

Freud's Jewish Identity

Psychoanalysis was started by a Jew, Sigmund Freud. How do we make sense of that fact? Many writers have tackled this question, both Jewish and non-Jewish, with varied results. In this paper, I pose a slightly different question, namely how did *Freud* make sense of that fact? That is, as a Jew, how did Freud position his Jewish identity vis-à-vis his creation of psychoanalysis? And vice versa.

This is a complex question and I will work my way into it slowly. Some idea of the complexity of this question can initially be gleaned by considering another figure, also Jewish, Ludwik Fleck. Although my focus today is on Freud and his Jewish and religious (or irreligious) identity I begin with some comments about this other scientist-physician from Hapsburg-Austro-Hungary because this man's work on the sociology of scientific knowledge provides the warrant for my approach. Fleck, a Polish Jew and an immunologist, was born in Lvov, which was then part of the Austrian-Hungarian empire and which had the third largest Jewish population in Poland. After completing lyceum, the equivalent of gymnasium, he pursued bacteriology and immunology in medical school, but then, finding that his ethnic background blocked him from a formal position at the University of Lvov, he began a career as a laboratory researcher in Przemysl before founding his own laboratory. In 1936, writing in a field far from immunology, Fleck published the landmark volume, The Genesis and Development of a Scientific Fact, which Thomas Kuhn credits with inspiring his own work on scientific paradigms and the shifts in them that constitute scientific revolutions. Indeed, such is the pivotal role of Fleck's thought that one can trace a direct line from Karl Mannheim, the founder of the sociology of knowledge, whose Ideology and Utopia appeared only in 1929, through Fleck to Kuhn. What is astonishing is that it only took 7 years for Mannheim's basic insight to be applied not to another branch of political ideology but to scientific thought, and that this insight came from a man who was educated in the provinces, indeed in Galicia where Freud's father had hailed from. It was scarcely unknown for a Jew to make his mark in sociology—indeed, the foundational work, the Outline of Sociology, was published by the Cracovian Jew Ludwik Gumpłowicz, in 1885—but Fleck's achievement speaks to a depth of conception and an originality of mind.

Fleck maintained that scientific discovery is impacted by social, cultural, historical, personal and psychological facts. He offered the term “the sociology of scientific knowledge” as the umbrella concept for his approach. The sociology of scientific knowledge has become a substantial field in the philosophy of scientific knowledge and there is a large literature applying Fleck's ideas to mainstream sciences—evolutionary biology, anthropology, even mathematics and chemistry. Fleck introduced the terms *Denkkollektiv* (thought collective) and *Denkstil* (thought style), concepts which would later rematerialize in Kuhn's conception of normal science as a body of communally accepted knowledge worked over via established analytic and conceptual techniques. But Fleck's conception is larger and in my own work I have applied his approach to psychoanalysis under the rubric of the sociology of psychoanalytic knowledge. For example, one can explore the bifurcation between psychoanalysis and the established academic psychiatry and neurology in the early twentieth century in terms of thought collectives, as well explore the differences between Freud and say, Jung, in terms of thought styles.

How did Fleck conceive of his own Jewishness in terms of his achievement and vice versa? We don't exactly know. In life, Fleck was eventually faced with the Nazi menace. Too useful to

murder, owing to his medical skills, he was twice arrested and interned, first at Auschwitz and then at Buchenwald. The man who posited that scientific thought originated inside of worldviews was faced with a worldview that would have killed him but for his science. Surviving the war, Fleck returned to the field of virology where he continued to distinguish himself. He spent the last five years of his life in Israel, dying in 1961. Did he see his contribution to sociology as reflecting the thought collective of his upbringing in Lvov? Did he see his own thought style as reflecting Jewish traditions? If he did, we should note that this legacy of his Jewishness had become fully self-conscious. The theory itself retains and reflects the impact of his identity, yet it also exemplifies and lifts it to a new level of universality. We should expect no less complexity when we approach Freud.

Bildung

Freud was born in Freiburg in Moravia and the family moved to Vienna in his fourth year. His parents were born in Galicia: his father Jakob in Tzimenitz and his mother Amalia in Brody. In other words, the family came from the provinces. Though Freud never denied his Galicianer origins the attention he gave to his subject in his reflections on his family history are not insignificant: "I have reason to believe that my father's family were for a long time in the Rhineland (later Cologne), that in the fourteenth or fifteenth century they fled east from anti-Semitic persecution and that in the course of the nineteenth century they retraced their steps from Lithuania through Galicia to German Austria" (1925, pp. 7-8). This note, from his autobiographical study of 1925, has attracted scholarly attention. One point, the obvious point, is that this locates his origin closer to the heart of Germany—not in the provinces. As a genealogical romance, it locates Freud closer to the center of German culture. But there is another point: the city of Cologne was settled by Jews, in Roman times, *before* it was settled by German tribes. As such, Cologne was often used as a rhetorical counterpoint in the discourse of Freud's era to the claim that the Jews were always nomads, never truly indigenous. Already, we see, the nuances and the strands of Freud's Jewish identity are complex.

Freud's father Jakob had moved to Moravia after a decade spent traveling between Tzimenitz and Freiberg on his business as a wool merchant. Influenced by his grandfather, Siskind Hoffman, Jakob became a Maskil, an enlightened Jew, more in sympathy with the German Jewish Reform movement than with traditional rabbinical Judaism. In 1855, the year that he married Amalie Nathanson, his second or third wife, Jakob began to wear Western dress. By that time, he was already speaking and signing documents in German rather than Hebrew or Yiddish. Still, he continued to study the Talmud as well as the Bible. His son Sigmund would later acquire two copies of an edition of the Talmud in German, Hebrew, and Aramaic published in 1929. It is uncertain when Freud acquired the copies, but from the publication date we can see at a minimum that it came after he had begun the sustained late excursus into cultural analysis that commenced in 1926 with The Future of an Illusion, continued with Civilization and Its Discontents, written in 1929, and finished with Moses and Monotheism, composed in 1934. That Freud had two copies suggests that he wanted at least one of them to work with; one surmise would be that he was reflecting on Jewish traditions for his researches.

Jakob left Freiberg because once the new railway line bypassed the city he could no longer make a living there. By the time Sigmund was five, his parents were settled in Vienna and by language, education, and dress, Sigmund was raised to take part in Viennese society. According to the historian Oscar Handlin, Freud's parents' generation was made up mostly of trades people and artisans who shared the ambition of providing their children with a secular education. Handlin

points out that, as young Jews, Freud's contemporaries saw a university degree as the only way of earning respect. He maintains that for middle class, secular Jews in Austria and Germany, *Bildung* – with its defined cultural symbols, among which a university degree was necessary – was status and a way of making up for belonging to a minority that had been discriminated against for centuries. And it was in no small measure because Freud was Jewish that he found himself a student in a Viennese gymnasium where the majority of students were Jews. The historian Sara Winter notes, in agreement with Handlin, that schooling was the main vehicle of acculturation for Jews in mid-nineteenth-century Vienna. Winter writes, "By that time a gymnasium education had become a crucial element of upper-class and professional status in Germany and the German-speaking countries. And for those who did not come from economically and socially privileged backgrounds, the ideal of *Bildung* had the special benefit that it enabled them to claim their good taste as the basis for membership in a moral elite" (p. 41).

Yet here we already catch a glimpse of a cultural tension growing between the generations. For Jakob Freud, *Haskalah* meant adopting secular dress and the German language, and abandoning the old rituals and perhaps also the old beliefs. This was assimilation enough. For his son Sigmund, continuing in the tradition of *Haskalah* meant something more: It meant *Bildung*. The acquisition of *Bildung* was the goal of the gymnasium education. Accordingly, Freud studied Latin and Greek extensively. He also studied Shakespeare, Cervantes, and the great figures of the German enlightenment, including Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. One cannot read his adolescent letters to his friend Silberstein without hearing the tones of a nascent intellectuality and an incipient attitude of correctness that would have made Wilhelm von Humboldt, the practical father of the gymnasium curriculum and Moses Mendelsohn, the spiritual father of the Jewish *Haskalah*, equally proud. For Jews, the attainment of *Bildung* was the sine qua non of acceptance and assimilation, and thus of social, intellectual and professional advancement. George Mosse, the German intellectual historian, has argued that for Jews as well as for others, the search for *Bildung* was also a search for respectability, or *Sittlichkeit*. The cultural and political historian Carl Schorske came to a similar conclusion: Since Jews were stereotyped as less moral than the upright Germans and more governed by passions—and as cultural historian Sander Gilman would point out, by neurosis—it was absolutely necessary as they sought acceptance into mainstream German society that they demonstrate their capacity for self-discipline. This they could do by achievement of the *Bildung* ideal. As Schorske (1980) has put it, "the virtue of learning was not as important as the learning of virtue." The *gebildet Mensch* was educated in the classical ideals of order and harmony, and Freud's adult work shows clearly and repeatedly the effects of this education on his thinking, ranging from specific allusions to Greek philosophy and mythology to his devotion to the archaeological metaphor for psychoanalysis: the psychoanalyst uncovers layers of the mind as the archaeologist uncovers layers of a buried civilization. By way of this metaphor, psychoanalysis finds a place in the company of respected and intriguing scholarly and scientific endeavors: The past is understood through the study of remnants in the present, while the universal is grasped through study of the particular case history. Nor has the ideal of *Bildung* been lost on generations of analysts, as I have argued elsewhere, though on American shores the shoot was given a distinctive twist early on by another émigré from Galicia, A. A. Brill, who sought to realize his own ideal of *Bildung* through the profession of physician and then sought to make that profession mandatory, over Freud's wishes, for those psychoanalysts who came after him. Then, with the subsequent

emigration of a whole cohort of experienced European analysts, almost every one a Jew, in the 1930's, the two versions of *Bildung*, Brill's and Freud's, became grafted onto one another anew.

