Eight

Aggressions

Comprehensive and Momentous Things

Freud, like millions of others, experienced the Great War as a destructive, seemingly interminable disruption. But somewhat to his astonishment, for all his gloom, all his flare-ups of apprehension, those years of excitement and anxiety brought beneficial consequences for his work. He was seeing few patients, did only the lightest of editorial chores, and had no psychoanalytic congresses to attend. With nearly all of his followers in the army, he was lonely. "I often feel as alone as I did in the first ten years, when there was desert around me," he lamented to Lou Andreas-Salomé in July 1915. "But I was younger and still endowed with a boundless energy for endurance." He missed having patients, whose stimulus usually primed the pump of his theorizing and whose fees enabled him to perform his duties as a reliable provider. "My psychic constitution," he told Abraham late in 1916, "urgently requires the acquisition and the spending of money for my family as fulfillment of my father complex that I know so well." Yet the war years were far from barren. His unsought and unwelcome leisure simultaneously lowered Freud's morale and freed time for large-scale enterprises.

In November 1914, musing to Lou Andreas-Salomé about the war and the unfitness of the human animal for civilization, he had already hinted that he was busy "in secret" with "comprehensive and perhaps momentous things." It is highly probable that he was beginning to ruminate about producing an authoritative statement of fundamental psychoanalytic ideas. In December he told Abraham that if his low mood did not finally ruin his appetite for work, he might "ready a theory of neuroses with chapters on the fortunes of the drives, repression, and the unconscious." This laconic announcement contains in outline the substance of his secret plans. A month later, he lifted yet another veil when he wrote Frau Lou that his "depiction of narcissism" should "some day" be called *"metapsychological."** The connection he was making between narcissism and metapsychology was crucial. In his first thoughts on narcissism before the war, Freud had not yet walked through the door he had pushed open. Now he was getting ready to explore their larger implications.

Freud began to draft his "theory of neuroses," rapidly and energetically, early in 1915, writing what later became known collectively as his papers on metapsychology. The tortuous history of the book he was planning, even more than the segments that survive, suggests that he was working on something significant—or that something significant was working in him. In mid-February 1915, he asked Ferenczi to forward his "sheet on melancholy to Abraham directly"; the book was to contain a chapter on melancholia. As he had always liked to do, with Fliess above all, he was circulating drafts to his intimates. In early April, he reported to Ferenczi that he had completed two chapters, and attributed his "productivity probably to the splendid improvement in the activity of my bowels." Obviously, he did not exempt himself from the kind of analytic scrutiny he expended on others: "Whether I owe this to a mechanical factor, the hardness of the war-bread, or a psychological one, my necessarily changed relationship to money, I leave open." His mood held; late in April, he informed Ferenczi that "Drives, Repression, Unconscious," the first three chapters, were ready, and would be published that year in the *Internationale Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse.* He did not think the "introductory" paper on the drives "very alluring," but for the most part

*As Freud worked with his coinage "metapsychology," which he had first used in a letter to Fliess on February 13, 1896 (*Freud–Fliess,* 181 [172]), he defined it more and more strictly, as a psychology that analyzes the workings of the mind from three perspectives: the dynamic, the economic, and the topographic. The first of these perspectives entails probing mental phenomena to their roots in conflict-ridden unconscious forces mainly originating in, but not confined to, the drives; the second attempts to specify the quantities and vicissitudes of mental energies; the third undertakes to differentiate distinct domains within the mind. Together, these defining perspectives sharply distinguished psychoanalysis from other psychologies.

professed himself content, and he announced the need for another paper, one that would compare dreams with dementia praecox. "It, too, is already drafted."

Several other papers followed promptly—one on Freud's old favorite theme, dreams, another a deceptively short study titled "Mourning and Melancholia." In both Freud amplified the fertile and disturbing train of thought he had broached in his paper on narcissism: they deal with the ways that libido can be withdrawn from external objects, in sleep and in times of depression. By mid-June, Freud could tell Ferenczi, "True, I am working morosely, yet steadily. 10 of the 12 articles are ready. 2 of them, however (consciousness and anxiety) in need of revision. I have just completed [the paper on] conversion hysteria; obsessive neurosis and synthesis of transference neurosis still lacking." At the end of July, he wrote confidently to Lou Andreas-Salomé that the "fruit" of these months would "probably be a book consisting of 12 essays, introduced by [a chapter on] drives and their fortunes." He added that "it has just been finished except for the necessary reworking." War or not, it seemed that Freud's book on metapsychology would be published before long.

AS FREUD HAD TOLD Fliess in March 1898, metapsychology was designed to explicate that part of his psychology going beyond or, as he put it, "behind" consciousness. He quite obviously intended the term to have a polemical thrust: metapsychology was to rival, and to best, that grandiose and futile philosophical daydream, metaphysics. But when Freud had first used the word two years earlier, he had not yet determined its precise meaning. Metapsychology was, he wrote in December 1896, his "ideal and problem child." By early 1915, no less ideal but no longer so problematic and, for that matter, no longer a child, metapsychology seemed ready for definitive, formal presentation. The book, Freud wrote to Abraham in May, would be called *Preparatory Essays for Metapsychology,* and he would give it "to an uncomprehending world in calmer times." While Freud gave the impression of secure confidence, the title suggests some final hesitation, an attack of tentativeness. Freud, we know, was not a modest man; he frankly told Ferenczi, while he was engaged in writing these papers, "Modesty—I am enough of a friend to truth or, let us rather say, a friend to objectivity, to ignore this virtue." Defining his forthcoming book for Abraham, he classified it as "type and level of the VIIth chapter of *The Interpretation of Dreams.*" Yet he observed in the same letter, "I think on the whole it will be an advance." Evidently—the cautious title he was proposing only confirms this—he had some inkling that the book he was completing represented both a new

departure and a return to past theorizing. It might be obsolete the moment it was published.

In fact, Freud's papers on metapsychology retain more than historical interest. Had he written them in the 1920s, he would have phrased a number of things differently, even seen a number of things differently. He would have added fresh material. But for all that remodeling, the house of psychoanalysis would have remained recognizable. Among the papers Freud eventually chose to publish, the first, on the drives, would probably have required the most thoroughgoing revision, for, as "On Narcissism" had made uncomfortably plain, his division of the drives into ego drives and sexual drives had proved untenable. Indeed, in his 1915 paper on the drives, Freud frankly admitted that his "arrangement" would likely require rethinking: "It cannot claim the significance of a necessary premise," but is "a mere auxiliary construction, which is to be retained only as long as it proves useful."

In that introductory paper, he essentially recapitulated the definition of a drive that he had given a decade earlier, in the *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality;* it is the "psychical representative" of "stimuli originating within the body, reaching the mind"—the "demand," in his much-quoted phrase, "for work imposed on the mind by its connection with the body." To trace the workings of a drive, he noted, still following the *Three Essays,* we may discriminate among its "pressure" (its incessant energetic activity), its "aim" (satisfaction, achieved by removing the stimulus), its "object" (which can be extraordinarily diverse, since almost anything, including one's own body and the lessons of pleasurable experiences may provide paths to satisfaction), and its "source" (the somatic processes from which stimuli arise, and which lie outside the competence of psychology). Freud took particular pains to comment on the mobility of the drives, especially the sexual ones: the history of love grandly attests to this mobility. Love, Freud reminded his readers, begins as narcissistic self-absorption, and then, climbing a complicated ladder of development, links up with the sexual instincts to provide a sizable repertory of gratifications. And hate, a pendant to love as its opposite and its companion, provides still more material for diversity. No wonder that ambivalence, the coexistence in the same person of love and hate for the same object, is the most natural and most common of conditions. Humans, it would seem, are destined to navigate among opposites: love and hate, love and indifference, loving and being loved. In short, the paper concludes, the fortunes of the drives are determined by "the three great polarities that dominate mental life": the tensions between activity and passivity, the self and the external world, pleasure and unpleasure. This part of the map Freud would not have to redraw.

TRACING THE VICISSITUDES of instinctual energies, Freud noted that their transformations enable them to secure partial satisfaction even when direct gratification is blocked by what he called, with tantalizing brevity, "modes of *defense* against the drives." In this paper on the drives, returning to some of his theorizing of the late 1890s, he listed some of these defensive tactics; later, he would elaborate upon and discriminate among them. But in another paper of 1915, "Repression," Freud chose to make that single name stand for them all. Even after the mid-1920s, when he revived the old term "defense" and reduced "repression" to a name for one of several mechanisms, repression remained to his mind the model of defensive activity. It was, in his emphatic pictorial language, the cornerstone, the foundation, on which the house of psychoanalysis rests—"its most essential part."

Freud was always very proud of this discovery. He believed that he had been the first to dig down to the bedrock of mental functioning; when Rank showed him a passage in Schopenhauer that anticipated him by decades, he dryly commented that he owed his originality to his "meager reading." In some ways, his *Unbelesenheit* only underscored how innovative he was, and he was particularly pleased to note that his insight had emerged from his favorite source of information—the analytic hour. Once he had translated his patients' resistance into words, he wrote, he had the theory of repression in his grasp.

As Freud used "repression" in 1915, then, the term stood for an array of mental maneuvers principally designed to exclude an instinctual wish from awareness. Why, Freud asked, should repression arise at all? Gratifying the demands of a drive is after all pleasurable, and it seems odd that the mind should deny itself satisfaction. Freud did not spell out the answer in any detail, but it is implicit in his view of the mind as a battleground. There are all too many prospective pleasures that turn into pain because the human mind is not a monolith. What it desperately wants, it often no less desperately scorns, or fears. The Oedipus complex in its various incarnations is the most telling instance of such domestic conflicts: the boy's desire for his mother comes to seem immoral, impermissible, laden with danger; his death wish against his father, another desire, threatens self-condemnation or other catastrophic consequences.

Freud offered only elusive glimpses of these theoretical issues. In his most concrete manner, he preferred to illustrate his general point with clinical instances. In one analysand suffering from anxiety hysteria, a mixed erotic longing for, and fear of, his father disappears from awareness and is replaced by an animal phobia. Another analysand, in treatment for a conversion hysteria, attempts to repress not so much her scandalous desires as the affects

originally attached to them. Finally, an obsessional neurotic replaces hostile impulses directed against loved ones with all sorts of curious substitutes: excessive conscientiousness, self-reproaches, and preoccupations with trivia. In these striking examples, some of Freud's best-known patients—the Wolf Man, Dora, the Rat Man—take the stand to give their depositions.

A primitive form of repression arises early in infants' lives, and it subsequently branches out to include in its censorious work not just the impulse that is to be denied expression but its derivatives as well. Its strenuous operations, Freud emphasized, need to be repeated over and over: "Repression requires a continuous expenditure of energy." What has been repressed has not been wiped out. The old saying is wrong; out of sight is not out of mind. Repressed material has only been stored in the inaccessible attic of the unconscious, where it continues to luxuriate, pressing for gratification. Hence the triumphs of repression are at best temporary, always dubious. What has been repressed will return as a substitute formation or a neurotic symptom. That is why Freud saw the conflicts that beset the human animal as in essence unappeasable, perpetual.

IN "THE UNCONSCIOUS," the third and, significantly, the longest of his published papers on metapsychology, Freud mapped in some detail the arena in which most of these conflicts are fought out. Though his theory of the unconscious was one of Freud's most original contributions to general psychology, his view of the mind had a long and prestigious prehistory. Plato had envisioned the soul as two spirited winged horses, one noble and beautiful, the other coarse and insolent, pulling in divergent directions and virtually beyond their charioteer's control. With a rather different animus, Christian theologians taught that once Adam and Eve had fallen, humanity was torn between its duties to its divine creator and its carnal urges. Certainly, Freud's ideas about the unconscious were in the air in the nineteenth century and had already assumed some sophisticated guises.* Poets and philosophers had been speculating about the notion of mental activities beyond the reach of awareness; a century before Freud began to occupy himself with the unconscious, romantics like Coleridge could speak of "the twilight realms of consciousness," while Goethe, that romantic classicist, had found the idea of depths beyond depths in the psyche supremely attractive. In his *Prelude*, Wordsworth had celebrated the deep recesses in his heart as the realm in which he dwelt with pleasure. "I held unconscious intercourse with beauty," he wrote. "*Caverns* there were within my mind which sun / Could never penetrate." Some influential nineteenth-century psychologists, Johann Friedrich Herbart only the most eminent of them, made much of this idea. And among the philosophers whose influence Freud resisted but could hardly evade completely, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche repeatedly cautioned against overestimating the conscious at the expense of the unconscious forces in the mind.

*See p. 128.

What gave Freud's theory its unmatched explanatory range was that he assigned to the unconscious, with as much precision as is possible in this murky area, a stellar role in the making, and perpetuation, of psychological conflict. In 1915, he could not yet allocate unconscious mechanisms to their appropriate mental agencies; that had to wait until he completed his so-called structural system in the 1920s. He *could* unequivocally assert that since the psyche is subject to strict laws, the postulate of a secret mental domain is virtually required; this alone could account for such diverse phenomena as hypnotism, dreams, slips of the tongue and pen, symptomatic acts, self-contradictory and seemingly irrational behavior. The assumption of a dynamic unconscious, he argued, is more than merely justified, it is necessary.

To clarify, and make precise, what differentiates truly unconscious matters from those we happen not to have in mind at the moment, Freud restated a distinction he had already drawn in *The Interpretation of Dreams* between the preconscious and the unconscious. It is the latter, that untidy storehouse for the most explosive materials old and new, which preserves repressed ideas and affects, as well as the drives in their pristine form; the drives, Freud said flatly, can never become conscious without mediation or disguise. A strange place, that dynamic unconscious: laden to the brim with wishes, quite unable to entertain doubts, tolerate delay, or understand logic. Inaccessible as it may be to direct inspection, the psychoanalyst discovers its traces everywhere. In the metapsychological papers that he was so quickly turning out, Freud sought to establish its cardinal importance, beyond cavil, once and for all.

BUT IN SOME OBSCURE WAY, something was going wrong with his book. In mid-June 1915, he hinted to Ferenczi that he was not completely happy with the papers, that they lacked the proper finish. Two months later he wrote, again to Ferenczi, "The twelve articles are, as it were, ready." Freud's small reservation, "as it were"—*sozusagen*—is significant. He was revising, rethinking, holding back, apparently unable to master some lingering dissatisfaction. The first trio of papers, on the drives, repression, and the unconscious, duly appeared as advertised, in 1915. But then, silence.

No doubt, Freud found stepping back from clinical detail to gain a comprehensive overview a hazardous enterprise. It reawakened his urge for untrammeled flights of thought; he found it virtually impossible to tame his lust for speculation. In April, after completing the paper on repression, he defined

his writing—his "mechanism of production"—for Ferenczi's benefit as "the succession of boldly playing imagination and ruthlessly realistic criticism." But as spring went on, he silenced the criticism and gave his imagination free rein. In July he sent Ferenczi a draft of what he called a "phylogenetic fantasy," a fantasy carrying further the imaginative conjectures he had first rehearsed in *Totem and Taboo.* This was the twelfth and last of the metapsychological papers. It was nothing less than an attempt to show that modern desires and anxieties, passed on through the ages, are grounded in the childhood of humanity. One particularly sweeping implication of this Lamarckian fantasy* was embodied in Freud's proposal to plot the succession of neuroses onto a corresponding historical—or, rather, prehistorical—sequence. He was speculating that the relative ages at which moderns acquire their neuroses might recapitulate the course of events in the distant human past. Thus anxiety hysteria might prove to be a legacy from the ice age, when early mankind, threatened by the great freeze, had converted libido into anxiety. This state of terror must have generated the thought that in such a chilling environment, biological reproduction is the enemy of self-preservation, and primitive efforts at birth control must in turn have produced hysteria. And so on through the catalogue of mental distress. Ferenczi was supportive, indeed enthusiastic, but in the end, their joint speculation collapsed; as its incurable remoteness from empirical evidence became all too obvious, it lost all credibility. But while it lasted, Freud's phylogenetic fantasy at once elated and disturbed him.

