ANN PELLEGRINI

The Dogs of War and the Dogs at Home: Thresholds of Loss

In the media room at the Freud Museum in Vienna, home movies of the Freud family run on an endless loop. Entitled Freud: 1930–1939, *the movies are narrated by Anna Freud, who oversaw their compilation and editing during the last two years of her life. Within these ostensibly "private" scenes of the Freud family, the family dogs assume a surprisingly central role. This essay argues that the focus on the dogs becomes a way to narrate and narrate around traumatic loss. For the Freuds these traumatic losses involved their forced exile to London, in 1938, as well as the later deaths of four of Freud's sisters in concentration camps. In combination, the flickering images from 1930–1939 and Anna Freud's voiceover—recorded some fifty years later—generate an elliptical and asynchronous accounting of loss. In addition to offering an intimate glimpse of the Freud family, the home movies thus raise broader questions about the temporality of witness and how we can see and hear the pain of the other. As one way into these questions, the essay reads with and against Sigmund Freud's account of repetition compulsion and the management of loss in* Beyond the Pleasure Principle.

Family Pictures

I am not really what you'd call a "dog person." I am rather a cat loyalist of long duration. And yet, during my Fulbright

The ideas offered in this essay were first developed during my Fulbright residency at the Sigmund Freud Museum in Vienna. I thank the Austrian Fulbright Commission and the Sigmund Freud Foundation for their research support, Peter Rudnytsky for his helpful editorial suggestions, and Diane O'Donoghue for the invitation to contribute to this issue of *American Imago.* Jasbir Puar gently nudged this essay towards the finish line with her careful reading and engaging conversations about all manner of cross-species encounters. I want to acknowledge the shining support of my bright and bold army of interlocutors, who propped me across time and space, in person and virtually, across this essay's several lives: David Eng, Bill Handley, Janet Jakobsen, Molly McGarry, Linda Schlossberg, Rebecca Schneider, and Kathleen Skerrett. I wrote this essay for Orlando; I dedicate it to the memory of Lydia Marinelli.

American Imago, Vol. 66, No. 2, 231–251.

semester at the Freud Museum in Vienna, in the spring of 2007, I found myself, time and again, sitting in the dark and contemplating Freud's relationship to his dogs. I was surprised, and surprisingly moved, by the starring role Freud's beloved chows Jofi and Lün, as well as a Pekinese interloper named Jumbo (such a big name for such a small dog), play in the filmic documentation of the Freuds in the years 1930–1939.

These home movies run on an endless loop in the Freud Museum's media room. Flashing across multiple screens, the flickering black and white images of the family dogs become vividly central to the memory work of home. In some ways this is to be expected: the home movies offer a glimpse into the private world of the Freuds, and dogs had been cherished members of the Freud household ever since Freud gave his daughter Anna a black Alsatian named Wolf in 1925. Wolf was as much a pet as a paternal stand-in; the dog was to serve as a protector during Anna's solitary evening walks. She would subsequently complain, only half-jokingly, in a 1926 letter to Lou Andreas-Salomé, that her father had "transferred his whole interest in [her] on to Wolf" (qtd. in Young-Bruehl 1988, 217). The "joke" goes too far, although Freud himself explicitly acknowledged the role Wolf served in compensating for the loss of his grandson Heinele, writing to Jeanne Lampl-de Groot in February 1927: "Why is it that these little beings [children] are so charming? We have learnt much about them which does not correspond to our ideals and have to regard them as little animals, but of course animals are also charming and far more attractive than complicated, multi-storied people. I am experiencing this now with our Wolf who almost replaces the lost Heinerle [sic]" (qtd. in Molnar 1996, 275). Heinrich "Heinele" Halberstadt, the second son of Freud's daughter Sophie and husband Max Halberstadt, died of tuberculosis in 1923, a scant three years after Sophie had herself succumbed to the influenza outbreak that swept Europe after World War I.

Freud's first chow Lin Yug (aka Lun Yi) arrived in 1928, a gift from the American Dorothy Burlingham, who by that time had become Anna's close companion. Lun Yi was hit by a train and died some fifteen months later, in 1929. In 1930, Burlingham gave Freud two red chows, a "double replacement" for the loss of his first chow (Burlingham 1989, 194). The chows were

Jofi (aka Yofi and Jo-fi)—by far Freud's most famous chow—and Lün. The two dogs did not get on, and Freud eventually transferred Lün to Burlingham. After Jofi's death in early January 1937, Freud reclaimed Lün from her (Jones 1957, 212). The transfers were no doubt made simpler by virtue of the fact that Burlingham had rented an apartment upstairs from the Freuds at Berggasse 19.

The dogs played their part in Freud's analytic work, too, not always to the satisfaction of his analysands. For example, the poet Hilda Doolittle—HD—famously recounts her annoyance at the way Jofi would "wander about" at the end of session; she felt "the Professor was more interested in [Jofi] than he was in my story" (Doolittle 1956, 162). Jofi was, in nearly a literal sense, a watch dog, credited by Freud with a virtually infallible sense of timing: "when Jofi got up and yawned, he knew the hour was up" (M. Freud 1958, 191). In a neat transfer, the boredom HD attributes to Freud, he in turn hands over to his yawning dog. In *Sigmund Freud: Man and Father*, Martin Freud recounts that his father did allow that Jofi "was capable of an error of perhaps a minute, at the expense of the patient" (1958, 191). But when it came to telling time, Freud's money (or, more exactly, the analysand's) was on the dog.

