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PSYCHO-ANALYSIS
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PSYCHO-ANALYSIS FOR ALL

A Lecture delivered in Vienna

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PSYCHO-ANALYSIS FOR ALL

I

WHATEVER you may have heard or read on psycho-analysis you will—in spite of its great interest—whether you are physicians or not, be incredulous, sceptical or averse, precisely as regards the most important points. You find the doctrines of psycho-analysis often exaggerated, indeed monstrous, and its statements as to sexuality one-sided and repulsive. This is so with almost everybody. And even those few of you who are sympathetically disposed to the doctrine will constantly encounter ideas and claims which you cannot accept. Indeed, just as an otherwise worthy person is rejected by society on account of this or that bad quality, so is psycho-analysis cast out bag and baggage because of this or that in it which does not please this person or the other. And yet, in spite of ridicule, in spite of hostility, psycho-analysis cannot die. On the contrary, it is gaining ground in the most unlooked-for fashion, especially abroad. I confess that the victorious persistence of psycho-analysis surprises me far more than its rejection.

When, more than thirty years ago, Prof. Freud founded psycho-analysis, I felt myself powerfully attracted to the new teaching and became one of his first disciples. But the more I learned of his doctrine, the more it aroused resistance within me ; at times, indeed, a feeling of positive disgust.

Do you know Schopenhauer's fable of the hedgehogs ? There were a number of these in a wood. It was bitterly cold. To get warm, they crowded together till they hurt one another with their prickles ; so they moved further apart ; but the cold drove them together again, until they found the right distance apart, so that they neither froze nor injured one another. So it was with me and psycho-analysis until, some years ago, I had myself analysed. From that time I have been assured of this : psycho-analysis is a science which one cannot learn from books ; one must experience it.

If, then, ladies and gentlemen, I were to give you now a scientific lecture on the theory of psycho-analysis, you would get just as much out of it—or rather just as little—as if you were to read scientific books about it. On the other hand, in the short time we can have together you can of course not experience psycho-analysis. But I propose to you an intermediate way : to enter with me into the psycho-analytic workshop to allow examples of life to act directly upon you, and only hand in hand with these to follow the theoretical discussions which inevitably accompany them. I begin' with a

case which is rather normal than pathological—a so-called border-line case. (Indeed, I might almost say that there are more border-line cases than normal cases. Only those concerned generally do not know it.)

A lady comes to me and asks advice for her twenty-year old daughter, Ilse. She has fallen in love with a young man of good family and is to marry him shortly. The parents approve this choice in every respect. And so everything seems to be arranged for the best. But for some time past Ilse has been the subject of remarkable phenomena. Suddenly, often in the midst of friendly, tender converse with her betrothed Ilse shows marked signs of aversion and repugnance to him. If he tries to approach, her hand jerks quite involuntarily, as though she would strike him. She hurries off from him, and refuses to see him. But soon after she is again full of love and longing for him; they come together again, and the contest between love and hate begins anew. Ilse is just as unhappy about it as her fiancé and her parents, and can explain it no more than they. No nervous or mental disease in the family, and the girl otherwise quite normal. They are thinking of breaking off the engagement. Now Ilse begins my treatment, which for the present can only be quite superficial, as I have only fourteen days at my disposal. All search for the motives of her behaviour seems

futile, the more so since she does not know them herself, and she experiences no feelings of repugnance to her betrothed since he has been absent from her, but only love and longing. So I asked him also to come to me, and had the last scene rehearsed in which Ilse experienced the sensations of repugnance. They are standing by the piano and he is explaining to her something in the notes. I observe the young man keenly; his forehead is wrinkled, his head slightly bent to the right as he looks up at Ilse from below with something of a squint. Then all of a sudden the girl utters a slight cry, her right hand starts convulsively, and full of terror she shrinks back from him.

Next, by a few repetitions I establish the fact that it is especially the inclination of the head and the glance that has this effect on Ilse, and further, that her convulsive start of the hand is not an aggressive action, but resembles rather a frightened measure of self-defence; as, indeed, her apparent aversion is rather to be described as fear.

During two sittings I try in vain to direct Ilse's thoughts to some recollections of her childhood; for it is there that I suppose the origin of the trouble to be hidden. Then in the third sitting she comes to me with the following words: "Doctor, last night my English governess suddenly came into my head. I was three years old when she came to me, and she was with me about a year."

“ So,” said I, “ now concentrate all your thoughts on this governess and tell me about her.”

But Ilse maintains that she knows nothing more about her. “ It is surely not to be expected,” she says, “ that I should call to mind a time when I was only three or four years old.”

Still I persist. Then after a pause she says : “ I only remember that once, when she went out, I cried.”

“ You were fond of her, then ? ” “ I think so.” “ And why was she discharged at the end of a year ? ” “ I don’t know.”

I at once telephoned to her mother, and found that this young English governess was only engaged for a year, when Ilse’s father was ill and her mother had to accompany him to Egypt on account of kidney trouble. Ilse remained alone under the care of this responsible person, whom she loved as a mother. After her husband had recovered the mother again took charge of the child, and the Englishwoman’s services became unnecessary. So far the mother. I now return to Ilse. “ Do you remember what this English lady looked like ? ” “ No, I remember nothing further at all about her. Only I believe that she was big and fair.” “ And her face ? ” “ I don’t know.” “ Perhaps something like your fiancé ? ” Ilse laughed heartily. “ Oh, no ! What an idea, doctor ! ” The sitting comes to an end ; in spite of all my questions I get nothing more out of Ilse.

The next day she arrives quite excited. "Doctor, to-day something frightful came into my head—about the Englishwoman!" "What, then?" "My parents were away, I was alone with her. Suddenly she comes up to me and strikes me right in the face with her fist, though I have done nothing to deserve it. Then she comforts me and gives me sweets." Ilse's recollections become even more clear. "Not once, but every day for weeks she struck me like that. And I had to promise her that I would not tell anybody. I see her now quite plain, just as she attacked me."

When I hear her say this, I wrinkle my forehead, incline my head to the right, look at the girl from below—as I had seen her fiancé look—and ask her: "Did she look like this?" Ilse springs in terror from her seat, jerks her hand, shrinks back, and gives a frightened cry: "Yes, like that! like that!"

"And that is how your fiancé looks, and his look and his attitude remind you of the Englishwoman?"

Ilse walks up and down the room in visible excitement. She stands still, thinking; then her face clears, and she says, as if greatly relieved: "You are right, doctor, that's it! that's it! And it never occurred to me! How strange! He really does remind me of my English governess."

From this moment her fiancé may look at her

in any fashion he pleases, her arm remains quiet, and instead of fear there is only laughter. Soon after she marries him.

If I could end this example with Ilse's wedding thus happily attained, this ending would have on the listener the same cheering effect as a beautiful story. So simple and clear. But unfortunately reality moves on other lines.

In vain I begged the bridal couple to postpone their marriage, for I could not suppose that this incident of her youth had not left behind in Ilse's being deeper traces which must first be eradicated. Ilse declared herself to be completely freed of all depression. "We love one another, and therefore there is no need for further postponement of the marriage." So they married, and for months I heard no more of them, so that my apprehensions as to the future of this marriage seemed to be unwarranted.

