

DIARY OF AN ANALYSIS WITH FREUD

“WIE BENIMMT SICH DER PROF. FREUD EIGENTLICH?” EIN NEU ENTDECKTES TAGEBUCH VON 1921 HISTORISCH UND ANALYTISCH KOMMENTIERT (“HOW DOES PROF. FREUD ACTUALLY BEHAVE?” A NEWLY DISCOVERED DIARY FROM 1921 WITH HISTORICAL AND ANALYTIC COMMENTARY), ed. Anna Koellreuter. Giessen: Psychosozial-Verlag, 2010, 319 pp., €32.90.

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In the early spring of 1921, Anna G., a twenty-seven-year-old psychiatry resident at the Burghölzli, the Psychiatric University Clinic in Zurich where Eugen Bleuler was then director, contacted Freud through Emil Oberholzer and Oskar Pfister.¹ She wanted to know if he would take her as a patient. She had been engaged for seven years to a man she knew from medical school, and her wedding was planned in detail for the following September. But she remained ambivalent about the relationship. Hoping to gain clarity about whether she should go through with the marriage, she decided to consult Freud.² He answered her with a letter dated March 23, 1921:

Dear Doctor, given my currently cramped patient schedule I am happy to hear that you are one and the same patient who was recommended to me by Oberholzer and Pfister. I am answering right away so that we can come to a quick decision. I cannot agree to see you before I know whether you accept my fee and whether I can accept your timing, something you have not mentioned yet. I am charging 40 Swiss francs an hour,³ payable monthly, and do not take anyone who cannot stay until July 15th. The last point alone is decisive. Considering the time pressure, I am asking you to reply by telegram and I will

¹Bleuler, a year younger than Freud, was the first professor of psychiatry to promote Freud's ideas. Oberholzer received psychiatric training under Bleuler, was analyzed by Freud, and with Pfister (a Lutheran minister and lay analyst) and nine others established the Swiss Psychoanalytic Society in 1919.

²At that time, the decision to dissolve an engagement would not be taken lightly.

³This amounts to 960 Swiss francs a month. For comparison, in 1920 the average rent for a four room apartment in Zurich was 1,075 francs yearly, which comes out to about 90 francs a month. The salary for a senior official in 1918 was 10,800 francs, or 900 francs a month (Swiss Statistical Yearbook 1921).

then definitely let you know, probably by telegram as well. If everything is acceptable, I would like you to arrive in Vienna before April 1. With collegial greetings, Freud [p. 21; all translations mine].

We do not know, of course, whether at this time in his career Freud routinely initiated treatments in this way, whether he was purposely reacting to the young woman's ambivalence, or whether he had other reasons for his behavior. In an earlier letter to Pfister (March 20, 1921) he wrote:

I am of course very happy to take a physician into autoanalysis, provided that she can pay the now customary 40 Swiss francs per hour and that she can stay long enough for the analysis to start to achieve something, that is, four to six months. Shorter is not worth it. I could certainly start on October 1st. Whether I could start sooner I cannot say; I am dependent on whether two patients announced for April will in fact arrive on time. You do not write in your letter how much time the young doctor wants to dedicate to the analysis. How her young marriage⁴ will be compatible with an analysis of several months I do not know. Therefore I would like to know more [p. 19].

In any event, Freud's resoluteness started the process between the two of them. On March 25, 1921, Anna G. left Zurich for Vienna, where she began the analysis on the first of April, at a frequency of six sessions weekly. The last session most likely took place on July 14 of that year. We know this because Freud went on vacation on July 15. Altogether there were eighty sessions. The bills were paid by Anna's father. While Anna often mentioned later on that she had been in analysis with Freud, she never told anyone that she had kept a diary during the treatment and never spoke in detail about the analysis. In 1989, seven years after her death, Freud's letter and the diary were discovered by her family when the house she had lived in was emptied. Her granddaughter Anna Koellreuter, herself an analyst with a private practice in Zurich, wavered for years about what to do with the diary. After giving a talk about it in 2007 at a symposium on psychoanalytic history, she decided to publish the diary and asked seventeen analysts and historians⁵ to comment on it. The diary is

⁴Freud seemed initially to be under the impression that Anna G. was already married.

