. He said, “Come on out to the practice, I talked to the coach about you and he wants to see you.” So, I went out, took my bag, put my sneakers on, he offered me a scholarship so I took it. He liked the three-two offense; a point guard, wings, and the two guys, so, I played a wing. But, I could handle the ball, shot the ball, and I was probably the best rebounder on the team. I have all my clippings if you’re interested. I’m serious. I have all my clippings, man.

When I graduated from college, I came into the city to graduate school for a MSW. That’s where I met my wife because she was in the class. The first-year class was alphabetized so we were in all our five classes together. We started talking to one another about life, one thing led to the next and after we graduated, we got married. We got married in seventy-five and our son was born in seventy-eight.

I started my career on the backs of others. Let me start off with a mistake. When I got out of grad school, I got out in seventy-five, May of seventy-five. I was scheduled to get married in September of seventy-five and couldn’t find a job. I was working at a community center where I was athletic director. I had done that as a part-time job. Once I didn’t get a job, I kind of put in more hours. Now, I can’t exactly recall how the reporter got wind of me, but he came and did an interview. I have that article too. I was talking about how they tell you to go on and get an education, get the credentials and still, you can’t find a job, blah, blah, blah. Well, after that article was published, I got two calls. One was from New York City Division of Human Rights; Eleanor Holmes Norton. Eleanor Holmes Norton called and an Educational Vocational Rehab

Center called and I interviewed for them both. And the mistake was, I didn't go with Eleanor Holmes Norton. If I had to do that over again, I would have gone with her.

I loved Eleanor. I love her till this day and I just think I would have gotten... not that I would have done better, but, I probably would have gone off in a different direction because they were into housing. They would send out these teams. It was housing discrimination and they were sent out – black teams, inter-racial couples – to see landlords and that kind of business. I had just come out of social work school and I thought that would be good, but the money wasn't there. It was, like, four thousand, five thousand difference in money and I'm getting married, you know what I mean? So, I went with the Rehab Center. Big mistake. That was the worst two and a half years of my life, because this guy was a joke. I see him every now and then, but we're on much friendlier terms now. It was really uncomfortable. Yeah, sometimes we almost came to blows. I was in charge of counseling. I had eight counselors and I wanted to upgrade the counseling department. You need to have some credentials. You need to know something about counseling. He'd bring his friends in. He was like the job center for all of his friends, so, when he wanted to bring his friend in, he'd put him in my department. I'd say, "I don't want this guy." I would write them all up. One time I took him to the union. He got real upset about that. I could understand that, but I was jerking him anyway. I went outside the department and took him to the union. So, one of these guys never showed up for work and when he came you always smelled alcohol on his breath; real incompetent. He couldn't write a sentence. He was my intake worker. And we were an educational, vocational, and rehabilitation program that worked in conjunction with the psychiatric unit in a hospital; a methadone maintenance unit. Individuals came to us who supposedly had been stabilized on methadone and now, we're supposed to give them some marketable job skills to get them back into the workforce. Well, number one, they weren't

stabilized on methadone. They were still mixing other drugs. We had more seizures in the building everyday. It was unbelievable. And, so, many of them weren't serious and I'm not going to play. I wasn't playing with them and I didn't allow my counselors to play with them. I mean we had a business we had to run. You don't see the student for two months, three months. Now all of a sudden that student got a letter. They've got a face-to-face. I call the counselor, get so-and-so's records and they bring the records in there and I say, "I'll write the letter but I'm going to say, you know, that you were here twice." Then they get mad at me. Then, it's my fault. The director gets mad at me. I'm not going with the program because we got paid by the head. I'm not doing that. So, he would get all huffy and puffy. He'd get huffy and puffy when the state reports came out. We had to fill out these numbers. I'm not messing with numbers. He wanted me to put numbers in there. So, you know what I did? I'd put the numbers in there and I'd say, "You sign it".... I wouldn't sign it and he would get... oh, even to the point that he'd talk about me... because he know I was part West Indian, so it was the West Indian, the man, West Indian monkeys and all this stuff. I could have easily broken his neck, but that wouldn't have done any good. Anyway, from my community center connection, there was a priest who was the director. He and I worked together at the community center, he left to get his MSW, and we kind of compared notes on the different curriculums and stuff. We stayed in touch we'd have lunch like once a month. So, one day we met and he said, "I got a job at the Diocese would you be interested?" I said, "Well, what is it?" So, he told me what it was and basically it was to advocate for the particular needs and concerns of African-American Catholics in the larger African-American community. So, since I wanted to get out anyway, I would've made a deal with the devil. This was 1977... I said that I was interested. So, I gave him a resume and went through the process.

I worked for a board with a number of high-powered people on it. I did that for fourteen years. I served two Cardinals and traveled to ten counties of the archdioceses advocating for and really working with the various departments of the church to make them more approachable and more meaningful to African-Americans; the whole gamut. They worked me to death, but I loved it. I was there for fourteen years and parted ways, basically with the Cardinal. The Cardinal and I had some problems. There was something about him. One of my weaknesses is that I'm brutally honest, so, don't ask me if you don't want to know what I'm thinking. I would just let him have it. And then we had a big falling out over the housing desegregation in Yonkers. Well, if you remember, the Saw Mill River was the dividing line. West of the river was mostly black and Latino, and east of the river was white and the seminary was east of the river. Well, when the ruling to desegregate came out, the Cardinal offered some acreage on the seminary to use as scatter site housing because the judge's ruling was that you had to establish scatter site housing on the eastside, diverse housing, cause that was the ultimate way you break up segregation, you desegregate these neighborhoods. Well, after the Cardinal made that announcement, he started getting... those folks in Yonkers... they really showed their colors. He even shared some of the letters with me. And they got to a point that, where they told him, "You like niggers so much, we're going to put black buttons in the collection." They began to put black buttons in the collection. The diocese is actually monitoring this now. After a couple of months, they realize, they were losing money and he flipped. He flipped. So, of course, here comes the media and I say, "Well, the Cardinal flipped-flopped and because of his actions, he set back evangelization twenty years and I feel like he..." oh, Lord! He couldn't take it. So, after that a directorship became available and I put my feelers out and there were folks on that board as well who I knew, told them I was interested and I got the interview and was appointed as the director. And who

was the president of the Council? My current boss's boss. And I did that for seven years. We had to raise money and when our primary fundraiser got sick and passed, I saw the writing on the wall and I said this isn't going to make it. Through my connection on the board, I found out that my current boss was looking for a deputy, so, here I am. I left the diocese in eighty-nine. I was with the Counsel from eighty-nine to ninety-six. I started on the university payroll in 1996. I've been the associate director ever since. I'm on the adjunct faculty of the Afro Studies department. I love it. But it was people along the way... there was always somebody. I forget one board member who used to always say: "Luck is when preparation meets opportunity, that's what luck is." And I never forgot that. And it was just that. When opportunity came, I was there and I was ready. I had what they were looking for and went right in. But that's how it is.

