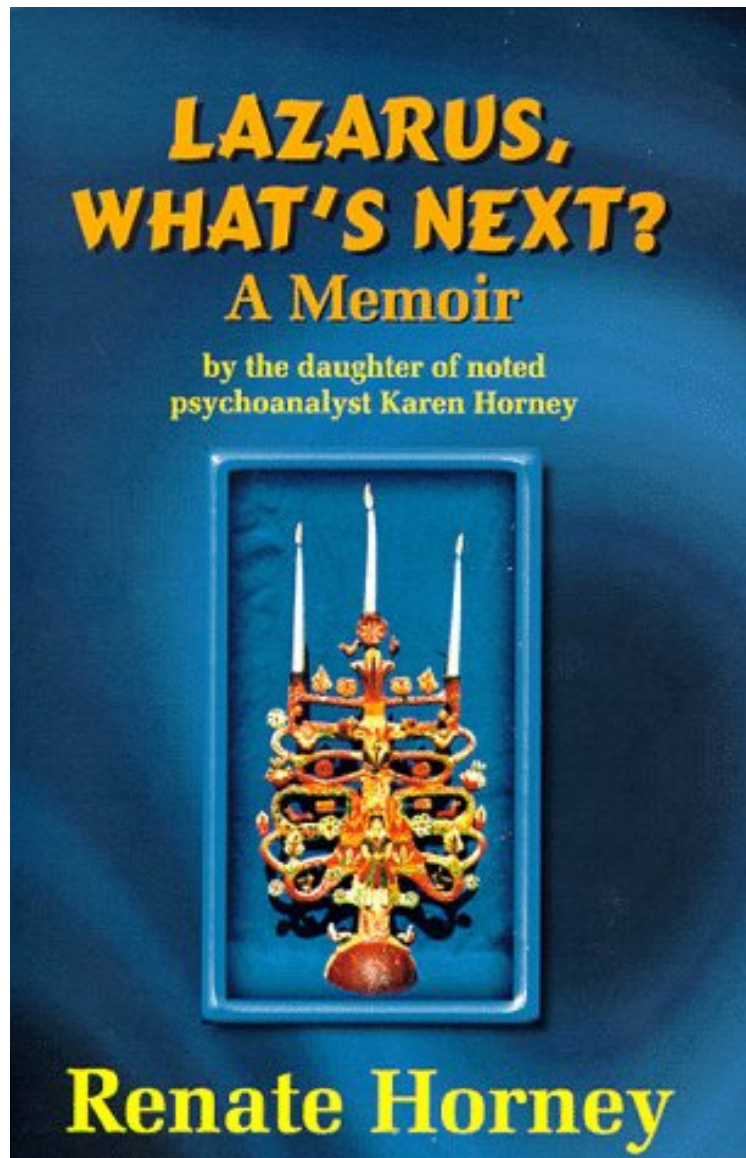


(Ebook pdf) Lazarus, What's Next?

Lazarus, What's Next?

Renate Horney

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Renate Horney : Lazarus, What's Next? before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Lazarus, What's Next?:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Growing Up with Karen HorneyBy Scott SchwartzI got my Psychoanalytic Certification at the Horney Institute, and have always practiced her wonderful blend of culturally-based feminist-oriented therapy. She had 3 daughters: Marianne, now 101 years young, who still practices and teaches psychodynamics, and I have had the pleasure of interacting with her on many occasions. She informed me once that it

