

# Dr. Osmond's Memos

## HE NEVER WAGGED HIS TAIL

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### Freud and His Followers

Paul Roazen\*

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My admirable old friend, Dr. William Sheldon, whose classical work on somato typing is one of the most serious and sustained efforts to delineate the shape and size of the human body and to relate it to the human mind, visited Freud just after World War I. The stream of visitors from the United States had not quite begun, and Freud had some spare time for discussions with the young William Sheldon, who was recovering from his service on the Western Front. Sheldon told me that he and Freud got on well together, saying, "I was like a young Musselman Prince visiting the Pope." Since neither expected to convert or impress the other a friendly personal relationship developed.

I asked Sheldon what kind of man was Freud and he looked at me quizzically and then said, "Freud was like my Airedale, you throw him a cookie and he snaps it up and he looks at you for another. He never wags his tail. Freud never wagged his tail."

After reading Roazen's splendid book, Sheldon's judgment is more than borne out. Freud was no tail wagger. Oddly enough, Sheldon's name does not appear in the index of this massive work, and this story of Freud before his cancer developed, which gave him so much pain, ought surely to be preserved in some collection of Freudiana. There is place for a work which would have the remarkable Viennese described by his disciples, most of whom are rather keen to prettify him, by his enemies, and by those who, like Sheldon, were relatively neutral.

Roazen has already written an admirable book, *Brother Animal*, the story of Freud and Viktor Tausk in which he hunted down Tausk, a neglected but important figure in psychoanalysis. Not all the psychoanalysts were pleased with Roazen's effort. Psychoanalysis has something of the Soviet Russians' tendency to view those who have disagreed with it as being unpersons, no longer worthy of any consideration. There are, of course, exceptions. As Jung told me when I met him in 1955, grinning from ear to ear, "I am anathema to the psychoanalysts." But then Jung occupied the role of the Lucifer of psychoanalysis, the Crown Prince, whose fall was a terrible lesson against adventurous thinking and disagreeing with the master. As with

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Tausk, Roazen made extensive use of the oral traditions of psychoanalysis and talked with a large number of surviving psychoanalysts, some of whom have died since.

Roazen undoubtedly began his book with a good deal of psychoanalytical piety, but like the able historian that he is, the facts gradually became more interesting than his own inhibitions and he has produced an invaluable book. He discusses Freud's early years, the work that he did when mainly on his own, the controversies with Adler and Stekel, the break with Jung, the development of what he calls the loyal movement, the much later break with Otto Rank. There is an excellent chapter called "The Woman," and finally, he discusses Freud's old age and death.

As a source book, I suppose it will remain indispensable for years. In his interviews with Freud's followers, he usually found them very willing to talk, although he describes one old Viennese analyst who had a bouquet of fresh flowers before an etching of Freud in his waiting room. To Roazen's first question, "When did you join the Vienna Society?" he replied that "it was none of my business and he would not tell me. The rest of the interview was about as productive. 'You are not going to get our secrets!' he exclaimed at one point." Rather later he was able to have a further talk with the old gentleman.

Roazen himself is ambivalent as regards Freud and sometimes his judgments, I think, are quite dubious. It is hard, however, to disagree with his statements (page 5), "Freud transformed our image of man. Even if we estimate his significance at its most conservative, anyone whose mistakes have taken this long to correct remains a dominant figure in intellectual history." I am more doubtful about Roazen's belief that the success of psychoanalysis in the United States was due to the fact that this country had no thriving psychiatric tradition of its own. In fact in the 1930's under Adolf Meyer there was a very thriving and powerful psychiatric

tradition in the United States called psychobiology which dominated the psychiatry of that country, Great Britain, and Canada. It seems to me that just as Freud himself, so Roazen tells us, contributed to making himself a living legend in his lifetime, so the psychoanalysts have been great legend makers in the United States. However, Roazen is not easily misled for as he says on page 7, "Freud's difficulties were not just scientific, but also temperamental. Although he presented it as the relentless march of science, the history of his ideas was, in fact, colored by a highly personal component." Unfortunately, he doesn't really discuss Freud's temperament very much, nor does he discuss Jung's attempt to describe the differences between himself and Freud in terms of the great Jungian Typology, which was constructed to explain the great clash which almost destroyed psychoanalysis.