Analysis of Frank's Story

- Frank seems to perceive his mother as being a role model with whom he has identified. He credits her with raising him to be capable of taking care of himself including instilling in him sensitivity for such domestic necessities as cooking for himself and ironing his own clothes. And although Frank, by his actions, indicates his having internalized these lessons, taught by his mother, he is somewhat apologetic for having done so – "I shop, I do laundry, vacuum, all those things that I guess guys aren't supposed to do, but that's the way I was raised." This circumstance leaves me with the impression of Frank's having, perhaps, some feelings of embarrassment concerning his domestic inclinations. Along with his internalization of his mother's teaching of domestic skills, was Frank's internalization of her attitudes concerning race. I got the impression that Frank not only recognized the dignity that his mother exuded when she refused to "buy into" what she perceived to be the imposition of denigration fostered by segregation, but that he strove

to exude that same dignified posture himself. I believe that Frank's admiration for his mother vis-à-vis her stance on the issue of race became the underlying impetus for his own attitude concerning race, including his need to distinguish himself from the "slice" of the African-American population whom he perceived as being animated, even today, by attitudes and worldviews developed during slavery.

- Frank's idealized recollection of the relationship he had with his aunt left me with the impression that he perceived his aunt as someone who was capable of bestowing upon him the most abundant outpouring of unconditional love that one could imagine – "...I think she was my favorite because of the way she treated me. I was special. Now, my mother treated me special as well, but my aunt... was very good to me. She spoiled me. She loved me." Besides the respite Frank seems to have gotten whenever he went to visit his aunt at her "ranch" on Long Island, he also seems to have received some of the attention that he desired and didn't perceive receiving in quite the same way at home with his mother. So, perhaps, between the two, his aunt and his mother, Frank received the good enough parenting that he needed.
- Although he doesn't say much about his father, I believe that what he does say allowed me a modicum of insight into the development of Frank's worldview. According to Frank, his father had a son with a woman other than his mother. He doesn't say whether or not his father was married to his mother when his half-brother was born, but he says that his mother and father divorced and he didn't know why. Frank also states that his father generated income from his involvement in illegal activity. Juxtaposed with this somewhat unsavory impression of his father, Frank states that his father cooperated with his mother in matters concerning his wellbeing, that his father attended church, and that

he would spend time with his father, most Sundays, which included having breakfast together and playing checkers. I believe that Frank's experience of his father raised conflict within him that, upon their resolution, somehow helped galvanize his own worldview. It seems to me that Frank rejected his father's posture when it came to how to be a husband and how to earn a living, while internalizing what he perceived to be, perhaps, his father's attitude towards him, as his father's son, as well as what he may have perceived to be his father's love of the church. These were postures exhibited by his father that Frank could admire and emulate. In speaking about his having beaten his father at checkers and stating that his father never let him win, I got the impression that this competitive spirit was a quality that Frank chose to admire in his father, internalized, and relied upon in his own life.

- I got the sense that he experienced his older brother as an enigma in that his brother was someone that Frank should have been able to look up to, but was perceived by Frank, instead, as someone to be pitied. I believe that Frank may have developed his own self-esteem, on the back of his brother, in part by being able to compare his behavior and attitude to the behavior and attitude exhibited by his brother and was able to perceive himself as being better-off than his brother. I believe that even now, as an adult, Frank is hoping to find, in his brother, some quality to admire.

Here are some additional thoughts that come to mind as I contemplate Frank's narrative.

- Frank seemed to be intolerant of the foolish behaviors and attitudes of others that promoted chaos and confusion. Instead, he endeavored to impose structure and order on endeavors in which he was engaged. I believe this posture to be the result of the influence

of his military experience, which he confessed to having enjoyed, and his success at playing team sports.

- I believe that Frank's perception that he was liked by people and that he was a "people person" has held him in good stead throughout his life in that his acting on this perception led to his being able to make connections with others, forming a network through which he was able to successfully advance his career.

Frank is someone who perceives himself to be honest and forthright – "... I'm brutally honest, so, don't ask me if you don't want to know what I'm thinking." He sees himself as possessing dignity and high standards and he doesn't suffer fools lightly. He is a person who derives pleasure from being a contrarian in his status as the domestically inclined partner in his marriage. Frank also perceives himself as having been "blessed" with success and projects himself as being endowed with the ability to live a long and fruitful life. He is someone who is concerned about his status in the eyes of others in that he strives to separate and distinguish himself, as an African-American man, from those he believes to be the "slice", of the African-American population, that needs to be uplifted from the depths of ignorance and poverty. Frank loathes the possibility of his being identified as an element of that "slice" and does whatever he can, including reminding himself of his material and professional success, to avoid being identified as a part of the "slice".

CHAPTER FIVE

Discussion

The results of this study are the insights that were gleaned from the unpacking and interpretation of the data that were collected. These data, as interpreted by this investigator, have contributed incrementally to a more nuanced understanding of how these subjects, and to a certain extent, all of us, may respond and adapt to our environment from a psychoanalytic perspective. The following points are the basis for the presentation of these insights.

Our Nature:

- We are motivated by two survival instincts: aggression and narcissism/sexuality.
- We are inhibited, in our motivation, by the inter-generational transmission of rules, regulations, taboos, values, etc. that tend to alter the proscribed pathways of action our motivation would have us take.
- We must arbitrate the conflict between our motivations and inhibitions as we take into consideration the stressors contributed by the environment in which we find ourselves.
- We have several psychologically based tools at our disposal to arbitrate these conflicts, one of which is the ability to sublimate both aggressive and narcissist motivation through the use of our imagination.
- The psychological activity, which constitutes these conflicts, is conducted outside our awareness.

- The resolution of these conflicts is reflected in the behavior that we exhibit.
- The behavior that we exhibit, in resolution of these internal conflicts, is the best that we can achieve at any given point in time.
- These internal conflicts continue to occur throughout our lifespan.

