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THE ANALYTIC ATTITUDE: FREUD'S LEGACY AND ITS INHERITORS

*Consolation . . . at bottom this is what they are demanding
. . . the wildest revolutionaries no less passionately than
the most virtuous believers.*

—Freud, *Civilisation and Its Discontents*

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION: How are we to be consoled for the misery of living? may be answered by a culture, thus self-defined, in various ways; in terms of the good, the beautiful, and the true (the wordiness of Socrates); by a reference to how and by whom we are to be saved (the terseness of Christ); by tracing a line of historical development toward justice (the ponderous irony of Marx). Because Freud as a therapist refused even to ask the religious question, or proclaim a characterological ideal, he earned the polemical hatred of the best who came after him. Jung, for example, as well as Lawrence and Reich, all of whom tried to envision the next culture. The prophet in all three of Freud's most powerful successor-critics was much stronger than the scientist. Jung could not avoid finding a theology at the end of his therapy nor Reich an ideal character at the end of his analytic theory. Later on in this volume, I shall consider various struggles by Freud's successors to frame the great question in a culturally compelling way, illustrating thereby how powerfully psychotherapy may be tempted to go beyond the grim safety of diagnostic analysis to seek out the danger of creative doctrinal synthesis. All the post-Freudians treated in this volume were similarly tempted. Their psychologies became modes of consolation.

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Instead of raising Freud's lack of conviction into a doctrine, leaving the ruins of the old renunciatory culture by the wayside, mitigating merely its discomforts as was done by Freud, these post-Freudians tried to create a releasing conviction, a new culture, or, as in the case of Jung, a simulacrum of the old one.

Freud never felt tempted in this way. His genius was analytic, not prophetic. At its best, psychoanalytic therapy is devoted to the long and dubious task of rubbing a touch of that analytic genius into less powerful minds. Here is no large new cosset of an idea, within which Western men could comfort themselves for the inherent difficulties of living. Freud's was a severe and chill anti-doctrine, in which the awesome dichotomy with which culture imposes itself upon men, that between an ultimately meaningful and a meaningless life, must also be abandoned. This, then, was Freud's prescription to mankind as the patient, so that by the power of the analytic attitude a limit be set to the sway of culture over mankind.

With such an attitude, men could not change the dynamics of culture (which were unchangeable anyway),¹ but they could change at least their own relationship to these dynamics. They could become more diplomatic in their transactions with the moral demand system: not rebels but negotiators. To maintain the analytic attitude, in the everyday conduct of life, becomes the most subtle of all efforts of the ego; it is tantamount to limiting the power of the super-ego and, therewith, of culture. The analytic attitude expresses a trained capacity for entertaining tentative opinions about the inner dictates of conscience, reserving the right even to disobey the law insofar as it originates outside the individual, in the name of a gospel of a freer impulse. Not that impulse alone is to be trusted. It is merely to be respected, and a limit recognized of the ability of any culture to transform the aggressiveness of impulse, by an alchemy of commitment, into the authority of law. Freud maintained a sober vision of man in the middle, a go-between, aware of the fact that he had little strength of his own, forever mediating between culture and instinct in an effort to gain some room for maneuver between these hostile powers. Maturity, according to Freud, lay in the trained capacity to keep the negotiations from breaking down.

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Does not such a doctrine of maturity, which cannot lead beyond the difficult and unstable condition of being mature, lead instead to fresh outbursts of hope for the victory of culture or that of impulse, or, as in the case of Freud's critical successors, to the wild hope of a culture dominated by impulse? Freud's doctrine of psychological manhood has itself contributed to a resurgence of anxiety on both sides, with some accusing him of being a conservative of culture (e.g., Lawrence) and others accusing him of being a nineteenth-century radical of impulse (e.g., Jung). In time, it may become apparent that Freud and his doctrine have undergone an inexorable disciplining by the culture, and that the exemplary cast of Freud's mind and character is more enduring than the particulars of his doctrine. In culture it is always the example that survives; the person is the immortal idea. Psychoanalysis was the perfect vehicle for Freud's intellectual character. When, at last, Freud found himself, having searched systematically but in vain in various disciplines, he established a new discipline, first of all for himself.