⁵Thomas Aichhorn, Karl Fallend, Ernst Falzeder, John Forrester, Lilli Gast, André Haynal, Rolf Klüwer, Sebastian Krutzenbichler, Bernhard Küchenhoff, Ulrike May, Juliet Michell, Paul Parin, Peter Passett, Claudia Roth, August Ruhs, Anne-Marie Sandler, and Rolf Vogt.

written in two school notebooks. The initial entries are undated. The first dated entry, from April 16, appears on page 7; the last entries are from June 16 or June 19. She wrote down what she found important in the analysis, above all how Freud reacted to what she said.

The diary consists of a collection of more or less direct quotations of the dialogue between Anna G. and Freud. It is unusual for several reasons. First, it is a document from the time before Freud's oral cancer, which made talking difficult and painful for him and probably influenced the manner and frequency of his interventions. Second, it reports what might be called a "regular or personal analysis," rather than a "training analysis" like the treatments presented in the diaries of Smiley Blanton (1971), Abram Kardiner (1977), Joseph Wortis (1954), and Ernst Blum (Pohlen 2006).⁶

The first entry, undated, follows:

When I was four years old in Strasburg, my small cousin was there, a fat infant. I always pinched and tormented her when I was alone, until she cried. Once, on the balcony, I ripped out all of the young plants, which I thought to be weeds. By chance I then discovered masturbation as I was pressing myself against a ledge.

Freud: This is an extraordinarily good memory. Did you also torment your younger brother?

I put him on his back, for example, so that he could not get up any more.

Freud: You started to masturbate when you felt lonely. You were no longer loved the way you were when you were alone. This is why you took revenge on the small child and the symbol, the young plants.

When my youngest brother Walter was born [she was four years old at the time] I was wondering, when I saw him, why is he not crying?

Freud: You would have preferred to see him in a crying state, just like your cousin! One can clearly discern three layers in your life: The top level is the one

⁶Blanton was in treatment in the summers of 1935 and 1937 in Vienna and for eight sessions in London in 1938; Kardiner was in analysis with Freud in 1922; Wortis had a four-month analysis with him in 1934; Blum, a psychiatrist from Bern, Switzerland, was in analysis with Freud from March to June 1922 and kept a protocol of the first 56 of 71 sessions (in the protocol, only a few of Freud's interventions are clearly listed).

of your current conflict with Richard [her fiancé] etc.; the middle level concerns the relationship with your brother; the deepest one, the one connected to your parents, is still completely unconscious and it is the most important one. Your relationship to your brother is derived from this. . . .

Later. I am recounting. When I attended high school, I thought I wanted to fall in love with a boy who would be endlessly sad, and through me it would be possible for him to have a life and then he would be happy as well.

Freud: Something similar to your brother.

Later I thought I wanted to have seven children, I did not imagine who the father would be.

Freud: Actually seven men. Seven?

Adam had seven sons.⁷ Tapedöne⁸ hangs his seven sons. Hungerueli Isegrind⁹ devours his seven small children. I think tomcats eat their offspring.

Freud: You come so close to the secret of the lowest level that I can reveal it to you: You loved your father and never forgave him his betrayal with your mother. You wanted to be the mother of the child and therefore wished death on your mother, who took your lover. With time you will bring proof thereof and the riddle why you can't break loose from your brother will solve itself.

Three layers can clearly be discerned in your life: the current one, the one concerning your brothers, then the one in connection with your parents. The long indecision about marrying Richard is pathological; the fact that no decision can be reached is proof that something else must be behind it, something that you yourself grasp having to do with your brothers and parents.

In Paris I liked Walter [who had gone there become a painter] so much, he suddenly seemed to be the ideal, no longer Adolf [her other brother, two years younger than she].

Freud: You move from one to the other, just like with the lovers. The lovers are brother replacements. They are therefore of the same age, socially actually younger.

⁷Footnote from the book: The biblical story says that Adam and Eve had three sons after the expulsion from paradise: Cain, Abel, and Seth. In Genesis 5:4 additional daughters and sons, none of them named, are mentioned. "Adam Had Seven Sons" is also a well-known children's song.

⁸Footnote from the book: barely legible word; unclear reference.

⁹A fairy tale figure from a Swiss children's rhyme.

I would like to go to Russia, just like those sons and daughters of the aristocracy who left their families during the last revolution. I would like to move as well and leave this milieu I don't belong in.

