



ANALYZE THIS: Gildiner waited 25 years to pen her novel

neuroses and encountering various characters who all represent a different take on Freud.

If aspects of the plot sound a little far-fetched, it's best not to analyze it too deeply. Otherwise, like therapy, there's a chance you may not be prepared for what you uncover. (In a key scene, for instance, Kate uses a cell phone that she pulls out of her elegant evening bag. It's 1982, so that must have been one big purse.) But press on—it's worth it. There are enough twists, turns and identity shifts to keep you guessing. And Gildiner's fictionalization of Freud's life and motivation is at times tantalizing. Like a dream, it makes you question what's real and what's imagined.

As in her first book, the 1999 memoir *Too Close to the Falls*, Gildiner can be funny. When Kate

is let out after nine years behind bars, she's puzzled by the strange yellow squares that everyone seems to use (Post-it notes) and the *Star Trek* fashion trends. After trying on a suit, Kate says, "I looked like a little girl trying to dress up like Margaret Thatcher."

Gildiner, a practicing psychologist for more than two decades, also pens an advice column for *Chatelaine*. Years ago, when she wrote her Ph.D. thesis on Darwin and Freud, she kept finding interesting tidbits that she couldn't work into her research yet couldn't throw away. "I just kept filing these things away in my mind," she says. "Finally, I couldn't stand it, and 25 years later I had to write the novel."

So, is Gildiner worried about whether real-life Freudian scholars will attack her for the liberties she has taken? Or does she think they might have fun with the book? That's an easy one, she says. "Freudian scholars don't have a lot of fun. That's why I write fiction." Ouch. She might want to watch her back. ■

Id Cold Blood

A Freud fanatic is in a murderous mood in a psychologist's debut novel

By REBECCA MYERS

NOT SINCE WOODY ALLEN STARTED making movies have psychoanalysts come under such fierce attack. In this case, it's literal. In Catherine Gildiner's first novel, *Seduction* (Knopf Canada; 486 pages), there's a killer out there who's unhappy with assaults on Freud's reputation—and is not about to take them lying down. Part murder mystery, part discussion of the talking cure, *Seduction* is a psychological thriller with heavy emphasis on the psychology.

Kate Fitzgerald, an amateur Freudian scholar with icy blue blood in her veins and a dead husband's blood on her hands, is temporarily released from prison to restore collective faith in Vienna's most famous shrink and, subsequently, track down the murderous culprit. She's joined by a bad boy turned detective, the beefy Jack Lawton. The two zip back and forth from Canada to Europe, roiling each other's