Later, as psychoanalysis became more adaptable, the hidden force of Freud's character began to be effective through the discipline, detached from his person. Psychoanalysis became a transferable art, and therefore a cultural force, which, dealing as it does in moral suasion, does not distinguish between science and art.² In sociological terms, psychoanalysis became what we shall call the symbolic mode of a "negative community." It is held together by the analytic attitude, as most moderns are who think too much about themselves. Psychoanalysis is yet another method of learning how to endure the loneliness produced by culture. Psychoanalysis is its representative therapy, in contrast to classical therapies of commitment. It is characteristic of our culture that there is no longer an effective sense of communion, driving the individual out of himself, rendering the inner life serviceable to the outer. This has led to cultural artifacts like psychoanalysis, devised primarily to protect the outer life against further encroachments by the inner and to minimize the damage caused by disorders among the parts inside. When so little can be taken for granted, and when the meaningfulness of social existence no longer grants an inner life at peace with itself, every man must become something of a genius about himself. But the imagination boggles

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at a culture made up mainly of virtuosi of the self. It is precisely the authority of culture that limits the need for such virtuosi.

Just this threat to the authority of culture is the reason why psychoanalysis appealed so immediately to the modern intellectual, who prides himself first of all on his independence of mind and conduct. Now, there is a curious resemblance between the futility felt by the analyst and the modern intellectual: both have the analytic attitude as the very basis and limit of their vocations. Precisely for this reason both, analyst and modern intellectual, feel the futility built into their vocations. They are charter members of the negative community, in which membership carries precious few obligations and the corporate effort is devoted mainly to objecting to the rules. Yet, despite growing regret among its critics, the civilization of authority continues to fade into history; more accurately, it has become dysfunctional. Freud was acutely aware of this. Seen from the vantage point of membership in the negative community, all positive ones appear either fraudulent or stupid; despite a massive effort by professional psychoanalysts to remain clinical therapists rather than culture critics, there is nothing in psychoanalysis that makes them any the less so.

Since a less negative sense of vocation can be instilled only in a community blessed with both a rank order of vocations and some objective means of assigning vocations, as in a civilization of authority, the patient, when he is sent out "cured," can only make himself his own vocation. To the extent of his intellectual and emotional capacity, he joins the negative community; he settles down to limit more or less capably the power of the culture in which he lives to sink deeper into his self. A certain autonomy from the penetrative thrust of culture: this is the characteristic of the new individuality. Freud himself realized this. When Freud rejected the notion of psychoanalysis as a propaedeutic to accepting one or another religious community, he imagined an ideal patient, one so strengthened that he could tolerate a return to nothing more compelling than an environment in which the ego could fight more capably for itself in the subtle and universal war of all against all.

I have summed up, elsewhere,³ Freud's attack on the moralizing function of modern culture. It was not always the case; but nowadays, in

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the circumstances of modernity, to be religious is, he thought, to be sick: it is an effort to find a cure where no one can possibly survive. For Freud, religious questions induce the very symptoms they seek to cure. "The moment a man questions the meaning and value of life," Freud wrote (in a letter to Marie Bonaparte),⁴ "he is sick, since objectively neither has any existence." The analyst, proudly, needs no synthesis. But, in scorning a synthesis, he is opposing the dynamics of culture. It is precisely as the culture fails that "not only the patient's analysis but that of the analyst himself has ceased to be terminable and become an interminable task."⁵ The exercise of reason is transformed into a parody of that contemplative way of life which characterizes most religious representatives of the old culture. Faith develops a simulacrum in analysis; the churches break up into warring sects. Here is the first step toward trying to explain the "psychoanalytic movement," which is a subtle contradiction in terms.

To be analytical is to be a realist. It is not required of a realist to be hopeful or hopeless, but only truthful. Among Freud's first and most important followers there were those who considered his realism therapeutically limiting; nor did they find that the dynamics of the transference supplied an adequate substitute. They refused to approach reality in Freud's neutralist terms. Faith reappeared, understood in terms of therapy. This was done rather easily, for religion has always had a therapeutic aspect, in one of two ways which it is important to review.

