

# My Recollections of Sigmund Freud

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*by the Wolf-Man*

I first met Freud in the year 1910. At that time psychoanalysis and the name of its founder were practically unknown beyond the borders of Austria. Before I report on how I came into analysis with Freud, however, I should like to recall to you the desolate situation in which a neurotic found himself at that period before psychoanalysis. A sufferer from neurosis is trying to find his way back into normal life, as he has come into conflict with his environment and then lost contact with it. His emotional life has become "inadequate," inappropriate to outer reality. His goal is not a real known object, but rather some other object, hidden in his unconscious, unknown to himself. His affect by-passes the real object, accessible to his consciousness. As long as nothing was known of this state of affairs, only two explanations were possible: one, that of the layman, concerned itself with the increase in intensity of affect, which was out of proportion to the real situation; it was said that the neurotic exaggerated everything. The other explanation, that of the neurologist or psychiatrist, derived the mental and emotional from the physical, and sought to persuade the patient that his trouble was due to a functional disorder of the nervous system. The neurotic went to a physician with the wish to pour out his heart to him, and was bitterly disappointed when the physician would scarcely listen to the problems which so troubled him, much less try to understand them. But that which to the doc-

tor was only an unimportant by-product of a serious objective condition was for the neurotic himself a profound inner experience. So there could be no real contact between patient and physician. The treatment of emotional illness seemed to have got into a dead-end street.

Clearly I was no better off than my companions-in-suffering, who at that time were grouped together under the catch-all name of "neurasthenics." In less serious cases, the suggestive effect of physical therapy, hydrotherapy, electric treatments, etc., might cause some improvement; in my case these treatments had completely failed. Whenever I went into a sanatorium, my condition became so much worse that I had to leave again as soon as possible. I had consulted a considerable number of the most famous neurologists, as, for example, Professor Ziehen in Berlin and Professor Kraepelin in Munich, without the slightest improvement in my condition. Professor Kraepelin, who was world-famous, was himself honest enough to confess failure. He explained to me finally that he had been mistaken in his diagnosis. When I asked what I should do now, he always replied: "You see, I made a mistake." Finally he advised me again to go into a sanatorium. After all this, it was scarcely strange that I had at last given up all hope of receiving any medical help.

Then by chance I made the acquaintance of a young physician, Dr. D., who took an interest in me, and with extraordinary energy tried to persuade me that my case was by no means hopeless and that previous attempts to help me had failed only because of mistaken methods of treatment. Dr. D. was a passionate believer in psychotherapy, and frequently mentioned the names Dubois and Freud. He spoke also of "psychoanalysis," of which, however, as I later discovered, he had only the most nebulous ideas. His powers of persuasion were so great, and my emotional condition was one of such misery, that I finally decided, as a last resort, to attempt therapy with Dr. D.

This was the beginning of my "analysis" with Dr. D., which was simply a free, conversational exchange between patient and doctor. Although this touched only the conscious surface of my problems, the good thing was that I had now found a physician in whom I had complete confidence and to whom I could talk about

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whatever concerned me, to my heart's content. So, for a time, I held myself above water, until finally Dr. D. himself had the insight to confess that the task he had undertaken was beyond his powers, saying he thought I should try something else. At first he spoke of a journey around the world, but then suggested something which appealed to me much more: that I should seek treatment from Dubois in Switzerland, and Dr. D. himself would accompany me there. Had Dr. D. stuck to his first suggestion to travel, my life would certainly have taken quite a different course; but apparently fate wanted it otherwise.

Our journey took us through Vienna, where we intended to remain about two weeks. There Dr. D. met some of his colleagues, who pointed out that psychoanalysis was really the creation of Freud, and that we should therefore "attempt" it first with him. I agreed to this, and the very next day we visited Freud.