I am thinking about this piece by Schnitzler, "Der Flötenton" [probably the short story "The Shepherd's Flute"].

Freud: This is exactly your conflict.

The next entry is dated April 15:

I had two dreams: There was a schizophrenic and my mother and my grandmother, and it was uncomfortable.

Then there was another dream: a brocade stocking, blue and gold needlepoint, but coarsely done, it was cheap brocade, the threads were sticking out.

Freud: What comes to mind about the schizophrenic?

At one point I thought Richard is schizophrenic, when we took a walk on a meadow and, in the middle of an important conversation, he looked at the horses that were passing by. I thought: now he has thought blocking. Hans-Peter [a friend] . . . is really schizophrenic.

Immer [another friend] as well. I also thought the sculptor's family was schizoid because one brother is a teacher and does not want to marry and a sister, over thirty, is unmarried as well. When Adolf had the neurosis, I thought "I want to learn psychoanalysis," if he can only endure it a few years, because I love him so much my abilities will be greater than anyone's. Then, with Richard, I thought again I want to learn this so that I can see through everything. Now I am learning it for myself.

Freud: Stocking?

I think another name for a condom is a Parisian stocking. The needlepoint was coarse, cheap brocade, just like on a small purse I wanted to give my cousin for Christmas. With artificial light it looked quite nice, but by daylight it looked cheap. I later exchanged it for a more beautiful small purse.

Freud: The male symbol is thus being exchanged for a female one—a small purse.

At one point I was jealous of this cousin. She intended to go to Geneva and I thought it was possible that Richard could fall in love with her. I thought: she has to die and I imagined it was possible to kill her with my wish.

Freud: Blue and gold?

Blue and gold was the small purse my brother gave Helen as a present. He also gave her a stocking full with presents. Each morning he gave her something else. Once a small box, once an apple made of wax. Small boxes give me the most pleasure; I have a collection of them. The one Dölf [a diminutive for Adolf] gave Helen was actually not very beautiful. I found a very beautiful one in Paris that I wanted to give to Helen. But I didn't dare.

Freud: You thought it would not bring her luck?

Yes. Once I thought my mother was a witch; when I was about eighteen and I screamed during the night she came to my bed in her nightgown. Not a normal witch. Once as a child I dreamt that my great-grandmother was made of wax and spun herself about.

This was most gruesome. Once I went to a show with my other grandmother and I looked through a glass. I saw a man standing on the footboard of a carriage. He murdered someone. Was his name Dreifuss? It was horrible. As real as if it were made from wax.

Freud: Last time we saw that you are bored, that you want to love someone. There are two ways in an analysis: some think they have to do everything; others, those who have enough psychic material, figure everything out in the psyche. If it is possible, leave the adventures. Put up with it and do without with it, so that everything will come to the fore in the hour much more clearly.

After this, we read the following entry, dated April 18:

First dream: I was lying in bed in the evening, the light was turned on. Then I noticed, to the left of my head on the bedsheet, repulsive stains, brownish. In the fluid (they were still wet) were disgusting little worms. I was terrified, called Papa and he was there and smiled only a little, he was not afraid. Just like as a child, when I was afraid and he came.

Second dream: Helen wore an embroidered dress and asked me: do you like it?

I said: yes, it is wonderful. But it was not that beautiful, I was hypocritical. Helen actually meant to ask with this question whether I liked a carpet, which was embroidered as well. It was indeed more beautiful than the dress and justified my answer more, but its embroidery was also quite coarse, something reminiscent of Bulgarian, not new.

Freud: It is more correct to take the second, the fresher dream, first. The speech is usually taken from an actual speech.

For Christmas a year ago, my cousin embroidered a handkerchief for my mother and I said these words: This is really sweet—despite the fact that I did not like it. My brother told me afterward: You have come a long way with hypocrisy. When Helen was in Paris I was also hypocritical about her coat when she asked me if I liked it. I did not like it as much as I pretended to in the first instance.

Freud: The embroidered handkerchief and the coat have thus been condensed to the embroidered dress.

It pains me that in Paris I liked the fact that Helen was not able to be as elegant as I. At home, as I demonstrated my skirts, Dölf and Richard got sad, me too, because my mean intentions had achieved their aim: to stimulate Dölf's admiration and intimidate Richard.

