Those of us who knew her are finding it hard to believe that Nancy Datan is dead. She epitomized so strikingly the vibrant qualities of life: perkiness, gutsiness, braininess, piquancy, originality, extravagance, and fun. All of these qualities were evident up to the last time I talked with her, little more than a week before she died. Conversations with her were as vital during the 7 months of her illness as during the almost 20 years I had known her before. Our topics of conversation ranged all over the map. We talked about ideas (‘How about?’ or ‘What do you think of?’ or ‘Remember what so-and-so said?’). We talked about people, those we liked and those we disliked, those we loved and those we hated (‘Do you know what he did yesterday!’). We talked about plans for the future (‘I’m going to use that for the talk I give in April’) and we reviewed past events (‘This is how we came to buy a new car’). We went over the pros and cons of decisions to be made (‘Should I wear my wig at the talk at UCLA?’). We talked about achievements and triumphs (‘I did it; I ran the Marathon!’ or ‘Do you want to hear a new poem?’). And, rarely, but still sometimes, we talked about our failures and disappointments and regrets (‘I will never see my grandchildren’). And these conversations she had with me were among many that she had with others. Dialogues and letters. Her Macintosh was in steady use up to the end; probably only a computer could have kept up with her fertile mind. What richness! But also, what wonderful touches of warmth and support and friendship! For months after she died, people whom I never realized knew her stopped to tell me how much she had meant to them. I always found myself telling her things I didn’t even know I felt – how one can never satisfy or please one’s mother, how troublesome what is meant to be an honor can end up in the doing, how desperately we wish great things for our children. It occurs to me that I can never construct a sentence about Nancy Datan that doesn’t include a string of parallel words and phrases. That was Nancy: an amazing string of attributes, amazing because they don’t usually come together in an academic person (or, for that matter, any person). Because, above all, even though she was a poet, a creative writer, and a friend of many, Nancy was a scholar. Nancy and I first got to know each other in the strange vacuum of a convention hotel, which happened to be in New York City but could as well have been in Houston, San Francisco, Atlanta, Washington, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, San Antonio, or New Orleans, because over the years we met in all those convention cities, mostly at meetings of the American Psychological Association and the Gerontological Society of America. That night in New York, at a conference where neither of us knew many other people but had been invited to participate in the same symposium, we met for dinner to talk about what we would say the next day. We ended up at 3 a.m. trying to decide how
to manage our future careers. We also ‘just happened’ to find ourselves discussing all the things we found ourselves discussing in meetings over the following years – the kinds of things I mentioned above, which are, I am sure, the kinds of things everybody who ever met Nancy found themselves discussing with her. That first evening, she was stewing about career plans. To follow the prescribed academic track on which she was moving, she had been advised that she should be focusing her thinking and writing more than she was doing. But at the same time, she wanted so much to write short stories, fairy tales, poems, and it would be hard to confine her efforts to one domain. She mentioned to me years later that it had been important to her that I was not horrified at her wanting to follow deviant paths. In fact, she believed that I had even encouraged her to do so, and thus she felt that I had supported her at a critical moment. If this really was what happened, I am proud that I acted as a facilitator for all those inspired, not so straight-line, not so academic products.

Maybe if she had resisted her wayward impulses, she could have become an even more noted scholarly psychologist than she did. On the other hand, consider her scholarly output. To begin with counting, her vita contains nine pages of publications (91 papers). Consider the four life-span developmental volumes she edited, following in the illustrious footsteps of Warner Schaie and Paul Baltes, whom she succeeded at West Virginia University. The conferences that led to these compendia were stimulating and important, as are the published results. These books include Normative life crises, in 1975; Dialectical perspectives on experimental research, in 1977; Transitions of aging, in 1980; and Intergenerational relations, in 1986. Then consider her work on family dynamics and on women’s issues, starting with the cross-cultural study of Israeli women and menopause, a landmark investigation in collaboration with Benjamin Maoz and Aaron Antonovsky, which led to many journal articles and the book, A time to reap (1981). Any psychologist still a long way from the age of 50 and after only a brief 20-year career could be proud of such an output, in quality and in quantity. Consider the diversity of her scholarly output. Here is a brief list of topics covered: menopause, sequels of concentration camp experience, perspectives on the life cycle, maternal behavior, sex roles, sexuality, epistemology, humor, and fantasy. Among my favorites are the profound, witty, and integrative papers: ‘Your daughters shall prophecy: ancient and contemporary perspectives on the woman in Israel’; ‘Astarte, Moses and Mary: perspectives on the sexual dialectic in Canaanite, Judaic, and Christian traditions’; and ‘After the apple: post-Newtonian methatheory for jaded psychologists’.

Her husband Dean Rodeheaver told me recently that what Nancy herself felt as her greatest achievement was her series of essays on myths, folk, and fairy tales that deal with themes of sex differences and parent-child relations in adult development. To listen to them – most were papers read at conferences and have not yet been published – was a heady flight into a world that encompassed Greek mythology and literature, Old Testament stories and interpretations, personal experiences and insights, and current issues and problems in life-span developmental psychology and world affairs.

