

a Pelican Book

A young Russian aristocrat, emotionally crippled by a childhood as bizarre as anything conceived by Dostoyevsky, undertook a full analysis with Sigmund Freud in 1910. When the latter published 'the most elaborate and no doubt the most important of all Freud's case histories', the legendary figure of 'The Wolf-Man' was born.

This remarkable book, however, suddenly places him in the context of real life. To Freud's technical account of a brilliant analysis and the details of a later treatment are now added the Wolf-Man's own memoirs of his youth and middle age and his personal recollections of Freud.

Finally Muriel Gardiner has described the Wolf-Man's later years to complete a full-length and multi-dimensional portrait of a man who escaped from the pages of a Russian novel into the twentieth century.

'We are never likely to know so much about another human being again . . . a unique book of unparalleled richness' – Geoffrey Gorer in the *Observer*

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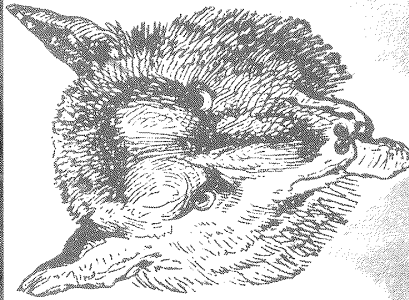
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The Wolf-Man and Sigmund Freud

Edited by Muriel Gardiner



PELICAN BOOKS

THE WOLF-MAN AND
SIGMUND FREUD

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Sigmund Freud

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PENGUIN BOOKS

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Introduction

by *Muriel Gardiner*

THERE are several reasons why it is no exaggeration to say that this book is unique. It contains the moving and very personal autobiography of the subject of a famous case in medical science, as well as two psychoanalytic histories of this same person. Although our literature is filled with biographies and autobiographies of celebrated people, there is no other book which gives us the human story of a struggling, passionate individual, seen both from his own point of view and from that of the founder of psychoanalysis.

Furthermore, we have in this volume, along with Freud's case history of the Wolf-Man, the Wolf-Man's own recollections of Freud. This is unprecedented, and also something that can never be repeated. For, of Freud's five famous case histories, only three subjects were actually analysed by Freud, and of these three only the Wolf-Man survives. In psychoanalytic literature, too, the Wolf-Man's case is unique. Not only was he treated by Freud and Ruth Mack Brunswick, both of whom wrote his case histories, but his is the only case which has been followed from infancy to old age.

Apart from this, the Wolf-Man's life story reflects the history of the last eighty years, through changing epochs and contrasting circumstances. The quarter-century before the First World War seemed politically and socially unchangeable to the wealthy classes of the great nations of Europe. The Wolf-Man, son of a rich Russian land-owner, grew up on his parents' great estate with its imposing mansion which reminds one of some of the royal palaces of Europe. It was here that the little boy of four developed a wolf phobia, an exaggerated and unrealistic fear of wolves, and here that he had the dream about wolves which proved to be the key to understanding his childhood neurosis and gave him the name of Wolf-Man. From the age of eighteen,

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the Wolf-Man travelled in luxury in the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm II. He was often accompanied in his travels by his personal physician as well as a male attendant, and was, Freud tells us, when he began his analysis in 1910, 'entirely incapacitated and completely dependent upon other people'. The Wolf-Man and other wealthy Europeans must have felt their affluence and position unassailable. When the political calm of the early twentieth century was broken by the First World War and by revolution in Tsarist Russia, the Wolf-Man lost his home and his fortune, and became a stateless émigré in Austria.

Europe for the half-century which followed 1919, presents a tragic or at best foreboding setting to the Wolf-Man's story. Hunger, poverty, unemployment, and catastrophic inflation followed the First World War in Austria. Then came a disturbed, confused political period, in which the Nazis gained power. Although the Wolf-Man, when not overwhelmed by personal problems, was occupied just keeping alive and had little direct interest in world events, they could not but affect his life and colour his thinking and activities.