IT IS ESSENTIAL to the understanding of the function of religion that it presents jointly and in fusion two analytically discernible alternatives: either a therapeutic control of everyday life or a therapeutic respite from that very control. On the one hand, faith is doctrinal, and that doctrine is internalized thus becoming functionally anti-instinctual. On the other hand, faith is ecstatic, or erotic; there is a relative absence of doctrinal internalization, and the religious mood covertly provides an opportunity for the instincts to express themselves more directly, for example, in orgasmic behavior, or in mystical states of mind which release the subject from traditional authority.

Defined as control of conduct in everyday life, faith tends to be methodical and systematic. Defined as remission of that control, faith

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tends to be anti-methodical and unsystematic. To the extent that a system of faith spreads, the line between usual and unusual religious experience grows fuzzy. In effect, religious experience becomes less unusual as it becomes functionally more influential on the conduct of everyday life, this will apply not to all elements, of course, but precisely to those which give some assurance of being saved, whatever that may mean in a particular religious system. This assurance is then taken as a basis of good, because efficacious, behavior.

In order to assure a continuity of mood, there must be limits to its expression. Religious emotionalism may lead to psychic collapse, to that desolate feeling Christians once experienced as “abandonment by God.” Historically, various methods are known to exist for keeping up a sense of assurance, which may have had its origin in a state of ecstasy. These methods may be fairly called “ascetic:” for example, various forms of abstinence, control of breathing, and even semi-starvation. Such ascetic devices, if they are functional, prolong, even regularize, the subjective feeling of security. To preserve this sense of ultimate security is thus the first function of all asceticism and of the classical disciplines of thought-training, now called “brainwashing.” To perpetuate themselves, religious doctrines ordinarily develop modes of psychological retraining; conversely, all psychological retraining develops some of the characteristics of religious doctrine. History supplies enough examples of that deliberate emptying of consciousness, which may be the essential characteristic of all systems of therapy.

If successful, these therapeutic controls tend to spread out into the culture as a whole. Everyone, in every activity of life should have the correct attitude; and, moreover, every activity of life should be brought to terms with the system of control. Any type of action that seems to subvert these controls must either be ruled as incorrect and dangerous, or else sanctioned and brought within the system of control. For example, in the Chinese arts, the pentatonic scale was decreed as correct by Confucian doctrine.

All such systems of therapeutic control, limiting as they do the area of spontaneity, are anti-instinctual; what we mean, ordinarily, by cultures, are just these systems. We call these systems “therapeutic” because

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these controls are intended to preserve a certain established level of adequacy in the social functioning of the individual, as well as forestall the danger of his psychological collapse. Needless to say, such systems of control, whether Christian, Buddhist, or any other are authoritarian. The classical modes of anti-authoritarianism revolve around therapeutic respites from control; anti-authoritarianism, therefore, has always been vulnerable to the charge of being culturally (i.e. morally) subversive.

In Freud's conception, therapy is indeed a mechanism for establishing self-control. But this therapy is morally neutral. Faith, however, even one that accents the remission of control, is never neutral. The analytic attitude is an alternative to all religious ones.

Yet, being alternatives, psychoanalytic and religious therapies bear curious resemblances. Both demand complete honesty in performance; only thus can both become ways of finding out what is wrong with oneself. The process of receiving help in finding out what is inwardly wrong presupposes establishment of that inner attitude whereby the patient, or the worshiper, may become more receptive to the sources of help. Finally, psychoanalysis and faith converge as ways in which character can be transformed. Being interested in the transformation of character, both are essentially cultural in nature. If psychoanalysis to be a science, it must be a moral science no less than a science of morals, as Freud tried to have it. After Freud, all the figures discussed in the following chapters have tried, in their disparate ways, to go so far beyond psychologizing that it would become a way of life, that culture would be destroyed as a system of controlling consolations and reconstructed as a system of more immediate releases of impulse. Freud was mistaken in his judgment of "the wildest revolutionaries." They did not so much seek some new consolation as that culture of release which would render the many consolations of high culture unnecessary. However, what they achieved was new consolations, locked forever in a struggle against defensive cultural ideologies. In this light, Freud appears as the critical defender of high culture, attacked in different ways by Jung, Reich and Lawrence.