We are all held hostage by our need to be taken care of both physically and psychologically. Each and every one of us enters this life totally dependent on caregivers – presumably our mothers – to fulfill our every need. Our initial adaptation to our environment is to become dependent. We tend to maintain this adaptation throughout the span of our life. No matter how much and how well we mature, if we were to become fully conscious of our motivation, I believe that we would be overwhelmed by the knowledge of how consistently we behave in ways we perceive will illicit responses from the environment that tend to affirm us, pander to us, support us, admire us, respect us – love us. The psychological cost, to each of us, of maintaining such adaptive behaviors can be high, especially in light of the conflicting need, that we all seem to share, to perceive our self as being autonomous. The counterbalance to our need to be taken care of is our need to feel that we are competent individuals who are accomplished in our ability to adapt to our environment, subsequently confirming that we are capable of taking care of our self. This seems to be especially true of those of us who come to adulthood in Western societies. As a consequence of this enduring, life long, conflict between our need to be taken care of and our need to perceive our self as being autonomous, we seek a sort of psychological homeostasis, if you will; a balance between the two required to keep us whole. It is this conflict that I discern to be most salient in the narratives presented by my participant cohort. I believe that the struggle to

attain an internal equilibrium around this conflict has shown itself to be the most prominent theme flowing through all that has been said.

From the analysis of my participant cohort data, it is clear that the primary articulated conflict is found to be reflected in the ways the men relate their work life experiences with their experiences apart from the pursuit of their careers. It is through their work that they attempt to fulfill their need to perceive themselves as being autonomous, and it is through their work that they demonstrate their proficiency, which leads to rewards of power, money, and status, which, in turn, leads to many self-perceptions including the perception of being autonomous. Through my participant cohort's relating their early life experiences – childhood, adolescence, young adulthood – they indicate not only how they perceive themselves as having been taken care of, but, perhaps, how they wish they had been taken care of as well. My participant cohort's relating their experiences of their interpersonal relationships tended to indicate how well they have been able to fulfill their need to be loved, shown affection, respected, admired – taken care of. The conflict between one's need to be taken care of and one's need to perceive oneself as being autonomous doesn't arise due to their being mutually exclusive, on the contrary, they are two aspects of life that seem complimentary. The conflict arises in that one must devote time and psychic resources to the development of each life aspect. The question is, how does one devote a sufficient amount of time and psychic resources to each life aspect in order to gain the psychological homeostasis required for one to feel whole?

The analysis of the data continues with the presentation of the participants in a sequence that begins with the participant seen as the most adaptive resolver of this love/work conflict and continues to the least adaptive resolver.

- FRANK – In his work life, Frank seems to have been able to acquire a level of expertise that allowed him to stay in his positions for several years at a time. He presents as having striven for excellence in performing his job throughout his career. Consequently, when he reached a point in any of his positions where he felt that performing his duties to the best of his ability became untenable, he was able to depart the work environment when the time came. It seems to me that Frank interacted within the work environment in such a way as to be almost devoid of needs that would ordinarily be fulfilled outside of such an environment. Work was his way of confirming his competence and autonomy to himself and others. – In response to the stressors that shaped his “life-arc”, Frank developed an adaptive compromise formation through which he was able to maintain a love/work balance. Through sublimation, he was able to channel his aggression and narcissism into a striving for excellence in his work environment. His perception of himself as being a successful husband and father, coupled with his success in the work environment, is an indication that the inhibitors, active in his life, including secure attachment figures, were strong enough to harness and direct the motivators that fueled his progress.

In his home life, Frank seems to have developed relationships with his wife and son that are affirming, supportive, and caring. He prides himself on being a successful father and a good husband. He perceives himself as having adapted to the task of a maintaining a harmonious marriage as attested to in his explaining, somewhat defensively, that he does the grocery shopping and cooking for the family.

It seems to me that the adaptations to which Frank has arrived in both his work life, and his interpersonal relationships beyond his work and career, would lead to the desired balance required to sustain internal, psychological, equilibrium.

- **ARNOLD** – Arnold believes in the force of his own will, to the extent that he has been able to shape his work life and his family interpersonal relationships so successfully that he has become an extremely confident person. I believe that Arnold perceives himself to have almost unlimited and unconditional support from colleagues at work as well as from his family. He has aspired to and has achieved a position in his career that has not only brought him power, status, and money, but he also seems to have perceived himself to be in receipt of the kind of support, caring, and affirmation, from within the work environment, that one might expect to receive from one’s family and friends outside the work environment. – Through an altered perception of self, Arnold developed a compromise formation that allowed him to perceive himself as living a love/work balance in equilibrium, while, in reality, living a love/work balance extremely skewed toward work. The levels at which his aggression and narcissism reigned supreme, were not able to be tempered by his “life-arc” inhibitors; an indication of the influence of a hyper-activating attachment at best.

Arnold, in his quest to make the most of opportunities that would serve to advance his career, had transplanted his family to a number of different locations in the world where his wife was expected to establish a household and his children were expected to adapt their development needs to the environment in which they found themselves. Arnold’s perception of this activity seems to be that it served everyone equally as well as it did him; a great experience for one and all. His perception may not reflect reality as experienced by the members of his family.

Arnold’s perception of being supported and cared for by both his colleagues at work and his family has sustained him thus far along the way. Although Arnold has arrived at an adaptive resolution to the love versus work conflict, it seems to me that it is a tenuous one. If, for

example, Arnold is not able to continue his pattern of going overseas for extended periods of time in fulfilling the demands of his career, his ability to exhibit his competence and autonomy may become impaired to the point of upsetting the psychological homeostasis that he seems to have achieved. Or if, on the other hand, the interpersonal relationships he perceives to have developed with the members of his family tended to unravel in his perception, then the balance between work life and home life might become upset. As long as Arnold can maintain the elements that allow him the perception of being in psychological equilibrium, he will be.

