

Friends Remembering Carl Hollander

As readers learned from Dr. Sandra Garfield's eulogy, Dr. Carl Hollander's professional contributions to psychodrama and to the American Society for Group Psychotherapy and Psychodrama (ASGPP) were numerous and of great importance. Of equal value are the personal gifts that Carl gave to the many people whose lives he touched and changed. In the following section, eleven friends recall vignettes from their encounters with Carl and the gifts they received from him. The remembrances, which are uniquely personal, reflect the essence of the ways in which Carl was present in the lives of hundreds of others.

Remembrance One—A Loving Heart Will Always Find Someone to Love

Zerka T. Moreno, TEP, Fellow, Honorary Member of the IAGP

Carl contacted us in 1962 when he was a recreational therapist at a large mental hospital in Denver. He expressed interest in psychodrama and arranged for us to demonstrate our work at the hospital. We were charmed by him, as was everyone else who met Carl. He decided to pursue psychodrama in earnest and enrolled for a three-week course in 1963.

It was a momentous time as the starting date of our training period was November 22, 1963—the day of President Kennedy's assassination. Obviously, that event became a dominant theme for us all; personal loss, betrayal, and devastation were the foci of the protagonist-centered work that followed.

Carl's roommate was particularly shattered because he was politically active in the Democratic Party in Massachusetts, had met Kennedy, and had been active in Kennedy's election campaign. That trainee broke down completely two days after the students arrived, and Moreno, together with Dean Elefthery, prescribed the necessary medication that allowed the student to complete the training. To relieve Carl of the strain of caring for his roommate,

we offered him a different sleeping space, but Carl turned it down. He wanted to be allowed to monitor and care for his newly acquired friend, making himself available at all times.

We learned that that was a consistent part of Carl; that is, he was an admirable man. Our admiration continued to be rewarded by Carl who eventually became his own master in our field, making numerous contributions to it in terms of publications, training, ideas, and enthusiastic support and devotion to Moreno's philosophy. But most of all, we valued his example of what it means to be fully human. He leaves behind a large heritage and a larger gap in our hearts.

Zerka T. Moreno was collaborator with her husband, J. L. Moreno, M.D., of today's methods of psychodrama, sociometry, and group psychotherapy. After his death in 1974, she directed the Moreno training center in Beacon, New York, and traveled worldwide to introduce his work. In 2000, she moved from Beacon to Charlottesville, Virginia, where she continues to work. She was the co-trainer of Carl in 1963.

Remembrance Two

David A. Kipper, PhD, TEP

I met Carl, first, in the beginning of 1967. We were both trainees at the Moreno Academy, in Beacon, New York. At that point, we were in an advanced stage of our training. In fact we completed our training together in the late spring of that year. Carl told me that he was the 37th director certified by J. L. Moreno and that I was the 36th. It occurs to me now that my friendship with the 37th psychodrama director lasted 37 years.

Our very first meeting remained etched in my memory. Carl was standing tall in the entrance to the residential building with a broad smile, bright sparkling eyes that radiated warmth and acceptance, and an extended welcoming hand. That image repeated itself countless times through all the years we knew each other. The smile and the warmth were there when we experienced pain and happiness, parenthood, and growing older. It was there when we had a tête-à-tête or engaged in intellectual, and at times heated, discourse. We corresponded frequently, by letters or e-mails, referring to each other as "B#1" (Carl) and "B#2" (David) with the letter B standing for the Yiddish word *bubaleh* meaning dear or darling.

Of the many stories I have about Carl, there is one that highlights an intriguing facet of his personality. In 1981 when the psychodrama journal was acquired by Heldref Publications from Beacon House, Carl served with George Gazda, Claude Guldner, Jim Sacks, and me on the transitional editorial committee as the journal's executive editors. We used to meet annually in

Washington, D.C., at the Heldref headquarters to discuss policy and issues concerning the journal. On one of those meeting days, after we ended our meeting around 4 p.m., Carl suggested that he and I go to a bar, have a glass of beer, and catch up on our private lives and anything else. So off we went to a small, quiet bar, which was empty, ordered our drinks, and sat to talk. Minutes later a very big man, obviously drunk, came in and started yelling at the bartender. Soon the scene developed into shouts and violence, with the man throwing a chair. All during that action, we sat quietly in the corner, trying not to be involved, yet obviously intrigued. The barman called the police, and shortly after, a policeman tried to persuade the man to leave the bar. When that failed, he tried with force to apprehend the man. As the scuffle between the two continued, Carl leapt to his feet, jumped on the big man, and helped the policeman to subdue him. That was a most courageous move on Carl's part. When I asked him, "What made you decide to do this?" He replied, "I saw the man trying to grab the policeman's pistol from its holster. Had he succeeded, we all would be in trouble." I was almost embarrassed that I did not think of that possibility.

