

*Foreword*

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 Eve<sup>1</sup> 1886, according to the Julian calendar in use in Russia at that time,<sup>2</sup> 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 boat<sup>3</sup> 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 Grimm's *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.

Our journey to Odessa took place in summer, when we were living at Tyerni. We left Tyerni in the evening when it was already dark. As we were leaving, a terrible storm came up. My sister and I were sitting in a closed carriage, and outside the storm raged and the rain pelted down on the roof of the carriage. The gusts of wind were so strong that the horses could hardly move forward. But we managed to reach the boat dock in good time. This journey from Tyerni to the dock was my last experience on the estate where I was born.

Only after we were living in Odessa did I learn that my father had sold our estate. I cried and felt most unhappy that our life on the estate, where we were so close to nature, had come to an end, and I would now have to get used to a large and strange city. I learned later from my mother that my father, too, soon regretted the sale, as after a few years our former estate became a city. This recognition that he had made a mistake is said to have precipitated my father's first attack of melancholia.

My father bought a villa in Odessa, opposite the municipal park which extended to the shore of the Black Sea. This villa had been built by an Italian architect in the style of the Italian Renaissance. Almost at the same time my father acquired a large estate in southern Russia. He gave both the villa and the estate to my mother.

A few years later my father purchased a second estate in White Russia of about 130,000 acres. It bordered on the Pripet River, a tributary of the Dnieper. Although White Russia lay in the western part of Russia bordering on Poland and Lithuania, it was at that time, especially in comparison with southern Russia, a very backward region. Primeval forests, ponds, lakes large and small, and many bogs impressed one as a remnant of nature still untouched by man. There were wolves in the forests. Several times every summer a wolf-hunt was organized by the peasants of adjacent villages. These hunts always ended with a festive evening, for which my father paid the bill. The village musicians appeared, and the boys and girls danced their native dances. During my high school years, I spent part of my summer holidays on this estate in White Russia and felt myself transposed into the past of hundreds of years ago. This was the

perfect place to recover from what Freud called 'civilization and its discontents'. My father sold this estate in 1905.

My father and mother both had many brothers and sisters, but most of them had died in their childhood or youth. Two sisters and two brothers of my mother and three brothers of my father were still alive.

My mother's older brother, Alexis, was a sickly man whose first marriage went on the rocks and ended in divorce. He then married a Polish woman and had two sons. This second marriage was a very happy one. Uncle Alexis was a quiet and unassuming man who kept busy looking after his estate and playing chess, his great hobby. He did this in a thoroughly scientific fashion, one might say. Later I shall have more to tell of my mother's younger and more energetic brother, Basil.

The oldest of my father's three brothers was named Epiphanes. My sister and I called him Uncle Pinya. We got to know Uncle Pinya and his children only after we had moved to Odessa. My father's two other brothers, Nicholas and Peter, had visited us from time to time on our estate.

These three brothers of my father all had completely different characters. The oldest, Epiphanes, was considered clever and well educated, but he was rather phlegmatic. He had received a degree in mathematics from the University of Odessa but, following that, he devoted his time to looking after his lands, without having the ambition to achieve anything special in public life. My father told me that he felt closest to Uncle Pinya, but when later this uncle left Odessa and moved to Moscow, we lost contact with him.

My favourite uncle was always Uncle Peter, the youngest of the four brothers. I was terribly happy whenever I heard that he was coming to visit us. He would always come to me, or call me into his room, and play with me as though he were my age. He invented all sorts of tricks and jokes which simply delighted me and which I found the greatest fun.

According to my mother, Uncle Peter had always been a sort of 'sunny boy', with a consistently gay and happy disposition, and therefore a most welcome guest at all kinds of parties and social affairs. After high school he studied at the Petrovsky

Academy in Moscow, at that time a very famous College of Agriculture. Sociable as he was, Uncle Peter made many friends at college, whom he would then invite to our estate during the summer. My mother has told me that he once brought the young Prince Trubezkoi – or was it Prince Obolensky? I can't quite remember – who wanted to marry Eugenia, my mother's younger sister and the prettiest of the three. However, she declined this proposal and married another colleague of Uncle Peter's, of an old noble family from Lithuania.

Soon, strangely enough, Uncle Peter, this jolly fellow, began to show signs of most peculiar behaviour and to express himself no less strangely. At first his brothers were simply amused, as they did not take his changed behaviour seriously and considered it merely harmless whims. But soon they, too, realized that this was a serious matter. The famous Russian psychiatrist Korsakoff was consulted, who, alas, diagnosed this as the beginning of a genuine paranoia. So Uncle Peter was confined in a closed institution. However, as he had a large estate in the Crimea, his brothers finally arranged for him to be taken there where he lived for many years as a hermit. Although Uncle Peter had studied agriculture, he later wished to devote himself exclusively to historical research. All these plans, of course, came to nothing because of his delusions of persecution.

As my father was a very well-educated and intellectually alert man, and furthermore possessed an extraordinary talent for organization, it would be fair to say that he and his two brothers described above were of superior intelligence. Uncle Nicholas, on the other hand, showed no particular gifts and seemed to have simply good average intelligence. However, he possessed in high degree the so-called 'middle-class virtues', such as reliability, sense of duty, and modesty. He first took up a military career and became an officer, then left military service and settled with his large family in the small city of Kherson, where he became one of the most respected men of the town. He was elected a member of the Duma (the Russian Parliament before the Revolution of 1917), and served there on various commissions, but played no special part politically.

My paternal grandfather died about a year before I was born;

his wife, Irina Petrovna, many years earlier. I was told that she was tall and strongly built, but to judge by her photographs and portraits she was no beauty. My grandfather on the other hand was a handsome man with regular features. I have heard that Irina Petrovna was a very clever woman and that she had great influence over her husband. It was said that after her death my grandfather went to pieces and began to drink. That he really did go to pieces one sees from the following episode.

When Uncle Nicholas decided to marry, my grandfather got the incredible idea of competing with him and taking away the bride he had chosen. She was not to marry Uncle Nicholas but his father! So actually a situation arose similar to that in Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. The chosen bride, however, preferred – just as in Dostoyevsky's novel – the son to the father, and married Uncle Nicholas. Thereupon his father became very angry and disinherited him. After my grandfather's death each of the other three brothers gave Uncle Nicholas a share of his inheritance, so that Uncle Nicholas, in spite of being disinherited, remained a wealthy man, although not as rich as his brothers. In spite of this bad luck, Uncle Nicholas's life was, I think, the most harmonious, because he was the most balanced and normal of all four brothers.

My grandfather was, in his time, one of the richest landowners in southern Russia. He had bought a great deal of land which was lying idle at the time and was therefore very cheap. But then when the land began to produce, the prices rose rapidly. This was the very region which, because of the extremely fertile ground, was known as the breadbasket of Russia. According to my mother, the initiative for purchasing and managing all these lands was taken not by my grandfather but by his wife, Irina Petrovna, who was an excellent businesswoman. Insofar as her sons were intellectually superior, they inherited this apparently not from their father but from her. But these gifts had a reverse side also. I mean by this the emotional abnormalities and illnesses of the descendants.

Irina Petrovna had many children, but for a long time only boys. It was her dearest wish to have a daughter. At last a girl was born, whom she named Lyuba, a very pretty and lovely

child. Alas, she died from scarlet fever when she was only eight or nine years old. As Irina Petrovna had adored Lyuba with a really tremendous love, she became depressed after the child's death and lost all interest in life. I think my grandmother could not get over the fact that fate had been so kind to her and had completely fulfilled her wish but, after her daughter's death, as before, granted her only sons and no other daughter. Irina Petrovna's death was never clarified. She is said to have taken an overdose of some dangerous medicine, but no one knew whether it was accidental or intentional. My mother, at any rate, believed the latter to be the case.

Soon after we had moved to Odessa we got a new governess, this time a Frenchwoman. Actually she was a Swiss, from Geneva, but did not feel herself to be Swiss but rather a real Frenchwoman of markedly patriotic views. She was a strict Catholic and altogether very conservative. Like most elderly spinsters, she was inclined to be domineering. As she lived with us, Anna and I spent almost the whole day under her influence. In the evening 'Mademoiselle' – so we addressed her, and so everyone spoke of her – would read us French children's books.

In her youth Mademoiselle had come to Russian Poland and worked as governess in some of the most distinguished families. She had been with the Counts Potozky, Samoisky, Minischek, and others. (Count Minischek was a descendant of the family of the 'False Dmitri', the pretender who succeeded Boris Godunov in 1605.<sup>4</sup>) For Mademoiselle the principal object of education was to teach her pupils good manners and etiquette. As she had spent decades in Polish families, she spoke a mixture of mutilated Polish and Russian words, which however sufficed to make her understood by those around her. Of course Mademoiselle taught us French also. She would start to explain something, jump from one subject to another, and then begin to reminisce endlessly about the days of her youth.

One of the first books which Mademoiselle read aloud to us was Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, an edition prepared for children, of course. This book made a tremendous impression on me, but gave me more pain than joy, as I could not accept the idea that

4: Oral communication from the Wolf-Man to the translator.

this Don Quixote, so dear to my heart, was a fool. I felt I could only reconcile myself to this if Don Quixote, at least before his death, recognized his folly. When I was assured of this and shown the picture, on the last page of the book, of a Catholic priest receiving confession from Don Quixote, I was pacified, for I told myself a priest could not receive confession from a fool.

Then came biographies for children of the great men of France. One author even dared to write about the childhood of Charles the Great, revered by the French as Charlemagne. I liked this book very much, too. I was especially impressed by the mysteries hovering around the birth of Charlemagne, and the three benevolent spirits who dropped all possible gifts and talents into his cradle. Perhaps I was thinking of myself, too, and how I had been born on such a memorable day as Christmas Eve. Mademoiselle also subscribed to a French magazine, the *Journal de la Jeunesse*, from which she read us very romantic stories. These excited my imagination greatly – perhaps too much.

My sister Anna soon recognized Mademoiselle's inclination to dominate, and knew how to escape her excessive influence very skilfully. Mademoiselle did not hold this against Anna, but compensated by paying more attention to me than to Anna, which was not at all to my liking. In this state of affairs, Mademoiselle naturally favoured me more than my sister. This was obvious from her remarks, such as, for instance, '*Serge a le jugement juste*.'

I believe that the romances Mademoiselle read aloud to us laid the foundation for my 'romantic' turn of mind – or at least strengthened it. This 'romanticism' later found expression also in my landscape painting. In any case, Mademoiselle's influence on me cannot be denied. I remember, for instance, that the thought occurred to me at that time that the Catholic rather than the Orthodox faith must be right, as Christ had said that Peter signified the rock on which he would build the Christian religion.

Now I shall jump ahead and speak of an episode which occurred several years later, and which is quite characteristic of that period. At carnival time Anna and I were invited to a children's fancy dress party, where Anna planned to appear in a boy's

### The Wolf-Man and Sigmund Freud

costume. I do not remember how old Anna was at the time; at any rate she was old enough for Mademoiselle to feel concerned about Anna's good reputation as a young girl. Perhaps she also hoped to take this opportunity to regain her lost influence over Anna. Our discussion of Anna's costume took place one day at lunch. My father thought there was no reason at all why Anna should not wear boy's clothes to the party. Mademoiselle, on the other hand, contended that it was not seemly for *'une jeune fille comme il faut'* to appear publicly in trousers. So a vehement argument developed between my father and Mademoiselle, who went so far as to declare in a resolute voice that, even though my father had given his permission, she, as Anna's governess, nevertheless forbade her to go to the party in boy's costume. Now Mademoiselle had overstepped the limits, and accordingly received a severe rebuke from my father. She left the table crying and withdrew to her room. Anna and I hurried after her and tried to comfort her, but Mademoiselle declared that after the insults inflicted on her by our father she could no longer remain in our house. In the end, however, the whole affair turned out to be a tempest in a teapot. Mademoiselle quieted down, and soon she began again to use expressions about my father such as *'Monsieur est si délicat'* - which astonished my mother not a little.

When Mademoiselle no longer served as our governess, she continued to live on the lower floor of our villa, as a pensioner, so to speak, until her death. We visited her from time to time and always found her in the best of spirits. One never had the feeling that she was unhappy or lonely, as she was always busy with little things that absorbed her entire attention. Once, I remember, it was a bitter war with the ants which, I don't know why, had suddenly appeared in her room.

My Nanya, too, lived until the end of her life as a pensioner on our estate in southern Russia. During the last years of her life she became senile. Time, so to speak, stood still for her and, although I was already a grown man, she still regarded me as a little boy. Both Mademoiselle and my Nanya lived to be very old. When I was seven years old I was to get a tutor. Of course I was curious what he would look like. I pictured an elderly,

### Recollections of My Childhood

serious gentleman with a beard, as was the fashion in those days. Contrary to all my expectations, a youngish man in his mid-thirties appeared, smooth-shaven, with sharp features and an aquiline nose. As he was shortsighted, he wore eyeglasses.

In contrast with our religious Mademoiselle, Alexander Jakovlovitch Dick was a completely worldly man. I never once heard him speak about religion. He had a cheerful, easy-going disposition, always looking at the pleasant or funny side of life. Accordingly he was a real master in inventing games and amusements. A. J., as his family name Dick indicates, was of Dutch descent, but as he had been born in Russia and his mother was a Russian, he spoke Russian perfectly, and also perfect German and French. He was to teach Anna German but he spoke French with me.

I had the impression that A. J. took nothing seriously, and was therefore inclined to turn everything into the ridiculous or grotesque. Mademoiselle, whom he made fun of as an old maid, did not like this trait at all, and paid him back by saying he was no tutor but a clown.

A. J. was certainly a very gifted person. He played the piano extremely well and - at least so he claimed - a number of other musical instruments. He also painted, and one of his pictures hung in our room. It was a picture of a ship, with Venice in the background, probably a copy. However, I never saw any other picture by him.

The reading matter A. J. provided us with began with the Russian translation of *Max und Moritz* by Wilhelm Busch. Then he read us *Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant* by Jules Verne, which made a great impression on me.

A. J. turned one of the rooms in our villa into a real gymnasium. He also ordered an actual workbench, on which we built little ships. He knew how to screw together thin little sheets of wood with such art that any workshop could have been proud of the ships he created. This work was so complicated that I spent more time watching A. J. than working myself. This occupation certainly gave him great pleasure. Probably his taste for shipbuilding was something he inherited from his Dutch ancestry.

A. J. was a bachelor and had seen a lot of the world. Before he came to us he had completed a journey to India and the Far East, and had brought back various curiosities. He described his home to us as though it were a little museum. Of course Anna and I were very eager to see all these rare things from such distant lands. A. J. granted our wish and invited us to visit his house. There we saw a box with a glass lid, containing big butterflies, kinds which did not exist in our part of Russia. And there were many other exotic things, which we found most interesting.

A. J. never disclosed to us in what capacity he had undertaken these journeys, nor did he ever tell us anything about his youth or about his parents. If at breakfast he made a spot on his suit, he would often remark: '*Je suis un saligaud comme mon père.*' That was all we ever knew about his father.

The first time A. J. came to our estate in southern Russia and we walked through the park with him, he immediately discovered just the right place to set up a game of croquet, which was at that time very popular. So a croquet set was ordered, and the wickets were set up.

A few years later A. J. disappeared from our sight just as suddenly as he had appeared. I never knew whether he had been discharged or whether he himself gave notice.

Later Herr Riedel, an Austrian, spent several successive summers with us on our estate in southern Russia. A bachelor like A. J., he was in his early forties. He had small grey eyes, a rather fleshy nose, and a pointed beard. Herr Riedel did not tutor me but, as I was with him almost the entire day, I soon learned to speak German fluently. He was a very well-educated and serious person and, although he was already over forty, he hoped to obtain a professorship in history at the University of Vienna. He treated me rather as a younger comrade, and we understood each other very well. For him the greatest virtue was self-control. Politically he held rather radical views, but they were largely theoretical.

One day when Herr Riedel, my sister and I were walking through the fields, Herr Riedel tried to explain the principles of Kant's philosophy to Anna. The next day, too, the three of us

were taking a walk, and this time he began to talk about religion, and sharply criticized the Christian faith, as he was an atheist. I was running about beside Anna and Herr Riedel and listened only occasionally to what Herr Riedel was saying to Anna. But as he was voicing all those same doubts that had occupied me so much in my childhood, this made a great impression on me. I took in, as it were unconsciously, everything Herr Riedel said about religion, and discovered, to my own astonishment, that my faith was gone. It was not that I became an opponent of religion; I simply, so to speak, shelved it. As one could prove neither one thing nor the other, it should be left up to the individual whether he wanted to believe or not. This point of view brought me relief; from now on I no longer reproached myself for my earlier doubts.

Nevertheless it has always been rather puzzling that, with no effort on my part, I discarded my religion so easily. The question is, what filled up the vacuum thus created? Perhaps I transferred some of my earlier religious feelings to the realm of literature, because I now began, at about thirteen years of age, to read the novels of Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, and Turgenev with passionate interest. I revered these authors, as well as the greatest Russian poets, Pushkin and above all Lermontov, almost as saints. Later perhaps I transferred my religious feeling to painting. And my joy in the beauty and harmony of nature may also be related to religion. But it is also true that the doubts and self-accusations I suffer from during my depressions remind me of my religious doubts and reproaches. Perhaps it was a mistake that I took the loss of my religion too lightly, and thus created a vacuum which was only partially and inadequately filled.

Herr Riedel's last sojourn on our estate came to a quite unexpected end. He was evidently very impressed by Anna's precocious intellectual development, and although she was only fifteen or at most sixteen years of age, he fell in love with her. This was the end of his much extolled self-control. Sensible as he was, he ought to have known all along that his love for Anna was completely without hope. It is true that Anna appreciated his scholarship and his other intellectual gifts, but this had nothing in the world to do with love. In spite of this, Herr

Riedel made Anna a declaration of love, which of course ended miserably for him. Thereafter he was no longer invited to our estate. Professor Freud, in my case history, has dealt with Herr Riedel's influence on my attitude to religion,<sup>5</sup> and also with my identification with Lermontov.<sup>6</sup>

I had by this time left my childhood years behind me, and was entering adolescence.

5. On 12 January 1963, the Wolf-Man wrote in a letter to me: 'As Professor Freud quite rightly sets forth in my case history, my piety came to an end with the appearance of our German tutor, so completely that, since my tenth year, I have never again been concerned with religious questions.' (Translator's note.)

6. On 5 May 1970, after the Wolf-Man had completed this chapter of his *Memoirs*, he wrote to me that he had remembered something else which he wanted to tell me, 'not for you to include in the *Recollections of My Childhood*, because it doesn't belong there, but just because it seems to me interesting in itself . . . In 1906 when I was studying at the St Petersburg University, I went to a student party, and was sitting at a table with a number of other students. I have never thought that I had any physical resemblance to Lermontov - perhaps a little about the eyes. Now a student whom I did not know at all looked at me attentively and said to another student: "Look at our colleague. What an extraordinary, unbelievable resemblance he has to Lermontov! Astonishing, that there can be such a similarity, the same face, these eyes . . ." The other students were silent, and I, too, said nothing. After a while this student began again to speak of this 'phenomenal resemblance', but still no one reacted. As there really was no such resemblance, it seems that this student had somehow, in some mysterious way, divined my identification with Lermontov.' From this and from the Wolf-Man's visit to the spot where Lermontov died (related in the following chapter), it is clear that the great poet, shot in a duel, for whom the Wolf-Man felt such grief, was not Pushkin but Lermontov. (Translator's note.)

1905-1908

## Unconscious Mourning

THE winter of 1905-06 I spent abroad. After I had passed my college entrance examinations in the spring of 1905 my mother, my sister Anna, and I went to Berlin. We were accompanied on this trip by my mother's younger sister, Aunt Eugenia, and by my sister's companion, an elderly unmarried woman of German origin.

My mother and Anna, as well as her companion, spent the whole winter in a sanatorium near Berlin, but I used our long sojourn abroad for two interesting trips. In the autumn of 1905 I travelled to Italy, and the following February I visited Paris and London in the company of my cousin Gregor who, in the meantime, had come from Russia to join us in Berlin. In May of the same year I returned to Russia via Berlin, with the intention of spending the summer on our estate in the south of Russia.

Soon afterwards my mother and my sister, as well as the other two ladies, left Germany and went first to Milan, where my mother's younger brother Basil had been living for the last fifteen years, and then to Livorno on the Mediterranean.

In July I paid a visit to the family of my uncle, my mother's older brother, on his estate, about twenty-five miles from ours. There I was pleasantly surprised to meet a young girl who attracted me at first sight. She turned out to be the niece of my uncle's wife, a Polish girl, visiting her aunt.

I found Martha - that was the girl's name - pretty and charming, with her blonde hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and as I was attracted also by her cheerful, easy-going nature, I fell in love with her within two days. And Martha's behaviour to me made me realize that the attachment was not only on one side, that she returned my feelings. Our aunt could not fail to notice my infatuation, and I saw that she tried to further our mutual

attachment in every way. I do not know how this would have ended had not the tragic events in my family put a sudden end to our romance.

My mother remained in Italy for quite some time, while Anna and her companion returned to Russia in the middle of August. After a short stay at home, Anna proceeded to the Caucasus to the estate of my mother's elder sister Xenia. During the two weeks which Anna spent with me on our estate I did not notice anything extraordinary in her behaviour. It struck me as strange, however, that she suggested that I accompany her to the Caucasus, although she knew that I had enrolled in the Law School of Odessa University and that the lectures were just about to begin. When I mentioned this to Anna, she did not insist but she made me promise to write her a letter one week after her departure. This also seemed somewhat strange to me, but I did not attribute any special significance to her request.

I saw Anna off on the boat which was to take her and her companion to Novorossysk in the northern Caucasus. We took leave of each other this time with very special warmth. As the steamer took off from the dock, Anna stood in the stern of the ship and waved to me until I lost sight of her. I stayed on the dock a while longer, watching the steamer as it left the harbour and moved out into the open sea.

Exactly one week after Anna's departure, I wrote her the letter I had promised. Two or three weeks later we received news that Anna had fallen severely ill, and soon after that came the news of her death.

We later learned that my sister had taken poison. Following this she had suffered severe pains for two days, but nevertheless she had not told anybody what she had done. Only when the pain had become unbearable did she ask for a doctor. When he arrived she showed him the little bottle which had contained mercury and which had the warning label of a skull on the outside. Apparently this bottle had come from the laboratory which Anna had set up at home for her studies in natural science. Now after attempting suicide she wanted to go on living. There are evidently cases in which you have to be face to face

with death to regain your interest in life and your desire to live. At first it looked as if the doctors had succeeded in saving Anna, and she was even said to be out of danger. But after two weeks heart failure set in and caused her death.

My sister was to be buried in our family tomb in the so-called Old Cemetery in Odessa. Since my mother was still abroad at this time and my father wished to send her the tragic news of Anna's death by a personal messenger - which was not possible until after the funeral - the only members of our inner family circle present were my father and I. When the two of us arrived at the dock to receive the coffin with Anna's mortal remains and transfer it from the steamer to the Old Cemetery, many of our acquaintances were already present. A fairly big crowd of curious bystanders had also gathered on the dock.

My thoughts and feelings seemed to be paralyzed. Everything that went on before my very eyes was unreal to me; it all seemed a bad dream.

The Old Cemetery lay at the opposite end of the city. According to the Orthodox rites, the priests attending the funeral procession stopped at each change of direction, that is, every time the procession turned into a different street, in order to say countless prayers. Thus it took the cortege several hours to reach the cemetery. Just as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, the sun, already low on the horizon, sank, its last rays piercing the foliage and flooding the shining metal casket.

In our childhood it had been said that Anna should not have been born a girl but a boy. She had great will power and a strong sense of direction, and she always succeeded in evading the influence and the authority of her governesses. As she was growing up, Anna's feminine traits began to appear. Apparently she could not cope with them and they turned into pathological inferiority complexes. She was enchanted with the classical ideal of beauty with which she contrasted herself. She imagined that she had no feminine charm, which was not at all true, and that if a man were to marry her he would do so for the sake of her money only, since she felt, among other things, that she was not attractive to anyone.

It could be said that Anna's tragedy, in spite of her intellectual

gifts, consisted in her attempt to suppress her female nature and that she failed in this attempt. Of course, I am referring not to conscious acts but to a mechanism entirely hidden from her conscious mind.

My father had been very proud of Anna and had loved her dearly. He would have certainly fulfilled every one of her wishes had she expressed them. Her suicide proved that she was estranged from him as well as from other people, and he obviously felt he had failed. Her loss was very painful to him, but he was also, I could not help feeling, hurt and disappointed by her deed.

Now, after Anna's death, my father, who previously had hardly taken notice of me - or at least so it seemed to me - radically changed his attitude. He took the most intense interest in everything I was doing or planning to do and wanted to be my advisor and protector in every way. It was clear that he had transferred his feelings for Anna to me and that now he was deeply concerned about me. Much as I had formerly longed for a better understanding with my father, this change, which obviously was helpful to him in his grief over Anna's death - particularly because he had previously preferred Anna - left me completely cool and even depressed me further.

