

The Jews of Austria: Essays on their Life, History
and Destruction. Edited by Josef Fraenkel.
London: Vallentine Mitchell, 1967

Who Was Freud?

by

Martin Freud

There will be hardly a reader of this study who has not heard, and much more often read, the name of Freud, a man today recognised all over the world as one of the few men who changed the picture of man's outlook on the human soul.

Sigmund Freud was a Jew. He was not religious, but how deeply was he otherwise connected with Jewry, and conscious of his Jewishness? Freud's biography, a masterly work, written by Ernest Jones, who is a non-Jew, does not give a complete answer to this question, one which is of the greatest interest to all of us Jews, since our nation in the Diaspora has not produced a large number of men whom the outside world has recognised as great. Since I am the eldest son of Sigmund Freud, and collaborated with him for some time as the manager of his psycho-analytical publishing company—I might be able in this short article to give some answers to this question.

I could not do better than quote my father's own words about his relationship to Jews and Judaism, in a letter to a B'nai B'rith lodge, which was celebrating his 70th birthday:

"6.5.1926.

"Right Reverend Grand Master, Reverend Master, dear Brothers,

"I thank you for the honour shown to me today. You know why I cannot reply with the sound of my own voice. You have just heard one of my friends and pupils talk about my scientific work, but to pass judgement on these things is difficult, and perhaps for some time to come will not be possible with any degree of certainty. Permit me to add something to the speech of my predecessor, who happens to be my friend and pains-taking physician. I would like to tell you briefly how I became a B.B. and what I sought with you.

"It happened that, in the years after 1895, two strong impressions co-

incided to produce the same effect on me. On the one hand I had gained the first insight into the depths of human instinct, and had seen many things which were sobering, at first even frightening; on the other hand, the disclosure of my unpopular discoveries led to my losing most of my personal relationships at that time; 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 only be welcome to me, for I am a Jew myself, and it has always appeared to me not only undignified, but outright foolish to deny it. What tied me to Jewry was—I have to admit it—not faith, not even national pride, for I was always an unbeliever, having been brought up without religion, but not without respect for the so-called 'ethical' demands of human civilisation. 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, and before long there followed the realisation that it was only to my Jewish nature that I owed 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 which 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'.

"So I became one of you, took part in your humanitarian and national interests, made friends among you and persuaded the few friends who had remained with me to join our Lodge. There was, after all, no question of my trying to convince you of my new doctrines, but at a time when no one in Europe would listen to me, and I had no pupils in Vienna, you offered me your sympathetic attention. You were my first audience.

"Some two-thirds of the long time since my entrance, I conscientiously kept up with you, finding recreation and stimulation in my contact with you. You were kind enough not to reproach me today for having stayed away from you during the last third of this period. By that time I was up to my eyes in work, demands connected with it took precedence, the work no longer allowed me to prolong the day by attending your meetings, and soon the body would not permit postponement of the evening meal. Finally, there came the years of that illness which also prevents me from appearing among you to-day.

"Whether I have been a proper B.B. in your sense, I do not know. I am inclined to doubt it; there were too many special conditions affecting my case. But I can assure you that, during the years I have belonged to

you, you have meant much to me and done much for me; so please accept for those years, as well as for today, my warmest thanks.

"In benevolence, brotherly love and harmony,

Yours,

Sigmund Freud."

If any reader hopes to learn anything about psycho-analysis from this article I have to disappoint them. This highly complex science cannot be explained in a few pages; moreover, although understanding a good part of it, I cannot explain it, and must refer you to an encyclopaedia, but do not use one compiled in Germany during the years of Hitler's "Third Reich". According to Nazi publications, psycho-analysis was alien to German nature and had been refuted by German science; it led to soul-destroying consequences; the decline in German artistic production in the years after the First World War was intimately connected with Freud's theories and so on. The Nazis completely destroyed Freud's International Psycho-analytical Publishing Company, of which I was manager at the time, burned his books and even went so far as to recall for destruction a stock of books I had sent to Switzerland for safe keeping. Characteristically, the Nazis made my father pay for the substantial transport charges. Neither Germany nor Austria have so far offered any compensation for this outrage.