Freud's commitment to *Bildung*, and to finding a place in German letters, arguably reached its acme when the city of Frankfurt awarded him the Goethe Prize for Literature in 1930. In a Postscript added to his Autobiographical Study in 1935, when his long excursus into cultural analysis had finished, though the three essays of Moses and Monotheism remained unpublished, Freud remembered the occasion of the Goethe Prize together with Thomas Mann's published encomium a year earlier in 1929 in tones of a bittersweet nostalgia, writing of "the short-lived illusion that I was among the writers to whom a great nation like Germany was ready to listen". He added with subdued irony: "This was the climax of my life as a citizen." The passion for all things German, felt by so many Austrian and German Jews, is the focal point for another bitter anecdote about another celebrated but embattled writer, Erich Maria Remarque. When the émigré Remarque was baited by a Nazi to return to Germany with the words, "Aren't you homesick?" he replied, "No, I am not Jewish." Yes, indeed. In his identification with the world of German letters, Freud was not necessarily leaving his Jewish roots behind. He was a typical Jew of his period and his place. The historian Marsha Rozenblit comments:

Freud, like most Jews in Vienna, was completely at home in German-Austrian culture, utterly loyal to the Habsburg Monarchy and its emperor, Franz Joseph, and above all, totally convinced that his primary identity was as a Jew, a German-Austrian Jew. It is this interesting mix that makes Freud a representative Viennese Jew. He was Austrian through and through; he was Viennese; he was German by culture, but not by any sense of belonging to the German *Volk*, the German people, defined in terms of descent, in terms of biology, in terms of ethnicity, in terms of race; and he was a Jew, a part of the Jewish people, with whom he shared descent, history, culture, fate, and in his own words, also, "the clear consciousness of an inner identity, the familiarity of the same psychological structures."

All this, let us note, began at home for the young Freud. His father did determined double duty as Sigmund's first and seemingly only early teacher, preparing Sigmund to enter Gymnasium by schooling first him on the Phillipson Bible, which with its matching German and Hebrew texts and its wonderful illustrations and plates and commentary, provided a thoroughly Enlightenment approach. The father, let it be said, prepared his son well: Young Sigmund came out top of his class for seven years straight. In his Autobiographical Study of 1925, written on the eve of his long excursus into cultural criticism, Freud reminisced about his early studies; then, for a new edition in 1935, after his long excursus was finished, Freud added the thought: "My deep engrossment in the Bible story (almost as soon as I had learnt the art of reading) had, as recognized much later, an enduring effect upon the direction of my interest" (p. 8). The father's lessons had come back to mind. In Gymnasium, Samuel Hammerschlag picked up where Jakob left off. Freud's 1904 obituary of Hammerschlag is a virtual paean to Jewish *Bildung*:

A spark from the same fire which animated the spirit of the great Jewish seers and prophets burned in him and was not extinguished until old age weakened his powers. But the passionate side of his nature was happily tempered by the ideal of humanism of our German classical period which governed him, and his method of education was based on the classical studies to which he had devoted his own youth. Religious instruction served him as a way of educating towards love of the humanities, and from the material of Jewish history he was able to find means of tapping the sources of enthusiasm hidden in

the hearts of young people and of making it flow out far beyond the limitations of nationalism or dogma (S.E. 9: p. 225).

But even as Jews welcomed the ideal of *Bildung* as intellectual home ground, the necessary divergence from traditional Jewish society brought its own strains. In The Ordeal of Civility, John Murray Cuddihy (1974) critically examines what emancipation meant for Jewish intellectuals. He situates Freud's creation of psychoanalysis against this backdrop, and, like Handlin and Winter, he makes clear that the concept of *Bildung* had an expanded meaning for many of the early Jewish analysts; it was their chance to achieve conformity with the cultural mores that would allow them to be integrated into a society and achieve a status that they had historically been excluded from. Yet each adoption of larger European cultural values was also a step away from the Jewish culture of their families. Cuddihy suggests that upwardly mobile urban Jews of the nineteenth century felt embarrassment toward their provincial parents, and "guilt for being thus ashamed" (p. 58).

Certainly, this kind of ambivalence is one strand in the coat of Freud's identity. Though Freud emphasized his humanistic education, he persistently minimized his knowledge of Jewish subjects, including Hebrew and Yiddish. It is customary here to cite as typical his disclaimer to A. A. Roback in a letter of 1930: "My education was so unJewish that today I cannot even read your dedication, which is evidently written in Hebrew. In later life I have often regretted this lack in my education" (E. Freud, Ed., 1960, p. 395). The disclaimer can be dated back as far as the Interpretation of Dreams. In his analysis of "My Son the Myops" dream in The Interpretation of Dreams, Freud struggles out loud with the Hebrew word *geseres*: "According to information I have received from philologists, 'Geseres' is a genuine Hebrew word derived from a verb 'goiser', and is best translated by 'imposed sufferings' or 'doom.' The use of the term in slang would incline one to suppose that it meant 'weeping and wailing'" (1900, p. 442). As though he did not quite know what *geseres* meant on his own. In the original, this passage is even more dismissive for the word "slang" here not only refers to Yiddish, but is Strachey's translation for the far more resonant German word "*Jargon*." The Jewish cultural historian Yosef Yuerulshami comments: "...*Jargon* to cultivated German-speaking Jews was also the common deprecatory synonym for Yiddish." Thus, for example, Theodor Herzl, who figures in Freud's associations to the dream, had thought that Yiddish and other "stunted jargons" could be left behind in the new Jewish state when it came to be (cited in Dennis Klein, 1981, p. 22). As for Yiddish itself, Freud professed not to know it at all.

Yet, as has been argued most succinctly by Yerushalmi, Freud's disclaimers are suspect. Hebrew lay on every facing page of the Phillipson Bible, and the father could read it. A boy so brilliant as Freud would not have picked up some words? And as Yerushalmi points out, we have "firm testimony" that "Jakob Freud would impressively recite the entire text of the Passover Haggadah by heart at the annual Seder"? Moreover, whatever the attention paid or not paid to it at home, Hebrew *was* part of the Gymnasium curriculum. Von Humboldt had put it there at the beginning of the 19th century and if only minimal attention could be paid to it compared to Latin and Greek by the time Freud went to school, that is not the same as *no* attention. In truth, in Gynasium Freud studied Hebrew, along with the Bible and Jewish history, with his beloved Hammerschlag. As for Yiddish, Yerushalmi offhandedly counts 13 words in Freud's published correspondence, including common enough words like *Schammes*, *Schnorrer*, and *Meschugge*, but also words like *Knetcher* (wrinkles), *Stuss* (nonsense), and *Dalles* (poverty). Even more to the point, there is good warrant to believe that Yiddish was Freud's mother's Amalia's only

spoken language. What language, then, did father and mother converse in? As for the son, Freud must have spoken it with her as a child--and even as an adult when he visited her every Sunday until her death in 1930.

Freud may not have been as completely assimilated as he would have liked to appear. He, like many Viennese Jews at the time, was clearly ambivalent about his Jewish roots and his connections through his father to the Jews of the Galician shtetl. Freud's attitude toward the languages of the Jews reflects this. As a Maskil, a follower of the Haskalah, Jakob had taken up German, and left Yiddish behind, decisive first steps toward assimilation, yet his attitude toward language was likely flexible. Yerushalmi comments: "The Galician Maskilim were opposed to using Yiddish except as an instrument for popularizing their ideas, but they remained loyal throughout to the Hebrew language and to historical and national values" (p. 62). Yet, as Gilman points out, it is very likely that Freud's father, born in Galicia, would have had an accent which set him apart from the more assimilated Viennese Jews. How much further down the path of assimilation should Freud go? There was the example of Heine, that most preeminent Jewish man of letters, to consider. Freud later commented about Heine, his conversion, and the change of his name from the Jewish Harry to the Christian Heinrich. Freud himself, presumably with his father's blessing, also changed his name, dropping the name of his grandfather, Schlomo, and changing "Sigismund" to "Sigmund" during his last years at Gynasium (1869 or 1870) as he prepared to enter University. Freud did not convert, however, though he apparently considered it once in a fit of pique a decade and a half later as he made preparations for his marriage. But he did follow Heine at least as far as separating himself from the world of Jewry rejected by the anti-Semite. For "Sigismund," the discarded name, had then recently gained unfortunate currency as a favorite name in anti-Semitic jokes. In this specific connection, it may also be noted, as many have, that Freud began to collect Jewish jokes after his father's death—and that they served as fodder for his theoretical breakthrough to the realms of unconscious sexuality. In *Der Witz*, the jokes are labeled by him as Jewish, and though they are written in good German, they contain direct or indirect discourse that uses *Mauschln* to characterize the speaker as a Jew and this language is connected to sexuality. Gilman comments on the implication of this move for Freud's self-appraisal: "The exercise of collecting and retelling Jewish jokes, of removing them from the daily world in which Freud must live to the higher plane of the new scientific discourse, that of psychoanalysis, enables Freud to purge himself of the insecurity felt in his role of a Jew in fin de siècle Vienna. He exorcizes his anxiety by placing it in the closed world of the book and placing himself in the privileged position of an author employing the new language of psychoanalysis for an audience newly taught this discourse. It is no wonder that when Freud comes to remember his discovery of the sexual etiology of neurosis, the wellspring of this new language of psychoanalysis, his memory casts the source of this discovery in the structure of Jewish jokes." I think this supports Cuddihy's thesis that what Freud was saying to the Viennese world, by presenting to them their unconscious, was that they were just as "Schmutzic" as the Jews.