When Germany annexed Austria in March 1938, it was the signal for the Jews and the psychoanalysts to leave the country if they possibly could. I was one of the very few psychoanalytically trained persons who remained in Vienna for several more months, and it was in this feverish period, disastrous for Austria and catastrophic for the Wolf-Man because of personal tragedy, that I first got to know him intimately, although I had been acquainted with him for eleven years.

I left Vienna in 1938, and soon the Second World War swept over Europe. For four years I had no communication with the Wolf-Man. When the war ended, letters began to come, but another four years passed before we met and I learned from the Wolf-Man personally of the near-starvation he and his mother had experienced. After the end of the war, the Russian army of occupation remained in Austria for another ten years, keeping alive general apprehension, in which the Wolf-Man understandably shared.

Against this changing background, sometimes only dimly

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suggested, the Wolf-Man paints his personal fate with bold, dark strokes, and his inner life in varied colours, often sombre, but at times rich-hued and clear. The deep inward struggles and searchings revealed here, which never ceased throughout his more than eighty years, were already hinted at in Freud's report of the Wolf-Man's childhood neurosis. In fact, much of what the Wolf-Man tells us and shows us of his personality can be seen in the child whom Freud's *From the History of an Infantile Neurosis* portrays. This is 'the most elaborate and no doubt the most important of all Freud's case histories', according to James Strachey, editor of the Standard Edition of Freud's works. And Freud's biographer, Ernest Jones, calls it 'assuredly the best of the series. Freud was then at the very height of his powers, a confident master of his method, and the technique he displays in the interpretation and synthesis of the incredibly complex material must win every reader's admiration.'

Our records from so many sources, thorough, detailed, profound, make it possible for the lay person as well as the scientist to judge the extent to which psychoanalysis can help the seriously disturbed person. Thanks to his analysis, the Wolf-Man was able to survive shock after shock and stress after stress - with suffering, it is true, but with more strength and resilience than one might expect. The Wolf-Man himself is convinced that without psychoanalysis he would have been condemned to lifelong misery.

Foreword

by *Anna Freud*

As readers of the literature of psychoanalysis, we are impressed by the large number of papers, books, and periodicals in various languages which cover a wide range of topics: clinical, technical, theoretical, as well as the applications of analytic insight to the fields of psychiatry, general medicine, paediatrics, education, culture, religion, literature, the arts, the law, etc. Nevertheless, we cannot help being conscious at the same time of a conspicuous and contrasting dearth of publications in a specific direction: that of complete and adequately documented case histories.

This failure in output where the practising analyst's main preoccupation is concerned is not attributable to the fact that analysts know too little of their patients but to the opposite — that they know too much. The technical tools of analytic therapy such as free association, dream interpretation, resistance and transference interpretations produce a mass of data about the patient's life history, the healthy and the pathological sides of his nature, which, due to its bulk, is unwieldy and, if written up in undigested form, unreadable. To handle this raw material in a manner which produces, on the one hand, the vivid image of an individual person and, on the other hand, a detailed picture of a specific psychological disorder is no mean task and, as a literary achievement, far beyond the powers of most scientific authors. What is produced accordingly in our day are either snippets of clinical material used to illustrate some theoretical conception or, at best, one-sided clinical accounts which fail to acquaint the reader with the patient as a living personality. It is not surprising therefore that, for teaching purposes, the lecturers and seminar leaders of our institutes developed the habit of falling back on the small number of classical case histories which we possess and exploited them to the utmost. Anna O.

and the others from the *Studies on Hysteria*, Little Hans, the Rat-Man, the Wolf-Man, Schreber, Dora, thus became well known to every succeeding generation of analysts, together with the lessons learned from them concerning conversion hysteria, phobia, obsessional states, the infantile neuroses, paranoia, homosexuality, etc.