I wondered for some time why it was that the Nazis displayed so much hate for Sigmund Freud and everything he stood for. Then the answer came to me: the ideology of Nazism was based on lies, whereas Sigmund Freud stood for truth all his life, found it and propagated it victoriously against indifference and hostility. From the Nazis' point of view, he was a dangerous man.

On May 10, 1933, at the Opernplatz in Berlin, some Nazi students symbolically burned some books mostly by Jewish authors, which they considered "un-German". What was said when Freud's books went up in flames most probably originated from Goebbels, because hardly a single student present had read, much less understood, as much as a line of Freud's writings. This is what they shouted as Freud's books were thrown into the fire: "Against the soul-destroying over-estimations of the psychic life, for the nobility of the human soul, I consign to the flames these works of Sigmund Freud."

The Nazis hated Freud's work, as I have said, but they did not ignore or despise it. I know from a reliable source that Freud's collected works, stolen from his publishing company, were not destroyed, but were distributed among German libraries, which were most willing to accept them.

The hostile attitude of Nazi Germany found no imitators outside the political influence of the Third Reich. In England, where my father and his family were given asylum, one of the highest of scientific honours was conferred upon him: he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

There would have been no more to tell about my father's attitude to Jews and Judaism in the years of his youth had it not been for a selection of his letters, edited by my brother Ernst. They were published in the original German by S. Fischer, Frankfurt-am-Main, in 1961; and an English translation by the Hogarth Press, London.

The most revealing, for my purpose, were those written to my mother during my father's very long engagement to her. Here is an extract from a letter describing an incident in a train to Leipzig. (Freud himself called it a "silly story".)

"You know how I always long for fresh air and am always anxious to open windows, above all in trains. So I opened a window and stuck my head out to get a breath of air. Whereupon, there were shouts to shut it (it was the windy side), especially from one particular man. I declared my willingness to close the window, provided another opposite were opened. It was the only open window in the whole long carriage.

"While discussion ensued and the man said he was prepared to open the ventilation slit instead of the window, there came a shout from the background: 'He's a dirty Jew!' And with this the whole situation took on a different colour. My first opponent also turned Anti-Semitic and declared: 'We Christians consider other people, you'd better think less of your precious self' and muttering abuses befitting his education, my second opponent announced that he was going to climb over the seats to show me, etc. Even a year ago I would have been speechless with agitation, but now I am different; I was not in the least frightened of that mob, asked the one to keep to himself his empty phrases which inspired no respect in me, and the other to step up and take what was coming to him. I was quite prepared to kill him, but he did not step up; I was glad I refrained from joining in the abuse, something one must always leave to others. With the compromise of ventilation slit versus window, Act 1 came to an end. The conductor summoned by me took neither side, but offered to escort me to another compartment, which I declined. Later, when several people opened the window in order to reach the door handle so that they could get out and left it open, I settled down boldly beside it, for I felt very ready for a fight. The anti-Semite, this time with ironic politeness, renewed his request. 'No,' said I, 'I'll do nothing of the kind.' I told him to turn to the conductor, and I held my own as far as the next station. The conductor again refused to say anything, but another official who happened to have heard of the issue, but not of the scene, decided that in winter all windows had to be closed. Whereupon I closed it.

"After this defeat I seemed to be lost—a storm of jeers, abuses, and threats broke out, until I turned round and yelled at the ringleader to come on over and make my acquaintance. I was not at all sure of the outcome. The answer was that no one was talking about me at all, they had no intention of having their conversation interrupted, but—from

then on everything was quiet. I do think I held my own quite well, and used the means at my disposal courageously; in any case I did not fall to their level. After all, I am no giant, haven't any hackles to show, no lion's teeth to flash, no stentorian roar, my appearance is not given distinguished; all this would have had a lightening effect on this mob, but they must have noticed that I wasn't afraid, and I did not allow this experience to dampen my spirits . . ."