- DAVID – Although David has found his niche when it comes to his work and career being the vehicle through which he confirms his competence and autonomy, it has not allowed him the means through which to attain the level of love, affection, respect, and admiration that he perceived that it should. Working under a set of rules that seems to have been instilled in him by his father, David has been able to build and continues to thrive in a successful career. He has attained a position through which he is able to affect the careers of others in a positive and substantial way. He has done that consistently throughout his career and has benefited from the status and power that accompanies having reached such a position. To David's chagrin the interpersonal relationships that he might have formed in a family setting, were not as forthcoming in his work environment as he had expected them to be. David seems to have reached a compromise formation concerning this matter, in which he uses his power and status to support not everyone in need of his support, but only those of his colleagues whom he discerns will return the love, affection, respect, and admiration he requires. – Although David had been able, through sublimation, to form an adaptive compromise formation, which allowed him to garner prestige and power in his work environment, he was unable to develop equilibrium

in his love/work balance; work completely overshadowed the love aspect of his life. The patterns discernible in David's compromise formation are indicative of one who had suffered a deactivating attachment.

David had tried repeatedly to form a family through which to obtain the support and caring that he needs. His model for such a family unit seems to have evolved from his recollections of what his own family was like from the perspective of his relationship with his father. I believe that this model included David's being father to a son of his own. Consequently, he married in order to have children and since that prospect eluded him and his wife twice, resulting in his wife's unwillingness to continue trying, he seems to have given up the idea. David seems to have decided to seek the fulfillment of those needs in his work environment instead.

Without a family, David has difficulty maintaining the balance between love and work in that he attempts to obtain the support and caring that might come from a wife and children, from his colleagues within his work environment. David's adaptation is to garner what he needs by supporting those of his colleagues that he presumes will show him the gratitude that he needs and expects in return. This adaption will sustain David as long as he can maintain a position of power within his work environment.

- BERNARD – Bernard has, throughout his life, either under estimated or refused to concede the worth of the people from whom he had received the love, affection, respect, admiration that he needed; his parents, his younger brother, and his wife. Instead, Bernard's conflation of his need for autonomy with his need for love and support led him into job after job where he consistently sought both confirmation of his competency and the personal support that he required, from people, in the work environment, who were

neither capable of or interested in supplying either. This situation generated a level of stress in Bernard's life that resulted in his physical decline as well as to a psychological state which had him confused about his own competency and thus hampered his ability to perceive himself as being autonomous. – Although the compromise formation that was developed over Bernard's "life-arc", allowed him to be successful in his work environment, his altered perception of self, within that environment, compelled him to conflate the source of the love aspect of the love/work balance. He perceived his love\work balance being in equilibrium as an attribution of the love offered by work colleagues when it was actually an attribution of the love that he had received from his family. Bernard's love/work balance was skewed toward love, from outside the work environment, although, in his perception, it came from within the workplace. Bernard seems to have experienced a hyper-activating attachment as well.

Bernard has been successful by almost any objective measure the environment – read society – uses to determine such things. And despite his inability to perceive himself as being taken care of by his wife and family, it seems to me that the level of support that he received from these sources was good enough to sustain him.

If Bernard could acknowledge and accept the fact that he receives a sustaining level of love and support from his family and curtail his expectation of personal support from the work environment, perhaps his perception of his competency would be magnified, consequently enabling him to achieve inner-life equilibrium.

- CARL – Carl perceived himself as having received so much love, affection, respect, and admiration during his childhood that he spent much of his adult life in an attempt to

regain that level of support that he perceived himself to have lost. His search for love and support led Carl to a position, within a work environment, where he was not only able to secure the perception of his own autonomy, but also perceive himself to have found a similar level of support as he had experienced as a child. Carl basked in the sunlight of this experience for over twenty years before the cloud of a corporate merger overshadowed his perception of wellbeing, as his position was terminated. Carl fell into a depressive state that has lasted for ten years and consequently, he has not practiced his profession since departing his work environment. – Through an altered self-perception, Carl developed a compromise formation that, although it allowed him to be successful, made him vulnerable to an outsized need for love and support from every aspect of his environment; work, friends, family, and community. It seems that he had grown up in an environment in which he perceived himself to have had many attachment figures to which he was securely attached. After losing his job and having this aspect of his environment unable to be perceived as contributing to his wellbeing, Carl fell into a depressive affect in which he could not perceive himself as being loved by any aspect of his environment including his family, friends, and community.

It is unclear whether there was a cause and effect relationship between Carl's falling into a depressive state and his subsequent divorce from his wife, but both events occurred within the same year. Perhaps the divorce was an indication of how much Carl relied on love and support from his work environment as opposed to fostering the fulfillment of those needs from amongst his family, friends, and community.

Although Carl has remarried and has become a father once more, he still suffers from depression and feels that rekindling the relationships with his children from his first marriage will somehow bring relief to the inner turmoil that is his current life experience.

- EDWARD – During his early childhood, Edward suffered the psychological loss of the love and support of his parents. Due to their own life circumstances, his parents were rendered incapable of being good enough to supply his needs. As a consequence of this situation, Edward grew to depend upon his older brother to fulfill his need for love, affection, respect, and admiration. Edward's brother eventually became an ineffective source of love due to his alcoholism, which was the fault of their mother, as perceived by Edward, for allowing his brother to become an alcoholic. As a result of these circumstances, Edward was left with no familiar support to speak of early in his development. This early life experience was further exacerbated by the fact that Edward suffered from asthma and spent months in the hospital during his later childhood. Edward learned to live alone as an adaptation to those extended hospital stays. – Despite not having formed any sort of bond with an attachment figure, through his altered perception of self, Edward was able to develop a compromise formation that allowed him to perceive himself as being loved, respected and admired. His perception also allowed Edward to see himself as being successful in the many endeavors he undertook. In reality, he was unable to forge the necessary relations, amongst family, friends, and community that may have been able to sustain the love he sought but could not find.

During his adolescent years, Edward made choices that got him involved in the Civil Rights movement of his day, to the extent that he was active in several protest marches in the south. I believe that such highly stimulating activity at such an impressionable stage of his development

presented Edward not only with a pathway to substantiating his perception of autonomy, as well as receiving the love and support that he needed, but also led to his expectation of the same as he grew into adulthood. And although he attempted to model his work life, in adulthood, after the experiences of his youth, by entering the helping profession as a social worker, he was never fully successful in replicating those experiences in which, presumably, he had received a modicum of love, affection, respect, and admiration as he developed competence in a once in a lifetime endeavor; the Civil Rights movement.

Edward's attempts to shore up his love and support infrastructure resulted in two failed marriages. And after having participated in several different careers over the years, Edward finds himself contently living alone, but with little support and a less than adequate work environment in which to sustain his perception of his own autonomy.