Freud's appearance was such as to win my confidence immediately. He was then in his middle fifties and seemed to enjoy the best of health. He was of medium height and figure. In his rather long face, framed by a closely clipped, already graying beard, the most impressive feature was his intelligent dark eyes, which looked at me penetratingly but without causing me the slightest feeling of discomfort. His correct, conventional way of dressing, and his simple but self-assured manner, indicated his love of order and his inner serenity. Freud's whole attitude, and the way in which he listened to me, differentiated him strikingly from his famous colleagues whom I had hitherto known and in whom I had found such a lack of deeper psychological understanding. At my first meeting with Freud I had the feeling of encountering a great personality.

Freud told us he found my case suitable for psychoanalytic treatment, but that he was at present so busy that he could not immediately take any new patients. However, we might make a compromise. He was visiting a patient every day in the Cottage Sanatorium, and following this visit he would begin my treatment there, if I agreed to spend a few weeks in the sanatorium. This proposal disconcerted us, and we reconsidered continuing our journey to Switzerland. But Freud had made such a favorable impression upon me that I persuaded Dr. D. that I should follow Freud's

suggestion. So I moved into the Cottage Sanatorium, where Freud visited me every afternoon. After the first few hours with Freud, I felt that I had at last found what I had so long been seeking.

It was a revelation to me to hear the fundamental concepts of a completely new science of the human psyche, from the mouth of its founder. This new concept of psychic processes had nothing to do with the school psychology which I knew from books and which left me cold. I perceived at once that Freud had succeeded in discovering an unexplored region of the human soul, and that if I could follow him along this path, a new world would open to me. The error of "classical" psychiatry had been that, ignorant of the existence and laws of the unconscious, it derived everything from the physical, from the somatic. A further consequence of this error was a too sharp distinction between healthy and sick. Everything the neurotic undertook was, from the first, considered sick. If, for example, he fell in love with a girl or a woman, this was described as "manic" or as a "compulsion." But for Freud the "breakthrough to the woman" could under certain circumstances be considered the neurotic's greatest achievement, a sign of his will to live, an active attempt to recover. This followed from the psychoanalytic point of view that there was no sharp division between sick and healthy, that in the healthy person also the unconscious may dominate though he is unwilling to admit it, for to do so would hamper his actions. He therefore attempts to rationalize, and employs all possible stratagems to prove that his thinking and decisions follow the line of pure reason and are therefore of high quality. Although Freud certainly did not underestimate the neurotic in his patients, he attempted always to support and strengthen the kernel of health, separated from the chaff of neurosis. It is hardly necessary to underline the fact that this separation of the two elements requires a large measure of emotional penetration and is one of the psychiatrist's more difficult tasks.

It will be easy to imagine the sense of relief I now felt when Freud asked me various questions about my childhood and about the relationships in my family, and listened with the greatest attention to all I had to say. Occasionally he let fall some remark which bore witness to his complete understanding of everything I had experienced.

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"Up to now you have been looking for the cause of your illness in your chamber pot," remarked Freud aptly, referring to the methods of physical therapy to which I had submitted.

When I told Freud of my doubts and brooding as a child, his opinion was that "only a child can think so logically." And once, in this connection, he spoke of a "thinker of the first rank," which filled me with no little pride, since in my childhood I had suffered from competition with my sister, who was two and a half years older than I and far ahead of me. Later, however, we understood each other very well.

My new knowledge, the feeling that I had, so to speak, "discovered" Freud, and the hope of regaining my health made my condition rapidly improve. But now Freud warned me against overoptimism, foreseeing quite rightly that resistance and its attendant difficulties were still to come. At the time agreed upon, I returned to my pension and continued my analysis in Freud's apartment.

From the beginning, I had the impression that Freud had a special gift for finding a happy balance in everything he undertook. This characteristic expressed itself also in the appearance of his home in the Berggasse. I can remember, as though I saw them today, his two adjoining studies, with the door open between them and with their windows opening on a little courtyard. There was always a feeling of sacred peace and quiet here. The rooms themselves must have been a surprise to any patient, for they in no way reminded one of a doctor's office but rather of an archeologist's study. Here were all kinds of statuettes and other unusual objects, which even the layman recognized as archeological finds from ancient Egypt. Here and there on the walls were stone plaques representing various scenes of long-vanished epochs. A few potted plants added life to the rooms, and the warm carpet and curtains gave them a homelike note. Everything here contributed to one's feeling of leaving the haste of modern life behind, of being sheltered from one's daily cares. Freud himself explained his love for archeology in that the psychoanalyst, like the archeologist in his excavations, must uncover layer after layer of the patient's psyche, before coming to the deepest, most valuable treasures.