That was Carl, the protector! It was also the essence of Carl who had the wisdom and the foresight to see a step ahead of others.

I miss you, Bubaleh.

David Kipper is a research professor of psychology in the School of Psychology at Roosevelt University in Chicago, Illinois. He is an editor of the International Journal of Action Methods. He was a friend and colleague of Carl for over 35 years.

Remembrance Three

Sue Daniel

I remember that Carl came to Melbourne, Australia, several times in the late seventies. I distinctly remember his workshops, particularly his paying great attention to scene setting, which illustrated his astute ability as a fine clinician and theorist.

A moment to remember: We were in the middle of a drama at Monash University; someone had set a scene of a bedroom complete with a double bed. The drama was about a person's relationship with his wife. When one of the auxiliaries walked across the bed space as if it were not there, Carl made sure that we all knew how significant it was to observe such boundaries and to be in the here and now! When he spoke about that transgression and the reasons why one's observation of windows, objects, and spaces in general were crucial to the warm up, I became very warmed up to the scene and the moment. I realized, with a great feeling in my chest, the importance

of the protagonist's world and our acting as if we were in the actual place. It was a good lesson, simple yet profound, and one that I integrated into my training program, teaching such delicate details and relaying that story often to my students.

My knowledge and love of J. L. Moreno and his method expanded through Carl's teaching and writing of Morenian psychodrama. I still enjoy reading Carl's "A Guide to Auxiliary Ego Development," "Sociometry and Sociatry: Theory and Therapy," and "J. L. Moreno, M. D., His Creative Path." Carl, I remember you well; thank you and God bless you.

Sue Daniel is director of the Psychodrama Institute of Melbourne, Australia.

Remembrance Four—The Ghost in the Atom

Alton Barbour, PhD

Carl Hollander was a sociometric star, central and significant in the lives of many, and that fact matters in the description of an exercise I saw him conduct and which I will describe. I had studied small-group communication with Al Goldberg and was involved in the encounter movement from roughly 1963 through 1973. I learned about interpersonal communication from Elwood Murray, a colleague of Moreno's, and saw Murray use role playing in his classes. Carl Hollander arrived in Denver in 1967; in 1968, while he was working at Fort Logan Mental Health Center, Carl and Sue Dodson began to run something on weekends called the Evergreen Institute. She was a gestaltist, trained by Virginia Satir. The weekends were a wonderful mix of encounter, Gestalt, and psychodrama. That year I became a colleague of Carl's in the Institute. It was a great time. And, other than J. L. and Zerka's visits to Denver, Carl was my first encounter with psychodrama.

Moreno has said that just as we consult our accountant once a year, we ought also to take an inventory of our relations with others. That sounds tedious, but it need not be. I remember an exercise that Carl ran in the early 1970s at the Iliff School of Theology for young student ministers-in-training and their spouses. The school had a psychodrama theater in the basement of one of the student residences, complete with lights and stage. (I still have my notes from that meeting.) First, Carl had the group members construct sociograms of their collective social atoms and then their individual social atoms. With themselves in the middle of the sociogram, they identified the groups to which they related as collectives. Once they had exhausted identifying those groups, he directed them to identify all of the people in those collectives. Then, he had them rank order the people in each of the groups in

terms of their importance and pick the most important group. For most people, the most important group was their family.

In essence, the exercise was an inventory of the quality of the relations in the participants' lives, and it laid the groundwork for the action that followed. Next, he had people pick auxiliaries to play their family members. For each potential protagonist, he displayed the family members on an imaginary bull's eye target in the middle of the room, rank ordered according to their importance to the protagonist. Physical distance became a metaphor for emotional distance. Each protagonist spoke to each family member in turn, telling that person why he or she was needed in the social atom. Then, protagonists role-reversed with each family member and told the protagonist why he or she was needed. It was a potent experience, making a mere inventory into a moving event.