Summary

After all is said and done, the data can be perceived as reflecting a continuum, with Frank's experience at one end and Edward's experience at the other. The spectrum is divided in half with the experiences of Frank, Arnold, and David (FAD) comprising one half and the experiences of Bernard, Carl, and Edward (BCE) comprising the other. The division centers on each groups' trajectory as concerning their adaptation to the love and work conflict. The FAD group projects a trajectory that indicates sustainable inner-life equilibrium, either by a reality-based adaptation or through perception that the BCE group does not. Within the FAD group, Frank's adaptation presents as the most reality-based of the group, with both Arnold and David combining perception and reality to achieve psychological homeostasis. Within the BCE group, Bernard presents as having not achieved sustainable adaptation to the love work conflict, even

though objectively it seems that he has. Carl had a sustainable adaptation for a portion of his working life through a combination of reality and perception, lost it, and has not been able to recover, while Edward presents as not having sustainable inner-life equilibrium at all.

Love and Work

Consider love and work from the perspective of each being a terminal sublimation state of our instincts that can be seen as both narcissistic and aggressive in nature. Taking from Freud the idea that we are all born with instincts and the two prominent ones being the instinct to kill, dislodge, or eliminate physical threats to self by being aggressive and our need to be protected, taken care of, looked after, paid attention to, etc., by being narcissistic.

Freud describes us as naturally aggressive beings. The parallel instinct to aggression, according to Freud, having the same level of intensity, is our instinct to be sexual or narcissistic beings in that we are driven to reproduce ourselves. These are survival instincts. If we were not capable of the level of aggression required to fend off threats to our body and mind, we would cease to exist as an individual being and if we didn't have the sexual instinct required to reproduce, we would not survive as a species.

Starting from these two survival instincts and moving forward, we advance in phases to two terminal sublimation states: love and work. As we develop through these phases, taking an Eriksonian perspective, we deal with the tasks at hand either well or poorly. We are all different and so we handle the tasks differently and by the time we reach the terminal sublimation states of love and work, we may be functioning at markedly different levels of ability, one from the other. A way of understanding our maturation into these terminal sublimation states is to consider the process as perhaps being analogous to the process of neuronal migration in the brain

As cells, germinating at the neural tube during embryonic development, stop dividing and mature into neurons, they begin their migration to a region in the brain where they are genetically predisposed to locate, extend axons and dendrites, and begin their “production phase”, so to speak. They organize themselves into structures that integrate and evolve into the circuitry of the brain. If the migration process is successful the brain development will be normal. If the neurons fail to settle into their individual terminal locations by either falling short of, or continuing beyond those locations, or by not moving towards them at all, development will be disrupted and, in the case of abnormal migration of cerebral cortical neurons, may result in mental retardation or epilepsy.

Psychologically, our narcissistic and aggressive instincts must ‘migrate’ to the terminal sublimation states that form the structures ‘love’ and ‘work’ which are integral to the “life-arc”. When this developmental process is successful, we are able to glean the requisite levels of narcissistic and aggressive gratification from the family, friends, and community environment and love/work environment, respectively, necessary to trigger our perception that life is pleasurable. When this process is disrupted, the result may be that we perceive life as being full of displeasure in that we seek and fail to find a sustainable level of narcissistic gratification in the love/work environment or we are not able to achieve an adequate level of aggressive gratification in the family, friends, and community environment.

Another analogous approach to understanding the concept of terminal sublimation states might be taken from Piaget (1936). As he points out, one of the tasks that children encounter during development is learning the principle of conservation; things still exist even though they are no longer visible. This concept might be extended from the perspective that out-of-sight need not connote out-of-mind. Some of us seem to learn this principle and apply it much better than

others. When applied to the love aspect of our environment, lack of the full embrace of this principle may account for the disparities in how we develop and sustain our friendships. For some of us, friendships are sustained when our friends are in close proximity to us and we can interact with them frequently. When circumstances change so that we are no longer in close proximity and the frequency of interaction decreases, the friendship wanes. In contrast, some of us are able to sustain lifelong friendships, independent of the proximity and frequency of interaction. This latter posture contributes more to the sustainability of the love environment than does the former. There are many such principles to master and tasks to deal with throughout our lifespan. How well we learn these principles and apply them, as we approach each of the many tasks we encounter, are factors that contribute to the quality of our terminal sublimation states.

Narcissism and aggression are sublimated as the termini 'love' and 'work' respectively. The terminus 'love' connotes having a family, friends, and community that not only allow us an opportunity to reproduce ourselves, through our progeny, but also afford us opportunities to elicit from others their love, affection, respect, and admiration; affirmation that not only enhances our quality of life but also contributes to the fulfillment of our need for narcissistic gratification as well.

The terminus 'work' connotes the perspective from which we are able to use our imagination in order to create, for ourselves, a 'world' in which we are afforded a persistent, environmentally acceptable, outlet for our aggressive tendencies, which, in turn, contributes to the fulfillment of our need for aggressive gratification. This 'world' is tantamount to the play environments of our childhood in which we learned to 'play out' our aggressive tendencies, through the use of our imagination, rather than 'act out' those tendencies in the environment. This play, through the use of imagination, is the precursor of sublimation; a psychic device that

is active, unconsciously, throughout our lifespan. This concept of the ‘world’ of love/work was illustrated during our recent financial collapse as Bernard Madoff’s world became the focus of our attention. Mr. Madoff created a love/work ‘world’, or environment, for himself, in which the rules of the game he chose to play allowed him to perceive himself, perhaps, as a ‘master of the universe’; an aggressive outlet that was presumably gratifying to him. He was so successful at his play that he was able to impose his perception of himself onto the environment in a way that was sustainable throughout the “production phase” of his “life-arc”. And, Mr. Madoff’s love/work environment was derivative of and parallel to the more expansive love/work environment exemplified by our financial system as a whole. Once our attention was focused on these love/work environments, our response was at a level of incredulity usually evoked as we are exposed to the fantasies of children, only with greater intensity.

Although the love/work environments that most of us inhabit are not endowed with the extraordinarily imaginative attributes of Mr. Maddoff’s, they are still environments in which we are allowed to, and often encouraged to, yell, scream, curse, browbeat people, become the boss, and determine whom to downsize. In short, if done well, the love/work environment that we create for ourselves, affords us the opportunity to exhibit aggressive behaviors, within the confines of the love/work environment that would not be tolerated anywhere else.