Arguments are ineffectual unless supported by events. The Freudian argument, orthodox and schismatic, had been persuasive among certain sectors of the educated classes in combination with historical cir-

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cumstances. It has been adapted to the American scene, in ways Freud would not approve,⁶ for purposes Freud would have approved, so that those who must rid themselves of the burden of their atavistic self-identities, can now do so.

In other parts of the world, an identical process of cultural disburdenment is taking place under bureaucratic auspices, forcing cultural change through the political apparatus. Entire societies are being pruned, of dead literature, of withering attachments. The weight of the past has suddenly been felt on entire continents. The urge to cast off the yoke has spread very far, it can be called "progressive" in a subtle and misleading sense only. Hitler destroyed the German past as thoroughly as the Asian Communists are destroying theirs. But the revolution of our time has gone beyond politics; it is being waged as fiercely in the Asias of the mind. Freud, not Marx, is the dominant figure here. Freud's legacy is still a vitally growing thing, particularly in its misuse as a modality of faith.

That our inherited moral systems have failed us, that we have been thrown back on our own psychological resources precisely in an era when other resources have been socialized, accounts in a measure for the appeal of Freud. His work was an attempt to strengthen our inner resources against what he considered obsolete cultural systems of inhibitions. Our inherited moral systems have not been either alive enough or dead enough to permit fulfillment of our rising expectations of happiness. Formerly, if men were miserable, they went to church, so as to find the rationale of their misery; they did not expect to be happy, this idea is Greek, not Christian or Jewish. Freud embarked on a modest experiment: his doctrine promises not more happiness but less misery. He fought for human freedom in its plainer negative sense. Like those who worked for shorter hours but nevertheless feared what men might do with more leisure, Freud would have welcomed more constructive releases from our stale moralities but did not propose to substitute a new one. Our private ethics were his scientific problem; he had no new public ethic to suggest, no grand design for the puzzle of our common life. He will not help those who suffer from residual beliefs to find new beliefs; he can only help us in our unbelief. Whether, and by what criteria, his method of

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moral re-education will succeed or fail in a given case, depends on the soundness of his analysis of culture; that he was engaged in a great pacifying cultural mission, the moral disarmament of Western man, no student of the warring beliefs against which Freudianism is a reaction can shrug off. We may disagree with Freud on one point or another; we cannot dismiss him, except so far as he has succeeded and there changed the nature of our common problem. Nor can Freud's contribution to the new history of our old emotions be dismissed by a mere gesture of respect toward his greatness. There have been other great psychologists; they have not perceptibly affected our daily conduct, more particularly, our view of our daily conduct. Indeed, psychology need not have anything at all to do with morals, no more than religion need have anything to do with God. Much of what is still taught in our schools as psychology revolves around problems other than those of moral conduct; lobotomists of pigeons, e.g., are entirely within their rights in calling themselves psychologists, insofar as their observations of the learning behavior of pigeons might be used to form hypotheses about the learning behavior of men. But Freud's is a psychology that matters culturally. His psychology not only studies the conduct of life but seeks also to affect it. For that reason alone, it is just to call Freud's a moral psychology,⁷ whatever one's judgment as to its scientific merits.

Social scientists have not quite caught up with Freud. When they will, they might find he has upset their disciplines. His roving genius is one reason for the indiscipline that overcame the psychoanalytic movement. To some, his example was contagious; they too roved. For others, he roved too much; they became more orthodox than Freud. Neither rationalist nor romantic, neither realist nor nominalist, neither progressive nor reactionary, all and none. Freud belongs to the succession of great minds from Rousseau through Nietzsche: these are the psychologists who would transform our emotions into ideas, who would spin new universes of discourse out of their own seething discontent. This is more than science, more than art, it is another sort of reality into which it is said one must enter personally in order to comprehend it. It is another kind of self-consciousness. Such genius can change a culture. I shall try to indicate in a preliminary way the character-type

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of this emergent culture as reflected in the Freudian and post-Freudian genius.

