



In Memoriam
Fritz Kunkel



1889 - 1956

Fritz Kunkel was born September 6, 1889 at Stolzenberg, Germany. He spent his childhood on his parents' large estate in close contact with nature, freedom and solitude. He was the seventh of eight children. He and his younger brother, Hans, now a well known writer in Germany, lived in a world that stimulated their creative faculties and their venturing into the unknown.

In 1907 he went to Munich to study medicine and there furthered his interests in drama and the arts. He had just completed his study at the University when World War I began, and he was called into service as an army surgeon, later becoming a captain of the Medical Corps. In the battle of Verdun, he lost an arm which changed the course of his life. With the deeper understanding he had experienced, he turned to psychiatry. After he received his M.D. degree at the University of Berlin, he worked in mental hospitals, studied Freud and Jung, and worked personally with Adler.

From 1922-1939 he practiced psychiatry in Berlin. He married Ruth Lowengard, and they had three children. In Berlin, he organized the first Psychological Center of Adlerian Individual Psychology and was co-founder of the German Institute of Psychotherapy and Psychological Research. During this time, he developed the We-Psychology and lectured widely in Holland, Sweden and Germany. By 1939 several of his books had been translated into English. After the death of his first wife, he married Elizabeth Jensen and had two children.

In 1939 he came to the United States on invitation to lecture at Pendle Hill and the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley. He became an American citizen in 1945 and practiced psychotherapy in Los Angeles. He lectured widely both in the area and throughout the United States, held many seminars and wrote several of his best known books.

Fritz Kunkel was the author of twenty books which were, in part, translated into seven languages. Five of his books were written in English: "How Character Develops" (with Roy Dickerson), "What Do You Advise?" (with Ruth Gardner), "My Dear Ego", "In Search of Maturity" and "Creation Continues". Five of his earlier books have been published in English: "Let's Be Normal", "Conquer Yourself", "God Helps Those", "What It Means To Grow Up" and "Character, Growth and Education". Last fall, in collaboration with his wife, he wrote "Creative Parenthood", which won a prize from "Child Security". The book will be published within the year.

The great contribution Fritz Kunkel made in the field of psychology was his emphasis on combining religion and psychology which is becoming widely accepted today. In his pioneering, he felt that religious psychology is necessary to man for his spiritual growth and development.



MEMORIAL ADDRESS

by

ALLAN HUNTER

There is a divine abyss within a soul, a holy infinite Center, a heart, a life which speaks in us and through us to the world. We have all heard this holy whisper at times. At times we have followed the whisper and an amazing equilibrium of life, an amazing effectiveness of living has set in. But too many of us have heeded the voice only at times. Only at times have we submitted to His holy guidance. We have not counted this holy thing, within us, to be the most precious thing in the world.

The one in whose memory, in whose appreciation and whose love, we hold this service, did count this holy thing, this creative center within him, this divine abyss, the most precious thing in the world, because he was able to relate the light within to the light that is beyond. Those were favorite phrases of his. I remember once, he had drawn a diagram of God and then suddenly, just to show how ridiculous and petty our theories and conceptions of the Ultimate are, he had us imagine a hand thrust through the paper with its picture, to indicate that the greatness and the glory of God, was always breaking in and shattering our little concepts.

Each one of you here, to the degree you knew Dr. Kunkel, recalls things that he said, some of the images that he left indelibly in your memory. Some of you know the simple facts of his life and the drama behind them, how at the age of twenty-eight he was a young doctor in the first world war. I remember his telling us this story when Gerald Heard and I were with him in 1941, at a little retreat at

Ojai. He was in a dug-out and the French, overrunning the German lines, threw a hand grenade down among the dozen or more German soldiers. The hand grenade did not go off. Dr. Kunkel, being the senior officer, led the group up, out of the dug-out and the sergeant said, "Go this way," pointing to the usual way back to safety. And that was the way according to common sense that he should have gone. But an intuition within him said, "No! Go this way." He obeyed his intuition and went around the line of French soldiers. One of them stood gazing at him, dazed. Then a shell in front of him blew off his arm, and that possibly was the essence of his dramatic sense of crises he has communicated to every one of us here. Because everything seemed broken, shattered, ended, he probably assumed that he was going to die. Then came in this sense of resurrection, sense of something beyond the despair and the brokenness and the futility and the weakness and he went on from there. He is going on from where he left off physically, early Easter morning, now. That is the confidence he had, and he shares it with us.

