

fication (the ideas in his head made into an object); this product belongs to another, and is thus alien and opposed to the worker.

So much for the exposition of what is to be found in the volume under review. The reader will have to fill out the details, and much of the substance too, for himself. I set out to show that one cannot understand *Capital* unless one sees that it is a development out of these ideas. Once one makes the change in concepts, this is surprisingly easy to show. For what is capital itself, according to Marx? Capital is accumulated surplus value. Surplus value is what the owner of the means of production is able to 'skim off' from the labour of his employees, when they work under the conditions of capitalist society. In other words, capital is a kind of solidified labour. But labour, Marx has always maintained, is or should be, the essence of man. Thus, under capitalism man's essence is taken from him and made into something that works against him and is used to oppress him — for capital is the means of exploiting more labour, so the essence of man becomes an alien force. The more man works, the more he increases this alien force, and the lower he himself becomes. The division of society into classes is, as Marx frequently tells us, only the personification of these forces. Much of *Capital* is devoted to showing how hellish the alien force of capital is for the worker. This is Marx's concrete, de-mystified, final version of what began, in the early writings, as the self-alienation of man. If we fail to see this, there is much in this final version that will remain puzzling to us. That is why this volume should be widely read.

Erich Fromm, *The crisis of Psychoanalysis, essays on Freud, Marx and Social Psychology*, London, Cape, 1971, £2.95.

Reviewed by Michael Picardie

The crisis referred to in the title essay is partly an economic one and partly a crisis of confidence. Other forms of therapy promise quicker, cheaper or more relevant cures. More serious than this is Fromm's exposure of what he calls the psychoanalytic bureaucracy, in particular the role of Dr Ernest Jones, the official biographer of Freud. He tells the

story of Jones's 'purge' of Ferenczi, when, in the best totalitarian tradition the latter was made into a non-person and banned as suffering from 'paranoia, delusions and homicidal impulses'. Ferenczi's crime is today almost an orthodoxy outside official psychoanalytic circles. What he urged was the therapeutic qualities of the analyst's love. Today Frank in *Persuasion and Healing*, Halmos in *The Faith of the Counsellors*, Traux and Carkhuff in *Effective Counselling and Psychotherapy*, as well as the existentialist analysts, have put forward an impressive ethical and technical case for the view that the helper's natural and genuine feelings about the patient are the effective elements in treatment, irrespective of theoretical orientation. Michael Balint, who was a death-bed witness of Ferenczi's sanity and was a pupil of Ferenczi, attempted to make a posthumous rehabilitation of him. His letter to Jones is moderate to a degree, almost obsequious, all to no end — no *nihil obstat* from the bishop. I quake at the thought of entrusting my psyche to such men.

Fromm's insight into the social and political function of Freudian thought is fascinating. He suggests that the re-discovery and promulgation of the unconscious served to free women and children somewhat from their oppression by husbands and parents, by making it possible for them to become neurotic instead of blameworthy in order to resist exploitation. Symptoms are part of a hidden political campaign. At the same time Freud was a paternalist who regarded women psychologically as incomplete men. (The current response to this is embodied in a slogan painted on an Oxford wall by a member of a women's liberation conference at Ruskin College: 'Freud's Dreams are Women's Nightmares'!)

Freud was scrupulous as a scientist even if blind to the authoritarian effects of his system. He reported little Hans's parents' behaviour accurately enough for Fromm to conclude that their threats and seductions were real, not fantasies. The boy was realistically, not endopsychically fearful. He wanted to please his parents and the great professor they so much respected. This lay behind Hans's acceptance of the Oedipus complex. It is no more universal than bullying and manipulative parents are universal. Freud's definition of the situation was accepted because of his power and authority, not because the definition was true.