NOT ALL OF FREUD'S time was occupied by theorizing and fantasizing, or by anxious reading of the newspapers and no less anxious waiting for news from his sons at the front. In the winter terms of 1915–16 and 1916–17, he delivered three series of general introductory lectures before sizable and growing audiences, with a view to publishing them. He spoke at his regular time, Saturday evening, and in his regular forum, the University of Vienna, aiming to acquaint "a mixed audience of physicians and laymen of both sexes" with the fundamentals of psychoanalysis. Among his most attentive listeners was his daughter Anna. He began with a short group of four lectures on slips, moved on to a more substantial series on dreams, and concluded with the longest series, on the theory of neuroses.

Freud had been acting as his own best popularizer for nearly two decades.

*During the war, as he told Abraham, he toyed with the possibility of enlisting Lamarck in the psychoanalytic cause by demonstrating Lamarck's idea of "need" to be nothing other than the "power of unconscious ideas over one's own body, of which we see remnants in hysteria, in short, 'the omnipotence of thought.'" (Freud to Abraham, November 11, 1917. *Freud–Abraham,* 247 [261–62].)

He had condensed his long, difficult *Interpretation of Dreams* into a lucid epitome, *On Dreams.* He had supplied chapters to collective volumes on psychiatry. He had contributed articles to encyclopedias. He had lectured on psychoanalysis to his fellow members of B'nai B'rith. In 1909, at Clark University, he had brilliantly distilled in five addresses the essence of his findings. But none of his ventures into the higher journalism proved so comprehensive and so prosperous as these introductory lectures. They were widely read and widely translated: perhaps 50,000 copies in German were sold in his lifetime, and there were at least fifteen translations, including Chinese, Japanese, Serbo-Croatian, Hebrew, Yiddish, and Braille. Freud, seasoned through years of experience, expended all his powers of persuasion on them. He lightened the intellectual burden on listeners and readers by skimming over the knottiest theoretical problems, deployed well-chosen anecdotes and apt quotations, genially anticipated objections, and admitted, here and there, his ignorance or fragmentary knowledge. The very sequence of the lectures was a cunning effort at seduction: by beginning with slips, Freud introduced his audiences to psychoanalytic ideas through ordinary, often amusing, mundane events; moving on to dreams, another mental experience familiar to all, he departed from the solid ground of common sense slowly, deliberately. He launched into a survey of the neuroses and of psychoanalytic therapy only after expounding the lawfulness of the mind and the ubiquity of the unconscious. Abraham was not alone in praising these performances for being "elementary" in the best sense—that is, for making only limited demands on their audiences; Freud's accomplished, utterly confident way of conveying his message would not, he thought, fail to be effective.

Abraham was right, but Freud was inclined to be very severe with these adroit recapitulations of his thought. He too had long called the lectures "elementary," but to him this meant that, certainly for knowledgeable readers like Lou Andreas-Salomé, they "contain absolutely nothing that could tell you anything new." Unjustly slighting their felicities and their innovative formulations, Freud found little to like in his presentations. They were, he wrote Frau Lou, "coarse stuff, intended for the multitude." It was the kind of stuff on which he would work, he told Abraham, when he was "very tired."

FATIGUE WAS A CONDITION about which Freud now complained a good deal. "The never-relaxing tension of the war years," he told Ferenczi as early as April 1915, "has an exhausting effect." In May 1916, he was sixty, and, thanking Max Eitingon for his congratulations, he pictured himself as entering the "age of dotage"—his *Greisenalter.* Abraham, the following spring, received an even more emphatic disclaimer. Sending greetings to Freud on his sixty-first birthday, he spoke glowingly of Freud's "freshness and delight

in creativity"; in reply, Freud gently chided him for constructing an idealized image of him and repeated his plaint: "In reality I have become rather old, a little fragile and tired."

Yet Freud's weariness was periodically relieved by the intriguing turns the world continued to provide. The death of Emperor Franz Josef on November 21, 1916, after nearly sixty-eight years on the throne, stirred Freud very little; he was far more engaged with the good news he conveyed to Frau Lou two days later about his sons at the front: his "warriors" were well. A little later, Germany's unrestricted U-boat offensive, launched on February 1, 1917, enlisted his interest. Abraham had persuaded himself that this campaign might soon bring victory and peace, but Freud, rather less sanguine, preferred to give the submarines half a year to show their mettle. "If," he wrote Ferenczi in April, "September has not demonstrated the overwhelming effectiveness of the U-boats, Germany will see an awakening from illusion with terrible consequences." Six weeks after the Germans had let loose their submarines, Freud laconically noted in his family calendar, usually reserved for birthdays and anniversaries, "Revolution in Russia." The February Revolution had swept away the Romanov dynasty, and put into its place a provisional government full of liberal promises and in search of a separate peace.

In view of his alert involvement in the news, it is striking that in his *Introductory Lectures,* Freud should have virtually nothing to say about the war. It was as though by concentrating on his task of summarizing and popularizing, he might escape the daily burden for a time. But Freud did not wholly resist reminding his hearers that they were meeting under a looming cloud raining down death and destruction. "Look away from the individual to the great war that is still ravaging Europe," he said in an exceptionally rhetorical passage, "think of the excess of brutality, cruelty, and mendacity which is now allowed to spread itself over the civilized world." Could one in the light of these horrors hold only "a handful of unscrupulous and ambitious men" responsible for "loosing all these evil spirits"? Were "the millions of the led not partially guilty, too"? Could one dare to maintain that "the mental constitution of humanity" did not contain a measure of evil? The full import of the war for the remaking of Freud's thinking, especially on aggression, would not clearly emerge until some years later. But this forceful paragraph, almost irrelevantly injected into a lecture on dream censorship, attests how insistently human pugnacity was on Freud's mind during these years.

By 1917, he mainly longed for the slaughter to end. The entry of the United States into the war in April on the side of the Allies made prospects of a victory of the Central Powers all the more remote. In October, more pessimistic than ever, Freud declared the German submarine campaign a failure. To exacerbate his gloom, the war was increasingly leaving its mark on

the home front. Life in Vienna was getting more and more difficult; food was scarce, fuel scarcer still. Hoarding and inflation in the cost of necessities made shortages all the more exasperating; and the official prices, already far too high, were of course greatly exceeded in the flourishing black market. Freud grumbled to his intimates, especially in winter, when he and his family did not have enough to eat and he sat in his unheated study trying to write, his fingers freezing. In January 1918, he dramatically headed a letter to Abraham, *"Cold tremor!"—Kältetremor!* Shipments of food from Ferenzci in Budapest and from friends in the Netherlands occasionally relieved the Freuds, but these were at best stopgaps.

In this dismal situation, Freud warily weighed rumors that he might be awarded the Nobel Prize. The latest recipient of the prize for physiology or medicine, the Austrian physician Robert Barany, had nominated him, but no prizes had been given for that category since 1914. Freud kept an eye out nevertheless. On April 25, 1917, he noted tersely in his calendar, "No Nobel Prize 1917." To be sure, in view of the resistance he expected, he would have been intensely surprised to be chosen. But Freud wanted that honor very much; he would have welcomed the recognition and could have used the money.

Certainly by 1917, after three years of war, nearly everything was calculated to irritate him. He kept up his morale by collecting bad jokes about the war, most of them untranslatable, primitive puns. One or two, scarcely worth rescuing, may survive into English. Here is one specimen: " 'Dear parents,' a Jew serving in the Russian army writes home, 'we are doing very well. We are daily retreating a few miles. God willing, I hope to be home on Rosh Hashana.' " But Ernest Jones continued to anger Freud with his predictions; when he suggested tactlessly in the fall of 1917 that German resistance was likely to prolong the war, Freud called that Jones's "authentic English manner." Admittedly, he wrote to Abraham in November 1917, "things are still very interesting." At the same time, though, he immediately added, "one ages quickly, and at times doubts arise whether one will live to see the end of the war, whether I shall see you again, etc." He was acting, in any event, as "though the end of all things were imminent," and had just decided to publish two more of his metapsychological papers. One thing that naturally aroused his interest was the Bolshevik revolution and Lenin's rise to power; it took Russia out of the war. News of the armistice between the Bolshevik regime and the Central Powers in December pleased him very much. So did the Balfour Declaration, promising a homeland to the Jews. By this time he had discarded all remaining illusions about the justice of "his" cause and the invincibility of German arms. "I judge the times most pessimistically," he wrote to Ferenczi in October. He took the view that "if there is

no parliamentary revolution in Germany," the war would go on to a bitter end. Freud had believed that the Allied powers had lied about their war aims; he was now persuaded that his own side was no less mendacious. As he told Abraham late in 1917, he was on a war footing with writing and with much else, including "your dear German fatherland." The great German offensive in March 1918 left him cold: "I confess myself to be weary and sick of the struggle." He supposed that the idea of a German victory, which seemed still possible, might raise Abraham's spirits. But it did not raise his own. He was avid for creature comforts: "I have been a carnivore; perhaps the unaccustomed diet is contributing to my listlessness." Everyone, except perhaps the German high command, was feverishly waiting for peace to arrive, as President Woodrow Wilson's program, the Fourteen Points he had outlined to Congress and the world in January 1918, gave new hope for an end to the slaughter. Freud, too, had long looked ahead to the day of peace as an "ardently awaited date."

DURING ALL THIS TIME, Freud had been tantalizing his friends with references to his book on metapsychology. In the spring of 1916, thinking out loud to Lou Andreas-Salomé, he told her that "it cannot be printed before the end of the war." As usual, Freud dwelling on death dwelt on his own: "Life spans are incalculable," and he should much have liked to see the book in print. Interestingly enough, he made death a prominent theme in "Mourning and Melancholia," one of the two metapsychological papers he finally brought out late in 1917. More perhaps than anything else Freud wrote in these years, rivaling in this respect "On Narcissism," this paper hints at the revision in his thinking he would bring to fruition after the war.

Melancholia, Freud argued, resembles mourning in being marked by loss of interest in the outside world, persistent low spirits, indifference to work and love. But beyond that, melancholiacs load themselves down with self-reproaches, display low self-esteem, and in delusional ways anticipate some sort of punishment. They are in mourning, but in a particular way: they have lost an object to which they have been greatly attached and with which they identify. Freud had been saying for some years that virtually all sentiments of love are ambivalent, virtually all contain elements of rage and hostility. The melancholiacs' rage against themselves, their self-hatred and self-torment, are, then, enjoyable expressions of sadistic fury with the lost object. Sufferers from this disorder will resort to suicide, obviously the most extreme consequence of melancholia, only when their ego treats itself with unmitigated severity as a hated object. Years before Freud formally elevated aggression into a drive ranking with libido, he clearly perceived the power of aggressiveness—here directed against oneself.

This was one way that "Mourning and Melancholia" was prophetic. Freud's brief discussion of self-punishment was another. The self-abasement and self-denigration of melancholiacs, he wrote, are persuasive evidence that their ego has split off a part of itself. Their ego has created, as it were, a special mental agency designed to judge, normally to condemn. This, Freud noted, is an extreme, indeed morbid, form of what people commonly call the conscience. He had as yet no special name for this censorious agency, but there could be no doubt that it was intimately related to what he was then calling the ego ideal and would later explore under the name "superego."*

"Mourning and Melancholia," then, shows a Freud in transition. But what of the other seven papers, all written but not yet scheduled for publication? That rest, Freud told Ferenczi in November 1917, deserved suppression and silence: *Der Rest darf verschwiegen werden.* He had been dropping dark confidences to his trusted Abraham that this was somehow not a good time for the book. Nor did it seem to be getting better with the passing months. In the early summer of 1918, he protested a little mysteriously to Lou Andreas-Salomé, who had long been pressing him to publish these papers, that it was not just fatigue that held him back, but "also other indications." Whatever those indications were, they prevailed. At some point, while he was firing these intermittent salvos of hints and excuses, Freud put an end to his uncertainty by destroying the remaining papers.

It was, and is still, a puzzling gesture. Theoretical conundrums had not reduced Freud to silence before; difficulties in presentation had never held terrors for him. The war, of course, explains much. With his "warriors" Martin and Ernst daily in danger, Freud did not find the times propitious for originality. But then, Freud was not proposing to be original in his twelve chapters on metapsychology. Besides, he had more time on his hands than he liked or could use productively, and he had discovered that work, when he could flog himself to do it, was an anodyne. The book on metapsychology could have been a welcome escape from the newspapers. The real reasons for the collapse of his project lie concealed in the project itself.

The silent, eloquent drama of the book that was never finished lies in its timing above all. The foundations that Freud had intended to lay down definitively for his adherents and against his rivals were shifting in his hands.

*Freud discussed the self-punishing work done by this special, as yet unnamed agency in two other short papers of the time, both published in 1916: "Those Wrecked by Success," in which he showed that those who develop neurotic troubles at the moment of triumph are kept from enjoying that triumph by their punitive conscience; and "Criminals from a Sense of Guilt," in which he analyzed the neurotic need for punishment. In both papers, childish oedipal crimes, more imagined than real, turn out to be important instigators.

He was not undergoing a conversion; the shibboleths of psychoanalysis—the dynamic unconscious, the work of repression, the Oedipus complex, the conflicts between drives and defenses, the sexual origins of neuroses—remained intact. But much else had become open to question. The paper on narcissism was an early, florid symptom of important second thoughts, and the destruction of seven papers on metapsychology was in its way just as symptomatic. The Freud of the war years did not yet see very clearly what needed doing. As in the late 1890s, he was in one of his obscurely creative phases, in which agonizing was a sign of great things to come, dimly aware that (as he might have put it) he was pregnant once again.

UNEASY PEACE

All during the fall of 1918, Vienna was astir with rumors of peace. The secret talks Austrian diplomats had initiated in the spring of 1917 to secure a separate peace, behind Germany's back, had been clumsy and amateurish and had predictably come to nothing. But in early September 1918, after more than another year of costly fighting, the government in Vienna, facing hunger at home and almost certain defeat at the front, made a more far-reaching overture to the Allies. It proposed that the belligerents meet to negotiate an end to the war. Having barely faced down strikes and mutinies earlier in the year, Austria was now prepared to make extensive territorial concessions, though not to abandon the principle of the multinational empire. In mid-October, the Allied powers, on the way to victory, rejected the offer; the settlement the Austrians proposed did not go far enough. There was near chaos in the ministries; one historian has compared the situation to "the frantic and senseless knocking about of a drowning man." The sense of confusion infected the public. Freud, writing to Eitingon on October 25, found the times "frightfully thrilling. It is good," he added, "that the old should die, but the new is not yet here."

By this time, the theater of war had shrunk; though the slaughter went on unabated on the western front, fighting in the east was winding down. Russia had been definitively out of the war since early March, when the Central Powers, inexorable and vindictive, had imposed the draconian Treaty of Brest-Litovsk on the new, untried Soviet regime. Another minor triumph for the Central Powers came in May, when Rumania, long partially occupied

by their troops, also made peace. On the other side, Bulgaria, which had veered between the belligerents before casting its lot with the Germans and Austrians in late 1915, was forced to conclude an armistice with the Allies in late September 1918. In the following month, after spectacular, almost legendary desert exploits in the Near East, the British forced Turkey, too, to submit.

Ultimately, it was not civilians' prayerful wishes, but Allied arms, coupled with the grandiose visions Woodrow Wilson had conjured up, that brought the Great War to an end. British and French and, later, American troops turned back the powerful German spring offensive in France. Early in June 1918, the Germans were stopped about forty miles from Paris, and in the middle of July, the great counteroffensive began. From then on there was no stopping the Allies. Toward the end of September, General Ludendorff, intent on keeping Allied troops off German soil at all cost, called for negotiations. The collapse of the Kaiser's forces, one of the most formidable war machines in history, was at hand—and so was peace.

In September, the month Ludendorff acknowledged the inevitable, Freud's spirits were further raised by an international congress of psychoanalysts, held in Budapest.* The last previous meeting had taken place in 1913, in Munich. Freud sorely needed the cheering reunions such a conclave promised; he had not seen Abraham for four years, since the outbreak of hostilities. In August he told Abraham that he had been "too furious and too starved" to answer his last letter—for that indefatigable letter writer a sure sign of exceedingly low morale. The congress, first planned for Breslau, convened in Budapest on September 28 and 29. It was necessarily much truncated and narrowed down in attendance; of the forty-two participants, two were Dutch, three German, thirty-seven from Austria-Hungary. Still, it was a congress. Freud delivered, not his usual free talk, but a formal lecture in which he sketched out departures in technique and called for the establishment of psychoanalytic clinics that would enable the poor to benefit from treatment. It was a festive occasion, complete with receptions and splendid accommodations; the analysts were put up at the elegant Gellert Hotel. A month later, Freud still savored the memory; with undisguised satisfaction, he recalled to Abraham "the beautiful Budapest days."

