

# Freud the Father

**WOLF-MAN:** You know, I feel so bad, I have been having such terrible depressions lately . . . (looks at me mistrustfully). Now you probably think that psychoanalysis didn't do me any good.

**OBHOLZER:** Not at all, why should I? People sometimes feel bad, don't they? Do your depressions have a specific cause?

**W:** I'd rather not discuss that. So, you are interested in psychoanalysis? It does seem that interest in it keeps coming back. In physics, you can discover something, but one cannot look inside the human brain. That's why people are interested. It used to be different.

Some twenty years ago, I wrote a few articles on psychoanalysis and inquired at some journals about getting them published. Nobody wanted them at the time. One editor said to me, "Einstein's theory of relativity is something you can understand, but what do you do with psychoanalysis?" That annoyed me a great deal at the time. Freud was a genius, there's no denying it! All those ideas that he combined in a system. . . . Even though much isn't true, it was a splendid achievement.

**O:** I've been here a few times to see how you were. But you were never in. The last time, I wrote you a note. . . .

**W:** It's a good thing, by the way, that you used such a large piece of paper, otherwise I might have overlooked it. It'll be best if you send me a postcard before you come. There've been a number of times when I wasn't at home. Dr. E. of the Freud archive in New York spent four weeks in Vienna. Usually, he only stays three. This time, he stayed four. He observes me because he is interested in what becomes of Freud's patients. He always asked me to come very early

in the morning, sometimes also at night. That was an effort for me—I had to get up earlier. Normally, I prefer sleeping later. And on Tuesday afternoon, I see Dr. S., although it's useless.

O: Then why go?

W: I have no idea. E. said once I should go, so I went, and then I just kept going. You know him, don't you?

O: S.? Yes, I interviewed him once.

W: A year ago, I reserved a place in an old peoples' home because E. and S. insisted. I was told it would be about a year until they could take me. I should inquire about now, but I don't feel like it. They only give you one room, whereas here I have two, the bathroom and the kitchen. But everything is becoming very difficult for me, like climbing up to the fifth floor; there's no lift (*he moans*). My God, everybody wants to get old and no one knows what it means. I no longer have the courage to go on vacation; just packing is too much. I used to go to the Semmering Pass or into Styria. All of Austria is beautiful. I had the idea of moving to New York, but that was probably just a fantasy. I don't even speak English.

O: Freud writes that your illness erupted because you got the clap.

W: The what?

O: Gonorrhoea.

W: I beg your pardon?

O: Go—norr—he-a.

W: That we have to talk about these unpleasant things!

O: What's so terrible? It can happen to anyone. Perhaps it will console you when I tell you that I had the clap myself.

W: I am amazed you should tell me. You really seem to trust me! Here's what happened: In the gymnasium, I had a friend, and this friend had an older friend who arranged it. There was a café with three girls in it. And this friend knew that these girls were in that café and that they could also be put to a different use. . . .

O: What sort of girls?

W: Waitresses. And they also had a room. . . .

O: Did the people that owned the café know about that?

W: Yes, they must have known, tolerated or even arranged it; perhaps they made a little money off it.

O: How old were you at the time?

W: Seventeen.

O: Was that your first sexual experience?

W: Yes. In any event, we went and I asked the friend—you'll have to excuse my telling you these terrible things—whether one should use a prophylactic or not. And he answered, "The whore will laugh at you." So we didn't take any along. And then, by way of a joke, he said that there's a superstition that the name of the first woman with whom one has sexual intercourse will also be the name of the woman one marries. And that was true in our case. Her name was Maria, I remember, and my wife's name was actually Maria Therese. So it was true.

And in the case of this friend . . . I should mention that he was an acquaintance of my violin teacher's whom he once brought to the estate because it had struck my father that I had no companions. He took me to the café. And the girl whom he knew there was called Nadja. And that was also the name of the violin teacher's daughter. At first, the father didn't want her to marry him because he wasn't a good match. But then he did, and they did get married. You see, by chance, the superstition turned out true. In any event, that was all there was to it.

O: The gonorrhea came later?

W: Yes, later. I got it from a peasant girl. That was a year later. I felt confident; I thought, that can't happen in the country. People always said that it was risky to go to prostitutes. And out in the country it is less dangerous. The opposite turned out to be true. She was even married, but I think her husband was doing his military service. In any event, I didn't think it would happen here, I thought it might happen in the other situation.