There are other letters to my mother which indicate even more clearly how deeply Freud felt about being a fighting Jew. There is, for instance, a letter written from Paris, in which Freud analyses himself, and explains the reason for his inaccessibility to and gruffness with strangers. He relates what Breuer, at that time his collaborator and closest friend, told him: he, Breuer, had discovered that, hidden under Freud's surface timidity, was an extremely daring and fearless human being. Freud said in this letter that he had always thought so, but never dared to 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 for one great moment in history. And, at the same time, I always felt so helpless and incapable of expressing these ardent passions, even by a word of a poem. So I have always restrained myself, and it is this, I think, which people must see in me."

In the same letter, he reports a political discussion with a famous French politician. Freud explained that he was a Jew, adhering neither to Germany nor Austria. This happened in 1886. Not many Austrian Jews had by this time dared to confess adherence to a Jewish national conviction.

There is a story in one of these letters to my mother, written in January, 1885, which is most significant for the atmosphere in which the young Jewish doctors lived at the General Hospital in Vienna. A friend and colleague of Freud had a difference of opinion with a Gentile doctor about some minor technical matter. This man suddenly called Freud's friend a *Saujud* and was hit in the face for this insult. Both men were reserve officers, and a duel had, therefore, to be fought; sabres were chosen as weapons. Freud took the greatest interest in the fight. For instance, he sent a bottle of wine, one of six he had just received, to his friend, "to fortify him for the fight". The Jewish doctor won.

Since I can add no more about Freud's Jewishness as a young man, for lack of material, it would be as well to turn to the Jewish background of the Freud family.

I did not know my maternal grandfather at all, though I have been told that he was an Orthodox Jew. My father's father died when I was only seven years old, and although I met him often, I do not know any-

thing about his relationship to Jewish matters. It was different with my grandmothers. My father's mother, Amalia, whom I knew very well, was a typical Polish Jewess, with all the shortcomings that that implies. She was certainly not what we would call a "lady", had a lively temper and was impatient, self-willed, sharp-witted and highly intelligent.

She came from Brody in North-East Galicia, but moved to Vienna with her parents when she was still a child, and had vivid memories of the 1848 revolution, in which Jewish University students played a leading rôle—something difficult to imagine for a Jewish student like myself, who attended university in the decade before the First World War, when the Nazis—there were already Nazis long before Hitler—decided in Waidhofen, that the Jews had no honour. (*Der Jude ist der Ehre bar.*) Anyway, there was a young man in my grandmother's family who had stayed at home during the fighting, and grandmother remembered how his friends or colleagues shouted at him in the house, pressed a rifle into his hands and challenged him to join them at the barricades. But the young man was not very enthusiastic about fighting, and probably dying, for freedom. Much as I would like to report that my ancestry was connected with this glorious episode in Vienna's history, when Jewish students were in the forefront of the fight for freedom and independence, dying at the barricades, rifle in hand, I must tell the story as my grandmother told it to me. The young man looked distastefully at the proffered gun and said: "I'm not good at this kind of thing. How many do you think I could shoot with this gun? Probably not more than three or four. Bring them in here and I promise I will shoot them in this house."

There was a counterpart to my paternal grandmother, the Polish Jewess, emotional and untamed, full of life and vitality. I refer to my maternal grandmother, Emmeline Bernays. She came from a family of intellectuals; two of her uncles were well known men of letters, her grandfather had been Chief Rabbi of Hamburg, a person of historical importance, who was known as *chochem*, the wise one. I have a copy of his picture in my house, a most impressive face, with strong and dominant features. I flattered myself when I was younger that I possessed a certain likeness to my Jewish great-grandfather, but this was possibly more a desire than a fact. Grandmother was an Orthodox Jewess, she wore a *Sheitel*, which meant that at her marriage she had sacrificed her own hair, and her head was crowned with two close-fitting artificial plaits. She was a lady through and through. I never heard her shout or scream. On Saturdays she sang Jewish prayers in a firm, melodious voice. Mild, sweet and angelic as she looked, she was always determined to have her own way, as my father experienced with grief during his engagement to my mother, which lasted for so many years.

I had better mention here the story of my father's youngest sister, Adolfine, who did not marry, and remained with my grandmother until she was herself quite an elderly woman. She was not clever, or in any way remarkable, and the constant attendance on her mother had forced

her personality into a condition of dependence from which she never recovered. She had an almost prophetic vision of the fate that awaited the Jews of Vienna. She foresaw the coming humiliations, tortures and murders.

