FREUD'S JEWISH IDENTITY

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The paradox surrounding Freud's Jewishness is at once interesting and important. He never denied his Jewish ancestry, yet he had no use for the Jewish religion, ranking it among the superstitions of the world. His science was called a Jewish science, by admirers and adversaries alike, and Freud was painfully aware that most of his early followers were Jews, yet he found it essential to deny it any Jewish qualities. The paradox, then, is interesting and important alike. It is interesting because the attitude of great men toward religion certainly does much to shape our impressions, and our verdicts, of them. And it is important because, even though indirectly, it speaks to the question of the range of validity that psychoanalysis may claim. It is a familiar notion that Freud's ideas may be true enough, but apply only to the upper-middle-class, neurotic, Viennese Jewish housewife who came to lie on Freud's couch. The notion, however familiar, is quite untrue: Freud saw gentile patients as well as Jews, men as well as women, foreigners as well as Austrians.[1] But these realities apart, a successful definition of his religious commitments—or lack of commitment—might tell us much, not only about Freud the man, but also about Freud's science.

I begin by looking at Freud's views directly. This much I can stipulate about them from the outset: Freud was a convinced unbeliever, a cultivated European with a firm grasp on German culture. His Jewish awareness was not a matter of tribal or religious, let alone nationalistic identifications. His intimates were, by and large Jews: in his early years, he frequented the hospitable houses of his colleague Breuer and his Hebrew teacher Hammerschlag; in his later years, he played cards once a week with physicians who were, almost without exception, as Jewish as he. So, of course, were most of his early disciples. Freud's assiduous cultivation of Jung, the only wooing in his life to which we may apply the epithet "pathetic," testifies to his anxiety lest his favorite child, psychoanalysis, might be loved, and fostered, by Jews alone. A general psychology like his, he believed—which is to say, in part, he wished—deserved general support. His famous remark to Karl Abraham that if his name had been Oberhuber rather than Freud, psychoanalysis would have been accepted far more readily than it was,[2] underscores, and locates, this anxiety.

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[1] I have dealt with this matter in "Sigmund Freud: A German and His Discontents," in my *Freud, Jews and Other Germans: Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture* (1978), 29-30. Hanns Sachs, one of his earliest and most trusted disciples, reports that after World War I, Freud conducted more analyses in English than in German. See Sachs, *Freud: Master and Friend* (1945).

[2] July 28, 1980. *Sigmund Freud-Karl Abraham, Briefe, 1907-1926,* ed. Hilda C. Abraham and Ernst L. Freud (1965), 57.

There were other, more mysterious intimations that made Judaism of absorbing interest to Freud. In the letter to his lodge brothers at B'nai B'rith of May 1926, thanking them for remembering his seventieth birthday, he ventured the conjecture that as a Jew, he had been enough of a marginal man to muster the distance, and the courage, required to develop a discipline as shattering as psychoanalysis.[3] In that letter, as Erik Erikson has noted, Freud uses that modern and controversial term, "identity," for the one and only time, and hints that Jews might perhaps share some "inner identity," a certain secret make-up.

I have called the feelings "mysterious intimations" because they remain unanalyzed. Freud confessed to an intermittent longing to visit the Near East, as though to see the place where his remote ancestors had lived. He always used the first person plural, "we," and affectionately, to speak of Jews. Perhaps these feelings, which I have called "unanalyzed," need no analysis: they seem like a straightforward cultural identification, a loyalty too obvious to need questioning. But though Freud was a Jew in this unspecified sense, this Jewishness coexisted with the other very different loyalties. And it is this coexistence that makes Freud, the greatest psychologist the world has known, so hard a fish to catch.