In view of the mass of work Freud set himself to accomplish, he of course had to distribute his time most carefully. His medical

practice began early in the morning and, except for meals and a short walk, lasted the whole day. One cannot help wondering how, in spite of this, it was possible for him to devote himself to science and writing to such an extent. He did, it is true, allow himself a long vacation of about two and a half months every year in the late summer.

This is not the place to speak of all the phases of my treatment. I can only say that in my analysis with Freud I felt myself less as a patient than as a co-worker, the younger comrade of an experienced explorer setting out to study a new, recently discovered land. This new land is the realm of the unconscious, over which the neurotic has lost that mastery which he now seeks, through analysis, to regain.

This feeling of "working together" was increased by Freud's recognition of my understanding of psychoanalysis, so that he even once said it would be good if all his pupils could grasp the nature of analysis as soundly as I. We were talking about how hard it is for a healthy person to accept the principles of Freud's teaching, as they wound his vanity. It is different for the neurotic, who has, in the first place, experienced in his own person the force and aims of his unconscious drives, and, secondly, in submitting to analytic therapy, has acknowledged his inability to manage without help.

But there is another type of person accessible to all theoretical knowledge, and therefore also to psychoanalysis. These are the persons whose unimpeachable intelligence seems to be cut off from their instinctive drives.<sup>1</sup> Such persons are capable of thinking things through to the last logical conclusion, but they do not apply the results of this thinking to their own behavior. Freud mentions this curious characteristic in one of his essays, but does not treat this theme in detail. It is an obscure region of the human soul, but I believe one must seek the explanation in the fact that the "object cathexis" of these persons is too much under the influence of the unconscious. They pursue not real objects but fantasy images,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 157 in this volume in which Freud writes of the Wolf-Man: "His unimpeachable intelligence was, as it were, cut off from the instinctual forces which governed his behaviour in the few relations of life that remained to him." (Translator's note.)

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even though they know what dangers threaten them thereby from the side of reality. They face an insoluble problem: either to disregard the pleasure-principle and follow the dictates of their intellect, or to act as their feelings force them to act. So they are always talking very reasonably and acting just as unreasonably.

Primitivism in modern art and existentialism in philosophy have both stressed the emotional in contrast to the intellectual. And when Jean Jacques Rousseau declares: "*la prévoyance, la prévoyance, voilà la source de toutes mes souffrances,*" he deliberately takes a stand against the reality-principle. But Freud, although he assailed repression as a harmful by-product of the cultural development of mankind, nevertheless was not an enemy of culture. He believed that culture develops under the iron pressure of the reality principle, which requires giving up the immediate gratification of instinctual drives for a later, more realistic satisfaction. When during the course of analysis resistances are overcome and repressed material is brought into consciousness, the patient becomes more and more accessible to the influence of the physician. This leads to the reawakening of various interests and to forming relationships once more with the outer world. Freud himself believed that the treatment of a patient's severe neurosis was at the same time an education of the patient. I need hardly emphasize the fact that Freud practiced this educational task in the most tactful way, and that his purely human influence on his patients, by virtue of the greatness of his personality, was bound to be profound and lasting. Even Freud's sharp way of expressing his opinion, which always struck at the heart of the matter in most telling words, afforded one great enjoyment. Freud's memory was absolutely astonishing; he retained everything in his mind, noticed the smallest details, and never mixed up family relationships or anything of the sort.