The congress was, as Ernest Jones has observed, the first "at which official

*During the summer of 1918, Freud had still another reason for being of good cheer. Anton von Freund, a rich brewer of Budapest, had responded to an operation for cancer with a neurosis, of which Freud seems to have relieved him. Grateful, and mindful that the cancer might still recur, von Freund arranged to subsidize a publishing house that would specialize in psychoanalytic publications and make Freud, and psychoanalysis in general, independent of other publishers. This was done, and it became one of Freud's chores to superintend the *Verlag*.

representatives of any Government were present, in this case of the Austrian, German and Hungarian Governments." The reason was a thoroughly practical one, "the increasing appreciation of the part played by 'war neuroses' in military calculations." The presence of official observers exemplifies, in its way, the strange dialectic of life and death in the history of psychoanalysis. The ideas of Freud, which in times of peace psychiatrists had been so reluctant to take seriously, now gathered prestigious support among physicians assigned to army hospitals and faced with shell-shocked soldiers. For some, the Great War had been a vast laboratory in which to verify psychoanalytic propositions. "Fate," the British psychiatrist W. H. R. Rivers said in 1917, "would seem to have presented us at the present time with an unexampled opportunity to test the truth of Freud's theory of the unconscious, in so far as it is concerned with the production of mental and functional nervous disorders." In the past, facing pressure from military authorities, psychiatrists had not resisted—indeed, by and large had shared—the facile notion that a soldier exhibiting the symptoms of a "war neurosis" must be malingering and should be unceremoniously sent back to the front, if not court-martialed. Yet a certain awareness grew, among physicians serving the Allies no less than the Central Powers, that, in Freud's words, "only the smallest proportion of war neurotics . . . were malingerers." The Budapest congress featured, topically enough, a symposium on the psychoanalysis of war neuroses, for which Ferenczi, Abraham, and Ernst Simmel prepared papers. Simmel, a German physician, was a particularly welcome recruit; he had discovered psychoanalysis in a psychiatric hospital for soldiers during the war. In the end, though, nothing came of the ambitious project, proposed by the delegates of the Central Powers in Budapest, for centers in which sufferers from war neuroses would be treated with purely psychological methods. The revolutions sweeping over the defeated nations intervened with irresistible speed.

FREUD'S LACONIC CALENDAR entries, punctuated with exclamation points, record the rush of events almost day by day. October 30: "Revolution Vienna & Budapest." November 1: "Traffic with Germany and Hungary interrupted." November 2: "Oli[ver] back. Republic in Bulgaria?" November 3: "Armistice with Italy. War over!" On November 4, he found time to think of his own affairs: "Nobel Prize set aside." November 6: "Revolution in Kiel." November 8: "Republic in Bavaria!! Traffic with Germ[any] interr[upted]." November 9: "Republic in Berlin. Wilhelm abdicates." November 10: "Ebert German Chancellor. Armistice conditions." November 11: "End of war. [Austria's] E[mperor] Karl renounces [throne]." November 12: "Republic and Anschluss with Germany"—the latter a little premature; the victors

would not permit Austria and Germany to merge—"participated in panic." Four days later, on November 16: "Republic in Hungary." The "evil war dream" was over at last.

Other dreams, only little less nightmarish, were waiting in the wings. Martin, on the Italian front, had been out of touch with his family for some weeks; not until November 21 could Freud note in his calendar, "Martin in captivity since Oct[ober] 27." The Italians had taken his whole unit prisoner after hostilities were actually over. Nor could Freud extract any tranquility from the tense world of politics; the carnage that had put an end to the old Romanov dynasty would spare neither the Hohenzollern nor the Habsburg imperial houses. To Freud's rather grim satisfaction, the Austro-Hungarian empire was being dismantled. He had no illusions about its prospects for survival and, by that time, no regrets. In late October, before its fate was decided, he had already told Eitingon, "I weep not a single tear for *this* Austria or *this* Germany."

While Freud found it a relief to think that the new Germany would not turn Bolshevik, he predicted—correctly enough—that the collapse of the German empire, so long and so arrogantly led by that "incurable romantic" Wilhelm II, would drag bloody clashes in its wake. But he reserved his greatest fury for the dynasty under which he had lived all his life: "The Habsburgs have left behind nothing but a pile of muck." In late October, giving advice consistent with this scornful view, he urged Ferenczi, "a Hungarian patriot," to withdraw his libido from his fatherland and make it over, for the sake of mental balance, to psychoanalysis instead. He was trying to muster sympathy for the Hungarians, he said mischievously later that week, but discovered that he could not manage it. Among his associates, only Hanns Sachs could wring some humor from the revolution in Austria, which was far less sanguinary than revolutions elsewhere; Sachs imagined, for Jones's benefit, placards being put up reading, "The Revolution will take place tomorrow at two-thirty; in the case of unfavorable weather it will be held indoors."

There was in fact nothing amusing about the months after the conclusion of hostilities. Pitched battles between armies at the front were succeeded by pitched battles between radical and reactionary militants in the streets; months of disorder made the political future of Germany, of Austria, and of Hungary a prey to speculation and dismal prognoses. Eitingon wrote to Freud toward the end of November, "The old that had seemed quite solid had become so rotten that as it was removed, no signs of resistance became visible." In late December 1918, returning to English now that the war was over, Freud put his "dear Jones" on notice not to "expect me or any of ours in England next spring; it seems quite improbable that we should be able to travel in a few months, peace being put up until June or July." Writing to

his proven friend, Freud felt free to include a request with his social reportage: "I am sure you cannot conceive what our condition here really is. But you should come over as soon as you can, have a look upon what was Austria, and," he did not forget to mention, "bring my daughter's boxes with you."

In January 1919, Freud summed up the new situation tersely: "Money and taxes are now quite repulsive topics. Now we are really eating ourselves up. All four years of war were a joke compared to the bitter gravity of these months, and surely the next ones, too." Reflecting on the disordered political scene in Central Europe, Freud conceded to Jones that the warnings he had once rejected as British chauvinism had proved correct: "All your predictions about the war and its consequences have come true." Freud stood "ready to confess that fate has not shown injustice and that a German victory might have proved a harder blow to the interests of mankind in general." But this handsome acknowledgment did not ease the lot of Freud and his family. "It is no relief to have his sympathy placed on the winning side if one's wellbeing is staked on the losing one." And that well-being was being steadily undermined. "We are all of us slowly failing in health and bulk." But then, Freud quickly added, he and his family were far from alone "in this town, I assure you. Prospects are dark."

Slow, contentious work on the peace treaties did not make these prospects any brighter. Convening in Paris in January 1919 to begin redrawing the map of Central Europe, the victorious nations were less united at the conference table than they had been in running the war. Britain's prime minister, David Lloyd George, proclaimed his determination to hang the Kaiser and to squeeze the Germans "until the pips squeak." He would be marginally more conciliatory once he sat down to negotiate, but Georges Clemenceau, his French counterpart, was implacable. It went without saying that Alsace-Lorraine, which had fallen to Germany in 1871, after the Franco-Prussian War, would be returned to France. The German Rhineland, rich in natural resources, offered the French other possible rewards. But the victors had to reckon with Woodrow Wilson, the self-intoxicated prophet from the west, who was orating his way across Europe with his dazzling message of self-determination, democracy, open diplomacy, and above all hope. He believed, he told his listeners in Manchester in a characteristic speech in December 1918, that "men are beginning to see, not perhaps the golden age, but an age which at any rate is brightening from decade to decade, and will lead us some time to an elevation from which we can see the things for which the heart of mankind is longing."

Others had less exalted visions of the future. Freud, for one, was growing uneasy about Wilson's prophecies and, even more, about his character; saviors were never among his favorites.* But at the beginning of Wilson's European mission Freud had been no less bewildered, and little less impressed, than most others. "Recently," he informed Abraham early in 1919, "I had a visit from an American on Wilson's staff." Clearly Freud had become a savant with an international reputation. "He came accompanied by two baskets of provisions and exchanged them against copies of [*Introductory*] *Lectures* and [*The Psychopathology of*] *Everyday Life.*" What is more, "he allowed us to have confidence in the President." The provisions, we know from Freud's American nephew Edward Bernays, included a box of his "beloved Havana cigars." No wonder that by April, Freud could sound positively serene in the midst of deprivation and uncertainty. "The first window opening in our cage," he wrote Ernest Jones. "I can write you directly and a closed letter." The wartime censorship had been terminated. What is more, Freud no longer felt so isolated. "I was extremely glad to hear," he added, "that five years of war and separation did not succeed in deteriorating your kind feelings for our crew." Still better, "psychoanalysis is flourishing I am glad to learn from everywhere."

IN THE COURSE OF 1919, a series of treaties officially ratified the collapse of the Central European empires. In June, the Germans were compelled to sign the Treaty of Versailles. It stripped them of Alsace-Lorraine, which went back to France; the small but strategic districts of Eupen and Malmédy, awarded to Belgium; their colonies in Africa and the Pacific, which were to become mandates under Allied supervision; and parts of the eastern provinces of Posen and West Prussia, from which, eked out with territory from Austria and Russia, the victors carved out a revived Poland. The new Germany was a geographic monstrosity, a country split in two, with East Prussia an island surrounded by Polish territory. Possibly even more damaging to the morale of the Germans was their signing of the notorious Article 231 of the peace treaty, which declared their country wholly responsible for causing the war.

The Austrians' turn came in September 1919, when they accepted an almost equally harsh treaty at St. Germain. They gave up what was to become a truncated Hungary as well as the Bohemian and Moravian lands soldered together into a new creation, independent Czechoslovakia. In addition, the Austrians signed away territories like the Trentino and South Tyrol, which went to Italy. To accommodate the southern Austrian province of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the busy mapmakers invented a Balkan concoction called Yugoslavia. As we know, the prospect of old Austria being broken up had given Freud considerable satisfaction almost a year before the Treaty of St. Ger-

*For Freud on Wilson, see pp. 553–62.

main made it official. His new homeland, explicitly prohibited from uniting with the German republic, was a curious construction, inviting the sour observation that Austria had become a hydrocephalic monster. Tired as the remark soon became, it was appropriate: one metropolis, Vienna, a city of two million, presided over a shrunken hinterland of just five million more. For months before the peace treaty was finally signed, the Allies had made their intentions plain. "Today we learn," Freud had noted in March 1919, that "we are not permitted to join Germany but must yield up South Tyrol. To be sure, I'm not a patriot, but it is painful to think that pretty much the whole world will be foreign territory."

Stefan Zweig, one of Freud's recent acquaintances, later remembered this postwar Austria precisely that way, as "an uncertain, gray, and lifeless shadow of the former imperial monarchy." The Czechs and the other nationalities had torn away their lands; what remained was a "mutilated rump, bleeding from all arteries." Cold, hungry, impoverished, German Austrians had to live with the fact that "the factories which had once enriched the land" were now in foreign territory, "the railways had shrunk to pathetic stumps," and "the national bank had been deprived of its gold." There was "no flour, no bread, no coal, no petroleum; a revolution seemed inescapable, or else some catastrophic solution." In those days, "bread tasted of pitch and glue, coffee was a decoction of roasted barley, beer a yellow water, chocolate colored sand, potatoes frozen." Lest they forget the taste of meat entirely, people raised rabbits or shot squirrels. Just as they had late in the war, profiteers ran a flourishing black market, and people returned to the most primitive barter to keep body and soul together. Anna Freud later confirmed Zweig's assessment. The bread, she recalled, was "mouldy" and there were "no potatoes to be had." At one point, Freud wrote a paper for a Hungarian periodical and asked to be paid not in money but in potatoes; the editor, who lived in Vienna, carried them to Berggasse 19 on his shoulders. "My father always referred to that paper as the 'Kartoffelschmarrn.' " In March 1919, Freud reported to Ferenczi that the government planned to "abolish meatless weeks, and replace them with meatless months. A foolish hungry joke!"

Freud could take these irritating and debilitating consequences of the war with more equanimity than many because one of his greatest anxieties, over his son Martin, had been happily dispelled. After he had been taken prisoner by the Italians late in October, Martin had for some time dropped from sight. Once word had come, almost a month later, that Martin was alive, though confined to a hospital, Freud made inquiries, sent money, and peppered his letters with little communiqués about his son the prisoner. In April 1919, he told Abraham that news from Martin was rare but not unpleasant, and in May he could inform his English nephew Samuel that while Martin was "still a prisoner" near Genoa, he "seems to be in good condition judging by his letters." He was set free some months later, "in excellent condition." Martin was fortunate; more than 800,000 Austro-Hungarian soldiers had died at the front or from sickness during the war.

The condition of Freud himself, and of his immediate family, though, was rather forlorn. Preoccupation with sheer survival came to dominate his life, and his correspondence, for two years and more. Food in Vienna was no less unpalatable or inadequate, heating materials were no less unobtainable, than they had been during the last two years of the war. The government tightly rationed all necessities; even milk was hard to come by. There were weeks when beef was available only to hospitals and to such public employees as firemen and streetcar conductors. Rice was offered as a substitute for meat, and sauerkraut was supposed to take the place of potatoes. Even those holding rationing coupons for soap could not find any in the stores. There was virtually no petroleum or coal to be had, and one stubby half candle was all a household could claim in January 1919. Tenderhearted individuals and organizations across the Western world, committees in country after country, responded to the desperate appeals of Austrian politicians and took up collections for Austrians. By early 1919, former enemies were sending wagonloads of essentials. But they were never enough. "Our nutrition is still, despite all the magnanimity of the Allies, scanty and miserable," Freud wrote in April 1919, "really a starvation diet"—*Hungerkost.* Infant mortality was rising at an alarming rate, as was tuberculosis. One Austrian authority, a physiologist named Durig, estimated that in the winter of 1918–19, the daily calorie intake per person would be 746.

Freud's letters frankly document the impact of the general misery on his own household. He was writing in a "bitterly cold room" and searched in vain for a usable fountain pen. As late as 1920, he was bedeviled by the paper shortage. Freud thought himself anything but querulous. "We have grown hungry beggars all of us here," he wrote to Ernest Jones in April 1919. "But you shall hear no complaints. I am still upright and hold myself not responsible for any part of the world's nonsense." But in what he liked to call his "cheerful pessimism," the pessimism was increasingly driving out the cheerfulness. Certainly Freud liked nothing less than being a beggar, but, busy surviving in postwar Vienna, he did not hesitate to disclose his precarious situation to others. He had never cultivated lip-biting asceticism, and now he was simply acquainting outsiders, obviously ill-informed, with his family's predicament. "If you press me to inform you," he scolded Jones a little indignantly in May 1919, "where and when we shall meet this summer or autumn, whether an ordinary congress should be held or a meeting of the comité instead, I cannot but infer that you know nothing of the conditions

we live in and get no light on Austria by your papers." He had no idea when he could resume normal travel. "It all depends on the state of Europe in general and of this neglected unhappy corner in particular, on the signing of peace, on the improvement of our money, the opening of the borders etc." But he was not complaining!