Freud's Jewishness, then, whatever it meant, is on the record. Yet the record also shows that Freud also lived, and felt at home, in a larger, almost wholly gentile, world. And this larger world was with Freud all his life, retaining its hold on him through all sorts of vicissitudes. Much has been made of Sigmund Freud's presumably absorbing the Jewish tradition in his father's house; did Jakob Freud not come from Hasidic circles, and did he not give his brilliant son, when Sigmund Freud was thirty-five, a Bible with a loving inscription?[4] But Freud himself, though scarcely reticent about this side of his life, firmly disclaimed such influences. "You will be interested to hear," he told an American correspondent, A. A. Roback, in 1930, "that my father indeed came from a Hasidic milieu. He was forty-one when I was born and had been alienated from his home-town associations for nearly twenty years. I had such an un-Jewish upbringing that today I am not even in a position to read your dedication which is evidently written in Hebrew script." Obviously, Freud had not kept up the Hebrew he had learned in Gymnasium, from his fatherly friend Samuel Hammerschlag. And in the same letter to Roback, who had sent him his book, *Jewish Influence in Modern Thought,* he explicitly rejected Roback's contention that Freud's ideas showed a certain Jewish mystical bent: "No one has yet reproached me with mystical leanings," he wrote. When Roback proposed, in his reply, that "speculative leanings" would be a more accurate formulation than "mystical leanings," Freud readi-

[3][May 6, 1926], to the Members of the Lodge B'nai B'rith. *Sigmund Freud, Briefe 1873-1938,* ed. Ernst L. Freud (1960), 363-4.

[4]Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud,* vol. I, *1856-1900* (1953), 19.

ly accepted the emendation: "They are by no means the same," he wrote, "and psychoanalysis is a doctrine founded on the empirical."[5]

Freud's identity, then, remains a puzzle. Amidst the continuing debate, the term *identity,* which Erik Erikson has domesticated in modern speech, may provide some clarification. *Identity* is a name for the central, stable, slowly evolving elements of the self; it looks behind the diversity of roles that life compels men to play, to the wishes, the fundamental orientations, that enter into them all. Identity provides a map to the place in which one feels at home; problems with, or crises in, identity are precisely the moments when one does not feel at home, when the map is blurred, illegible, or, worse, lost.

Sigmund Freud, of course, fashioned his sense of identity precisely like every other human being: at home, in school, among the opportunities and exigencies of work and play. Among these, two clusters of experiences proved particularly formative for his attitude toward the faith of his fathers: his commitment to science and what I have called his self-respecting response to anti-Semitism. I begin with Freud the scientist. It is noteworthy, I think, that historians and biographers hospitable to psychoanalytic ideas normally concentrate on instinctual urges and on social pressures—on the id and the superego—at the expense of the ego. Yet ego functions, too, have their share, and a significant one, in the making of identity. They propel the apprentice to acquire the skills of his chosen profession, to learn its time-honored procedures and absorb its received wisdom, and to muster, perhaps, the capabilities of stepping beyond both, into the unknown. Originality, whether scientific or artistic, is rooted in the soil of craft tradition; the master stands on the shoulders of earlier masters. I am not denying that work, even the most rational work, often has irrational components; obsessive perfectionism, inability to relieve work with play, the need to prove one's superiority over one's father may be as much elements in the young man's devotion to his task as the calm application of skill and thought. The apprentice may be replaying his Oedipal fantasies in a new setting. And loyalty to tradition may have solid instinctual roots. But when all is said, the dimension of craft, especially in the devoted craftsman, emancipates itself at least partially both from the family drama and the pressures of culture.[6]

Now Freud was precisely such a devoted craftsman—a craftsman of genius. His inquisitiveness was as unbounded as his aspirations; he wanted, as he said more than once, to confront, and perhaps to solve, the "riddles of life." He even disclaimed any particular interest in being a healer; he was moved, rather, as he put it, "by a sort of thirst for knowledge."[7] The

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[6]On the important dimension of craft for the historical interpretation of individuals and events, see my *Art and Act: On Causes in History—Manet, Gropius, Mondrian* (1976).

[7]Sigmund Freud, "An Autobiographical Study," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud* [henceforth *S.E.*], tr. and ed. James Strachey et al. 24 vols. (1953-1975), vol. XX (1959), 8.

disclaimer, though anything but disingenuous, is not a complete account of his intentions, or at least of his conduct: he worked hard for, and took undisguised pleasure in, the progress of his patients. But whether physician or inquirer—and certainly with him science took precedence over healing—Freud was passionately committed to his work. And that work required him to live, continuously and fully, in a gentile world: the world of Newton and Darwin and Helmholtz.