Psychological man is, of course, a myth, but not more of a myth than other model men around whom we organize our self-interpretations. This is the time to evoke this new man, tease him out as the holder of the reins, to assume command of our emotional chaos. He is the sane self in a mad world, the integrated personality in the age of nuclear fission, the quiet answer to loud explosions. All this may be too ephemeral, as yet, to lay out the psychological man for an anatomy lesson as economic man has been laid out, his anxious Protestant heart, his open Enlightenment eyes, his democratic accents dissected and probed now by every student doctor of the social sciences. It may be too early to squeeze my fragile conception dry between the hard covers of a book. I am merely announcing his presence, fluttering in all of us, a response to the absent God. In so doing, I say that the modern man is not in the position of a wise man exhibiting a fool, or that of a healthy man examining the sick; we are all fools, all sick, and until we can control the shock of this recognition we shall not be able to assess the character of our age correctly. That a new myth of man is developing, at least among the educated classes, seems evident to me. It is a response to the divisiveness and destruction without and to the chaos within. But we are ourselves involved in the creation of this new myth of man and cannot be expected to see the type in clear perspective.

Nevertheless, psychological man can already be approached with the confidence that he is alive and prospering among us, nurturing his sense of well-being, the healthy hypochondriac who rightly expects to survive all interpretation. Who, without Freud, would so well know how to live with no higher purpose than that of a durable sense of well-being? Freud has systematized our unbelief; his is the most inspiring anti-creed yet offered a post-religious culture. Throw away all the old keys to the great riddles of life; depth in psychology brings men's minds around from such simplicities to the complexity of everyday tournaments with existence, to an active resignation in matters as they are, to a modest hope, and to satisfiable desires. Balance is the delicate ethic Freud proposes, balance on the edge that separates futility and ultimate purposelessness

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from immediate effectiveness and purpose. Psychological man may be going nowhere, but he aims to achieve a certain speed and certainty in going. Like his predecessor, the man of the market economy, he understands morality as that which is conducive to increased activity. The important thing is to keep going.

In retrospect, of course, it seems inevitable that some of Freud's followers should have grown dissatisfied with the restlessness of the analytic attitude and its terrifying acceptance of so much effort without a unifying aim. The chief gentile of the psychoanalytic attitude, Jung, did not tolerate for long the healthy-mindedness that Freud had imposed upon his science. Jung's premature restiveness led him to propose, instead, the "adapted attitude." Therapeutically adapted, men could at least reconcile their own particular fantasy life with the one or the other of those universal and historic forms of fantasy, sometimes memorialized in religions, called "archetypes" by Jung. The "adapted attitude" would permit the patient to see the analyst with his professional guard down, as just another man, no less puzzled and in search than the patient himself. Patient and analyst might even continue that search for guiding principles beyond therapy, together. Jung represents a conservative, or traditionalist, trumping of the psychoanalytic game. He is perhaps the most subtle of modern conservatives, trying to save not this tradition or that, but the very notion of tradition, which can be defined, in Jungian terms, as shared archetypes internalized. When the theologians will finally catch up with Jung, they might discover in him that particular psychology for which they have been seeking, in a prolonged agony, a substitute for all those ontologies crumbling at the foundation of theology.

For more than a century now, theologians have been screening psychologists in the hope of finding one who could rescue theology for them. Writing to his old Oxford tutor in 1857, one of the more honest religious figures of the century, the first Archbishop Temple, put into clear English what had been muddled in German ever since the time of Schleiermacher:

Our theology has been cast in a scholastic mould, all based on logic. We are in need of, and we are actually being forced into, a theology based on psychology.⁸

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Following Pascal, both Schleiermacher and Kierkegaard had tried to psychologize the old theology; both failed because both remained, like Pascal, too apologetically Christian. The religions feelings needed a psychological renaissance less traditionally Christian and yet broad enough to permit a fresh Christian apologetic to be read into it. Jung has supplied that psychology; for apologists there remains only the task to use it for their own purposes.