From even this very brief rehearsal of the way dogs entered, exited, and transited around the family home, it is already clear how the Freud family dogs were embedded in a larger circle of intimacies and life passages, serving as points of exchange between and among family members and friends and mediating between life and death. Within the home movies, the dogs come to serve as standard-bearers of the domestic interior, of "home" life itself. However, this way of explaining the matter cedes too much. It forgets that the home movies—compiled from footage contributed by Mark Brunswick and Marie Bonaparte—were excerpted and edited for public consumption. This is a forgetfulness actually encouraged by Anna Freud's apologetic introduction to the compilation, *Freud: 1930–1939*. The first scene of the film is a close-up of an aged Anna Freud, who gazes calmly into the camera and sets the scene for us, in a seemingly unscripted way: "What you are going to see are home movies meant for family use and not for public viewing. Therefore, you will have to excuse all the deficiencies which

are quite inseparable from ventures of this kind." This opening distinction—between "family use" and "public viewing"—cannot hold. The horrible history in which the Freuds were themselves caught up breaches the wall between inner and outer, the private and the public. Moreover, the very viewing area itself confounds public and private: the Freud Museum in Vienna is located in the Freud family's "private" quarters, a privacy always already breached by virtue of the offices Sigmund Freud and, later, his daughter Anna kept there for seeing patients. The media room is itself adjacent to what was once Anna Freud's consulting room and sitting room. These rooms were renovated and restored in 1992, to commemorate the tenth anniversary of her death, and reopened to the public under the "proper" name "Anna Freud Memorial Rooms." These are haunted spaces, in which the dead live to speak again.

Anna Freud serves as our guide throughout the approximately twenty-five-minute film, telling us in her softly-accented English what and whom we are seeing. One of the most striking features of her voiceover is its feeling of spontaneity. I have watched and, more than that, *listened* to this film at least a dozen times, and I continue to be struck by the gap between the staginess of many of the scenes (a procession of neighbors congratulating Sigmund and Martha Freud on their golden wedding anniversary; Freud petting Jofi; Marie Bonaparte waiting for her analytic hour in Berggasse 19) and the unrehearsed quality of Anna Freud's narration. Her voiceover seems associative, free-floating, as if in surprised rediscovery of these scenes out of her own past.

One scene in particular commands notice. It is a fairly static shot of a seated Freud in the garden of a summer house the Freuds rented in the Vienna suburbs in 1932. Freud is seen talking animatedly to his longtime friend, the archaeologist Emanuel Löwy. The scene is not exactly teeming with activity, and yet it generates such depth of feeling in the daughter as she watches—and feels—it for us. She tells us that it is the "best picture of the whole movie." Why? "In this picture, neither of these two men knew that they were photographed," and that is why it is so "natural," she continues. "My father didn't like to be photographed and usually made a face when he noticed it." The unposed aspect of the scene, as Anna Freud reviews it, is what makes it the best, her favorite.

Later in the film, in footage taken by Marie Bonaparte's daughter, we watch Freud and two of his grandsons in the gardens of their temporary residence at 39 Elsworthy Road, in London, in 1938. Freud walks Lucien and Stephen Freud round to the goldfish pond, and there is much excited pointing (presumably at the fish). To my own eyes this scene looked performed for the camera. For her part, Anna Freud says, "I don't think they knew then that they were photographed." Paradoxically, by highlighting the unself-consciousness of scenes such as these, Anna Freud actually calls attention to the staging of much of the rest of what we see in the film.

Anna Freud is more than an apologetic or spontaneous narrator, and this is more than "found" footage. The films are carefully edited and compiled to produce an authorized composite picture of Freud. This was a process *overseen* by Anna Freud during the last two years of her life. Anna Freud was long the fierce protector of her father's public image, both during his life and after his death. As Lydia Marinelli reminds us in an essay (2004) published in this journal on another intimate record of the Freud household—the American physician and analyst Philip R. Lehrman's documentary *Sigmund Freud, His Family, and Colleagues, 1928–1947*—Anna Freud long resisted the public release of this private material. When Anna Freud did finally consent to the compilation and public viewing of the home movies on view at the Freud Museum today, she did so, Marinelli notes (41), knowing full well that another analyst's daughter, Lehrman's own daughter Lynne Lehrman Weiner, was herself pushing for the public release of her father's (that is, Philip Lehrman's) reedited documentary. Philip Lehrman died in 1958, and his daughter had taken over the role of producing and reediting his film. She even approached Anna Freud for help with this project. Lehrman Weiner hoped Anna Freud could assist her in identifying people in the documentary whose names had fallen out of memory (39). Anna Freud refused; it was at this juncture, Marinelli details, that Anna Freud allowed "excerpts from the footage in her own archive to be compiled in her name" (41). In consequence, the home movies visitors to the Freud Museums in Vienna and London can watch today, and to which Anna Freud lends her breath and voice, emerge as the authorized memory of Freud and his circle.