My mother reacted to this tragic event in an entirely different way from my father. She arranged for countless masses to be said and drove to the cemetery every day to spend many hours at Anna's grave. It is well known that one will make all kinds of self-reproaches following the death of a near relative and even more, of course, in the event of a suicide. This obviously was the case with my mother. Her self-torturing thoughts affected her relationship to me, too, and I could not help feeling that after Anna's death her attitude to me became much cooler than it had ever been before and that she was even trying to avoid me. I had formerly felt that I was closer to my mother than Anna was.

After the death of Anna, with whom I had had a very deep, personal, inner relationship, and whom I had always considered as my only comrade, I fell into a state of deepest depression. The mental agony I now suffered would often increase to the in-

tensity of physical pain. In this condition I could not interest myself in anything. Everything repelled me and thoughts of suicide went around in my mind the whole time without, however, my having the courage to carry them out.

I tried to fight this condition, and now and then I forced myself to attend lectures at the university, but I was hardly able to listen to what was being said. My contacts with other people were reduced to a minimum. A few times each week I took walks in the city with a former schoolmate of mine who was studying medicine and who lived in my neighbourhood. Sometimes I also came together with a certain N., an acquaintance of recent date. But a real friendship between us never developed. Nor would I have been capable of this, owing to my depressed state of mind at the time.

With the approach of spring I began to feel great inner agitation and a sort of mood of rebellion. My mental condition had been so wretched the whole winter that I simply could not go on like this any longer. Something had to be done. I told myself that if I could not muster the courage to commit suicide, the only thing I could do was to make a supreme effort to overcome my misery and try to find the courage to live.

I had fallen into such a state of melancholy after Anna's death that there seemed to be no sense or purpose in living, and nothing in the world seemed worth striving for. In such a state of mind one can hardly interest oneself in anything. In my search for a way out, however, I projected this inner state onto the outer world and blamed my lack of success at the university on my choice of studies. So the first thing I decided to do was to change my course, and I was transferred from the Law School to the Department of Philosophy or, as it was called in Russia, 'Natural Science'.

I am sure that behind this decision there was hidden, as Professor Freud also thought later, an unconscious identification with Anna, who had had a passion for natural science until one or two years before her suicide, when she lost interest in this subject also. I believe, however, that there was a strong contributing factor in my chance meeting with B., professor and director of the Odessa observatory, although at the time I paid

little attention to the meeting. When I ran into B. in the city, the first time after many years, he asked me what faculty I had chosen. When I told him law, he looked at me as though taken aback, and said disapprovingly: 'I'm really disappointed. I did not expect that. I thought it would be mathematics or, if not that, at least natural science.'

B. had taught Anna and me mathematics at home, before we entered high school. His quiet and thoughtful ways had always attracted me and I liked him very much, which was probably one of the reasons why I made particularly good progress in his subject. Several evenings B. had taken Anna and myself to the observatory, where we could look through the telescope at the night sky, the stars, and the moon.

B. had always been extremely pleased with my performance in mathematics (in contrast to M., our teacher of Russian language, who always praised Anna beyond measure and, though by and large fairly well satisfied with me, was often driven to despair by my errors in spelling and dictation). I remember that my father once appeared during our mathematics lesson and asked B. about our progress. B.'s report about my sister was not very satisfactory, but he stressed my ability in mathematics. My father remarked that evidently I had taken after his elder brother, our Uncle Pinya, who was especially interested in mathematics and had taken his degree in this subject. As a consequence of all this, my father thought that the technical high school would be more suitable for me than the humanistic Gymnasium, and it was decided that I should enter the technical high school. It was only at the last minute, a few months before I was to take the entrance examinations for the second year of intermediate school,<sup>1</sup> that this was all reversed because my father had begun to think the Gymnasium would be better after all, as only graduates of the Gymnasium could qualify to study at the university.

So an instructor in Latin had been hurriedly engaged, to enable me to take the entrance examinations for the second class

1. One enters intermediate school at about twelve years of age. Second-year intermediate school would correspond approximately to eighth grade in an American school. (Translator's note.)

of the humanistic Gymnasium in the spring. I passed these examinations without difficulty, and with an 'excellent' in mathematics. The Gymnasium in which I later enrolled, however, and from which I graduated was not the same one where I had taken the entrance examinations.

By chance the mathematics teacher L. at the Gymnasium I attended happened to be a childhood friend and fellow student of my Uncle Pinya. L., big and bulky, with large, bulging, penetrating eyes and a beard in the style of Napoleon III, was an imposing, awe-inspiring figure. His classroom behaviour was always correct, but reserved and cool, and his relations with his students were strictly matter-of-fact, always confined to the subject he was teaching. All teachers with the exception of L. had nicknames, but I cannot remember that even the naughtiest boys – and there were plenty of them in the lower grades – ever permitted themselves to make fun of L. or to tell jokes about him as they did with the other teachers. Since by way of my 'mathematical' uncle there was a sort of connection with my father, I was always very much in awe of L. As a consequence of his intimidating and paralyzing effect on me, my first written paper was a total failure. All the apples or walnuts or whatever the problems were about became so hopelessly jumbled in my mind that I was at my wits' end and could not even finish the calculation I had started, although with B. I had easily worked out similar and more difficult problems. Of course my work was marked 'unsatisfactory'. With 'very good' in all other subjects and now never more than 'fair' in mathematics, I was distressed and mortified, the more so as I had been used to considering myself an excellent mathematician. Only in the fifth grade of the Gymnasium<sup>2</sup> was this blot on my school report wiped out, and from this time on I had 'very good' in all subjects, including mathematics, right through to the college entrance examinations, which I passed with honours.

So, apparently, the chance meeting with B. and his disapproving remark had reactivated in my unconscious my failure with L., and led not only to my changing my course of studies but

2. Corresponding to eleventh grade in an American school. (Translator's note.)

also to my later doubts in regard to this. But at the time I had no clear insight into these motives.

About the same time that I decided to change my curriculum, in early April 1907, I conceived the idea that a trip to the Caucasus, famous for the beauty of its landscape and praised by the poet Lermontov, would best help to dispel my gloomy thoughts and to improve my emotional state. Of course I had to discuss these plans with my father because, apart from everything else, I did not at that time possess the funds required for such a trip. He had no objection to my plans, except that he did not like the idea of my travelling so far alone, especially after the fatal ending of my sister's last trip. He suggested that Mr W., one of our acquaintances, should go with me. W. was an elderly gentleman of French origin, as was indicated by his family name. Gaunt, hollow-checked, with a goatee and a scrawny neck carrying a powerful, bald skull, W. always reminded me of Cervantes' 'Knight of the Mournful Countenance'. This, however, was only his appearance. In reality W. had a cheerful disposition and really enjoyed life. He was married and had three daughters and one son. The latter had emigrated to the United States - this was rare in Russia in those days - and supported himself there by painting scenery for the theatre and by doing all kinds of odd jobs in typical American fashion.

This adventurous spirit the son had evidently inherited from his father, a very enterprising man, who often talked to us about his important business transactions, such as the founding of corporations supposedly organized under his control. In spite of this successful past, W.'s financial circumstances were rather modest. But he had in any case saved enough money to secure a more or less comfortable existence without the necessity of doing any sort of work, and he enjoyed this situation to the full.

For several years W. and his daughters had spent every summer on our estate. For reasons not known to us his wife was not included. These visits had their own prehistory. During the summer there was always a great drought in southern Russia, and every major rainfall was considered by the peasantry as

some sort of gift from heaven. Now W. had the idea of overcoming this evil by drilling artesian wells. With his power of persuasion he soon convinced my mother, who owned the estate, that he, an expert in this field, was just the right man to carry out the necessary research work. Since these investigations would probably take considerable time, my mother thought it suitable to propose that W. spend the summer on our estate.

Two months passed after W. and his daughters had come to stay with us, but there was not a trace of his research to be seen. Then one day I met him on his way to a well with a coil of rope in his hand.

'What are you doing?' I asked him.

'I want to start measuring now,' he replied vaguely, looking at me with embarrassment.

This was the first and last time W. was seen anywhere near a well, nor was he ever again heard to mention artesian wells. As my mother, too, realized that W.'s irrigation plans were not to be taken seriously, the whole matter of the artesian wells was buried without ceremony. But W.'s yearly summer visit with his daughters had become an established tradition.

W. accepted the proposal to accompany me on my Caucasian trip enthusiastically, the more so as he owned a little piece of land which he called 'The Green Cape', near Batum in the south Caucasus. He frequently raved about this property, which he described as a sort of *paradiso terrestre*. As we planned to make Batum the final stop on our journey, W. now would have an opportunity, without expense, to pay a visit to his beloved 'Green Cape'.

Before starting on our trip W. made me promise to buy myself a topee, or tropical helmet, since, as he seriously and solemnly pointed out to me, it would otherwise be impossible for him to accompany me to the Caucasus. I had never before heard that this sort of equipment was necessary for visiting the Caucasus. But, as W. placed so much importance on this condition, and as it was so easy to comply with, I accepted it. In addition to a tropical helmet he himself took along a Manila, an enormous straw hat which, as the name indicates, is probably worn in the

Philippines. When we had completed all these preparations, we embarked for Novorossysk.

From Novorossysk we proceeded by train to Kislovodsk, then a fashionable spa in the north Caucasus, famous for its carbonic acid baths. From there we took a side trip by horse and buggy to Bermamut, a high spot offering the best view of the Elbrus, the highest mountain in the whole Caucasus. We started very early and arrived at Bermamut towards evening, under a cloudless, transparent sky.

There we found a small, deserted mountain hut, furnished with only a few wooden benches. This hut was perched on the edge of a vast, seemingly bottomless abyss. Opposite us, like a gigantic sugar loaf towering to the sky, stood the majestic Elbrus, which we could admire in all its greatness and glory. The valley separating us from the Elbrus extended on either side into immeasurable distance and, on both sides, one saw more and more towering, snow-covered peaks and steep, rocky cliffs reaching down into the depths. Unique as this sight was, my depressed state prevented me from really enjoying it or feeling any enthusiasm.

Just when we were in Kislovodsk something occurred to me to deepen my already melancholy mood: namely doubts as to whether my decision to change my course of study was a sensible one. So I started weighing all the pros and cons, but without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. Always immersed in my own thoughts, I was not easily accessible to impressions from the outside world, and I experienced everything I saw as unreal and dreamlike.

There were other similar spas near Kislovodsk, such as the sulphur springs of Pyatigorsk. In translation this name means 'five mountains' (*pyat* - five; *gorá* - mountain), because this resort is situated in the midst of five mountains. Pyatigorsk was famous not only for its sulphur springs, but also because not far from there Lermontov, the second greatest poet of Russia, was killed in a duel. This alone was sufficient reason for me to visit Pyatigorsk.

Lermontov was of Scottish descent, his family name being the

Russian version of his ancestors' name Leermond.<sup>3</sup> The poet, serving as an officer of the Guards, was transferred to a regiment stationed at Pyatigorsk, as a punishment for a poem he had written. Martinov, a schoolmate of Lermontov's from the military academy, happened to be stationed there also. Martinov is said to have been a strikingly handsome but also a very vain man. Both young men were invited one evening to a party. Martinov arrived late in a Cherkess costume, with a big dagger in his belt. When he entered the room in this operetta-like outfit, the conversation happened to be ebbing and came suddenly to a standstill. So it happened that the words '*voilà un montagnard au grand poignard*', which Lermontov was whispering to the lady next to him, could, without his intending it, be heard by everyone. Martinov, whose vanity was wounded, challenged Lermontov to a duel which took place in the vicinity of Pyatigorsk.

Lermontov, being first, fired into the air, but his adversary, declining reconciliation, took sharp aim. His bullet hit Lermontov in the abdomen. Just at this moment a terrible thunderstorm broke out, and the critically wounded man could be taken to Pyatigorsk only with great difficulty and after a long delay. No physician dared to leave his house in this frightful storm, and medical care could not be obtained in time. Lermontov died three-or four days later from his severe wound. He was only twenty-eight years old.

W. and I visited the spot where the duel had taken place. It was a meadow like any other at the foot of a wooded hill from which a beautiful view opened to the lonely mountain Maschuk which, standing apart from the other four mountains, looked like a pointed rock springing out of the plain.

Hearing that among the sights of Pyatigorsk there was also a so-called Lermontov grotto, we went to see it. In the grotto there was a marble plaque with verses dedicated to Lermontov's memory. We could see from the plaque that this as well as the verses had been donated by an estate-owner in some province of central Russia. This man certainly believed that his poetry had made a valuable contribution to the memory of the poet and to the

3. In English spelt Learmont. (Translator's note.)

distinction of the grotto. Unfortunately his poem was so bad and so silly that it would have been better if this gentleman had not given way to his laudable impulse.

W., however, seemed to be impressed by the lines, as he suddenly became pensive. Obviously he found it hard to leave this place without giving posterity a memorial of his visit to the Lermontov grotto. Not being a poet, though, he had to settle for somebody else's idea. He finally scribbled somewhere on the wall of the grotto Proudhon's aphorism: *La propriété c'est le vol*.

Our next goal was the town of Vladikavkaz<sup>4</sup> at the foot of the Kasbek, the second highest mountain in the Caucasus. From there one could reach the glaciers without difficulty. Taking advantage of this opportunity, we undertook this interesting and easy climb soon after our arrival.

The ascent to the glaciers was made by mule. We rode our mules along a steep, rocky cliff, narrowly skirting the edge of an abyss several hundred metres deep. It was not pleasant to be haunted by the thought that if the animal made the slightest false step you would be hurled into the abyss. But the mules went so cautiously, at slow and sure pace, that we could not help wondering at them. I am one of those people who feel drawn towards the depths as to a magnet. The anxiety which then overcomes one is primarily directed against this power of attraction, which one has to fight in order not to succumb to it.

The most interesting part of our Caucasus trip was still ahead of us, the so-called Georgian Military Highway. Vladikavkaz is situated just at the foot of the main chain of the Caucasus Mountains stretching from west to east, that is from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea. This Georgian Military Highway, cutting right through the mountain chain, leads from Vladikavkaz in the north Caucasus to Kutais in the south Caucasus.

We had originally planned to stop only a short time in Vladikavkaz, but W. had many friends and acquaintances there, and the club where we took our meals offered him an excellent op-

4. Vladikavkaz was renamed Ordshonikidze in 1937 and again renamed Dzardzhikau in 1944. (Translator's note.)

portunity to meet and converse with them. He felt so comfortable that he kept finding new pretexts for postponing our departure from Vladikavkaz. Only after I reproached him for these tactics and insisted on our continuing our trip did he give in. He finally asked for the hotel bills and made other preparations to go on.

In those days there was no organized traffic, public or private, on the Georgian Military Highway. If you wanted to use this road you had to hire a horse-drawn vehicle. We did so and started on our trip in the early morning. About two o'clock in the afternoon we stopped at a small hut to spend the night, as the next suitable place was one full day's journey away.

In order to do something that afternoon, I got out my paints and oil paints from my suitcase and went to the nearer bank of the mountain stream Terek. It did not take long to find a suitable subject, as a very beautiful view opened in front of me after I had taken a few steps. I sat down on my stool and tried to transfer to my canvas the impression of the swift-flowing river and the majestic mountain Kasbek towering in the background. I worked as fast as possible, to finish before the light, which was particularly effective because of an unusual cloud formation, should change. I had finished my work after an hour and a half or at most two hours, and was myself surprised at how well I had succeeded in rendering the general mood on such a small surface and with such simple materials. This was the first time that I had done so well with a landscape, and it was the beginning of my activities as a landscape painter.

The next day we proceeded along the Terek river. The valley grew more and more narrow, and we finally found ourselves in a deep and forbidding gorge through which the Terek forced its sinuous path among rocks and boulders. No matter how inaccessible the steep rocky walls seemed to us, they always displayed in thick paint and huge letters the names of those who had been here before us. Frequently these inscriptions would be at such dizzy heights and on such precipitous cliffs that you would assume they had been placed there with the help of a helicopter, if this had been possible at that time. Not until late

at night did we reach our next lodging, a hut as small and miserable as the first one. There, too, all we could get to eat was trout, caught in the Terek River.

Before leaving early the next morning, while taking a little walk not far from the hut, I discovered a small Cherkessian settlement. There were no houses, but simply openings cut in the rock connecting with one or more caves.

On the third day of our drive through the Terek valley we had an interesting encounter on that otherwise deserted road. Two very strange-looking figures on horseback were coming towards us. They wore some sort of medieval helmets and were each carrying a lance and a small round shield in their hands. Their complexion was much lighter than was usual in the Caucasus, and their features too were somehow different. They must have been members of either the Pshavs or the Chevsures, two small tribes of which I had heard before; they were supposedly descendants of those Crusaders who had been lost in the Caucasus. When we met the two riders they stopped their horses and allowed me, without the least resistance, perhaps even with some satisfaction, to photograph them.

The Turk whom we met a little later behaved quite differently. He was walking beside his horse-drawn wagon on which were sitting his five or six wives, veiled and swathed in white garments. When he noticed that I was about to take pictures of the wagon and its occupants, he started scolding and cursing in a loud voice and drove his horse quickly on in order to put a stop to my bad behaviour.

On the fourth day out from Vladikavkaz we left the Terek valley and turned off to the right in order to cross the main crest of the mountain range at its easiest point. The ascent became steeper and steeper and the horses had to proceed very slowly. The traces of the road were often completely lost in the vast snow fields which he had to cross. After another night spent at a mountain inn, we began a terribly steep descent. It led soon into a fertile valley, in which corn and wheat fields spread out in all directions, with vineyards and orchards appearing on the hillsides. This cheerful southern landscape was in sharp contrast to the grim mountain world we had just left. The evening

of the same day we reached Kutais where we found a better hotel, one we greatly appreciated after the nights spent in those small and dirty mountain huts.

We spent one night in Kutais and the next evening boarded the train for Tiflis, now Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia. During this train ride by night there was a thunderstorm of such fury as I had never before experienced in those latitudes. The sky was literally torn asunder by lightning, the rain pelted our train with terrific force, and the deafening howl of the wind, together with the growling and rumbling of thunder, did not stop until we reached Tiflis the next morning.

I noticed that in Tiflis there were already electric streetcars, something which did not yet exist in Odessa. Altogether Tiflis made the impression of a handsome and modern town. This applied, however, only to the section called the European, for Tiflis in those days consisted of two separate districts, the European and the Oriental. The latter had all the characteristics of the Orient, with its shouting sidewalk merchants, its turmoil, and its colourful confusion.

As the heat was becoming uncomfortable in Tiflis, we decided after a few days to proceed to Borshom, a health resort in the mountains not far away. Before leaving Tiflis we took the funicular to the top of a small mountain in the vicinity to enjoy the beautiful view over Tiflis and its surroundings.

Borshom, apart from the advantage of its climate, was famous for the mineral water of its springs, which was used all over Russia as a drinking water, similar to Seltzer or Preblauer water in Germany. The landscape there impressed me by its gentleness and reminded me of places in the foothills of the Alps. The mountains were wooded and of moderate height, the meadows were green, and – a rare thing in the Caucasus in those days – the streets and roads were in good condition. After the heat of Tiflis, Borshom's fresh, invigorating air was most gratifying.

The day after our arrival in Borshom, when I entered W.'s room I found him in the process of taking his Manila out of the hatbox. Notwithstanding the Alpine character of Borshom, he

eventually thought that this was the moment to parade it in public. 'Shouldn't we take a little stroll now on the esplanade?' he suggested. I had to accept this proposal. This stroll became a little sensation. I did not really enjoy our becoming the centre of attention or seeing the people on the crowded benches exchanging mocking smiles and glances. I could not suppress the remark: 'Everybody is looking with the greatest astonishment at your Manila.'

'With admiration and envy,' W. corrected me, refusing to concede defeat. But his visibly stiffening expression and his silent stare made it clear that he did not fail to register the ridiculous effect of his Manila. On our return to the hotel the Manila wandered back into the hatbox and remained there, untouched, until our arrival in Odessa.

In Borshom I took up my brush again and painted a few landscapes with which I was rather satisfied. From here our trip, nearing the end, took us via Abastuman to Batum, from which we planned to return to Odessa.

Batum, situated on the shore of the Black Sea in the southwest corner of the Caucasus, at that time not far from the Turkish border, is surrounded by mountains on its other three sides. One finds there eucalyptus and yew, myrtle, cactus, and various palm-like plants. The whole region is characterized by its luxuriant vegetation. Although summer had passed its height by the time we reached Batum, there was, in contrast to the dry heat in Tiflis and Kutais, an oppressive mugginess. The air was not only warm but also very humid, and a thick, sweltering haze always hung over this exotic-looking countryside.

Now I had occasion to inspect personally the 'Green Cape' about which W. had raved so much. It was a garden with some sort of weekend bungalow and it had nothing to do with a real 'cape', which I had visualized as a promontory jutting out into the sea. We bathed in the sea twice a day but we nevertheless suffered so much from the humid, sultry heat that even W. was not opposed to my idea of starting our return trip somewhat sooner than originally planned. So after a week we embarked for Odessa and arrived there after a five-day sea voyage.

\*

It was already the middle of August when we returned to Odessa. As my parents were at our country estate, I joined them there immediately after my arrival. Although the lectures at the university were about to begin, I had not yet come to a decision as to which department I should enroll in. As I mentioned before, my doubts as to whether I was right in changing my curriculum had assumed an obsessional character. I was aware of this but unable to fight against it with any success. These doubts had soon deteriorated into a tormenting brooding which had followed me through my whole Caucasian trip, and which never seemed to come to an end. As soon as I had reached a decision one way or the other after these painful struggles, I would in the very next moment suspect that all my arguments and conclusions were based only on my own fantasies. And the decision reached with such agony collapsed like a house of cards.

My father, who had previously paid little attention to me, had since Anna's suicide developed an active interest in everything I did. So I decided to take him into my confidence - for the first time - and acquaint him with all my doubts. Perhaps, I hoped, he would be able to dispel my needless doubts and help me in selecting the 'right' department. As I had expected, my father was very pleased with my attempt at rapprochement and declared himself ready to assist me in every way. So we started to have daily formal 'sessions', lasting several hours. But, as I soon found out, they failed to bring any clarity to the subject. In fact I realized after a few days that my father was succumbing to the devastating influence of my ambivalence and was even infected by it. This made him doubt the soundness of his own advice which he had given me earlier with complete conviction. Thus I finally became convinced that we were more and more approaching a dead end, from which there was no way out.

But this whole troublesome affair soon came to an unexpected end. After a few days of joint deliberations I woke up one morning with the clear insight that there was really nothing to deliberate about, as my change of department in the spring had been nothing but an attempt undertaken with 'inadequate means' to escape my depression, and had nothing to do with a

real interest in natural science. The thing to do now was to retrace and arrange for my retransfer from the School of Natural Science to the School of Law. My father, being informed of my decision, said with some disappointment: 'But why such haste? We could have talked about it a little longer.' And yet it was he who had always leaned more towards the Law School.

The university studies in Russia were at that time organized in courses, each lasting two semesters. The entire Law School took four years. To be admitted to the second-year courses one had to pass examinations in at least two subjects of one's own choice. I selected economics and statistics and, after studying intensely for three weeks, passed both examinations successfully.

Thus the question of my studies was finally settled. This circumstance, along with concentrating on my studies, and the fact that I had passed the examinations, produced an improvement in my mental condition, though unfortunately not for long.

I cannot remember any more whose idea it was, but it was decided that I was to continue my studies not in Odessa but at the University of St Petersburg. My Uncle Basil, my mother's younger brother, happened to move from Milan to St Petersburg just at this time. He had rented a fair-sized apartment, and it was decided that I was to live with him and we would keep house together. I was not interested in the details of this arrangement, which was worked out between my parents and my uncle. The main thing for me was that in St Petersburg I should not have to bother about room and board. To continue my studies in St Petersburg seemed to me advantageous and desirable because everything in my parents' home in Odessa reminded me of my sister's death. So, by change of scene, I hoped for an improvement in my condition. It was an advantage also that the Law School in St Petersburg was studied with the names of excellent teachers and was considered the best in all Russia.

I did not deceive myself, however, into thinking that my uncle would have an understanding of my depressions. He was a decidedly extroverted character, a man with interest and under-

standing only for tangible, practical matters, with no inclination whatsoever for soul-searching or for psychological subtleties. Tall of stature, immaculately dressed, my uncle had a distinguished appearance, and his deep voice and serious manner gave him an air of great authority.

All three of us, my father, my mother, and I, went to St Petersburg at the end of September 1907. My father had some business there, and my mother wanted to see her brother. On the way we stopped over in Moscow as there was a doctor there whom my father knew well and regarded highly, whom he wanted to consult about my condition. All I can remember of this Moscow consultation is that my father and the doctor disappeared into an adjoining room, closing the door behind them. Nevertheless I could understand a few isolated sentences of my father's such as: 'He is inhibited . . . he cannot get out of himself . . . I believe the best thing for him would be if he could really fall in love . . .'

On our arrival in St Petersburg it was raining and a sharp, cold, penetrating wind was blowing from the Baltic Sea. Everything was grey in grey, and the city made a bleak and dismal impression on me. I had known St Petersburg from an earlier visit, but at that time it was summer and the weather was beautiful. Then, I had been there only three or four days, but now I was supposed to spend several years in this city which seemed to me so forbidding. This depressed me, the more so as my uncle with whom I was to make my home, although pleasant in social gatherings, was at home taciturn, glum, and usually in a bad mood. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that this was only an unfortunate first impression and that I would get accustomed to these new, unfamiliar surroundings.