Freud seems to have been introverted. This led him to resent speculation about himself, but, however, did not prevent him from being extremely speculative about others. "It seems to me (he wrote in a letter in 1923) that the public has no concern with my personality and can learn nothing from an account of it." This was at odds with his whole theory, but here theory was in conflict with his persona! needs. He was not as detached or quite as heroic intellectually as his admirers and sycophants have claimed. Roazen shows that in order to preserve the image of Freud in his pristine state, "the psychoanalytic movement has had to compose with his younger daughter, Anna, in mind. She looked over Jones' book about her father line by line. Without her help and cooperation, his work could not have gone forward." According to Roazen, the letters to Fliess were bowdlerized, and Freud could not even be allowed to joke at his own expense. Throughout the published correspondence, it is not always clear where cuts have been made.

The book is crammed with good stories. I particularly enjoyed the one on page 15 when just before he was leaving

Vienna in 1938, the Nazis demanded that he sign a statement to the effect that he had been well treated. Freud did so and then added the postscript ... "I can heartily recommend the Gestapo to anyone." Indeed, he never wagged his tail, and it is difficult not to admire his courage.

Roazen is such a wonderful source of information that it is almost ungrateful to criticize him for what is not there. This is particularly true since the information is excellently referenced, which will make the work of future scholars and researchers much easier. He is far more critical than Jones and less inclined to see Freud in the light of a nonpareil who can do no wrong. It is, therefore, very disappointing to find that he handles the Fliess affair and the collapse of the seduction theory no better than Jones in his great three-volume work.

It may be that until critics of psychoanalysis are able to understand the problem of the model change, which resulted in Freud abandoning the medical model sometime after 1914, and acquire a better understanding of Freud's temperament, this most traumatic episode in psychoanalysis will never receive the attention which it deserves. One would never guess from Roazen that in September of 1897 Freud, after cautioning Fliess to "tell it not in Gath and publish it not in the streets of Askalon," announced that the seduction theory, which had only a short time before been the *caput Nili* of Psychopathology, had completely collapsed. Roazen discusses this as if it were a mere curtain raiser to Freud's self-analysis and the triumphal emergence of the Oedipal theory with its emphasis on screen memories rather than actual events.

This is retrospective falsification. Freud didn't see it that way at all. He had made the most extravagant claims for psychoanalysis based upon the seduction theory. He had been offended by Breuer's lack of keenness and not particularly pleased when Von Kraft Ebing, the greatest sexologist of his day, called it "a scientific fairy tale," for he was utterly convinced that his seduction theory was the greatest discovery of the

era in Psychopathology. It must be noted that Roazen is not alone in his misassessment of the importance of the seduction theory. Franz Alexander in his **History of Psychiatry** rather grandiosely called "an evaluation of psychiatric thought and practice from prehistoric times to the present," does not mention this theory. It doesn't appear in the index, and I haven't found it in the appropriate text. But then, in the Alexander work, Fliess and Guggenbuhl both received but one mention. However, while Alexander's book seems to be much more a catalogue than a history, Roazen is a first-class historian so that the omission of the seduction theory is far more serious in his case. He does not seem to have grasped that for Freud the collapse of the theory meant, as he himself stated, that without it he would be unable to treat patients. Freud, as a thinking type, believed that there was a direct relationship between his theories and his mode of treatment, so that if the theories collapsed treatment would no longer be possible. As it turned out, he seems to have been as well able to treat patients when the seduction theory was disintegrating as he had been before this misfortune occurred. There is some evidence that with the acquisition of the later Oedipal theory, Freud became convinced that psychoanalysis was not a treatment, but rather a tool for research.