One thing especially from that evening stays with me. It was when Carl was talking to the group about the requirements of a social atom being the "minimum number necessary" for relating to as an identifiable group. And he said to all of those young theologians that there may be ghosts in some of the social atoms. He said that there may be family members who are deceased, but because their influence and presence is still felt, their importance should still be acknowledged. They should still be included in one's social atom. I like that idea that a person's presence, importance, and relationship live on, even though the person may be gone. We all may have ghosts in our atoms, but Carl said that that was all right and to be expected. He even endorsed the idea.

Although Carl is gone and now we grieve for him, his presence and importance continue. His ghost remains in the collective and personal atoms of many of us. And sometimes, if we want to, we may want to tell him that we still need him.

Alton Barbour is a professor of Human Communication Studies at the University of Denver. He was a friend and colleague of Carl Hollander for 35 years.

Remembrance Five

René Marineau, PhD

I am sitting in my saphouse, lost in my memories of my dear friend, Carl.

The first memory that comes to my mind is a phone call from him just a few days before his fatal heart attack. In his gentle voice, after we took care of business, Carl was talking about his view of the world, his fear of a future in which open violence and a sense of superiority take over a search for peace and expression of humility. Carl witnessed with controlled anger and deep sorrow the loss of perspective around him, whether in his own schoolyard in

Colombine or on the greater scale in the name of religion or political power. Even though he remained hopeful and entirely dedicated to peace, I could sense his disarray. Our conversation took a new twist when I addressed the question of our roles as therapist and psychodramatist. I told him of my view and my perspective, borrowing quite a lot from Moreno and Freud. He replied, "We need to hang in there, to persevere in our willingness to accompany people suffering from injustice and lack of love." It was as if he could not go any further. But before we ended our conversation, he added, "I love you, René."

When I heard of his fatal illness a few days later, I got a chill in my spine, yet was grateful for his last words to me. Those words help me to carry on, to remain an active protagonist in our search for a better world.

Then, I flash back to my first encounter with him, in a conference in New York, in the early seventies. In fact, I took my first workshop on American soil with him. The workshop focused on therapy with couples, which was then, and still is, a prime interest for me. I met then a relatively young therapist, entrancing and passionate. That first image was never to be erased from my experience with him. However, I also discovered a person who was able to be very practical-minded and yet able to discuss foundations and theory.

I also remember the time that he came to my workshop on the Magic Shop. I felt honored by his presence and proud to be able to share some of my own perspective. Afterward, in our private conversations, he would return to his experience when in the Magic Shop process, when he would act as the "teacher" of the woman who came to the shop so that she would be able to drive her own "car." In my work with the Magic Shop, I incorporated some playback techniques that allowed for mirroring the whole "bargaining" session with a protagonist. When Carl was in my group, the woman asked for someone to teach her how to be a real and satisfied "driver" of her life and in return she was ready to let go of some of her misguided pride. When Carl sat beside her in her car, he was more than a teacher. His wisdom and gentleness allowed the woman to open herself spontaneously and trustfully to a new way of relating to a man. More than twenty years after his workshop on couples, when Carl impressed me with his genuineness, he equally impressed me in his role of auxiliary in my workshop. While accompanying the person, and indirectly the whole group, he was true, deep and humorous.

I was with Carl in Washington to discuss the views of the ASGPP Council and membership about the journal. He arrived late, after an incredible series of incidents that could have left him dead. He rapidly introduced himself, made a quick comment about his being delayed, and then focused on the agenda. He passionately made the case for re-orienting the journal, and while being very empathic to the editors and administrators, he did not let go of his

arguments. We came out of the meeting entirely satisfied with our presentation and results. That meeting gave me a chance to discover a person that was straight like an oak, even though he may allow himself to bend like a reed. One way or the other, he would not break.

Another souvenir that comes to my mind is when he got lost close to my property in Yamachiche. He went running one morning and found himself many kilometers away from home in the mist of nowhere, on a narrow road where nobody understood English. He made it back to my house many hours later, driven by an old man who knew me. I could still sense the fear in his eyes, fear of a young boy suddenly lost and realizing the danger he just escaped from. And yet, he was back to work on council priorities a few minutes later.