But a too close relationship between patient and doctor has, like everything else in life, its shadow side. Freud himself believed that if the friendly relations between the two overstep a certain boundary, this will work against the therapy. It is easy to understand why: on the one hand, there is the danger that the physician may become too forbearing and too compliant toward the patient; on the other hand, resistances in the transference increase when the

patient looks upon the analyst as a father substitute. Although Freud, in keeping with his character, put everything personal into the background and always made every effort to be completely objective, the attractive power of his personality was so great that there were certain dangers involved.

As an analysis requires a great deal of time, it raises difficulties for those not well-to-do. "We have made it a rule," Freud once said to me, "always to treat one patient without remuneration." He added that such an analysis often meets with greater resistance than one that is paid for, as feelings of gratitude appear with special strength and hamper the treatment. I myself know of a case in which Freud treated a patient, who had lost his fortune, for many months and also aided him financially.<sup>2</sup>

During a psychoanalytic treatment of long duration the patient often has the opportunity of discussing all manner of things with the physician. Freud told me once, for example, how the "psychoanalytic situation" came about. This "situation," as is well known, is that of the patient lying on the couch with the analyst sitting near the couch in a position where he cannot be seen by the analysand. Freud told me that he had originally sat at the opposite end of the couch, so that analyst and analysand could look at each other. One female patient, exploiting this situation, made all possible—or rather all impossible—attempts to seduce him. To rule out anything similar, once and for all, Freud moved from his earlier position to the opposite end of the couch.

One story of Freud's was not lacking in a certain irony. He told me how once a little, insignificant-looking man had come into his office complaining of severe depressions. When Freud inquired as to his work, it turned out that he was the greatest contemporary Viennese comedian, the late Eisenbach.

Once when I wanted to explain some emotional process—I no

<sup>2</sup> In his *Memoirs, 1919-1938* (p. 113) the Wolf-Man wrote of the year 1920 when he was completing four months of reanalysis with Freud: "Our situation was such that we could hardly even have paid our rent had not Professor Freud, who had some English patients, given us a few English pounds from time to time." Replying to a question of mine, the Wolf-Man wrote me in a letter of September 14, 1970: "My reanalysis in 1919 took place not at my request, but at the wish of Professor Freud himself. When I explained to him that I could not pay for this treatment, he expressed his readiness to analyze me without remuneration." (Translator's note.)

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longer remember what—by the force of habit, Freud would not accept my explanation. He said: "If a mother, worried about her son on the high seas, prays every evening for his speedy return, do you think that after he comes safely home she would still say the same prayer from force of habit?" I understood this reaction of Freud's very well, because at that time, when so little was known of man's real instinctual life, much was erroneously put down to "habit." Later Freud modified the pleasure principle, in that he subscribed also to a repetition compulsion, independent of the pleasure principle. This is, so to speak, a psychic law of inertia, a tendency innate in all living things to seek rest, with the final goal of death. So Freud came to accept a death instinct, opposed to Eros. He deals with this question in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, but without mentioning habit. But it is an obvious step to trace habit also back to the repetition compulsion. So this remark of Freud's could be understood to mean that one should not overestimate the importance of habit, as it appears as a kind of repetition compulsion only when outer and inner conditions favor this psychic automatism and when no stronger impulse works against it.

As at that time the "storm and stress" period of psychoanalysis was not yet over, Freud often touched on this theme. His views, as well as his whole theory, were so new that they were bound to meet with the most violent opposition everywhere. In the beginning no one had found it necessary to refute psychoanalysis; people simply took no notice of it. But in the long run it was impossible to ignore it completely, so psychoanalysis, along with its founder Freud, was furiously attacked from all sides. The preachers of morality rejected it because it gave too much importance to sexuality, and official medicine condemned it as "unscientific." Freud once told me that he far preferred these attacks to the former total silence. For it followed from them that he had serious opponents with whom he was forced to join issue. It seems Freud never took the moralists' indignation very seriously. He once told me, laughing, that a meeting in which psychoanalysis was sharply attacked as "immoral" ended up with those present telling each other the most indecent jokes.

