Trauma and Recovery:

A legacy of Political Persecution and Activism Across Three Generations

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In 2013, I was invited to contribute a memoir of my mother, the psychologist Helen Block Lewis (1913-1987), to a 30th anniversary edition of *Psychoanalytic Psychology*, the journal of Division 39 (Psychoanalysis) of the American Psychological Association. My mother was one of the founders of Division 39 and the first editor of the journal. The assignment started me on a process of reflection of my own intergenerational heritage; this chapter is an expanded version of the commemorative article that I wrote.[[1]](#footnote-1)

My mother was a complicated person. Brilliant, original, and ahead of her time as a professional woman, she was personally rather shy and restrained. Anxious and conflict-avoidant in her private life, she was, nevertheless, intellectually fearless, and she did not suffer fools gladly. One anecdote might serve to introduce her: When, in 1953, she was called before a US Senate investigating committee, she denied being a current member of the Communist Party, but refused to answer questions regarding her past membership, repeatedly citing her privilege under the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution. Dismissing her, the committee Chairman, Senator Joseph McCarthy, warned:

 “I doubt very much that [the State Department] will give you a passport, unless you come in and tell us about your activity in the party—if and when and why you left the party.”

At the time, to be denied a passport was particularly frightening to American Jews, who had so recently witnessed the desperate flight of refugees from Nazi Germany, and who saw in McCarthyism the threat of incipient Fascism in the US.

Following on the Chairman, Senator Stuart Symington offered this advice:

 “It would be far better for you if you said you had been a member and felt it was wrong…and inasmuch as you feel you are a good American…if I had anything to do with giving you a passport, I would be glad to see you get one. On the other hand, if you come up here and… take refuge through a lot of legal ‘claptrap’ behind the Fifth Amendment, do you think people of this committee will approve of your getting a passport? …I think you are making a mistake. I think you are doing yourself an injustice.”

My mother answered him with her best Jane Austen diction (she was a fervent Janeite):

 “I thank you for your interest in my welfare, but I, myself, do not agree with all the interpretations that you put on my testimony and my exercise of the Fifth Amendment, as this is something that I have thought about and do intend to do.”[[2]](#footnote-2)

I can still imagine her voice, proud and dripping with scorn.

I was eleven years old when my parents were called before the Committee. I remember the fearfulness of that time. My father, who had never been a member of the CP, kept his academic job; he was a professor of Classics at Brooklyn College, part of the City University of New York (CUNY). But my mother, it turned out, had already been blacklisted some years previously. Though she had started her career in psychology, also at Brooklyn College, expecting to be an academic researcher and, in time, a professor, once she realized that path would be closed to her, she changed course and became a clinician.

Here she encountered another obstacle: at that time, membership in the American Psychoanalytic Association was restricted to physicians. New York, however, was filled with European analysts, recent refugees from Hitler. Many of them had little patience with the guild policies of the American Psychoanalytic and were quite willing to provide “bootlegged” analytic training to psychologists. (Many years later, Helen would participate in the civil action for restraint of trade against the American Psychoanalytic that opened this organization to other professionals.)

That is how my mother became a psychoanalyst. Though she came to it by a circuitous path, she embraced psychoanalysis both as a caretaking profession—she soon had a thriving private practice—and as a method of empirical investigation. Though she no longer had a regular faculty position, she kept up an active collaboration with colleagues who were conducting research, and used the insights developed in her clinical work to frame profound revisions in psychoanalytic thought.

As I have come to understand Helen, her story really begins a generation earlier, with the story of her father. John (Yehuda) Block, for whom I am named, fled to this country from Riga, Latvia in 1887, at the age of 17, after he was arrested for reading revolutionary literature. He was a part of the first great wave of Jewish immigrants who fled persecution in the “bloodlands”[[3]](#footnote-3) of Eastern Europe at the turn of the 20th century. Though he had studied to become a rabbi like generations of his forefathers, he lost his faith and became a committed atheist. Joining his older brother in New York, he worked in the clothing business while studying English and saving money to go to medical school. Eventually he opened a general practice on the Lower East Side.

John Block prospered, married Rose Boorstein, another immigrant from the Pale of Settlement, and had two children. Helen grew up amidst a large extended family. According to Helen’s cousin, Bernice, John Block was “a very formidable person. He had the most prestige of everybody in the family. Others might be richer, but he was the one everybody looked up to and feared…He always sat at the head of the table and deferred to nobody. He was the patriarch.”