wasn't always easy to have a mother like Karen Horney! Brigitte, the oldest, was a very famous actress in Nazi Germany, playing romantic roles opposite the gallant Joachim Gottschalk. Sadly, Goebbels insisted that Gottschalk's Jewish wife be sent to a concentration camp. The couple took cyanide just as the Gestapo arrived at their home. Because Brigitte attended their funeral, she was forced to leave Germany, settled in America and married the Jewish manuscript historian, Hans Swarzenski. Renate is the third daughter, neither an actress nor a psychoanalyst, but a superb raconteur of great wit and sensitivity. There are a lot of nice biographies of Horney out there, but none so personal as this. A number of my co-professors have never heard of this book... Too bad, really; It should not be missed! 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Wonderful insight into Horney's life By Customer I perform, in first-person, Karen Horney as a leader in psychoanalysis and in feminist respect and equality. [...] This book by her daughter adds a perspective from a child's view of a busy, driven, ambitious woman. Told with humor and honest love it adds to the larger understanding of an important woman in history. 4 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Kudos from her Editor and readers By Rosemary Boyd From Rosemary Boyd, Editor, Laurel Press: "Renate Horney is one of the most vibrant and energetic, yet 'mellow,' people I've ever met. An octogenarian who radiates youthful enthusiasm, she is constantly on the go. One could read her memoir simply to absorb the attitudes suitable for enjoying a gratifying and fruitful older age if the book weren't so much more. The following excerpted comments from some of her readers express how much more." From Sara Reimer, writer for the NY Times: "Once I started reading "Lazarus, What's Next?" I couldn't put it down. I wish it had been twice as long--I wanted more. You've had the most extraordinary life and I loved the warm, funny, and honest voice you found to tell your tale. It was happy and sad and profound all at once. I laughed out loud..." From Jeanne W. Frank, writer: "The book is wonderful. It has all the elements of a page-turner: spontaneity, thoughtfulness, honesty, and the joy of life." From Laurie Linda: "I've read countless biographies and memoirs, but I found yours to be absolutely spellbinding. I literally could not put it down, enjoying every moment."

A memoir by the daughter of noted psychoanalyst Karen Horney. Renate's guardian angel, Lazarus, obviously has a great sense of humor, he filled her life with wrenching changes and hilarious adventures. Her mother, Dr. Karen Horney, taught Renate to rely on her own wits, and this she has done with a vengeance. Courtesy of Hitler, Renate spent thirty-four colorful years in Mexico, the love affair of her life. There she raised her three children, and there her fateful first marriage to a German movie director eroded into a divorce. Undeterred, the twice-widowed Renate still seeks out adventure and challenge. Lazarus, what's next?

Funny, wise, bright with the spirit of a woman who never lost her spontaneity, Renate Horney is the most companionable of guides on the journey that is her life. Daughter of Karen Horney, the famous psychoanalyst, and sister to German movie star Brigitte Horney, Renate is shaped by their strong personalities, but not submerged by them. Her affection for the people close to her is leavened by honest amusement at their foibles and failings, just as her portrait of herself is filled with the bemused fondness of a knowing older self. This is a story of a woman who is fully alive a joy to read! -- Mary Jane Roberts, Author and Playwright About the Author Renate Horney, born in Berlin in 1916, is the daughter of the well-known psychoanalyst, Karen Horney. In 1932 she accompanied her mother to Chicago, where she stayed for three years, spending the last as a freshman at the University of Chicago. She returned to Germany, married, and had a child. In 1938 she fled with her husband and child to Mexico where she lived for 34 colorful years. Renate became a Mexican citizen, brought up three children, and divorced. Her love for Mexico inspired her creative art, painting, pottery, and writing. She later remarried and was widowed twice. She presently lives in California. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. My father always said, "The desire for a son is the father of many daughters." In 1916, I became their last "desire." My two sisters, aggressive, dark-haired Brigitte and smiling, blond, blue-eyed Marianne, had preceded me. I, a brown-eyed and blond-haired girl, tried my very best to remedy this slight oversight of nature by becoming a tomboy. They named me Renate, which comes from the Latin *renatare*, meaning "the reborn one" a fitting name for my developing philosophy of life. My arrival delighted Marianne. Brigitte, on the other hand, remained reserved, not having made up her mind whether or not I represented competition or a positive ally in her jealous struggle with Marianne. This ambiguous situation continued, and I would use it to my advantage whenever I could. Let them fight it out; I would be friends with both or whichever appeared most convenient at the moment. I loved my mother very much, and that, along with a deep feeling of respect, never changed. To this very day, I can visualize myself once standing in my crib, holding onto the rail, yelling my head off. Because my bedroom was on the third floor and a door separated that staircase from the second floor, no one could hear me downstairs. I had been ill and must have been crying for a very long time before the door finally opened and Mother stretched out her arms, lifted me up, and released me from my prison of fright by enveloping me in her arms. Mother lived for her work, but her helping arms were often open to me. Lazarus, do we choose our parents because they will present us with the challenges we have chosen for this life? Or are they part of our karma, cause and effect created by ourselves in former lives? Whatever the reason, I felt lucky to be part of an unusual family. Although his father had been just a village schoolmaster, my father, Oscar Horney, obtained doctorates in law, political science, and