The terminal sublimation states that we achieve, as we progress through our “life-arc”, must be maintained in a sustainable equilibrium either in reality or perceptually. If a sustainable process of achieving and maintaining equilibrium between the terminal sublimation states is developed, we would then experience our “life-arc” as pleasurable in that our need for aggressive and narcissistic gratification would be fulfilled. If, on the other hand, we have not been able to develop a process by which the necessary equilibrium between the terminal sublimation states

might be sustained, we would experience a feeling of displeasure associated with our “life-arc”. We would tend to value one terminal sublimation state over the other thereby precluding the optimization of gratification that would emanate from the undervalued terminal sublimation state. The less than optimal level of gratification contributed by the undervalued terminal sublimation state would be supplemented by a substitution of gratifying aspects inherent in the overvalued terminal sublimation state, in order to compensate for the shortfall. For instance, if we value the love/work environment over the family, friends, community environment, aspects of the undervalued environment, such as love and concern by others for our wellbeing, may be supplanted by a raise in salary and a step-up in title. We would tend to accept the latter as an equivalent of the former, which they are not. The overvaluing of one terminal sublimation state is tantamount to the proverbial ‘placing all of our eggs in one basket’ that would leave us in a precarious psychological position if something were to happen to our basket.

As we develop through our “life-arc”, we make adaptations to the environment, which allow us to simulate a balanced life vis-à-vis the love and work terminal sublimations. We may be able to sustain this simulation through our “life-arc” until the point at which the major life-transition from the “production phase” to the “post-production phase” of our “life-arc” begins. It is at this time that we must come to a reckoning in which we attempt to reconcile the imbalance between the terminal sublimations. Once we enter into the period in which our work environment rapidly declines and our primary source of aggressive gratification is destroyed, the hallmark of the “production phase” to “post-production phase” major life-transition, we depend on the love terminal sublimation to provide us the narcissistic gratification we will need in order to negotiate this major life-transition successfully.

The psychological trauma that we may suffer as we make the major life-transition from the “production phase” of our “life-arc”, in which we are fully engaged in our love/work environment, to the “post-production phase” of our “life-arc”, in which the love/work environment begins a rapid decline, may impose upon us a depressive state we may find difficult to overcome without the support of family, friends, and the community in which we have been involved. The shock of experiencing the ending of our career may be the psychological equivalent of being pushed from an airplane, into free fall, without a parachute. The prospects for a soft landing seem practically non-existent.

The love environment may not represent a parachute, but as we experience the fall from the heights of the “production phase” of our “life-arc” to the “post-production phase”, the love environment may be experienced as being analogous to an inflated airbag that can cushion our fall, enabling us not only to psychologically survive it but to recover from the fall as well.

Most of us negotiate the major life-transition from the “production phase” of the “life-arc” to the “post-production phase” without experiencing a debilitating level of psychological trauma. For those of us who experience this major life-transition as disruptive to the point of being an impediment to living a pleasurable “post-production” life, life-transition counseling may be a significant factor in promoting the development of an adaptive response to the crisis.

‘Race’: A Non-Issue

Through interpreting the life-narrative data contributed by the six men profiled in this study, I believe that I have been able to extract bits of insight that may contribute, incrementally, to greater bodies of knowledge.

Upon entering into this inquiry, I was interested in understanding how men I perceived to be of similar background to my own and at a similar age and stage of life, would respond to encountering a major life-transition that moved them away from involvement in career and work environments in which they had been engaged for years. My “production phase” to “post-production phase” major life-transition moved me to pursue a graduate degree. I felt that my response was not normative and I engaged in this study in an attempt to discern how others might respond.

An attribute of the participant cohort that I felt I could take advantage of, in that it may have helped to facilitate pattern recognition amongst the data, was the fact that they are black men who I believed would somehow incorporate the environmental construct of race into their life-narratives. That never happened in this study. Although a few of the men referred to their being black in the context of telling their stories, none of them ever overtly stated or even implied that the specter of environmental racism was a disruptive or detrimental force as they progressed through their “life-arc”. Perhaps I shouldn’t have been, but I was astounded by this development. After considering that my interview technique may not have been conducive to the cohort’s being willing to divulge their true feelings about race, I was stopped short in this line of thinking by my recollection of my own reaction to environmental racism; I never overtly attribute it to my plight either. When I thought about my own attitude further, I realized that early on in my career, after having trained several of my contemporaries who were white young men, and watching them climb the corporate ladder to heights I perceived myself, at the time, as never being able to achieve, I concluded that I was not cut out for a career in corporate America, opted out, and became a consultant to corporate America. And when I was asked about the rage that I must have experienced in connection with my feelings about having abandoned my

corporate career, I would deny feelings of rage as I aggressively increased the fees I charged the department heads for whom I had previously worked. The anger, frustration, and perhaps rage that might have engulfed me, being rooted in aggression, were shunted into my love/work environment from which I derived a great deal of aggressive gratification over the “production phase” of my “life-arc”. I believe the data suggests that the participant cohort had similar experiences to my own as they encountered environmental racism.

The data suggests that environmental racism was operating in the “preparation phase” as well as in the “production phase” of the “life-arc” of each of the participant cohort members:

- From Arnold’s story: his father was severely underemployed and abusive, perhaps as a result of and in response to racism, resulting in the development of negative objects around the experience of father. Arnold became aggressively motivated to best his father by bettering self. He became narcissistically motivated to substitute gang membership for family membership, substitute accessible older man for his father, discard his first wife to marry someone on whom to depend for required level of emotional support and secured a love/work environment in which extended overseas stays were the norm. This effecting removal from love/work environment in the States where rules, perhaps due to racism, were not conducive to achieving a level of aggressive gratification required. He thus overvalued work and his high salary and titled status as substitutes for an insufficient level of narcissistic gratification.
- From Bernard’s story: his early development occurred in a homogeneous racial community in which his father exemplified a stereotypical racial identity. Perhaps, due to racism practiced against his community and by extension, against his father, Bernard

developed negative objects related to the experience of father. The objects he developed around family were undermined by the encroachment of his extended family into his household. Bernard developed positive objects of his experience of mother as a result the love and admiration he felt for his mother. He sought narcissistic gratification primarily from his peer community. Bernard achieved a modicum of narcissistic gratification from his peers as a high school student and throughout his college career. His primary motivation for entry into the love/work environment, after college, was to escape from his family/community of origin. Bernard chose to avoid love/work environments in which rejection by his peer community was possible. As a result of this aversion, he experienced insufficient aggressive gratification in several love/work environments. Bernard never seemed to have access to his desired love/work environments, perhaps due to racism. He tended to overvalue love/work environments by seeking narcissistic gratification from peers within those environments. As a consequence of his focus on work, Bernard neglected the maintenance of family, friends, and community; a love environment that was readily available to him.

