Six

Therapy and Technique

However irritating the weekly meetings at his apartment grew with the years, Freud continued to use them as a sounding board. Long before he published the case histories that soon became famous, he would report on his most interesting analysands to his followers. One memorable occasion stretched over two sessions. On October 30, 1907, and again a week later, on November 6, Freud spoke to the Wednesday Psychological Society on a patient then in analysis with him. "It is a very instructive case of obsessional neurosis (obsessional ideas)," Rank laconically reported him as saying, "concerning a 29-year-old young man (Dr. jur.)" This was the germ from which the case history of the Rat Man was to grow.

The following year, in April 1908, Freud addressed the international congress of psychoanalysts in Salzburg on the same case, while the Rat Man was still in treatment. He carried his dazzled audience with him. Ernest Jones, who had just met Freud, never forgot it. "Delivered without any notes," he wrote half a century later, Freud's presentation "began at eight o'clock and at eleven he offered to bring it to a close. We had all been so enthralled, however, at his fascinating exposition that we begged him to go on, and he did so for another hour. I had never before been so oblivious of the passage of time."

Jones was at one with Wittels in his admiration for Freud's lecturing style, and particularly struck by his conversational tone, his "ease of expression, his

masterly ordering of complex material, his perspicuous lucidity, and his intense earnestness." This case history was, to Jones as to the others, "both an intellectual and an artistic feast." Fortunately, psychoanalytic politics did not preempt Freud's attention even in these turbulent times. Here were glimpses, and more than glimpses, from his laboratory.

Freud's laboratory was his couch. From the early 1890s on, Freud's patients had taught him much of what he knew, forcing him to refine his technique, opening breath-taking vistas to theoretical departures, substantiating or compelling him to amend—or even to drop—cherished conjectures. That is one reason why Freud set so much store by his case histories; they were a record of his education. Gratifyingly, they proved no less educational for others, effective and elegant instruments of persuasion.* When Freud described the case of the Rat Man as very instructive, he meant that it could serve as a pedagogic text for his adherents even more than for himself. Freud never spelled out why he selected the case histories of some patients for publication rather than others. Yet taken together, these histories map the broken terrain of neurotic suffering, and they hazard the most imaginative (and risky) reconstructions. Freud presents hysterics, obsessionals, and paranoiacs, a little phobic boy he saw only once during the treatment, and the psychotic inmate of a mental hospital whom he never saw at all. The subjects of some of these elaborate and intimate portraits, notably the case of Dora, have stepped out of their frame to become, rather like characters in memorable novels, actors in their own right—or at least witnesses in the interminable controversies surrounding Freud's moral character, competence as a therapist, and essential views of the human animal, male and female alike.

*Ernest Jones, as we have seen (pp. 183–84), was propelled into the psychoanalytic camp after reading Freud's case history of Dora. He was only the most conspicuous of Freud's adherents to be persuaded by one of these case histories. In retrospect, these classic clinical reports may appear more impressive as didactic than as clinical performances. In recent decades, psychoanalysts benefiting from hindsight and sophisticated diagnostic techniques have gone over them with care and have become convinced that the pathology of Freud's best-known analysands was usually more severe than Freud indicated. But as teaching devices they remain authoritative models for an age that seems to have forgotten how to write case histories.

A PROBLEMATIC DEBUT

The young woman whom the world now knows as Dora first came to Freud's consulting room in the summer of 1898, when she was sixteen, and entered psychoanalytic treatment two years later, in October 1900. She abandoned it in December, after some eleven weeks, with most of the analytic work still to be done. As early as mid-October, Freud reported to Fliess that he had a "new case," an eighteen-year-old girl, "smoothly opening for the available collection of passkeys"—an erotic metaphor whose overtones he did not choose to explore.

In January 1901, after Dora's departure, he wrote up her history rapidly, recording its completion on January 25. "It is the subtlest I have written so far," he announced, indulging in a moment of self-congratulation. But he instantly subverted his exhilaration with predictions of general disapproval: he had no doubt that the paper would put people off even more than usual. "Anyhow," he added, with his characteristic mixture of self-assurance and stoical resignation, "one does one's duty and indeed does not write just for the day." In the end, he did not publish Dora's history until 1905. This delay provided him with a minor dividend: he could append the report of an interesting visit that his former patient paid him in April 1902, a visit that elegantly rounded out Freud's failure.

The reasons for this long gestation are not wholly transparent. Freud had strong incentives to publish Dora's history promptly. Since he saw it as the "fragment" of a case "grouped around two dreams," it was "really a continuation of the dream book"—*The Interpretation of Dreams* applied on the couch. It also offered a striking illustration of an unresolved Oedipus complex at work in the formation of Dora's character and of her hysterical symptoms. Freud adduced several explanations for the delay, notably medical discretion, but these seem a little lame. He was evidently disheartened by his friend Oscar Rie's critical reception of the manuscript, and no less by the decay of his most impassioned friendship. "I withdrew my last work from the printer," he told Fliess in March 1902, "because just shortly before I had lost my last audience in you." This response seems somewhat excessive: Freud must have known that the case had much to teach anyone interested in psychoanalysis. Moreover, it fitted the pattern of his clinical publications to perfection; Dora was a hysteric, the kind of neurotic who had been the mainstay of analytic

attention since the mid-1890s—in fact since Breuer's Anna O. almost two decades earlier. No doubt the case had some peculiar, vaguely uncanny meaning for Freud; when he referred to it in retrospect, he consistently pushed it back from 1900 to 1899, a symptom of some unanalyzed preoccupation. Freud's reserve hints at intimate reasons why it disconcerted him and why he kept the manuscript on his desk.

One striking piece of evidence that Freud was not wholly at ease is the preface he attached to his report on Dora: it is unusually combative even for a writer not allergic to spirited controversy. He was offering the case, Freud wrote, to instruct a reluctant and uncomprehending public in the uses of dream analysis and its relation to the understanding of neuroses. Certainly its original title, "Dream and Hysteria," aptly sums up the points Freud wished to make with it. But the reception of his *Interpretation of Dreams* had shown him, he noted in a somewhat injured tone, how unprepared specialists were for his truths: "The new has always aroused bewilderment and resistance." In the late 1890s, he noted, he had been criticized for giving no information about his patients; now he expected to be criticized for giving too much. But the analyst who publishes case histories of hysterics must enter into details of the patients' sexual life. Thus discretion, the physician's supreme duty, clashes with the demands of science, which lives on uninhibited open discussion. But he defied any of his readers to identify Dora.

For all this heavy weather, Freud was not yet ready to start on the business at hand. He accused "many physicians" in Vienna of taking a prurient interest in the kind of material he was about to present, of reading "such a case history not as a contribution to the psychopathology of neuroses, but as a *roman à clef* designed for their entertainment." This was probably true, but Freud's somewhat gratuitous vehemence suggests that his involvement with Dora was more unsettling than he suspected.

THE MOST WORLDLY reader might have been astonished, even shocked, by the sexual entanglements among which young Dora lived. Perhaps only Arthur Schnitzler, whose disenchanted stories and plays sketched the intricate choreography of Vienna's erotic life, could have imagined such a scenario. Two families were performing a ballet of covert sensual self-indulgence draped in the most assiduous propriety. The protagonists were Dora's father, a prosperous and intelligent manufacturer who, suffering from the aftermath of tuberculosis and of a syphilitic infection he had contracted before his marriage, had been Freud's patient and had brought his daughter to him; her mother, to judge by all reports foolish and uncultivated, a fanatical, obsessive house cleaner; her older brother, with whom her relations were strained, and

who would take his mother's side in domestic disputes, just as she, Dora, could be counted on to back her father.* The case was rounded out by the members of the K. family, to which Dora and her family had become very much attached: Frau K. had nursed Dora's father during one of his severe illnesses, and Dora had taken care of the young K. children. Despite the discord in Dora's household, the cast looked very much like two respectable, domestic, bourgeois families companionably helping one another out.

They were anything but that. When Dora was sixteen, growing into an engaging and good-looking young woman, she abruptly declared her detestation of Herr K., hitherto her affectionate older friend. Four years earlier, she had begun to show some signs of hysteria, notably migraines and a nervous cough. Now her afflictions intensified. Once attractive and lively, she acquired a repertory of disagreeable symptoms: beyond her cough a hysterical whisper (aphonia), intervals of depression, irrational hostility, even thoughts of suicide. She provided an explanation for her unhappy state: Herr K., whom she had long liked and trusted, had made a sexual advance to her during a walk; deeply offended, she had slapped him. Confronted with the charge, Herr K. denied it and went on the offensive: Dora cared about nothing but sex and was exciting herself with lubricious literature. Her father was inclined to take Herr K.'s word and dismissed Dora's accusations as a fantasy. But Freud, after he took Dora into analysis, was struck by certain contradictions in her father's story, and decided to reserve judgment. This was the most sympathetic moment in Freud's psychoanalytic relationship with Dora, which would be marred by mutual hostility and a certain insensitivity on the analyst's part. Freud proposed to wait for Dora's revelations.

They proved worth waiting for. Her father, it came out, had told the truth only about one thing: his wife brought him no sexual satisfaction. But while he was parading his ill health before Freud, he had actually compensated himself for his domestic frustrations by carrying on a passionate love affair with Frau K. The liaison did not remain a secret to Dora. Observant and suspicious, she became convinced that her adored father had refused to believe her anguished denunciation for his own scabrous reason: by selling her to Herr K., he could continue to sleep with Frau K. undisturbed. Yet there were still other erotic crosscurrents; penetrating to the truth of this illicit affair, Dora half consciously made herself its accomplice. Before she broke off her eleven-week analysis with Freud, he had discovered in her passionate

*"Thus," Freud placidly commented, "the usual sexual attraction had brought father and daughter on one side, mother and son on the other, closer together." ("Dora," *GW* V, 178/*SE* VII, 21.)

feelings for Herr K., for her father, and for Frau K., feelings she partially confirmed. Puppy love, incest, and lesbian desires were competing for preeminence in her anxious adolescent mind. At least this is how Freud read Dora.

Herr K.'s amorous proposition was, in Freud's judgment, in no way sufficient to account for Dora's florid hysterical symptoms, which had emerged even before she had grown resentful at her father's mean-spirited betrayal. Freud thought that not even an earlier traumatic incident that Dora disclosed to him could have caused her hysteria; rather, he saw her response as proof that the hysteria was already in existence when the incident occurred. When Dora was fourteen, a full two years before Herr K. had made his disputed advance, he had waylaid her in his office, suddenly embraced her, and kissed her passionately on the lips. She had responded to this assault with disgust. Freud interpreted that disgust as a reversal of affect and a displacement of sensations; the whole episode struck him as a perfect hysterical scene. Herr K.'s erotic advance, Freud flatly said, "was surely the situation that would call up in a fourteen-year-old innocent girl a distinct feeling of sexual excitement," caused in part by feeling the man's erect member against her body. But Dora had displaced her sensation upward, to her throat.

Freud was not insinuating that Dora should have yielded to Herr K.'s importunities at fourteen—or, for that matter, at sixteen. But he thought it only obvious that such an encounter should generate a measure of sexual arousal, and that Dora's response was a symptom of her hysteria. Such a reading follows naturally from Freud's posture as a psychoanalytic detective and a critic of bourgeois morality. Intent on digging beneath polite social surfaces, and committed to the proposition that modern sexuality was screened by an almost impenetrable blend of unconscious denial and conscious mendacity, particularly among the respectable classes, Freud felt virtually obliged to interpret Dora's vehement rejection of Herr K. as a neurotic defense. He had met the man and had found him, after all, an agreeable and handsome person. But Freud's inability to enter Dora's sensibilities speaks to a failure of empathy that marks his handling of the case as a whole. He refused to recognize her need as an adolescent for trustworthy guidance in a cruelly self-serving adult world—for someone to value her shock at the transformation of an intimate friend into an ardent suitor, to appreciate her indignation at this coarse violation of her trust. This refusal testifies also to Freud's general difficulty in visualizing erotic encounters from the woman's perspective. Dora wanted desperately to be believed, not to be thought a liar or a fantast, and Freud was willing to accept her story rather than her father's denials. But that was as far as he was prepared to go in seeing her side of the case.

HERR K.'S SEXUAL aggressions were not the only scenes in Dora's drama whose implications Freud failed to explore sympathetically. Almost on principle unwilling to accept Dora's qualms about his interpretations, he stood ready to read her denials as covert affirmations. In line with his practice at that time, much modified later, he offered immediate and energetic interpretations. Insisting that she was in love with her father, he took her "most emphatic contradiction" as proof that he was right in his conjecture. "The 'No' one hears from a patient after one has presented his conscious perception with a repressed thought for the first time only registers the repression and its decisive character and, as it were, measures its strength. If one takes this 'No' not as the expression of an impartial judgment, of which the patient is in fact not capable, disregards it, and continues the work, proofs will soon appear that 'No' in such a case signifies the desired 'Yes.' " Freud thus opened himself to the charge of insensitivity, and worse, of sheer dogmatic arrogance: though a professional listener, he was not listening now, but forcing his analysand's communications into a predetermined pattern. This largely implicit claim to virtual omniscience invited criticism; it suggested Freud's certainty that all psychoanalytic interpretations are automatically correct, whether the analysand accepts them or disdains them. "Yes" means "Yes," and so does "No."*

Freud's interpretations leave the impression that he viewed Dora less as a patient pleading for help than as a challenge to be mastered. Many of his interventions proved beneficial. Discussing her father's relationship with Frau K., Dora had insisted that it was a love affair, but also that he was impotent, a contradiction she resolved by telling Freud, candidly, that she knew one could secure sexual gratification in more than one way. Associating to her troublesome symptoms—her impaired speech and irritated throat—Freud told Dora that she must be thinking of oral sex, or, as he put it, delicately lapsing into Latin, of "sexual satisfaction *per os*," and she tacitly confirmed the validity of this interpretation by shedding her cough. But Freud's almost angry insistence that Dora endorse the psychological truths he was offering calls for an interpretation of its own. After all, by 1900, Freud was aware that

*Freud did not confront the perils of such a stance at that time; he would do so explicitly only years later. "If the patient agrees with us," he wrote in one of his last papers in 1937, paraphrasing some unnamed critic, "then it is right; but if he contradicts us, then that is only a sign of his resistance, which again puts us in the right. In this way we are always in the right against the helpless poor individual whom we are analyzing, no matter what attitude he may take toward our imputations." And he quoted the saying, in English, "Heads I win, tails you lose," as a condensation of what is generally thought to be psychoanalytic procedure. But actually, he demurred, this is not how analysts work. They are as skeptical of their analysands' assents as they are of their denials. ("Konstruktionen in der Analyse" [1937], *GW* XVI, 41–56/"Constructions in Analysis," *SE* XXIII, 257–69.)

resistance to unwelcome revelations are perfectly predictable, as the analyst probes into recesses the patient has kept carefully out of the sunlight for years, even if he did not yet recognize that to put pressure on a patient was a technical lapse. With later patients he would be less exigent, less overbearing, partly because of the lessons Dora taught him.