Yiddish needed to be put in the distance, because the Jews that spoke Yiddish and dressed in shtetl garb, according to Gilman, posed a threat to the integration of the German-speaking Jews in the West because these Jews accentuated difference, made it visible and audible. There can be no question that Freud was aware of the contention by one of his University professors, the eminent surgeon Theodore Billroth, who in 1875 famously advocated in print that a quota should be placed on Jews in the medical school for too many of them were not fitted to study medicine because they really could not accept the discourse of civilized society. Lacking the proper

educational background, lacking financial backing, lacking the innate feel for German culture, these Jews, according to Billroth, were “absolutely unfit to become physicians” (Klein, 1981, p. 51). Billroth’s statements touched off a weeklong wave of protests and clashes that spread throughout the medical school and into the pages of the daily paper. Freud was then in his fourth year of medical school. He could count his education as absolving him totally from one of Billroth’s slurs, but as it happened his father’s financial fortunes would begin to go into decline in the years ahead. One rightly wonders whether Ernst Brucke’s career-deciding advice a few years later to his energetic young assistant at the Physiology Laboratory that he must look to his financial future contained an echo of Billroth’s bill of particulars in Freud’s ears. Freud never suggested so, but he long remembered Brucke’s Prussian blue eyes.

For Freud, then, Yiddish was the language of Jewish oppression and German was the language of Jewish emancipation. Yet, a large group of Jews were still identified by their language. In 1800 the western Jew still heard Yiddish spoken chiefly within the ghetto; from 1880 onward there were an increasing number of Yiddish-speaking eastern Jews who had settled in Germany and Austria—and in Vienna proper—having fled from the Russian pogroms. Gilman’s contention is that in response Freud created a language that was neither the language of polite society nor the language of the Jew. This the language of the unconscious, a language that is present in all human beings, and a language that is unmarred by the sexual or anti-Semitic politics of his day.

Three incidents, spread out over thirty years, mark the milestones of Freud’s journey toward assimilation as compared to his father’s—and all of them involve language in one way or another and all of them involve a latent sense of shame.

The first is perhaps too familiar. In the Interpretation of Dreams, Freud reported what many Freud scholars understand to be a defining experience. When he was still in Gymnasium—we can place the time a year or two prior to the change in his name to “Sigmund”—his father told him about an incident from his own past:

I may have been ten or twelve years old, when my father began to take with him on his walks and reveal to me in his talk his views upon things in the world we live in. Thus it was, on one such occasion, that he told me a story to show me how much better things were now than they had been in his days. “When I was a young man”, he said, “I went for a walk one Saturday in the streets of your birth place; I was well dressed, and had a new fur cap on my head. A Christian came up to me and with a single blow knocked off my cap into the mud and shouted: ‘Jew! get off the pavement!’” “And what did you do?” I asked. “I went into the roadway and picked up my cap,” was his quiet reply. This struck me as unheroic conduct on the part of the big, strong man who was holding the little boy by the hand. I contrasted this situation with another which fitted my feelings better: the scene in which Hannibal’s father, Hamilcar Barca, made his boy swear before the household altar to take vengeance on the Romans. Ever since that time Hannibal had had a place in my phantasies. (1900, p. 197)

Much has been made of the incident in the secondary literature; here let us restrain ourselves and keep only to the details that speak to assimilation. First off, Freud is “10 or 12” years of age; this puts the conversation in the very midst of the tumultuous period culminating in the reforms of 1867 under the Burgerministerium. These reforms changed the day-to-day life of Jews throughout the empire and won for the new government the undying loyalty of Jews everywhere within it. Freud recalled the exact same period elsewhere in the Interpretation of Dreams where

he describes taking Sunday trips to Vienna's famous park, the Prater, with his mother and father; on the occasion of one of them a panhandling poet had won favor by announcing that the boy would grow up to be a cabinet minister: "These were the days of the 'Burger' Ministry. Shortly before, my father had brought home portraits of these middle-class professional men—Herbst, Giskra, Unger, Berger and the rest—and we had illuminated the house in their honour. There had even been some Jews among them. So henceforth every industrious Jewish schoolboy carried a Cabinet Minister's portfolio in his satchel." (p. 193) Note that the names were still lively in Freud's memory more than three decades later—like Kennedy, Nixon, Rockefeller, Humphrey, Johnson. The boy had obviously been involved in the events of the day, as had been the father. Indeed, in his later account Freud feels obliged to report on the fate of his own quite serious political ambitions, which only receded upon entering medical school in his telling, and which may have only been finally put to rest on the eve of publishing the Interpretation of Dreams in Karl Schorske's elegant retelling.

At first glance, then, son and father are allied in their interests—and what they are interested in, politics, is taking a tumultuous turn for the better. But what is the father exactly trying to say in the incident above? The whole point of the father's account is to say how things *used* to be. How *bad* they used to be. And now note the detail. The father is wearing a new *fur cap* along with his Saturday best. He is wearing a *Shtreimal*, the classic Hasidic fur hat, copied from the dress of 16th century Polish noblemen and worn on the Sabbath and Holidays. Note, too, the time and placement of the incident: a walk on the Sabbath "in the city of your birth." That would be Freiberg. But when? The wording veers away from any suggestion that Freud had been born yet; the father does not say "when you were a baby" or "when you were still a small child." Can we place the event comfortably before Freud's birth? Not with any assurance, but we can note that, as far as the historical record provides any documentary evidence, the incident could have occurred as early as 1844, the first time Jakob is known to have stayed in Freiberg. We know Jakob was there then, and again subsequently, because *as a Jew* he had to file for a permit allowing him to stay in the city. If the incident does date back to 1844, or to the years immediately following, then we are in a quite different period. The new rights briefly secured with the revolutions of 1848, only to be repealed by imperial patent in 1851, had yet to come. Oppressive restrictions on Jews were still in place—including perhaps, if it were locally enforced, the old restriction that forbade Jews to use the sidewalk! Jakob's reaction in the incident also speaks to the times because in those days, indeed even down to the time of the walk with his son, it was a matter of law that a Jew could not "give satisfaction," i.e. a Jew was not allowed to respond to a public insult in the traditional manner of offering a duel. The poignancy of the incident can be further underlined in terms of physical movement: Once Jews were not allowed beyond the walls of the Shtetel; here Jakob is out in the open air in a city he has traveled to, a city where, once the papers asking to stay there are registered with the authorities, he is comparatively free to move around him. Yet this happens to him.

The father has taken a large step out of the ghetto, and out of the times of his youth, but for the son he has not gone far enough. He should have fought. He should fill his son with the desire to fight. He should be Hamilcar Barca to the son's Hannibal. The son is ready for swearing this oath. His hero since early childhood has been Massena, Napoleon's Marshall who more than once defeated the Austrians, Massena who Freud believes to have been a Jew, Massena whose army temporarily liberated the Jews wherever it went—including Galicia. In The Interpretation of Dreams Freud can even give Massena's name its "Jewish form," Manasseh.

In short, for Freud the schoolboy, the father's story is more than a disappointment. It is a shameful disappointment and it fills him with feelings of vengeance. But let us note where the boy finds refuge from his shame. He does not call to mind the defenders of the Temple; he does not access his stories of Massada. Rather he goes to the Napoleonic hero, a man whom Freud has read about in the work of a French historian, Adolphe Thiers. And he goes to Hannibal, who hails from the Classical past, whom Freud would have read about in Latin. The son's associative world reflects his education and his exposure to languages classical and modern; it is already quite different from his father's. As for fighting, when he was twenty seven and in something like the same situation, Freud was ready to fight, as we shall see, but by then things were quite different again.

A second incident more than twenty years later again takes us to language—and once more to shame. It rather represents Jakob's tacit comment about how far Freud had gone in his journey toward assimilation. In 1891, Jakob retrieved the Phillipson Bible he had tutored the young boy on, had it rebound in new leather, and gave it to his son on the occasion of the latter's thirty-fifth birthday. By this time, Sigmund had been in practice for five years—he had opened his office on Easter Sunday, making a point of his own—and had been married for four and a half. Presumably he had left the Bible behind when he left home. He had married into the Jewish intellectual and religious aristocracy of the Bernays family, but had lobbied insistently with his fiancée against her religious observances. Indeed, he did not want to stand beneath the Chuppa at the wedding, enough so that he created a small tempest by insisting on a civil marriage in Germany. But the union was not legally recognized in Catholic Vienna, so a second marriage had to be performed. Freud even considered conversion just to escape the ceremony. He capitulated finally under the friendly advice of his mentor and patron, Josef Breuer, who counseled simply that it would all be "too complicated." Peter Gay (1988, p. 54) describes the denouement thus: "And so on September 14, Freud, the sworn enemy of all ritual and all religion, was compelled to recite the Hebrew responses he had quickly memorized to stamp his marriage valid." Freud promptly "got his revenge or, at least, his way," Gay adds, by not allowing Martha to light the candles on the first Friday evening after the marriage, "one of the more upsetting experiences of her life." Now, some four and a half years after that night, the father makes a present to the son—the Phillipson Bible.

But besides having the Bible rebound in new leather, Jakob had added an inscription—written in Hebrew. In Yerulshami's translation, the dedication reads:

Son who is dear to me, Shelomoh. In the seventh in the days of the years of your life the Spirit of the Lord began to move you and spoke within you: Go, read in my book that I have written and there will burst open for you the wellsprings of understanding, knowledge, and wisdom. Behold, it is the Book of Books, from which sages have excavated and lawmakers learned knowledge and judgment. A vision of the Almighty did you see; you heard and strove to do, and you soared on the wings of the Spirit.

Since then the book has been stored like the fragments of the tablets in an ark with me. For the day on which your years were filled to five and thirty I have put upon it a cover of new skin and have called it: "Spring up, O well, sing ye unto it!" And I have presented it to you as a memorial and as a reminder of love from your father, who loves you with everlasting love.

Was Freud expected to be able to read it this Hebrew dedication? Let us observe with Yerulshami that ordinarily a dedication is written in a language that is accessible to the

recipient—even if a little help is needed along the way. Note, too, that Sigmund is addressed not by that name but as “Shelomoh,” his given name and the name of his grandfather. The name Shelomoh then repeats again at the end of the dedication as Jacob signs it “Jakob Son of R. Shelomoh,” thus linking the generations. The date is then given twice, the first time in terms of the Hebrew calendar.