It is my feeling that in years to come Nancy Datan will be known as an outstanding essayist of our time. I haven’t even mentioned the hundreds of poems, some of which were read at the symposium on false dichotomies at the American Psychological Association in 1987. They were
a moving substitute for the paper she never had time to write. Even during those last 7 months of her life, she was writing movingly and eloquently about the feelings and experiences associated with her final illness. This collection includes several papers on her triumph at having run a marathon after her illness began, and one that moved me the most, titled ‘Mortal limits’. It will appear in Psychen-tique. It starts with the sentence, ‘The forest is a trap for the unwary’. It talks about spring, young dogs and their innocent relation to killing, and, ultimately, the process of dying. It is a prose poem, eloquent without being morbid. It is full of life and leaves us with the essence of Nancy, with her perki-ness, gutsiness, braininess, piquancy, originality, and fun. Lillian E. Troll
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‘To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven. A time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted.’
With these familiar verses begins the third chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes of the Old Testament. Sitting down on a cold grey New England October day in 1987, to write this piece in recognition of the work and person of Lawrence Kohlberg, who committed suicide, by drowning, on an even colder day the previous January, at the age of 59, it is still difficult to believe this man, who was such a presence, is no longer with us. It is even hard to believe that there are individuals in this audience of researchers and scholars who did not know him, either personally or professionally, or even sadder, will not. That was the personal warmth and intellectual power of this complex, energetic, unique individual.
I first met Larry Kohlberg early in 1968 when Freda Rebelsky, my thesis advisor at Boston University, recommended I accompany her to an informal inter-university seminar on children’s moral development at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, which was being organized by a Visiting Professor Kohlberg from the University of Chicago. I didn’t know much about research or developmental psychology at the time but I thought I should if I were to pursue my plan to work with troubled children.
The first meeting was in a seminar room on the fourth floor of the Education School’s Laboratory of Human Development in Larsen Hall. I remember it because it was one of the few rooms with a window in this relatively new, ivory-tower-like building. At the time I did not know what to expect, but the many subsequent trips I took across the Charles River that year began to take on the feeling of a pilgrimage. While there were many wise and articulate participants from Boston area universities at these seminars, Larry Kohlberg stood out. I had never heard before, or since for that matter, an individual who without resorting to cant or hostility, vanity or pomp, in a spell-binding way had the capacity to cast such light on murky empirical findings or draw order and coherence from the chaos of conflicting theoretical perspectives. Larry had a new and unique way of looking at old issues (perhaps, Ecclesiastes notwithstanding, there was something new under the sun), and although the assembled students could not always comprehend all that he said, and certainly had great difficulty reproducing the ideas when, with tremendous enthusiasm, they tried to tell friends about the sessions, the way in which we could feel the intuitive power of these ideas was almost Platonic.
I was fortunate indeed to enter Larry’s intellectual sphere at this extraordinarily fertile time, when, at the peak of his powers, he was beginning to plant new ideas into a generation of young researchers, educators, and philosophers. The previous decade Larry had done remarkable theoretical work – at Yale, at the University of Chicago, and at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences in Palo Alto, Calif. This work covered a range of topics in developmental psychology: early childhood education, the development of sex role and gender identity, child psychopathology. But his main passion, obsession would not be an unfair description, was moral development.

In the fall of 1968, I asked Larry if he would sponsor me on a postdoctoral fellowship I had received from the US National Institute of Mental Health. Even then Larry could not easily say no, and I began this position the following year. By then, Larry had decided to accept the offer of a professorship at Harvard’s Graduate School of Education. Larry was being offered the opportunity to put his theory of moral development into educational practice. In 1959, when Kohlberg had published some of the findings of his now famous University of Chicago doctoral dissertation on stages in moral development in an unfamiliar, at least to American child psychology, European journal, Vita Humana, the predecessor to Human Development, his method, theory, and to some extent the universality of his approach to the topic was beyond the level of comprehension of much of American child development.

For the next 10 years, Larry continued this work, began his longitudinal studies, and, in 1968, wrote a long theoretical chapter for the Handbook of Socialization Theory and Research titled ‘Stage and Sequence: the Cognitive-Developmental Approach to Socialization’. Although uncertain as to the wisdom of spending the entire length of my fellowship on one article, debating with other students and colleagues the ideas Larry presented there, much of my first postdoctoral year was occupied reading and rereading this chapter. It was quickly to become a true classic in developmental psychology, if not all psychology. With each reading, I gleaned a new sense of the ideas and the depth of this groundbreaking work. Even today, Eleanor Maccoby, Past President of the Society for Research in Child Development, and the person responsible for recognizing Larry with a special award at the Society’s 1985 meeting, relates how she continues to learn something new and beautiful each time she rereads this chapter.