But months later her husband appears at my house and complains of his wife. Ilse maintains that she loves him as much as ever, but sexually she is distant and entirely frigid. (Like countless other women.) As for him, unsatisfied as he is, he goes his own ways, and Ilse, full of jealousy, spies on him. Unpleasant scenes follow. Ilse's marriage, as I had expected, was *bound* to turn out in this unhappy fashion. From what has been already said of her, two important questions arise :

1. Why does Ilse's experience with her Englishwoman cast such gloomy shadows on her life ?

2. How is it possible that Ilse can remember no more of such important events ; events which yet, decades later, so powerfully influence her feelings and acts ?

I cannot give you the answer to the first question without first making clear the course of sexual development in the human being. Unfortunately in doing this I shall inevitably arouse your opposition, as you will presently see for yourselves.

We human beings have normally two important periods of sexual development. The first from birth to the fourth or fifth year, and the second at the so-called time of puberty, from the twelfth to the eighteenth year. In the first sexual period the little child is the plaything of his most varied sexual tendencies. The developing human being unites in himself all kinds of so-called perversities. The little boy is jealous of his father to the point of wishing him dead, and wants to marry his mother ; and the converse is true of the little girl, who hates her mother. The parents laugh at such childish fancies, and do not dream that we have all suffered from this so-called *Œdipus-complex*, and that many persons are ill all their lives from this cause without knowing it.

But much more lies within the child's soul ;

concentrated self-love, which we call Narcissism, homosexuality and sadistic impulses (rage for destruction, cruelties of all kinds, torturing of animals, etc.). These statements excite and have always excited a storm of indignation and opposition. And yet one is puzzled to find that these truths, so evident everywhere—of which every mother who can see, every nurse who cares for her charges with love and understanding can convince herself daily, hourly, again and again—have with such difficulty obtained scientific sanction. God knows that these are facts which clear-thinking parents must confirm a thousand-fold.

As the child matures all partial sex instincts begin normally to localise themselves in the genitals. Most people think that sexual and genital are the same thing ; whereas the existence of perversities, where sexual tendencies do not refer to the genitals, clearly demonstrates this error.

These united sex currents place themselves from the beginning of puberty at the service of our generative faculty. Liberation from the Narcissist self-love, from parents, from brothers and sisters is completed ; and then after some deviations, such as masturbation, which at this age may be called normal, or some reminiscences of homosexuality (the passionate love between comrades or the mutual schoolgirl friendships), gradually the normal love for the other sex develops.

Such should be the sexual development of the normal human being. Many, however, never reach this goal at all, but stick fast at the preliminary stages—suppressed incest-wishes, homosexuality and onanism—and cling to them. Others, indeed, reach the goal, but through checks, such as disappointments in love, relapse later; they revert, as we say, to an earlier stage of sexual development. But most of us carry about all our lives fragments of our earlier sexual periods. So many of us have been sacrificed to bad training as children. To go into this would lead us too far from the case of Ilse. But permit me to interpose here just a few words on the bringing up of children. As last winter I lectured to teachers and municipal lady guardians on the application of psycho-analysis to youth, so I consider it necessary to enlighten parents as to the most important points of view in the training of children. For the present I content myself with this plea to parents:

Never strike a child! Never put him in fear! Speak of natural things naturally and often with him. Never lie to a child! Answer every one of his questions about sex at the time he asks it, honestly and without timidity. You will be astonished to find how happy and harmless will be the results. Don't attach too much importance to sexual malpractices. Here threats may cause permanent harm (castration complex). And above all, beware of too little and of too much

love in the training. A child must be trained till its fifth year. Such a foundation, once laid, your own good example, the harmony of the home, will count for more than all commands and prohibitions.

II

But now we can at last return to our first question: Why does Ilse's early experience with the English girl throw such gloomy shadows over her life?

At the time this happened Ilse was just in her first sexual period. Through the almost year-long absence of her mother she had come to see in her governess a sort of mother substitute, and had poured out upon her all the fervent love of a tender child heart. Unexpectedly comes a chastisement, which Ilse, thoroughly terrified, feels to be unjustifiable; and presently she finds that the blows are not meant for punishment, because they are followed by equally motiveless caresses and sweetmeats. In consequence of her own—at this age, normal—sadistic partial instinct, the child feels somehow intuitively that the blows are a way of getting pleasure, and so feels the perverse sex tendencies of her governess which now entrench themselves deeply in the plastic child soul. She cannot confide in her mother, who is absent; perhaps she would not confide in her, for the already awakened feelings of pleasure tend to

prevent this. Meantime the child's sadistic-masochistic* tendencies become active.

But a sex experience in a child's sexual period leaves behind ineradicable traces, the already mentioned fixations in an immature stage of sex-development, from which Ilse cannot possibly free herself without a knowledge of her deep mental processes. As long as these fixations exist there must be grave disturbances in her sexual life. (Children who are sacrificed to sadistic acts are often made ill for life thereby. For this reason we rejoice that the courts punish such acts so severely. Even apparently justifiable blows given as a punishment may also have such results.)

This it was which I had feared from Ilse's marriage, and which her husband now confirmed. "Help us," he begs. "I love Ilse, but on the other hand I cannot be expected to live like an ascetic. What shall I do?"

Well! The sensuality of a person with perverted tendencies is aroused, as is well known, only by the satisfaction of his perverted craving. A homosexualist is quite unmoved by the charms of the opposite sex; a fetichist (who is sensually roused only by a definite part or object of the beloved person) a fetichist, then, e.g. for a quite

*If some one practices cruelty to others and feels pleasure in it, we call him a sadist. If someone practices cruelty to himself and feels pleasure in it, we call him a masochist. Thus masochism is really sadism directed against one's own person.

special growth of hair on the nape of the neck, can be inflamed with love for such a lady only when he sees this special growth of hair, but will remain indifferent if this is shaved off. (I choose this particular example simply because I have encountered it. The lady literally shaved off his love for her. One may add that most of us have a touch of fetichism. The preference, e.g. for a slender foot or a small hand.)

In order to arouse Ilse's desire for her husband, then, I had only to give him the advice: "Strike Ilse in the face, then she will passionately desire you."

But Ilse would not be cured by this, she would only be the more attached to her masochism. So there was only one thing to do: by a complete analysis to set free the sexual fixations in Ilse's sub-conscious mind. And this was done with complete success. The technique by which one can penetrate into a person's sub-conscious, as I shall presently describe it in the case of Ilse, is closely connected with our second question: How is it possible that Ilse could remember nothing of such important events? To answer this question is not easy. Here it is a question of comprehending the unconscious in us.

For this I must crave your best attention. But if you can hold out and can grasp the meaning of my words, then you have grasped the kernel of psycho-analysis. For with the much-discussed and laboriously won conception of the Unconscious

we reach the most powerful support of psycho-analysis. But let us understand one another! I am speaking now not of all the not-conscious, which is simply not present to us, but can by increased attention and mental concentration be brought back into consciousness. All this lies in our brain as in a great dark treasure-chamber. The light-ray of our consciousness illumines now this part, now that. But also where no ray of light penetrates there are treasures, only we don't see them, because they are in the dark. This sort of "not-conscious" is accessible to us at will.