The vigorous and voluble interpretations Freud lavished on Dora have a dictatorial air about them. In the first of Dora's two revealing dreams, she had dreamt of a small jewel case which her mother wanted to save from a burning house over the protests of her father, who insisted on saving his children instead. Listening to her recital, Freud fastened on the jewel case that her mother seemed to value so highly. When he asked Dora for her associations, she remembered that Herr K. had given her just such a case, an expensive one. Now, the word *Schmuckkästchen,* Freud reminded her, stood for the female genitals. Whereupon Dora: "I knew that *you* would say that." Freud's response: "That is, *you* knew it.—The meaning of the dream is now becoming even more distinct. You said to yourself, 'The man is pursuing me, he wants to force his way into my room, my 'jewel case' is in danger, and if something unfortunate happens it will be Papa's fault.' That is why you took into the dream a situation expressing the opposite, a danger from which your Papa saves you. In this region of the dream in general everything is turned into its opposite; you will soon hear why. The secret, certainly, lies with your Mama. How does Mama come in here? She is, as you know, your former rival for the favor of your Papa." And Freud keeps up the pace for another page, emitting a very torrent of interpretations in which Dora's mother stands for Frau K. and Dora's father for Herr K.; it is Herr K. to whom she will hand her jewel case in return for his extravagant gift. "Thus you are prepared to give Herr K. as a present what his wife refuses him. Here you have the thought which has to be repressed with so much energy, which necessitates the conversion of all elements into their opposite. As I already told you before this dream, the dream confirms once again that you are reawakening your old love for Papa in order to protect yourself from your love for K. But what do all these efforts prove? Not only that you are afraid of Herr K.; you are even more afraid of yourself, of the temptation to yield to him. Thus you confirm how intense your love for him was."

Freud was not astonished at Dora's reception of this outpouring: "Naturally, Dora did not want to follow me in this piece of interpretation." But the question the interpretation raises is not whether Freud's reading of Dora's dream was correct or merely ingenious. What matters is his insistent tone, his refusal to take Dora's doubts as anything but convenient denials of inconvenient truths. This was Freud's share in the ultimate failure.

FAILURE, OF COURSE, both recognized and unrecognized, is the hallmark of this case, but—paradoxically—precisely this failure constitutes its ultimate significance for psychoanalytic history. Freud, we know, took it as a demonstration of the uses of dream analysis in psychoanalytic treatment and as confirmation of the rules which, he had discovered, govern dream construction. Moreover, it beautifully exhibited the complexities of hysteria. But one crucial reason why Freud finally published "Dora" was his inability to keep his troublesome patient in analysis.

In late December 1900, Freud worked on Dora's second dream, which satisfactorily confirmed his hypothesis that she had been unconsciously in love with Herr K. all along. But at the start of the next session, Dora blithely announced that this was her last. Freud took the unexpected announcement coolly, proposed that they use their final hour continuing to analyze, and interpreted for her, with new detail, her innermost feelings for the man who had insulted her. "She had listened, without contradicting as usual. She seemed moved, said farewell in the most amiable way with warm wishes for the New Year—and did not come back."

Freud interpreted her gesture as an act of revenge, animated by the neurotic desire to harm herself. She had left him at a moment when "my expectations of a successful termination of the treatment were at their highest pitch." He wondered out loud whether he might have kept Dora in treatment if he had theatrically exaggerated her importance to him and thus provided her with a substitute for the affection she craved. "I do not know." All he knew was, "I have always avoided playing a role, and contented myself with the unpretentious art of psychology." Then, on April 1, 1902, Dora returned for a visit, professedly to ask for help once again. Freud, observing her, was not convinced. Except for one period, she told him, she had been feeling much better. Having faced down both Frau and Herr K., she had secured confessions from them; her reports about them had been true. But for a couple of weeks she had been suffering from a facial neuralgia. Freud records that at this point he smiled: exactly two weeks before, the newspapers had announced his promotion to his professorship, and so he could read her facial pains as a form of self-punishment for having once slapped Herr K. and then transferring her rage onto him, her analyst. Freud told Dora he forgave her for depriving him of the opportunity to cure her completely. But he could not apparently quite forgive himself.

THE PERPLEXITY IN which Freud found himself as Dora dismissed him resembled his perplexity during the summer of 1897, as his seduction theory of neuroses had proved to be untenable. He had taken that earlier defeat as

a foundation for far-reaching theoretical discoveries. Now he confronted this new defeat, explored its causes, and thus moved psychoanalytic technique forward a giant step. He frankly admitted that he had failed to "master the transference in time"; indeed, he had "forgotten to take the precaution of paying attention to the first signs of the transference." The emotional bond between analysand and analyst was only beginning to be understood when Freud worked with Dora. He had ventured some sketchy anticipations in *Studies on Hysteria,* and his letters to Fliess of the late 1890s show that he had already glimpsed, though far from wholly grasped, the phenomenon. Now, with Dora, for reasons of his own, he failed to build on what he had begun to understand. The case seems to have been the one that largely clarified the issue for him—but only after it was over.

The transference is the patient's way, sometimes subtle and often blatant, of endowing the analyst with qualities that properly belong to beloved (or hated) persons, past or present, in the "real" world. Freud now recognized that this psychological maneuver, "which seems destined to become the greatest obstacle to psychoanalysis," can also become "its most powerful auxiliary when it can be discovered and translated for the patient." But he had not discovered this while working with Dora, certainly not in time, and in her willful, somewhat unpleasant way, she had proved to him the costs of such neglect. By failing to observe her "infatuation" with him, which was only a substitute for the secret feelings she harbored for others, Freud had allowed her to exact on him the revenge she had wanted to visit on Herr K. "Thus she acted out an essential piece of her memories and fantasies instead of reproducing them in the treatment," and that inevitably led to the disruption of the analytic work.

This abrupt end hurt Dora, Freud thought; she had been, after all, on the road to recovery. But it also hurt Freud. "He who, like me, awakens the most wicked demons that he may fight them," he exclaimed in the most rhetorical passage of his recitation, "demons who dwell incompletely tamed in the human breast, must be prepared to suffer damage himself in this contest." But while he felt the injury, he could not clearly define it, for it touched him too closely. Freud could see that he had neglected to recognize Dora's transference onto him; but, worse, he had failed to recognize his transference onto Dora: the action of what he came to call countertransference had escaped his analytical self-observation.

As Freud later defined it, countertransference is an affect arising in the psychoanalyst "through the patient's influence on the analyst's unconscious feelings." Freud's continuing self-analysis had made self-scrutiny almost second nature to him, but the problematic influence of patients on the analyst

never loomed large in his mind or in his technical papers.* He did not doubt, however, that countertransference is an insidious obstruction to the analyst's benevolent neutrality, a resistance to be diagnosed and defeated. It does to the psychoanalyst what unacknowledged bias does to the historian. The analyst—he sternly laid it down in 1910—"must recognize this countertransference in himself and master it," for "every psychoanalyst only gets as far as his own complexes and inner resistances allow." But as his conduct in the analytic sessions with Dora shows, he was far from invulnerable to her efforts at seduction and to her irritating hostility. That was one lesson of the case: Freud could be assailed by emotions that at times clouded his perceptions as a therapist.†

Yet this was the very case in which Freud proclaimed the sovereignty of the skilled observer who can glean information from the faintest movement, the slightest flicker. "He who has eyes to see and ears to hear," he wrote in a famous line, "becomes convinced that mortals can keep no secret. If their lips are silent, they gossip with their fingertips; betrayal forces its way through every pore."‡ As Dora lay before her analyst on the couch, dilating on her misery at home, recounting her adventures with the K. family, and trying to make sense of a dream, she played with her little purse, opening and closing it, pushing her finger into it over and over. Freud promptly interpreted her little gesture as a pantomime of masturbation. But Freud's emotional stake in Dora is harder to read than her gesture with the purse. "Of course," as he once confessed to Ernest Jones, "there is a great difficulty if not impossibility in recognising actual psychical processes" in one's own person.

It would be naive to insinuate that Freud was in love with this good-looking and difficult adolescent, however appealing she may have been to him at times. Rather, his principal feelings toward Dora seem to have been rather more negative. In addition to sheer interest in Dora as a fascinating hysteric, he showed a certain impatience, irritation, and in the end, undisguised disappointment. The rage to cure was upon him. It was a passion Freud would later deride as inimical to the psychoanalytic process. But with Dora he was in its grip. He was only too sure that he had access to the truth about Dora's twisted emotional life, but Dora would not accept that truth, even though he had proved to her the curative powers of cogent interpretations. Had he not exorcised her nervous cough by means of interpretation? He was right about her, knew he was right, and felt utterly frustrated that she should be so determined to prove him wrong. What is astonishing about the case history of Dora is not that Freud delayed it for four years, but that he published it at all.

*In recent years, some psychoanalysts have forcefully argued that they often find it profitable to enlist the unconscious feelings their analysands arouse in them to deepen their understanding of these analysands' minds at work. But this position would have found scant sympathy with Freud.

†By the mid-1920s, psychoanalytic institutes would expect candidates to uncover, and if possible master, their complexes and resistances by means of the didactic analysis that was by then an indispensable part of their training; seasoned practitioners, for their part, would consult a colleague if they had reason to believe that they were not listening to an analysand with the required clinical attitude. When Freud wrote "Dora," no such remedies were at hand.

‡Laurence Sterne, that psychological novelist before his time, had already said something very much like it a century and a half earlier: "There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him." (*Tristram Shandy,* book VI, ch. 5.)

TWO CLASSIC LESSONS

In pleasing contrast to the case of Dora, that of Little Hans was wholly gratifying to Freud. In the four years between the publication of the two case histories, much had happened in Freud's life. In 1905, he had published, in addition to "Dora," the epochal essays concerning the theory of sexuality and his psychoanalytic study of jokes. In 1906, the year he turned fifty, he had transformed the Wednesday Psychological Society by making Rank its secretary, broadened the base of the psychoanalytic movement by taking up contact with interested psychiatrists in Zurich, broken publicly with Fliess, and published his first major collection of papers on the neuroses. In 1907, he played host to Eitingon, Jung, Abraham, and other important adherents at Berggasse 19 for the first time. In 1908, the year Little Hans occupied his attention, he reorganized his Wednesday-night group as the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society, presided over the first international congress of psychoanalysts in Salzburg, and visited his beloved England for the second time in his life. In 1909, he went to Clark University for his only American visit, to lecture and receive an honorary degree, and inaugurated the *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen,* with the history of Little Hans as the lead-off contribution to the first number. He was very pleased with it.

"I AM GLAD you see the importance of 'klein Hans,' " he wrote to Ernest Jones in June of that year. He too had seen the importance of this "Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy," he noted. "I never got a finer insight into

a child's soul." Nor did Freud's affection for his youngest "patient" wane after the treatment was over; he remained "our little hero." The general idea Freud wanted to enforce with this case history was that Little Hans's "childhood neurosis" corroborated the conjectures which Freud's adult neurotic patients had encouraged him to explore: the "pathogenic material" that makes them suffer can be "traced back every time to the very infantile complexes that could be uncovered behind Hans's phobia." As we have seen, the history of Dora, with its exhaustive analysis of two dreams, had demonstrated the relevance of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* to the clinical setting and the sizable share of oedipal feelings in the making of hysteria. The report on Little Hans could serve as a pendant, illustrating the conclusions Freud had outlined in lapidary fashion in his second fundamental treatise, the *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality.* As usual, Freud the clinician and Freud the theorist never let one another out of sight.*

Freud had deliberately said little about technique in "Dora," and he said even less about it in "Little Hans." With good reason: while he had visited the little boy and taken him a present for his third birthday, he now worked almost exclusively through his father, who served as an intermediary. By its nature, then, however broad its theoretical implications, "Little Hans," with its most unorthodox technique, hardly commended itself as an exemplar. It must remain unique. The five-year-old in analysis was the son of the musicologist Max Graf, who had been for some years a member of Freud's Wednesday-night group. The boy's "beautiful" mother—it is Freud's word—had been Freud's patient, and together his parents were among the earliest adherents of psychoanalysis anywhere. They had agreed to raise their son according to Freudian principles, with as little coercion as possible; they were patient with him, took an interest in his chatter, recorded his dreams, and found his childish promiscuity in love entertaining. He was enamored of everyone: his mother, the daughters of a family friend, a boy cousin. Freud noted with undisguised admiration that Little Hans had developed into a "paragon of every wickedness!" When he began to show neurotic symptoms, his parents resolved, consistent with their principles, not to bully him.

At the same time, their psychoanalytic style of rearing their son did not protect the Grafs from falling into the dominant cultural evasions. When Little Hans was three and a half, his mother found him touching his penis and warned him that she would call the doctor to cut off his "wi-wi-maker." Again, when around this time his sister was born—"the great event in Hans's life"—his parents had nothing more original to offer by way of preparing him

*Freud also used material from the Little Hans case in two short related papers he published at this time, one on the sexual theories of children, the other on their sexual enlightenment.

than the legend of the stork. At this point Hans was more reasonable than his presumably enlightened parents. His investigations into the facts of life, especially into the process of birth, had made early and impressive progress, and in the course of his analysis, he let his father know in his shrewd little-boy way that he viewed the stork story with contempt. Later, when they partially enlightened him, they told him that babies grow inside their mothers and are then painfully pressed out the way a "lumf," as Hans called a turd, is pressed out. The tale only intensified the little boy's interest in "lumfs." But beyond displaying a certain precocity in his observations, his speech, and his erotic interests, Little Hans was growing up a cheerful, lovable bourgeois boy.