Beyond being written in Hebrew, the inscription is written in *melitzah*. *Melitzah* is a widely used device among Jewish writers, both enlightened *maskilim* and their predecessors. In essence, *melitzah* is a kind of mosaic comprised of quotations and fragments of quotations rearranged to convey the sense of the speaker on the occasion; it not only requires erudition, or at least great familiarity, with the Bible and sometimes also with the Talmud, on the part of the writer, but it assumes that the resonances will not be entirely lost on the reader. Consider this carefully: If Freud could not read Hebrew, as he later maintained, and if he could thus not make heads or tails of the passage, let alone at least some of the resonances, then the dedication potentially constitutes one hell of a rebuke. But that possibility would seem to be undercut by the manifest love and admiration of the father in the text. Still a reproach there, a loving one, and it has to do with not keeping to the traditions: “Since then the book has been stored like the fragments of the tablets in an ark with me.” As Yerulshami has pointed out in a delicate exegesis, the line points to Talmudic sources and to the Talmudic tradition holding that after Moses broke the tablets of the Ten Commandments, the fragments were collected and stored, along with the new tablets, in the Ark of the Covenant. Thus the “Bible story” of Freud’s youth has lain there, with Jakob, like “the fragments of the tablets,” fractured and discarded though rescued and preserved by the father. If Sigmund is reaching for the pinnacles of assimilation, he is in danger of leaving his originating traditions too far below and behind. Or so the father seems to be implying. This is the kind of voice one hears calling from beyond the grave. In the event, Jakob had five more years to live and when he passed his son would remember him fondly. Even so there was conflict in the family over the funeral arrangements, with Freud pressing for a simpler ceremony. Let us leave it that ritual occasions seem to have been the occasion of difficulties for Freud...

Yerulshami hears an important late echo of the birthday inscription—“the fragments of the tablet in an ark”—in Freud’s account of visiting Michelangelo’s statue of Moses in St. Pietro, which he first did in 1901, ten years after the birthday gift: “How often have I mounted the steep steps from the unlovely Corso Cavour to the lonely piazza where the deserted church stands, and have essayed to support the angry scorn of the hero’s glance! Sometimes I have crept cautiously out of the half-gloom of the interior as though I myself belonged to the mob upon whom his eye is turned—the mob which can hold fast no conviction, which has neither faith nor patience, and which rejoices when it has regained its illusory idols [1914, p. 213].” Do we not hear the reproach of the father’s *Melitzah* in this?

A third and final incident comes in 1904, eight years after the father’s death. Freud and his brother Alexander were on vacation when they abruptly altered their plans in order to make a visit to Athens, this with a sense that the excursion was unlikely to come off. In Athens the next afternoon, looking out from the Acropolis, Freud experienced something like a sense of derealization, a feeling of disbelief—“So all this really does exist, just as we learnt at school!”—a not quite believing it was happening. He mentioned the incident in passing in *The Future of An Illusion*, written in 1926, but by his own account he kept puzzling about it into the 1930’s. In 1936, two years after completing the drafts of *Moses and Monotheism*, he published his analysis in “A Disturbance of Memory on the Acropolis,” which appeared in an *Almanach* with an

honorific dedication as a subtitle—"An open letter to Romain Rolland on the Occasion of his Seventieth Birthday." The literary venue again speaks to Freud's assimilation to the wider world of European literature, and the analysis does the same, recalling a sense of striving going back to his schoolboy years: "It is not true that in my schooldays I ever doubted the real existence of Athens. I only doubted whether I should ever see Athens. It seemed to me beyond the realms of possibility that I should travel so far—that I should 'go such a long way'. This was linked up with the limitations and poverty of our conditions of life in my youth.... I might that day on the Acropolis have said to my brother: "Do you still remember how, when we were young, we used day after day to walk along the same streets on our way to school, and how every Sunday we used to go to the Prater or on some other excursion we knew so well. And now, here we are in Athens, and standing on the Acropolis! We really have gone a long way!" (1936, pp. 246-247).

Note the phrase "the poverty of our youth." For the record, Jakob Freud had not done that badly as a provider. True, he had to rent as a subtenant from one of Amalia's relatives when he first relocated to Vienna, and in the years between Freud's fifth and nineteenth birthdays, the family moved no less than five times. But in time, Jakob was sufficiently successful as a "wool merchant," which is how he listed himself in the registries, that he could maintain a household of altogether eight people for many years, all this without ever paying taxes. From 1875 to 1885, moreover, the family lived in quite a nice apartment of the Kaiser Josefstrasse, with a separate bedroom for the firstborn son along with an unlimited credit at Braumuller's, Vienna's largest bookstore, private lessons of various kinds for the daughters, and a yearly vacation trip of three weeks to the spa at Rozenau for Amalia. Jones quotes Freud's sister as saying "We had many rooms and were fairly prosperous" and Drucker reports that Freud's brother Alexander always resented Sigmund's denigration of the family's financial situation, maintaining to the contrary that the father was in fact a good provider. We must bear in mind, too, that the father's later, quite poignant financial difficulties, such as they appear in the historical record, come when he was in his seventies—there were no pensions for "wool merchants"—and that the poignancy of these struggles in Freud's extant correspondence has as its counterpoint the fact that Freud was deeply ashamed that he himself was not helping out more. There is shame there, but at the time, i.e. in the 1890's, it was the son's as well as the father's. By the time of the voyage to Athens in 1904, the shame had evolved into guilt. Freud's analysis is explicit on the latter if not the former:

It must have been a sense of guilt was attached to the satisfaction in having gone such a long way: there was something about it that was wrong, that from earliest times had been forbidden. It was something to do with a child's criticism of his father, with the undervaluation which took the place of the overvaluation of earlier childhood. It seems as though the essence of success was to have got further than one's father, and as though to excel one's father was still something forbidden.

As an addition to this generally valid motive there was a special factor present in our particular case. The very theme of Athens and the Acropolis in itself contained evidence of the son's superiority. Our father had been in business, he had had no secondary education, and Athens could not have meant much to him. Thus what interfered with our enjoyment of the journey was a feeling of filial piety. [257-248]

Once more language is at stake: Freud could read Greek; he could read Sophocles Oedipus Rex in the original and all the works of antiquity. Indeed, on his matura, he received an excellent on Greek because he had glossed the exam passage, taken from Oedipus Rex, on his own prior to

the test. The world of Athens, the epicenter of Classical Greek culture, had a resonance for him that it could never have had for his father, whose languages were Yiddish, Hebrew, and German. Marthe Robert has pointed to this incident as betraying not merely a feeling of piety, but an already hidden away sense of shame, a long simmered consciousness of the difference that had existed between the son and the father, now dead eight years. The son had devoured books and become the product of that endeavor. The father had read *The Book*—and also the Talmud. Robert writes of the father: “It seems reasonable to suppose that this Jew so well able to combine religious indifference with fervent piety toward the Holy Scriptures had taken only the timidest of steps toward Western culture.” Jakob might have stopped wearing the *Shtreimal* that had been knocked off his head in Freiberg, but he was still pursuing the same trade, still only one step removed from that provincial town, still only two steps, albeit two long steps, from the Galician shtetl of his youth. He likely spoke at least part of the time in *Mauscheln*, the German dialect spoken with a Yiddish inflection that his son would later use in the book on jokes, and this together with his accent, as Gilman points out, would surely have given his origins away in a city so tuned to origins and social nuance as cosmopolitan Vienna. Freud’s position was to some extent similar to the position of first generation American Jews, especially those who grew up with parents speaking Yiddish to grandparents as I did and as many psychoanalysts of my generation did. My father changed his name (his fourth name change) when he started a new business, but I am sure he also thought it would be better for me to have a less Jewish sounding name when I was applying to medical school.

Freud’s predicament was reinforced by the milieu. The Leopoldstadt, the district where Jakob had created the new homestead and where Sigmund grew up, living there till 1883, was one of three districts in Vienna in which Jews typically settled. The historian Marsha Rozenblit (p. 14) has described the resulting concentration:

Jews were 9% of the total population of the city, but they formed about 19% of the population of the first district (the inner city), 36% of the population of the second district (the Leopoldstadt), known affectionately as “Die Mazzesinsel,” the island of Mazzah), and 18% of the ninth district (the Alsergrund), where Freud lived his adult life on Berggasse 19, around the corner from Theodor Herzl). Within these districts, which were adjacent to each other, Jews also concentrated in certain areas, so that some parts of the city were—or at least seemed—almost wholly Jewish. While there were some distinctions based on wealth within this Jewish concentration, in general rich and poor Jews lived together in the same neighborhoods, with the richer Jews in nicer apartment houses on the main thoroughfares, and poorer Jews in shabbier buildings on the smaller side streets.