As time passed, Carl and I got closer. We shared intimate stories about our lives. Whatever was said by either of us was heard with respect and care. I really sense that I was invited to meet this man in all facets of his life. The more I knew of him, the more it reinforced the conviction that we are as therapists and educators who we are as persons. Fakery and façade are eventually unmasked, whereas trust and pleasure grow deeper and deeper in people when they meet truthfulness and wisdom on the road they travel.

Carl's legacy is still in the making. He touched so many people; he integrated so many roles that he will continue to influence the entire universe in his own way. He gave me an opportunity to know the teacher, the philosopher, the religionist, the therapist, the researcher, the creator, the visionary, the husband, the father, the child, the writer, and the devoted and faithful friend—a gem that crossed my path and will continue to help me strengthen the better part of myself.

René Marineau is the president of the American Society Group Psychotherapy and Psychodrama (ASGPP) and a professor at the University of Quebec, specializing in epistemology, history of clinical psychology and psychiatry, and group, couple, and family therapy. He is also a biographer of Jacob L. Moreno. According to Marineau, who knew Carl for more than 30 years, Carl was like an older brother to him.

Remembrance Six—Letters to Carl

Pam Remer, PhD, TEP, and Rory Remer, PhD, TEP, ABPP

To Carl From Pam,

When I told one of my students that the man who was my role model for being a teacher had died and that my soul ached, he said, "If he is responsible for the way you teach, then I owe him a debt of gratitude myself." I do think I honor you in my teaching, Carl. You taught me that learning had to be discovered and that good teachers provide creative structures for that discovery

and learning to take place. You also taught me the importance of personally connecting with my students and their lives. And I learned from you the importance of letting my students know me and who I am. The teacher and the lesson are always intertwined.

Thank you for seeing and cultivating my spontaneity, for challenging me to remove the blocks to my creativity, for trusting my feelings, even when I did not. The way you introduced me to psychodrama resulted in my learning that I could be an excellent therapist. You are largely responsible for my not turning my career path in a different direction when I thought that I could not be a good therapist. From you I learned how to be a teacher and a therapist, but more important, how to connect deeply with others.

I cannot easily separate Carl the psychodramatist, from Carl the man. And Carl, I hope you would take my inability to separate those two parts of you as a compliment. You were not just a psychodramatist when you were on the stage or conducting therapy, you lived the theory in every aspect of your life. And I believe that the person you were, your personal style, affected and transformed the method.

You usually described your directing style as “crisp,” and while I did appreciate your ability to cut to the heart of a protagonist’s issue or theme and your ability to simultaneously weave all the important themes artfully into one drama, I do not primarily remember you for your crispness as director. What I admired most was your compassion and empathy as a director. As a protagonist and psychodrama trainee, I always knew that emotionally you were standing beside me, a heartbeat away, and that you also really saw me in all my possibilities.

Thank you for being a person, but more important, being a man whom I could trust with the scariest and most violating experience of my life, being raped. Thank you for not letting me run from the truth of my pain.

Carl, I mourn the loss of you in my life. You always took the time and made the commitment to understand me and what I was feeling, to support and challenge me, to envision the best I could be. You stood beside me in my joys and pain. You encouraged me to trust and voice my needs. You rejoiced at my finding my rage.

Your influence in my life spanned more than three decades and covered my being single, being married, and becoming a mother, a professional psychologist, and psychodramatist. From you, I learned that I was creative (what a gift!). You were present for real or in spirit in every important development of my adult life, and in many ways, you were a co-creator of my life.

I will miss learning new things from you, and I will miss basking in the warmth of your hugs and understanding. I also know that you, your spirit, and your wisdom are a part of me and of my own wisdom. You are irreplaceable. I love you. Thank you more than words can possibly express.

To Carl From Rory

Carl, so many memories. You were part of many of my life's epiphanies, poignant and painful as they often were. Over 30 years, I gradually grew up with your steady, solid, strong, soft, and caring influence. Like your name, our relationship started hard and ended gentle and firm, like the hugs you so often gave and received. You had and still have a presence, an impact that will never leave me.

After an interrupted start, a few years hiatus, Pam and I came to one of your summer week-long workshops. At the end of the first session, I asked if you remembered me. You looked at me and said, "Of course, Rory, I remember how shy you were." I had never thought of myself that way, but, you know, Carl, you knew me better than I knew myself, a closet introvert.