To her cousin’s recollections, Helen added: “My mother was scared of him. My brother was scared of him. But *I* was not scared of him.”[[4]](#footnote-4)

As the chosen daughter, Helen was exempted from the usual lot of women. Unlike her own mother, she was to be educated. Helen thrived in the world of ideas. She entered Barnard at the age of 16, and then went on to get her doctoral degree in psychology at Columbia. According to her cousin: “You got a little stuffy there when you got older and went to Barnard. But it was only for a few years. You changed when you met Toli (Naphtali Lewis, my father).”[[5]](#footnote-5) Like Helen, my father was the American-born child of Jewish immigrants, with modern, American ideas about education and careers for women.

Helen married in 1936, at age 22, then finished her doctorate and got her first job. As a junior faculty member at Brooklyn College, she plunged into the activities of the Teachers’ Union. I never learned exactly what happened next; my mother remained secretive about that period of her life. But by 1942, when I was born, she had said goodbye to all that. (Most likely, like many idealistic American Jews who joined the CP in the 30’s, she left after the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact in 1939.) As my father testified before Senator McCarthy:

“Has she ever been a Communist? Well, let me give you a very precise answer. Eleven years ago, when our first child was born, my wife ceased being a teacher, and since then she has devoted herself and concentrated on bringing up a family. She has been, since we have had a family, I would say, all that any man could want in a devoted wife and a devoted mother of his children.”[[6]](#footnote-6)

In this very *im*precise answer, I believe my father was trying to protect my mother, by assuring the men of the Committee (needless to say, there were no women) that whatever the indiscretions of her youth, by 1953 she had become a respectable woman who knew her proper place at home. (The senators apparently understood this quite well, and asked no follow-up questions.)

My own relationship with Helen was conflicted at times. Both she and my father were ambitious for me and placed enormous emphasis on intellectual achievement. In that domain of life, both she and my father were unfailingly supportive. When, as a college student, I confided my wish to follow in her footsteps and become a psychologist, she told me to go to medical school instead. “You’ll have more power that way,” she said, and of course she was right. And of course, though I didn’t realize it then, she also wanted me to follow in the footsteps of her adored father, John Block, who died before I was born.

Helen never renounced her leftist beliefs, so she was also supportive of my participation in the civil rights and anti-war movements of the 1950’s and 60’s. But when the women’s liberation movement came along, in the late 1960’s and 70’s, that was a different story. Although she fully supported equality for women in the spheres of work and education, on matters of sexuality and gender roles within the family, she was utterly conventional. I, on the other hand, threw myself into the feminist movement, as once my mother had thrown herself into the political movements of her generation. To me, it was a true liberation to call into question all the deep structures of patriarchy. I wanted to be part of the “longest revolution,” challenging women’s subordination in all its domains: production, reproduction, sex, and child rearing.[[7]](#footnote-7)

Consciousness-raising,[[8]](#footnote-8) the women’s movement’s initial form of organizing and inquiry, created a safe space where small groups of women could reveal their secrets, free from fear and shame. In this “free space,”[[9]](#footnote-9)with personal testimony, women uncovered the coercive methods by which male dominance is enforced. It soon became apparent that rape and domestic violence were a common part of women’s lot. Over the following decades, these initial discoveries led to large-scale epidemiological studies documenting the worldwide pandemic of violence against women. The United Nations now recognizes gender-based violence as the most prevalent human rights violation in the world.[[10]](#footnote-10)

Though I had been raised by loving and protective parents and luckily had been spared the extremes of sexual violence, my family legacy had made me sensitive to the social dynamics of oppression. And though it took me many years to apply these social analyses to the condition of women, I had long been painfully aware of the contradictions in my own life between my identities as a female creature and as a sentient being. I was accustomed to the received opinion that being smart (especially being good at math and science) made me “unfeminine.” From adolescence on, I continually sought the company of men and social groups where I might feel accepted and free, both in mind and body. One of the great attractions of the civil rights and anti-war movements was the promise of greater sexual equality and fellowship between men and women, and one of the greatest disappointments for me was the way in reality what we then simply called “The Movement” fell so far short of this ideal.

