

EARLY DEVELOPMENT

I certainly believe that the events of one's childhood determine one's adult personality structure. Let me describe what I can first recall. (I was born April 12 1927). The first special event was the arrival of my sister, Patricia, when I was 18 months old. Actually, I don't recall that event but I know it must have had some impact on my early development. We were living in Oakland, CA at the time. When I was just 3 y.o. my mother, Maxine, was hospitalized for a couple of months with a ruptured appendix. I was sent to Gilroy to stay with Auntie Irene and family, my father's older sister. She was fond of my father, Warren, and was fond of me, though she wasn't physically affectionate. I recall her breast-feeding Jeanne during that time so I was not the youngest in the house. Also the family had suffered a major stress 5+ years before when 2-3 y.o. Coralee had burned to death in a paper dress on her birthday.

Recently I came across a "Baby Book" that my Mother kept on me and she mentions my visiting her in the hospital during her appendix illness dated March 24 1930. "When Harvey came to see me in the hospital he brought a little lunch box filled with wild violets. He was so proud of them. He stood and looked at me for a long time. He felt strange because it was a month since I had seen him. Finally he said "Mommie has a nightie on".

My mother recovered uneventfully and I have positive memories of the next 1/12 years. Then things went sour. My parents were on vacation at Badger Pass in Yosemite. They were riding downhill in a toboggan. My mother got panicky and stuck her right leg out. The tendons of her knee ruptured. She was sent back to Burlingame where she had been raised and where her parents still lived. Her leg was amputated. Again I was sent to stay with Irene, this time for about five months. I recall that she started me in kindergarten when I turned 5 in April 1932. I have no memory of ever being told what was happening with my mother in those months. In the summer we all moved in with my grandparents for a few months and in the fall my parents rented a house at the other end of the street from my grandparents.

I can recall having only one dream in childhood. It seems to be about abandonment. In it I am alone in what I think of as the men's restroom below the train station in San Francisco. It is very large and the walls and floor are made of small six-sided tiles. The whole place is bare: no toilets, booths, urinals, and no people. I am very young and seem to be looking for someone. (I had never had a similar dream until twice in recent years. I am an adult in a car searching through a parking garage, large, covering a city block. The building is completely devoid of cars or people.) I have inserted this childhood memory here since it is unique in my childhood and seems to be concerned with my being separate from my family. Also it seems related to my father. I'll now continue re the period when I return from Gilroy.

The first memory I have of awareness of my mother missing a leg was when my sister and I were invited into the front parlor. My mother uncovered the prosthesis next to her: a sort of formal introduction. Other than that, I have no memories of my mother missing a

leg. No crutches, no cane, no walker, no memory of her in person. But I know it made a big impression on me. I felt guilty in being aware that my mother wasn't able to chase me to chastise me if I had misbehaved. In general though I was a compliant child, following whatever guidance my mother expected me to follow.

I mention my mother particularly because she was a Catholic and my father a sort of lapsed Protestant. As part of their marriage contract and in order to marry a Catholic my father had to agree to let my mother raise us in the Catholic Church. I complied but never liked the process. We were in Burlingame from 1932 to 1939 when we moved to Honolulu for a job improvement for my father. Off we went every Sunday to Mass. I made my First Communion. Then came the onerous part: going to Confession. And trying to invent sins to confess.

Another source of ambivalence arose when my mother encouraged my sister and me to learn to play a musical instrument. My sister agreed to piano. Mother seemed to want me to play the violin so I agreed. I took joint lessons with a classmate for several years, in Burlingame and later in Honolulu until December 7, 1941. My heart was never in it. My mother seemed to hope I'd be another Yehudi Menuhin, a prodigy who lived in the lower Peninsula. But I soldiered away and played second violin at Burlingame High and in the Junior Symphony in Honolulu.

At about age 8 I had a period of nightmares. My main memory was of learning somehow to struggle awake and abort the process. It was a self-limited episode, perhaps several weeks. But at the same time I started biting my fingernails. It was aggressive at first but morphed in my adolescence into biting the skin or picking at the skin of the nails. But this development became fixed in my nervous system to this day. I still pick at my nail skin when reading or watching TV. I can stop but once my attention shifts, picking at nails or keratoses resumes. It was never present when I was dealing with a patient in the office.

There were other episodes: the boys in my class followed me half way home throwing rocks at me. I have no idea what that was about. On Valentines Day I bought a chocolate heart to give to a girl I had a distant crush on. But I was too shy to actually give it to her! And I developed a complex about using the word "love", as if it meant Major Commitment, or a window into my soul.