Then in January 1908, something unexplained and unpleasant happened. Little Hans developed a crippling fear that a horse would bite him. He grew afraid, too, that large dray horses pulling wagons might fall down, and he began to avoid the places where he might encounter them. Max Graf, father, hero, villain, and his son's private healer in one, began to interview his son and to interpret the meanings of Little Hans's phobias, reporting to Freud frequently and in detail. He was inclined to attribute the boy's anxieties to sexual overstimulation generated by his wife's excessive tenderness. Another of his suspicions, which Little Hans came to share, was that his masturbating was the source of those anxieties. But Freud, as usual willing to wait before offering a diagnosis, was not convinced. In accord with his early theorizing about anxiety, Freud conjectured that the trouble stemmed rather from Hans's "repressed erotic longing" for his mother, whom in his boyish way he kept trying to seduce.* His repressed erotic and aggressive wishes were transformed into anxiety, which then fastened on a particular object to be feared and avoided—this was the horse phobia.

Freud's way of attending to Little Hans's symptom was characteristic of his analytic style: he took reports about mental states seriously, no matter how absurd or apparently trivial they might appear. "A little boy's foolish anxious idea, one may say. But a neurosis never says anything foolish, any more than a dream. We always scold," Freud commented, frowning at his readers, "when we don't understand. That is to make things easy for oneself." In one of his few observations on technique in this account, Freud ventured to criticize Hans's father for pushing his son too hard: "He asks too much and investigates in accord with his own presuppositions instead of letting the little boy express himself." Freud had made that mistake with Dora, but now he knew rather better, and the emotional stakes were not quite so high—at least not for him. To follow Max Graf's method, he warned, is to make an analysis

*For Freud's theories of anxiety, see pp. 484–87.

"impenetrable and insecure." Psychoanalysis, as Freud had been saying since the 1890s, and usually remembered, is the art and science of patient listening.

Little Hans's phobia became more pervasive. He was reluctant to leave his house, but when he did, he sometimes felt compelled to look at horses. At the zoo, he would avoid the large animals, which he had liked before, but continued to take delight in the smaller ones. The penises on the elephants and giraffes evidently bothered him; Hans's preoccupation with genitalia—his own, his father's, his mother's, his little sister's, those of animals—was threatening to develop into an obsession. But Freud found it necessary to dispute Max Graf's obvious inference that his son was afraid of big penises. The conclusion to one conversation on Little Hans's favorite subject that his father recorded for Freud supplied an invaluable clue: "You were probably frightened"—the father is speaking—"when you saw the horse's big wi-wi-maker, but you need not be frightened of that. Big animals have big wi-wi-makers, little animals, little wi-wi-makers." Hans's reply: "And all people have wi-wi-makers. And my wi-wi-maker is growing with me when I get bigger; after all, it's attached." To Freud this was a clear signal that Little Hans was afraid of losing his own "wi-wi-maker." The technical term for that fear is castration anxiety.

AT THIS STAGE of the analysis the young patient and his father came to consult Freud, who now heard for the first time, and saw, material that greatly advanced the resolution of Little Hans's malaise. The threatening horses stood in part for Hans's father, who was equipped with a big black mustache just as the horses were with their big black muzzles. Hans, it turned out, was mortally afraid that his father was angry with him because he could not contain his overwhelming love for his mother and his obscure death wishes against his father. The biting horse was a stand-in for his angry father; the falling horse, for his dead father. Little Hans's fear of horses, then, was a sophisticated evasion, a way of coping with emotions he did not dare avow freely to himself or to anyone else.* He experienced his conflicts all the more painfully because he also loved the father whose rival he fancied himself to be, just as he harbored sadistic wishes against his mother in tandem with his passionate affection for her. The travail of Little Hans underscored for Freud

*The American psychoanalyst Joseph William Slap has offered an intriguing complementary (rather than contradictory) interpretation of Little Hans's fear of horses: In February 1908, in the second month of his neurosis, the little boy had his tonsils out (see "Little Hans," *SE* X, 29), and at this point his phobia grew worse. Shortly thereafter, he explicitly identified *white* horses as biting horses. On the basis of this and related evidence in Freud's history, Slap suggests that little Hans probably added his fear of the surgeon (with his mask and his white coat) to his fear of his mustachioed father. (Joseph William Slap, "Little Hans's Tonsillectomy," *Psychoanalytic Quarterly,* XXX [1961], 259–61.)

the ubiquitous working of ambivalence in mental life. Hans would punch his father and then kiss the spot he had hit. This was emblematic of a general human disposition; ambivalence is the rule in the oedipal triangle, not the exception.

From the moment that Freud kindly interpreted these realities to his five-year-old patient, Hans's phobia began to recede and his anxiety to disappear. He had distorted his unacceptable wishes and fears into symptoms. His way of dealing with bowel movements, the "lumfs" that came out, was characteristic of this defensive distortion: he thought about them inquisitively, but translated the pleasurable and exciting associations with his conjectures about them—babies are like so many "lumfs"—into unconscious shame and then into an overt expression of disgust. In the same way Hans's phobia, that source of troubling uneasiness, was the offspring of such activities as vigorously playing horse, which had once given him keen enjoyment. His case was a splendid illustration of defense mechanisms at work in the oedipal phase.

As Hans's analysis took hold, as he gained greater inner freedom, he could admit that he harbored death wishes against his little sister. He could also deal with, and talk about, his "lumf" theory and about the thought of being at once a mother and a father to his children, whom he would bear anally. These were tentative confessions, for he took them back as soon as he had made them. He wanted children, he said, and (in the same breath) he did *not* want children. But to admit to such feelings and such conjectures at all was a leap toward cure. Indeed, throughout his treatment, Little Hans showed extraordinary analytic acumen; he rejected his father's notions about his neurosis if they were offered at the wrong time or with intolerable intensity, and intelligently distinguished between thoughts and actions. He knew at age five that wishing and doing are not the same thing. Hence he could insist on his right to plead innocent in face of his most aggressive wishes. When he told his father that he thought—really, wished—that his little sister might fall into the bath water and die, the elder Graf interpreted the remark: "And then you would be alone with Mummy. And a good boy doesn't wish for that!" Little Hans, unfazed, rejoined, *"But he may think it."* When his father objected, "That isn't good," Hans had a ready response: *"If he thinks it, it's good just the same, so that one can write it to the Professor."* The Professor could not conceal his admiration: "Bravo, Little Hans! I could wish for no better understanding of psychoanalysis from any adult." The resolution of his oedipal conflicts was quite as inspiriting: he imagined his father married to *his* mother; thus he, Little Hans, could keep the elder Graf alive and at the same time marry his mother and have children with her.

The trail that Freud followed to expose the villain in Little Hans's psycho-

logical drama was far shorter, far less tortuous, than the trail would have been if Freud had been asked, a dozen or so years later, to analyze Big Hans: "The physician who treats an adult psychoanalytically, at last reaches through his work of uncovering psychical formations, layer by layer, certain hypotheses about the infantile sexuality in whose components he believes he has found the motive forces of all the neurotic symptoms of later life." With Little Hans, there was no need for such deep digging. If Freud, with evident satisfaction, claimed for the case "typical and exemplary significance," that was precisely because it condensed so perspicuously what analyses of adults were compelled to unravel in time-consuming labor.

One theory this unconventional psychoanalysis of a child exemplified was that of the Oedipus complex, which, we know, Freud had been able to complicate considerably since he had first broached the idea a decade or so earlier. Little Hans was no less informative about the work of repression, was in fact a veritable textbook case with his transparent self-protective maneuvers. A five-year-old, though he is well on his way toward erecting psychological defenses like shame, disgust, and prudery, has not yet consolidated them. Certainly, Freud suggested in his best anti-bourgeois manner, they are still far from being the steep and solid fortifications that will protectively hem in the adult, particularly in modern middle-class culture. This look at the history of repression in a growing child allowed Freud to say some sharp words in behalf of candor in the canvassing of sexual matters with the young. Hence the case study of Little Hans is more than a copious anthology of psychoanalytic propositions: it hints at the impact Freud's thinking would come to have outside the consulting room—though not yet in 1909, and not for some years after.

Freud was satisfied that the analysis of Little Hans had not had the dubious benefit of suggestion; the clinical picture made sense, the patient had assented to interpretations only when they fitted. Besides, Hans had conquered his anxieties and his phobia. In a short postscript added thirteen years later, in 1922, Freud triumphantly reported a visit from a "sturdy young man of nineteen," Little Hans grown up. Herbert Graf, later to become a well-known producer and director of operas, stood before him. Freud could not help gloating that the dire forecast of his critics had not been realized. They had predicted that the analysis would rob the little boy of his innocence and ruin his future. Freud could tell them that they had been proved wrong. Hans's parents had been divorced and had remarried, but their son had survived this ordeal, like that of his puberty, without apparent damage. What Freud found particularly interesting was his visitor's observation that when he looked at the case history, he felt he was reading about a complete stranger. It was rather like Martin Freud being unable to recall what his father had said to

make him regain his self-respect after his humiliating confrontation at the skating rink.* Hans's comment was a reminder to Freud that the most successful analyses are the ones the analysand forgets after termination.

DORA WAS HYSTERIC, Little Hans phobic, the Rat Man, yet another of Freud's classic patients, was obsessive. He was most suitable, then, for inclusion in Freud's repertory of published case histories. We know that Freud thought the Rat Man's case very instructive, as instructive in its way as Dora's had been. But he liked him much better: it was Freud himself who referred to his famous patient informally, with a measure of affection, as the *Rattenmann*, or, in English, as the "man of the rats." The treatment started on October 1, 1907, and lasted rather less than a year, setting a pace that analysts of later generations would consider breath-taking rather than deliberate. But Freud claimed that it was enough to relieve the Rat Man's symptoms. Yet he could not defeat history. Looking back at the great slaughter of the First World War, he concluded somberly in a footnote added to the report in 1923, "The patient perished, like so many other valuable and promising young men, in the Great War."

The case had everything in its favor. Ernst Lanzer, a twenty-nine-year-old lawyer, struck Freud from the first meeting as clearheaded and shrewd. He was also entertaining; he told his analyst amusing stories and presented him with an apposite quotation from Nietzsche about the power of pride over memory which Freud happily quoted more than once.† Lanzer's obsessive symptoms were obtrusive and bizarre. Freud had discovered in his practice that obsessive neurotics can be interesting, with their self-contradictions and perverse logic. Rational and superstitious at once, they sport symptoms that conceal and reveal their origins, and are beset by maddening doubts. The Rat Man displayed this symptomatology more flamboyantly than most: as his treatment progressed, oscillating between the patient's communications and his analyst's interpretations, adult illness and infantile appetites, thwarted sexual needs and aggressive wishes, it became a model for the elucidation of obsessional neuroses as Freud then understood them.

They urgently called for such a model. As Freud noted in the introduction to this case history, obsessional neurotics are far harder to read than hysterics: the resistances they mobilize in the clinical setting are remarkable for their ingenious obstructiveness. For, while "the language of the obsessional neurosis" is often free of puzzling conversion symptoms, it is, so to speak, "only

*See pp. 161–62.

†See p. 129.

a dialect of the hysterical language." To compound the obscurities, an obsessional will simulate health as long as possible and seek out the psychoanalyst's help only when very sick indeed. All this, combined with the need for discretion, prevented Freud from making this case report complete. He could offer nothing more than "crumbs of insight" which were, he thought, in themselves perhaps not very satisfactory. "But the work of other investigators may link up with it." The year Freud wrote these words, after all, was 1909; by now there were other investigators on whom he thought he could count.

Apart from a handful of interesting deviations, the case history Freud published generally followed the process notes he made every night. In the introductory hour the patient presented himself and listed his complaints: fears that something terrible might happen to his father and to a young woman he loved; criminal impulses like the wish to kill people and retributive ones like the urge to cut his own throat with a razor; obsessive preoccupations, some of them centering on almost ludicrously insignificant matters such as repaying negligible debts. He then volunteered some details about his sexual life. When Freud asked why he had lit on this theme, the Rat Man acknowledged that he thought this would suit Freud's theories, of which he in fact knew virtually nothing. But after that, the Rat Man proceeded on his own.

Following this first hour, Freud acquainted the Rat Man with the "fundamental rule" of psychoanalysis: he would have to report everything, however frivolous or senseless, that came into his mind. Accordingly, the Rat Man started talking about a friend whose counsel he greatly appreciated, particularly when his impulses to commit murder or suicide troubled him most, and then he launched—"quite abruptly," Freud commented—into a recital of his sexual life in childhood. Like all early communications in the course of a psychoanalysis, this choice of initial topics—his male friend and his desire for women—had a significance that the analysis would gradually unravel. The topics the Rat Man chose pointed both to the episodic emergence of strong homosexual impulses in his childhood and adolescence and to even stronger, precociously developed, heterosexual passions.

In fact, it became quite obvious before long that the Rat Man's sexual activity had begun unusually early. He recalled pretty young governesses whom he had espied in seductive undress or whose genitals he had fondled. His sisters, too, had been of absorbing sexual interest to him; observing them, playing with them, was virtually incest accomplished. But soon the young Rat Man found his sexual curiosity, including the pressing wish to see women naked, undermined by the "uncanny feeling" that he must prevent such thoughts from arising lest, say, his father die. Thus in the opening phase of his treatment, the Rat Man threw a bridge from the past to the present: his father had died some years before, but his fear for him had somehow persisted. This uncanny feeling, first experienced when he was about six, yet still remaining extremely disturbing to him, was, the Rat Man told Freud, "the beginning of my illness."

But Freud had a different diagnosis: the events of his patient's sixth or seventh year were "not merely the beginning of his illness, but already that illness itself." In order to grasp "the complicated organization of his later illness," Freud thought, it was necessary to recognize that the six-year-old boy, that "little voluptuary," already displayed "a complete obsessional neurosis lacking no essential element, at once the nucleus and the prototype of his later disease."