With a few notable exceptions, leadership in both the civil rights and anti-war movements was reserved for men, and women were relegated to subordinate roles as support staff and casual sex partners. The birth of radical feminism in the civil rights movement has been well chronicled by historians such as Sara Evans.[[11]](#footnote-11) Stokely Carmichael’s famous quip that “the position of women in SNCC is prone” is often quoted as evidence of women’s inferior status in the Movement. In fact, according to women who were there at the time, the statement was made with intentional irony, at a special moment when men and women, black and white, who together had braved the death squads of the Klan, were feeling great mutual tenderness and camaraderie.[[12]](#footnote-12) Nevertheless, Carmichael’s statement gained notoriety because of the larger truth that it expressed.

The contradictions of the Movement, and its failed promise of gender equality, were captured in a satirical pamphlet called “The Politics of Housework,” first published in the late 1960’s by Pat Mainardi of the radical feminist group New York Redstockings:

“Liberated women—very different from Women’s Liberation! The first signals all kinds of goodies, to warm the hearts (not to mention other parts) of the most radical men. The other signals HOUSEWORK.”[[13]](#footnote-13)

While Mainardi’s tone was light and witty, her social analysis was quite serious. She called into question the deeply ritualized sexual division of labor that pervaded American society, not excepting the Movement. This was a phenomenon that I had first witnessed in my own family. Though my mother had a full time career, in her free time she always took pains to display her “feminine” side as an excellent cook and hostess for my parents’ many friends. My father never lifted a finger in the kitchen. It simply never occurred to either of them that “women’s work” might be shared. (Carving a turkey or serving alcoholic drinks were the man’s department, and these tasks my father did with a flourish.)

Since my mother’s professional life kept her too busy to do the day-to-day “women’s work,” my parents employed a maid (always an African-American woman). My mother tended to have very warm relationships with the women who served our family; nevertheless, these relationships also were highly ritualized. Their friendly conversations always took place in the kitchen, for example, never sitting in the living room. And though we all ate the same food that the maids prepared, they never ate with us at the same table. The unspoken rules of both gender and racial segregation were observed without question.

Later, as a college student, when I became an “outside agitator” in the Deep South, as part of what was known as “Freedom Summer,”[[14]](#footnote-14)I witnessed far more extreme rituals of racial segregation, enforced by murderous violence. Clearly, the tyrannical oppression of Jim Crow was of another order of magnitude from the genteel conventions I had observed in my privileged upbringing. What these conventions shared, however, was the unconscious acceptance of elaborate social rules dictating that the dominant group was entitled to deference and service, and the intense emotional reactions that seemed to result whenever these entitlements were challenged even in the slightest degree.

My four years in medical school (1964-68) hastened my feminist awakening. Here for the first time I truly experienced what it was like to be in a minority. Women constituted 10% of my medical school class. Lectures often included openly derogatory comments about women; these were considered to be humorous. My female classmates and I learned to ignore these slights or to laugh along with the rest of the class; after all, we were a token presence, often reminded that we should be grateful to be admitted at all.

My first experience of frank discrimination, when I applied for internships, also taught me to know my place in the world. Despite my success in an elite medical school, I was told flatly, on more than one occasion, “We don’t take women.” After all, it was explained, if hired, I would be taking a coveted position away from a man who, as a breadwinner, deserved it far more than I. And anyway, I’d probably just go and get pregnant and all that medical training would be wasted on me. And anyway, what about “that time of the month?” This was said quite seriously. Though in theory the Civil Rights Act of 1964 had prohibited discrimination based on sex as well as race, in practice the law, as applied to women, was still generally ignored

By the time I was ready to begin my psychiatric residency training (1970-73). I was also ready to join a consciousness-raising group. My feminist awakening coincided with the beginning of my professional career, and profoundly shaped the path that career would take. The safe space of the psychotherapy office had many similarities with the free space of the movement, and as my women patients revealed their secrets, I listened with a new awareness of woman’s condition. My first two patients, admitted to the hospital after suicide attempts, disclosed histories of father-daughter incest. It was not hard to see the connection between their despair and their early initiation into the life of a sexual object. I wrote in my journal: “in patriarchy the father maintains the right to sex with his daughter in the same way that the feudal lord maintains the *jus primae noctis* with his subjects.” Incest seemed to me like a paradigm of women’s sexual oppression.