Another ingrained problem started in adolescence. I became unable to urinate in a urinal when others are present. The problem didn't occur when I used a stall or when I was sitting. So I was able to manage a tour in the USMC. A fellow Marine called it "pee-proud". But the inhibition persists to this day.

At this point I am discovering a problem. I thought I was ready to summarize and interpret the above history. But I find there are significant matters to which I must give further thought. So, we're off on a cruise to Alaska soon. I'll try to finish things up when we return.

(A few months later)

During the next few months and years on our return to Burlingame, living rather squeezed in my grandparents home, I have relatively few memories. This is in contrast to the years 1931/32 after mother's ruptured appendix. She returned to normal health and I have many casual memories of life in Oakland. She had normal health, no physical

problems. Thus she resumed her usual ability to be a nurturing parent. I mention the Baby Book which my mother kept to identify the sort of reaction a 3 year old has to the two month separation from his mother. Rather stunned at first but then back to a trusting relationship to the mother.

In contrast I presume that the five month-plus break in the relationship had a much more difficult impact to overcome. The whole balance changed and never really returned to the pre-injury status. I was apprehensive about where life was going and my mother wasn't able for many months or years to resume to the same degree her previous nurturing role. I have always presumed that my five months away constituted a sort of steady-state. Now I surmise I was developing a defense mechanism of denial/repression. I recall one episode in Kindergarten. The teacher had brought a board and jigsaw for all to try out. But then the teacher saw me monopolizing the saw and admonished me. I now see that as a breakthrough evidence of my repressed concern about things being sawed off.

In my paper "Self Analysis" I described recurrent dreams in which I was striving to urinate but couldn't succeed. These have seemed rather mysterious to me. These occurred in three cycles 2-3 years apart. In the first cycle I was searching in an attic and only found a maze of pipes: no place to urinate. In the second and third cycles I was searching for a toilet and ultimately was successful after the third cycle. This would have been in about the seventh or eighth year of therapy. Four months ago it occurred to me that these cycles were not all the same. The first involved metal pipes whereas the next two involved toilets. Ergo, the pipes could be considered masculine and the toilets were feminine. (In my dream in the first month of therapy I was at a urinal and refusing to let an analyst friend get at it. The urinal symbolized my wife and the analyst was Alec.)

Since arriving at these conclusions I have tried so give content to persons involved. The toilets symbolized Irene and my mother. But I had a problem re the pipes. I tried out Julius, Irene's husband. But he was in the background of my memories of those early years. I kept looking for memories that involved pipes, iron, masculine stuff. I just this past week discovered a trove. Irene and Julius operated a lunch counter called the Creamery. In addition to the front part serving food there was a large industrial area in the rear where Julius bottled milk which he had collected from farms in area. I would have first experienced this area in my first two month stay with them when I was just turning 3 y.o. I don't recall pipes in this space but my cousin assures me that there was a large complex of pipes and bottles used to bottle the milk. In the rear was a dirt parking lot for the trucks. On one side of the lot there was a roughhewn shack that contained a toilet. No electricity, no wash basin, only a toilet. Light entered through cracks between the wood slats on the sides. Farther in back was a rough road long railroad tracks. So I decided I had found the source of the iron pipes in my first urination dreams.

All of these memories help explain the sources of the dream cycles: I have no memories of urinating or conflicts in this area until adolescence when I developed the inhibition of urinating in the presence of others. Thus urination was symbolic of wishes to be assertive, attempts which were thwarted by an enforced passivity concerning apprehension re separation from my parents or other caretakers. The "steady-state" which I had thought I was in while in Gilroy actually had the effect of engendering a level of passivity in my personality, in addition to the defense mechanisms that I proposed previously. This in

turn was increased during the next few years and helps explain my subsequent susceptibility to nightmares and nail-biting.

At the moment I have no more memories to contribute re my pre-adolescent years. My main present conclusion is that there was an important evolution in my personal functioning in having been allowed to continue the therapy until I felt ready to stop. The three cycles re urination represented a gradual reversal of the suppressive process I had suffered re assertiveness during the early years of my childhood. They might fit in with what has been termed the Phallic Stage but with a focus on assertiveness rather than Freud's focus on sexuality. The net effect was a confirmation of Freud's dictum that Dreams were the Royal Road to the Unconscious.

I am aware that what I am calling "analysis" is I presume different than how things would have gone if I'd been a Candidate in a Training Analysis". There was no effort to have me adopt a certain structure of mental functioning (a la Catholicism) or to expect to finish in a certain period of time. I know my self-absorption put him to sleep at times, but I couldn't be angry. I just felt sorry that I was putting him through such an ordeal but profoundly grateful that he stuck with me through the whole process.

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