These attacks confirmed Freud in feeling bound to show the

greatest objectivity and to exclude everything of an emotional or subjective nature from his arguments. And, as is well known, he was never afraid to revise his theories, insofar as this seemed to him called for by his practice, that is, through observation and experience. In justification he could cite the fact that even such an exact science as physics proceeds in the same way, adjusting its theories to the specific state of empirical research. The same was true of Freud in regard to the detailed work of therapy. If one of his hypotheses was not confirmed by the associations and dreams of the patient, he dropped it immediately. Even at that time Freud expressed great confidence in the future of psychoanalysis, believing that its continued existence was assured and that it would achieve its due place in medicine and other fields.

Freud very seldom spoke of his family relationships, which was natural considering the conditions of psychoanalytic treatment (transference, etc.). I occasionally met his wife as well as his three sons and two daughters on the stairs, so I knew them only by sight. Later I became acquainted with his oldest son, Dr. Martin Freud, who had become a lawyer and was occupied in the world of business, but this was in no way connected with my analysis with Freud. I had the impression that Freud's family life was very tranquil and harmonious. Once during an analytic hour Freud told me that he had just received word that his youngest son<sup>3</sup> had broken a leg skiing, but that luckily it was a mild injury with no danger of lasting damage. Freud went on to say that of his three sons the youngest was most like him in character and temperament. Freud came back to his youngest son later in another connection. This was at a time when I was occupied with the idea of becoming a painter. Freud advised me against this, expressing the opinion that although I probably had the ability, I would not find this profession satisfying. He believed that the contemplative nature of the artist was not foreign to me but that the rational (he once called me a "dialectician") predominated. He suggested that I should strive for a sublimation that would absorb my intellectual interest completely. It was on this occasion that he told me that his young-

<sup>3</sup> Anna Freud states that it was not the youngest but the oldest son who broke his leg. This is the only factual error she has found in these *Recollections*. The rest of what is written about this youngest son, the architect, correctly applies to him. (Translator's note.)

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est son had also intended to become a painter, but had then dropped the idea and switched over to architecture. "I would have decided on painting," he had told his father, "only if I were either very rich or very poor." The grounds for this decision were that one should either regard painting as a luxury, pursuing it as an amateur, or else take it very seriously and achieve something really great, since to be a mediocrity in this field would give no satisfaction. Poverty and the "iron necessity" behind it would serve as a sharp spur goading one on to notable achievements. Freud welcomed his son's decision and thought his reasoning well founded.

Freud's dedication to psychoanalysis was so great that in many ways it influenced his other interests also. As regards painting, he had the greatest esteem for the old masters. He engaged in a searching study of one of Leonardo da Vinci's paintings and published a book about it. It is clear that the painters of the Renaissance had a particular fascination for Freud, as at that time man was the center of universal interest and therefore also the subject matter of painting. On the other hand Freud had little interest in landscape painting, including the work of the Impressionists. Modern art in general had no great appeal for him. He had no affinity to music either.

World literature, as one might expect, claimed Freud's interest in the highest degree. He was enthusiastic about Dostoevsky, who, more than any other, has the gift of piercing the depths of the human soul and searching out the most hidden stirrings of the unconscious, to give them expression in a work of art. In *The Brothers Karamazov* Dostoevsky deals with patricide, that is, with the Oedipus complex. Dreams also appear in his works. I can remember that in one of my analytic hours Freud made a psychoanalytic interpretation of a dream of Raskolnikov's. Freud saw Dostoevsky's weakness as a political thinker in the fact that he had to take such a long-drawn-out and wearying way to arrive at his later political convictions, whereas smaller minds came to the same conclusions more rapidly and with less expenditure of energy. As is well known, Dostoevsky was in his youth a member of a secret conspiracy and was banished to Siberia. He returned from there, after serving his sentence, an advocate of a conservative philosophy of life.