Carpet: the Smyrna carpet in the attic had brown stains from coffee Dölf and his friends had been drinking there.

Freud: You are switching to the first dream, the brown stains.

When I went with the sculptor in my new dress to a cafe, a young artist spilled coffee on my new dress. I smiled and said: it does not matter.

Once, the sculptor embraced me. Afterward my dress was stained. But it was a different [dress]. He was scared but I said: It does not matter at all.

Freud: In your dream you call your father for help against the aggression of young men. You flee to your father. Your unconscious thus gives the first confirmation of my assertion that your father was your first lover. Did you read "Fragment of an Analysis in a Case of Hysteria," Dora?

(Yes, but I can't remember anything about it.)

Freud: Your dream is completely modeled after the one of Dora. You therefore put yourself in place of Dora, who is in love with her father. First comes the intellectual readiness, one accepts the evidence of the unconscious, only then does one admit it emotionally and at last direct memories emerge. The love for the brother, which is conscious, is not the deepest layer, and this is why the awareness of its existence is useless; you cannot liberate yourself from it because its cause is deeper.

Reading the diary is highly evocative. However, as pointed out by several of the invited commentators, we must remind ourselves that it is a selection of material that was important for Anna G. and not a complete documentation of the analysis. Nonetheless, one can see already from this excerpt that Freud's way of working was quite different from our way today. Freud relied heavily on symbolism and had no problem making directive and leading comments. In addition, sometimes he was quite didactic (one wonders whether he wanted Anna G. to become an analyst herself—she never did). The way Freud dealt with the transference is perhaps the most interesting aspect for us today. Three weeks into the treatment, on April 25, Anna made the following entry:

Goethe, he was then already pretty¹⁰ old, wanted to marry a girl.¹¹ In the past I thought of course she did not want to, but now I understand quite well how someone might want to marry someone older. This means I possibly do want to marry you, I am very fond of you.

Freud: This is now the transference of the old love and infatuation, which you had for your father, to me. All of the painful disappointment and jealousy will come as well.

To Anna's declaration of love, Freud responds didactically, anticipating the negative transference. Anna continues in an entry made the following day, April 26:

I heard in the waiting room how the patient before me, the young man, said the word "Chlorophyll." I thought I could never have such an association. I am so terribly uneducated. Because I am lacking a humanistic education, and natural sciences slid by me as well.

Freud: You want to debase yourself intellectually. Other women usually do this in physical ways. They talk about their hemorrhoids, for example.

Silence—nothing comes to mind.

¹⁰This entry contains a slip of the pen: the German word "schon" in "schon ziemlich alt" (already quite old), is written as "schön" (beautiful, pretty).

¹¹Footnote from the book: In 1821, during a stay in Marienbad, the seventy-two-year-old Goethe fell in love with the seventeen-year-old Ulrike Levetzow, who rejected his marriage proposal two years later. Goethe wrote about the pain of the rejection in his "Marienbad Elegy."

Freud: It is therefore a special resistance, having to do with the transference.

I am indescribably fond of you, the way I never loved anyone before, it seems to me.

Freud: This love of the father was so tremendous that everything after that was a pale reflection. One has no idea about the intensity of childhood love, it is after all only a potential; it is not acted upon.

As a child I always thought: I hope I never have to endure an unhappy love, I would not be able to take it, because my love is stronger than other people's.

Freud: All of this you could only think because you already experienced a disappointment you no longer remember [here the word "consciously" is crossed out]. When you debase yourself you do it to spoil my love, just like the lady with the hemorrhoids.

Then why did I develop a neurosis? After all, everyone goes through this disappointment.

Freud: For one, the intensity of people's passion varies. There is a degree of passion with which the child can no longer cope, and, second, the behavior of the other is to blame.

As Anne-Marie Sandler points out her in her commentary, Freud gains Anna G.'s admiration by focusing on the libidinous aspects of the material. She becomes a good patient who wants to please Freud by bringing lots of interesting material and by interpreting the material more and more herself. When concrete signs of the negative transference nonetheless emerge—they already did in the dream of April 18 when she talked about her hypocrisy—Freud does not focus on them. This can be seen in the entry for April 31:

A man, likely to be of bad character, a Don Juan it is. I am saying, with regard to him, to my cousin Margrit or Anni Scheidegger [a friend]: every human heart is at bottom a lilac leaf. I am trying to say that in everyone there is something good.