How deeply, inextricably, he was enmeshed in that world is made manifest all across his life, public and private. It is no accident that Freud should have named two of his six children after his scientific heroes: his Ernst after Ernst Brücke and his Martin after Jean-Martin Charcot. Neither of them was a Jew. Ernst Brücke, whom Freud fondly liked to remember as "old Brücke," was a prominent member of what has been called the school of Helmholtz. It was that school that was, as it were, founded at a dramatic, somewhat self-conscious moment in Berlin, in 1842, when Brücke and his good friend Emil du Bois-Reymond, both of them completing their medical studies, pledged themselves to "make this truth prevail: 'No forces other than the common physical-chemical ones are active in the organism.' "[8] For Brücke and his equally brilliant friends, all of them to become distinguished scientists and practitioners, nature was neutral, the source not of values to be obeyed but of puzzles to be solved. Mysticism, especially the nature mysticism so popular in the academic German-speaking world during much of the early nineteenth century, had no place in such thinking. And Sigmund Freud was in this, as in much else, Brücke's loyal follower.

Nor was Freud's involvement with Brücke confined to the philosophy of science. He experienced "old Brücke" as an admiring son experiences his father. To Freud, Brücke was "my teacher," a weighty title, and meant to be weighty under Freud's pen; he was, Freud confessed, "the greatest authority who affected me more than any other in my whole life."[9] It is significant, almost inevitable, that Brücke should invade Freud's dreams. He appears prominently in Freud's famous "non vixit" dream, which he analyzes at some length in *The Interpretation of Dreams.* A leading actor in that dream was Freud's rival, friend, and colleague Josef Paneth, who had died young in 1890, and whom Freud identifies, in this analysis, only with the laconic initial "P." Freud, so he reports this dream, gave "P." a "piercing look" under which he turned pale and melted away. The interpretation shows "P." to be actually a stand-in for Brücke: it had come to Brücke's attention that Freud, then a demonstrator in his laboratory in which he was to spend six happy and productive years, was sometimes late. One morning, Freud recalls, Brücke "turned up punctually at the hour of opening and awaited my arrival. His words were brief and to the point. But it was not they that mattered. What overwhelmed me were the terrible blue eyes with which he looked at me and by which I was

[8] Jones, *Freud,* 40; for the context, see this and the following pages.
[9] *Ibid.*, 41.

reduced to nothing." No one, Freud concludes, "who can remember the great man's eyes, which retained their striking beauty even in his old age, and who has ever seen him in anger, will find it difficult to picture the young sinner's emotions."[10] Freud's admiration for the German Brücke—for like most of his professors and superiors in Vienna at the time, Brücke, too, had come from "up north"—was profound and tenacious; the two shared, intellectually and emotionally, one cherished scientific universe.

The same holds true of Freud's feelings for Charcot. An unexcelled clinician and unsurpassed observer, a genius at diagnosis, Jean-Martin Charcot enacted, in his famous and fashionable public demonstration lectures in Paris, the rules of scientific conduct that the nineteenth-century materialistic mentality called for: he was the servant of what he saw—or, better, he allowed what he saw to lead him to what he could not see. Once, challenged by the outspoken Freud for contradicting a theory that seemed a solid building block in modern science, Charcot replied with an aphorism that Freud was to quote more than once: *"La théorie, c'est bon, mais ça n'empêche pas d'exister."*[11] This was the attitude that would sustain Freud in his lonely years of discovery.

Like Brücke, Charcot, too, was more to Freud than a distant, if admirable, teacher. In the months he spent in Paris in the winter of 1885 and early 1886, Freud came to know Charcot well. Charcot's lectures, he told his fiancée, gripped him as if they were a religious experience: "I leave as though leaving Notre Dame, with new intimations of perfection."[12] This was surely the only religious experience that Freud ever permitted himself. In a telling metaphor of generation, Freud asked his Martha rhetorically, thinking of the riches that Charcot was pouring out before him: "If the seed will some day bear fruit?—I do not know."[13] Once, reporting on a formal party at Charcot's house, Freud encouraged his fiancée to spread the word, "even with exaggerations, such as that he kissed me on the forehead," just as Liszt had kissed Chopin,[14] a great virtuoso saluting his "son," a greater virtuoso still.

These were far from isolated incidents or superficial infatuations. It is not that Freud became a materialist and positivist because he loved Brücke and Charcot. Rather, he could love Brücke and Charcot at least in part because they were materialists and positivists. The scientific luminaries who surrounded Freud in Vienna—and *this* was his Vienna, rather than the far better known Vienna of the musical and poetic salons—all possessed the same set of convic-

[10]Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900), in *S.E.*, V (1953), 421-5.