This authorized picture makes plenty of room for Freud's attachment to his dogs. Perhaps what Marjorie Garber (1996) has referred to as "dog love" paradoxically humanizes the great man? It also presents a wishful picture of family life shorn of ambivalence. In our love relations with our pets, we can display and cultivate unambivalent forms of love and care, something human love relations do not admit of. Hence Freud's famous observation, "Dogs love their friends and bite their enemies, quite unlike people, who are incapable of pure love and always have to mix love and hate in their object-relations" (A. Freud 1981, 360). Hence, too, the jealousies pets can prompt in those humans who want the kind of unconditional adoration seemingly received from and, in turn, given to a Wolf. Whether dogs do love as "unambivalently" as Freud here says they do is less the issue than the fantasy that they do. It is this fantasy that in some ways permits humans to experience loving dogs (and other companion animals; I'm still holding out for cats) without condition or caution. Perhaps another way to name the quality that Freud attributed to dogs is radical or instinctual honesty. For dogs do not dissemble their love, hate, *or* ambivalence.

The daughter's control over the editing does ultimately allow her to interpose herself as equivalent to at least one of the father's unambivalent love objects. Thus, in one fascinating exchange, from the summer of 1937, the footage cuts from a scene of a seated Freud petting Lün, who is lying down, to a shot of Anna Freud. This is Lün's first appearance in *Freud: 1930–1939*, and our narrator identifies the dog for us, "Now Lün is the successor of Jofi, the next chow. [Breath. Breath.] A very affectionate animal again." On the word "again," the footage abruptly cuts to a young and smiling Anna Freud. We see the young Anna's lips moving; but this is a silent movie, and our narrator, an older Anna, adds no commentary. No words, at least. We just hear the sound of her breath. After lingering on Anna for eight seconds, there is another cut, and we are returned to the seated Freud and Lün. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 and on the eighth count, Lün stands and walks towards the camera. Another cut, back to Anna. Again. In case the equivalences were lost on us?

That these family scenes are the result of careful selection and management does not disqualify them as memory or

as "historical." In some ways, the labor of making them seem natural, unforced, spontaneous is the labor of memory itself, as event is given into meaning. This given-ness is not given in advance, but forged in the topsy-turvy temporality of psychic life in which past and present coexist, and not always peaceably. Not unlike the labored breathing that punctuates Anna Freud's words, the film repeatedly disrupts its own narrative impulses. I'll come back to this point.

For now, I want to ask, what was it in the Lehrman vision of Freud and his family that Anna Freud could not bear to see, such that she was propelled finally to release her own authorized version? Marinelli's answer to this question is very suggestive: Lehrman's footage disturbed Anna Freud's attempts to produce and maintain her father's public face. We should take the word "face" literally here. Freud was diagnosed with cancer of the right jaw and palate in 1923, and from that time until his death from cancer in September 1939, he underwent thirty-three painful operations. The surgical removal of his right jaw had hollowed out his cheek and would eventually make him nearly deaf in his right ear, requiring the shifting of his famous couch from one wall to the other so that he might listen to his analysands with his left ear. The prosthetic device that separated his oral and nasal cavities was cumbersome to insert and remove, and painfully irritating. He and Anna referred to it as "the monster."[1] The man who had been a prolific public lecturer had to train himself to speak again and would eventually rely on his youngest child to speak for him—in life and in death.

In a 2000 interview with the *New York Times*, Lynne Lerhman Wiener says that "Anna Freud apparently did not like the idea that [Philip Lehrman's pictures] were so good that they showed Freud's wound on his cheek. . . . She thought that if the general public were to see him in the distress he was in that it would take away from his intellect. To have anybody say anything negative was a tremendous source of horror for her" (Greene 2000; see also Marinelli 2004, 41). There were numerous grounds for distress. The public identification of Freud with psychoanalysis was such that the visible weakening of Freud the man might betoken the immiseration and death of psychoanalysis itself. Moreover, Freud and psychoanalysis had long been targets of negative criticism, much of it tinged with antisemitism. Within

the terms of antisemitic stereotypes about Jewish masculinity, Freud was already something less than manly.[2] Perhaps the perceived need, on the part of father and daughter, to present a vigorous unbowed Freud could also be seen as a response to the double binds of antisemitism and masculinism?

Nor can we overlook the human dimension here: the horror at witnessing the pain of those who are near and dear to us. Such reflections in the face of pain give fresh meaning to Anna Freud's favorite picture in the home movie: her father at ease, talking animatedly to a boyhood friend at a time when speech was so difficult for him. Not noticing he was being photographed, Freud had no need to "make a face" and could just show or be his own.