But the unconscious in us, which I wish now to discuss, you will seek in vain in this chamber. It lies far, far deeper in us, where no ray of light from our consciousness can penetrate. There live independently-acting mental powers, independent of our knowledge and will, quite unknown to our consciousness. This alone psycho-analysis calls the unconscious. For decades the philosophers refused to acknowledge these facts. Unknown mental powers which give rise to actions and feelings and of which we ourselves have no sort of notion! This sounds very incredible and paradoxical. But have we not analogies enough on the material plane? Are there not physical forces acting in us which are completely withdrawn from our consciousness? Do we understand, e.g. how our liver prepares gall, or how the breast-glands of a nursing mother

produce milk with exactly the complicated chemical composition which alone is tolerated by the infants? Or do we know how our white corpuscles combat the invading bacteria? In short, are we not strangers in our own body? But do we see more clearly in our mind? Do we always know why we like this person, this flower, this neighbourhood? Why we suddenly have these moods or thoughts. Why this or that food disgusts us? As logically thinking beings we are accustomed to ascribe motives to our acts and perceptions. But are these always the real ones?

I can give you no better example of such a self-deception than one I experienced myself. During the war, when I was riding over the mountains in Asia my horse knew not where to set his hoofs without treading on dying Armenians, with which to the number of many thousands the roads over the passes were covered. Later, in the train over the Lebanon to Damascus, I recollected these frightful scenes of horror; I became deathly sick and felt myself suddenly dying, with the distinct consciousness that these horrible experiences were killing me. But in reality it was carbon-monoxide poisoning from the open bowl of glowing coal in the carriage. The invisible gas acted on me, my consciousness sought a logical reason for my being unwell, and fastened on the emotion caused by my latest experiences. How many such false conclusions do we constantly draw because the true causes are hidden from us!

Thus from birth onwards we are under the influence of our inherited impulses and instincts, which can be grasped only to a small extent by our consciousness. If to-day we could ask the dogs in our towns why so many of them, before lying down, turn round several times in a circle, they would answer us : " We don't know. Something makes us do it independent of our will." If we could speak to the dogs, we would explain to them that many thousands of years ago their wolf-like ancestors lived in the prairies, where, in the metre-high grass, they would have been suffocated during the night if they had not first trodden it down. We could further explain to them that the habit by which they seem compelled to use corner stones and prominent places for their necessities once served reproductive purposes important for life ; for in the far stretching steppes dog and bitch could find the way to each other by the traces thus left behind. To-day all these habits have become superfluous, senseless instincts of which one may cure the dog by training but which one cannot annihilate ; for his young ones begin again with the old habit, and he himself reverts in effect. Tell has explained in this way many of the habits of our domestic animals.

What a countless multitude of habits of our ancestors do we still bring into existence with us as impulses, we who have passed through all the stages of development of the animal kingdom ; as the growing embryo in the womb shows us,

which in nine months has to pass through the hundred thousand years' old way from the primeval cell through worm, fish, and amphibian to mammal, in order to mature as human child. To what changes of instincts were we thus subjected even before birth! And yet who can tell what remnants of instincts from the earliest animal epochs still somehow cling to us to-day among the multitude of inherited habits of our human ancestors, thus, for example, mimicry in our emotions of joy, pain and anger automatically sets in motion the same sets of muscles as we can observe in animals. To travel this way back to the primeval cell, to Nirvana, to nothingness—Buddhism has made its asocial task. Psycho-analysis follows only the ways back through childhood to the birth of the human being, and from his habits and instincts deduces what he brings with him from the life of his ancestors. We, in psycho-analysis, look on man's instincts as natural, as intended for him, as not to be too far and too quickly left behind under the influence of too strict training and too high cultural demands, without lasting injury to his primeval essential being, i.e. to his life's happiness.

(As we have seen, the growing child in its first sexual period lives serenely its pure inherited instinct-life. Only at the end of the first sexual period does the child feel shame. All earlier sexual childhood-memories, with their feelings and effects are now driven into the unconscious,

and driven the deeper the stricter the training and the higher the cultural barriers that confine the instincts.

With the help of his awakened consciousness, supported by sensible parents, the child learns to control his instincts. But if unenlightened, and intimidated by strict prohibitions, it develops feelings of guilt, which, strengthened by the sensations (aroused by those in charge of it) of repugnance and disgust at its former sexual instincts, complete the repression of its tendencies into the unconscious. But be it noted: the sexual instincts are banished, not killed. This banishment prevents most persons from speaking calmly and naturally of sexual affairs. /

Through this banishment into the unconscious the child is deprived of even the memory of its first childhood, which is all the more remarkable, because in the wax of the child-mind, free from all inscriptions, the first impressions are the deepest. Our conscious recollections of childhood begin only after the first sexual period, most vividly from puberty onward, while the far more effective recollections of the first sexual period—withdrawn from our consciousness—powerfully influence our apparently motiveless humours, moods, and the direction of our feelings; indeed, often cause them. These instincts now living in the unconscious can be so strengthened by sexual temptations, can become so distressing that their victims finally, in the conflict against their un-

conscious feelings of guilt, take refuge in neurosis, become nervous or hysterical, fall a prey to worry or suffer from obsessions. They all suffer mental shipwreck because they wish to remain morally strong in face of their overpowering instincts, and their education has given them no help in this. How many mental powers are here wasted in the conflict between conscious and unconscious, and withdrawn from higher aims! From these conflicts almost every one suffers more or less, though he may not become neurotically ill. Let us say, for example: a boy has an incestuous inclination for his mother. (A regular occurrence with a child up to his fifth year!) Education and culture pile up insurmountable barriers against the realisation of his craving. Were he allowed to develop undisturbed, the boy would find freedom from this craving at the period of puberty. But excessive tenderness on the part of his mother does not permit him to free himself from her; or in later life a great disappointment in love drives him back to her; the conflict within him between would and should ends with the apparent victory of the demands of culture; his wish is suppressed and banished into the deepest unconscious, and so is recognised by him no more, because his consciousness of course does not wish to know anything more about the outrageous craving. To be secure against the bare possibility of its resurrection the consciousness fortifies its resistance to this unrecognised desire with feelings of disgust

and repugnance. Hence, such persons may behave to their mother in a specially unkind and unfilial way simply from exaggerated fear of their over-strong feeling for her. Again, such a man will not readily decide to marry, because his unconscious is always urging on him a mother-ideal, which, despite continual change in the choice of his beloved, he cannot find. Such a man is directly predestined to permanent unfaithfulness. If finally he marries, the usual result is his sexual impotence. Unconsciously he sees in his wife his mother, for whom no incestuous desires may be cherished; unconscious feelings of guilt restrain him. And precisely the woman he loves he cannot possess, and her whom he possesses he cannot love. This sounds perhaps paradoxical, and yet it is the fate of the majority of mankind.

III

Now at length I can sketch for you the technique by the help of which one may penetrate into the unconscious of another. If, however, I try to elucidate this psycho-analytic method in the case of Ilse, you will perhaps object that Ilse's Unconscious is already known to me, the physician ; so that it is already clear beforehand what the psycho-analysis will prove. Therefore, would it not be simpler, you ask, to explain Ilse's cravings to her, so that she may recognise and control them, and so avoid wasting time on the analysis ?

But unfortunately the matter is not so simple. You will soon see how much more complicated are the appearances in our mind. If I have recognised one root of Ilse's perversion, I am far from having found the others ; and if important causes of her abnormal cravings remain uninvestigated, Ilse cannot be cured. And if I should adopt your proposal, simply to explain Ilse's cravings to her, I should commit a grave error. For consider : the Conscious, in view of the pain to itself which would result if the door to the Unconscious should be opened, watches anxiously to prevent this.