This omission is all the more unfortunate because Roazen had access to the unbawdlerized version of the Fliess letters and so might have thrown more light upon that very strange episode. He does tell us that one portion of the Freud-Fliess correspondence was excluded from the published volumes of their letters. This included a letter from Fliess wanting to know how the "burglary" of his bisexuality ideas had taken place. This is interesting because it throws light upon Freud's capacity to equivocate for, when being reproached by Fliess for having communicated the latter's ideas to his patient, Herman Swoboda, Freud argued,

"Ideas cannot be patented." One can only "hold them back" and "one does well to do so if one places value on priority." It is difficult to believe that Freud would have found such an argument especially convincing regarding his own ideas had they been plagiarized.

However, the omission of the seduction theory results in our being told nothing of Freud's desperate attempt to "rescue" it by implicating his recently dead father in sexual assaults upon Freud's own siblings, "but not myself." This is essential information if one is to grasp Freud's devotion to his theories. He was, as William James said, "A man possessed by his ideas." This omission is, I think, the most serious flaw in this book, and although it is regrettable, it in no way reduces the value of Roazen's great achievement. It would simply have been better had he dealt with this matter in the way it deserves. Perhaps he may one day write another of his admirable books discussing the Fliess-Freud relationship in the light of those unpublished letters and perhaps, too, of this criticism.

For those interested in the development of the psychoanalytic model from its earlier unequivocal place as a medical treatment to become a form of research or even a new science, Roazen is essential reading. He quotes a letter written in 1912 by Freud, "The therapeutic point of view is certainly not the only one for which psychoanalysis claims interest, nor is it the most important. So there is a great deal to be said on the subject even without putting therapy in the forefront." Freud liked to think of psychoanalysis as a kind of surgery. He advises his colleagues to "model themselves during psychoanalytic treatment on the surgeon." He refers to the technique as having "a certainty and delicacy rivalling that of surgery." But this does not seem to have been his main motive and became even less so as time went on. For as he put it, "anyone who wants to make a living from the treatment of nervous patients must clearly be able to do something to help them." Freud ascribed what he

called a lack of "that passion for helping" to the fact that "I never lost any loved person in my early youth." It seems more likely to me that the explanation lay in his temperament. He was far more interested in theories than in people.

Roazen also makes clear that Freud knew very little about the psychoses and had almost no experience in them. Freud liked to think that "there is no fundamental difference but only one of degree between the mental life of normal people, of neurotics and psychotics." He nevertheless took good care not to treat those with psychosis, and when he described himself as seeing only "the severest cases" he did not mean psychosis. As Roazen notes, "to all intents and purposes, Freud had never any psychiatric experience." Today there is even more reason to suppose that Freud was correct in his doubts about treating psychosis. Since then thousands of schizophrenics have been treated by more or less psychoanalytical methods, yet there is no evidence that they have benefited very much, and some appear to have been harmed.

At times, such as the famous case of Wolfman, Freud really treated his patients as research subjects and not only subsidized them himself, but saw that other analysts joined in. So far as I can make out, generations of psychoanalysts came over to continue Wolfman's psychoanalysis long after Freud himself was dead. Wolfman might be called by those less kindly disposed toward psychoanalysis "the great Wolfman cure swindle," for so far as he is concerned, psychoanalysis has been a way of life for much of the last 60 years and continues to be so until the present time. Wolfman is said to be writing an autobiography, **My Sixty Years with Psychoanalysis**. Most of Freud's patients paid him for his research upon them.

When it comes to discussing Freud's relationships with his pupils and those who later descended from them, Roazen is splendidly fair and a mine of wonderful information, so rich at times that one can

be diverted by such footnotes as that on page 178. "Around World War I, Freud came to the meeting of the psychoanalytic society in a fiacre wearing a fur-lined and fur-collared coat, a silk hat and carrying an ivory handled walking stick." He quotes this to show the difference between Adler and Freud in dress for "Adler was always the common man, nearly sloppy in appearance," and was more even-tempered, gregarious, and sociable.