There was in truth much to complain about. Despite all the consoling news about the spread of psychoanalysis, and all of Freud's resourcefulness and stoical posture, he felt compelled to admit that life was no joy. "We are passing through bad times," he told his nephew Samuel in the spring of 1919; "as you know by the papers, privations and uncertainty all around." A touching letter of thanks that Martha Freud wrote Ernest Jones in April 1919 shows just how extensive the privations were. Jones had sent her an "absolutely beautiful jacket," which, it turned out, not only suited her perfectly but "Annerl" as well; hence she and her youngest daughter would wear it alternately during the summer. In mid-May, though, Martha Freud came down "with a genuine grippe-pneumonia." The doctors advised Freud not to worry, but influenza was a most worrisome illness for those who, like Martha Freud, had to fight it undernourished, worn down with years of sheer coping under difficult circumstances. In truth the "Spanish influenza," often leading to lethal pneumonia, had been killing untold thousands since the previous winter. As early as the fall of 1918, Viennese schools and theaters were intermittently closed to reduce the risk of infection. All in vain, as wave upon wave struck vulnerable populations. Women were more susceptible than men, but men, too, died in appalling numbers. Before the influenza epidemic waned more than two years later, some 15,000 Viennese perished. But Martha Freud got over her influenza, though it proved tenacious; two weeks after she had come down with it, she was still "abed with a strong grippe, overcame a pneumonia but shows no good tendency to recover strength and has this very day begun to fever afresh." Not until early July could Freud report his wife fully restored.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1919, while his wife was recuperating in a sanatorium, Freud managed to spend a month in a favorite Austrian spa, Bad Gastein, accompanied by his sister-in-law Minna. He was a little apologetic about choosing such an expensive resort, but defended it on the ground that the cold season ahead made it necessary to store up as much recuperative strength as possible. "Who knows," he remarked to Abraham, "how many of us will weather the next winter, of which much evil is to be expected." Late in July he was glad to report to Jones that he had "nearly completely recovered from the scratches and bruises of this year's life." He was, at sixty-three, still resilient.

But once back in Vienna, Freud faced stark reality again. "Life is very hard with us," he wrote in October, replying to an inquiry from his nephew Samuel. "I do not know what the English papers tell you, may be they dont exaggerate. The scarcity of provisions and the deterioration of money are pressing mostly on the middle classes and on those who earn their livelihood by intellectual work. You must keep in view that all of us have lost 19/20 of what we possessed in cash." An Austrian krone was worth less than a penny now and steadily dropping in value. Besides, "Austria (Deutsch-Oesterr.) never could produce as much as it wanted"; and Freud reminded his nephew that "not only the former provinces of the Empire but also our own countries are boycotting Vienna in the most reckless way, that industry has come to a dead stop by want of coal and materials, and that buying and importing from the foreign countries is impossible." The unfavorable balance of trade, the flight of capital, the need to import ever more expensive raw materials and foodstuffs, the precipitous decline in the production of goods for export in what remained of Austrian lands, produced a spiraling, devastating inflation. By December 1922, the Austrian krone, which had been five to the dollar before the outbreak of the war, was about 90,000 to the dollar. The collapse of the currency ended only after complex negotiations with international bankers and foreign governments.

SAMUEL FREUD, A PROSPEROUS merchant in Manchester, became the favorite recipient of Freud's purposeful jeremiads. The family, Freud told him, was "living on small diet. The first herring some days ago was a treat to me. No meat, not enough bred, no milk, potatoes and eggs extremely dear at least in crowns." Fortunately, his brother-in-law Eli, living in the United States, "has become a very rich man," and his help "has enabled us to save the existence of the female members of the family." The Freud clan, he added, "is dissolving rapidly." Two of his sisters, Dolfi and Pauli, and his mother, had been sent off to the spa of Ischl to spend the winter there under less stringent conditions. His sister-in-law Minna, unable to stand freezing Vienna, had escaped to Germany, which was marginally better off. Except for Anna, who "will be the only child left to us," his children were out of the house. Speaking of himself, Freud noted matter-of-factly, "You know I have a big name and plenty of work but I cannot gain enough and I am eating up my reserves." Responding to Samuel's "kind offer," he listed "the articles of food we need most: fat, corned beef, cocoa, tea, english cakes and what not."* Meanwhile, Max Eitingon in Berlin, rich and thoughtful, was lending

*His diet was of absorbing interest to Freud, not without reason. Late in 1919, he informed Eitingon that a "Mr. Viereck, journalist, politician, writer, a quite handsome fellow, even offered me 'food.'

him money; but that, Freud told him candidly, was a useless gesture as long as it was Austrian currency. He himself had "more than a hundred thousand" of worthless kronen. But Eitingon was also sending food—*Lebensmittel*—the "stuff of life," as the Germans felicitously call it. Nor did he forget, Freud gratefully acknowledged, coining a neologism for the occasion, the "stuff of work"—*Arbeitsmittel*—which is to say, cigars. They bolstered Freud for further endurance.

Indefatigably, Freud mobilized his relatives abroad to keep up the flow of supplies to Vienna. "Following Martha's direction," he asked his nephew Samuel early in 1920 to choose for him a "soft shetland cloth—pepper and salt or mouse-grey, or tête de nègre in colour—sufficient for a suit" appropriate "for spring and autumn." Freud continued to dispatch such commissions to England and America for several years. As late as 1922, he asked his family in Manchester to buy him some "strong boots" of the "*best* quality," since the pair he had bought in Vienna had fallen apart. He faithfully monitored all arriving shipments and checked their contents against the letters announcing their dispatch.

Such preoccupation with all these practical matters was psychologically necessary to Freud. Fascinating as political developments continued to be, they gave him no opportunity to assert even the slightest control over events. "The next months will be, I expect, full of dramatic movement," he predicted to Eitingon in May 1919. "But we are not spectators, not actors, in fact not even chorus, but merely victims!" He could hardly bear that. "I am very tired," he confessed to Ferenczi in the early summer of 1919, "more than that, malicious, corroded by impotent rage." To take care of his family was an escape from that impotence.

Freud showed himself a competent provider. Far from being the unworldly *Herr Professor* who made his wife relieve him of all domestic detail, he diligently compiled lists of goods, sent off itemized requests, recommended suitable packing materials—leakproof containers for food—and cursed the mails. During the months of revolution, when communications with foreign countries were for all practical purposes cut off, Freud realistically warned his patrons abroad that sending gifts to Vienna was extremely chancy. It was essential to relay packages through the English military mission in Vienna; ordinary food parcels only fed "the customs officials or the railway workmen." In late November 1919, Freud could report that "our condition has improved

I accepted with the observation that a diet of meat will certainly once again raise my capacity to produce." (The word "food" is in English. Freud to Eitingon, November 19, 1919. By permission of Sigmund Freud Copyrights, Wivenhoe.)

somewhat by gifts not sent but brought by friends from Holland and Switzerland, friends and pupils I should say." He was ready to find at least some consolation in these dismal days. "It is one of the good things of these miserable times," he told his Manchester nephew, "that connection between us has been reopened."

The undependability of foreign shipments was a continual irritant to him. On December 8, 1919, Freud informed his nephew that Martin had been married the day before, and added, virtually in the same breath, that a promised parcel had not arrived. He had little time for sentiment. "I have no hope it may still reach us." A few days later, thanking Samuel warmly for his concern—"you behave so friendly towards your poor relatives"—he urged him to mail nothing further until he had word that packages had actually got through to Vienna. "You seem not to be aware of the whole amount of governmental stupidity in D[eutsch] Oest[erreich]." Freud's English may have been a little formal, a little stiff, but it was pungent enough to supply him with eloquent, bitter epithets to characterize the German Austrian bureaucracy.

Denunciation was a form of action for Freud. One of his favorite German poets, Schiller, had once said that against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain, but even the stupidity of Austrian officialdom did not reduce Freud to hopelessness. "None of your parcels did arrive," he informed Samuel in late January 1920, "but we hear they still may as the time of their travelling is often more than three months." He thought of everything. In October 1920, he reported that "three of your parcels have arrived," though "one of them absolutely stripped of its contents." At least Samuel Freud should not be the loser: "A deposition has been taken here at the post-office (Protokoll) and I have been advised to inform the dispatcher, so I hope you will get the assurance." As always, the wrapping mattered: "The two parcels happily landed were protected by sack-cloth, they brought a most welcome addition to our stores." But—there was always a but these days—"nearly all things in excellent condition, only the cheese being enveloped in paper had suffered by mould and affected the taste of some chocolate in sticks."

At times he gave vent to his exasperation. In May 1920, he wrote a blistering letter to the "Administration"—the American Relief Association in Vienna—complaining that a food package from the United States addressed to his wife (not then in town) had not been handed over to his son, "engineer O[liver] Freud," even though he had come "provided with power of attorney." The behavior of the agency seems rigid, but American relief officials had instituted the policy of delivering each package only to the actual addressee because too many so-called relatives had inundated their office with

spurious identifications. Freud was not impressed by such excuses. Oliver "had been kept waiting, standing around from 2:30 to 5," and sent away without the parcel. "His time also has some value," so it would be demanding too much of him "to repeat the same experience several times more." Since only the addressee was allowed to pick up a package, "I appeal to you to inform me in what manner the intentions of the sender of this gift should be realized." Freud was not yet done. Furious, he boasted of his international stature: "I shall not fail to inform the public in America, where I am not unknown, about the inadequacy of your operation." The incident had an epilogue at once farcical and pathetic. The head of the relief agency, Elmer G. Burland, who had studied some of Freud's writings in college at Berkeley several years before, took delight in delivering the food package in person. He was treated with exquisite rudeness: Freud insisted that he speak to Oliver in English (even though Burland's German was by then first-rate) and had Oliver translate Burland's words into German (even though, it need hardly be pointed out, Freud understood every word). Freud then replied in German and had his son translate *his* words into English (even though Burland obviously needed no interpreter). This petty, calculated, stagy revenge was a measure of Freud's rage and frustration.

FREUD'S LETTERS OF these years suggest that he had to steal the time to continue thinking and writing. It is poignant to see him—the most independent of men, who really had other things to think about—engrossed in keeping himself and his family in essentials. But he did not remain a mere recipient for long. As soon as he could, he reimbursed Eitingon and began to pay for the stream of provisions he was so efficiently importing. In February 1920, he asked his nephew to "accept the inlaying cheque for £4 (payment of an English patient)"; five months later, he sent eight pounds, and in October he insisted, with a little air of triumph, "I thank you heartily for all your care and trouble but if these sendings are to continue you must give me the prize it costs you. I have somewhat recovered by the treatment of foreign patients and am in possession of a deposit of good money at the Hague."

By that time, the situation in Austria had eased a little and the Freuds' situation along with it. Stefan Zweig recalled the years between 1919 and 1921 as the hardest. But, after all, there had been not much violence, only some fairly sporadic looting. In 1922 and 1923, there was enough food to go around. The Austrian psychoanalyst Richard Sterba remembers that it took five years after the war's end "for the first *Schlagobers,* whipped cream, so essential to Austrians, to appear in the *'Kaffeehaus.'* " With food and fuel

reappearing on the open market, "one was alive," in Zweig's words, "one felt one's powers." Freud, too, felt them. His clinical work, and the gifts his followers continued to send, ensured him an adequate living. "I am getting old, undeniably indolent and sluggish," he wrote to Abraham in June 1920, "also coddled and spoiled by the many presents of provisions, cigars, and money that people give me and that I must accept because otherwise I cannot live." By December 1921, life was again attractive enough to let him invite Abraham to stay at Berggasse 19; he baited his invitation with the tempting observation that the Freuds' guest room was not only far cheaper than a hotel, but heated.

Still, as we know, inflation was eating up those of Freud's savings that were in Austrian currency.* Nor were local politics any more appetizing. "With today's elections," Freud wrote to Kata Levy, a Hungarian friend and former analysand, in the fall of 1920, "the reactionary wave should be setting in here, too, after the revolutionary one had brought nothing pleasant. Which rabble is the worst? Surely always the one just on top." In politics, Freud was a man of the center, a position highly precarious and continuously imperiled during the unsettled postwar years. No wonder that when, in the summer of 1922, Eitingon invited him to settle in Berlin, Freud found the thought not unattractive. "For the eventuality that we must leave Vienna," he mused in a letter to Otto Rank, "because one can no longer live there and foreigners needing analysis no longer want to come, he is offering us a first shelter. If I were 10 years younger, I would weave all sorts of plans around this move."

The dislocations of the war had reduced most of Freud's offspring to dependents—his dependents. He was, he told Ernest Jones in the summer of 1919, "sending away all I can spare to my children at Hamburg bereft of their subsistence by the war. Of my boys only Oli the engineer has found some work for a time, Ernst is working at Munich for no salary and Martin whom we expect back in a few weeks would find himself on the street despite his many medals and decorations, if he had not an old father still at work." Nor was Oliver a dependable resource, for he was beset by neurotic difficulties that greatly troubled his father. Oliver, Freud confessed to Eitingon, "has often worried me." Indeed, "he needs therapy."

Freud's work was, no doubt, his financial salvation. The foreigners he was cultivating could pay him not merely in hard currency but also in hard cash. Writing to Leonhard Blumgart, a New York physician who wanted to enter

*It was also eating the savings of others. As late as January 20, 1924, Ferenczi wrote to Freud, "The devaluation of the Hung[arian] crown is proceeding rapidly; it will soon reach the Austrian low point. In the middle class, misery dominates; medical practice is almost at a total standstill. People have no money to be sick." (Freud–Ferenczi Correspondence, Freud Collection, LC.).

a training analysis in 1921, he specified "ten dollars for the hour (in real dollars, not checks)." He explained his reasons to the American psychiatrist and anthropologist Abram Kardiner, then his analysand: the ten dollars he charged for the analytic hour should be "paid in effective notes, not in checks which I could only change for crowns," which were losing value daily. Without the analysands from England and America, whom he called "this Entente people," he could not, he told Ernest Jones, "make the two ends meet." In contrast to "Entente people" endowed with dollars and pounds, patients from Germany or Austria were not so desirable: "I have 4 free hours now," he informed Jones early in 1921, "and would not like to feed on Central Power patients"—*Mittelmächtepatients.* He had "got the taste of Western valuta." As he told Kata Levy, "One can no longer make a living from Viennese, Hungarians, Germans." He regretted his bias and asked her to keep the matter confidential: "It is really no activity for a dignified old man. C'est la guerre." He was nothing if not candid about finances, just as, in his papers on technique, he had advised his colleagues to be.

With this shifting population of analysands, the principal language of Freud's practice now became English, which had long been a favorite with him. Just for that reason his shortcomings made him exasperated with himself—and with English. In the fall of 1919, he engaged a teacher "to polish up my English." But the results of his lessons did not satisfy him. "I am listening 4–6 hours daily to English or American talk," he noted in 1920, "and should have made better progress in my own English but I find it much harder to learn at 64 than at 16. I come up to a certain level and there I have to stop." Those analysands who mumbled their communications, or used current slang, gave him particular trouble. "I am anxious about my English," he told Ernest Jones, discussing two of the patients Jones had sent him, "both of them talking an abominable idiom." They made him "long for" the "distinguished correctness" of David Forsyth, an English physician who had worked for some time with Freud in the fall of 1919 and had earned Freud's gratitude with his refined vocabulary and clear enunciation.

His linguistic failures, far less damaging than he imagined them to be, became something of an obsession. "I listen and talk to Englishers 4–5 hours a day," he wrote to his nephew in July 1921, "but I will never learn their d——d language correctly." Shortly before, he had proposed to Leonhard Blumgart, ready to come to Vienna for his analysis, a little self-protective treaty: "It would be a great relief for me, if you talked German; if not, you should not criticize my English." Those English sessions made him so tired, he confessed to Ferenczi late in 1920, "that in the evening I am not useful for anything." This bothered him enough to make him dwell on it. He found

the "5, sometimes 6 and 7 hours" that he was listening to, and speaking in, English so "strenuous," he told Kata Levy late in 1920, that he could no longer answer letters at night and left that chore to Sundays.

Yet the money Freud made from analytic work with his "Entente people" permitted him to do what he enjoyed more than getting—giving. For a man who had spent a lifetime worrying that his children might be destitute, he was remarkably free with his hard-earned funds. When, in the fall of 1921, Lou Andreas-Salomé accepted his invitation to visit him and his family at Berggasse 19—they had not seen one another for some time—Freud dared to broach a suggestion "connected with your trip, without fear of being misunderstood." In short, he offered her travel money should she need it. "I have become, through the acquisition of good foreign currency (Americans, Englishmen, Swiss), relatively *rich.*" Tactfully, he assured her that employing his resources that way would give *him* pleasure: "I too would like to get something out of this new wealth."* He was aware that her psychoanalytic practice in Göttingen brought her only skimpy returns. Through the early 1920s, very hard times for Germany, Freud saw to it that she was adequately supplied with American dollars, a continuing support she felt free to accept. In the summer of 1923, when he learned from a good source—his daughter Anna—that she was conducting as many as ten analyses a day, he reprimanded his "dearest Lou" paternally, forgetting his own heavy schedule through the years: "Naturally I consider this a badly veiled suicide attempt." He implored her to raise her fees and see fewer patients. And he sent her more money.