If, now, I shake this door, the Conscious resists with redoubled energy. Ilse, then, would retort, e.g. : " How can you suspect me of such cravings ? I cannot bear to see a fly killed, and am beside myself with indignation if a child is ill-treated." And if I replied : " Then just let your husband strike you, and you will see at once that this cruelty will kindle your love for him," Ilse would probably give pity as the reason for her awakened passion. Because the poor fellow was so carried away by her cold behaviour that he ill-treated her, which is now a torture to him, she is sorry for him, and hence comes her increased affection for him. And so she would find a hundred other motives for her expressions of love, but not the true one. By speaking plainly I should arouse the suspicion of her consciousness, and thus entirely bar myself out from her inner being. Ilse's excited opposition already indicates that this is so.

If you find a person who condemns with especial severity cheating and stealing, or if a woman becomes especially excited about a girl's false step, you may quite regularly assume that precisely the faults condemned represent special cravings of these outraged persons, but have been by the moral consciousness banished to the Unconscious by heightened precautions, such as repugnance, disgust, aversion. Thus these persons protect themselves by their strict condemnations against their own strong instincts,

which yet persist in them and torture them, and in unguarded moments whisper to their victims: "You see, this fellow can indulge his instincts, can kill, cheat, have sexual enjoyment—and you can have nothing of the sort, you must control yourself, you must do without." Hatred and envy are thus the unconscious causes of such a strict condemnation. But he who has liberated his instincts from the Unconscious, has recognised and mastered them, he alone has charity and kindness, he will sympathise with human errors and no longer anathematise them. These are to-day established facts.

And now you know the real reasons why from its birth psycho-analysis has been doomed to arouse resistance and antagonism. Simply because psycho-analysis helps the Unconscious into freedom and the Conscious opposes this.

But now at last let us describe the technique of Ilse's treatment, of which I give only the main outlines. I ask Ilse to tell me just what comes into her head, but explain to her beforehand—what she knows already from my first superficial analysis—that all logically arranged ideas are worthless for us, since we wish to overhear the secret language of the Unconscious. Fragments of this flit every moment, when the Conscious is weary and careless, in numbers through the head. Through rest Ilse falls into a condition which we may call "sunk in reverie."

Now some of you will be ready to cry out:

“ But that is a suggestion, a sort of hypnosis, which you are imposing on Ilse.” But that would be entirely to misconceive the nature of analysis. Just the opposite is the truth. In hypnosis, as a rule, I impose my will on the subject (unless I am making a hypnosis without suggestion) ; in psycho-analysis, on the contrary, I utilise exclusively the material which the patient brings me in the shape of thoughts, and carefully guard myself against suggesting the least thing to him. As Ilse then lies there dreaming I ask her without preliminaries : “ Well, what have you been thinking about ? ” Ilse makes the usual reply : “ Oh, a stupidity ! Not worth telling ! ” “ Come, come ! Just let us have it. You know that is just what is important for us.” “ Well,” says she, laughing, “ I thought of a red air-balloon that flew away from a child to-day.” “ Have you often played with air-balloons yourself ? ” “ No, never.” Then, after a pause : “ When I was little, I used to like playing with paper kites.” Here she breaks off and suddenly brings out some thoughts about an opera performance ; then a recollection of a broken cup of her coffee service, and so on. Two days later she is in the right psycho-analytical channel. The feeling that she can speak out so freely and unconstrainedly gives Ilse a rare feeling of calm, a certain relaxation, freedom from the continual strained attention of the consciousness, directing her to speak only logically and in order. The

consciousness takes a rest, and the rising thoughts become ever clearer and freer. Again come child-memories of kites. This repetition sharpens my attention, and I get Ilse to give all youthful memories associated with kites. The paper kites at length remind Ilse of butterflies. From now onwards her thoughts about butterflies become ever more frequent.

After weeks of further exertion, often rendered most difficult by the resistance of the Consciousness, now become more suspicious, and therefore more cautious, early childish experiences are recalled and at last we find an important root of her trouble.

From the first idea of the red air-balloon came a kite, from the kite a butterfly. And Ilse has a special relationship with butterflies. As a child of three and a half years old she received a present of butterflies. At that time she was alone with her English girl. Her mother was in Egypt. Now, this dangerously perverted governess taught the little girl to run pins through the living butterflies, and to ornament the doors of her cupboard with them. The child entered with delight into this cruel sport. Amid great excitement, with loathing and fear, these hitherto suppressed memories escape from Ilse's Unconscious.

You have here a proof how useless it would have been to try to free Ilse from her masochism so long as I had assumed that the governess's blows were the real cause of her fixations to this.

The analysis showed that six months earlier than this, through the spitting of the butterflies, Ilse was fixed in her sadism, and only the later incident of the blows changed her sadism to masochism, and so strengthened her perversion.

But Ilse's case became far more complicated in the following sittings, while we thought we had found the solution. Lightning-like emerge suppressed and hidden memories, which we have great difficulty in grasping and setting together like mosaic. Ilse herself already sees clearer and clearer within herself. She now plainly recognises that she is subject to a sadism against her own person, that she feels a sort of satisfaction against her own person, that she feels a sort of satisfaction at the mere idea of being struck, that thereupon quite unusual feelings of pleasure arise, which set her in a state of sexual excitement. She sees that her original sadistic disposition, which in first childhood might be accounted normal, has remained fixed in her through her sadistic treatment of the butterflies, and in another form through the blows of her governess. All this Ilse has now learned from herself.

Now, psycho-analytical experience has taught us an important rule. When the unconscious instincts have broken out of prison, and are fully recognised by our consciousness, the cure is usually achieved. But if a considerable or a very important part of the instinctive Unconscious is still unknown to consciousness, the Conscious

ventures on no further encounter, and the conflicts arising from the suppressed instincts continue as they were. For us psycho-analysts then this department of the Conscious is the most certain indication whether we have solved our problem or not. A hysterical woman will not be able to move her crippled arm until the cause of its being crippled has been found ; a fear-neurotic will not lose his fear until every thread that binds it to him is loosened. This often requires months of most patient work. With the unravelling of the last thread, however, the crippling and the fear vanish, even if they have lasted for years.

That sounds very strange, yet it is really true ! But how is it to be explained ?

In the child the inherited instincts are stronger than the as yet immature consciousness. Only when it attains maturity is the consciousness in a position to engage in conflict with an instinct. Its previous attempts are accordingly painful and difficult, often futile. As the consciousness cannot kill the instincts, it makes short work and forces them into prison, into the Unconscious. But when the consciousness is fully matured it is strong enough to control its suppressed instincts without trouble. But the consciousness no longer knows the strength of these instincts, and therefore over-estimates it. If, however, one compels the consciousness to become again acquainted with its instincts, if one bursts open the door of the Unconscious, then the consciousness perceives

how easy it is to master these cravings which before it had only suppressed.

A simple example occurs to me : a little boy is afraid to go into a dark room because, on a clothes-horse there, something terrible is moving about. I take him by the hand, encourage him and lead him into the room. On the clothes-horse hangs a white sheet moving in the wind. " There see, Uncle ! " he shrieks in terror, and clings close to me. I go and take away the sheet and show him how baseless was his fright. From this moment he is not in the least afraid. He now knows his enemy and knows that there is nothing to fear.

So it is with our consciousness. True there are behind the sheet no mere forms of air, but real opponents, yet for the most part easily overcome ; in the truest sense of the word, childish opponents. But there is also another tactic practised by the consciousness. After recognising its hitherto unknown instincts, the consciousness may perhaps not wish to fight them at all. For there are cases, e.g. among homosexualists, where the consciousness says : " Yes, I now see clearly within myself, I have been compelled to set free and to recognise that which I formerly suppressed ; instincts which to-day I could master. But I resign my mastery. I prefer to let my instincts master me, because through them I get more pleasure than without them ! "

That is, of course, a matter of morals and ethics.