O: And you gave the peasant girl money, or were you in love?

W: No, no, you always gave something, that was a matter of good manners. At least I think so, it's so long ago. In any case, I got it from that peasant girl. A fellow student told me at the time that he had chronic gonorrhea. That really frightened me terribly. I imagined I had the same thing. The word *chronic*, you understand, was terrible. A physician used a catheter; it took a long time and was painful. What do they do today?

O: You get penicillin injections.

W: It wasn't that simple in my time. In any event, I was dissatisfied with the physician. Then I found a professor who treated me. After

some time, he told me: "You can get married tomorrow. For a while, there will be a drop on your member, but that's of no consequence and will pass." Although he had told me that, I worried. I knew there was no reason. Nonetheless, it was an obsessive idea. No one knew anything about gonorrhoea. I was feeling terrible. My sister asked me: "What's wrong with you? Are you in love?" I told her to guess. She didn't find the right answer. Don't you think she should have been able to guess?

O: How could she have?

W: The only one to notice something was a certain Viktor. I'll tell you about him some other time. He was a student who used to come to the house. I met him, and he understood immediately that I was ill, psychologically. "What is troubling you?" he asked. "You look completely changed." I: "No, it's nothing." He: "Oh yes, you look completely changed." He'd noticed something.

Then I traveled to Berlin with my mother and sister. They went to a sanatorium there. We took a student along, a certain Hasselblad—his grandfather or great-grandfather had come from Sweden. Odd, isn't it? One always took strangers along. And this Hasselblad had an uncle, a certain Professor Anton, who was a psychiatrist in Vienna. He happened to be in Berlin at the time and this Hasselblad asked me if I wanted to speak with his uncle. I went to see him and he diagnosed the whole thing as puberty neurosis. "It will pass," he said, and suggested that we take a trip. We went to Italy. That was a diversion, and all those ideas went away. Hasselblad was a good traveling companion for me because he was a calm person and had had gonorrhoea himself. He had had it repeatedly in the past, and then he got it again in Rome. That's when I saw that it isn't so terrible. That was really the most important success.

O: That was very reasonable.

W: The advice had been correct. I just thought of something! Let's call the thing by its name. Even before the gonorrhoea, I had had bad luck with my penis, my member. You know those insects they call ticks. On the estate, we ran around in the bushes, lay in the grass, climbed trees. In any event, something was suddenly itching. I rubbed and scratched. Finally I noticed that it was taking on enormous dimensions. The member had swollen; it was big and red. I

told my father. And he called one of our servants who had done medical work in the army. He was not a real doctor, only half a one, but he knew something about these things. And he removed the tick in some way, and it passed. I think I spent two weeks in bed and was given ice bags.

O: How old were you?

W: Around eight. That may have contributed to the fact that the gonorrhea made such an impression on me. But I had . . . I don't know whether I told my friend about it. Then there was something else. When I was about fifteen, that spot itched me once. But that was during the winter, in Odessa. I scratched and saw that something was wrong, that it was swollen and red. I told my father. There happened to be a physician in the house at the moment, a neurologist. He looked at me and said, "That's gonorrhea." I had never had intercourse with a woman, so that was impossible. And my father—there you see what sexual education was in those days—my father started in on me: "You've been to women! Do you want to die of syphilis? Do you want to rot?" I kept saying, "I am not aware of it. Perhaps it's an infection that the wind blew in my direction." That was meant as a joke—it's a cold, you know. He said, "Don't talk nonsense." He had a specialist come to the house, of course, who discovered that it wasn't gonorrhea at all. Something below the skin had become infected. perhaps I hadn't kept my member clean enough. He gave me some kind of medicine and it went away. You see, that's the threat from the father. That may also have contributed to the fact that the gonorrhea made such a terrible impression on me. I don't know, of course.

O: So the gonorrhea got better. Then your sister killed herself. But why you then went to Freud is something I still don't understand. What did you tell Freud you were suffering from?

W: Well, depressions.

O: So it's because of the depressions that you went?

W: Yes, actually it was because of Therese.

O: You mean you began psychoanalytic treatment because you had fallen in love? Isn't it perfectly normal to be a little confused in a situation like that?