The greatest psychologist of our century, Freud, was all but oblivious to this need among the religious. When Freud did hear the call, late in life, he anathematized it in *The Future of an Illusion* and rendered it peculiarly Jewish in *Moses and Monotheism*. Jung, his one-time heir apparent, was never hostile to theology, only to the theologians. It is not that in his writings on religion Jung had played the believing Protestant, as Freud played the unbelieving Jew. Jung was far too intent on supplying a new basis for culture to be either extremely polemical or mysteriously personal, as Freud was with *Moses*: there Freud made a final but ambivalent effort to dismiss the religious question in his own life by transforming it into a psychohistorical process.

No one can know the exact wording of Jung's title to greatness. However it may be explained and qualified, the legitimacy of that title will depend in part upon the success of his attempt to install a psychology where ontology once reigned.

Religious appreciation of Jung grows slowly. The simple and the sophisticated are both rightly suspicious, and they are so for what amounts to the same reason: the simple because Jung encourages a religiosity other than their own, the sophisticated because Jung encourages religiosity per se, as if all forms of it were merely therapeutic. Religion, thus rendered functional, loses, however, its therapeutic effect. For the sophisticated, Jung would be a godsend. Yet they are deterred from accepting him by a prevailing suspicion of precisely his traditionalist revision of psychoanalysis. The professionally religious, timid, overworked, and poorly educated as they are, have had neither the time nor the intellectual stamina necessary to realize that the man for whom they had been waiting for more than a century was recently among them, that a plausible psychology of archetypes stands ready waiting for them to adapt

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and make comprehensible the concepts to which they once could point only as archaic theologies, stiff and unresponsive even to the warmest, most personal appeals.

Jung himself well understood the importance of what he had to offer. In his own experience as a therapist, he discovered a fresh source for the familiar mood of discontent among the civilized. That discontent was no longer with rigid and outworn meanings impinging upon our vital impulses. It is not the repressions that trouble us now but the permissions. It is "the meaninglessness of life that causes the disturbance in the unconscious." For Jung's patients past the age of thirty-five, as for a mature civilization in general, the "problem in the last resort" consists in finding "a religious outlook on life." This is no doctrine of maturity like that of Freud, with its acceptance of meaninglessness as the end product of analytic wisdom. As a protestant against the severity of the analytic attitude, Jung took a dangerous road, toward some new summit of saving nonsense. The normality of disillusion and a controlling sense of resignation, which was the most for which Freud had hoped, appeared to Jung the beginning rather than the end of therapy. He proposed to continue beyond the point where Freud felt any honest analyst must leave off. Therefore, Jung went about his self-appointed task of finding a new "meaning" for it all, and was paradoxical enough to be at once analytic and religious. Jung pushed the therapeutic question beyond the limit set by Freud. Once having raised for therapeutic considerations the question of community, Jung never managed to escape and hide himself behind the professional *persona* of the analyst. He became, instead, to the limit of his ability, a synthesist. His constructions may be shaky, the community mysterious, but this revision of Freud is undoubtedly important, at least to those who cannot sustain an analytic attitude, interminably, in a culture perpetually claiming the prerogatives of youthfulness.

For a reader accustomed to the elegance and coherence of Freud's style, or indeed to the clean lines of good English prose, a few pages of Jung can be a discouraging experience. He is discursive, pompous; his style meanders from a sermonette through excursus and back to the main point again, which is then repeated as though the writing were the transcript of a long hortatory conversation with a sleepy disciple. Jung was an