Adolf gave Helen a jade ring, which had as a stone a heart or a leaf.

Freud: You are the Don Juan.

Dream: I am in a mine. A young physician tells me about her sister, also a physician, that she has—she is married—seven intelligent sons and a lame girl. This

does not surprise me. I say: With her intelligence this is to be expected. On the way home Papa or Mama say: You should not tell everybody that you and Richard are so poor that you can no longer eat nuts. I say: In the analysis I am also talking about everything and after all I no longer have these prejudices.

A rascal is wanted and two officials are looking for him. He disguises himself sometimes as a woman, sometimes as a man. Finally they find him and the description fits. In it is also mentioned that he has a lazy eye. He really does have a lazy eye. The official asks: Is your right eye or your left eye the lazy one? The rascal then always changes the eye he doesn't focus with and the stupid official cannot arrest him.

Mama, my idea that I liked this Merian [a college friend] was actually a really good one!

Analysis: The mine is the subterranean of the soul, the unconscious. The physician and her sister, they are also myself. I wished for seven boys and thought I should also have a girl. Lately I made the resolution that I should not imagine anything about the future children so I would not be disappointed. I probably will get what I do not like: a daughter, who sits quietly on a chair, mends, and has no interest in the world. She is thus lame.

The rascal is the resistance. He disguises himself as a woman or as a man, corresponding to the masculinity complex. Riklin [a Swiss analyst trained under Bleuler] said I should separate from the mother and you say from the father. You and Riklin are the stupid officials. [Here the words "When you talk about separate" break off and are crossed out.] The rascal escapes therefore by looking with one eye to the other side, presently toward the mother, because you always want to uncover the love relationship to the father.

I did not like this Merian at all. Especially after he sent me a letter in which he wrote only about the weather and this very very unintelligently.

The sculptor also wrote a very stupid letter, which sobered me.

Freud: The men are getting a rough ride in this dream. Maybe it is announcing that you want to revive the homosexual component.

Another dream: I am going to see Gertrud Birnstiel [a lifelong friend from her college years]. I am in a foreign town, and tell her that the physician at the hospital advised me to have my meniscus removed. The operation is scheduled for tomorrow. I am quite anxious that the knee might become purulent and stiff. For God's sake, then I could no longer dance. T[rudy] Birnstiel says that it is an ill-advised appointment, which should be canceled, and that I surely would have to

lie two months in the hospital. "I would not be able to take this" but I know that it is already too late, that everything has already been confirmed.

Analysis: I fear that few will fall in love with me after the analysis; dancing and loving are the same. It is already now unbearable without someone who loves me. I calculated that the analysis will last only about two months (until mid-July). It seems to me that coming here was a delusional idea. I have great difficulty remembering that I could not help it.

On May 4 Anna reports yet another dream.

Dream: I had a red spot on the face, it was raised. A girlfriend asked me: Is the spot the result of your lover's kisses? I answered: no, it is from vermin. I pressed on it and something gray came out. I thought, I hope I will not be permanently disfigured by it.

Analysis: I really do have red spots and raised eruptions from bedbugs and thought yesterday: I am just like the convicts in [Tolstoy's] *Resurrection*. *Fodder for lice*.

I am locked up as well. Instead of my lover eating me with his love, I am being eaten by vermin.

When I left the Burghölzli, there was a girl whom Bleuler diagnosed as an obdurate prostitute. She had a unilateral gonorrheal infection of the knee and B[euler] said: if only the gonococci would eat up such a woman!

Freud: Aside from this the dream has a deeper meaning. When you squeeze the raised red spot you are reminded of something.

Blackheads—vermin is the symbol for children.

Freud: Blackheads¹² is also a good term for them. First one nourishes them with what one eats and in the end one is being eaten up by the children; that is, they take everything one has. Fear of disfigurement is also well founded with many children.

This morning I pricked my finger, a drop of blood came out and I thought that I have a wish for a child. Snow White's mother pricked herself in the finger while sewing and wished for a child.

¹²Blackhead in German is *Mitesser*, which also means someone who eats with others (Esser = eater; mit = with).

Freud: Because the libido is dammed up by being unable to go to a man, all these wishes come clearly to the fore. This is the point of the abstinence.