After completing my residency, I went to work in a women’s “free clinic,” one of the many “counter-institutions” like rape crisis centers and battered women’s shelters that activists in the women’s movement created during the early 1970’s. There I saw still more patients who revealed histories of incest. My friend Lisa Hirschman, who had recently completed her doctorate in clinical psychology, was making similar observations in her psychotherapy practice. We began to inquire among other clinicians we knew locally, and very quickly collected 20 cases. At that time, a major psychiatry textbook estimated the prevalence of incest as one case per million.[[15]](#footnote-15) Perhaps we were on to something. We decided to publish our findings.

(In hindsight, I realized that along with the inspiration of the women’s movement, it was the example of both my parents that enabled me to venture to write down and publish my observations. Lisa came from a similar, and very distinguished heritage, though I did not know this at the time. But that is another, separate story.)[[16]](#footnote-16)

In 1975, Lisa and I submitted our paper to a new women’s studies journal.[[17]](#footnote-17) A year elapsed between the time the paper was accepted and the time it was published. During that year, the paper was copied and passed from hand to hand, and soon we started getting letters from women all over the country, saying: “I thought I was the only one,” or “I thought no one would believe me,” or “I thought it was my fault. ” By listening to women, and daring to publish what we found, we had become catalysts for a transformative moment, when crimes long hidden were revealed.

As clinicians, we were also privileged to witness the liberation that comes when the burdens of shame and fear are lifted. As our patients told their stories and were met with compassion rather than scorn, their despair gave way to renewed hope, and their isolation to a renewed sense of community. My work for the next forty years has been built on those initial discoveries of that revolutionary moment.

Encouraged by the response to our article on incest, Lisa and I decided to write a book. Then we each had a baby. A year and a half later, when I emerged from my sleep-deprived haze and felt ready to tackle the writing project, Lisa had had a second child. I said I would get started and write my half. By the time that was done, a year later, Lisa told me it would be best for me to keep going and finish the book myself. So I did. *Father-Daughter Incest* was published by Harvard University Press in 1981, and won the C. Wright Mills Award from the Society for the Study of Social Problems. My mother was particularly pleased about this award, given in the name of a radical sociologist who was a hero to leftist intellectuals. [[18]](#footnote-18)

I believe it was on the strength of this book that I was invited to join the Department of Psychiatry at Cambridge Hospital, one of the teaching hospitals of Harvard Medical School. This public, “safety net” hospital, which served the poor and the downtrodden, tended to attract “bleeding hearts” like myself. The relatively new psychiatry department was also a particularly creative place at the time. There, in 1984, I met the psychologist Mary Harvey, who had recently arrived from National Institute of Mental Health, in Washington, DC, where she had conducted a nationwide study of exemplary rape crisis centers.[[19]](#footnote-19) Mary, like myself, saw the promise of bringing the knowledge developed in feminist grass roots organizations to the largely clueless world of academic psychology and psychiatry. Together, we were given encouragement to develop an exemplary program for psychological trauma. Thus the Victims of Violence Program was born. We are now celebrating our 30th year, providing clinical care to survivors of interpersonal violence and training for young mental health professionals, as well as conducting research to advance the trauma field and participating in anti-violence organizing in our own community.

At Cambridge Hospital, in the mid 1980’s I also met the psychiatrist Bessel van der Kolk, who had been working with combat veterans. By this time, the diagnosis of post-traumatic stress disorder had gained official recognition in the diagnostic manual of the American Psychiatric Association, largely thanks to the public testimony and organizing of Vietnam Veterans.[[20]](#footnote-20) Bessel was interested in how post-traumatic stress might appear in different populations, so he invited people working with survivors of combat, political persecution, disaster, child abuse, and gender-based violence to come together in an informal study group. For three or four years, we met one evening a month in people’s homes. The study group was a fertile gathering place. As I listened to reports from many different walks of life, it became increasingly clear to me that just as oppression is oppression, trauma is trauma, whether in the political sphere of war and dictatorship, or in the private sphere of sex, intimacy, and family life. This fundamental insight inspired my second book, *Trauma and Recovery*, published in 1992.[[21]](#footnote-21)

I hope this narrative has made abundantly clear my how my heritage as the granddaughter of Jewish immigrants fleeing oppression, and as the daughter of leftist intellectuals who suffered political persecution in this country, influenced my own developmental path. I like to believe that I also had a reciprocal influence on my mother’s professional development. While Helen the conventional matron responded with alarm and distress to my passionate embrace of feminism, Helen the intellectual responded with curiosity and a new birth of creativity.