economics, but he loved to delve into philosophy. He started his business career by jumping to the top, only to tumble deeply because of inflation and illness. My mother, Karen, was born in 1885 in Hamburg, Germany, to a beautiful mother, Sonni, and a much older father, Berndt W. Danielsen. A sea captain of high rank, he was a feared, quarrelsome despot whose long absences were welcomed as an interlude of peace. My mother sought happiness in her escape to school. Her life as a remarkable, pioneering woman stands out in bold relief. Little seems accidental, for she had an innate feeling of destiny. Although her father wanted her to stay home and replace the maid, she struggled to enter the gymnasium (the first high school for girls had just opened in Hamburg) and then the university to study medicine. This at a time when universities were just debating whether to accept women for medical school. Amazingly, as early as 1910, psychoanalysis, although barely in its infancy, became her goal. During World War I, Mother worked at a neuropsychiatric clinic. In 1915, she received her doctorate and went on to study psychoanalysis. But here, she soon found herself at odds with Freud's theories--theories, she noted later, made by men and for men. Her life's work and struggles were defined by the problems that surrounded her. But more than anything, she constantly searched for the voice within, for love, for new ways of understanding and expressing these ideas. Her karma did not allow her to be content, for only her restless search would produce the thought and the creative work she developed. Her inner struggles were her teachers, her blessings. Mother wanted to give us all the spiritual freedom she had missed as a child under the shadow of her fanatical Protestant father. When angered, he would not only cite the words of the bible but would actually hurl the book at his wife. No wonder Mother educated us to be free from hypocrisy and to be true to ourselves....(p. 7-9) Every era has its new ideas and fads. Around 1924, especially among psychoanalysts, the theory evolved that early child analysis would prevent suppression, and thus neurosis, in the adult. Mother, always interested in something new, sent her three daughters off to the Freudian couch of the later famous Melanie Klein. As I lay on the hard, ominous couch, Melanie asked me to talk about my thoughts and dreams. Being a lively, healthy eight-year-old, I told of climbing trees and playing Indians. The therapist's long reply startled my innocent ears. All my thoughts, she said, had to do with penis envy and anus play. Although proud of having been told to make the long trip by bus and subway to her office alone, I soon found a way to get there ever so slowly. Arriving late, I would dive not onto but underneath the terrible couch, with my fingers pressed firmly in my ears. Messy nightmares haunted my nights. Thus, on a rainy afternoon with nothing else to do, I suggested to Nati that we should write letters to people and drop them in their mailboxes. What fun I had writing all that I had learned on the couch and signing the letters, "Greetings from your Fart." It did not take long for my letters to arrive back home, along with indignant complaints. How my parents must have laughed, but with Father's strictest face, he pronounced, "Nacki, you must go to every house where you dropped a letter and say, Excuse me, I am Fart. I accidentally dropped something here!" With tears of shame, I paced back and forth in front of the first door. I had promised, so I had to ring the bell. A maid opened it, I rambled my sentence and fled. At home, I pleaded, "Please, was not one house enough?" My parents burst out laughing. Hugging me, Mother proclaimed, "So much for child analysis!" (p. 17-18.)