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erudite scholar in the eighteenth-century sense of the word.⁹ Instead of Freud's interminable analysis he had the habit of interminable associations. Probably, he left no note unused; nothing could be left out because, being analytically sophisticated, Jung knew that nothing historical, viewed psychologically, has merely antiquarian interest. Filled on almost every page with the heaped rubble of incidental erudition, all made relevant and connected by Jung's sense of its import as a stratum of psychological meaning, his collected works are formidable for the wrong reason. He drives ploddingly an overloaded tumbril of traditions along a highway built for swifter traffic, as if to stop the modern rush forward toward a form of culture he did not approve of, and which, he believed, cannot endure man because man cannot endure such an "unspirituality." Delighting in the past, Jung arraigned the present with anecdotes about archaic superiorities. Antiquarian learning clutters his pages. But the modern reader has been trained to treat as an obstacle to comprehension just that form of erudition in which eighteenth-century readers delighted, as ancient road signs indicating which way to truth was worth taking, the longer way round deemed to be the better. Too often, Jung dogmatizes where the reader of English prose expects to find an explanation or at least a tight argument. This dogma, however, is a plastic bag made to hold any fluid content.

Given Jung's conservative purpose, he cannot be considered a dogmatic writer. His ventures into the field of direct religious commentary are more tentative and exploratory, because more questioning than those of Freud. He tried something that Freud, in his professional neutralism with respect to values, deliberately avoided: a psychotherapeutics that leads beyond itself toward a reintegration of our culture. To those who have abandoned the quest altogether, or reformulated it, so that the direction is neither upward toward God nor downward toward the Unconscious, Jung's total effort can mean little or nothing, and may appear outright nonsensical.

There are those who suffer from what Jung called "the urban neurosis of atheism," for whom this suffering is less painful than the cure of faith. Travelers toward the emotional left of the moral value scale will not readily agree that the historic gods, far from being a negation of the

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individual's desire to complete himself, are "actually the strongest and most effective 'position' the psyche can reach." Jung is here assuming that every man and every culture has, built in, a god-term. From this it follows, for him, that the "strongest and therefore the decisive factor in any individual psyche compels the same belief or fear, submission or devotion which a God would demand from man." The object of therapy, in the Jungian sense, is, therefore, to reconcile the individual to whatever authority he carries within himself. Such an authority is inescapable; the wise man adapts himself to it. Indeed, in therapy one seeks just that authority which experience, now set in a confusedly anti-authoritarian frame, has hidden from the individual, sick to that degree in which he cannot find the authority directing his inner life.

Jung could not have moved any further than this from Freud's position. Culture, Freud thought, may be inherently authoritarian; but for just this reason it is the interminable task of analysis to break the strangleholds of authority on the psyche. To learn, from Jung, that "anything despotic and inescapable is in this sense 'God,'" will amuse the majority who believe that, with or without Freud, they have escaped their "God," but it will alienate the minority still anxious to learn a method of escape. Freud has instructed a generation no longer willing to commit itself, as Freud himself did, to the belief that culture must be accepted as a despotic and inescapable god. The uncommitted may be called post-Freudians; but they trust instinct as much as they suspect culture. Of course Freud prepared the way for the post-Freudians; the price to be paid for being cultured is, after all, a doctrinal point of major consequence to Freud. On the other hand, Freud's view of culture as despotic was never complemented by a doctrine of the instincts as benign. The post-Freudians could be called more accurately Reichians, for it was Reich who first shifted the Freudian attack entirely from instinct to culture.

There is a curious Marxism among the post-Freudians that calls for an explanation. Reich may well have been the first Freud-Marxist, as he titled himself; but he was not the last. In contrast to Reich's original Bolshevik stridency, the post-Freudians have been democratic and socialist, though Marxist, nonetheless.

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In Jung, Adler, Reich, and in many others among his major followers as well as opponents, Freud's analytic patience ran out. Only the minor followers remained orthodox; the others wanted something more than a middle way between emergency treatment and the illusion of a permanent cure. Each sought to combine analysis with a therapy of commitment, complete with symbolic, or a real return to some saving community. Christian, Marxist, or merely Reichian, for example. The schismatics have a certain analytic power, although far inferior to Freud's; more importantly, all have the authority of experience on their side, for it is probably the community that cures.¹⁰

Freud never objected to alternative therapies, if they worked. His rejection of commitment therapies derives not so much from wounded vanity at having been abandoned by favored disciples as from his belief that there were no longer extant any communities wherein men could safely invest their troubled emotions in the hope of higher dividends.