On the other hand, the success in summarizing, condensing, selecting, and synthesizing material, which made these stories so eminently readable, also had some unsuspected results. The very familiarity which analysts began to feel with these patients aroused the temptation to deal with them in their imagination as if they were their own patients, to wish to know everything about them, to test the interpretations given, to probe beyond the conclusions drawn, and wherever possible to reconstitute once more the original data from which the author's abstractions had been made. The central figures of the classical case histories thus became focal points for speculation and discussion among analysts, with the desire uppermost to extend every one of these treatments into a longitudinal study by undertaking follow-ups, a difficult task since it presupposed establishing identities which had been disguised more or less effectively for reasons of discretion.

We have learned through Ellen Jensen's papers on Anna O. about her later life, work, and fame, and have to conclude from this that her 'talking cure' was efficient enough to remove the crippling symptomatology of her severe affliction, despite the fact that the transference to her physician had remained uninterpreted. We would like to be informed whether the 'wild analysis' undertaken with Katharina had the effect of counteracting the consequences of her traumatic seduction and observation and enabled her to embark on a normal life, but in her case no one succeeded in penetrating the mystery of her identity. As regards Frau Emmy von N., some information about her later life and personal reactions was unearthed. Little Hans, whose identity had never been obscure to the same degree, is known now to have reached a secure and reputable social position, that is, outwardly unhindered by any phobic limitations, although there is no telling from the manifest picture whether or not the infantile

neurosis left any deeper after-effects on his personality. Where the original data for the analysis were available in toto, as in the Schreber case, this led to later extensions, reinterpretations, critical reviews, etc. Nevertheless, although in these investigations no efforts were spared, the actual results remained meagre, abortive, and, for this reason, unsatisfactory to any analyst's questing mind.

This, then, is the gap in knowledge which the present publication serves to fill in an admirable way. The Wolf-Man stands out among his fellow figures by virtue of the fact that he is the only one able and willing to cooperate actively in the reconstruction and follow-up of his own case. He is not shrouded in mystery like Katharina, nor estranged and inimical toward his former therapy like Anna O., nor reticent and shy of publicity like the adult Little Hans. His grateful respect for and ready understanding of analytic thinking lifted him, according to his own testimony, already during his initial treatment from the status of a patient to that of a younger colleague of his analyst, a collaborator with 'an experienced explorer setting out to study a new, recently discovered land'. Moreover, he succeeded in maintaining this spirit which had carried him through the resistances of his first analysis; and, after losing it temporarily during his subsequent character changes and treatment, managed to regain it so that he was able to endure the turbulence of a life interfered with by revolutions, wars, material deprivations, and traumatic object-losses. What he proudly reports as his analyst's acknowledgement of his first-class intelligence not only stood him in good stead throughout his personal life but was instrumental also in benefiting the psychoanalytic community as a whole in an unprecedented manner.

We owe Ruth Mack Brunswick a debt of gratitude for adding the account of his post-analytic disturbance to the original story of his infantile neurosis. We owe an equally great or even greater debt now to Muriel Gardiner, who took up the task where it had been left by her two predecessors, who befriended the Wolf-Man for more than thirty years, supported him in his depressions, dealt patiently with his misgivings, doubts, and uncertainties, encouraged him in his self-expressions and auto-

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biographical revelations, and finally compiled and edited the disconnected sequences which were produced.

The result of her labours is what we have before us: the unique opportunity to see an analytic patient's inner as well as outer life unfold before our eyes, starting out from his own childhood memories and the pictures of his childhood neurosis, taking us through the major and minor incidents of his adulthood, and leading from there, almost uninterrupted, to a concluding period when 'The Wolf-Man Grows Older'.

