

## Book Review Essay

### Constructing Ernest Jones

#### ***Freud's Wizard: Ernest Jones and the Transformation of Psychoanalysis***

by **Brenda Maddox**

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Much of life consists in the gradual taming of the grandiloquent hopes and fantasies of infancy. Poignant lessons teach us of what little account we are in the scale of things, and much of increasing wisdom consists in the proper assimilation of them.

(Ernest Jones's uncompleted autobiography, *Free Associations* [Jones, 1959, p. 1])

This critical moment seems an appropriate one for me to express once again more my personal devotion to you, my gratitude for all you have brought into my life and my intense sympathy for the suffering you are enduring ... [I]n any case it has been a very interesting life and we have both made a contribution to human existence – even if in very different measure.

(Letter from Ernest Jones to Sigmund Freud 20 days before Freud's death [Jones, 1939])

Brenda Maddox's *Freud's Wizard: Ernest Jones and the Transformation of Psychoanalysis* is the product of impressive research by a seasoned biographer who has created an intriguing story of the man whose efforts were responsible for launching Freud's psychoanalysis into the English-speaking world, for engineering the discipline's propagation throughout the international professional community, and, to a great degree, for galvanizing into life the larger culture's consciousness of a new science that "attempts to answer questions that had previously not been even raised ... to apprehend order in apparent chaos" (Jones, 1929, pp. 9–19).

In writing Jones's life, Maddox has in addition provided a unique window into the history of the psychoanalytic movement before and after the formation of Freud's Secret Committee: it was Jones who recommended to Freud that he convene "a small group of men [who] could be thoroughly analysed by you, so that they could represent the pure theory unadulterated [*sic*] by personal complexes ... a united small body, designed, like the Paladins, of Charlemagne, to guard the kingdom and policy of their master" (p. 101). (Freud embraced the idea: "[I]t would make living and dying easier for me if I knew of such an association existing to watch over my creation" [p. 101].) It was also Jones who first suggested to Freud in 1907 that an international meeting be arranged for colleagues who shared a common interest in psychoanalysis, out of which grew the International Psychoanalytic Association, of which Jones ultimately became the longest-reigning president. And it was Jones who, with Freud, co-founded *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, serving as its longest-standing editor to date.

*Freud's Wizard* illuminates Ernest Jones's life predominantly by way of the relationship with his Herr Professor and, in so doing, depicts many of the fascinating behind-the-scenes intrigues that were played out among the central characters in a drama written and directed by Sigmund Freud. Providing more than these little-known facts about the early decades of international psychoanalysis, the biography also generates a sense of what it was like to live those days as pioneers of a new field. It is written with the energy of a mystery novel, urging the reader to read on, to see what unfolds next.

However, as is the case at times with even the best of mystery stories in which the plot dominates the narrative, this one does not fully delineate the character of its protagonist. Maddox is highly knowledgeable about the field of psychoanalysis, including the kind of knowing that comes from a personal analysis: "couch; five days a week; August off" (p. 3). Yet this renowned biographer does not show here the extent of the power to fully "read certain psychological signs" (Hamilton, 2008, p. 109) that she has demonstrated in the books she has written about the lives of others (for example, D.H. Lawrence, W.B. Yeats, and Nora Joyce). We have the sense that Maddox has pulled back just at the last moment, before adding the final strokes completing the psychological portraiture of Jones. Perhaps Maddox was aware of the limitations of her investigation. The edition of this book which is published in the UK bears the subtitle *The Enigma of Ernest Jones*. The title of the current edition alludes to Jones as the wizard of another man, Freud – thereby shifting the emphasis away from Jones himself.

Young-Bruehl (1998) writes of "the biographer's empathy with her subject", which involves:

[not] 'putting yourself in another's place'... rather, putting another *in yourself*... [becoming] mentally pregnant ... with a person, indeed, a whole life – a person with her history. So the subject lives on in you, and you can, as it were, hear her in this intimacy.

(p. 22)

In the conventional use of the term, Maddox does not appear to lack 'empathy' with Jones and the life he lived. However, it may be that something has interfered with the kind of empathy of which Young-Bruehl speaks, a living-in process in which the biographer may become so intimately involved with her subject that all her senses are alive to a more imaginative perception of that subject. If this impregnation had occurred, perhaps Maddox could have better illuminated the putative psychology of Jones – even in the shadow of his master in which he so long lived.

