

it." At school she felt deprived when she saw the Catholic children running to the priest and kissing his hand, receiving in return a pat on the head. Once she plucked up courage to do the same, a guilty secret that she at long last revealed in her autobiography.

While always feeling "Jewish," she was never a Zionist, and her way of life was in no way distinguishable from that of a Gentile. Yet as a Jewish child in Catholic Vienna she must have been acutely conscious that she was an outsider and a member of an often persecuted minority. Psychoanalysis became for many Jews a religion with its own rites, secrets, and demands of unswerving loyalty. Melanie Klein, when she eventually discovered psychoanalysis, embraced it as ardently as any convert to the Catholic Church.

Melanie's education in the broadest sense — accumulation of information, training in analytic thought, understanding of human beings — is difficult to gauge. Her detractors dismiss her as "an uneducated woman." Her admirers regard this lack as an asset, emphasizing that she was unencumbered by conventional patterns of organizing and assessing data and that her strength lay in her fresh and original insights. While there is truth in both views, she was by no means lacking in education in a conventional sense.

At the lyceum she learned French, English, "and all the things that a girl of good family [*sic*] was expected to know." She also learned much from her brother and sisters, who were very proud of her precocity; while they often teased her, they repeated to each other the clever things she would say.

Her relationship with Emilie — their father's favorite — seems to have been ambivalent from the beginning. "I think [*sic*] that I had an attachment for my eldest sister and that she was very fond and proud of me. I remember that between ten and twelve I felt unhappy before going to sleep¹⁴ and Emilie was kind enough to move her couch near to mine and I went to sleep holding her hand." But as Melanie developed intellectually, it was clear that there was no rapport between them; and from the family letters, Melanie encouraged malevolent feelings in her mother toward her envied older sister.

The debt Melanie felt she owed her other sister deserves reflection. Sidonie died of scrofula in 1886, when she was eight and Melanie four. This was the first of a long series of deaths that punctuated Klein's life, each reactivating the original fear, grief, and bewilderment. It is not clear how long Sidonie was ill before her death, but since the disease was a form of tuberculosis it is probable that it was at least a year or two. At that time tuberculosis was highly infectious (and there was also a belief that it was hereditary), so Melanie is clearly repressing a deep fear of illness that was implanted in her from early childhood. Her memories of Sidonie date from her sister's return from hospital.¹⁵ "She was, I have no doubt, the best-looking of us," Klein says; "I don't believe it was just idealization when, after her death, my mother maintained that. I remember her violet-blue eyes, her black curls, and her angelic face." No wonder Melanie was "absolutely never shy." She had to assert herself in view of the fact that her mother told her that she