London, 1971

Part I

THE MEMOIRS OF THE
WOLF-MAN

Translated by Muriel Gardiner

Recollections of My Childhood

Introduction

To psychoanalysts this first chapter of the Wolf-Man's Memoirs will be of special interest because it covers the same period of his life as Freud's From the History of an Infantile Neurosis. The little boy's earliest memory, apparently, was of an attack of malaria when he was lying in the garden in summer. This actual memory would seem to be of the same summer as the reconstructed observation of the primal scene. Memories of the English governess, including the two screen memories mentioned by Freud, appear here, and we learn also of other governesses who followed. Miss Elisabeth, who came when the English governess left, probably several months before the boy was four, used to read aloud in the evening from Grimms' Fairy Tales, the stories which played such a role in the choice of the Wolf-Man's animal phobia, and he and his Nanya listened with fascinated attention. Mademoiselle, a little later, introduced the child to the story of Charlemagne, and he compared himself with this hero who had had all possible gifts dropped into his cradle by benevolent spirits. We understand the analogy when we remember Freud's statements that, because he had been born with a caul, a 'lucky hood', the Wolf-Man had throughout his childhood 'looked on himself as a special child of fortune whom no ill could befall', and that his adult neurosis broke out when he was 'compelled to abandon his hope of being personally favoured by destiny'.

The important people in the Wolf-Man's early life were of course his parents and sister, his beloved Nanya (he has told me that he loved her better than his parents), governesses, tutors, and servants, and a few relatives. The account here of his paternal grandparents and their sons points up the family pathology which Freud speaks of, the hereditary taint with which the Wolf-Man felt he was burdened. As we know, the Wolf-

The Wolf-Man and Sigmund Freud

Man's father had periods of severe depression requiring hospitalization; aside from these periods his 'normal personality' was hypomanic, and he was diagnosed as manic-depressive. The circumstances of his sudden death at forty-nine were never cleared up; it may have occurred from an overdose of veronal.

The father's youngest brother is described by Freud as 'an eccentric, with indications of a severe obsessional neurosis'. The Wolf-Man's account corroborates the eccentricity and also describes paranoid symptoms. The illness was diagnosed by Korsakoff as paranoia. The paternal grandmother's probable suicide and her husband's subsequent 'unbelievable' behaviour, reminiscent of the father of The Brothers Karamazov, fill out the picture of the Wolf-Man's unhappy heritage.

Many details in these 'Recollections', such as the epidemic among the 200,000 sheep on the estate, touch on matters already known from Freud's case. This is true also of the children's rare contacts with their parents, except for their mother's attentive care when they were ill, the mother's own illnesses, and the little boy's religious ardour and his torturing doubts. The Wolf-Man makes little attempt here to interpret what he describes, and we should not wonder if his memories differ in a few details from the events as Freud interprets them. In essence these 'Recollections' are the quiet, faithfully painted background to the dynamic psychic action of Freud's From the History of an Infantile Neurosis.

M.G.

I, who am now a Russian émigré, eighty-three years of age, and who was one of Freud's early psychoanalytic patients, known as 'The Wolf-Man', am sitting down to write my recollections of my childhood.

I was born on Christmas Eve¹ 1886, according to the Julian calendar in use in Russia at that time,² on my father's estate on

1. In Russia, 24 December, Christmas Eve, is regarded as 'Christmas', which explains why, in a number of instances in this volume, Christmas is referred to as the Wolf-Man's birthday. (Translator's note.)

2. This date was actually 6 January 1887, according to the Gregorian calendar, used throughout the rest of Europe.

Recollections of My Childhood

the banks of the Dnieper, north of the provincial city Kherson. This estate was well known throughout the surrounding countryside, because part of our land was used as a marketplace where fairs were held every now and then. As a small child I once watched one of these Russian country fairs. I was walking in our garden and heard noise and lively shouting behind the garden fence. Looking through a crack in the fence, I saw campfires burning – it was winter time – with gypsies and other strange people clustered around them. The gypsies were gesticulating wildly, and everyone was loudly shouting at the same time. There were many horses, and the people were evidently arguing about their price. This scene created an impression of indescribable confusion, and I thought to myself that the goings-on in hell must be pretty much like this.