In the struggles over Adler, Jung, Steckel, and others, Freud's toughness and hardness keeps on appearing. The introversion which, for some reason or another, Jung seems to have failed to notice is well documented. Hanns Sachs wrote of their last meeting in London shortly before Freud's death, "Fundamentally, he remained as remote as when I first met him in the lecture hall (thirty years earlier)."

The chapter on collaboration indicates how difficult it is for someone of Freud's temperament to collaborate unless he has developed some theory which would guide him in this kind of relationship. Freud had certainly not done this. Freud's views on forgiveness were those of Heine, "One must forgive one's enemies, but not before they have been hanged." The more I read Roazen, the more impressed I am by William Sheldon's wonderful observation. Indeed, on page 191, Freud went some way to substantiating Sheldon's observation by using a similar metaphor for he said that his pupils were "like dogs, they take a bone from the table and chew it independently in a corner, but it is my bone."

The chapters on the Jung affair are splendidly done. We even have a description of Jung by Freud's son,

Martin:

*"Jung never made the slightest attempt to make polite conversation with mother or us children, but pursued the debate which had been interrupted by the call to dinner, Jung on these occasions did all the talking and father with uncontrolled delight did all the listening. There was little one could understand, but I know I found, as did*

*father, his way of outlining a case most fascinating. I think his most outstanding characteristics were his vitality, his liveliness, his ability to project his personality and to control those who listened to him. Jung had a commanding presence. He was very tall and broad shouldered. . ."* Freud himself clearly admired Jung for he wrote: *"I have invariably found that something in my personality, my words and ideas strike people as alien, whereas to you all hearts are open. If you, a healthy person, consider yourself a hysterical type, then I must claim for myself the class 'obsessive,' each member of which lives in a world shut off from the rest."* During the visit to the United States, this remarkable passage took place between them. "How ambitious you are," exclaimed Jung. "Me?" said Freud. "I am the most humble of men and the only man who isn't ambitious." As Jung recalled it, he had pointed out to Freud at the time, "that is a big thing to be, the only one." Freud understood very well that he and Jung differed enormously in temperament, and it was this, perhaps, that played a large part in their final separation. These chapters on Jung and Freud are invaluable for those who like myself and my colleagues are interested in Jung's own theory of temperament and how he applied it or failed to apply it to the strange and in many ways sad relationships between Freud and his Crown Prince.

Freud was a great lover and admirer of England, and had he been a little more acquainted with English history he might have known that for the best part of the previous 200 years the relationship between the reigning monarch and the Crown Prince, that is the Prince of Wales, had been unusually bad. Styling Jung Crown Prince was an ill omen. Freud, who was always very ambivalent about such matters, might have found a gloomy satisfaction in this.

Roazen discusses the famous fainting episode in Munich in some detail. I remember Jung himself telling me about it. He described how Freud fainted: "The

analysts stood around aghast, I picked him up and lifted him as a mother lifts a child." Roazen is admirably unpartisan regarding Jung who of all the defectors from psychoanalysis was the greatest loss and the least necessary. It seems to have been Freud's wish to have a closed system as opposed to Jung who was, as one might expect, keen upon an open system.

As time went on, Freud seems to have become more and more authoritarian and in future years would write in a rather Stalinist vein, "the unanimous report of all psychoanalysts," or "all analysts have long agreed that." There are some omissions about the break between Jung and Freud which still require clarification. Whereas Jones refers to Jung's preoccupation with a toxine-x, a (hypothetical) brain poison deriving from the effects of emotions, playing a large part in the development of schizophrenia, Roazen does not mention this, and it does not appear in the index. This and the disappearance already mentioned of the seduction theory is one of those matters which future historians will have to resolve. Roazen emphasizes how much Jung knew about psychosis in general and schizophrenia in particular, compared with Freud who had no training in these matters and, on the whole, very little interest in them. Jung seems to have weathered very well over the years, in spite of having become in his own words "anathema to the psychoanalysts."