W: Well, perhaps things would have taken care of themselves without Freud. But everyone was against Therese: the doctors, my

mother, my relatives. They all said that she was a woman with whom one could not live. Had I decided to go see Therese, things might have been all right without Freud.

O: And Dr. Drosnes, you physician in Odessa, was he also against her?

W: Yes. Perhaps, if he had said, "Go to Therese," everything would have turned out well. But he didn't say it. So I didn't know what to do. I could not prevail, and so we went to Vienna. And if Freud had not said "That's the breakthrough to the woman," and that I could see Therese, I would not have stayed on. No one had any idea that it would take all that time. I had assumed it would go very fast, and that everything would be all right afterwards. That's how Drosnes had explained it to me in Odessa: "There is something called psychoanalysis, and there is a Professor Freud who has invented a new method that is splendid. What he has invented borders on the miraculous. For he believes that some childhood experience, a trauma, is the cause of an illness. And if one remembers this event, one gets one's health back. In five minutes." That pleased me, naturally, that everything could be explained by a trauma.

O: And did Freud tell you that it would take all that time?

W: No. At first, it looked as if it would take a few months. And then it dragged on and on. Freud was a genius even though not everything he said was true. If you had seen him—he was a fascinating personality. . . . He had very serious eyes that looked down to the very bottom of the soul. His whole appearance was very appealing. I felt sympathy for him. That was transference. He had a magnetism or, better, an aura that was very pleasant and positive. When I told him about my various states, he said: "We have the means to cure what you are suffering from. Up to now, you have been looking for the causes of your illness in the chamber pot." In those days people tried to get at psychic states by way of the physical. The psychological was completely ignored. And it was also a temptation. Everything was explained.

O: And what did he tell you to do?

W: At first, I stayed in a sanatorium. Freud said that he had other patients there, so he saved himself a trip. I stayed there for about six weeks. I found it fascinating that a doctor should tell me, "We have what it takes to cure your illness." That was faith.

O: And you lay down on the bed during the very first hour, and he sat at the head?

W: He also told me why. There was a girl who tried to seduce him as he was sitting at the other end.

O: Is that it?

W: Everything was so new and interesting for me, you understand. I was used to the old psychiatrists. . . . He said that one should say out loud whatever came into one's mind, just the way the thoughts came.

O: He said, "Treatment means that you have to say everything that occurs to you"?

W: Everything that occurs to you.

O: Did he explain why?

W: No, he did not go into details. He must have thought that the important things are in the subconscious and that they emerge through free association. When he had explained everything to me, I said to him, "All right then, I agree, but I am going to check whether it is correct." And he said: "Don't start that. Because the moment you try to view things critically, your treatment will get nowhere. I will help you, whether you now believe in it, or not." So I naturally gave up the idea of any further criticism.

O: Why?

W: Well, because he said that if I continued to criticize, I would make no progress, because I always want to prove something. He writes somewhere that I had the tendency to clear up contradictions. But that may be the very opposite of my character, because contradictions are constantly battling each other inside me. And precisely in those cases where I should be logical, I fail. In theoretical matters, I am logical. I would rather be logical where feelings are concerned. . . . But it is interesting that he should have said, "Don't criticize, don't reflect, don't look for contradictions, but accept what I tell you, and improvement will come by itself." That's how he succeeded in bringing about a total transference to himself. Is that a good thing, do you suppose? That's the question. Too strong a transference ends with your transferring to individuals who replace Freud, as it were, and with your believing them uncritically. And that happened to me, to a degree. So transference is a dangerous thing.

O: Probably.

W: If you look at everything critically, there isn't much in psychoanalysis that will stand up. Yet it helped me. He was a genius. Just imagine the work he did, remembering all those details, forgetting nothing, drawing those inferences. He may have had six, seven patients a day, and all the things he wrote. He was witty, a very intelligent man, there's no disputing that. And that he made mistakes . . . to err is human. And it's also clear that he overestimated his work.

O: I daresay everyone does.

W: If he hadn't overestimated it, he might not have done it.

O: When you speak of Freud, you make such a cool and rational impression. You keep saying stereotypically, "Freud was a genius." But your relationship to him was emotional.

W: With whom?