I remember one day walking with her in Vienna, years before the *Anschluss*. I had not seen much of her recently, as I was a busy man, and had better things to do than to take an elderly, absolutely uninteresting aunt for a walk. We passed an ordinary-looking man, probably a Gentile, who, as far as I knew, had taken no notice of us. My aunt gripped my arm in terror and whispered: "Did you hear what that man said? He called me a dirty, stinking Jewess and said it was time we were all killed." I put this down to a pathological phobia and told her not to be silly.

At that time many of my friends were Gentiles, and I felt perfectly happy and secure with them. It seems strange that while none of us, professors, lawyers, people of education and excellent upbringing, had any idea of the tragedy which would destroy the children of the Jewish race, a lovable but rather silly old maid foresaw that future. Aunt Adolfine, Dolfi as we called her, died of starvation in Theresienstadt; three other sisters were murdered, probably in Auschwitz. When my father and his brother left Vienna, they provided their old sisters with ample funds to live their last few years in comfort and security. Who would have believed that Hitler's plans to solve the Jewish question would include these harmless old women? Attempts to rescue them later failed.

Two typical Jewesses, one of Ashkenasi, the other of Sephardi origin, gave the Freud family a strong Jewish background. Now, what about Sigmund Freud's own children? We were brought up without any traces of the Jewish ritual. Our festivals were Christmas, with presents under a candle-lit tree, and Easter, with gaily painted Easter eggs. I had never been in a synagogue, nor to my knowledge had my brothers or sisters. When I married shortly after returning home from the First World War, this lack of familiarity with the Jewish ritual caused a great deal of embarrassment. (My marriage has since been factually, though not legally, dissolved by separation.) Dressed in tails and top hat, I went with my bride-to-be to a synagogue which had been built through her grandfather's bounty, and in which her two uncles were functionaries. They escorted me on both sides in what was to be a first-class wedding.

When I entered the sanctuary I took my top hat off—quite automatically—and my escort on the left put it back on my head with some vehemence. As an officer in the war, I had been to many divine services in charge of my soldiers, but always in Christian churches, since I was practically the only Jew in the troop in which I served. "My hat on my head during a divine service," I said to myself, "it cannot be"—and took it off again. Then my escort on the right repeated the performance of putting it back, which was more difficult for him, as he was not as tall as

I, and onlookers started to take notice and offence. However, we got over the incident, and I now know how to behave whenever I enter a synagogue again for a wedding or a funeral.

The Freud family, alienated from Jewish religion and Jewish rites, was not an exception among the Jewish population of Vienna. Rich and poor, but more so the rich, had all followed the same path. But in one way we all remained Jewish: we moved in Jewish circles, our friends were Jews, our doctor, our lawyer were Jews. If one was in business one's partner was Jewish, one read a newspaper that was written and directed by Jews, and went for holidays to places where Jews were in the majority (here the Freud family *was* an exception). My mother was very hospitable, but I can hardly remember a non-Jewish person among the many guests at our home. This altered when father became internationally recognised, and non-Jewish visitors arrived from Switzerland, Holland, England and America.

It took quite a long time before I, as a young boy, understood my position as a Jew. I knew that the servants—we had more than a middle-class family can afford today: cook, chambermaid, nanny and char-woman, poor and uneducated people—were Christians, and that our friends and visitors, well dressed, and in my eyes wealthy and important, were Jewish, so I got the wrong impression: that the Jews were the leading class in Vienna—which was my world—and the Christians second best.

I was already twelve years old when I learned that we Jews were not a privileged race, but exposed to persecution and hatred. It happened, not in Vienna, but during a summer holiday which the family spent by a small lake in Bavaria, near Salzburg and the Austrian frontier. I have described the whole incident in my book about my father, so there is no need to go into great detail.

What happened was that my father was waylaid by a crowd of ten or fifteen strangers, who blocked his way and abused him with Antisemitic maledictions. Father charged at the hostile crowd, swinging his stick, and they dispersed and did not molest him.