The day after our arrival in St Petersburg the weather improved and the sun came out. My uncle and I took a walk through the Nevsky, the main thoroughfare of St Petersburg. On this day of glorious, autumnal weather, the Nevsky was crowded and presented a picture of great variety. On the wide street the traffic was moving at a speed unusually fast for a big city. There were noble carriages, coaches, and droshkies driving by

with racy black horses. On the broad sidewalks crowds of pedestrians were moving in both directions, with the many officers' uniforms giving evidence that you were in the capital of the great Russian empire, in the city which was the residence of the Tsar.

My uncle seemed to have fallen into a plaintive mood, saying that he was forty-five years old and that the future held nothing in store for him. 'But you,' he continued, 'are just twenty-one, and your whole life lies ahead of you.' He then talked of a family he knew called K. - he mentioned a German name - whose daughter Natasha was, like me, in the second year of Law School at the St Petersburg University, and he proposed to introduce me to this family. I accepted, of course, and said that this would give me great pleasure, since I did not know a soul in St Petersburg. There was open house every week at the K.'s, to which Natasha's colleagues were also invited. We agreed that we would visit the K.'s at their next open house.

When my uncle and I arrived at the K.'s, most of the guests were already present, and it took some time to introduce me to the parents, to Natasha, and subsequently to all the guests. Natasha looked entirely different from the image I had formed, which was that of a pale and delicate St Petersburg girl. Instead I found myself in the presence of a robust creature, with a handsome but rather unsophisticated round face and a fresh complexion. She had dark brown hair and blue-grey eyes and was rather on the plump side, which, considering her height, did not matter much. Her manners were pleasant and easy-going, and I was very favourably impressed.

Most of the guests were young people of both sexes, but there were also some men and women of mature age, among them two well-known St Petersburg painters. We were received kindly by our hosts and were offered tea and cake. Then we talked and danced. Presently - the idea obviously came from the two painters - each of us was given a sketch pad and drawing materials and had to draw, to the best of his ability, a portrait of one of the people present. My uncle told me later that the two painters thought I had talent, but they added that I would have to 'work hard'. On the same evening I also met Mr K.'s brother-

in-law, an estate owner called M., a very quiet and pleasant man and a close friend of my uncle's. So I returned home from the K.'s open house in a somewhat better mood, with the hope that I might succeed after all in making some closer contacts with people in St Petersburg, and might regain some interest and pleasure in life.

The lectures at the university had been going on a considerable time but I kept postponing my attendance from one day to the other, justifying this to myself with the idea that first I had to get acclimatized to St Petersburg and visit its most important sights and monuments. But I could not get interested in anything, I wandered through the museums and picture galleries in a state of indifference or boredom. Finally I rallied all my strength and decided to start attending the lectures.

The university was located on Vasilevsky Ostrov, on the opposite bank of the Neva, fairly far away from our apartment. I had to hire a droshky to take me there. When we reached the embankment I saw spread out on either side the imposing panorama already familiar to me: to the right, on the river bank, the Winter Palace; to the left the Admiralty with its spire, and the Peter and Paul Fortress which was the tomb of the Tsars and the infamous jail for political prisoners. Certainly an impressive sight but, as it seemed to me then, a sad and gloomy one.

The university itself was a vast, low-roofed, ancient building, in a poor state of repair. I found that the documents which I had arranged to have mailed from Odessa had arrived, and I completed all formalities necessary for admission. It was now the end of November, which meant that in order to follow the lectures that had started in September, I had to catch up with what I had missed not only during the previous year in Odessa but also during the current third semester in St Petersburg. But I attended only for the sake of appearances and in order to find some way to fill my empty mornings. I procured all the prescribed textbooks, but I only thumbed through them before putting them back in my bookcase. With just one exception: the *Encyclopedia of Law* by the St Petersburg Professor Petras-

chitzky. In contrast to the prevailing views in jurisprudence, Petraschitzky understood law as 'psychologically determined', thus emphasizing the relativity of the concept of justice. This idea seemed original and interesting to me. As Petraschitzky derived everything in his book consistently from this concept, a unified and integrated theory of law resulted, which interested me so much that I could concentrate on this book and study it with attention right to the end.

One day when Natasha and I left the university at the same time and were walking home together, she complained to me that she could not understand what on earth Petraschitzky wanted to say in his book. I tried to explain to her Petraschitzky's basic idea and the essential theories derived from it. I evidently had some success, for before we parted she expressed her amazement at the ease with which I had been able to absorb Petraschitzky's theory. She said she now realized that, after all, his book was not quite as difficult to understand as she had thought.

I found Natasha pretty and pleasant, but that seemed to be the end of it. I could not really get deeply involved and no close relationship developed. Moreover the open-house days at the K.'s were soon terminated, owing to an illness in the family. In a way I was rather glad since, because of my shyness and lack of contact, I had to force myself to associate with people just as I forced myself to attend lectures at the university.

I saw my uncle only at mealtimes. His chief interest was in horse racing, and both he and his friend M. had race horses of their own. Horses and races were thus the inexhaustible subjects of conversation between them, subjects for which I had very little interest.

Attending the lectures at the university had proved useless, and when I saw that I had no chance of passing the required examinations in the spring I became more and more convinced that my moving to St Petersburg had been a senseless thing to do. No wonder that my depressed mood not only did not improve in St Petersburg but on the contrary became considerably worse. In a big city such as this I became even more painfully

aware of my lack of participation in all events and experiences, and of my inability to communicate with other people. There was too crass a contrast between the pulsating life around me and the bottomless, unbridgeable gulf of emptiness within myself.

My father happened to be in St Petersburg at this time, and having once before taken him into my confidence regarding my curriculum, I decided again to let him know of my desolate emotional state and to consult with him as to what steps could be taken. I was fully aware of the abnormal, pathological character of my mental condition, and we both agreed that, since all previous 'self-invented' therapeutic attempts had failed, the only way out was to resort to medical help and to consult a psychiatrist. We selected Professor B.

Professor B. was known to me by name as a scholar and a recognized authority in the field of neurology. Lately I had heard my father speak of him also in another connection. After Anna's suicide my parents had decided to found a hospital for nervous diseases. The funds assigned for that purpose were to be given to the city of Odessa. The hospital was to be dedicated to my sister's memory and was to carry her name. At the same time, Professor B. was planning to organize a Neurological Institute in St Petersburg for scientific research in nervous diseases. He was just at this time busily engaged in raising the necessary funds.

When B. heard of my parents' intention he approached my father and tried to persuade him to change his mind and make the funds available for his Neurological Institute. The connection with B. having thus been established, my father asked him to examine me at the hotel where my father was staying. This examination took place a few days later. Professor B.'s diagnosis was neurasthenia, and he found that the most suitable therapy in my case would be hypnosis. It was agreed that I should go to his office for this treatment.

On entering Professor B.'s office I found many patients already in his waiting room. I was prepared to wait a long time until my turn came, and I began to look about at the other patients. They were all middle-aged ladies and gentlemen who,

judging by their appearance, belonged to the upper class of St Petersburg society. There was not much time for my observations, however, because the door to the office was soon opened by a gentleman carrying a list in his hand. The next moment my family name was called out. All eyes turned towards me. Evidently nobody could understand why a young student - I was wearing my student's uniform - was given precedence over all the other patients who had arrived before him. I hurried into the office to escape this embarrassing situation.

After greeting me, Professor B. made me sit down and said in a firm and persuasive voice: 'You will wake up tomorrow morning feeling fit and healthy. Your depression will completely disappear, gloomy and sad thoughts will stop, and you will see everything in a new and different light. You will in future follow the university lectures with interest and continue your studies with success...' Having gone on quite a while along these lines, Professor B. continued: 'As you know, your parents plan to donate a large sum of money for the foundation of a neurological hospital. It happens that just now the construction of a Neurological Institute is about to be started in St Petersburg. It will be the purpose of this institute to do research in all questions relating to the origin, treatment, and cure of these disorders. The realization of these goals is so important and worthwhile that you should endeavour to use your influence with your parents to persuade them to donate their funds to this Neurological Institute.'

All the time Professor B. was speaking, I was completely awake. But I was not prepared for this abrupt change from the discussion of my concrete case to the subject of my parents' donation to the Neurological Institute. Now I understood why I had been given preference over all other patients and had been admitted to the office first. As far as I was concerned, I was rather inclined to believe that the money my parents wanted to donate might best be used for the Neurological Institute. But I was much too preoccupied with my own problems to want to take sides in this argument. Moreover I knew that I would not have the slightest influence on my father in this matter. I gave my father a true report about my first visit to Professor B.,

and I did not conceal the role I was supposed to play in regard to the Neurological Institute. My father said nothing but I could see that, quite understandably, he was not exactly pleased with what I reported.

Nevertheless the morning following my visit to Professor B., I woke up in a much better emotional state, and this improvement following the hypnotic session lasted the whole day. The next day it diminished noticeably and on the third day nothing of it was left. As a consequence of the confusion of my treatment with the question of the Neurological Institute, the first hypnotic session was also the last. For I had to expect that Professor B. would question me at the next session about my intervention with my parents, and what could I have answered? My father had, by the way, no great liking for hypnosis, because he saw the danger of the patient's becoming excessively dependent on the doctor. I shared this opinion.

My only desire now was to leave St Petersburg as soon as possible. I had no difficulty in persuading my father that anything I might undertake there was doomed to failure from the start. Travelling and other distractions, so I thought, might help in less severe cases, but they had failed in mine. My only hope for improvement must be through intensive treatment and a long stay in a sanatorium. I left the choice of place to my father, who had sufficient experience in this respect. He was himself from time to time, at intervals of three to five years, attacked by a rather clearly defined melancholia, and would then go to some sanatorium in Germany and after a few months return fully recovered. His usual condition, which he subjectively considered as normal, was characterized by unmistakable manic symptoms, so that the complete picture could well be regarded as one of those manic-depressive cases described by Professor Kraepelin. It was therefore not a matter of chance that, of all the doctors my father had consulted in Germany, he had particular esteem for Professor Kraepelin and confidence in his ability to advise me. A certain Dr H., who was working at a St Petersburg hospital, was to accompany me and visit Professor Kraepelin with me, and then return to St Petersburg after a week or so.

My preparations did not take much time. After complying with some formalities at the university and paying a few farewell visits, I was ready to start for Munich with Dr H. On this memorable day – it was the end of February or the beginning of March 1908 – I went in the late evening accompanied by my father to the railroad station. Dr H. was already waiting there when we arrived. As there was ample time before our departure, my father boarded the train with me and Dr H. He asked me to remain in the corridor as he wanted to discuss a few things with Dr H. I did not hear what he said, but I could see through the window separating the corridor from the compartment that he was earnestly explaining something to the doctor.

The wind outside had subsided and a light snow was falling, covering the illuminated roofs of the nearby railway cars with glistening white. Only now did I become aware of a peculiar change that had come over me in the short time since I had boarded the train. It was as though a good fairy with her magic wand had dispelled my depression and everything connected with it. I was reconciled to life again and I felt in complete agreement and perfect harmony with the world and with myself. The past moved back into the remote distance and the future seemed beautiful and full of promise.

There were only a few minutes left before our departure, and my father had to leave the train. I did not know then that when I bade him farewell, it was to be farewell forever.

1908

## Castles in Spain

### I

THE euphoric mood which had taken hold of me so suddenly on leaving St Petersburg continued undiminished during our trip, as well as after our arrival in Munich. Dr H., who evidently regarded his job of escorting me to Munich as a little vacation trip, was also in the best of spirits. During our journey he told me a number of interesting things about Abyssinia and the court of the Negus since, he said, he had belonged to the retinue of a certain Leontiev. Leontiev was an adventurer who in the 1890's had taken a trip on his own to Abyssinia, but was later sent there as an official Russian envoy. This was probably the first Russian attempt to establish relations with an African state, an attempt linked in the contemporary press to the fact that the Abyssinians also belonged to the Eastern Church.

Spring was much further advanced in Munich than in cold, damp St Petersburg, and this, too, was most gratifying. Even the people on the streets seemed more relaxed and friendly in Munich.

On the second day after our arrival in Munich we went to Professor Kraepelin's office. Dr H. reported on my case, and Professor Kraepelin, a stout, elderly gentleman, after examining me, declared that in his opinion a prolonged stay in a sanatorium was indicated. He recommended an institution near Munich in which several of his patients were staying whom he visited twice each month. As he would be there every two weeks, he could supervise my treatment in this sanatorium.

Dr H. and I were staying in Munich at the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, but a few days later I was able to move to the sanatorium recommended by Professor Kraepelin. This sanatorium, as well as its Director Hofrat H. and his deputy Dr Sch., a Hollander,

made a favourable impression on both of us. So everything seemed to be working according to plan, and we decided that Dr. H. would return to St Petersburg within the next few days.

It was carnival time and, on the evening of the day I moved into the sanatorium, a fancy dress ball for the staff and the nurses was to take place. Dr H. and I were also invited to this ball. Watching the dancers I was immediately struck by an extraordinarily beautiful woman. She was perhaps in her middle or late twenties and thus a few years older than myself. This did not disturb me, as I always preferred more mature women. Her blue-black hair was parted in the middle, and her features were of such regularity and delicacy that they might have been chiselled by a sculptor. She was dressed as a Turkish woman, and as she was a definitely southern type, with somewhat oriental characteristics, this costume suited her very well and could hardly have been better chosen. The other dancers looked frolicsome and sometimes clownish, but she kept her serious expression the whole time. Although it contrasted with the gaiety of the others, it did not seem at all out of place. I was so fascinated by this woman that I kept wondering how this apparition from *The Arabian Nights* could ever have become one of the people employed in a Bavarian sanatorium.

During the next few days I could not help thinking again and again of the exotic appearance of this enigmatic woman. First of all, of course, I wanted to know who she was. Chance came to my help through the presence in the sanatorium of a Russian lady from Odessa. I visited this lady, who described to me the conditions in the sanatorium, gave me all kinds of information about the doctors and patients, and then, without my asking her, told me a little about Sister Therese – this being the name of the woman with whom I was so infatuated. I learned that she came from Würzburg, that her father had been a prosperous businessman who had lost his whole fortune in unlucky speculations, and that both father and mother – the latter of Spanish birth – were dead. Furthermore, that Therese had been married to a doctor and had a daughter, but that the marriage had been unhappy and soon ended in divorce. The lady from Odessa

mentioned also that Therese was a most conscientious nurse and was highly regarded by the doctors and patients. The information that Therese's mother was Spanish interested me particularly since it gave me the clue to her noticeably Mediterranean features.

Meanwhile there was not much left of my euphoria, which I had believed to be so stable. This, however, did not mean that I had fallen back into the depression from which I had suffered in St Petersburg. Whereas then the main symptom of my condition had been the 'lack of relationships' and the spiritual vacuum which this created, I now felt the exact opposite. Then I had found life empty, everything had seemed 'unreal', to the extent that people seemed to me like wax figures or wound-up marionettes with whom I could not establish any contact. Now I embraced life fully and it seemed to me highly rewarding, but only on condition that Therese would be willing to enter into a love affair with me.

I had come to Munich to lead and enjoy a quiet and contemplative existence in a German sanatorium – such at least was my idea in St Petersburg – and now, after only a few days, I was unexpectedly determined to plunge head over heels into a love adventure which would require all my strength and energy. My own impression of Therese, as well as everything I had heard about her, made me conclude that she was a woman who would avoid any amorous involvement and that she would be particularly disinclined to enter into a relationship with a patient of the institution which employed her. Besides, how could I approach her without having any practical opportunity to do so? However, when one is dominated by a passionate desire to conquer a woman, all rational considerations are brushed aside. Thus I decided abruptly, without further reflection, to find out where her room was and to leave everything else to fate.

As soon as I had learned where Therese's room was and about what time she would go there, I went ahead. I concealed myself in the neighbourhood of her room, on the lookout for her arrival. Hardly a quarter of an hour later, I saw Therese coming down the corridor towards her room. She unlocked the door and

entered. Now there was no time to be lost; I must act quickly. I seized the door handle and found myself the next moment alone with Therese in her room. I took the opportunity to tell her how much I admired her beauty, and how happy I would be if I could meet her the next Sunday outside the sanatorium, so that I could tell her of my feelings for her. In spite of my stormy protestations of love, Therese kept her self-control and calmly withstood the onrush of my passionate declaration. The situation must have been rather embarrassing for her, since at any moment someone could have entered her room. Evidently not seeing any other way to get rid of me, she finally granted me a rendezvous for the next Sunday in the park of the Nymphenburg Palace near the sanatorium. Since it would have been unpleasant for me, too, to be discovered in Therese's room, I had to hurry and, as soon as she had promised to meet me in the park, I left her room. I was glad that nobody had seen me going in or out. Since this bold venture of mine had gone rather smoothly and because I had the hope of meeting Therese on Sunday, I felt quite satisfied with the result of my first attempt to win her.

At this stage nobody in the sanatorium knew that I had fallen in love with Therese. Outwardly my life was similar to that of the other patients. I followed the doctor's directions and underwent the physical therapy customary in those days, such as baths, massages, etc.

Besides the lady from Odessa there were in the sanatorium a pensioned Russian colonel and a district attorney and his wife from Tiflis in the Caucasus. The colonel had held some higher office in the Peter and Paul Fortress in St Petersburg. He had a severe heart condition and planned, after the termination of his treatment at the sanatorium, to spend the evening of his life on the Riviera. He complained about the stinginess of the Ministry of Finance because they had given him too small a pension. 'What does a man need?' he said to me. 'Quiet, good food, sweet smells . . .' It is true that one got hardly any of these at the sanatorium.

The district attorney from Tiflis was very young for this office, perhaps in his early or middle thirties, a slender and handsome man, next to whom his wife, a few years younger,

seemed pale and colourless. They were both very nice people, the husband perhaps a trifle too reserved, which however suited his position as district attorney.

'Did you notice what a beautiful woman Sister Therese is?' the district attorney's wife asked me at luncheon. I had a bad conscience and ignored the question in order not to give myself away.

'But she seems to be very stupid,' said the husband, apparently to forestall his wife's suspicion that he might be attracted by Therese.

Besides my close contact with the district attorney and his wife, I formed a friendship with Baroness T., an Italian woman from Trent. It was difficult to know her age, because there was something sorrowful about her which perhaps made her look older than she actually was. She was tall and lean, with red hair and an expression of sadness and melancholy in her eyes. This did not prevent her from being always in good spirits. She had a sense of humour which made her a good conversationalist. Although she came from Trent, which then belonged to Austria, she preferred speaking French, which she had mastered in all its refinements, and we always spoke French together.

The Russian colonel was hard of hearing and did not speak a word of German. This made him avoid all contact with other patients. The Russian lady from Odessa suffered from a bad facial skin affliction – supposedly caused by bromine – and therefore did not show herself anywhere and even took her meals in her room. She lived in a sort of voluntary imprisonment.

There were also some well-known names in the sanatorium, for instance, the family of Count Eulenburg, whose lawsuit had shortly before stirred up a scandal. Among the prominent patients was also Professor Behring, the discoverer of the serum against diphtheria. He suffered from a deep depression, which clearly showed on his face. Occasionally he was visited by his wife, much younger than he, whom he had married a short time before.

The longed-for Sunday finally arrived. Therese had promised to be at our rendezvous in the park around five in the afternoon,

but I was there a whole hour earlier. The weather was beautiful and sunny and the palace gardens were teeming with people. In order not to miss Therese I stationed myself in front of the palace, from which I could easily watch the park entrances to the right and left.

Repeatedly, whenever a woman's figure emerged in the distance, I believed it was Therese. But when the figure had come closer I was distressed to see that she did not have the slightest resemblance to her. The palace clock had struck five-thirty and then six but Therese was still not there. But I refused to give up the hope that she might simply have been delayed and would still appear. As the sun sank lower, this hope gradually vanished. It was only when it was completely dark that I decided to leave the park and to go home.

As a consequence of this disappointment, my former hopeful mood naturally turned into the opposite. I complained about this to the doctors but, not wanting to compromise Therese, I did not disclose the reason for my unhappiness and despair.

My thoughts kept circling around Therese and I reproached myself for not realizing that due to her ill-fated love experience she might be unreceptive to amorous proposals, and that she had been almost forced to promise to meet me in the park. On the other hand I asked myself how a woman so young and so richly endowed with charm could renounce love forever.

But all these thoughts and reflections faded under my overpowering desire to possess Therese, and her resistance only served to increase the desire. As I neither wanted nor was able to give her up, there was nothing left for me but to undertake a new 'attack' in an attempt to make Therese change her mind.

During this second 'attack' I reproached Therese that she had broken her promise to come to the park. Otherwise everything took place much as it had done the first time, and I again received her promise to meet me the next Sunday, this time in the city, in front of the Palace of Justice.

From the position where I waited for Therese the next Sunday I had a long view in the direction from which she would

presumably come. Here the situation was quite different from the park, because there were only a few people coming towards me from that side. Therefore when I saw in the distance the silhouette of a woman of Therese's stature, there was no long period of uncertainty. This time it was no phantom, it was reality, and in a few moments Therese was standing beside me. The serious expression had vanished from her face, and she did not seem to me as inaccessible or as reserved as before.

After we had greeted each other I suggested an automobile ride in the surroundings of Munich. Therese, however, because of the cool and uncertain weather, preferred a walk in the English Garden.

So we went there and Therese started to tell me about her home town Würzburg, about her parents to whom she seemed to have been very attached, and about her four-year-old daughter Else. She did this in a very friendly and confidential tone, for which, after all that had happened before, I was not really prepared. She touched only briefly on the failure of her marriage, as she seemed to believe that I had been told about this by the Russian lady. She gave me the impression of a person in perfect harmony with herself and the world around her. All the sadness she had gone through did not seem to have embittered her nor to have disturbed her mental equilibrium. This inner balance, together with her sincere and natural behaviour, made her even more attractive to me than before, so that after this meeting she had not only lost nothing in my eyes but had even gained.

Therese also told me now about her Spanish origin. It was a very romantic story. Her father was German. Her maternal grandmother, a Spanish woman, was married the first time to a Spanish officer who was said to have been killed in a duel. This grandmother was a singer, widely travelled, and was married three times. As her third husband was German, the daughter from her first marriage went to Germany also, and later met and married Therese's father.

During this talk Therese repeated several times that, since her unfortunate marital experiences, she now wanted to live only for her daughter Else and for her work as a nurse, which demanded all her attention. I should therefore give her up and look for

another woman better suited to me. Moreover, I had come to Munich to undergo treatment in a sanatorium, and I should do nothing to disturb my cure. I should obey the doctor's orders exactly, and should try first of all to get well.

It was late in the evening when we parted. Since Therese promised to meet me again in two weeks – she was not free the next Sunday – I returned to the sanatorium in a state of extreme elation and in the most hopeful mood.

The knowledge of Therese's Spanish background caused me to transpose her in my mind not only to that faraway country but also into a long bygone era, in which she seemed to fit better than in the present. It is well known that someone in love tends to idealize not only the object of his love but also everything in any way related to it. Thus I suddenly began to be infatuated with Spain, for which formerly I had felt no particular interest. During my psychoanalysis Professor Freud dwelt extensively on this Hispanism, because in his opinion it was to be understood in psychoanalytic terms. I shall try to explain this a little.

My Uncle Basil, with whom I had stayed in St Petersburg, was in his first, short-lived marriage married to a Polish woman who at that time was one of Russia's most prominent opera singers. My uncle was her third husband, so she, like Therese's grandmother, was thrice-married. This aunt-by-marriage toured various countries and spent some time in Spain where she sang at the Madrid opera.

When we first heard we were to meet this new aunt I was about seven years old and my sister Anna about nine and a half. We wondered that people had been speaking of her for such a long time without our ever seeing her. Finally we were told that she had arrived and that we would soon meet her. A few days later we were taken to her hotel and spent several very pleasant hours with her. Our new aunt received us most graciously and regaled us with all kinds of sweets and delicacies. Our visit was made the more exciting by her stories of her sojourn in Spain and by her vivid and detailed descriptions of the bullfights she had attended there.

Shortly after this visit the municipal theatre gave a perform-

ance of Rossini's *Barber of Seville* to which my sister and I were taken. Our aunt sang the part of Rosina in this opera and we were deeply impressed by her success and by the enthusiastic ovations of the audience.

Since this aunt's first name, like my mother's, was Alexandra, Professor Freud's interpretation was that I identified my aunt with my mother. On the other hand I associated the new aunt with Spain because she told us so much about that country and about the bullfights. Although she was actually Polish by birth, I saw in her a Spanish woman, the more so as she impersonated one on the stage in the part of Rosina. Thus, behind my Hispanism the Oedipus complex was hiding, the unconscious desire to possess the mother. I should like to mention that Professor Freud had a positive evaluation of my struggle for Therese. He called it the 'breakthrough to the woman' and even said once that this was my 'greatest achievement'.

Apart from Therese's connection with Spain there was something else which made her particularly desirable to me. Marcel Proust in his book *Un Amour de Swann* says that Swann was impressed by the similarity between Odette and the Zéphora depicted by Botticelli in a fresco in the Sistine Chapel. This similarity delighted Swann and made it possible for him to give Odette a place in the world of his dreams. In fact it confirmed to him that his choice was the right one and agreed with his aesthetic standards. In this way his adoration of Odette seemed justified and legalized.