This was a rich beginning. But the Rat Man kept up the pace; he recounted to Freud with deep emotion the event that had sent him into psychoanalysis. On military maneuvers he had heard a captain describe a particularly horrifying punishment practiced in the Orient. At this moment, dramatically interrupting himself, the Rat Man stopped, got off the couch, and pleaded with Freud to spare him the rest. Freud instead gave his patient a short lesson in technique. Disclaiming all inclinations to cruelty, he insisted that he could not give what was not at his disposal. "The overcoming of resistances is a law of the treatment." What he could do was to assist the Rat Man in finishing the story sentence by broken sentence: someone convicted of a crime was tied down, a pot with rats in it was turned upside down on his buttocks, and the rats would—here the Rat Man got up again in great agitation—bore their way into . . . "Into his anus," Freud supplied the decisive last word.*

Observing the Rat Man closely during this recital, Freud noticed in his patient's face "a very strange composite expression" which he could unriddle only as *"one of horror before a pleasure of his unknown to him."* It was a slight intimation, nothing more, which Freud filed away for later use. Whatever the Rat Man's concealed mixed feelings about the rat punishment might be, he told Freud that he visualized the young lady he adored, as well as his father, being subjected to it. Then, when such awful ideas invaded him, he would call elaborate obsessive thoughts and actions to his rescue.

These salvage operations resisted rational understanding and presented Freud with aesthetic as well as clinical puzzles of the first order. The Rat Man told Freud an involved, barely coherent, and it would seem trifling story about some money he owed a fellow officer, or perhaps a clerk at a post office, for a package containing some eyeglasses he had ordered. Freud glossed his conscientious account of his patient's absurd preoccupations and odd ideas

*Later psychoanalysts would have refrained and let the Rat Man flounder, and then would have interpreted his tormented hesitations.

by sympathizing with his audience: "I would not be surprised, if at this point the reader fails to follow me." Even Freud, intent above all on extracting meaning from the Rat Man's thoughts and ceremonies, found some of them "senseless and incomprehensible." But then, the Rat Man experienced his symptoms, whether inexplicable or ludicrous, as virtually unbearable. Freud appreciated this; still, at times they drove him almost to despair. With their extraordinary expenditures of energy on the unimportant, their seeming irrelevance and illegibility, and their repetitiveness, obsessive symptoms may become as boring as they are irrational.

Freud, the most literary of psychoanalysts, could not rest satisfied with serving up a dry case report or a collection of undigested observations; he wanted to reconstruct a human drama. But the material the Rat Man scattered with such abandon—material strange, copious, apparently pointless—threatened to elude Freud's control. He complained to Jung as he was completing his case history, "It is very hard for me, almost surpasses my arts of presentation, will probably be inaccessible to anyone except those closest to us. How botched our reproductions are, how miserably we pick apart these great art works of psychic nature!" Jung privately agreed. Writing to Ferenczi, he grumbled that while Freud's paper on the Rat Man was wonderful, it was also *"very hard to understand.* I will soon have to read it for the third time. Am I especially stupid? Or is it the style? I cautiously opt for the latter." Freud would have blamed the subject matter instead.

In his bewilderment, Freud resorted to technique to provide a map to the maze. The point was not to set about rationally solving the puzzles that the Rat Man had set, but to let him pursue his own path—and to listen. Freud in fact converted the case history of the Rat Man into a small feast of psychoanalytic technique applied and explained; he repeatedly interrupted his account with brief excursions into clinical procedure. He instructed his patient in the difference between the conscious and the unconscious mind, the transience of the first and the endurance of the second, by pointing to the antiquities standing in his consulting room: "They were really only objects from tombs; their burial had meant preservation for them. Pompeii was only now being destroyed, since it had been uncovered." Again, after recounting how his patient had declared an interpretation plausible but unconvincing, Freud commented for his readers' benefit: "It is never the intention of such discussions to call forth conviction. They are only supposed to introduce the repressed complexes into consciousness, to kindle the conflict about them on the soil of conscious mental activity, and to facilitate the emergence of new material from the unconscious." In showing how he taught the Rat Man about psychoanalysis, Freud taught his readers no less.

The Rat Man called the "new material" about his father that he explored

in response to Freud's interpretations his "train of thought"; it was harmless, he insisted, but connected somehow with a little girl he had loved when he was twelve. Freud was not content with such a vague, euphemistic formulation, so typical of the Rat Man's discourse. Rather, he interpreted this train of thought as a wish, a wish in fact, that his father might die. The Rat Man energetically protested: he was afraid of precisely such a calamity! he loved his father! Freud did not dispute that at all, but insisted that this love was accompanied by hatred and that these two powerful emotions had coexisted in the Rat Man from his earliest youth.

HIS UNDERSTANDING OF the Rat Man's fundamental ambivalence now beyond cavil, Freud could approach the enigma of his patient's obsessions. Patiently, he inched up to the episode in which the sadistic captain had described the oriental punishment and precipitated the Rat Man's current neurosis. Freud's notes on this case disclose that the Rat Man employed rats as symbols for many things: gambling, penises, money, children, his mother. The mind, Freud had always maintained, makes the most acrobatic, most improbable leaps, defying coherence and rationality, and the Rat Man amply confirmed this conviction. What appeared most far-fetched in the case, the ceremonies and prohibitions, turned out to be a compendium of the Rat Man's neurotic ideas, leading in subtle ways to unexplored regions in his mind. They were clues to his repressed and disavowed sadism, which explained his simultaneous horror of, and lascivious interest in, cruelty—the source of that strange mixed expression on the Rat Man's face that Freud had glimpsed at the very beginning of the treatment.

Exploring these hints, Freud now proposed a solution to the question of what the captain's story meant for the Rat Man. It revolved around his patient's conflicting feelings about his father. Freud found it highly significant that when, several years after his father's death, the Rat Man had first experienced the pleasures of sexual intercourse, a strange thought had forced itself into his mind: "But this is wonderful! For this one could murder one's father!" Freud found it no less significant that a few years before, just after the Rat Man's father had died, he had begun to masturbate, but had since managed to stop by and large, because the practice made him ashamed. By and large, but not completely: at some beautiful, elevating moments, such as reading a moving passage in Goethe's autobiography, he could not resist the urge. Freud interpreted this curious phenomenon as an instance of a "prohibition and the defiance of a command."

Stimulated by Freud's analytic construction, the Rat Man contributed a poignant, memorable incident dating from the time he was between three and four. His father had given him a thrashing for some sexual misdemeanor

connected with masturbation, and in a burst of fury, he had begun to curse his father. But since he did not yet know any swear words, he had called him "all the names of things that occurred to him, and said, 'You lamp, you towel, you plate!' " Astonished, the father was moved to predict that his son would become either a great man or a great criminal, and never beat him again. With this memory out in the open, the Rat Man could no longer doubt that concealed behind his love for his father, there lurked an equally strong hatred. This was the ambivalence that governed the Rat Man's life, a tormenting ambivalence characteristic of all obsessional thinking, and was echoed in his relations with the woman he loved. These conflicting feelings, Freud concluded, "were not independent of one another, but soldered together in pairs. His hatred of his beloved was necessarily coupled with his attachment to his father and vice versa."

Freud pressed on with his solution. The Rat Man had not only fought his father but identified with him. His father had been a military man who greatly enjoyed telling anecdotes about his army career. What is more, he had been a "rat," a "gambling rat"—*Spielratte*—who had once run up a gambling debt that he could not afford to pay until a friend had opportunely lent him the money. Later, the Rat Man had reason to believe, his father, prosperous in civilian life, had been unable to repay his generous rescuer because he could not find his address. Freud's patient judged this youthful peccadillo of his father's very harshly, much though he loved him. Here was another link to his own peculiar compulsion to repay the minute sum someone had laid out on postage for him, and another link to rats as well. When, on maneuvers, he had heard the sadistic story of the rat punishment, it had awakened these memories, and remnants of his childhood anal eroticism no less. "In his obsessional deliriums," Freud noted, "he had made a veritable rat currency for himself." The story had dragged up from repression all the Rat Man's cruel sexual impulses. Once he had absorbed this cluster of interpretations and accepted it, the Rat Man approached closer and closer to the exit from the labyrinth of his neurosis. The "rat delirium"—the obsessive compulsions and prohibitions—disappeared, and with that the Rat Man had graduated from what Freud beautifully called his "school of suffering."

Despite the problems he set for his analyst, the Rat Man was something of a favorite with Freud from the beginning. There is a cryptic entry in Freud's notes for December 28 that attests to his feelings for his patient: *Hungerig und wird gelabt*—"Hungry and is refreshed."* Freud had invited

*The translation in the *Standard Edition* fails to reproduce the laconic quality of Freud's entry; nor does its prosaic "He was hungry and was fed" capture the archaic tenor of *hungerig* and the biblical resonance of *gelabt.* (See the editor's comment in Sigmund Freud, *L'Homme aux rats. Journal d'une analyse,* ed. Elza Ribeiro Hawelka [1974], 211n.)

his patient to a meal. This was a heretical gesture for a psychoanalyst: to gratify a patient by permitting him access to his analyst's private life, and to mother him by providing food in a friendly and unprofessional setting, violated all the austere technical precepts that Freud had been developing in recent years and was attempting to inculcate among his followers. But evidently Freud saw nothing wrong in thus setting aside his own rules. Indeed, despite these departures, Freud's account remains exemplary as an exposition of a classic obsessional neurosis.* It brilliantly served to buttress Freud's theories, notably those postulating the childhood roots of neurosis, the inner logic of the most flamboyant and most inexplicable symptoms, and the powerful, often hidden, pressures of ambivalent feelings. Freud was not masochist enough to publish only failures.

IN HIS OWN CAUSE: LEONARDO, SCHREBER, FLIESS

Most of Freud's writings bear the traces of his life. They are entangled, in important but often quite unobtrusive ways, with his private conflicts and his pedagogic strategies. *The Interpretation of Dreams* is an outpouring of self-revelations pressed into the service of science. The case of Dora is a public wrestling match between emotional needs and professional duties. "Little Hans" and "Rat Man" are more than just clinical documents; Freud drafted them to support the theories he had developed in his deeply subversive *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality.* To be sure, not all his decisions to publish one case rather than another were rooted in tormenting inner struggles or dictated by the pressures of psychoanalytic politics. The sheer fascination of the material also made its claims on him. Usually, Freud's personal needs, strategic calculations, and scientific excitement overlapped and reinforced one another. Certainly beneath the polished surfaces of the case histories of Schreber and the Wolf Man, published after "Rat Man," some unfinished, haunting psychological business was at work

*Later critics, reanalyzing the case, have faulted Freud for not paying enough attention to the Rat Man's mother and, given the patient's spectacular obsession with rats, his anal eroticism. Both appear somewhat more prominently in the process notes than in the text. At the beginning, as Freud explains his psychoanalytic procedure and sets his terms, the Rat Man says that he must consult his mother. (See Freud, *L'Homme aux rats,* ed. Hawelka, 32; and "Rat Man," *SE* X, 255.)

in him. The same holds true of his "Leonardo da Vinci and a Memory of His Childhood."

FREUD NEVER CONSIDERED his long paper on Leonardo da Vinci a case history, even though once, in great good humor, he playfully asked Ferenczi to "marvel" at his new and "illustrious" analysand. He thought of the paper, rather, as a scouting expedition for the massive invasion of cultural subjects he planned to undertake, weapons of psychoanalysis in hand. "The domain of biography, too, must become ours," he wrote Jung in October 1909, announcing triumphantly that "the riddle of Leonardo da Vinci's character has suddenly become transparent to me. That, then, would be the first step in biography." But it will emerge that this official description of the "Leonardo" as an exercise in psychoanalytic biography is incomplete.

While his essay on a childhood memory of Leonardo da Vinci turned out to be extremely controversial, Freud was, and remained, very fond of it, partly because he was very fond of Leonardo. He confessed that "like others I have succumbed to the attraction that proceeds from this great and mysterious man," and he quoted Jacob Burckhardt's admiring appraisal of this "universal genius, whose outlines one can only surmise, never fathom." Freud, we know, treasured Italy and visited it whenever he could, almost every summer. Leonardo was, among many, one important reason.

Freud had long been preoccupied with him. As early as 1898, he had offered Fliess, who was gathering material on left-handedness, "Leonardo, of whom no love affair is known," as "perhaps the most famous left-hander." Venturing into Leonardo's awesome and enigmatic presence gave Freud exquisite pleasure. Late in 1910, on his way to Italy from a Dutch seaside resort, he made a quick stop at the Louvre to get yet another look at Leonardo's canvas *The Virgin, Saint Anne, and the Christ Child.* To traffic with the great, even without presuming to be their equal, was one of the dividends Freud could draw from writing psychoanalytic biography.

IN NOVEMBER 1909, not long after his return from the United States, Freud complained to Ferenczi about his health, "which could be better," but immediately added, "My thoughts are, in so far as they can still make themselves heard, with Leonardo da Vinci and with mythology." In March 1910, he apologized to Ferenczi quite unapologetically for writing only a short letter: "I want to write on the Leonardo." That "Leonardo," he told Lou Andreas-Salomé almost a decade after its publication, in an access of nostalgia, was "the only beautiful thing I have ever written."

His predilection did not blind Freud to the risks he was taking. On first announcing his new, illustrious analysand to Ferenczi in November 1909, he

protested that he had "nothing larger" in mind. In the same mood, he disparaged the paper to Ernest Jones: "You must not expect too much of Leonardo, who will come out in the next month. Neither the secret of the Vierge aux rochers nor the solution of the Monna Lisa puzzle. Keep your hopes on a lower level so it is likely to please you more." Again, he cautioned the German artist Hermann Struck that the "booklet" on Leonardo was a "half-fictional production"—*halbe Romandichtung*—and observed, "I would not want you to judge the certainty of our other investigations in accord with this pattern."

Some of the first readers of this little half-novel refused to accept Freud's appraisal of it, and he was grateful. "The L[eonardo] seems to please the comrades," he cheerfully observed in June 1910. It did, very much. "This analysis," Abraham wrote, fresh from reading the copy Freud had sent him, "is so elegant and perfect in its form that I know of nothing I could compare with it." Jung was, if anything, even more lyrical. "Leonardo," he told Freud, "is wonderful." Havelock Ellis, its first reviewer, showed himself, Freud was glad to see, "friendly as always." This reception enabled Freud to use the "Leonardo" as a touchstone to divide insiders from outsiders; it "pleases all friends," he told Abraham in the summer of 1910, "and will, I hope, arouse the abhorrence of all strangers."