Freud gave high praise to the novel *Peter and Alexis* by the Russian writer Merezhkovsky, in which the emotional ambivalence between father and son is treated in an extraordinarily psychoanalytic manner. Freud had less appreciation of Tolstoi. The world in which Tolstoi lived and which he described was too alien to Freud. Tolstoi was an epic writer, who sketched marvelous pictures of the life of the Russian upper classes of the nineteenth century, but as a psychologist he did not penetrate as deeply as Dostoevsky. And Freud must have had little sympathy for Tolstoi's sharply critical stand against sexuality.

When I told Freud of my liking for Maupassant, he remarked: "Not bad taste." As at this time the French author Mirbeau, who embarked on very daring themes, was in fashion, I asked Freud how he liked him. His answer was quite unfavorable.

Freud had a special liking for Anatole France. I remember how he once described to me a scene from one of Anatole France's books which had evidently made a strong impact on him. Two distinguished Romans are arguing which one of the many mythological deities will be the leading god of the future. At this instant a disciple of Christ, clad in beggar's garments, walks past them. The two Romans, scarcely noticing him, have not the faintest idea that he is the prophet of a new religion which will overturn the old gods and start on a triumphal procession through the world.

Freud also fully appreciated humorists, and greatly admired Wilhelm Busch. Once we happened to speak of Conan Doyle and his creation, Sherlock Holmes. I had thought that Freud would have no use for this type of light reading matter, and was surprised to find that this was not at all the case and that Freud had read this author attentively. The fact that circumstantial evidence is useful in psychoanalysis when reconstructing a childhood history may explain Freud's interest in this type of literature. By the way, the spiritual father of Conan Doyle's famous hero, the amateur detective who gets the better of all the official agencies, is really not Conan Doyle himself but none other than Edgar Allan Poe with his Monsieur Dupin (for more details see Marie Bonaparte's extremely interesting psychoanalytic study of Edgar Allan Poe). It was natural for a "*raisonneur infallible*" like Poe to endow Monsieur Dupin with the gift of arriving at the most extraordinary

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conclusions by means of exact observation of human behavior and weighing all the circumstances. Thanks to these unusual gifts, which Poe designates as "analytic," Monsieur Dupin, this prototype of Sherlock Holmes, succeeds in reconstructing and solving a most complicated and mysterious crime in the Rue Morgue.

Freud was quite indifferent to political questions. They occupied a different sphere, too far from the realm of psychoanalysis and Freud's work. In this connection, Freud's conclusions about Dostoevsky as a political thinker seem to me noteworthy. Usually a person making such observations takes as a starting point whatever philosophy he considers the right one. Thus some people would think that lesser minds than Dostoevsky's reached the same conclusions he did more quickly only because they adopted these conservative views uncritically, without giving them much thought. Others holding political views opposite to Dostoevsky's conservative conclusions could reproach him for not living up to his principles firmly enough to retain his earlier revolutionary convictions in spite of his misfortune. Both views would contain value judgments which Freud evidently wished to avoid. Therefore his purely scientific reflections on psychic processes, the comparison of the two amounts of energy necessary to attain the same result. Here lie the borders of psychoanalysis, which Freud did not wish to overstep.

Now I would like to touch on another question, which also occupies one of the border regions. I mean the problem so disputed in philosophy, that of free will. As psychoanalysis recognizes a causal relationship between a neurotic's repressions, that is, his unconscious processes, and the symptoms of his illness, one would assume that it uncompromisingly rejects free will and takes a strictly deterministic stand. That proves to be true, for instance, in *The Criminal, the Judge, and the Public*, by Franz Alexander and Hugo Staub. According to this book, a decision results from the working together of various forces, constituting, so to speak, their mean. One might follow this train of thought further and say that these forces often work in opposite directions. As they are invisible to us, the outcome of this working together and working against, that is, the decision itself, does not appear to be determined by definite causes.

A remark of Freud's occurs to me, however, which can be understood as intimating at least the possibility of free will. Freud said that even when the repressed becomes conscious, and when an analysis could be regarded as successful, this does not automatically bring about the patient's recovery. After such an analysis the patient has been placed in a position in which he can get well; before analysis this was not possible. But whether or not he really will get well depends on his wish to recover, on his will. Freud compared this situation with the purchase of a travel ticket. This ticket only makes the journey possible; it does not take its place. But what is this will to recover, really? And what determines it?