In 1971 she had published her first book, *Shame and Guilt in Neurosis*.[[22]](#footnote-22) In this pioneering study of the “moral emotions,” which brought together careful clinical observation and rigorous laboratory research methodology, she had documented significant gender differences: women were far more prone to shame, while men were more prone to guilt. Here was a remarkable phenomenon that called out for an explanation.

In the meantime, feminists like myself were raising more general questions regarding the fundamental causes of gender differences. Challenged to address these questions, Helen embarked upon an exhaustive review of literature in evolutionary biology, anthropology, and infant development. In 1976, she published the result of her researches in her second book: *Psychic War in Men and Women*.[[23]](#footnote-23)

 “Anatomy contains no inherent prescription for women’s social inferiority,”[[24]](#footnote-24) she declared. And despite the universal finding that warfare is the province of men, she argued that men’s nature is not inherently aggressive. She based her conclusions heavily on contemporaneous infant research, which demonstrated the central role of affectionate connection with caregivers in the development of both sexes. The subjection of women and the violence of men could not be explained by innate differences between the sexes, she maintained; rather, she proposed that women’s oppression was but one consequence of exploitative and authoritarian societies.

Developing her argument further, she explained how exploitative societies damage men and women differently, creating “expendable warriors” and “inferior child-bearers,” and causing equally insoluble psychological conflicts for both sexes. (This was the meaning of her term “Psychic War.”) The social context of male dominance and female subordination afforded an explanation for the superego differences between the sexes that she had documented in her earlier work. When women are required to be caring and affectionate, yet these very attributes are considered weak and childish, women suffer from shame. When men are required to be aggressive and domineering, yet these demands violate their own affectionate nature, men suffer from guilt.

In the mid-70’s, after more than 30 years as an independent scholar, my mother returned to academia, having been offered a position in the Department of Psychology at Yale. This was the era when institutions like CUNY were formally apologizing to the professors they had purged in the McCarthy years. The blacklist was history. All was forgiven. Delighted to be teaching again, Helen flourished in this environment. One of her popular courses was a joint offering in Women’s Studies and Psychology called “Women, Men and Power.” Here she invited students to reflect on topics such as “the origins of women’s social inferiority,” “theories of the sex differential in power,” “power and relations between the sexes,” and, finally, ever hopefully, “changing the system.”

I believe it was her engagement with feminism that enabled Helen to complete the theoretical leap from a one-person psychology based on instinctual drives to a two-person psychology based on relational connections. In particular, a feminist re-valuation of women’s caretaking role allowed her to elevate affectionate relationships, rather than the will to power, to the center of human psychology.

In the late 1970’s, she began her most ambitious work of all, a complete re-assessment of Freud’s work in light of subsequent scientific discoveries. As she wrote in the preface to the first volume of *Freud and Modern Psychology*, which appeared in 1981: “The tension between Freud’s clinical discoveries about the power of human emotions and the theoretical framework in which he embedded these discoveries has been most eloquently detailed by Freud himself...This book is a small step along the road which should ultimately bring Freud’s discoveries into a modern theoretical framework in psychology.”[[25]](#footnote-25)

In her revision of psychoanalytic theory, she recognized the central importance of the neo-Darwinian concept of attachment. From contemporaneous studies demonstrating the workings of the human attachment system, she drew the theoretical implication that human nature is inherently social rather than individualistic. “With hindsight today,” she wrote, it is possible to see that the problem with which Freud was struggling required a formulation of a social theory of human nature, and with it, a concept of the biosocial nature of the affects… This deficiency in theory has been partially redressed by the work of Bowlby and his students, who postulate that the organism has a built-in ‘attachment system,’ in which anxiety operates as a signal for maintaining or restoring the attachment. Similarly, smiling, pleasure, and joy cement the social bond.” [[26]](#footnote-26)

In the second volume, published in 1983, Helen went on to revisit many of Freud’s theoretical writings, including *The Interpretation of Dreams*, *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, and *Totem and Taboo*. In her preface, she explained once again: “Freud’s theoretical difficulties arose from the absence of a viable theory of human nature as cultural, that is, social by biological origin.” She added: “Volume 2 also shows clearly how (still) prevailing androcentric attitudes influenced Freud’s neglect of the infant-caretaker affectional system in his theorizing.”[[27]](#footnote-27)

It seems to me now that my mother’s struggle with, and ultimate embrace of feminism, gave her this fundamental insight that allowed her to undertake a comprehensive re-evaluation of psychoanalytic theory. Her recognition of the central role of attachment in human development presaged contemporary relational theories.