My father sold this estate when I was about five years old, so all my memories of this place belong to the time before I was five. As my Nanya (nurse) told me, I was very ill with severe pneumonia when I was only a few months old, and had even been given up by the doctors. I also suffered from malaria in my very early childhood, and have retained the memory of one attack. I dimly remember that it was summer and I was lying in the garden, and although I had no pain I felt extremely miserable, because of the high fever, I suppose.

From hearsay I know that I had, as an infant, Titian-red hair. After my first haircut, however, my hair turned dark brown, something my mother deeply regretted. She kept a little lock of the cut-off Titian-red hair, as a sort of 'relic', her entire life.

I have been told also that in my early childhood I was a quiet, almost phlegmatic child, but that my character changed completely after the arrival of the English governess, Miss Oven. Although she was with us only a few months, I became a very nervous, irritable child, subject to severe temper tantrums.

Soon after Miss Oven came to us, my parents left home to travel abroad, leaving my sister Anna and me in the care of my Nanya and Miss Oven. Anna was two and a half years older than I, and Miss Oven was evidently engaged more for her than for me. My parents had left the supervision of both Miss Oven

and my Nanya to our maternal grandmother, who unfortunately did not really assume this responsibility. Although she was aware of Miss Oven's harmful influence on me, she did not dare to dismiss her, and kept waiting for the return of our parents. This return was delayed over and over again, so that Miss Oven, who was either a severe psychopath or often under the influence of alcohol, continued her mischief for several months.

It is difficult to know exactly what went on. I can remember, and our grandmother confirmed this, that angry quarrels broke out between my Nanya and me on the one side and Miss Oven on the other. Evidently Miss Oven kept teasing me, and knew how to arouse my fury, which must have given her some sort of sadistic satisfaction.

We lived on the estate, where I was born, only in the winter. Our summer home was in Tyerni, a few miles away. Every spring we moved to Tyerni, and our luggage followed us in numerous wagons. In Tyerni we had a big country house in a beautiful old park. I can remember how a saddled pony would be brought out for me there, and I would be lifted up on it and led around. But this pony riding did not give me nearly so much pleasure as the times when my father would take me up in front of him on his saddle, and we would have a pleasant trot. This made me feel like a grown-up riding on a big 'real' horse.

Trips between the estate on the Dnieper and Tyerni took place sometimes during the summer also. My earliest recollection of Miss Oven, a perfectly innocent one, is connected with one of these trips. I was sitting beside Miss Oven in a closed carriage. She behaved in quite a friendly way to me and tried to teach me a few English words, repeating several times the word 'boy'.

Besides this earliest memory of this person who did me so much harm, I recall several other incidents. We had some long candies that looked rather like sticks. Miss Oven told us they were really little pieces of a cut-up snake. There was another little episode in which Miss Oven got the worst of it. While we were making an excursion on a little boat³ on the Dnieper, Miss

3. In the translation of Freud's case history the word *drive* is used for the German *Fahrt* which, however, can mean a trip of any kind. (Translator's note.)

Oven's hat blew off and settled on the water like a bird's nest, greatly delighting my Nanya and me. I also remember walking in the garden with Miss Oven. She ran ahead of us, gathered up her skirt in the back, waddled back and forth, and called to us over and over: 'Look at my little tail, look at my little tail.'

Unlike me, Anna apparently got on with Miss Oven fairly well, and even seemed to enjoy it when Miss Oven teased me. Anna began to imitate Miss Oven and teased me, too. Once she told me she would show me a nice picture of a pretty little girl. I was eager to see this picture, but Anna covered it with a piece of paper. When she finally took the piece of paper away, I saw, instead of a pretty little girl, a wolf standing on his hind legs with his jaws wide open, about to swallow Little Red Riding Hood. I began to scream and had a real temper tantrum. Probably the cause of this outburst of rage was not so much my fear of the wolf as my disappointment and anger at Anna for teasing me.