I was moved by something similar. I have always admired a painting by Leonardo da Vinci showing a woman with dark parted hair. This painting has come down in the history of art under the name of 'La Belle Ferronnière'. I saw a great resemblance between this portrait and Therese, and it was this resemblance which permitted me to associate my love for Therese with my tendency towards artistic sublimation. This may also have been the reason why I transposed her in my imagination not only into a remote country but also into a bygone era.

I am sure that Therese's admonitions to give her up and to concentrate on my treatment in the sanatorium were meant seriously.

Nevertheless I turned a deaf ear to them because they did not fit into my plan, and I dismissed them as meaningless and unimportant talk.

The only thing that seemed important to me was the fact that Therese had come to a rendezvous, had spent several hours in friendly conversation with me in the English Garden, and had promised on leaving that she would meet me again in two weeks.

In this excess of confidence I even went so far as to speculate where I could meet Therese in privacy. I bought several newspapers and studied the advertisements offering rooms for rent. I soon found what I was looking for. It was a room in the Kaufingerstrasse in Munich which seemed to me suitable for our meetings. I immediately rented this room and at the same time ordered an extra key for Therese's use.

As I now had no more complaints and appeared to be in the best of spirits, the doctors were very pleased and gave credit for this obvious improvement to my therapy in the sanatorium. I often made automobile excursions to the surroundings of Munich in the company of the district attorney and his wife and the Baroness T. The evenings I spent in the public rooms of the sanatorium playing billiards and talking with the other patients. Thus I found myself in a state of carefree bliss which, as it seemed to me, could never again be destroyed or even disturbed.

Two days before the day I was to meet Therese there was a knock at my door. It was the mailman. With the words 'a letter for you' he handed me an envelope. My address was written in an unknown hand and I immediately saw that the letter had been posted in Munich. Who would write to me here? I opened the envelope. It was a letter from Therese, calling off our appointment for the coming Sunday. There was again the same reasoning: she must renounce love since she wanted to dedicate her life to nursing and to her daughter Else.

This letter struck me like a bolt from the blue. I had been luxuriating in the joyous anticipation of the coming union with Therese, and now I was most cruelly torn away from all my hopes and dreams. How could this woman be so heartless? At this moment I cursed the day I had crossed the threshold of this

fateful sanatorium which, instead of becoming a place of salvation, had become a hell.

That evening I swallowed a handful of sleeping tablets. The next morning it was very hard to wake up, but no real harm had been done. During the afternoon my drowsiness subsided, and left me in a state of emptiness and of limitless desolation.

There is a saying that neither a cough nor love can be concealed. The doctors had learned - I do not know how - of my infatuation with Therese. Dr Sch. appealed to my reason and advised me to give up courting Therese since, as he thought, I would not make any headway. 'It would be a pity for her, too,' he added.

What was I to do next?

It seemed to me that the only way out of this blind alley was to leave the sanatorium as soon as possible, and that is what I told Dr Sch. But neither Professor Kraepelin nor the resident doctors would hear of it, and they succeeded in persuading me to stay. They sent for a painter and a photographer to distract me. With the former I was to draw portraits; the latter was to instruct me in colour photography, which was then in its early stages. I could not drum up the slightest interest in either subject, and both were soon abandoned.

Meanwhile some changes had taken place in the sanatorium. Baroness T. returned to Trent, and the Russian colonel was on the point of death. The parting from the Baroness was very cordial. She gave me a chaste kiss on the forehead and I kissed her hand respectfully. We promised to keep in touch by letter.

I went to see the Russian colonel two days before he died. His appearance was ghastly; his face, neck, and hands were covered with big bleeding and suppurating sores. It was the picture of a man in putrefaction while still alive. So his dream of spending his old age on the Riviera had not come true; instead of a journey to the beautiful south he had to travel to his eternal resting place in a Munich cemetery. I asked Dr Sch. about the origin of these horrible sores and he told me that some people do not tolerate the iodine treatment which they had tried to use on the colonel. I had a different suspicion however.

It was easy to foresee what would happen. As long as I stayed

in the sanatorium I could not resist trying to re-establish contact with Therese. I soon succeeded in persuading her to meet me. First we took a motorcar ride to Dachau, then a popular excursion spot near Munich. (Who could then have imagined that this small, peaceful hamlet would later become the symbol of such indescribable horror and abomination?) Then I suggested to Therese that we go to the room I had rented in the Kaufingerstrasse. She agreed without protest; so we went there and spent a happy hour of love.

This unexpected success made the pendulum of my mood swing vigorously in the other direction. Now all the suffering I had gone through suddenly seemed not so painful after all – it even seemed amply rewarded by the final victory. So I started again to make plans and to build castles in the air. I remembered that the previous autumn my father had thought that it might be better for me to attend the Academy of Art rather than the university. At that time I had dismissed the idea, but now I seized upon it and thought that nothing could be better or more enticing than to pitch my tent in Munich and study at the Academy there. This would make it possible to devote myself seriously to painting and be at the same time always near Therese.

Therese, however, would not let my dreams come true. Again, shortly before our scheduled rendezvous, the mailman – by now the bearer of evil tidings – appeared and brought me a letter with a little package. The package contained the key to the rented room. Returning the key told me more than Therese's letter, for the reasons she gave me were always the same, and by now I knew them well enough.

This was too much for me. I clearly saw that if I were to remain in the sanatorium, this eternal vacillation would never end. I had no choice but to leave the sanatorium as soon as possible and to try to forget Therese.

This time again they wanted to persuade me to remain in the sanatorium and continue my treatment. Professor Kraepelin thought that it was even more important now for me to stay, in order finally to get over my manic-depressive condition. He seemed fully convinced that the sudden and violent changes in

my mood were proof of the correctness of his diagnosis, the more so as my father, whom Professor Kraepelin had known and treated, was suffering from the same condition.

But since the situation was now perfectly clear to me, all these attempts to make me change my mind were of no avail. I packed my bags at once and left the institution, after a stay of four months. I went to Munich and installed myself at the Hotel Bayerischer Hof.

The alarming letters I had written home from the sanatorium – without however mentioning Therese – had evidently worried my parents to such a degree that my mother decided to come to Munich to see for herself what was really the matter. She could not have selected a better moment for her trip because just now I needed someone to whom I could speak frankly and pour out my troubles.

I expected my mother's arrival in Munich within a few days. But before her arrival I hastened to write a letter to Therese, telling her that I had left the sanatorium and would soon leave Munich also. As I wanted to see her one last time, to say goodbye, I begged her to visit me at the Bayerischer Hof. She complied with this last request, came to me at the hotel, and stayed the entire night. At daybreak the hour of parting had come. In order to postpone the painful moment of separation, I accompanied Therese almost all the way to the sanatorium. Then we took leave of each other, 'never to meet again'.

Soon my mother arrived in Munich. I was very happy to see her again and to pour out my heart to her, as there had been no opportunity to speak to anybody about Therese and all my experiences in the sanatorium.

Since my mother wanted to spend about a month abroad, we decided to go to Constance on the Bodensee. I would stay there two weeks, and then take a little trip to Paris where my Uncle Basil was living at this time. The hotel at Constance was a former monastery, with colonnades and arched windows, situated on the shore of the lake. A small garden had been planted in the square-shaped ancient cloister. There was here an aura

of the remote past, and it seemed to me as if the spirit which had pervaded the venerable structure was still hovering over the place. All this invited meditation about the evanescence and futility of human passion and striving, and about the wisdom of resignation.

No longer alone, and in my mother's company, I felt somehow sheltered and safe from the tempests to which I had been exposed. The pain, so severe only a short time before, lost its sharpness and made room for a wistful, almost elegiac mood. I was relieved to see the end to this up-and-down, this changing from soaring elation to deadly despair.

The beautiful, late summer weather favoured the carriage rides which I took with my mother every afternoon in the surroundings of Constance, and I began once more to take pleasure in the beauty of nature. During these rides my mother told me that my father was still in Moscow but that he planned, once we were back in Russia, to return to our estate to introduce me into its management, in the hope of arousing my interest in agriculture.

The two weeks in Constance passed quickly, and I then went to Paris where I met my uncle, together with his friend M. and another gentleman I had known in St Petersburg. It was certainly fortunate for me now to be in a great city like Paris, where the quick pulse of life and even the sight of the streets helped to distract me.

Of course I told my uncle about my love affair with Therese. He thought that it was not a question of 'love' but merely of 'passion' and expressed the opinion that in view of all these complications at the beginning, no good could have come of it in the future.

What is the thing to do if a young man is unhappily in love or if the object of his choice seems objectionable to the family? One tries to divert his attention to other women. So my uncle advised me to frequent night clubs and cabarets where plenty of beautiful women 'for one night' were to be found. In my situation this advice was not to be disregarded and I followed it. In such things my uncle was very thorough; he gave me also the address of a high-class establishment in Odessa where one could meet elegant

'society' ladies. Together with my uncle I went several times to the Paris theatres and was delighted by the comedies, both because of the interesting and unexpected entanglements and turns of plot and the brilliant performances of the actors.

The time to leave Paris was approaching, as my mother was waiting for me in Vienna. In those days the trip from Vienna to Odessa took two nights and one day. We were about to drive to the railway station when my mother had a sudden attack of migraine of such severity that she could hardly stand upright. I suggested postponing our departure by one day but my mother would not hear of it. She was probably afraid that I might at the last minute change my mind about returning to Odessa. But there was no foundation for this apprehension, since one could really say that I started my return trip to Russia completely 'cured'.

In this summer of 1908, upon our return to Russia from abroad, we stayed only a few days in Odessa and proceeded to my mother's estate in the south of Russia. Having been away from home for many months, I was glad to be able to spend the rest of the summer on our estate.

The memory of Therese, with all its romantic flavour, lingered with me, but the thought of her caused me no more pain. On the contrary, I was glad that I was no longer the slave of my passion, and that I had found my 'ego' again. To have achieved this in such a relatively short time seemed to me something remarkable, of which I had a right to be proud.

Besides my mother there were on our estate also my two aunts Xenia and Eugenia, both sisters of my mother, as well as my maternal grandparents. My mother's father, in spite of his eighty years, was noted for his excellent health and remarkable fitness. He did, however, occasionally show pathological mental symptoms which, in the opinion of the doctors, were clearly of arteriosclerotic origin, a result of his advanced age. The peculiar feature of these attacks was that they transformed all his character traits into their opposite. Normally withdrawn, taciturn,

and stingy, he would suddenly change into a cheerful, gregarious, and generous person, whose optimism and blind confidence knew no bounds. In this condition he became enthusiastic about all kinds of fantastic projects. I recall, for instance, that at that time he was absorbed in the idea of convoking a world congress for Esperanto of which he was to be the president.

As to my grandmother, she had been paralyzed for many years and required the care of a trained nurse who went with her to the estate. This nurse was married to a certain P., who was deeply attached to his wife and visited her frequently on our estate. Mrs P. was a stout, phlegmatic woman; her husband, however, was a tiny, slight man with an unassuming and obliging character which gained him general popularity. Although already in his late twenties he was enrolled at the Law School of Odessa University and was expected to graduate the following year. My mother, evidently believing that P.'s personality made him suitable as a sort of companion for me, asked whether I would accept him in this capacity. As I, too, liked P., I agreed, and thus his permanent presence on our estate was, so to speak, legalized.

For the sake of completeness I must mention the younger generation. There was my cousin Sascha, eight years younger than I, and my cousin Jenny, about the same age as Sascha. Both visited us frequently and often stayed with us for quite some time. Sascha was the son of my mother's sister Eugenia, whose husband had died of tuberculosis a few years after their marriage, so Sascha hardly remembered him. After her husband's early death Aunt Eugenia seemed to be interested in nothing but her son, about whom she was always worried, fearing he might have inherited his father's serious illness. Thus Sascha was brought up without the 'strong hand', which was naturally a disadvantage, but perhaps not as much as one might imagine because he was an alert and intelligent boy, fortunately free from any neurotic or other pathological emotional condition, a rare case, alas, in our family. Sascha, to get ahead of my story, was spared his father's illness, but suffered from severe diabetes in his later years.

Jenny was Uncle Basil's daughter from his first marriage with the Polish opera singer. He had soon divorced her and married an Italian woman, and since all his love was given to the children of the second marriage, he paid very little attention to Jenny. She grew up in the custody of her mother, who moved chiefly in Polish circles; so Jenny had mastered the Polish language as well as the Russian. She had a pretty face, but was small and, like her mother, tended to plumpness.

Whenever Jenny stayed on our estate she took long moonlight walks in the company of our village schoolteacher, a handsome and pleasant young man. This predilection for nocturnal walks had an unexpected result. When, after the First World War, Jenny's mother obtained an exit visa to go to Poland and wanted to take her daughter along, Jenny declared that she wanted to stay in Russia and marry the schoolteacher, as in fact she did. According to my mother's report they had many children and the marriage was said to have been quite happy, or perhaps it still is, if they are both still alive.

We were now expecting my father's arrival from Moscow within a few days. But more than two weeks passed, and he still did not arrive nor, strangely enough, were there any letters from him. Then came a telegram from Moscow with the news that my father had suddenly died. We were informed that he had wanted to go to the theatre the preceding evening but that, as there was a violent thunderstorm, he had returned to the hotel. The next day he was found dead in his bed in his hotel room. For us the news of his death was the more unexpected as my father was only forty-nine years old and enjoyed perfect physical health. I cannot remember that he ever, even for a single day, stayed home with a cold or a grippé, or that he ever had to stay in bed. It is true that he suffered from insomnia and regularly took veronal before going to sleep. Perhaps his premature death was due to an overdose of this sleeping medicine.

My father's body was taken to Odessa and buried in the family tomb next to my sister Anna. As my father had held various positions and had actively participated in public life, there were funeral orations and eulogies in his recognition. To

take care of various formalities my mother remained for a time in the city, while I returned after a few days to the estate.

Two or three weeks later I received a letter of condolence from Therese. She had heard of my father's death through the Russian lady who stayed at the sanatorium, and she wrote expressing her sympathy. Her letter was quite friendly, and I was surprised that she had taken my father's death as a pretext for writing to me. I had thought that she would avoid every opportunity of getting in touch with me again. Being still under the impact of my father's death, an event which proved to be of crucial importance for my later life, I did not attribute great significance to Therese's note of condolence. I was glad that she had thought of me, and I wrote her a friendly letter, too, thanking her for her sympathy.

Meanwhile my mother had returned to the estate. The next few weeks she was completely occupied with the formalities of the will and the inheritance. There were two lawyers who dropped in frequently. She consulted with them behind closed doors without ever asking me to take part in their discussions. She kept silent about the contents of my father's will and evidently had no intention of discussing this matter with me. So I had no choice but to ask her openly about it. She told me that I was designated as the heir but that she was to be the beneficiary of the proceeds derived from half of the property. I would have full freedom to dispose of the other half only after I was twenty-eight years of age. Since I was twenty-one at the time, this meant that although I was legally the heir, I could not in fact take possession or freely dispose of the estate. I was not overly enthusiastic about these provisions, but I had a certain degree of understanding for them, because I was aware of my states of depression and of the instability of my mental condition. I had less understanding for my mother's behaviour. I thought that as the designated heir I should have been informed without delay and the will should have been shown to me. On the other hand, since my mother always gladly gave me whatever funds I requested, I did not have to worry about my financial future, and I left the whole matter as it stood without paying any more attention to my father's will. Furthermore, one year later my

Uncle Peter, my father's younger brother, left me one third of his considerable fortune.

Nevertheless my mother's attitude in the question of my father's testament had some unpleasant consequences for our personal relationship. My feelings were hurt by her secretiveness, which seemed to me totally unnecessary, but I kept my reproaches to myself and said nothing more to my mother. As a consequence I transferred to my mother part of the resistance I had felt against my father, which turned my previously undisturbed relationship with her into an ambivalent one. This led to misunderstandings and to disagreements which had not existed before. I was aware that I myself was provoking these disagreements, but still I could not resist the temptation to test my mother's love for me again and again. But this happened only later. At that time, after the many experiences I had gone through, I was longing only for peace and diversion. I took out my paintbox and began landscape painting with great energy. This was one of my most successful periods in this field.

When, in my childhood, I had been allowed to give up my violin lessons, a switch was made to painting. This met with better success than the attempt to make me into a violin virtuoso. My father, remembering that I had done some drawing as a child, decided to have me take lessons in drawing and painting instead of music. The landscape painter G. was selected as my teacher. G. was a bachelor in his middle thirties when he made his appearance. He was a peculiar man without any male or female friends, with hardly any sort of personal life, interested in nothing but his painting. To be sure, he appreciated the humorous side of life and knew how to amuse people by relating, in his concise and original way, funny little incidents he had now and then observed. He determinedly avoided all unpleasant aspects of life and could not bear, for instance, to have anybody touch on the subject of death in his presence. On such occasions he tried to withdraw as quickly as possible.

We were on terms rather of comradeship than of teacher and pupil. When G. first came to us, he was still little known as a landscape painter. Only when he started sending his pictures to exhibitions abroad did his work find general recognition in

Russia. He was awarded the gold medal at an international exhibition in Munich and was elected a member of the Paris Salon d'Automne.

It was characteristic of his method of teaching that he showed neither approval nor disapproval. This had certain advantages since painters in general praise their students only when they paint in the teacher's style. Consequently the student, striving to please the master by imitating him, loses his own identity and individuality. If, on the other hand, he is criticized, his pleasure in drawing or painting may be lessened. As for myself, especially after my unfortunate music lessons, G.'s method was definitely the right one. Though G. himself was a follower of the then prevailing *art nouveau* style, which to me seemed too unemotional and too contrived, he did not attempt to steer me in that direction or to impose his views on me.

G. spent a few summers on our estate and I had the advantage of being able to paint with him out of doors. These outdoor lessons never lasted longer than an hour. In this way I learned to catch a certain moment in the ever-changing light of the landscape, and to put it down on canvas.

When after my father's death in the summer of 1908 I began to paint on my own, I soon succeeded in finding my own style of painting. I have mentioned my childhood attempts at musical composition. Perhaps, through painting, something that had been buried in my childhood again came to life. One could say that it was only the medium that had changed, and that music had now become landscape painting. It may have been of importance that landscape had formed part of my childhood improvising.

My enthusiasm for painting at this time infected even P. who, following my example, took up the brush, although he had never before done any drawing or painting. We would go out together and P., sitting beside me, would try as best he could to reproduce the landscape in front of us.

In the meantime the beautiful south Russian autumn had arrived with its glowing light and its warm, ripe colours. I wanted of course to make the most of this season so favourable for painting. Therefore P. and I stayed in the country long after

my mother and all the others had left the estate. But when late fall crept in, first imperceptibly but later unmistakably, when rain was falling and the landscape became grey and dull, we had no choice but to leave and to return to the city. There I showed my landscapes to some painters I knew. They liked them quite well and advised me to submit some of my canvases to the jury of the Exhibition of the Union of South Russian Painters scheduled to open soon. The pictures I submitted were accepted and met with favourable criticism. I enjoyed this unexpected success but, strangely enough with my return to the city, my passion for painting faded away.

What would have been more logical at that time than to decide to devote myself completely to painting? I was however so thoroughly used to *plein-air* painting that working in a closed-in studio seemed to me uninteresting. Perhaps I felt like Dr Zhivago who, Pasternak says, considered that art as a profession was just as unthinkable as professional cheerfulness or professional melancholy. Nor did I feel any desire to resume my law studies. So I really did not know what to do with myself. I racked my brain and soon I thought that I had found the right answer. I decided to follow my father's earlier advice, which I had done once without success, namely to go to Munich to consult Professor Kraepelin.

This strange resolution seemed to me justified because I had already suffered several severe depressions and considered myself a hereditary case, and therefore I could not rely on the momentary improvement of my condition. Consequently I had to direct all my efforts to the prevention of future relapses. Naturally I could not suppose that Professor Kraepelin would again recommend a sanatorium near Munich, as he knew about my love affair with Therese. So I counted on only a brief stay in that city. I planned on this occasion to meet Therese, but only casually, as I was convinced that my love for her belonged to the past, and that there could be no danger in meeting her again.

On my trip to Munich I passed through Vienna and stopped there for two days. Upon arrival in Munich I wrote a letter to

Therese explaining the purpose of my trip and mentioning that I would stop briefly in Munich. I told her that I would not like to leave without seeing her, and that I would be glad if we could meet the next Sunday. The following day I went to see Professor Kraepelin and told him of my father's sudden death. As to myself, I told him that I did not feel sick at the moment, but that I had no confidence that this mental condition, satisfactory at present, would last. Therefore I had come to Munich to ask his advice as to what to do.

I noticed immediately that Professor Kraepelin did not feel like taking up my case a second time, and I understood this in view of my flight from the sanatorium he had recommended. Nevertheless I was not prepared for his answer: 'You certainly know that I made a mistake,' nor for his refusal to give me any advice whatsoever. But I wanted at least to know whether he thought it advisable for me to resume the treatment I had broken off in summer, in some other sanatorium. At first he did not want to go into this either, but at length he gave in, and jotted on a slip of paper the name and address of a sanatorium in Heidelberg.

Two days later I met Therese. We visited an art exhibition together, and in the evening took a walk along the Isar. Then I invited her to my hotel, where she stayed with me until the next morning. This time it was no parting 'forever'. We agreed that we would keep in touch by letter.

I had in mind to follow Professor Kraepelin's advice and to go to the Heidelberg sanatorium, but this did not come about. One or two days later I woke up in a horrible emotional state. At first I could not imagine what caused this unbearable agony, as nothing had happened which could justify this relapse into such deep depression. But I soon realized that it could only be my desire and my longing to see Therese again, and that my belief that I was completely cured of this passion was mere self-deception. Thus my decision to visit Professor Kraepelin in Munich must have been only a pretext for meeting Therese.

But could not this decision have been also a belated reaction to my father's death and an unconscious desire to find a substitute for him? Since it was my father who, in St Petersburg, had sent

me to Professor Kraepelin, and who had himself been treated by him, Professor Kraepelin was perhaps the very man most suitable for such a transference. In that case his refusal could have meant to me that my father, resenting my lack of grief after his death, no longer wanted to have anything to do with me.

It is of course only now that these possibilities come to my mind, since in those days I knew nothing of psychoanalysis and could therefore not make any such attempts at interpretation. But there was one thing clear to me even then: my struggle to give up my love for Therese could succeed only so long as I believed that my efforts to win her were, from the beginning, doomed to failure. Therese's seemingly innocent letter of condolence had undermined this belief. If she took the initiative in writing to me first, it would seem that I was not as unimportant to her as I had thought. Besides, I now had the impression that her determination to forgo love was not quite as unshakable as it had seemed before. Furthermore my passionate courtship had perhaps flattered her vanity and given her some narcissistic satisfaction. Under these circumstances I obviously lacked the strength to resist trying to conquer her.

Now I had to make a decision. Therese had indeed come to see me, but probably only because I was to stay in Munich only a few days. Were I to stay longer, I would have to expect new resistance. The memory of that summer in the sanatorium and all I had gone through was still too fresh for me to be ready to take that risk. On the other hand, if I were to follow Professor Kraepelin's advice to go to the Heidelberg sanatorium, a similar situation would undoubtedly arise, as I would feel quite alone there and would try once more to get in touch with Therese. Under these circumstances I had no choice but to return to Russia. I had been cheerful and lighthearted when I had left Odessa; now I started on my home journey unhappy and despairing.

On my way, I again spent several days in Vienna. Tortured by doubt and by longing, I wandered aimlessly through the Vienna streets, little suspecting that in this same city, fifteen months later, I would begin my analysis with Professor Freud. On the rest of my trip home I brooded over the situation in which

I so unexpectedly found myself, and which seemed to me so confused and insoluble.

Back in Odessa, I told my mother about my unsuccessful trip to Munich and about my desolate emotional state. We deliberated back and forth on the steps to be taken, and finally my mother had the idea of arranging a meeting in Berlin to consult with Dr H., who had accompanied me on my trip from St Petersburg to Munich. I accepted this proposal, chiefly because it would bring me closer to Therese, but also because I was glad to escape from the atmosphere of our house which, since the death of my sister and my father, seemed deserted and gloomy. In addition, I welcomed the prospect of travelling this time not alone but together with my mother and my Aunt Eugenia, and of being accompanied also by P. My mother's suggestion was accepted by Dr H. and we met him in Berlin a short time later.

I do not know where Dr H. got his information, but within a few days he declared confidently that he had succeeded in finding a sanatorium near Frankfurt am Main which he thought would be just the right place for me. So we went on to Frankfurt which, by the way, I already knew. Dr H. and I were to go to the sanatorium, and my mother, my aunt, and P. were meanwhile to stay in Frankfurt.

This sanatorium could not be reached by train or any other public transport, so we had to hire a taxi which took a full two hours to bring us there. From the outside this place did not look as much like a sanatorium as like a baronial manor, standing alone among the woods and fields. The institution was housed in a stately building within a large and beautiful park surrounded by a high wall. One was allowed to leave this 'territory' only with special permission granted by Dr N., the medical director who also owned the institution.