Maybe the way I look at things now illustrates the significance of your impact on my life. Little, seemingly inconsequential things can have momentous effects. And maybe short stories can say so much.

Carl, I hope you knew and know that I love you.

Pam and Rory Remer are professors of counseling psychology at the University of Kentucky, where they teach psychodrama and group counseling. Pam is an executive editor of the International Journal of Action Methods. Rory is a family psychologist, Fulbright scholar, and an ASGPP executive board member. Carl was Pam and Rory's primary trainer for their certification as psychodramatists, as well as a treasured mentor, colleague, and friend.

Remembrance Seven

Dorothy Satten, PhD, and Mort Satten, PhD

What a loss. . . . Carl was one of the most alive people I ever met. And he was solid as a rock. I still see his eyes looking out with wisdom and gentleness. He was a poem of a man! Carl lived and loved whole-heartedly.

I, Dorothy, first met Carl in 1971 at one of the lowest points in my life. I did not know about psychodrama, but I had heard that it would be "good for me." So I signed up and drove to Denver where Carl was conducting a psychodrama group. I had never seen anything like it! At the end of the two days, I knew I would see a way clear. Carl came to me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "You're going to get through this. I know. What about joining a psychodrama group that we are forming?" I could not believe my ears! I was so excited driving back to my home in Boulder. My mind was racing. "I'm a history teacher," I told myself. That is a very different thing. But there was something in Carl's manner that let me feel safe and protected. He seemed so sure that I was going to be all right.

In later years, after I had changed careers and become a trainer in psychodrama myself, our paths would often cross at the national meetings. It meant a lot to me that Carl and my husband, Mort, were friends. Carl welcomed me as a peer, but I always thought of him as a mentor. I will be grateful my entire life for meeting him. I knew that he believed in my possibilities, even though I was very troubled. How wonderful to have someone who can see through to the true essence of oneself. That was Carl's great gift. I loved talking philosophy with him. I am so grateful that our lives intersected. My life is filled with meaning and joy and aliveness. A part of that I owe to Carl Hollander's soul.

Mort Satten adds:

I, Mort, lost a dear friend and colleague. What I remember most about Carl was that after the loss of Dorothy's son some 25 years ago, there was an outpouring of support and sympathy for Dorothy. I understood and accepted that. Carl came to visit us, and he was the only person to ask, "How are you doing, Mort?" I will never forget his warmth and sincerity at a time of my need. I hope that I can extend my support to his wife, Erica, in the same way that he extended his support to me so long ago. She is such a lovely human being, and Carl loved her so.

Our hearts go out to you and all your family forever, Carl.

Dorothy and Mort Satten are the co-directors of Westwood Institute for Psychodrama and Psychotherapy in Tucson, Arizona, conducting training seminars in the United States and abroad. Carl was Dorothy and Mort's mentor, colleague, and dear friend for 30 years.

Remembrance Eight

Bill Wysong, MA, LPC, EMDR II, TEP, Fellow

To summarize my experience of Carl in a few paragraphs is difficult.

Carl loved. He positively affected everyone in psychodrama through his caring, writing, and teaching and will continue to do so for future generations. His socioemotional expansiveness was the largest I have ever known; he could accommodate an incredible number of people. Carl was loved. Ask all who knew Carl; they will tell you how he changed their lives. Those changes will be passed onto others. Carl created and produced. He was the most productive person I have ever known. Besides his practice, training sessions, and published writings, he had three books nearing completion. Carl taught. I learned more from Carl than from any other teacher I have ever had, and never

received better training than from Carl. He was a superb psychodramatist and sociometrist. He helped protagonists experience their pasts, find solutions, and integrate the experiences. Carl was trusted. After being directed by him and seeing him direct others, I knew I would go through the flames of hell if he led. Carl said, "If you can't share my anger, you can't share my love." He must have really loved me because I was a real jerk a couple of times in training. Carl gave me the gift of life. And I cannot ask for more than that.

Bill Wysong is in private practice and uses psychodrama and sociometry with his individual, couples, and group clients. He is a Colorado state-approved trainer for alcohol and drug counselors, teaching courses in psychodrama and group psychotherapy. Carl was his primary trainer. Bill was one of the first people, and the first man, certified as a director by Carl.