The tone of the Leonardo paper itself is far less assertive; it is tentative, strenuously modest. Its very opening is a disclaimer: psychiatric research, Freud noted, has no intention of denigrating the great and of "dragging the sublime into the dust." But Leonardo, "already admired by his contemporaries as one of the greatest men of the Italian Renaissance," is human like everyone else, and "there is no one so great that it would be a disgrace for him to be subject to the laws that govern normal and pathological activity with equal severity." In the body of the paper Freud defended writing a pathography of Leonardo on the ground that ordinary biographers, "fixated" on their hero, succeed only in presenting a "cold, strange, ideal figure instead of the human being to whom we might feel ourselves distantly related." Freud assured his readers that his essay aimed solely at uncovering the determinants of Leonardo's "mental and intellectual development." If knowledgeable friends of psychoanalysis should accuse him of having "merely written a psychoanalytic novel, I should reply that I surely do not overestimate the certainty of these results."* After all, Freud conceded, reliable bio-

*As late as 1931, he wrote, "Once I dared to approach one of the very greatest, of whom unfortunately only too little is known, Leonardo da Vinci. I could at least make probable that *The Virgin, Saint Anne, and the Christ Child,* which you can visit in the Louvre daily, would not be comprehensible without Leonardo's peculiar childhood history." (Freud to Max Schiller, March 26, 1931. *Briefe,* 423.)

graphical materials for Leonardo were both sparse and uncertain. More playful than not, he was trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle with most of the pieces missing and some of the surviving ones virtually undecipherable.

THESE ARE THE opaque screens Freud put up in defense against captious critics. But they cannot conceal that the "Leonardo," for all the brilliance of its deductions, is a severely flawed performance. Much of the evidence Freud used to establish his portrait is inconclusive or tainted. The character sketch he drew of Leonardo remains a plausible likeness: Leonardo is the artist who has perpetual trouble finishing his work and who in his later years rejects art for science; he is the gentle repressed homosexual who has left the world one of the great enigmas of art, the Mona Lisa smile. But whatever plausibility Freud's portrayal possesses rests on grounds other than those he chose to stand on.

Freud's argument is perfectly straightforward. He proposed to view Leonardo and his work from two moments in his life: an adult experience and a childhood memory, the second evoked by the first.* The shaping experience Freud had in mind was that of painting the portrait of Mona Lisa, and he hoped to reconstruct and interpret the memory that the sittings aroused in Leonardo from whatever material he could uncover. Freud was lucky, with the luck of the well-prepared; he discovered the clue he was looking for amidst the vast morass of Leonardo's notebooks. In these crowded compilations, a jumble of caricatures, scientific experiments, designs of weapons and fortifications, musings on morals and mythology, and financial calculations, Leonardo adverted to his childhood only once, while ruminating on the flight of birds. Freud squeezed this rare find for all it was worth. Leonardo was recalling a strange and dreamlike encounter. "It seems"—so Freud rendered the passage—"that I was from the beginning destined to occupy myself so thoroughly with the vulture, for it comes to my mind as a very early memory that, as I was still in my cradle, a vulture came down to me, opened my mouth with its tail, and struck me many times against my lips with its tail." Freud was persuaded that this was a later fantasy rather than a literal recollection, a fantasy that, suitably examined, might provide access to Leonardo's emotional and artistic evolution.

Freud expended a good deal of erudition on the bird who had assaulted Leonardo in his cradle. In ancient Egypt, as Leonardo might well have known, the vulture was a hieroglyph for "mother." What is more, in Christian legend, also accessible to him, the vulture is a bird that exists only as a female; a poetic emblem for the virgin birth, it is impregnated by the wind. Now, Leonardo had been a "vulture-child that had had a mother but no father." This was Freud's poetic way of saying that Leonardo was illegitimate. Hence, Freud conjectured, Leonardo had in his earliest infancy enjoyed the exclusive and passionate love of his bereft mother. Such a love "must have been of the most decisive influence on his inner life." This meant that at the time the foundations of Leonardo's character were laid down, he was fatherless: "The vehemence of the caresses to which his vulture fantasy points was only all too natural; the poor forsaken mother had to pour into her mother love caresses enjoyed as well as her yearning for new ones; she was impelled not merely to compensate herself for not having a husband, but also the child for not having a father who wanted to fondle him. So she took, in the manner of all unsatisfied mothers, her little son in place of her husband and robbed him of a piece of his masculinity through the all-too-early maturation of his eroticism." Thus, inadvertently, Leonardo's mother set the stage for his later homosexuality.

In the letter to Jung in which he first announced his solution to the Leonardo mystery, Freud added tantalizingly, giving no further details, "I recently encountered his likeness (without his genius) in a neurotic." That is one reason why he was so confident that he could reconstruct Leonardo's virtually undocumented youngest years: the vulture fantasy was, for him, heavily laden with clinical associations. As we have had occasion to notice before, Freud's couch and his desk were, physically and emotionally, very close to each other. He had no doubt that Leonardo's recollection represented at once the passive homosexual sucking on a penis and the infant blissfully sucking at its mother's breast.

It was, of course, a familiar principle of psychoanalysis, which Freud's patients had confirmed for him over and over, that the emotional entanglements of the first years and the passions of adult life are inescapably linked. In particular, "all our homosexual men," Freud noted, had displayed these consequential links in virtually identical ways: "In their earliest childhood, later forgotten," they had had "an intense erotic attachment to a female person, as a rule their mother, provoked and fostered by the excessive tenderness of the mother herself, further buttressed by the recessiveness of the father in the child's life." Freud described this as one preliminary stage of homosexual development; it is succeeded by a stage in which "the boy represses his love for his mother by putting himself in her place, identifies himself with her, and takes his own person as a model in whose likeness he chooses his new love objects. Thus," Freud continued, "he has become homosexual; in fact he has slid back into autoeroticism, since the boys whom

*Freud was following out some theoretical considerations he had developed not long before in a paper on the imaginative writer and daydreaming.

the growing youngster now loves are, after all, only substitute persons and renewals of his own childish person, boys whom he loves as his mother had loved him as a child." In short, psychoanalysts say that "he finds his love objects on the path of *narcissism,* since Greek myths call a youth Narcissus, whom nothing pleased so much as his own mirror image." This sentence marks a critical moment in the history of psychoanalysis: Freud here introduced, for the first time in his work, the concept of narcissism, an early stage of erotic self-love that he saw as occurring between the primitive autoeroticism of the infant and the object love of the growing child. Narcissism was soon to take a central place in his thinking.

That Leonardo was at first raised without a father, Freud thought, must have formed his character. But that character was shaped as well by another drastic intervention from the adult world. His father married shortly after Leonardo was born, and some three years later, Freud supposed, adopted his son and brought him to live in his house. Thus, Leonardo grew up with two mothers. Shortly after 1500, when he came to paint Mona Lisa, her ambiguous, misty smile recalled to him with oppressive vividness the two loving, lovely young women who, together, had presided over his childhood. The creative spark that makes art by leaping between experience and memory gave the portrait of the enigmatic, enticing Mona Lisa its immortality. Then, when Leonardo came to paint the sacred trio, *The Virgin, Saint Anne, and the Christ Child,* he painted his two mothers as he recalled them, or felt them, to have been—both the same age and subtly smiling the ineffable smile of La Gioconda.

None of this sleuthing, it is worth repeating, seduced Freud into claiming that he had discovered the secret of Leonardo's genius. But he believed that he had grasped the thread that would lead him to the core of Leonardo's character. Identifying with his father, the man who had begotten and then abandoned him, Leonardo would treat his "children" in precisely the same way: he would be passionate in the making, impatient with tedious detail, incapable of following inspiration through to the end. But by also rebelling against his father, Leonardo would find the way to science: he could thus trade obedience to authority for a superior loyalty—obedience to evidence. With an almost audible sigh of approval, Freud quoted Leonardo's "bold sentence which contains the justification for all free research: *'He who amidst the struggle of opinions calls upon authority, works with his memory rather than his reason.'* " Leonardo had energetically sublimated his sexual passions into the passion for independent scientific research. It is uncertain just when, and how intensely, Freud identified himself with Leonardo, but in quoting that proud maxim governing the nonconformist researcher, he was at one with his subject.

FREUD'S AFFECTION FOR this experiment in psychoanalytic biography was not wholly misplaced.* His schematic map of one royal road to homosexuality—intense, excessively prolonged oedipal attachment to the tender mother, regression to that stage, identification with the mother, love of other male adolescents as though they were he, the beloved son—retains all of its interest and much of its validity. Again, Freud's scattered observations on the defensive stratagem he called sublimation remain suggestive, even if they cannot resolve the taxing question of just how the mind enlists instinctual energies in the service of cultural pursuits like art or science. But when examined closely, the delicately woven fabric of Freud's argumentation begins to unravel. His assertion that Leonardo more or less originated the idea of depicting Saint Anne as youthful is untenable, even if Leonardo's *choice* of the convention of showing mother and daughter as being the same age may serve as a clue to his mental make-up. Again, Freud's conjecture that Leonardo's father took his son into his house only after a lapse of some three years has been put into doubt by some contrary evidence.†

This is vexing enough, but the most fragile strand in the texture of Freud's reasoning is the vulture fantasy. Freud had used German translations of Leonardo's notebooks that mistakenly rendered his *nibbio* as "vulture" rather than "kite." With this gaffe, first pointed out in 1923 but never acknowledged by Freud or by any other psychoanalyst during Freud's lifetime, the construct vulture-mother, with all its tremendous implications, stands discredited. The vulture was a creature much beloved in myth; the kite is only a bird. Leonardo's report of the bird that attacked him remains a vivid dramatization, perhaps recalling nursing, a homosexual encounter, or, more likely, a homosexual fantasy—perhaps condensing memories of all these. But the superstructure that Freud built on the mistranslation collapses into dust.

Taken together, these lapses considerably diminish the authority of Freud's character sketch. It was just as well that he made only modest claims for his favorite composition. Still, while it is exceedingly probable that the mistranslation making a vulture out of a kite had been called to Freud's attention, he never corrected it. Throughout his long career as a psy-

*The art historian Kenneth Clark, no Freudian, has accepted the "beautiful, and I believe profound, interpretation which Freud has put on" Leonardo's canvas of the sacred trio, and he sees, with Freud, "the unconscious memory" of Leonardo's two mothers in the women's faces. (Kenneth Clark, *Leonardo da Vinci: An Account of His Development as an Artist* [1939; rev. ed., 1958], 137.)

†Freud, it seems, disregarded a French study of Leonardo, which he owned and had marked up, that held that Leonardo's father had taken his illegitimate son into his house the year he married. Of course, Freud may have rejected that argument, but he was aware of it. (See Jack J. Spector, *The Aesthetics of Freud: A Study in Psychoanalysis and Art* [1972], 58.)

choanalytic theorist, Freud proved himself ready to revise far more important, long-held theories. But not his "Leonardo."

THERE WAS MORE than one reason for Freud's obstinate loyalty. No doubt, the paper on Leonardo offered him enticing professional rewards. Writing to Jung about the "analyzed" Leonardo, Freud noted, almost as an association, "I am inclining more and more toward esteeming theories of infantile sexuality, which I have treated, by the way, with criminal incompleteness." This was a gratuitous reminder to Jung that Freud was not inclined to compromise on the inflammatory and divisive issue of the libido. In this embattled decade, the making of polemical points, whether directed at open adversaries or at wavering supporters, was never far from the center of Freud's intentions.

Yet there were forces at work in Freud more elusive, less manifest: on December 2, 1909, the day after he reported on his researches into Leonardo to the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society, he wrote to Jung in mixed relief and self-criticism that he had not liked his lecture, but hoped that now he had delivered himself of it, his obsession would give him some respite. "Obsession" is a strong word, but Freud meant it almost literally. Without it he might not have written his psychoanalytic novel at all.

The secret energy animating this obsession left telltale marks on Freud's correspondence and conduct in these years. Its source was memories of Fliess, whom he thought he had done with forever—mistakenly. Recollections of his old intimate, now an intimate no longer, forced Freud to explore once again his affective economy; they gave his self-analysis much anguishing work to do.* In December 1910, he informed Ferenczi, "Fliess—you were so curious about that—I have now overcome." He added immediately, his association unmistakable, "Adler is a little Fliess redivivus, just as paranoid. Stekel, as appendix to him, is at least named Wilhelm." Freud saw Wilhelm Fliess everywhere, incorporated in others. Adler, he wrote to Jung, "awakens in me the memory of Fliess, an octave lower. The same paranoia." When he wrote this, he was already at work on the Schreber case, which would dazzlingly illustrate a thesis he had held for some time: the elemental agent in paranoia is disguised homosexuality. "My erstwhile friend Fliess," he had already told Jung in 1908, "developed a beautiful paranoia after he had disposed of his inclination, certainly not slight, toward me." Always prepared to translate

*"Freud was expressing [in the paper on Leonardo] conclusions which in all probability had been derived from his self-analysis and are therefore of great importance for the study of his personality. His letters of the time make it abundantly clear with what exceptional intensity he had thrown himself into this particular investigation." (*Jones* II, 78.)

private turmoil into analytic theory, Freud credited Fliess's conduct with leading him toward this insight, an insight that several of his patients had richly confirmed.

To call someone paranoid was, then, in the technical vocabulary Freud had developed, to call him a homosexual, at least a latent one; and it was remnants of unconscious homoerotic feelings that were bubbling up in Freud. Whatever he might tell Jung, he was laboring to analyze his sentiments for Fliess rather than Fliess's sentiments for him—to analyze and thus, if possible, to purge them. In the fall of 1910, warding off Ferenczi's exorbitant demands for intimacy, Freud cautioned him that "since the case of Fliess, with whose overcoming you just saw me occupied, this need has died out in me. A piece of homosexual charge has been withdrawn and utilized for the enlargement of my own ego. I have succeeded where the paranoiac fails." As he intimated to Jung, he found this "homosexual charge" far from overpowering. Late in September, in a letter from Rome, he complained about Ferenczi, "a very dear fellow, but a little awkwardly dreamy and infantile toward me," excessively admiring and passive. "He has let everything be done for him like a woman, and my homosexuality after all does not go far enough to accept him as one." Still, he recognized what he had once called a certain "androphile" element within himself.