Her reassessment of Freud completed, with her energy unabated, Helen returned to the subject of shame. Over the years, her work had inspired a circle of clinicians and researchers who called themselves “shameniks.” Now she decided the time had come to put together a collection of their essays. *The Role of Shame in Symptom Formation*, was published in 1987.[[28]](#footnote-28) Leading off with the puzzling question why shame had been so little studied, Helen referenced, once again, “…a prevailing sexist attitude in science, which pays less attention to nurturance than to aggression, [and] thereby depreciates the shame that inheres in ‘loss of love.’ ” [[29]](#footnote-29)

This was to be the last of her writings. She fell ill quite suddenly and died at the height of her powers. Having participated in the founding of Division 39 of the American Psychological Association, she had high hopes that psychologists would bring a much-needed empirical methodology to psychoanalytic practice and foster a rapprochement between the clinical and research traditions. (These hopes, like so many others, remain unrealized.) The significance of her work was just beginning to be recognized. She faced death with resolve but also with anger; there was so much more that she wanted to do. She was not resigned.

Our own rapprochement paralleled her intellectual acceptance of feminism. (A grandchild helped, too.) In those precious last years, we even wrote a paper together. Appropriately enough, it was about anger in relations between mothers and daughters. We agreed that such anger was inevitable under patriarchy.[[30]](#footnote-30) We argued that mothers who care about their daughters are obliged to restrict their daughters’ freedom, in order to protect them from very real dangers. Daughters are bound to resent this, and mothers are bound to resent the way their daughters fail to appreciate their efforts. (Sublimation and intellectualization, as I learned from Helen, are useful defenses.)

Also in those last years, as I had continued and developed my own work on incest, she encouraged me, along with my friend and collaborator Emily Schatzow, to submit our latest work to the new journal of which she was the editor. This paper, “Recovery and Verification of Memories of Childhood Sexual Abuse,”[[31]](#footnote-31) described a subgroup of our patients who reported periods of partial or complete amnesia followed by delayed recall, and also documented the ways that these patients were able to obtain independent corroboration of their memories. The paper has been widely cited, especially during a period of strong antifeminist backlash in the 1990’s, when the credibility of such memories was challenged in professional journals, in court, and in the popular press. The phenomenon we described, now technically called “dissociative amnesia,” and popularly known as “repressed memory” has withstood the backlash effort to stigmatize it as “junk science,” and is now well established both in the scientific literature[[32]](#footnote-32) and in law.[[33]](#footnote-33) As a result, many more adult survivors of incest and other forms of abuse are now enabled to seek redress in court.

To me, during her last years, Helen offered two “pearls” that I have never forgotten. One was: “Pick your battles.” The other was: “Stay engaged.” Activism, she explained, is an antidote to despair. I have tried to follow her advice to the best of my ability.

Over the years, I have wondered at her prescience, as I have found so many ways in which her work anticipated my own. Recently, my work on trauma has brought me back to the subject of shame. At this late date, I, too, have become a “shamenik.” Helen formulated shame as the reaction to rejection and unrequited love. It seems to me that shame is also an inherent reaction to social subordination.

The implications of this idea are still unfolding. In general psychology, it suggests that human beings innately desire relationships of equality, or mutuality, along with life and liberty. In the trauma field, it suggests that conceptualizing post-traumatic stress as a disorder of fear is far too limited; shame is so central to the experience of victimization that it might be equally useful to conceptualize the post-traumatic reaction as a disorder of shame.

Quite recently, I published these ideas as a chapter in a book called *Shame in the Therapy Hour*. [[34]](#footnote-34) The editors, Ronda Dearing and June Price Tangney, dedicated this book to Helen’s memory, saying: “her innovative ideas on shame and guilt have provided guidance and inspiration.” A fitting tribute, I thought. (They had not known that Helen was my mother.) I was glad to know that her work is still providing guidance and inspiration to others, as it has to me throughout my own life and work.

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 [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Unpublished interview, 11/25/1971. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Ibid. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Government Operations, Transcripts v. 2, p. 1238. May 20, 1953. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
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