Remembrance Nine: Big Man With a Great Heart

Erica Michaels Hollander, PhD, CP

Carl Hollander was a big man with a great heart, abounding courage, and a tremendous generosity of spirit. I was devoted to my husband and he to me, so there is a gaping hole in my soul and in my heart following his death. I am going to try and write through my grief, hoping it will be useful. There is a Jewish word for soul mate, *bashert*, and that was how we thought of one another, as basherts. Right away Carl knew that that was the kind of relationship we had, although I only caught on later. I caught on over time as I slowly came to realize that our marriage was far more sustaining than any relationship I had ever dreamt of having. At 50 and 60 when we wed, we were both well used to disappointments in relationships. Maybe it takes that kind of prior wrenching experience to recognize a treasure when you chance upon it as I did.

In the Hollander family in these most terrible times, we have tried to feel our way through the steps of grieving rather than to follow any prescribed set of traditions or rules. To begin with, we decided to eliminate the category of stepsons, and so I find in my desolation that I have gained four sons. One of the things we invented together was our parting ceremonies for Carl, arrived at by mutual agreement. The four young men I now have as sons have been as open-hearted as their father was.

Five days after Carl died, we had a reception at our home to celebrate and honor Carl's life. Some things happened during that evening that have given me pause. I am hoping that from my description those of you who could not join us but have cared for Carl and me will be able to get a small sense of what occurred that night.

First, let me say my husband was no saint, though I love him with all my heart. For example, he filed things according to what could only be called the “heap” system, and he never, ever, let me throw anything out. Whether it was a paper towel holder made by one of the boys in woodshop 20 years ago, a book of completed crossword puzzles, or seventy copies of his old internship outline, he could not part with it. As a result, he seldom could find anything he needed. Another example of Carl’s idiosyncrasies was his approach to dieting. From time to time, he would decide he needed to trim down and when that happened, he had a certain odd diet he liked to follow. He would only eat soups, salads, and (of all things) puddings. I called this the “Gringo Loco Diet.” So you can readily see that Carl was a dear eccentric.

These and other odd traits notwithstanding, the personal sharings of many of the mourners who came to be with us at the reception were moving and impressive. We had several hundred people at our home, and many more would have come if they could have. Some spoke to the group about how they felt about Carl, and I was struck by the remarkable uniformity of their remarks. What they said over and over again was that Carl Hollander changed their lives. Think about that. They told story after story of how Carl had observed something in each of them that they were grateful to have recognized, whether it was anger, shyness, rage, tenderness, or brightness. Carl was fond of saying that each of us wants and deserves to be seen, heard, respected, and acknowledged for who we are. Apparently he was successful in giving that sense of recognition to many who came his way, and apparently too, that mattered greatly to them. Repeatedly, people stood to say that Carl Hollander had welcomed who and what they were, and, by doing so, had “changed their lives.” If ever you come to doubt that you can make a difference by simply attending to what others are, recall my story of this reception.

Finally, an 11-year-old girl with whom Carl had been working spoke of what he had meant to her. She said that her life so far had been very hard, but Carl had treated her and her family for a long time at no charge. She always felt that he accepted her and loved her, and she drew strength to go on from their meetings. She said that Dr. Hollander had saved her and her mom’s lives, and she did not know why he had to be taken from her when some of her mean teachers were allowed to live. The little girl said that in Carl’s presence she had always felt love and affection and that that had made all the difference to her and how she felt about her life. A rabbi present then said that Jewish tradition calls for adults to be silent once a child has spoken the truth, so the giving of tributes ended with the child’s words.

What does all this mean? Among other things, I believe it means that to see others clearly and to listen attentively are among the greatest gifts we have to give to one another. It is not so much fixing anyone else that we have to do as therapists or educators. To know simply that one other human being sees and

hears who and what we are can be a life-changing moment. In the crush and hubbub of 21st century hype, taking time to do just that with generosity and kindness can make all the difference. My husband loved life and recognized the richness and heroism in the lives of ordinary people around him. I believe those who came to mourn him are a testament to how very much that can count.

Erica Michaels Hollander was Carl's wife and bashert. She is head of the Hollander Institute for Human Development and Family Growth in Littleton, Colorado.