- From Carl's story: he developed positive objects of his family, friends, and community experience. Carl also developed strong, positive objects of older men, due to an exceptionally intense experience of his grandfather. At the death of his grandfather, during his childhood, Carl idealized these objects. Without the support of his grandfather, he developed the perception of being under intense pressure from his family to achieve, perhaps as a way of 'uplifting' the family/race in response to racism. Carl perceived himself as being devoid of support in terms of role models of achievement. He was able to enhance his narcissistic gratification, derived from family, friends, and community, by

extension into his work environment. In the past, Carl successfully generated narcissistic gratification in high school by becoming student body president. He supplemented his narcissistic gratification in college by playing football, with aggressive gratification being ancillary. Carl followed his peers into law school. He experienced several love/work environments after law school but, perhaps due to racism, found none of them suitable. Carl eventually fell into a love/work environment in which narcissistic gratification was generated from his relationship with his boss (a grandfather object). In this love/work environment, Carl received a modicum of aggressive gratification, but generated as ancillary to the level of narcissistic gratification he achieved. His family, friends, and community were overvalued, as he focused on attempts to recreate his childhood love/work environment, and in doing so, curtailed his access to the level of aggressive gratification he required. Carl's succumbing to depressive affect, upon losing his position after twenty years, seemed inevitable.

- From David's story: he developed positive objects from his experience of his father. David idealized his father, who died when he was an adolescent. He also developed positive objects of his experience of his older brother, so much so that emulation of his brother became a strong, aggressive, motivation in his life. As a consequence of this source of motivation, David perceived himself as falling short of his brother's achievements. When he was in graduate school, he garnered narcissistic gratification by rejecting suggestions, of his peers, of racial bias against him as he pursued his PhD. David established a love/work environment, as a professor, in predominately black college, perhaps deterred from other positions due to racism. He attempted to garner narcissistic gratification from his peers by dispensing favors, within the love/work

environment, with limited success. David also attempted to garner narcissistic gratification, by marrying and fathering children, with no success. He eventually landed in a love/work environment with an adequate level of aggressive gratification, but with a diminished capacity for narcissistic gratification. David's primary narcissistic gratification emanated from his relationship with his older brother, as well as from a relationship with a significant woman in his life.

- From Edward's story: he grew up in a dysfunctional household, perhaps as a result of racism. He developed negative objects of his experience of father. Edward developed extremely negative objects of his experience of mother. The positive objects that he had formed, of his experience of his older brother, were a crucial aspect of his life. Edward was persistently sick and isolated in childhood. He learned to read at an early age thus establishing a basis for eventual aggressive gratification in a literary love/work environment. He blamed his mother for the ruination of his older brother; a condition, his brother's ruination, that preempted the establishment of a potential source of narcissistic gratification. Edward attempted to garner narcissistic gratification, as a youth, through romantic relationships. He established a primary source of aggressive gratification in a love/work environment represented by his involvement in the Civil Rights Movement. Edward garnered additional aggressive gratification, in his youth, through his college campus activism, with limited success. He joined the army, and became an officer, as a possible source of aggressive gratification. Due to racism, Edward rejected a military love/work environment as a source of aggressive gratification. In search of a love/work environment that could become his primary source of aggressive gratification, he became a social worker, but found the level of aggressive gratification inadequate. Edward wrote

a novel, possibly with the hope of establishing a love/work environment that would supply the requisite level of aggressive gratification, to no avail. He attempted to establish a primary source of narcissistic gratification by twice marrying women, with the proviso that progeny not be produced, and failed, as progeny were produced and each marriage ended in divorce. Edward was consistently searching for primary sources, of both aggressive and narcissistic gratification, that he never found.

- From Frank's story: he developed positive objects of his experience of father despite his parents' separation. Frank also developed positive objects of his experience of mother. His experience of his aunt, his mother's sister, led to very positive objects of women. Frank was able to establish family, friends, and community as primary sources of narcissistic gratification, in childhood. He established a team approach to his love/work environment as a youth. He was successful at team athletics, from which he derived a great deal of narcissistic gratification. He had a positive military experience, perhaps due to the opportunity for both aggressive and narcissistic gratification afforded by such an experience. Frank fostered extended opportunities for narcissistic gratification by marrying and fathering a son. He established a love/work environment in which aggressive gratification was derived by his working for the benefit of minority people less fortunate than he was, perhaps in response to racism. Frank's networking of community contacts culminated in his achieving a highly sustainable love/work environment in an academic setting. For Frank, both narcissistic and aggressive gratification emanate from a love/work environment in balance.

Thus I can argue that for each of the participants, racism played a significant, if not explicitly stated role in their attempts to engender a love/work equilibrium.

Clinical Implications: The Use of Life--Transition Counseling

In the society that is the United States of America today, there is a generation of citizens, many of whom are still in the “production phase” of the “life-arc”, in their mid-fifties and older. They have contributed to the ‘Gross Domestic Product’ of their country for twenty, thirty, forty years or more. They have prospered in their endeavors and enjoy a level of stability in their financial circumstances. Many of these citizens will continue in the “production phase” of their “life-arc” until they die and therefore will never have to experience the major life-transition into the “post-production phase” (retirement). Everyone else will, eventually, have to heed the signals informing them that their “production phase” to “post-production phase” major life-transition is at hand. Most of those who get the message will successfully complete the transition; some after suffering various traumatic experiences and others more serenely, all depending on how sustainable a love environment they had managed to develop and maintain. And for the remainder, life-transition counseling will be required.

As a consequence of living and working in the society that is the United States of America, citizens are encouraged, during the “production phase” of their “life-arc”, to give as much of themselves as they can to the work of production. In response to such encouragement, some tend to be the first to arrive at the workplace and the last to leave, take lunch at their desk, if they take lunch at all, work on weekends and evenings when asked to do so, skip or curtail vacations, etc. Needless to say, the level of anxiety created by the conflict between work and love, inherent in such behaviors, often results in the type of compromise formation (see Table I, above) that may tend to conflate what one does with whom one is. Clinical intervention will help in bringing the love/work continuum into balance.