Freud would have lived in both kinds of buildings, nice and shabby, during the course of his growing up. And let us bear in mind that the Jews of Vienna, despite the success of some, were still in the main poor; some two thirds could not afford to pay the synagogue tax in the year 1900 according to Rozenblit; these Jews would have been closer than not to where the Freud family resided regardless of Jakob’s fortunes year to year. Shame about the father may have been difficult to separate from shame about the milieu. We have a single telling anecdote pertaining to the latter. When Freud was twenty-seven, the suicide of his friend Nathan Weiss who had thrown himself at his fiancée and forced a marriage, led to an ugly scene at the funeral as the presiding lecturer blamed the girl and her family for the death. “And all this he spoke with the powerful voice of the fanatic, with the ardor of the savage, merciless Jew,” Freud wrote to Martha, “We were all petrified with horror and shame in the presence of the Christians who were

among us.” The embarrassment only compounded Freud’s sense of chagrin. For in fact Freud had been put off by his friend’s behavior *before* the suicide, and had consulted his signally distinguished new friend from the Physiology Laboratory, the eminent Jewish internist and research Josef Breuer, about Weiss’s aggressively self-important behavior: “Breuer said rightly that he reminded him of the story of the old Jew who asks his son; ‘My son, what do you want to be?’ And the son answers: ‘Vitriol, the stuff that eats its way through everything.’” Breuer was a distinguished man, a distinguished Jewish man, very much someone to emulate for the fourteen years younger Freud. Together, they had been talking about a Jew who did not measure up. The Weiss story, with its Breuer connection, illustrates another truth about the Jewish milieu of Vienna: Concentration in certain parts of the city was matched by concentration in certain professions. As Rozenblit writes, over the course of the period 1870 to 1914, the percentage of merchants, like Jakob Freud, and peddlers declined dramatically among the Jews, while the number of Jews working in business, or as professionals like Sigmund Freud, steadily climbed: “Such economic transformation meant not only that Jews spoke German and dressed like the European bourgeoisie, but also that many of them probably no longer fully observed the Sabbath, since Saturday was a normal workday in late nineteenth century Europe.” The percentage of Jews in educational institutions at all levels also grew dramatically. By 1900, in a city in which Jews formed only 9% of the population, they made up 30% of all Gymnasium students. Indeed, during Freud’s years at the Sperl Gymnasium, opened in 1864 to handle the influx into the Leopoldstadt, the rise in the percentage of Jews had been especially sharp, jumping from 68 students to 227 students during Freud’s first four years and then to 300 by 1873, the year of his graduation; in terms of percentages, the rise was from 44% to 63% to 73% of the student body (Klein, 1981, p.48). Similarly, in 1900, 25% of all University students were Jews. In the medical school, the percentage of Jews, always extremely high, had also actually grown a bit—*pace* Billroth—from 38.6 % in 1880 to 40% in 1900—though one may rightfully wonder if a quota, which is what Billroth wanted, hadn’t been put in place. In his education, at any rate, Freud had been following a distinctively Jewish path and the fact is that he had Jewish companions at every stage: virtually all of his known friends in Gymnasium and University were Jews. And in his ultimate choice of professions, Freud was again typical, for neurology, like skin diseases and certain other medical specialities, was replete with Jewish practitioners, while more distinguished specialties like surgery remained largely with the gentiles. Rozenblit has summarized the overall situation commercially:

That Jews formed a separate group in Vienna was literally visible, but not because Jews dressed differently or looked different than other Viennese (which they did not) or because they practiced (or did not practice) a different religion (which they did). Jews were noticeable because they occupied a different niche in the economy than everyone else. Jews may have abandoned traditional Jewish occupations, but they did not “assimilate” economically. They did not become industrial workers, who formed half of the working population in Vienna. Because of *de facto* discrimination, they also did not work for the imperial, state, or city governments, which employed another large percentage of Viennese. Jews remained concentrated in commerce, they had become professionals, and they worked as employees in the business world, which became a kind of new “Jewish” occupation.

In short, Freud’s situation was entirely typical, as had been his father’s in his own way. Marthe Robert reminds us that psychoanalysis owes its existence to Freud’s self-analysis—an analysis in which the major protagonist was the father, a “vague father” in Robert’s phrase, who left the son

suspended between two cultures. Yet, in the general context sketched out by Winter, there were necessarily many “vague” fathers in Jacob’s generation, and many suspended sons in Freud’s. Solomon Ehrmann, whom Freud befriended in medical school in the Fall of 1874, later remembered the general atmosphere among the sons: “We abandoned the altars upon which our fathers served and offered ourselves—in common with our fellow man of a different confession—to what was allegedly new, because we were told that now a new ideal, the ideal of humanity, the fraternization of mankind, was to be worshiped” (cited in Klein, 1981, 48). And with this move toward a new ideal, a “vague” ideal if ever there was one, there came a kind of disconnection vis-à-vis the generation before in which the father’s blessing was both there and not there. Kafka spoke to the problem for the Jewish writers of his generation in a telling letter to Max Brod, cited by Robert: “What most of those who begin to write in German wanted was to break with Judaism, generally with the vague approval of their fathers (this vagueness is the revolting part of it). That is what they wanted but their hind legs were bogged down in their Father’s Judaism so their front legs could find no new ground. The resulting despair was their inspiration.” This is Kafka, to be sure, and reflects his distinctive intelligence. But is it so far from the Freud of the Interpretation of Dreams, who dreams of his “uncle with the yellow beard” precisely in connection with a nomination for an assistant professorship? This is the uncle, Josef, whose conviction for counterfeiting had years ago turned Jakob’s hair grey in a few days; yet, it is possible that he was also among those who had in more recent years contributed to the family funds when Jakob’s financial situation deteriorated at the end. In his analysis of the dream, Freud links his uncle Josef to two young colleagues, both Jewish, both waiting on their own nominations to the faculty, and both resigned to keep waiting until the political climate might change. But the other connection, not explored further by Freud in the analysis, is most decidedly to Jakob and his world, the world of business licit and illicit. And here let us note that this world is also decidedly “vague,” at least to Sigmund. To wit, there is absolutely nothing, anywhere, in the entire Freud corpus or in all the correspondence that suggests that Sigmund knows anything about the wool trade. Let alone counterfeiting. But the question in 1897, the question Kafka was posing, was how would Freud finally pull both his legs out the world he came from? The nomination by itself will not do the trick; Freud knows full well that it will in all likelihood be blocked, and he knows why, even if one cannot get a straight answer on these things. Eventually, half a decade later, a bribe of the Minister of Education by a wealthy patient, conducted in the seemingly above-board way of these things among the well-connected, would be needed to turn the professorship into a reality. But in the meantime, shades of Joseph the dream-interpreter, whom Freud positively announces as an alter ego in a footnote (p. 484n), Freud has another hope and plan—namely that this very skill of interpretation will lead to his being elevated above and beyond the fellow members of his tribe. The analysis of his dreams, his own and others’, like the analysis of jokes, Jewish and otherwise, created a new authorial and professional self. Or so Freud could hope. Here, too, the “resulting despair” was “inspiration.” Rejoining Freud looking out from the Acropolis in the early Fall of 1904 and feeling that it is not quite real, we hear echoes of social shame lurking beneath the summary diagnosis of “filial piety.” As to where Freud’s own sense of identity stood at the time, we have a less pious and more telling version of the same theme from the account of a Dr. M. Grinwold. Grinwold was a religious Jew who hailed from Buzhocz, the birthplace of Freud’s paternal grandfather, Schelomo. In 1941 Grinwold contributed an article to Ha’aretz, the oldest Jewish periodical in Palestine, describing an encounter with Freud in Vienna in the early years of the twentieth century. Grinwold had just given a lecture on a controversial popular drama, Yohanan the

Prophet, that many thought disparaging of Orthodox Jews. After the talk, while Grinwold and his audience were having a friendly luncheon, Freud made several jokes related to religion, and pointed out how many Jews resembled Yohanan, the protagonist of the play, with his shaggy coat, unkempt hair, and mysterious face. Then Freud commented that he himself preferred to be the Jewish man in an elegant tuxedo rather than the one dressed like a prophet. Grinwold recalled thinking to himself, "How far this man has drifted from Jewish life."

In truth, Freud had not "drifted." He had actively, deliberately, definitively sought the "tuxedo," in his own fashion, as far the better alternative to Jakob's *shtreimal*. The person who had "drifted" was Jakob. True, Jakob still read the Talmud, but that is not the same thing as studying it. For the Talmud is meant to be pursued as a social activity; one is supposed to read it in the company of at least one other and to discuss it back and forth. As for the home, the Holidays were still observed, but not in any way that deeply affected the son. At the age of 18, already feeling his literary oats and not very much piety, the young Freud wrote to his equally young friend Silberstein that he might scarcely distinguish the Holidays save for the dinner menus:

It is remarkable how certain holidays are distinguished by a very special religious effect on the abdominal organs. Thus the Passover has a constipating effect due to unleavened bread and hardboiled eggs. Yom Kippur is so lugubrious a day not so much through God's wrath as through the plum jam and the evacuation it stimulates. Nonetheless such characteristics do not suffice for distinguishing all holidays, and an empiricist like myself will on many future occasions continue, as he has done this year, to confuse the New Year with Purim, since nothing specific is consumed on either occasion. Today, however, the death rattle of two fishes and a goose out in the kitchen informs me that the Day of Atonement is at hand. (p.63).

Such are the luxuries of having a "vague" father. Yet, let us note that in Grinwold's anecdote Freud wants to be a Jew in a tuxedo, not something else altogether. And this takes us to the inevitable irony of an assimilated identity, that one remains a Jew regardless in the eyes of other. Changing one's name, conversion, contributing to German literature all were to no avail in the eyes of the other. The writer Ludwig Borne captured the predicament of the Jew in polite society in the politest terms: "It is a kind of miracle! I've experienced it a thousand times and yet it still seems new to me. Some find fault with me for being a Jew; others forgive me; still others go so far as to compliment me for it; but every last one of them thinks of it. They seem caught in this magic circle of Jewishness; not of them can get out of it." Was this the paradoxical situation that Freud found himself in right along, as a German-speaking Austrian Jew in his schooldays, as a German-speaking Austrian Jew in medical school, as a German-speaking Austrian Jew in his professional life? As Robert points out, in these terms Freud might feel more Jewish than German and more German than Jewish depending on the circumstances or who he was responding to.