[11]Quoted in Freud, "Charcot" (1893), in *S.E.*, III (1962), 13. The whole obituary (pp. 11-23) is eminently worth reading. The literature on Charcot, including most recently, A. R. G. Owen, *Hysteria, Hypnosis and Healing: The Work of J. M. Charcot* (1971) is sadly unsatisfactory. One of my students, Marc Micale, is at present at work on what promises to be a more informative study of Charcot.

[12]November 4, 1885. *Freud, Briefe,* 179.

[13]*Loc. cit.*

[14]January 18, 1886. *Ibid.*, 188.

tions, held the same scientific ideals.[15] When Freud's confidant of the 1890's, Wilhelm Fliess, sent Freud a thoughtful Christmas gift in 1898—and it was Christmas they celebrated, not Chanukah—it was a two-volume set of Helmholtz's lectures.[16] Nothing could have been more welcome, and more appropriate, than this. Freud's mind was that of a nineteenth-century European scientist, trained above all in the German version of scientific materialism.

I do not want to compartmentalize his mind and encapsulate his devotion to the scientific world view as if it were simply a set of tools for his trade. He was at home in the culture that had produced his philosophy. Freud's grasp on world literature was anything but casual. He knew the classics of antiquity and the potential classics of his own day; he read English novels with as much pleasure as he read German *Romane.* His favorite playwright was Shakespeare (a very German choice, by the way); his favorite aphorist was the brilliant eighteenth-century physicist and essayist Georg Christoph Lichtenberg; his stylistic model was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing; the novelist he esteemed above all others was Dostoevsky, whom he placed just below Shakespeare. While his collection of Jewish jokes is justly famous—he collected a bouquet of them for his analytical study of jokes—he was equally at ease with the homely rhymed couplets of his contemporary Wilhelm Busch, a German painter, illustrator and poet who was certainly not Jewish—in fact, just a touch anti-Semitic. His reading of contemporary fiction was cosmopolitan, not parochial; he admired Stefan Zweig's novellas, but not because Zweig was Jewish, and in any event he was as fond of Romain Rolland and John Galsworthy as he was of Zweig. And Goethe held a special place in Freud's cultural awareness: he quotes him, with the freedom of a lifelong reader, scores of times.

Freud, then, was not a narrow specialist. His scientific philosophy was embedded in a comprehensive (if perhaps somewhat exploitative) literary sensibility. And his scientist's bellicosity was more than the effervescence of youth; two philosophical essays of his late years, *The Future of an Illusion,* published in 1927, when he was over seventy, and "The Question of a Weltanschauung," published five years later, prove his unswerving loyalty to the anti-religious, anti-metaphysical philosophy of science with which he had grown up and done his work. Like the unrepentant positivist he was, he treated, in *The Future of an Illusion,* religion as a neurosis, a timid search for reassurance, a clinging to comforting fairy tales. Acknowledging the weakness of the intellect and the unfinished condition of the sciences, he yet concluded with a ringing declaration of faith in them alone: "No, our science is no illusion. But it would be an illusion to believe that we can obtain anywhere else

[15] I have insisted on this point in my essay, "Freud: A German and His Discontents," in *Freud, Jews and Other Germans,* 33-35. In the voluminous literature, the most perceptive remains George Rosen, "Freud and Medicine in Vienna," in Jonathan Miller, ed., *Freud: The Man, His World, His Influence* (1972), 21-39.

[16] Jones, *Freud,* 292.

what it cannot give us."[17] In the year he published these provocative, if, to many, old-fashioned words, he told Dr. Werner Achelis, a German psychologist, that he thought metaphysics a "nuisance," an "abuse of thinking," a lame survival from earlier centuries.[18] He had always believed this. And in 1932, confronting the question whether psychoanalysis would construct a world view of its own, he denied it. Psychoanalysis is "a branch of psychology," and as such it can only accept the scientific attitude. Religion had no place here either. "A world view erected upon science, has, apart from its emphasis on the real external world, mainly negative traits, such as submission to the truth and rejection of illusions."[19] Freud does not mention Judaism in this essay, but his conclusion is inescapable: the Jewish religion, like all other religions, fosters illusions and is therefore an obstacle to true knowledge.