You think of this courage, the kind of courage that faces the darkness within us as well as outside of us, and having faced the worst, goes on to say, "Yes," to the best, to the light that is also within us, as well as beyond us. You think of his wisdom, the wisdom earned out of experience, hard experience and happy experience too; out of all the comradeship of being with human beings, not saying to them, "I see how you suffer," but "I am you," which is quite probably the source of his We-psychology, that sense of being bound together with other human beings, bound together with that which is holy, which is from the

Center, which is of God. We think of his sense of triumph and his perspective, which is really a sense of humor. We think of his sense of always looking behind, wondering, wondering what is on the other side of what we call death, of the curiosity that was more than scientific. So, to enter something of his thinking, let us recall a few sentences taken at random from some of his writings:

"Here begins the third stage of the journey, identical with the illumination of the old mystics. It is not only an intellectual insight, but is at the same time an emotional experience, of utmost reality and a volitional change that overthrows the whole system of our values, goals and means. Deeper insight, more power, increasing responsibility and above all a higher kind of love, more detached, more comprehensive. These are the characteristics of the new life, as far as we are able to describe them in our empirical, and that means humanly, limited psychology."

And again, for he was always seeking to bring psychology into religion with the central, with the eternal: "Our readiness to take risks and responsibility grows, life becomes fuller, richer, more successful and our confidence increases. The deeper meaning of human life, the physical goals of human history become almost perceptible, although it may not be possible to formulate any statement about them. A new kind of security and confidence is felt, a confidence that does not need guarantees but is based simply on our growing inner experience. This is in accordance with many religious personalities. Out of this experience may one day arrive the highest value of our life, real living efficient faith." . . . "The way up, is the way down. To grow mature means to become like children, to face death with calmness,

dignity, means to achieve the perfect wisdom and inner equilibrium of flowers and trees. Our entire endeavor should be focused on seeking God's righteousness or in more dynamic terms on spiritual growth" . . . "Eternity is here already. If we could but rid ourselves of our inner evil today, we would find ourselves in the kingdom this very instant. What awaits us is the discovery of something that exists beyond time, and therefore has been here and will be here through all ages, is past and present." . . . "The kingdom of God is within. It is the Beyond within, a present challenge, a task which can be solved now and here. Jesus laid the foundations of the invisible rock, the house that is being built. It is up to us whether we help complete it and learn to live in it or whether we prefer the sham security of our earthly house on the shifting sand, the house that is just now breaking down in the rain storm and great will be the fall of it." . . . "If the spirit wants to conquer matter, it has to go into it, accept it, love it, share its fate, permeate, revitalize, redeem it. We have to suffer and die in order to grow and live, dying not only our own death, but everybody's death. We have to undergo the destruction of our physical body before we can master it. It is sown a natural body. It is raised a spiritual body. We must die daily, and to learn this we must go with Jesus through the crucifixion. The grave is a gate. We cannot yet walk through it, but like Moses we can see through it into the promised land. Mankind outgrows a materialism and that means the limitations of space and time. Only if the dead, or least some of them, live after death, and if those who have not yet died are aware of their immortality, and live accordingly, the sudden experience of the light—the lightning—

becomes the basis of a lasting change, an organic growth of human nature. The individual from now on can reach a degree of maturity which enables him to join through death the immortal Spirit beyond space and time. And this process can be seen by those who, still in space and time, grow mature enough to realize the Beyond within. Easter, rebirth, the new phase of creation, is either a convincing inner experience which changes our character and our life, or it is nothing at all." . . . "We die with Him, the earth is shaking, the lightning strikes. Are we dead? or alive? We know and see, feel and think. Creative power fills our souls. The debt is cancelled. I live, yet not I, Christ lives in me. Life, and light, and love begin anew. What the voice says is always the same. Same, though the words we hear change with the historical situation, since Jesus' death, this voice, of Christ, is calling unceasingly. When we are prepared we shall hear it. "I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