O: With Freud.

W: Well, actually, I worshiped him. That's because of Father. Father disappointed me because he preferred Sister. So the relationship to Father wasn't good. Homosexual or not, I was very attached to Father and would have liked him to spend time with me and to introduce me to management. And then my father died and I had no father at all and came to Freud. And Freud said, "You were lucky that your father died, otherwise you would never have become well." You see, I just remembered that he said that. . . .

He probably meant that this transference would not have occurred otherwise, from Father to him, to see Father in him. Perhaps it was good luck that I came to him just after my father had died. You see the importance he attributed to transference. One can obviously obtain improvement through transference. I had a conflict with my father, you see, internal, not overt. There was no overt conflict, only an inner one, and then my father died and Freud says to me, "You were lucky . . ." So he meant that if my father had not died, I would not have succeeded in making a transference to him.

O: Did you have difficulty expressing everything that occurred to you?

W: Well, sometimes things did occur to me that I really didn't want to mention. But I followed the rule and always mentioned everything. During my childhood, I had blasphemous thoughts, insulted

God, and so on. And with Freud, it was the same thing. I thought, Freud is a scoundrel—that's the sort of thing that came into my head. And I expressed that. He put up with it stoically.

O: Did you tell him things like that more than once?

W: Not often.

O: You just thought it?

W: The idea occurred to me.

O: Freud is a scoundrel! And what did he say?

W: He suffered it stoically. According to Freud, a psychoanalyst must be a kind of god.

O: Well . . .

W: But don't you believe that psychoanalysis harms a person when he has to make a decision on his own and relies on it?

O: Probably. Did he smoke during analysis? He smoked a great deal, didn't he?

W: Yes, yes.

O: And did you smoke too?

W: No, I didn't. I was lying down.

O: One can smoke lying down.

W: Then I would have had to ask for an ashtray, and that wasn't possible. I didn't smoke so much in those days.

O: But Freud did smoke?

W: Yes, almost all the time.

O: And then I have read that at the beginning, when he started an analysis, he would invite the patient to his house for dinner.

W: No, he didn't.

O: So that was no longer the case when you were seeing him. And they say he sometimes had refreshments served.

W: No, no.

O: Never? At what time during the day did you see him?

W: Sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon.

O: Many patients find it unbearable that the analyst is like a blank wall, that he acts so impersonally, that he says nothing about himself, and they develop enormous aggressions against him.

W: No, I never did. He did sometimes give his views.

O: But generally, he did not talk about himself.

W: Not much, but some. He discussed painting, for example, and that a son of his had wanted to become a painter, that he gave up

that idea and became an architect. He did mention a few things but not much, not much at all.

O: And you saw him every day?

W: Yes, every day except Sundays.

O: Every day for one hour, an hour every day for four years.

W: Yes, there's something incredible about it.

O: And your mother didn't mind your spending four years in Vienna?

W: No. She could see that I was getting better, and had no objections.

O: And what did Freud charge per hour?

W: Forty crowns.

O: About how much is that in today's money?

W: That's difficult to say. I will give you a figure for purposes of comparison. In Germany, you paid ten marks per day in a first-rate sanatorium. Ten marks included everything, treatment, physician, your room. What's ten marks? It's ridiculous.

O: And ten marks was how many crowns?

W: The Russian ruble was about two and one-half francs. And these currencies were all equal: crown, Swiss frank, French franc. And the mark was worth a little more.

O: In other words, forty crowns per hour was about thirty-five marks or sixteen rubles, and a day in a sanatorium cost ten marks. That was certainly expensive.

W: It was. In Russia, minor employees had to live on one hundred rubles per month. So you can imagine how cheap everything was. Well, it's certainly a drawback of psychoanalysis that it is only for the wealthy. Hardly anyone can afford that kind of treatment. Nowadays, I couldn't afford it myself. And here's something else: for many, money is a problem that makes them ill. And that problem is totally ignored.

O: So Freud was certainly not poor if he had eight or ten consultations per day.

W: That's true, but he wasn't so very smart. He bought bonds from the Austrian government.

O: He did?

W: Yes, and he lost money.

O: Did you know the Freud family?

W: Only by sight. I later became acquainted with his son Martin. At the time I was being treated by Freud, I saw him walk up the stairs and then his sister, Anna Freud, who was a girl at the time, perhaps fifteen.