Two years later, analyzing one of his much-discussed fainting attacks, he offered a no less unsparing self-diagnosis. As we know, in November 1912, in Munich, Freud fainted at a small private meeting of psychoanalysts, in Jung's presence. He thought an explanation particularly urgent because this was not the first episode of this sort. As he informed Ernest Jones, he had twice before, once in 1906 and once in 1908, "suffered from very similar though not so intense symptoms in the *same* room of the Park Hotel; in every case I had to leave the table." Then, again, he had fainted in 1909 in Jung's presence, in Bremen, just before boarding ship for the United States. Reflecting on this history, Freud let Ferenczi know that he was completely restored and had "analytically disposed of the fainting spell in Munich very well." These fits, he thought, "point toward the significance of deaths experienced very early." He was thinking of his little brother, who had died when Freud himself was less than two, and whose death he had greeted with such wicked relief.

But just the day before, writing to Ernest Jones, Freud had offered a more far-reaching explanation: he had been fatigued, slept little, smoked a great deal, was faced with the change in Jung's letters "from tenderness to overbearing insolence." More portentous was the fact that the room in the Park Hotel where he had three times suffered a spell of dizziness or fainting held

an indelible association for him. "I saw Munich first when I visited Fliess during his illness," he wrote. "This town seems to have acquired a strong connection with my relation to this man. There is some piece of unruly homosexual feeling at the root of the matter." Jones felt close enough to Freud to express considerable interest in "your attack in Munich, especially so," he continued frankly, "as I had suspected a homosexual element, this being the sense of my remark in saying good-bye at the station that you would find it difficult to give up your feeling for Jung (meaning that perhaps there was some transference to him of older affects in you.)" Freud readily adopted Jones's formulation: "You are right in supposing that I had transferred to Jung homosex[ual] feelings from another part but I am glad to find that I have no difficulty in removing them for free circulation. We will have some good talk on this matter." Some of the emotions that Jung aroused, as Freud rightly saw, had been borrowed "from another part": Jung was, as Adler had been before him, Fliess redivivus. It is worth noting that Freud's visit to the ailing Fliess in Munich which had set up this chain of memories had taken place almost two decades earlier, in 1894. Freud's feelings for Fliess were nothing if not persistent.

They were also, as erotic feelings are likely to be, mixed. Examining the episode once again with Binswanger shortly thereafter, Freud reiterated that "suppressed feelings, this time against Jung, as formerly against a predecessor of his, naturally play the leading role." As his recollections continued to harass him, the only sentiments that Freud could now muster about Fliess, or his later surrogates, were the drastic antithesis of the affection he had once so lavishly expended on his Other from Berlin. His mind already exasperated by the conduct of Adler and of Stekel, Freud felt beleaguered by what he interpreted as Jung's death wishes against himself and by revivals of his own death wishes against his younger brother. But behind all these sentiments stood that stark ruin, not to be easily overlooked or quickly dismantled, his old passionate feelings for—and against—Fliess.

It was uncanny: Fliess kept reentering Freud's life in the most astonishing places. In 1911, Freud accounted for one of his most devastating headaches by resorting to a periodization he had learned from Fliess, counting from his birthday to the outbreak of his pains: "Since May 29 (May 6 + 23) I have been very low with a severe migraine." More than a year later, preoccupied with Jung, Freud found himself again drawing on his past history: "I have just come from 'Don Giovanni,' " he reported to Ferenczi. In the second act, during the Don's festive supper, the hired band plays the snatch of an aria from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Leporello remarks, "That music seems very familiar to me." Freud found "a good application to the current situation. Yes, this music, too, seems very familiar to me. I had experienced all this already before 1906"—that is, with Fliess in the last angry years of their friendship: "the same objections, the same prophecies, the same proclamations that I have now been got rid of." It would be giving Freud's unconscious feelings, especially his repressed feelings about Fliess, too much credit to make them entirely responsible for his papers on Leonardo and on Schreber. Certainly the fortuitous accumulation of intriguing paranoid patients coming into treatment participated in focusing his clinical and theoretical interests around 1910. Nor does Freud's borrowing from his continuing self-analysis in any way compromise the scientific value of his findings. Proclaiming he had overcome Fliess and showing that he had not, Freud exploited his unconscious to good purpose. He had been perfectly serious when he told Jung early in 1908, talking about what he was pleased to call Fliess's paranoia, "One must seek to learn something from everything." And *everything* included himself.

WHILE FREUD WAS reading the proofs of his "Leonardo" in the early spring of 1910, he was beginning to reflect on a new, hardly less singular case, that of the distinguished Saxon jurist and remarkable paranoiac Daniel Paul Schreber. Emotionally, chronologically, and in other ways, Freud's paper on Schreber is a pendant to his "Leonardo." Freud never saw either of these "analysands"; for Leonardo he had notes and paintings, for Schreber he had nothing more than an autobiographical memoir. Like Leonardo, Schreber was a homosexual, so Freud could continue to stay with a theme that deeply preoccupied him in those years. Like Leonardo, too, Schreber was a source of real pleasure. Affectionately, Freud called Schreber "wonderful," and jocularly proposed that he "should have been made a professor of psychiatry and director of a mental hospital."

When Freud stumbled on Schreber, he had been thinking about paranoia for some two years and more. In February 1908, he had told Ferenczi that he had just seen a woman patient afflicted with "a full-blown" case of it. She was, he thought, "probably beyond the bounds of therap[eutic] influence," but he felt entitled to take her into treatment: "At any event, one can learn from her."* Six weeks later, discussing the same patient, he reiterated his scientific creed of simultaneous engagement and detachment. He saw no prospect of therapeutic success, "but we need these analyses to arrive at last

*Sometime in April 1907, Freud had written Jung a kind of memorandum (reminiscent of the memoranda that he used to send Fliess in the 1890s) on paranoia; in it he did not yet dwell on the homosexual component of the disorder. (See *Freud–Jung*, 41–44 [38–40].)

at an understanding of all neuroses." The provocative mystery of paranoia absorbed him. "We still know too little about it," he told Ferenczi in the spring of 1909, "and must collect and learn."* Freud's consistent self-appraisal as a researcher more intent on science than on healing receives persuasive support from these injunctions. In the fall of the same year, Freud informed Abraham that he was in the midst of "thickest work" and had "penetrated a little more deeply into paranoia." By that time, the Schreber case had become another of Freud's obsessions, matching his earlier obsession with Leonardo.

With his fantastic symptoms displaying the ravages of his psychosis with striking clarity, Schreber was ideally suited to produce such strong reactions. Born in 1842 the son of Daniel Gottlob Moritz Schreber, an orthopedic physician, prolific author, and well-known educational reformer, he had traversed a distinguished career as a civil servant in the Saxon judicial system and, later, as a judge. In October 1884, he ran for the Reichstag as the joint candidate of the Conservative and National Liberal parties, which stood for Bismarckian law and order, but was resoundingly trounced by a Social Democrat who was a great local favorite. His first mental breakdown, which, like the others, he attributed to overwork, followed hard upon this defeat. He began to suffer from hypochondriacal delusions and spent some weeks in a mental hospital; by December, he was an inmate of the Leipzig Psychiatric Clinic. But he was discharged as cured in June 1885, and appointed to the bench in the following year. By 1893, clearly a man of demonstrated competence, he had risen to Saxony's highest court, where he was one of the presiding judges. But he began to complain of insomnia, attempted suicide, and late in November, he was back once more in the Leipzig clinic where he had been a patient some nine years earlier. It was this second, more tenacious mental illness, lasting until 1902, that he described in graphic detail in a mountainous memorandum, the *Memoirs of a Neuropath,* published as a book the following year. A final episode, again requiring hospitalization, darkened Schreber's last years. When he died in April 1911, Freud's case history of him was in galley proof.

Freud took the *Memoirs* of the wonderful Schreber—the only material he had—to Italy with him in the summer of 1910. He worked on the case in Rome and later, through the fall, back in Vienna. Among the "patients" whose histories Freud found worth recording, Daniel Paul Schreber probably

*Writing about symbol formation in dreams, which was the special province of Stekel, whom Freud had come to distrust, Freud noted in 1911 that it was "a dark matter. . . . We will have to observe there, and collect, for a long time." (Freud to Ferenczi, June 5, 1911. Freud–Ferenczi Correspondence, Freud Collection, LC.)

boasted the most spectacular symptoms. A paranoiac of heroic dimensions, he was, as his *Memoirs* sufficiently shows, an articulate commentator on his own condition and an eloquent advocate of his cause: he had written this massive apologia to secure his release from the mental hospital to which he was confined. His earliest readers among psychiatrists, notably Bleuler and Freud, picked over this plea for freedom, eloquent, circumstantial, baroque, logical with the logic of insanity, for nuggets attesting to a mind derailed. Schreber was nothing but a book to his psychoanalyst, but Freud thought he could learn to read it.

Freud's rather manic preoccupation with Schreber hints at some hidden interest driving him on: Fliess. But Freud was not just at the mercy of his memories; he was working well and derived much comic relief from Schreber, even sprinkling his intimate letters with neologisms from Schreber's book. These were the famous Schreberisms, fantastic coinages—"nerve contacts" and "soul murder" and being "miracled up"—imaginative, evocative, and eminently quotable. Freud's correspondents took their cue from him and replied in kind; Schreber's vocabulary became a kind of shorthand among insiders, so many tokens of recognition and intimacy. Freud and Jung and Abraham and Ferenczi gleefully used "soul murder" and the rest of Schreber's gems.

Still, Freud's work on Schreber was not untouched by anxiety. He was in the midst of his bruising battle with Adler, which, he told Jung, was taking such a toll "because it has torn open the wounds of the Fliess affair." Adler had "disturbed the otherwise calm feeling during my work on paranoia"—the Schreber paper. "I am not certain this time just how free I have been able to keep it from my own complexes." His suspicion that there were some subterranean connections was wholly warranted, though they were not precisely what Freud thought them to be. He blamed his memories of Fliess for interfering with his work on Schreber, but they were also a reason for his intense concentration on the case. To study Schreber was to remember Fliess, but to remember Fliess was also to understand Schreber. Had not both, Freud thought, been victims of paranoia? This was, no doubt, a highly tendentious reading of Fliess's mental history. But justified or not, Freud used the Schreber case to replay and work through what he called (in friendly deference to Jung, who had invented the term) his "complexes."

Jung, who later claimed to have drawn Freud's attention to Schreber, at first greeted his paper as "delicious and side-splitting" and "brilliantly written." But that was early in 1911, when Jung still professed himself Freud's faithful son. Later, Jung would declare himself sorely dissatisfied with Freud's

reading of Schreber. No wonder: Freud's case history of Schreber buttressed psychoanalytic theories, especially about sexuality, and thus, like the Leonardo paper earlier, constituted an implicit criticism of Jung's emerging psychological system. "That passage in your Schreber analysis where you touch on the libido problem," Jung wrote to Freud late in 1911, was one of "the points where one of my mental paths crosses one of yours." A month later, Jung put his uneasiness more bluntly: the Schreber case had set up "a booming echo" in him, and revived all his old doubts about the relevance of Freud's libido theory to psychotics.

IN HIS *Memoirs,* Schreber elaborated an ambitious theory of the universe, complete with an intricate theology, and assigned to himself a messianic mission requiring a change of sex. God himself, it seemed, had inspired him to his work. With uncommon openness, which Freud found worth remarking on, Schreber did not deny his delusions, and the court that restored Schreber to freedom summarized them just as matter-of-factly: "He thinks himself called to redeem the world and restore it to its lost bliss" (a mental state that Freud explicitly identified with voluptuous feelings). "But he could do this only after he had first transformed himself from a man into a woman." Whatever amusement one could wring from such a picturesque program was undercut by Schreber's pathetic sufferings. There is something just a little callous about Freud and his correspondents trading comical Schreberisms; Schreber had undergone appalling mental anguish. He was haunted by frightening anxieties about his health, by horrifying physical symptoms, by the panicky fear of dying and of being tortured. At times he felt he was living without essential parts of his body, which had to be repeatedly restored to him by miracles. He was visited by distressing auditory hallucinations: voices mocked him by calling him "*Miss* Schreber," or professed astonishment that he should claim to be a superior judge, "who lets himself be f——."* Sometimes he spent hours in a stupor; often he wished for death. He had mysterious visions, trafficked with God and with devils. Delusions of persecution, that classic symptom of paranoia, also tormented him: more than anyone else, Dr. Flechsig, his former physician at the Leipzig Psychiatric Clinic, was stalking him—Flechsig was Schreber's "soul murderer." But then everyone, including God, was in the conspiracy against him. The God whom Schreber constructed was quite peculiar, as limited in his way as an exigent and most imperfect human being. He did not understand human beings, took Schreber

*Freud shook his head over the "shamefaced" attitude of the editors of Schreber's *Denkwürdigkeiten,* who could not bring themselves to spell out "fucked," as they later would not spell out "shit," in full. (See "Schreber," *GW* VIII, 252n/*SE* XII, 20n.)

for an idiot, and urged him to evacuate, repeatedly asking him, "Why don't you sh——?"

Freud did not miss the splendid opportunities for interpretation that every page of the *Memoirs* offered him. Schreber's frank anal and genital sensuality, his suggestive coinages, his transparent femininity, were all highly legible clues to the workings of his mind. For decades Freud had been persuaded that the craziest ideas of the most regressed psychotic are so many messages, rational in their own twisted way. In accord with this conviction, Freud chose to translate Schreber's confidences rather than to dismiss them. He read his world system as a coherent set of transfigurations designed to make the unbearable bearable: Schreber had invested his enemies, whether Dr. Flechsig or God, with such malign power because they had been so important to him. In short, Schreber had come to hate them so deeply because he had earlier loved them so much; paranoia was, for Freud, the mental ailment parading with unsurpassed vividness the psychological defenses of reversal and, even more, of projection.* The "core of the conflict in the paranoia of a man" is, as Freud put it in his case history, a "homosexual wish-fantasy *of loving a man.*" The paranoiac turns the declaration "I love him" into its opposite, "I hate him"; this is the reversal. He then goes on to say, "I hate him because he persecutes me"; this is the projection. Freud did not think himself paranoid; he had succeeded, as he told Ferenczi, in enabling his homoerotic emotions to serve his ego. But Schreber's spectacular transformation of love into hate had, he sensed, some muted application to himself.

