

November the 10th 1965. Department of Psychology.

I have to add to this introduction, that I am not a psychiatrist and not a psychologist. I am not competent to talk to you about the impact of Freudian psychiatry. I am just one of the people, who knew Freud personally and had the great luck to meet him in my formative years.

To stress the informality of my chatting I insisted upon having coffee with you. So blame Ben Karr for my talk, but thank me for the coffee. I like to give you an idea of the background of my meeting Freud.

The first World War started in July 1914. I just finished Highschool and rushed to enroll into Medical School. However, that was all I could do, because I was drafted immediately and had to serve as combattant until 1917. At that time the need for medical personnel became so threatening, that everybody who only came close to Medical School was sent home on leave ~~mm~~ to learn the most essential techniques of first aid.-- I was among those and could spend 2 semesters in Vienna in Clinical Medicine without having had any background in the basic fields like Anatomy, Physiology etc.

During these 2 semesters in Vienna I heard ~~Wann~~ of Freud for the first time. I read feverishly the "Psychopathology of Every day life" and the 3 essays on the theory of sexuality.

But having been in the Army and under strict supervision, it was most difficult to do anything outside the attendance of the armt-supervised courses. However, I managed (as one always does if one wants to badly enough) and I sneaked into 2 lecture series he gave in the department of Psychiatry.

Vienna at that time was still the "Kaiserstadt" i.e. the metropolis and cultural center of a huge conglomeration of nations.

The Medical School of Vienna was a Mekka for all students and postgraduates of Medicine of the whole world.

Austria was at war and the people had to be convinced that this is a victorious war and will save mankind, as it has been maintained by every fighting nation at all times; therefore Vienna was in full glamour and splendour. The ruling class was very powerful, extremely conservative and proud of its tradition i.e. they were easily threatened by any new movement or even idea. All political as well as social appointments were made after careful scrutiny as to "reliability". Such a society can only exist on hypocrisy; on the basis of: "if you can't kill the beast, then at least deny its existence".

A typical example for this ideology happened in the Viennese Academy of Medicine, but may very well happen in other places too. Fee-splitting among physicians means giving the physicians who send me a patient a certain percentage of the fee the patient pays. This was not legally but ethically forbidden and officially persecuted by the Academy. Many, even prominent did that, but nobody admitted it. One day a young specialist, who just started his practice, put an ad in the paper mentioning his willingness to split fees. Naturally he was immediately called to the ethical tribunal of the Academy. He defended himself by saying that many prominent physicians do that regularly and unfortunately even ~~mentioned some names~~ mentioned some names. Thereupon the president of the Academy made the following solomonic declaration: "We all know that a great many people piss in a swimming pool, but if somebody would go up on a springboard and would do it from there he would have to be removed by the police". This characterized the ruling class of Vienna at that time and if I am not very much mistaken, all ruling classes at all times in all places.

That was the time when a man like Freud dared to talk about sexuality quite openly and even wrote books about it and even gave very well attended lectures on it.

Around 1918 or 19, I don't remember anymore when one of Freud's followers gave a paper at a psychiatric convention in Germany. In the middle of his paper the chairman interrupted him rudely and said, that such unmentionables are not the subject of scientific discussions but have to be dealt with by the police.

The professor of Psychiatry at that time in Vienna was the very famous organopsychiatrist Wagner v. Jauregg; he received the Nobel prize for initiating Malaria therapy of progressive paralysis.

Wagner did not approve of Freud's ideas and openly discussed and rejected them; however, he still respected him and appointed him to Dozent i.e. Assistant professor and later recommended him for professorship. Still, he was under the influence of the general attitude of the physicians at large, the Academy of Medicine and particularly of several of his staff members.

Freud was permitted to give lectures, but the lectures were elective and were not given in the big auditorium or usual lecture rooms but in a small room in the basement of the psychiatric clinic, and the attendance was restricted to such who were personally recommended to or by Freud.

The lecture series I heard were Interpretation of dreams and Psychopathology of Everyday Life.

Freud was a superb teacher. He spoke a beautiful German, simple and unaffected and everyone of the students had the feeling of being the center of his attention. At that time and later I heard many people talk about Freud's impatience and domineering attitude. From my experience with him as a teacher and medical consultant I can only say that he was most patient and most sincerely interested in establishing personal contact with everyone he had to deal with and this out of his sincere conviction, that there is something worthwhile in every human being. - His lectures had a deep, lasting, stirring effect on all of us.