Freud's attitude to religion is well known. He was a freethinker and an adversary of all dogmatism. Notwithstanding this, he insisted that there was no fundamental opposition between religion and psychoanalysis and that therefore a religious adherent could readily become a follower of psychoanalysis.

Psychoanalysis assumes the task of bringing repressed ideas into consciousness, a task which necessitates overcoming resistances. In accordance with this, Freud considered the attacks against him in a psychoanalytic sense as the expression of inner resistance. He regarded them as a matter of course, since our ego defends itself against admitting the repressed to consciousness. Freud stated that the human race had in the course of its development suffered three hard blows to its self-love, to its narcissism: first, the realization that our earth is not the center of the universe, that the sun does not revolve around the earth but the earth around the sun; then Darwin's theory of evolution; and now, through psychoanalysis, the dethronement of our sphere of consciousness in favor of the unconscious, which determines our emotional life and so, in the long run, our relationship to everything.

This position of Freud's—following the maxim that to understand all is to forgive all—naturally led to his unresentful attitude to those who rejected his teaching. Personal hatred was foreign to Freud's nature. It is well known, for example, that there was tension between Freud and Wagner-Jauregg, but I never perceived that Freud nourished any feelings of enmity toward him. Freud simply thought that Wagner-Jauregg was lacking in deeper psychological understanding. But as Wagner-Jauregg's merits lay

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in quite a different field—I mean the malaria treatment of paresis—this judgment of Freud's in no way detracted from the other's fame.

(By the way, years later, after Freud had emigrated to England, I once had the opportunity of discussing with Wagner-Jauregg a case I was very concerned about. This was about six months before Wagner-Jauregg died. He was a very old man but still looked quite robust. I found him very likable as a person. Whereas Freud's most striking characteristics were his seriousness and his concentration on a certain sphere of ideas, Wagner-Jauregg made the impression of being a genial, easygoing Viennese of a past epoch.)

In spite of Freud's forbearance and tolerance of his adversaries personally, he made no concessions or compromises about questions to which he believed he had found the true answers. To search for the truth was for Freud the first principle. Human intelligence and the triumphs of the mind were for Freud the highest excellence; important is not what man does, but what he thinks. By this Freud evidently meant to express the idea that feeling and thinking should be regarded as primary, and the actions resulting therefrom as secondary. Nevertheless Freud was no stranger to the "human, all too human." This is shown by a remark he once let fall that the satisfaction gained from intellectual work and success cannot match in intensity the feelings of pleasure achieved through the immediate gratification of instinctual aims. In intellectual achievement, the immediacy of the experience is lacking, just that feeling characterized by Freud's rather coarse but to-the-point expression—I still remember his words very well—"damn good." Through this remark of Freud's shimmers the wistful consciousness that intellectuality can be purchased only by sacrifice: the renunciation of immediate instinctual satisfaction.

In the weeks before the end of my analysis, we often spoke of the danger of the patient's feeling too close a tie to the therapist. If the patient remains "stuck" in the transference, the success of the treatment is not a lasting one, as it soon becomes evident that the original neurosis has been replaced by another. In this connection, Freud was of the opinion that at the end of treatment a gift from the patient could contribute, as a symbolic act, to lessening his

feeling of gratitude and his consequent dependence on the physician. So we agreed that I would give Freud something as a remembrance. As I knew of his love for archeology, the gift I chose for him was a female Egyptian figure, with a miter-shaped head-dress. Freud placed it on his desk. Twenty years later, looking through a magazine, I saw a picture of Freud at his desk. "My" Egyptian immediately struck my eye, the figure which for me symbolized my analysis with Freud, who himself called me "a piece of psychoanalysis."