The Schreber case history, though, and Freud's accompanying studies in paranoia, were not autobiography but science. As Freud's letters of these years amply testify, he insisted that his daring construction of how paranoia operates required much further empirical work with paranoid patients before it could be confirmed. But his general hypothesis, Freud was confident, correctly outlined the fatal sequence. According to Freud's scheme, the paranoiac reconstructs the world in order, almost literally, to survive. His remaking, which is desperately hard work, involves a regression to narcissism, the relatively primitive stage in childhood sexuality to which Freud had first called attention some months before in his paper on Leonardo da Vinci. He now ventured to sketch it in somewhat more fully. Having passed through

*Projection is the operation of expelling feelings or wishes the individual finds wholly unacceptable—too shameful, too obscene, too dangerous—by attributing them to another. It is a prominent mechanism, for example, in anti-Semites, who find it necessary to transfer feelings of their own that they consider low or dirty onto the Jew, and then "detect" those feelings in him. This is one of the most primitive among the defenses, and is easily observable in normal behavior, though far less prominent there than among neurotics and psychotics.

the opening stage in erotic development, a diffuse autoeroticism, the child concentrates its sexual drives to secure a love object. But the child begins by selecting itself, its own body, as that object, before seeking out someone else to love.

Freud was coming to see this intermediate narcissistic stage as an essential step on the road toward adult heterosexual love. As he came to argue, the principal steps include the primitive oral phase, followed by the anal, the phallic, and, later, the genital phase. The road is long, sometimes impassable; there are many, it seems, who never wholly free themselves from their child-like narcissistic self-involvement, and carry it into their later love life. Such people—and Freud called particular attention to them—may choose their own genitals as their love object and then move on to love others endowed with genitals like their own. This narcissistic fixation, as Freud called it, makes either for open homosexuality in adult life or for the sublimation of homosexual inclinations in passionate friendships or, on a larger stage, in the love of mankind. The road to maturation is not just long and perhaps impassable; it is also twisted and at times turns back on itself: those whose sexual development has taken the homoerotic direction may be swamped by waves of erotic excitement and will then feel compelled to retreat to an earlier, they believe safer, stage of sexual integration—to narcissism.

The psychoanalyst sees the most dramatic instances of such defensive regression in paranoiacs. They try to protect themselves by grossly distorting their perceptions and feelings with all sorts of outlandish fantasies. Schreber, for one, was pursued by the vision that the end of the world is near. Freud maintained that such terrifying fantasies are far from rare in those afflicted with paranoia; having withdrawn their love from others, and from the world as a whole, they project their "inner catastrophe" outward and become convinced that a universal doom is impending. Their great reconstructive work begins at this point: the world having been destroyed, "the paranoiac builds it up again, not more splendid, indeed, but at least so that he can once again live in it." In fact, *"What we take to be the pathological production, the delusional formation, is in reality the attempt at recovery, the reconstruction."*

The map that Freud drew of the paranoid process on the basis of a single document was a brilliant *tour de force.* Its strong outlines have been slightly redrawn by later research, but its authority remains substantially intact. With unprecedented lucidity, Freud demonstrated in the Schreber case how the mind deploys its defenses, what paths regression may take, and what costs ambivalence can impose. Some of the symbols, connections, and transformations that Freud detected in Schreber became obvious once he had pointed them out: the sun, about which Schreber developed lurid fantasies, symbolizing his father; the very similar identification of Dr. Flechsig, and even more significantly, of God, with the elder Schreber, who had also been a physician; the intriguing coupling of religiosity and lasciviousness in a man who had been irreligious and strait-laced most of his life; above all, the transmogrification of love into hatred. Freud's history of Schreber gave its readers perhaps as much intellectual pleasure as its author.

HAVING IDENTIFIED CHILDHOOD as the arena critical to the making of psychological conflict, Freud tried, a little halfheartedly, to inform himself about the environment in which young Schreber had grown up. He was aware that such added intelligence might have real utility, for Schreber's *Memoirs* had been bowdlerized by his family. "Thus I shall have to be satisfied," Freud wrote with evident dissatisfaction, "if I succeed in deriving the core of his delusional formation with some certainty from familiar human motives." He asked Dr. Arnold Stegmann, one of his German adherents, who lived not far from Schreber territory, "to ferret out all sorts of personal data about the old Schreber. It will depend on these reports how much I shall say about these things in public." The results of Stegmann's inquiries cannot have amounted to a great deal, for in his published case history, Freud stayed close to the text that his unknown analysand had provided. In his correspondence, however, he did venture some speculations. "What would you think," he asked Ferenczi rhetorically, teasingly borrowing his language from Schreber, "if the old doctor Schreber had performed 'miracles' as a physician? But apart from that was a domestic tyrant who yelled at his son 'and understood him as little as the lower God' of our paranoiacs?" And he added that he would welcome contributions to his Schreber interpretations.

It was a shrewd conjecture, but unfortunately, in the absence of confidential information, Freud did not follow it up. He did not even examine the published writings of "the old doctor," which would have proved as revealing to him as they had been popular in their time. Freud needed no research to establish that Dr. Schreber's tracts had made his name a household word. The elder Schreber had acquired a national reputation for advocating "the harmonious upbringing of youth," and for being "the founder of therapeutic gymnastics in Germany." For some years, he ran a reputable orthopedic clinic in Leipzig, but he was best known as the energetic promoter of what came to be called *Schrebergärten,* small plots for which cities set aside acreage to

permit nostalgic urbanites to cultivate a vegetable garden, a few fruit trees, or just some restful green space of their own.

To deduce the formation of the younger Schreber's character from the psychological riches concealed in his father's writings would have supplied powerful corroboration for Freud's long-held thesis that the mind exercises extraordinary ingenuity in weaving mental representations out of materials picked from the outside world. Familiarity with the elder Schreber's monographs would have allowed Freud to add some nuances to his straightforward analysis of his priceless paranoiac. As it was, for whatever reason, Freud contented himself with reconstructing Schreber's melancholy efforts at regaining his shattered mental composure as the work of a good son loving his father with an impermissible homosexual love; in fact, Freud attributed Schreber's partial recovery precisely to the fact that his "father complex" had an "essentially positive coloration."

Freud's failure to penetrate Dr. Daniel Gottlob Moritz Schreber's character, and to follow up his guess that he might have been a domestic tyrant, was perfectly understandable. The elder Schreber seemed an excellent man. "Such a father was surely not unsuited to be transfigured into a god in the tender recollection of his son." What Freud did not know was that this worthy and admirable parent was more or less indirectly responsible for some of the most exquisite torments his son was forced to undergo. In his *Memoirs,* that son reported on a terrible *Kopfzusammenschnürungsmaschine,* a machine tying his head together. Though an integral element in his delusional system, this was a distorted version of a mechanical head straightener that Moritz Schreber had used to improve the posture of his children, including his son Daniel Paul. While precise details about the Schrebers' family life are skimpy, there is no doubt that Daniel Paul Schreber constructed much of his bizarre world of mechanical tortures from machinery to which he was subjected when he was a boy. The consequences of this discovery are hard to assess. Freud's essential diagnosis remains beyond dispute. But concealed behind the love which, Freud thought, Schreber bore his excellent father, there seems to have been a reservoir of silent resentment and impotent hatred that provided fuel for his suffering and his rage. His paranoiac constructions were caricatures of realistic grievances. Fascinating as Freud made Schreber, a fuller investigation would have made him more fascinating still.

IN HIS OWN CAUSE: THE POLITICS OF THE WOLF MAN

By the time Freud completed his account of Schreber in December 1910, he had been analyzing the Wolf Man, who would prove to be his most notable patient, for almost a year. When Sergei Pankejeff, a wealthy and handsome young Russian aristocrat, presented himself to Freud, he was in a pitiful psychological state; he seemed to have slipped beyond neurosis into a tangle of crippling symptoms.* Traveling in grand style with his own physician and attendant, he had undergone treatment after treatment, consulted expensive specialist after expensive specialist, to no avail. His health had collapsed after a gonorrheal infection when he was seventeen, and he was now, so Freud assessed him, "entirely dependent," unable to take care of himself—*existenzunfähig.*

Freud was no doubt particularly moved to take this desperate case by the knowledge that two eminent medical men whom he regarded as his enemies, Theodor Ziehen in Berlin and Emil Kraepelin in Munich, had given up on this interesting young man. After some years of taking a well-meaning if somewhat puzzled interest in psychoanalysis, Ziehen, then chief of psychiatry at the famous Charité hospital in Berlin, had turned into one of Freud's most vociferous detractors. Kraepelin, even more prominent than Ziehen for bringing order into psychiatric nosology, largely ignored Freud when he did not malign him for ideas he no longer held. At least until he assumed his chair in Berlin, Ziehen had echoed Freud's and Breuer's writings of the mid-1890s in his favorable comments on the art of psychiatric listening and the "abreaction" of the patient's feelings, but Kraepelin never found anything of value in Freud's ideas or clinical methods. These two specialists were among the most impressive representatives of German academic psychiatry in the days when Freud was establishing and elaborating his system of ideas. But they could not help the Wolf Man.

Freud thought that perhaps he might. "Consequent upon your impressive admonition to allow myself some rest," he informed Ferenczi in February 1910, "I have—taken on a new patient from Odessa, a very rich Russian with

*As with other cases, later analysts going over the material Freud left for them to study have come to think of the Wolf Man as more deeply disturbed than Freud's diagnostic term, "neurosis," would suggest.

compulsive feelings." After seeing him for some time in a clinic, Freud, once he had space in his regular schedule, invited him to become one of his patients at Berggasse 19. This is where the Wolf Man would discover the serenity and healing quiet of Freud's consulting room and, in Freud, an attentive and sympathetic listener who offered hope for recovery at last.

THE CASE HISTORY of the Wolf Man belongs in the series of papers that also includes Freud's papers on Schreber and on Leonardo. All of them were intended as clinical and theoretical contributions, but at the same time, whatever their merits and defects as psychoanalytic literature, they also served as agents for his own cause. Freud hoped that his clinical account of the Wolf Man would help him as efficiently as its predecessors, especially in confronting public rather than internal discord. As he pointedly observed on its first page, he had written it to combat Jung's and Adler's "twisted reinterpretations" of psychoanalytic verities. It was no accident that he should have written it in the fall of 1914; he saw this case history as the companion piece to his "History of the Psychoanalytic Movement," the rallying cry to loyalists that he had published earlier that year.

Freud paraded his aggressive intentions with his very choice of title: "From the History of an Infantile Neurosis." After all, he observed, Jung had chosen to single out "actuality and repression, Adler egoistic motives," a shorthand way of saying that for Jung, the memory of childhood sexuality is a later fantasy projected backward, while for Adler, early apparently erotic impulses are not sexual but aggressive in nature. Yet, Freud insisted, what these men were spurning as error "is precisely what is new in psychoanalysis and specifically belongs to it." By discarding Freud's insights, Jung and Adler had found it easy to reject "the revolutionary advances of uncomfortable psychoanalysis." That is why Freud chose to focus on the childhood neurosis of the Wolf Man rather than on the virtually psychotic condition of the twenty-three-year-old Russian who came to consult him in February 1910, as he was putting the finishing touches on his "Leonardo."

The Wolf Man impressed Freud as ideally suited to exhibit his "uncomfortable" theories, uncontaminated by craven compromises. Had he published the case promptly, he could have enlisted it in his campaign to clarify his differences with Jung and Adler. But the course of events thwarted his plans; the case report became a casualty of the First World War, which reduced psychoanalytic publications to virtual silence. When the paper finally appeared in 1918, the need for clinical confirmation was no longer quite so urgent. But Freud never ceased to think highly of the case, and it is easy to see why. The psychological turmoil agitating his patient seemed potentially so enlightening that Freud published tantalizing fragments while the analysis

was still in progress, and asked other analysts to supply him with material that might throw light on early sexual experiences relevant to his remarkable patient.

The case reverberated with echoes from Freud's earlier histories. Like Dora, the Wolf Man supplied the master key to his neurosis in the form of a dream. Like Little Hans, he had suffered from an animal phobia in early childhood. Like the Rat Man, he was for a time propelled into obsessive ceremonies and neurotic ruminations. The Wolf Man provided some of Freud's recent theoretical interests, like the sexual theories of children or the development of character structure, with the authority of lived experience. Yet, while the analysis of the Wolf Man summed up much of the work Freud had been doing before he first saw him in 1910, it was also prophetic; it looked ahead to work he would do after its termination four years later.

The analysis began dramatically enough. Freud reported confidentially to Ferenczi after the first session that his new patient "confessed to me the following transferences: Jewish swindler, he would like to use me from behind and shit on my head." Plainly a promising but probably a difficult case. In fact, the emotional history that Freud painfully elicited from the Wolf Man was a harrowing tale of precocious sexual stimulation, devastating anxieties, specialized erotic tastes, and a full-fledged obsessive neurosis that had shadowed his childhood. When he was little more than three, his sister had initiated him into sexual games, playing with his penis. She was two years older, a willful, sensual, and uninhibited girl whom he admired and envied. But, viewing her as a rival rather than companion in childish erotic play, he had resisted her and instead sought to seduce his beloved nurse, his Nanya, by exhibiting himself before her and masturbating. Nanya grasped the meaning of his primitive display and solemnly warned him that children who did such things got a "wound" in that place. Her veiled threat took some time to sink in, as such threats do, but after he had observed his sister and a friend urinating and thus established for himself that some people have no penises, he began to be preoccupied with castration.