Bearing Witness, Hearing Trauma

What does it mean to bear witness to the pain of another? For that matter, what does it mean to testify to our own losses? In the home movies, loss is spoken elliptically and asynchronously. We watch a garden scene of Freud seated next to an elderly woman, whom Anna Freud identifies as Mitzi Freud, "one of my father's sisters, one of those who died in concentration camps." Freud lost four sisters to the camps: Dolfi, Mitzi, Rosa, and Pauli. As viewers of the home movies, we hear these words of identification—"one of my father's sisters, one of those who died in concentration camps"— at the same time as we watch the family celebrations unfold and take in everyday details: the elderly sister sports a summer hat; the wife touches her husband's leg in a gesture of easy intimacy. At the same time and yet out of time as well: too early and too late. We watch this contact, too much knowing the ending they do not. This is the gap of witness in the unfinished time of trauma.

Trauma has a particularly vexed relation to time and knowledge. When memory retrieves normally, it does so with a difference; it re-members. In the case of trauma, however, the cut between memory and event is attenuated to the point of fracture. As Cathy Caruth argues in *Unclaimed Experience: Trauma, Narrative, and History* (1996), in psychoanalytic terms trauma is a wound that is experienced too soon to be known or narrated.

In describing trauma as an injury ahead of its time Caruth is building on Freud's discussion of trauma in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920), a text I will return to below. The endless loop of the home movies mimes the temporal problems presented by trauma and its aftermath. To the extent that trauma is an event that happens too soon, the subject of trauma comes at once too early and too late to her own traumatic history. What narrative forms are adequate to time out of joint? How do you tell a story—about yourself and your loved ones—that you in some sense never "fully" experienced in the first place?[3]

Because they are so profoundly embedded in trauma, the home movies are not just about what we come to see and piece together piercingly out of sequence; the home movies also raise searching questions about how we speak and how we hear trauma. Certainly, my own repeated viewings of *Freud: 1930–1939* were as much about re-seeing as re-hearing. This is because I could not hear Anna Freud's voice-over very well. The volume in the media room in Vienna is kept very low, as if to keep the sound from spilling over into other rooms in the museum. Thus, one of the reasons I kept returning to the media room was to hear her every word, distinctly. I did not know that a DVD of the home movies was available—in the museum shop, no less—and never watched the film in its entirety on DVD until well after my fellowship period in Vienna. When I did, I was startled by the way my sonic experience of the film shifted once I could control the volume on my own: the most audible and constant sound of the film is Anna Freud's breath. She sounds as though she is struggling for breath throughout, a struggle that at times overpowers the words themselves. This struggle—the force of its sonic touch—is in such contrast to the overt content of the narrative and its visual presentation.[4] In her own beautiful meditation on the home movies, evocatively entitled "Breathing in the Archives" (2007), Amelie Hastie describes this breath as "an unintentional sonic close-up, an indication of [Anna Freud's] presence." For Hastie, this close-up provides the sensation of "Freud's daughter's breath coursing through me [Hastie]" (183). This collapse of time, space, and bodies, I want to suggest, is the gift and burden of traumatic witness.

The confusions of sequence and the layering of breath and voice together recall a key passage from *Beyond the Pleasure*

Principle, a text Sigmund Freud composed amid the wreckage of World War I and published not long after the devastating loss, closer to home, of his daughter Sophie, in 1920.[5] *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* represents Freud's most sustained analysis of trauma and of the drive to repeat trauma.[6] After outlining a series of examples from "real" life—"the benefactor who is abandoned in anger after a time by each of his *protégés*, however much they may differ from one another, and who thus seems doomed to taste all the bitterness of ingratitude; or the man whose friendships all end in betrayal by his friend; or . . . the lover each of whose love affairs with a woman passes through the same phases and reaches the same conclusion" (1920, 22)—Freud turns, as he so often does, to literature to close the case. Specifically, he retells Tasso's story of Tancred, who "unwittingly kills his beloved Clorinda in a duel while she is disguised in the armour of an enemy knight" (22). Her death is an accident, the tragic consequences of which Tancred must keep reliving. For Freud, this is a story *in extremis* of unchosen and tragic repetition and serves as poetic confirmation of a puzzling truth of psychic life: the existence of a compulsion to repeat *un*pleasurable phenomena. Such a repetition is inexplicable within the terms of the pleasure principle, and eventually pushes Freud to go beyond the pleasure principle to postulate the existence of the "death drive."

And yet, as Caruth has importantly underscored in her reading of this passage, this is also the story of Clorinda's trauma and its repetition; she is killed not once but twice. After he has buried Clorinda, Tancred "makes his way into a strange magic forest which strikes the Crusader's army with terror. He slashes with his sword at a tall tree; but blood streams from the cut and the voice of Clorinda, whose soul is imprisoned in the tree, is heard complaining that he has wounded his beloved again" (Freud 1920, 22). On one level, the voice that calls out to Tancred is interpretable as his inner voice, a voice of conscience perhaps or an internal voice of self-estrangement; trauma has made him a stranger to his own history. But what if, with Caruth, we also hear the voice that cries out "not as the story of the individual in relation to the events of his own past, but as the story of the way one's own trauma is tied up with the trauma of another, the way in which trauma may lead, therefore, to the encounter with

another, through the very possibility and surprise of listening to another's wound" (1996, 8)? Trauma may well be experienced as an extreme privation; nevertheless, no trauma is solely our own. In listening for and to this other voice, we can begin to hear, between the lines of Freud's often individualistic focus, an account of the ways individual losses are bound and bound up within the social. Crucially, our implication in the traumatic histories of others does not tell us how trauma will be—or even *that* it will be—resolved. The twentieth century and the early years of the twenty-first have shown us all too vividly one way in which traumatic relations are lived: in violent cycles of revenge and bloodletting. Within such a dynamic, trauma is not so much worked through as repeated and passed on.