The same evening my father told us what we had to expect from Antisemitism, a plague until then unknown to his children. How to meet it, how to stand firm and brave, he had shown us by his example.

I have lived through many exciting moments in my life and have survived two world wars and a civil war, but none of the many incidents I have experienced has made such a deep and lasting impression on me as that event on the Bavarian lakeside, and the explanations of it by my father that followed. From that day on I knew that I was a Jew, what it meant to be one, and that I had to defend myself. This early experience and my beloved father's example helped me greatly in adult life. More than a decade later, when the First World War broke out, I joined a Salzburg artillery regiment whose officers were possibly the most fervent Antisemites in all Europe. But I could hold my own, was even quite

popular and well respected, and when the war ended, I left as an officer, my chest covered with medals.

I should like to recall here an episode which happened at the end of my time at high school. It was an old and not inexpensive custom that those pupils who matriculated invited their teachers to a feast, a dinner with wines. In our case the arrangements were left to a very open-handed colleague, and the wines he ordered at our expense were superior in both quantity and quality to the modest standard hosts and guests were used to. One toast followed another, and the speakers became more outspoken and more emphatic. The theme was mostly the future of us youngsters. Finally, the history Professor, with a Czech name and heavy German nationalist convictions, finished his speech with the words: "Whatever you do, never forget you are Germans; hold your nationality holy, it is your most sacred good; never abandon, never forget it." He received a reply he did not expect—from me.

I had passed with honours, while the few non-Jews in our class had, as far as I remember, failed to pass the matriculation examination. I told the teacher that we were not Germans, and that we also did not wish to be Germans. We were, I told him, devoted Austrian citizens and Jews by birth, German only by the language we had been brought up in. I earned no applause, and some of my more sober colleagues complained that I had spoiled the evening.

I do not know what happened to my Jewish school-fellows. The custom of reunions after ten, twenty or more years was out of the question in those stormy times. I wonder whether many of them survive today, and how many died in concentration camps. I am absolutely positive that none of them is today a devoted and faithful German.

To return to my father's house. The old and devoted circle of his friends, some going back to his student days, came quite regularly on certain evenings to play cards with him. A number came for years on end, and it grieved father deeply when, one after the other, they died. Their places at cards were partly taken by his children, Anna and myself. She was a good card player; I was not. A few newcomers also came—all Jewish.

One of them was the late Dr. Rudolf Bienenfeld. His prudence and wit enchanted father, and he was much liked as a card partner. Bienenfeld, as a Viennese lawyer, was my colleague, but there the resemblance ended, as far as importance and reputation were concerned. You cannot compare a whale with a sardine? Bienenfeld made it possible for the two of us to work together in certain cases—they were probably not his most important ones. It gave me incredible pleasure to watch him in court. He was certainly not handsome, but when he began to speak, his sharp, clear voice and his personality filled and dominated the court. I remember a civil case, rather weak in my opinion, where his opponent was a typical Teutonic lawyer, twice Bienenfeld's size, and with a face like the hero of the *Nibelungenlied*. I noticed with amusement that he was frightened to death of his Jewish opponent, and when Bienenfeld hinted that an agree-

ment was not out of the question, he jumped at the chance, only too glad to avoid a legal battle which, in my opinion, he could hardly have lost. How comforting that profundity of knowledge and superior intellect could make a Jew not only admired but even feared!

I have already mentioned that I never met my former school fellows again. This is not quite correct. I did meet one of them again—a Gentile—under rather remarkable circumstances, shortly before I left Austria for ever. (He, by the way, had not passed his matriculation examination, and was therefore not present at the banquet, and had missed my anti-German speech.) In March, 1938, a band of armed Nazi irregulars invaded the premises which housed my father's publishing house and my own law office. He was one of them.

We exchanged greetings, he as polite as he dared without compromising himself, and I quite glad that the trespassers included at least one half-educated man.

A little while later, I destroyed documents which I feared might incriminate my Jewish clients, and bribed one of the guards who helped me to do so. However, I was careless and did not draw the curtains. I was observed, and this put me in a really dangerous position.

