

a remote image of herself? As with Freud, we have to turn to Melanie Klein's theoretical papers to find her real turbulence reflected in the conclusions she drew from patients in case studies. The very fact that she seized upon psychoanalysis with such passion indicates that the anxieties which beset the young Melanie were far deeper than her bland account would suggest. Freud had already created a model of public autobiography for other analysts to emulate. *An Autobiographical Study* disappointed many with its self-protectiveness, whereas *The Interpretation of Dreams* contains the inner Freud — although here, too, the author masked any traces that would lead back to himself.

In Klein's autobiographical memoir, immediately following the passage about the admiration her uncle felt for her, she turns again to reflections about her father: "I don't think I sufficiently understood my father, because he had aged so much by this time." The image of her father weaves in and out of the narrative — his temperament, his interests, his gifts, and, above all, his relative neglect of her. Here was perhaps her greatest grievance. Not only was her conception a mistake, but her presence scarcely intruded itself upon his consciousness. He was an "old fifty" when she was born. "I have no memories of his ever playing with me. It was a painful thought to me that my father could openly state, and without consideration for my feelings, that he preferred my older sister, his first-born."

She longed for some sign of approval from this man who always struck her as immensely learned. Whenever Melanie asked him for the meaning of a French or German expression, he never had to consult a dictionary. With time she realized that his French was a little quaint and outdated, as it was bound to be, having been learned from perusing Molière and Racine. Nevertheless, this did not diminish her admiration for his knowledge.

One wonders about her feelings — and Libussa's — about his inability to establish himself professionally. He despised the music hall where he served as medical consultant, not only because of its boredom but because he scorned the morals of the English *artistes*. He loathed being tied down to attending the performances night after night, but the stipend was necessary to supplement the family income.

This music hall figures in Melanie's earliest memory of her father, an incident that took place when she was about three. Her mother was still at the shop, and the servant was handing him the little rissoles he had every night before leaving for the Orpheum. The child clambered up on his knee and he pushed her abruptly away. "That," she recalled laconically, "is a painful memory." Her one fond memory was of his holding her hand as they walked up the hill to the house where they spent the summer at Dornbach.

Yet she says that every day, on her way back from school, she would fetch her father from work and they would proceed home together for their midday meal. Again, this detail is puzzling: his working space was in the family flat, so that it would appear to be the father, not the daughter, who did