The next day, May 5, Anna continues with a dream about her ambivalence toward Richard.

In the dream I love a man. I think he resembles the sculptor and I ask him where he is from. He answers: from Brienz [a town in the Bernese Alps] and I think: apparently I especially like people from Brienz. But I know that basically I love Richard and I like that.

Analysis: I particularly like people from certain areas, for example from Luxemburg. I knew a resident at the Burghölzli, who unfortunately was already married, and the young Catholic priest in London. Then also the Norwegians: when I was nineteen I met a Norwegian in a ski course whom I liked a lot, then a Swede in Paris who was similar. I also like people from Basel, but now not so much any more. [She enumerates several people.] Once I thought I especially liked the Dutch. But now I think while they are reliable and faithful, they are limited. I would not want to marry a Frenchman.

According to her, Freud responds, *This is the purest Leporello aria from Don Juan. It is called the Register aria. My idea that you represent yourself in the dream as the counterpart of Don Juan was correct.* Anna expands as she continues to associate about guilt over masturbation and a dream about guilt over rivalrous wishes.

I think this is why I am afraid of cats: I remember that a child once touched my genitals with a furry cat, a kind of masturbation. Later, when the cat sat on my lap, she suddenly pressed herself against me. I knew what intention was at the bottom of this and thought: what if she understands me, and I was afraid to look her into her eyes.

When Adolf separated from Ruth he asked me one day: Do you also think it is necessary? I said: Yes, I am completely sure. He told her on that day and I heard him cry in his room. It cut me to my soul. That night I had a dream: grandfather (in reality he had died about half a year earlier) was lying in bed, completely yellow, a dying man. I stepped to the bed and strangled him. He understood my intention and looked at me with his eyes, terrible, but I did it anyway. When I woke up I had to cry and I thought that I had delivered Adolf's dying love the coup de grace. Those eyes were terrible. My fear was similar to that inspired by the gaze of the cat, where I was afraid too that I was understood.

This is followed by Freud's comment: *This dream seems extremely important to me.* The entry is at the top of a page and is followed by seven empty pages. We then find the following brief entry: "I am withdrawing from F."¹³

We don't know what prompted the empty pages or this entry, just as we don't know why the diary abruptly ends after six more entries, probably on June 19, 1921.¹⁴ These last entries deal with more dreams, which Freud, often quite didactically but tactfully, uses to interpret her castration anxiety, penis envy, and oedipal rivalry. The penultimate entry, dated June 16, reports three dreams. The first is about rivalry with other women. Anna interprets the second dream on her own.

Dream: A horrible animal, a kind of bug [here "with wings" is crossed out] in the air and wants to sting me. It has the body of a shrimp and two horns like a snail. I think "stag beetle. —As the hart cries for water so my soul cries for you, O Lord."¹⁵ I never heard a stag scream for love.X¹⁶ The animal flies just like the firefly in the Chinese fairy tale, which was a god and, flying into the mouth of a woman, impregnated her. It has two horns—castration, a body like a crayfish. Crayfish walk backward.—The member moves upward, against gravity and thus nature.

X Hartshorn salt: laxative or emetic, therefore abortion medication. Yesterday debate about abortion. "Against nature" refers to this.

When I was four I called Papa at night. I felt something hard underneath me. He came, it was a fecal pellet. I was proud and despite my age not at all embarrassed, which surprised me later. This present was obviously a child.

Dream: I am sitting in a train and ride with Minka and a young man (France or Tag¹⁷) [here "he buys me" is crossed out] over the Rhine to Germany. The landscape is incredibly beautiful, high dark trees, everything had a deep luster because it is raining, oddly gleaming rain. The young man buys me a newspaper, a kind of joke journal which is very stupid. It contains an illustrated story: "How to hold back a stormy lover." Everything was very trashy. . . . It was a very

¹³This probably refers to a Viennese friend named France, and not to Freud, but we must wonder about the transference implication.

¹⁴The last entry is headed with the number 19 standing alone, presumably the day of the month. Previous entries are dated with both day and month.

¹⁵Footnote from the book: Psalm 42:1. "As a deer pants for flowing streams, so pants my soul for you, O God."

¹⁶The X refers to the footnote at the bottom of the diary page.

¹⁷Not identified.

complicated procedure. One gives him a sort of blowgun (Busch)¹⁸ which emits fire. (In any case, he then cannot kiss.)