Roazen reports that Freud remained extremely bitter towards Jung, even in the 1930's, so that the great Swiss seems to have been quite correct in his assumption that he was the Lucifer of psychoanalysis.

The latter half of the book deals with Freud's followers, particularly those who stayed with him. There are interesting portraits of Paul Federn, Edward Hitschman and, as one might expect, a brief but vivid essay on Viktor Tausk, who was so abominably treated by Freud.

A valuable by-product of Roazen's book is that one can find what one might call the blood lines of psychoanalysts. In other words, who analyzed

whom? This became increasingly important after the secret committee was established consisting of Sachs, Otto Rank, Sandor Ferenczi, Karl Abraham, and Ernest Jones. Jones apparently proposed the idea. Freud who liked it immediately said, "this committee would have to be strictly secret in its existence and actions." Freud justified forming it because "I was so uneasy about what the human rabble would make out of it (psychoanalysis) when I was no longer alive." Strangely enough, Hanns Sachs, who was a lawyer and without previous clinical experience, became one of the first to devote himself primarily to analyzing future analysts. One cannot help feeling that the model of clinical medicine was now being left behind. Indeed Sachs himself wrote regarding these didactics (training analysis):

*"Religions have always demanded a trial period, a novitiate, of those among their devotees who desired to give their entire life into the service of the supermundane and the supernatural, those in other words who were to become monks or priests . . . It can be seen that analysis needs something corresponding to the novitiate of the Church."*

Sachs' analysands were Erich Fromm, Franz Alexander, Edwin Boring, Gregory Zilboorg, Karen Horney, and John Dollard. It seems that he had a high proportion of later defectors and heretics. Sachs himself appears to have been very devoted, however, for in Berlin his couch was placed in such a way that the analysands faced a portrait bust of Freud standing on a high wooden pedestal. Another set of psychoanalytic blood lines goes back to Karl Abraham who analyzed Sandor Rado, Alex Strachey, Edward and James Glover, Helene Deutsch, Theodor Reik, Karen Horney, who apparently was doubly analyzed, Melanie Klein, and Ernst Simmel.

There is a remarkable section on Ernest Jones. Roazen speculates here as to why Leonard Woolf, who played such an outstanding role in the dissemination of

Freud's ideas in the English-speaking world, never took his wife to a psycho-dynamically oriented therapist even though her brother Adrian was an analyst. It may have been that Leonard Woolf and Virginia, who were remarkably intelligent people, read the books which they published and had come to the conclusion from them that Freud was correct and that his method would be of no help to someone suffering from a schizophrenic illness. In fact Virginia's doctors seemed to have a very good grasp of her illness and gave her excellent advice, with a particular emphasis against overstimulation. Her death by suicide as Leonard himself points out was due in part to a miscalculation by himself produced by the exigencies of World War II. In most other circumstances they would have applied the methods which have been so successful in the past and prevented or reduced the effect of Virginia's psychotic break.

Ernest Jones comes across as a fascinating, touchy, difficult man. His hatred and jealousy of Jung continued up to the end. Although, oddly enough, he agreed with Jung when he first met members of the Vienna Society that "it seemed an unworthy accompaniment to Freud's genius." Freud's own first impressions of Jones were put forward in another splendid footnote, a letter to, of all people, Jung (page 353):

*"Jones is undoubtedly a very interesting and worthy man, but he gives me a feeling of, I was almost going to say, racial strangeness. He is a fanatic and doesn't eat enough. Let me have men around me that are fat, says Caesar, etc. He almost reminds me of the lean and hungry Cassius. He denies all heredity; to his mind, even I am a reactionary. How with your moderation were you able to get on with him?"*

Jones' hatred of Jung and his rivalry with Sandor Ferenczi, who was his analyst incidentally, comes out very clearly in this book. I was told by Peter Calvocoressi, Jones' editor at the Hogarth Press, which published the great biography of Freud, that Jones tried to smuggle in pieces about Jung into the printed page which were so derogatory as to be libelous. Eventually

Calvocoressi had to forbid the printer to accept anything from Jones unless it had been initiated and countersigned by Calvocoressi himself.

