



From the book.

*Freud and daughter, Anna—"Less threatened by women than by deviating male colleagues."*

## Analysis and Its Discontents

### **Freud and His Followers**

by Paul Roazen

Knopf, 602 pp., \$15.00

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

Mr. Roazen's absorbing account of Freud's personal relationships has real importance. One senses that psychoanalysis and psychotherapy as a whole are currently enduring a crisis of confidence, especially here in America, where they have flourished as nowhere else. By now the insights of Freud and his followers have at least touched, and often transformed, the thinking of virtually every educated person in the country. But almost exactly to that degree, confusion proliferates. While the practice of orthodox Freudian analysis as

taught in the medical schools hardens into an ever more defensive piety, the most conspicuous "revisionists" are being superseded by a hyped array of splinter theories often indistinguishable from cultism and quackery. The crisis is not limited merely to the spiraling fury of feminists and gay liberationists. Those who have been helped generally keep quiet, while on all sides (though the sexually unspecific are not yet organized) the uncured and unhelped raise the enraged polemics of extravagant hope betrayed.

So Mr. Roazen's book is timely. The most respectful of revisionists, he plainly understands the irreplaceable role of psychoanalysis in modern consciousness, and he therefore wants to reach a demythologized understanding of

Freud himself. "We are all Freud's pupils," he says; that being so, it is a matter of some urgency to know precisely who that extraordinary man was. Some years ago Mr. Roazen set out to interview anyone he could find who had had any significant relationship with Freud. The first fruit of that research was Mr. Roazen's earlier *Brother Animal*, the startling and terrible account of Freud and Lou Andreas Salomé's relation to Victor Tausk, perhaps the most brilliant of Freud's early followers, who committed suicide in 1919. *Freud and His Followers* now provides the complete account of Roazen's discoveries about Freud's relation to his family, disciples, patients, friends, and those among his friends who, by daring to deviate from his iron rule, became enemies.

Although the book reaches few if any major new conclusions, it does integrate into one volume what has been known in a scattered way about Freud's personal attitudes and relations. I know no other portrait of Freud that is so unpolemical, carefully developed, and convincing. Mr. Roazen approaches his subject with an ample intellect and an informed open-mindedness. As a writer, he is graced with a not inconsiderable talent for applying the most meticulous intellectual tact to very complex matters without ever becoming a bore. To be sure, if Mr. Roazen possesses any large synthesizing gifts, he does not display them here. He resists theoretical conclusions—even the most obvious and thoroughly discussed, such as Freud's occasional tendency to promulgate as universal truths what were only aspects of his own personality. But we have no lack of theoreticians prepared to reach grand conclusions about Freud. Here we have a calm and complete discussion of what all the shouting is about. *Freud and His Followers* should be welcomed as a long, drenching rain of information gently pouring at last over a forest fire of controversy.

Those hoping for a debunking should forget it. Nonetheless, what emerges most clearly on the negative side is Freud's irrepressible will to domination. One had vaguely known, but had never before seen so clearly demonstrated, how intolerant and autocratic Freud could be when his most brilliant disciples started reaching major conclusions of their own. (Feminists will be interested to know that in his later years women disciples like Helene Deutsch and Ruth Bruns-

wick had greater doctrinal freedom than did the men, simply because Freud felt less threatened by women than by deviating male colleagues.) One had never before seen how patriarchally jealous Freud could be of his absolute preeminence in the movement. His concern with proper attribution of ideas and with plagiarism bordered on an obsession. He explicitly imagined himself to be the science's "father": He frequently referred to disciples as "my son" or "my adopted son." (Meanwhile, he did not admit his own sons to his intellectual confidence, preferring his brilliant, unthreatening daughter, Anna.) There was in him much of the Jewish patriarch, struggling to make a safe place for "his children" in an alien, hostile land. It is here made clear just how mediocre were many in his most immediate circle in Vienna (in the movement, they were known as the "yes-men")—and how dangerous any unruly independence in that circle could be. Freud not only was domineering but also possessed the full charisma of his great genius. People turned themselves over to him completely. Freud could sometimes use his power over them in far from attractive ways; Roazen's account of Freud and Lou Andreas Salomé's imbroglia with the brilliant, doomed Victor Tausk reveals Freud using it (uncharacteristically, to be sure) with an appalling cruelty that simply leaves one staring in shock.

Roazen meticulously develops Freud's relations with major dissenters like Adler, Jung, Wilhelm Reich, as well as with the true believers. There are marvelously detailed discussions of Freud's family life, friendships, and encounters with the patients who came to that Viennese consulting room. A long section is devoted to an extremely intelligent discussion of Freud's experience of his Jewish identity.

There is much here that may startle and distress the more orthodox worshipers at the Freudian shrine. Freud was, for example, quite dismissive about the need for analysts to have M.D.s and did not entertain a terribly high opinion of the medical profession in general. Some totems and taboos of Freudian practice were for him mere matters of convenience. He sat behind the couch, for example, simply because he disliked being stared at all day long. He often analyzed personal friends, socialized (in his very Victorian way) with patients, and even analyzed his own daughter. Analysis with Freud rarely lasted more than a few months, often no more than a few weeks.