O: Did you know other patients?

W: Only by sight. I later saw two of them on the street, but I can't say that they looked healthy. One was a Jewish baron, that's what Freud told me. Remember that in Austria, Jews could become noblemen. He was very fat when I saw him during office hours, elegantly dressed, and normal looking. But then, after the war, he looked terrible and was in the company of an altogether impossible woman. One could tell that he had come down in the world, that somehow he had not become well. But I know no details, you understand. And the other one was also curiously dressed. I saw patients during office hours and asked Freud, who is that one, or that one.

O: And he told you?

W: Not their names.

O: When you read the "History of an Infantile Neurosis" for the first time, what did you think?

W: I didn't think much about it.

O: Did you believe at the time that everything Freud had written in that text was correct?

W: I didn't think about it. That was because of transference.

O: And today?

W: There is that dream business. I never thought much of dream interpretation, you know.

O: Why not?

W: In my story, what was explained by dreams? Nothing, as far as I can see. Freud traces everything back to the primal scene which he derives from the dream. But that scene does not occur in the dream. When he interprets the white wolves as nightshirts or something like that, for example, linen sheets or clothes, that's somehow far-fetched, I think. That scene in the dream where the windows open and so on and the wolves are sitting there, and his interpretation, I don't know, those things are miles apart. It's terribly far-fetched.

O: But it is true that you did have that dream.

W: Yes, it is.

O: You must have told him other dreams.

W: Of course, but I no longer remember the dreams I told him.

O: And that didn't impress you when he interpreted dreams?

W: Well, he said it doesn't matter whether one takes note of that or not, consciously. The effect remains. I think that assertion would have to be proven. I prefer free association because there, something can occur to you. But that primal scene is no more than a construct.

O: You mean the interpretation Freud derives from the dream, that you observed the coitus of your parents, the three acts of coitus?

W: The whole thing is improbable because in Russia, children sleep in the nanny's bedroom, not in their parents'. It's possible, of course, that there was an exception, how do I know? But I have never been able to remember anything of that sort.

In logic, you learn not to go from consequences to cause, but in the opposite direction, from cause to consequences. When, where we have an *a*, we also have a *b*, I must find a *b* when *a* recurs. If one does it the other way around, and concludes from effects to cause, it's the same thing as circumstantial evidence in a trial. But that's a weak argument, isn't it? He maintains I saw it, but who will guarantee that it is so? That it is not a fantasy of his? That's one thing. We had best begin with the theory. And secondly, when one makes something conscious that was in the subconscious, it doesn't help at all. Freud once said, "I am a spiritual revolutionary." . . . Well, I also have to look at psychoanalysis critically, I cannot believe everything Freud said, after all. I have always thought that the memory would come. But it never did.

O: One might say that your resistance up to the present day is so strong that you don't want to remember.

W: Well, that would also be a supposition, wouldn't it? But it is no proof.

O: No, it's no proof. And that story about your sister . . .

W: Well, the story about the sister is something I remembered. I could not remember the other things. What he meant by the wolves. But I do know this: she was aggressive, and that is the reason the complex did not go away, somehow continued to have effects.

O: What do you mean?

W: Regarding my sister, there was this childhood seduction when she played with my member. That's something very important when

it happens in childhood. I was very small when this seduction took place. It must have been before my fifth birthday because my father sold that estate when I was five. I can remember that we had sat down between the doors and she played with my penis. But must that necessarily have such consequences, or is it already a sign of sickness that something like that has consequences? Perhaps it also happened to other little boys and had no effect, I don't know.

O: Most children do have sexual experiences.

W: I have a female acquaintance who told me once that when her son was small, perhaps six years old, a cousin came for a visit. As she enters the room, she sees the girl playing with his member, and hears her say, "How prettily it hangs from his behind" (*laughs*). So you see, that sort of thing happens, it's no reason for someone to turn into a neurotic. It had no consequences. I'll admit that it wasn't as systematic as what my sister did. But you see, when we looked at those pictures of naked women, I pressed a little against her. . . . Freud describes that.

O: I can't recall just now.

W: We looked at a book with pictures of naked women, I don't know what sort of book. And I remember that I felt like expressing something sexual and moved closer to my sister. In any event, she got up and left.