In her early childhood Anna behaved less like a little girl than like a naughty boy. She never played with dolls, which surprised me very much. The thought occurred to me that if I had been a girl I would have loved to play with dolls. As a boy I was ashamed to do this. Later my favourite play was with tin soldiers; perhaps this was a substitute for dolls.

Anna's phase of *Sturm und Drang*, as one might call it, did not last very long. Even while we were still on the first estate, she gradually became quieter and more serious, and began to be absorbed in reading. Her behaviour to me changed, too, and she began to play the older sister, teaching her little brother. She taught me, for instance, to tell time, and told me that the earth is actually a sphere. At that time I had often driven in a carriage beside my father through the fields and the steppes, and had frequently noticed that the horizon seemed to form a circle in every direction. But a sphere? This seemed to me impossible. I pictured the earth rather as a disc.

After Miss Oven had been discharged, a new governess, Miss Elisabeth, came to us. She was about forty years old and had a rather dark complexion. Although she had been born in Russia,

she was really a Bulgarian. She was a simple person, with whom I and my Nanya got on quite well. As the memory of the Russian-Turkish war, by which the Bulgarians were freed from the Turkish yoke, was still quite fresh, she often told us of the atrocities the Turks had formerly committed against the Bulgarians. The only other thing I remember about Miss Elisabeth was that she smoked cigarettes practically all day long.

My Nanya was a peasant woman from the period when there was still serfdom. She was a completely honest and devoted soul, with a heart of gold. In her youth she had been married, but her son had died as an infant. So she had apparently transferred all her mother love from this dead son to me.

Almost all our reading matter at that time consisted of Russian translations of German fairy tales. In the evening Miss Elisabeth would read us Grimms' *Fairy Tales*, which my Nanya and I found very interesting and exciting. We knew the Russian translations of Snow White, Cinderella, and other stories. I really don't understand what gave Miss Elisabeth the idea of reading us *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as this book with its horrible details of mistreatment of the Negroes was certainly no suitable reading matter for children. Some of the descriptions of the Negroes' punishments even disturbed me in my sleep.

As our parents were often away, my sister and I were left mostly under the supervision of strangers, and even when our parents were home we had little contact with them. I do remember that my father taught me the Russian alphabet and taught me to read Russian. And for a while he visited us children every evening and played a game with us called 'Don't Get Angry, Man.' One spread out a gameboard which was a map of European Russia, and everyone had a wooden figure, something like a chessman. By throwing dice each player determined how far he could move and what route he was to take on the map. Whoever reached the end of the journey first was the winner. I enjoyed this game tremendously, probably partly because we played it with my father, whom at this time I dearly loved and admired. Unfortunately these evening visits of my father's soon came to an end as he had no more time for them. When we had played this game with our father, he often told us many things

about the cities and regions on the map, so when he no longer played with us the game was less interesting and less fun, and we finally stopped playing altogether.

My mother had a calm, quiet nature, and was a mistress of so-called 'mother wit'. This gift of seeing the humorous side of even unpleasant situations and not taking them too tragically helped her all her life in overcoming many difficulties and troubles.

In spite of this quality, as she came from a rather patriarchal family and was little inclined to outbursts of feeling, she had some difficulty in sympathizing with the turbulent nature of my father and the eccentricities of his brothers, whom she jokingly called 'The Brothers Karamazov'. Although she did not suffer from depression, in her youth she was rather hypochondriacal and imagined she had various illnesses which she did not have at all. In fact she lived to the considerable age of eighty-seven. As she grew older her hypochondria disappeared, and even though she lost her entire fortune, she felt much better as an older woman than in her youth. Only during the last few years before her death, when she was confined to her room all day long, did her hypochondria reappear, but in a much milder form.

Since my mother, as a young woman, was so concerned about her health, she did not have much time left for us. But if my sister or I was ill, she became an exemplary nurse. She stayed with us almost all the time and saw to it that our temperature was taken regularly and our medicine given us at the right time. I can remember that as a child I sometimes wished I would get sick, to be able to enjoy my mother's being with me and looking after me.