In the Shadow of Loss: String Theory

The retelling of Tancred's story, and Clorinda's, is extremely brief; it does not even amount to a full paragraph in Freud's text. Nevertheless, it condenses a whole host of pressing ethical questions about our relationship to the loss of another. The "loss of another" is grammatically ambiguous between *my* loss of another, and what someone else, *some other*, has lost. But this ambiguity and its relation are precisely the terrain of the social and the ethical. In Freud's telling, Tancred's trauma derives from his having unknowingly killed the person he loved; he did not know the enemy knight was really Clorinda in disguise. However, as David Eng has perceptively noted, Tancred may have killed *her* in error; but he killed on purpose.[7] Afterwards, he travels out again with his army, gets lost in a magic forest, and in terror strikes out once more, and once more kills not the enemy but his beloved. Tancred's problem was not that he killed someone, but that he killed the *wrong* person. He did not kill the "enemy"; he killed someone as near and dear to him as his own self. With Eng, I want to ask what it would require for Tancred to mourn the death of an other he did *not* love, who could *not* be assimilated to himself.

Of course, Tancred cannot even mourn the one he does love. After the enemy knight he thought he had killed is revealed actually to be his beloved Clorinda, what does Tancred

do? He buries her, but does not mourn her. Instead, he goes off to fight once more, and in his grief "accidentally" kills her once again. His inability even to see the enemy as "grievable life" (to use Judith Butler's [2004, 20] term), such that he can kill the enemy with impunity, is related to his inability to mourn his beloved. The public project of war and organized killing thus depends on a denial of a space, and a time, for working through "private" loss.[8]

Beyond the Pleasure Principle is edged by losses it did not yet know: the death of Sophie Freud and her son Heinele. But it is Sophie and another son, her firstborn Ernst, who are the protagonists of the *fort/da* game. An analysis of this game concludes the second chapter of the book; Freud's brief discussion of Tancred and Clorinda occurs in the third chapter. Freud presents his analysis of *fort/da* as an example of "children's play," those "earliest *normal* activities" through which distressing phenomena are converted into bearable and, even, pleasurable experiences (1920, 14; italics in original). His particular case study concerns a two-act game invented by an unnamed "little boy of one and a half." This little boy (in fact, Ernst) had a wooden reel attached to a string, which he would toss over the edge of his curtained bed, "so that it disappeared into it, at the same time uttering his expressive 'o-o-o-o'" (15). Freud and the boy's also unnamed mother (Sophie, who did not live to see the publication of the analysis of *fort/da*) agreed that the boy's long drawn-out "o-o-o-o" represented the German word for "gone," *fort*. The second act of the game was for the little boy to reel the toy back in, by pulling on the string, a return hailed with a triumphant *da*, or "here."

Freud interprets this game of disappearance and return as an attempt to master the mother's absence and even to take revenge on her for going away. However, as Eng asks in his lucid analysis of this passage, what if we also see it as an attempt *not* to cut off ties with an unseen other? In my own mind's eye, I thus see the little child throwing his toy up and over the curtained edge, out of view, then reeling it back in. I focus on the string, the way it extends through time and space, how it can show us—if we can but see it differently, and listen to *fort/da* differently—how not to cut ties as a defense against loss. After Sophie's death, Freud played out his own version of

this game. HD recalls a conversation with Freud during one of her analytic sessions, in which he mentioned the loss of "his favorite daughter. 'She is here,' he said, and he showed me [HD] a tiny locket that he wore, fastened to his watch-chain" (1956, 128). If *fort/da* is a game, it is very serious play—a kind of psychic "go, fetch."

Fort/Dog

In *Dog Love*, Marjorie Garber points us back to the heartbreaking tale of Argos, Odysseus's stalwart canine. Consigned to eating scraps from the dung heap during Odysseus's long absence, Argus alone recognizes his old master when a disguised Odysseus returns home after twenty years of wandering:

> There the dog Argos lay in the dung, all covered with dog ticks.
> Now, as he perceived Odysseus had come close to him,
> he wagged his tail, and laid both his ears back; only
> he now no longer had the strength to move any closer
> to his master, who, watching him from a distance . . .
> . . . secretly wiped a tear away . . .
> But the doom of dark death now closed over the dog, Argos,
> when after nineteen years had gone by, he had seen Odysseus.
>
> (XVII.300–4, 326–27)

Home, Garber quips (1996, 37), is where the dog is. Freud himself has much to tell us about the convergence home/death, above all in his essay on "The Uncanny" (1919), whose German title is "*Das Unheimliche*." This essay includes an extensive excerpt from Daniel Sanders's 1860 *Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache* on the meaning of *heimlich*. Although Freud himself leaves this connection unexplored, do I make something out of nothing if I point out that one of the cited meanings of *heimlich* is "tame, companionable to man," as in: domestic animal, or family pet?