One could almost leave off here in the examination of Freud's Jewish Identity. Almost. We have reached the new century in terms of surveying the milestones of Freud's journey, and the essentials of the psychoanalytic vision are already in place. A Fleckian sociologist would readily commit pen to paper at this point and trace out the lineaments of Freud's background as it reappears in his psychoanalysis. It is not necessary to get tangled in the subsidiary question of whether psychoanalysis could only have been invented by a Jew. That question that only becomes tortuous if we see psychoanalysis as a science pure and simple. Freud thought of it that way, certainly; modern thinkers are not so sure. True, if it is a science, then the logic of the matter dictates that it was bound to be discovered by somebody, sooner or later. So, in principle

at least, it could have been invented by someone else, somebody who was not Jewish. But if we let ourselves be influenced by the modern scholarship, and see in psychoanalysis a hybrid creation, at once literary, scientific, therapeutic, and other things beside, then the first answer has to be that it could *only* have been created by Sigmund Freud. Just as the works of Beethoven could only have been created by Beethoven. No one else could have brought the unique blend of thought styles and sheer intellectual and writerly talent required for the job. And this particular man, Sigmund Freud, was a Jew, a recognizable Jew of his time and milieu. More, his patients were almost all Jews, and his fellow analysts—if we take the membership roll of the local Vienna discussion group turned Psychoanalytic Society as our program guide—were uniformly Jews until 1908. Finally, to judge from his son Martin’s memory of visitors to 19 Bergasse—“I can hardly remember a non-Jewish person among the many guests at our home”—virtually all his friends were Jewish. So the entirely straightforward answer has to be that psychoanalysis was uniquely the creation of an assimilated Jewish man from a complex Jewish milieu writing and practicing in a universalist vein, as were many other similarly assimilated Jews working in many other fields in that period—and that no one else could have done it. We could if we chose explicate this further by looking to the individual features of psychoanalysis and seeing familial resemblances. Certainly they are there. But having done this, we would be entitled to sit back and rest from our interpretive endeavors, proud of what this particular Jew living and working with these particular Jews accomplished, content that it was good. And we might note a little bit further that, beyond the Jewish jokes and the manifold references to Judaism in the *Interpretation of Dreams*, beyond the thought style of analysis as a clinical and literary procedure, what is striking is how truly universal the *oeuvre* is. This particular Jew was an assimilated one. Trying to be more axiomatic than this is a fool’s errand.

But I have said only that we could *almost* leave off the question of Freud’s identity at this point. Two strands in his coat have not yet been discussed, both are terribly important, and both give decisive twists to the provisional answer I have just given. The first is the impact of antisemitism. The second is Freud’s “godlessness.” Let us begin with the former.

Antisemitism

The term “antisemitism” first appeared as a descriptive term in 1860 in the work of an Austrian Jewish scholar. But it first became a shockingly normative term, something to be proud of, in 1880 with the Berlin journalist and agitator Wilhelm Marr’s pamphlet, “The Way to Triumph of Germanicism over Judaism.” The following year, 1881, the term, used both normatively and descriptively, became widespread in Vienna. The reality to which the term referred, or alternatively sought to advance, was new: a hatred of Jews based not on their religion—as old as Christianity itself—but on the basis of their race. In the face of this kind of hatred, conversion was no protection. Nor was assimilation. Nor was *Bildung*.

Antisemitism dogged Freud at each step of the way. In Gymnasium: “In the higher classes I began to understand for the first time what it meant to belong to an alien race, and anti-Semitic feelings among the other boys warned me that I must take up a definite position” (1900, p. 229). In University: “When, in 1873, I first joined the University, I experienced some appreciable disappointments. Above all, I found that I was expected to feel myself inferior and an alien because I was a Jew. I refused absolutely to do the first of these things. I have never been able to see why I should feel ashamed of my descent or, as people were beginning to say, of my ‘race’. I put up, without much regret, with my non-acceptance into the community” (1900, p. 9). At the General Hospital, where his friend Erhmann later recalled the rejection and restraints he faced and where another friend and colleague, Karl Koller, was abruptly called a *Saujud*, a

“Jewish swine,” in the midst of a technical dispute with a fellow surgeon. Koller slapped the man in his face, which delighted Freud. As luck would have it, both Koller and the other surgeon were reserve officers, a happenstance which made it possible for a duel to take place despite the fact that Koller was a Jew. Koller won, which delighted Freud even more: “...a proud day for us. We are going to give Koller a present as a lasting reminder of his victory” he wrote to Martha.

Freud’s own proud day, when he stood up to the anti-Semites on the train to Liepzig—“there came a shout from the background: ‘He’s a dirty Jew’”—had taken place two years earlier, in late 1883. His letter to Martha of 16 December captures the human predicament of having faced such a challenge: “I do think I held my own quite well, and used the means at my disposal courageously; in any case I didn’t fall to their level. After all, I am no giant, haven’t got any hackles to show, no lion’s teeth to flash, no stentorian roar, my appearance is not even distinguished; all this would have had a lightning effect on that mob, but they must have noticed that I wasn’t afraid and I didn’t allow this experience to dampen my spirits.” And after this, sheepishness: “So much time and space has been spent on this silly story. Now I must order another sheet of paper.” There is still just a hint of sheepishness in the following letter from Paris, written a year after Koller’s duel, as Freud recounts to Martha “a political conversation with Gilles de la Tourette” during an evening at the Charcots, “during which he predicted the most ferocious war with Germany: I promptly explained that I am a Jew, adhering neither to Germany nor Austria. But such conversations are always very embarrassing to me, for I feel stirring with me something German which I long ago decided to suppress.” Yet the same letter also contains what will subsequently form the core of Freud’s response to antisemitism: “You know what Breuer told me one evening? I was so moved by what he said that in return I disclosed to him the secret of our engagement. He told he had discovered that hidden under the surface of timidity there lay in me an extremely daring and fearless human being. I had always thought so, but never dared tell anyone. I have often felt as though I had inherited all the defiance and all the passions with which our ancestors defended their Temple and could gladly sacrifice my life one great moment in history” (February 2, 1886)

Breuer would indeed be an important lynchpin of Freud’s identity during the decade to follow. Like Jakob Freud, he was born in Galicia. His own father, Leopold, had preceded Samuel Hammerschlag as the head of the school for Jewish religion in Vienna, and the Hammerschlags and the Breuers occupied apartments in the same building, which is undoubtedly how Freud came to make Breuer’s acquaintance in the first place. Jewish identity had figured in the Anna O. case. As Gilman notes, Breuer had been struck by Anna O’s lack of religious feeling—“completely without belief”—even though she came from a religious household. (It is instructive that after her recovery, Bertha Pappenheim was very much involved in rescuing Jewish women from the slave trade and she also published a series of German translations from some of the major Yiddish popular works. Jewish identity was doubtlessly a front-and-center issue for many of those treated by psychoanalysis in the early years—and for the treaters as well—but only the barest glimpses of this appear in the historical record). Yet, quite unlike Jakob, Breuer had achieved great things: He was simultaneously one of the premier internists in all Vienna, and internationally known for his physiological researches. In the decade to come, he lent Freud money, sent him patients, gave him advice, and kept his spirits up. He was, so to speak, Freud’s ace in the hole during the years that the public climate in Vienna deteriorated. It is almost axiomatic in historical scholarship to trace the rise of antisemitism from 1880 onward to the influx of European Jews to Vienna and Germany. Certainly one can find testimony from

the period to this point. Kafka: “The Russian Jews have multiplied in Germany like frogs. They serve as cantors, functionaries, but they do not know the language of the state and therefore evoke the justified German hatred for the Jews. The first and true cause of German anti-Semitism is known to all, but no dares to reveal it. It is the coming of foreigners to Germany.” But as my colleague, Joseph Greenberger, has suggested, antisemitism may also have reflected anxiety about competition from the class of assimilated, educated Jews who were rising through Vienna’s schools to positions throughout the fields open to them. The lower class immigrant Jews may have “multiplied like frogs,” but the upwardly mobile Jews of Freud’s generation potentially posed their own threat. Certainly Greenberger’s suggestion fits in with Freud’s experiences at University and at the Hospital.

But as the relationship with Breuer grew increasingly strained from 1896 onward, Freud was increasingly on his own in an increasingly anti-Semitic city. On September 19, 1897, eleven months after the death of Jakob, nine months after Nothnagel had first proposed him for a Professorship, and five months after Karl Lueger had finally been confirmed Mayor of Vienna, Freud joined the B’nai B’rith. The name, literally “Sons of the Covenant,” had been chosen to keep the German initials of the original organization begun in America, the Bundes-Bruder or “Brothers of the Union.” The organization had once helped new Jewish immigrants; in Vienna it had added to its agenda the struggle against antisemitism. Freud had turned down an initial invitation two years earlier. Now his circumstances were different:

I felt as though outlawed, shunned by all. This isolation aroused in me the longing for a circle of excellent men with high ideals who would accept me in friendship despite my temerity. Your Lodge was described to me as the place where I could find such men. That you are Jews could be welcome to me, for I was myself a Jew, and it has always appeared not only undignified, but outright foolish to deny it. What tied me to Jewry was—I have to admit it—not the faith, not even the national pride, for I was always an unbeliever, have been brought up without religion, but not without respect for the so-called “ethical” demands of human civilization. Whenever I have experienced feelings of national exaltation, I have tried to suppress them as disastrous and unfair, frightened by the warning example of those nations among which we Jews live. But there remained enough to make the attraction of Judaism and the Jews irresistible, many dark emotional powers all the stronger the less they could be expressed in words, as well as the clear consciousness of an inner identity, the familiarity of the same psychological structure.