Enigma he may be, but Maddox provides enough 'material' to invite this analyst to imagine his way into a deeper sounding of Ernest Jones's personal psychology: to explore certain contradictions, if not fissures, in his character and to ponder the question of whether Jones ever became 'his own man' – a more fully integrated and individuated person – when his life (and psychological development) was so inextricably tied with the person of Sigmund Freud.

Maddox's limitations in articulating Jones's personal psychology should in no way prevent any analyst from reading this remarkable book. Maddox

traces a fascinating arc of the life of a man who had “the gift of making things happen” (p. 1): beginnings in South Wales with an adoring Welsh mother and a “tall, handsome, and golden-haired” (p. 10) Celtic father (to a son whose adult height was 5 feet 4 inches); medical training in London and near ruin in that city as a result of sexual scandals and other ‘troubles’; a decisive first meeting with Freud in 1908; a second chance at a professional life in Toronto; the return to London as Freud’s second-in-command; after a series of relationships with women, a happy (and stabilizing) marriage to an Austrian Jew; a period of growing independence from Freud emanating from the London–Vienna, Melanie Klein–Anna Freud tensions; and final days as the elder statesman of psychoanalysis and author of a biography of Freud, a work that forever eclipsed the voluminous output of Jones’s other writings.

In the opening pages of the book, Maddox enters Jones’s life at the point of his arrival in Vienna on 15 March 1938 to initiate a process that rescued Freud from the Nazis and transplanted the father of psychoanalysis and his entire Viennese contingent to London soil. These pages do indeed dramatize Jones’s character traits of “[c]harm, determination and obstinacy” (p. 6), but they do not reveal the possible dynamics behind this observable behavior until we put this apotheosized version of Jones in context. Therefore, in this essay I will access Maddox’s story at Chapter 5, ‘Freud to the Rescue’, which charts the course of Jones’s life from September 1907 to August 1908 and demonstrates something of how *Jones* needed *Freud* to save him – *from himself*.

Jones, an award-winning medical student, was licensed as a medical doctor in 1900 at the age of 21 and appointed as resident medical officer at a London hospital by the age of 24. But by 1908, Jones’s professional career was in trouble. He had been forced to resign his hospital post in 1903 after being absent without leave on three occasions (one involving his going to the sick-bed of his girlfriend). Speaking of these lapses, Jones claimed that he had “serious enemies” (p. 32), but the record demonstrates that each time he had repudiated hospital policy. In 1906 it was charged that he had indecently exposed himself to two girls during a speech test at a school for retarded children. The case was later dismissed, but Jones had been jailed overnight for the alleged offense and his name had been impugned in the London press. In March 1908 Jones was asked to resign from a second hospital position, this time after a 10 year-old girl he had examined reported that he had talked with her about sex (an event that occurred on the heels of another recent defiance of the hospital rule that required a matron to be present in the room at the time of the examination of a female patient). “Jones’s London career was finished. No one would hire him now” (p. 60).

Jones had become enamored of Freud’s theories after reading the case of Dora in 1905. Maddox suggests that it was Jones’s enthusiasm about conducting his own investigations of Freud’s sexual theories that may have contributed to his indiscretions in examining these children. Yet she does not fully exonerate him: “[F]rom the perspective of a later century awake to the reality of paedophile priests and other abusers of vulnerable children, it must be said that the evidence against Jones looks damning” (p. 46). What

is most convincing to me is Jones's (perhaps compulsive) defiance of any authority that would stand in the way of his pursuits.

Reading these pages, I began to envision this man, from a village in Wales, heedless of professional and social constraints in puritanical, Edwardian England. A man reckless, unconscious of the risks, yet poised for, even provoking, his own fall. What balancing act of internal forces would give rise to these actions? As the subject of Jones now became more alive in me, an image began to incubate in my mind – of a man on a high wire, for all to see. Later in the course of reading this biography, this nascent picture depicting Jones's way of being led me to the imagery provided in a work of autobiographical fiction written by Proust, a contemporary of Jones, and, in turn, to the language of a psychoanalytic writer, which assisted me in my attempts to better understand who Jones was. I will discuss this in a moment.

Returning to the facts provided by Maddox, following each of two introductory meetings with Jones in 1907, Carl Jung wrote to Freud, recommending him as someone who “could do a lot of good” (p. 51) to advance international psychoanalysis. Fearing that anti-Semitism would damn the psychoanalytic movement's future, Freud immediately recognized Jones's potential for the Anglicization of his works. Writing to Karl Abraham, Freud stated that, being “a Christian ... [h]is association with us is the more valuable for that” (p. 63).