Perhaps most interesting of all, Freud did not consider himself to have a "therapeutic temperament" and did not particularly enjoy the role of healer "helping suffering mankind." His expectations of therapy would strike us as very limited, and he continued to practice to the end of his very long life primarily because (1) he needed the money, (2) he wanted to confirm his theoretical speculations, and (3) he wanted to maintain his grip on the movement, and in later life most of his patients were analysts-in-training. Although generalizations are dangerous, Freud rather derogated the therapeutic application of analysis and was much more concerned with its theoretical dimension.

Occasionally (but doubtless necessarily), Roazen rehashes some very-well-known matters. There are omissions: Although many former patients were interviewed, we hear little more than anecdotes about their treatment with Freud. In the introduction, Roazen says he inquired carefully into Freud's attitudes toward homosexuality, but in the text, the subject (unlike his attitudes toward women) gets no space at all.

Meanwhile, there are enough new and old anecdotes here to keep analysts chitchatting for years. If I ever knew, I had forgotten that Freud had sent his

own sons to the family doctor to learn the facts of life. He held a very low opinion of America and Americans, typically thinking us unmannered barbarians who were undermining civilization. This aspect of his attitudes, by the way, was excised from Ernest Jones's dutiful biography at the insistence of Anna Freud, "for the sake of the movement," since by then the main action was in America. Likewise, in Freud's last years most of his patients were Americans, simply because they were richer and his fees were not low. I had not known how strong was Freud's interest in the occult, or of his acceptance in later life of some varieties of psychic experience, among them thought transference. For me, the chapter on the occult was Mr. Roazen's major piece of news.

*Freud and His Followers* cannot replace either Ernest Jones's admittedly tendentious biography or the writings of either Freud or his followers. But Roazen's achievement is no small one. Though Freud's intellectual heroism retains its power to move and impress, this book decisively returns the Freud of legend to the realities of history. Timid souls need have no fear: The man who solved the riddle of the sphinx looms plenty large enough, even off his pedestal. □





# War, Peace, and Dissent

## The Seven Days of Creation

by Vladimir Maximov  
Knopf, 448 pp., \$10.00

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

Western critics tend to yearn for a rare conjunction of political courage and literary genius in every new book by a dissident Russian writer. Vladimir Maximov's novel is filled with courage, but it is not a work of genius.

Maximov, a 42-year-old writer who was exiled from his Russian homeland last year, has an honorable history not only of political dissent but also of simple human decency. Without the protection afforded by international fame, he took public and private risks on behalf of his principles and his friends, and he

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took them at a time when the international intellectual community was much less sensitive to issues of human rights in Communist countries than it has become in recent years.

*The Seven Days of Creation* attempts to explore the social cataclysms of twentieth-century Russia through several generations of the same family, and through individuals whose lives span all of the generations. Fiction in which characters are developed as psychologically complex individuals rather than as symbols has rarely been produced by writers who grew up under Soviet rule. This is true of most *samizdat* literature that has made its way to the West during the past two decades, including many of the towering works of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. It is no denigration of Solzhenitsyn's stature to say that his writings do not and cannot by themselves constitute a total literature that equals the greatness of the Russian language and Russian literary traditions. There is a void in modern Russian literature—a void created by systematic attempts to destroy genuine culture. The gap is partly one of style and partly one of substance; Soviet concepts of “socialist realism” have left their aesthetic mark on many writers who oppose the political values of the regime.

Unfortunately, Maximov's novel does little to fill this void. It does not prove the author to be “one of the most important writers in the world today” (as Heinrich Böll has already hailed him). It is a minor novel of some political and literary interest despite its clumsy craftsmanship. It is a better book in Russian than in English, but that is true of nearly every piece of writing translated from the Russian. (The English-language edition was so much a collaborative effort that the publisher chose not to identify the translators. Anonymity for translators, singly or collectively, strikes me as undesirable; it lets everyone—including publishers—off the hook too easily.) In any event, *The Seven Days of Creation* displays many of the same strengths and weaknesses in both English and the original Russian.

The book has moments of poignant, subtle beauty. In one vignette, soldiers on their way to the front realize their vulnerability only when they make suggestive remarks to women by the roadside and are greeted with indulgent silence instead of tart retorts. Maximov's portrait of Antonina, the daughter of one of the novel's patriarchs, is an extraordinary accomplishment. Her sexuality, female tenderness, and moral strength develop in the crude company of free workers building a prison camp. Antonina is one of the most memorable and believable female characters to appear in the recent literature of any country.

But these parts do not add up to a whole novel. The book covers an immense amount of time in separate segments and flashbacks—the civil war after the Bolshevik Revolution, the Stalin purges of the Thirties, World War II, the post-Stalin period. It attempts to be an epic, moving from a cattle drive at the beginning of the war to an apartment courtyard in Moscow during the purges to a mental institution where non-conformist intellectuals are confined today. The time element and transitions, so important in a novel of this scope, are handled with an amateurishness that bewilders the reader. Dreams are used to facilitate flashbacks; preachy parables provide the periods to conversations. Some foreigners will see these parables as proof of the “truly Russian” qualities of the novel. Nonsense. Stories about men who get lost in the woods and who bravely try to find their way out even though they do not know the route are clichés in many cultures.

In one particularly inexplicable pas-



“May I have my allowance in gold bullion?”