Roazen gives an excellent example of Freud's incapacity to transmit feelings. When Jones' first child died, Freud wrote "suggesting a piece of Shakespeare research in the hoping of its distracting me." Roazen points out very aptly, "this insensitivity is reminiscent of how Karl Marx reacted to the death of Engels' long-standing mistress. Marx strained his relationship with Engels by suggesting that Engels do some more translating work for Marx's cause."

Jones' relationship with Ferenczi, who was his analyst for some four months in 1913, seems to have been complicated. James Strachey and Edward Clover maintain that Jones never forgave Ferenczi for having been his analyst. However (page 357), the complexities of this analysis stand out for while Ferenczi was analyzing Jones in those four months in 1913, Ferenczi himself was not analyzed until 1914 and 1916 when he had two short stretches of a few weeks under Freud. One can understand that Jones may have felt some uncertainty about the nature of his analysis, and his later savage attacks on Ferenczi suggest that the transference had not been satisfactorily resolved. Freud realized that the trouble with his disciples was that their various gifts were nearly always at odds. He once wrote, "I cannot help but wish that Abraham's clarity and accuracy could be merged with Ferenczi's endowments and to it be given Jones' untiring pen." There are other chapters on notable psychoanalysts including a very fine section on women analysts. This includes the remarkable Ruth May Brunswick and interesting figures like Sandor Rado and Franz Alexander, who played a considerable part on the American scene.

When he left Vienna, in 1938, to spend the remaining months of his life at 20 Maresfield Gardens in London, his housekeeper's memory "enabled her to

replace the various objects on Freud's desk in their precise order so that he felt at home the moment he sat at it on his arrival." However, Freud said, "everything is here, only I am not here." He was in pain, far removed from his familiar Vienna. In June 1939 he wrote, "My world is again what it was before, a little island of pain floating in a sea of indifference." Jones showed his usual lack of imagination by being disheartened to hear from Anna of Freud's great love for detective stories, especially following an operation. Agatha Christie and Dorothy Sayers were his special favorites. How sensible he was' and how tough. Towards the very end he still would tolerate only an occasional aspirin as he said, "I prefer to think in torment than not to be able to think clearly." This is surely a magnificent epitaph of a man of his temperament. And so on September 21, 1939, he said to his doctor, "My dear Schur, you remember our first talk, you promised me that you would help me when I could no longer carry on. It is only torture now and it is no longer any sense." He was so weak and unused to opiates that the small dose of morphine Schur gave him the next morning was enough to send him to sleep.

Roazen's book is compulsory reading for anyone interested in Freud. Few among psychiatrists cannot be interested in this strange and remote man who probably largely by accident has had so much influence upon the specialty

about which he knew so little. We are indebted to Roazen, as to Jones. The definitive biography of Freud has still to be written, but this as a source book will I suppose never be replaced, just as Jones' great flawed work may be improved upon but will always be a monument not only to Freud but to his fiery Cassius-like Welsh henchman.

In addition to his failure to discuss the seduction theory and its massive consequences for Freud, Roazen curiously omits any real discussion of Pastor Pfister. Freud's relationship with Pfister is surely an interesting one which deserves

at least some mention for Pfister seems to have maintained an excellent relationship with Freud in spite of their wholly different approaches to humanity. However, as a major scholar in this field, we must hope that Roazen has other books in mind for us and that he will remedy this omission.

Freud's ingratitude to those who benefited him, Maynaert and Breuer are obvious examples, remind one of Emerson's wonderful aphorism, "we never forgive a giver, the hand that feeds us is always in danger of being bitten." And indeed, William Sheldon's comment stated at the very beginning of this piece is borne out from study of more than 600 carefully annotated pages of Roazen's **Freud and His Followers**. "Freud was like my Airedale, you throw him a cookie, and he snaps it up and he looks at you for another. Freud never wagged his tail."



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