The occupants were a most distinguished but rather weird group of people. There was for instance a male cousin of the Tsarina, the only patient, by the way, who impressed me as being mentally disturbed. Although still a fairly young man he was always standing in a stooped position; he never spoke

a word but smiled and rubbed his hands. All the other patients appeared to me to be perfectly healthy and most of them even cheerful people, so that I had to ask myself what they were doing in that secluded and, one could even say, 'closed' institution.

Here also, as in the Munich sanatorium, I met some fellow countrymen: an elderly lady, Mrs S., with her son, and another woman who was the wife of a professor whose lectures I had attended at the Law School in St Petersburg. Mrs S.'s son was a very handsome young man of my age whom at first, to judge from his appearance, I would have taken for a Mediterranean, certainly not for a Russian. He was a student at a special Law School, an exclusive institute of learning to train young people aspiring to high positions in the administration and jurisdiction of the Tsarist regime. These studies, however, were not to his liking, and he complained about his parents who had insisted on them, although he would have much preferred to study at the College of Agriculture. The professor's wife was a small, dried-up woman of over forty who seemed to be very high-strung. Both ladies adored Dr N. and could not stop singing his praises. Among the guests of the institute were also a Mexican, and an Italian named Medici. The latter was a small, heavy-set man with a moustache in the fashion of the German Kaiser. He seemed to be quite at home in Dr N.'s institute. Not knowing at that time that the name 'Medici' was fairly common in Italy, I asked S., who was on friendly terms with the Italian, whether he was a descendant of the famous ruling family of the Medici of Florence. S. told me that he had been interested in that question himself but that every time he had touched on it the Italian had skilfully evaded the subject.

Almost every day ended with an evening dance lasting until midnight or longer. The ladies appeared in evening dress and the men in dinner jackets. One was obliged to attend these parties, whether one wanted to or not.

It was one of the special features of the institute that every male patient was assigned to a young lady - all supposedly girls from good families. I, too, was given such a female companion, but since I was completely taken over by the professor's wife

who never left my side, this young lady companion became a background figure, and after the first few days I hardly ever saw her.

I don't know what sort of treatment the other patients had to undergo. As far as I was concerned, Dr N. prescribed only baths. It was winter, someone had forgotten to close the window, and while taking a bath I caught a cold and a severe sore throat. I took this as a sign given me by fate to escape from Dr N.'s institute as quickly as possible.

My thoughts were with Therese with whom I was in constant correspondence, and I was irked by the obtrusiveness of the professor's wife. Nor did I see any point in remaining at the institute. On Dr H.'s next visit I told him that under no circumstances would I stay any longer. I asked Dr H. to inform Dr N. of this and to make all necessary arrangements for my departure. So I returned to Frankfurt together with Dr H.

Before leaving, however, I visited the two Russian ladies to say good-bye. On that occasion a most unpleasant scene took place. Both ladies literally attacked me and showered me with reproaches for having made the 'disastrous' decision to leave Dr N.'s institute. I had thus, in the most monstrous way, thrown away this unique opportunity to regain my health. When Mrs S. and the professor's wife realized that all their powers of persuasion were of no avail and could not make me change my mind, they grew even more excited. They accused me of ingratitude, and Mrs S. even burst into tears. I left the room followed by the loud screaming of the two women.

When, during my analysis with Professor Freud, I described Dr N.'s institute and told him about my flight, he evidently did not want to make any derogatory comments. Nevertheless he did remark: 'Your instinct was right, it was not for you.'

1909-1914

## Shifting Decisions

Now, having escaped from Dr N.'s sanatorium and returned to Frankfurt with Dr H., I left it to him to decide what should happen next. As there was no question of my going back to Professor Kraepelin, Dr H. recommended that I consult Professor Ziehen in Berlin. So we remained only a few days in Frankfurt and then went to Berlin where, together with Dr H., I visited Professor Ziehen. Professor Ziehen, like Professor Kraepelin, was of the opinion that the best thing for me would be a long period in a sanatorium for nervous disorders.

Following Professor Ziehen's advice, we took up our winter quarters in the year 1908 in Schlachtensee, which one could reach from Berlin in half an hour by train. The medical director of the Sanatorium Schlachtensee was Dr K., who made the impression of being a reasonable and rather balanced person. The patients of this sanatorium enjoyed more freedom than those of Dr N.'s. When the prescribed daily treatment was completed, they could do whatever they wished the rest of the day. Naturally I lived in the institution, and my mother, my aunt, and P. were settled in a pension in a neighbouring villa. I found this very pleasant, as I could make excursions and trips to Berlin with P., and I was also in regular contact with my mother.

Since my last visit to Therese in Munich we had been writing to each other regularly and, as even at that time travel between Berlin and Munich was no problem, I very soon had the idea of visiting Therese in Munich. After I had obtained her consent to this plan, I travelled to Munich to meet her there. As was to be expected, this was not the only visit; two or three weeks later I met Therese in Munich again. As at this time no complications arose and as both my mother and Dr K. noticed that these little trips to Munich had a favourable effect on my state of

mind, they both agreed that I should visit Therese at regular intervals.

Therese's changeable, inconsistent, and unpredictable behaviour when I was staying in the sanatorium in Munich seemed to me to indicate that – at least as far as love was concerned – she belonged to that type of woman referred to in lay circles as 'hysterical'. My mother, who was fearful of a *mésalliance*, and also Dr K., took pains to foster and strengthen this impression, and spoke of Therese over and over again as a woman 'with whom no man could get along'. As this idea had become fixed in my mind, I felt there was no question of my marrying Therese or forming a closer relationship with her. So for a second time – but this time finally – I would have to overcome my love for her. This prospect did not in any way contra-indicate my visiting Therese in Munich from time to time – at least so I thought. It is even possible that the reason my mother and Dr K. did not oppose these visits was simply because they hoped that in the course of them my feelings for Therese would cool. And in fact this almost happened. For in the spring of 1909 my condition had improved so much that my mother and I decided to return to Russia at the end of May. This return to Russia would mean not only the end of my treatment in the Sanatorium Schlachtensee but also the final parting from Therese; nevertheless I stuck to this decision without its having any ill effect on my good spirits.

Of course we told Dr K. of our plans, and I justified the decision to leave the sanatorium at the end of May on the grounds that I was feeling well again and that I had completely got over my love for Therese. Dr K. accepted our decision to leave the sanatorium, but expressed strong doubts about my feelings towards Therese since, to his question whether I had found a substitute for her, I had had to answer no. This artful question did cause me to vacillate for a moment, but very soon I felt completely sure of myself again.

Therese had told me earlier that she was to have two weeks' vacation beginning 1 May, and I had suggested that she spend her vacation with me in Berlin. She had written to me agreeing to this proposal, but as she had disappointed me so often in the

sanatorium, I had to reckon with the possibility that this time, too, some difficulty would crop up at the last moment, or even that she would just decide not to come.

This suspicion proved justified, for I received a letter from Therese not definitely retracting her acceptance of my invitation, but expressing doubts whether she should spend her vacation with me in Berlin or with relatives from whom she had just received an invitation. As I had expected some such letter, I was prepared to answer Therese politely but coolly. I wrote to her that if she preferred to spend her vacation somewhere else I had no objection.

Contrary to all my expectations, I now received a passionate love letter from Therese, in which she wrote that she could not wait to see me again and would arrive in Berlin in two days' time. I had thought that I had foreseen every possibility, but I was totally unprepared for Therese's letter. Had I received it a year earlier, it would have meant the fulfilment of my dearest wish. But now it confused my thoughts and feelings, as I had struggled so long against my passion and believed that I had conquered it. If I should now enter into a lasting relationship with Therese, what use, I asked myself, was all the torment I had undergone?

So it was with mixed feelings that I met Therese at the railroad station in Berlin. From the station we drove to the Hotel Zentral, where I had reserved two communicating rooms for us. As this was Therese's first visit to Berlin, we strolled through the main streets, looked at the shop windows, and I showed Therese the principal sights of this city. In the evening we would go to a theatre or music hall. Therese's Berlin visit seemed to be passing peacefully and without a hitch. Nevertheless one day, as we were driving somewhere or other in a car, Therese suddenly felt ill, and a few minutes later I also felt unwell. This feeling did not last long, but neither of us could explain what caused it. Later I interpreted this as a presentiment of approaching trouble.

I had arranged with my mother that after a week I would pay her a short visit in Schlachtensee and then return to Therese. On the evening before I was to visit my mother Therese and I went

to the well-known Berlin variety theatre Wintergarten. On this particular evening I was in an unusually good mood and followed the performance with lively interest. I do not know whether Therese misinterpreted this interest, or whether she was struck by the fact that I was in such high spirits just the evening before I was to visit my mother, or whether she had become aware of the change that had taken place in me and of the ambivalence of my feelings towards her. Suddenly she became sullen and silent and, when we had returned to the hotel, she made a dreadful scene of jealousy. She raged and screamed that she would have nothing more to do with me and would leave Berlin the following day. It was not merely a matter of jealousy. As Therese brought up the question of marriage and as I remained noncommittal, our quarrel became more violent. Therese even began to pack her things, but did not get very far. Gradually she quieted down and we turned out the light.

I lay awake the entire night, trying to figure out what had really caused Therese's outburst of rage and what I ought to do. Now, for the first time, I realized how one-sided my judgment of the whole situation had been. I ought to have considered more seriously what had been going on in Therese herself during this time, and what my regular visits to Munich had meant to her. To be sure, in view of her stubborn rejection of me when I was courting her in the sanatorium, it was difficult for me to believe that Therese had fallen in love with me now. On the other hand, I ought to have known her well enough to realize how hard it would be for her to engage in a passing love affair.

From all this it seemed to me logical to conclude that I should either enter into a lifelong union with Therese or give her up completely. As I was in the dark about what had really caused her outburst of rage, I considered it groundless, and a further proof that one could not possibly live together with such a woman. I believed, that night, that there were only two alternatives: to marry Therese, which would mean unhappiness for us both, or to muster up the strength of will to free myself entirely from these bonds. At least that was my feeling and judgment at the time, and I acted accordingly.

The awful thing was that it looked as though fate had come

halfway to meet me in my decision to make a final break with Therese. For, as I was going to visit my mother in Schlachtensee the following day, I would be able to spare myself an argument with Therese and settle everything in writing from Schlachtensee. So, the following morning, I told Therese nothing of my decision, but left immediately for Schlachtensee. From there I wrote her a letter of farewell, excusing myself on the grounds of my illness, and trying to convince her that it would be best for us both to recognize the situation at once and decide to part for good. Hardly had I mailed this letter when I was overcome by torturing doubts that I might have acted too rashly.

A few days later we boarded the train for Odessa. By this time I had become more and more convinced that my farewell letter to Therese had been a sort of short-circuit. The fact that this unhappy quarrel had occurred on the eve of my visit to my mother in Schlachtensee had undoubtedly contributed to the situation. Had I remained in Berlin on this day, Therese and I would certainly have made up.

Now I suddenly saw the situation in quite a different light. There seemed to be an irreconcilable contradiction between the picture of Therese as a capricious, hysterical woman and the fact that in the sanatorium in Munich she was considered, and praised by the doctors, as a model of dependability. Was it not more probable that her inconsistent behaviour with me was caused by the fact that every time she gave in to me she later regretted it, reproaching herself that she had been untrue to her principles and to herself?

In my case, however, I did not possess the capacity of adapting myself as rapidly as the newly arisen conditions required. Therese's love letter had completely changed the entire situation. I had accepted this intellectually, without being able to work it through emotionally.

So I reproached myself bitterly for having rejected a wonderful person and having lost something precious, and for having shown myself unworthy of Therese's great love. In this state of mind, I would have liked best to throw overboard all my earlier decisions and return to Therese. Then, however, I would have had to reproach not Therese but myself. And what could I have

said to her to justify my inconsistent behaviour? It would have been equally hard, after everything that had happened in Berlin, for me to explain my new point of view to my mother and carry it through. But, apart from these difficulties, my annihilating remorse had reduced me to such a state of profound depression that I was incapable of coming to any decision or entering upon any activity whatsoever. The very worst, however, was that since all my efforts to be cured had failed so deplorably, I now considered my condition absolutely hopeless. There was no way out.

Now my mother came up with an idea which at first seemed to me utterly useless – and yet in the end it led to success. She told me she wanted to get in touch with Dr D., a psychiatrist of 'the old school'. As I knew him and was sure that he could not help me, there seemed no point in this plan. But it was soon clear that the old gentleman had no desire to treat me himself; he simply advised us to consult with his son, who worked in his sanatorium. So, a few days later, we were visited by a small man in a black morning coat and white tie, the costume favoured by Russian physicians at that time. He was only in his early thirties, but his gold-rimmed spectacles and square-trimmed reddish beard made him appear older than his years. After Dr D. had listened patiently to my complaints, he told me I had no reason to despair for, until now, I had been going about treatment in the wrong way. He told me that emotional conflicts and suffering are cured neither by a long stay in a sanatorium nor by the physical therapy practised there, such as baths, massages, and so forth. This was the first time I had ever heard such a thing from the mouth of a medical specialist, and it made a great impression on me because I, myself, through my own experience, had come to the same conclusion.

It is, by the way, quite remarkable that I met this particular physician at that time, as he was probably the only person in Odessa who knew of the existence of Freud and psychoanalysis. To be sure, Dr D. spoke of Freud and Dubois in the same breath. He could not describe to me Dubois's psychotherapy. But he had read Freud's works, and was therefore able to give me some explanation of psychoanalysis. As regards Therese, Dr D. was

also of the opinion that, considering the state of mind I was in at the time, it was too early to reach a final decision.

Under these circumstances, then, it seemed to me that the only right thing to do would be to begin treatment according to Freud's method, as Dr D. had briefly outlined it. Therefore I was very pleased when, without my requesting it, Dr D. himself proposed this, and offered to come to our estate twice a week for this purpose. Transport facilities made it convenient for him to come to us on these days about noontime and return to Odessa only in the evening.

Dr D. did indeed know Freud's works, but he had absolutely no experience as a practising analyst. I was the very first patient he attempted to analyse. So in my case the treatment was more a frank discussion between patient and doctor than a regular analysis in the Freudian sense. But even a discussion of this sort had a great deal of meaning for me, as I began again to hope that I could be helped. In contrast to the preceding year, I did no painting either in the summer or autumn, as I was always thinking about Therese, and the only time I could breathe freely was when Dr D. came to us and I could talk things over with him.

There were two deaths which touched us in the summer of 1909. One was the death of my Uncle Peter, who suffered from paranoia. The evening before we learned of his death I had gone for a walk with my cousin Gregor, a son of my mother's older sister. Strangely enough the conversation turned to Uncle Peter.

'People say,' said my cousin, 'that Uncle Peter, in spite of his insanity, is supposed to be in perfect health. He will certainly out-live you all.'

The next morning Gregor shook me awake.

'Wake up, get up.'

'What's the matter?'

'You know what happened? Uncle Peter died.'

'What happened? Who died?'

'Uncle Peter died. I just read it in the newspaper.'

In my childhood I had loved Uncle Peter better than any of my other uncles or aunts or even my parents. I can remember an episode which probably marked the beginning of his mental

illness. Our country house and its park were rather deserted among the fields, but evidently not sufficiently isolated for Uncle Peter. He declared that he would pitch a tent beyond the park, out in the fields, and spend the whole summer there alone. I remember that we all went to visit him in his tent and celebrated his change of residence in great merriment.

Uncle Peter's family and friends accepted his eccentricities at first from the comic side, and were much amused by his idea that any unmarried female was spreading out her net to catch him and was hell-bent on getting him to marry her. Every time he was introduced to a young lady there was great excitement, since he immediately became suspicious of marriage plans and malicious machinations. But when he started complaining that everybody was jeering at him, that the pigeons watched and mimicked all his movements, and when he started telling all kinds of absurd stories, everybody saw that this was a case of mental illness. He was allowed to live on his estate in the Crimea in complete isolation from the outside world. It was said that cows, pigs, and other domestic animals were the only company he tolerated and permitted to share his living quarters. It was easy to imagine what these quarters must have looked like.

Shortly after we learned of Uncle Peter's death Therese sent me an article which had appeared in a Munich magazine under the title 'A Millionaire Gnawed by Rats'. Since all contact between Uncle Peter and his surroundings had been cut off, his death had not been immediately discovered. Only after it had been noticed that the food delivered to his house had not been touched for several days was it suspected that something unusual must have happened. So the body was found only some days after death had occurred. In the meantime rats had set upon the cadaver and had started gnawing.

Uncle Peter had been a bachelor and left no will. It would not have been valid anyway, considering his insanity. Therefore the inheritance was decided by law. Following legal procedure one third of his estate had to be adjudicated to me. This was due to the fact that there was only one surviving brother of my father and that the children of his deceased older brother were entitled only to their father's share which was also one third. The in-

heritance I received from Uncle Peter was to be used entirely at my own discretion.

The other death was that of the painter G., from cancer of the larynx. I saw G. when I was spending a few days in Odessa, and he told me that something bothered him when he swallowed. He had visited a well-known Odessa surgeon who told him he had a small, perfectly harmless growth, and that he should return to him 'at his convenience' to have it removed.

I returned to our estate, and two or three weeks later received a letter from G. asking me to lend him the money to travel to Berlin for an operation. I went immediately to Odessa, and learned from my mother that she had already lent G. the money he needed and that he had already left for Berlin. A few days later we learned that G. had died following the operation and that, even if the operation had been successful, he would for the rest of his life have had to take his nourishment through a tube. G.'s body was brought to Odessa and buried in the Old Cemetery, near the tombs of our family. He was only forty-three years old, and it was tragic that his death occurred just as his star was rising and people were beginning to appreciate and to buy his pictures.

When we returned to Odessa in the late autumn, my discussions with Dr D. were continued there. However, he had the good judgment to realize that his own abilities were not sufficient to bring a psychoanalytic treatment to a successful conclusion. So it was decided that Dr D. and I should make a journey abroad, starting after Christmas. At that time Dr D. was not certain whether he should take me to Freud or to Dubois, but as a journey to Geneva would in any case take us through Vienna, we would be able to make the acquaintance of Freud as well as Dubois, before deciding on one or the other. As a third traveller, the medical student T., who worked in the sanatorium of Dr D., Sr, was to accompany us. What T.'s duties would be, or what purpose was served by taking him with us, was not discussed. The very thought of travelling abroad with Dr D., as well as the prospect of being treated by Freud or Dubois, had caused my emotional condition to improve considerably even before leaving Odessa.

When, in January 1910, we arrived in Vienna and met Freud, I was so impressed and inspired by his personality that I told Dr D. I had definitely decided to be analysed by Freud, so there was no point in continuing our journey to Dubois in Geneva. Dr D. agreed.

Of course I told Professor Freud of my stormy courtship of Therese in Munich, and of Therese's visit to Berlin which had had such an unexpected and fateful end. Freud's judgment of the former was a positive one, but he called the latter a 'flight from the woman', and in accordance with this he answered my question whether I should return to Therese with a 'yes', but with the condition that this could take place only after several months of analysis.

During these first few months in analysis with Professor Freud, a completely new world was opened to me, a world known to only a few people in those days. Much that had not been understandable in my life before that time began to make sense, as relationships which were formerly hidden in darkness now emerged into my consciousness.

After we had changed our Vienna lodgings several times, we settled down comfortably in a pension run by an American woman married to a Viennese. As my analysis with Professor Freud claimed only an hour a day, time remained for me to occupy myself with other things and to become better acquainted with the sights and monuments of Vienna. Vienna was at that time still the metropolis of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and took its place beside Paris and London in the world of taste and fashion. Officers in uniform and pretty, elegantly dressed women gave this city its characteristic appearance. One had the impression that people here enjoyed life and enjoyed living well. The best entertainment at that time was offered by 'Venice in Vienna',<sup>1</sup> with its canals and various places of amusement, something which literally disappeared from the face of the earth after the First World War. We often took advantage of the oppor-

1. This was a section of the Prater, Vienna's great park, which includes an amusement park, athletic fields, a race track, etc. 'Venice in Vienna' was a section made up of unusually good restaurants, theatres, and other superior forms of entertainment. (Translator's note.)

tunity to visit these parts. Nor did we neglect card games, and often played Wint,<sup>2</sup> a kind of bridge, in some coffee house until two or three in the morning. Now at last it became clear why we had brought T. along with us. The game of Wint required at least three people to play it, and if we had not brought T. with us, the third person would have been lacking.

As regards Dr D., he now appeared in the role of *matre de plaisir*, the one who would decide how and where we should spend our evenings. In this new role, he discovered a very distinctive theatre, where humorous character pieces from Vienna's Jewish milieu were performed. Especially worthy of mention was the very popular Jewish comedian Eisenbach, who wrote most of the little sketches produced in this theatre.

Some evenings – but very seldom – Dr D. would inform us that he wanted to go out alone. When one asked him the next day where he had spent the evening, he would either relate some strange story or, with a stony look, refuse to tell us anything. (Once, for example, Dr D. told us that he had gone with a girl to a third-class tavern on the outskirts of Vienna. Suddenly some weird male figures appeared and sat down at his table. This aroused his suspicion, and he thought it advisable to leave the tavern. But these men tried to prevent him, saying that it would be discourteous to leave 'a lady' in the lurch, whereupon he was forced to make his way to the door with drawn revolver.)

So the time passed very quickly from January 1910 until Professor Freud's vacation on 1 July. Meanwhile Dr D. had sent the student T. back to Odessa. As I was still very interested in Spain, we decided to visit that country during Professor Freud's vacation, which would last two and a half months. I complied with Dr D.'s wish to visit Geneva and also Paris, so these two cities were our first goal. From Paris we then travelled to Lisbon by way of Biarritz, where we stopped a few days. In both Geneva and Biarritz, Dr D.'s chief interest was in the gambling casinos, which seemed to have quite a special attraction for him. In Geneva, for the first time in my life, and under the guidance of

2. The writer speaks of Wint as being called *die Schraube*, or 'the screw', but I have not been able to learn what card game this is. The writer says it is not whist. (Translator's note.)

Dr D., I sat down at the baccarat table. I was lucky in playing there and also in Biarritz, without – for the time being – developing a passion for gambling. During the journey from Biarritz to Lisbon, it was frightfully hot in the railroad carriages, and I complained of this to Dr D. He reacted to my expression of discomfort with a malicious grin and the well-known words from a play of Molière's: '*Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin, vous l'avez voulu!*'

As there were no opportunities to gamble in either Lisbon or Madrid, and as Dr D. had not the slightest interest in picture galleries or in the architecture of old churches and palaces, he began to be bored and tried to persuade me to give up my plan to travel from Madrid to the south of Spain and, instead, to return sooner to Vienna. Dr D. was of the Greek Orthodox faith, as his father had been baptized, but his Jewish ancestors had come from Spain, and therefore it seemed to me reasonable to suppose that the uneasiness which he felt in this country had roots somewhere in his unconscious and was connected with the persecution of the Jews during the inquisition. For he literally could not wait for us to leave this country, which had been so inhospitable to his forebears. So, finally, I had no choice but to give up the journey to Granada and Seville, in which I was especially interested. We returned to Vienna by way of Barcelona, where we spent a few days.

As soon as Professor Freud had returned to Vienna, Dr D. started back to Odessa, so I was now completely alone in Vienna. Naturally this had an unfavourable effect on my spirits. I was occupied all the time with thoughts of when Professor Freud would agree to my seeing Therese again. I was always raising this question anew, and I remember that once – evidently Professor Freud was in a specially good humour that day – he raised his hands above his head and cried out pathetically: 'For twenty-four hours now I have not heard the sacred name Therese!'

My urging was of no avail, as Professor Freud was of the opinion that it was not yet the right time and that I should still wait a few months. This delay put me in a bad mood, and after a while my analysis with Professor Freud began to seem at a standstill also. It was only at the end of February or the be-

ginning of March 1911 that Professor Freud told me he agreed to my seeing Therese in Munich.

So I arranged with a detective agency to try to find where Therese was living and give me her address. I did not have to wait long for the answer. I learned that Therese had given up her position in the sanatorium, and was now the owner of a small pension in which she and her daughter Else were living.

A few days later I visited Therese in her pension in Munich. When I saw her I was deeply moved. She looked terribly run-down, and her no longer fashionable dress hung about her body which had become so thin that it was scarcely more than a skeleton. It seemed as though all feelings must have deserted her, for she stood there before me without moving, without understanding. Was this even the same woman I had left in Berlin just about two years ago? And all this misery and this distress had been caused by no one but myself, through my hasty and precipitous behaviour!

In this moment I determined never again to leave this woman, whom I had caused to suffer so terribly. This resolve was final and irreversible, and since then I have never doubted that it was right and have never regretted it.

How could it be otherwise?

Some of Therese's letters from that time are lying before me now. Since she wrote them decades have passed; wars, revolutions, dictatorships have completely changed the face of the world; and nevertheless these letters, as they are an expression of deep and true feelings, have survived all this.

In one of the letters which I received from Therese soon after our meeting, she wrote to me: 'You came just in time. Otherwise I would have died of my sorrows. Now I shall recover, perhaps very soon. The thought of you will give me strength and make me happy. You must realize that I have sacrificed everything for you, my health, my love, my life. But all will be good again if I can spare myself a little. Until now hard work was always my lot. Now, dear, good Sergei, write me soon a few words, they will do me good . . .' Now it was necessary first of all for Therese to recover, in body and soul, and gather strength again.