In 1908, shortly after creating a plan to flee disgrace by moving to Toronto where he would attempt to resurrect his career, Ernest Jones met Sigmund Freud in Salzburg. Even early in his relationship with him, Freud was concerned about Jones's apparent seductiveness with women.<sup>1</sup> When Freud heard that the analyst Otto Gross asked Jones to come to Munich to treat his wife, he wrote to Jung: “The little woman seems to be seriously smitten with him [Jones] ... It looks as if this were going to end badly” (p. 64). Jung said of Jones: “[T]he interior of Africa is better known to me than his sexuality” (p. 74).

Repeatedly, Freud reproved Jones for actions that were dangerous to his career and thereby to the psychoanalytic movement. Maddox describes events that range from a patient in Toronto in 1910 accusing Jones of having sexual intercourse with her (for which she tried to shoot him), to his writing an untimely and provocative essay about the connection between ‘political reactions of the Irish’ and their attachment to their Virgin Mother (on the eve of the formation of the Irish Free State), to Jones's seductiveness with his analysand, Joan Riviere. By 1912, after having an affair with his wife's maid, Jones told Freud that he had finally been “able to get control of various wrong tendencies in myself ... [which are now] a matter of the past” (p. 98).

In addition, Freud was aware of Jones's “duplicity” (p. 14) in professional politics. In response to Jung's comment to him about Jones – “Too much adulation on one side, too much opportunism on the other?” – Freud reasoned: “I tend to think he lies to others, not to us” (p. 66). Freud to Brill:

<sup>1</sup>Maddox indicates that letters from Jones's archive at the Institute of Psychoanalysis “are dramatic testimony to the powerful effect that Jones had on many women ... In 1919 one of his smitten analysands, later his colleague, Joan Riviere, accused Jones of knowing that he was ‘irresistible to women’ ” (p. 4). Apparently, Jones's appeal reaches beyond the grave. For Maddox's closing sentence in the Introduction reads: “I must confess that, as a biographer, I have found him captivating” (p. 4).

"I think Jones has an inborn tendency to intrigue and crooked diplomatic means ..." (p. 74). Freud to Jones, as he criticized "distortions, evasions, memory lapses" in his editorial management of *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*: "Accuracy and plainness are not in the character of your dealings with people" (p. 171).

This two-facedness, or double-sidedness, suggests the presence of unintegrated parts of Jones's personality. Why Freud would enter into an alliance with a man who possessed these discernable character flaws is only open to speculation. Nevertheless, Freud needed his Gentile for "the Cause" (p. 50). Jones needed credibility. More than that, Jones's personal psychology required a ballast (or at least a balancing pole) to stabilize him. In retrospect, it appears that these two men created an alliance that involved a kind of collusion, a 'trade-off'. The intersection of Jones's and Freud's lives at the decisive moment of 1908 forged a relationship that lasted until Freud's death in 1939 (and beyond that date, if we consider that Jones spent his last days 'with Freud', writing his biography).

It was during the course of my reading 'Freud to the Rescue' that a passage came to mind from the closing paragraph of the final volume of Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* (a work written contemporaneously with Jones's ascendant phase in the psychoanalytic world). An image contained within it became a portal to my envisioning something more about Jones's personal psychology, in order to complete the equation begun by the author's exquisite presentation of the external shape of Jones's life:<sup>2</sup>

[A]s though men spend their lives perched upon living stilts which never cease to grow until sometimes they become taller than church steeples, making it in the end both difficult and perilous to walk and raising them to an eminence from which suddenly they fall.

(Proust, 2003[1927], VI, p. 531)

It was the physical sensation of disequilibrium in the face of reaching for heights generated by this metaphor, its allusion to the dizzying pursuit of ambition ("the scale of things" [Jones, 1959]; the "measure" of "contribution to human existence" [Jones, 1939]), to a life unfolding over time, to Jones's self-consciousness about his height/stature, and to Jones's "early catastrophic falls"<sup>3</sup> (Maddox, p. 206) that first drew me to it. Without my being fully conscious of it, this imagery was bringing together (on the surface, improbable) links between the lives of Jones and Proust – as it relates to the tension between a sense of self supported by being seen/mirrored,

<sup>2</sup>In writing about psychoanalytic subjects, I have often found that – without conscious intention – associations to imaginative literature emerge, creating links ('conversations') among clinical experience, psychoanalytic writings, and these works of fiction. This associative and synthetic process may, in turn, enhance my sensibility and expand my capacity to grapple with a subject that is just beyond my reach (Griffin, 2004, 2005).