Someone familiar with the history of Jewish assimilation in nineteenth-century Europe might wonder at this point whether Freud's intimacy with non-Jewish culture was not suspiciously like that frantic effort many Jews made to acquire what had so long been denied them, whether from love of Western culture for its own sake, or from the less laudable desire to disappear into the larger civilization. It is after all striking how actively—their detractors would say, how aggressively—nineteenth-century Jews participated in the construction of the Goethe cult, the shoring up of Kant's reputation, or the revival of Lessing's dramas. But this feverishness is absent from Freud's uses of German, and of European, culture; his appropriations of them were as calm and assured as his possession of them.

But would others let him enjoy them in peace? Anti-Semitism was, after all, increasingly intrusive reality in Freud's lifetime. Freud did not deny it; he was not a man of denials. Rather, he responded to it. In 1926, the very year he wrote his much-quoted letter to B'nai B'rith, he told an interviewer, "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."[20] This conscious shift in identifications was an act of defiance, a declaration of contempt for anti-Semites; it was a sign of Freud's continuing flexibility, his undimmed receptivity to experience, and his courage. But it could not erase his lifelong, complex identity, which no single label, not even "Jew," can adequately capture.

One of Sigmund Freud's early experiences with anti-Semitism has a special poignancy, since it involved his father. The story is familiar but deserves recounting here. He must have been ten or twelve years old when his

[17] *S.E.*, XXI (1961), 56 (translation modified).

[18] January 30, 1927. *Freud, Briefe,* 371.

[19] "The Question of a Weltanschauung," in *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis, S.E.,* XXII (1964), 182.

[20] The interviewer was George Sylvester Viereck; for all his unpalatability and unreliability, this interview rings true enough. It was published in Viereck, *Glimpses of the Great* (1927); see esp. 34.

father, on one of their strolls, told him a reminiscence: " 'When I was a young man,' he said, 'I went for a walk one Saturday in the streets of your birthplace; 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." Freud records that even then his father's conduct struck him as "unheroic;" was he not a "big, strong man"? The incident haunted his dreams and preoccupied him for years, and he felt it necessary to publish it in *The Interpretation of Dreams.*[21] Rage at bigoted bullies was mingled with disappointment in his father. And he made, still very young, a portentous if scarcely conscious choice: he would not go the way of his father, would not pick up his cap. Nor would he resort to identification with the aggressor by succumbing to Jewish self-hatred. It has been argued that his Jewishness lent him strength. But I think the reverse is true: it was his strength, the sound ego of a beloved first-born, that permitted Freud to affirm his Jewishness. It had, from the beginning, a touch of rage about it; it helped to foster in him an identification-in-spite-of-the-others. "My one merit in the Jewish cause," he wrote to Princess Marie Bonaparte in 1926, "is confined to one single point: that I have never denied my Jewishness."[22]

The refusal cost him—how much we do not know. His promotion to *Professor Extraordinarius* may have been held up because of "confessional considerations;"[23] it is likely, as we know he thought, that his scandalous ideas were all the more unacceptable to the medical profession and the general public because he happened to be a Jew. We have ample evidence of social and professional anti-Semitism in the Vienna of Freud's day, especially from the 1890s on. Sigmund Freud, when he encountered it, did not flinch. He faced it and let it infuriate him. Martin Freud, his son, recorded one of these moments of fury when his father displayed a good deal of physical courage: during one summer vacation, he came upon his boy being taunted by some anti-Semitic teenagers. Sigmund Freud grasped his walking stick firmly, ran at the assailants, and scattered them.[24] Martin Freud could be grateful to his father in a way that Sigmund Freud could not be to his; for, unlike that father, Sigmund Freud would not pick up his cap from the gutter.

Yet there is impressive evidence that Freud, the Jew, did not live a pariah's life, confined to his fellow-Jews. The great Brücke, a sober, often somber teacher, reserved, precise, feared, was a political liberal who numbered Jews among his friends. And another of Freud's medical chiefs, the distinguished internist Hermann Nothnagel, was among the founders of the Society for the Combating of Anti-Semitism and, in the summer of 1894, had

[21] *S.E.*, IV (1953), 197.

[22] May 10, 1926. *Freud, Briefe,* 365.