Fromm was a refugee to the U.S. from Nazi Germany in the 1930s. He will be remembered alongside Horney, Erikson and Marcuse as a psychoanalyst who tried to bridge the gap between psychology and sociology. Fromm's particular

contribution should be seen in conjunction with Adorno *et al's* *The Authoritarian Personality*. Fromm analysed the history of the lower middle class's need for fascism as an escape from their insecurity in his classic *The Fear of Freedom*. Later, having settled down in America he wrote *The Sane Society*. This deals with the consumer consciousness of capitalism. We know about these developments only too well. Fromm's expressive function in this context seems to me more important than his instrumental function. He is a good but not a great scholar. He comes across most powerfully as a committed humanist. He is also conservative in the best sense. He seeks to assert a healthy selfishness in his man-for-himself philosophy. This is balanced by man-for-others, the radical part of his dialectical view of morality. His prose is sometimes turgid but often very appealing. He is genuinely cathartic, not depressing, even when, as in the postscript, he practically despairs of humanity. He seems to help one hold on to a valuable and viable definition of ourselves for which we may, God forbid, have to die. Fromm offers no false hopes. His realism is basically sound, if terrible. He seems to have gained confidence and a sense of identity from his Marxist-Freudian background. At times one gets lost in clouds of Teutonic English and want him to be less worshipful of the great gods and their overarching theories. When he is angry he says something quite straight forward: what in Yiddish is called being a *mensch* — responsible, reasonable, not neurotic, a traditionalist (as Marxists and Freudians now are), but not hidebound, someone who can afford to criticize because he is secure. His humanity and dignity are crucial, and these are enlightened bourgeois characteristics — those of the gentleman. In order to transcend these limitations one has to explore one's rootedness not only in the neurotic-making family, but in the anti-human values of a competitive and acquisitive society. One cannot be a radical until one has freed oneself from the greediness and narcissism generated in one by capitalism's need to sell more commodities.

Fromm criticizes Marcuse's blend of ideology and science as 'infantile paradise where all work is play and where there is no serious conflict or tragedy'. Fromm is aware of the maternalistic nature of utopian socialist thought, which is an important corrective to the paternalism of traditional society. Fromm presents himself as the supporter of the ideological and practical functions of both parents. He himself is a somewhat pompous, generous, loveable and youthful old man. He is not afraid to put his foot down about the limits of what is ethically acceptable. He is healthy in an old fashioned

sort of way. He succours like a mother as well as laying down the law about what grandfathers Marx and Freud said back in the old days.

Fromm's incursions into anthropology are disinterested science no more than an earnest and ideological need to dissect the puritan bourgeoisie, their use of love as a commodity and orderliness as an anal trait. At times Fromm's constant efforts to reconcile Marxist and Freudian thought are irritating. One feels that the grandfathers should be left in peace for a time. I wondered what Fromm's reaction would be to structuralism and phenomenology. Knowing his shrewd eye for an ideology, perhaps he would light on phenomenology's freakishness and structuralism's universalism as ways of escaping from our freedom and our particular responsibilities.

In the last analysis Fromm's anti-modernism is his strength and weakness. His rootedness in nineteenth-century thought is the result of *piety*, but one of which we have need. We need a foundation to which we can return, one that is sufficiently strong to sustain the revolt of youth. It is one which in Marx and Freud gives us a human and therefore tragic scale of values. Because it is secure it allows laughter, another purifier of the soul. Because it is secure it allows the archetypal Jewish lady whose son had been to a psychiatrist to say confidently to her friend: 'Oedipus shmedipus, as long as he loves his mother.' This is now no joke, however, as the post-Marxist post-Freudian age dawns, and undermines our security. Mother Fuck, the Black Panther term of abuse for white men includes Jews. Living through the revolution of the Third World will take all the Freudian and Marxist heroism we have.

*Aisthesis and Aesthetics*, edited by Erwin W. Straus and Richard M. Griffith, Pittsburgh, Pa., Duquesne University Press, 1970, 348 pages, £10.95.

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This book collects the papers of the Fourth Lexington Conference on Pure and Applied Phenomenology. The papers on 'The Fundamentals' of sense-perception form the pure part, and the papers on 'Aisthesis Disturbed', 'Aesthetic