For his part, he was talking about cutting down his analytic hours; in 1921, he told Blumgart that he was accepting only "a very restricted number of pupils or patients," and mentioned six. But for some months in that year, weary as he was, he actually saw ten analysands. "I am an old man and have the good right to an undisturbed vacation," he wrote Blumgart, dwelling with a kind of masochistic pleasure, as he had for some years, on his advanced age. Quoting the German saying that art plays second fiddle to bread—*Die Kunst geht nach Brot*—he tersely told Jones that "business is devouring science." But he was not retiring. He was making important contributions to the future of psychoanalysis by superintending what he liked to call the "self-analysis" of future analysts. More important still, in the midst of turmoil around, and within, Freud completed the drastic revisions in his psychoanalytic system on which he had started half a decade before.

*In September 1922, Freud sent her 20,000 marks—inflated currency, but still a substantial sum. (Freud to Andreas-Salomé, September 8, 1922. Freud Collection, B3, LC.)

DEATH: EXPERIENCE AND THEORY

Freud's appetite for work, belying his professions of impending senility and dissolution, was not simply the visceral response to better food, new patients, and imported cigars. Work was also his way of coping with mourning. Ironically, with the coming of peace, Freud was forced to confront more than once what he had been almost wholly spared during the war—mortality. It made all his material discomforts appear trivial. Early in 1920, condoling with Ernest Jones on the death of his father, he asked, rhetorically, "Can you remember a time so full of death as this present one?" He thought it a "happy chance" that the elder Jones had died quickly, not having to hold out "until he got devoured piecemeal by his cancer." At the same time, he gently warned Jones of hard times ahead: "You will soon find out what it means to you." The event reminded Freud of mourning for his own father almost a quarter century before: "I was about your age when my father died (43) and it revolutioned my soul."

The first death in Freud's intimate circle, though, the appalling suicide of his disciple Victor Tausk, did not "revolution" his soul in the least. He took it with clinical, businesslike detachment. Tausk, after switching to psychoanalysis from a career in law and journalism, had rapidly distinguished himself in Vienna's analytic circles with a handful of important papers and brilliant introductory lectures that Freud singled out in his official obituary tribute. But Tausk's war experiences had been exceptionally wearing, and Freud publicly attributed his mental deterioration to the strains of his military service. More than exhaustion, though, had been working in him. A man of many women—he probably had, we recall, an affair with Lou Andreas-Salomé before the war—Tausk had been divorced, engaged to several women, and was now on the verge of marrying again. Long depressed, and increasingly distraught, he had asked Freud to take him into analysis, only to meet with a refusal. In previous years, Freud had generously supported Tausk, financially and emotionally, but now he sent him to Helene Deutsch, a young adherent who was herself in analysis with Freud. The result was a complex triangle which did not work out well: Tausk talked to Deutsch about Freud, and Deutsch talked to Freud about Tausk. In the end, Tausk's depression took the upper hand, and on July 3, 1919, with perverse ingenuity, he managed to hang and shoot himself at the same time. "Tausk," Freud notified Abraham three days later, "shot himself several days ago. You will recall his behavior at the Congress." In Budapest the previous September, Tausk had

fallen ill with a rather spectacular vomiting attack. "He was crushed by his past and his last war experiences, was supposed to marry this week, could not pull himself together any more. For all his significant talent he was useless to us."

The "etiology" of Tausk's suicide, Freud told Ferenczi a few days later just as coolly, was "obscure, probably psychological impotence and the last act of his infantile battle with the ghost of his father." He confessed that "despite all appreciation of his gifts," he detected "no real sympathy" in himself. In fact, Freud waited almost a month before notifying Lou Andreas-Salomé of "poor Tausk's" end, repeating almost word for word what he had told Abraham. She was surprised at the news, but understood, and in fact largely shared, Freud's attitude; she had come to think of Tausk as somehow dangerous to Freud and to psychoanalysis. Freud told her, as he had the others, that Tausk had been useless to him. But, to judge from the way Freud jumped in this letter from Tausk's suicide to his own work, Tausk did have a certain posthumous utility: "I have now taken as my share of retirement property the theme of death, have stumbled onto an odd idea via the drives and must now read all sorts of things that belong to it, for instance Schopenhauer, for the first time." He would have a great deal to say about death soon, not as it came to Tausk or other individuals, but as a universal phenomenon.

However callous Freud may sound about his pathetic errant disciple, his response to another death, that of Anton von Freund, attests that his ability to feel loss had not atrophied. Von Freund had the recurrence of his cancer he had feared, and died in Vienna in late January 1920, at the age of forty. His lavish support of the psychoanalytic movement, most notably its publishing enterprises, was his monument. But von Freund was a friend to Freud, not just a benefactor to analysis; Freud visited him daily during his illness and kept Abraham, Ferenczi, and Jones informed of his irresistible dissolution. Writing the day after his friend died, Freud told Eitingon, "For our cause a heavy loss, for me a keen pain, but one I could assimilate in the course of the last months," when von Freund was visibly dying. "He bore his hopelessness with heroic clarity, did not disgrace analysis"—in short, he died as Freud's father had died and as he himself hoped to die.

THOUGH PREDICTABLE FOR some months, the loss of von Freund came as a shock. But the sudden death of Freud's daughter Sophie, his "dear, blooming Sophie," who died five days after von Freund of influenza complicated by pneumonia, was a far greater shock. She had been pregnant with her third child. Sophie Halberstadt was as much a victim of the war, which had left millions susceptible to infection, as a soldier killed at the front. "I do not know," Freud wrote to Kata Levy late in February, "whether cheerfulness will

ever call on us again. My poor wife has been hit too hard." He was glad he had too much work "to mourn my Sophie properly." But in time he mourned her properly enough; the Freuds never quite got over this loss. Eight years later, in 1928, writing a letter of condolence to Ernest Jones's wife, Katharine, on the loss of her daughter, Martha Freud recalled the loss of her own: "It has now been eight years already since the death of our Sopherl, but I am always shaken up when something similar happens in the circle of our friends. Yes, I was then just as shattered as you are now; all security and all happiness seemed to me lost forever." And five years after that, in 1933, when the imagist poet Hilda Doolittle—H. D.—mentioned the last year of the Great War during an analytic hour with Freud, "he said he had reason to remember the epidemic, as he lost his favorite daughter. 'She is here,' he said, and he showed me a tiny locket that he wore, fastened to his watch-chain."

Freud helped himself with philosophical ruminations and psychoanalytic language. "The loss of a child," he wrote to Oskar Pfister, "seems a heavy narcissistic insult; what mourning there will be, will doubtless come later." He could not get over the "unconcealed brutality of our time," which made it impossible for the Freuds to join their son-in-law and his two small children in Hamburg. There were no trains. "Sophie," Freud wrote, "leaves two sons of six years and of thirteen months, and an inconsolable husband who will now dearly pay for the happiness of these seven years. That happiness was only between the two of them, not external: war, invasion, being wounded, dwindling away of their possessions, but they had remained brave and cheerful." And "tomorrow she will be cremated, our poor Sunday child!" He told Frau Halberstadt, the widower's mother, "Indeed, a mother is not to be consoled; and, as I am now discovering, a father hardly." Writing a heartfelt letter of condolence to the bereft widower, Freud spoke of "a senseless, brutal act of fate, which has robbed us of our Sophie." There was no one to blame, nothing to brood about. "One must bow one's head under the blow, as a helpless, poor human being with whom higher powers are playing." He assured Halberstadt that his feelings about him had not changed and invited him to regard himself as Freud's son as long as he wanted. And he signed himself, sadly, "Papa."

He sustained this reflective mood for some time. "It is a great unhappiness for us all," he wrote the psychoanalyst Lajos Levy, Kata Levy's husband, in Budapest, "a pain for the parents, but for us there is little to say. After all, we know that death belongs to life, that it is unavoidable and comes when it wants. We were not very cheerful even before this loss. Indeed, to outlive a child is not agreeable. Fate does not keep even to this order of precedence." But he was bearing up. "Do not worry about me," he assured Ferenczi. "I

am, but for a bit more weariness, the same." Painful as Sophie's death had been to him, it would not change his attitude toward life. "For years I was prepared for the loss of my sons; now comes that of my daughter. Since I am the deepest of unbelievers, I have no one to accuse and know that there is no place where one can lodge an accusation." He was hoping for the soothing power of his daily routine, but "way deep down I sense the feeling of a deep narcissistic injury I shall not get over." He remained the most determined of atheists, wholly unwilling to trade his convictions for consolation. Rather, he worked. "You know of the misfortune that has befallen me, it is depressing indeed," he wrote to Ernest Jones, "a loss not to be forgotten. But let us put it aside for the moment, life and work must go on, as long as we last." He took the same line with Pfister: "I work as much as I can, and am grateful for the diversion."

Freud did work, and he was grateful. At the first postwar international psychoanalytic congress, held in The Hague in early September 1920, he gave a paper elaborating, and somewhat revising, his theory of dreams. It was a portentous appearance: he brought with him his daughter Anna, soon to become a psychoanalyst in her own right, and in his paper he adumbrated the idea of the repetition compulsion, which would loom large in the theory he was readying for publication. The Hague congress was a stirring reunion for Freudians who had been officially classified, just two years before, as mortal enemies. There was something touching about the meeting, as half-starved analysts from the defeated nations were fed and feted at luncheons and banquets by their generous Dutch hosts.* The English, Ernest Jones remembered, gave Freud and his daughter Anna a lunch, at which she made "a graceful little speech in very good English." It was a crowded and cheerful conclave: there were sixty-two members and fifty-seven guests. Few psychoanalysts had long succumbed to chauvinism, so American and English analysts found it perfectly natural to sit companionably with their German, Austrian, and Hungarian colleagues. True, in 1920 a meeting in Berlin would have been impossible, even though Abraham vigorously lobbied for it. With all their freedom from xenophobia, Anglo-American analysts still had hard feelings about the Germans. But only two years later, at Abraham's urging,

*For the Austrian, Hungarian, and German analysts, this congress forcefully recalled a world of abundance they had almost forgotten. Anna Freud remembered later that she and her father had little money. "But my father was, as always, most generous. He gave me a special sum every day to spend on fruit (bananas etc), which we had not had for years in Vienna, and he insisted that I buy new clothes for myself, making no limitations of what to spend: 'Whatever I need.' . . . I do not remember that he bought anything for himself—except cigars." (Anna Freud to Jones, January 21, 1955. Jones papers, Archives of the British Psycho-Analytical Society, London.)

the International Psychoanalytic Association chose Berlin as the site for its next congress, which went off without political recriminations. It was the last conclave Freud would attend.

DURING THE IMMEDIATE postwar years Freud's output was slim, measured by the number of words alone. He wrote papers on homosexuality and on that curious subject, telepathy—always intriguing to Freud. In addition, he published three short books, really brochures: *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* in 1920, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego** in 1921, and *The Ego and the Id* in 1923. Taken together, these writings amount to no more than perhaps two hundred pages. But their size is deceptive; they set out his structural system,† to which Freud remained faithful for the rest of his life. He had been evolving that system since the end of the war, while he was busy ordering cocoa and cloth from England and cursing his poor fountain pen. "Where is my [book on] metapsychology?" he asked Lou Andreas-Salomé rhetorically. "First of all," he told her more emphatically than he had before, "it remains unwritten." The "fragmentary nature of my experiences and the sporadic character of my ideas" did not permit him to offer a systematic presentation. "But," he added soothingly, "if I should live for another ten years, remain capable of working during that time, not starve, not be beaten to death, not be too exhausted by the misery of my family or of things around me—quite a lot of preconditions—then I promise to offer further contributions to it." The first of these would be *Beyond the Pleasure Principle.* This slim volume, and its two successors, demonstrate why he could not publish that much-announced, much-postponed book on metapsychology. He had complicated and modified his ideas too much. Not least of all, they had not had enough about death in them—or, more precisely, he had not integrated what they had to say about death into his theory.

IT IS TEMPTING TO READ Freud's late psychoanalytic system, with its stress on aggression and death, as a response to his grief of these years. At the time, Freud's first biographer, Fritz Wittels, said as much: "In 1920 [with *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*], Freud astonished us with the discovery that there is

*An infelicitous translation is worth noting here. Freud's German title is *Massenpsychologie und Ich-Analyse.* "Group," the term the editors of the *Standard Edition* chose for *Masse* (literally, "mass"), is far too tame. Freud himself, in a letter to Ernest Jones, spoke of his "Psychology of Mass" (Freud to Jones, August 2, 1920. In English. Freud Collection, D2, LC). If that term seemed too awkward, "crowd psychology" would have been nearer the mark than "group psychology."

†It is customary to call this postwar system the "structural" system and contrast it with the "topographic" system of the prewar years. There were, as these pages should make quite obvious, many connections and continuities between the two. Moreover, the names are linguistic accidents and purely conventional; both systems describe the topography and structure of the mind.

in everything living, in addition to the pleasure principle which, since the days of Hellenic culture, has been called Eros, another principle: What lives, wants to die again. Originating in dust, it wants to be dust again. Not only the life-drive is in them, but the *death-drive* as well. When Freud made this communication to an attentive world, he was under the impress of the death of a blooming daughter whom he lost after he had had to worry about the life of several of his nearest relatives, who had gone to war." It was a reductionist explanation, but most plausible.

Freud immediately took exception to it. In fact, he had anticipated Wittels by three years: in the early summer of 1920, he had asked Eitingon and others to testify, if necessary, that they had seen a draft of *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* before Sophie Halberstadt's death. Now, in late 1923, reading Wittels's biography, he admitted that this interpretation was "very interesting": had he been making an analytic study of someone else in these circumstances, he would have made such a connection "between my daughter's death and the train of thought advocated in my *Beyond* [*the Pleasure Principle*]. And yet," he added, "it is mistaken. *Beyond* was written in 1919, when my daughter was still healthy and flourishing." To clinch his point, he reiterated that he had circulated the virtually complete manuscript among his friends in Berlin as early as September 1919. "The probable is not always the true." He had solid support for his demurrer; Freud did not go beyond the pleasure principle because of a death in his family. Yet his perceptible anxiety to establish this point beyond cavil suggests that he was not just hoping to assure the universal validity of his new hypotheses. After all, he had often, and unapologetically, drawn general propositions about the workings of the mind from his own intimate experience. Was it an accident that the term "death drive"—*Todestrieb*—entered his correspondence a week after Sophie Halberstadt's death? It stands as a touching reminder of how deeply the loss of his daughter had distressed him. The loss can claim a subsidiary role, if not in the making of his analytic preoccupation with destructiveness, then in determining its weight.

The great slaughter of 1914 to 1918, with stark truths about human savagery revealed in combat and in bellicose editorials, had also forced Freud to assign enhanced stature to aggression. Lecturing at the University of Vienna in the winter semester of 1915, he had asked his auditors to think of the brutality, cruelty, and mendacity now spreading across the civilized world and to admit that evil cannot be excluded from basic human nature.* But in important ways, the power of aggression had been no secret to him well before 1914. Freud was the one, after all, who had revealed its workings

*See p. 370.

in himself, privately in his letters to Fliess and publicly in *The Interpretation of Dreams.* Without his printed confessions, Freud's death wishes against his little brother, his hostile oedipal feelings against his father, or his need for an enemy in his life might have remained known to him alone forever.* More generally, he had, as early as 1896, referred in print to the self-reproaches that haunt obsessional neurotics over *"sexual aggressions in childhood."* A little later, he had discovered that aggressive impulses are a powerful component in the Oedipus complex, and in his *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* of 1905, he had suggested that "the sexuality of most men shows an admixture of *aggression.*" True, in this passage he had regarded the aggression as confined to men, but that was a residue of parochialism requiring correction. On the presence of aggression everywhere, even in sexual life, even in women, he was clear-eyed a decade and more before the First World War. The war, he insisted with some justice over and over, had not created the interest of psychoanalysis in aggression; rather, it had only confirmed what analysts had been saying about aggression all along.†

What came to puzzle him, then, as it puzzled others, was only why he should have hesitated to elevate aggressiveness into a rival to libido. "Why have we ourselves," he asked later, looking back, "needed such a long time before we decided to recognize an aggressive drive?" A little ruefully he recalled his own defensive rejection of such a drive when the idea first appeared in the psychoanalytic literature, and "how long it took before I became receptive to it." He was thinking of a presentation by the brilliant Russian analyst Sabina Spielrein in the pioneering days of 1911 at one of the Wednesday-night meetings at Berggasse 19, and also of her pioneering paper of a year later, "Destruction as the Cause of Becoming."‡ In those years, Freud had simply not been ready.