Two men with carbines were detailed to guard me, and I was sitting in a chair in my office, with little hope left, when the whole band came back, taking almost no notice of me. My erstwhile schoolfellow, whom I had not asked to help me, said as if I had: "Freud, you are lost. No human being on earth can help you now."

But, just as he had always been in the eight years we spent at school together, he was wrong this time. My sister Anna was allowed to use the phone and rang up some of the influential personalities she knew (though she never told me which of them), and I was saved.

Although I was successful in saving the greater part of my father's fortune, the Nazis robbed us of money and valuable property, and we have had no compensation for what they took, because Austria's restitution laws lay down that compensation is to be paid only for losses suffered because of formal confiscation, not for robbery, which happened in our case.

And now I would like to deal with a much earlier period—the time when I began studying law at Vienna University. At high school I had been used to Jews being a large majority, but this did not apply to the University, of course. The students came from all parts of the vast Austrian Empire, those from the German-speaking *Alpenländer* being convinced German nationalists. They were organised in societies—*Burschenschaften*—mainly on the pattern of German universities, of which Heidelberg was the most famous, celebrated in song and drama.

For their convivial gatherings they needed beer and songs; for their amusement they fought duels with rapiers and broadswords; for their political activities they needed enemies, only too easily found in the unorganised and defenceless Jewish student minority. It happened often

enough that they broke into lecture halls shouting "*Juden hinaus*", and kept it up until the Jews, and the very few Jewesses, had gathered up their books and filed out in despondency.

It never happened to me, because after a short while I had given up attending the boring and quite useless law lectures, but I heard about it often enough.

Why tolerate such indignities? I asked myself, and soon I found out that some resistance was being shown—not by Viennese students, to start with, but by boys from Galicia and Bukovina, the despised and spurned "Polish Jews".

One day, when I arrived at the University, the entrance was cordoned off by police and I could not get in. The police were there because a gang fight was going on between the balustrades which edged the two broad, sloping approaches to the University. The adversaries were German-Austrian and Jewish students. They fought with sticks and fists, and the Jews were outnumbered by at least five to one.

It was quite clear that they could not win, but what a wonderful sight it was, to see Jews, who as a race had been persecuted and maltreated for 2,000 years, finding the spirit to fight back. The police were not allowed to enter the University to stop fights within its gates, so they waited patiently outside, until the balustrades gave way under the pressure of the mass of fighting, struggling bodies. That ended the battle, because the participants were too busy taking to their heels to avoid being arrested, to continue fighting.

I felt that to be a mere spectator on such occasions was not good enough, and by dint of asking the right people, found out who some of the Jewish combatants had been. They were members of Zionist student corporations (*Burschenschaften*), and the one which had been in the thick of the fight was "*Kadimah*". Their headquarters was in the same unfashionable district as we lived in, the ninth. I went there without an introduction and joined.

In those years before the First World War, the Jews of Austria prospered. And many of them feared that any new Jewish movement might endanger their status. Emigrate? Who dreamed of leaving beautiful Austria, where they flourished under the protection of a benign and powerful Emperor? Give up their positions as bank presidents, and leaders of rich commercial and industrial concerns? No! They wanted to maintain their wealth and bequeath it to their children.

They knew what Zionism stood for, and decided not only not to support it but also to combat it as far as they could. One of their weapons was a conspiracy of silence about Zionism. Few of our Jewish friends had ever heard of Theodor Herzl, who had already gained international importance by this time. Nor did they know what he stood for.

Even I, who came from a house without prejudices, knew only that Herzl was the father of Trude Herzl, who, as my sister's friend, frequently visited our house, and that he was the man who wrote those very nice

articles in the *Neue Freie Presse*, which was read in our house as a matter of course. Of Zionism, I knew nothing.

The sons of well-to-do and important Viennese Jews who wanted to join a student corporation joined the German-Liberal students' associations, which still accepted Jews as members, and as a result—and to their great dismay—had a predominantly Jewish membership. They were very wealthy indeed, in contrast to the Zionist corporations, which were as poor as church mice.

Sigmund Freud was the most tolerant father and let me indulge most of my eccentric fancies, but I expected him to oppose my membership of Kadimah. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when he not only did not oppose it, but was obviously delighted at the idea.