There are also cases where a neurotic symptom,

e.g. a hysterical blinding, brings its possessor more advantages than would its cure. Perhaps a material advantage by exciting compassion, or a mental advantage by exciting care and love, which otherwise he must lack. Such patients, in spite of their assurances, will never give up their resistance to a psychic influence.

But in Ilse's case it is otherwise. Ilse is ethical and moral, and her instincts are hateful to her. But in spite of all the successes of the analysis, in spite of all she has recognised, there was no cure as yet. With the best of will she could not free herself from the now conscious longing for blows, and she remained frigid. This was the surest sign that the analysis had not loosened every root. So we had to work on indefatigably, until one day Ilse brought me the solution with a dream.

When, ladies and gentlemen, I just now put into your mouths the question, by what means can one penetrate into a person's Unconscious, I answered: "By taking hold of and interpreting expressed thoughts which originate in the realm of the Unconscious and have escaped the censorship of the consciousness." This is the way with which we have so far become acquainted in Ilse's case.

Now I continue: "A further possibility is found in the dream." In the dream the unconscious thoughts rise much more freely than otherwise, because the consciousness is asleep. In this

way there would every night be the danger that the Unconscious which had been laboriously suppressed would, after all, escape the Conscious. Against this the Conscious protects itself in two ways: Above all, on waking it draws the attention away from what has been dreamt, suppresses it again, and the dreamer forgets his dream. (Except in special circumstances.) Or, again, the Consciousness sets guards, which, in case of danger awaken it at once, or for fear of danger do not let it fall asleep. (A frequent cause of sleeplessness.)

For the Unconscious there remains only the remedy: by disarranging and veiling its real thoughts to deceive its guards, the better to escape the troublesome control. This is why the Unconscious has so often to use the language of symbolism in order to gain notice. With patience and practice one may learn to understand the language of dream. For lack of time I cannot explain to-day the laws of dream-interpretation—one of the greatest achievements of Freud's genius.

I will here mention the third means which the Unconscious employs for outwitting the consciousness: the so-called slips (slips of the tongue, of the pen, losing, etc.). Thus a husband said: "My wife and I have decided that when one of us dies I shall move to Berlin." From this slip of the tongue you will easily recognise the wish that this man shall outlive his wife. Thus the

slip has betrayed his perhaps quite unconscious thoughts.

But now for Ilse's dream, which she told me with great emotion. She dreams she is going with her younger brother over a bridge. From a passing waggon falls a little cask, which rolls towards her. The nearer it comes the larger it grows—larger than Ilse herself. Ilse is terrified, and tries to run away. Her brother holds her fast, takes the lid off the cask and wants to push Ilse inside. Ilse sees, to her horror, that the inside of the cask is all studded with nails. As she cries for help I suddenly appear, draw a nail out of the cask and transfix her brother with it. Bathed in sweat, Ilse thereupon awakes.

I at once go into every single detail of this dream with Ilse. That the nails of the cask were connected with the needles through the butterflies, this was clear to both of us. That in the dream I myself came to her rescue, this also was fairly transparent, for Ilse had recourse to my treatment in order to be saved from her peculiarity. But why her brother, of whose existence, by the way, Ilse had hitherto said nothing to me, should behave so cruelly to her in the dream is quite incomprehensible to Ilse. Ilse and her brother love each other dearly, they never quarrel, and have always got on well together. Only as quite a little child was she jealous of him because since his birth she no longer possessed the sole love of her parents. "Then," said I, "perhaps

he had at that time some reason to be so aggressive towards you."

Ilse, altogether buried in thought, now whispers quite plainly the words: "Perhaps out of revenge!"

"Why out of revenge?" I ask.

"What sort of revenge do you mean?" replies Ilse.

"Why, you just said: 'Perhaps out of revenge!'"

Ilse now denies most positively ever having used such words. "I cannot have uttered them, because they would be altogether meaningless." So I was compelled to assume that Ilse's words—"Perhaps out of revenge"—were thoughts emerging from the Unconscious, which in a favourable moment had escaped from the sharp control of the consciousness.

And so, indeed, it was; for at length amid great emotion Ilse's Unconscious finally broke through, and in an abundance of recollection she brought all the explanations we still lacked.

They amounted to this: When Else learned from her English girl to torture the butterflies, the child, then three and a half years of age, wanted to get rid in the same way of her inconvenient rival in the love of her parents, her little brother; and one evening she stuck a long knitting needle in the mattress of the cot of the one and a half years old child, so that he should spit himself on it like her butterflies. Full of

excitement, she got up from her bed that night to satisfy herself as to the result of her handiwork. But to her boundless astonishment she found her brother sleeping peacefully and uninjured. Shortly afterwards, as we know, Ilse was the victim of the sadistic blows of her governess. Then the sadisms, the active and the passive, combine and prevent the natural normal course of the sexual development of the four years old girl.

IV

At the shortly succeeding close of the first sexual period the child enters on her period of ethical-moral development. The child begins to feel shame, a feeling strengthened by a strict education ; she reproaches herself for her cruelty, and suffers an ever-growing feeling of guilt on account of her intention to kill her brother ; the poor girl suffers all the more because she can confide in nobody. One day Ilse hears her parents condemning the behaviour of a boy they know : " What do you say to this ?" the father asks the mother. " Conrad has thrown his little brother off the balustrade and broken his leg ? That Conrad is a born criminal. He will end up in a penitentiary."

Children's capacity to understand things is almost always under-estimated. What they see and hear they realise far more than is thought. For years afterwards her father's words about Conrad agitated Ilse incredibly. " If father only knew that I deliberately tried to kill my brother !" So she reproached herself. Her childish consciousness, weary of the agonising struggle, now suppressed her mental conflicts

into the Unconscious. In the second period of sexual development, in the difficult time of puberty, when in the maturing child sexuality makes such a great advance, localising itself genitally and adapting itself for the purpose of generation, Ilse feels all her sexual impulses to be her sadistic enemies, which have already caused her so much pain, therefore she suppresses them as speedily as possible into the Unconscious. The Conscious must then adopt increased precautions in order still to be able to imprison the now strengthened Unconscious. For Ilse such precautions were: an exaggerated compassion for animals, a special love and tenderness for her brother. In the meantime the sadistic impulses in her Unconscious are constantly crystallising into desires for punishment, so that she may at last atone for her former crime against her brother. Thus her original active sadism is continually forced into the passive, masochistic rôle, until finally—in her Unconscious—Ilse experiences feelings of pleasure and desire only where she can expect the fulfilment of her sexually tinged tendencies to punishment. On account of his likeness to the Englishwoman, Ilse at once falls in love with her present husband, of whom, it is true, her Conscious is afraid, but from whom her unconscious cravings under pretext of the prospect of punishment hope for renewed pleasure through the satisfaction of her passive sadism. In these expectations Ilse was deceived. Her husband did

not strike her and so her desire for him disappeared. She remained frigid.

That this was the true solution was proved by the immediately following complete cure of Ilse. She now realised the futility and exaggeration of her burdensome feelings of guilt for irresponsible childish tricks; accordingly she freed herself without difficulty from sadistic obsessions and became a normally sensitive woman and wife.