O: How old were you at the time?

W: Difficult to say; ten perhaps, perhaps a little older. She rejected me, in any case. That may also have importance. But after all, it was normal. She couldn't have done anything else, otherwise it would really have been incest. It should not have such consequences. Very well, he came close to her, but after all, it was his sister, and that must not happen between brother and sister. She got up and left, and that should have put an end to the matter. Well, this sister complex is really the thing that ruined my entire life. For those women who resemble my sister, I mean as regards social position or education, well, that was a prohibition again, that was incest again. There may also be an inheritance of these psychological illnesses, but we won't discuss that.

In any event, here we have a recollection. It is not a fiction, not an inference, and not a construct. And it has been explained. And it

was useless, for the choice of Therese, my wife—this was again a person who was to be below me socially. Or, let's be perfectly frank: either socially inferior, or for money.

O: So these women bear no resemblance to your sister.

W: They bear none. If they take money, they are not sisters. The others are the sisters. By the way, Freud told me that he used to use hypnosis.

O: Yes, in the beginning.

W: In the beginning, and then he stopped. I think that being hypnotized is dangerous because it is also a kind of transference. It's not the same, because under hypnosis, one isn't aware that one puts one's trust in someone. But when there is transference, you know when your trust is excessive. One can adopt a more critical attitude. . . . But basically the two things are similar, of course. When I do what transference shows me, it is really like being hypnotized by someone. That's the influence. I can remember Freud saying, "Hypnosis, what do you mean, hypnosis, everything we do is hypnosis too." Then why did he discontinue hypnosis? I cannot remember. You must have read something about it. Why did he confine his method to conversations with his patients, and stop using hypnosis?

O: As far as I know, he believed that hypnosis would be ineffective in the long run, that something more rational had to be found.

W: Certainly. The rational is the explanation by these constructs. I actually believed when I came to Freud that recollection must come at some time. And that's really how he described it. But no recollection came in my case.

O: And besides your analysis, what did you do in Vienna during those four years?

W: I took fencing lessons, for example.

O: Had you already learned fencing in Russia?

W: Yes. There was a relative who was an officer and he suggested that I take fencing lessons as a form of gymnastics. And here, in Vienna, there was a fencing master, a former Italian officer, who had a fencing club. Well, those were completely different times. People believed in progress and thought that the condition of mankind could only improve. That things couldn't get worse. About Russia, people believed that if democracy came, it would be paradise.

And Vienna was completely different, the capital of an empire, with lots of soldiers. That gave the city a certain splendor. There was something else: Jewish comedians were always best. And there was a theater, "Budapester Affairen" it was called, it was a Jewish theater. It was magnificent how interesting, how witty, how intelligent it was. There are no theaters like that nowadays.

O: And there are almost no Jews left.

W: And in the Prater, there was Venice in the Prater, all that is gone too.\* Things were completely different. Nowadays, for example, they often put on French plays in the Josefstädter Theater. I used to like French plays in France. What esprit, what intellectual content! But what you see these days. . . . And then, my hearing has become poor.

Well, you asked what I had done in Vienna. Dr. Drosnes was here, and we also had a student along. I suffered from intestinal difficulties and a student from the elder Drosnes's sanatorium gave me enemas. And that student who gave me those enemas we took along to Vienna. That was the student's task. But the real motive was different. Drosnes was a passionate card player. And he played a Russian game that is similar to bridge, where you need three players. And that's why the student was taken along, and so we often played cards until three o'clock in the morning. But actually that student was not needed. And when I was being treated by Freud and told him about it, he said—you know how psychoanalysts play around with subconscious homosexuality—well, that promotes subconscious homosexuality, and he could no longer give me enemas. When Freud treated me, I was fine. I felt very good. We went out, to cafés, to the Prater, it was a pleasant life.

O: But then Freud set a final date and said that treatment must be over by then.

W: But he wrote that things moved along after that.

O: Yes, but what happened before? Why did it come to that in the first place?

W: Well, because it lasted such a long time. Four years, that's a long time.

O: But the analysis is supposed to have stagnated.

\* Formerly a place of amusement in the Prater that used stage sets to convey the atmosphere of Venice.

W: Allegedly.

O: But you didn't notice anything?