### *The Wolf-Man and Sigmund Freud*

At this first meeting I told her, naturally, that I was in analysis with Professor Freud, and that presumably the treatment would last a rather long time. For the present, I would come to see Therese in Munich, and she should visit me in Vienna from time to time. As soon as she recovered sufficiently she should sell her pension and move to Vienna. Meanwhile I would be looking for a suitable apartment for us. Else was to live with Therese's brother who was also living in Munich, and attend the school *Zum Englischen Fräulein*, which was considered the best school for girls in Munich. Of course I told Professor Freud in what a miserable physical and mental state I had found Therese.

According to her nature, Therese recovered her strength slowly, but without any real interruptions or setbacks. It was astonishing how she slowly but surely gained weight, began to take an interest in the world around her, and found the way back to herself. After about six months one could say without exaggeration that she blossomed into a new life, and that she was once more as beautiful and attractive as she had been before.

Strangely enough both Therese and I avoided calling up any memories of the stormy time when I had struggled for her love in the sanatorium in Munich, or of Therese's short visit to Berlin which had had such an unexpected and fateful end. But Therese did refer to these unhappy episodes in one of her letters, and clothed the memory as best she could in verse. Here is the poem :

After a sad, hard night  
I waked with pain.  
What made me feel so strange?  
What did my heart suspect?  
There came a knock at the door —  
Could it be really he?  
What would I not give  
For him to come to me now?  
But no, it was a letter  
Wounding me deeply.  
Now it became clear  
That all was only a dream.  
Life can be this way.  
Today the heart beats  
Full of happiness;

102

### *1909-1914: Shifting Decisions*

Tomorrow its only wish  
Is to be buried deep!  
I want to be joyous once more,  
To recover from the pain.  
I'll dedicate my life to him  
For whom my heart has bled.

Therese also sent me other poems she wrote. In most of them she referred to herself not in the first person but in the third.

As I mentioned, Therese was to sell her pension, and I was to look for an apartment for us in Vienna. I succeeded in finding a very pretty one, with a view over the Danube canal. All of this took considerable time.

I would have married Therese then and there, had this not been contrary to the rule Professor Freud had made that a patient should not make any decision which would irreversibly influence his later life. If I wished to complete my treatment with Freud successfully, it was necessary for me to follow his rule whether I wanted to or not.<sup>3</sup>

3. In the autumn of 1970, when this book was already in process of publication, I wrote to the Wolf-Man asking whether he would write an article evaluating his analysis from his own point of view, to appear as a separate article after the publication of the book. I mentioned that it would be interesting to know what he felt his analysis had done for him, what it had made possible, and what it had been unable to achieve. Following is the relevant part of the Wolf-Man's reply in a letter to me dated 23 October 1970. [M.G.]

'And now I come to the most difficult question, namely whether, after the appearance of the book, I could write a separate article, an analysis, so to speak, of my analysis with Professor Freud.

'I think this is hardly possible. For, when I first came to Professor Freud, the most important question for me was whether or not he would agree to my returning to Therese. Had Professor Freud, like the other doctors whom I had seen previously, said "No", I would certainly not have stayed with him. But since Professor Freud agreed to my returning to Therese — not at once, it is true, but nevertheless soon — I remained with him. This settling, in a positive sense, of the problem with which I was most concerned at the time naturally contributed a great deal to a rapid improvement of my state of mind. That was a very important factor, but it was really outside the sphere of my analysis with Freud.

'Regarding my treatment with Freud specifically, in every psychoanalysis — and Professor Freud himself often emphasized this — the transference of the

In this connection, I remember how once during this time I received an invitation from the Russian Consul in Vienna to visit him. I have no idea how he learned my address. When I saw him, he asked me why I did not attend the parties of the Russian diplomatic representatives and why I did not attach myself to the Russian colony in Vienna. Of course I could not accept these invitations of the Russian Consul so long as Therese and I were not married, and I made my excuses on the grounds of my illness and my treatment with Professor Freud. Apart from this insignificant matter which I mention only because it just occurred to me, it was very hard for Therese to submit to Professor Freud's rule that our marriage should be postponed until the end of my treatment. Nevertheless she never held this against him.

I had known from the beginning that my mother and Therese were of such different characters that they would never understand each other. Therefore Therese and I decided that at the end of my treatment we would make our permanent home not in Odessa but somewhere abroad. Had this happened, the quarrels between my mother and Therese would never have taken

father-complex to the analyst plays a very great role. In this respect, the situation was most favourable for me when I came to Professor Freud. For, in the first place, I was still young, and the younger one is, the easier it is to form a positive transference to an analyst. In the second place, my father had died only a short time before, and Professor Freud's outstanding personality was able to fill this void. So I had found in the person of Professor Freud a new father with whom I had an excellent relationship. And Professor Freud also had a great deal of personal understanding for me, as he often told me during the treatment, which naturally strengthened my attachment to him.

I should mention also that when I came to Professor Freud at the beginning of 1910, my emotional state was already much improved under the influence of Dr D., the journey from Odessa to Vienna, etc. Actually Professor Freud never saw me in a state of really deep depression, such as I was suffering from when I went to Dr Mack, for instance.

'So, during my long analysis with Professor Freud, there were two factors which had a favourable influence on me, but which are very difficult to judge in regard to the part they played in achieving the final result. There remain, therefore, only general speculations which would not be of very much value, and would not be sufficient for a separate article.'

place, and we would all have been spared a great deal. Unfortunately I completed my analysis with Professor Freud just at the time of the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince, and the First World War which followed this event ruined all our plans.

I remained a few days longer in Vienna. Meanwhile the mortal remains of the assassinated couple were brought to Vienna and were to be buried in the chapel of the Castle Artstetten, the private property of the Archduke. From the newspapers I learned that the two coffins would pass through Mariahilferstrasse at eleven at night on the way to the West Railroad Station. I took a taxi and drove to Mariahilferstrasse, where there were already many carriages and automobiles waiting for the funeral procession. It was raining. Finally in the light of the flickering torches I saw two hearses, one following the other with a considerable distance between them. I was told the purpose of this was to demonstrate that the Archduke was married to one not of equal birth. The hearses with the coffins moved rapidly, which created the impression of haste and of a conspicuous lack of ceremony. Only the unusual late hour of the night and the fact that the hearses were followed by the military attachés of foreign powers indicated that these were not ordinary mortals who were setting out on their last journey.

Two or three days later I left Vienna. First I went to Bad Tölz in Bavaria, where Therese and her daughter Else were taking the baths. Therese and I planned to get married in the autumn and had no idea that a war could wreck all our plans. I was to spend the summer on our estate in south Russia and Therese and Else were to stay with their relatives in Munich.

I spent a week in Bad Tölz and then travelled by way of Munich to Berlin, where my mother and her older sister were waiting to return with me to Russia. Berlin was already dominated by violently anti-Russian feelings. When we spoke Russian on the street, passers-by cast hostile glances at us and some even threatened with their fists. Our hotel on Unter den Linden was only a few doors from the Russian Embassy. During the last night of our stay we were repeatedly awakened by howling mobs who practically put the Russian Embassy under siege. A few hours after our train had crossed the German-Russian border we learned that hostilities had broken out.

After our return to Odessa my mother arranged, as was her custom, to have a mass said in church. In this mass Professor Freud was not to be forgotten since my mother wanted to ex-

1914-1919

## After My Analysis

THE end of my analysis with Professor Freud coincided with the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. It was a very hot and sultry Sunday, this fateful 28 June 1914. On this day I took a walk through the Prater and turned over in my mind the years I had spent in Vienna, which had been so interesting and during which I had learned so much.

Shortly before the end of my treatment, Therese had come to Vienna and together we visited Professor Freud. I had not expected that Therese would make such a favourable impression upon him. He was delighted with her, and even remarked that he had had quite a false picture of her and that actually she 'looked like a tsarina'. Not only was he obviously impressed by her appearance (he had apparently doubted whether Therese was really such a beautiful woman as I had described), but he was also pleased by her reserved and serious nature. So my intention to marry Therese now met with his full approval.

As everything seemed to be in the best possible order I returned from my stroll in the Prater in a very hopeful mood. Scarcely had I entered my apartment when the maid handed me the extra edition of the newspaper reporting the assassination of the archducal couple.

When I visited Professor Freud the next day to say good-bye, we naturally spoke of the events of the preceding day. How little one then suspected that the assassination of the Archduke in Sarajevo would lead to the First World War is clear from the remark of Professor Freud (who, to be sure, was a stranger to political life) that if Franz Ferdinand had come to power there would probably have been a war between Austria and Russia.

press her gratitude for my successful treatment in this way. So the Orthodox priest prayed solemnly for the well-being of 'Sigmund', whom he probably presumed to be some member of our family.

Now that the war between Russia and Germany had broken out and Therese and I were separated by fighting troops and by trenches, how could we realize our plans for marriage? Nevertheless I did not give up hope that it would somehow be possible to get Therese to come to Odessa. I discussed this with my mother. She was at first opposed to my marriage to Therese, and she had even chosen another bride for me, one of her own liking, of course. Finally she realized that I could not be swerved from my determination to marry Therese and she agreed. She was now even ready to discuss the matter with our lawyer and to commission him to undertake everything in his power to secure a permit for Therese to enter Russia.

There was nothing left for me to do but to wait patiently. As I had no brothers and therefore belonged to the category of 'only sons' who, according to the law then valid in Russia, were exempt from military service, I did not have to join the army. So nothing prevented me from carrying out my plan to spend the summer on our estate, and I was glad to be able to pass these months in surroundings so familiar to me. Our estate was a very beautiful property: a huge castle-like country house surrounded by an old park which gradually merged with the woods. There was a pond large enough to be called a lake.

The south Russian countryside in which I had grown up had always had great fascination for me. If you were driving or riding across the fields and moors on a hot, dry day, you would notice small mirages, water and trees, which would suddenly disappear only to reappear in another place on the horizon. I found our sunsets in this landscape particularly beautiful when the sun, sinking lower and lower, lost its last glow and a uniform colouring would envelop the plains, causing all disturbing details to disappear.

My mother was attached to her family with deep tenderness. Three of her brothers had died in early youth. These deaths seem to have had a great impact on her young mind and to

have left deep traces. She talked about them frequently. The youngest of her brothers died at the age of eight. I remember very well how profoundly my childish mind was impressed by his story, particularly by the fact that, anticipating his imminent death, he talked about it in a quiet and resigned way: on the very eve of his death he asked my mother to distribute the pennies from his little savings bank among the beggars.

Of all my mother's living relatives her younger sister Eugenia was closest to her. Eugenia, as a young woman, had lost her husband from tuberculosis, and had lived in our home ever since with her only son Sascha, who was eight years younger than myself. She was a quiet person who had no interest in anything except her son, and she would sit the whole day on the sofa smoking one cigarette after another. Aunt Eugenia owned a small estate in the north Caucasus, where she frequently spent part of the summer with her son.

Since Sascha grew up with us in such close proximity I used to consider him as my younger brother. I liked this lively and intelligent boy very much. He was interested in literature and wrote poems, some of which were even published. Sascha was blond with wavy hair and had the appearance of an 'aesthete'.

In 1914 I had no idea that Sascha was soon to get married and was surprised to hear this from my mother. I learned that his fiancée was the daughter of a professor of mathematics who lived in a town not too distant from Aunt Eugenia's estate. Since this professor and his wife and daughter Lola often spent their vacations on my aunt's estate, Sascha and Lola had known each other from childhood.

The two of them were expected soon and the wedding was to take place on our estate. When I had my first look at Lola after their arrival I cannot say that I found her particularly attractive. She was ash blonde and had large, beautiful blue eyes, but her face seemed to me to be too plump and too long. On closer acquaintance my impression of my cousin's fiancée became much more favourable. She was always in good spirits, was of more than average intelligence, and was very easy to talk to. To be truthful, as she was only seventeen years old, some of her remarks were rather childish, but this often made them amusing.

I was spending almost the whole day in the company of Sascha and Lola, and I found that life on the estate became much more varied and amusing. Lola now seemed to me much prettier than before. The wedding soon took place in our village church.

Right from the beginning of our acquaintance Lola had taken a great liking to me. At first I interpreted the signs of this liking and attachment as an expression of purely friendly feelings. Soon I noticed that Lola's behaviour to me far exceeded what could be called a harmless friendship. The meaningful and seductive glances she would throw at me, without concern for Sascha's presence, spoke a language too clear to be misunderstood. The fact that Sascha did not show any trace of jealousy seemed to me no less surprising than the behaviour of Lola who, after all, had hardly grown out of her girlhood and had just married such a nice and likeable young man. I asked myself what all this could mean and how it was going to end.

The couple was planning to visit Lola's parents in the Caucasus in the near future, and I told myself that everything was bound to reach a natural end. Furthermore I was hoping that it would be possible to secure Therese's entry permit to Russia, and I thought that after Therese's arrival and our subsequent marriage this circumstance alone would put a stop to Lola's advances.

One or two days before Sascha's and Lola's departure for the Caucasus, Lola and I happened to meet in a darkened room. She threw her arms around my neck, kissed me passionately, and ran away. Many years later I was told by my mother that no marital relations ever existed between Sascha and Lola. My mother thought that Sascha, who had known Lola from early childhood and had always looked on her as a playmate, had no other than brotherly feelings for her.

Later Sascha and Lola were divorced, and both remarried; this did not prevent them from remaining friends. Sascha's second marriage was said to have been very happy. Lola adapted herself to the new circumstances and became an actress. She was said to have been quite successful on the stage. At the age of thirty-six she died of cancer of the breast.

Hardly a fortnight had passed since Sascha's and Lola's departure when our attorney notified me that he had succeeded in obtaining Therese's entry permit. It had not been an easy matter, he said, since Therese was considered an enemy alien, but all difficulties had been overcome and we were to appear on the following day at the palace of the governor, who would personally hand me the papers permitting Therese to enter Odessa. The governor received us most graciously and seemed to have full understanding for my request. He even struck a lyrical note by remarking how sad it was that political entanglements should result in the separation of two loving souls.

Having now, as it were, given his fatherly blessing to our marital union he sat down at his desk and signed the paper which he then solemnly presented to me. All I had to do was send it on to Therese, which was not particularly difficult since mail service to Germany was open by way of neutral countries.

I mailed the entry permit to Therese, who arrived safely in Odessa a few weeks later on a small passenger boat which maintained the connection between Odessa and the small Rumanian port of Galati. By chance, when she boarded the steamer, her papers were examined by a Russian officer who introduced himself to her as a former schoolmate of mine but whose name she could not remember.

At first it looked as if Therese and my mother would form a good relationship. But from the beginning I had felt some concern about Therese's ability to adapt herself to life in our family circle and in surroundings completely alien to her. She had come from a small German provincial town. Her father, a well-to-do businessman, had lost his whole fortune through some unlucky speculations. Under the pressure of her family Therese had married a man in good circumstances who, however, was a very bad match for her, and she was soon divorced. Other misfortunes followed: Therese lost her mother, and a few days later her father also died. The outlook Therese had acquired in her parental home stemmed from a background entirely different from ours and seemed at times unworldly indeed.

Soon after her arrival in Odessa we got married. On our way home in the carriage Therese grasped my hand, kissed me, and

said with a lump in her throat, 'I wish you great happiness in your marriage.' These words struck me as strange. Why did she speak of 'your marriage' instead of 'our marriage', just as if I had not married her but another woman?

Therese had come to Russia at a most unfavourable moment. The war between Russia and Germany had just started and everybody was filled with hatred against everything German. To make things worse, Therese did not speak a word of Russian. Nor did she know any French, which might have eased the situation quite a bit. Her definitely southern looks were her only advantage, for anybody might have taken her for Italian or Spanish but never German.

To complicate matters, Sascha and Lola were soon expected back from their Caucasus trip. I asked myself how two human beings as different as Therese and Lola could ever get along together. I also reproached myself that I had taken Lola's advances so lightly. Unfortunately my apprehension turned out to be more than justified. The very first meeting between the two women proved to be most embarrassing for me.

Both Lola and Sascha greeted Therese in a very chilly way, and Sascha, in spite of knowing some German, made no attempt to talk to her. Lola did not even seem to notice her. She addressed herself immediately to me, and her whole attitude seemed to indicate that she had no intention of giving up her seductive tricks.

A few days later she resumed her old coquettish glances whenever she thought that Therese was not observing her. Therese could not fail to notice this behaviour, with the result that she made a jealous scene and finally declared that she could not go on living under the same roof with Lola. She made accusations against my mother and my Aunt Eugenia for passively tolerating Lola's carrying-on and for letting themselves be flattered by Lola into taking her side. Unfortunately I, too, had to admit that both my mother and my aunt let Lola have her own way and refused to take any notice of her provocative behaviour.

Obviously this could not go on any longer. I decided to talk

openly with my mother about the situation. However, my mother would not enter into a discussion, but simply tried to calm me down and to make the whole affair appear harmless and unimportant.

Following this I told my mother that Therese and I would go on a trip for several months and that I expected my mother meanwhile to find suitable lodgings in the town for Aunt Eugenia, Sascha, and Lola. My determination to leave Odessa with Therese caused my mother to agree to my proposal at last, and she promised that after our return Lola would not appear in our home again. Therese and I spent the coming winter months in Moscow, where she felt much better than in Odessa. The definitely continental climate of this city seemed much more beneficial to the colds and bronchitis with which she was permanently afflicted than did the mild but maritime climate of Odessa.

Therese was enthusiastic about the Kremlin, with its ancient churches and towers, and she even enjoyed the crows circling above it. They seemed to her to fit into the landscape and to enliven it. We frequently visited the Moscow Art Theatre, which Therese liked very much. As a matter of fact, soon after her arrival in Odessa she had started to study Russian with great diligence and persistence, and she had now reached the point of being able to follow the action on the stage with ease. In Moscow she even doubled her efforts, with the result that when we returned to Odessa in the spring she was able to carry on a Russian conversation comparatively easily.

I had not given up the idea of getting a degree in law and a licence to practise, although I had broken off my studies at Law School in the spring of 1908 when I went to Munich to Professor Kraepelin. The normal law course at a Russian university took four years, after which one could take national examinations, and if one passed them one had the same rights as a lawyer in Austria or Germany. But if one had failed to complete the four years, as was the case with me, or had studied law abroad, one could nevertheless take the national examinations as an 'extern', as it was called, and acquire exactly the same rights and the same diploma as if one had studied four years at a Russian Law

School. A condition was that one must have graduated from a Russian humanistic Gymnasium and passed the college entrance examinations there. Furthermore, to take one's national boards as an extern, it was necessary to get special permission from the Ministry of Education in St Petersburg.

While I was in Vienna in analysis with Professor Freud (which lasted years), I arranged for a student coming to Vienna to bring me all the books prescribed for study by the Odessa Law School, and I began then to prepare myself to take the national boards at the University of Odessa. Now during the winter of 1914-15 in Moscow with Therese, I had the peace of mind necessary to prepare myself thoroughly to take the examinations the following spring. After I had received permission from the Ministry of Education, and Therese and I had returned to Odessa, I passed the national examinations in law at the Odessa University.

As the law examinations I had taken in earlier years were no longer valid, I had to take them in those subjects a second time. Altogether I had examinations in eighteen different subjects, which was quite a strain. I spent many nights studying, drinking any amount of strong coffee, and often sleeping only an hour or so. I remember that a few days after I had the examinations successfully behind me, I had a sudden attack of unbearably painful headache, which, however, had no serious consequences.

I was by no means the only extern to take the examinations at the Odessa Law School in 1915. At that time the *numerus clausus* was in effect in the Russian schools and universities, and Jews could not make up more than ten per cent of the students. It might therefore happen to a young Jewish student that although he had graduated from a humanistic Gymnasium, he would not be able to continue his studies at a Russian university because the ten per cent Jewish quota was filled. He could get around this by studying at some university abroad and then taking his examinations at a Russian university as an extern. If he passed the law examinations, he was licensed to practise as a lawyer in all of Russia, but was still excluded from civil service positions. Anti-Semitism in Tsarist Russia was directed

not against the 'Jewish race', as it was later in Hitler Germany, but rather against the Jewish religion. If a Jew was baptized and embraced the Orthodox faith, the restriction of the rights of Jews and the *numerus clausus* no longer applied.

After our return to Odessa, our house having been declared out of bounds, Lola did not show up any more and only Sascha came to see me now and then. Still the relation between Therese and my mother never improved in any way.

During our absence my mother had attached herself even more to her sister, to Sascha, and to Lola, and now she spent almost her whole time with them. Since I had always had a very good understanding with my mother, this estrangement caused me grief. The situation was further aggravated when Therese engaged an elderly spinster of German origin as a companion and teacher of Russian. This woman, herself hurt by the prevailing anti-German atmosphere, was not at all suited to smooth out feelings between Therese and my mother.

I was surprised to note how well informed Therese was about everything that happened in the other camp. She never tired of quoting the disparaging remarks my mother made about her, and talking about the presents she gave Lola, and the like. All my efforts to convince her that there was no point in paying attention to these things and constantly dwelling on them were of no avail. It did not help either when I pointed out that my mother had given her, Therese, more costly presents on the important holidays, including valuable pieces from her own collection of jewellery. Even when Therese was right and made some sensible contribution to the running of the house, it only added fuel to the fire, since my mother considered this an intrusion into her own sphere, although she herself did not care very much about household affairs and left everything in the hands of our housekeeper, who was not particularly good either. My mother's hobby was the English language, to which she devoted herself with great zeal for many years and the mastery of which she had set as a goal.

Soon I abandoned all attempts to restore domestic peace, since both my mother and Therese always regarded them as evidence of partiality to the other side, which only made things worse.

On top of everything we received the news through Therese's relatives that, as it was put to us at that time, Else had fallen ill of pneumonia and had been taken to a sanatorium for pulmonary diseases. Therese reproached her relatives in whose home Else was living for not taking proper care of the child, and tortured herself with self-reproaches for not having fulfilled her duty as a mother and for having sacrificed Else for me.

Towards the end of 1916 the internal crisis in Russia became more and more acute. It was a matter of public knowledge that Rasputin was pressing for a separate peace treaty with Germany, that his influence on the Tsarina was increasing, and that he appointed and dismissed cabinet ministers at his discretion. His assassination by Prince Yussupov was the overture to the events which followed. Soon after Rasputin's assassination Kerensky made a speech in the Duma in which he publicly accused the Tsarina of pro-German sympathies. Open conflict between the government and the Duma had broken out.

The government demanded that Kerensky be brought before a court. However, the Duma stood behind Kerensky and refused on the grounds of his immunity as a deputy. Nothing was supposed to be published about this, and the Odessa newspaper appeared with large blank columns so that nobody knew what was really going on in St Petersburg. Within a few days we learned that the Tsar had been dethroned and a provisional government formed, consisting of members of the Duma with Kerensky as head.

As is well known, in the autumn of 1917 the October Revolution broke out and Kerensky fled abroad. In the late autumn of the same year armed conflicts were expected in Odessa.

I was advised not to venture too far into the city. Nevertheless one day I went to visit friends who lived at quite a distance from our home. When I set out to return home I was amazed to see how the city had changed in so short a time. The streets were suddenly empty and all front doors were locked. It was unnecessary to walk through this deserted town. Finally I had to turn into a street which ran parallel to ours, from which, in order to reach our house, one had to go either to the right or to the left.

As I looked down this street I was terrified to see that it was blocked on both the right and the left by armed men. They had formed fighting lines on both sides of the street and opened fire against each other at just this very moment. At first I did not know what to do. Then it occurred to me that to the left, about one hundred metres away, there was a little entrance gate to a garden. I remembered having been told by Sascha that this gate was sometimes left open and that by using this short cut one could reach our street directly by crossing the garden.

Should I take this chance and go to the left, at the risk of finding the garden gate closed? And was it not madness to advance now, right between the two firing lines?

In my situation I had to be a fatalist. So I crossed the parallel street and turned to the left. The bullets were whizzing and swishing past my ears, but I proceeded at a steady pace, reached the garden gate, and seized the latch. The gate gave way, and the next moment I was inside the garden. Happy to have come through the rain of bullets safely, I could now continue peacefully to our house.

In the spring of 1918 German and Austrian forces moved into Odessa. The Central Powers declared the Ukraine an independent state and put a so-called Hetman at the head of this new state. This title dated back to ancient times when the Cossacks elected Hetmans as chiefs of their territories. These old Cossack states were rather flimsy political structures which were in a permanent state of war with their neighbours until they finally became part of the great Russian state to which they were bound by national culture and the Orthodox Church.

A cautious silence was maintained about what constitutional rights the Hetman had. However, it was a matter of no consequence since all executive functions were to remain in the hands of the Central Powers. As for the Hetman himself, a man was selected who was a descendant of a historical personage, a well-known Ukrainian general who had carried the same title. The Germans occupied Kiev while Odessa and the south were left to the Austrians.

In the meantime Else's pulmonary disease had become much

worse. She was in a tuberculosis hospital in Freiburg im Breisgau. A pneumothorax had been performed and the left lung put out of function, without achieving the desired effect. Else wanted her mother to join her as soon as possible; and we also received a letter from the medical director of the hospital informing us of Else's serious condition and advising Else's mother to go to her without delay. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that Therese's one wish was to obtain a visa for Germany as soon as possible. This was not as easy as we first thought it would be, and weeks and weeks went by before Therese was summoned to the German Consulate.