*See esp. pp. 11 and 55.

†See Freud's letter of December 1914 to the Dutch poet and psychopathologist Frederik van Eeden. The war, Freud wrote, only confirmed what analysts had already learned "from a study of the dreams and mental slips of normal people, as well as from the symptoms of neurotics," namely that the "primitive, savage and evil impulses of mankind have not vanished in any individual, but continue their existence, although in a repressed state," and "wait for opportunities to display their activity." (Quoted in *Jones* II, 368.)

‡See her article "Die Destruktion als Ursache des Werdens," *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen,* IV (1912), 465–503, in which she speculated on the work of destructive impulses contained in the sexual drives themselves. Sabina Spielrein was one of the most extraordinary among the younger analysts. A Russian, she had gone to Zurich to study medicine and, in desperate mental distress, went into psychoanalytic treatment with Jung. She fell in love with her analyst, and Jung, taking advantage of her dependency, made her his mistress. After a painful struggle, in which Freud played a minor but not admirable part, she freed herself from her involvement, and became an analyst. During her short stay in Vienna, she made regular contributions to discussions at the Wednesday-night sessions; later she returned to Russia, where she practiced psychoanalysis. She was not heard of after 1937. In 1942, after the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, she and her two grown daughters were cold-bloodedly shot to death by German soldiers.

His delay no doubt had other causes as well. The very fact that Adler of all people championed the concept of male protest, however much it would differ from Freud's later definition, obstructed Freud's acceptance of a destructive drive. Similarly, Jung's claim that he had anticipated Freud by arguing that libido aims at death no less than at life was not calculated to hasten Freud's acceptance. Most likely, his halting recognition also had a personal dimension; it may have been one of the self-protective defensive maneuvers he mobilized against his own aggressiveness. He blamed modern culture for rejecting the blasphemous low appraisal of human nature which made aggression a fundamental drive. Perhaps. But his own hesitation reads rather like a piece of projection in which he attributed to others his own denials.

WHILE THE APPALLING daily display of human beastliness sharpened Freud's reformulations, his reclassification of the drives owed far more to problems internal to psychoanalytic theory. His paper on narcissism had, as we have seen, exposed the inadequacy of his early division of the drives into the sexual and the egotistic. But neither that paper nor its successors had supplied a more satisfactory scheme. Yet Freud had no intention of watering down libido into a universal energy, as he charged Jung had done. Nor did he wish to supplant libido with a universal aggressive force, which, he said, was Adler's fatal mistake. In *Beyond the Pleasure Principle,* he explicitly singled out Jung's *"monistic"* libido theory, and contrasted it unfavorably with his own *"dualistic"* scheme.

He would remain a firm dualist for clinical, theoretical, and aesthetic reasons. The cases of his patients amply confirmed his contention that psychological activity is essentially pervaded by conflict. What is more, the very concept of repression, that cornerstone of psychoanalytic theory, presupposes a fundamental division in mental operations: Freud separated the repressing energies from the repressed material. Finally, his dualism had an elusive aesthetic dimension. It is not that Freud was helplessly obsessed with the image of two infuriated swordsmen slashing at one another to the death; his analysis of the oedipal triangle, for one, shows him able to discard polarities when the evidence demands it. But the phenomenon of dramatic opposites seems to have given Freud a sense of satisfaction and closure: his writings abound in confrontations of active and passive, masculine and feminine, love and hunger, and now, after the war, life and death.

To be sure, the revisions Freud was making in his theories did not prevent him from rescuing the core of his prewar generalizations about mental struc-

ture and operations. As psychoanalysts complained at the time, and have complained since, Freud rarely spelled out the precise import of his self-corrections. He would not specify just what he had discarded, what modified, and what kept intact from his earlier formulations, but instead left the adjustment of apparently irreconcilable statements to his readers.* There could be no doubt, though, that the restatements he offered in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* had kept intact the traditional psychoanalytic placement of thoughts and wishes according to their distance from awareness; the familiar trio of unconscious, preconscious, conscious retained its usefulness. Yet the new map of mental structure that Freud drew between 1920 and 1923 brought extensive, hitherto unsuspected provinces of mental functioning and malfunctioning, like the sense of guilt, into the range of psychoanalytic understanding. Perhaps most exciting of all was the access Freud's revisions provided to a region of the mind that analytic thought had hitherto grossly neglected, imprecisely named, and barely understood—the ego. With the ego psychology Freud elaborated after the war, he could approach ever closer the realization of an old ambition: to delineate a general psychology that would reach beyond its first restricted habitat, the neuroses, to normal mental activity.

BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE is a difficult text. The prose is as lucid as ever, though the compression of disturbing new ideas into the briefest compass offers obstacles to the reader's quick comprehension. More unsettling is Freud's yielding to flights of the imagination as uninhibited as any he had ever undertaken in print. The reassuring intimacy with clinical experience that marks most of Freud's papers, even at their most theoretical, seems faint here, almost absent.† To make matters more troubling still, Freud drove his familiar protestations of uncertainty to new lengths. "One might ask me," he wrote near the conclusion, "whether and how far I myself am persuaded by the hypotheses here brought forward. My answer would be that I am neither persuaded myself nor seek to recruit others to have faith in them. More correctly: I do not know how far I believe in them." He portrayed himself a little slyly as having followed a train of thought as far as it would

*There are some exceptions, and we shall discover one of these as we discuss his shift in the theory of anxiety in 1926. See pp. 486–87.

†Max Schur, whom no one can accuse of reading Freud unsympathetically, said flatly, "We can assume only that Freud's conclusions . . . are an example of *ad hoc* reasoning to prove a preformed hypothesis. . . . This way of thinking, which is so different from Freud's general scientific style, can be detected throughout *Beyond the Pleasure Principle.*" (Max Schur, *The Id and the Regulatory Principles of Mental Functioning* [1966], 184.)

go, "merely from scientific curiosity, or, if you will, as an *advocatus diaboli,* who has not on that account sold himself to the devil."

At the same time, Freud professed himself satisfied that two of three recent advances in the theory of the drives—the enlargement of the concept of sexuality and the introduction of the concept of narcissism—are "direct translations of observation into theory." But the third, the stress on the regressive nature of the drives, essential to Freud's new dualism, seemed far less secure than the other two. Even here, to be sure, Freud claimed to be drawing on observed materials. "But perhaps I have overestimated their significance." Yet he thought that at least some consideration should be given to his "speculations," and consideration they have had, at times enthusiastic, more often quizzical. In the early spring of 1919, when he had completed a draft of the essay and was getting ready to send it to Ferenczi, he noted that he was "amusing" himself "a good deal" with this work. It was not an amusement in which his followers joined.

Beyond the Pleasure Principle opens with a commonplace then unchallenged in psychoanalytic theory: "The course of mental events is automatically regulated by the pleasure principle." On reflection, though, considering the unpleasure that so many mental processes seem to generate, Freud toned down this categorical assertion two pages later: "There exists in the mind a strong tendency toward the pleasure principle." With this reformulation, Freud approached the main business of his essay: he tried to show that there are fundamental forces in the mind which invalidate the pleasure principle in the most consequential way. He adduced in evidence the reality principle, that acquired capacity to postpone, and inhibit the impatient urge for, instant gratification.

By itself, this restatement makes no difficulties for the traditional psychoanalyst, nor does Freud's assertion that the conflicts working in all humans, especially as the mental apparatus matures, normally produce unpleasure rather than pleasure. But the handful of instances Freud then offered in support are neither familiar nor quite persuasive, even though he took them as proof, or at least impressive evidence, for the existence of hitherto unsuspected mental forces "beyond" the pleasure principle. One of his examples, though playful and scarcely conclusive, has become famous: the *fort-da* game that Freud had observed in his eighteen-month-old grandson, Sophie's elder son. Though much attached to his mother, little Ernst Wolfgang Halberstadt was a "good" boy who never cried when she left him briefly. But he played a mysterious game with himself; he would take a wooden spool tied round with a bit of string, throw it over the edge of his curtained crib, and sound out *o-o-o-o,* which his mother and grandfather understood to mean *fort*—

"gone." He would then pull the spool back and salute its reappearance with a happy *da*—"there." That was the whole game, and Freud interpreted it as a way of coping with an overwhelming experience: the little boy was moving from the passive acceptance of his mother's absence to the active reenactment of her disappearance and return. Or perhaps he was revenging himself on his mother—throwing her away, as it were, as though he no longer needed her.

This infantile game set Freud to wondering. Why should the little boy incessantly reenact a situation that was so disturbing to him? Freud hesitated to draw general conclusions from a single case, exemplifying the old humorous psychoanalytic injunction, Don't generalize from one case, generalize from two cases! But however fragmentary and puzzling the evidence he presented to his observant grandfather might be, Ernst Halberstadt raised the intriguing question whether the grip of the pleasure principle on mental life was really as secure as psychoanalysts had supposed.

Other pieces of evidence seemed rather more substantial, at least to Freud. In the course of psychoanalytic treatment, the analyst seeks to raise to awareness the unhappy, often traumatic, early experiences or fantasies which the patient has repressed. In a perverse way, the act of repressing and the analysand's resistance to undoing that repression obey the pleasure principle; it is more agreeable to forget certain things than to remember them. But in the grip of the transference, Freud observed, many analysands would return over and over to experiences that could never have been pleasurable. Now, it is true that their analysts had enjoined them to speak freely of everything in order to make the unconscious conscious; but something more tormenting seemed to be in play here, a compulsion to repeat a painful experience. Freud noticed one version of this monotonous, destructive replay of unpleasure in patients afflicted with a "fate neurosis," sufferers whose destiny it is to go through the same calamity more than once.

Freud, less inclined in this essay than in most of his other work to adduce clinical material, illustrated the fate neurosis by recalling a scene from Torquato Tasso's romantic epic *Jerusalem Delivered.* In a duel Tancred, the hero, kills his beloved Clorinda, who has confronted him disguised in an enemy's armor. After her burial, as Tancred penetrates an uncanny magic forest, he hacks away at a tree with his sword, only to have blood flowing from it. And he hears the voice of his Clorinda, whose bewitched soul has been imprisoned in that tree, accusing him of wounding his love once again. The behavior of sufferers from fate neurosis, and the repetitive preoccupations in analytic treatment of veterans suffering from war neuroses, were for Freud authentic exceptions to the reign of the pleasure principle. The repetition compulsion from which they arise neither recalls nor provides pleasure of any sort. Indeed,

Freud noted, patients who display this compulsion do their utmost to dwell on misery and injuries, and to force an interruption to the analysis before it is completed. They contrive to find evidence that they are despised. They discover ways of supplying realistic grounds for their jealous feelings. They fantasize about unrealistic plans guaranteed to leave them disappointed. It is as though they have never learned that all these compulsive repetitions bring no pleasure. There is something "demonic" about their activities.

That word "demonic" leaves no doubt about Freud's strategy. He saw the compulsion to repeat as a most primitive mental activity, displaying an "instinctual" character "to a high degree." The kind of repetition a child begs for—the retelling of a story exactly as it was told before, with no detail altered—is manifestly pleasurable, but the incessant replaying of horrifying experiences or childhood calamities in the analytic transference obeys other laws. It must spring from a fundamental urge independent of the appetite for pleasure and often in conflict with it. Freud thus reasoned himself into the discovery that some drives at least are conservative; they obey the pressure not for novelty and unprecedented experience, but, on the contrary, for the restoration of an earlier inorganic state of things. In short, *"The aim of all life is death."* The desire for mastery, along with other candidates for the status of a primitive drive with which Freud had experimented over the years, now fade into relative insignificance. All one can say is, "The organism wants only to die in its own fashion." Freud had arrived at the theoretical conception of a death drive.

Artfully disclosing his hesitations as he proceeded, Freud pronounced his portentous discovery dubious: "But let us reflect; it cannot be so!" It is unthinkable that life should be no more than a preparation for death. The sexual drives prove that truly it cannot be so: they are the servants of life. At the very least they lengthen the road to death; at best they strive for a kind of immortality. The mind, then, is a battleground. This proposition established to his satisfaction, Freud plunged into the thickets of speculative modern biology, even into philosophy, in search of corroborative evidence. One remembers what Freud had told his friend Lou Andreas-Salomé in the summer of 1919: he had stumbled onto a strange idea via the drives and was reading all sorts of things, including Schopenhauer. The result was his vision of two elemental pugnacious forces in the mind, Eros and Thanatos, locked in eternal battle.

Freud seemed a little uncertain in 1920 whether he really believed in the awesome picture of combat he had sketched, but he gradually committed himself to his dualism with all the energy at his command. He eloquently defended it, facing down his fellow analysts' resistance. "At the beginning," he recalled later, "I advocated the views here put forward only tentatively,

but in the course of time they have acquired such a power over me that I can no longer think differently." In 1924, in his paper "The Economic Problem of Masochism," he employed the scheme quite casually, as though there were nothing controversial about it, and he retained it unaltered for the rest of his life. It informs the posthumous *Outline of Psychoanalysis,* published in 1940, no less than his *Civilization and Its Discontents* of 1930 or his *New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis* of three years later. It was not a question, he wrote in 1937, of setting "an optimistic against a pessimistic theory of life. Only the collaboration and the conflict between both primal drives, Eros and death drive, explain the colorful variety of life's phenomena, never one of them alone." Yet, though he was convinced of his stern vision, he was not invariably dogmatic about it. "Naturally," he wrote Ernest Jones in 1935, rehearsing the conflict of life against death once again, "all this is groping speculation, until one has something better." No wonder if, for all of Freud's authority, not all the psychoanalytic movement followed his lead.

As they debated Freud's new theory of instinctual dualism, psychoanalysts were assisted by the distinction Freud drew between the silent death drive, working to reduce living matter to an inorganic condition, and showy aggressiveness, which one encountered, and could daily substantiate, in clinical experience. Practically without exception, they could accept the proposition that aggressiveness is part of the human animal's endowment: not only war and rapine, but hostile jokes, jealous slanders, domestic quarrels, sporting contests, economic rivalries—and psychoanalysts' feuds—confirm that aggression is loose in the world, fed in all probability by an inexhaustible stream of instinctual pressures. But for most analysts Freud's idea of a hidden primitive urge toward death, of a primary masochism, was something else again. They saw it bedeviled by problems with the evidence, whether drawn from psychoanalysis or from biology. In distinguishing the death drive from sheer aggression, Freud enabled his followers to uncouple the two, reject his epic vision of Thanatos confronting Eros, and yet retain the concept of the two warring drives.*

*Some of Freud's followers, notably the child analyst Melanie Klein and her school, proved more uncompromising on this issue than Freud himself. "The repeated attempts that have been made to improve humanity—in particular to make it more peaceable," Klein wrote in 1933, "have failed, because nobody has understood the full depth and vigour of the instincts of aggression innate in each individual." ("The Early Development of Conscience in the Child" [1933], in *Love, Guilt and Reparation and Other Works, 1921–1945* [1975], 257.) And by "instincts of aggression" she meant the death drive in all its elemental Freudian force. In sharp contrast, Heinz Hartmann, the most prominent among the ego psychologists who would greatly elaborate Freud's fragmentary structural theory of the 1920s, chose to concentrate on "the concept of drives which we actually encounter in clinical psychoanalytic theory," and to do without "Freud's other, mainly biologically oriented set of hypotheses of the 'life' and 'death instincts.' " ("Comments on the Psychoanalytic Theory of the Instinctual Drives" [1948], in *Essays on Ego Psychology: Selected Problems in Psychoanalytic Theory* [1964], 71–72.)