[23] For a partisan but well-informed view of the controversy, see K. R. Eissler, *Sigmund Freud und die Wiener Universität* (1966).

[24] *Sigmund Freud: Man and Father* (1958), 70.

to face down anti-Semitic student demonstrations.[25] Freud's response is not on record, but he must have known that the atmosphere in which he worked every day included some outspoken philo-Semites.

In later years, recalling the heroic founding days of psychoanalysis in the mid-1890s, Freud would observe how alone he had been. Doubtless he had been—alone with his ideas, half formed, clamoring in his mind, pointing beyond anything that psychologists and philosophers had dared to think, with intimations of fame, even immortality, beckoning him on. There was no one in Vienna he could really talk to—certainly not his cherished wife or his friends. Not even Breuer, the very man with whom he collaborated, not even Breuer, who had laid some of the ground work for Freud's revolutionary theories, seemed willing to accompany Freud on his daring enterprise into the void. Freud, then, we may agree, was lonely. But his was the loneliness of the scientific pioneer, whether Jew or gentile; it was not the loneliness of the Jew in a gentile world, for that world conspicuously included Ernst Brücke and Hermann Nothnagel. Anti-scientific forces were numerous, noisy, and powerful; closing down Nothnagel's classes in 1894, they had invaded the very sanctuary of science. But Freud could look about him and decide that science was no illusion, and continue to believe that the greatest illusion would be to seek anywhere else, even in Judaism, what science could not provide.

Yet was not his science, psychoanalysis, a Jewish science? As I have noted, its enemies have often said so, and its champions have often admitted that a preponderant number of psychoanalysts have been, and continue to be, Jews. And Freud himself once asked, rhetorically, his disciple and friend, the Swiss pastor Oskar Pfister: "How is it that none of the godly ever devised psychoanalysis and one had to wait for a totally godless Jew?"[26] And Freud himself hinted that perhaps it was his marginality—his position at the edges of Jewish and gentile cultures—that gave him the distance, and the sheer bravery, to come upon psychoanalysis.

Most of these observations are tendentious. Psychoanalysis has nothing to do with Jewish mysticism, nor is it Talmudic. Nor was it inevitable that psychoanalysts must be Jewish: Ernest Jones, one of the few non-Jewish intimates in Freud's early circle, who studied this question with some amusement, concluded that the "Jewish" psychoanalysts he met were all total atheists and that, at any rate, in England, practically all psychoanalysts were gentiles.[27] The only thesis that may have any merit is that marginality provided Freud with that mixture of remoteness and intimacy he needed. Freud's social life, mainly lived among Jews, had no bearing on his work. Such parochialism was a general, almost universal practice in his culture. It was the road of least

[25]There is an excellent and accessible summary of Nothnagel's career in Erna Lesky, *The Vienna Medical School of the 19th Century* (tr. L. Williams and I. S. Levij, 1976), 279-90. And see M. Neuburger, *Hermann Nothnagel* (1922) for his political views.

[26]October 9, 1918. *Sigmund Freud-Oskar Pfister, Briefe 1909-1939,* ed. Ernst L. Freud and Heinrich Meng (1963), 64.

[27]Jones, *Free Assoications: Memories of a Psycho-Analyst* (1959), esp. 208-14.

resistance; a kind of tribal survival that it took great effort to overcome. Freud did not overcome it; he was attacking enough pieties as it was.

Nor is the intellectual ancestry of psychoanalysis Jewish in any way. Neither Nietzsche nor Schopenhauer, the two philosophers closest to Freud's vision, was, of course, a Jew. The only Jew who can be claimed to be Freud's ancestor is Josef Breuer. And he, as we know, did not merely fail to make Freud's discoveries; he positively fled from them. Freud's personal loyalties were plain, and became positively aggressive in the face of persecution. But as a scientist he could claim the title that Nietzsche wanted for himself: he was a good European.

This is my conclusion. But another, further, conclusion suggests itself. I said at the outset that a persuasive definition of Freud's Jewish identity might speak to the range of validity that psychoanalysis may claim—not guarantee it, of course, but remove some persistent misconceptions. All that these considerations can offer is to show that the general validity of psychoanalysis is in no way constricted, or comprised, by the origins of its founder and that of most among its first advocates. This may not be much. But with a discipline as elusive and as controversial as psychoanalysis, it may be a useful first step.