But—to be quite candid—in spite of this I have little faith in Ilse's future happiness in marriage. For, so far as I have come to know her through the analysis, she is altogether ill-suited to her husband. Moreover, Ilse would certainly never have married him if she had known beforehand as she knows now the original motives of her inclination for him—motives, too, which are now overcome. If she had been analysed before her marriage, she would have had the possibility of making a right choice beforehand. I know quite a number of mistaken marriages such as Ilse's, in which the love originally felt arose out of a casual, incidental similarity to a youthful memory.

How often on occasions less important we make similar wrong inferences. A neighbourhood, e.g. which enchants us, and as to which we are able only on our next visit to convince ourselves how we have exaggerated its beauty, simply because the accompanying circumstances, pleasant companionship or the like, made it then seem so

charming. Here the price of our error is merely a wasted journey; in the other case it was the happiness of a life-time.

Before quitting Ilse's case I cannot deny myself a few remarks on the training of youth. Most parents make in educating the same mistake as does our childish consciousness, and force the instincts of their little ones into the Unconscious instead of teaching their control. So Ilse's parents should not have—as they often did—suppressed the child's sadism through threats and punishments (whereby it remained in the Unconscious), but should rather have appealed to Ilse's intelligence and judgment. They should have helped Ilse, by lovingly showing her the frightful sufferings which animals endure when tortured, to get rid of these cravings. So must one try to master other faults by education. If a child steals, the parents beat him and threaten him. For fear of the blows the child will perhaps steal no more. It is forced to suppression. But all that has been banished into the Unconscious lives on in him all his life long, though perhaps fettered by powerful motives which whisper to him: "You must not steal because you will be punished, because you will be dishonoured, because you will be locked up." And so most people remain honest out of fear, in contrast to those whose parents have understood from the earliest years of childhood to master this inclination by loving strengthening

of the child's understanding of mine and thine.

Ilse's is a simple case, which may seem more complicated to you because I had to build up on it the fundamental rules of analysis, which are not simple. The case belongs, as I have already stated, to those sexual inclinations which may almost be called normal, as they are found more or less with all of us.

Now, however, I will bring before you pronounced neuroses—two examples from my practice. But do not think that, because you feel healthy and normal, they have no relation to your own life. On the contrary, I could easily prove to you that all of us, including you yourselves, are only border-line cases with more or less easy transition into neurosis. (Of course I have secured from these patients as well as from Ilse express permission to communicate here the history of their illnesses.)

Ladies and gentlemen, in the following case I shall not be able to spare you the mention of sexual processes by their right names. If even the calm and scientific discussion of our sex instincts seems to you ugly and repulsive, it is quite certain that you are suffering from inhibitions and repressions of them. For why should the sexual be so ugly if we do not ourselves bring the ugly into it? To the sexual processes, the most profound and glorious creation of Nature, we owe our existence, our greatest joys, our most

marvellous moments. All the beauty that surrounds us owes its origin fundamentally to sexuality alone; the flowers' splendour of colouring as well as the intoxicating perfume of the blossoms for attracting insects to fructify them, the birds' song in competition for the choice of the female, the whole love-sport of many animals, so attractive and graceful. All this finds its human analogue in the splendid toilettes of the woman, the fragrant essences and perfumes, in the old minnesongs, in coquetry and in the dance. So are all fine arts—painting, music, poetry—only parts, now separated and become independent, of an original sexual effort.

Wherever we look we find the laws of sexuality, simply because through them alone plants, animals and human beings can preserve and reproduce themselves. Indeed, in a sense, even our instinct for self-preservation serves only to secure reproduction, which is for Nature the more important. This self-preservation instinct vanishes with increasing (sexually poorer) age, and grows ever less if we have not sublimated into art and science parts of our sexuality, and so preserved it into old age. For otherwise the pleasurable part of life is for all living beings only the period of sexual youthful strength.

The sexual, in short, is really the source of our happiness and of our existence, resist it as we will. The awakened beauty of a loving woman, her altered being, radiant with happiness, does it

not declare with utmost eloquence the purpose for which her charm is bestowed on her? And when the queen bee on her wedding flight into the farthest heights of the ether causes thousands of drones to follow her, in order finally to give herself to the one who alone is able to reach her does that not sufficiently show to what end skill and strength are used by Nature? Indeed, have we not in the human organism itself the strange analogy, when on the fertilisation of the ovum in the highest part of the womb, this ovum, to form the child that is to be, unites itself with that particular seed-cell which by reaching it first has proved itself the strongest and quickest.

Thus we live in the sea of sexuality which floods all our senses. Why, then, this false prudery? How much more natural, harmless and pure should we have been as children if in true psycho-analytic fashion we had been enlightened on sexual things at the proper time. An enlightenment which, as experience shows, never brings shamelessness and licence, but always only morality and self-control. But now children are hindered in their free sexual development, and forced to take secret and often injurious ways to get the desired knowledge as to their sex instinct; knowledge which must often be dearly bought with lasting damage to body and soul.

And these children themselves become parents, suppress by the demands of culture their normal healthy sexual cravings, and so henceforth guard

their sexual desires with indignation, repulsion and inhibitions of every kind, until the sexuality in them dares to manifest itself only in timid lasciviousness or in special austerity. Then, again, these children of their parents for their part educate their children in their prejudices. Prejudices, or pre-judgments, are false judgments, which I beg you so far as possible to cast off.

A half-blind venerable old lady came to see me and said with decision: "To-morrow my son-in-law is going to bring you my only grandchild for treatment. This I have in vain opposed—I speak quite frankly to you."

"Why do you not wish it, madam?"

"Because my granddaughter is an absolutely innocent girl, who has never loved and does not want to know anything of love, whereas psycho-analysis" (she seeks the words she wants) "occupies itself only with sexual things. So I have come to beg you not to speak on sex matters with Alice. She is only eighteen years old."

Amused, I replied: "Madam, you seem to have been misinformed. The task of psycho-analysis is not to speak of sex matters, but to free people from hidden instincts which are acting injuriously. *Psycho-analysis does not seek sexual things, but always finds them there.*

"With Alice you will find nothing. She would run away from you at the first sitting if you

spoke of these things. She cannot bear the slightest indelicacy."

At these words I despaired of any further explanation, and gave her no such lecture as I have given you on my views as to sexuality, but simply said: "I will conduct the treatment as in my other cases. But you may be reassured, madam, I will only speak to her of sex matters if she begins it." "Then I can be at ease on the subject," said the old lady, rising. "Pray do not mention my visit to my son-in-law." And she took her leave.

And I thought to myself: "Does the old lady really believe, then, that because her sexual desires have already departed, young, normal-functioning reproductive organs will not cherish them? Or does she suppose, because she is already almost blind, that therefore the colours of Nature must grow paler for everybody else?"

I have repeated this conversation almost word for word, and I have done so because it is characteristic of the view of psycho-analysis that is prevalent to-day.

The next day I learned from the father of my future patient that for more than two years his daughter, independently of any nourishment, had been sick every morning, often with severe pains, but never later in the day. All diagnosis had proved incorrect.

If the old grandmother had had any notion of what I thought on hearing this! For my first

fugitive idea as to the as yet quite unknown girl was—I am sorry to have to confess it to you—that of a hysteric with pregnancy phantasies. The morning sickness is a well-known symptom of pregnancy; and this symptom the girl for some reason or another seemed to have.