Freud was aware of the risks he was taking, and quite unrepentant. "In the work of my later years," he noted in his self-portrait of 1925, "I have given free rein to the long-suppressed inclination to speculation." Whether his new construction would prove useful, he added, remained to be seen. His ambition had been to settle some significant theoretical conundrums, but on the way, he acknowledged, he had gone "far beyond psychoanalysis." However uncomfortable his colleagues might be with such far-ranging excursions, Freud welcomed them as advances in his science and, quite incidentally, as proof that his intellectual vitality had not yet atrophied. "If scientific interest, which just now is asleep with me, gets aroused in the course of time," he told Ernest Jones in the fall of 1920, as *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* was being published, "I may still be able to bring some new contribution to our unfinished work." Greatly to his surprise, and even regret, the essay came to enjoy a certain favor. "For the *Beyond,*" he reported to Eitingon in March 1921, "I have been punished enough; it is very popular, brings me masses of letters and encomiums. I must have made something very stupid there." He soon made it apparent that this little book was only the first installment in a larger enterprise.

EROS, EGO, AND THEIR ENEMIES

Freud's vitality might be intact, but he was not a writing machine. He had to wait for inspiration to flow freely. "Here I am amidst the choice beauties of our Alps," he wrote Ernest Jones from Bad Gastein in August 1920, "pretty well worn out, waiting for the beneficial effects of radioactive water and delicious air. I have brought the material for the Psychology of Mass and the Analysis of the Ego with me, but my head obstinately refuses so far to take an interest in these deep problems." He had been working on them for some months, slowly, intermittently. But once his head was clear, he found work on his "Psychology of Mass" progressing quickly. By October, his disciples in Berlin were reading his draft, and early in 1921 he launched on the final revisions. "I am pretty full now," he wrote

Jones in March, "and busy in rectifying the booklet on Mass-Psychology." Characteristically, he had his doubts about the "booklet"; sending a copy of it to Romain Rolland, he warded off criticism by self-criticism: "Not that I consider this work particularly successful, but it points out a way from the analysis of the individual to the understanding of society."

This, in a sentence, is the principal aim of Freud's *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego.* Freud had steeped himself in the essays and monographs that crowd psychologists from Gustave Le Bon to Wilfred Trotter had been publishing for the last thirty years, and used them as stimuli for his own train of thought. In the end, though, his own *Totem and Taboo* had a far greater impact on his conclusions than Le Bon's *Crowd Psychology.* What interested Freud was the question, What holds groups together, other than the transparent rational motive of self-interest? His answer necessarily propelled Freud into social psychology. But what most arrests the attention in his "Psychology of Mass" is Freud's liberal employment of psychoanalytic propositions in the explication of social cohesion. "The contrast between individual and social- or mass-psychology," he began, "which may appear to us at first glance as very significant, on close examination loses much of its sharpness." Indeed, "in the mental life of the individual, the Other enters quite regularly as ideal, as object, as helper, and as adversary; hence individual psychology is from the outset social psychology at the same time."

This assertion is sweeping but, from the psychoanalytic vantage point, perfectly logical. True, he was prepared in the 1920s, as he had been in the 1890s, to recognize the impact of biological endowment on mental life. But it is more to the point for his social psychology that in asserting the essential identity of individual and social psychology, Freud made it plain that psychoanalysis, for all its uncompromising individualism, cannot explain the inner life without recourse to the external world. From the moment of birth, the infant is exposed to a bombardment of influences from others, influences that widen and diversify during childhood. As the years pass, the child is subjected to the shaping encouragement and disparagement, the praise and blame, the enviable or distasteful example, of others. Character development, neurotic symptoms, conflicts centering on love and hate, are compromise formations between inner urges and outside pressures.

That is why, Freud was convinced, the social psychologist analyzing the forces holding groups together must ultimately return to the study of individual mental qualities, precisely those qualities that had interested psychoanalysts for a quarter century. "The individual's relation to his parents and siblings, his love object," Freud wrote, "his teacher and his physician, that is to say all the relations which have so far been the principal subject of psychoanalytic research, could claim to be acknowledged as social

phenomena." Group behavior, to be sure, displays unmistakable characteristics of its own; Freud agreed with Le Bon that crowds are more intolerant, more irrational, more immoral, more heartless, above all more uninhibited, than individuals. But the crowd, as crowd, invents nothing; it only liberates, distorts, exaggerates, the individual members' traits. It follows that without the concepts developed by psychoanalysts for individuals—identification, regression, libido—no social-psychological explanation can be complete, or anything but superficial. In short, crowd psychology, and with it all social psychology, is parasitic on individual psychology; that is Freud's point of departure, to which he persistently held.

Freud's excursion into collective psychology, then, demonstrates in practice the universal relevance of psychoanalytic theory. On this point, Freud differed radically from earlier students of organizations, masses, and mobs. Crowd psychologists had been, by and large, amateurs, and tendentious amateurs at that—men with a mission. Hippolyte Taine, who had anatomized revolutionary crowds in his history of the French Revolution, was a literary critic, historian, and philosopher; Émile Zola, who had made crowds the principal actors in *Germinal,* his stirring novel about a miners' strike, was a pugnacious journalist and prolific writer of fiction; Gustave Le Bon, the most widely read of the crowd psychologists, had been an eclectic popularizer of contemporary science. Only the surgeon Wilfred Trotter could claim some professional competence in psychology; as Ernest Jones's intimate friend, later his brother-in-law, he made himself into a knowledgeable, far from uncritical reader of psychoanalysis.

All of these publicists had become fascinated by crowd psychology through observing what they thought the unbridled conduct of the modern mob. For Trotter, an Englishman writing about the "herd instinct" during the war, the mob was German. His "intelligent" book of 1916, *Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War,* Freud wrote with some regret, "had not quite escaped the antipathies loosened by the recent great war." Earlier, Zola, certainly no reactionary mourner for the vanished good old times, had depicted crowds of excited, often violent strikers as an inflammable mixture of menace and promise. His precursors and contemporaries had been less equivocal: they had written to warn rather than to celebrate; for them, the mass, especially when stirred up, was a vindictive, bloodthirsty, drunken, irrational modern phenomenon—democracy in action. Freud was no lover of what he once called "the stupid common folk"—*das blöde Volk;* his old-fashioned liberalism had an aristocratic tinge to it. Yet politics was not at all prominent in Freud's mind as he wrote his book on crowd psychology. He was applying psychoanalysis.

As a practicing psychoanalyst Freud saw groups, crowds, mobs, whether fleeting or stable, as held together by diffused sexual emotions—"aim-inhib-

ited" libido—akin to the passions that unite families. "Love relationships (expressed neutrally, emotional ties) also constitute the essence of the crowd mind." These erotic bonds link the members of a group in two directions—vertically and horizontally, as it were. In "artificial crowds," Freud wrote, considering the church and the army in some detail, "each individual is bound libidinously on the one hand to the leader (Christ, commander-in-chief) and on the other hand to the other individuals in the crowd." The intensity of these double connections explains the individual's regression as he submerges himself in the crowd: here he may safely drop acquired inhibitions. It follows, for Freud, that just as erotic relationships make the crowd, the failure of these relationships will lead to its disintegration. Thus he dissented from social psychologists who hold panic responsible for the weakening of affectionate bonds within groups. Quite the contrary, Freud argued, it is only after libidinal ties have loosened that panic ensues.

These sublimated erotic alliances also explain why collectivities that bind their members with the chains of love are at the same time filled with hatred against outsiders. Whether experienced in the small family unit or in a larger group (which is really the family writ large), love is exclusive and haunted by feelings of hostility as its shadow. "According to the evidence of psychoanalysis, almost every intimate emotional relationship between two persons of any duration," such as marriage, friendship, or parenthood, "contains a sediment of negative, hostile feelings which escapes perception only in consequence of repression." Thus, Freud commented, never losing an opportunity to snipe at true believers, "a religion, even when it calls itself the religion of love, must be hard and loveless against those who do not belong to it."

Freud's *Group Psychology,* glancing at new ways of thinking about the mind in society, throws out suggestions that have not yet been fully explored. But the almost breathless brevity with which Freud touched on complex issues of social cohesion gives the study an air of improvisation. Its postscript, gathering together rather miscellaneous material Freud had failed to integrate into the body of the essay, emphasizes its tentative and transitional character. In many respects, Freud's *Group Psychology* looks back to such earlier studies as *Totem and Taboo* and *Beyond the Pleasure Principle.* But it also looks ahead. In an appreciative review published in 1922, Ferenczi singled out as particularly original Freud's comparison of infatuation with hypnosis. But, significantly, he thought that Freud's "second important innovation" lay in the field of individual psychology, in his *"discovery of a new developmental stage in the ego and in libido."* Freud was beginning to differentiate steps in the growth of the ego and to note its tense interaction with the ego ideal—the superego, as he soon came to call it. Freud's excursion into social psychology was a rehearsal for more definitive statements about the ego. But these were still two years away.

IN RETROSPECT, *The Ego and the Id,* published in 1923, appears as the inevitable climax of a reappraisal Freud had launched a decade before and accelerated after the war. But this is to impose a steady progress on his perception really beyond Freud's ken before the fact. In July 1922, he told Ferenczi that he was doing some speculative work, a continuation of *Beyond the Pleasure Principle,* and added prudently, "It will issue in a little book or in nothing at all." The following month he reported to Otto Rank, "I am mentally clear and in the mood for work. I am writing on something that calls itself the Ego and the Id." This would "become only a paper or even a little brochure, like the *Beyond* [*the Pleasure Principle*] whose continuation in fact it is." But, as was his style, Freud was waiting for inspiration to propel him forward. "It has progressed fairly far in draft, otherwise waits for moods and ideas without which it cannot be completed." Freud's casual and tentative announcements afford an exceptional glimpse into his working habits. He was writing the cardinal text of his last decades, yet he was uncertain when or how he would complete it, and no less uncertain whether it would be just a short paper or, perhaps, a companion piece for *Beyond the Pleasure Principle.*

While *The Ego and the Id* generated some puzzlement among analysts at first, it encountered little resistance and, for the most part, emphatic approval. This is not surprising; it matched, and deepened, their clinical experience and, with its tripartite division of the mind—id, ego, superego—offered an analysis of mental structure and functioning far more detailed and far more illuminating than its predecessors. Only Freud's announcement that *The Ego and the Id* stood "under the sponsorship of Groddeck" generated some mild protests.

Georg Groddeck, the self-styled "wild analyst," was the kind of maverick whom psychoanalysis was beginning to attract in uncomfortable numbers. He and his fellows threatened to compromise the reputation as sober, responsible medical men that analysts craved. Freud thought him inclined "to exaggeration, standardization, and a certain mysticism." Chief of his sanatorium at Baden-Baden, Groddeck had employed psychoanalytic concepts—infantile sexuality, symbolism, transference, resistance—as early as 1909, knowing of Freud only from hearsay. Then, in 1912, though no better informed, he had written a book in which he precipitously criticized psychoanalysis. His conversion came a year later, when he read *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* and *The Interpretation of Dreams* and was overwhelmed. What he had paraded as his own ideas, others had thought before, and better. In an

expansive letter to Freud in 1917, a long-delayed token of his "belated honesty," he confessed all of these missteps and concluded with the assurance that henceforth he would regard himself as Freud's pupil.

Freud was charmed, and, disregarding Groddeck's modest disclaimers, enlisted him in the ranks of the analysts. Groddeck's often provocative behavior did not weaken Freud's pleasure in him; he found something refreshing in his verve, his willingness to be original and outrageous. At times Groddeck pushed beyond the limits of his new colleagues' indulgence. He brought his mistress to the congress of psychoanalysts at The Hague in 1920, and opened the paper he read there with the long-remembered words "I am a wild analyst." He must have known that this was precisely what the analysts in the audience were struggling not to be, or not to appear. His paper seemed wild enough; it was a rambling exercise in free association about what would later be called psychosomatic medicine. Organic diseases, Groddeck maintained, even myopia, are simply physical expressions of unconscious emotional conflicts and hence are susceptible to psychoanalytic treatment. In principle, analysts had little quarrel with such a view, moderately expressed; after all, the conversion symptoms of hysteria, that classic neurosis of psychoanalytic practice, supported Groddeck's general position. But Groddeck spoke in the accents, ultimately unpersuasive, of the enthusiast, and he found only a few defenders—Freud among them. Later, Freud did inquire of Groddeck whether he had meant to have his talk taken seriously, and Groddeck assured him that he had.

Groddeck had other tricks up his sleeve. Early in 1921, he confirmed his status as the wild man of analysis by bringing out, with Freud's publishing house, a "psychoanalytic novel" called *The Seeker of Souls.* Rank had given the novel its felicitous title; Freud himself had read and enjoyed it in manuscript. So, a little later, had Ferenczi, who became Groddeck's close friend. "I am no literary critic," he wrote, reviewing the book in *Imago,* "and do not arrogate to myself a judgment on the aesthetic value of the novel. But I believe that it cannot be a poor book which succeeds, as this one does, in captivating the reader from beginning to end." Most of Freud's fellow analysts were more strait-laced: Ernest Jones disparaged it as "a racy book, with some bawdy passages"; Pfister was indignant. Psychoanalysts, the sworn enemies of gentility, were in their own way, it seemed, its victims and champions. Freud stood firm. He regretted to learn that Eitingon did not care for Groddeck. "He is a bit of a fantast," he admitted, "but an original fellow who has the rare gift of good humor. I should not like to do without him." A year later he was still, he told Pfister, "energetically defending Groddeck against your respectability. What would you have said as Rabelais's contemporary?" But Pfister was not so easily won over. He liked "fresh butter," he told Freud

frankly in March 1921, "but Groddeck very often reminds me of rancid butter." After all, he knew the difference between Rabelais and Groddeck; the first was a satirist and did not pretend to be a scholar, while the latter was like a chameleon, oscillating between science and belles lettres. It was the mixture of genres that Pfister, and others, found so unsettling.

But Groddeck was more to Freud than simply a licensed jester who lightened the tone of an all-too-solemn profession. Around the time Groddeck published his *Seeker of Souls,* he began working on a book that would sum up his innovative teachings on psychosomatic medicine in language accessible to the common understanding; he cast them as a series of letters to a receptive woman friend. Whenever he had a batch of chapters done, he would send them to Freud, who was delighted with their fluency, their musical speech. "The five letters are charming," he told Groddeck in April 1921. They were more than charming; they were revolutionary. Interlarding his text with explicit anecdotes and speculations about pregnancy and birth, masturbation, love and hate, Groddeck returned over and over to the notion of an "It" that he had originated years before. This innocent-sounding term, borrowed from Nietzsche, was intended to cover a spectrum wider than the one psychoanalysts traditionally assigned to the domain of the unconscious. "I am of the opinion," Groddeck wrote in the second letter, "that man is animated by the Unknown. There is an It in him, something marvelous that regulates everything that he does and that happens to him. The sentence 'I live' is only conditionally correct; it expresses a little partial phenomenon of the fundamental truth: 'Man is lived by the It.' "

Freud had been thinking along similar, though far from identical, lines for some time. In April 1921, in his letter to Groddeck, he illustrated his tentative new view of the ego with a suggestive little diagram of mental structure, and commented, "The ego is in its depths also deeply unconscious and still flows together with the core of the repressed." That Freud inserted a revised version of this sketch in *The Ego and the Id* all of two years later is another indication of how long ideas sometimes germinated in him. But with these perceptions, the road to Freud's final view of the mind was open.

Yet Freud's "id" proved to be rather different from Groddeck's "It."* As early as 1917, Freud had told Lou Andreas-Salomé that Groddeck's " 'It' is more than our *Ucs,* not clearly delimited from it, but there is something real behind it." The differences between "It" and "id" became all the more

*Freud employed as his technical term a perfectly ordinary German word. Indeed, Freud's terms—*das Es, das Ich,* and *das Über-Ich*—literally translated, are "the It," "the I," and "the Over-I." But whatever the defects of the Latinate inventions of the *Standard Edition,* I have decided to stay with "id," "ego," and "superego," since across the years these three have lost their formidable and alienating quality.

visible in early 1923, when Groddeck published *The Book of the It,* and Freud his *The Ego and the Id* just a few weeks after. Reading Freud's succinct and definitive statement of his new position, Groddeck was a little disappointed and not a little irritated. He described himself to Freud, picturesquely, as the plow and Freud as the farmer who uses that plow. "In one thing we are in agreement, that we loosen the soil. But you want to sow and perhaps, if God and the weather permit it, to reap." In private he was less charitable and denounced Freud's book as "pretty" but "inconsequential." Fundamentally, he saw it as an attempt to take over ideas borrowed from Stekel and himself. "With all that, his Id has only limited value for the neuroses. He takes the step into the organic only secretly, aided by a drive of death or destruction taken from Stekel and Spielrein. The constructive aspect of my It he leaves aside, presumably to smuggle it in the next time." This was understandable, not wholly irrational, author's pique, and it suggests how hard it was for even a self-assigned disciple like Groddeck to sustain that role.