We went there and presented the letters from the doctor. I was asked at the Consulate whether I, too, was applying for an entry permit. Although I had originally not considered it, I answered in the affirmative because then I might be able to visit Therese and Else in Freiburg. As soon as Therese's papers were in order there was nothing to stand in the way of her leaving to join Else. I accompanied her as far as Kiev, whence she proceeded alone to Germany.

Therese left Odessa in September 1918. In November of the same year the complete military collapse of the Central Powers took place. The Hetman fled to Germany, and the German and Austrian military units disintegrated. From day to day we saw fewer and fewer Austrians in the streets of Odessa, as both officers and soldiers tried to get back home as fast as they could.

This was not easy, considering the disrupted communications. Soon the English and the French appeared in Odessa. The Allies assigned the occupation to France, and French men-of-war lay at anchor in the harbour of Odessa. Since Poland had regained her independence, Polish uniforms were also seen in Odessa, as many Poles volunteered for military service in the Polish army.

For some time, whenever I went to the city, I used to run into a stout Polish captain or colonel who was conspicuous because of his white side-whiskers. He had something effeminate about him, and he waddled like a duck from one foot to the other, making me laugh whenever I saw him.

Our fortune was almost entirely invested in government bonds, held in deposit by the Odessa branch of the Russian State Bank. The bonds were destroyed in a fire. Furthermore a constant devaluation of money had been taking place. At the time of the German-Austrian occupation an independent Ukrainian currency had been created, which was expected to drop in value rapidly. The inheritance left to me by my father was still administered by my mother, but I had invested most of my inheritance from Uncle Peter in mortgages. My debtors were now very eager to make considerable payments to me, taking advantage of the devaluated currency. As frequently happens during and after a war, some people were losing their money and falling into poverty due to the inflation, while a class of *nouveaux riches* was taking shape before our eyes. It was a riddle to me, in the face of the existing shortage of consumer goods, how it was possible to buy and immediately resell carloads of goods and to have these transactions carried out by people who, to my knowledge, had neither means nor business experience. I was seriously worried about the increasing inflation, and I racked my brains as to how to invest the funds received from my debtors. As I was ignorant in business matters I tried to get advice from businessmen and bankers but received only evasive answers. Since I could not get anywhere with the experts, I decided to discuss the matter with Dr D.

At the beginning of the war Dr D. had volunteered for service at the front as a medical officer because, he explained, 'a psychoanalyst should have gone through everything'. When, after my return from Vienna, I met Dr D. in military dress and clean-shaven, his appearance was so changed that he seemed a complete stranger to me. I remembered him from our Vienna days with a reddish-blond beard, which made him look even smaller than he was, and dressed in black morning coat and white tie.

When Therese and my mother were quarrelling I had felt the need of confiding in somebody and had looked up Dr D. He took Therese's side. He called her 'the German Tatiana', Tatiana being a character from Pushkin's work *Eugene Onegin*.

Now I decided to consult Dr D. about my investments. I found that his appearance had undergone a new change. He was

wearing a shabby old soldier's coat, which he apparently could not part from. The beard he was again growing was untrimmed and, with his hair, formed a garland around his face, out of which a pair of wondering and slightly disapproving eyes stared at you from behind thick-lensed glasses. Since Dr D. always carried a, so to speak, 'prepared' answer with him, he advised me without hesitation that, as I did not know anything about business matters, and in view of my gambling success in Geneva, the only suitable 'investment' for me would be baccarat.

It was in Geneva, with Dr D., that I had first set foot in a gambling casino. We had stopped at a baccarat table, which was so crowded that at first we had to resign ourselves to the role of spectators. The bank was held by a gaunt, elderly gentleman who kept winning all the time.

'A German who does not speak French,' someone next to me said in a low voice. The gentleman was indeed sitting there without saying a word. He maintained his correct bearing, but could not repress a satisfied smile every now and then. Since he kept winning, the crowd around the table began to dwindle. The German seemed really to be fabulously lucky, and soon there was hardly anybody left who wanted to continue the game with him.

At this moment Dr D. whispered to me: 'Sit down at the table, this is the right moment.'

I hesitated at first but followed his advice. In the meantime everybody else had withdrawn from the game, and I had to play against the German alone. It turned out that Dr D. was right. The moment I started to play, luck turned against the German. He lost and I won. His face darkened more and more, but nevertheless he continued. When he had lost to me almost everything he had previously won, he rose with a sudden jerk and left the room.

I visited the gambling casino several times more with Dr D. I did not play for such high stakes as the first time, but I won repeatedly, so that I had no doubt about my luck as a gambler.

Since that trip I had never participated in any card game. Now Dr D. and I visited a gambling club which he frequented. This visit and the next seemed to confirm that my gambler's luck had

not left me. Since there was some gambling going on also at the home of the attorney N., a friend of Dr D.'s, and since the privacy of the company there appealed to us more, we began to go there instead. I won there, too, which completely convinced me of my lucky star. We played one night until two o'clock, and as usual I was lucky and had doubled the amount I had staked at the beginning. In view of the late hour we were about to leave, but Mr N. wanted to go on playing. At this moment a certain Dr Sch. approached our table, stopped there, and followed our game attentively. I was hardly acquainted with him. I only knew that he had the reputation of being an efficient businessman and of always having good luck and success in his various business ventures. I cannot say why, but I felt the presence of this man as extremely unpleasant. I was suddenly overcome by a feeling of insecurity. It was at first a vague premonition which soon developed into a certainty that Dr Sch. would bring me bad luck. I had only one wish, that he would leave as soon as possible. But Dr Sch. seemed to take an increasing interest in our game. When he asked to join it, the turning point which I had feared came immediately. I lost one stake after the other to Dr Sch., and wound up with a loss of several thousand rubles.

I went home deeply depressed, with the feeling that this was the end of my gambling luck. I remembered Geneva. A repetition of events, only in reverse, I thought.

The following day I regained my balance. What were Dr Sch.'s magic powers to deprive me of my gambling luck? I consoled myself with the reflection that, after all, every gambler must be prepared to lose some time. I was possessed by the one wish of proving to myself that the Dr Sch. episode had no real meaning. To prove this I had to recoup the amount I had lost to him. From then on my luck would certainly turn.

I stopped going to Mr N.'s because I did not want to meet Dr Sch. there, and there were many other opportunities to try one's luck. Times being uncertain and nobody knowing what the next day would bring, people in Odessa were at that time living from one day to the next. On every street corner gambling casinos and dives were springing up like mushrooms.

However, from that fateful evening at Mr N.'s. I was persecuted by bad luck. I returned from the clubs with an empty wallet every time. Gradually I learned to look at this bad luck as an unalterable fact in my life.

After my losses had reached quite considerable proportions I began to feel gambling was a losing proposition and told myself that it would be senseless to challenge fate any longer. Finally I gave it up completely, and was cured of this passion once and for all.

Several months had already passed since Therese's departure for Germany. Since postal service between Odessa and Germany had been interrupted, news from Therese could reach me only when she could find somebody travelling to Odessa who would take a letter along, which happened very rarely. The news in these letters was most distressing. Else was worse and there was hardly any hope that her life could be saved. Therese wrote to me also that her funds were dwindling, but unfortunately there was no way of sending money to Germany. So I decided to make the trip to Freiburg im Breisgau.

I already possessed the entry permits for Germany and Austria, but since I wanted to go to Germany by way of Bucharest and Vienna, I had to secure not only my exit permit but also a transit visa for Rumania. After a long struggle I succeeded in getting both.

I had to provide myself with sufficient funds for this trip. As I was going to Austria and Germany, I was advised to take along the currency of those countries. This advice may have been well meant, but possibly it was given to me because the banks wanted to get rid of the currency of the countries which had lost the war, in order to exchange it for dollars or English pounds, which were constantly rising. Not having any knowledge of these matters, I followed the bankers' advice and purchased Austrian crowns and German marks in equal amounts.

As Odessa was almost completely cut off from the Central Powers, we were ignorant of conditions in Germany and Austria. For instance, we were told that disturbances had broken out in Vienna, everything was topsy-turvy, and one should take along only strict necessities. My first goal was the Rumanian port of

Constanța on the Black Sea, to which I was to proceed aboard the French passenger boat *Euphrat*. This boat's sailing was postponed several times, but at last we were told that the date scheduled was absolutely final.

I took leave of my mother and left the house with a small suitcase. My cousin Gregor, who had kept apart from the disagreements between my mother and Therese, was the only one to see me off at the pier. This time the steamer really left the harbour at the scheduled time.

On the boat there were some Greeks bound for Athens and some French officers returning to France, also two gentlemen from the Rumanian Consulate at Odessa, and an Odessa businessman W. Shortly before docking at Constanța, W. told me in confidence that he had heard that, on disembarking in Constanța, all Russian as well as Austrian money would be confiscated, since import of these currencies into Rumania was prohibited. What was I to do? Half of my cash was in Austrian crowns. I had not much time to think it over and quickly decided to give my Austrian crowns for safekeeping to a French officer, asking him to send them to me later to Germany. To which of the officers should I address myself? I finally selected one of mature age who seemed to me the most trustworthy. I found out that in civilian life he was an executive of a Paris clothing concern and this confirmed me in my choice. He immediately declared himself ready to comply with my request, and I handed the money over to him. After disembarking at Constanța our passports were examined. The two gentlemen of the Rumanian Consulate who presented their diplomatic passports were permitted to pass without difficulty. However, W. and I were taken into custody by the Rumanian police. It was explained to us that the visas issued by the Rumanian Consulate were invalid and that Russian citizens, with or without visas, had to be returned to Russia without delay. We were shown a small steamer which we were supposed to take on our return trip to Odessa in two or three days. All our protests were of no avail. A pile of hay on the pier was to be our night's lodging. An armed guard was posted next to it, and we were to stay within sight of him at all times.

As the police officer, like most Rumanians, spoke French, I was able to communicate with him quite well. But all my attempts to convince him that the Rumanian police could not possibly ignore or revoke the instructions of their own foreign representatives were doomed to failure. So W. and I kept strolling along the pier not too far from our guard, or we stretched out on our heap of hay and deplored our fate. Since the weather was fortunately fair and warm, we did not really mind having to spend the night in the open.

Considering that I could not make any headway with the police officer, I finally asked him explicitly to take us to his superior. He seemed to weaken somewhat, and when he appeared the next day, he said he was willing to do so. Rumania being under French occupation, it was now the French border control officer who was to decide the case.

The police officer walked me and W. to the next French border control station. We submitted our papers to the French officer in charge, who found them in perfect order. Not knowing any Rumanian I did not understand what he said to the police officer. Evidently he told him to leave us in peace and not to interfere with our movements. The result of this interview was that the police officer grabbed our suitcases with both hands and took us hurriedly outside the harbour control area. The next moment he had disappeared without either examining our baggage or asking us what money we were bringing into the country. Had I guessed this in advance, I could easily have kept my Austrian crowns. They were now on their way to France, where they had to be reported to the authorities, from whom I got them back two years later. Owing to the almost total devaluation of the Austrian currency which had taken place in the meantime, the amount was exactly enough to buy me one lunch.

Being unprepared for such complete success, W. and I were now overjoyed to be free to move about in Constantza. W. knew his way around in this city (where incidentally he remained), and I left it to him to select a hotel for the night. The next day, after having taken leave of my travelling companion and fellow sufferer, I proceeded to Bucharest. The whole country from Con-

stantza to Bucharest reminded me of a huge military camp with Rumanian and French troops in evidence everywhere.

Bucharest made a rather good impression on me, at least the centre of the city. Not without reason was it called 'Little Paris'. There were beautiful buildings, elegant shops, and heavy street traffic. Actually it looked much less attractive if you ventured away from the centre. On the day after my arrival I ran into an acquaintance of mine, from whom I learned that two or three days after my departure the French had evacuated Odessa and the Red Army had marched in.

I found out that there was an inter-Allied commission functioning in Bucharest and that it was up to them to make final decisions as to who was or was not permitted to leave Rumania. I had to apply to this commission and to present my papers. I was gripped by doubts. How long would the inter-Allied commission take to decide on my case? And what was I to do in Bucharest if permission to go to Germany were denied me? I wandered dejectedly through the streets.

At the end of two weeks I received word from the inter-Allied commission that I was free to proceed on my journey. Finally I was standing beside the train which was to take me to Vienna. To my surprise I saw in front of the same car the Polish captain or colonel whom I had frequently seen in Odessa and who was so conspicuous because of his white side-whiskers and his silly behaviour. There was also a second officer in Polish uniform. We started a conversation immediately. The first one introduced himself as Colonel de la T. The other one whom I saw for the first time had some Polish name. Both had formerly been Russian officers and knew no language except Russian. We took seats together in a compartment in which there was also a young French woman who was a French teacher in Bucharest. Since de la T. did not know a word of French in spite of his fancy French name, I had to take the role of interpreter now and then to help with a conversation between him and the French lady. I was much amused when de la T. suddenly requested me to ask the French lady whether she was prepared to marry him. If she was, she should let him know her Paris address so that they could arrange a meeting and plan the details

of the wedding. The French lady to whom I conveyed the marriage proposal accepted it with delight and, with an enchanted smile, handed the colonel a piece of paper with her Paris address. As we approached Vienna the colonel grew more and more serious and finally told me that he had been observing the French woman the whole time and that there were 'various' things about her which he did not like. So I was to give her to understand, tactfully, that he was withdrawing his marriage proposal. I tried to do this with the utmost delicacy, but the French lady understood at once that nothing was to come of the marriage and her face took on a very disappointed and sad expression.

I stayed in Vienna only a few days and took this opportunity to visit Professor Freud. He was glad to see me again and presented me with a copy of *Sammlung kleiner Schriften zur Neurosenlehre* (Collection of Short Writings on the Theory of Neuroses)<sup>1</sup> published in 1918, with a dedication written in his own hand (dated 4/12/19). When we came to talk about the events of the war, Professor Freud remarked that we had 'a wrong attitude towards death', from which I had to conclude that he saw these experiences from an entirely different angle from the usual one.

From Vienna, where a terrifying shortage of food existed, I went to Freiburg im Breisgau, arriving there in a heavy snow-storm on 1 May 1919. At long last I saw Therese and Else again. It was a great shock to see that Therese, who had left Odessa with beautiful black hair, had turned snow-white. How deeply must she have grieved about Else to produce this change within these few months.

In spite of the doctors' protests and warnings of the danger of infection, Therese insisted on sharing a room with Else in the hospital where she was. This she did up to Else's last hours, considering it her duty as a mother.

As to Else, as frequently happens with tuberculosis patients, she was not aware of the seriousness of her condition and was still hoping to recover. I noticed that she was outgoing and in-

terested in her surroundings. In spite of her grave illness she was always kind and friendly to everybody and was loved by everyone in the hospital. Else and I had understood each other very well from the first moment, and since she admired and loved me, she was happy that I had come to Freiburg.

I asked the medical director whether he saw any chance of saving Else. He said that all hope must be abandoned. Else died two and a half months after my arrival in Freiburg. We had her body transferred to Munich and buried there.

Now the vicissitudes of life in exile started for Therese and myself.

1. This was evidently the *Sammlung kleiner Schriften zur Neurosenlehre, Vierte Folge*, published in 1918, which contained *From the History of an Infantile Neurosis*. (Translator's note.)

out quite differently. Professor Meyer calmed down and became very friendly, and when I took leave of him he invited me to visit him soon again, bringing Therese, whom his wife would like to meet.

Soon after this, Therese and I visited Professor Meyer's family. His wife was a charming person, and even Therese, who usually had difficulty making contact with people, quickly became friends with her.

I must return now to the spring of 1920 when I finished my reanalysis with Freud. As everyone knows, after the First World War there was a catastrophic fall in the value of German and Austrian currency, which finally led to complete collapse. Therese and I had lived in a Viennese pension the whole winter of 1919-20, and now because of the currency devaluation I had practically nothing left of the money I had brought with me from Russia. So I was forced to look for some sort of job as soon as possible. I turned first to Professor Freud. But as he had no connections with industry or banks, his efforts to help me find a job were unsuccessful.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire had been reduced to the small territory of Austria, and many Austrians who had formerly lived in other parts of the country now streamed into Vienna. There were also the former officers of the Austro-Hungarian army, who now had no means of livelihood. In a word, this was a time when the chance of finding a job, especially for a foreigner, was practically nil.

My last hope was Professor Meyer. His speciality was economics. Perhaps he might have connections with some business with which I could get a job. So I went to him and asked whether he could help me find something or other. I was pleasantly surprised when he told me that although he had no association with banks or industry, he might possibly be able to find me something in an insurance company.

A short time thereafter I received a letter from an insurance company giving me an appointment with their general manager within a few days. The manager, who received me in a very friendly way, told me they planned to give me a steady job, but that first I must work for them a few months as a 'volunteer'.

1919-1938

## Everyday Life

WHEN I visited Professor Freud in the spring of 1919, on my way to Freiburg, I was so thoroughly satisfied with my mental and emotional condition that I never thought of the possibility of needing more psychoanalytic treatment. But when I told Professor Freud everything I could about my state of mind during the years since I had left Vienna, he thought that there was still a small residue of unanalysed material and advised a short reanalysis with him. Therefore we agreed that I would return to Vienna in the autumn for this purpose. Therese and I spent the rest of the summer on the Boden See, near the little German town of Lindau, and went to Vienna in late September. But, as often happens in psychoanalytic treatment, this reanalysis stretched out more and more, and it was not until Easter 1920 that Professor Freud told me he considered it completed.

At this point I must go back to a little episode of the previous summer which at the time seemed quite insignificant but which turned out to have important consequences for my later life. While in Freiburg, living in a pension, I made friends with a student at the Freiburg University. The family name of this student was the same as that of a well-known professor in Vienna. Let us suppose that the name was Meyer - though in reality it was something quite different. When I told the student that my wife and I would be going to Vienna in the autumn, he told me that Professor Meyer was his uncle and asked me to call on him and bring him greetings.

In Vienna I looked up Professor Meyer's address and called on him, bringing greetings from his nephew as I had promised. It was quite disillusioning when Professor Meyer told me unequivocally that he had never had a nephew and that I must have been taken in by a rogue. I supposed of course that this would be the end of my acquaintance with Professor Meyer. But it turned

During these months I would receive no salary but simply a small amount of money as an acknowledgment. But they assured me that after this period I would be hired with a regular contract. Of course I was overjoyed to accept this offer, as our financial situation was such that we could hardly even have paid our rent had not Professor Freud, who had some English patients, given us a few English pounds from time to time.

A couple of days later I began my work at the insurance company as a 'volunteer'. At first I was a sort of apprentice to an elderly subordinate official, Mr H. He was always in a good humour but, it seemed to me, not always quite sober. Once he appeared at the office in a jolly mood, announcing that he had met his former 'flame' the preceding day. 'When I got home,' he continued, 'I said to my wife: "Old woman, am I glad I married you!"' And Mr H. demonstrated with both hands how terribly fat his little former 'flame' had grown.

Mr H. always spoke of his superior, Mr N., with the greatest respect. 'You can learn a lot from Mr N.,' he told me. 'If you take some documents to him with some question, he always strokes his chin with his right hand and gives you the papers back without a word.' I had some doubts whether one could learn much from this, but perhaps Mr N. thought that the best method of teaching was to let one come to one's own conclusions.

I remained with Mr H. only a few weeks and was then moved to the basement to Mr N.'s department. Great mountains of dusty documents lay about on the shelves in this dark cellar. Mr N. was a gloomy figure whom I never saw smile, much less laugh. He always wore a morning coat from which a button was missing at the back. The whole atmosphere in this department was extremely depressing.

Now I found out what a perfect description Mr H. had given me of Mr N. When I was once given some papers I could not understand, I went to Mr N. asking him to explain them. Automatically his right hand glided over his chin, he threw me a dark glance, and without saying a word gave the papers back to me. So I had to return to my desk, having achieved nothing.

After about a month in Mr N.'s department I was transferred

to other sections, where I found younger and more friendly personnel who were glad to answer my questions and who let me work on matters that interested me. Finally I landed in the transport division, where I felt most comfortable and where I remained.

The director of this department was a former naval officer, an open-minded man of the world with whom I got on very well. During the almost thirty years I worked there, he was my only superior who really backed me. After only two years I was in the 'class of accelerated promotion', and was considered one of the higher officials. Usually it took a number of years to be so classified.

In the transport division there was also a former naval colleague of our department chief, Captain L. We became friends, and our friendship lasted even after we had both been pensioned. Captain L.'s hobby was mathematics, and one could really say that he knew Einstein's theory of relativity inside out. Through him I, too, picked up a little knowledge in this field. Captain L. died some years ago from cancer of the lung.

To my regret, the transport division was shut down after a few years, and as the positions in other departments were already filled, it was at first uncertain where I would be placed. Finally I requested the general manager to transfer me to the department of liability insurance, feeling that as a lawyer I was best suited for this. I remained in this department until I was pensioned in 1950.

In the 1930's I was a contributor to a journal for insurance matters. I was very successful in this, and the editors were always asking me to send in new articles. I was especially pleased with one article in which I demonstrated that the definition of the coverage claim in the printed policies of liability insurance was not only inadequate but even completely wrong. I was proud when our general manager wrote me a letter congratulating me on this article and calling my definition extremely 'exact and precise'.

It was only after I was pensioned that I found out by chance how Professor Meyer had so quickly succeeded in finding a position for me in an insurance company. I learned that his wife was

the sister of a well-known Viennese professor of insurance law. As legal consultant to many insurance companies, it was not difficult for this professor to find a situation for me.

As regards my personal life during this period, the happiest day of the year for me was always the day I began my month-long vacation. Therese and I always spent this time somewhere in the mountains, where I could devote myself to landscape painting. In the autumn also, after we had returned from our vacation, I often spent a fine Sunday in the country outside Vienna, painting autumn pictures. On other Sundays and holidays in summer we made little outings to Schönbrunn or Grinzing or some other nearby spot, to be in the fresh air at least once every week. In winter we would go on Sundays to a theatre, as Therese always remained interested in this, or to a cinema. So our life ran its normal course, without any extraordinary events.

Even at the beginning of the disastrous year of 1938, it seemed to me that this calm and peaceful life would go on forever. I had not the slightest foreboding of the cruel game that fate was playing with me, or that very soon everything would end in tragedy.

1938

## The Climax

MARCH 1938 was a disastrous month, not only for Austria but also for my own personal destiny.

'Whom do you think Schuschnigg has just met?' Therese, who had picked up the newspaper a moment before, asked me.

'I haven't the faintest idea.'

'Hitler!'

'That's the last thing I would have expected. Now we'll have to see what that means.'<sup>1</sup>

During the next few days, the outward appearance of Vienna changed more and more. The Nazis were breathing more freely. Unhindered they marched through the streets, and it was soon clear that Schuschnigg's meeting with Hitler had started things rolling, and that serious political consequences were to be expected.

In order to control the difficult political situation, Schuschnigg announced that a referendum would be held. Every Austrian was to cast his vote for a free Austria or for Anschluss with Hitler's Germany. As far as one could judge the situation at the time, it appeared that the vote would probably be for a free Austria.

When I returned home the evening before the day of the referendum, I wanted to listen to a radio concert that had been announced. This concert should have begun within a few minutes, but quite a long time passed without a sound. 'That's strange,' I said to Therese. 'There must be something the matter with the radio. One doesn't hear anything.' Suddenly came the voice of the announcer: 'The Chancellor has an important statement to make.' Then Schuschnigg spoke. His statement

1. This actually refers to Schuschnigg's meeting with Hitler in Berchtesgaden on 12 February 1938. (Translator's note.)

contained the information that the German armed forces had already crossed the German-Austrian border, and that Schuschnigg - to prevent unnecessary bloodshed - had given the order that there should be no armed resistance. His final words were: 'I yield to force. God protect Austria.' Then the Austrian anthem was played for the last time.

I listened to the radio this entire night. Evidently the crowd forced its way into the Ravag,<sup>2</sup> and anyone who wanted to express his joy over Hitler's victory took over the microphone. It hummed like a beehive. At times one could even hear improvised rhymes such as 'We're happy now. Kurt's<sup>3</sup> gone - and how!' Music and song were interspersed, and as a refrain the often repeated song 'Sturm, Sturm läutet vom Turm.'<sup>4</sup>

The next day in the office began with a rally and singing the German national anthem.<sup>5</sup> The mood was one of elation, and strangely enough even those who had formerly professed loyalty to Austria and the Fatherland Front seemed delighted. It was difficult to know whether these people had really reconciled themselves so quickly to the new situation and made a change-over, or whether this was a mass psychosis.

Meanwhile, German troops of every description were marching into Vienna. In the streets of Vienna appeared artillery of a size never seen there before, and whole squadrons of airplanes circled over the city. The oath of allegiance to Hitler was quickly administered to the Austrian military, and they were given the insignia of the German army.

During the early days of Hitler's march into Austria, I did not have the impression that this so unexpected event disturbed Therese particularly. She took a pessimistic view of the probable results of the Anschluss, but in this she was not alone since almost all the opponents of the Nazis believed that Hitler portended war.