<sup>3</sup>Yet another allusion here is to a book that Jones (1931b), an avowed ice-skater, wrote, *The Elements of Figure Skating*: "It combines and surpasses the joys of flying and dancing; only in a certain type of dream do we ever else attain a higher degree of the same ravishing experience ..." (Maddox, p. 205). In this book, he provided a lesson in "the art of falling", in which, Maddox tells us, the "place to learn was the bedroom 'with an ample supple of cushions and eiderdowns'... 'to learn to slither is really the art of falling on the ice'" (p. 206). It appears that Jones had always to be prepared to fall from the heights of his "grandiloquent hopes and fantasies" (Jones, 1959, p. 11).



precariously, by others (for Proust, by society; for Jones, by women, by the audience of the psychoanalytic world, and by his connection with Freud) and the psychological/developmental achievement of a more stable, autonomous form of self-definition. Proust's metaphor became for me a complex ('telescoped') metaphor – an avenue by which I could become a "habitat" (Young-Bruehl, 1998, p. 22) for the life of Ernest Jones provided by Maddox and through which I could attempt to fathom what made Jones tick, as a way to create greater understanding out of enigma.

(Before going further, I would like to comment on the approach that I am using in this essay to fill in certain gaps of understanding about Ernest Jones. I am not suggesting that Proust and Jones were much the same person. It is true that *In Search of Lost Time* is largely a piece of autobiographical fiction that depicts Proust's own attempts to integrate divergent aspects of his own character through the very act of writing his novel. However, I was, initially, drawn not primarily to Proust, but to the novel itself, in which the narrator (named Marcel) spends a lifetime pursuing his own kind of double-sidedness before he is able to 'write himself' into a more coherent whole. The manner in which I have made use of my associations to this novel is much the way that analysts make use of their countertransference responses (to a degree, an intimate form of the analysand 'living in' the analyst) – associations, fantasies/reveries, dreams, memories, and, at times, allusions to characters from pieces of literature – in conjunction with other analytic material, in their attempts to apprehend the analysand's internal world. I have made use of these sorts of responses to reading *Freud's Wizard* – in conjunction with the 'material' that Maddox provides – to create a kind of construction, as I understand the analyst's act of generating constructions described by Freud: "His task is to make out what has been forgotten from the traces which it has left behind or, more correctly, to *construct* it" (Freud, 1937, pp. 257–8). In addition, I am not attempting to 'diagnose' Ernest Jones or to create a final, comprehensive 'formulation' of who he is. Nor am I making an effort to offer a conjecture regarding the role that Jones might have had in the internal world of Sigmund Freud, one which would motivate Freud to choose Jones – a person whose need to 'elevate' himself reached at times near psychopathic proportions – to be a partner in the creation of his master plan. The conclusions that I draw about the character of Ernest Jones are, by necessity, far from complete. For the use of Maddox's biography and my responses to it are no substitute for having a living and engaged collaborator in personal analysis.)

Returning to the biography, early in the book, Maddox, quoting from Jones's autobiography, *Free Associations*, points to the claim that he experienced his "first sexual intercourse at the ages of six or seven" (p. 12). Reportedly, in his June–August 1913 personal analysis with Ferenczi, his analyst interpreted that his mother's "denial of the breast had stunted his growth ... and left him with 'an omnipotence complex' " (p. 109). Until Chapter 11, 'Third Time Lucky', in which Jones's marriage to Kitty Jokl is described, Maddox elaborates a theme of "ruinous brushes with authority" (to which he often "responded with a profound sense of injustice" [p. 227]) and near-catastrophic encounters with women. Jones eventually confessed

many of his sins to Freud (who also had other informants), and Freud scolded and advised him: When Jones returned to London in 1912 and began to rebuild a reputation, Freud wrote to him: “[Y]ou must promise formally never to spoil it when you have got it at last, *by no private motive* ... be careful with these bad women” (p. 107). Jones repeatedly pledged to do better. By 1916, he conceded to Freud: [I am] “able to reassure you finally about any fears you may have concerning my sexual life. I am a ‘reformed character’, as they say” (p. 124).