Freud for his part had no difficulty acknowledging the fertility of Groddeck's writings for his own thinking. The metaphors of plow and plowman were apt enough. But Freud insisted, and rightly, on the conflict between their conceptions. He had, to be sure, reiterated many times since the late 1890s that humans are buffeted by mental elements they do not know, let alone understand—elements they are not even aware of harboring. Freud's view of the unconscious and of repression was a forceful demonstration that psychoanalysis did not glorify reason as the undisputed master in its own house. But Freud did not accept Groddeck's dictum that we are lived by the It. He was a determinist, not a fatalist: there are forces inherent in the mind, concentrated in the ego, he believed, that give men and women mastery, however partial, over themselves and over the outside world. Sending Groddeck best wishes upon his sixtieth birthday, Freud captured the distance between the two of them in a playful sentence: "My Ego and my Id congratulate your It."*

More gravely, he dramatized that distance in the concluding paragraph of *The Ego and the Id:* "The id, to which we lead back in the end, has no means of showing the ego either love or hatred. It cannot say what it wants; it has not managed a unified will. Eros and the death drive struggle within it." One might represent the id "as though it stood under the domination of the mute but mighty death drives, which want to have peace and, following the hints

*This was, of course, also a graceful allusion to the titles of the books that the two men had published, just a month apart, three years earlier. But Freud's formula also tersely sums up the incompatibility of their ideas.

of the pleasure principle, bring Eros the troublemaker to rest. But we suspect that in this way we underestimate the role of Eros." Freud's account of Eros was a report on a struggle, not of a surrender.

SUNK IN HIS "familiar depression" after reading the proofs of *The Ego and the Id,* Freud denigrated it as "unclear, artificially put together, and nasty in its diction." He assured Ferenczi, "I am swearing to myself not to let myself get on to such slippery ice again." He thought that he had been in a steep decline since *Beyond the Pleasure Principle,* which had still been full of ideas and well written. As so often, he misjudged his own work; *The Ego and the Id* is among Freud's most indispensable texts. In the corpus of his writings, *The Interpretation of Dreams* and the *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* must always hold pride of place, but whatever names Freud might call it, *The Ego and the Id* is a triumph of lucid mental energy. Freud's prewar protestations of being an old man, his tormented wrestling with personal loss, the sheer physical struggle to survive and help his family survive in postwar Vienna, should have furnished plentiful excuses for retirement. But what other discoverers would have left to their disciples, he felt obliged to do himself. If *The Ego and the Id* seems at all obscure, that is due to the extreme compression of his postwar work.

The preface to the little book has a reassuring air. Freud tells his readers that he is carrying further certain trains of thought started in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle,* now enriched with "diverse facts of analytic observation," and free of those borrowings from biology in which he had indulged before. Hence the essay "stands closer to psychoanalysis" than did his *Beyond.* He added that he was touching on theories that psychoanalysts had not worked on before, and that he had been unable to avoid "brushing against several theories advanced by nonanalysts or by former analysts in their retreat from analysis." But, he emphasized a little truculently, while he had always gladly recognized his obligations to earlier researchers, he felt no burden of gratitude now.

In the body of *The Ego and the Id,* Freud did find a place for crediting a "suggestion" by Groddeck, "an author who, from personal motives, protests in vain that he has nothing to do with severe, high science"—the suggestion that our mind *"is lived"* by "unknown, uncontrollable powers." To immortalize that insight, Freud proposed to follow Groddeck's nomenclature, though not quite his meaning, and to call a significant portion of the unconscious the "id." Groddeck might find this acknowledgment ungenerous. But Freud felt confident that his own work, with all his tentativeness, was highly original. It was "more of a synthesis than a speculation"—which, we might add, was all to the good.

Freud's work opens with a rehearsal of the known; that old psychoanalytic division between the conscious and the unconscious realms is absolutely fundamental to psychoanalysis. It is beyond question its "first shibboleth," not to be ignored: "In the end, the property of being conscious or not is the sole lantern in the darkness of depth psychology." Moreover, the unconscious is dynamic. It is no wonder that analysts first stumbled upon it through the study of repression: "The repressed is for us the prototype of the unconscious."

So far, Freud was on ground familiar to anyone acquainted with his thought. But he was using that ground only as a launching stage for his exploration of unknown terrain. Repression implies a repressing agent, and analysts have come to place that agent in "a coherent organization of mental processes," the ego. Yet the phenomenon of resistance, encountered in every psychoanalytic treatment, raises a difficult theoretical puzzle which Freud had identified years before; the patient who is resisting is often wholly unaware, or only dimly suspects in his neurotic misery, that he is obstructing the progress of his analysis. It follows that the ego, from which resistance and repression originate, cannot be wholly conscious. If it is not—Freud argued—the traditional psychoanalytic formula deriving neuroses from a conflict between the conscious and the unconscious must be defective. In his important paper on the unconscious, Freud had already intimated that his theory of neuroses required revision: "The truth is that not only the psychically repressed remains alien to consciousness, but also a part of the impulses dominating our ego." In short, "to the degree that we try to fight our way through to a metapsychological view of mental life, we must learn to emancipate ourselves from the significance of the symptom 'consciousness.' " This passage, written in 1915, stands as a reminder of how closely the old and the new were enmeshed in Freud's theorizing. But it was not until *The Ego and the Id* that he drew the full consequences of his insight.

Those consequences were drastic enough. Psychoanalysis now recognized that the unconscious does not coincide with the repressed; while everything that is repressed is unconscious, what is unconscious is not necessarily what has been repressed. "A part of the ego, too, God knows how important a part of the ego, can be unconscious, is surely unconscious." The ego began in the developing individual as a segment of the id, gradually differentiated itself, and was then modified by influences from the external world. Putting it rather too simply, "the ego represents what one may call reason and deliberation, in contrast to the id, which contains the passions." In the decade and a half left to him, Freud was not wholly consistent in deciding just what powers to assign to the ego and the id respectively. But he rarely doubted that normally

the id holds the upper hand. The ego, he wrote in *The Ego and the Id,* in a famous analogy, "resembles the rider who is supposed to rein in the superior strength of the horse, with the difference that the rider does this with his own, the ego with borrowed strength"—borrowed from the id. Freud drove this analogy as far as it would go: "Just as there often remains nothing for the rider, if he does not want to be separated from the horse, but to lead it where it wants to go, so the ego, too, is accustomed to translating the will of the id into action as if that will were its own."

The id is not the ego's only troublesome adversary. We know that before the war in his paper on narcissism, and later in *Group Psychology,* Freud had recognized a special segment of the ego which critically watches over it. This he came to call the superego, and its elucidation occupied him throughout *The Ego and the Id.* The rider, the ego, is (one might say) not just desperately busy keeping a rein on his balky horse, the id, but is compelled at the same time to contend with a cloud of angry bees, the superego, swarming about him. We see the ego, Freud wrote, "as a poor thing, which is in threefold servitude and in consequence suffers under the menace of threefold dangers: from the external world, from the libido of the id, and from the severity of the superego." Exposed to anxieties corresponding to these dangers, the ego, for Freud, is a beleaguered, far from omnipotent negotiator earnestly trying to mediate among the forces that threaten it and that war with one another. It labors to make the id tractable to the pressures of the world and of the superego, and at the same time tries to persuade the world and the superego to comply with the id's wishes. Since it stands midway between id and reality, the ego is in danger of "succumbing to the temptation of becoming sycophantic, opportunistic, and mendacious, rather like a statesman who, with all his good insights, still wants to keep himself in the favor of public opinion." Yet this servile and pliant time-server controls the defense mechanisms, the ambiguous gift of anxiety, rational discourse, the ability to learn from experience. It may be a poor thing, but it is humanity's best instrument for coping with internal and external demands.

The implications of these metaphors are even more far-reaching than Freud then wholly recognized. Freud insisted that the ego is "first of all a bodily ego"; that is, it "is ultimately derived from bodily sensations." Yet it acquires not only much of its knowledge but much of its very shape from its commerce with the outside world—from its experiences with sights seen, sounds heard, bodies touched, pleasures explored. Freud did not explicitly pursue this line of inquiry in *The Ego and the Id,* though in his *Group Psychology* he had investigated some of the ego's involvements with external influences. In some of his last writings, though, he would take these ideas into

larger domains.* His ego psychology served to transform the closet tragicomedy of prewar psychoanalysis into a play with far wider reference—a richly costumed historical drama. The kind of analytic investigation into art, religion, politics, education, law, history, and biography that Freud found so fascinating was greatly eased by his perception of the ego as a rider who, however strenuous his double task of taming the id and appeasing the superego, keeps his eyes open to the surrounding countryside at the same time, and who, moreover, learns from experience as he gallops on.

TO DEFINE THE EGO would have been enough for a single essay, but Freud went beyond his title. He should have called it, more accurately if less tersely, *The Ego, the Id, and the Superego.* For as we have already observed, in delineating the structure of the mind, Freud had to find a place for what he had been calling the ego ideal. If one uses conventional standards, he wrote, one will have to say that the "higher" one rises in the scale of mental activity, the closer one should approach consciousness. But it turns out quite differently. As so often in *The Ego and the Id,* Freud appealed to clinical experience. It teaches that some of the most elevated moral states, such as a sense of guilt, may never enter consciousness at all: "Not only what is lowest, but what is highest, too, in the ego can be unconscious." The strongest evidence in support of this assertion is that among some analysands "self-criticism and the conscience, which is to say, mental achievements valued extremely highly, are unconscious." In spite of their better judgment, therefore, psychoanalysts find themselves compelled to speak of an *"unconscious feeling of guilt."* Freud was confronting his readers with the superego.

The conscience and the superego are not quite the same thing. "The normal, conscious feeling of guilt (conscience)," Freud wrote, "offers interpretation no difficulties"; it is essentially "the expression of a condemnation of the ego by its critical judge." But the superego is a more intricate mental agency. Whether conscious or unconscious, it harbors the individual's ethical values on the one hand, and on the other, observes, judges, approves, or punishes conduct. In obsessional neurotics and melancholiacs, the resulting guilt feelings rise to awareness, but for most others they can only be inferred. Hence the psychoanalyst recognizes a relatively inaccessible source of tormenting moral uneasiness which, precisely because it is unconscious, leaves only fragmentary, barely legible traces. The moral life of man, Freud suggested, reaches extremes much farther apart than moralists have commonly

*Psychoanalytically informed anthropologists, sociologists, and historians have been following up Freud's suggestions since the 1930s. They have felt licensed by Freud's new view of the ego as facing outward as well as inward, battling, bargaining, compromising with the environment no less than with the id and the superego.

believed. Hence the psychoanalyst can cheerfully endorse the apparent paradox that "normal man is not only much more immoral than he believes, but also far more moral than he knows."

Freud exhibited the phenomenon of unconscious guilt feelings by citing the example of patients in analysis whose symptoms become more severe when the analyst expresses hope for their eventual cure or praises the progress they are making. The better they seem to be, the worse they get. This is the notorious *"negative therapeutic reaction."* Freud insisted, as one would expect, that it is a mistake to dismiss this reaction as a kind of defiance, or as the patient's boastful attempt to show himself superior to his physician. Rather, one must read this rather perverse response as a serious, probably desperate message. The origin of the negative therapeutic reaction seemed to Freud beyond doubt: it stems from an unconscious feeling of guilt, from the desire for punishment. But it is quite beyond the patient's reach. "This sense of guilt is mute, it does not tell him that he is guilty; he does not feel guilty but ill."

In his *New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis,* his last sustained statement of psychoanalytic theory, written a decade after *The Ego and the Id,* Freud lucidly summed up this analysis. Infants are not born with a superego, and its emergence is of great analytic interest. In Freud's view, the formation of the superego depends on the growth of identifications. Freud warned his readers that he was about to discuss a complicated issue, deeply enmeshed in the fortunes of the Oedipus complex. Those fortunes, to put it technically, involve the transformation of object choices into identifications. Children first choose their parents as objects of their love and then, forced to relinquish these choices as unacceptable, identify with them by taking their attitudes—their norms, injunctions, and prohibitions—into themselves. In short, having begun by wanting to *have* their parents, they end up wanting to *be* like them. But not precisely like them—they construct their identifications, as Freud put it, "not on the model of their parents but on that of the parental superego." In this way the superego becomes "the vehicle of tradition, of all the time-resistant valuations that have thus propagated themselves across generations." Hence the superego, at once preserving cultural values and attacking the individual it inhabits, becomes the agent of life and of death alike.

This is intricate enough, but matters are more intricate still: the superego, internalizing the parents' demands and ideals, consists of more than a mere residue of the id's earliest object choices, or of its identifications. It also includes what Freud called "an energetic reaction formation" against both. As before, in *The Ego and the Id* Freud explained his technical propositions in plain language: the superego "is not exhausted by the precept 'That (like

the father) is how you *ought to be,'* but also embraces the prohibition 'That (like the father) you *may not* be—that is, you may not do everything he does; some things remain reserved to him.' " Retaining the impress of the father, the superego will produce a "conscience or, perhaps, the unconscious sense of guilt." In a word, the "ego ideal" turns out to be "the heir of the Oedipus complex." Thus man's "higher" nature and cultural achievements are explained by psychological means. This explanation, Freud intimated, had proved so elusive to philosophers or, for that matter, to other psychologists precisely because all of the id, most of the ego, and, indeed, most of the superego remain unconscious.*

AGED, DECREPIT, AND DECLINING—at least according to his own testimony—Freud had given the international psychoanalytic community much material for thought and for debate. He had changed a good deal, clarified much, but left some things uncertain. When in 1926 Ernest Jones sent him a paper on the superego, Freud acknowledged that "all the obscurities and difficulties you have marked out really exist." But he did not believe that Jones's semantic exercise provided the remedy. "What is needed is completely new investigations, accumulated impressions and experiences, and I know how hard these are to get." Jones's paper, he thought, "is a dark beginning in a knotty matter."

Much depended on how one chose to read *The Ego and the Id.* In 1930, Pfister told Freud that he had gone through the essay again, "perhaps for the tenth time, and was glad to see how you, since that work, have turned toward the gardens of humanity, after you had previously investigated only the foundations and the cloaca of their houses." That was a reasonable way of understanding Freud's new formulations, and partly warranted by his texts; Pfister, after all, was among Freud's many followers who did not believe in the "death drive." But a more somber interpretation was no less legitimate: Freud had, since his paper "Mourning and Melancholia," suggested that the superego, usually aggressive and punitive, often stood in the service of death more than in that of life. So the debate, far from being settled, went on.

*One further complication had to await Freud's reconsideration of the emotional development of boys and girls, to which he was beginning to devote his attention during these years. His conclusion, as we shall see, was that the superego differed considerably in the two sexes. See pp. 518–19.

NINE

Death against Life

INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY

In 1923, the year of *The Ego and the Id,* death visited Freud again, striking at one of his grandsons and making threatening flourishes at him. The calamities came as cruel surprises. Even if he intermittently complained about his stomach or his intestines, Freud continued to be vigorous enough during the working year. As in the past, he yearned for his lengthy summer vacation and liked to keep these months sacred; he reserved them for tramps in the mountains, cures at a spa, sight-seeing in Italy, and explorations of psychoanalytic theory. He rarely disrupted these holidays with analytic sessions, though he was now besieged by lucrative offers. In 1922, vacationing in Berchtesgaden, he "turned away the wife of a copper king," he told Rank, "who would certainly have covered the costs of my stay," as well as another American woman, "who would surely have paid $50 a day, since she was used to paying Brill $20 in New York for *half* an hour." He did not equivocate: "I will not sell my time here." His need for repose and recuperation, Freud told his friends more than once, was