This recollection, of course, comes from his letter to the Lodge nearly thirty years later as it honored him on his seventieth birthday. Sander Gilman calls the letter Freud’s “confession Judaica.” It goes on to the famous definition of “the two qualities that have become indispensable to me throughout my difficult life. Because I was a Jew I found myself free of many prejudices that restrict others in the use of the intellect; as a Jew I was prepared to be in the opposition and to renounce agreement with the ‘compact majority.’” Well spoken in 1926, but also equally well spoken in 1897. For what Freud was exactly at work on at the time he joined the Lodge was the beginnings of the new sexual theory. And that theory would revolutionize the scientific understanding of outpatient disorders, by substituting the “bedrock” of sexuality for the old “bedrock” of hereditary degeneration. Sander Gilman has charted the theoretical breakthrough, and its implications for all previously existing racial theories of neurosis, while Dennis Klein has charted the career of Brother Freud, and its implications for the soon-to-be-launched psychoanalytic movement, but the two developments deserve to be viewed together. Historically, and thematically, they are of a piece. The new theory was indeed the crucial

breathrough in terms of getting race out of the psychiatric paradigm. And the fact is that for a full four years, from 1898 to 1902, *all* of Freud's lectures on the new science aborning were delivered to the members of the B'nai B'rith. Moreover, his fellow Lodge members were his *only* auditors until he convened the Wednesday Night discussion Group, that is, outside of his friend Wilhelm Fliess. And to Fliess, as Peter Gay notes, Freud complained at the time. that he felt like "an old, somewhat shabby Israelite."

In this context the fact that the first nineteen members of the Wednesday Night discussion group were all Jews potentially takes on a new meaning, for they were heirs to and replacements for the Brothers at the lodge. Moreover, the organizational skills Freud displayed in leading the group reflected skills he had first developed in his activities at the Lodge. But beyond this we should tread carefully. Should we see the fledgling analytic society as a specifically Jewish movement, its view somehow inextricably Jewish? Certainly, two of the early members who wrote about it thought so, Otto Rank and Fritz Wittels, who saw in the derepression of sexuality a distinctively Jewish liberationist movement. But if one consults the Minutes for the first years that they are available, i.e. 1906-1907, what one finds is informality, collegiality, and self-confidence, not this kind of militancy. The militancy, such as it appears in the written record, is the militancy of breaking new ground, and does not pertain to Jewishness per se. But then again in that context it did not have to. In any event, the whole *point* of what was being discussed were exciting new scientific and psychological theories, which were right or wrong on their own merits, regardless of whether they congenial or not. Where tensions and a different kind of self consciousness arose was when psychoanalysis began attracting non-Jewish members and adherents.

The first glimmer that this might occur was a review by the Swiss psychiatrist Eugen Bleuler in the Spring of 1904, some five months before the trip to the Acropolis. Years later Wilhelm Stekel still remembered Freud's excitement one Wednesday night and his excited plans, which did not come to fruition at the time, to start a journal. The evolution from lectures to the B'nai B'rith to the Wednesday Night discussion group may have been seamless, but the further evolution from the Wednesday night group to the more formal organizations of the nascent International Psychoanalytic Association in the years ahead was fraught with tensions, tensions which reflected and tugged at the tensions in Freud's identity. As if to announce the beginning of a difficult new era, on the first night that Carl Jung attended a meeting of the Vienna Group in 1907—he and Ludwig Binswanger were the first recorded Gentile guests—Alfred Adler, who had gone the route of conversion, presented the case of a patient who had also converted but remained conflicted about his Jewish identity. Beyond this starting point, the record is too rich to review. There are the repeated invocations cited by Gay of a shared "racial kinship" in Freud's letters to Karl Abraham together with warnings about alienating the Gentiles and especially Jung—"Only his appearance has saved psychoanalysis from becoming a Jewish national affair"—and the wonderful summary plaint, "Be assured, if my name were Oberhuber, my innovations would have found, despite it all, far less resistance." There is the scolding of his fellow Viennese on the eve of founding the International Association: "Most of you are Jews, and therefore incompetent to win friends for the new teaching. Jews must be content with the modest role of preparing the ground. . . The Swiss will save us—will save me, and all of you as well." And, at the end of it all, as the alliance with the Swiss was finally falling irrevocably apart, there is the advice to Ferenczi on polemics, with its redemptive call to science as a congenially Jewish enterprise:

On the matter of Semitism: there are certainly great differences from the Aryan spirit.

We can become convinced of that every day. Hence, there will surely be different world

views and art here and there. But there should not be a particular Aryan or Jewish science. The results must be identical, and only their presentation may vary.... If these differences occur in conceptualizing objective relations in science, then something is wrong. It was not our desire to interfere with their more distant worldview and religion, but we considered ours to be quite favorable for conducting science. You had heard that Jung declared in America that PsyA was not a science but a religion. That would certainly illuminate the whole difference. But there the Jewish spirit regretted not being able to join in.

It couldn't hurt to be somewhat derisive. [pp. 490-491]

Along with the high notes of irony and outrage, Freud here hits what I believe was exactly the base note for him: The "Jewish spirit" is "quite favorable" for conducting science, yet the results must be universal—or it is not science. When Brother Freud lectured at the B'nai B'rith he was lecturing about science. When he was giving Ferenczi advice on polemics, it is still in the name of science, not Jewish science, but science. The bitterness of the break appears differently in different letters: Freud wrote of "Jews and *Goyim*" separating like "oil and water" in another letter to Ferenczi (p. 231) while to Rank he wrote of having tried to unite "Jews and anti-Semites on the soil of Psy-A (cited in Gay, p. 231). Yet, regardless of whether the Swiss were merely *Goyim* or truly "anti-Semites," science was the defense.

It was in this exact context that Freud wrote his essay on the Moses of Michelangelo—"no piece of statuary has ever made a stronger impression on me than this"—which he had first visited in 1901. In the early Fall of 1913, both immediately before and immediately after the final showdown with the Swiss at the Fourth Congress of the International Psychoanalytic Association, Freud had revisited the statue daily. The following Winter he published the piece in *Imago* anonymously, leaving the editors, Rank and Hanns Sachs to justify it on the basis that the author's "mode of thought has in in point of fact a certain resemblance to the methodology of psycho-analysis." In fact, as an interpretive essay it shows Freud at his literary best, truly the European man of letters, while in its conclusion it speaks to an obvious identification with Moses and his restraint in the heat of the moment: "a concrete expression of the highest mental achievement that is possible in a man, that of struggling against an inward passion for the sake of a cause to which he has devoted himself." To say that Freud was wrestling with and reconfirming his Jewish identity as well as his composure at this point in his life, when his alliance with the Zurich School lay in ruins, is to say the obvious. But us let be sure we understand what he was contending with: Jung was already tentatively suggesting that the Christian unconscious might somehow be different than the Jewish one.

Freud's emotional situation vis-à-vis the statue of Moses in 1913 was reversed if we compare it to 1901. In 1901, as Yerushalmi has suggested, Moses could as well have been Freud's father Jakob, chiding him for abandoning Jewish ways, for not keeping the "broken tablets" safe. In 1913, Moses was Freud himself, in his father's place, furious yet restraining himself, and keeping to the "law" of science. As with the crowd on the train to Liepzig, Freud was not going to be let himself drawn to the level of the rabble. Nor did this side of Freud ever wane ever after, as it could have given his subsequent ascension to international fame and organizational success in the 1920's. Arguably, the recurring encounter with anti-Semitism kept him determinedly defiant. As he phrased it to an interviewer in 1926, the same year as his "confession judaica" to the B'nai B'rith: "My language is German. My culture, my attainments, are German. I considered myself German intellectually, until I noticed the growth of anti-Semitic prejudice in

Germany and German Austria. Since that time, I prefer to call myself a Jew” (cited in Gay, p. 139).

Godlessness

There is yet one more crucial strand to consider in Freud’s identity—his utter, militant Godlessness—and it intertwines with both his Jewishness and with psychoanalysis. Let us be clear at the outset what is at stake here. To be an unbelieving Jew, a *Gottloser Jude*, was nothing exceptional. Indeed, it was commonplace and had been since the *Haskalah* first spread among the Jews of Europe. Nor was godlessness anything German Gentiles considered particularly striking among their own. Freud could have been offhanded about his disbelief and sometimes was —“God has not done much for me.” As he did with his adherence to telepathy, he could have treated it as “my private affair, like my Jewishness, my passion for smoking, or other things.” He could have worn his disbelief lightly, and treated religion with simple indifference as fellow analysts like Abraham, Ferenczi, and Isidor Sadger did. He could have contented himself with indirection, with a critique of its forms, with suggestions that the father god took on the qualities of the father of childhood, and let it go at that.

Instead, he went out of his way to make religion and belief a target of the new “metapsychology,” and he kept up the barrage throughout his later career, making it a point of honor. The first shot came in 1908, with the summary judgment in “Obsessive Actions and Religious Rituals” that religion is “a universal obsessional neurosis,” with the chief difference being that the instincts suppressed beneath religious practices are the egoistic and antisocial ones. The paper attacks ritual, which Freud was so opposed to in his personal life, as well as belief. Judaism is perhaps more of a target than Christianity, though both, along with Islam, are implicated.

But that paper was as nothing compared to the salvo of Totem and Taboo, written and published in four installments during the climax of the struggle with the Swiss. The themes of the text bespeaks Freud’s engagement with them, especially Bleuler and Jung, and also with the American James Jackson Putnam. Here the target is more clearly Christian conscience and communion, beneath which Freud detects a phylogenetically inherited guilt over a primal murder of a primal father, reenacted in a totemic meal. That the deed is committed by a union of “brothers,” who out of their guilt then form a “covenant of sons,” may attract our notice for its resonances: Freud joined the B’nai B’rith a year after his father’s death. Totem and Taboo was published in book form in 1913. At the time, Freud trumpeted to Abraham that it would “serve to cut us off cleanly from all Aryan religiousness.” In 1930, in a preface for a new translation into Hebrew, Freud added a universalist disclaimer: “it adopts no Jewish standpoint and makes no exceptions in favour of Jewry. The author hopes, however, that he will be at one with his readers in the conviction that unprejudiced science cannot remain a stranger to the spirit of the new Jewry.”