Next day Miss Alice comes herself. I am astonished; a sympathetic, uncommonly sensible, calm, methodical girl, of altogether harmonious disposition, and giving absolutely no impression of being hysterical. To psycho-analysis she is as averse and sceptical as her grandmother. First, I get her to tell me her life-history. Her father, an aristocrat now impoverished, possessed before the war a large estate, where Alice, with her slightly older brother and her two younger sisters, had grown up. The mother, with whom she never got on very well, died when Alice was twelve years old. Since then she did all the housekeeping herself, cared for her father, brother and sisters, and replaced to some extent the departed mother. During this time her health was excellent.

One day her father astonished her with the news of his approaching re-marriage. This made her desperate, and she subsequently persecuted her stepmother with the most fiery hatred. But, just as unexpectedly, her father, for reasons unknown to her, obtained a separation from his wife. Quite spontaneously he promised Alice never again to come together with her stepmother, and in future to live only for her and her sisters

and brother. For Alice, then, there began again the life she so much desired, wherein she could play the managing housewife.

Then came the economic collapse, and the family moved to Vienna, where Alice still managed the housekeeping. Years passed. One day she met her brother in the street, who said to her: "Just think, Alice, Papa has not gone on a journey as he told us. I saw him early this morning coming out of our stepmother's house." Alice was so excited at this that she could not speak a word. When she told me this, I said: "And from this moment your sickness set in?" "Not at all," she replied, "the sickness had begun six months before." But after a few days the analysis showed with certainty to her own great astonishment that only when she heard her brother's news the sickness began.

"What did you think when you heard this news?"

"That my father had broken his word. I have never been able to forgive him that. From that time I lived independently of him; I moved to my grandmother's."

I was now able to show Alice one of the roots of her sickness: disgust that her father had broken his word. "But why in the morning? What does that mean?" I asked her. And then Alice all at once gives me in a sudden inspiration the desired answer which I had not yet expected from her: "You mean, don't you, that that

vomiting only happens to women who are 'expecting'?" "Certainly, I mean that. Perhaps in your phantasy you suspected such a possibility in the case of your stepmother?" At these words Alice springs in the greatest excitement from the sofa and shrieks and groans: "How do you know that? Yes! It is true! I did think that! It is so!"

But a hysterical symptom, such as had now unquestionably been revealed in Alice, has many strong roots, and not one only. So I could not hope that I had found all the causes of her illness and thereby healed her.

The next day Alice appears and tells me that the vomiting this morning was much more violent than before, which, indeed, was to be expected, since—as we already know—the shaking of the door to the Unconscious always throws the organism into great excitement. But to-day Alice coolly denies her confession of yesterday; she never had such a phantasy; that was a complete mistake.

Now follows a laborious investigation lasting for weeks. Alice comes willingly and joyfully to every sitting, strictly avoiding every sexual discussion, until we come up against the great bond between Alice and her father, wherein we have discovered a main root. Alice has never got free from her love to her father—for this reason she could love no one else—and has remained since childhood unconsciously bound in

her love to her father. This normal childish Œdipus-complex has finally, in the period of puberty, become pathological. Since Alice learned of her father's breaking his word, she—now, do not be horrified, I cannot spare you this, for it simply is so and a proved fact—Alice has in phantasy assumed the rôle of the stepmother and has used her vomiting as expression of her longing for her own pregnancy from the same source. It was Alice who, amid the greatest outbursts of excitement, recognised these suppressed and since then quite unknown desires, and with the greatest emotion now acknowledged them. These “pent-in effects,” for so they had been since her brother's communication, now freed themselves satisfactorily from her.

We may find an analogue in the case of an offended person who for some reason must suppress his offended feelings, but yet carries them about with him and suffers tortures from them even when he is no longer thinking of them. If, at length, he is able to tell the offender what he thinks, he feels easier, a sense of liberation.

From this moment onward the Unconscious succeeded in making a powerful break through. But the vomiting went on as before. We still had to get at the causes of this sexual fixation on the father. Why could the poor girl not find the normal liberation from her father? More weeks passed. After two and a half months of daily analysis we came to February of this year, and

only two more weeks were left me for Alice's analysis, as I had to leave Vienna for many months for the study of new psycho-analytic remedies, the so-called active therapy. This method, already known to me in principle, which usually brings about a considerable acceleration of the treatment, I applied partially to Alice. I got her into a highly emotional state, and told her that I was breaking off the treatment in fourteen days because I had to go away; but that she was herself to blame if she remained only incompletely cured, because she was intentionally concealing from me important events of her life.

Alice declared that she was concealing nothing from me, because there was nothing to conceal; called me inconsiderate, indeed, unscrupulous, if I did not completely cure her, and, desperate and embittered, left me.

From this day forth there came in rapid succession—as eruptions from the Unconscious—youthful recollections going back to earliest childhood. This behaviour of the Unconscious under the spur of a strong excitement has its analogies in ordinary life. How many persons with whom we have associated for years we do not really know, because we cannot see beneath the conventional crust of culture until we see them in passionate excitement. In ship or railway accidents, in fire catastrophes, in short, under a shock of any kind, instincts come to the

front in most people which they themselves never suspected.

Alice's recollections were entirely painful sexual experiences of early life, which were due to the checking of her normal sexual development. When she was three years old a gardener of her father's had repeatedly placed her on his lap and amused himself sexually with her. From this day forward she learned onanism. In her seventh year a boy from a neighbouring estate made an indecent attempt on her, which, only through her energetic defence, was not completely successful. In great terror she ran away. But no one found out anything about it. These scenes Alice described to me with convulsive jerks, experiencing again in the recollection the same feeling as in the actual happening.

Now the analysis again came to a standstill. The morning sickness abated; on two consecutive days there was none at all, but then it began again. There must still be in the Unconscious a residue against whose eradication Alice's conscience was fighting desperately. Again a dream (two days before the ending of the treatment) brought the solution, and thereby the final liberation from her sufferings. Alice dreamed she was walking with her brother in an orchard in bloom. She gets up a ladder, falls, and is caught by her brother. She lies in his arms and looks at the blossoms on the tree above her. Then she notices a long ugly worm creeping out of a

blossom. As Alice is looking at it, still full of repugnance, it suddenly falls right into her mouth. With disgust she vomits it out, but it again crawls down her throat. Here she awakes, vomiting violently.

“ Now we have the solution,” I remark.

“ Tell me, then, the meaning of the dream.”

“ That you yourself must find, otherwise the whole dream will be useless to you. You know that only what is self-recognised cures, not what is heard !” But Alice cannot interpret the dream, despite all her desperate attempts. And I do not help her. Then in our last sitting she comes, white with horror, to me. “ Doctor,” she groans under painful compulsion. “ Now I know !” “ Well, what do you know ? ” But already she does not know it again. Again her face suddenly pales, and she wants to say it, but again it is suppressed, and in a few seconds she no longer knows that she even wanted to tell me anything. Thus twenty minutes pass in visible continuous direct struggle of her Unconscious with the Conscious. A struggle that one must have witnessed in order to believe in the existence of the Unconscious. These twenty minutes I can never forget. Ten minutes before the complete ending of the treatment, under threat of this approaching end, the struggle with the Unconscious finished.

Alice now realised through her dream an experience of her childhood which had had the gravest consequences ; once her brother forced

Alice, then eight years old, to practice a sexual act on herself, which in the dream found its clear symbol in the worm in her mouth. But remember that it was also her brother who had brought her the news that her father was having relations with the stepmother; and so the symptom of her vomiting was at the same time that of her disgust at her brother also, who had taught her such disgusting things.