This re-formation of Jones’s character appears to have never been fully achieved. Rather, the strain between Jones and Freud surrounding the matter of women shifted from Jones’s more general acts of indiscretion with, and seduction of, women to dramas in which the women in question were intimately connected with both Freud and Jones, to women who were shared by them both. Jones had an extended relationship with the wealthy Loe Kann (1906–1914), who, during the course of her time together with Jones, became addicted to morphine. During their time in Toronto, Kann became increasingly depressed, and Jones feared that she would leave him. He “poured out his troubles” (p. 96) to Freud, and his master/“father”, suggesting that psychoanalysis might be helpful, offered himself to treat Kann. Maddox tells us that Freud was “captivated” by the beautiful Jewish Kann, who “showered him with gifts of gorgeous flowers” (p. 103). “Loe Kann had the additional merit of being the partner of the increasingly indispensable Jones” (p. 103). “[B]reaking the rules of psychoanalysis” (p. 104), Freud wrote to Jones about the progress of his wife’s analysis, describing a hopeful prognosis, but forewarning him that treatment may not lead to a resolution of their sexual problems: “... though to be sure there is doubt how far the chief point, the sexual anaesthesia, can be gained” (p. 104).

Loe Kann became involved with an American poet, Herbert Jones, and her relationship with Ernest Jones ended. Kann had warned Freud that Jones was now interested in his 18 year-old daughter, Anna. As Anna embarked upon a trip to London in 1914, Freud cautioned her of Jones’s intentions to woo her. Frightened for his daughter and mindful of a dynamic between Jones and himself, Freud wrote to Ferenczi “that he did not want ‘to lose the dear child to an obvious act of revenge’ ” (p. 114) – an act of retaliation for the analysis conducted by Freud that freed Kann from Ernest Jones and enabled her to marry Herbert Jones.

In 1917, after a courtship that lasted less than a month, Jones married the sensuous and talented Morfydd Owen, a Welsh woman, who died the following year under mysterious circumstances. At the age of 39, in 1919, Jones wed Katharina Jokl, a German Jew born in Freud’s native Moravia. This was a relationship that provided stability to his life. And it was one that was to last.

After what I have written about Jones’s relationships with women, it may come as a surprise that he could forge an enduring partnership with Kitty Jokl. She was the sister of the mistress of Hanns Sachs. Sachs recommended Kitty to Jones for a position as translator of psychoanalytic writings in German to English for *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*. Stating that she had to return to Zurich from Vienna to take care of her mother,

Kitty declined the post. Jones pursued her by traveling to Zurich and proposed to her less than 72 hours after they met. In ‘marrying well’, did Jones find a ‘fit’, a kind of approbation that served as an antidote to his deep sense of inferiority? (A thread postulating Jones’s feelings of inferiority runs through *Freud’s Wizard*.) Coming from the place of Freud’s birth and being a Jew, did Kitty, for Jones, provide some kind of ‘connection’ with Sigmund Freud, a proxy for, a vital infusion of, the master? Or was wooing Kitty a symbolic oedipal triumph over Freud? We cannot know. Nevertheless, the record suggests that Jones was devoted to Kitty for the remainder of his life.

Still, after marrying Kitty Jokl, Jones’s conflict with Freud involving a woman did not cease. By 1927 (in Chapter 13, ‘Importing Klein’), the uneasy father–son tensions reached the point of “open war” (p. 187) between Vienna and London, as Jones supported the views of Melanie Klein over those of Anna Freud. Now pointing to Anna’s three-and-a-half year analysis with her father and aiming at Freud’s very potency as an analyst, Jones accused Anna of “not having been analyzed deeply enough” (p. 192). Freud retorted to Jones: “I can assure you that Anna has been analyzed longer and more thoroughly than, for example, you yourself” (p. 192). At the same time Freud complained to Max Eitingon: “[Jones’s ambition is] to become independent from Europe and to establish his own Anglo-American realm, something which he cannot very well do before my demise ...” (p. 194).

Over time, much of the rift between Freud and Jones did for the most part heal, and, through the course of it, Jones appears to have achieved some degree of psychological autonomy through his partial emancipation from Freud. In 1932 Jones ascended to the presidency of the International Psychoanalytic Association. By 1938 (in Chapter 17), we are back to Maddox’s beginning – Jones as protector of Freud and the immigration of Viennese analysts to London on 6 June, just months before *Kristallnacht*. Already accused of arrogance and duplicity as president of the British Psychoanalytical Society, Jones was now presiding over the nascent Melanie Klein–Anna Freud battles, through the course of which he was “disliked and sometimes feared for his autocratic manner” (p. 238).