Besides this, it was my mother who first taught me something about religion. I had come upon a book with a picture on the cover of the Czech reformer Huss being burned at the stake, and I asked my mother what this picture meant. My mother made my question the occasion to sketch for me the most important tenets of the Christian religion. I was most impressed by everything I learned about the suffering and crucifixion of Christ. As my Nanya was very devout and sometimes

told me stories of the saints and martyrs, I gradually became very religious myself and began to concern myself with the Christian doctrine. But soon I began to doubt why, if God was so all-powerful, the crucifixion of his son was necessary, and why, in spite of God's omnipotence, there was so much evil in the world. I tried to suppress these doubts, but they came again and again. I was really tortured, because I felt this doubting was a terrible sin.

My sister and I both liked to draw. At first we used to draw trees, and I found Anna's way of drawing the little round leaves particularly attractive and interesting. But not wanting to imitate her, I soon gave up tree-drawing. I began trying to draw horses true to nature, but unfortunately every horse I drew looked more like a dog or a wolf than like a real horse. I succeeded better with human beings, and drew, for instance, a 'drunkard', a 'miser', and similar characters. When we had visitors, and one of them struck me as in some way unusual, I would imitate his gestures and repeat those words or sentences which seemed to me odd or funny. This amused my parents and made them suppose I had some talent for acting. But it was none of these things but something quite different which most aroused my interest and attention. This was a little accordion, which was given to me when I was about four years old, probably as a Christmas present. I was literally in love with it, and could not understand why people needed other musical instruments, such as a piano or a violin, when the accordion was so much more beautiful.

It was winter, and when darkness fell I sometimes went to a room where I would be undisturbed and where I thought nobody would hear me, and began to improvise. I imagined a lonely winter landscape with a sleigh drawn by a horse toiling through the snow. I tried to produce the sounds on my accordion which would match the mood of this fantasy.

Unfortunately these musical attempts soon came to an end. One time my father happened to be in an adjoining room and heard me improvising. The next day he called me into his room, asking me to bring along my accordion. On entering, I heard him talking to an unknown gentleman about my attempts at

composition, which he called interesting. Then he asked me to play what I had been playing the previous evening. This request embarrassed me greatly because I was unable to repeat my improvisations 'on command'. I failed miserably and my father angrily dismissed me. After this painful failure I lost all interest in my beloved instrument, left it lying around somewhere in my room, and never touched it again. With this my whole relation to music was destroyed. Later my father got the idea that I should study the violin. This was unfortunate because I really disliked this particular instrument. The dislike grew into hatred as the screeching noises I made got on my nerves, and it bothered me to stretch out my left arm for so long at a time. As I neglected to practise in my teacher's absence, my progress was of course minimal. Each time, however, when my father asked the violin teacher whether it was worth while to continue my lessons, the teacher - not wanting to lose his fee - replied that 'now it would really be a pity' to stop. It was only after six years that I was freed from this ordeal, when my father finally realized that it made no sense to go on with the music lessons.

We not only grew crops on our estate, but also raised a huge number of sheep. Once something took place which created a sensation among the specialists throughout all of Russia. A dangerous epidemic suddenly broke out among our sheep. It was deemed advisable to inoculate the animals that were still healthy, and about 200,000 sheep were inoculated. The result was a catastrophe. All the inoculated sheep died, as the wrong serum had been delivered. People called it an act of revenge, not against my father but against the doctor who had undertaken the inoculations. An investigation was ordered but never got off the ground, and the whole affair remained a mystery.

We moved to Odessa when I was five years old. At that time there were no train connections between our estate and Odessa. One had first to take a little river boat down the Dnieper to Kherson, which took the entire night. Then one had to spend a day and a night in Kherson, and early the following morning continue the journey to Odessa, this time on a larger ship able to weather the possible storms on the Black Sea.