I am telling it to Freud in the dream and to his question why I had him buy the newspaper I answer: Well, I am quite dependent.

The dream ridicules Fr.'s advice, which is referred to as stupid. I am doing quite the opposite. I am even going on the honeymoon with Fr., because the fact that Minka is in the dream is further proof that people in the dream, who form obstacles, are there to mask what is going on.

R[ichard] indeed wanted to go with me to Germany for the honeymoon. The beautiful landscape with the fertilizing rain is seen through the odd light of passion.

Freud: You are under the reign of defiance against the parents.

(He thinks this love is for the most part explainable with this, but it is not true. Oh, my God, how I love him.)

Anna rejects Freud's interpretation, but she does not tell him because she loves him too much. This is followed by this last entry, presumably made on June 19:

19. Dream

Fr. had stolen. We are on the street and have to flee because of it. We want to board a streetcar, but I say it is better to take a car, it is faster. Then we are in a house and I want to put on different clothes, over or under mine, so that nobody would recognize me. But after I did this, it is too hot and I can't take it.

X a policeman is chasing us.

Ernst Falzeder, one of the commentators and an editor of the diary, informed Anna Koellreuter about an unpublished letter written by Freud to Pfister on July 29, 1921. In it Freud wrote: "The little G. became

¹⁸Willhelm Busch (1832–1908), a German humorist, poet, illustrator, and painter, published illustrated comic tales. One of them is about a mischievous boy who repeatedly shoots pellets and a dart with a blowgun, through a hole in a fence, at a man eating a pretzel. When the man finally realizes where the shots come from, he pushes the blowgun back, into the boy's mouth, and the boy loses some teeth.

completely transparent and is for that matter finished; what life will now do with her I cannot know” (p. 39). From Koellreuter herself we have some follow-up: After the treatment, Anna G. returned to Zurich, broke off the engagement with Richard, and moved to Paris, where one of her brothers lived. There she started to work as a psychiatrist in a clinic and fell in love with the “sculptor from Brienz” whom she had met several years earlier, when her father had commissioned him to do a portrait bust of one of her brothers. He had lived and worked in Paris since 1919. They married in 1923 and had four children, living in Paris until the start of World War II in 1939, when they returned to Zurich. They were together until her death in 1982 at the age of eighty-eight. He lived six more years, dying at ninety-four. It was then that their house in Zurich was emptied (p. 39).

It is not surprising that the commentaries cover a wide range of topics. Three commentators wonder about the degree to which Anna G. accepted and integrated Freud’s ideas (Sandler, May, Falzeder). Connected with this are remarks about Freud’s technique, not only his didacticism but also his conviction and use of symbolism to interpret dreams and less so the patient’s own associations (Falzeder, Haynal, Klüver). Others wonder how much Freud’s interventions were driven by his theories (Passett, Vogt, Forrester). Several comment on the meaning of writing a diary, why Anna kept it after the treatment, and what it meant to her that she was in analysis with Freud himself (Parin, Sandler, Passett). Ruhs compares this treatment to two of Freud’s other female patients during the same period (Anna Freud and the patient in Freud’s “The Psychogenesis of a Case of Homosexuality in a Woman” [1920]). Freud’s interpretation of beating fantasies was important in all three cases. Forrester compares it to Freud’s analysis of Alix Strachey (Forrester notes that her article about the analysis of a dream [1922] was about her own brief analysis with Freud, also in the spring of 1921, when she was twenty-eight) and focuses on Freud’s explicit recommendation of abstinence to both patients. Aichhorn too discusses the aspect of frustration tolerance.

Others put the diary in historical context. Küchenhoff writes about the fact that the rift between Freud and Jung did not destroy the relationship between Bleuler and Freud. And Fallend uses the reference to Schnitzler to put the treatment in the sociopolitical context of post-World War I Central Europe. The theme of “The Shepherd’s Flute” (a young woman, encouraged by her older, sedate husband to leave and explore the

world and other men in the hope she will return to him, which she does, only to then leave him for good) evokes comments about the anticipation of separation and tolerance of frustration (Haynal, Fallend).

All of the commentators point out how grateful we can be to Anna G. and Anna Koellreuter for allowing us this firsthand glimpse into Freud's consultation room.

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