The case for “post-production phase”/retirement counseling is well documented. George’s (1993) formulation, role theory, suggests that people who retire from work are vulnerable to feelings of role loss, which can lead to psychological distress. According to George, work is central to one’s identity and the loss of such a critically important role as well as the loss of the environment in which the role was performed, are implicated in the decline of morale and an increase in depressive symptoms. The continuity theory, (Atchley, 1999), proposes that people tend to maintain their earlier patterns, self-esteem, and values even as they retire.

According to Osborne (2012), counselors can help retirees both before and after they retire. Clients can be helped to identify aspects of preretirement that can make a positive contribution to their transitional experience. The importance of continuity is crucial in advising future retirees to begin establishing some of the activities, interests, and recreations that can help replace the void resulting from job loss. The importance of family values, worldviews, and relationships can be recognized and strengthened prior to beginning retirement because this will also transfer to retirement. Counselors can explain how such a major transition involves several stages over time and that most retirees eventually manage the transition even though there may be continuing psychological issues. Helping retirees cope with psychological effects of retirement, such as the loss of a work/life structure and a job that may have defined much of their identity, is likely to be a priority. During the transition, a counselor can check for possible problems in home management issues, family relationships, unexpected caregiving, and the building of a retirement/life structure.

I suggest that, from a psychoanalytical perspective, the purpose of life-transition counseling is to enable us to recover from the traumatic impact of engaging in the process of the

major life-transition from the “production phase” to the “post-production phase” of the “life-arc”, thereby establishing a foundation for a pleasurable “post-production phase” life experience. Life-transition counseling addresses the reframing of our “production phase” experiences, in order that we may understand them as having been an integral part of our “life-arc” and not its alpha and omega. The reframing allows us to complete the mourning of the loss of our love/work environment and the meaning of that environment vis-à-vis its being our primary source of aggressive gratification. The reframing engages the issue of our estrangement from our family, friends, and community as a consequence of our overvaluation of our love/work environment at the expense of maintaining sustainable relationships with our family, friends, and community. This will be done with an eye towards redressing this estrangement. And, finally, life-transition counseling encourages us to catalogue the list of our personal assets, in terms of our character traits and skill sets, that we had used in our love/work environment throughout our “production phase”, emphasizing the concept of our having had most of these assets and many of these skill sets at our disposal well before our entry into the “production phase” of our “life-arc”; our love/work experiences defined what we did, not who we are.

The conclusions that life-transition counseling aims to instill are that the loss of our primary source of aggressive gratification must be mourned, we need a sustainable love environment in order to develop the foundation on which to build a pleasurable life in the future, and that we have within us the assets that we need to embark upon an endeavor that will replace the source of aggressive gratification that we have lost. Once these issues have been worked through and the reframing is in place, life-transition counseling then focuses on encouraging us to seek out opportunities that will allow us to establish a new source of aggressive gratification.

Limitations of the Study

Although the results of this study are quite informative, there are a few limitations that must be noted. First and foremost, the participant cohort numbered only six men. Second, all, but one of the men in the participant cohort were known personally by this investigator. And third, the study was an exploratory effort that was undertaken in order to uncover areas of interest for further research.

The dearth of discussion, in the literature, concerning the personalities of men of color, offers an opportunity to expand said literature through further research in this area.

APPENDIX A

Semi-structured Interview

Demographical information will be obtained in a warm-up dialog preceding the semi-structured interview. Questions about the participant's age, marital status, number of children, etc. are handled in this way.

The interview includes the following questions. Follow-up questions will be asked as required:

Life-narrative questions:

1. Tell me about you.
2. What was it like growing up in your family?
3. Who is your favorite relative? Why?
4. What's your earliest memory?
5. What is the most memorable event in your life? Why?
6. What was your nickname growing up?
7. Why do you think you were called that?
8. What would you rather have been called?
9. What were your favorite subjects in school? Why?
10. What do you do for relaxation or recreation? Why?

Personal questions:

1. How did you get to where you are now?
2. What do you feel you've done well? Not so well?
3. What do you feel proud of? Not so proud of?
4. What do others (friends, parents, associates) say about you?
5. Do you agree or disagree with their perceptions? Why?
6. When do you feel most like yourself?
7. When do you feel most alive?

Global events questions:

1. What were the events that shaped your life?
2. What about those events was meaningful to you?
3. What comes to mind when I mention:
 - Black Panther Party
 - Civil Rights Movement
 - Vietnam War
 - Affirmative Action
 - Reparations

Looking forward: Please complete the following statement – in the not too distant future, I imagine myself...

APPENDIX B

Consent form for the Life Experience Study

Name: _____

I understand that I am being asked to take part in a study on how people's life experience informs their outlook about their future.

I understand that the study focuses on what ideas, themes, concepts, and/or understandings people hold about their life and how these might help them envision or imagine what their future life might be.

If I choose to participate, I agree to be interviewed, face-to-face for four hours. I understand that the interview will be administered in two two-hour sessions with the time and place of the interview to be determined by my schedule and the interviewer's schedule. I understand that the entire interview will be audiotaped and that I will be allowed to review my audiotaped interview and request that data not be used if I feel uncomfortable.

I have been given the opportunity to ask any questions I have about my participation in this study. I understand that the events that I remember during the interview may cause me some discomfort, embarrassment, worry, or anxiety. I understand that the interview process may also afford me an opportunity to reflect upon my life experience in a positive way. While I may find the interview interesting and learn something about myself from it, I understand that the purpose of this research is not for my immediate benefit.

I understand that my audiotaped responses to all the questions will remain confidential. I understand that on the tapes a participant identification number will identify me and that the

tapes and transcript~, will be stored in a locked cabinet located in an office at 645 East 14th Street in NYC. I understand that only Joseph Brown and Jeffrey 'Rosen will have access to the interview data and that after the study has been completed, the tapes and transcripts will be saved for future research at which time only authorized researchers will have access. My participation in the study is voluntary and I understand that I may stop participating in the study at anytime.

I have been given the opportunity to ask questions and all my questions have been answered to my satisfaction. I understand that if I have any further questions about the study I may contact Joseph Brown at (212) 473-4538, or Jeffrey Rosen, Professor of Psychology at the City College of the City University of New York at (212)650-5694.

I understand that if I have any questions or complaints about my rights as a participa~nt, I may contact Christina Garidis, Institutional Review Board Administrator, at (212) 650-7902 during office hours.

I have been given a copy of this form to keep.

I agree to participate in this study.

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Witness: _____ Date: _____

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