These experiences had brought it about that the suppressed and since then unconscious feelings of shame and guilt thus originating in her hindered a normal further sexual development of the maturing child. Thus she failed to surmount her love for her father and remained "fixed" to him.

Only now did Alice see all the connections clearly, and—as I was only able to learn later—her sickness was and remained finally settled. Alice was cured.

Here every theoretical doubt in the teaching of psycho-analysis must end in the proof afforded by facts.

And I think again of Alice's grandmother, who was saturated with the conviction that her grandchild had no idea of sexual things. But was not the old woman perhaps right in a sense? From her second sexual period onward Alice really became again "innocent," and carried within herself only her former experiences as a heritage now unconscious and yet living in cravings. And

we here, do we all know what of active suppressed experiences of our childhood lives in us in cravings? No one can call himself an exception. A deep analysis would bring him amazing revelations.

Does not all this sound like inheritance, but inheritances from our own previously experienced periods of development, which are subject to the same laws as the experiences of our ancestors, brought with us into the world as impulses and instincts. In this sense, on the other hand, is even a new-born child already "guilty"?

V

Now, quickly to my last case. Of this I shall only give the main outlines, the rather as—psycho-analytically—it is only a fragment.

At the beginning of this year the well-known Chairman of the Vienna Municipal Bureau for Youth brings me the sixteen-year old son of a high official and tells me his strange history.

Erich is a school-boy, highly gifted, first in his class, modest, steady, and spruce. In the summer his father dies. From then on he is like another being. He plays truant from school, loafs round the streets the whole day, and when he comes home his mother and sister cannot protect themselves from his malice. He refuses to obey or to answer his mother; he breaks open his sister's box and gives away her most intimate keepsakes to his comrades; he tears and spoils her most valuable books. And all for no reason. One day he disappears. At Linz the gendarmes arrest him as a vagabond and bring him back to his despairing mother. Shortly afterwards he vanishes again. This time he has wandered on foot along the Danube as far as Passau, and, half-starved, has stolen potatoes from the pea-

sants. Again the gendarmes seized him. To the inconsolable mother the only way "to combat his wandering mania seems to be surrendering him to a reformatory." "But my very first talk with him," says the Chairman, "made me think of psycho-analysis as a remedy. Will you not have a look at him?"

A minute later there stands before me a good-looking, well-grown youngster, who looks gloomily on the ground. I take him by the hand and say to him: "Erich, don't be afraid of me. I am no enemy of yours. No, I want to help you."

"I cannot be helped."

"You cannot help yourself. But, if you will, come to me to-morrow. Perhaps both of us together may succeed." He nods his head. "Your hand on it, Erich!" He gives me his hand.

The next day he comes. We speak of indifferent matters, of his thoughts and his views of life, but not a word of the real reason of his coming. That would have been a tactical mistake. First I must completely gain his confidence and also gain an insight into his mind.

After the second sitting comes his mother. A nice, well-educated woman. Radiant with happiness, she thanks me: "However have you managed it?" "Why, what?" "Why, since yesterday Erich is altogether different. He speaks kindly to me again, wants to go back to school, wanted to be reconciled to his sister, if she

would have allowed it. In short, he is again as in his good times. And after only two sittings!"

I now assure her that as yet I have begun no treatment, and that I myself cannot understand the change, which she positively refuses to believe. On this occasion she tells me how unhappy her life has been. "I have been married twice. I have a child from each marriage, Magda from the first, and Erich from the second. Magda hated her stepfather, and for years never spoke a word to him, so that his home was quite spoilt for him, and in the end as drinker and gambler he spent all my money, so that we drifted entirely asunder. When he died last autumn he left us with no means. Since then has come the unhappiness with Erich. For months I did not dare to leave the stepbrother and sister alone, they attacked each other with such embittered hate. And with the girl, too, there is something wrong. Ah, Doctor, if you could give Magda your treatment as you have Erich!"

Unfortunately I could not comply with her request. I had no time, and besides I had to travel shortly, perhaps in the autumn. But in Erich's interest I was quite willing to have a talk with her.

From this woman's story there now first dawned on me the explanation of Erich's strange behaviour.

Two days later Magda came to me: a girl of

rare beauty, full of haughtiness and distrust. Only after some time did she become more confidential, and finally she promised me to be civil to Erich. We arrange that she shall take a course with me in the autumn.

This first visit of Magda's to me was for Erich of portentous significance. He suddenly becomes recidivist. Not in external behaviour; I have already gained too much influence over him for that—but in his inner cravings. Only with the greatest effort of will did he refrain from further malicious acts, and when he came to me, his mother had to accompany him, otherwise he would have infallibly wandered off again along the Danube.

And what was the meaning of all this? The preliminary result of the analysis was this: Since the death of his father, Erich, as sole male member of the family, has inherited the personality of his father; as we say, he has identified himself with his father, he has become his own father; all his acts may be explained from this.

The father was at feud with his wife, Erich becomes so with his mother. The father neglected his calling, Erich plays truant from school. The father lived on his wife, Erich seeks to interrupt his education in order as a consequence to do the same. The father lived at enmity with Magda, Erich becomes an enemy of Magda. But the way in which Erich manifests his hostility

to Magda gives cause for thought, and suggests how Magda's enmity to her father arose.

Erich destroys every object to which Magda is specially attached. From malice, most people will say. No! out of jealousy and love. He is jealous of what Magda loves most, because he wants her whole love for himself. But Erich is full of repugnance to the cravings which have broken out through his identification with his father. Inwardly he has despised his father on account of his bad habits, his gambling and drinking. Now he must become the same himself! These conflicts he must and will escape, and so he flees from the house, would like to flee from himself. And why along the Danube? Because it was through Passau that he had travelled when he went to Sweden, where he had the happiest time of his life. There he hoped to recover his peace of mind. All this instinctively, unconsciously, only now realised.

After coming to me, he found in me a father as he would like his father to be; he became the son again. And from that moment his whole father-identification collapsed.

And his relapse? Some days after Magda called on me he learned of her visit and that she was ready to come to me for treatment. Now, his Unconscious said to him: Magda never used to speak to my father. She treated him as a stranger and an enemy. But with the doctor she speaks. So the doctor cannot be my father

and the identification arose in him again in its former strength.

As I have said, I was unable to complete my psycho-analysis of Erich. So far Erich had realised clearly everything in himself. But there are still unsolved questions; above all, why was he driven to identify himself with his father. Meantime I found him a place in a forestry industry, where—away from the parental roof—in freedom corresponding to his capacities and cravings—he is doing excellently well and feels as happy as on the fiords of Sweden; while in another occupation he would have gone under. From this one may realise what important indications psycho-analysis can give as to our choice of calling.

From these few examples we have seen how complicated are the workings of our minds. Schnitzler calls the soul a far country. In truth, it is so. A country with an immense number of wrong ways; and only one way is the right way, the only one worth striving for, the way of harmony, the way to our happiness. To seek this and to find it is the task of psycho-analysis. To the psycho-analyst himself his science teaches understanding and love for human beings; insight and charity for their mistakes, which he no longer looks on as wickedness, but only as mistaken and regrettable cravings. And what in our school days we took to be empty words of religion, that not riches, position and power, but only self-

knowledge and self-control bring us contentment and soul's happiness, words which to us children could have no reality, these in psycho-analysis have been realised, have become truths with living power.

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