Not alone through these words but through our memories, and through his presence among us, may we let God speak to us, as we pray without words, in silence.



MEMORIAL ADDRESS

by

GERALD HEARD

"God must be born in every soul." The text that was read might well be the motto of the one for whom we are gathered to give thanks. God must be born in every soul. The world divides mankind into two great classes, whether we live under dictatorships, tribes, or empires; mankind's opinion has always believed that there are fundamentally two classes of mankind. On one side are the spectators, the audiences, the vast mass of listeners, and lookers-on which are public opinion. And on the other side there are those that perform, those that speak, those who are supposed to be the leaders, who attempt to understand what is going on in the minds of what they call the masses, and to interpret and instruct, inform and suggest. But anyone who has lived any time is aware that such a division is fundamentally false. It is true as far as it goes but it does not go nearly far enough. There is a third class, hardly visible, yet all the more powerful because we so seldom notice it. That third class is composed of those intensely important persons whom Plato called the obstetricians of the soul. And it little matters whether society sometimes thinks that the phrase, "the soul" is meaningless; or is of the conviction that such notions that gather around the spiritual are essentially pipe dreams, opium fantasies and a dangerous drug preventing people having a proper wish to tidy up the world. It does not matter what the opinions of people are about the terminology whereby these people are described. The fact remains that mankind, ever since he was endowed with the terrible gift

of thought, the power of being aware of time, of looking before and after, and of sighing for what is not; from the moment a man communicated and entered into fellowship with his brothers through the spellbinding power of speech, of feeling, of sound, from that time on, it was essential for the sanity of humanity, and the future of the race that there should be these men of insight, not lonely seers, not men cut off from life, not people who do not keep in touch with humanity, the midwives of the soul. Their touch, their intuitive understanding, their invisible communion with the soul, is so sure and so deep that is it often not noticed. But for them, however, the unbroken succession of men of good will would fail. We are realizing that the only people who have altered history are the people who have altered man's ideas about himself.

Today, therefore, we are beginning to wake up to the fact that though their number may be small, a little leaven leavens the whole lump. Though its quality may not appear immediately to the eye, a radioactive object seen under the sunlight does not seem different from any other stone. Handle it and keep it near you and you will assuredly learn the difference. These are the unseen, the invisible aristocracy, the salt of the earth, the apostolic succession. "You are the light of the world." There is no doubt whatsoever that the world can never recognize, nor do they wish to be recognized, those that have served its best.

When he, too, was approaching his death, Edwin Hubbel, the great astronomer, said to me, that in his life of scanning the universes, and conceiving of his immense idea of the expanding universe, never-

theless, the discovery that seemed to him most startling, most radical, most original, also most unexpected, was the discovery of the invisible stars, the radar stars. Some he told me may have no mass at all. Stars, we have thought, of their nature were masses of matter, incandescent, intense, tremendous in their power of light and radiation of the visible spectrum. But instead of that, now we know, nothing engrosses the attention of those who seek to understand the structure of the outer universe more than these strange nodes. Just because they have no mass and are invisible, their radiation power is all the greater.