In Freud’s last letter to Jones, he granted that the “events of recent years have so ordained that London has become chief venue and centre of the psychoanalytic movement” (pp. 240–1). Jones and Freud parted with a sense of mutual gratitude for the roles each had played in the other’s life. Eulogizing Freud, Jones speaks from *Hamlet*: “And so we take leave of a man whose like we shall not know again. From our hearts we thank him for having lived; for having done; and for having loved” (p. 244). Continuing poignantly, plaintively (ambivalently?): “A world without Freud! ... But what of ourselves?” (p. 244) – perhaps mostly addressed to himself, after 31 years with his master. This is in Chapter 17, with only two chapters left in *Freud’s Wizard* and 19 years remaining in Jones’s life.

Despite the testimony to achievements in his remaining decades, the closing chapters read like a postscript to Jones’s life. It is as though the enigma had been solved by writing Jones’s life only in conjunction with Freud’s. Or does the brevity of pages devoted to a time-after-Freud represent the



impossibility of solving the problem of who Jones was? Jones gave the remainder of his lifeblood to the creation of the biography of Freud, the last volume published only months before his death. In 1956, suffering from cancer, Jones pushed himself to go to the United States to give lectures memorializing the centenary of Freud's birth, returning to London to speak on Freud's birthday. The lectures were, respectively, 'Our Attitude toward Greatness' and 'The Nature of Genius'.

Again, I would like to invoke the voice of the narrator of Proust's novel, at the end of his life:

... I knew that my brain was like a basin of rock rich in minerals, in which lay vast and varied ores of great price. But should I have time to exploit them? For two reasons I was the only person who could do this: with my death would disappear the one and only engineer who possessed the skill to extract these minerals and – more than that – the whole stratum itself.

(Proust, 2003[1927], VI, p. 514)

... And I was terrified by the thought that the stilts beneath my own feet might already have reached that height; it seemed to me that quite soon now I might be too weak to maintain my hold upon a past which already went down so far.

(Proust 2003[1927], VI, p. 531)

Like the narrator in *In Search of Lost Time*, Jones spent the last years mining his life for the ore of personal reminiscences that he could transform into the gold of a magnum opus. And so did Proust himself. Unlike Proust, Jones wrote his greatest work about the life of an other – Sigmund Freud. The novelist's final creative act was an endeavor of writing himself into a more self-sustaining existence. In the end, Proust moved from a sense of himself as reflected by a society of others toward "know[ing] the society within him, the society of self ... a self-portrait" (Weinstein, 2006, p. 96). One would wonder to what degree such a transformation occurred in the life of Jones – whether he was able to forego the requirement that his genius 'father' (and, perhaps, a host of admiring women) confer validity to him and was able to transcend his ambivalent need for/rejection of the stabilizing tie to Freud.

Even if Jones's *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (later alleged to be a piece of hagiography) 'elevates' not only the portrait of Freud, but also of Jones himself, it remains a work that appends him to Freud. Like Proust, during his lifetime Jones struggled to achieve psychological autonomy from the others he needed to shore him up. Arguably, Proust's novel is a piece of autobiographical fiction, in which/through which, in the final years of his life, he achieved the feat of self-definition, 'self-recognition' (Poland, 2003; Shattuck, 2001). Jones's last days were spent writing the life of Freud.<sup>4</sup>

The achievement of self-identity and the creation of novel forms of object choice require a restructuring of oedipal relations – a metamorphosis that leads toward true autonomy. According to Loewald (1980), this transformation is a consequence of a "... (transmutation) by internalization, involving parricide" (p. 394):

<sup>4</sup>Speaking to Jones's effort to write the biography of Freud, the last chapter in *Freud's Wizard* is aptly entitled 'A Life for a Life'.

[rather than] repression of the complex [as] an unconscious evasion of the emancipatory murder of the parents, and a way of preserving the infantile-dependent ties with them.

(p. 390)

Resolution of these conflicting strivings requires bearing nearly intolerable guilt and loss:

... Guilt, whether conscious or not, is a sign of internal discord (more specific than anxiety), which may lead to a variety of internal and external actions, only one of which (a short circuit) is punishment ...