The end of my analysis with Freud coincided with the period of world political agitation in the summer of 1914. It was a hot and sultry Sunday, this fateful 28 of June 1914, on which the Austrian Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated. On this day I took a walk through the Prater, and as my treatment with Freud was about to end in a few days, I let these years that I had spent in Vienna flow through my thoughts. During this time my resistances in the transference had sometimes become so strong that I despaired of bringing my analysis with Freud to a successful conclusion. Now this period was over, and I was filled with the heartening feeling that, in spite of all the difficulties, I had persevered with Freud and could now leave Vienna a healthy man. I was also very happy that my future wife, whom I had presented to Freud a short time before, had made an excellent impression on him and that he approved my choice. I saw the future in a very rosy light, and in this hopeful mood I returned home from my walk. Scarcely had I entered my apartment when the maid brought me the extra edition of the newspaper, reporting the assassination of the archducal couple.

When I saw Freud the following day, of course we spoke of this event. At this time a very excited anti-Serbian spirit dominated Vienna. I felt it was false reasoning to condemn a whole people, lock, stock, and barrel, and to ascribe certain bad qualities, whatever they might be, to one and all. Freud apparently did not share this view, as he observed that there are indeed nations in which certain bad qualities are more marked than in others. In talking about the situation, Freud remarked that if Franz Ferdinand had come to power, we would certainly have had a war with Russia. Obviously

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he could have had no idea that the assassination at Sarajevo would start the ball rolling.

When I saw Freud again after World War I, in the spring of 1919, and spoke of how absolutely incomprehensible it was that such mass slaughter could take place in the twentieth century, Freud did not pursue this theme but remarked, somewhat resignedly, that we have "a wrong attitude" toward death. To the great political events of the world following the war, Freud took a wait-and-see position. He said something to the effect that one could not expect a psychoanalyst to judge these events correctly or to foresee their outcome. It was at this time also that I learned from Freud that Jung, whom Freud had always praised highly and whom he had formerly designated as his successor, had broken away from him and was now going his own way.

I have spoken of Freud's composure and self-control. He constructed a whole new world of thought which, apart from everything else, required great energy and perseverance. His strength of mind, although it sometimes lent him the semblance of harshness, was most admirable, and never deserted him, even when he was subjected to fate's hardest blows.

In the winter of 1919-1920 Freud suffered an extremely painful loss through the death of his older daughter, to whom, I have heard, he was especially attached. I saw him the day following this tragic event. He was calm and composed as usual, and did not betray his pain in any way.

When some years later Freud was taken ill with a growth in the oral cavity, he conducted himself as resolutely as before. He had to have an operation, and when I visited him after this and asked how he felt, he behaved as though nothing had happened. "One just grows old," he said, making a gesture with his hand of the sort people make to brush away trivial things. Freud as a physician was of course fully aware of the seriousness of his illness. And in fact this first operation was followed by a second, in which a part of his palate was removed, so that he had to wear a prosthesis. It impeded his speech slightly, but one hardly noticed this. But this misfortune did not have the power to subdue Freud or rob him of his passion for work. He devoted himself to writing as he had

formerly done, and still continued his analytic practice, though in a limited degree. After Hitler's annexation of Austria, Freud emigrated to England, where he died early in World War II.

"A prophet is without honor in his own country," according to the proverb, and this has been, alas, true of Freud. Although Freud spent almost his entire life in Vienna, where he for many decades carried on work that proved to be so important for mankind, psychoanalysis meets with less acceptance in Vienna than elsewhere. To what can this be attributed? Perhaps it is because Austria, in her recent history, has undergone so many political and economic crises. But something else may also play a role: the fact that Austrians possess the happy aptitude of making light of many things, and, like the French, take life more from its bright and pleasant side. It may follow that they suffer less from their complexes and get over them more easily.

However that may be, the time is more than due, ten years after Freud's death, to place a fitting memorial plaque on the house in the Berggasse where he lived. It is still sadly missing when one walks past.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> On May 6, 1954, more than two years after the Wolf-Man wrote this paper, the World Organization for Mental Health placed a commemorative plaque on the door. (Translator's note.)