In 1936, Sigmund Freud celebrated his eightieth birthday. Kadimah congratulated him, and my father thanked them, ending his letter: "Your Freud, who wishes to become one of your 'Alte Herren'." He had his wish. A delegation of Kadimah members visited him at his home and brought him the coloured ribbon of the corporation, which, with their assistance, he fastened round his chest.

Many of the great men of letters in his time admired Freud, corresponded with him and came to see him personally. Those who were Jews became his friends, men such as the writers Stefan and Arnold Zweig, and Albert Einstein. He and Freud—different though the spheres of their discoveries were—had much in common, and they respected and admired each other.

I think I have in this short article told a bit too much about my own experiences—which may in a way be typical of the adversities so many of us went through, and not enough about my father. Let me tell you about his generosity.

Once my father had begun to earn money, that is, more than he absolutely needed for the support of his family, he behaved in an unbelievably generous manner. He enjoyed giving. There must have been literally scores of students for whom he made it possible to finish their studies. More than this I cannot say. I was my father's lawyer and his banker, and a good part of the funds he gave away passed through my hands. But, as is well known, both professions are bound by what is called privileged knowledge, and we are not permitted to disclose anything concerning the dealings of our clients.

I have to mention his gentleness. He was extremely gentle, but this did not mean that he was prepared to put up with any indignities or injustice. I have seen my father in a fight, or better in a situation which might have developed into one. I believe that his face in rage looked so terrifying that the enemy left the field and just simply ran away without putting up a struggle. This is the very simple rule he gave to his children: Do not tolerate insults. Defend yourself!

My readers may ask: This Sigmund Freud who had only virtues and no vices, was he really human? Of course he was. He was very human

indeed, he had his likes and dislikes and indulged in quite a number of hobbies, very much so. I shall here mention only one of them,—his passion, his infatuation, I may almost say, with books. It started when he was very young. He spent most of his free time reading; all his meagre pocket money went into buying books. His mother—my grandmother—often told us how she would always find her small son stretched out on the floor in his modest room, lying on his belly, his head buried in a book. He even—so say his biographers—I can neither confirm nor deny this story,—contracted debts in order to obtain more books.

But I can relate the following story about Sigmund Freud and books, for it is based on my own experience. Father used to take turns with us children, in taking us along with him on his walks, and I recall that we children shared this pleasure fairly equally. Father used to march along at a terrific speed. I often wonder how my little sisters could possibly manage to keep up with him. When I was already fourteen, and as tall as my father, even though I was well trained in various sports, I distinctly recall that I could just barely keep up with him without dropping behind. But perhaps his speed varied to take account of my little sisters' shorter legs.

Our walks were either around the famous "Ring" in Vienna, that fine boulevard that circles the city, with its beautiful gardens, or else we walked right through the heart of Vienna, through what is called the "innere Stadt", the inner city.

At this time Vienna was the Imperial residence, teeming with artists, artisans, and connoisseurs of exquisite taste. I would say that the shop-windows in those days could bear comparison with the finest that Bond Street in London or Fifth Avenue in New York have to offer. I would have liked, now and then, to have a look at the displays of silverware, of framed oil paintings, of furs, of sporting goods, of ties, socks, lounging robes, but father never stopped before any of these windows. He passed them by in a great hurry. But, and this was an iron-clad rule, father stopped at every bookshop, and stared as if fascinated at the displayed books, probably making a mental list of what books he would order next from his bookseller, who usually was his publisher as well.

Always, when I reached home from school or play and entered the flat in the Berggasse, I would throw a glance at the shelf by the door where the incoming mail was deposited. After all, there might be a letter for me!

There was seldom a day when there was not a parcel for father containing new books sent him for selection or return, or in response for his order.

Not one of us children has inherited my father's dominating passion for the collecting of books, although we all like books, of course. My own rank as a lover of books among my brothers and sisters was rather far down the list, I am afraid, when I was an adolescent, I was given much more to the outdoor life than to reading. We children did not have to buy books out of our own pocket money, we were always given books by father and by his many friends.