Bearing the burden of guilt makes it possible to master guilt, not in the hasty form of repression and punishment, but by achieving a *reconciliation* of conflicting strivings ... the outcome of reconciling his quest for emancipation and self-responsibility with his desire for identification and becoming one with his father.

(Loewald, 1980, p. 391, my emphasis)

Unable to find a medium through which such a process of reconciliation can take place, one is compelled to enact an internal drama, in part, on the exterior stage of life. The theater of Ernest Jones's life that Maddox presents in *Freud's Wizard* bears the 'psychological signs' of an enactment in the very arena of Freud's 'creation', psychoanalysis, as it relates to the matter of whose insemination would propagate the species *Psychoanalysis*. 'Short circuits' of one kind or another, in the end, perpetuate infantile object ties and foreclose the development of a solid, emancipated sense of self – the "supreme achievement" of a "structure of reconciliation" (Loewald, 1980, p. 394). Although not articulated in the passage from Loewald, the reference to 'becoming one with' the father alludes to deeper (intrasystemic) matters related to the structuring of identity, in addition to the more overtly oedipal (intersystemic) conflicts. Successful reconciliation of these complex processes leads to a metamorphosis, in which a more unified and stable sense of self 'jells'. Failure of this developmental achievement results in forms of 'doubles' (unmetabolized introjects) or of false selves (defensive iterations of disavowed ways of being).

In his obituary of Jones for this Journal, Winnicott (1958) speaks of Jones's character:

... [T]hose who came in contact with Ernest Jones were often stung by something in his way of making contact ... when the others were, in fact, not at grips with their subject in a way comparable to his own they were apt to feel a sense of intellectual inferiority ...

How did this characteristic of sharpness go in the structure of his personality? ... Perhaps it is only in the paper [written by Jones] 'The God Complex' that one can perceive some of this ...

(p. 302)

Perhaps this "characteristic" is one that bespeaks Jones's need to rid himself of a sense of "inferiority" – born of, or perpetuated by, his ambivalently cleaving himself to a subordinated position with Freud. The "sharpness" by which he made *others* feel a sense of inferiority may very well have been an effort at reversal ('a short-cut'), by which he elevated himself to a stature that overshadowed those others.

Incomplete as may be his reconciliation of rivalry and parricide with love and a desire to become one with Freud, this is not to say that Jones did not have his own original achievements, as evidenced by his original contributions to the psychoanalytic literature (see, for example, Jones, 1910a, 1910b, 1912, 1913, 1923, 1928, 1931a, 1948, 1949, 1959). Furthermore, he was an organizational genius, as demonstrated by his role in the development of the International Psychoanalytic Association, the creation of *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, and his fathering of the British Psychoanalytic Society. Perhaps the very duplicity (in the various meanings that I intend) in his character that created problems for him – and which confused colleagues and biographers alike – served him well in his role of “commanding wizard” (p. 14) over the warring factions of psychoanalysis.

Jones’s son, Mervyn, tells us that his father started to write his autobiography in 1944, but broke off the project, later deciding to “embark on a work centred, not on his own experiences, but on psycho-analysis and its founder” (Jones, 1959, p. 258). The story of Jones’s life in his autobiography, *Free Associations*, which was published in 1959, ends with the death of his first wife in 1918. Only an epilogue written by Mervyn attempts to fill in the gaps. In the introduction, Ernest Jones says this:

In what I have had to say about my sexual and love life I have been entirely truthful, but I should be less than candid if I did not confess that the record is incomplete.

(Jones, 1959, p. 9)

It is possible that Jones’s suspending the writing of a completed autobiography to write a three-volume biography of Freud, may, in part, represent yet another kind of short-circuit, one that embodies both an inability to complete an act of emancipation from his chosen father and a gesture of reparation. But reparation is not reconciliation. Whatever the case may be, Jones lives on with Freud – in time – in *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (Jones, 1953, 1955, 1957).

I am grateful to Brenda Maddox for her extensive research and for her engaging storytelling that encompasses the life of Ernest Jones with the development of psychoanalysis in *Freud’s Wizard*. Perhaps all psychoanalysts owe her a debt. For she has not only shown us something of the lives of our progenitors, but has also, perhaps, illuminated certain dimensions of our own efforts to continue to write, and re-write, the story of psychoanalysis in the shadow of Freud.

*Founded in 1920 by Ernest Jones under the direction of Sigmund Freud.*

(From the masthead of *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, above the editors’ names, in perpetuity)

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