In terror, the little Wolf Man retreated to an earlier phase of sexual development, to anal sadism and masochism. He cruelly tortured butterflies and tortured himself no less cruelly with horrifying but exciting masturbatory beating fantasies. Having been rejected by his Nanya, he now, in true narcissistic fashion, chose his father as a sexual object; he longed to be beaten by him, and by indulging in screaming fits, he provoked—or, rather, seduced—his father into administering physical punishment. His character changed, and his famous dream about the silent wolves, which became the heart of his analysis with Freud, followed soon after, just before his fourth birthday. He dreamt that it was night time and he was in his bed, which stood (as it did

in real life) facing the window. Suddenly the window opened, apparently on its own, and the terrified dreamer noticed that there were six or seven wolves sitting on branches of a big walnut tree. They were white and looked rather like foxes or sheep dogs, with their big, foxlike tails and their alert, pricked-up ears. "In great anxiety, evidently of being eaten by the wolves, I screamed and I woke up"—woke up, Freud recorded, in a state of anxiety. Half a year later his full-fledged anxiety neurosis was in place, complete with an animal phobia. He drove himself to distraction with childlike religious conundrums, compulsively practiced a variety of rituals, suffered attacks of ferocious rage, and grappled with his youthful sensuality, in which homosexual desires played a largely invisible part.

These traumatic childhood episodes prepared the way for the Wolf Man's neurotic sexual conduct. Some consequences of these dismaying experiences, obeying what psychoanalysts call the principle of delayed action, emerged as serious psychological difficulties only much later, in his early manhood; he did not experience the episodes as traumas until his mental organization was, as it were, ready for them. But they somehow shaped his taste in love: his compulsive quest for women with large buttocks who could satisfy his appetite for sexual intercourse from behind, and his need to degrade his love objects by desiring only servants or peasant girls.

Before Freud could even begin to think about repairing the torn fabric of the Wolf Man's erotic life, he felt it necessary to investigate his melodramatic recitals of those arousing and damaging childhood episodes involving his sister and his nurse. The Wolf Man insisted that they were authentic, but Freud naturally wondered. Yet even if they had occurred precisely as the Wolf Man reported them, they were insufficient, in Freud's view, to account for the severity of the Wolf Man's childhood neurosis. The causes of that prolonged misery remained obscure during years of treatment. Illumination gradually dawned with the analysis of his decisive dream, the dream that gave the Wolf Man his nickname.

This wolf dream stands second in the psychoanalytic literature only to the historic dream of Irma's injection, which Freud had analyzed some fifteen years before, in 1895. Precisely when the Wolf Man produced his dream for Freud is not certain; later he recalled, and Freud agreed, that it must have been near the beginning of his treatment; the dream was to be interpreted again and again across the years. In any event, after bringing the dream into his analysis, the Wolf Man, an artist by avocation, produced a drawing showing the wolves—there were only five in this version—perched on the branches of a large tree and looking at the dreamer.

Associating to this dream, dreamt some nineteen years before, the Wolf Man produced some tantalizing memories: his terror at the picture of a wolf

in a book of fairy tales which his sister had kept showing him with evident sadistic pleasure; flocks of sheep kept in the neighborhood of his father's estate, most of whom had died during an epidemic; a story his grandfather had told him about a wolf who had his tail pulled off; fairy tales like "Little Red Riding Hood." These outpourings sounded to Freud like precipitates of a primitive, deep-seated fear of the father. The closely related fear of castration, too, apparently had its share in the making of this dream, as did the little boy's wish for sexual gratification from his father—a wish transformed into anxiety by the thought that to have it gratified would mean that he had been castrated, made into a girl. Yet not everything in the dream was wish and its effect, anxiety. The realistic impression it conveyed and the perfect stillness of the wolves, qualities to which the Wolf Man attached great importance, led Freud to suggest that a piece of reality had been reproduced, distorted in the manifest content of the dream. This conjecture was an application of Freud's rule that the dream work invariably transforms experiences or desires, often into their opposite. Those silent, unmoving wolves must mean that the young dreamer had actually witnessed an agitated scene. Cooperating in his passive, listless, intelligent way with Freud's unraveling, the Wolf Man interpreted the sudden opening of the window as the dream's way of saying that he had woken up to watch this scene, whatever it was.

At this point in his case history Freud thought it politic to pause for a comment. He was aware that the capacity for the suspension of disbelief among even his most uncritical followers had its limits. "I fear," he wrote, preparing to launch his sensational revelation, "that this is where my reader's trust will abandon me." What Freud was about to assert was that the dreamer had dredged up from the depths of his unconscious memory, suitably embroidered and heavily veiled, the spectacle of his parents engaging in sexual intercourse. There was nothing vague about Freud's reconstruction: the Wolf Man's parents had had sex three times running and at least once *a tergo,* a position giving the spectator a glimpse of both partners' genitals. This was fanciful enough, but Freud did not stop even here; he persuaded himself that the Wolf Man had witnessed this erotic performance at the age of one and a half.

Yet here Freud was assailed by a twinge of prudence and felt impelled to register doubts, not merely on his reader's behalf, but on his own. The tender age of the observer did not trouble him excessively; adults, he contended, regularly underestimate children's capacity to see, and to understand what they see. But he wondered whether the sexual scene he had so confidently sketched had really taken place or was a fantasy of the Wolf Man's, based on his observations of animals copulating. Freud was interested in the truth of the matter, but he firmly concluded that to decide this question was "not

really very important." After all, "scenes of observing parental intercourse, of being seduced in childhood, and of being threatened with castration, are undoubtedly inherited property, but they can just as well be an acquisition through personal experience."* Fantasy or reality, the influence on a young mind would be quite the same. For the present, Freud left the matter open.

The question of reality and fantasy was, of course, not new for Freud. As we have seen, in 1897 he had jettisoned the theory that real events—the rape or seduction of children—alone cause neuroses in favor of a theory that assigned to fantasies the dominant role in the making of neurotic conflicts. Now once again he vindicated the formative influence of internal, largely unconscious mental processes. Freud did not maintain that psychological traumas emerge solely from baldly invented episodes. Rather, he saw fantasies as weaving fragments of things seen and heard and endured into a tapestry of mental reality. Near the conclusion of his *Interpretation of Dreams* he had argued that "*psychical* reality" is different from, but no less significant than, "*material* reality." It was a perspective that, as he analyzed the dream of the silent wolves in the trees, Freud found indispensable—for polemical almost as much as for scientific reasons. His insistence that the recall of a primal scene must have *some* basis in reality, whether in watching parents or animals or in early fantasies elaborated, was squarely directed against Jung: the point was that an adult neurosis originates in experiences acquired in childhood, however distorted and fantastic their later guise. The roots of neurosis, then, run deep rather than, as Jung would suggest, simply being smuggled in later. "*The influence of childhood,*" Freud said as emphatically as he could, "*already makes itself felt in the opening situation in the formation of the neurosis, in that it helps to determine, in a decisive way, whether and at what point the individual fails to master the real problems of life.*"

ONE CRITICAL FAILURE in the adult Wolf Man's mastery of life's problems lay, as we have seen, in his consistently unhappy erotic attachments. It is no accident, indeed, that Freud should have been thinking about the theory of love during the years he was analyzing the Wolf Man and writing up his case. Freud wrote several papers on the subject after 1910, but never pulled them together into a book. "Everything has already been said," he once wrote, and he seems to have applied that weary, exhausted demurrer to love no less than

*We encounter here, and will encounter again, one of Freud's most eccentric and least defensible intellectual commitments: Freud accepted a version of the Lamarckian doctrine—most probably encountered in the writings of Darwin, who himself subscribed to that theory in part—that acquired characteristics (in this case, the "memory" of being seduced in childhood or being threatened with castration) can be inherited. Few reputable biologists of the time were willing to credit, and few analysts felt at all comfortable with, this thesis. But Freud stayed with it. See pp. 333, 368, and 647.

to other interesting matters of passion. Yet, given the principal place he assigned to sexual energies in the human mental economy, he could hardly afford to slight entirely this endlessly discussed, virtually undefinable theme. Year after year, he listened to patients whose affectional life had somehow gone wrong. Freud characterized "a completely normal attitude in love" as the confluence of "two currents," the "*tender* and the *sensual.*" There are those who cannot desire where they love and cannot love where they desire, but this separation is a symptom of emotional development derailed; most people thus afflicted experience this split as a grievous burden. Yet such derailment is only too common, for love, like its rival, hate, emerges during the child's earliest days in primitive forms and is fated to undergo some elaborate vicissitudes in the course of maturation: the oedipal phase is, among other things, a time of experimentation and instruction in the domain of love. For once in tune with more respectable contemporary writers on the subject, Freud regarded tenderness without passion as friendship, passion without tenderness as lust. One principal aim of analysis is to provide realistic lessons in love and bring its two currents into harmony. With the Wolf Man, the prospects for such a happy resolution seemed for a long time exceedingly remote. His unresolved anal eroticism, his equally unresolved fixation on his father and his hidden wish to bear his father children, stood in the way of such a development—and of a favorable conclusion to his treatment.

THE WOLF MAN'S analysis lasted almost precisely four and a half years. It would have lasted longer if Freud had not decided to employ a most unorthodox maneuver. He had found that the case "left nothing to be desired" in "fruitful difficulties." But for a time its difficulties were more conspicuous than its fruitfulness. "The first years of the treatment brought scarcely any change." The Wolf Man was courtesy itself but kept himself "unassailably entrenched" in an attitude of "submissive indifference. He listened, understood, and did not permit anything to touch him." Freud found it all very frustrating: "His unimpeachable intelligence was as if cut off from the instinctual forces that governed his conduct." The Wolf Man took untold months before he began to participate in the work of analysis; and then, once he felt the pressure of internal change, he resumed his gently sabotaging ways. He evidently found his illness too precious to exchange for the uncertain blessings of relative health. In this predicament, Freud decided to set a termination date—one year hence—for the analysis, and stick to it inflexibly. The risks were great, though Freud did not make his move until he felt sure that the Wolf Man's attachment to him was sufficiently strong to promise success.

The stratagem worked; the Wolf Man came to see that Freud was "inexorable," and under this "pitiless pressure" he gave up his resistance, surrender-

ing "his fixation on being ill." In rapid succession he now produced all the "material" Freud needed to clear up his inhibitions and relieve his symptoms. By June 1914, Freud regarded him, and the Wolf Man regarded himself, as more or less cured. He felt himself a healthy man and was about to marry.* It had been a most rewarding case for Freud, but, not surprisingly, what continued to interest him most was a matter of technique—his "blackmailing measure" designed to get the Wolf Man to work in the analytic hour. It was a tactic, Freud warned almost a quarter century later, apt to succeed only if utilized at the precisely right moment. For, he noted, "one must not extend the time limit after it has once been fixed; otherwise one has forfeited all credit from then on." It was one of Freud's boldest, and most problematic, contributions to psychoanalytic technique. Satisfied in retrospect, he concluded sonorously by citing with approval an old proverb: "The lion springs only once."

A HANDBOOK FOR TECHNICIANS

Each of Freud's major case histories was more or less explicitly a condensed course in psychoanalytic technique. The process notes that have partially survived for one case, that of the Rat Man, also document Freud's sovereign readiness to disregard his own rules. The meal Freud gave his best-known obsessive patient—who was hungry and was refreshed—has for decades stirred up comment in psychoanalytic circles, somewhat quizzical and slightly envious. But it was the rules Freud laid down for his craft, far more than his license in interpreting them for himself, that would make the difference for psychoanalysis.

*The future would compel Freud to add darker strokes to this buoyant appraisal of the Wolf Man's mental condition. In 1919, now a refugee from the Russian Revolution and in need of financial support (which Freud and some friends supplied), the Wolf Man briefly reentered analysis with Freud. Part of the Wolf Man's transference, Freud recognized and reported later, had not been cleared up. In the mid-1920s, under the pressure of a paranoid episode, he had some further intensive analysis, with Ruth Mack Brunswick. But he had become psychologically independent enough to marry, to face the loss of his family fortune with a certain mature resignation, and to hold a job. All his life, though, he was a suffering individual; he never realized his considerable talents, and seemed to invite disasters. To the end, he remained appreciative and admiring of Freud, basking a little in being the most famous patient of the most famous of healers.

Freud began discussing the psychotherapist's art very early, in 1895, in the case reports he included in the *Studies on Hysteria.* He would still be writing on technique in old age: his papers "Analysis Terminable and Interminable" and "Constructions in Analysis" were both published in 1937, when he was over eighty. Faustian in his ambitions though normally modest in his therapeutic expectations, Freud was never wholly contented, never wholly at rest. Near the end of his life he came to wonder whether chemical medication might not some day supersede the laborious procedure of putting the patient on the couch and instructing him to talk. But until that day, he thought, the analytic encounter would remain the most dependable road leading away from neurotic suffering.

The history of Freud's recommendations to therapists over forty years is a study in the cultivation of alert passivity. In the late 1880s, he had used hypnotism on his patients; in the early 1890s, he had tried to get them to confess what troubled them, and to stop evading the sore points, by rubbing their foreheads and interrupting their narratives. His report of resolving in a single session the hysterical symptoms of Katharina during his Alpine summer holidays in 1893 still smacks of a hubristic trust in his healing powers, while his intrusive interpretations to Dora reflect an authoritarian style he was on the verge of relinquishing. Certainly by 1904, when he wrote the short paper "Freud's Psychoanalytic Method" for Leopold Löwenfeld's *Psychic Obsessive Manifestations,* most of his characteristic ideas on technique were in place.

Yet in 1910, speaking at the Nürnberg congress, he gave voice in "The Future Chances of Psychoanalytic Therapy" to his new, chastened mood, which was to prove permanent. He warned his fellow analysts that they all still faced demanding, so far unsolved, technical puzzles, and cautioned them that "nearly everything" in the field of technique "still awaits its definitive determination and much is only now beginning to become clear." This included the analyst's countertransference on the analysand and the technical modifications that the widening repertory of psychoanalytic treatment was beginning to impose on its practitioners.

In the same year, Freud published an energetic short paper attacking what he called "wild" analysis. Considering the casual use—really, abuse—of psychoanalytic vocabulary that would become fashionable in the 1920s, "On 'Wild' Analysis" proved prescient. He recalled an awkward visit from an "elderly lady," a divorcée in her late forties, "fairly well preserved" and "evidently not yet finished with her womanliness." After her divorce, she had begun to suffer from anxiety states, only intensified following a visit to a young physician who had bluntly told her that her symptoms were caused by "sexual neediness." He had offered her a choice of three ways back to health: she