When the Freud family took refuge in London in 1938, their chow Lün was quarantined for six months, as was standard for domestic animals entering Great Britain. The forced separation was made worse for Freud due to his own declining health, which prevented him from visiting Lün as often as he wished. The temporary loss of Lün also painfully underlined all the Freuds had given up in order to find safety in England. The home movie understates these burdens; instead, it focuses on the temporary loss of Lün and the family's attempts to provide comfort to Freud during her enforced absence. Thus, as at other moments in the home movies, dogs offer themselves—and are offered—as a site of narrative surrogation through which to bear and tell the story of traumatic loss.

In her narration for the home movies, Anna Freud says that in the interim the family got Freud a new dog, the Pekinese Jumbo, in hopes that "my father would take to him as a replacement"—she hesitates here—"as a *temporary* replacement. [Pause. Breath.] But I think he remained very loyal to Lün."[9] Although "replacement" has about it the air of inferiority, of settling for less than the "real thing" (Garber 1996, 135), it is worth remembering that, for Freud, all object-love participates in an endless chain of substitutions. Thus, the "real thing" that has been lost is not the same as what is found again in our life with others. As Freud writes in *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, "the finding of an object is in fact a refinding of it" (1905, 222). That is, the discovery of the lost object is always a discovery of something else. The "original" is displaced; when we return, we return elsewhere: to a re-place, not the same place where we began. Another way to put this: when we reel the string back in, we may find the attachments both otherwise and elsewhere than we expected.

Freud: 1930–1939 ends with scenes from Freud's last birthday celebration, in May 1939. The camera follows an obviously ailing and frail-looking Freud, his daughter Anna at his side for support, to the steps of his studio, where he is going for "some peace and quiet." The narration for the home movies concludes with these three words: "And Jumbo follows." Lean in, look, and listen closely, and maybe you will see the invisible string pulling them all across the threshold. The endless loop of the home movies returns us, in hope, to another beginning. And so, we are back in Vienna, back in Berggasse 19.

This Is Not an Ending

I gave the first version of this essay as a public lecture at the Freud Museum, in June 2007. Berggasse 19 is a strangely appropriate place in which to speak of lost objects, their displacement, and impossible return. Most of the original furniture and other household objects accompanied the Freuds to London. Anna Freud repatriated some of her father's possessions in 1971, in association with the founding of the Freud Museum in Vienna. Anna Freud attended the Museum's 1971 opening; it was the first time she had been in Vienna since the Freud family fled in June 1938.

The returned objects included, famously, the tweed cap that Freud wore into exile and which he can be seen wearing on the terrace of Marie Bonaparte's house in Paris in the home movies. The Freud family stopped off at Bonaparte's en route to London. In her voice-over Anna Freud tells us her father had hoped to spend the day in Paris. She does not add, but we know this to be behind her words: one last time. However, he was too fatigued from the journey. As if unable to confront her father's weakness, Anna focuses on Lün's instead. The camera shifts to another and larger male chow, the Princess's own Tatoun. Anna says that Lün was "wary" of the larger dog and so "came for protection very near to my father's couch." The camera pulls back to reveal a frail Freud *père*, wrapped in blankets and stretched on a chaise longue, a cap perched on his head. Lün settles down on the ground next to the chaise, so close to it that she looks to be slightly under it. Who was guarding whom?

Today, that same tweed cap hangs on a hook in the entrance hall adjacent to Freud's once-upon-a-time waiting room and consulting room in Vienna, evoking, in Marinelli's words, "both the presence and the enforced absence" (2009, 118) of the former inhabitant. Anna Freud also sent back the original furniture from the waiting room, including chairs, table, a couch. The couch stands where it once did against the far wall, although it is roped off from visitors as is conventional to display practices in museums. The couch's presence conjures thoughts of that other and more famous couch, on which Freud's patients lay during their analytic sessions. That couch remains in the Freud

Museum in London. As Marinelli observes, the daughter saw "no reason for presenting Vienna—which lived on in her mind as the city of the perpetrators—with the great emblems of her father's life and work" (118).

A detailed tracking shot of the waiting room appears in the home movies, and is dated to December 1937. It was filmed by Marie Bonaparte, who also makes an appearance in the sequence. In the voiceover, as the camera lingers over the photographs that cover the main wall of the waiting room above the couch, Anna Freud says, "All these pictures are still there." Yet in the next breath she tells us that the room is "very much restored as it was then." Can she have it both ways? Can we? This toggle between past and present—that is, restored/came back and still there/never left—suggests another possible relation to loss. This is not the self-punishment of the melancholic nor the defensive cruelty of Tancred, who can neither see nor hear the wound of the other. It is rather the spatial openness of not cutting ties, of trusting the string will hold even when you can no longer see the spool; and the temporal openness—and risk—of the past as it continues to animate, give life to, the present. This is not the same thing as getting "over" loss. When past touches present, the contact is not always light.