One afternoon, which I remember very well to this day, father once

again stopped before the window of a large bookshop and eagerly studied the books displayed there, it seemed with the greatest concentration. I tried to do the same, but to my great disappointment, I found that the bookseller had not changed his window display. In it there were exactly the same books we had seen the week before; this seemed to make no difference in father's eager attention.

I found myself getting bored. I came near saying: "Papa, let's go. We have already seen all of this last week," but on second thought, I did not say it. Father was intensely interested, and had I disturbed him at this particular moment, I might have found that there were limits even to his angel-like patience. How could I, at my age, and with my interests concentrated on skates, kayak-sails, ice axes for mountain climbing, understand what a source of happiness a window full of books was to my father, even though he had seen them before.

Once Hitler had consolidated his grip on Germany, we knew that Austria would remain independent only a short time longer. We knew what we Jews had to expect from a Nazi régime, and we became even closer to each other. But there was no possibility of defence against the Nazi scourge, and many perished. Those who were fortunate enough to escape to foreign countries did their best to help their less lucky comrades. It was the time when a guarantee, a formal invitation, could mean the difference between life and death for the recipient. It became more and more difficult to cross a frontier to safety, as many countries had closed their borders to prevent an influx of Jewish refugees.

The Nazis claimed that they had treated Freud well, but they had, in fact, robbed him of most of his possessions. Had I relied on Nazi "generosity", father would have arrived in England penniless, but fortunately, I did not rely on it. Their charge for a permit to take his collection of antiques out of Austria was his entire Austrian bank account, which they confiscated and sent to Germany as "unreturnable fees". I am informed that the restitution laws provide no compensation for such confiscation.

The Gestapo demanded a certificate from father, stating that he had been well treated by the authorities, so he sat down, and without hesitation wrote: "Ich kann die Gestapo jedermann auf das beste empfehlen." (I can recommend the Gestapo very much to everyone.) The Nazis did not see the irony. They passed the certificate from man to man, shrugged their shoulders and marched off, evidently deciding that this was the best the old man could think of.

One of the humiliations suffered in Vienna by Jews who had gained permission to leave was the necessity to report daily to the police. When my sister Anna returned from the Gestapo office with all the release papers safely in her hands, she told father about this. "You have, of course, refused to obey so humiliating an order," he said to her. This remark is an excellent example of Freud's defiant spirit, old and ill as he was; but Anna knew that anyone who dared to refuse any order emanat-

ing from the Hotel Metropole, the headquarters of the Gestapo, would not pass through its dread portals alive and free.

I do not know how many Jews my father helped to escape and settle in England, some even with the possibility of working in their professions. When somebody saves a person from drowning, people read about it in the papers, and the rescuer sometimes gets a medal. But when somebody saved people from a fate worse than drowning in 1938, discretion was the order of the day, and very few people knew about it. Even I, although I worked for a short time, as my father's secretary in England, do not know precisely how many Jews my father helped, and even if I did, I do not think it would be decent to give details in such a confidential matter.

In England, Freud received most honoured treatment. What a difference from his last months in Vienna, where S.S. troops trampled through his flat, pulling open wardrobe and cupboard doors until stopped by mother, who behaved with incredible fortitude. So did my sister, Anna, who was driven away by armed S.S. men, and held for hours on end at Gestapo headquarters.

Sigmund Freud left Vienna in May, 1938, travelling to London via Paris. When he arrived he was enthusiastically welcomed by his family, his friends and even total strangers.

As mentioned earlier, Freud was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and three of its secretaries brought its official Charter Book for Freud to sign, a procedure, I am informed, normally followed only in the case of royalty.

This is what Freud himself wrote about his position *vis-à-vis* Jews and Judaism in a letter to the Committee of the Yiddish Scientific Institute: "You no doubt know that I gladly and proudly acknowledge my Jewishness, though my Jewishness, though my attitude towards any religion, including ours, is critically negative."

Father died in London on September 23, 1939. He received several visitors during the last months of his life, although in great pain from his illness and very weak. One visitor certainly did not tire him, however, but left him happy, excited and elated. This was Chaim Weizmann, who had expressed a wish to visit Freud. My brother, Ernst, and I were both present when he arrived. What did the leader of Jewry tell my old and ailing father to make him so happy?