So as we go through life we may discover, among ourselves looking very often quite commonplace, there are present those who are radar stars. They radiate ceaselessly and none of our senses notice it. Jacob when he awoke from his dream said, "The Lord was here and I knew it not." And again and again when we give thanks for a life that is gone and for the time being relieved from what is rightfully called the burden of the flesh, we are aware that we have to stand back in time a little distance to be able to appreciate what has been done, what has been said. Rembrandt, perhaps the greatest interpreter of the human face when, owing to the exquisite subtlety of his brush work, one of the people who was viewing a new portrait went too close, said, "Remember, friend, my pictures are not meant to be smelt. You must stand back a certain distance." And in the cool arcades of death it is one of the greatest joys of the maturing life to stand back and look at those men, as one of the early writers of one of the Epistles said, "Men of like passions" that we have actually seen and known, men we have joked with and

watched, seen them in difficulties, seen them humorous and careless, seen them alert, seen them, yes, worried and strained. Recalling the rich record, we stand back from our close and detailed and microscopic examination of the canvas and at a certain distance, in that quiet light of eternity it all composes. In Sanskrit they say, being in these ways extremely up-to-date without our modern notions of space and time, everything has length and breadth and thickness and also time. Here we see ourselves confined, in William James' phrases, to the specious present, that second and a half in which our lenses flicker and we make a snapshot judgment of a person. We glance and do not take it in; we see as the prophet said and do not comprehend. But if we do, (and there is one of the great uses of death to all of us), we have a moment of recollection, a moment of contemplation, a moment of deep and profound and thankful appreciation, then we begin to see the person, as Allan Hunter has just said to us, in the vast volume of his many days. We see the person in his completion. (It is necessary to live, it has been wisely used, and the phrase has been used to us this evening, it is wisely used to say that we are actually being born in this life. We were nine months or so in the womb, we are nine hundred or so months in the womb of the body, and during that time we do what Reisbrook says, make these exciting tensions. And he points out that is all that is necessary and all that is required.)

The more we study the outer universe, the more we see, that though we may push it here and pull it there, it makes very little difference to the universe. What we know about it is always far ahead of what we can do about it. We are showing our quality of being,

what sort of person we are. Every now and then there are people of such integrity, so intensely sincere that they are permitted by God to follow what is called, right livelihood. Theirs is the happy fate that the intention and the act, the will and the performance come very close together, and to conclude where we began, these are the obstetricians of the soul. They are being reborn, and because of their willingness to be born and live for others, we can be reborn too. They are there in order to be able to give us this kind, not of advice for that is a cold thing, but to give us these transfusions of their own courage, their own humor, and their own dedication so that we catch this spirit, and as we catch it we are brought along in the stream of eternal life in which they themselves are going. That, as we know, is the only form of teaching that is real teaching. Discipline of course is discipleship; intuitive contagion caught from a leader.

There we have to leave this mystery, this sacramental mystery. But to bring it back to the heroic soul of whom we are thinking, no one that watched him, no one that realized what ordeals he went through but that realized that every one of these had, as it were, strung the chord of his soul to a finer pitch. Any one who watched the exquisite and humorous art with which with one hand he would actually cut and peel an apple, saw what skilled and extraordinary adaptability life always has and never has so abundantly as when it is serving a dedicated will that lives for others.

This was the life which by its very suffering was made able to deal with certain cases which others highly gifted, well placed, deeply sympathetic, and equipped with many of the knowledges which are necessary in this problem could not quite achieve.

Technique is one thing, inspiration is another. And inspiration springs when those things which would have been annihilating to a smaller soul turn into the fuel for its flame. Such a man I believe we are celebrating. It does not matter whether personally, after many years when we all are gone also, he is forgotten. The essence which worked in him, the eternal spirit of the living God, that takes form again and again for God must be born in every soul, it is that he manifested and will always. The process and the mystery of incarnation is matched and balanced by the opposite mystery, of the process and mystery of vicarious suffering and redemption. We celebrate this evening the triumph of his soul that has passed now, having carried not merely the load of its own ordeals but of so many others, triumphant. And we can therefore have nothing but thankfulness and something more than thankfulness, a renewal of our own faith in God. That whereas he too has attained, by the power that came through him and comes through all dedicated souls, we too shall be born to the life eternal.





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