Nineteen thirty-seven is also the year in which Bonaparte published the first French edition of *Topsy: The Story of a Golden-Haired Chow*. The book recounts her own chow's successful battle with oral cancer. Bonaparte sent Freud an early copy of the manuscript, whose receipt he gratefully acknowledged in a December 1936 letter to her:

> I love it; it is so movingly genuine and true. It is not an analytical work, of course, but the analyst's thirst for truth and knowledge can be perceived behind this production, too. It really explains why one can love an animal like Topsy (or Jo-fi) with such extraordinary intensity: affection without ambivalence, the simplicity of a life free from the almost unbearable conflicts of civilization, the beauty of an existence complete in itself; and yet, despite all divergence in the organic development, that feeling of an intimate affinity, of an undisputed solidarity. Often when stroking Jo-fi I have caught myself humming a melody

> which, unmusical as I am, I can't help recognizing as the aria from *Don Giovanni*:
> A bond of friendship
> *Unites us both* . . . [10] (E. Freud 1960, 434)

To say that *Topsy* is more than a "dog story" and that this exchange is about more than dogs, as Lynn Whisant Reiser (1987) observes, is not to deny the singularity of Topsy for Bonaparte nor of Jofi for Freud. It is rather to see how these dog stories and dog loves are at the same time, in Reiser's words, stories "about human life, and death" (670).

Sigmund and Anna Freud arranged for the 1938 publication of *Topsy* in German, doing the translation themselves. As Garber remarks about this extraordinary transaction, writing *Topsy* gave Bonaparte a way to "express her own grief and fear about losing Freud [to his oral cancer], but also provided a way for Anna and Sigmund Freud to 'translate,' displace, and work through their own emotions" (1996, 249). These emotions involved not just the looming death of Freud, but the violent eruptions already seizing Europe. In March 1938, the *Anschluss* and the antisemitic barbarity it unleashed across Austria (and beyond) would exceed even Freud's most pessimistic assessments of "the unbearable conflicts of civilization."

In a preface for a new German-language edition of *Topsy*, which was written in 1980 and published in 1981, the year before her death, Anna Freud looks back to the context of the book's first publication and to her father's decision to translate it. She sets down the personal friendship that existed between Freud and Bonaparte as one reason. However, his choice was also about a desire for diversion: "What at that time, perhaps as never before, made for disappointment were people. Even the destruction of illusions during the First World War could not measure up to the impressions of unrelenting brutality and blind lust for destruction which no one could escape. . . . In these circumstances it became easier to look away from one's fellowmen and turn to animals" (A. Freud 1981, 359–60). This turning away is not or need not be an inability or refusal to see brutality or to bear witness to trauma. As the home movies make clear, going to the dogs can be a different way to tell trauma, if we have ears to listen against the grain.

For my own part, I took strange—dare I say, *uncanny*?—comfort in my repeated exposures to the Freud home movies and, especially, in Jumbo's bounding and persistent optimism as he follows Freud and daughter across the threshold into a space beyond the camera's reach, but not, I want to argue, beyond imagination. My own time in Vienna was painfully overshadowed by my cherished cat Orlando's battle with jaw cancer. The irony that Orlando (aka O, Mr. O, and Demando) should have had jaw cancer is not lost on me. My own little Dr. Freud? I had Orlando put to sleep on May 22, 2007. *O-o-o-o.* I think it was a good death. At least, I tried to make it so. Towards the end of *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, Freud remarks that all creatures seek to die on their own terms. This is a grace too little granted, and it may be something of what Freud meant when he wrote to his son Ernst, in the anxious months before the Freud family secured their visas to London, that "two prospects keep me going in these grim times: to rejoin you all and—to die in freedom" (E. Freud 1960, 442). This is also the contract Freud apparently made with a series of physicians during his long battle with cancer—Felix Deutsch, Max Schur, and Josephine Stross—and with his daughter Anna: namely, to help him end his life peacefully when the suffering caused by the cancer became too great to endure.[11] The contract was honored.

And what of the dogs? Jumbo may get the last words of the home movies, but it is the chow Lün who figures in the written accounts of Freud's final days. In August 1939, the bone in Freud's jaw was rotting from the cancer that would claim him the following month; it gave an odor so unpleasant that Lün would not willingly cross into Freud's study, which doubled as his sick room. Schur reports that "when brought into the room the dog crouched in the farthest corner. Freud knew what this meant, and looked at his pet with tragic and knowing sadness" (1972, 526).[12] This scene contrasts so painfully with the image from the home movies, in which Lün takes refuge next to Freud's chaise lounge at Bonaparte's house. And yet, in her own way, Lün was faithful to the end, offering Freud the radical honesty he had long attributed to dogs and dog love.

* * *

The night after my cat died, I dreamt of him. In the dream, I knew he was dead, and yet I kept catching glimpses of him in the periphery of my vision. He was not Orlando, but a spectral Orlando, his spirit or ghost, if you will. As he moved through space he left behind a beautiful blazing string of light, tracing where he'd been. He was gone, yet *still there*.