W: I wasn't really aware of it.

O: Nothing struck you as odd?

W: No, nothing did. I was simply glad that it was ending. Those four years were beginning to feel a little long.

O: He hints that you took refuge in resistance.

W: But he wrote that things moved along afterwards. He set that date and then it went all right, allegedly.

O: But setting a date is the ultimate weapon, when there is no other way of dealing with a patient. Treatment must have stagnated for a long time before that.

W: To judge by his comments, of course. I cannot give you any detailed information about that. I was not aware of that.

O: You mean you always talked about something.

W: I always talked about something. But he didn't find what he was after, whatever it was. But you see, all those constructs must be questioned. Do you believe in all those constructs of the psychoanalysts?

O: No. But in this case, what do you mean by construct?

W: Well, that scene with the white wolves: those are the parents and the coitus, and that's how it is all supposed to have started. Do you believe that?

O: No, I don't really. But my question is this: What made Freud say that treatment was stagnating?

W: One would have to bring Freud back to life and ask him, wouldn't one? I don't know what went on in his brain.

O: Didn't that story about Grusha, the servant girl who was on the estate in your early childhood, come to light after that?

W: That's very hazy. I no longer know precisely. I cannot remember. I cannot even remember this Grusha. She was a maid, I believe. But I cannot remember details.

O: Freud writes that after he set a final date, more material came to light.

W: It's so long ago. I have no idea.

O: And he also writes that you had very little social interest: "For this reason, the patient was without all those social interests which

give a content to life.”<sup>1</sup> And during the analysis, he said he could observe how things got better.

W: Yes, I remember that sentence. But I don't think there's much in it.

O: You mean it isn't correct . . .

W: I don't believe so.

O: . . . that your attitude has changed.

W: No, what change would there be? That I took my exam? I was never much interested in politics. Those are social interests.

O: No, why? It can also be an interest in other people.

W: I did have acquaintances.

O: While you were in analysis?

W: Later, there was Therese. And as regards the date he set, he said that there was no conclusion. And then I was glad that it was over because being there for four years wasn't all that pleasant.

O: It wasn't pleasant?

W: Well, I wanted to get back to Russia, don't you see. . . . You asked what I did. Well, what did I do precisely? To begin with, I sent for the books for my studies. I chose the law because there are no experiments as there are in the natural sciences. What jurists read in their books is precisely what they hear in their lectures. You don't have to attend the university, you can simply take the exams. The Jews did that. There was a quota. They studied abroad, but that wasn't recognized. So I prepared for the exams—that took some of my time—I saw Freud, and went to the theater or the cinema with Therese.

Something occurs to me: One day, the Russian consul asked me to the consulate. Somehow, he had found out that I was Russian. I went, and he asked what I was doing, that sort of thing. I told him that I was ill and being treated by Freud. And he said, “Why aren't you a member of the Russian colony?” But how could I have introduced Therese there? I wasn't married yet. I did not marry her until later, in Russia. So that wasn't possible. That she didn't speak Russian would have been the least of it. But that she didn't speak French was much more serious. In Russia, a girl had to know

1. Muriel Gardiner, ed., *The Wolf-Man: With the Case of the Wolf-Man by Sigmund Freud* (New York: Basic Books, 1971), p. 214.

French. But there was no persuading Therese. . . . So I made up some excuses. That took care of the matter. The consul probably thought, there's a wealthy Russian. . . . You know how that is, they want donations and all sorts of things. Later, they worked against the Bolsheviks. I once had to testify about that. But I didn't know anything.

O: You couldn't have gone by yourself?

W: I couldn't have left Therese all alone. What do you think? She would have gotten jealous.

O: Was she that jealous?

W: She certainly was.

O: And you, you weren't jealous?

W: For a while, I was. She sent me a picture in which she was decked out like an actress. I was jealous then. But that went away.

O: And when the treatment was over you gave Freud a present?

W: Freud said that a present would be suitable so that the feeling of gratitude wouldn't become too strong. It was he who suggested that I give him something.

O: So he took it for granted that you would be grateful?

W: Yes.

O: And what did you give him?

W: A princess, Egyptian statuary, rather tall.

O: Was it ancient Egyptian?

W: Yes.

O: That must have cost a fortune.