Larry would plant many more seeds in the almost 20, often vigorous, often difficult, years he spent in Cambridge, Mass., for he truly had a gift, not only of tremendous intellect, but of a wisdom. His was not the conventional wisdom, however, and it took his great courage to propose and defend ideas that over the course of 30 years have become better understood and to a large degree accepted.

I was drawn to the quote from Ecclesiastes, because this book tells us that the search for truth and wisdom, rather than for the material, leads to a higher plane of values and spirituality, and certainly one that is empowering in its strength. ‘Wisdom strengthens the wise man more than ten mighty men which are in the city.’ The strength he gleaned in this search Larry shared effortlessly.

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The other great gift of Larry’s wisdom was that it was a wisdom born in part of a desire to bring people together and fostered by his own desire to be loved and needed. It is the generosity and openness of spirit of Larry Kohlberg that makes the ideas and ideals Larry planted in us go so far. I am just one of the many people, in Cambridge where he lived and across the world, who
were fortunate enough to be part of Larry’s life, for what he shared so generously gave meaning to our personal as well as professional lives. Indeed, he gave to us the gift of a sense of meaning and purpose to our work that, at best, radiated joy to the entirety of our lives. And for this gift, at the deepest level, we love him and miss him.

Ecclesiastes also provides us with this poignant insight: ‘For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.’ We can only grieve for Larry’s sorrow, as we rejoice in his gladness and the strength and excitement of his search.

Robert L. Selman
Harvard University and Judge Baker Children’s Center

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In writing a memorial tribute it is usually a simple matter to list the highlights of someone’s career; it is often more difficult to convey a sense of the person. For Joachim F. Wohlwill, neither is simple. Both professionally and personally, Jack was many things. But, like the organismic tradition of which he was a part, these pieces were not separate persona to be taken out and worn as the occasion arose. They were, instead, fully integrated parts of a complex and admirable human being. Jack was a tough-minded scholar, insistent on scientific rigor, and, simultaneously, a warm, caring mentor, protecting the sensitivities of students and colleagues in facilitating that scientific excellence; he was an academician focused on theoretical issues having little if any immediate application to the ‘real world’ and, simultaneously, a political activist whose energies were directed toward peace and the preservation of the environment.

Joachim F. Wohlwill was born in Hamburg, Germany in 1928, and thus had an early introduction to the impact of the political world on one’s life. To escape the growing Nazi presence, the Wohlwill family fled to Portugal in 1933. To insure continued safety, Jack was sent to Boston in 1943. There he was graduated from Boston Latin High School and then from Harvard University, Phi Beta Kappa. In addition to providing a political and intellectual haven, these years inspired his life-long passion for the Boston Red Sox. The 1986 World Series saw Jack sporting a Red Sox cap and moods that swung with the wins and losses of the team.

The years after leaving Harvard in 1949 were eventful as well. Jack served 2 years in the Army during the Korean war, did graduate work at the University of Chicago, and married Fay Schwartz, with whom he moved to California to pursue graduate work at Berkeley. After receiving his PhD in 1957 under the direction of Leo Postman, he traveled to Geneva where he took a postdoctoral fellowship at the University of Geneva to pursue his interest in Piagetian theory. There, too, his first son, David Emanuel, was born.

He returned to the United States in 1958 to join the Psychology Department at Clark University, where he worked on conceptual and methodological issues in developmental psychology, leading to many important publications including his intellectually powerful book, The Study of Behavioral Development. During this period, Jack’s second son, Arthur Daniel, was born. Jack remained at Clark until 1970, when he joined the faculty at Penn State in the newly formed interdisciplinary program in ‘Man-Environment Rela-

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affiliation to Penn State’s Division of Individual and Family Studies, still interdisciplinary, but more directly addressed to issues of individual development. Although he never abandoned his interests in developmental theory and environments, Jack’s most recent focus was on children’s developing artistic skills, a topic he explored intensively during 1984–85 while on a sabbatical visit to Harvard’s Project Zero. Of particular interest to him were the relationships between children’s growing cognitive abilities and artistic productions, especially in interaction with the use of computer graphics. Jack died suddenly on July 11, 1987, leaving this work in its infancy. Funds have been established in Joachim F. Wohlwill’s name at the College of Health and Human Development at Penn State, at Amnesty International, and at the Sierra Club. The 1987 Heinz Werner Lectures at Clark University were dedicated to his memory, as was the most recent volume of the Jean Piaget Society Symposium Series; a symposium in his memory has been organized for the American Psychological Association meetings; a memorial conference to honor and remember Jack’s contributions to our understanding of developmental concepts, human-environment interactions, and aesthetic development has been organized by Penn State’s Center for the Study of Child and Adolescent Development. Many other such events have already taken place or been planned.

Individually these tributes indicate the variety of causes and issues Jack Wohlwill touched; collectively they are testimony to how widely his influence has been felt. Together with Jack’s own writings, these memorial tributes secure his enduring role for generations of scholars to come. But despite his lasting influence, those of us who knew Jack personally will miss his humanity, his intensity, his warmth, and, quite simply, his company.

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