Still here.

Center for the Study of Gender and Sexuality
New York University
41-51 E. 11th St., Room 710
New York, NY 10003
ap39@nyu.edu

Notes

1. Freud's long and painful battle with jaw cancer is extensively detailed by Schur (1972) and figures prominently in the third and final volume of Jones's biography (1957) of Freud. For the first mention of "the monster," see Jones (95). The required shifting of Freud's couch is documented in Jones (95) and in Gay (1988, 427).
2. There is a large literature examining these antisemitic stereotypes of "unmanly" Jewish men. See Gilman (1991), Boyarin (1997), Pellegrini (1997), Boyarin, Itzkovitz, and Pellegrini (2003), and Geller (2007).
3. For a related discussion of narrative form, temporality, and the challenge of witnessing trauma, see Pellegrini (2007).
4. My thanks to Jill Casid for pressing me to consider the sensory impressions that complicate and layer the visual field.
5. Freud was at great pains to deny any relation between Sophie's untimely death and his own turn towards theorizing the "death drive," as that which lay beyond the pleasure principle. Against those who identified a biographical impulse to the turns taken in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, he repeatedly stressed that the volume had been all but finished in summer 1919, and went so far as to ask colleagues to swear they had read a draft of it before Sophie's death. As if to say: any relationship between her death and the preoccupation with death that characterizes *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* was "just" a coincidence, a horrible one, to be sure, but there was nothing of meaning in it. "The probable is not always the true," Freud wrote in a 1923 letter to Fritz Wittels, which has since been lost and is known only from Wittels's transcription in the margins of his biography of Freud, rebutting just this association between Sophie's death and his concept of the death drive. But this is a strange sort of protest from someone who had previously turned his own dreams into the stuff of a general theory of dreaming and the unconscious. There is also the fact, as Peter Gay notes, that the word *Todestrieb*, or "death drive," first entered Freud's correspondence, and, ultimately, the text of *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* itself, a week after Sophie's death. For a fuller discussion of Freud's protests, see Gay (1988, 394–95).
6. Freud introduces a compulsion to repeat in "Remembering, Repeating, and Working Through" (1914). Repetition compulsion makes a fascinating cameo appearance in "The Uncanny" (1919), which Freud dusted off and published while he was completing *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*.
7. Private communication with David Eng. I am much indebted to him for a series of lush and wide-ranging phone conversations, throughout spring 2007, about Freud, Tancred and Clorinda, and the political contours of private grief.

8. I am grateful to Janet Jakobsen for helping me to articulate these links more clearly.
9. At the time of this narration, Anna Freud had intimate experience of dogs as vehicles for mourning. Shortly after Burlingham's death in 1979, Anna Freud got herself a chow puppy and named her Jofi, after the dog Burlingham had given Anna Freud's father some fifty years earlier (Young-Bruehl 1988, 444). With this doubling of names and associations, Anna's Jofi thus held out a kind of "double replacement," too. As Anna Freud wrote to friends, this new Jofi "'should help keep the house from being too empty'" (qtd. in Young-Bruehl 1988, 444).
10. This passage is also discussed in Reiser (1987, 669) and, in a slightly different translation, in Dufresne (2003, 146).
11. In a deeply researched revision of the standard accounts of Freud's death, Lacoursiere (2008) persuasively argues that, contrary to the story Schur has himself passed along and which has been repeated in subsequent accounts of Freud's death (Schur 1972, 529; Jones 1957, 245–46; Gay 1988, 649–51), Schur did not administer the fatal dose and was likely not even present when Freud died on September 23, 1939. Drawing on documentary evidence from the Freud archives in the Library of Congress as well as the memoirs of Paula Fichtl, the Freud family's long-time maid, Lacoursiere makes a strong case that Josephine Stross, a pediatrican and friend of Anna Freud, and the physician who had taken Schur's place at the last minute during the Freuds' transit from Vienna to London, in 1938, once again stepped in to replace Schur, administering the last and fatal dose of morphine and keeping vigil with Anna Freud, Martha Freud, and Paula Fichtl until Freud passed (119–20).
12. Jones was the first to publish an account of Lün's cowering withdrawal from Freud (1957, 245). The story has subsequently been picked up and repeated in major biographies of Freud's life and his daughter Anna's as well. See, for example, the representative accounts in Gay (1988, 649) and Young-Bruehl (1988, 237). The original source was Schur, who had prepared a memorandum for the Freud archives and for Jones about Freud's medical case history, in 1954. Schur's memorandum is discussed by Gay (1988, 739–40) and Lacoursiere (2008). Schur's account of Lün's behavior and Freud's understanding of its meaning are by now a standard and affecting detail in accounts of Freud's last days. Despite omissions and evasions in Schur's account of Freud's actual death—and he had cause to mind his words, given the legal issues potentially triggered by assisted suicide both for the presiding physician and other witnessing parties (Lacoursiere 2008)—there is no reason to suspect the account he gives of Lün's behavior in Freud's sick room.

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