By the time of the preface for the Hebrew edition of Totem and Taboo, Freud had already had gone into print with the Future of an Illusion. One has to consult this book anew, and compare it to Freud’s other works stylistically, to appreciate how bald an attack it is, how lacking in the usual graces of Freud’s prose, how fiercely intent it is on hammering home its point. Robert Paul (1994, p. 836) gingerly cites an interview of perhaps questionable provenance that Freud is alleged to have given on the subject to Rene Laforgue: “This is my worst book!...It isn’t a book of Freud...It’s the book of an old man!” The plaint rings true to the text. Be that as it may, thereafter, psychoanalysis itself was on the hook for Freud’s irreligion. For the whole crux of the demolition is based on the premise that with the advent of the new metapsychological discipline,

science is now equipped with tools to reveal religion as illusion once and for all by revealing its wishful sources. In this context, Freud's invocation of the primal murder of the primal father as the origin of the notion of a father god and of the psychic institution of conscience is almost besides the point, though the argument is there. What is central is the commitment to scientific reasoning, the positioning of psychoanalysis as a discipline of science, and the demolition of illusion as the consequence. Hereafter psychoanalysis itself was on the hook for Freud's irreligion. There was left only the littlest bit of wiggle room for the next generation of analysts; as Freud wrote to Eitingon at the time: "It remains to be seen whether analysis *in itself* must really lead to the giving up of religion" (cited in Gay, 1987, p. 12). I recall my own training. By this time, the attempt to bleach religion out of psychoanalysis had reached its zenith. My own interest in Judaism was viewed as neurotic—by my Jewish instructors. I remember, too, the effort it took myself and my classmates to convince those in charge not to have classes on Yom Kippur. However, times have changed, in part because Freud's Jewish identity has become more of an object of interest during the past two decades.

Stepping back, we see that Freud has wed his own irreligion to his science and done this in the most determined, outspoken way. His stance is of a piece with his determination to ban ritual from his home, to raise his sons uncircumcised, to mock religious formulas mushroom hunting with his daughter Anna. The historian Josef Yerushalmi has already decided that the issue is a psychological one: "Beyond any detail, the very violence of Freud's recoil against Jewish religious belief and ritual must arouse our deepest suspicion. It displays an aggressive intensity that normally accompanies a rebellion against an equally intense former attachment, more typical of a former Yeshiva student in revolt against Judaism than of one who had received a minimal Jewish education and whose father, we are assured, had become a freethinker by the time he settled in Vienna." The psychoanalyst and Jesuit William Meissner has decided that the issue is a deep psychological one:

Freud's religious views perhaps more than any other aspect of his work and his psychology reflect underlying and unresolved ambivalences and conflicts stemming from the earliest psychic strata. Behind the Freudian argument about religion stands Freud the man and behind the man with his prejudices and beliefs and convictions lurks the shadow of Freud the child. A basic psychoanalytic insight says that the nature and content of any thinker's or creative artist's work reflects essential aspects of the dynamic configuration and conflict embedded in the individual personality structure. Freud is no exception and his religious thinking unveils these inner conflicts and unresolved ambivalences more tellingly than any other aspect of his work.

But how do we decode Freud's "argument about religion" in terms of his "unresolved ambivalences"? Where do we discover the "shadow of the child" in Meissner's terms? Where do we discover the equivalent of a "former Yeshiva student in revolt against Judaism" in Yerushalmi's? Let's begin with where we don't find it—in Freud's childhood. It may be there, but in terms of the historical record, the cupboard is bare, save for the single anecdote where his mother tells him that man was made out of earth and would return to earth and then rubbed the palms of her hands together, producing blackened epidermis, to prove it. The feeling the six year old felt was one of mortality ("Thou owest Nature a death"), and one could wonder if that feeling has any connection with the nameless feeling he has of being a Jew or with the guilt over a primal murder that he posited as the heart of all religious reverence. But this gets us nowhere nearer Freud's "godlessness." The next evidence of any kind that appears in the record comes when Freud is 18 and at University. In his letters to Eduard Silberstein Freud recounts his

encounters with the philosopher Franz Brentano, whose arguments for theism temporarily leave Freud tempted to abandon his own atheism. But a careful reading of these letters show something very striking. Freud's "temptation" is not real; it is a matter of keeping a scrupulously open mind. What he really wants is to master philosophy, to take Brentano's arguments into better account so that he can more confidently rebut them. This youth does not *need* a belief in God. Nor, which is more important for our argument, does he yet *need* a disbelief in God. If Freud's passion is later for disbelief, if his attitude is one of revolt against religion, it must have sources in his life after the age of 18, after 1874. And whatever those sources, they must grow psychologically stronger as he gets older.

The reader will guess where I am going. I think that the root source of the intensity of his contempt for religion is not to be found in his childhood and not in his personal-psychological history, but after adolescence in his social-psychological history. That is, I think buried within Freud's attitude is his selective sense of shame, humiliation, and sheer frustration with his co-religionists *insofar as they maintain the old religion, the old rituals, the old ways*. That is their madness, that is what keeps them still tied to their Shtetl backgrounds and keeps them as the obvious targets of antisemitic prejudice. But all this is going unsaid. As against this root, the more obvious motive of undercutting Christian belief, which motive can be and is shared with colleagues, is altogether less important, though it is there. In this vein, let us look again at the psychological structure that Freud finds at the heart of conscience and at the heart of a belief in a father god: inherited guilt over an inherited murder. Personally, I do not doubt that when Freud examined his own self inwardly that this is what he found. Or perhaps better, we can say that the formula expresses what he found, which in itself is beyond words. But what makes a man decide that parricide is in him, that he is not only capable of the deed but that in some sense he knows he has committed it? In Totem and Taboo, Freud argued that this sense is universal: the structures of conscience, which enable man to monitor his egoistic and antisocial instincts, are in place because of phylogenetic memory of a murder gone wrong. In Moses and Monotheism, he went further and argued that beyond being universal, this memory was archetypally Jewish, the Jews having committed a second murder, of Moses, their religious leader, the man who gave them the father-religion and the custom of circumcision—thus repeating the first murder and further fixing the motif phylogenetically in their very blood and bones. Many have speculated about the depth psychological meanings of this transposition to the Jews of the universal heritage and Freud's further claim that herein lies the essence of the Jewish people. But as most analytic commentators have conceded, Jakob, whom Freud remembers with a manifest and unthreatened fondness at the time of his death, makes a very unlikely antagonist for any putatively Oedipal drama. Might we not more simply see the motif of parricide as the expression of a two-social social motif in the Freud family where in each generation the son abandons the religion of the father, and stakes his own claim to life, with an unfathomable combination of determination, shame, regret and perhaps sheer fury at having to do this to survive.

We have come to Freud's final statement—on religion and on Judaism, on godlessness and on the "many dark powers all the stronger the less they could be expressed in words." But we have also come, arguably, to the place where the three trends in Freud's Jewish identity intertwine at last, and thus as close as we will ever come to answering the question: What did Freud, as a Jew, make of the fact that a Jew created psychoanalysis.

Conclusion

In Moses and Monotheism, we see the three different strands in Freud's Jewish identity intertwining anew and in this interweaving, I think, we get his final view of his own science. His

acceptance of being a Jew is embedded in the whole notion that the Jews have a special shared phylogenetic heritage. It is a racial view. His own identity as a cosmopolitan assimilated Jew is spoken for in the claim that the Jews have inherited a special intellectuality. Freud's own godlessness is here, too, of course. The belief in the father god is an inherited truth only in the sense that it recalls the primeval event of parricide, which it otherwise misinterprets. Science, the refuge from antisemitism in Freud's life and the lynchpin of his godlessness, is obviously spoken for in the very endeavor, for it is the application of the new branch of science, psychoanalysis, which enables Freud to justify his "historical novel," and see it as superior to traditional biblical commentary, rabbinical or otherwise. As for antisemitism, it is the very provocation for writing the book. As Freud put it to Arnold Zweig: "Faced with new persecutions, one asks oneself again how the Jews have come to be what they are and why they have attracted this undying hatred." Moreover, Freud's answer to this question culminates in a psychoanalytic explanation of Christian hatred of the Jews; finally the anti-Semite is on the couch. Even such small details as Freud's own antipathy to ritual is here, for what is important in his account of the essence of Judaism are not the rituals, but the monotheism, important as an advance over older superstitions, and the intellectuality. Perhaps most important, Freud's examination of his own conscience against the backdrop of his relation to Jakob and to the world Viennese Jews is there. One finds it gleaming through between the lines of the text in the fundamental irony that parricide is the aboriginal source of the psychic institution of conscience. It is all there.

This is exactly what we would expect to find if we follow, as I have tried to do, the lead of Ludwig Fleck. Fleck maintained that scientific discovery is impacted by social, cultural, historical, personal and psychological facts. In Freud's final major psychoanalytic statement, we find all the elements, social, cultural, historical and personal, of his own particularity as a Jew. But, in examining Fleck's theory at the outset, I pointed out that the social, cultural, and personal facts of his own life had arguably become fully conscious in his creative achievement of founding the sociology of scientific knowledge. Should we expect less of Freud? In fact, in *Moses and Monotheism*, I contend that we have Freud's final testament to the Jewishness of his own creation, not simply another "confession Judaica" but also a "confession analytica." For if what distinguishes the Jew racially are his inherited intellectuality and the equally inherited fact that he is closer psychologically to the forgotten truth of the primal murder, then it should not surprise us, and it did not surprise Freud, that the man who would finally uncover the truth of the primal murder should have been himself a Jew. In Freud, and in psychoanalysis, the Jewish tradition is at last becoming fully self conscious, and through it so is mankind.

Where does this leave psychoanalysis, finally, and where does it leave us? In the end, one can see Freud's view of psychoanalysis as a kind of Jewish liberation philosophy carried forward one last step: In psychoanalysis, the Jewish tradition is at last becoming fully self conscious, and through it so is mankind. Religion is based on fear. Psychoanalysis helps mankind overcome fear. The rest is commentary.