My next meeting with Freud was after the war, when I was a young medical resident in charge of a ward. My boss at that time was the very famous heart specialist Rudolf Kaufmann, who later became the head of the Viennese Heart Station.

Kaufmann was a nephew of Dr. Josef Breuer, who as you probably know, was the first close collaborator of Freud.

One day, a young man was brought in with paralyzed ~~hagum~~ legs. He was in the war, was taken prisoner by the Italians and was not released until shortly before he came to us. Inasmuch as the most thorough physical examination did not reveal any abnormality I succeeded in getting the permission to call Freud as consultant.

In our presence Freud examined the patient and agreed with our negative finding. But then he interrogated the patient with endless patience and empathy and revealed to us as well ~~mann~~ as to the patient the following story: the young man had a very strict father who constantly interfered with everything he wanted to do. Very often the father hit him, and mother threw herself on the son to protect him from the blows. When the war broke out, he volunteered in order to be able to leave home. When he came home from the draftboard and told his father that he was taken into the army, the father smacked his face relentlessly. The ~~mh~~ boy stood still with his fists clenched in his pockets. But his mind was killing his father and he wished him in typical Viennese fashion "der Schlag soll dich treffen". Here you would probably say "jump in the lake" or something of the sort, but in Vienna one wished a stroke on a person. Freud kept on explaining to us that primitive people believe in eye for eye and tooth for tooth atonement and also that even the wish to kill is punishable.

When our patient was on the battlefield and exposed to an enemy attack he suddenly started to shake all over because he thought that this is the moment when he will have to be punished. He threw himself to the ground and started to pray for divine grace. Suddenly he felt something "good" coming over him - he stopped shaking and crying-- fell over backwards and was unable to get up anymore since, he was paralyzed. Freud kept on explaining, that stroke means being paralyzed and being paralyzed means not being able to walk; therefore our patient was unable to walk but could move his arms. He also could and did move his legs in bed, what we did not know before and what his room-mates told us later on. Freud ~~hypnotized~~ hypnotized him in our presence and made him walk; then, however, he suggested psychotherapy, which finally cured him.

Later on, when I was already in the practice of Medicine and frequently called into consultation to heart diseases, one day I was to see a patient who lived near Vienna in a castle-like home. The physician who called had known the patient for many years. We had to go through many rooms before we reached the bedroom, where the patient was. It was a beautiful and most interesting building with handmade woodwork, beautiful paintings, old china etc.; and in one of the rooms there also was one of those old-fashioned wallclocks with a pendulum and gongwork that gonged every 15 min. day and night. I looked at that clock for some time, because it

reminded me of my childhood when we too had such a clock on our wall.

The patient had a severe heart disease for a long time but recently the drugs did not help anymore particularly not against his severe shortness of breath at night. I studied the patient very carefully but was unable to come with something, the physician had not yet tried unsuccessfully. Such a situation is not too pleasant for a consultant and I left the patients room with the family physician and the patients wife, but walked very slowly in the hope I might still be able to think of something helpful; this way we again reached the room with the wallclock and I stopped again and told the people that I had a lot of anxieties as child and often woke up in the middle of the night with all kinds of fears, but when I heard the clock's gong I felt not alone anymore and fell asleep. Suddenly I had an idea: I asked the lady of the house who is sleeping in this room; she said that this room was the room of the patients parents and she and her husband used to sleep in this room; but when he became sicker she thought it would be better for him to be at the end of the corridor, where there is the least disturbance from the general mill of the day. I asked her when he was moved into the other room and she said it must have been a few weeks. I turned to the doctor and asked him if this approximately coincides with the resistance to treatment which he hesitatingly and laughingly confirmed. We went back to the patient and asked him whether the wallclock had ever disturbed him. I wished you would have seen his face. He started to cry and said apologetically that he felt so much at home in the other room - it may be very childish but I slept with my mother in that room for many years after my fathers death. The rest you can imagine-- the patient was transferred for a trial period and if he should live still he still would sleep in that room.

I told you that story because I discussed it with Freud before one of the few sessions of the psychoanalytical society of Vienna I was permitted to attend.