I even had the impression that Therese, who was of course of German birth, was proud of her fellow countrymen, as she once

2. The Austrian State radio broadcasting building. (Translator's note.)

3. Kurt von Schuschnigg, the Chancellor. (Translator's note.)

4. 'Storm, storm, ringing from the tower.' (Translator's note.)

5. 'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles.' (Translator's note.)

remarked that the German soldiers had a better military bearing than the Austrians. She also told me that she had been talking with a few German soldiers and had learned that they came from her home town of Würzburg.

Since our emigration from Russia Therese's mental state had deteriorated noticeably. I remember how she would sometimes stand in front of the big mirror in the bedroom, look at herself for a while, and then say discontentedly: 'I am old and ugly!' I always tried to persuade her that she was only imagining this, which was indeed true, as she had scarcely any wrinkles, and had a fresh and healthy complexion which made her look younger than she actually was. She gradually lost contact with her surroundings and wanted neither to visit the few acquaintances we had in Vienna nor to invite them to visit us.

At that time we were fairly well off in a material way. I had a job with a salary sufficient to live modestly and, as Therese had received a small inheritance in Germany, we could even save a little. This capital was increased every year by Therese's savings. These savings were finally the only thing in which she remained interested. Unfortunately her frugality took a pathological form. She denied herself everything, never bought herself new clothes, and even refused to have necessary work done such as occasionally repainting a room, or similar things, although these expenditures would have been of no importance to us at that time.

We had put our savings into mortgage bonds secured by a gold clause. After Hitler's takeover, this clause was cancelled, and Austrian shillings were changed into German marks at the rate of one and a half shillings to one mark. As the purchasing power of the shilling had been about equal to that of the mark, our reserves were now reduced by about one third, which was very distressing to Therese. As everyone was talking about war and, as Therese knew from experience that every war entails a devaluation of the currency, she now felt that it had been a mistake to make sacrifices for savings.

After the occupation of Austria by Hitler, anti-Semitic rioting and all kinds of persecution of the Jews were of course to be expected. For that reason the Jewish people of Vienna were over-

come by panic, causing a wave of suicides. Once when Therese and I were speaking about this, she remarked that it was unjust to consider the Jews cowardly, as only the Jews committed suicide and the Christians on the contrary were too cowardly to do so. From this remark it was clear that Therese regarded suicide as a heroic deed. This attitude of Therese's did not surprise me, as she had always glorified suicide. On the other hand, a proposal she made to me a few days later seemed sinister.

It was a Saturday, and I had returned home around noon. Therese was lying on the bed, and I walked up and down in the room. Suddenly she looked at me as though an especially good idea had occurred to her.

'Do you know what we're going to do?' she asked me.

'Well, what?'

'We'll turn on the gas.'

'What gives you such a crazy idea? We aren't Jews.'

Therese lowered her eyes and began to speak of something else just as if she had never spoken the earlier words.

In the first moment Therese's proposal had frightened and terrified me but, as she then spoke perfectly normally about other things, I quieted down, but I kept wondering how I ought to react to this mad idea of Therese's. Should I probe into her thoughts and try to talk out thoroughly with her how she came to have such a senseless idea? Or was this just a fleeting thought which flashed through her mind and disappeared as quickly as it came? In the latter case, perhaps it would be best not to remind her of this insane notion and in this way show her that her proposal was so absurd and senseless that one could not possibly take it seriously. As Therese spoke quite naturally about other matters, I told myself that the whole business must be only a momentary lapse of thinking to which one should attribute no significance.

The spring of 1938 was unusually warm and beautiful. A week after this conversation Therese and I made an outing to the suburb of Grinzing. As we sat in a café there, I told Therese about the changes which had taken place in the office since the Anschluss and mentioned that the employees had been asked to produce their so-called family trees which would prove their

Aryan descent, or – as people mockingly said at that time – that they had no Jewish grandmother.

I remarked that I possessed no personal documents except my passport issued by the League of Nations and that therefore they could not require such a family tree from me, but as far as Therese was concerned, it would be very easy to get this evidence as one would only have to inquire at her place of birth, Würzburg. When I mentioned this city, Therese gave me such a strange look that I asked her what was the matter and why she looked at me in such a peculiar way.

'It's nothing ...' she answered, and looked quite normal again.

A few more days passed, and Therese began to complain that she did not feel well. I sent her to a neurologist who prescribed a sedative. As this medication did not help much, we decided that Therese – in order to escape the hubbub prevailing in Vienna and to get some quiet – should go to the country for two weeks' rest.

The month of March was drawing to a close, and the last day of this month, 31 March 1938, was to be for me the most disastrous day of my whole life. For it was on this day that something happened which I had never believed possible: while I was at the office, Therese did actually turn on the gas.

The evening before this event, which is still beyond my comprehension, I had urged Therese to go on vacation as soon as possible, as I thought this would be the best thing for her state of mind. When she had gone to bed and I wished her a good night, she embraced me and held me to her so close and long that I, with no misgivings, made some joke or other, whereupon Therese also smiled. Then I, too, went to bed.

Hardly had I lain down when a violent storm broke out. On the occasion of Hitler's march into Vienna, a big swastika flag had been put up on almost every building. As we lived on the top floor, this flag was immediately above one of our bedroom windows. The wind was howling outside, and with every stronger gust the flag struck against the window so that we were awakened again and again. Therese kept saying she was afraid the flag would break the windowpane and that she must

certainly fasten it down the next day. The following day Therese seemed to me to be in better spirits, and as I left for the office she said good-bye especially tenderly, which I took as a sign that her mood had improved.

When I came home on this day of misery, I saw to my surprise the old servant, who helped Therese in the household two or three times a week, walking up and down before the door of our apartment. To my question what she was doing there, I received the strange reply: 'Your wife asked me to come to look after you.'

Now I knew that there was madness at work . . . I stormed into our hallway where warning notes had been put up: 'Don't turn on the light - danger of gas.' From there I rushed into the kitchen, which was filled with the streaming gas as with a thick fog. Therese was sitting near the gas jet, bent over the kitchen table, on which lay several letters of farewell. This sight was so terrible that I simply cannot describe it.

The maid and I immediately opened the kitchen window and carried Therese into another room, where we also opened the windows. There was a medical student living in our apartment building on the mezzanine floor. I ran down to him at once and asked him to telephone the Rescue Squad. Within a few minutes a doctor came, who, alas, could only state that Therese had been dead several hours and that it was impossible to revive her. I lived this day and the following ones as though in a delirium in which one does not know whether what happens is reality or a dreadful dream.

Soon the whole apartment house knew what had happened. People came and went away again. A policeman appeared also, and made notes in his notebook. Since - because of the shock - I was incapable of any action, the medical student whom I mentioned above took charge of all the things that have to be done in connection with a death. I also left to him the purchase of a plot in the cemetery and asked him to make all the necessary arrangements for the funeral.

I hastily read through Therese's farewell letters, from which I learned that her suicide was not an impulsive act of momentary passion, but a decision made with forethought and reflection. She

had even had the strength of will, before carrying out this frightful act, indeed already face to face with death, to fasten the flag I mentioned earlier to the window. And she had fetched money for me from the bank and laid it carefully on my night table.

As I had not the strength to spend the night in this apartment so suddenly made desolate, I put Therese's letters and my few personal necessities in a little suitcase and fled to acquaintances who lived on the outskirts of Vienna. The question kept hammering away in my mind: how could Therese do this to me? And as she was the only stable structure in my changeable life, how could I, now suddenly deprived of her, live on? It seemed to me impossible. I remember very well what a tremendous effort it cost me to return to our home for just a few minutes to pick up a black suit and tie for Therese's funeral.

Although in one of her letters of farewell Therese had expressed the wish that the other families in our building should not place wreaths on her grave, all the families attended her funeral, and there were many wreaths and many flowers. When the mass for the dead was ended at the cemetery chapel, I was asked whether I wished the coffin to be opened. I agreed. The gas had had the effect of giving Therese's face an unusual freshness; her cheeks were a delicate rose. In her coffin she looked like a very young woman who had peacefully fallen asleep.

Even when someone close to you dies a natural death, this often arouses feelings of guilt. How much worse this is in the case of a suicide. So it was with me. I reproached myself bitterly that when Therese spoke of 'turning on the gas', I had not had her taken immediately to the Psychiatric Clinic; perhaps she could have been cured of her depressions there. And my fantasy played with the picture of a pleasure trip with Therese to her home town of Würzburg. Therese sometimes reminisced about Würzburg, but she had never expressed a wish to visit this city. Now it seemed to me that such a trip might have been able to lift her depressions. And then there loomed before me the memory of Berlin, always so painful. When I left her that time, she became melancholy; perhaps that was the starting point of her depressions. But then I was able to return to her in time; now, however, fate would not allow me to save Therese again.

But let Therese herself now speak. In one of her farewell letters she writes: 'I ask you a thousand times to forgive me - I am so poor in body and soul. You have suffered so much; you must surmount this also. My prayers in eternal life shall protect you and comfort you, my blessing goes with you. God will help you to overcome everything, time will heal all wounds, the heart must endure the loss of that which is buried in the earth. It is hard for me to leave you, but you will rise again to a new life. I have only one wish, your happiness, this will give me eternal peace. Do not forget me; pray for me. We shall see each other again ...'

In another letter of farewell Therese gives me practical advice. She writes: 'Be reasonable, do nothing rashly but act only after you have quieted down. Take care of your health; be careful not to squander our possessions, so that when you are old you will still have something besides your pension. I have saved only for you, have loved only you, everything I have done has been from innermost love.'

'Think it over carefully before you marry again. Marriage could mean your happiness and salvation - or your doom and destruction. You must find a thrifty, hard-working, good woman - not some frivolous creature. Choose a woman from a good home. Then you can make new relationships. You must resume your life.' This letter of Therese's closes with her entreaty to follow her advice, so that she may find peace 'beyond'. Finally, in another farewell letter, Therese tries to justify her suicide on the grounds that she would in any case have died within two or three years, and it would be easier for me if this happened earlier; that later her death would be still harder for me to bear.

In the sentence which appears so often in these letters, 'I am so sick in body and soul,' only the second part was true, as Therese had neither lost weight nor did she suffer from any serious physical ailment. Therefore I kept asking myself over and over what could have been the real cause of Therese's terrible decision, and whether and in what way Hitler's invasion of Austria might have triggered it.

But what use would the answer to all these questions have been, when the most terrible thing for me was the fact that I

had lost Therese so unexpectedly and forever, and that I could not undo what had been done?<sup>6</sup> The most dreadful moment was always when I awakened in the morning, when the horror of what had happened suddenly broke through into my consciousness with complete clarity.

For two weeks now I had been living with my acquaintances in the suburbs. I did not want to be a burden to them any longer, but on the other hand I did not trust myself to return to my empty apartment, now grown so strange to me. So I decided to move into a single room. But at this time so many Germans were arriving in Vienna that it was difficult to find a room. At last I succeeded in digging one up. It was a gloomy room, looking out on a narrow courtyard, and the furnishings left much to be desired. The old chairs wobbled when one sat on them, threatening to collapse. The bed had a deep pit and creaked and rattled whenever one moved one's body.

My landlady was in her mid-seventies, but so senile that it was sometimes hard to understand her or to make her understand. She told me, in a confidential way, that she and her ninety-year-old husband quarrelled constantly, and on this account he had moved into the kitchen and set up his domicile there. I met him a couple of times in the corridor and was astonished that he greeted me in such a friendly way and seemed, in spite of his difficult domestic situation, to be in the best of spirits.

In the building where I had lived with Therese there lived an elderly, retired actress and also a woman who served her as maid. The maid, Fräulein Gaby, who was in her early fifties, had the reputation with everyone in the building of being a very decent person, always ready to help. One of my wife's farewell letters was addressed to Fräulein Gaby, asking her - in case I needed her - whether she could help me in the household. Accordingly, when I left home I had given the apartment keys to Fräulein Gaby, asking her if necessary to look after it.

A few days after I had moved into my single room, I became ill with grippe. As I was lying in bed with a high fever, my landlady told me that somebody had come who wished to speak

6. In German: *dass man das Geschehene eben nicht ungeschehen machen konnte.* (Translator's note.)

with me. It was Fräulein Gaby, bringing me clean clothes from my apartment. This visit was indeed a welcome one, as Fräulein Gaby immediately began to take care of me and brought me medicines from the pharmacy. As long as I had to stay in bed, she visited me every day.

When I had recovered from the grippe, I began going to the office again. I don't know how I gathered the strength at that time to do my work in an orderly way. People say that time heals all wounds. I clung to this saying and began counting first the days, then the weeks, and finally the months. After about four months I realized that my condition was still the same and that it was evidently not enough to rely solely on time. And I do not know how long I could have endured this unbearable state of mind had not a lucky chance come to my help.

I had not seen Dr Gardiner in a long time, since she had stopped taking Russian lessons from me as she had no more free time because of her medical studies. I knew - I no longer remember how - that Dr Gardiner had moved from her old apartment, and I also knew the street and number of the new one. One day when by chance I was passing this building, I suddenly had the idea of visiting Dr Gardiner and telling her of Therese's suicide. Fortunately she was at home, with her four- or five-year-old daughter, whom I now saw for the first time. So I told Dr Gardiner what had happened. My story must have been quite dramatic because - as I still remember today - I was terribly excited, and I interrupted my report over and over again by bursting into tears. Now a lifesaving idea occurred to Dr Gardiner: to telegraph immediately to Dr Mack,<sup>7</sup> by whom I had been successfully analysed some years earlier, and arrange for me to meet her in Paris and London. Dr Gardiner could not have had a better idea, as a swift and radical change of milieu was the only thing that could have helped me at that time. So I felt a real relief at the prospect of getting away from Vienna for a while and of seeing Dr Mack and talking with her about Therese's suicide. Besides, I now had a task that was worth bothering about. For I could undertake my journey abroad only during my month's vacation, which was to begin on 10 August

7. Ruth Mack Brunswick. (Translator's note.)

and now it was already the middle of July. And first I had to get the two visas - something very difficult at that time because the British and especially the French Embassy were besieged by hundreds of persons trying to escape from Hitler Germany as quickly as possible.

As I regarded this prospective journey as the only chance of improving my state of mind, I was absolutely determined to set all the wheels in motion to obtain, if not both visas, at least one of them. But it soon became clear that it was just about impossible to obtain an English visa. I wrote at once to the Princess<sup>8</sup> begging her to send me a letter of introduction to the French Embassy. Only a few days later I received a reply from her enclosing a letter of recommendation to a count who occupied some office or other in the Embassy in Vienna. I visited him, and he promised to do his best to get me a French visa as soon as possible. At my next visit he was just on the point of leaving his office. I tried to get him to wait at least a moment, but he waved me aside and, already on his feet, told me he was in a great hurry and that I should come another time. For the moment I stood still, rather disappointed; then I noticed an Embassy employee standing there with a pile of documents and surrounded by a number of men who were asking for something in a very excited way. Evidently each one of them wanted his document to be the first to be presented to the proper official. So I, too, ventured to approach the employee and urged him - for an appropriately high remuneration - to get me the French visa as soon as possible. At first the employee told me several times that there was nothing he could do, then, however, he softened and told me to come back the next day. When I came to him the following day, everything had been arranged, and indeed the employee was so decent that at first he did not want to accept the amount I had promised him. He suggested modestly that I should just give him enough to drink my health with a bottle of wine.

So I succeeded in getting the French visa within two days and could leave for Paris the first day of my vacation, according to plan. When I left Vienna, both Dr Mack and Dr Gardiner were

8. Princess Marie Bonaparte. (Translator's note.)

already in Paris. Before Dr Gardiner left Vienna, I had arranged with her that I would leave a letter for her at the American Express, giving my Paris address. My first walk, therefore, after I arrived in Paris, was to the American Express, where by chance I met Dr Gardiner on the stairway, so it was not necessary to deliver the letter.

As Dr Mack was staying at the Princess's palace, Dr Gardiner and I drove there at once. I was already acquainted with the Princess, as I had met her once at Dr Mack's in Vienna. Now, after paying the Princess a short visit, I was conducted to Dr Mack, to whom I could pour out my suffering.

I went to her every day and always stayed an hour. The rest of the time I wandered through the streets of Paris, becoming acquainted also with the outer districts of this city in which I found myself now for the fifth time. Sometimes I went into a café, but never even glanced at a newspaper there, although the international political situation was already very tense and seemed to be coming to a head. My brain was, so to speak, 'blocked', and I could react only to thoughts that had to do with Therese's suicide or could be somehow connected with it.

I saw Dr Gardiner also a few times in Paris. I believe I visited her twice in her pension, and once I took a walk with her in an old park which seemed like a wilderness. I was surprised to find that this piece of primeval nature could survive in such a gigantic city as Paris.

After about ten days Dr Mack told me that she would be going on to London two days later. I was supposed to follow her to London, but I still had no English visa. So the next day Dr Mack accompanied me to the English Consulate in Paris. In contrast to Vienna, here there was not a single visitor except ourselves, so we were immediately received by the consular official. To my disappointment he explained that a 'stateless' person wishing to enter England required the personal authorization from the proper ministry in London, so that in such cases one usually had to wait several weeks for the visa. Under these circumstances it seemed to me almost certain that my journey to London would come to nothing. So I was most pleasantly surprised when, the following evening, I received a telegram that

the authorization from London had arrived and I should present myself at the Consulate the next morning.

Dr Mack told me later that after her arrival in London she had gone immediately to the ministry, where by chance she met a high official who had been a friend of her father's. This official telegraphed at once that a British visa should be granted me without delay.

So I continued my journey to London. On the ship crossing the Channel I had the feeling that I had somehow or other come into a new world, and I even imagined I was surrounded by figures reminiscent of Dickens's novels. This was one of the first signs that I was beginning to observe and take notice of the world around me.

In London, as in Paris, I visited Dr Mack every day, and the rest of the time I wandered far and wide through the city or took walks in London's many beautiful parks. By the way, this was not my first visit to London, as I had spent several weeks there with my cousin Gregor before the First World War.

As regards my return to Austria, all I remember is the train journey from Paris to Vienna. On this trip the train was almost empty, and there was just one other passenger in my compartment, sitting opposite me. This was a gentleman from Lebanon, with whom I was soon engaged in conversation. He told me a good deal about his native country and indicated that he was close to government circles.

When I returned to my hermitage in Vienna, my room seemed to me even sadder and more comfortless than before my journey to Paris and London. I had already arranged with my mother, who had been living with my uncle in Prague, to come to Vienna and move into my apartment with me. Soon after my return our plans had progressed so far that I could fetch my mother from the Franz Josef railway station and bring her to my home. Under these circumstances it was no longer so difficult to return to my former apartment.

As Fräulein Gaby lived in the same apartment building and, as she no longer had so much work to do for the elderly actress, it was almost a matter of course that she undertook our housekeeping. It was soon evident that I could not have made a better

choice. In spite of these favourable conditions – I mean the presence of my mother and such an exemplary housekeeper as Fräulein Gaby was – it took a full year and a half before I could begin to paint again. At the beginning of September 1939 I painted a landscape in the surroundings of Vienna – the first since Therese's death. In the evening when I returned to the city and bought a newspaper, I learned that on this day the Western Powers had declared war against Hitler.

### *Epilogue*

In June 1939 I decided to visit Therese's brother Josef in Munich and to take a few remaining pieces of Therese's jewellery to his daughter in memory of her aunt. Josef was seven years older than Therese, and the relationship between the brother and sister had been a rather cool one, as they were of completely different characters. To such a conscientious person as Therese, her own brother seemed almost the incarnation of just those characteristics which she especially condemned: frivolity, lack of a sense of duty, and above all he had had many affairs with women in his youth. But really one should not be too hard on him for that, because Josef was a fine-looking man and in his youth must have been very handsome.

As I found everything that Therese had told me of her Spanish ancestry interesting and somehow mysterious, I involuntarily touched upon this theme at my meeting with her brother.

'Your grandmother was Spanish,' I remarked to Josef who, in the first moment, looked at me rather taken aback.

'Spanish? That's news to me . . .' Then a sly smile came over his face, and he added: 'But our grandmother is said to have had an affair with an officer of the Bavarian nobility.'

Now I sat up and took notice. Was it possible that everything Therese had told me of her Spanish descent had been really only the product of a too lively fantasy, in other words a 'phantom', which finally she herself believed? As long as I had had no doubt of Therese's Spanish ancestry, I had often told myself that she sought, with Spanish fanaticism, to put her German virtues such as responsibility, diligence, reliability into practice.

Now, evidently, side by side with this level-headed Therese there had been another Therese leading a mysterious and romantic life. Although this second world of Therese's was to be hidden from the people around her, she evidently felt the need somehow to project this romantic side of her nature upon the outer world. If her grandmother really had a love affair with a noble Bavarian officer, this was something adventurous which could be a point of contact. So in her fantasy she legalized this love affair and transformed the Bavarian officer into a Spaniard. It would be easy to explain why Therese chose a Spaniard, as she herself was actually closest to a Spanish type, which many people must have remarked on.

And now I also remembered the strange look Therese had given me when I had said that one could easily confirm her Aryan descent by requesting the records in her home town of Würzburg. Did she fear that this would destroy the romantic story she had told me? But in the Hitler period it would have been even better to have a German grandmother than a Spanish one, and anyhow Therese could have said the authorities in Würzburg had made a mistake in the information they gave out.

Strangely enough, later I had to write to Würzburg for records of some of Therese's personal data. This was not until 1947, nine years after Therese's death, and several years after Hitler Germany had ceased to exist. The occasion for my writing was my request to be granted Austrian citizenship. Although I presented Therese's death certificate to the authorities, nevertheless they required me to write to Würzburg for some of her records. I could not at all understand why this should be necessary; but I did write to Würzburg and received notice that the building in which the documents were kept had been destroyed by bombs during the Second World War.

Among Therese's farewell letters was one letter which had been written a whole year before her death, and which had almost the same contents as the later ones. She had evidently been occupied with thoughts of suicide for a whole year, but had not acted them out.

I have already mentioned the wave of suicides caused by Hitler's occupation of Austria. This certainly contributed to

Therese's decision to take her life, as it is well known that suicides are contagious. This was the case in the Goethe period – one need only think of his book *The Sorrows of Werther* – and it has also been true in recent times when the self-burnings in South Vietnam were imitated in Czechoslovakia and in other countries. However, the people who killed themselves in the Hitler period were in danger of their lives – which was not the case with Therese. Nevertheless she could apparently not withstand this contagion.

Therese's repeated protests, in her farewell letters, that she wished only my happiness and that I should follow her advice so that she could find peace 'beyond' are attempts to justify her suicide. They lead one to infer her guilt feelings, for she knew how much suffering her fatal act would cause me.

If there is a death instinct, in the Freudian sense, one might cite Therese's case in evidence of this. She told me, for instance, that as a little girl she often ran to the cemetery 'to look at' the dead. She often expressed the opinion that 'worthless people do not kill themselves'. She told me that my sister Anna, who also committed suicide, was the only one of my relatives of whom she had the feeling that they would have understood each other.

When Therese made her terrible decision, she was not only 'beyond the pleasure principle' but also, so to speak, 'above earthly things'. In the last days before her freely chosen death she spoke of my mother without hatred, pitied her situation, and wrote her as farewell a few friendly words of reconciliation.

#### *Translator's Postscript*

It is hardly surprising that the Wolf-Man's otherwise excellent memory should be occasionally at fault in regard to unimportant details in this period of tragedy and stress, when he wrote about it thirty years later. The few errors concern mainly, I believe, certain dates and facts immediately after his wife's suicide.

The Wolf-Man did not seek me out after Therese's death but met me by chance on the street near my apartment. Actually I lived in the same district as the Wolf-Man, only about five minutes' walk from his apartment. I believe we met in the first half

of April, or not much later. He came up to my apartment and told me of Therese's suicide, just as he describes it in his *Memoirs*. This was not, however, the first time he had been in this apartment of mine. I had moved there three and a half years earlier, and the Wolf-Man had visited me there at least once or twice a year in connection with renewing my insurance policies from the firm in which he was employed. His memory of meeting my daughter is also displaced in time. He had often seen her in previous years – possibly the last time when she was four or five years of age as he remembers. But I had sent her out of Austria on 12 March 1938, the morning following the Anschluss, and she did not return to Austria. This was just before her seventh birthday.

So the long, slow period of waiting for 'time to heal the wounds' was not the four months that it seemed to the Wolf-Man, before I contacted Ruth Mack Brunswick, but actually a few weeks. Then followed a long period in which the Wolf-Man was trying to get his travel papers in order. This entailed not only the several visits to the French and British Consulates that I remember, in attempts to get the visas; he also had to struggle with any amount of Austrian-German red tape in getting his Nansen passport in order, getting the tax receipts required to permit exit from Austria, and other stamps and permits from various offices. The Wolf-Man's memory places all this between the middle of July and 10 August, and stretches out the earlier period of hopelessness and lack of any concrete plan from Therese's death to mid-July. I can amend these dates with certainty, as I completed my medical course in Vienna about 15 or 20 June and left for Paris five days later.

I mention these details only in the interest of being precise. *Memoirs of the Wolf-Man, 1938*, is a correct and true account in all essential matters.

Part 2

PSYCHOANALYSIS  
AND THE  
WOLF-MAN