W: I can't remember. Probably. Considering my situation at the time, it was of no consequence. It was a fine piece, an antique. A recently made one would have been without value, after all. He had all kinds of old things. But the way, he said once that this is the way it was among the Egyptians: when they adopted new gods, they did not drop the old ones. They did not replace the old ones with new ones. They kept the old ones and added the new ones. And he felt that my psyche is, or at least was, more or less like that. I am open to new insights but do not relinquish old ties. . . .

O: He also mentions that in your case history.

W: That complicates things, of course, because the old and the new struggle with each other. You know the expression "object ca-

thesis." When I cathect a new object, I do not drop the old one. And that must lead to confusion.

O: Actually, it's a fine quality.

W: But it complicates things.

O: Was Freud referring to something specific?

W: No. He gave that as a purely theoretical view. But why I picked on something Egyptian, I don't know. If I were an Arab . . .

O: And after four years, at the end of the treatment, Freud discharged you as cured, as it were.

W: Freud said that when one has gone through psychoanalysis, one can become well. But one must also want to become well. It's like a ticket one buys. The ticket gives one the possibility to travel. But I am not obliged to travel. It depends on me, on my decision.

That point of view meant that he recognized free will, doesn't it? But on the other hand, they have that sarcastic question in psychoanalytic books: Where is this free will supposed to come from? Everything is determined. According to Freud, one really would have to say that once everything has been cleared up, the person should have to become well. And not that he is free to decide for health or not. But that idea with the ticket invalidates that. Actually, no one worries about these questions any more, about free will. The concept of "will" has altogether disappeared.

O: Probably because it doesn't get one anywhere. But Freud tended to believe in determinism.

W: Then he should have said that once all those childhood matters have been cleared up, if they are the causes of inhibitions and symptoms, then it must disappear. If it is true that everything originates in childhood and that, when everything is remembered, the illness disappears, it must disappear. And one cannot say that the patient is then free to choose. There's a certain contradiction here. Well, psychoanalysis has come to a halt. Schopenhauer said that the principle of reason<sup>2</sup> is not applicable to man. If it cannot be applied, if logic cannot be applied to man, science cannot develop either. Then all of psychology is a pseudoscience.

2. In German, "*der Satz vom Grunde*." Reference is presumably to Schopenhauer's "*Über die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichenden Grunde*" [On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason]—TRANS.

O: There are people who would say that, of course.

W: Well, according to Freud, it was a science. But through this qualification that one must have the will, he really overthrows the entire structure.

O: In what connection did he use that comparison with the ticket?

W: I asked him whether one becomes well when everything has been cleared up and he answered no, that's not the way it is, and used the comparison with the ticket.

O: But he did help you?

W: Well, he enabled me to marry Therese. That was a decision that wasn't easily made, but I did manage. I finished my studies, and then spent thirty years at the insurance company. I conducted myself more or less normally. My depressions had got better. But it's a question, of course. I don't know, perhaps we are touching on too difficult a topic. He helped me, provided there are no conflicts. Not everything depends just on whether I was helped or not. Everything also depends on chance, on the people I come in contact with, what situations I find myself in.

How hot it is today! Actually, I should be used to it—in Odessa it was also very hot all the time. I cannot remember ever having suffered as much from the heat as this year. Last year, it was also very hot. But I didn't feel it as much. But in summer, I always feel worse than in winter.

O: I think I'll go, it's getting late.

W: It's nice that you come (*looks into the ashtray*). We smoked a lot.

O: How much do you smoke a day?

W: Thirty cigarettes.

O: Me too, more or less.

W: Why do you smoke? You have things to do, you have a profession. I didn't smoke for a long time, it's only recently that I have been smoking this much.

O: Do you think people smoke this much when they are dissatisfied?

W: Probably you haven't found the right man.

O: But that's no problem, really. . . .

W: But you clearly haven't found the right man.

O: What about your obsessional neurosis now?

W: I believe you are born with something like that, there's nothing one can do about it.

O: Do you mean to say that you still suffer from obsessive ideas? ✓

W: I don't discuss the present. You see, it isn't normal, blaming oneself all the time for the mistakes one has made.

O: What would be normal?

W: There are people who simply forget, or who blame others. . . .

O: Are those people normal, I wonder?